

BROOKLYN NINE-NINE

"Little Alaska"

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COLD OPEN

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

TERRY stands in front of the squad, including JAKE, CHARLES, ROSA, AMY, SCULLY and the rest of the nine-nine.

TERRY

On a final note, the Brooklyn Environmental Group's complaint letters worked. We have recycling bins now, so keep that in mind if they send any more letters.

SCULLY

What about complaint e-mails?

JAKE

Still can't recycle an e-mail. How green's your internet now, Gore?

CAPTAIN HOLT takes over the podium.

HOLT

As you are all aware, we live in an age of political correctness. Many words are being retired for more appropriate terms.

TERRY

Like how we started calling manholes "whatever-you-identify-as-holes".

HOLT

There is such a debate within the immigrant community indigenous to Alaska, specifically over the word "Eskimo". I'm sure everyone remembers the riots during last year's "Eskimo-American Parade".

EXT. PARADE - FLASHBACK

A flurry of SNOW BALLS extinguish a trash can fire.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

HOLT

The parade is now called the "Inuit Parade".

(MORE)

HOLT (CONT'D)

The community has asked us to promote the parade with wrist bands featuring the new slogan.

He points to a poster of an igloo with a Nike "swoosh".

HOLT (CONT'D)

"Just Inu-it"

JAKE

That's the coolest logo I've ever seen. Sorry, I meant coldest. Because igloo.

HOLT

The parade is scheduled for this Saturday in the 9-9, and I'd appreciate if everyone available could volunteer to help.

The briefing room cheers and high fives.

HOLT (CONT'D)

I did not expect this. Does everyone like bad news now? Shall I review the overtime freeze?

AMY

We like working parades. The fighting, the blatant drug abuse, the public urination.

ROSA

People act so awful that everyone's arrest rates go up a full point.

JAKE

It's Christ-misdemeanor!

CHARLES

Christmas is only once a year, but Christ-misdemeanor comes every time there's a parade in New York. So every couple of weeks.

JAKE

A merry Christ-misdemeanor to all, and to all, I read your rights!

**END OF COLD OPEN.**

**ACT ONE**

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Police file out of the room. Holt approaches the detectives.

JAKE

There's the Grinch. Here to steal  
our flamfloozeles and kerplumpits  
and sell them on Craigslist.

HOLT

Since we're telling jokes, I've got  
one for you, Peralta. What's the  
difference between you and Scully's  
heart?

JAKE

I wasn't recently inside an organ  
donor? Well, I guess I didn't ask.

HOLT

You haven't had any arrests this  
month. You've run three stings and  
lost perps in all of them.

JAKE

That's not true! I caught a suspect  
for the gas station flasher.

EXT. GAS STATION - FLASHBACK - THREE DAYS AGO

A suspect in a TRENCH COAT runs from Jake, also in a coat.

JAKE

Stop, creep!

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

HOLT

That was Santiago as a decoy.

EXT. GAS STATION - FLASHBACK - LATER

Jake tackles the runner. It is indeed Santiago.

JAKE

I'm sorry, creep?

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

JAKE

I still like Amy for my suspect.

AMY

The witnesses saw male genitalia.

JAKE

(whispering)

So much we don't know about her.

Amy hits Jake in the arm.

HOLT

Santiago was simply following your cockamamie plan, which somehow involved you disguising your own people like flashers.

JAKE

I wanted to create an environment where the flashers felt safe.

Scully and HITCHCOCK peep up.

SCULLY

We were happy to help.

HITCHCOCK

Anytime you do it again, we are in! Weekends. Holidays. Let me give you my cell number!

HOLT

Use your team more effectively.

(to Amy)

Santiago, do a geographic profile of the parade route. Report all relevant information to Sergeant Jeffords.

AMY

Ay ay, Captain!

(to herself)

Come on Santiago, you're better than that.

HOLT

Like that.

JAKE

Ay ay, Captain. There's a crime wave coming, and I'm looking to Johnny Utah these Bodhis.

INT. BULLPEN - LATER

People settle back in their desks.

JAKE

How's this for a Christ-misdemeanor turkey: vandalism, petty theft and simple assault. Whazam!

ROSA

When was the last time you had a simple assault?

JAKE

I guess it's been a while. Simple assault, will you ever step out of "aggravated"'s shadow? Now get ready! I've got the best disguise.

