

BROOKLYN NINE-NINE

"Mac & Seek"

Written by

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Address
Phone Number

COLD OPENINT. JAKE AND AMY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

JAKE gives MAC a sippy cup as he sits on the couch. AMY sits next to them partially slouching and rubs her forehead.

JAKE
What's wrong?

Amy allows her hand to rest over her eyes.

AMY
I feel a migraine coming on.

Jake sets Mac's sippy cup down, holds him up, and smiles.

JAKE
How about you stay home with your
two favorite boys? That way you can
feel better.

AMY
I wish I could, but I just have too
much work that needs to get done.

Jake wiggles Mac.

JAKE
Come on, you can't say no to his
adorable little face.

Amy moves her hand from her face and starts to reach for Mac,
but quickly retracts.

AMY
No, no! There's too much to do.

Amy stands up, her keys slip out her pocket, and storms out
and SLAMS the front door.

Jake picks up Mac and Amy's keys. He walks to the front door.
As he swings the door open Amy is there with her fist raised
to knock.

JAKE
You forgot something.

He dangles the keys in her face.

AMY
I know that.

Amy snatches the keys and storms away, again.

JAKE
Love you too.

Jake shuts the door and holds Mac out in front of him.

JAKE (CONT'D)
We're gonna have a much better day
than Mommy.

Mac giggles.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEEXT. BABY STORE - DAY

There are cribs and strollers on display in the front window. Jake pushes Mac in his stroller inside the store.

INT. BABY STORE - DAY

The store clerk, CATHERINE, visibly pregnant, 28, leans over the counter looking into another room.

JAKE
Morning, Catherine.

Catherine looks up and flashes a quick smile.

CATHERINE
Good morning. Looking for those organic snacks for Mac?

JAKE
No, just grabbing some toys for the little man.

Jake strolls through the store looking down the stretch of each aisle. He pauses as he gets to the connecting room labeled cradles.

The cradles are all pushed away from the center of the room. In the center are several chairs with women and strollers lined against a wall.

A stroller looks similar to Jake's and there's a spare chair.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(to Catherine)
What's going on over there?

CATHERINE
It's a Mommy and Me Club. They meet in that room every week. Sometimes I like to listen in.

Jake walks over to the cradle section.

MALLORY, 33, rocking an infant boy, stands in Jake's way.

JAKE
Excuse me.

Jake tries to push Mac past her, but she blocks the stroller with her foot.

MALLORY

Sir, this is the Mommy and Me Club meeting. Not the desperate dad lab. Plus there's no more space.

JAKE

That doesn't even make sense and there's a chair right over there.

Jake points over her toward the open chair and pushes Mac's stroller. Mallory stops him with her foot again.

MALLORY

Mommy. And. Me.

JAKE

Public prop-er-ty.

MALLORY

Don't care. Rules are rules.

Jake whips out his badge from his jacket pocket.

Mallory squints at it and leans forward.

MALLORY (CONT'D)

Does that say retired?

Jake quickly shoves the badge back in his jacket pocket.

JAKE

No, you just can't read. Look, do you really want to have a discrimination case on your record?

Mallory continues to rock her baby and purses her lips.

MALLORY

I guess you can come in.

Jake grins ear to ear.

JAKE

Thanks!

INT. BABY STORE - CRADLE ROOM - DAY

Jake walks in and parks Mac next to the stroller that looks identical to his against the wall.

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - AMY'S OFFICE - DAY

Amy sits at her desk with her head down and lights off. The only light source is from the window and her computer screen.

There's a KNOCK at the door.

HOLT enters, turns the lights on, and shuts the door.

AMY

Turn it off! It hurts!

Holt turns the light off and stands across from Amy.

HOLT

May I ask why you're sulking in the darkness, Santiago?

Amy lifts her head off the desk. She looks worn out.

AMY

I have a migraine and the Captain Wrigley from the eight-two is being a pain in my side.

HOLT

Migraines are nothing to be trifled with. You should go home and rest.

Amy straightens up in her chair.

AMY

I can't go home. There's too much work to be done and I can't just leave that all on you, Sir.

HOLT

The work will get done when it gets done. The reform program will still be here if you take one day off.

Amy taps on the desk then shakes her head.

AMY

No, I can't. As much as I appreciate your concern. I will be okay for one day.

Holt sighs and takes a seat across from Amy.

HOLT

Alright, well tell me what's going on with the Captain Wrigley.

Amy turns to her computer and clicks around.

AMY

I've been trying to get him on board with the reform program for weeks through email, but every time I just get sent various "no" gifs.

Amy turns her screen towards Holt to show a string of gifs with the caption "no."

HOLT

Have you tried calling him at the precinct?

AMY

Yeah, but it's like this whole thing is a joke to him.

Amy turns to her office phone, puts it on speaker, and dials.

The phone RINGS and then Captain Wrigley's voice cuts on singing, "No, no, no, reform" with UPBEAT BACKGROUND MUSIC.

Amy hangs up the phone.

HOLT

That's ridiculous. You need to put your foot down.

AMY

I know, but I just don't want the eight-two to hate me if I'm rude about it.

HOLT

Who cares how they feel about you? You're their superior officer and you gave them a direct order.

Amy presses her hand against her forehead.

