

BROOKLYN NINE-NINE

"The Hotdog"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. HOTDOG STAND - MORNING

JAKE stands at the end of a long line of people waiting for hotdogs. Jake grimaces down at his watch.

JAKE

Ugh. I can't be late again. The captain literally said he would kill me this time.

Jake shifts around focusing his sight from his watch to the front of the line, continually. Jake reaches for his badge, located on his belt next to his gun, and holds it high in the air.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Police. Nobody panic. Excuse me.  
Police. This is an emergency.

Jake makes his way towards the front of the line. People in the line jostle around with Jake as he makes his way to the front, bumping into people as he does.

MAN

Hey!

WOMAN

That's abuse of power!

SECOND MAN

Why don't you wait in line like the rest of us.

Suddenly, someone tosses mustard packets at Jake.

JAKE

Okay. Who throws mustard. Seriously guys.

As Jake makes his way towards the front of the line, the line morphs into a crowd. The jostling turns more violent as Jake pushes his way to the front of the line where he bumps into the back of a MAN IN NAVY HOODIE. The man turns around holding a hotdog.

MAN IN NAVY HOODIE

Hey, jerk. Watch where you're going.

JAKE

All right, sir. No need for name calling. I'm just...

Jake lowers his badge, placing it back into his belt. Suddenly, a gun shot is heard. The crowd of people duck, then disperse in opposite directions. The vendor ducks behind his stand. The Man In Navy Hoodie runs opposite of Jake's position. Jake, calmly, glances down towards his leg where it is bleeding. He looks up and focuses on Man In Navy Hoodie running away.

JAKE (CONT'D)

He shot me. A cop getting shot for a hotdog?

Jake grasps his leg, smiling.

JAKE (CONT'D)

This is probably one of the coolest things to ever happen!

END OF COLD OPENING

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ACT ONE

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

HOLT, TERRY, AMY, BOYLE, and ROSA wait inside a hospital room with an empty hospital bed. Boyle paces around the room, panicking, while the others are calmly sitting in chairs.

CHARLES

Man, I can't believe Jake got shot.  
How long is he supposed to be in surgery?

TERRY

I don't know. I would have thought he'd be out by now.

ROSA

Maybe he died on the table.

CHARLES

Don't even joke about that, Rosa! How would you feel if you died in surgery?

ROSA

I guess I wouldn't feel anything, since I'd be dead and all.

HOLT

Enough. I'll go talk to the nurses and see when he'll be out.

Holt stands and makes his way to the door. As he is walking towards the door, Jake, hopping on one leg, enters with a container of chocolate snack pack pudding.

JAKE

Hey guys! Have you seen the cafeteria in this place? They have Snack Packs! I haven't had one of these since I was in, like, 4th grade.

(to himself)

Why'd I ever stop eating these?

CHARLES

Jake! Are you all right? Did the doctors say you'll be fine? Oh my god. You're dying, aren't you. Don't hold back, I can take it.

AMY

He's obviously fine, Boyle. Other than the fact that he has a hole in his leg.

(to Jake)  
Shouldn't you be lying down and resting?

JAKE  
No way. I have to get started on this case if I ever want to catch the guy that shot me.

HOLT  
You are not working on this case. For many reasons, the most obvious being that you are injured.

Holt pokes his head out of the door.

HOLT  
Nurses.

JAKE  
I don't need to rest. I need to solve this case.

Two nurses enter the room and escort Jake back to his hospital bed. One of the nurses begins to hook an IV up to Jake.

HOLT  
You are not to work on this case. That is a command. Until the doctors clear you, Amy will be in charge of the case.

JAKE  
C'mon, Captain.

Jake's eyes widen as he gets a dose of pain killers through his IV.

JAKE  
Woah, that stuff is nice!

Jake begins to get a loopy from the pain medication.

JAKE  
Captain. Holt. Listen. I and you, both know. I am a better detective than Amy. Even on one leg.

CHARLES  
Yeah you are, Jake!

ROSA

Boyle, shut up. What the hell were you doing at a hotdog stand at 9am anyways, Jake?

JAKE

Um, isn't it obvious, detective. To get a hotdog.

ROSA

who eats a hotdog in the morning?

JAKE

Who doesn't?

CHARLES

Yeah, Rosa. Who doesn't?