Jake pulls over-sized boxing gloves from his desk.

CHARLES

What's with all the costumes?

JAKE

What do you mean?

ROSA

Those stings Holt mentioned. You were in costumes for all of them. The flasher, the smugglers...

EXT. MEDICAL SUPPLY - FLASHBACK - TWO WEEKS AGO

Jake crouches in a DUMPSTER, wrapped head to foot in newspapers. He radios as two men approach.

JAKE

He's got the package. Move in on three... two...

A trash truck lifts the dumpster overhead.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Smugglers! Get help! There are tons of needles in here...

(then)

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Uh oh. Either I just got a  
vaccine... or I need one.

EXT. BRICK BUILDING - FLASHBACK - ONE WEEK AGO

ROSA (V.O.)  
And that graffiti stakeout.

A PUNK is tagging a WALL. Arms suddenly pop out of wall and reach for him. The punk yells and sprays the wall in defense.

JAKE  
Aaaargh!

Jake emerges in a WALL COSTUME, grabbing his eyes. He folds in half, his costume not allowing him to fall over.

INT. BULLPEN - BACK TO SCENE

JAKE  
They're not costumes. They're  
disguises.

ROSA  
Not if they're from Party City.

INT. BULLPEN - TERRY'S DESK - LATER

Amy drops a folder in front of Terry.

AMY  
Hey, Sarge. Here's that geographic  
profile of the parade route.

TERRY  
Great. Walk me through it.

AMY  
The parade covers about 15 blocks  
of the 9-9 known as Little Alaska.  
It's a mix of business and  
residence, with some local bars,  
restaurants and even a casino.

TERRY  
The Muk Luck. I've never won there.  
But they have those rickshaws like  
in Little Italy, only sled-dogs  
pull them!

AMY  
Sled-dogs that call you back.

Terry gives her a "huh?" look.

AMY (CONT'D)  
My last date was a rickshaw driver. I learned they like to be called "runners", so time spent educationally! The crime stats are nothing special, but get this: possessions of a designer drug called "faux-caine" have gone up. Jake and I have been chasing this drug for months. The parade could be the perfect time to get a dealer out in the open!

TERRY  
Sounds like we got a case. Good work Santiago.

AMY  
Thank goodness! All the other leads were so garden-variety. Literally: they took place in gardens.

TERRY  
What kind of garden crimes?

AMY  
A flower shop was robbed a couple of times, and reports of some gardens being looted. Like someone is targeting plants in the area. A "stalk"-er.

Amy laughs. Terry does not.

TERRY  
Get a list of suspects together. I want names by end of day.

AMY  
Yes sir! I'll be as fast as Rickshaw Steve is at not texting me back.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - LATER

GINA bangs on Holt's office window.



GINA  
Captain Holt, an officer from the  
85th precinct is on hold. He wants  
to know if I can park in your spot.

Holt picks up the phone.

HOLT  
Holt. Right. I'll send it over.

He hangs up and approaches Gina's desk.

GINA  
You said yes, right? I knew you'd  
be cool, he just wanted to check.

HOLT  
Gina, can you fax over case 278J to  
Captain Tassert at the 85th?

GINA  
That's an open case. Why does he  
want it?

HOLT  
He has a similar case with an  
arrest, and thought he might be  
able to help.

GINA  
When have you ever known police to  
be helpful?  
(off his look)  
There's a hacking problem within  
the departments, and most of it  
stems from insufficient screening.  
Did he know the case number?

HOLT  
He described it with intimate  
detail. But no. Tassert's just  
cross-referencing a lead.

GINA  
I don't know, sir. We could be  
leaking sensitive files. Which is  
kind of my thing, but I doubt it's  
the commissioner's. Unless he's  
also into marionette role play.

INT. BULLPEN - LATER

Holt enters the bullpen.

HOLT

We got a tip that drug activity was seen occurring in Little Alaska along Saturday's parade route. The descriptions match those of a gang called the "Ski Team".

JAKE

I know these guys. They've moved their activity onto the "Blow-rider" gang's turf since Santiago and I locked up their boss.

ROSA

These gangs are getting very inventive with their names.

HOLT

Yes. I'm beginning to think those creative writing initiatives are not having the desired effect in the community.

Holt drops the report on Jake's desk.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Peralta's the lead on this.  
(to Jake)

Charles and Rosa back you up. Use them.

