Excuse me! Excuse me.

Hi.

I'm Jake Peralta.

All right, all right.

So thrilled to be here today.

As many of you may know, I used to be a cop.

Hey, I was dirty! I took tons of bribes.

But as a former Detective, uh, I know a thing or two about life sentences.

And, Angie, Marco, you just got slapped with the best life sentence there is: Marriage.

To Angie and Marco.

Make us proud, have a son.

Salud! Salud! Good times These are the good times Hey, I love the spray tan, Joey.

Let me take a picture of you.

I want to show this color to the guy who stains my deck! Congratulations, Tony.

It's a beautiful night.

Hey, you're one of us now.

You know how long I've been waiting for one of you old men to kiss me? He's a good kid.

Allow us, we'll show you the way Aaahh freak out I gotta say, out of the four of you, I think Vito's the best kisser.

Ah, what a wedding, huh? Although the meatballs were a little dry.

Dry meatballs.

That's Peralta's signal.

Let's go! Let's go! Let's go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Come on! Let's go! Stay where you are! Hands on your head! Stay where you are! Hands on your head! Whoa, whoa, hey! Aghh! Nobody say anything! Nobody talk! Get your hands off of me, you piece of Hey, Captain Holt! Long time no see.

How you doing? This is not the time, Peralta.

Oh, yeah, that's the stuff.

Ah! I've missed us.

He's here.

He's here! Jake's here! Okay, let's do the prank where we don't even acknowledge him when he comes in.

Okay? Shh! Shh! Everyone, shh.

Back in the nine-nine! Whoo! Hoo-hoo-hoo! Jake! Jake! Jake! Jake! Played to perfection, Charles.

God, I missed this place.

Let me just soak it in.

Oh, yeah, stale coffee, fingerprinting ink, whatever Charles is fermenting in his desk.

Beans.

Beans.

It's like I never left.

All right, fill me in.

Tell me everything I missed.

Won't take long.

Only three things happened.

Terry chipped his tooth and had a lisp for a week.

Lithen up, theeven.

I'm Thorry, did I thay thumthing amuthing to you? Anther me, you thun of a bitth! Number two, Santiago and Boyle wore the same outfit to work one day.

How does it look better on you? And Captain banned headphones from the office, due to the Gina incident.

And a man and a milk shake Great recap.

Welcome back, Peralta.

Captain.

Everyone has a lot of work.

So you have exactly two minutes to share personal anecdotes.

And those two minutes began when you entered.

You now have Challenge accepted.

Undercover highlights.

Fixed a boxing match, smoked a whole cigar without vomiting, was once in a room with ten guys named Sal, and missed you all so very much.

- Everyone back to work.

- All right, Jake.

Hey.

So Didn't get a chance to say hi.

Hi.

Hi.

Can we talk in private for a sec? Okay.

So now that we are alone, I have to ask.

Did you arrest a perp named Joe Uterus? Oh, my God, yes.

I should have told you immediately.

Perp name hall of fame, right? Oh, yeah.

First ballot.

I mean, it's right up there with Sylvester stools and Janet Storkmuncher.

But also, I just I know we left things kind of weird.

You know, me saying that I liked you.

I'm still with Teddy.

Romantic styles.

Oh.

Good, good.

'Cause I was gonna say, I know we left things weird, because I said that I liked you, but that was a mistake.

You know, I was nervous about going undercover, and I think I just kinda freaked out, and you were nearby, so I didn't mean it.

But that's great.

Good.

Hey, so, Joe uterus, what did he do? Killed a bunch of stray dogs.

Eh.

Name's funnier than the story.

There's a confused old woman here who wants to talk to a Detective.

Oh, come on! Another drill? Hello, my name is Adelaide.

I'd like to report a crime.

So we're just doing one of these every day? Oh, you got it.

I know you got it.

I want my money.

Tick, tick, tick, tick.

Tick, tick, tick, tick, tick.

Why are we doing this? It's Captain's orders.

My name is Adelaide Van Hoyt.

I'm 89 years old, and I'm here to report a crime.

Not a problem.

We can help you.

Adelaide Van Hoyt.

Goatee, 6'3".

Hey! This is a tight 240.

Show Adelaide some damn respect.

Hey, Charles.

You pretty excited about Jake being back? Yeah, it's like when I was a kid and my grandma came home from the hospital, only better because Jake's not unresponsive.

Huh, every time you talk, I heard that sound that plays when pac-man dies.

Charles, I'm concerned that you're gonna tell Jake about the incident.

Nobody can ever know that we had sex, all right? I have spent years cultivating a reputation as someone who sleeps with bike messengers or better.

Look, I don't want people finding out about it either.

