

30 Rock  
"Telephone Game"

written by  
Chioke Nassor

WGA East Registration Number: I210448

Chioke Nassor  
me@chiokenassor.com

30 ROCK: "Telephone Game"  
by Chioke Nassor

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE-DAY

Liz rummages around the office and pulls out a huge box of Oreo's cereal. She starts eating them by the fistful before she picks up the phone and makes a call. There is a knock on the door.

LIZ  
Unless you are a sandwich, I  
strongly suggest you stay out.

JACK rushes in wearing oversized sunglasses and a trench coat. He pulls down the glasses a smidge.

JACK  
Lemon it's me.

LIZ  
Jack what are you-

Liz, on the phone, holds up her finger and mouths: "One sec".

LIZ (CONT'D)  
(on phone)  
Hi, this is Ms. Lemon, apartment  
1204, I received a message about a  
leak? Yes, of course, that's fine.  
Wait, will they go in my bedroom?  
Cause that thing on my bed is a gag  
gift. Hello?

Liz hangs up.

JACK  
Listen, I wanted to let you know  
that I will be going off the grid  
for the next 8 hours.

LIZ  
Is that like that time my Uncle  
Weslie forgot to take his meds?

JACK

No, you don't understand, the company is in the middle of a big merger, and the SEC wants to subpoena me to go over our books. If this happens before-

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE-DAY

Liz's POV of Jack. Jack is only a huge pair of pants and shoes and talks like an adult from a *Charlie Brown* cartoon.

JACK

Wah wah wah wah wah wah wah wah.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE-CONTINUOUS

Liz and Jack are as we left them.

JACK

Are you even listening to me?

LIZ

Yes nann- er, Jack.

Liz grabs another handful of Oreos cereal.

JACK

What's the matter with you Lemon, it's not your lady time for another two weeks.

LIZ

I'm pissed at Frank. He's been late everyday this month, and keeps turning in garbage during pitches.

JACK

Maybe it's time to let him go.

LIZ

Well, that's just not how I do business.

JACK

So how do you plan on dealing with this situation?

LIZ

Bake a bunch of miniature Frank  
shape cookies and eat my feelings  
away.

JACK

This isn't Lillith Fair. Stand up  
to Frank, publicly, command your  
staff's respect. Otherwise, next  
thing you know they'll be pushing  
you around like a rag doll.

LIZ

Baloney! Frank totally respects me.

Frank pokes his head into Liz's office.

FRANK

Hey, I'm doing a madlibs about your  
boobs. What adjective is better:  
lopsided, crinkly, or just straight  
gross?

JACK

(to Liz)  
Fix this.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY-DAY

Jack walks out of the office into the hallway and is  
approached by TRACY, who is flanked by a CAMERA CREW, GRIZZ,  
and DOTCOM. Tracy grabs Jack's phone, breaks it in half and  
slams the remains on the floor.

TRACY

Yeah America! Tracy Jordan is raw!  
I be breaking white peoples phones  
and all dat!

JACK

Tracy, what in the world?!

TRACY

Cut!

The camera crew backs away and Tracy pulls Jack aside.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Alright I know what you're thinking. But this actually isn't a veiled attempt to get advice from a father figure through my erratic, yet hilarious exploits.

JACK

Well, then why pray tell did I have to get cut off from a billion dollar-

Tracy's POV: Jack is just speaking in "Wah wah's." He waits for Jack to stop talking and then:

TRACY

I'm doing promotion for the new Obama inspired movie *First Brotha*. I play Will Smith's lovable yet ignorant cousin-in-law who moves into the White House.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SENATE CHAMBER/MOVIE SET - DAY

Tracy is dressed in a wife beater addressing a Senate Committee meeting in front of a film camera on the set of *First Brotha*.

TRACY

Yo cuz! You outta order! This whole country is outta order! Ya'll be unilaterally trippin'!

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE HALLWAY-DAY

Tracy and Jack are as we left them.

JACK

Tracy, what does that have to do with my broken phone.

TRACY

This video crew is covering my crazy shenanigans and what have yous to make sure that my-

JACK

Street credibility is believable.  
Urban marketing, very savvy.

TRACY

You know about street cred?