JAKE

Alright team, get ready to get your noses dirty! From hard work, not drugs.

EXT. PARADE CITY BLOCK - SOUTH

Jake, Charles and Rosa watch a GANG OF PEOPLE across the street performing an obvious drug deal.

CHARLES

Well they seem confident.

ROSA

Open and shut faux-caine deal. When do you want to move in, Jake?

JAKE

Hold on. They could be selling anything. Baking soda... Foot powder... Anthrax...

CHARLES

I don't think they're selling anything illegal but drugs.

JAKE

...black market sea salt ...

CHARLES

Those bastards are recessing the American salt industry!

ROSA

What's your point?

JAKE

We need to confirm they're selling. Get a closer look. I have a plan.

INT. BULLPEN - AMY'S DESK - LATER

Terry moseys over to Amy's desk.

TERRY

What do you got, Santiago?

Amy hands Terry a MUG SHOT.

AMY

Morgan Dion, AKA Skeezy D. Captain of the Little Alaska Ski Team Gang. He was picked up for questioning, but never charged. Since then we have multiple calls about someone fitting his description selling on corners. Skeezy D: Little Alaska enemy number one.

TERRY

Where's my garden suspect?

AMY

Wait, you meant find a suspect for the garden crimes? Sir, this is a drug ring. This is our golden opportunity to stop real crime.

TERRY

I know cracking down on this drug ring is important, but you can't let it get personal. This is police work, and right now we can make a difference in this garden case. The drug ring will still be there.

AMY

Well, I guess I did notice a few offenders that might fit.

Amy shuffles mug shots around.

AMY (CONT'D)

Here. Jeff Whitehead. He was caught stealing seeds from an OSH in 2011 and arrested in 2012 for trespassing in a private garden. He was carrying a shovel.

TERRY

Little Alaska enemy number one. Get his mug shot out to the patrols. Suspect is 5'10", brown eyes and last seen making the world a worse place to live.

AMY

What about Skeezy D?

TERRY

He's down the list in case we get more garden suspects. Public enemy... thirty five.

EXT. PARADE CITY BLOCK - SOUTH - LATER

Rosa and Charles are ducked behind a car watching the SKI TEAM GANG. Rosa's phone rings.

JAKE (V.O.)

Grey Gardens is in position.

ROSA

Where are you?

JAKE

Your 2 o'clock.

Rosa checks across the street.

ROSA

Good. God. Alive.

EXT. PARADE CITY BLOCK - NORTH - SAME TIME

Jake is dressed as an elderly woman, complete with walker and purple shawl.

JAKE

We raid way too many senior homes.  
I had a lot of options.

INTERCUT -- PHONE CONVERSATION

ROSA

Jake, what are you doing? We can't  
back you up from here.

CHARLES

Jake, this is Charles. I agree with  
Rosa. This is a worse idea than  
that e-mail account you made to  
encourage anonymous police  
confessions.

JAKE

For a city with very good public  
transportation, a lot of people  
still hit-and-run.

ROSA

Jake, let us--

JAKE

I'm telling you Rosa, this disguise  
can do it. Tell Charles those salt  
miner's jobs are as good as safe.

Jake hangs up.

ROSA

He's never going to pull this off.

CHARLES

I know. Any self-respecting woman-  
of-a-certain-age knows purple is a  
spring color.

(off Rosa's glare)

Oh right.

EXT. DRUG CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Jake shuffles up to the DRUG DEALER.

JAKE

(grandma voice)

Excuse me, young man. I was told by  
some lovely urban girl scouts you  
had some of the purest Tennessee  
Friendship Dust in town.

DRUG DEALER

Beat it, ya bat.

JAKE

I have terrible sciatica. My health care won't cover my pain medication, and I just want some relief.

DRUG DEALER

I'm sorry, maim. What you need?

JAKE

One gram for this gran.

(then)

Oh shoot, I wrote my last check to my grandson for his birthday. Let me get my change purse.

Jake reaches for his purse. His BADGE swings loose from under his blouse.

DRUG DEALER

This old cross-dresser's a cop!

The gang starts running. Jake reaches for his gun in the purse, but it is buried under HARD CANDIES. Rosa and Charles run up, but the gang is gone.

JAKE

Horsefeathers!

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake is back in his street clothes.

HOLT

What were you thinking? You did the opposite of everything I told you.

