30 R O C K

"Will You Go To Lunch!"

Written by

Curtis Lofgren

WGAw # 1582126

2621 Columbia Ave.
Richmond CA 94804
(510)526-3452
FADE IN

INT. JACK DONAGHY’S OFFICE—DAY

Jack is in his office with Doctor Leo Spaceman. He is getting an EKG. Jack’s shirt is off and the doctor is placing the electrodes on Jack’s chest. The table is way too small for Jack’s body.

JACK
Careful, Leo! Other than my erect penis, the chest pecs are the manliest area of my body!

LEO
Should I be placing these on your Johnson, Mister Johnson?

Jack gives Leo a spacey stare.

JACK
Leo, what is wrong with you? It’s Jack Donaghy. Your boss, remember?

LEO
Right. Sorry, I’m not my self since I got back from rehab.

JACK
You went to rehab? When?

LEO
Technically speaking, I’m still there. Is it acceptable medical etiquette to leave after you’ve administered an enema to a patient in withdrawal?

JACK
Unless it’s Harry Reid, of course it isn’t! Leo, get a hold of yourself!

Liz walks into the office. The two men are holding an enema hose.

LIZ
Excuse me, boys, but I thought I was in the office of Jack Donaghy, not my writer’s room.

JACK
Lemon, I....
Liz licks her fingertip, slaps her bottom, and utters a remarkably glib line.

LIZ
Ah, still got it, never lost it, I don’t care if it’s our last season! I’m going for most flashbacks in a single show!

Jack hops off the table.

JACK
Leo here is in a bit of a jam. He’s attending to me and he’s going through rehab at the same time.

LEO
Yes, it’s called the Two-Step Program. The first step is to admit you’re addicted to something, anything.

LIZ
The second?

LEO
Borrowing the money to pay for it. Jack, I need ten thousand dollars.

JACK
Forget it, Leo. Do you recall the two previous rehabs I sent you to?

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: REHAB NUMBER ONE- 2008

INT. GROUP COUNSELING OFICE-DAY

Leo is in a Special Addiction group therapy session. It is clear he doesn’t want to be there.

PYSCHIATRIST
Doctor Spaceman, would you like to contribute to group? What’s your special addiction?

LEO
I’ve got a strange addiction to perfumed leg wear. It’s eating me up inside.
PYSCHIATRIST
Why don’t you talk about it?

LEO
Because I’ve taken a vow of silence.

Leo takes out a nylon stocking and puts it over his entire head and breathes in deeply. One of the other PATIENTS, who is in group for a mugging addiction, perks up.

MUGGER
Hey, man, that’s my brand.

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. JACK’S OFFICE-CONTINUOUS

Jack puts his shirt back on.

LIZ
You’ve got great pecs! You know what they say....

LEO
Great pecs, great penis, great balls of fire!

Liz drinks out of Leo’s glass.

LIZ
No... they say great pecs, don’t talk like that in front of me! That’s what they say.

LEO
I wouldn’t drink out of that glass. I was taking specimens earlier and forgot which label went where and...

LIZ
Good God, man, where are your medical ethics?

LEO
I believe I loaned them to Tracy for the weekend. Something about Kim Kardashian’s shaving tips.
JACK
Lemon, why don’t you ask Leo here just what his second addiction was?

LEO
No need, Jack. I’ll tell her.

LIZ
Great! Another boy-boy-girl-doesn’t-want-to-hear-boy-boy-thing!

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: REHAB NUMBER TWO- 2010

INT. GROUP COUNSELING OFFICE—DAY

Doctor Spaceman is with a group of GIRL SCOUTS. He is dressed as an adult Scout. The other Scouts seem very interested in Leo’s story.

LEO
...so there I was, standing at the front door of a very famous Hollywood star, with no cookies!

PYSCHIATRIST
And?

LEO
And? My other addiction kicked in and I took off my perfumed nylons and put them over his head!

PYSCHIATRIST
Any way you’re related to my wife’s family?

Actress LINDSAY CROUSE is seated in the counseling ring, telling her story.

LINDSAY
I wanted to be a nurse! Who were those people?

PATIENT
Objection!

ANOTHER PATIENT
‘Ception!
INT. JACK’S OFFICE—CONTINUOUS

Jack puts on his shirt and walks to his desk to get out his personal checkbook.

JACK
This one will cost you, Leo.

Jack writes out a check and hands it to Leo.

LIZ
Boy, nothing like a stolen summer, Leo!

Jack’s secretary enters the office with an important message for Jack.

SECRETARY
(whispering)
Hillary would like to know what time dinner would be good for you?

