Previously on "Brooklyn Nine-Nine" I'm being transferred to the public relations office.

I am leaving the Nine-Nine effective immediately.

Hello.

I'm your new commanding officer, Captain Seth Dozerman.

My motto is simple: Efficiency, efficiency, efficiency.

Could probably just say it once.

Are you making fun of my stutter? Oh, uh Tricked you.

I don't have a stutter.

Boom, I've already established my authority through my amazing sense of humor.

Well done, sir.

Welcome to the Nine-Nine.

I'm Sergeant Terry Jeffords.

And I'm not interested.

I have no use for people.

I find people weird and confusing.

I live my life by numbers.

You see this watch? It tells me how many calories I burn at any time.

Question: How many calories do you think I burned walking from there to there? You, female closest to me.

Oh, uh, three? Three? Ah-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! Try 0.

8, numbnuts.

I have made promises to my superiors that I most certainly cannot keep.

That's why I need you idiots to work twice as hard.

No, no, strike that.

Four times as hard.

No, no, no, strike that.

I need you morons to work eight times harder than you've ever worked in your entire life! I'm having a heart attack.

Yeah, I'm having a heart attack.

Get back to work.

Get a doctor! Yeah, I'm just gonna make some copies in here.

Perfect cover.

Nailed it.

So apparently, the new captain survived, and his heart attack not the craziest thing that happened at the precinct today.

We kissed, like, three hours ago.

Yes, we did kiss each other for reals.

For reals, reals.

Listen.

I know you said you don't want to date cops, but I really like you.

I like you too.

Good.

But what if we start dating and it makes things weird at work? So let's just keep it light and breezy, see where it goes.

Totally.

Yeah.

So how do we keep it light and breezy? I know.

A comprehensive set of rules.

How am I attracted to you? Doesn't matter.

I am.

Go.

Rule one, let's not tell anyone so we can figure out what this is first.

Smort.

Rule number two, let's not put labels on it.

We're not boyfriend and girlfriend; We're just "mrmmzeep" and "jinglebin.

" Great.

Rule number three, let's not have sex right away.

Cool, cool, cool, cool, cool, cool No doubt, no doubt, no doubt, no doubt.

Good rule.

No sex, good rule.

So should we go out tonight? Yeah, totally.

Maybe 8:00, maybe 9:00.

Doesn't matter.

We're light and breezy.

Totally light and breezy.

No! Briefing room.

Five minutes.

Wow, very chill.

Wuntch.

Hello, Raymond.

You're looking old and sickly.

So nice of you to greet us, Madeline.

I thought surely you'd still be crushed under that house in Munchkinland.

Sticks and stones, Raymond.

Describing your breakfast? I came out as a gay cop in the 1980s, so it's gonna take more than reassigning me to break my spirit.

I'll turn this place around just like I did the Nine-Nine.

I doubt that.

Everyone, this is your new commanding officer, Raymond Holt.

He's going to be with you for a long, long time.

Thank you, Chief Wuntch.

I'm excited to be back.

I look forward to doing meaningful work beginning with my eight-point plan for community engagement.

Wonderful.

But no new initiatives until you finish the meaningful work that's already in progress here.

Could be a while, Raymond.

They're trying to come up with a name for the NYPD's new pigeon mascot.

Oh, no.

What? Naming a pigeon? How long could that possibly take? They've been at it for months.

I love my life.

Holy Moses, he's alive.

So I want to explain what happened back there.

I did not have a heart attack.

The doctors have informed me that I have a genetic heart condition.

My aortic valve is 16% too narrow, which lowers my life expectancy from 103 to 64.

So sorry, sir.

That's terrible.

Yes, it's depressing.

They also informed me that I carry the gene for webbed feet, which is interesting, more than anything else.

But, uh, when you stare death in the face, as I have, it really puts things into perspective, namely that I've been wasting too much of my time farting around! So that stops now! Say good-bye to the fun, hilarious, laid-back Seth Dozerman that you used to love.

Boys, hand 'em out! What the hell are these? "What the hell are these?" These are Dozer-pads.

Each one is equipped with a GPS system and a countdown clock to remind you to complete a task every 55 minutes.

It also has backgammon on it, which I could not delete but you are not allowed to play.

What happens when the clock runs out? Failure.

Failure.

You are behind schedule! - Oh, that's fun.

- Yeah.

Your 55 minutes starts right now.

Sarge, I don't need to be monitored all day long.

I'm not a toddler.

This is stupid.

I know you're not a toddler, because my toddlers know that "stupid" is a no-no word.