JAKE

You never said not to dress like a street-wise grandma.

HOLT

There is a precedent from previous assignments. I told you to use the team, not go off by yourself in drag. I'm giving Rosa the lead on parade route gangs.

JAKE

Perfect. I know exactly how we can blend in. Have we raided any barn dances recently?

HOLT

You are not to wear any costumes.

JAKE

Disguises are fine though, right?  
(off Holt's look)  
OK, I won't wear any costumes.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY - LATER

Santiago heads down the stairs towards the door. A POLICEMAN enters, escorting a violent HANDCUFFED MAN.

AMY

What's wrong with him?

POLICEMAN

Another faux-caine overdose in Little Alaska. It's bad. He's having Phantom Menace flashbacks.

HANDCUFFED MAN

You must have Jedi reflexes if you race pods.

The policeman muscles him away.

INT. BULLPEN - LATER

Rosa approaches Jake's desk.

ROSA

We got reports of some gang activity along tomorrow's parade route. Captain wants us on surveillance. You ready to roll?

JAKE

Yeah, I'm good.

ROSA

Listen, you'll get those arrests. You don't need a costume, just us.

JAKE

Good old fashioned police work. Why every kid wants to be a cop. Behind macing people.

ROSA

Grab us a car from impound. Charles and I will meet you at the garage.

INT. POLICE IMPOUND - LATER

Jake looks over the list of cars with the IMPOUND ATTENDANT.

JAKE

Grey Sedan, tan sedan, tan sedan with grey interior. Blue Corolla?

IMPOUND ATTENDANT

For ironic busts in Williamsburg.

Jake notices a red car in the background and smiles.

JAKE

That one!

EXT. POLICE IMPOUND - LATER

Charles and Rosa wait outside the impound garage.

ROSA

Where is Jake? We're--

Bright headlights blind both of them.



JAKE  
Hey guys! Get in quick!

ROSA  
What the hell Peralta?

Rosa and Charles stumble down the ramp, rubbing their eyes. Rosa gets in the front and Charles in the back.

JAKE  
I had to be sure it was you. A lot of weirdos hang around police stations. Hey Hitchcock!

They wave to Hitchcock. He is eating a sandwich, shirtless.

INT. BULLPEN - TERRY'S DESK - LATER

Amy walks over.

AMY  
All patrols are on the lookout for Whitehead.

TERRY  
Good. We're gonna catch this monster before he strikes again.

AMY  
Stealing flowers? Forgive me sir, but the drug ring is doing the most damage to this community.

TERRY  
I know you want those guys Amy, but don't let this get personal.

AMY  
I'm not! But you have to admit, stealing flowers is small fry.

Terry picks up a framed PICTURE of his daughters. They each have a blue and white flower behind their ears.

TERRY  
You see that flower in my girls' hair? That is the hakoola'maloo. It grows in the Arctic and, after 1950, the east coast of North America. That flower came with the Inuit people when they emigrated to New York. It underwent decades of adaptation before it thrived.

(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)

The people responsible for that started a new life in this very neighborhood. The hakoola'maloo is the embodiment of finding your roots in America. And some mongrel is ripping it out of the ground. He's John-Smith-ing the soul of every Inuit person with garden shears of ignorance. Is that small fry to you?

AMY

(crying)

No!

TERRY

Good. Then let us honor their culture by way of snow cone.

EXT. LITTLE ALASKA - WILL STREET - LATER

Rosa watches pedestrians through binoculars.

ROSA

We've had eleven busts on this block this year. We'll be way ahead of that gang.

JAKE

Perfect. Hey, since it is so sunny out, why don't you guys put on these sunglasses?

Jake hands out gaudy aviator-style SUNGLASSES. Rosa points towards a GROUP OF MEN on their phones.

ROSA

Look! All of those guys are Ski Team dirtbags. This could be a sale going down. See? Good ole fashioned police work, no fancy costumes.

JAKE

No costumes alright.

CHARLES

Is anyone else cold?

JAKE

Oh yeah, the... uh... air conditioning is stuck. Stupid impound vehicle! I grabbed you guys some coats from lockup.

Jake passes out PONCHOS, which Rosa and Charles put on.

ROSA

Why were you so insistent on making those arrests in disguise?

JAKE

I needed a win. I'm a better detective if I'm under cover.

ROSA

Is that worth working alone?