JACK
Anytime after Bill goes to sleep. Since he’s gone completely vegan, the president’s diet is admirable but his libido is on the fritz!

LIZ
He looks great after dropping that weight. But Hillary! I know us gals have to stick together on rump issues, but...

JACK
It’s a hard job, Lemon, being Secretary of State. Living on an airplane, night and day. Plus, since I’ve gotten married, the valentines have stopped coming from Tunisia.

LIZ
I thought you two were not supposed to be seen together. The incident? Clinton’s Octoberfest?
FLASHBACK

INT. OCTOBERFEST IN UPSTATE NEW YORK—NIGHT

An apple bobbing contest is occurring inside the CLINTON residence. Bill is bobbing. Jack makes a gesture as if he was going to push the President into the water deeper. An unmistakable Hillary-esque VOICE rings out.

VOICE
Go for it Jack! Donaghy! Donaghy!

VOICE OF BILL
Donaghy, you bastard!

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. JACK’S OFFICE—CONTINUOUS

Jack smiles. Liz is upset.

JACK
Oh, Lemon, you make too much out of nothing. Bill’s Secret Service agent pulled his head out of the water as soon as she said go. Besides, I can’t see the Secretary. I promised Avery’s mother I would help pick out new wallpaper for the nursery.

LIZ
Ugh. That sounds... Married. How’s that going with the mother-in-law?

JACK
She has a name, Lemon!

LIZ
Yes?

JACK
Forbidden fruit.

LEO
As your physician, I advise against consuming forbidden fruit, unless they’re soaked in brandy.
TRACY walks into Jack’s office.

TRACY
Jack, I’m just bursting with joy!

JACK
Why is that, Tracy?

TRACY
I just got a raise! And I didn’t even know I was supposed to get one.

LIZ
You’re not. Jack?

JACK
Don’t look at me, Lemon! You’re the one who put everyone on a new sliding scale, a whopping three percent a month, downward. It’s a god thing the cast only has one college graduate.

TRACY
Thanks, Jack, but my honorary degree from Alpha State Online Tickle Factory has not shown up in the mail yet, so I am not yet quite a college grad. (To JACK) But those parties, Jackie!

JACK
Thanks for sharing, Tracy.

TRACY
Tell that to my lawyer. He just told me his rates are going up and the only way that could happen is if I got a raise!

JACK
Tracy, your lawyer is taking you out on a BrainTrain.

LIZ
What’s a BrainTrain?

JACK
It’s an old Donaghy expression. My mother’s, mother’s, mother’s father made it up when he went up against a Notre Dame man at the S.C.
LIZ
S.C?

SECRETARY
Supreme Court, Lemon. Don’t play along if you can’t follow the song.

The secretary smirks at LIZ.

JACK
The Supreme Court is good for two things... looking good in black and punishing those who would take away from those who have and have had and will have forever.

LIZ
That’s a very democratic way of looking at the world... So much class!

The room looks at Liz despairingly.

JACK
Lemon, when Mitt comes into power, the robots of the world will unite, and people like you will ultimately have to go!

LIZ
Sorry, Jack, but there are people starving in the world!

TRACY
Can we get back to my raise?

JACK
There is no raise, Tracy. If anything, budget cuts have dictated that all cast members will receive three per cent less of what they earned last year.

Liz takes Jack aside and whispers in to his ear.

TRACY
Talk to me, Jackie D.

JACK
Certain cast members. Tracy, call your lawyer and tell him he’s got your raise!
TRACY
I knew you’d come through for me
Jackie boy!

Tracy leaves the office. Liz speaks to Jack while Leo is
taking his blood pressure.

LIZ
Jack, we’ve got to over these
budget numbers. There’s something
askew with them.

JACK
Askew? Lemon are you using your
new vocabulary lessons from the
internet university?

LIZ
I’m starting with the a’s...
Asconced was yesterday, askew is
today.

JACK
What’s tomorrow? Atone?

LIZ
That’s not a special internet
university word. I use atone all
the time. On my skin.

Leo stares at the blood pressure machine.

LEO
One yellow number over a red
number. To the text book!

Leo picks up a huge book and reads.

JACK
All of the Donaghys have had great
blood pressure.

LEO
No maybe you can help me figure out
what the numbers on the anal
thermometer mean?

Jack readies himself for a shot to be given by Leo. The
syringe is very large,

JACK
Leo, what is that for?
LEO
I don’t know. It came with the kit, along with a tiny stethoscope and a tin of mints.

JACK
Put that thing away.

Leo injects himself with the syringe. He closes his eyes for a moment, then comes back to reality.

