

30 ROCK

“Hardball”

Written by
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MAXIM PHOTO SHOOT SET - DAY

A downtown photography studio. A PHOTOGRAPHER and ASSISTANTS are setting up around a sleek leather couch. MIKE, a thirtyish hipster, oversees everything. LIZ stands next to JENNA, who's wearing a robe.

LIZ

This is such an honor. I'm friends with number four on "Maxim's" list of the sexiest women in comedy.

JENNA

At first I was mad that Marge Simpson beat me, but then I saw the photos: hot.

An assistant takes Jenna's robe, revealing a sexy outfit. Liz reacts. The assistant starts oiling up Jenna.

LIZ

Ew, Jenna, what is that smell?

JENNA

Oh, that's the body oil. It doesn't smell great, but it makes my skin glow. It's really expensive -- there's some horse semen in it!

Liz pulls Jenna aside.

LIZ

What does any of this have to do with comedy?

An assistant affixes a gag arrow through Jenna's head. Another hands her a rubber chicken.

JENNA

Ya burnt!

Liz speaks privately to Jenna.

LIZ

Are you sure you're not gonna regret this?

(MORE)

LIZ (cont'd)
Posing in a magazine catering
exclusively to men who don't have
the nuts to buy real porno?

JENNA
Liz, what I'm doing is a great
career move. There's zero shame in
it.

Mike approaches.

MIKE
(takes in Jenna)
I'm laughing. I'm horny. Let's do
this!

JENNA
Can I get some music?

MIKE
You can't not get some music!

He signals to an assistant. Loud, sexy music starts playing.
Jenna tries to pose sexily on the couch but the oil makes her
repeatedly slide off.

MIKE
Awesome! Now put the chicken near
your mouth!

Jenna tries to comply while clinging to the couch. Liz
shakes her head sadly.

CUT TO:

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - A FEW WEEKS LATER

Liz is at her desk. A happy JACK enters, whistling.

LIZ
Well, you look happy. Did Bush
shut down the school lunch program?

JACK
No, no, Josh's contract is up. And
that means it's time for my
favorite thing in the world:
negotiation. God, I wish I could
negotiate with someone right now!

PETE pokes his head in.

PETE

Hey, Jack, just a reminder I need a couple of minutes to go over breakage today. How's noon?

JACK

Can't do it. How's four a.m.?

PETE

(thrown)

Uh... not great. We can do it after rehearsal, around ten?

JACK

Stop insulting me. Three a.m.

PETE

What?

JACK

Two-thirty. Final offer.

PETE

Um... Okay. I guess I could sleep on my couch --

JACK

(still negotiating)

In your chair.

Pete leaves, confused.

LIZ

Wow. You do have a talent.

JACK

I can't wait to go mano a mano with Josh.

LIZ

Take it easy on him, okay? Josh is a very sweet, very dumb kid.

JACK

Fine. I'll keep that in mind when we meet with him.

LIZ

We? No. Don't make me a part of this.

JACK

I'm going to teach you, Lemon. I'm going to be the Michelle Pfeiffer to your angry black kid who learns that poetry is just another way to rap.

LIZ

No, Jack. I don't want to learn about negotiation. I just want Josh to stay. The show needs him.

JACK

Lesson number one: You don't need anything. Sure, Josh tests well with female viewers twelve to twenty-seven, and advertisers love that because young women will buy anything --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - SAME TIME

Cerie is at her desk showing some trendy sunglasses to Frank and Pete.

CERIE

These sunglasses have a chip in them that makes the lenses change color as my iPod loses power.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Liz and Jack are as we left them.

JACK

But whatever Josh gives us, he's still replaceable.

LIZ

He's not replaceable as my friend.

JACK

He's not your friend now, he's your opponent. He's going to try to grab all the marbles. And it's our job to hide the marbles.

LIZ
That's not how you play marbles,
Jack.

JACK
No, but it's how you keep them.
When I was a kid I had like, forty
purple ones.