Jake thinks on that.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - LATER

Holt's phone rings.

HOLT

Captain Holt.

TASSERT

This is Captain Tassert. Why haven't I received case 838J yet?

HOLT

827J?

TASSERT

Yes, 827J. When can I expect it?

Gina knocks on the window, listening on her phone. She holds an index card: INTERROGATE HIM: HOW LONG HAS HE BEEN A COP?

HOLT

Right away. Captain Tassert, how long have you been a policeman?

TASSERT

Twenty three years.

Gina holds another index card up.

HOLT

(reading)

How long have you been a captain?

TASSERT

Seven years. Why?

HOLT

What color are your eyes?

TASSERT

Seafoam green. Holt, what is this?

HOLT

Have you ever worked as an international sea salt smuggler?

Holt gasps as he reads the question. He hangs up.

GINA

I'm glad we asked. Charles says it's a real problem.

EXT. LITTLE ALASKA - WILL STREET - LATER

A few more people join the Ski Team gang outside.

ROSA

Man, there are a lot of them. This doesn't feel like your usual sale.

JAKE

If your heads are cold, I brought some hats too.

Charles puts on a pachuco hat. Rosa looks him up and down.

ROSA

Ha! Charles looks like a drug lord.  
(then)  
Wait. We both look like drug lords.

JAKE

Whaaaat? You look totally normal. Sitting in a totally normal car in a totally normal drug neighborhood.

CHARLES

Man, why is my seat so bumpy? Oh.

Charles produces a roll of hundred-dollar bills from his seat. Rosa gets out of the car. It's bright red with white flames up the side. The license plate reads: BLOWRDR.

ROSA

This is that drug boss's car!

JAKE

What! I asked for a Tercel.

Jake and Charles get out. The Ski Team group approaches with the Drug Dealer from the last block.

DRUG DEALER

Hey! You're on our turf!

CHARLES

This is our turf, pendejo!

(to Rosa)

Sorry. That was the poncho talking.

JAKE

OK *maaaybe* I checked out the Blow-rider boss's car to lure their rival gang out for a massive bust.

ROSA

Jake! You were supposed to work with us! Holt said no costumes.

JAKE

No costumes for me. You guys look great! I'd totally buy from you.

(off Rosa's look)

We just need to see the drugs, and we got them. Win-win!

A PEDESTRIAN approaches the groups.

PEDESTRIAN

Can I buy drugs from someone?

JAKE

They're right. This is their turf.

(to Ski Team)

Please, conduct your illegal business.

Jake leans against the car. A panel depresses and the headlight flips down, shooting a BAGGIE onto the ground.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Maybe the car wasn't searched yet.

The pedestrian pulls a BADGE from his shirt.

PEDESTRIAN

Police! Hands up!

The Ski Team run off. Several other cops swarm out. Jake, Rosa and Charles are slammed onto the hood of the car.

JAKE

(strained)

Horsefeathers...

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

EXT. LITTLE ALASKA - WILL STREET - DAY

Jake is on his cell phone. The parade has begun.

JAKE

Sir, I don't think this is fair.

HOLT (V.O.)

You didn't want work with the team.  
You wanted to dress up.

JAKE

(coughs)  
-- in disguise--

HOLT

Well now you're disguised as parade  
security. Try going under cover  
now.

Jake hangs up. Reveal Jake wearing his POLICE BLUES. He stops  
an OLD LADY walking towards the parade.

JAKE

Excuse me, have you seen any  
suspicious activity?

OLD LADY

Are you a cop?

JAKE

Yes maim, I am a New York poli--

OLD LADY

Eat garbage, freak!

She walks off briskly.

JAKE

That felt justified.

OLD LADY

Free Winona!

EXT. LITTLE ALASKA - MARCH STREET - LATER

Terry and Amy walk through the parade.

AMY

Look!

Amy points across the parade. SKEEZY D is standing on a corner, a black GARBAGE BAG by his legs. A few people mill around him as he reaches into it.

AMY (CONT'D)

Skeezy D! He's in the middle of an exchange. This is our chance.

TERRY

No. We've got to keep an eye out for Whitehead.

AMY

Sergeant! We're watching a crime!

TERRY

Those little bags are probably... sand... from a beach vacation! That money they're giving him... they're probably paying him back for that time he bought everyone movie tickets. To Fantasia! See Amy? Fantasia. A rational explanation.

