

BROOKLYN NINE-NINE

"Therapy"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. MEDICAL BUILDING - DR. DAVIS'S OFFICE - DAY

JAKE lays out on a chaise lounge with his hands behind his head. DR. DAVIS (58, Female, White, Psychologist, Glasses) sits across from him in a big wing-backed chair.

The room is small and has minimal decor. A large clock is on the wall.

JAKE

I don't know, doc. It just feels like I'm gonna fail as a dad. My dad was pretty much a failure and I'm flying blind here.

DR. DAVIS

Well, in what ways do you think you're going to fail?

Jake rubs his face with his hands.

JAKE

I mean, what if Mac grows up and I didn't teach him everything I was supposed to? What if he turns out like me?

Dr. Davis looks over her glasses at Jake.

DR. DAVIS

A successful detective with several accolades?

Jake looks at Dr. Davis and makes a face, mocking her.

JAKE

Yea, with a knack for screwing up in the process. I just love my son, I want him to have everything that I didn't.

Dr. Davis looks down at her notepad and makes a note.

DR. DAVIS

Well, it's not uncommon for boys who grow up without their father to have fears about their own parenting.

Dr. Davis puts the notepad on her lap and leans forward.

DR. DAVIS (CONT'D)

My advice to you is to make a list of all the things you think are important for a man to learn. Then teach him when he's ready.

Jake sits up and swings his feet off the chaise lounge and onto the floor.

JAKE

Yea, maybe you're right.

Jake claps his hands together.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Worst-case scenario is that he ends up just like me, right?

Dr. Davis smiles and removes her glasses.

DR. DAVIS

If that's the worst-case scenario, I'd say you're doing excellent.

Dr. Davis looks at the clock on the wall.

DR. DAVIS (CONT'D)

Well, that's all our time for today. Same time next week?

JAKE

Yea, that works for me.

Jake and Dr. Davis stand up.

JAKE (CONT'D)

So, got any big plans for the weekend?

DR. DAVIS

Funny that you mention it. I'm actually going to a gala tomorrow.

JAKE

Ooh, fancy.

DR. DAVIS

It is! I'm actually receiving an award for twenty-years of excellence from the New York Board of Psychologists.

The office door slowly opens. DEACON, 34, male, white, bearded, high & tight haircut, opens the door and steps in.

Deacon closes the door quietly behind him.

JAKE

Hey man, you're a little early for
your appointment

Deacon pulls a black Colt .45 pistol from under his shirt and
looks at Dr. Davis.

Dr. Davis's eyes widen as she looks at Deacon.

DR. DAVIS

Deacon, what are you doing?

Deacon lifts the pistol and points it at Dr. Davis. Jake
looks over at Dr. Davis and points at Deacon.

JAKE

Is this one of your successful
cases?

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. 99 PRECINCT - 1ST FLOOR BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

AMY is addressing her Uniformed Officers. There are six tables with two officers per table.

Amy stands at the podium in the front of the room.

AMY

I want all of you to stay vigilant.
There's a lot that can happen out
there. I need all of you-

OFFICER PAPOLOUS , 40, male, gray stubble, lets out a long and dramatic yawn. He makes several clicking noises and pats the table in front of him.

AMY (CONT'D)

Papolous, am I boring you?

PAPOLOUS

No, sarge, I'm just pretty sure us
old guys know how to do our job.
We've been doing it since you were
at the Academy, you know?

Short quiet SNICKERS are heard from several officers. The rest of the officers in the room stare at Amy. Amy's face gets flush, but she remains calm.

Amy leans forward on the podium and her eyes narrow as she looks at Officer Papolous.

AMY

Oh? Then why aren't you standing at
the podium with all these stripes,
Papolous?

Amy pats the Sergeant Stripes on her sleeve.

Officer Papolous stares at Amy coldly. Amy stares back.

AMY (CONT'D)

Anything else, Papolous? Or may I
finish my briefing?

Officer Papolous crosses his arms in front of him. He looks down at the table.

PAPOLOUS

No, ma'am.

AMY

Perfect. So, as I was saying, I need you to be vigilant and keep your heads on a swivel. Understood?

OFFICERS

Yes, ma'am!

PAPOLOUS

Whatever.

Amy stares at Papolous. She snatches her clipboard off the podium.

AMY

Perfect. Dismissed!

All officers stand and begin collecting their things. As the officers leave the briefing room, Amy sees a post-it note below where Papolous was sitting.

Amy lifts the note and sees that it reads "Stupid Kid" with circles around it.

Amy tucks the note in her pocket and exits the briefing room.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - SIDEWALK - DAY

CHARLES is walking down the street, idly whistling a tune. He smiles as he whistles.

Charles sees a yellow food truck with "Fresh Artisanal Pierogi" written in black block letters. Charles claps his hands gleefully. Charles walks up to the food truck and sees a sign that says "Cash Only".

Charles pats his pants pockets, then pats his jacket pocket. He shows a look of relief as he reaches in his jacket pocket and removes his wallet. He opens his wallet to see a twenty-dollar bill.

Visibly excited, Charles approaches the window of the food truck. PIOTR, 42, balding, short beard, slides the window open.

PIOTR

Vitam! What can I get for you today?

CHARLES

Six of your artisanal pierogis, friend!

PIOTR

Excellent! Do you want those baked or boiled?

Charles looks at Piotr. Charles lifts his hand and tilts his head.

CHARLES

Pierogis are traditionally made by boiling, aren't they?

Piotr laughs.

PIOTR

Back home, in Warsaw, pierogi are made all sorts of ways! You seem like you want boiled, yes?

Charles shifts uncomfortably.

CHARLES

Yes, I would like them boiled. How is it that you make the dough?

PIOTR

I make dough the traditional way, just like Babcia, my grandmother.

Piotr turns his back to Charles.

CHARLES

Sorry for all the questions, I've just never had authentic pierogi, especially from a food truck.

Piotr turns back around holding a small cardboard take-out box.

PIOTR

It is fine! You will love my pierogi! Sixteen dollars for you, please.

CHARLES

Well I run a small food blog, so if I love them I will leave you a glowing review!

Piotr smiles wide at Charles.

PIOTR

You are critic? O' jejku, that is great news! I could use a great review!

Charles blushes slightly.

CHARLES

Well, it's nothing huge, but I am quite the gastronome. I look forward to trying your pierogi!

Charles grabs a napkin and writes on it. He hands the napkin to Piotr with the cash.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

That's the blog name. Keep the change!

Charles turns and walks away. Piotr waves out his window from behind him.

As Charles is walking he sees an empty bench. He walks towards the bench, but is bumped by another pedestrian and drops his pierogi box.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Um, excuse me?

The pedestrian turns around and it is ROSA.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Rosa! Hi! What are you doing in this part of the city?

ROSA

Sorry, didn't see you there. I'm working a case.

Charles waves his hand.

CHARLES

Oh it's fine, no apologies between friends! Say, would you like to take a break and try some artisanal pierogi?

Charles opens the box and shows the pierogi to Rosa. Rosa makes a disgusted face.

ROSA

No thanks, enjoy your little wet empanadas. I gotta go. See you.

Rosa walks off. Charles shrugs his shoulders and sits on the park bench. Charles looks down at the pierogi and rubs his hands together.

Charles pops a whole pierogi into his mouth with his eyes closed. He slowly chews.

As Charles chews, his eyes get wide.

CHARLES

What the-? Is that cream cheese and
chives?!

Charles spits the pierogi back into the box. He walks the box to a trashcan and drops it in. His eyes narrow and he marches down the street.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Artisanal my left foot!

INT. PRICE MEDICAL BUILDING - DR. DAVIS'S OFFICE - DAY

Deacon, Jake, and Dr. Davis all look at each other. Deacon points his pistol at Jake.

DEACON

You're in my seat. Move.

JAKE

I'm not sitting, do you mean-

DEACON

Move!

JAKE

Okay, yea, let me just-

Jake moves between Deacon and Dr. Davis. Deacon walks and sits on the chaise lounge. Jake continues to keep himself between Deacon's pistol and Dr. Davis.

Deacon waves his pistol at Jake.

DEACON

Little hard for me to talk with you
standing there, isn't it?

Jake raises his hands in front of him.

JAKE

Let's just be calm, okay? Where
should I stand? You're clearly in
charge here.

Deacon rolls his eyes.

DEACON

Just stand behind her, man.

JAKE
Right, yes, okay.

Jake looks behind Dr. Davis's chair and sees that the space is small. He awkwardly squeezes himself behind her chair.

Dr. Davis looks up at Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Sorry, do you care to move forward
a little bit? I can't quite fit.

Dr. Davis lets out a sigh and lifts up enough to SCOOT her chair forward. Jake slides the rest of the way in behind her.

Deacon holds the pistol in his lap.

DR. DAVIS
So, Deacon, what can I do for you?

Deacon stares at Dr. Davis, then rubs his chin.

DEACON
Ya know, I've been coming here for
what, eight years now? I've done
everything you said and things
still aren't better.

Deacon raises the pistol at Dr. Davis.

DEACON (CONT'D)
You said they would get better!
Well, your program didn't work. I
don't think you listened to me at
all.

Dr. Davis takes a deep breath. As she lets it out, she holds up her notepad.

DR. DAVIS
Deacon, we have worked together a
long time. You've come so far in
your treatment, if you do this now
it was all for nothing.

Deacon looks at Dr. Davis and places the pistol back on his lap. Deacon laughs.

DEACON
Yep, so far so good. Except for
losing my wife and kids because you
and the VA decided to medicate me.

DR. DAVIS
Deacon, as I've told you before, I
have no control over your meds-

DEACON
You could have told them about the
nightmares! You could have told
them about our talks and that I
hated the meds!

Dr. Davis raises her hands in front of her.

DR. DAVIS
Let's take a deep breath and calm
down.

DEACON
No! No more breathing exercises! No
more crap! You're gonna listen to
me and then you're going to help
me.

DR. DAVIS
Deacon, I'm sorry, I'm doing the
best that I-

DEACON
Shut up! You shut up and listen,
for once.

Deacon wipes tears from his eyes.

Jake carefully pulls his phone from his back pocket. He holds
the phone behind Dr. Davis's chair. His phone shows that he
is texting HOLT "SOS MEDICAL BUILDING SOS HOSTAGES SOS GUN".

Deacon sees Jake looking down.

DEACON (CONT'D)
Hey! What are you doing?

Jake's eyes get wide and he raises his phone.

JAKE
Sorry, I was turning off an alarm.

DEACON
Oh yea? An alarm for what?

Jake smiles at Deacon nervously.

JAKE
A reminder to take medication?

Deacon points his pistol at Jake, then laughs. He continues chuckling.

DEACON

Yea, gotta set the alarms or we forget right?

JAKE

Yep, yep. Gotta make sure to take the ol' prescription.

DEACON

So, what do they have you on?

Jake shakes his head.

JAKE

Uh, well, um, viagra. Yep. Gotta make sure everything still works, am I right?

Deacon laughs and Jake laughs forcibly. Dr. Davis looks up at Jake and begins to laugh nervously.

Deacon slows his laughter and rubs his face.

DEACON

Give me the phone. Now.

Jake hands the phone to Dr. Davis, who hands the phone to Deacon. Deacon sets the phone on the chaise lounge next to him.

DEACON (CONT'D)

Now, doc, let's chat.

INT. 99 PRECINCT - 4TH FLOOR - HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

Holt sits across from TERRY at his desk. Papers are neatly stacked on Holt's desk. Holt lifts a piece of paper.

HOLT

Jeffords, I would like for you to explain how exactly two of your detectives managed to leave two perps in a dumpster, handcuffed.

TERRY

Well sir, they ran from my detectives. When they caught the perps, they followed protocol and handcuffed them.

Holt looks over his reading glasses at Terry.

HOLT

And they ended up in the dumpster
how?

Terry shifts nervously in his seat.

TERRY

Sir, the detectives turned their
backs for a minute, and the perps
must've ran. When they chased them,
they jumped in a dumpster.

HOLT

That makes sense, but why was the
lid shut?

TERRY

They, um, decided to leave them
there until backup arrived. Said
they couldn't take the smell.

Holt sighs and removes his reading glasses. Holt rubs his
eyes.

HOLT

Jeffords, need I remind you that-

Holt's phone dings. Holt puts back on his reading glasses and
lifts the phone to his face.

Holt stands up and walks to the door. He throws it open with
a SLAM.

INT. 99 PRECINCT - 4TH FLOOR - BULLPEN

Holt stands in the doorway of his office.

HOLT

Listen up, people! There is an
active hostage situation at the
Price Medical Building. I need all
hands on deck!

The bullpen becomes chaos as detectives rush to the
stairwell.

SCULLY and HITCHCOCK sit at their desks, a napkin stuffed
into their shirt. A large pizza sits at each of their desks.

SCULLY

Us too?

Holt stares at them and raises his hand in their direction.

HOLT

Yes!

Scully quickly gets up from his desk. Hitchcock closes his pizza lid and throws down his napkin on top of the pizza box.

HITCHCOCK

God I can't wait to retire.

Terry walks out of Holt's office. He takes his phone away from his ear.

TERRY

Captain, SWAT is getting geared up.
Where do you want me?

HOLT

You head up with SWAT, I'll meet
you there.

Holt looks around the bullpen.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Where is Boyle? Did he leave
already?

Terry walks backwards towards the stairwell.

TERRY

No sir, he took the day off.
Something about needing to pursue a
passion.

HOLT

Don't call him. I don't need him
rushing to Jake's aid and getting
in the way. Don't let Santiago find
out either.

Terry nods his head and descends the stairwell.

TERRY

Yes sir.

Holt walks into his office and grabs his phone and his police jacket. He walks out of his office.

HOLT

Hold on, Peralta.

Holt descends the stairwell.

END OF ACT ONE