Jack walks away. Liz looks worried.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - LATER

GRIZZ AND DOTCOM are sitting on the edge of the stage,
hanging out, when Tracy enters.

TRACY
Yo, remember that email we got from
those Nigerians that needed our
help getting all that money out of
Africa? Well we did it! I got the
check today.

Tracy, Grizz, and Dotcom high-five. Adlib, "Alright! Etc."

TRACY (CONT'D)
I would have been happy if our only
reward was helping the deposed
Prince of Nigeria. But this is
great. We should treat ourselves!

DOTCOM
You want to go to Vegas and buy a
bunch of sarcophagi?

TRACY
Nah, I don't even use the ones I
have.

DOTCOM
We could add someone to the
entourage.

TRACY
Good idea. What's Young Larry
doing these days?

GRIZZ
He's in Nas's entourage.

TRACY
What about Cheese?

DOTCOM
He's with Ghostface Killah.

TRACY
Fatballz?

DOTCOM
Studying Hotel Administration at
Cornell.

TRACY
Well, go ahead Fatballz. That's a
great program.

KENNETH enters carrying a lunch bag.

KENNETH
Hello there, Mr. Jordan! Mr.
Slattery, Mr. Oppenheim. I've
picked up your lunch from Sylvia's.
Extra cornbread, because I know you
like it.

TRACY
Like it? I love it! I love that
cornbread so much I want to take it
out behind the middle school and
get it pregnant!

Grizz, Dotcom, and Kenneth laugh at Tracy's joke.

TRACY (CONT'D)
(getting an idea)
Hey, K, you like to do stuff for
me. How'd you like to be in my
entourage?

KENNETH
Well that sounds fun! What would I
do?

TRACY
Let's see, Dotcom does the driving
and cooking, Grizz is in charge of
sitting on me when I get
overstimulated...

(then)
(MORE)

TRACY (cont'd)
 Oh, I have been looking for someone
 to harmonize with me.
 (singing)
 THE SUN'LL COME OUT --

TRACY/KENNETH
 TOMORROW!/BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR
 THAT TOMORROW/THERE'LL BE SUN!

As they sing Grizz and Dotcom look on approvingly.

GRIZZ
 This is a really special day.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - LATER

Jenna is showing her Maxim spread to THE WRITERS. FRANK flips through a copy of the magazine.

FRANK
 These are the sexiest women in
 comedy? Where's Joy Behar?! I so
 wanna hate-sex that.

Liz enters, holding a copy of Maxim. She's not happy.

LIZ
 Jenna!? Have you read your
 interview yet?

JENNA
 No. Did I come across as
 interesting? I tried to mention
 Bono as much as possible.

LIZ
 No, you came off crazy! Why did
 you tell the reporter that you
 "hate the troops"?!

JENNA
 What? I didn't say I hate the
 troops.
 (off magazine)
 No, no, no! That's not what I
 said!

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MAXIM PHOTO SHOOT SET - SEVERAL WEEKS AGO

Jenna is being interviewed by Mike as she poses. The music is so loud they can't hear each other (neither can we). The conversation is subtitled.

MIKE

You know we have a huge readership
in the armed forces --!

JENNA

What?!

MIKE

Do you have anything you want to
say to our beleaguered troops?!

JENNA

Theatre troupes?!

MIKE

Yeah, the, uh, troops!

JENNA

Oh, I hate theater troupes! They
think what they do is so important!

Mike, stunned, starts to write this down.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is as we left them. Liz finishes the interview
aloud.

LIZ

"But it's just a bunch of gay dudes
who like to get in silly costumes
and prance around."

JENNA

He heard me wrong! You know I love
the troops, Liz. Remember that
Fleet Week right after I broke up
with David? Those guys wrote a
song about me!