LEO
I was daydreaming. We saw the new Mamet play last night and-

LIZ
He has another new play? And a recent film? And the show everyone liked but nobody watched that made you feel patriotic for forty-one minutes? Man, that guy is prolific!

JACK
I don’t see so much prolific-osity.

Liz looks at Jack.

LIZ
Now who’s using the internet dictionary?

JACK
I see him as a greedy little man with a crewcut who toys with actors and doesn’t allow the actors who are presently in a television series even audition for a role!

Liz frowns. Jack is involved with Leo’s exam.

LIZ
You and Mamet have a thing, do you, Jack?

Ignoring Lemon.

JACK
Come on, Leo, get with the program. You know most of the stuff in your physician’s bag is illegal in all fifty states.
LEO
Don’t forget Puerto Rico.

LIZ
And Cleveland. Would you like me to get you tickets to the play, Jack?

JACK
No... yes, I would. It would be... incredibly kind of you... and then I would thank you.

Leo leaves the office. Liz wants to talk with Jack.

LIZ
Jack, we’ve got to talk. I’ve got severe budget cuts to deal with and you’re not helping.

JACK
Lemon, I’m getting in tip top shape. I must remain in tip top shape! There will come a day when mother and daughter may be in range.

LIZ
-Ick, can we talk a bout the show?

JACK
Lemon, you’re unnatural outlook on sex is keeping you back in life. If you held a healthy attitude on this subject, your life would turn around.

Liz turns a full 360 degrees.

LIZ
Nothing, Jack. Let’s continue with the budget problems.

JACK
Tracy gets what he asked for, or what his lawyer asked for. Everyone else gets three per cent less. The show’s not making any money and I can’t afford to give out any new raises.
LIZ
What about Jenna? Her contract is up, too and she’s demanding the same as Tracy.

JACK
You figure it out, Lemon. I’ve got to get to my trainer.

LIZ
Jack, you’re slipping. Isn’t he supposed to come to you?

JACK
Lemon, you’re so out of it. Nowadays, the best trainers don’t travel. The stay in their apartments getting buffed. We come to them.

LIZ
That’s an amazing thing, Jack, the great Jack Donaghy has to visit his own trainer!

Jack gets ready to leave the office.

JACK
If you visited a trainer, perhaps it wouldn’t just be your body that was exercised!

Liz looks at her body and sighs.

LIZ
If this body could speak, it would be a mime. And it would like the little box all mimes pretend to be trapped in!

Liz does the mime-in-a-box routine, but when she finally gets out, she hops back in again.

CUT TO:

INT. LIZ’S OFFICE LATER-DAY

Liz is in her office with Jenna, talking about men.

JENNA
Last night, I dreamt I was truly young again.
LIZ
Oooh, why would you want to do that?

JENNA
Because, Liz, we girls have to protect ourselves. Our feminine side and our masculine side must meet, have lunch, and skip down the street together.

LIZ
Feel that?

JENNA
Is there a flashback coming?

LIZ
Either that or a tremendous fart.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. ARCADE-DAY

Liz, a teenager, is in an arcade with many of her favorites, such as Donkey Kong, PacMan and Ms. PacMan. She watches a MALE FRIEND, a geeky guy with big glasses, and tries to get close to him while he plays his PacMan.

LIZ
Hi. I’m Liz. And you?

MALE FRIEND
Are beating the heck out of this guy here. Leave me alone.

Liz goes to a MS. PacMan and drops in a quarter. She begins to play when a COOL GUY approaches.

COOL GUY
Hey, you’re some hot player. I’ve seen a lot of chicks completely miss the point of this game.

LIZ
Uh, I–uh, I don’t know exactly what you mean.
COOL GUY
It’s the existential quest of the eighty's woman in a duel with the over-reaching, over-bearing Ms. PacMan, who just can’t enjoy being a woman.

Liz is drooling.

LIZ
Uh, yeah.... Man. You come here often?

COOL GUY
No. I’m simply a figment of your imagination, Liz. I don’t exist. You wish I had existed, but I never did. Oh, well, la-ti-da.

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. LIZ’S OFFICE-CONTINUOUS

LIZ
I just don’t get what you’re saying, Jenna.

JENNA
I’m saying that men are the evil of all roots. Is your flashback over?

LIZ
Yes. Don’t you mean-

JENNA
-Don’t put words in my mouth, Liz! You know my roots are sacred and secret. Any man who gets close enough to me and discovers I have roots, well, sistah, he’s mine forever!

LIZ
Does that mean the entire Navy Marching Band?