Terry rushes off. Amy huffs after him.

INT. BULLPEN - GINA'S DESK - LATER

CAPTAIN TASSERT approaches Gina's desk.

TASSERT

I'm here to see Captain Holt.

Holt pops out of his office.

TASSERT (CONT'D)

Captain Holt. I hope you don't mind, but I'd rather answer incriminating questions personally.

HOLT

I apologize, Captain Tassert. We're a bit sensitive about document leaks. Gina, please give the captain case 827J.

GINA

Absolutely. I'm just going to need to see some ID.

HOLT

Gina.

TASSERT

It's OK. Let's put this to rest.

Tassert takes out his badge and shows Gina.

GINA

And a second form of ID.

He points at his name placard on his breast pocket. Gina reaches into her desk drawer and pulls out a urinalysis cup.

GINA (CONT'D)

Great. Now all I need--

HOLT

Gina, a word?

EXT. LITTLE ALASKA - WILL STREET - LATER

Jake hands a ticket to a woman in a massive hat.

JAKE

I'm sorry maim, but in the state of New York, that hat is a public disturbance. I'm going to have to ask you to sink it back down to the Titanic where it belongs.

Jake takes out his cell phone and dials.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Charles, how are the floats?

CHARLES (V.O.)

Awesome! We caught a group of unregistered gun-owners! How's it going on the parade route?

JAKE

Suuucks. No one does anything illegal in front of a cop.

CHARLES (V.O.)

Jake, maybe Holt wanted you to wear your blues to show you it doesn't matter what you wear to be a good detective.

JAKE

You mean... I should use the police outfit like a disguise! Charles, you're the best! Hanging up now!



Jake stuffs his phone in his pocket and purviews the parade.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Under-cover challenge accepted.

CHARLES (V.O.)  
It wasn't a challenge and you  
didn't hang up!

JAKE  
Get ready to never see it coming,  
parade!

Jake notices a float setting up across the street. He smiles.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - LATER

HOLT  
Why are you so suspicious of  
Captain Tassert?

GINA  
Because everything he told us is  
public information.

HOLT  
What about his license?

GINA  
Fake. I bought them as a kid.

HOLT  
His badge?

GINA  
Stolen. I've sold them to kids.

HOLT  
He can't fake how he looks.

GINA  
Have you never heard of plastic  
surgery? Anyone could be Captain  
Tassert. I started an  
Abracadate.com profile under  
Tassert's name with the info he  
gave us, and no one knows it's  
really me!

HOLT  
I'm assuming Abracadate is a dating  
site for... magicians?

GINA

(saucy)

And ladies who want to be sawed in half, if you know what I mean.

HOLT

I do not, and I will not. Why would you pretend to be Tassert?

GINA

Because my login was stolen. Right here in this police station. Now someone out there is flirting with David Blaine as "WandSlave", pretending to be me, so I might as well pretend to be him!

Gina bursts into tears.

HOLT

Couldn't you just make a new name?

GINA

Could Harry Potter be in Slytheran? My screen name chose ME.

(pause)

And they changed the password.

EXT. LITTLE ALASKA - APRIL STREET - LATER

Terry and Amy patrol the street. A FLOAT covered in hakoola'maloo flowers drives through, people on top waving.

TERRY

There! Two o'clock.

Thirty feet away, in the crowd, is JEFF WHITEHEAD.

AMY

Confirm. I'll call for backup.

TERRY

No time! Cover me.

Terry and Amy sneak through the crowd just as Whitehead emerges; flower in hand. Terry tackles him to the ground.

TERRY (CONT'D)

We got you, Whitehead! Your reign of terrace-- I mean terror is over!

WHITEHEAD

For what? I didn't do anything!

TERRY

For destroying gardens and stealing flowers. You make me sick.

WHITEHEAD

I didn't steal it! They're giving them away.

Terry looks up. Everyone has flowers. The performers on the float are passing them out.

TERRY

But you robbed seeds from an OSH.

WHITEHEAD

That was for my pet bird, Jamie.

TERRY

That's a weird bird name! You also broke into a garden with a shovel.

WHITEHEAD

To bury Jamie when I got the wrong seed! Why do you haunt me with memories?

Terry reaches for his handcuffs, but instead pulls out a photograph of a house from his back pocket.

TERRY

Do you know this house?