LIZ

Oh God, this is bad. No one actually reads these articles, right? Maybe it won't get picked up.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. MSNBC NEWSCAST SET/JACK'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

An angry woman [Dratch] is on MSNBC tearing up Jenna's headshots and speaking to camera. The bottom of the screen reads: "MARTHA BLANCH, THE INSTITUTE FOR AMERICAN CONFRONTATION INTEGRITY."

MARTHA BLANCH

These Holly-weirdos from La-La-Land like Jenna Moron-ey are just un-American. They hate their own freedom. So we're calling for a boycott of NBC, General Electric, and their parent corporation the Sheinhardt Wig company.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Jack is watching this on MSNBC. Liz and Jenna are there looking on sheepishly. Jack turns off the television.

JENNA

Jack, I was misquoted.

LIZ

It's my fault. I shouldn't have let her do this whole "Maxim" thing to begin with.

JACK

We're nipping this in the bud. Jenna's going to issue a formal apology tomorrow on "Hardball."

(to Jenna)

You know what that is, right?

JENNA

Yes. Should I prepare a song?

JACK

God, I can't wait 'til I get to renegotiate your contract.

Jack gestures for them to leave. Jenna crosses out. He holds Liz back.

JACK

You. Make sure she's ready for this. Your advertisers are in an uproar. Who knew there was so little sympathy left in the vagina cream industry?

Liz nods and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - LATER

JOSH is there. He sticks his cell phone as far as he can into his mouth, then takes a picture. He looks at it.

JOSH

(worried)
What?!

Liz approaches.

LIZ

Hey, I need to talk to you.

She pulls him over to a quiet area by the cages.

LIZ

Look, I just want to warn you, as a friend, about this contract thing. Jack is gunning for you.

JOSH

(worried)
Really?

LIZ

But don't worry. You're not going anywhere. Jack said advertisers love you 'cause you test great with women --

JOSH

Which advertisers? Nabisco? Could I get free "ChocoStix"?

LIZ
I'll buy you "ChocoStix." Just
don't be pushy about your contract
and I promise we'll get through
this.

JOSH
Yeah. Um, actually Alan told me
not to talk to anybody about this
contract stuff.

LIZ
(worried)
Alan? Who's Alan?

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO BACKSTAGE - SAME TIME

Jack comes from the elevators with AN ASSISTANT in tow. ALAN
STEINER, a slick Hollywood gentleman, intercepts him.

ALAN
Jack Donaghy? I'm Alan Steiner,
Josh Girard's agent.

JACK
(interested)
Oh, really?

ALAN
I'd like to grab a little face time
with you "r.e." Josh's contract
offer. We got some serious trubs,
my friend. We are not smiles-
times.

JACK
(beaming)
I'm sorry to hear that.

ALAN
How's your skedge mañana? 'Cause
this is gonna be one serious
negosh.

Jack smiles, takes Alan's head in both hands and kisses him
on the forehead.

JACK
My skedge is wide open, Alan.

Alan reacts and crosses away. Jack watches him go, pleased.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Tracy, Kenneth, Grizz and Dotcom are hanging out. Tracy and Kenneth are harmonizing the theme from "Family Ties."

TRACY

(singing)

AND THERE AIN'T NO NOTHING WE CAN'T
LOVE EACH OTHER THRU / WHAT WOULD
WE DO BABY / WITHOUT US

KENNETH

(singing super high)

SHA LA LA LA!

Grizz and Dotcom clap. Tracy and Kenneth high-five.

TRACY

Okay, entourage, what's on the
schedule for today?

GRIZZ

I have us penciled in to play Halo.

Tracy grabs a controller and sits down to play.

TRACY

I love Halo! I love it so much I
want to take it out behind the
middle school and get it pregnant!

Grizz and Dotcom laugh heartily. Kenneth is confused.

KENNETH

Why are you guys laughing so hard?
That's the same joke Mr. Jordan
made earlier.

Grizz and Dotcom shake their heads at Kenneth, "Don't say that."