Rosa, annoyed with Boyle, storms out of the room.

ROSA

Ugh, I wish it were you that got shot, Boyle.

Boyle, stunned by Rosa's comment, follows her out.

CHARLES

What do you mean?

HOLT

It doesn't matter. Jake, I can't be any clearer. You are not to leave this hospital until you are cleared by the doctors. Amy is on the case.

Holt exits the room.

JAKE

Ah. C'mon on Capt. I thought we were friends.

TERRY

Jake, if I were you, I'd listen to Holt on this one. You don't want to come back too soon. Stupid mistakes happen when a detective comes back too soon from a traumatic experience.

Terry exits the room.

AMY

You honestly think you're a better detective than me?

Even if you had four legs, I'd still be a better detective.

Jake, fiddles with his IV.

JAKE

Amy, I need you to be serious for a second. Do you think I could take this stuff home with me? I mean, I know why drug dealers make so much money now.

AMY

I take it you agree with me.

JAKE

No way. I don't need you to work this case because I already got it solved. It was this man in a navy blue hoodie at the hotdog stand.

AMY

I guess we'll just have to see.

Amy exits the room. Jake sits alone, quiet, for a beat.

JAKE

Seriously, can someone get me a hotdog?

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

Holt sits at his desk, typing on his computer. There is a knock at his door, and Charles walks in.

CHARLES

Hey captain. Do you have a second?

Charles nervously closes the door behind him.

HOLT

What do you need, Charles?

CHARLES

Jake getting shot, it's really taking a toll on me. For the first time in my career, I have this fear that I'm going to get shot. I mean if Jake can get shot buying a hotdog, where does that leave me? Jake's like superman, and I'm more like a Louis Lane.

HOLT

You're telling me that you've never thought that you'd get shot in the line of duty until now?

CHARLES

Well, I've always assumed Jake would be there to help me. He would make me feel invincible.

HOLT

I see. What does any of this have to do with me?

CHARLES

Well, I was wondering if I could take some time off. You know. To unwind and try to get my mind off the shooting.

Holt looks out his office window and see's Terry making a cup of coffee.

HOLT

You might be right. It's dangerous to send an officer back too soon after a traumatic experience.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - FLASHBACK

A quick reshowing of Terry firing his gun at manikins.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - BACK TO SCENE

HOLT

Go ahead and take some time to relax. Get your mind straight. Go find something that you like to do and that relaxes you. We'll be here when you're ready.

CHARLES

Thank you, sir.

Charles exits. Gina enters Holt's office carrying an opened letter. She sets it on his desk.

HOLT

What's this?

GINA

A letter.

HOLT

Why is it already opened?

GINA

I thought it might be an invitation to this dance competition for my dance crew.

HOLT

But it was addressed to me.

GINA

Yeah, people make mistakes. Apparently you did, too.

Gina notions towards the letter.

HOLT

It's from my old police academy. It says that they don't have my test completions on file.

GINA

(sarcastic gasp)  
Could the honorable, Captain Holt, lie about passing tests?

HOLT

I don't understand. I know for a fact I passed these test.

Holt begins reading the letter aloud.

HOLT

It says here, "Unless you provide proven documentation for the completion of the tests listed above, we will revoke you and your title as Captain of the Nine-Nine."

GINA

Like, oh my god. What tests do you have to complete?

HOLT

Three tests. Target shooting, interrogating skills, and a personality test.

GINA

That's totally awesome.

Gina exits. As she exits, she hollers to Rosa and Terry.

GINA

Terry. Rosa. The captain needs help shooting and screaming at people.

A confused Terry and Rosa enter Holt's office.

TERRY  
What's going on, sir?

HOLT  
I just got a letter from my old  
academy. They claim they've lost my  
form that proves I've completed some  
of my academy tests.

ROSA  
Sucks to be you.

Terry elbows Rosa.

TERRY  
We'll be happy to help you, sir.

Rosa rubs her side where Terry elbowed her.

ROSA  
Yeah, happy.

HOLT  
That's fine. This is my problem. I can  
fix it on my own.

Terry and Rosa exit.

TERRY  
(to Rosa)  
We're still going to help him. Whether  
he likes it or not.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jake lies on a hospital bed, heavily sedated. A nurse enters  
carrying a tray with a hotdog.