AMY

What!

TERRY

Did you stomp up my garden? Did you trample my azaleas? Did you steal my hakoola'maloos?!

Amy's radio buzzes in, calling for all available units.

AMY

Terry, we have to go!

EXT. LITTLE ALASKA - MAIN STREET - LATER

A float filled with dancing Navy, police and construction workers drives on. The sign reads: INUIT GAY COMMUNITY: WE'RE BOLD, WE'RE COLD: GET USED TO IT!. "Macho Man" plays. In the crowd, a THIEF grabs a purse from a lady and bolts.

JAKE  
Navy dude, nine o'clock!

A NAVAL OFFICER jumps off the float and tackles the thief.

NAVAL OFFICER  
Citizen's arrest!

Jake dances in the middle of the float, blending in as one of the "Village People" policemen. He watches the crowd and spots a group of people rolling dice in an ALLEY.

JAKE  
Construction worker! Get them!

A CONSTRUCTION WORKER jumps off the float and into the alley.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER  
Citizen's arrest!

Jake points out someone starting a TRASH FIRE.

JAKE  
Arson! Two o'clock!

An INUIT dressed like a Native American leaps down.

INUIT  
(British accent)  
Any persons arrest! We call it an  
"any persons arrest" in London.

JAKE  
Gah! What even ARE you!?

ROSA (O.S.)  
Freeze! You're under arrest for  
impersonating a police officer!

Rosa stands behind the float, gun drawn. Terry and Amy back her up. Everyone ducks, leaving Jake standing alone.

JAKE  
Hiiiiieeeee.

ROSA  
Horsefeathers.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - LATER

Jake is still in his police blues. Holt sits behind his desk.

HOLT

Well, you got your misdemeanor turkey. Drug possession, officer impersonation and obscenity.

JAKE

I didn't commit obscenity.

HOLT

Several citizens complained about your dancing.

Holt reaches into his desk.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Jake, your need to perform your assignments in disguise is a compulsion. Compulsive behaviors can start early in life, often from traumatic events. Did anything traumatic happen to you as a child?

JAKE

No. Captain, you're way off here.

HOLT

That's expected. Suppression is normal. I'll just ask someone else.

Holt takes a paper BURGER KING CROWN out of his desk.

HOLT (CONT'D)

I'd like to speak to Jakey.

EXT. PARADE - LATER

Terry leans against the patrol car. Amy approaches.

AMY

I took another look at those garden vandalism complaints. Some of those reports were from you.

TERRY

I live a couple of blocks east of here. It's a great area, but...

AMY

...someone is ruining your garden.

TERRY

It's not that it's my garden.  
 Though Terry knows how to garden.  
 My eggplants look like toddlers.  
 That's my home. My girls live  
 there. How can Terry feel safe if  
 someone is after his flowers?

Amy puts a hand on his shoulder.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I owe you an apology. I'm the one  
 that let it get personal.

A police car pulls up next to them. The Policeman gets out.

POLICEMAN

Detectives. We picked up one of  
 your person-of-interests.

Skeezy D is in cuffs in the back. The policeman holds up a  
 black garbage bag. It is full of the hakoola'maloo flowers.

AMY

He stole all these?

POLICEMAN

He'd have to. It's illegal to sell  
 that many at one time.

TERRY

What, why?

POLICEMAN

Controlled substance. You get  
 enough of these, you've got your  
 main ingredient for faux-caine.

TERRY

That explains why the birds in my  
 yard are always touching each  
 other's faces.

Terry shows his home photo to Skeezy D.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Do you know this house?

SKEEZY D

Yeah, I get my most potent buds  
 there. Dude knows how to garden.

TERRY  
(to Amy)  
You book him and we call it even.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - LATER

JAKE  
Come on. This isn't going to work.  
And why am I at Burger King?

HOLT  
Burger King is where it's cool to  
be a kid. And this was very last  
minute. But if you'd rather go back  
on patrol...

Jake begrudgingly puts on the crown.

HOLT (CONT'D)  
What were you for Halloween, Jakey?

JAKE  
Captain...  
(defiantly)  
Batman.

HOLT  
Was that pretty fun?

JAKE  
I got a King-size Snickers, so what  
do you think?

HOLT  
Do you ever dress up other times?

JAKE  
No. I mean other than pajamas in  
bed, or my dad's shirts to school.