TRACY

I don't think so, K. 'Cause I love
to keep my material fresh. In
fact, I love it so much I want to
take it out behind the middle
school and get it pregnant!

Grizz and Dotcom laugh hard again. Kenneth looks annoyed, but just picks up a controller and starts to play.

TRACY

I call snipers on the rock mountain.

They pick up their controllers and play for a few seconds.

TRACY

(stunned)

Whoa! Who just killed me? That's never happened before!

KENNETH

I did, Mr. Jordan.

TRACY

That's impossible. I've beaten all the world's best players. Grizz, Dotcom, my publicist, my stylist...

Grizz and Dotcom share a worried look.

KENNETH

Well, I just killed you again!

TRACY

(childish rant)

You're cheating! I don't want to play anymore! I hate you!

(then)

Uh-oh, Grizz, you best come sit on me.

Grizz gets up to subdue Tracy.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Liz and Jenna are there practicing for "Hardball".

JENNA

(wrapping up)

And I just want the troops to kill everyone and come on home!

LIZ

Okay, that's a start. But this is "Hardball," Jenna, you need to be more specific. Say you support the troops, but you feel the war was poorly planned and started on false pretenses and you think our resources should have been used to hunt down Osama Bin Laden.

JENNA

(nervous)

Ugh, Liz. I'm just afraid I'll sound stupid.

LIZ

Hey, would Sharon Stone worry about that? Would Richard Gere?

JENNA

(encouraged)

No.

LIZ

Then get out there and voice your opinions like a star. What are you going to say if they ask you about '08?

JENNA

Well, obviously I want Hillary to be the first woman President-

LIZ

No, no. Obama. You support Barack Obama. Remember, you liked those pictures of him at the beach?

JENNA

Oh, right. Obama. What is he, Hispanic?

LIZ

No, he's black.

JENNA

And he's running for President? Good luck.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Jack and Liz are there. Jack is excited. Liz notices something.

LIZ
(re: coffee table chairs)
Is this new furniture?

JACK
It's my negotiation set.

Liz looks confused. Josh and Alan enter.

JACK
Gentlemen!

They ad-lib hellos and sit around the coffee table. Josh and Alan are in tiny chairs. Liz and Jack look down at them.

JACK
(sotto, to Liz)
Little chairs make little men.

ALAN
Okay. Let's skip the foreplay and get to the penetraish. Josh is looking for a fifteen percent raise, a two pic guarantee with Universal, and time off for every Jewish holiday, no matter how ridiculous.

JOSH
I mean, Yaznach is coming up.

Josh and Alan look at Jack, "So what do you got?"

LIZ
Well, that seems reasonable, right, Jack?

JACK
Here's my counteroffer. One dollar.

ALAN
(rattled)
What?

LIZ

Oh boy.

JACK

Now we're negotiating.

ALAN

But that's absurd.

Jack produces a folder and starts laying out black-and-white surveillance photos.

JACK

No, you know what's absurd? These photos of Josh roughhousing with Lance Bass at Sea World.

JOSH

What? We were just being silly!

JACK

My offer is now seventy-five cents.

Josh leans into Alan and whispers, nervous.

JOSH

It keeps getting lower. I think we should take it.

Alan waves him off.

ALAN

Look, Jack, we know about the testing. Women twelve to twenty-seven love this guy.

JACK

Who told you that?

Liz signals to Josh, "Don't say anything."

JOSH

(oblivious)

Liz did.

LIZ

(fierce whisper)

Shut up.

JOSH

What?

JACK
That's privileged information.

ALAN
That's what I thought! Awse!
We're back in the game!

He and Josh high five. Jack turns and glares at Liz.

JACK
I knew you weren't ready for a big
chair.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Kenneth and Grizz are playing Halo while Dotcom watches.

DOTCOM
Kenneth, we need to talk.

KENNETH
Oh. Did I push too hard on my
weekend in Maine idea? You know,
there's more than just skiing
there. Portland has a great little
arts scene.