JACK

Tracy, I grew up on the South side of Boston, fighting every other day for a piece of miserable turf. If it wasn't for the guidance of a tough but caring psychologist, a fluke job as a janitor at an ivy league school, and my amazing gifts in advanced mathematics, I wouldn't be here today.

DOTCOM

Isn't that the plot of *Goodwill Hunting*?

Jack glares at Dotcom.

JACK

Listen Tracy, I've known my share of tough times and I support your need for street cred, but even I know that this sort of publicity stunt has more holes in it than 50 cent.

Jack leans into Grizz:

JACK (CONT'D)

(quietly to Grizz)

That is still a relevant reference, yes?

TRACY

Jacky Dee is right! I can't be beholden to these cheap tabloid stunts! If I want to seem really real, I need to go back to my roots. We're going street performing in Knucklebeach!

JACK

Tracy, now, for liability reasons, I've gotta pull the plug on this thing. We can't have you performing in the worst neighborhood in America.

TRACY

What's the matter Jack...you  
chicken?

JACK

I've never been scared of anything  
in my life. Save for universal  
health car-

Jack is about to laugh it off when he sees what appears to be the Subpoena officer asking for Jack at Kenneth's desk. Jack is visibly spooked.

JACK (CONT'D)

In fact...I'll come with you.  
But first you are getting me a new  
phone.

He slams down his broken phone and looks at Dotcom.

JACK (CONT'D)

How do you like dem apples?!

CUT TO:

INT. PAGE DESK HALLWAY-CONTINUOUS

Jack and Tracy walk away with the camera crew as JENNA walks up to CERIE who is standing in a corner texting.

JENNA

(to Cerie)  
What's going on?

CERIE

Um, Mr. Donaghy was yelling about  
cancelling something. It sounded  
important. Oh, and Tracy is acting  
crazy. OMG, Lol, right?

Cerie walks away still texting as Jenna stares on in horror.

JENNA

(gasps!)  
Oh no! TGS is being cancelled!

Kenneth is walking by with a box of lunch orders.

KENNETH

Hello Ms. Maroney. Are you sure it  
isn't just a tiny communication ga-

Jenna smacks Kenneth in the face. Hard.

JENNA

Shutup Kenneth! I have to figure  
out a way off this burning ship!

Jenna rushes off.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM-NIGHT

Liz walks upstairs with a pile of pizzas in her hands. The  
staff grabs all of the pizza boxes, giddily.

LIZ

All right, where are we with  
rewrites?

FRANK

Awe come on Liz, stop being such a  
hard ass. It's pizza party time!

LIZ

We have a LIVE show to do tomorrow!

FRANK

Well, if you're so worried about  
it, why don't YOU get started on  
the re-writes!

Lutz and Frank high five.

LIZ

That's it you sloppy tub of lard!  
I'm sick of doing your work for  
you. If it wasn't for me  
constantly re-writing your pathetic  
excuses for scripts you'd still be  
living with your stupid mom working  
at Taco Bell! You are gonna stay  
here tonight and rewrite EVERYONE'S  
scripts!

FRANK

Oh, I would but I have to go home  
tonight to help my stupid mom.

LIZ

Cute.

FRANK

No seriously, she has early onset  
Alzheimer's.

LIZ  
She's probably just trying to  
forget that you're her son.

SUE  
Me-ow!

Frank, humiliated, tries to slink out.

LIZ  
I'm sorry Frank...that was mean of  
me. You can do the rewrites at  
home.

He looks at her, as if he's made a small victory.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
And I'm coming with you.

WRITING STAFF  
(in unison)  
Ooooooh!

FRANK  
Fine!

LIZ  
Fine!

FRANK  
Fine!

LIZ  
Fin-

FRANK  
Fine to infinity!

LIZ  
Nerdballs! Alright, let's go  
genius.

LUTZ  
(singing)  
Liz and Franky sitting in a tree!

Liz storms out and Frank grabs his things in a huff and  
marches after her.

CUT TO:

EXT. KNUCKLE BEACH STREET-NIGHT

Tracy, Jack, Dotcom and Grizz roll up in Tracy's SUV. The neighborhood actually looks pretty, tree lined streets, brownstones, people walking and smiling. Basically it's a set of the Cosby Show.