Keep that Dozer-pad on you at all times.

Fine, but I am gonna play the hell out of some backgammon.

Watch me.

Bouche Manger.

Oh, small plates, casual-chic ambiance, no free soda refills Jakey's going on a date.

Are you going on a date with Amy? What? No.

Why? Uh, because you guys just kissed on that mission.

Charles, we just kissed 'cause we were undercover.

- That's it.

- Yeah, it didn't mean anything.

Not that it's any of your business, Boyle, but the person that I'm taking on a date is a girl from the gym.

What? Why is this the first time I'm hearing about her? Or that you go to the gym? Jake, avoid the weights.

Nobody wants you turning into another Terry.

Ugh.

Hey, people like the way that I look.

Sure they do, big guy.

Look, I can't believe you're gonna take some fitness floozy to Bouche Manger.

You should be going with Amy.

Right, Amy? Uh Whatever, dog.

Date the flooze.

See? It's never gonna happen, Boyle, okay? Because I find Amy repulsive, and she finds me extremely handsome.

So stop pressuring us.

Oh, you sweet, naive boy.

I haven't even begun to pressure you two.

I've already written my best man speech for your wedding.

Oh, I'm gonna need you to get married on a farm.

A lot of my jokes rely on that.

So here we are, officially on a date, romantical date.

Yes, we are.

No longer just colleagues.

Dating.

You got a haircut.

It looks nice.

Oh, thanks.

You also got a haircut at some point in your life.

I'm sure that's not your baby hair.

That would be crazy.

But, uh Yeah, you look very nice.

Domo arigato.

Do you speak Japanese? - No.

- Oh.

Uh sorry.

I think I'm feeling a little awkward.

Yeah, me too.

How do we make it not weird? I know.

Let's just get super drunk.

Yes, great idea.

Pardon me, ma'am.

Could you please bring us four kamikaze shots? And four for me as well.

Ah, I like your style.

See, we can do this.

We're back on track.

We're keeping it light and breezy.

So we broke a rule.

Yeah.

I hope it wasn't a mistake.

"I Hope It Wasn't a Mistake," title of your sex tape? Title of our sex tape.

So how was the date with the floozy? We are not leaving these seats until you give me some deets.

All right, fine.

It started off a bit rocky, but it ended up being really fun.

Did you kiss? Did you french? Boyle, I'm not gonna answer that.

And no one over the age of 12 says "french.

" Oh, that's a yes.

Oh, my God, you had sex.

I can tell because you're glowing.

Ugh, Jake, no one wants to hear about your sex life.

You just asked me repeatedly.

Because I was rooting for you and Amy, but now I can see you're super serious about this anonymous gym seductress.

Ugh, I'm so sorry, Amy.

It doesn't matter to me.

I'm I would never date Jake.

I work with Jake.

I'd love to see you date someone from work.

Your head would explode.

Your head would explode because of how well I would handle it.

Mm.

Sick burn.

Peralta, Dozerman says he wants to see you.

Captain, everything all right? You tell me.

According to your Dozer-pad, four of your coworkers have been gathered around your desk for the last 90 seconds.

Also, someone named Norm Scully has been in the bathroom for the last 72 minutes.

Oh, yeah, that means he's about halfway.

But in regards to the coworkers, sir, I was telling them I wanted to get more work done, but all they wanted to do was talk about my dating life, knowing full well that my true love is efficiency.

You know my motto, sir.

Cho's before hos.

"Cho's" is "chores.

" What? I like you.

I could tell from the moment I walked in here that we were one and the same detail-oriented, love crunching numbers.

Bet your apartment's immaculate.

Could probably eat off the floor.

- And I do.

Yeah.

- Yeah.

- I'm gonna handle this for you.

- Okay.

I'm gonna send out a Dozerblast.

Hey, everyone stop talking about Peralta's personal life.

Dozerblast over.

Well, thank you very much, sir, and might I just say that this has been a Dozerblast.

I saw what you did right there.

Uh? - Get back to work.

- Okay.

I know you've been working on picking a name for the pigeon mascot for, uh Several months now.

I feel like you might need a breather, so I've prepared an eight-point presentation on community engagement.

We'll get to your presentation, Raymond.

It's on the agenda.

Well, it says here it's scheduled "after everyone leaves.

" And not a minute later.

Trent, Bryce, where are we with the name? We've narrowed it down to two choices Petey or Paulie.

With all due respect, that pigeon is clearly a Ray J.

Hi.

Gina Linetti, the human form of the 100 emoji.

I'd like to hear Captain Holt's thoughts on a name.

Very well.

My thoughts are who cares? Give us a name, Raymond.

Weigh in on this.

It's your job now.

No.

A name.

Petey or Paulie, which is it? What does it matter? Why'd you even choose a pigeon anyway? It's a terrible mascot.

Because they're a staple of New York, they're nonthreatening, and they're everywhere.

They're carriers of disease, and they eat garbage! Name the pigeon, Raymond! - You can't make me.

- I can make you, and I will.

Name the pigeon.

That's an order! Paulie.

Thank you.

Was that so hard? Yeah, I'm trying to find some evidence.

I'm just gonna look in here.

Another perfect cover.

Two for two.

Nailed it.

All right, I talked to Dozerman and convinced him to outlaw all personal talk at work.

We're in the clear.

And everyone hates you for that, but this is totally working, and no one knows.

I know.

It's the best.

And you know what? I'm glad we broke the rule and had sex on the first date.

Me too, 'cause we're, like, really good at it.

- So good, right? - Stupid good.

It makes no sense.

We're light and breezy.

If we want to break rules, break rules.

Like, what's another rule we could break? No making out at work.

Okay, that's very flattering, Amy, but there are some rules that I shall never - Let's go.

- Okay.

Warning.

Unknown environment.

Unknown environment.

What's that noise? I don't hear anything.

Warning.

Unknown environment.

Unknown environment.

Warning.

Unknown environment.

What? I put it up there for safe keeping.

- Safe keeping? - Yeah.

I had it on my desk, but I kept spilling coffee on it.

- Oops.

- Tamper alert.

- Tamper alert.

- Come on, Diaz.

You two have been in this evidence locker for - Hey! - What? Nothing.

Nothing you were just making out with Peralta.

Ah, there's that candy bar wrapper I was looking for.

Oh, Santiago, what are you doing here? So I guess it is hos before cho's with you, friend.

Now I understand why nothing gets done in this precinct.

The detectives are too busy frenching with each other, but you know what? Your little honeymoon is over! 'Cause as long as I'm here, you two are done! And I'm gonna be here a long, long, long, long, long, long, long, long Oh, this is a heart attack.

This right here, this is a heart attack.

Ooh, it's a big one.

Ooh, ooh, ooh.

Oh, oh, oh.

I'm gonna get help.

Sir, it's all right.

We're getting help.

Okay.

Tell my wife that I love her work ethic.

What happened in there? Nothing.

We were just working, separately.

Yeah, and then Dozerman just came in and died.

Peacefully, like an old cat.

Can you think of anything that may have caused Dozerman to be startled? Ah Nope.

Uh He might have been startled by how far apart we were standing.

That seems unlikely, but obviously he had a ton of health problems, so, you know, this seems pretty open and shut.

Do me a favor and pull the surveillance tapes.

Right, the surveillance tapes.

Yep, because this is a police precinct.

You two have something to tell me? All right, fine.

Detective Santiago and I may have been in there snorking.

Yes! Oh! Wait.

What about the gym floozy? Amy was the gym floozy.

The gym floozy was under my nose the whole time.

Oh, I am over the moon.

- Okay.

- Over the moon.

- All right.

- So what is this? Casual? Serious? I need to know how to make fun of you.

You guys dating? - Yes.

- No.

Oh, that's not good.

I mean, yes.

I just said no because of the rules.

We said we weren't gonna tell anyone.

It's very new, and we're still figuring it out.

Enough.

Look.

Terry loves love, but Terry also loves maintaining a professional work environment.

As your commanding officer, I am very disappointed in both of you.

- So, Boyle - Mm.

Let's go look at those surveillance tapes, yeah? - Oh, absolutely.

- Mm.

Captain, I know this isn't my place to say, but Madeline Wuntch is here to see you.

Actually that's exactly your place to say.

You are my assistant.

What precisely did you think your job was? Ideally? Bullfighter.

But it's such a boys' club.

- Hmm.

- Ooh.

I like what you've done with your office, Raymond.

It's cozy, like a shoebox one buries a dead hamster in.

So what did you want to see me about? I'd like to propose a truce.

Our feud is getting in the way of the NYPD's business.

Madeline, the PR department is a joke.

Their work here is meaningless.

Nine weeks to choose the name Paulie.

I knew instantly it should be Pepper, Officer Pepper O'Pigeon.

Maybe we should start the whole naming process all over again.

I could turn this department around if you'd let me.

You're wasting my talents.

This man is a Timberlake, and you need to stop treating him like a Fatone.

Yes, yes, perhaps you're right.