NURSE  
Special delivery

The nurse sets the tray down in front of Jake.

JAKE  
Finally.

The nurse ups the pain medication on his IV and exits. Jake  
grabs the hotdog and puts it towards his mouth. As he is about  
to take a bite of the hotdog, he notices the man in the navy  
hoodie walk past his room.

JAKE

Hey! Stop!

Jake, hotdog in hand, gets out of his hospital bed. He immediately falls over due to the high of the pain killers. He grabs the portable IV station and drags it out the door with him. He begins slurring his words.

JAKE

Stop. Police.

Jake begins holding his hotdog in the air like it's his badge.

JAKE

I said police. Stop. Jesus, someone stop that man.

The man turns the corner. Jake stumbles towards the corner and falls face first. He crashes to the ground and his face falls straight into his hotdog. Jake lifts his head off the ground, face covered in mustard and pieces of a bun. Jake attempts to say something, but subtitles are needed.

JAKE

Ah, man. My hotdog.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Jake lies in the hospital bed. In front of him is Amy and a "police line-up" of five completely different looking people. They are all holding hotdogs.

AMY

All right, Jake. Do you recognize any of the perps?

JAKE

Ha. Ha. Amy. Very funny. We both know none of these guys shot me.

AMY

You're right. I just thought I'd have some fun with you.

(to the line-up)

All right guys. You can leave now.

The line-up begins to exit the room.

JAKE

Wait. Aren't you going to escort them back to the precinct?

AMY

Nah, they're not criminals. I just bribed a group of people from the waiting room to help me.

JAKE

With hotdogs?

AMY

Yeah.

JAKE

Nice.

Jake gets frustrated as he realizes he's become distracted.

JAKE

Ugh. Stop distracting me. I'm still upset with you. If I was on this case, I'd have the guy in cuffs already.

AMY

Right. Cause you know who shot you.

JAKE

Actually, detective Santiago, I do. In fact, I almost had him yesterday. Until this stupid IV got in my way.

Jake tugs at the IV.

JAKE

Man. It's almost unreal how much better of a detective I am than you Santiago. Even on one leg.

Jake's face lights up as he gets an idea.

AMY

You're not...

JAKE

Amy, shut up. I have an idea. I bet you that I can catch the guy before you do.

AMY

What's the bet?

JAKE

Do you remember our usual bet? The one we had before the car and the date bet.

Amy nods in agreement.

AMY

You're on.

The two shake hands. Amy exits. Jake hollers at her as she walks away.

JAKE

Amy! Do you have any hotdogs left?

INT. HAIR SALON - DAY

Gina sits at a shampoo station. She has her eyes close and she's humming a song. A man with a horrible German accent approaches behind her.

ACCENTED MAN

Hello. I'm your shampoo boy. Here's a free hot towel.

The man places a scolding hot towel on Gina's face.

GINA

What the hell, man. I just did my make-up!

Gina rips the towel off. She turns to see the accented man is Charles.

GINA

Boyle? This is what you're doing with your time off?

CHARLES

The captain said to find something that I enjoy. Something that relaxes me. There's just something about shampooing people's hair that just relaxes me so much.

GINA

Cool it, orgasm boy. Does anyone else know about this?

CHARLES

Oh, goodness, no. Please don't tell anyone. Especially Jake.

GINA

Chill out little man. I won't tell anyone.

(beat)

That is if you do everything I say from now until the day you die.

CHARLES

Until I die? Really Gina.

Gina pulls out her cellphone.

GINA

I mean, I could always just call Jake. Or the captain. Or *Rosa*.

CHARLES

No. Fine. You have yourself a deal. Just promise me you won't tell anyone.

GINA

Oh, no one needs to know. I just got this new brand of make-up. I like them because they don't do any animal testing. Buuuuuut, I can't just blindly test the make-up.

She looks up at Charles.

EXT. GUN RANGE - DAY

Captain Holt, Terry, Rosa, and a shooting evaluator are standing in front of a firing target off in the distance.

TERRY

You should have your legs parallel to your shoulders. Hold your arms straight out, but not too stiff.

Terry imitates the stance he is describing.

TERRY

You want to be able to relax and take deep breaths. Then you want to make sure...