DOTCOM
No, it's how you're treating Tracy.
Beating him at Halo, not laughing
at his jokes. He's the king around
here. You've got to respect that.

KENNETH
Oh my gosh! I had no idea I was
causing a problem.

GRIZZ
It's really bad. My therapist says
she's never seen me this tense.

Tracy enters, everyone hushes up.

TRACY
Hey, I got next game.
(noticing)
Wait a minute. Grizz, how are you
beating Kenneth?

Grizz and Dotcom freeze up.

GRIZZ
I don't know.

TRACY
If you're beating Kenneth, and
Kenneth can beat me, then by the
transitive property you should beat
me too.

Grizz and Dotcom look at each other, at a loss.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Have you been letting me win?!

DOTCOM
Just at some things.

TRACY
Things?! Plural?!

GRIZZ/DOTCOM
Uhhh...

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - WEEKS AGO

Tracy, Grizz, and Dotcom play Trivial Pursuit. Dotcom reads
Tracy a question.

DOTCOM
"What is the world's only egg-
laying mammal?"

TRACY
The Easter Bunny.

DOTCOM
Right again.

GRIZZ
That's a green pie piece.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - WEEKS AGO

Tracy works Grizz and Dotcom in the low post, easily backing
them up. Tracy spins around them and drives to the hole.

From behind, they pick him up so that he can dunk, without Tracy ever realizing.

END MONTAGE:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is as we left them.

TRACY

You've been humoring me all this time? Treating me like a child?! Oh no, I'm not standing for this. Entourage disbanded! Everyone out!

A stunned beat. Everyone starts to exit.

GRIZZ

So I assume COBRA will be contacting us about our health coverage --

TRACY

Out!

CUT TO:

INT. HARDBALL SET/MSNBC 30 ROCK STUDIO - LATER

Liz looks on as Jenna does her remote for "Hardball" with CHRIS MATTHEWS and TUCKER CARLSON. It's a little heated.

CHRIS MATTHEWS

Tucker Carlson, you heard what Jenna Maroney had to say. She supports the troops --

TUCKER CARLSON

I don't know why we care what this woman has to say at all. Jenna Maroney is just another empty-headed, self-centered member of the Hollywood "ignorati."

JENNA

You know, for someone who's super, super hot, you're really cranky. I have as much right to my opinion as you or Chris.

CHRIS MATTHEWS

I'm not sure you do.

TUCKER CARLSON

I guess this is what political discourse has become in this country. Let's embrace it. Let's have our policies determined by former Cable Ace Award Nominees! So let's hear it, actress. How do we move America forward?

JENNA

(fighting back)

It's simple Tucker! We need to hunt down that monster Barack Obama and string him up on a tree! Then elect Osama to the presidency in 2008!

Chris Matthews and Tucker Carlson are both speechless.

JENNA (CONT'D)

No comeback? Ya burnt!

Liz puts her head in her hands.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

Liz is working. Jack walks in.

LIZ
(caught, "upbeat")
Hey, Jack! I was totally gonna
call you --

JACK
Which of your massive screw-ups
shall we discuss first? How about
the Jenna situation?

LIZ
Okay, that is taken care of.

She holds up a piece of paper.

LIZ (CONT'D)
(proud)
This is an op-ed piece I wrote for
the New York Times under Jenna's
name. In it, I put the system on
trial --

JACK
Nope. Here's the plan. You take
Jenna. Put some flags behind her.
Have her sing a song that rhymes
"USA" with "make 'em pay." Put her
in an eagle suit if you have to.
It's a "salute to the troops"
episode.

LIZ
Okay, I guess that means we're not
doing "Monkey Hospital" this week.
(getting an idea)
Unless...

JACK
Nope. Moving on. Josh Girard. I
had him right where I wanted him.
Then my partner stabbed me in the
back.

LIZ

I didn't mean to do that. I'm sorry. I was just trying to give my friend a heads up.