I don't wanna be known as the office slut.

Yeah, well, Jake's back, and you tell him everything.

No, I don't.

I got aroused last night watching a nature documentary on bees.

I was fine until they went inside the hive.

Oh, you're right.

I'm gonna tell him.

It might not be today, it might not be tomorrow It definitely won't be later than tomorrow.

So pretty much today or tomorrow then.

Peralta, special agent Marx is here to make your transfer back to the NYPD official.

And on behalf of the bureau I wanted to personally thank you for your service.

Bureau.

It's FBI lingo for "FBI.

" Yes, I've been a cop for 30 years.

And I've seen movies.

Roger that.

You'll be happy to know that the operation turned out to be one of the biggest Rico busts of all time.

"Rico" stands for "racketeering investigative cop awesome.

" I have to ask, do you think "awesome" begins with an "O"? Yes.

are in custody.

Wait, who got away? Freddy Maliardi.

The tac team screwed up, hit his apartment up a couple of minutes late, and he disappeared.

But Freddy's, like, the worst of all those guys.

Extortion, terrible breath, murder.

I put "terrible breath" too high on that list.

I should go back undercover, see if any of my contacts can tell me where he is.

No, they're looking for a rat.

And as a former cop, there's no way they're gonna trust you.

I guarantee you they do.

Me and those guys went through some pretty intense stuff.

sing us a song, you're the piano man In the mafia, once you Joel together, you're bonded for life.

Look, you know those guys, but I just think this is too big of a risk.

There's nothing you can do.

Sometimes things are just out of your control.

Not good enough.

Boyle, we're going undercover.

You look amazing.

But you smell really bad.

That's my cologne.

Welcome to the mafia.

Okay, if Freddy's still in town, Benny de Conti will know about it.

He owns the restaurant they all eat at.

He knows everything about everything.

Good.

Hey, when you were undercover, did you, like, have a mafia best friend? I'm not jealous.

I'm just wondering.

Uh, I don't know, I guess I did a bunch of jobs with a guy named Derek.

Great.

Great.

Derek.

Sounds like a great guy.

Charles, don't do this to yourself, all right? Okay, fine.

All right, so we're going to the restaurant.

What's my cover? Am I in the mob? Ooh, I've got the perfect thing.

A sun hat? Mafia! No, just be yourself, a cop.

Benny might think I'm a rat, so I'll go in and talk to him.

Then you come in a minute later with your badge out, pick a fight with me, and punch me in the face.

No, I could never hurt you, Jake.

Well, you gotta hit me somewhere.

Fine, it'll be the balls then.

No! Just hit me in the face.

Look, if it's so hard, imagine I'm somebody you hate.

- Derek.

- I barely know him! - Fine.

- Come on.

Captain.

We are done with the drill.

The old lady confessed to a 40-year-old unsolved murder in Rhode Island.

We filled out the interstate file request and remanded her to the custody of her daughter.

Adelaide has successfully transformed back into a giant man, sir.

Well done.

Thank you.

See? Instead of resisting, it's better to just put your head down, get the job done, and then you can get on with your day.

Hi, my name is Timmy, and I'm lost.

Son of a bitch! Captain! I hate to be harsh, but I think that these drills are slightly unnecessary, possibly.

Although you are the boss, and your judgment is impeccable.

And I guess what I am trying to say is thank you.

I agree, with the stuff about the drills, not the spineless ass-kissing.

Sir, I think it would help if we knew why we were doing these drills.

Because I ordered you to.

Resume the drill, Timmy.

And do not do or say anything that a seven-year-old boy would not do or say.

Feel free to consult the script I've prepared.

Okay, but, uh, it's a little stilted.

"I am feeling trepidation at the prospect of a parentless existence.

" No kid talks like that.

Those lines were lifted verbatim from my boyhood diary.

Resume the drill! - Hey.

- What are you doing here? Not for nothing, I heard you were arrested.

- I made bail.

- Ahh.

Look, I'm looking for Freddy.

You seen him? It's funny.

Lot of people are looking for that guy.

Lot of cops especially.

Didn't you used to be a cop, Jake? I'm just kidding, man.

I know you, we sang piano man together.

This guy.

I got you.

You got me.

You got me.

Yes, you.

I got.

Yeah.

Look, I can't tell you where Freddy is.

But I can tell you his girl, Bianca, just called in.

You know, Freddy's regular order delivered to her address.

Thank you so much.

See ya.

Well, if it isn't Jake Peralta.

- Mafia crapbag.

- Get out of here, Boyle.

I know that we used to be friends, and during that time we would do all kinds of things together like make plans, but that has changed, all right? Ahh! Ow! - Now the balls.

- What? Ohh! What's going on? You never eat with us.

Or talk to us.

I accidentally smiled at you last week and you shined a laser pointer into my eye and screamed "perv.

" Yeah, well, something's about to be revealed that's gonna change my social standing forever.

I'm one of you now.

Prettier and different and better, but I'm one of you.

This is great.

With three people we can have a real massage train now.

Ugh.

- I am so sorry.

- What the hell, Boyle? What the hell happened? I-I-I was stressed about hitting you, and my mind disassociate from my body.

I don't even know what I did.

Oh, well, let me remind you.

You punched me, kicked me, spat on me, and then you said: There's more where that came from.

I got a real wet mouth.

You gotta admit, it's a pretty tough line.

No, it's not.

It's weird and sexual, and not in the good way.

The only good news is Benny couldn't possibly think we planned that.

My cover's safe.

All right, Bianca lives here.

I'm gonna go in alone.

If I need backup, I will hit the clicky button on my keys.

- Copy that.

- Time to get back into character.

Cologne me, bro.

Okay, here we go.

Aww! It stings.

The cuts.

It stings.

Stings! I can't stop hurting you.

What is wrong with me? Okay, keep going.

Okay.

Sorry, sorry, sorry.

I miss my mommy.

This is boring.

Captain's not here, sarge.

You can drop the act.

You can drop your butt.

- You can drop your butt! - It's okay, I got this.

How about we finish building this tower? The structure's done, but we've barely started on the landscaping.

I wanna build a spaceship.

I worked so hard on that.

There were stables.

These toys suck.

Okay.

Then I'll get you some better toys Timmy.

- Hello.

- Hey, you're Bianca, right? Mm-hmm.

I'm Jake.

I'm a friend of Freddy's from work.

I'm looking for him.

Well, which Jake are you? Are you Jakey lady hands or are you Jakey the Jew? Well, it feels weird saying this but I hope Jakey the Jew? Mm.

Jake Peralta.

Freddy actually said I should come by here if I was ever in trouble.

Oh, okay.

Well, Freddy was here, but he left.

But come in.

Come on in.

I got the address somewhere.

Hold on.

So did he say where he was headin' or I heard about you, Peralta.

I know you were the rat.

Get 'em up, get your hands up.

Yeah.

Lady hands.

All right, just stay calm, Bianca.

Empty your pockets.

Okay, reaching in.

Pulling stuff out.

I don't have a gun.

Just a wallet and some keys.

Nothing strange about it, okay? This is just the clicker for my car.

Jake! Come on.

It's not a weapon.

Nothing bad's gonna happen if I just click this.

I know what a car key is.

- Yeah, these are them.

- I know! Oh, crap, my gun.

Oh, come on! Just get it down! All right, don't shoot! That's how people get shot.

Just shut up! Shut up! NYPD, drop your weapon.

All right, Bianca.

What do you know about a guy named Derek? Charles, no.

Jump, Timmy, jump.

Woo! Now you're having fun.

Sergeant! Captain, we were just, uh Timmy was cranky.

We're just letting him ti himself out.

Okay, everybody out! Okay, it's just kinda difficult.

Because of the deflating.

Out.

Now! Turn on the pump! I'm very claustrophobic! Just tell us where Freddy is.

I'm not gonna sell out Freddy.

We're in love.

He introduced me to his children as his favorite assistant.

Come on, he has a dozen mistresses and six girlfriends.

Freddy loved me.

He implied that many times.

There's nobody else, okay.

Yeah, there is.

I just wish I could remember who.

So many people were sleeping with each other.

It's kinda hard to keep track.

Well, I actually thought of a song that helps me remember.

Let's see, it goes Mario is doing it with Teresa Teresa is doing it with Paulie I knew that.

Paulie is doing it with Lisa And Lisa's doing it with Anthony I really like this song.

Did you come up with the melody? I'm pretty sure I did.

Freddy is cheating with Bianca G.

But also with her younger sister Valerie No.

Oh, yeah.

I saw them together, that's why it's in the song.

I knew it! Ooh, that son of a bitch! All right, fine.

He's going to the Teterboro airport.

Because Freddy is going to Barbados.

Oh, well, well, well.

Good thing someone came prepared.

We're not going to Barbados, Charles.

We're gonna stop the plane.

Come on.

Right.

Let's go.

Oh, my God.

What is on your sweater? As everyone knows, my spirit animal is nature's greatest predator, the wolf.

But I committed a horrible sexual blunder and I'm no longer wolf-worthy.

My spirit animal is now this: The naked mole rat, God's disgusting mistake.

Yeah, it's pretty ugly.