HOLT  
Did anything happen when you wore  
your dad's shirts?

JAKE  
My mom hugs me too hard.

HOLT  
How about at school?

JAKE  
No. Well, I won a fight once.

HOLT

A fight. I see. What happened?

JAKE

This kid, Mickey Barber, would always try to fight me and my friends after school. My dad used to pick us up, so Mickey wouldn't do anything. But then my dad left, and Mickey would fight me all the time. My clothes got ripped up, so I'd have to wear dad's old shirts to school. I had one on one day and Mickey says "Look, it's Jake's dad. He's real good at running away". My friends did run, but I didn't. Mickey didn't expect me to hit back, so he went down really hard. Like he does the next day. Soon, whenever Mickey saw me wearing a shirt that was way too big for me, he'd keep walking.

Holt nods. Jake takes off the crown.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for all the disguises, Captain. When I can't solve something, I imagine I'm in one of my dad's shirts.

HOLT

You know, your friends won't run away now. They have guns.

Holt gets up and hands Jake his street clothes.

HOLT (CONT'D)

It wasn't your dad's shirts. You beat Mickey.

(then)

But right now you're an embarrassment to the department, so please change.

Jake takes the clothes... and throws them into the bullpen.

HOLT (CONT'D)

You can stop acting like a child now.

JAKE

No sir! I just thought of how I can get everybody their misdemeanors.



HOLT

Before you do that, I'm going to need Gina's password back. I know it was you.

JAKE

Aw! David Blaine was going to text me a "trick pic"... I'm just now realizing what that's going to be.

EXT. LITTLE ALASKA - MAIN STREET - LATER

Jake pulls up in a cop car. He lets Rosa and Charles out of the back, both dressed like Blow-riders.

JAKE

(loudly)

If I see either of you slimebags pushing drugs again, it's back to jail! Here are your drugs back.

Jake hands them a black GARBAGE BAG. Several SCUMMY PEOPLE in the area perk up. Charles and Rosa walk towards an alley.

EXT. LITTLE ALASKA - MAIN STREET - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

The scummy people rush Rosa and Charles.

SCUMMY PEOPLE

You holding? Hook me up. How much?

JAKE (O.C.)

The price... is six to nine months.

Jake is at the mouth of the alley. Charles and Rosa pull out their BADGES. Collective groans from the scummy people.

EXT. DELICATESSEN - LATER

Jake walks by a bunch of SKATE PUNKS on his phone.

JAKE

(loudly, into the phone)

Hey Charles. Patrolling for vandalism is the pits! They station the one patrol officer next to a deli, instead of the museum, which is a way better spot. Banksy always draws there, and the lighting is perfect to graffiti penises.

EXT. MUSEUM - LATER

The skate punks graffiti the WALL. Charles, in Jake's wall costume, leaps out.

CHARLES  
You're all under arrest!

EXT. ALLEY #2 - LATER

Two DRUNK GUYS are brawling. A BUM sleeps next to a dumpster. Jake walks into the alley.

JAKE  
Alright break it up.

DRUNK GUY #1  
One cop? What are you going to do?  
You going to fight us?

JAKE  
Nope. My friends are.

The bum rises and draws a gun: Santiago. A pile of NEWS PAPERS pops out of the dumpster: Terry in the newspaper costume. The drunk guys put their hands up.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
This is like getting revenge on  
Mickey all over again! Here comes  
the justice...

Jake reaches for the first drunk guy's pec.

TERRY  
You can't purple-nurple the  
criminals.

JAKE  
Then you're taking this bullet!

Jake goes for Terry's nipple. His arm bends backward into a wrist lock.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
It twists back!

INT. 85TH PRECINCT - TASSERT'S OFFICE - DAY

Gina sidles in with a folder.

GINA  
Captain Tassert, here's case 278J.

Tassert begrudgingly takes it.

GINA (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry I didn't believe you. My identity was stolen recently. A cop stole it... but a cop also got it back. Maybe I was wrong to presume all cops were untrustworthy. Some of you are alright.

TASSERT  
The next time you withhold case information, I'll personally arrest you for obstruction of justice.

GINA  
Grumpy! Now I'm not giving your profile back. "incrediblejeff69" wants to take us dove shopping.

Tassert gets up. Gina flees.

GINA (CONT'D)  
You're-an-internet-tease-k-bye!

**END OF SHOW**