JACK

Look, Lemon, I know it's tough being in charge, but your responsibilities here are not always going to be compatible with these relationships.

LIZ

Yes they are! This whole thing has just gotten out of control. Let's all sit down, in normal chairs, and figure it out.

(calling off)

Cerie? Has Josh come in yet?

CERIE pokes her head in the door.

CERIE

Josh isn't coming in today. He's sick. He said he was throwing up all night.

Cerie exits. Jack jumps to his feet, excited.

JACK

A sick-out?! I didn't think he had it in him!

LIZ

What are you talking about?

JACK

He's faking! He's not coming in until we give in to his demands.

LIZ

No. Josh wouldn't do that to me. I gave him everything. When I found him he was in Tijuana doing a half-comedy half-sex act show. We're too close for him to pull some dirty trick like that.

JACK

God, Lemon, what happened in your childhood that made you think people are good?

LIZ

That's depressing. You know what? If my job and my friends are incompatible, then I choose my friends. So right now I'm gonna get Josh some chicken soup from his favorite place and go tell him I hope he gets better.

Liz grabs her bag and coat and starts to leave.

JACK

That's disappointing.

Liz rolls her eyes and exits. Jack notices something on her computer. He calls after her:

JACK (CONT'D)

Do you get emails from anyone other than eHarmony?

LIZ (O.C.)

Don't look at that!

CUT TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - LATER

Tracy is on the court with the ball. Kenneth enters and watches as Tracy runs up full steam and tries to dunk the basketball. He is not even close. The ball flies away.

TRACY

Dammit!

(notices Kenneth)

I'm close, right? It feels like I'm above the rim, I just can't palm the ball.

KENNETH

Sir, I think you made a mistake firing Grizz and Dotcom. They were just trying to make you feel good about yourself.

TRACY
They disrespected me.

KENNETH
But don't you miss them?

TRACY
No, I don't care where they are now
or what they're doing!

CUT TO:

INT. BARNES & NOBLE - DAY

Grizz and Dotcom are working at Barnes & Noble. Dotcom is trying to stack a bunch of books into a pyramid shape while Grizz watches. It collapses.

DOTCOM
(holding hand up)
Don't even say it.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - CONTINUOUS

Tracy and Kenneth are as we left them.

TRACY
You're the only one I can trust, K.
You're my whole entourage now.

KENNETH
I'm not so sure I can handle that.

TRACY
Yes, you can. Because you were honest with me. I don't need a couple of "yes men". I need the truth.

KENNETH
Well, if that's the case then I should tell you that you're never going to dunk that basketball. Also, that Oscar you have is made of chocolate. And that lady you European-kissed last night was actually a gentleman --

TRACY
 Okay, Kenneth, that's enough!

CUT TO:

INT. DEAN & DELUCA - A LITTLE LATER

Liz walks into Dean & Deluca and gets in line to order. She notices something out of the corner of her eye and turns to look, puzzled. Josh is sitting at a table happily eating soup across from a man.

LIZ
 (confused)
 Josh?

Josh looks up and his eyes go wide. The man he's sitting with turns to look where Josh is looking and we see that it's a PRODUCER in a "Daily Show" baseball hat. Liz reacts.

LIZ
 (furious, re: Josh)
 You stupid turd.

She strides angrily over to Josh.

JOSH
 (uncomfortable)
 Hey, Liz.
 (re: producer)
 This is --

LIZ
 I know who that is. Are you trying to get on another show?! Behind my back?!

JOSH
 Look, I'm sorry, Liz. It's just business.

LIZ
 Just business?! I am going to kill you! I pulled you out of nowhere! When I found you, you were standing on a stage in Mexico while a monkey stretched out your --

JOSH
 Hey, sshh!
 (to producer)
 (MORE)

JOSH (cont'd)
It's not what you think. The
monkey stretched out my balls.

