

30 ROCK

"Credit Crunch"

by

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Competition Entry Script 2009
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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

GRIZZ is helping DOTCOM ball up knitting yarn, as TRACY bursts in holding a magazine --

TRACY

Why didn't you tell me about this?

GRIZZ

Magazines have been around since the eighteenth century, Tray.

DOTCOM

In fact, the Gentleman's Magazine was first published in England in 1731...

TRACY

No. Stop! Stop with all your made up countries. There's a story about me in Variety!

DOTCOM

Nice work, boss.

TRACY

In the Celebrity Sell-Out section.

GRIZZ/DOTCOM

Oh.

TRACY

Look. Number Two.

Grizz and Dotcom put down the knitting and look at the magazine.

GRIZZ

(re: article)

That's harsh on Clooney, man.

DOTCOM

Yeah. Those coffee machines make a damn fine machiatto.

GRIZZ

The froth is so velvety.

TRACY

Hello? Back to me! Sell-out in the room!

GRIZZ

No way.

DOTCOM

There's nothing wrong with the occasional corporate gig.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP X-RAY, GUANTANAMO - DAY

Tracy is shooting a promotional video. He is relaxed, strolling next to a prison compound. On the other side of the wire fence are a couple of PRISONERS on their knees, wearing orange jump suits and black hoods.

TRACY

(to camera, speaking
very properly)

...which is why, for nearly one hundred years, Halliburton has been helping communities around the world build for a safer and happier future. Halliburton.

(big smile)

Together, there's no limit to how far we can go.

In the background, a SOLDIER points a rifle at one of the Prisoners who has crawled towards Tracy.

SOLDIER

That's far enough, boy.

DIRECTOR (O.C.)

Cut! That was awesome, Tracy.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Tracy, Grizz and Dotcom are as we left them.

TRACY

I don't get it. But I can't have people doubting my reputation as a bad ass.

(beat)

Fellas, it's time to go wreak some havoc, you feel me?

GRIZZ

You got it, T.

CUT TO:

INT. GEISS' OFFICE - DAY

DON GEISS is lying face down on a massage bed, naked except for a towel covering his waist, receiving a back rub from a handsome muscular MASSEUR, MATTEUS. Geiss is eating lobster tails from a platter beneath him and watching the plunging DOW Index on a big plasma television.

JACK enters.

JACK
You wanted to see me, sir?

GEISS
Jack. Yes. Massage?

JACK
No thank you.

GEISS
Nibble my chocolate starfish?

JACK
I'm sorry?

Geiss reaches down and picks up a large chocolate in the shape of a starfish.

GEISS
It's Belgian.

JACK
Not just now.

GEISS
(to Masseur)
Matteus.

The Masseur understands and puts on big fluffy earmuffs before continuing to caress Geiss.

GEISS (cont'd)
GE is still in trouble, Jack. We need to make more savings, cut more waste.

JACK
But we've already significantly reduced our overheads. We are using far less paper and our electricity bill is down eighty seven percent.

GEISS
I saw. How did you manage that?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER ROOF - NIGHT

Jack is running a power line off the Philips building nearby. It sparks and fizzes dangerously.

JACK
That'll teach you to make a light bulb that lasts more than a month, you Dutch hippies!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. GEISS' OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Geiss are as they were.

JACK
It's better you don't know.

GEISS
Anyway, it's not enough. There's no alternative. We're going to have to reduce the head count.

JACK
I see. Well, the writers and performers are too important so I think we should look at losing some personnel at management level.

Beat. They both laugh hysterically.

GEISS
That was good.

JACK
I just thought of it.

GEISS
No, if there's one thing we have learned from the car manufacturers, it's that an organization can only run efficiently if it has plenty of management.

JACK
Leave it to me, sir. I will search out the waste. You will know their names, I will make them famous.

Jack has a tearful moment at the memory of poor McCain.

GEISS
You okay, son?

JACK
It's still so raw.

GEISS
I know, I know.
(beat, firm)
Jackie boy?

JACK
Sir?