JACK

Wow, knucklebeach is worse than I thought. How do people live like this?

TRACY

What? I ain't parking my car in no ghetto! *That's* knucklebeach.

Jack turns around to see a series of projects, a car on fire that kids are playing on. There is a baby crying on the sidewalk, *by itself*, not a parent in sight. A cop runs around the corner.

JACK

Phew, well at least there is a police presence.

Suddenly, a HUGE GANG of enormous black dudes brandishing baseball bats comes around the same corner chasing the cop.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh good lord.

Jack is tapped on the shoulder and without missing a beat he pulls out his wallet and takes off his watch.

JACK (CONT'D)

Here you go, please, we want no violence. Free Mumia!

DOTCOM

Jack, it's just me.

JACK

Sorry, Grizz, you all look alike out here.

DOTCOM

I'm Dotcom.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM-NIGHT

Jenna, dressed as Daphne from Scooby Doo is on the phone with her door open.

JENNA

Sandy, I don't care who you have to sleep with I need a new gig by Monday. I am your most important client- What? Yes, I'll hold.

TOOFER walks by the open door and stops.

TOOFER

Jenna we're ready for you in the Scooby sketch.

Jenna hangs up.

JENNA

Who cares! TGS is getting cancelled! And Jennifer Aniston has cornered the market on damaged goods roles! I have to bounce back fast or it's Seniors Dinner Theatre again.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SENIOR CENTER- DAY

Jenna is on stage performing *Cats* to a bunch of barely cognizant senior citizens.

OLD MAN

This soup tastes like bad acting.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM-NIGHT

Toofer and Jenna are as we left them. PETE walks by the door.

TOOFER

Pete! Is this true? Are we being cancelled?

PETE

What makes you think that the show is being cancelled?

JENNA

Hearsay and conjecture, which by *US Weekly* standards is an accurate source.

PETE

I'm sure we can just call Jack and he'll clear this all up.

Toofer picks up the phone puts it on speaker as they call Jack.

SPEAKERPHONE

(sfx: BA DA BAA) The number you have reached is no longer in service.

Toofer's eyes go wide.

TOOFER

I can't go back to writing for the *Simpsons!*

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SIMPSON'S WRITER'S ROOM-DAY

Toofer is in a dark cave of a writer's room with flickering fluorescent lights surrounded by other stressed out WRITERS, and a SHOWRUNNER who is pacing around the seated staff.

SHOWRUNNER

We already **did** that joke!

The Showrunner pulls out a whip and cracks it on Toofer's back.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM-NIGHT

Toofer rushes out wiping away his tears.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT-DAY

Frank walks through the front door followed by Liz. The living room is very modernist with black furniture, chrome fixtures and clean white walls. Mozart is playing on stereo.

LIZ  
Holy cow!

FRANK  
Awe man! I'm on the wrong floor  
again!

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S REAL APARTMENT-NIGHT

Liz follows Frank inside. It's a total dump. Frank starts frantically cleaning up the couch, pulling old bags of food and knocking them to the floor.

FRANK  
Ta-dah! Pretty nice right? Make  
yourself comfortable.

Liz sits down and immediately jumps, as something below her starts vibrating.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Oh, heh, don't mind that, it's just  
a gag gift.

She shudders.

LIZ  
Alright, well, where do you want to  
start on these re-writes?

FRANK  
Liz, why don't you relax. It  
doesn't have to be all business,  
right? You look so tense. Perhaps  
you could use a massage.

Frank picks up a remote aims it at the stereo and turns on some smooth jazz. He aims it at the wall and dims the lights. He then turns to Liz and starts to rub her shoulders.

LIZ  
What the hell are you doing?

FRANK  
Yeah just relax your inhibitions.

LIZ  
What?

FRANK  
(whispering)  
Shhhh.

LIZ  
Ugh! Frank knock it off! That's gross!

FRANK  
Oh well, worth a shot. If you'll excuse me, I have some internet porn that requires my attention.

LIZ  
What about the rewrites?

FRANK  
Hey, do I come to your house and smack the carton of Chubby Hubby out of your lap and tell you how to live your life? I'll get to it when I get to it "Mom"!

FRANK'S MOM (O.S.)  
Yes dear?

FRANK  
Geez! I wasn't talking to you Mom, God!

Frank walks off, pissed.

LIZ  
(to herself)  
Chubby Hubby, whatever. I haven't had that in...

She scratches her face and sees some ice cream on her finger.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
Aw blerg!

CUT TO:

INT. WRITER'S ROOM-NIGHT

All the writers are getting up to leave for the day when Toofer rushes in.

TOOFER  
(out of breath)  
Code red! We're being cancelled!

SUE  
Are you serious! Das is not  
Gutten!

LUTZ  
Arrrrgggghhh!!!!

Pete runs in grabs the printer and a box of Post-It notes.

PETE  
Everyman for themselves!

Lutz immediately stands up and throws a computer against the wall. Then the entire writing staff jumps up and starts to freak out, grabbing all the stuff that isn't bolted down. Two writers start furiously making out. Two more just start punching each other. It looks like Armageddon must be happening.

CUT TO:

EXT. KNUCKLE BEACH STREET-NIGHT

Jack is surrounded by a crowd of people watching Tracy who is standing on top of a milk crate snapping on another HOMEBOY.

HOMEBOY  
Yo momma's so big she's got fat  
rolls on her forehead.

CROWD  
Oooooohhhh!

TRACY  
Yo momma's so dumb, when the  
teacher asked her what time it is,  
she was like: BOOOOING!

CROWD  
OH SNAP!!! You got *got* LeShaun!

In the back of the crowd, Jack sees another guy dressed in an overcoat and sunglasses who appears to be a process server.

JACK  
Ok, I think the point has been  
proved. Can we go now?

TRACY  
What are you talking about? We've  
already made a buck fitty! AND a  
biscuit! You gonna cut out now?

JACK  
Tracy, this is juvenile.

HOMEBOY  
Wassa matta white boy, tired of me  
skeeting on ya boy?

JACK  
I have no idea what that means, but  
I'm assuming it was hostile.

CROWD  
Get 'em old man!

JACK  
Uh, I..

TRACY  
Yo Jack, the people have spoken.

Tracy gets off the milk crate and Jack is sort of pushed onto it by the crowd. He looks around and the process server is gone.

JACK  
Um...your mother is so poor...she  
uses welfare as a primary source of  
income.

The crowd blankly stares at Jack. Until:

CROWD  
Ooooh!

Jack more cocky than before starts to stand straighter.

JACK  
Your father is so dumb, you had to  
live in government subsidized  
housing.

ANOTHER HOMEBOY  
Yo, you crazy for that one!

JACK  
Oh oh! You're so poorly educated,  
the only way you'd get into college  
is if they needed a new janitor!

Jack winks at Dotcom.

CROWD  
OOH MAN! LESHAUN YOU BUSTED!

LeShaun starts to tear up as he storms away! The crowd picks up Jack.

CROWD (CONT'D)  
Go white man! Go white man, Go!

Suddenly a GROUP OF 10 YEAR OLD BREAK DANCERS dance into the scene, like a tiny version of *Fame* or the *Beat It* video.

OLD MAN  
Uh oh.

The old man runs away.

TRACY  
Yoinks!

Tracy jumps into Grizz's arms like Scooby to Shaggy.

JACK  
You must be joking. You can't be scared of **them!** These are just little kids!

TRACY  
No Jack, those are the 113th st. boys! My cousin Yusef once stepped to them and now his arm bends the wrong way!

JACK  
They just need a good talking to from an adult.

TRACY  
Jack those kids are black!

JACK  
Tracy you're black!

TRACY  
I like to think of myself as a Dominican with negro tendencies..

JACK  
They're barely teenagers!

TRACY  
Exactly! They ain't scared of nothing.

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

What's the worst that's gonna  
happen, they get a misdemeanor?  
You could get sliced and they'd  
still be out in time for finals!

10 YEAR OLD GANG MEMBER

Yo! I thought I told you chumps  
this was our turf.

The crowd flees. Tracy claps his hands together and Grizz  
and Dotcom wisk him away.

JACK

(laughing)

All right. See you babies later!

Jack walks up to the head of the kiddie gang.

JACK (CONT'D)

Ok, which one of you do I have to  
intimidate with my low bassy rich  
man voice?

One of the kids pulls out a switchblade and throws it into  
Jack's shoe.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh dear God.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT-NIGHT

Frank is in front of a huge flat screen TV playing a first person shooter game. Liz gets up from the couch.

FRANK

Where you going Liz? It's about to get so good.

LIZ

What're you gonna do, level up from loser to adequate? I can't believe your time management is this crappy. Do you have any food here?

FRANK

I have homemade cookies and a soccer ball ice cream maker.

LIZ

For realsy?

FRANK

Yeah. How else am I supposed to

FRANK (CONT'D)

Eat my feelings.

LIZ

Eat my feelings!

Liz finally looks at Frank with some understanding.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S KITCHEN-NIGHT

Frank and Liz are in the middle of giddily eating the ice cream both wearing Frank style hats that say #1 and #2 respectively.

LIZ

This is amazing Frank! What is this, licorice flavored?

FRANK

Anise.

LIZ

Wow.

FRANK

Wanna make some crank calls?

LIZ

Um, yes! Who should I call?

FRANK

Oh! Call Jack!

LIZ

Ok, ok!

She starts to dial Jack's number from the land line. Frank puts it on speakerphone.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE-NIGHT

Jack is in the back of the ambulance getting his foot attended to by an EMT, as he answers the phone.

JACK

Hello?

LIZ

(doing a Man's voice)

Uh, hi Jack. This is-

JACK

Lemon, I have a sock full of blood, I don't have time for this. Did you solve the Frank situation yet?

LIZ

(to Frank)

How do you get off speaker. (to Jack) Um, I don't know what you are talking about.

JACK

Listen Lemon, I don't have time for games. Is Frank in check or do we need to let him go? I can't have an employee disrespecting my middle management. What is this, Applebee's?

FRANK

Oh that's what you say behind my  
back? Well you know what? I quit!

Frank gets up and storms off.

JACK

Lemon, are you AT Applebee's?

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM-NIGHT

Tracy, Grizz, and DotCom are sitting when Jack bursts in on crutches.

JACK

What the hell was that?! You  
ditched me Tracy!

TRACY

I did no such thing. You the one  
who thought you could talk to those  
kids and you should know better.  
Don't you watch Maury?

JACK

All I know is Affleck wouldn't have  
done this to me.

TRACY

You rolled with Ben Affleck?

JACK

No, Lawrence.

TRACY

Whateva. I got bigger problems  
Jack. Someone leaked a video of me  
running away.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BEDSTUY STREET-NIGHT

A youtube video of Tracy running away like Scooby Doo when the little kids show up.

BACK TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM-NIGHT

TRACY

This promotional campaign is deader than Tupac Shakur.

JACK

So...it's fine?

TRACY

No! All my life I've had this problem. I guess it's because I'm a lover not a fire.

JACK

Not a fighter.

TRACY

I don't see how that is relevant.

JACK

Tracy how on earth did you survive living in the inner city if you never fought?

TRACY

I guess I got by on jokes. And my superior skills at conflict negotiation. Awe man! We totally forgot about the Secretary General's meeting! Koffi is gonna kill me!

JACK

Koffi isn' the head of-

Dotcom shakes his head towards Jack to kill the topic.

JACK (CONT'D)

Regardless, how do you expect to rectify this situation?

TRACY

Well, that depends. Does rectify have anything to do with butt stuff?

JACK

No.

TRACY

Then I have no idea. But I do know you can't let pride get in the way of your decision making abilities. Sometimes the wisest thing to do is to avoid conflict even if it feels like running away.

JACK

Wow Tracy, that was amazingly insightful.

TRACY

Was it? I was just reading off the side of this old box of Wheaties.

CUT TO:

INT. TGS ELEVATOR-NIGHT

All of the writers are running out of the studio. The TEAMSTERS and CREW see them passing by. The elevator opens up and Brian Williams is on it.

BRIAN WILLIAMS

What's going on?

TEAMSTER

Looks like another writer's strike.

Brian gets on his cell phone as the door closes.

BRIAN WILLIAMS

News!

TEAMSTER 2

Well, at least we get a half day.

Jenna walks out of her dressing room, ecstatic. Kenneth rushes up to her thru the hoard of crew people leaving.

KENNETH

Ms. Maroney! What's happening? It looks like a book burning but without all the cheerful faces.

JENNA

Oh, it's a great day Kenneth! We're being cancelled!

KENNETH

But I thought that was one of those things you made up, like evolution or woman's rights.

JENNA

No Kenneth, it's very real.

KENNETH

Then why are you so happy?

JENNA

Because I just booked the lead in the Lifetime drama: Trapped behind the Face, The Martha Stewart story. They were going to name it Trapped Behind the Vase, on account of her career in decorative arts until everyone remembered she's ugly.

KENNETH

But what about all the other staff and writer's?

JENNA

Kenneth, if I took the time to worry about other people...

Jenna looks really pensive for a moment.

KENNETH

Yes?

JENNA

Hmm?

KENNETH

You were saying something about caring for others.

JENNA

I was? That's funny. In my head I was thinking about a cute hat. Anyway, good luck Clark.

KENNETH

It's Kenneth.

JENNA

That's sort of irrelevant now, no?

She walks off. Kenneth stands there looking worried.

INT. WRITERS ROOM-NIGHT

Frank is in his office clearing out his desk, crying. Liz walks in and sits next to him.

FRANK

What do you want from me, I already quit.

LIZ

Frank, listen, I never told Jack I was gonna fire you. I just. I've just been really fed up with how you lazy you've been lately.

FRANK

What? Why would you think that?

LIZ

Your last five sketch ideas weren't even complete sentences.

FRANK

Ugly bearsy is funny!

LIZ

Plus lately, you've been cutting out on pitches and acting really confrontational.

FRANK

Yeah, well you're always making fun of me for being lazy and not trying hard enough.

LIZ

But you ARE lazy!

FRANK

Yeah, but how do you think that makes me *feel*?

LIZ

Frank, I'm tired of always re-writing your work. Do you think I want to be up all night making sure stuff is presentable?

FRANK

Yes.

LIZ

Well I don't!

FRANK

Neither do I!

LIZ

Then do your job and stop goofing off!

FRANK

Stop goofing off? Are you crazy?! We work for a COMEDY show! It's supposed to be fun not some soul sucking job! The last 8 sketches that I got on the show came from just prank calls or you know, "goofing off!"

Frank stops to calm down.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Do you know why I wear these ironic trucker caps?

LIZ

Because you're balding and think you're more clever than you actually are?

FRANK

No! It tells people not to take me seriously. My job is to get people to relax and have fun. Oh my God! I can't believe I lost my job!

LIZ

Frank you didn't lose your job, you can keep working here, just work harder. That's all I'm asking.

FRANK

It doesn't bother you that I came onto you?

LIZ  
(sympathetic)  
It's ok Frank.

He tries to open mouth kiss her.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
No! It's not "ok" ok! I meant we  
don't have to deal with it.

FRANK  
Are you kidding, do you have any  
idea how long this is going to be  
embarrassing for me?

LIZ  
It's not that big of a deal, I've  
seen way worse things. Remember the  
old associate producer Marty?

FRANK  
(sniffles)  
Yeah.

LIZ  
He once offered to finger diddle  
me.

FRANK  
Really? What happened.

LIZ  
Oh. Um. He was dismissed  
immediately.

Frank starts sobbing profusely.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
Listen, Frank, I like the work you  
do, and I can stop being such a  
hard ass if you can start treating  
this job, and me, with respect.

FRANK  
Okay.

Frank wipes away his tears like a little kid. Liz gives him  
a hug and he slowly starts to cup her boob. She just shrugs.  
Kenneth suddenly runs inside.

KENNETH

Ms. Lemon! There's been...oh. I'm  
sorry, I didn't realize you and Mr.  
Rossitano were playing Cousins.  
Excuse me.

Kenneth backs his way out of the door awkwardly.

CUT TO:

EXT. TGS HALLWAY-NIGHT

Jack hobbles out of Tracy's dressing room and Kenneth rushes  
into him.

KENNETH

Mr. Doneghy! There you are! You  
have to come quick! There is an  
emergency! We are out of toilet  
paper on the third floor! Also,  
the show is cancelled and the crew  
is striking.