LIZ
How could you betray me like this?
And that's not even the worst part.
The worst part is --
(while punching Josh on
his arm)
You. Proved. Jack. Donaghy.
Right. Again!

Liz storms away and then turns around and comes back.

LIZ
By the way, what kind of moron
sicks out and then comes to work
for a meeting?

JOSH
I get an employee discount here.

LIZ
Idiot.

Liz goes to exit.

LIZ
(to Producer)
I'm a big fan of your show, by the
way.

She marches out.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - LATER

Jack is at his desk. Liz bursts in.

LIZ
I want you to crush Josh. I want
you to crush him.

Jack smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Tracy is there looking at a bunch of remotes, frustrated.
Kenneth enters with Tracy's cell phone.

KENNETH

(unsure)

Mr. Jordan, Keith called on your cell? He said they were "at the thing and Lil' Zay just end up running."

TRACY

(alarmed)

What did you tell him?

KENNETH

Well, he wanted Dwayne Jr.'s number so I gave it to him.

TRACY

You what?! Dammit, K. Now I'm gonna hear from Kalaya's mom how both of them are mad at the twins. You got to handle this stuff better!

KENNETH

Mr. Jordan, I don't know any of these people.

TRACY

But Grizz --

(changing the subject)

Turn on the damn TV for me.

Kenneth tries to make sense of the multiple remotes.

KENNETH

Dotcom set this up. I don't know how it works.

Frustrated, Tracy tries voice commands.

TRACY

Television, on! Pornography!

Kenneth shakes his head sadly as Tracy fumes.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - LATER

Jack is there. Liz enters.

JACK
Good, you're here. Josh and his
agent are on their way up.

LIZ
(trying to be harsh)
And then they're on their way down.

Jack pats her on the back "good try."

JACK
You know what? That was weak but
you're in the mix, you're having
fun, I like that.

Josh and Alan enter.

JACK
Gentlemen. Make yourselves
comfortable.

Jack and Liz sit. We reveal that there are no other chairs
in the room. Josh and Alan stand awkwardly across the coffee
table from them. Liz stares daggers at Josh.

ALAN
Uh...

Josh notices a pile of headshots on the table. They are all
young, white guys. He reacts, concerned.

JOSH
What are all these headshots for?

JACK
Nothing. Just... some meetings
we're taking.

LIZ
Yeah. Meetings. Blammo.

Jack puts a hand on Liz's arm. Alan is a little rattled but
powers through.

ALAN
Look, Jack, Josh has an offer from
a competing show.

JACK

Yes, Liz mentioned that to me. I don't think that's going to pan out.

JOSH

What? Are you kidding?

LIZ

(to Josh)

You look like what would happen if a bird impregnated an oil slick.

Jack looks at her, "Okay. Take it easy."

ALAN

What happened? What did you do to our offer?

JACK

Let's just say I called my friend Saul Sheinhardt at our parent company Sheinhardt Wigs. And he called his nephew Morty Sheinhardt, who called his son Jon Stewart.

Jack sits back, satisfied.

LIZ

Ya burnt!

JACK (CONT'D)

Your move, Alan.

A long beat of silence. Alan fidgets.

ALAN

Ugh, boy. I never should have started representing human actors!

JOSH

What?

ALAN

You bring the animal in, activate the electric collar, the dog barks -
- bang! Five hundred bucks.

JACK

Alright. Let's get down to brass tacks. Josh can stay.

JOSH
Oh, thank God.

JACK
But no raise, no movies, three
Jewish holidays of my choosing, and
Tracy gets to use Josh's bathroom
at his discretion.

ALAN
Thank you, thank you! I need this
money. I have a really bad sex
addiction!

Jack looks over at Liz, satisfied. She's confused.

LIZ
That's it? I thought you said we
could crush him.

JACK
I did. I took away everything.
That was a crushing.

LIZ
No! Do more stuff!
(to Josh)
You made me look like an idiot.
You have to pay.