Holt looks over at Terry, holds up his gun and fires towards the target in the distance, still locked eyes with Terry. The three shots land in the center of the target. The shooting evaluator scribbles in his notepad.

HOLT

I told you I didn't need your help.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Captain Holt, Terry, and Rosa stare at a suspect through a double-sided mirror.

ROSA

All right captain. The trick to an interrogation is fear. You have to lose pleasantries and intimidate them from the start. Once you've done that. Then you yell. Yell like you've never yelled before. Threaten to physically harm them if they don't give you what you need. Or my personal favorite, actually emotionally harm them. You know, mess with their brain. That's how you get a confession from someone.

Captain Holt stares at her. Without saying a word, he heads into the other room. Terry and Rosa watch through the mirror. Holt is stoned-faced and doesn't speak. The man begins to cry into his hands. Holt slides a notepad across to the man as the man writes a confession.

TERRY

Damn. That man is good.

Captain Holt returns with the written confession and hands it to Rosa, silently.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - LATER

Captain Holt, Terry, and Rosa sit. Holt reviews the letter.

HOLT

It just doesn't make sense. I know I passed these tests. How could they have misplaced the documents?

TERRY

Maybe it was because you were black and openly gay.

Captain Holt shakes his head.

HOLT

No. They just prevented me from becoming a captain because of that.

ROSA

Maybe someone's out to get you.

Captain Holt tilts his head in thought, squinting. He gets up from his desk and heads towards the door.

TERRY

Where are you going?

HOLT

I have the personality test in a couple minutes.

TERRY

Cool, we can help.

Terry gets up.

HOLT

Again, I don't need your help.

Captain Holt leaves the room alone.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL ROOM - LATER

Captain Holt opens a door to a small, therapy room. There is a sofa and a chair circled around a small coffee table. A man in glasses and a cardigan stands.

MAN

Ah, you must be Ray Holt. Have a seat.  
I've been expecting you.

Captain Holt takes a seat.

MAN

So Mr. Holt. Let's begin. Tell me how  
you feel.

Captain Holt remains emotionless.

HOLT

I'm sorry. Can you please excuse me.

Captain Holt get's up and exits the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - LATER

Terry and Rosa are still lounging in the same spots from  
earlier. Holt enters.

HOLT

I'm going to need your help.

Terry claps his hands together excitedly.

INT./EXT. BOYLE'S CAR - DAY

Jake sits in the passenger seat of a car. He is still wearing  
his hospital gown, and still feeling the effects of his  
sedation. He talks to nobody in particular.

JAKE

Man, I still can't believe how sick  
that escape plan was!

FADE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (DREAM)

A dreamlike, action-movie sequenced, scene of Jake's hospital  
room is shown as Jake narrates his glorified escape.

JAKE (V.O.)

First, I knew I was going to need  
help. So I called Boyle, knowing he  
would do anything to help me.

Jake lies on the hospital bed with his eyes shut. His eyes  
quickly flash open. He takes a double look around his room and  
pulls out a cell-phone.

JAKE

Boyle, I can't talk long. I have a plan, and I need your help.

JAKE (V.O.)

Boyle was my bait. I needed him to distract the nurses so I could have the time to escape. I had to tie together bed sheets to climb down the hospital window.

Time passes as Jake dramatically ties ends of bedsheets to one another. Jake raises his elbow to wipe sweat from his brow. He then ties the end of the bed sheet to the window sill.

JAKE (V.O.)

Once that was done, I had to begin my descent.

Jake climbs down the bed sheets.

JAKE (V.O.)

That's when it all started going terribly.

Jake looks up to the windowsill where a single bird is pecking the part of his bed sheet that is tied to the windowsill.

JAKE (V.O.)

I knew I couldn't panic. I had to act fast. I only had a few seconds before I would fall to my death. So, I jumped to a tree nearby.

Jake jumps from the bed sheet to a nearby tree.

JAKE (V.O.)

Once I got down from the tree, I had to army crawl the distance to the parking lot.

Jake, covered in mud like warpaint, crawls, chest-down, in the lawn.

FADE TO:

INT./EXT. BOYLE'S CAR - DAY

Jake has his hand out of the window and is "surfing" the air.

JAKE (V.O.)

I finally got to the car, and completed my great escape.

Zoom out from Jake to reveal Boyle driving the car. He is covered in women's make-up. Boxes of women's shoes plague the backseat.

CHARLES

Jake, that is nothing like what happened.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jake, drugged out of his mind and drooling, is being pushed by Boyle, who is in full women's make-up, down the hospital halls. Jake attempts to talk, but continues to drool.

JAKE

Boyle. Bird. Escape!

Boyle pushes Jake past a group of nurses.

CHARLES

He just needs some fresh air. We'll be out in the quad.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BOYLE'S CAR - DAY

Jake looks over at Boyle with confusion.

JAKE

What's up with the women's shoes?

Boyle panics, starts fumbling over his words as Jake's phone rings. Boyle takes a sigh of relief as Jake answers his phone.

JAKE

'Sup, Capt.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY (INTERCUT)

Holt is sitting at his desk talking on the phone.

HOLT

Peralta. Why have I just received a phone call from the hospital asking about your disappearance?

JAKE

There's a simple explanation for that, sir. Let me explain. First, I knew I was going to need help. So I called Boyle, knowing...

HOLT  
Peralta. I can't deal with your  
nonsense right now. Get back to the  
hospital or you're suspended.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BOYLE'S CAR - DAY

Holt hangs up on Jake. Jake holds his phone out and looks at  
it, then looks over at Boyle.

JAKE  
To the hotdog stand!

END ACT TWO

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ACT THREE

EXT. HOTDOG STAND - DAY

Jake, still in his hospital gown, and Boyle, still covered in make-up stand outside the original hotdog stand asking the vendor questions. As Jake is asking him questions, the vendor is also preparing Jake a hotdog.

JAKE

Do you remember seeing anything suspicious yesterday morning?

VENDOR

Suspicious? Not really.

(beat)

There was this deranged guy claiming to be a cop. He started pushing at the crowd. Really causing a scene. He was acting really crazy.

JAKE

Well, I've heard that cop is quite attractive.

VENDOR

I don't know. His eyes were a little beady.

JAKE

What?!

Boyle's phone rings. He steps to the side to take the call, as Jake argues with the vendor.

CHARLES

What do you want now?

INT. GINA'S DESK - DAY (INTERCUT)

Gina sits at her desk, twirling her hair with one finger, talking to Boyle over the phone.

GINA

Yeah, so. My friend has this show that she's performing in. Ima need you to stand in line to get some dope ass tickets for me.

CHARLES

Wait in line? When's the show?

GINA

I don't know. Like a week from now, or something.

As Boyle is arguing with Gina, Jake is in the background making hand gestures towards himself and trying to get the hotdog vendor to touch his "abs."

CHARLES

A week? That show won't sell out. Why would I have to wait in line for tickets for a week?

GINA

Because, Boyle, it's good publicity to have people waiting outside in line to buy your tickets in advance. That's like, entertainment 101.

EXT. HOTDOG STAND - DAY

CHARLES

That's it Gina. I refuse to leave Jake's side. I don't care who you tell. I'm out.

Charles hangs up the phone and returns back to Jake.

JAKE

(to vendor)

Never mind. Do you remember seeing anyone fire a gun yesterday morning?

The vendor hands Jake the hotdog.

VENDOR

I never saw anyone fire a gun. I just heard one go off.

JAKE

Thanks for nothing.

Just as Jake's about to take a bite of his hotdog, he sees the man in the navy hoodie across the street.

JAKE

That's him! Stop!

Jake darts as if he's going to full out sprint, only to start hobbling. He clutches at his leg and drops his hotdog in the process.

JAKE

No! Not my hotdog.

(to Charles)

C'mon on Boyle. Can I get some help!  
Chase the guy.

Charles starts sprinting towards the man in the navy hoodie, who in return starts sprinting the opposite direction. Jake hobbles slowly behind. Charles catches up to the man in the hoodie and tackles him. Jake finally catches up, out of breath. He pats Charles on the back.

JAKE

Good job, Boyle. That's how you tackle someone. Give me your cuffs. I want to do the honors.

(to the man)

You're now responsible for two hotdog casualties in my life. And I can only forgive one.

Jake cuffs the man.

MAN IN NAVY HOODIE

What are you doing?

JAKE

Winning a bet.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

Captain Holt is sitting on a sofa. Terry and Rosa are standing in front of him, coaching him.

TERRY

It's simple captain. You just have to smile at every question and answer with as much emotion as you possibly can. You know, it's alright for a man to cry sometimes, sir.

ROSA

Whatever you do, don't cry. Don't listen to him. You have to go in there iron strong. Don't let anything get to you. Show no remorse. Handle every scenerio they throw at you heartless. It's all about the end product.

TERRY

Detective Diaz. That is horrible advice.

ROSA

It's better than your daycare advice  
you were giving him.

TERRY

My methods work. People like people  
who show their emotions.

ROSA

Trust me. We don't.

HOLT

What's wrong with how I normally act?

TERRY

Well, sir. Not to be cruel, but you're  
pretty much a robot.

ROSA

Yeah, typically I'd say that's the  
ideal person, but not for these  
personality testers. They need a  
person, not cold steel.

HOLT

I think I understand.

Holt stands and exits the room.

TERRY

Good luck, sir. Remember to smile.

INT. SMALL ROOM - LATER

Captain Holt opens the door to the same small therapy room.  
Again, the man in the cardigan offers him a seat.

MAN

Shall we get start. Mr. Holt, tell me  
how you're feeling.

Captain Holt turns his head towards the man and gives an  
awkward smile.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - LATER

Terry burst open a bottle of champagne. Cheers come from Terry,  
Captain Holt, and Rosa as Terry fills the glasses.

TERRY

So, who's advice did you end up  
taking?

HOLT

Actually, it was a combination of both of yours.

ROSA

So did you ever find out how the academy lost your documents?

There is a sudden commotion out in the bullpen. Captain Holt, Terry, and Rosa exit Holt's office and head towards the bullpen.

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Jake pushes the man in the navy hoodie into the bullpen, with Charles following behind.

JAKE

(yelling)

Good citizens of Gotham. I have caught the villain. No need for panic.

Gina stands up and points at Charles.

GINA

Boyle's been working as a shampoo boy at Claire's Cuts!

JAKE

(laughing)

What?

Jake turns around to look at Charles.

JAKE

(still laughing)

We'll put a pin in that. I definitely want to discuss that in more depth, but first, where is detective Santiago?

Amy walks in from the briefing room.

AMY

Ah, Jake. So nice of you to join us.

JAKE

No, it's nice that you can join us. Just in time to lose a bet, too. You see detective Santiago. I've just caught the man who shot me yesterday.

MAN IN NAVY HOODIE

What? I never shot anyone. I don't even like guns.

JAKE

Right. We just have an argument. I get shot. And you start running away. Plus, I saw you holding a gun when you were running away.

MAN IN NAVY HOODIE

I was holding a hotdog. And yeah I ran away. Someone shot a gun. So I ran. Just like everyone else. You honestly think I shot you over a hotdog?

JAKE

Then why did you run when my partner started chasing you?

MAN IN NAVY HOODIE

What would you do if you saw someone looking like that start to chase you.

The man motions over to Charles who is still covered in woman's make-up.

JAKE

Touch/©.

(beat)

Well, if you didn't shoot me, who did?

AMY

I'm glad you asked. If everyone could please follow me into the briefing room.

Everyone follows Amy into the briefing room.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Inside the briefing room are photos of Jake's injury wound, his gun holster and badge, and a stupid face that Jake made for a picture.

AMY

Is everyone here? Good. Let me begin. I first suspected something was off when we saw the incision wound on Jake's leg. The trajectory and angle of the bullet entry appeared to have come from straight above the wound.

Amy flips the projector to an image of Jake's wound. Everyone makes a disgusted sound.

JAKE

That's my leg. Awesome.

AMY

Then, Jake told me that he saw the man walk pass his hospital room. Like any logical detective,  
(stares down Jake)  
I took a look at the hospital's security footage. To my surprise, this is what I saw.

Amy flips the projector to a video of the hospital footage.

INT. HOSPITAL - FLASHBACK VIDEO FOOTAGE

A drugged out Jake gets out of his hospital bed, hotdog in hand, and immediately falls over. He gets back up, struggling to keep his balance as he stumbles forward. He is gesturing his hands towards an overhead mirror. He makes his way out of the door. Another camera picks up his track. Jake stumbles out of his hospital room holding his hotdog in the air. An orderly passes him carrying a small mirror and turns the corner. Jake falls face first into his hotdog.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

AMY

As you can see. No man in a navy hoodie was present at the hospital. That brought me to another thought. I came back here to review some photos.

Amy flips the projector to an image of Jake standing and eating a hotdog.

AMY

As you can see, detective Peralta carries his badge awfully close to his gun holster.

JAKE

(to Charles)  
Ah, I remember that day. That was a grade A hotdog.

AMY

If I recall Jake's story right,

EXT. HOTDOG STAND - FLASHBACK

A flashback of the morning Jake got shot. It's in slow motion as Jake holds up his badge.

AMY (V.O.)  
 ...he was holding up his badge to get to the front of the line. When he went out put his badge away, that's when he was shot.

A slow motion, close up view of Jake putting his badge back and his finger accidentally hitting his guns trigger and the gun firing.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

AMY  
 I believe that Jake is to blame for shooting himself in the leg.

Captain Holt's face lights up.

HOLT  
 (to himself)  
 Shooting himself in the leg. I know what happened to my documents.

Captain Holt exits the briefing room.

JAKE  
 There's no way I shot myself in the leg.

AMY  
 Are you sure Jake? I think we can all vouch that you've accidentally fired your weapon on multiple occasions.

EXT. CRIME SCENE - FLASHBACK

Jake is kneeling on the ground looking at a crime scene. His gun goes off. Everyone ducks.

EXT. BULLPEN - FLASHBACK

Jake is leaning back in his chair at his desk eating a donut. His gun goes off. Again, everyone ducks.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - FLASHBACK

Jake is aiming his gun at a target. He pulls the trigger but nothing happens. He repeats the action, still nothing. He sets the gun on the table and it goes off.

INT. BREIFING ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

Everyone is nodding their head in agreeance.

CHARLES

She's right, Jake. You're gun does go off a lot.

JAKE

That's not true. I don't always accidently make my gun go off. I'll show you.

Jake hobbles out of the breifing room, back to the bullpen. Everyone follows.

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Jake stops at his desk and opens his drawer. He pulls out his gun. Everyone lets out a small gasp.

JAKE

Oh, calm down. I know how to work my own gun. I know where the safety button is.

Jake demonstrates that he knows where the safety button is and clicks it.

JAKE

See.

He holds the gun down and relaxes his arm. The gun accidently goes off. Jake looks down at his other leg and sees it bleeding.

JAKE

Oh, god. I've been shot again.

INT. HOSPITAL BED - NIGHT

Jake is back in the hospital bed, heavily sedated again. Amy, Charles, Terry, Rosa, Gina and Captain Holt stand around him.

AMY

C'mon Jake. Admit it. I out played you this time.

JAKE

You are definitely a better detective than I am, Amy. I still can't believe you caught the bad guy. Who was it again?

Everyone laughs at Jake. Jake starts laughing and drooling.

TERRY

Captain. Did you find out what happened with your documents?

HOLT

Yes. When detective Santiago mentioned Jake shooting himself in the leg, it triggered a memory. Back in my academy days, there was only one other person who knew I struggled with the personality test. Madeline Wuntch. She was the only reason I passed it to begin with. She told me I kept shooting myself in the leg, and she helped me pass the test. She must have thought I'd never be able to pass it again. Luckily I had even better help this time around.

ROSA

Thanks, Captain. I'm glad we could help.

The camera turns to show Terry crying.

TERRY

I told you it was alright for a man to cry sometimes.

A nurse walks in carrying a tray with a hotdog on it.

JAKE

Yes. Finally.

Jake begins eating it.

JAKE

(mouth full)

This is the greatest thing I've ever eaten.

END ACT THREE

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Jake is outside a bar. He has a full lower body cast. He is wearing a light lime-green, spaghetti string dress. He is holding a small notepad and a pen. He is talking to two ladies, trying to get them to write down their phone numbers.

INT. BAR - CONINUOUS

Amy, Charles, Terry, Rosa, and Gina are at a table inside the bar. Amy is holding a video camera, filming Jake.

TERRY

Why is he doing this again?

AMY

Because he lost a bet.

END TAG

Matthew J. Fee