30 ROCK

"The Most Freakalicious Playa of All-Time"

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - MORNING

The writers sit around the table on their laptops.

 T_1TZ

Toofer, this premise isn't going to work. Schubert and Bach form a rock band, but then split up because Schubert has an inferior grasp of polyphony? I don't get what's funny about that.

TOOFER

(holding back laughter)
Listen to Schubert's Piano Sonata
in A minor and I think the humor
will become quite obvious.

LIZ

(groaning, re: computer)
Ugh, this thing's freezing again...

JENNA enters the room and leans on a water cooler.

JENNA

So have you guys heard about the Jenna Maroney/Jake Gyllenhaal sex video that's all over the Googles right now?

LIZ

Um, Jenna, what are you doing?

JENNA

Just some water cooler talk with my co-workers, that's all.

She tries to get water from the cooler but can't figure out how to operate it. She tries lifting the entire water container off until Liz stops her.

LIZ

Sorry, Jenna, but we're all really busy right now.

LUTZ (O.S.)

Found it.

PAN OVER to see the other writers crowded around Lutz's computer to watch the video.

FRANK

Pf, it's a total fake.

JENNA

Is not!

FRANK

This thing's totally doctored. See how the shadow on Gyllenhaal's butt faces the opposite direction as the one on Jenna's boobs even though they're being illuminated by the same light source? Plus, I'm pretty sure those moans are just soundbites from Brokeback Mountain.

PETE

(re: Frank)
Wow, he's good.

FRANK

(to Jenna)

Don't feel bad, it still gives me a pretty good boner.

JENNA

Ohh, but I need a *real* sex tape. All the hottest celebrities are getting them!

LIZ

You know what else a lot of celebrities are doing? Starting charities and fighting AIDS in Africa.

JENNA

That's it, Liz!

LIZ

You're going to fight AIDS?

JENNA

Frank's a sex tape expert, and with his help, we can make the steamiest video ever! Now all I need is a sexy celeb to mate with...

LIZ

You're not listening to a thing I'm saying, are you?

JENNA

Good idea, I think I will ask Jude Law!

Jenna exits. Liz rolls her eyes and continues typing.

LIZ

Argh, no! My computer crashed again! Lousy company laptop...

FRANK

Hey, at least they gave you one with a keyboard.

Frank holds up an Etch-a-Sketch with some doodles on it.

LIZ

(ignoring him)

Great, now it won't even reboot.

FRANK

Have you tried shaking it? That usually works for mine.

JACK, wearing jeans, enters and leans against the water cooler.

LUTZ

Oh no, Jack's here, hide the weed!

JACK

(unusually friendly)
Calm down, everyone. I'm just
stopping by to engage in some
friendly water cooler chatter with

my inferiors. So...did any of you see the sports last night?

He tries to get water from the cooler but can't figure out how to operate it.

LIZ

We're kinda busy right now, Jack.

JACK

No problem, cohorts. This has been a fruitful discussion. Good day!

Jack exits.

PETE

Was he wearing jeans?

FRANK

Yeah.

(beat)

I feel like I just saw Jack naked.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Liz enters Jack's office. A tailor is fitting Jack with a pair of dungarees and a Notre Dame sweatshirt and hat.

LIZ

Jack, the writers and I were talking and we think a computer upgrade is-

(noticing his outfit)
Did you just become CEO of a frat?

JACK

Lemon, I don't need to dress nicely to remind my underlings of my superiority. That's what my good looks, slick wit and hefty bank account are for.

T₁T 7

Are you drunk?

JACK

Only on ambition, Lemon.

(beat)

Well, ambition and my morning scotch on the rocks.

(to tailor re: sweatshirt)
Could we get this a little baggier
in the midsection?

LIZ

Alright, what's going on, Jack?

JACK

There's an opening on GE Industrial's board of directors, my big chance to escape the stinking squalor of this show biz hell hole.

He dramatically motions all around him. ANGLE ON: expensive items in his office, which hardly looks like squalor.

LIZ

(feigned enthusiasm)
Well, I'm sure once they see what
you've done here, you'll be a shoein for the position. Now about
those computers...

JACK

Oh no, Lemon. To cut it in Industrial, you need to touch the blue-collar worker's heart while clutching his spine in a vice-like death grip, a skill I'm not exactly blessed with.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MICROWAVE FACTORY - DAY

An EXECUTIVE is giving Jack a tour of the factory.

EXECUTIVE

Most people don't realize how exciting microwave oven production can be. Right here's where we make the "defrost" buttons.

JACK

(feigning interest)

Ah, yes.

EXECUTIVE

(checking phone)

Oh, excuse me a second, I need to take this call.

The executive leaves Jack alone with the workers. They start to crowd around him.

JACK

(uncomfortable)

Um, hello. How are you all today?

Switch to POV shot from Jack, we see two WORKERS approach him. From Jack's POV, they look weird and have scary voices.

WORKER 1

(holding up pictures)
Wanna see pictures of my family?

WORKER 2

Do you like Larry the Cable Guy?

Regular camera view. We see Jack shrinking back.

JACK

Ah! What do you people want from me? Ted! Ted, help me!

The other executive runs back and pushes the workers away from Jack.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JACK

This is where you come in, Lemon. You know their lifestyle. The dirt, the grease, the stink - teach me, and I'll be forever grateful.

Liz self-consciously sniffs herself.

T.T.7.

Do I really have the stink, too?

JACK

Oh yes. All over.

LIZ

Look, if you want to learn about those less fortunate than yourself, do some community service or volunteer work, but I doubt I'll be able to teach you-

JACK

(interrupting)

Did I mention I like your new shoelaces? What is that, scotch tape?

Liz looks down at her shoes, which actually do have scotch tape instead of shoelaces. She sighs.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Liz walks back to her office. As she turns the corner she sees Tracy sitting on the floor with Grizz and Kenneth tending to him. He appears to be hyperventilating.

KENNETH

Breathe, Mr. Jordan. Breathe!

Tracy sips from a juicebox Kenneth's holding to his mouth.

LIZ

Tracy, are you okay?

TRACY

(suddenly fine)

I'm ruined, Liz Lemon! Just look at the latest issue of Lumps magazine.

He holds up a pornographic magazine.

LIZ

(squinting at picture) Wow, that's a close shave.

TRACY

Not the picture, you sicko, the article!

LIZ

(reading)

"Number 27 on our list of 'Most Freakalicious Playas': Tracy Jordan." What's wrong with that?

TRACY

Twenty-seventh, Miss Lemon! I got beat by Jared from Subway! For all intensive porpoises, I might as well have my wee-wee chopped off.

LIZ

Tracy, "Freakalicious" isn't even a real word, and if it were, who cares what Humps magazine thinks.

TRACY

But this isn't Humps Magazine, it's Lumps Magazine, Humps's conservative porno competitor.

GRIZZ

That's like confusing the Washington Times with the Washington Post!

LIZ

Come on, it's not like anyone even reads these stupid lists.

Dot Com enters, hanging up his cell phone.

DOT COM

Tre, bad news. Paramount saw the Lumps piece and doesn't want you in their new Othello movie now.

LIZ

You were cast in a film adaptation of Shakespeare's Othello?

TRACY

No, an adaptation of the board game Othello. It's a sci-fi thriller. I had the part of Black Piece #4, but thanks to this article, you can kiss that dream role goodbye.

He storms off before Liz can even respond.

INT. RECEPTION HALL - NIGHT

At a company cocktail party, Jack stands with a group of three executives. All four wear tuxedos and drink champagne.

EXECUTIVE 1

Tom, have you heard about the opening at Industrial? Sounds like a perfect opportunity for a lunch pail guy like yourself.

EXECUTIVE 2

(falsely modest)

Oh please, you're too kind. Though I must admit, earlier today I spilled a little bit of latte on my office's marble floor. Since Harry, our janitor, was on vacation, I decided to mop up the mess myself.

Jack and the other executives react, impressed.

EXECUTIVE 2 (CONT'D)
Of course, it took me half an hour and I got nasty calluses on my thumbs, but the satisfaction of doing manual labor was worth it.

EXECUTIVE 3

Get a load of this. The other day I'm in my office and I notice everyone's gone for lunch. So I figured, what the hey, and I listened to an entire Bruce Springsteen album.