JACK
Lemon, he's not getting a raise --

LIZ
(to Josh)
Do the Worm.

Josh throws himself on the floor and starts doing the Worm.
Liz stands over him. Jack looks on, pleased.

JACK
Good lord. "The Worm." It's so
degrading. Are its origins German?

LIZ
Now tell me five reasons I'm better
than you.

JOSH
You're smarter than me. You can
beat me in arm wrestling.
(MORE)

JOSH (cont'd)
 You can eat more than me. Ugh...
 You read the paper.

ALAN
 Do you want me to do anything?

LIZ
 Be a crab. Fight the worm.

Alan starts crab-walking and bumping into Josh. Jack puts an arm around Liz.

JACK
 (impressed)
 Wow, Lemon, you really took to this
 like a natural. More than I ever --
 (then, noticing)
 Alright, the crab's getting
 aroused. Shut it down!

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - THAT NIGHT

The "Salute to the Troops" show is in full swing. Jenna is on stage in a patriotic dress, belting out a pro-America song. Flags wave behind her. Pete and Liz watch.

JENNA
 SMALL TOWN, WORN FATIGUES/BIG
 DREAMS AND LITTLE LEAGUES/GIGANTIC
 STAR-SPANGLED FIREWORKS LIGHT UP
 THE NIGHT/THAT'S OUR AMERICA.

PETE
 This is going pretty well.

LIZ
 Wow, unironic patriotism. I have
 never felt this emotion before.

We angle back on Jenna.

JENNA
 I SAID AMERICA/HEY BUDDY, YOU HEARD
 ME RIGHT/I SAID AMERICA!!!!

Jenna holds the last note and THE CROWD goes nuts. Jenna stands on stage, triumphant.

LIZ
 (to Stage Manager)
 Cue the pinwheels.

Behind Jenna, we see several pinwheel sparklers start to ignite. WE ANGLE BACK ON: Liz and Pete.

PETE
 (mounting anxiety)
 Okay, the pinwheels are lit.
 But they're not spinning. They
 should be spinning. Because when
 they're not spinning, they look
 exactly like --

LIZ
 Swastikas.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. 30 ROCK NBC ENTRANCE - NIGHT

A CROWD OF ANGRY PROTESTERS and REPORTERS has gathered. Martha Blanch yells into a news camera while holding a poster that reads:

MARTHA BLANCH
 (re: poster)
 TGS: "Totally Godless Suckers!"
 (realizing)
 Or "Satanists"! That would be
 better.
 (calling off)
 Gordon, get me my Sharpie!

We see Jenna start to go through the revolving door. She sees the crowd and her eyes go wide. As she comes out, she gets hit by some food items. She just keeps going back around inside and then runs away. Tracy and Kenneth, not paying attention, step out and take in the scene, worried.

TRACY
 Entourage, you got to get me out of
 here!

Kenneth tries to lead Tracy through the crowd. It's not working. Tracy's being pushed and pulled everywhere. Martha Blanch has climbed onto Tracy's back.

KENNETH

Okay, everyone make a little path
please. Excuse us. Pardon me. Oh
no!

Kenneth gets swallowed by the crowd. Tracy is getting tossed
around like Whitney Houston in "The Bodyguard."

TRACY

Kenneth? Where'd you go? Help!

Suddenly, bodies are pushed aside. Others are sucked
backwards. It's Grizz and Dotcom! They push their way
through to Tracy. Grizz picks Tracy up and cradles him.
MUSIC: "I Will Always Love You" by a Whitney Houston sound
alike. They get free of the crowd. Grizz is still holding
Tracy.

DOTCOM

Wow, Tray. You saved us from that
crowd.

Grizz nods, "You sure did."

TRACY

Yeah. Of course I did. 'Cause I
love you guys. I love you so much,
I'm gonna take you out behind the
middle school and get you pregnant!

They all laugh. As the music crescendoes, they walk down the
street, Tracy in Grizz's arms, laughing.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW