[We start off with Jake Peralta walking out of a car. We hear his voice-over while he ducks over some tape, heading inside what seems to be a store.]

JAKE: [Dramatically] This job is eating me alive. I can't breathe anymore. I spent all these years trying to be the good guy, the man in the white hat. I'm not becoming like them. I am them.

AMY: Hey! What are you doing, weirdo?

[The camera pans onto a frustrated Amy Santiago. We then see Jake projecting his face onto multiple TV screens inside the store, using what seems to be a video camera that's attached to the ten monitors.]

JAKE: I'm doing the best speech from Donnie Brasco. Or actually, ten of me are doing the best speech from Donnie Brasco. [He stares at the screens of himself.] 'Sup?

AMY: Get it together, man. Okay?

[Amy is now talking with the store owner. She has a notebook open, and a pen in hand.]

AMY: So the store was hit about two hours ago. They took mostly tablets, laptops, and cameras.

[We hear a keyboard playing an 80s hip-hop beat. Jake is seen fiddling with it.]

JAKE: Sorry.

[He stops the music. Amy returns back to the store owner.]

AMY: I'd like a list of all your employees, whoever had access to the store. I'd also like to apologize for my partner. His parents didn't give him enough attention.

JAKE: Uh, Detective... [Amy looks to Jake slowly.] I already solved the case. We're looking for three white males, one of whom has sleeve tats on both arms.

AMY: [Walking over to Jake.] And how do you know that?

JAKE: I had an informant on the inside. He's been here for years. Watching, learning. Waiting. His code name? [He holds up a stuffed bear.] Fuzzy Cuddle bear. He's a nanny cam. [He flips the bear over to show the electronic device inside, which appears to be the end of a camera.]

AMY: [Scoffs] You got lucky.

JAKE: No, I got here five minutes before you and figured that in this gigantic electronics store, there had to be at least one working camera. [He plugs the camera into the TV screens, broadcasting the recorded video of two guys stealing. We see their face clearly.] Oh! Hi, bad guys! [He looks to the bear] You did it, fuzzy. You busted 'em. It's time to come home.

JAKE: [Imitating the Fuzzy while holding him up.] I'm not sure if I can. I've been undercover so long, I've forgotten who I am. I have seen terrible things. I haven't known the touch of a woman in many moons.

AMY: [Turning away.] All right.

JAKE: [Still imitating Fuzzy, however there is desperation in his voice.] Detective Santiago! Don't walk away from me!

[At the precinct.]

[Jake is bringing in the thieves from the store, heading over to the hold-up cells. While putting them in, he ends up bumping into Amy while trying to get out. Amy holds her hands up in defense, Jake pretends as if nothing happens, smiling.]

[We are then guided into the briefing room. It is 8:31 AM.]

[Jake is sitting down, in a room full of detectives when he looks to everyone.]

JAKE: Yes, I did crack the case. So, Santiago, would you do the honors?

[Amy, frustrated, sighs and gets up from her spot, heading over to a board. There is a small table in the corner of the board, which has a row called 'Peralta', and another called 'Santiago'. Under Peralta, it has 23, and under Santiago, it has 22.]

AMY: I hate this!

JAKE: Ah, yeah. And you're just gonna add one.

[Amy changes the 23 to a 24. However, she wrote it really small.]

JAKE: I'm winning.

[The whole room applauded, cheering the situation on.]

AMY: I hate this!

JAKE: It's a good feeling. It's a good feeling. Yeah.

AMY: [Returning to her seat.] Enjoy it while it lasts.

JAKE: I will!

[Terry Jeffords is now standing up front. He is going to start up the briefing. There is a TV behind him.]

TERRY: JP, update on the Morgenthau murder?

[Jake standing up from his spot, heading to the front of the room. There is now a slideshow on the TV which Jake is controlling.] Yeah! Good news for all you murder fans. Earlier this morning someone decided to shoot and kill luxury food importer Henry Morgenthau. [He flipped through the slides of the murder scene from the TV.] Body was found by the cleaning lady, during her interview, I deduced, using expert Detective work, that she had something super gross on her chin. [He changed the slide to the woman, and zoomed in on the white blemish on her chin. We see Charles Boyle perk up on his seat.]

CHARLES: I think it was flan.

JAKE: Charles thinks it was flan. I think it was butterscotch pudding.

[We now see Rosa Diaz with her legs on the table and crossed arms.]

ROSA: Maybe it was just old person gunk. You know how old people always have that gunk on them.

JAKE: Oldie gunk. Could be, yeah. Anyone else?

TERRY: How about we focus on the murder and not the old person gunk?

AMY: Crime techs are at the scene now. We're heading back when they're done.

TERRY: Okay, I want you on this. It's gonna be priority one for the new C.O.

ROSA: Wait, tell us about the new Captain.

TERRY: Captain Holt will be here soon. He'll wanna introduce himself. Dismissed.

[Everyone gets up from their seats and heads out the room.]

[We see Gina Linetti at her desk. There is a template that says 'Gina Linetti Civilian Administrator'. She seems to be looking through papers. Charles comes up to her, smiling wide and sitting in the seat in front of her desk.]

CHARLES: Hey, Gina. You know any scalpers? I wanna ask Rosa to go to the Rihanna concert with me, but it's sold out. [The camera zones on Rosa at the end of the room, getting a paper out of the file box.]

GINA: Okay, two points to make here. First, Rihanna... You... [She looks disappointing.] And then Rihanna. [She flares her hands in the air to emphasize on the point.]

CHARLES: Yeah. What's your second point?

GINA: She's got a type. Which is really anyone but you.

CHARLES: Yeah, that was my ex-wife's type too.

GINA: Look, a Rihanna concert's a pretty big swing, man. I don't know. She's into watching old movies.

CHARLES: Cool. Where would I find a place that shows old movies?

GINA: Oh, yeah, just go on the Internet and search for the phrase "I want to buy two movie tickets for a girl who doesn't like me."

CHARLES: Great. [Genuinely thinking she has given him good advice. He stands up to leave.] Thank you.

GINA: [as he is leaving] Good...

[Amy is leaning against Jake's desk.]

AMY: Hey, you heard anything about the new Captain?

JAKE: Uh, no, and I don't care. I just wish Captain McGintley never left, he was the best.

AMY: He was terrible. You just liked him 'cause he let you do anything you wanted.

[We see a flashback of Jake and Rosa on their chairs in an open space inside the precicnt. They have fire extinguishers in hand and it's pretty clear on what they want to accomplish. Everyone is around them, anticipated for the outcomes while clapping and cheering along.]

JAKE: On your marks, get set...

[The Captain's officer doors open and in comes who we presume is Captain McGintley. Everyone stops.]

MCGINTLEY: What the hell's going on around here?

JAKE: Fire extinguisher roller chair derby?

MCGINTLEY: Okay.

[He goes back into his office, closing the door behind him.]

JAKE: And go!

[They shoot the extinguishers which projects them through the precinct, however it isn't as fast and powerful as a rocket launcher, however they do get pretty far.]

JAKE: Yeah!

[We now get back from the flashback, where Amy is looking at Jake with disappointment.]

JAKE: What's your point?

[She sighs.]

AMY: If I'm ever gonna make Captain, I need a good mentor. I need my rabbi.

JAKE: Sorry, dude. But this new guy's gonna be another washed-up pencil pusher who's only concerned with [He imitates a robot.] Following every rule in the patrol guide. Meep morp zeep. Robot Captain Engage.

MAN: Is that what you think?

[We now see a man behind Jake, who is staring him down. He has the new Captain uniform on, and seems to be the new Captain, Raymond Holt.]

JAKE: He-hey! New Captain alert. [He stands up.] You must be the new C.O. I'm Detective Jake Peralta. Great to meet you.

HOLT: Now don't let me interrupt. You were describing what kind of person I'm gonna be. I'd like you to finish.

JAKE: That's not necessary. [Holt stares at him, and Jake is sort of intimidated.] Or I could recap very quickly, sure. Um, let's see. I think I said some joke about being a washed-up pencil pusher.

HOLT: Now do the robot voice.

JAKE: Which-

HOLT: The robot voice you were doing when you implied I'm a rule-following robot. I wanna hear it again.

[Jake looks around the room where everyone is watching the scene happen. Amy seems rather proud in the moment, as if she's enjoying the scene.]

JAKE: [Softy, slowly and without any enthusiasm.] Meep morp zarp. Robot.

HOLT: That's a terrible robot voice.

JAKE: Yep.

HOLT: The next time I see you, I'd like you to be wearing a necktie.

[Holt starts to leave.]

JAKE: Oh, actually, the last Captain didn't care if we wore ties.

HOLT: [Stopping just before he enters his new office.] Well, your new Captain does. And more importantly, he cares that you follow his direct orders. [He then turns to the rest of the detectives and officers in the precinct.] Everyone, I'm your new commanding officer, Captain Ray Holt.

AMY: Speech!

HOLT: That was my speech.

AMY: Short and sweet.

HOLT: Sergeant Jeffords, a word. [He points to Terry.]

TERRY: Yes, sir.

[They leave.]

AMY: I love that guy.

JAKE: Same!

GINA: He's so suave. Does anyone get a little bit of a gay vibe? [Everyone is quiet.] No? Okay. [She leaves too.]

[Captain Holt places his name template on the desk, sitting down on his seat as he talks to Terry.]

HOLT: Sergeant, you were in the 1-8 with me. Though you were significantly...

TERRY: Fatter, sir. They called me "Terry Titties." Because I had large, uh...

HOLT: Titties, yes. I remember. I never liked that nickname. Though to be fair, it was accurate. What's this I hear about you being on administrative leave?

TERRY: A year ago, my wife and I had twin baby girls. [He shows Holt his wallet with the photos of his kids.] Cagney and Lacey.

HOLT: They have adorable chubby cheeks.

TERRY: Ever since, I kinda got scared of getting hurt. Lost my edge. There was an incident in a department store.

[We are now in a flashback to where Jake and Terry are holding guns in a department store, trying to hide from perps it seems.]

JAKE: Hey, man, you okay? You look a little jumpy.

TERRY: I'm fine. I'm fine.

[He hears knocking and starts to scream, coming out of his hiding spot and starts shooting in front of him. We see that he is only shooting a mannequin, but apparently he still doesn't realise because Terry continues to shoot. The mannequin falls down on the ground after the excessive amount of bullet wounds.]

JAKE: I think he's dead.

[We are back in Holt's office.]

TERRY: And I'm still not right.

HOLT: [Standing up and heading to his office window, looking over the precinct.] Tell me about your Detective squad.

TERRY: Um... Well, Scully, Hitchcock, and Daniels. [We see a group of three talking amongst themselves. Two of them are Norm Scully and Michael Hitchcock. The other is Daniels, however we do not ever see her again except for this scene. We still do not know if she is even alive.] They're pretty much worthless, but they make good coffee.

HOLT: Copy that.

TERRY: Now the good ones. Rosa Diaz.

[We see a woman on her desk, browsing online. The internet seems to be slow since she tapped the TV with her hand once. Then again. Then multiple times in a row.] Tough, smart, hard to read, and really scary.

[Flashback time. It is Christmas, and we see Hitchcock at the printer when Rosa comes in.]

ROSA: Tell me who has me for Secret Santa.

HITCHCOCK: No! That takes all the fun out of it.

[Hitchcock is smiling, but Rosa is far from happy. She glares at him while Hitchcock pales.]

HITCHCOCK: It's Scully. He got you a scarf. I'll make him return it.

ROSA: Yes, you will.

[Back to the present.]

TERRY: Charles Boyle.

[We cut to Charles at his desk, with multiple files in hand, and a phone rested against his ear and shoulder.]

TERRY: He's a grinder. Not the most brilliant Detective, but he works harder than anyone else. He's not physically... gifted.

[Flashback to Charles in the staff kitchen, ready to eat a muffin only to drop it on the floor.

CHARLES: Oh, man! My muffin. [He goes to pick it up, but his head hits the counter instead.] Ahh! Oh, my head! [He looks to the muffin which he accidentally stepped on.] My muffin, my head! And I stepped on the- On my muffin! And my head and my muffin.

[Back to the present.]

TERRY: Amy Santiago.

[We cut to Amy at her desk. A ball of elastics in hand, and her face scrunched up, concentrated.]

TERRY: She's got seven brothers, so she's always trying to prove she's tough.

[Flashback to Amy pouring hot sauce over her hotdog in the staff room.]

SCULLY: Careful. That stuff's pretty hot.

[She puts down her sandwich, staring at Scully.]

AMY: Oh, is it? Hmm? [She puts more sauce on her sandwich, until the top is filled with sauce. She goes to eat it, some sauce dripping onto her hand. Her face starts to scrunch up, and she's gagging, spitting the food right out. Scully doesn't even bat an eye.]

[Back to the present. We see the camera zoom in on Jake at his desk. He and Amy have close desks, and we can see that in the frame.]

TERRY: She and Peralta have some big bet over who gets more arrests this year. Ever since the bet, their numbers have gone way up.

HOLT: Tell me about Peralta.

[Jake now has an action figure in hand of a police man, and is examining it. In the light, out of the light, everywhere.]

TERRY: Jacob Peralta is my best Detective. He likes putting away bad guys and he loves solving puzzles. The only puzzle he hasn't solved is how to grow up.

HOLT: That was very well put.

TERRY: I've talked a lot about Jake in my departmentally mandated therapy sessions.

HOLT: Look, you know my history. You know how important this is to me. This precinct is doing fine, but I wanna make it the best one in Brooklyn. And I need your help.

TERRY: Absolutely, sir. [They shake hands.] Where do we start?

[The camera cuts to just outside the glass where Jake is dancing up to Amy's desk.]

JAKE: [Whispering and singing to his dancing.] What is happening?

HOLT: We start with him.

[Morgenthau's Apartment. 1:15 PM.]

[Charles, Rosa and Jake are investigating the apartment with a few officers in the back.]

JAKE: Okay, so the perp came in through the window, [We see different camera angles of the crime scene itself, with remaining evidence scattered over the rooms.] Left the muddy red footprint, and apparently had sex with the dish rack. [We see a dish rack that has come out of the sink and is in ruin.]

AMY: Shell casing found here. Two shots. Bang, bang. [She gestured with fingers to where the gun would have shot Morgenthau, using them as guns.]

JAKE: Great work, Detective. You get a tie. [He threw one at her.]

CHARLES: Hey, that's mine. You took it from my desk.

JAKE: That's right, Charles. Good solve. Tie for you. [He gives him a tie.]

CHARLES: Thanks!

JAKE: Now everyone be sure to put those on because it's impossible to solve crimes - unless you're wearing a tie.

AMY: Lay off the Captain. That man is gonna be my rabbi.

JAKE: Okay, first of all, when you use the word "rabbi," you know that turns me on and that's unfair in the work environment. Secondly, your rabbi is a pain in my ass.

CHARLES: Yeah, he's a little too serious. What do you think, Rosa?

ROSA: He seems cool.

CHARLES: Yeah, he seems cool. I agree.

ROSA: Looks like the perp stole a computer, a watch, and a Jamon Iberico ham, valued at what! $6,000.

JAKE: $6,000 for a ham?

CHARLES: Jamon Iberico is an amazing cured ham from Spain. They had it at my uncle's funeral. I gorged myself at that funeral. I mean, I was constipated for three days.

JAKE: Wow, that's a great story, Charles, thank you. [Charles laughs.] All right, listen up, everybody. Better contact Captain Holt, let him know we got a ten-tie situation.

HOLT: Speaking of ties, where's yours, Meep Morp?

[We now see Holt at the entrance to the apartment.]

JAKE: This is fantastic. [He turns around.] Captain! Hey! Welcome to the murder. What are you doing here?

HOLT: I like to know what my detectives are up to. That okay by you?

JAKE: Yep.

HOLT: Take Santiago and knock on doors. See if the neighbors heard anything.

JAKE: Door duty? It's a waste of time.

HOLT: Diaz and Boyle. Check in the coroner. Report back to me in an hour.

[Holt leaves.]

JAKE: That went well.

HOLT: [From next door.] No, it didn't.

JAKE: He's got like super hearing.

[Rosa is getting into her car outside the apartment when Charles runs up to her.]

CHARLES: Hey, Rosa! Rosa. Rosa! [She turns around.] Um, I just happened to notice that there's an old movie festival playing at the film forum this week. Wanna go?

ROSA: Sure.

CHARLES: Cool! Awesome. There's a bunch of movie options.

[Rosa gets into her car.]

CHARLES: I'll probably just go with something classic like Citizen Kane.

ROSA: Citizen Kane is terrible. Pick a good movie.

CHARLES: Good call. Smart.

[Rosa drives away.]

CHARLES: I'll do it. I'll pick a better movie than Citizen Kane.

[Holt is in his office with Gina sitting in front of his desk, seeming that Holt has asked her to chat.]

HOLT: So Gina. Civilian administrators like yourself often have their ear to the ground. What do Santiago and Peralta have riding on this bet of theirs?

GINA: I will tell you on six conditions. Number one, you let me use your office to practice my dance moves. Second-

HOLT: How about this? If you tell me-

GINA: Mm-hmm.

HOLT: I won't have you suspended without pay.

GINA: Oh, that sounds great. [Holt sits down.] Okay, the deal is if Amy gets more arrests, Jake has to give her his car. It's an old Mustang, and it's pretty sweet. If he gets more arrests, she has to go on a date with him. He guarantees it will end in sex. I bet on at least some over-the-clothes action. At the very least, some touching-

HOLT: No, that's enough, Gina.

GINA: Caresses. I could see him showing up in a silk robe.

HOLT: That's enough, Gina.

GINA: All right.

HOLT: Thank you.

[We now see Jake and Amy going through dour duty in Morgenthau's building. It is 1:45 PM.]

JAKE: Let the wasting of time begin.

AMY: Hello, sir. Can we ask you a few questions?

GUY: Definitely. Yeah. I'm actually I'm super glad you guys are here right now. Are you smelling that weed smell?

AMY/JAKE: Yeah.

GUY: Cause a dude broke in, smoked weed, and bolted.

JAKE: Do you think it's the same dude that left that bong there on the floor?

GUY: [Looks at the ground and then back up at JAKE] Yes?

Police!

Hello.

Hello.

What's your name?

My name?

Mm-hmm.

Mlepnos.

Can you spell that, please? M-l-e-p Clay.

Did you say "Clay"? Yes, the "Clay" is silent.

All right, got it.

Have you seen this man before? He was shot last night.

Oh.

Thank you.

No, sir, that's ours.

We need that.

- We - And he kept it.

Wall Street journal on the doormat Top floor apartment.

like a hot, eligible bachelor.

I'll take that action.

Police! Open up! Hello.

Oh! Hello, sir! How are you today? I am Detective Right-All-The-Time, and this is my partner Detective Terrible Detective.

No surprises from the coroner.

A few gunshots, shoulder and chest.

None of the neighbors heard or saw anything.

And what's worse, Santiago struck out with a 92-year-old.

That is not accurate, sir.

Wait, you hooked up with him? Ugh! All right, hit the pawn shops and canvass the neighborhood.

And while you're out, you can buy yourself a tie.

Oh, actually, sir I'm wearing a tie right now.

Check it out.

Secret tie.

First of all, I think you're kind of overdoing it with the manscaping.

But more importantly, Detective, why do you refuse to take my orders seriously? Does anyone here know why it's so important to me that you all dress appropriately? Hmm.

Four highly trained detectives and not one of you can solve this simple mystery.

I wanna be briefed on any new developments.

Any questions? I was gonna ask you if you thought I was doing too much manscaping, but we solved that one.

So I'm good.

Hey, Boyle.

Yep.

What about this fancy ham stuff? - Jamon Iberico.

Yes.

The perp left a really expensive TV but then stole ham? It doesn't make sense.

Is there a place nearby the crime scene that sells it? - Beneficio's might.Let's go.

You gotta brief the C.

O.

first.

We'll brief him after we catch the guy.

My name is Ratko.

I don't know anything.

Oh, okay.

You recognize this guy? - Henry Morgenthau? - No.

Maybe actually look at the picture.

I don't know him.

I don't know what happened.

No more questions.

Well, why don't I run a scenario past you, Ratko, and you tell me what you think? You do know Morgenthau.

He came in here and tried to sell you some hams.

You knew they were worth a lotta money, so you tried to steal them from him when he wasn't home.

Only he was home, so you shot him.

Does that sound familiar? Uh, maybe some role play will jog your memory? - Great idea.

Okay, yeah.

Okay.

So I'm I'm Ratko.

No, no, I'm Ratko.

Come on.

I'm always the victim.

Look, I'm doing this with you right here.

Fine, fine.

Oh! I'm Henry Morgenthau, owner of delicious and expensive hams.

Don't I know you from the grocery store? Kill! And scene.

NYPD! Everyone down! Ma'am, if you could just get down, or ignore me and continue shopping.

Boyle, get the door! - On it! Ratko! Oh! Ow! Ha ha ha! Ow, Ratko, ow! Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, Ratko! I'm getting mad! That's a waste of manchego! Charles! - How are you still here? - Jake! Little help! Ratko! He's not going anywhere, Jake! Ratko! I got him! I got him! Don't worry! So no, I did not brief you.

And yes, he did get away.

But some bonus good news I got you hazelnut.

And A little spoon there for you.

Is he seriously assigning me to the records room? I mean, why do we even have a records room? Computer's been invented, right? I didn't dream it? You're lucky, man.

I wish I could get assigned here full-time.

You could not be farther from the action.

Sergeant, you know me.

I have more arrests than anyone.

Will you please tell the Captain how dumb it is to lock his best Detective in a file cabinet? - Second best.

- You're wrong about Holt.

That man has forgotten more about being a cop than you will ever know.

In 1981, he caught the disco strangler.

It's over, disco man! Put down the yo-yo and back away from the girl.

Wow.

The man is the real deal.

You need to listen to him.

Gonna be hard to win our bet when you're on the bench, Peralta.

Although I did start a new category.

"Murderers we let go."

And look at that.

You're winning.

Have fun with your files.

Yeah, you know what, I will have fun with my files.

Have fun with your face! Slam! That was a slam.

So what movie did you get us tickets to? Oh, well, just to be safe, I bought tickets to all of them.

Just to be safe? What does that mean? I don't know, I didn't wanna mess up.

Because you're sort of Opinionated.

You think I'm opinionated? Okay, here's an opinion for you.

You're a bad judge of character and your shirt looks like vomit.

So we can go see North by Northwest.

We're not seeing a movie together.

Good call.

Smart.

Keep it profesh.

Hey, Captain.

So you found something? Hey, I like the tie.

If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.

Anyway, I think I got something good here.

Turns out the name "Ratko" is made up.

But I was digging through these files One of which I literally found in a spider web And it turns out there were a bunch of references to a serbian thug, street names "the rat" and "the butcher," who's known to hang out at a storage unit near Boerum Park, which has red soil, hence, the muddy red footprint on Morgenthau's counter.

That's fine work, Detective.

Thank you very much, sir.

Testament to what can be achieved when you dress appropriately.

Let's pound it out.

You know what, such fine police work, let's share it with the whole team.

Santiago! Boyle! Diaz! Get in here! Bring everyone! And a camera! That's not necessary.

Oh, they're here! Of the fine master Detective, Jake Peralta.

Yeah, let's have a hand, everyone.

Give him a hand.

Yeah, nice! Looking good! Yeah.

Thank you.

No record of Ratko on the ledger.

Must've used cash.

Well, I, for one, am just pumped to be on a stakeout with you, Captain.

You know what my favorite thing about stakeouts is? Patrol guide says "no dress code.

" So I'm just the zip-up hoodie and my two best friends.

Does he always talk this much? I just tune it out.

It's like a white noise machine.

Okay, first of all, that's racist.

Secondly, Captain, Terry told me you caught the disco strangler.

That's incredible.

I've read that case.

With all due respect, sir, why'd it take you so long to get your first command? Because I'm gay.

Ah.

Seriously? I'm surprised you didn't know.

I don't try to hide it.

Did anyone else get a little bit of a gay vibe? Manscaping.

Damn! I am not a good Detective.

Here.

I feel bad that you spent all that money on the movie tickets.

Why don't you just go to the movies with me? Nope.

Okay.

Well, this is awkward.

It's not awkward.

I like your company.

You're sweet.

When did you come out? About 25 years ago.

The NYPD was not ready for an openly gay Detective.

But then the old guard died out.

Suddenly, they couldn't wait to show off the fact that they had a highly ranking gay officer.

I made Captain.

But they put me in a public affairs unit.

I was a good soldier.

I helped recruitment.

But all I ever really wanted was my own command.

And now I finally got it.

And I'm not gonna screw it up.

Captain, I'm sorry.

I I feel like a jackass.

But on the flip side, there's Ratko.

Humility over.

I'm amazing! Fantastic.

Looks like we all got door duty.

Ah, yeah.

From before.

Good one.

You look great.

Clear.

Clear.

Okay.

Unbelievable! Un-believable! Ah.

Ratko, great to see you.

You can't stop me.

I'm going.

Actually, you're not going anywhere.

'Cause if you take a look to your left, you'll see Detective's Boyle and Diaz.

Right there is Detective Santiago.

And behind you is Captain Holt.

Point is My team has you surrounded.

Oh, my God, I just got the tie thing! Captain, I just figured it out.

Maybe now's not the best time, Detective.

It's a uniform! We're a team, and the tie is a part of that team's uniform, right? You ask Ratko what team? No, Ratko, shut up.

It's important to you because you were kept off the team for so long.

And now you're the coach, and you want us to all wear that same uniform.

Boom! Nailed it! Yes, you did.

Now just arrest Ratko.

All right, Ratko, down.

Drop the weapon.

Hands on your head.

Here we go.

- Hey! - He's running! Oh! Got him! Hands behind your back! Hands behind your back! Stay down.

That's how we do it in the nine-nine, sir.

Catch bad guys and look good doing it.

What's wrong with you? Never took off the speedo.

Big mistake.

It is inside me.

Great work, team!