JACK

Where is Liz?

KENNETH

In the writer's room with Mr.  
Rossitano. I didn't know they were  
related.

JACK

What? Hand me that phone.

Jack picks up the phone and is about to dial when he hears  
the sound of the gang kids dragging empty bottles along the  
walls (a la *The Warriors*).

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh my God Kenneth, the kids who  
mugged me must have followed me  
here.

The head gang leader turns the corner, flanked by the rest of  
his gang.

HEAD GANG MEMBER

Old white guy!!!! Come out and  
Plaaa-aaaay!!!

KENNETH

What do we do?!

JACK  
Roll over and hope it's relatively  
painless.

KENNETH  
What?

Jack pushes Kenneth to the ground.

JACK  
Hey kids! Who wants some fresh  
meat?

They start running towards Kenneth like a school of  
piranha's.

KENNETH  
Arghhh!

Jack tries to hobble away and trips over a plush Scooby Doo  
statue and crashes into a young college looking guy.

JACK  
Oh I'm sorry, excuse me.

COLLEGE GUY  
Oh no problem...Jack?

JACK  
Yes?

COLLEGE GUY  
Jack Donaghy?!

JACK  
That's right, do I know you?

COLLEGE GUY  
No, but you just got served!

The College guy gives him some papers and starts doing crazy  
backflips and dance moves.

GANGMEMBERS  
Ooohhhh!

JACK  
I would have gotten away with it  
too, if it wasn't for you stupid  
kids and that dumb dog!

Liz and Frank walk into the hallway and see the crew walking out, Jack crying, Kenneth getting pummeled by children, and the T and the S of the TGS show sign have been stolen. A group of newscasters are all breaking the story of the strike.

LIZ  
Jinkies!

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE-DAY

Jack is working on a scheduling chart when Liz walks in.

LIZ  
Hey Jack. How you holding up?  
What are you doing?

JACK  
Oh! I'm glad you asked. The success of Tracy's "Turf Wars" was such a hit in the ratings, that I'm programing it every night this week.

There's a poster of Turf wars with two groups of kids racing to stab each other, with Tracy in the middle in a classic B-Boy pose. Jack holds up the schedule and Turf Wars is in almost every block, save for a sliver devoted to TGS.

JACK (CONT'D)  
People really love the dancing antics of those kids. Also, the threat of real black on black violence tests amazingly well.

LIZ  
So you're not mad about the loss of the merger thingermajeger?

JACK  
We didn't lose the merger.

LIZ  
No?

JACK  
The ratings boost we got from all the reality shows we programmed spiked our stock through the roof.  
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)  
Turf Wars and America's Biggest Dummy are huge hits.

LIZ  
America's Biggest Dummy?

JACK  
They take the fattest person and divide the weight by the lowest IQ. Larry the Cable Guy is the host.

LIZ  
I guess we really got lucky with this fake strike huh?

JACK  
Speaking of which, how do you want to handle the rest of the writer's walk off?

LIZ  
Oh, I don't know. A demerit?

JACK  
Liz, that walk out almost cost us 7 million dollars in ad revenue.

LIZ  
Oh. Well, I guess maybe two demerits? Besides I think everyone's going to learn to not take rumors so seriously.

JACK  
Why's that?

LIZ  
I'm making them spend a Saturday watching Jenna tape her new Lifetime movie. The rapey scenes.

JACK  
I thought it was a Martha Stewart biopic.

LIZ  
Yeah. But it's on Lifetime.

Jack and Liz start to walk out of the office.

JACK  
Got it. And Frank?

LIZ  
He's been really on it lately! On  
time, alert, participating. I  
think we finally got to a point of  
mutual understanding.

INT. WRITERS ROOM-DAY

Liz and Jack walk into the writers room just as Frank is in  
the middle of a story.

FRANK  
So she came to my house, and then  
she took off these!

Frank pulls out a pair of granny panties and holds them over  
his head in front of the other writers, like in *Sixteen  
Candles*. On the butt is appliquéd "Liz's Lemon's."

JACK  
Well, I'm-

LIZ  
Save it. Frank!

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW