

COLD OPEN

EXT. DAY CARE CENTER PARKING LOT - MORNING

A white van is parked among the cars.

INT. WHITE VAN - CONTINUOUS

JAKE, CHARLES, and ROSA watch a monitor and listen to audio via headphones.

CHARLES

I hope my baby is okay in there.

JAKE

It's just a doll, Boyle.

CHARLES

It's a realistic baby simulator,
and her name is Charla.

ROSA

Will you two be quiet? How sure are
we about this source, Peralta?
We're sitting out here for a sting
at a day care center.

JAKE

Look, Jeffords trusts his source,
and I trust Jeffords. Why did you
volunteer to come if you think it's
a bad bust, anyway?

ROSA

Had a dream I arrested a baby,
figured this was my chance.

JAKE

You are so mean!

INT. DAY CARE CENTER - FRONT DESK

TERRY, stands next to a stroller, signs papers attached to a
clipboard and hands them to the RECEPTIONIST, 25, colorful
caretaker scrubs.

RECEPTIONIST

All right, Mr. Ingram, that's
everything. I'll get someone to
take you and little Charla back to
her area.

The Receptionist turns to go into the back, but stops when a MR. THOMPSON, 30, enters with a stroller. The Receptionist puts down the clipboard.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Hello, Mr. Thompson. I take it
you're here to make a payment.

Mr. Thompson passes an envelope to the Receptionist. The Receptionist pulls out a brightly colored, opaque bag and hands it to BILLY, an adult little person wearing a onesie, a diaper, and a bib in Mr. Thompson's stroller.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
Does little Billy want a bag of
candy? Here you go.

TERRY
Hey, could I get one of those bags?

RECEPTIONIST
I'm sorry, Mr. Ingram, that was the
last one.

TERRY
Oh, no worries. I do need to let
you know, her diaper is full.

INT. DAY CARE CENTER PARKING LOT - VAN - MORNING

Jake, Charles, and Rosa throw down their headphones. Jake leans into his walkie-talkie as they exit the van.

JAKE
We got the signal. Let's go!

EXT. DAY CARE CENTER PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Rosa jog towards the building. Marked police units swarm into the parking lot.

INT. DAY CARE CENTER - FRONT DESK - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Rosa enter, badges up and weapons drawn on Mr. Thompson.

ROSA
NYPD, don't move!

The RECEPTIONIST starts to inch away from the desk. Terry draws his weapon.

TERRY

Don't move! You should have had more candy. Did you guys get all of the kids and parents out?

JAKE

Yeah. Santiago has them all secure out back. Let's go, Billy. Up and out.

Billy reaches his hands up, the bag he was given in one hand. Two OFFICERS help him out of the stroller.

BILLY

It's just candy, I swear.

Jake takes the bag and pours the contents, jewels, on the desk.

JAKE

Like taking candy from a baby.

ROSA

Ugh!

Officers exit with Billy and Mr. Thompson in cuffs through the front door. Charles steps over to Terry's stroller.

CHARLES

Is the baby okay?

Jake and Terry watch as Charles picks up the fake baby. Charles embraces it and fake urine dribbles down his shirt. Rosa places a cuff loosely on the fake baby.

ROSA

That's technically assaulting an officer.

CHARLES

No!

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. BULLPEN - MORNING

Jake leans on Amy's desk, talking privately. GINA stands, browsing on her phone and standing next to Terry at his desk. HOLT enters. Rosa bangs on her computer monitor.

ROSA

Why isn't this stupid thing letting me log in?

HOLT

The reason is that all access to the network has been suspended.

TERRY

Why would our access be suspended?

HOLT

Internal Affairs has ordered a data security inspection today, to be sure we are handling perp data properly.

Holt paces the center of the bullpen.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Apparently, a perp had a credit account opened after his arrest and during a time when he should have been in custody.

AMY

How could that possibly happen? No one here is that careless.

INT. PATROL CAR PARKED ON STREET - DAY - ONE MONTH EARLIER

Jake is in the car with TOMMY, mid-30's, a perp in handcuffs, in the back seat.

JAKE

Tommy, you've got to stop stealing. You're not even good at it. We catch you every time. Who steals Hawaiian shirts, anyway?

TOMMY

I know, Jake. I just can't help it.

JAKE

Look, I know it's hard to get the things you want, especially if your credit is anything like mine.

TOMMY

Actually, I have really good credit. I just can't fight the urge to steal.

Jake sees a sign at an electronic's store across the street with a sign promoting a zero-interest credit offer.

JAKE

Just how good are we talking?

INT. BULLPEN - BACK TO SCENE

Jake grins nervously and looks around.

JAKE

Yeah, that would never happen.

Amy's watch plays an alert tone.

AMY

Jake, thanks again for this smart watch you bought me last month. I love not having to reach for my phone to read my messages.

Jake holds his grin.

JAKE

No problem.

Holt walks towards his office.

HOLT

Investigators will be arriving shortly to review file storage locations on our network for any items that violate data handling procedures for Personally Identifiable Information.

AMY

We keep all of that information on secured drives, so this should be a piece of cake.

GINA

Oh my God, I'd love some cake right now.

HOLT

This inspection includes your personal backup drives. So, I hope none of you have any social security numbers, names, or addresses on your computers.

A consensus of head-shakes for confirmation roll through the bullpen.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Good.

Holt enters his office, closing the door. Amy exits toward the evidence room with a file in her hands. Boyle enters.

JAKE

Hey, Boyle. Did you get your doll dropped off?

CHARLES

It's not a doll, and yes I dropped her off to Genevieve. That car seat was a little difficult, but I got it.

ROSA

You put that thing in a car seat?

CHARLES

Her name is Charla. Of course I put her in a car seat. Charla keeps track of everything, including her orientation and speed while travelling.

TERRY

That sounds like a high-tech baby.

JAKE

Robobaby! Change my diaper. Thank you for your cooperation.

CHARLES

It is high-tech. Our parenting counselor wants us to have as realistic of an experience as possible before Genevieve and I actually become parents.

TERRY

Well, I think it's great that you too are going through so much to make sure you are prepared, responsible parents.

CHARLES

Thanks, Terry.

Charles walks toward his desk, looking around as everyone in the Bullpen appear to be doing nothing work-related.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Hey, Jake. What's going on today?

Charles waives his hand, pointing out everyone casually talking. Jake looks around at everyone.

JAKE

Oh! We've all decided to go on strike until the captain releases the smile he's been holding captive for years.

CHARLES

A noble cause.

JAKE

Seriously though, we're just waiting for this data security inspection. They're going to be checking our systems for any unsecured personal information.

CHARLES

Personal, like social security numbers?

JAKE

Yeah.

Charles gets a guilty look on his face.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Boyle, what did you do?

Charles sits silently at his desk and logs onto the computer. Jake walks over.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Boyle?

Charles leans toward Jake as to not be overheard by the others.

CHARLES

I may or may not have some social security numbers on my computer.

JAKE

Why would you have that on your computer?

CHARLES

I was trying to save a little money by making my own Sudoku puzzles.

JAKE

You were using socials to make puzzles? Wait! Sudoku puzzles need a different number on each line and most socials have repeating digits.

Charles is silent, again.

CHARLES

I never said they were good puzzles.

JAKE

Just hurry up and delete them. We don't need any trouble from I.A..

Charles types and clicks a bit.

CHARLES

There. All gone.

JAKE

You emptied the recycle bin?

CHARLES

Yes.

JAKE

Sounds good to me.

Charles's cell phone rings.

CHARLES

Hmm, it's Genevieve.

Charles answers.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Hi, honey. How's everything going with you and little Charla?

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)

Charles, I want this thing out of my house.

CHARLES

Sweetie, what's wrong?

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)

She's been giving me lip and back-sassing me, all day.

CHARLES

What's going on? It hasn't even been an hour since I left you. And it's a baby.

GENEVIEVE (V.O.)

I don't know if I can do this, Charles. I'm really freaking out.

CHARLES

Genevieve, don't worry about it. I'm gonna come right back there and we're going to get through this together.

Charles takes the phone away from his ear as he gets up from his desk.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Jake, I gotta go. Can you tell the captain I'll be back?

JAKE

I gotcha covered, buddy. Don't worry. Go be with Genevieve.

Charles walks towards the exit.

CHARLES

Thanks, Jake. Oh, and can you log my computer off?

JAKE

You got it.

Charles exits. Jake clicks along on Charles's computer. Amy enters.

AMY

Jake, what are you doing?

Jake steps away from the desk and walks to Amy.

JAKE

I was just logging Charles out of his computer. He had to delete some questionable files from his computer, but it's fine now.

AMY

What about the server?

JAKE

What about it?

AMY

All of our local files are backed up on the server. Deleting them from the computer still leaves the backup on the server.

JAKE

Right. I knew that.

TERRY

What's going on, Jake? You seem worried.

JAKE

Guys, we might have a problem.

INT. BULLPEN - CHARLES'S DESK - DAY

Jake leans over typing away at Charles's computer. Amy, Gina, Rosa, and Terry stand around him. SCULLY and HITCHCOCK sit together at Scully's desk.

ROSA

Why would that idiot have social security numbers on his computer?

JAKE

It's a problem that has been plaguing pretentious Americans for years. Sudoku.

Scully steps over to Charles's desk.

SCULLY

Guys, I have an idea of how you can get inside Boyle's network folder.

ROSA

Scully, we don't have time for this. So, take whatever idea about a hammer, a screwdriver, or a tiny little door and go.

AMY

Sorry, Scully. We gotta get this done.

Scully nods and walks away. Jake pats Scully on the shoulder as he goes.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

Holt futilely clicks away at his computer. KEVIN, calls Holt's cell phone. Holt answers.

HOLT

Hello, dear.

(pause)

Yes, I've ordered the tickets to La Boheme, just as I promised you.

INT. HOLT'S CAR OUTSIDE OF KEVIN'S JOB - EARLIER THIS MORNING
- FLASHBACK

Holt and Kevin sit in the front seat. Kevin is preparing to exit the car.

KEVIN

You really should have ordered the tickets earlier.

HOLT

Honey, I've got this handled. I will order the tickets online as soon as I get to work.

KEVIN

Are you sure? I can order them from my desk when I go in.

HOLT

I promise I will get this done. Just have a good day at work.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - BACK TO SCENE

Holt taps his finger on the desk.

HOLT

I guarantee that we will be at the first show, tonight.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Is that tapping? I know you tap when you're hiding something from me.

HOLT

Tapping? No-no, that was... someone at my door. I'll talk to you later. I love you.

Holt hangs up and stares at the screen of his computer.

HOLT (CONT'D)

I'll just call the box office.

He dials on his phone and places it to his ear. A recorded announcement plays.

TELEPHONE/OPERATOR

All circuits are busy. Please hang up and try your call again.

He hangs up the phone and looks curiously through his blinds to see MADELINE WUNTCH entering the Bullpen.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Holt enters from his office. The other detectives gather to meet Wuntch.

HOLT

I'm not sure if you're wearing your striped stockings today, but I guarantee there are no houses to fall on you here, Madeline. So, what exactly do you want?

WUNTCH

This house will do nicely for a fall, Raymond.

Wuntch squares her shoulders and addresses the Bullpen.

WUNTCH (CONT'D)

Listen up! This precinct is under a data security investigation. I am in charge and what I say goes!

Wuntch turns back to address Holt.

WUNTCH (CONT'D)

Don't worry, Raymond. I plan on
being nice and thorough in cleaning
up your mess.

Jake, Amy, and Terry look nervously at Charles's desk.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Jake, Holt, Amy, and Terry stand in front of Wuntch.

HOLT

There's nothing for you to find here, Madeline. So gather your minions and have them complete the investigation, quickly.

WUNTCH

We shall see about that, Raymond. We will be examining the physical file storage areas before running a file scan on your network. Any tampering will result in an automatic failure for the entire precinct.

Wuntch gives Holt a wry grin and exits towards the records room.

JAKE

Captain, maybe she'll get trapped back in the Matrix with all of the other agents.

Jake laughs, looking back at the stoic face of Holt. His laughter fades.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Or not.

HOLT

(to all)

Listen up, everyone. We need to make sure that all of our i's are dotted and our t's are crossed. Wuntch will be looking for the slightest of infractions to try to nail us to the wall. Is that clear?

The group smiles and nods, nervously, back to Holt. Holt focuses on Jake, who is holding a large grin.

HOLT (CONT'D)

What stupid thing have you done this time, Peralta?

JAKE

Actually, you'll be glad to know that it wasn't MY stupidity to blame. This time. What happened is-

HOLT

I have no interest in knowing what it is. Just fix it.

Holt exits toward the records room.

INT. CHARLES'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Charles paces around holding Charla, bouncing her up and down and shushing her. GENEVIEVE is in the bathroom, showering. Charles's cell phone rings. He answers.

CHARLES

Hey, Jake. How's the inspection going?

JAKE (V.O.)

Yeah, about that, things just got a little more complicated. We need you to get back down here.

Genevieve enters from the bathroom.

GENEVIEVE

Is that your job?

CHARLES

(to Genevieve)

Yeah, honey. One second.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

(to Jake)

What's going on?

JAKE (V.O.)

Those files that you erased are backed up on the precinct's servers. On top of that, Wuntch has been assigned to head the investigation and she is out for blood.

GENEVIEVE

You know, when we have a real child, I can't keep depending on you to leave work and come to the rescue because I can't cut it as a mother.

CHARLES

Oh, honey. You're going to be a great mother. Here, hold her.

Genevieve takes Charla, who immediately starts CRYING. Genevieve looks disappointedly at Charles. She walks over and sits on the sofa.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Look, Jake. I'm not going to be coming back in right now. Can you please handle this for me?

JAKE (V.O.)

I'll do what I can, buddy.

CHARLES

Thanks, Jake.

Charles hangs up the phone, hugs Genevieve and takes Charla, who immediately stops crying. He smiles at Genevieve and shrugs.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Jake, Amy, Rosa, and Terry stand around Charles's desk.

JAKE

Charles isn't coming. It sounds like he and Genevieve are having some problems with their fake baby.

TERRY

I mean, it's not like there's much his presence would do. The information is on the network.

JAKE

Yeah, so we need to figure out how to get onto the network.

Hitchcock walks over.

HITCHCOCK

If you guys are trying to get on the network, Scully has-

TERRY

Look, Hitchcock, whatever Scully is trying to do is appreciated, but this is a serious matter so we can't get distracted right now.

Hitchcock shrugs and walks off.

INT. RECORDS ROOM - DAY

Holt stands, using his phone to navigate and attempt to order tickets online as Wuntch and the inspectors sift through case files.

WUNTCH

Come to witness the revelation of your failure, Raymond?

Holt looks up from his phone.

HOLT

Quite the contrary. I'm here to ask that you hurry it along. Some of us have a personal life.

WUNTCH

Oh really? Would that personal life consist of going to see La Boheme tonight?

Holt tucks his phone into his pocket.

HOLT

What would make you say that?

Wuntch laughs.

WUNTCH

Because I have a calendar, and you're the same old, predictable Raymond Holt.

HOLT

That's the nicest thing you ever said to me. Are you feeling okay?

WUNTCH

I'm feeling fantastic, Raymond. I'm sure that one of your underlings has slipped up somewhere, and I'm going to use that to destroy you.

HOLT

I hope you didn't intend that to scare me. You see, unlike you, I have faith in my team and their ability to do their jobs properly.

(MORE)

HOLT (CONT'D)

Whereas your plan wholly relies on my team's failure, as opposed to your team's success.

Holt pulls his phone back out from his pocket.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Good luck with that.

Holt resumes navigating on his phone and exits toward the Bullpen.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Holt stops as he enters, navigating the internet on his phone. A large button saying "BUY" is on his screen. He presses the button and it changes to "Sold Out." Hitchcock is walking past.

HOLT

Damn.

HITCHCOCK

Whoa! Language, captain.

HOLT

My apologies, Hitchcock. It's just that I told Kevin I would get the tickets to this show tonight and it's been sold out.

HITCHCOCK

Have you thought about trying an online auction? I get stuff on there all the time.

HOLT

I hadn't thought about that. I will look into it.

Holt exits, into his office. Jake, Amy, Terry, and Rosa are still at Charles's desk. Gina is sitting at her desk. Jake is finishing up a phone call.

JAKE

I understand. Thanks

Hangs up.

JAKE (CONT'D)

They weren't willing to do it either.

AMY

I don't really blame them. You're asking I.T. people to come hack our network, basically.

GINA

Are you guys still messing around with that computer stuff? You need to learn how to relax.

TERRY

You've been over there on your computer all day, too. What have you accomplished?

GINA

I'll be honest, I haven't turned my computer on in a week.

JAKE

Then what have you been typing every day if your computer has been off?

GINA

Nothing. I just like the sound of the keys.

Gina mimics typing, causing CLICKING of her keys.

GINA (CONT'D)

See, it's relaxing. Like rain on the roof of a cheap motel.

She closes her eyes and continues CLICKING.

ROSA

Gina!

She opens her eyes and stops clicking.

GINA

Sorry, I got lost there for a moment. What's the big deal about the computers today, anyway?

AMY

We are under investigation and Boyle has information on his server profile that could get us in serious trouble. Have you not been paying attention all this time?

GINA

I'm so used to pretending to work that I was too busy, pretending to be busy, to notice.

JAKE

That is a serious dedication to laziness.

GINA

Thank you. Why haven't you guys just asked Scully to help you?

JAKE

Why does Scully keep coming up around getting into the system?

INT. CHARLES'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Charles sits on the sofa, holding Charla and talking to her. Genevieve is in the bedroom.

CHARLES

Come on, sweetie. Why are you being so mean to mommy? I love you, and she does too. We want you to become a real girl, but that won't happen if you and mommy can't work out your differences.

He holds Charla up, looking her over.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Maybe Jake and Rosa were right. You're just a doll.

A timer DINGS.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Time for baby's nap!

Charles lays Charla atop a baby blanket on the empty cushion next to him. Charla CRIES. He picks her up and she stops. He stands and lays her on the cushion where he was sitting. She is quiet.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

That's weird.

He moves her back to the other cushion. She CRIES. His eyes widen as if he has just realized something. He picks Charla up and dashes to the bathroom. He can be heard RUMMAGING through items.

There are intermittent moments of Charla CRYING and suddenly stopping. Charles steps back out into the living room.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Genevieve!

INT. BREAK AREA - DAY

Jake, Amy, Gina, Terry, and Rosa are gathered around Scully as he sits at a table.

SCULLY

A good buddy of mine used to work for the NSA. He has all kinds of neat gadgets and things for getting into a network.

TERRY

Gina, how did you know about this?

GINA

Let's just Scully's friend has helped lower the last few cell phone bills of an unnamed individual.

AMY

I don't think he's supposed to do that.

GINA

Well, Miss NARC, it's a good thing the person in that story is unnamed.

JAKE

Okay, Scully, go ahead and call up your buddy and let's get moving before they finish up in the evidence room.

Scully, takes out his phone and makes a call.

SCULLY

(on the phone)

Hey.

(pause)

Yeah, it is Scully.

Scully puts one hand over the telephone.

SCULLY

(to Jake)

I told you, this guy's good.

(on the phone)

Yeah, I have a friend who needs to ask you for a favor.

(pause)

No, not the flirty, rude one. It's actually a- Huh?

Scully turns and looks Jake up and down.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

Well, I guess on certain days he can be pretty. Listen, we really need your help.

(pause)

Uh huh. Okay.

Scully puts one hand over the phone.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

(to Jake)

He said he'll think about helping after he talks to you.

JAKE

That's fine. Give me the phone.

SCULLY

No, he wants to talk to you in person.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. PARKING GARAGE ENTRANCE - DAY

Jake and Scully stand on the sidewalk.

JAKE

Are you sure this is the place?

SCULLY

Oh yeah. This is his favorite meeting spot.

JAKE

For what? Like, information exchanges and things like that?

SCULLY

No. Just lunch and, uh. Mainly lunch.

JAKE

Right.

Scully's phone BEEPS. He takes it out of his pocket and looks at the screen.

SCULLY

That's him. He's in position.

JAKE

All right. I'm going in.

Jake walks into the entrance of the parking garage.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Jake walks and scans the area. He notices a dark corner and walks towards it. TODD HENDRICKS, late 50's, is unseen in the shadows.

HENDRICKS

That's far enough, detective.

Jake stops walking, still standing in the light. Hendricks can be seen in silhouette.

HENDRICKS (CONT'D)

Scully tells me that you are in need of my assistance.

JAKE

Right. A fellow detective has some data on our servers that we need to have erased as soon as possible. Like, right now.

HENDRICKS

What is it? A list of corrupt officers he's in bed with? Businesses he's shaken down? Pictures of him in a dress?

JAKE

What? No! Look, Hendricks-

HENDRICKS

Don't call me that here. Use my code name.

JAKE

Yeah, I meant to ask you about that. Shallow Ear?

HENDRICKS

Yeah. It's like Deep Throat. He had a lot of information to share.

JAKE

And what does Shallow Ear mean?

HENDRICKS

It means I'll listen, but not that much.

JAKE

Look, can you just come out of the shadows so we can figure this out?

HENDRICKS

I'll remain in the shadows to keep my identity hidden.

JAKE

But I know your name, and Scully knows you personally.

HENDRICKS

But you don't know my face.

A light flickers on, illuminating Hendricks standing in a pink trench coat and a lady's flower hat.

HENDRICKS (CONT'D)

Damn it!

JAKE

What's with the outfit.

HENDRICKS

I, uh, don't own a trench coat or a fedora so I borrowed these from my wife. Wasn't expecting to be seen.

JAKE

You have definitely been seen.

Hendricks removes his hat and approaches Jake.

HENDRICKS

Look, Peralta, right?

Jake nods.

HENDRICKS (CONT'D)

I'd like help, but I can't.

JAKE

What? Why not? Is it because I saw you in your lady-clothes? I won't tell anyone, I swear.

HENDRICKS

That's not the reason. It's because I am only willing to help those that I meet face-to-face. While I find it noble that you are working to fix the problem of a friend, I can't fix it unless I meet your friend.

JAKE

Damn it!

The light in the corner flickers back off.

HENDRICKS

Ooh! Do you mind?

JAKE

Not at all.

Hendricks quickly puts his hat back on and rushes back into the shadows. He clears his throat.

HENDRICKS

Follow the money.

Hendricks laughs. Jake puts on a fake grin as he pulls his phone out and puts it to his ear.

INT. CHARLES'S CAR - DAY

Charles's phone rings as he is driving. He answers.

CHARLES

Hey, Jake. How's everything going?

JAKE (V.O.)

Not that great. I need you to get to me, immediately.

CHARLES

Well, I'm heading back to the station now.

JAKE (V.O.)

Never mind the station. I'm at a parking garage. Let me know when you're ready and I'll give you the location and the level.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Holt enters from the records room. Amy is checking her phone while standing next to Terry at a desk near Holt as he passes, on the way to his office. Holt's cell phone rings, a SCALPER is calling. He stops and answers.

HOLT

This is Raymond.

SCALPER

Yeah, you the person looking for tickets to La Boheme? You gave me your number in your response to my post.

HOLT

Yes. Do you have any tickets available?

SCALPER

Yes, sir. You bet your ass I do. Best tickets you'll find at a price you can't beat. How many you need?

HOLT

I only need two tickets. Are the seats close?

SCALPER

Oh yeah. Front row. With these seats, when the fat lady sings you'll know what she had for lunch.

HOLT

Good. What section are they in?

SCALPER

They're in, uh, section B-3.

HOLT

Wait a minute. B-3, that's the balcony.

SCALPER

Yeah, but it's front row of the balcony. Really the best view. Come on, five hundred a pop and I'll throw in a pair of those dinky opera binoculars.

HOLT

That's nearly as much as an orchestra seat. I'm going to have to decline. Thank you.

Holt hangs up the phone. He can overhear Terry and Amy speaking.

TERRY

Did Jake get the guy to fix the problem yet?

AMY

No. His text said that he's waiting for Charles to get there.

TERRY

Why does he need Charles? I thought Charles was busy with his doll.

AMY

I don't know, but apparently Charles is on the way there. He needs us to give him more time.

TERRY

How are we supposed to do that?

Amy looks stumped. Holt enters his office. Wuntch enters from the records room and walks quickly Holt's office.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

Holt is just about to take a seat at his desk when Wuntch enters.

WUNTCH

Don't get too comfortable, Raymond.
It appears that we don't have the
master key to one of the file
cabinets. We need yours to access
it.

Holt looks out at Amy and Terry as they look towards the records room.

HOLT

Of course, Madeline. Let me get
those keys for you.

Holt pulls a ring of keys from his desk and leads Madeline out of his office.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Holt and Wuntch head towards the records room. As they pass Amy and Terry, Holt gives them a raised eyebrow and a nod.

TERRY

Did you see that?

AMY

I think I did.

INT. RECORDS ROOM - DAY

Holt and Wuntch enter. Wuntch takes the lead, walking over to an unopened file cabinet.

WUNTCH

This is the one.

HOLT

Ah, yes. Let me find that key for
you.

Holt walks over to the filing cabinet and sorts through the keys. He moves to open the file cabinet with one key before stopping.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Wait. This isn't the key. This is actually the key to the main Bullpen cabinet.

He flips through to another key, but again stops short of putting it into the keyhole.

HOLT (CONT'D)

No. This is actually for the podium.

He continues to flip one key after another.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Bathroom, storage, supplies-

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Charles rushes up to Jake and Hendricks, out of breath.

JAKE

Why are you out of breath?

CHARLES

I just ran all the way in here from the road.

JAKE

Why didn't you just drive in?

CHARLES

Scully wouldn't let me in. He made me park out front and come in on foot.

HENDRICKS

That would be my fault. I told Scully, no cars.

CHARLES

Oh! Well, hello ma'am. Nice to meet you.

Hendricks quickly removes the hat from his head.

JAKE

This is Hendricks.

CHARLES

Oh, thank God! You have no idea how many times I make the wrong call with that on a daily basis.

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Doesn't seem to bother guys as much as it does women. I have been hit with quite a few purses.

JAKE

He's going to erase the numbers from the server, but he wanted to talk with you first.

Charles reaches out and shakes hands with Hendricks.

CHARLES

Charles Boyle. A pleasure to meet you.

Hendricks does not reciprocate.

HENDRICKS

I'm sorry, Charles. I can't help you.

JAKE

Wait! What?!

HENDRICKS

I've done missions to rescue hostages and shut down entire operations. Worked with the best of the best.

Hendricks looks over Charles and Jake.

HENDRICKS (CONT'D)

You two, don't seem to fit into that category. I can't help you.

Charles lowers his head, nodding slowly.

CHARLES

I understand.

JAKE

No. We don't understand. I'm here to help my friend, not to vie for the approval of some washed-up agent, looking to relive some glory from his past.

Jake steps in front of Hendricks.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You say you've worked with the best of the best, then you should know what the best will be willing to go through for each other. Boyle put his faith in me, as a partner and a friend. I put the same faith in Scully, who had the same faith in you. I guess that's where the line of faith and friends ends.

Jake puts his arm across Charles.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Let's go, buddy. We'll figure this out on our own.

INT. RECORDS ROOM - DAY

Holt is still flipping through keys and explanations.

HOLT

This one is for-

WUNTCH

Raymond! Get me that key. Now.

Holt stands and looks at Wuntch.

HOLT

Madeline, I'm so sorry.

He raises the ring of keys.

HOLT (CONT'D)

This is the wrong set of keys. I'll go get the right ones.

Wuntch is clearly aggravated.

WUNTCH

That's it! We can skip this bit of foolishness. We're done here. Check the servers.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Jake, Scully, and Charles enter. Amy and Terry are at Charles's desk. They look eager as Jake and Charles approach.

AMY

Well, how did it go? Did he get all black ops for you?

JAKE

No. He refused to help. We'll just have to deal with whatever consequences.

CHARLES

Don't worry guys. I'll own up to everything. This is my fault.

Holt enters.

HOLT

Boyle, Peralta, you're back. I take it you both have done everything you needed to do.

JAKE

Not quite, sir. Sorry.

HOLT

Well, Wuntch is upstairs in the server room. No use crying over spilled milk. All we can do now is wait.

Holt suddenly reaches into his pocket, pulling out his cell phone.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Speaking of waiting.

He taps and scrolls on the screen.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Missed it.

TERRY

What's wrong, sir?

HOLT

I bid on some tickets to La Boheme for Kevin and I to attend tonight, but I missed the deadline and was outbid. I guess I'll go tell Kevin we won't be going tonight.

Holt walks in the direction of his office, catching sight of Scully.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Scully, you are a part of the opera community. Is that correct?

SCULLY

Yes, sir.

HOLT

Do you think you could manage to speak with some of your acquaintances for tonight's La Boheme?

SCULLY

I could definitely ask around.

HOLT

Good. Step into my office.

Holt and Scully enter Holt's office.

AMY

It sucks that you guys couldn't get the files deleted. Charles, how is Genevieve doing with the baby?

JAKE

Yeah, what did happen with that?

HOLT

Well.

INT. CHARLES'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK - EARLIER TODAY

Charles enters with Charla.

CHARLES

Genevieve!

Genevieve enters from the hall.

GENEVIEVE

What is it, Charles?

CHARLES
I've figured it out.

GENEVIEVE
Figured what out?

CHARLES
Why little Charla was crying when
you held her.

Charles lays the doll on the cushion where Genevieve sat earlier, triggering a CRY. He picks it up and it stops. He hands the doll to Genevieve, triggering a CRY. He picks it up and it stops.

GENEVIEVE
So, what? The baby just doesn't
like me?

CHARLES
No, honey. Watch this.

Charles picks up a bottle of perfume and sprays it on his left hand. He then puts his hand near the doll, triggering a CRY.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
She wasn't crying because of you.
There are sensors in these dolls
that detect things in the air a
baby might be sensitive to.
Cigarette smoke, excessive dust,
perfumes, and so on.

INT. BULLPEN - BACK TO SCENE

Charles continues his explanation.

CHARLES
Genevieve took another shower
without putting on any fragrance
after, and Charla has been quiet
ever since.

AMY
That's great, Charles. I know
Genevieve will be a great mom.

Wuntch enters the Bullpen. The detectives rise from their desks and move forward to meet her. Holt and Scully enter from Holt's office.

WUNTCH

Well, Raymond. We've completed our data inspection for the ninety-ninth precinct.

HOLT

And...

WUNTCH

And everything appears to be in order.

CHEERS and other affirmations roll through the floor.

WUNTCH (CONT'D)

Except-

The room falls silent.

WUNTCH (CONT'D)

-for something disturbing that was found on Detective Boyle's back-up drive. I've printed it out. Detective Boyle, come up here.

Charles walks over, standing next to Wuntch.

WUNTCH (CONT'D)

Would you care to explain what this is?

Wuntch raises a sheet of paper with an image of Boyle kissing the baby doll with "It's A Girl" in pink lettering across it. Laughter rolls travels throughout the floor.

CHARLES

I was just excited when I picked up, Charla. I forgot that I had saved that file on the computer.

Wuntch turns to Holt.

WUNTCH

Everything was clean. This time.

HOLT

Did you expect anything less?

Wuntch and her team exit. Jake turns to Charles.

JAKE

I don't get it. Did they really just miss it?

Scully walks over to Jake and Charles.

SCULLY

Hey, Jake. Hendricks just called me. He told me to tell you, that the line hasn't ended. Whatever that means.

HOLT

Excellent work, everyone! Continue to keep up the good work, and remain professional.

TERRY

Captain, were you able to work anything out with Scully as far as his friends getting any tickets for you?

HOLT

He wasn't able to get any from his friends, but Scully had two tickets himself. Front row as a matter of fact.

JAKE

Why'd he have two tickets? I don't think Hitchcock is too into opera.

HOLT

He said that he always asks for two tickets so that people don't think he's going to show up alone.

JAKE

And then he proceeds to show up alone. Good plan. So, how much did those tickets run you?

HOLT

Scully and I came to an arrangement.

INT. BULLPEN - THE NEXT MORNING

Scully enters with a megaphone.

SCULLY

(on the megaphone)
Good morning, everyone. It's wonderful to see you all this morning.

Rosa, Amy, Terry, and Charles stand near Jake's desk with their hands covering their ears. Jake is seated and has a donut on his desk.

JAKE

Only two more weeks of this to go!

SCULLY

(on the megaphone)

Jake! You gonna eat that donut?

Jake grabs the donut and holds it out to Scully. Scully walks over and gently places his hand under Jake's, cupping the donut. Scully begins to sing CHE GELIDA MANINA on the megaphone, still holding Jake's hand and the donut.

END OF SHOW