Hey! Only I get to talk about my spirit animal that way.

You don't get to say that.

Come on, Amy.

You're not gonna apologize, sergeant? No, I was trying to lighten the mood.

The squad's been stressed since these drills started.

Plus you ordered me to act like a seven-year-old.

Seven-year-olds like to have fun.

That's true.

When I was seven I used to sneak into my Father's office to see his collection of antique globes.

Sir, it's hard to motivate the squad when we don't even know why we're doing these drills.

This hasn't been announced yet, but There's gonna be a new commissioner of the NYPD.

We're all gonna be under a microscope.

And I want us to be prepared for anything.

You should have just told us that.

I was trying to shield you.

Do you know how much stress I've been under lately? My husband says he hasn't seen me smile in weeks.

How much did you smile before that? Constantly.

I don't know what's going on down at police headquarters.

And no one will tell me anything.

So you're saying that not knowing what your bosses are up to is driving you a little crazy.

You've used my logic against me.

Well played, Timmy.

Well played.

Thank you, sir.

Look at that.

You helped me find my smile.

No, no, no, no, no, no, oh, no! Dammit! What do you think you're doing? Jake Peralta, NYPD.

I need you to shoot down that plane.

I can't do that.

Look.

This man was on board.

I have to follow him, so I need to commandeer one of these planes.

What's the easiest one for a complete beginner to fly? He wasn't on that plane.

That guy's plane left like an hour ago.

Great.

That's fantastic.

Charles, may I borrow your hat please? Sure.

It's all right.

High tech rayon, it's fine.

Hey, buddy.

Whatcha doin'? Oh, just cleaning out my desk.

Trying not to think about how Freddy got away.

Oh, I didn't let anyone touch anything while you were gone.

And that was a mistake.

I left food everywhere.

This drawer is completely full of maggots now.

Eww! Wanna get a drink? Nope, I think I'm just gonna stay here and stare into the maggot drawer.

Hey, that's a good name for a death metal song.

stare into the maggot drawer You wanna talk about it? My death metal album? Sure.

I meant do you wanna talk about what's wrong? There's nothing to talk about.

The operation was a failure.

Jake, you put away Yeah, and one of them got away.

It's a disgrace.

You did everything you could.

I mean sometimes there's stuff you just can't control.

Why does everyone keep saying that to me? You should be proud.

You didn't hold anything back.

Huh, I think I like this new forthright and confident version of Charles.

Let's go get that drink.

Because there's a surprise party and it's my job to get you to the bar.

What? I mean it's my job to get someone to the bar for your surprise party.

Dammit! There it is.

Aha, surprise! What? No way.

I am floored by this.

Charles, you tricked me.

Boyle told you, didn't he? Without any prompting.

Welcome to your party.

All right.

Whoo! Does anyone have a few words they'd like to say? Bup-bup.

No one say anything.

I want him to say stuff.

Speech for Jake.

Speech for Jake.

Go.

Very well.

Your six-month absence was noted.

Yes.

Drinks are on me.

There's a two-drink maximum per person.

Ah, here he goes.

It is non-transferable.

Uh-huh.

Your guests will pay their own tab.

Oh, yeah.

Valet parking is not included.

Solid protocol.

tomorrow's briefing will be fifteen minutes earlier than usual.

He's so bad at it.

And I'm very proud of you, Peralta.

We missed you.

Aww, you ruined it.

To Jake.

Hey, got you a drink.

Thanks.

What is this? It's champagne mixed with and top-shelf Tequila.

Captain said a two-drink Max.

But he did not set a price limit.

Smort.

Hmm.

Oh, God.

It's horrible.

Yeah, I shouldn't have added the olive juice.

Eww.

Hey, so listen, the thing I said to you before I went undercover, about how I wished something had happened between us romantically, that wasn't nothing.

That was real.

What are you saying? I know that you're with Teddy.

I'm not trying to change that.

And I get there's stuff I can't control.

But this morning I told you that I didn't mean any of it, and that was a lie.

I just don't want to hold anything back.

Well, thank you for saying that.

Just as long as we're clear that I'm with someone and nothing is gonna happen.

"I'm with someone, nothing's gonna happen" Name of your sex tape.

He's back.

Neat sweater.

Ugh.

Did you tell Jake yet? Nope.

Really? You told him about his own surprise party.

Mm-hmm, first chance I got.

But I had tons of chances to tell him about what happened six months ago, and I didn't.

Why not? I didn't want to hurt your feelings.

Eww.

Pump the brakes, Charles.

Because I'm terrified of you and what you'll do to me.

Oh, that's sweet.

Well, then.

Sound like our nightmare is finally over.