AMY

I know but --

HOLT

No buts. You need to go up there and have a face to face conversation with Wrigley. Not only for the program, but to show them who's running things around here.

Amy looks defeated.

HOLT (CONT'D)
Good luck, Santiago.

Holt gets up and leaves.

Amy drops her head back down on her desk.

INT. BABY STORE - CRADLE ROOM - DAY

Jake sits in a circle of WOMEN with his legs elegantly crossed.

JAKE
Somehow Mac managed to throw his
food into the ceiling fan. And then
I said, "Isn't that fan-tastic."

Everyone except Mallory laughs. She has a deadpan expression as she cradles her child to her chest.

MALLORY
I just said the same thing.

Jake winks at her with a smile.

KIRSTIN, 31, pink cardigan, slim, next to Jake, calms her laugh and wipes a tear from her eye.

KIRSTIN
Jake, you're hilarious. How do you
do it?

Jake pretends to stretch and crack his knuckles.

JAKE
Plenty of practice. I was born to
tell dad jokes.

Mallory throws an arm up.

MALLORY
Again, I just told the same joke.
He stole my joke.

JAKE
It's okay, Mallory. Maybe next time
everyone will pick up on your
punchline.

Mallory sticks her tongue out and shakes her head.

Jake and everyone else glance at each other uncomfortably.

KIRSTIN

So, tell us more about Mac. Is he going through his terrible two's yet?

Jake looks concerned.

JAKE

Terrible two's? What do you mean? What's that?

The group coo's at Jake.

KIRSTIN

Oh you poor soul. It hasn't kicked in quite yet.

Jake's phone RINGS. He declines and mutes it.

JAKE

Tell me about it. Is this something I should be --

His phone BUZZES. He doesn't look at it.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry you were saying?

Jake's phone BUZZES again. He sighs and looks down at Charles' caller ID.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Sorry ladies, give me one second.

Jake answers the phone and walks away from the group.

The women talk amongst themselves.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Charles, what is it?

INT. NINE-NINE PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY

CHARLES has his feet propped up on his desk, leans back in his chair with his phone to his ear.

CHARLES

Oh, Jake! I was starting to think you wouldn't answer.

INT. BABY STORE - CRADLE ROOM - DAY

Jake purses his lips and looks back at the group. They wave at him and he waves back.

JAKE
Funny you should say that.

INT. NINE-NINE PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY

Charles slides his legs off the desk and nearly falls out the chair.

CHARLES
I know right? I had to call like three times. Something must be wrong with my phone.

INT. BABY STORE - CRADLE ROOM - DAY

Jake pinches the bridge of his nose.

JAKE
Did you need something? I was in the middle of something.

INT. NINE-NINE PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY

Charles sits up straight in his chair and spins around.

CHARLES
You know I really miss you as my partner and things just aren't the same without you. You know? So, like every guy does. I was lying in bed thinking about my best friend.

INT. BABY STORE - CRADLE ROOM - DAY

Jake recoils at Charles' comment.

JAKE
Charles.

Kirstin is seen in the background getting up from the group, taking one of the identical strollers and leaving.

INT. NINE-NINE PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY

Charles presses his phone closer to his ear.

CHARLES

I was so inspired by you taking care of Mac and thought you needed some time to relax. So, how would you like to be the first official member of Dommies Book Club? D.B.C. for short.

INT. BABY STORE - CRADLE ROOM - DAY

Jake turns his nose up with a skeptical look.

JAKE

What?

INT. NINE-NINE PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY

CHARLES

Dommies Book Club. You know? Like mommy, but with a 'd' for dad.

INT. BABY STORE - CRADLE ROOM - DAY

Jake pulls his phone from his ear and stares at the screen.

CHARLES (O.C.)

Hello? Jake? You there?

Jake puts the phone back to his ear.

JAKE

I think I'll have to pass on that, but I appreciate the thought.

CHARLES (O.C.)

You didn't give it any thought.

JAKE

No, no, I gave it plenty of thought. And I just don't think...

...Jake pulls a crumpled receipt from his jacket pocket and brings it toward the phone. He RUSTLES it over the speaker.

JAKE (CONT'D) CHARLES (O.C.)
(choppy) Jake? Jake can you hear me?
Oh. Charles. I think we're
getting a bad connection.

Jake continues to RUSTLE the receipt over the speaker and ends the call. He returns to the group and sits.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Sorry, ladies. Telemarketers now-a-days are vicious.

All laugh except Mallory.

Jake looks at the empty chair next to him.

JAKE (CONT'D)
What happened to Kirstin?

MALLORY
She said something about needing to feed Ashley.

JAKE
I should probably get going soon, but first what are the terrible two's?

VICTORIA, 32, sits across from Jake and leans in.

VICTORIA
Oh, Honey, let me tell you.

Jake leans in intently.

INT. NINE-NINE PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY

Charles looks bummed out and drops his phone on his desk.

TERRY walks past and into his office.

Charles springs up from his desk.

CHARLES
(loudly)
I know. I'll just ask Terry to be a part of my Dommies Book Club!

Charles runs over to Terry's office door.

Terry stands in the doorway staring at Charles.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Terry, how would you like to be --

TERRY

Whatever it is, the answer is no.

Terry slams his door in Charles' face.

END OF ACT ONE