The executives are even more impressed by this. One even applauds.

JACK

That's nothing. Every other Sunday, I tip my helicopter pilot Bernard one quarter after he flies me to my private island, the one where I keep that Elephant Man's skeleton I recently purchased.

The executives are put off by this comment.

EXECUTIVE 1

Oh Jack, you truly were born with a silver spoon in your mouth!

The executives laugh at this as Jack looks embarrassed.

INT. LUNCH ROOM - DAY

Lutz and Frank watch TV, eating Subway sandwiches. Tracy enters and they hide the Subway bags and click off the TV.

TRACY

(suspicious)

Were you just watching one of those Jared ads by Subway?

Frank and Lutz nervously nod "no."

TRACY (CONT'D)

(sniffing)

Wait a minute, I know that smell. Teriyaki chicken strips, green peppers, sweet onion sauce - that's the smell of a sandwich containing six grams of fat or less.

He looks behind Lutz and Frank and finds the Subway bags.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Ah-ha, I knew it!

LUTZ

Sorry Tracy, but you gotta admit, that Jared guy's not so bad.

TRACY

(crazed)

How could you guys betray me like this, I'm your most famous friend. I'm a star! You hear me, a star! FRANK

Let's go, Lutz. The magazine was right. Just standing near this guy is making cool dudes like us look less freakalicious.

They exit as Tracy crushes the subway bag in his fist.

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Liz talks to herself while playing solitaire on her computer.

LIZ

I can't believe it, I'm just one move away from winning my first game of solitaire ever...

It starts making beeping noises and shuts off.

LIZ (CONT'D)

No! Argh, stupid machine!

She shakes her screen in frustration. STANLEY, an elderly janitor, enters wearing a tux. He's speaking on an iPhone.

LIZ (CONT'D)

(not noticing his outfit)

Oh hi, Stanley.

STANLEY

(on phone)

...yeah, so I said to her, you can...hold on, I have to synchronize my iPhone's clock with the one on my BlackBerry.

Stanley takes out his BlackBerry and holds it next to his iPhone. Liz looks up and finally notices his attire.

LIZ

Huh?

(beat, realizing)

Jack...

She exits the room.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

JONATHAN

Mr. Donaghy, Miss Lemon would like to see you--

Liz enters. Jonathan sees Jack sitting at his desk, extremely dressed down in jeans, sweatshirt, baseball cap, etc.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

(horrified)

What foul creature are you and what have you done with Mr. Donaghy?!

Jack takes off his hat and quickly combs his hair into its signature slick style.

JACK

Relax, Jonathan. It's me. Now if you'll excuse us?

Jonathan silently nods and exits, looking concerned.

LIZ

Jack, why is the janitor dressed better than I am? And why does he have an iPhone when Frank has to write skits on an Etch-a-Sketch?

JACK

Oh, I suppose he should just do his back-breaking job for 14 hours a day, return home to his dirt cave and wear nothing but a sole loincloth to cover his genitals? Come on, Lemon, have a heart.

LIZ

This is nuts, you're neglecting the entire writing staff so the janitor-

JACK

I believe the correct term is "garbage technician," and yes, I am pampering him. It's crunch time, Lemon. At last night's corporate event my colleagues said I was born with "a silver spoon in my mouth," so now I must show them Jack Donaghy is a man of the people.

LIZ

You can't get so upset over a little joke- (pause)

Are you...are you slouching?

JACK

Why, I've never felt so relaxed. This sweatshirt's so soft and comfy, like I'm wearing a puffy cloud. And these dungarees! So easy on the crotch. I could scratch myself all day! No wonder the poors don't get any work done.

LIZ

Okay, rule number one, I don't think "poors" is an acceptable term.

JACK

Oh right, what about "smellies"? Is that P.C. enough?

T₁T 7

Stop trying to change the subject. We need better equipment in the writer's room and we need it now.

JACK

You seem tense. Here, try on one of these sweatshirts.

He puts a sweatshirt on her. Liz resists at first but lets him do it.

LIZ

No, I'm not leaving until-(sedated) Oh yeah, that does feel comfy. So warm...

She walks out of the office in a euphoric daze. Jack shuts the doors behind her.

LIZ (CONT'D)

(coming to)

Damn him and his tricks!

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Jenna sits in a chair with a notebook and pencil while Frank stands at an easel with a large piece of paper on it reading "The Art of the Sex Tape." He's wearing a blazer using aluminum foil as elbow patches to look professor-like.

JENNA

So you're saying the use of night vision hurts the quality of the tape?

FRANK

(very academic sounding)
Not necessarily. Night vision has been a topic of great debate in the sex tape viewer community. I, for one, am pro-night vision because it gives the subjects a greenish glow, making them look like two aliens boning, and I'm into that sorta thing. Others complain that night vision makes the subjects' eyes look creepy and demonic. Again, I'm into that sorta thing, but many may not be.

JENNA

I see. And what about the use of handcuffs? Are they still "in"?

FRANK

Off the top of my head, I'm not sure, but I'll do some research tonight and give you an answer tomorrow. That concludes today's lecture, now let's practice some orgasm sounds.

JENNA

(starts moaning)
Oh god...oh god yes!

Frank swallows hard. He's very turned on.

FRANK

(short of breath)

V-very good. I'm going to use the bathroom. Class dismissed.

Frank sprints out.

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Tracy lays in a racecar bed staring at the ceiling. He looks despondent. Dot Com and Grizz play video games.

GRIZZ

Come on, Tre, pick up a controller and play. Dot Com's askin' to get mowed over by a tank.

TRACY

What's the point? He'll just respawn with full health anyway.

DOT COM

Damn, Tracy. You gettin' deep on us.

Kenneth enters.

KENNETH

Mr. Jordan, what's wrong? You've been lying in your new racecar bed all day, and you haven't even touched your ring pop!

TRACY

I don't deserve this ring pop, Ken. Hell, I'm not even freakalicious enough to deserve this candy necklace.

Tracy dramatically rips off his candy necklace and throws it to the floor. He's wearing several ring pops.

GRIZZ

Maybe some cartoons will cheer you up, Tre.

He turns on the TV and flips through the channels. Each one shows a news update on a funeral.

TRACY

Hey, where my cartoons at?

KENNETH

The dolphin that starred in the original Flipper movie died. He was 907 years old, in dolphin years.

TRACY

Wow, I wish I could get me that kinda publicity.

KENNETH

But to do that you'd have to die. You don't want to die, Mr. Jordan, do you?

TRACY

Hm...

CUT TO:

BEGIN TRACY'S FANTASY

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Tracy's funeral. The editor of Lumps magazine gives a eulogy. Tracy imagines him wearing a purple, sequined tuxedo and top hat.

EDITOR

As editor of Lumps magazine, it pains me to say that our "Most Freakalicious" list was incorrect. Tracy Jordan was in fact the most freakalicious man of all-time.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

The pope stands at a podium.

REPORTER (O.S.)

Mr. Pope, was Tracy Jordan a god?

POPE

(thinks for a second)

Yes.

INT. LIZ'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Liz is squirming under hundreds of snakes.

LIZ

Why would Tracy's death cause me to be attacked by hundreds of snakes? It doesn't make any sense!

END TRACY'S FANTASY

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TRACY

(slyly)

I think Tracy Jordan's gonna have a little "accident". Ken, order a hundred snakes from the pet store.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Liz walks by the window of a homeless shelter and does a double-take. Inside she sees Jack reading to a group of homeless men. She enters.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

Liz walks towards Jack, who's reading "Atlas Shrugged" by Ayn Rand. He doesn't see her.

JACK

(reading)

"Until and unless you discover that money is the root of all good, you ask for your own destruction." That concludes tonight's reading, gentlemen. Any questions?

A HOMELESS MAN raises his hand.

HOMELESS MAN

Doesn't Rand's claim of "objective" truths and realities contribute to manifestations of cultism?

JACK

An excellent question, Shirtless Pete. I want everyone to think about that for next time.

Jack closes his book and everyone disperses. Liz approaches.

LIZ

Wow, I'm impressed you're actually following through with this volunteer stuff.

JACK

"The Most Freakalicious Playa of All-Time" 17.

JACK (CONT'D)

Lemon, are you familiar with the trend "dumpster diving"? It's become quite popular in upper-class circles.

LIZ

You mean like what Frank does for food during lunch break?

JACK

No. In this instance, dumpster diving refers to when a successful high-ranking male, such as myself, gets off on romancing a hapless lower-class female.

LIZ

Jack, that's disgusting.

JACK

Maybe so, but it's how Bill Gates met Melinda. Not to mention it keeps me feeling freakalicious.

LIZ

What does that word even mean?

JACK

Her name's Lucy, she's a maid on the upper east side. We met at a Costco. Two hours and a box of Franzia later, we were making love atop an economy-sized bag of dog food in her 250 square foot flat. It was magical.

LIZ

Gross, why are you telling me this?

JACK

You've helped me a lot already, but what could better my odds more than actually dating a poor? Lemon, I never thought I'd turn to you for dating advice. In fact, the mere thought of you helping me with a relationship makes me want to laugh uncontrollably.

(he has a very long laugh) Oooh boy. Sorry.

(he's serious again)
 (MORE)

"The Most Freakalicious Playa of All-Time" 18.

JACK (CONT'D)

What I'm trying to say is, I booked us reservations for 8 o'clock at a place uptown called White Castle. Maybe you've heard of it?

LIZ

You made 8 o'clock reservations at a White Castle? They don't even have clocks in their restaurants.

JACK

I figure it'll be a good simulation for my first date with Lucy. I hear White Castle's a very popular eatery among the garbage trolls.

(off Liz's look)
Excuse me, garbage people. So I'll
pick you up at 7:30?

T₁T 7

What's in it for me?

JACK

New MacBooks for the writing staff, with 120 gigabyte hard drives, 2.2 gigahertz processors and the newest version of solitaire.

T.T7

(eager)

Let the etiquette lesson begin!

INT. SUBWAY - NIGHT

Dot Com and Griz carry a dummy replica of Tracy through a crowded subway stop, making the dummy look like it's walking. Kenneth and Tracy, wearing huge sunglasses and a fro wig, hide behind a pole. Tracy has a walkie-talkie.

KENNETH

Gee, I don't know about this. The Bible may not specifically mention faking your own death, but I'm pretty sure it's a big no-no.

TRACY

You know what else the Bible don't mention? Copernicus's heliocentric model of the solar system, but it's still cool with me.

KENNETH

But Mr. Jordan, what are you gonna do once you "die"?

TRACY

That's the best part! I hear they got this place called Enchantment Island for all the celebs who faked their deaths. You know, Tupac, JFK Jr., Optimus Prime. It'll be like Dubai, only real!

(into walkie-talkie)
Okay, now!

As a train comes, Dot Com and Grizz toss the dummy in front of it. Tracy jumps out from behind the pole, causing his wig and glasses to fall off. He very poorly tries to act shocked.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Oh my goodness, everybody, it appears Tracy Jordan has just died!

No one reacts. A WOMAN gasps and points somewhere else.

WOMAN

It's Jared from the Subway ads!

Everyone flocks to where she's pointing, Tracy reacts.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. WHITE CASTLE - NIGHT

Jack, dressed down, enters with Liz. Jack hands his denim jacket to a janitor mopping the floor by the entrance. The confused janitor stares at the jacket, shrugs, and puts it on. Jack and Liz stand in line.

JACK

Thank you again for coming, Lemon. I appreciate that you decided to dress down with me.

Liz looks at her outfit. It's her typical work attire.

T.T.7.

Right...no problem.

They move up next in line. An apathetic teen EMPLOYEE takes their order.

EMPLOYEE

Welcome to uh...

(he checks his uniform) White Castle. Whatta ya want?

JACK

(to employee)

Good evening, sir. Which of your red meats are good tonight?

EMPLOYEE

(blank stare, then-)

The cheeseburger.

JACK

Actually, I'm feeling a craving for Thai. What would you recommend?

EMPLOYEE

Um...the double cheeseburger.

JACK

Very well, I'll have that then.

The employee turns to get his order.

LIZ

Jeez, Jack, when's the last time you've been to a restaurant that's received less than five stars?

JACK

June 3, 2004, Jean Georges in the upper west side, a four-star establishment. It was atrocious. One of the waiters wasn't even actually from France.

(with disgust)

He was Belgian.

INT. WHITE CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack and Liz are seated and eating. Jack starts to cut his french fries with a fork and knife.

LIZ

Okay, eating your fries with silverware will be the number one sign you're an executive and not a...what is it you told Lucy you were?

JACK

I'm the quality control inspector at a grease factory.

LIZ

Right...well you need to start eating like a grease factory worker. Step one, grab as many french fries as possible with your hand, then dip them in a pool of ketchup and eat. Then suck out the remaining ketchup from the packet.

JACK

That's disgusting.

LIZ

Okay, ignore that last part, that's just what I like to do.

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Jenna talks on the phone as Frank listens.

JENNA

Ben Affleck? Hi, this is Jenna Maroney. I was wondering(inaudible reply)
Huh? 100 yards away? Still?
(inaudible reply)
(MORE)

"The Most Freakalicious Playa of All-Time" 22.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Well then I guess I'll just have to see you in court. Again.

(to Frank)

Nope, restraining order.

Frank turns to a chalkboard with a table of various celebrities and why Jenna can't make a sex tape with them (ex. "Brad Pitt - secretly gay", Warren Beatty - possibly dead") and adds "restraining order" next to Ben Affleck.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Oh Frank, it's hopeless. I'll never get to have sex with a Hollywood hunk on tape.

FRANK

(thinking hard)

Unless we find someone who looks enough like a celebrity to fool the viewer.

As Frank says this, Toofer walks by blowing his nose, sounding very congested. He bumps into a page, knocking several papers out of her hand.

TOOFER

(nasally, a la Urkel)
Did I do that?

Frank and Jenna nod at each other.

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Tracy sits at his desk writing a letter. Behind him, Grizz and Dot Com are dressing another dummy to look like Tracy.

TRACY

Hey guys, how many "q's" are in the word "melancholy"? One or seven?

GRIZZ

Depends on the context. What are you workin' on there, Tre?

TRACY

A suicide letter for people to find after I fake my death.

DOT COM

Hey Tre, should the dummy wear swimming goggles or 3-D glasses?

Tracy drops his pen and turns around.

TRACY

(angry)

3-D glasses, obviously! Come on, we gotta take this fake suicide seriously if we want it to work this time.

Tracy goes back to writing his letter.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Now can either of you think of a word that rhymes with "badunkadunk"?

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Liz is working. Jack walks in.

JACK

(cheery)

Good morning.

LIZ

Hm, sunny disposition, a vanilla cream espresso, piano key tie -- you had sex last night, didn't you?

JACK

Correct, Lemon. And judging by your dusty cardigan and half-eaten go-gurt, you've just enjoyed a *MythBusters* marathon?

(off Liz's look)

Oh, by the way, here's a little token of my gratitude.

He picks up a box for a brand new laptop and places it on Liz's desk. She reacts like a kid on Christmas morning.

LIZ

Oh my god, thank you, Jack!

JACK

Thank you, Lemon. I'm off to spend my lunch break reading to the homeless with Lucy. Ayn Rand gets her pretty hot.

He exits. Liz looks grossed out.

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM

Bach plays as Toofer walks past Jenna's room. Toofer stops and listens, enraptured by the music. He enters to find Jenna sitting on a bed wearing a bath robe.

TOOFER

(re: music)

Is that "Air on the G String"?

JENNA

(gestures towards underwear)

No, these are boy shorts from Victoria's Secret.

Toofer looks confused by this. She offers him a wine glass.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Care to join me for a little wine and Bach?

TOOFER

Gee, I probably shouldn't drink with my cold medicine. It could enhance the alcohol's effects...

(conceding)

Oh, who am I to refuse some good old-fashioned *Bach*-analia?

He laughs at his own joke and takes the wine glass.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Liz enters and finds everyone huddled around a news report on TV. Pete rushes to her.

LIZ

Alright people, enough TV, we got a show to rehearse.

(realizing)

Hey, what's going on here?

PETE

Liz, this is bad. We got a Code 29b on our hands.

LIZ

Tracy got his arm caught underneath a rock while climbing Mount Everest and had to saw it off?

PETE

No, a twenty-nine B. Tracy's faked his own death to increase his popularity.

Liz gasps and watches the news report.

CUT TO:

TV SCREEN - DAY

"News Flash - Tracy Jordan Dead" is displayed in the news graphic. An ANCHOR narrates as a grainy video plays. The video shows the Tracy dummy falling into the tiger pen of a zoo and getting mauled.

ANCHOR

We've just received this tape from an anonymous source depicting Clist celeb Tracy Jordan falling to his death in a Bronx Zoo tiger pen.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

LIZ

How are we sure this is fake?

FRANK

(scholarly)

Well, first of all, if that were the real Tracy and not a replica, the tigers would've gone straight for his jugular vein, where the blood is sweetest. Secondly, the dummy's death moans are definitely sampled from "Brokeback Mountain." As for the lighting-

LIZ

Okay, I get the point.

(to Pete)

Wow, he is good.

FRANK

What can I say, I have two loves - porn and shock videos.

LIZ

(to Pete)

We gotta get Jack.

INT. HOMELESS SHELTER - AFTERNOON

Lucy reads Ayn Rand to the homeless with Jack by her side. Jack's cell phone vibrates and he surreptitiously checks the call. It's from Liz. He ignores it.

LUCY

(reading)

Businessmen are the one group that distinguishes capitalism and the American way of life--

Jack's cell phone vibrates again and he silences it. Lucy's reading begins weighing heavily on him. He starts sweating and breathing heavily.

LUCY (CONT'D)

-- the businessman's tool is values--

Jack's cell phone vibrates yet again, and its vibrations affect him like a tell-tale heart.

LUCY (CONT'D)

--Businessmen are the symbol of a free society. The symbol of--

Jack stands up.

JACK

Argh! I can't hide it anymore, my
company needs me!

(to Lucy)

I'm not the quality control inspector at a grease factory, I'm a network executive at NBC.

He rips off his sweatshirt to reveal a business suit underneath.

JACK (CONT'D)

I was pretending to be a working class man to help get a promotion. I'm sorry I lied, Lucy.

LUCY

It's okay, Jack, I...I actually
knew all along.

JACK

Really? How?

LUCY

Well, I knew something was weird when you would check your BlackBerry after sex, and that time that time you lit your cigar with a 100 dollar bill--

Shirtless Pete stands up.

SHIRTLESS PETE

Oh I can't hide it any longer, I'm not actually Shirtless Pete...

He puts on a dress shirt and NBC Sports hat.

SHIRTLESS PETE (CONT'D)
I'm Sherlock Peterson, head of the
NBC Sports branch. I also wanted a
leg up on the Industrial spot.

JACK

Peterson! I knew it was you!

LUCY

I also have a confession. I'm Lucy Pullman, vice president of GE silverware sales. I, too, faked destitution in hopes of landing that Industrial position.

JACK

Wow. I don't know what to say. You're in charge of silverware, I used to be vice president of Microwave Oven Programming, we just don't mix.

LUCY

I understand, Jack. Go to your company, it needs you.

Jack smiles, mouths "goodbye" to Lucy and leaves. A VOLUNTEER at the shelter stands up.

VOLUNTEER

Alright, anyone else posing as homeless person to increase their chances at getting a promotion, get out! C'mon people, you've been warned about this before.

About half the people grumble and leave, carrying briefcases and palm pilots.

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Liz surveys the scene as Jack arrives.

JACK

I got your message, Lemon. Sounds like we got a "29b" on our hands.

Liz hands him a receipt.

LIZ

I found a receipt here for a plane ticket to some place called "Enchantment Island." It leaves tonight.

JACK

Enchantment Island? Good lord, if we don't hurry, Tracy will be throwing back Bloody Marys with Tupac and Optimus Prime by tomorrow morning!

Kenneth enters and gasps at the sight of Liz and Jack.

LIZ

Why hello, Kenneth.

KENNETH

Huh? Me help Tracy fake his death?
That's crazy!

(nervous laugh)

I don't know what you're talking about, Miss Lemon, you're silly.

JACK

Where is he?

KENNETH

Τ..

(gulps)

Don't know.

JACK

I thought it might come to this.

He pulls out a DVD.

JACK (CONT'D)

Kenneth, place your right hand on this copy of Friends, Season Two and answer the question: Where is Tracy Jordan?

Kenneth does.

KENNETH

Oh jeez, 29.4 million viewers, a Jean-Claude Van Damme guest appearance, "The one with the lesbian wedding".—I wouldn't dare blaspheme the greatest Friends season.

(takes a deep breath)
Mr. Jordan's hiding in the men's
room, third stall on the right.

LIZ

When I get my hands on him...

JACK

No, Lemon. Violence won't work on Tracy. He's an alpha male with a sensitive ego that needs massaging. Leave this to me, the...

(dramatic)

Businessman.

He whips out his cell phone and dials.

JACK (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Hi, Anthony? It's Jack. I need a small favor...

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM - VIDEO CAMERA POV

Camera's recording on night vision mode. Jenna and Toofer fall onto her bed, dropping their wine glasses.

TOOFER

(still nasally)

This is so scandalous, like something out of a Nabokov novel.

JENNA

Oh yeah, talk dirty to me, Urkel.

TOOFER

Urkel?

(suddenly his sinuses clear)

Excuse me?

JENNA

Oh no, your voice! What happened?

TOOFER

(breathes in freely)
I can breathe again! It must be
these incense candles, they have
some sort of therapeutic effect on
my sinuses.

Jenna pushes him out of bed.

JENNA

Aw forget it!

INT. MEN'S ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Kenneth enters the bathroom with an envelope. ANGLE ON: Tracy sitting in the stall, playing a handheld video game and drinking from a bottle of whiskey. Kenneth slides the envelope under the stall door. Tracy picks it up and opens it. There's a letter inside.

TRACY

(reading)

Congratulations, you have been selected by Lumps magazine as next month's "Most Phat-tabulous Balla of All-Time."

Tracy gasps and starts fanning himself effeminately.

INT. STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

Tracy marches in on a mission.

TRACY

What's all this standin' around for? Come on, people, can't you see the most phat-tabulous balla is here and ready to work?

The production crew gets back to work. Lutz and Frank approach Tracy.

LUTZ

Whoa, Lumps chose you? Awesome!

FRANK

Wow, I can't believe the dude I used to play drunk laser tag with is now the most phat-tabulous balla of all-time.

Frank and Lutz hug Tracy, who soaks up the attention. ANGLE ON Liz and Jack, who watch this and smile.

LIZ

I don't know how you do it, Jack.

JACK

It was nothing. The Lumps editor and I are old squash buddies. We worked out a little deal.

LIZ

What's in it for him? A TGS coffee mug or something?

A STRIPPER walks up to Jack and Liz.

JACK

Not exactly. Lemon, this is Starburst. She'll be joining the writing staff to help us write more "lumps-centric" sketches.

LIZ

(awkward)

Um, pleased to meet you.

STRIPPER

For an extra grand a week, I also dance, but no touching.

Liz nods awkwardly. They shake hands and the stripper leaves.

LIZ

That's some fine business acumen, Jack. Speaking of which, hear anything about that executive opening yet?

JACK

They gave it to some guy who slept in a dumpster and ate garbage for two months. I guess he just wanted it more. As Jack turns to leave he puts on a medical face mask.

LIZ

Where are you off to?

JACK

St. Mary's Hospital for volunteer work. I heard rumblings of an available spot at GE Healthcare.

He exits.

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM - VIDEO CAMERA POV

The "Rec" letters are blinking, though the lens cap has been left on the camera. Everything is black.

JENNA (V.O.)

I can't believe this is actually happening. Hurry, Frank, he's going to be here soon.

FRANK (V.O.)

Alright, the camera's ready. I'll get in the closet.

SFX: Frank enters closet, a few seconds later a door opens.

JENNA (V.O.)

Hello, Jude Law. I've been waiting for this moment for so long.

JUDE LAW (V.O.)

So have I...

Rustling sounds are heard.

END OF SHOW