Perhaps I am wasting your talents.

I want you to spread your wings, as it were.

I think we've found the perfect person to wear the pigeon costume.

It's you, Raymond.

Do we need to get the costume altered, or do you have your own pigeon pants? No, Madeline, I don't have my own pigeon pants.

You are I know.

Get off my back, computer ghost.

Why are you still playing with that stupid game, Sarge? - The guy is dead.

- It's not a game.

I'm following our captain's orders.

His orders were stupid.

I hated him more than any cop I've ever known.

Whoa.

I just realized I'm never gonna be able to say that to his face.

I mean, I could say it to his wife at the funeral, but it won't be the same.

He was trying to make our precinct better.

Look.

Holt's gone.

Dozerman died.

Who knows who we're getting next? I'm just trying to keep this place running.

That's my job.

Case cleared! Yeah, how do you like me now, sucker? I mean, I hope you found peace.

Hey, so everybody knows about us now, which means all the rules have been broken and nothing bad happened.

Nothing bad happened? Terry yelled at us, and we killed our captain.

Jake, is this a bad idea? It seems like the universe is sending us a lot of signs that we should hit the brakes.

Hasn't exactly been light and breezy.

Yeah, it's been a little more stressful and death-y.

You have to admit it hasn't started out great.

What do you want to do, then? Go back to being colleagues? Yeah.

Maybe that's what it needs to be right now.

Okay.

Okay.

Sorry.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no Boyle, can we please just go to dinner? No, no, no, no, no! This is not how you and Amy are supposed to end.

You're supposed to grow old and die holding each other as your cruise ship slowly takes on water.

What do you want me to say? We tried really hard.

We made rules.

We kept it light and breezy.

Light and breezy? Ow! Light and breezy is how you describe a linen pantsuit, not a relationship you care about.

We were just being cautious.

- Cautious? - Ow! You guys started this with one foot out the door.

That's what doomed you, not the universe.

Actually, it makes a lot of sense.

Ow, I was agreeing with you! I'm sorry.

I'm just so excited about all this! All right, so what do I do? - Tell me.

- Easy.

You march over there, you tell her how you feel, and you bring a fancy bottle of lavender shampoo, because shampooing a woman's head is the most erotic thing you could ever possibly No, no, no shampoo.

That's the worst.

But I am gonna go over there.

I'm gonna tell her how I feel.

Yes! Go get her.

No! Wait till it starts raining.

No, that's crazy.

Go now.

Okay.

- Ahh! - Sorry! Sorry.

It's okay.

I was home, and I really wanted to talk to someone about us and Dozerman and about Holt being gone, and then I realized that the only person I want to talk about that stuff with is you.

So screw just being colleagues, and screw light and breezy, right? Definitely.

Guys, we did it.

We really did it.

Oh, Charles is here.

Big time.

Captain.

The kids want to know where Paulie the Pigeon is.

I told 'em he got sucked up into an airplane engine.

Is that all right? I can't put that pigeon head on, Gina.

Wuntch has defeated me.

This is how it ends, with me standing on the urine-soaked floor of an elementary school bathroom in a third-rate bird costume.

- I quit.

- No.

I did not follow you to PR to watch you quit.

I followed you because you're great and because you make everything you touch better, and I figured PR would be the easiest path to launching my reality show "Linetti, Set, Go.

" I thought your reality show was to be called "Gina in a Bottle.

" No, that was my fragrance line.

Keep up.

Listen.

You cannot let Wuntch defeat you.

That is not who you are.

You are a person who will go out there and deliver his eight-point plan on whatever, whatever.

- Community engagement.

- Whatever.

Even if the only people listening are a bunch of second graders, because Captain Raymond Holt never gives up! Inspiring words.

I'm going to give that speech.

Help me with that pigeon head.

Yeah, all right.

Let's blow some tiny minds.

Rosa Diaz, you are six hours ahead of schedule.

Great job.

Wow, Diaz.

That's the first time I've seen him smile.

I didn't do it for him.

I did it 'cause it's my job.

- We cool? - We're cool.

Good.

Damage.

Critical damage.

There's a rumor the new captain'll be here today.

Now, I don't know who Wuntch is sending us, but it doesn't matter, because we're a family, we're strong, and together, we can do anything.

Nine-Nine! Nine-Nine! What's up, ding-dongs? I'm your new captain.

- The Vulture.

- No.

Still hot.

Now, I know we have our history, me vulturing your cases, me telling you to eat my farts, but that's all in the past, 'cause now that I run this precinct, things are gonna get much, much worse.

So suck it.

No!