FLASHBACK

CUT TO:
EXT. PARADE PASSING BY—DAY

A Navy marching parade is marching down the street. Every drum has JENNA ROCKS printed on them. One DRUMMER tries to act goofy for the camera. He succeeds.

END FLASHBACK

JENNA
Come on, Liz, let’s live a little.

LIZ
What, get a pizza with twelve toppings?

JENNA
No, let’s go out tonight, you and me, let’s paint the town red.

LIZ
We did that.

Both Liz and Jenna turn directly to CAMERA, expecting a FLASHBACK. There is none.

JENNA
We could go to the new singles bar on First Avenue.

LIZ
That used to be a Sports Bar. Remember?

Liz and Jenna turn again directly to CAMERA, expecting a FLASHBACK. There is none.

JENNA
Let’s go out to dinner then, just you and me.

LIZ
You and I.

JENNA
You and I and you and me. Girl talk all night long.

LIZ
We did that, too.

Both Liz and Jenna turn again directly to CAMERA, expecting a FLASHBACK.

CUT TO:
FLASHBACK

INT. FRIDAYS TYPE RESTAURANT-NIGHT

LIZ (O.C.)

Finally!

Jenna and Liz are seated in the middle of the restaurant. It is a slow night. No men, no action, no food.

JENNA

This is the type of place my old boyfriend Carl used to bring me to. The drinks are big, the salads are big and I have my own initials scratched into one of the busboy’s cornea.

Liz is upset with the service.

LIZ

Waitress, we ordered over forty-five minutes ago, and it’s not even busy.

A SALTY WAITRESS comes over to the table.

SALTY WAITRESS

What did you order?

LIZ

The Friday night Friday’s special.

JENNA

And we’re out of drinks. What’s the problem?

SALTY WAITRESS

The problem is that your flashbacks have taken on an odd, sort of predictability. As predictable as this scene.

LIZ

Well, if it’s so predictable, what happens next?

SALTY WAITRESS

I tell you that all the people have gone over to Jenna’s flashback....
JENNA (O.C.)
Thank God I get my own flashback...
it’s the final year!

CUT TO:

JENNA’S FLASHBACK

INT. FRIDAYS TYPE RESTAURANT-FRIDAY NIGHT
The place is jumping, it’s a wild night, Jenna has six MEN drooling over her and Liz is even getting excited, dancing with a handsome MAN in the corner. Drinks are flowing and the times are good!

JENNA
Liz! Join me!

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. LIZ’S FRIDAY TYPE RESTAURANT-FRIDAY NIGHT
Again, this FRIDAY’S is slow, boring and dead. In fact, Liz pushes a DEAD GUY out of her way so she can eat her lonely meal.

LIZ
I miss exciting flashbacks. Dang!

END OF FLASHBACKS

CUT TO:

INT. JACK’S OFFICE-NEXT DAY
Jack is sitting at his desk. DOT.COM rushes in, as much as he can rush, against Jack’s secretary’s wishes.

SECRETARY
I tried, Mister Donaghy, but this monster....

JACK
It’s alright, Johnathan, calm yourself. Dot... What do you want?
SECRETARY
Answer the question. When Mister Donaghy gives you a moment...

Dot.Com is trying to catch his breath.

DOT.COM
Mister Donaghy, Tracy has left!

JACK
Left... where?

DOT.COM
The building. The city. The state. For all I know, he’s left the planet.

JACK
What happened. Take your time, I would hate to see this rug ruined from your regurgitation of this morning’s breakfast!

Dot.Com looks at the carpet, looks up, smiles, then heaves.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. DOT.COM.’S BREAKFAST PLACE—DAY

Dot.Com is shoveling food into his face, alone, in a corner of the studio, gulping his breakfast down. He seems quite lonely.

END OF FLASHBACK

DOT.COM
You don’t know the half of it.

SECRETARY
Get on with it, minion!

DOT.COM
Tracy has gone off and left us. Left his wife. Left his entire family.

JACK
Which one?
Liz walks into Jack’s office.

Liz
What’s wrong with Tracy this time?

Dot.Com
How did you--

Liz
-You’re huffing and puffing and we’re out of doughnuts.

Everyone eyes the empty plate on the table.

Dot.Com
Miss Lemon, there is a new wrangle in this tangle.

Liz
What?

Dot.Com
Tracy’s never gone without his cell phone. Without his Blackberry. Without me!

Jack tries to comfort Dot.Com

Fade Out

End Act One

Act Two

Fade In

Tracy’s Dream

Int. Backstage At The Grammys

Tracy has wandered backstage of the Grammys, thinking he’s there to present for Best Recorded Comedy Album. He bumps into people he knows and doesn’t know. He sees Puff Daddy and speaks to him.

Tracy
Hey, Puff, P, Diddy, Diddy P, Puffy Puffy wanna cracker! Hey, Puf!
SEAN COMBS
The name is Sean. That’s it.
Sean.

TRACY
Like Connery, Sean Connery or like Penn, Sean Penn? Oh, that’s the same way, right?

SEAN COMBS
Why are you here?

TRACY
I’m here to rehearse our bit. We’re up after this for Best-Recorded-Sounds-By-A-Black-Man-While-Moving-Very-Rapidly-In-The-Back-Of-A-Police-Car-Award. They give out a lot of them.

SEAN COMBS
I won last year.

TRACY
I’m Honorable Mention as we speak. Okay, I’ll catch up to you.

SEAN COMBS
That’s what the police said.

Tracy is shaken awake by his wife. She begins to yell at him.

ANGIE
Hey, moron, get up. Fool, get out of bed!

Tracy opens his eyes and screams.

TRACY
Aahhh! Who are you?

ANGIE
I’m your wife, silly. You’re sweet, understanding, want-some-this-morning-but-can’t-get-none-cause-this-is-still-a-dream wife!

TRACY
And therein lies the dichotomy!

Tracy wakes up from the dream.

CUT TO:
INT. TRACY’S BEDROOM—DAY

TRACY
Am I okay? Am I still dreaming.

There, in the center of Tracy’s bedroom, is a HORSE of many different colors.

ANGIE
That’s a pretty horse!

TRACY
No. It’s my bedroom.

ANGIE
Damn, Tracy, I am taking all your meds out of the daily dose plastic thing you bought at Walgreen’s last week. You can’t put all seven days into one tiny cube!

A knock at the door prompts Tracy to crawl back into bed. Another knock at the door prompts Tracy to pull the covers over his head. A third knock convinces Tracy to peek out and answer it.

TRACY
Who is it?

JACK
It’s Jack Donaghy, your boss.

TRACY
Just a minute, Jackie boy.

Tracy gets out of bed and walks into a closet. Jack enters and surveys around the room.

JACK
Where are you, Tracy? I haven’t got time for these games?

TRACY
I’m...

Tracy puts his hand over his mouth.

JACK
You sound muffled.

TRACY
I’m... not in the closet, Jackie.
JACK
I’m here to talk about your raise.

Tracy bursts out of the closet and stands before Jack, naked except for a pair of boxers.

TRACY
I’m here, Jack. I’m always here for you. Is Liz Lemon around here?

JACK
No.

TRACY
Good, then we can get our man talk on. How you fixed for diversified stocks this upcoming year?

JACK
I’m fine, Tracy. We’re all a little worried about you. Liz told me about your behavior at rehearsals the other day.

CUT TO:

TRACY’S FLASHBACK-INT.

INT. REHEARSAL HALL-DAY

Tracy is singing a song with Jenna. Jenna is giving it her all, and Tracy has got his back turned away from CAMERA, and is playing to the STAFF.

TRACY
(singing)
I’ve got to be me. I’ve got to be me. Does anyone know who I am?

Jenna gets angry and starts to horn in on Tracy’s space.

JENNA
(singing)
Won’t settle down... won’t settle for less.... As long as there’s a chance that I can have it all...

Tracy turns to Jenna.

TRACY
You ain’t gettin’ it all, girlfriend!
Tracy snaps his fingers a little bit too theatrical.

    JENNA
    I’ll settle down with whom ever I want!

    TRACY
    I won’t settle down, I won’t settle for less, if Jackie boy doesn’t give me the money, I won’t be his!

Jenna stops singing and dancing and gasps. Tracy has pulled down his pants and is in his boxer shorts.

    JENNA
    I knew he was a boxer man! Just like me!

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY’S BEDROOM-PRESENT-MOMENTS LATER

    JACK
    Do you remember that, Tracy?

    TRACY
    No. Jack, am I losing it?

A knock at the door. It is Leo. He rushes in.

    LEO
    Sorry I’m late. I just delivered twins!

    JACK
    How exciting!

    LEO
    Yes, I gave them a ride to Peter Luger’s. We’re having dinner together after this. Now, Tracy, what seems to be the trouble?

    JACK
    Leo, Tracy is having visions, trouble understanding the events going on in front of him and keeps dropping his pants.
LEO
Sounds like he’s a solid member of the Tea Party Express! I’d vote for him tomorrow!

JACK
Leo, come on, help him.

LEO
Okay. Tracy, I need you to lower your pants and say ah.

TRACY
What for?

LEO
I’d like to find out what brand of boxer shorts you’re wearing and I like ah!

JACK
Come on, Leo, this is childish!

LEO
You’re right. Tracy, I’m sending you to one of my rehab clinics.

TRACY
I didn’t know you operated rehab clinics, doc.

LEO
I don’t. I’m sending you to my first rehab clinic, where I learned how to wean myself off perfumed leg wear. It’s been effective for most of the time since.

JACK
The dinner dance at Kable Town’s Installation of Super Executives Dinner dance last year?

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK

INT. SWANKY COUNTRY CLUB ON LONG ISLAND–NIGHT
Leo is waltzing with Liz. They make a very handsome couple, but....
Leo
Liz, I’ve always wanted to get to know you better.

Liz
Well, Leo, I can’t say that I have wanted that same thing.

Leo
Great! Let’s dance a little closer now.

Leo changes dance routines and grabs Liz tightly. He begins to sniff.

Liz
May I ask you what you’re doing?

Leo
I... I can’t control this. What kind of stockings are you wearing tonight?

Liz
My white pull ups. No one can see under this dress. See?

Liz lifts up her gown to reveal a pair of long, white gym-type socks.

Leo
Oh, my God....

Leo bends over and sticks his nose into the socks and snorts very loudly.

Liz
Stop! Leo what are you doing? Jack! Help!

Jack comes dancing over with his partner, Hillary Clinton.

Jack
Madame Secretary, excuse me for one moment.

Hillary Clinton’s Voice
Jack! Come back! We haven’t discussed your recommendations on Libya and if you like my hair up or down!

Jack breaks Liz and Leo and admonishes Leo.
JACK
What the hell is wrong with you, Leo?

LEO
The socks. It’s the perfumed leg wear again, Jack. I’m afraid I’ll always be hooked!

JACK
You owe Liz an apology. And take off her right sock!

Leo has placed Liz’s sock on top of his nose and is still sniffing the footwear.

LEO
Sorry. Sorry everybody. Sorry Madame Secretary.

Hillary’s back turns toward Leo.

HILLARY CLINTON’S VOICE
I wear a six. The back gate will be open. The agents will be watching Top Chef!

Leo walks off with Hillary Clinton.

END OF FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY’S BEDROOM-PRESENT

LEO
You see, Tracy, we all do weird things from time to time, but it doesn’t mean we’re mental.

TRACY
Jackie boy, I don’t know what’s going on with me, but the doc here is nuts!

FADE OUT

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN
INT. LIZ’S OFFICE –NEXT DAY

Liz is in her office talking with Jenna.

    JENNA
    I think Tracy is acting perfectly normal. Normal is a town I visit occasionally in Nebraska. They worship me.

    LIZ
    Where’d they get the notion to worship you?

    JENNA
    I blew through there one cold January morn. I was only twenty, but they knew I had talent. I was in a road production of *To Kill A Mocking Bird*, the musical. I played Atticus Finch’s whimsical sister, Melba.

    LIZ
    Was it a smash?

    JENNA
    I don’t know. I opted out in Normal, once I got involved with the high school gym teacher who also taught drama.

    LIZ
    Jenna, that’s MISTER HOLLAND’S OPUS!

    JENNA
    I know, I know. Wicked!

    LIZ
    Tracy needs something to perk him up. Like a party. That’s it! We’ll throw him a party!

    JENNA
    And we’ll party like it’s Mister Holland’s opuspusspus!

INT. JACK’S OFFICE–MINUTES LATER

Jack is doing isometrics, squeezing his buttocks up and down, back and forth. To the naked eye, he is just standing there, doing nothing. Liz walks in.
LIZ
We’re throwing Tracy a party!

JACK
Not now, Lemon, I’m squeezing my buttocks. I love my firm butt and nothing will stop me from giving that man what he wants.

LIZ
So... you’re having your own party in your pants?

KENNETH walks in.

KENNETH
Someone call for me? Isometrics? I’m in!

He starts doing some kind of goofy, backwoods dancing.

JACK
Do you need something... either of you?

Liz tries to stare down the Kenneth, but fails.

KENNETH
I will always win. My laser eye can see right through any-

JACK
-You have a laser eye?

KENNETH
I do, sir, and I’ll be happy to show it to you later, when the party is full swing.

JACK
Lemon, we’ll talk of this party later. I can only do so much while I’m toning my buttocks.

LIZ
Gross!

CUT TO:

INT. LIZ’S OFFICE LATER-DAY

Liz is standing by the window, squeezing her buttocks. Jenna walks in.
JENNA
Squeezing the old butt, eh? I do that all day.

LIZ
How could you tell? I’m not moving.

JENNA
Your panty line, which is usually very still, is moving up and down to the beat of Turn The Beat Around.

LIZ
I’ve never noticed. Does it do you any good?

JENNA
I can tone them while I stand, walk, skip, jump, dance,-

LIZ
-I never noticed. What’s your trick?

Jenna reveals her secret to Liz in a sentence.

JENNA
... And that’s how I beat anal warts three times!

LIZ
Ugh! Doesn’t the tape get in the way of... you know... boom booms?

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY’S DRESSING ROOM

Tracy is with Kenneth and Dot.Com. They are playing Foosball on a table with players all resembling his wife, Angie. Tracy is still depressed and has heard the rumors of a party.

TRACY
I don’t want any black people there. Black people steal things from parties.

DOT.COM
Like what, Tracy?
TRACY
Like class, women and guns. Make sure I don’t have any class at the party.

DOT.COM
Okay. Kenneth, what do you think?

KENNETH
Ofeys jist chillin’ in da house!

TRACY
What is that, Kenneth?

KENNETH
Sorry, Mister Jordan, I was just trying to make you feel better by embarrassing myself with an ignorant use of jive language.

TRACY
It wasn’t so bad. Do so more.

KENNETH
(rapping)
I’m rappin’ like Sammy Davis/so he’s black and famous/and all the money and fame/didn’t let him outta the game!

TRACY
Wow! Kenneth... I never knew you were so... deep!

DOT.COM
Or could do Sammy Davis! Sing I’ve Gotta Be Me...

Jack enters.

JACK
Tracy, have you forgotten we had plans to go down to the East river and count corpses?

TRACY
Jackie boy, I almost forgot.

JACK
It’s what you wanted and it’s what I want because you wanted it.
Mister Donaghy, Kenneth can do Sammy Davis.

I did him, too, in late seventy-nine. It was a party in the valley.... I was a young guy and he had amyl nitrate...

I don’t think we mean the same thing.

So, let’s get a move on it. They start to bob around six.

EXT. EAST RIVER—EARLY EVENING SAME DAY

Jack and Tracy are bonding as they watch debris float in the East River. Unfortunately, there are no dead bodies.

Well, Tracy, forgive my rush to judgement about dead bodies floating in the-

Just then, an unmistakable human body floats by, a MAN dressed in a rain coat.

-Ah, Jackie boy, you did that for me?

Jack is shocked and awed by what he just saw.

Uh, no...

I used to see them all the time, flying past my window.

Jack feels bad for a moment.

A lot of suicides in your building Tracy?
TRACY
No, there was a bankrupt parachute company above me who paid off their employees with free city sky dives. I think it was those parachutes that didn’t open which ultimately caused their financial demise.

Jack can’t believe his ears.

JACK
Let’s get out of here, Tracy. I’m tired of seeing old white men float by and besides, the smell of urine is beginning to make me nauseous. It reminds me of Dick Cheney’s office.

Jack looks over at Tracy, who is urinating in the East river. Tracy zips up.

TRACY
OK, Jackie boy!

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE PARTY AREA—NIGHT

The CAST and CREW are nervously waiting for Tracy and Jack to arrive so they may start the party. Kenneth and Dot.Com have arranged the chairs to spell out TRACY. Liz is up in the Balcony, trying to appreciate the effect.

LIZ
Yeah, guys, I can finally see it.... Pracy. It says Pracy. There’s a barcalounger in front of the T for Tracy and it looks like a P now. Hey, Eddie, get off the barcalounger, you’re impeding a celebration.

The CREW moves the barcalounger with EDDIE on it. He is reading the newspaper and doesn’t bother to look up.

EDDIE
Union rules say I lay where I want in times of making us whole. I am making myself whole.

LIZ
(ignoring EDDIE)
That’s better.

(MORE)
Hey, do you know I can see right into Brian Williams’ office from here? Holy Mother of Pearl, he’s undressing. No, that’s just a janitor with a long broom.

Jenna has stopped her rendition of I’VE GOTTA BE ME long enough for the PIANO PLAYER to find her key. While she’s waiting, she yells up to Liz.

**JENNA**

Hey, Liz, why don’t you see if Brian Williams is in his office.

**LIZ**

I... did... already-

**JENNA**

Is he sweeping?

Jenna begins to sing again, this time in the right key but with lyrics especially written for Tracy.

**LIZ**

I hope so.

**JENNA**

(singing)

I won’t settle down, won’t settle for less... if that darned diabetes one gets in the way, I’ll ring it’s neck!

**LIZ**

I’m coming down, Jenna. I’ve got some new lyrics for you.

Liz puts her hand on the railing to steady herself. She finds some gum stuck to the handrail and picks it up. She looks around.

**LIZ (CONT’D)**

Didn’t Jenna mention she was out of gum?

Liz climbs down the stairs and is back to the party area. She hands over the gum to Jenna. She pretends to toss it, but keeps it for later. Tracy enters the party scene with Jack. He is truly surprised, drops his pants, grabs Jenna’s hand and begins his song...
TRACY & JENNA
(singing)
I’ve gotta be me... I’ve just gotta be me, who else can I be...

He stops in mid-song.

TRACY
That’s it! The song! Who else can I be?

ANGIE
Who else could you be? Baby, and I’m just talking for myself here, Denzel, Cheadle, that guy who was in that movie about the last day on Earth, he’s from England, oh, come on...

TRACY
Me?

No help from the CAST and CREW.

ANGIE
Come on! He’s got real finesse and his hair is always just right! Come on... he was in that Woody Allen movie that didn’t make any sense.

They cast begin reciting different Woody Allen movie titles.

KENNETH
Chiwetel Ejiofor. I’m ashamed of all of you. Didn’t anyone see REDBELT? David Mamet’s tough look into the world of mixed-martial arts, with the seedy underbelly of corruption and gambling at every turn?

Angie jumps for joy.

ANGIE
That’s him! That’s him! The guy who I love but can’t say his name and can’t spell it. I can’t even pronounce the first syllable...

LIZ
Chi... Chi... like Chia pet....

Jack is amazed at Kenneth’s interest.
JACK
Kenneth! I’m shocked. You’re a David Mamet fan?

KENNETH
I’m a walking, talking IMDb for Mamet. In my hometown, there’s a statue of David Mamet, a man holding a typewriter and a plowshare. The tiny blown out blood vessels in his face makes you realize they are both heavy!

JACK
Do they normally build statues to men who are still living?

JENNA
They do in Norm, Nebraska, yep, they sure do.

KENNETH
They do in my hometown.

Kenneth becomes melancholy and remembers his favorite Mamet line. Jenna chimes in.

JENNA
David Mamet? Oh, you pronounce the T silent. Only in New York!

KENNETH
I wanted to be a nurse! Who were these people? They changed a one to a nine.

JACK
Can’t help ya there, Kenneth.

Jack has dropped a few hundred index cards to the ground.

LIZ
What are those?

JACK
I’m from downtown.... And I’ve got the GlennGary leads.

JENNA
Can ya help me, Mick? Can ya help me? If not now, when? Can ya help me, Mick?

Jack looks DIRECTLY at CAMERA
JACK
Get them to sign on the line which
is dotted!

A GRIP brings a piece of old equipment to Liz to inspect, as
if she may know what is wrong with it. There are two wire
leads hanging down from the back of the machine. Liz holds
it up to Jack.

LIZ
Jack? A little help? The guy says
the leads are weak.

Liz holds it high to be seen by JACK.

JACK
The leads are weak? The leads are
weak?

Another GRIP goes for the coffee pot in the back of the
party.

JACK (CONT’D)
Put the coffee do-

LIZ
-No, Jack, don’t say it!

JACK
First prize is a brand new Cadillac
El Dorado. You wanna know what
second prize is?

LIZ
Jack! I’m warning you.

KENNETH
Why are you saying that, Miss
Lemon? Has anyone seen a set of
steak knives I left here for
Tracy’s gift?

JACK
So, what, you’re talkin’ about
what, real estate? You’re talkin’
‘bout some guy who don’t wanna buy?

Liz gasps. She knows what’s coming next.

KENNETH
Excuse me, Jack, but there are some
guys here from Mitch and Murray.
LIZ
Aaghh!

JACK
Get them to sign on the line which is dotted!

LIZ
He’s into a thing we call...
MametSpeak.

KENNETH
Oh, yippee!

JACK
Oh, Tracy, look at your cake. It’s the Glengarry of sheet cakes!

LIZ
Jack, I can help you, if you let me.

JACK
Will you go to lunch! Will you go to lunch!

LIZ
MametSpeak! Tracy, I’ve got to get Jack out of here. I hope you have a great rest of the party.

Liz helps Jack out of the party area. He is shaking his head.

JACK
(muttering)
A Always B be C Closing... Always be closing...

TRACY
And they call me crazy!

A short MAN at the party, uninvited, is writing all this down on a yellow legal pad. He has a crew cut, glasses and appears to be in his mid fifties. His jacket has the words THE UNIT embroidered on the back. He is engrossed in the madness around him. He writes the words:

Enter Jack Donaghy stage right....

FADE OUT

THE END