GEISS
Go fire some people.

JACK
Yes sir!

A light bulb blows.

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

LIZ enters holding a miniature script.

LIZ

We really have to talk about this paper saving initiative. Tracy keeps choking on his scripts.

JACK

As fascinating as your little stories may be to you, Lemon, I have bigger matters to deal with.

LIZ

Are Philips still trying to enforce the restraining order?

JACK

(glaring out window)
Let them try, charlatans.
(back to Liz)
No, I'm afraid it is with sadness that I must inform you we have to let some people go and I know you'll understand...

LIZ

What? You can't do that! This is my show.

JACK

I appreciate that Liz and...

LIZ

After all I've done? I can't believe this, you total [bleep]! You [bleep] [bleep] ungrateful piece of [bleep] [bleep]. Well, pal, you can go [bleep] yourself!

JACK

Wow. You have not only the looks but also the vocabulary of a merchant seaman. I am not firing you, Liz.

LIZ

I knew that! I can't believe you fell for it.

JACK
 No, you are the dreary grout that
 holds together the glossy tiles
 of talent.

LIZ
 Thank you?

CLICK. PING!

Jack reaches back and picks up a freshly brewed espresso
 from his new coffee machine.

JACK
 (re: coffee machine)
 George sent it to me.
 (entranced by aroma)
 It's like I'm actually in Piazza
 Navona being overcharged for
 every cup!

LIZ
 That's great.

JACK
 I have to fire someone, Lemon,
 and I was hoping for your input,
 which I trust will not be clouded
 by your sexual orientation.

LIZ
 I am not a lesbian.

JACK
 I understand.
 (looking at a list of
 staff)
 Right, let's get started.
 (distracted, sniffing)
 Did you run in this morning?

LIZ
 No.

Jack takes out an air freshener and sprays it at her.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Dotcom is surfing the internet. Grizz is looking through
 magazines.

Tracy is chewing nervously on a miniature script.

TRACY
 There must be something.

DOTCOM

Looks like all the crazy stuff's
been done. Drugs, DUI's, sex
tapes.

TRACY

Damn you, Lindsay Lohan.

GRIZZ

You could go gay?

Dotcom and Tracy stare at him.

GRIZZ (cont'd)

Or not.

TRACY

I need something shocking.
Something to remind everyone that
Tracy Jordan is from the streets,
that he's bad news.

A little OLD LADY walks past the dressing room, rummaging
through her purse.

TRACY (cont'd)

(to Dotcom)

Call Variety!

Tracy runs out of the room --

INT. HALLWAY

He tackles the Old Lady, bundling her to the ground. He
wrestles away her purse.

TRACY

(to Old Lady)

You make sure you tell the Police
that Tracy Jordan robbed you.

A SECURITY GUARD and two POLICE OFFICERS run down the
corridor.

SECURITY GUARD

Stop! Stop him!

TRACY

(delighted)

Oh no. The Police. I hope the
press don't find out, and
especially not Variety.

(offering a card)

Here's the number of the news
desk.

But the Security Guard and Officers run past Tracy and manhandle the Old Lady to her feet. They pull off her wig revealing a mean-looking MAN.

SECURITY GUARD

Great work, Mister Jordan. We've been trying to get this guy for ages. He's been stealing stuff from the dressing rooms since March.

TRACY

But I thought I was robbing a defenseless old woman. You should arrest me.

He extends his wrists to be handcuffed.

POLICE OFFICER #1

(laughing, shaking
Tracy's hand)

You're so funny. The kids and I just love the show. And it's great to see a man in your position openly supporting state-sponsored law enforcement.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Real pleasure to meet you, sir.
(sotto, winking)
My brother's stationed at Guantanamo.

The Security Guard and Police Officers lead the thief away.

TRACY

(to Grizz and Dotcom)
Don't just stand there. Get the car.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack is arranging chairs into a semi-circle while Liz watches.

LIZ

But if GE's share price is down, doesn't that mean you've lost all your stock options?

JACK

The key is having a well-hedged portfolio, Lemon.
(whispering)
(MORE)

JACK (cont'd)
 I made a rather large investment
 in a foreign electronics company
 that doesn't have Barney Frank
 poking his Marxist nose in all
 the time.

CUT TO:

INT. INDIAN SWEATSHOP - DAY

A bunch of INDIAN KIDS are sitting on the floor in squalid conditions, hunched over electronic circuit boards.

There is a sign that reads "Punjab Electronics" and beneath it there hangs a large portrait of a smiling Jack Donaghy.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack and Liz are as they were.

A knock on the door and PETE sticks his head in.

PETE
 You wanted to see us?

JACK
 Yes. Please. Come in, take a
 seat.

They enter and sit facing Jack in the following order (left to right): KENNETH, FRANK, TOOFER, PETE and JENNA. Next to Jenna sits Liz.

LIZ
 (to Jack, sotto)
 You're not going to make them beg
 for their own jobs, are you?

JACK
 No, no, no. I'm going to make
 them destroy each other's. I
 thought that would be more fun
 and ultimately less fair.

LIZ
 Goodie!

JACK
 Everyone here?

LIZ
 No. Where's Tracy?

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL COFFEE BAR AREA - DAY

Tracy appears to be in an aircraft galley, mid-hijack, holding a uniformed AIRLINE PILOT in a head lock.

TRACY
You're gonna fly us to Miami.

PILOT
(calm)
We're not in a plane.

TRACY
What?

PILOT
We are not in an airplane.

We see that Tracy is in fact hijacking the Pilot at the coffee station of a Manhattan hotel lobby.

TRACY
(beat)
How about Acapulco?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is now sitting.

JACK
Now, as you know, I think of you as a family. Not my own family of course, that would be too depressing but there is a similar feeling of resentment and bitterness. There is no easy way of saying this: one of you is going to get fired.

Gasps.

PETE
What?

JACK
Actually that was surprisingly easy.

TOOFER
You can't do that.

FRANK
I don't mind going.

TOOFER
(to Liz)
Can he do that?

LIZ
I'm afraid so.

TOOFER
This is so unfair.

Liz reacts as if Toofer needs to grow a pair.

Kenneth starts sobbing.

JACK
Why are you crying, Kenneth?

KENNETH
Because I can't bear the thought
of not working here, Mister
Donaghy, with all my friends.

FRANK
I really don't mind going.

JACK
Fear not, Kenneth, your job is
safe.

TOOFER
Why's he safe?

JACK
Kenneth, how much do you earn?

KENNETH
Well, I earn a base of six
thousand two hundred dollars per
year before tax but by the time I
have contributed to the
Unemployed Child Stars
Foundation, the peacock enclosure
at the Bronx Zoo and the NBC
Executive Board Bail Out Fund, I
owe the organization three
thousand nine hundred and seventy
one dollars a month.

Jack looks at Toofer, vindicated.

JACK
Now, I want you each to tell me
why the person sitting to your
left should lose their job.

FRANK
I can just go if that helps?

JACK
I think Frank has already
convinced us of his commitment so
Frank, you're safe.

TOOFER
This is absurd.

JACK
(to Frank, re: Toofer)
Tell me about this guy.

FRANK
This is James, sir.

JACK
Boring name. Go on.

FRANK
Well, he's a bit of a pain in the
butt hole really. Decent writer.
Horrible personality.

JACK
I see.

FRANK
Dresses like a wiener.

JACK
Uh huh.

FRANK
And he thinks he's better than us
just because we never went to
Harvard.

JACK
He is better than you.
(to Toofer)
You're safe.

LIZ
(disappointed)
Oh.

TOOFER
You are indeed a great man.

JACK
I know. Moving on.

TOOFER
(re: Pete)
This is Pete. He is ineffectual
and insecure...

PETE

That's true actually.

TOOFER

...and his baldness is
distracting and upsetting.

JACK

The Bald Man is unfairly
prejudiced in modern society
because of his smaller brain
capacity and I for one will not
perpetuate that injustice.

(to Pete, very slowly)

Bald person: you are safe.

PETE

Okay.

LIZ

I guess that leaves you, Jenna.
I'm so sorry.

JENNA

You can't fire me.

LIZ

Well, he can so you'll just have
to deal with it.

(ready to move on)

Okay...

JENNA

But I'm the reason you all have
jobs.

JACK

I do have to consider all my
options, Jenna.

JENNA

Well, perhaps you should consider
Ko Pha Ngan, Summer 2002.

Jack freezes at the unfortunate memory.

JACK

I did not have sexual relations
with that woman.

JENNA

Woman?

FRANK

Nice.

JACK
 (to Frank, pleading)
 The skin was so soft.

TOOFER
 (defending Jack)
 Hey! It's an easy mistake to
 make.
 (beat, off looks)
 I mean, yuk! You disgust me.

JACK
 Kidding!
 (to Jenna)
 We have such fun, don't we? Of
 course we can't lose our star
 attraction.
 (beat)
 Lemon, you're fired.

LIZ
 What? But you can't fire me. I'm
 grout.

JACK
 Did you read clause 376 of your
 contract?

Liz thinks back --

CUT TO:

INT. NBC LAWYER'S OFFICE - FLASHBACK - DAY

A young Liz's first day of work. She has outdated hair and
 is having her contract explained by a MEXICAN NBC LAWYER in
 Spanish.

MEXICAN LAWYER
 (in Spanish)
 This is a really horrible
 contract. I hope you don't
 understand what I'm saying.

LIZ (V.O.)
 (day dreaming)
 This job is so going to get me
 laid.

She signs the contract enthusiastically.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is as they were before.

LIZ
This is so unfair.

Toofer pulls a mock sympathetic face.

LIZ (cont'd)
(to Jack)
I warn you, if you fire me there
will be a mutiny.

Liz looks around to find everyone averting their gaze.

LIZ (cont'd)
Jenna?

Awkward pause. Then, eventually --

JENNA
Oh okay.
(standing)
Jack, this is unacceptable.

LIZ
See!

JACK
Isn't your contract up for re-
negotiation next month?

JENNA
(sitting, to Liz)
I did my best.

LIZ
Will no one defend me?

Tracy bursts through the door.

TRACY
This is not right!

LIZ
Thank you, Tracy. At last,
someone with an ounce of
integrity.

TRACY
(wielding an Uzi sub-
machine gun)
Uzi cancelled all my
endorsements.

Tracy storms off.

LIZ
You have not heard the last of
this, Jack Donaghy.

Liz walks out through the outer office and into a large secretarial pool--

INT. SECRETARIAL POOL

Lots of SECRETARIES stare at her.

LIZ

It's okay. Don't worry. I'm not going to flip out.

(seeing a small fish bowl on a desk)

I'm just going to take these fish and leave.

SECRETARY #1

Get your freaking hands off my Guppy!

LIZ

Fine. Good. I'll buy my own fish. Much better.

(beat)

If anyone wants to come with me, now would be...

A FRUMPY SECRETARY with short hair stands up eagerly.

FRUMPY SECRETARY

I will go with you!

LIZ

I am not a lesbian.

Frumpy Secretary sits down, embarrassed.

Liz exits, her dignity in tatters.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. GEISS' OFFICE - DAY

Geiss is sitting in a bath full of cool milk as Matteus fans him with a giant palm leaf.

GEISS
(hot and bothered)
Damn air conditioner.

Jack enters.

JACK
It's done. I fired Liz Lemon.

GEISS
Which one is that again?

JACK
Greasy hair, pit marks,
unconvincingly bleached
moustache?

GEISS
Don't know him. But it's not
going to be enough.

JACK
It's not?

GEISS
Jack, you have to fire everyone.

JACK
Everyone? But who will make the
show?

GEISS
I have every faith in you, my
boy.

Geiss takes a straw and drinks some of his bath water.

GEISS (cont'd)
(off Jack's look)
White Russian. You want some?

Jack declines.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - DAY

Pete, Toofer, Frank and Jenna are sitting around the table. Some sleeves rolled up. They are fanning themselves as it gets hotter.

Liz enters. The writers look sheepish.

LIZ
Judas.

PETE
Who?

LIZ
All of you. Judases.

TOOFER
I think the plural would be
"Judai".

Liz looks like she's going to rip out his tongue.

FRANK
Not cool dude.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack is creeping down the hallway towards the Writers' Room.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LIZ
(to Pete)
Especially you.

PETE
(re: Toofer)
You heard what he said. I'm
ineffectual. And bald.

LIZ
Save it.
(to the other writers)
I hired all of you. Isn't that
worth anything? Any loyalty?
Well, I hope you have long and
fruitful careers. In hell.

TOOFER
Whatever.

LIZ
Or at the WB.

Gasps.

PETE
Never say that!

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack pokes his head inside the Writers' Room.

JACK
Sorry to interrupt.

LIZ
What do you want, Judai?

JACK
Just to let you know, you are all
fired. Sorry about that.

He quickly shuts the door and locks them in.

He walks down the hallway, halting only when he hears
behind him --

TRACY
Mister Donaghy! I need to speak
with you.
(reading from a sheet)
My reputation as an unpredictable
freak is more important than my
career or my multiple appearances
on MTV Cribs. I regret that I
have no option but to tender my
resignation forthwith!

JACK
Thank you for informing me of
that Tracy but actually you were
fired seventeen minutes ago.
Sorry and thanks for everything.

Jack rushes off, leaving Tracy distraught.

TRACY
Why do good things happen to bad
people?

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Kenneth bump into each other.

JACK

Kenneth.

KENNETH

Hello sir. I was just on my way to the Writers' Room. There have been reports of screaming coming from up there.

JACK

Never mind that. Kenneth, how would you like to be in show business?

KENNETH

Oh no. My mama always said that show business was for whores and Sagittarians.

JACK

What star sign are you?

KENNETH

Pisces with Aquarius rising.

JACK

Be in my office in ten minutes. You're about to taste the most invigorating elixir known to man.

KENNETH

A Shirley Temple?

JACK

No Kenneth. We're going to make television!

The lights flicker violently like portentous lightning.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - ONE HOUR LATER

A fed up Jack is watching Kenneth slowly read a script. The writing session is dragging.

JACK

Well?

KENNETH

Excuse me if I am being stupid, sir, but is a skit about the Joint Committee on Taxation funny?

JACK

Trust me, it is a very witty piece if you are trying to offset your top rate of income tax against non-deductible charitable donations.

KENNETH

(he doesn't)
Oh, I get it.
(beat)
What did you think of mine?

JACK

Kenneth, this entire sketch is about feeding pistachios to pigs.

KENNETH

(barely able to control his laughter)
I know!

JACK

It's twenty three pages long.

KENNETH

(laughing too much)
Stop it!

JACK

I think we should just concentrate on the superhero sketch.

KENNETH

But I thought we had agreed to drop that, sir?

JACK

Captain Sow Ho? He's an Amish farmer and a male prostitute.

KENNETH

I understood the premise, but I found it demeaning and offensive.

JACK

That's what makes classic comedy, Kenneth. Have you never seen Norbit? Go down to Wardrobe, they're waiting for you.

KENNETH

Yes sir.

Kenneth leaves. Jack looks at his sketch again and laughs.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - DAY

Liz is rattling the door handle hoping it will open.

Pete, Frank and Toofer are seated, dejected, sweaty.

Jenna is waving her cell phone in the air.

JENNA

Goddamn reception!

PETE

Liz had the signal blocked.

LIZ

It was a distraction.

JENNA

What if my agent is trying to get a hold of me?

LIZ

Are they looking for a new Shrek?

JENNA

Well at least I'm still young enough to bother looking for work.

LIZ

Remind me, when does the warranty on your plastic surgery expire?

TOOFER

Are we going to die here listening to this?

FRANK

I hope so.

LIZ

Don't you worry about me, I've got talent.

JENNA

Well, I have beauty and that is as valuable and certain as any bank in this city.

PETE

Oh God, I'm going to have to see more of my family.

TOOFER

I'll be fine, but I guess that's the advantage of being a Harvard graduate.

LIZ

A Harvard graduate with a drug conviction.

TOOFER

What drug conviction?

LIZ

The one I'm going to put on your reference.

TOOFER

You can't do that.

PETE

Do you think I could live here for a few weeks?

LIZ

No.

PETE

I'll pay rent.

TOOFER

This is so unfair.

LIZ

(banging harder on door)
Get me out of here!

The light bulb blows.

EVERYONE

(at Liz, sarcastic)
Great / good one / idiot.

LIZ

What is with that today?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER ROOF - DAY

The power cable from the Philips building is starting to spark and pop erratically.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack is wired, dishevelled and slightly hysterical. He has been writing like a maniac and is surrounded by reams of draft script and seven empty espresso cups.

He scribbles then reads back through the draft, moving his lips excitedly.

JACK
(to the heavens)
Grazie Signore.

He races out of his office. As he slams the door behind him, the lights flicker.

ANGLE ON the espresso maker power cable which crackles, sparks, smokes, then catches fire.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO BACKSTAGE - DAY

Kenneth bumps into a deflated Tracy.

KENNETH
Is everything alright, Mister Jordan?

TRACY
No it's not, Ken. Nobody is afraid of me anymore.

KENNETH
Well, isn't that a good thing? Nobody is afraid of me either and it is such a lovely feeling.

TRACY
But where I come from, if no one respects you, you end up being dead or a senator, or neither of those things.

KENNETH
But people do respect you, Mister Jordan. You have all those nice cars with shiny wheels and lots of sophisticated jewelry with your initials on it and all those beautiful nieces you visit when your wife is out of town.

TRACY
That's true.

KENNETH

You can have anything you want
without having to use violence.

(beat)

By the way, I hope this is what
you meant.

Kenneth pulls out a wooden club with nails sticking out of
the top. He hands it to Tracy.

TRACY

(taking the club)

You know what, Ken? You're right!

KENNETH

Gee, am I?

TRACY

Yes. I don't need to frighten
people into respecting me.

KENNETH

No sir.

TRACY

I can just buy their respect.

KENNETH

(confused)

Is that what I said?

TRACY

(giving him back the
club)

I will not be needing that, thank
you very much.

KENNETH

Well, good for you! Sometimes we
all have to make sacrifices for
the greater good. Now if you'll
excuse me, I have to go change
into a rustic prostitute.

TRACY

Been there, Kenny boy.

Kenneth walks off.

TRACY (O.S.) (cont'd)

Wait up.

Tracy runs back after him.

TRACY (cont'd)

(taking back the wooden
club)

Just in case.

Kenneth gives him a fond smile like he's a little scamp.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM -

Liz is banging harder on the door.

LIZ
Help! Someone?

Frank, Pete, Toofer and Jenna are sitting, looking even more fed up than before.

LIZ (cont'd)
(to room)
No, no, don't any of you help.

JENNA
What's the point? We're all finished.

LIZ
The point is that this was our show and we shouldn't let it go without a fight. Sure, it relies heavily on pop culture references, hackneyed stereotypes, vulgar sometimes tasteless costumes, and cheap sexual innuendos, but we made it that way. It belongs to us.

FRANK
I'm right behind you, Liz.

LIZ
Thank you, Frank.

FRANK
Behind you. Get it? Behind you?

LIZ
This is your one chance to make a stand, to make a difference. This is your 8 Mile. So what do you say, are you with me?

EVERYONE
(beat)
No / busy / no thanks.

JENNA
Does anyone else smell smoke?

They all start sniffing. She's right - there's a fire.

They all throw themselves at the door, banging for their lives, working as a team.

LIZ

See how the speech helped bring us together?

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - DAY

The set is dressed like a Midwest farm.

Jack is filming Kenneth on a handheld camera. He is looking like a crazy director, with wild hair.

Kenneth is wearing a costume that is half Amish garb, half hooker's leathers. It is figure-hugging and has a sexually suggestive vegetable on the chest.

KENNETH

(acting, wooden)

Oh no. I am detecting someone breaking into the barn.

JACK

Come on, Kenneth!

KENNETH

I'm sorry, sir, but what motivates an Amish prostitute?

JACK

I don't know. The thrill of undoing a zipper? Electricity? Wolf Blitzer? Just work from the script. Still rolling.

KENNETH

(acting, wooden)

My analogue senses are telling me that danger is in the vicinity.

Kenneth walks awkwardly to the other side of the set.

JACK

Faster! Faster!

KENNETH

I can't. They're really tight.

JACK

Just get on with it.

Kenneth creaks on until suddenly --

KENNETH
 (firm, bold)
 Wait! I hear noises. Friends are
 in danger.

Jack is thumbing through the script, trying to work out
 where Kenneth got this from. But Kenneth isn't acting.

KENNETH (cont'd)
 I must go!

JACK
 What? No, page nine!

The FIRE ALARM rings loudly.

Kenneth sprints off.

KENNETH
 I'm coming!

JACK
 Wait!

Jack runs after him, still filming.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - DAY

Smoke is now filling the room.

They are all banging on the door and walls.

EVERYONE
 Help us!

LIZ
 Help me! I promise I will do
anything if we get out of this.

FRANK
 Anything?

LIZ
 Anything!
 (off Frank's excited
 look)
 I'm not doing that.

FRANK
 Aw!

PETE
 Can we get phone reception back?

LIZ

No.

KENNETH (O.S.)

Stand away from the door!

LIZ

Who is that?

KENNETH (O.S.)

It is I - Kenneth, The Page.

TOOFER

Hooray. We're dead.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT/EXT. WRITERS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

There are now some flames in the hallway.

LIZ (O.S.)

Kenneth, go get the key.

KENNETH

Not necessary, ma'am.

Kenneth charges and knocks down the door.

LIZ

Wow!

PETE

Well done, Kenneth.

Pete exits.

KENNETH

(bashful, normal)

Thank you.

FRANK

Nice costume.

Frank exits.

JENNA

You took your time.

Jenna and Toofer leave, followed by Liz.

LIZ

Way to go team!

Kenneth is left alone, looking satisfied.

He starts sniffing.

KENNETH
 (noticing the back of
 his legs are on fire)
 Hello? Sorry to disturb you.
 Anyone? I seem to be on fire.

Jack appears at the doorway, still filming.

KENNETH (cont'd)
 Mister Donaghy, thank goodness.
 Could you please give me a hand?

But Jack has a mad twinkle in his eye. This is the footage he has always dreamed of.

JACK
 In a minute.

KENNETH
 It is getting awful uncomfortable
 now, sir.

Jack just laughs maniacally.

KENNETH (cont'd)
 Mister Donaghy?

Jack enters the Writers' Room and closes the door behind him.

KENNETH (O.C.)(cont'd)
 Your eyes look strange.

CUT TO:

INT. GEISS' OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Geiss is sitting behind his desk looking fed up. The DOW Index is on the television.

Jack enters.

JACK
 Are you okay, sir?

GEISS
 I had to get rid of Matteus.

JACK
 I heard. I'm sorry.

GEISS
 He used to "do things" for me.

JACK

Unfortunately I heard that too.
But at least things are back to
normal.

GEISS

You rehired the staff?

JACK

I had to. Apparently unlawful
imprisonment carries a severe
penalty in the state of New York.

GEISS

Bloody liberals.

JACK

Indeed. But on the plus side, we
have submitted a grossly inflated
insurance claim for the fire and
we are also suing the coffee
company for supplying dangerous
products.

GEISS

Did they?

JACK

Good God no. The machines are
perfection and the coffee is a
miracle of subtlety.

GEISS

(acknowledging
television)

And GE's stock is looking
healthier now that we have
eliminated some Indian
competitor.

JACK

You don't happen to remember
which one?

GEISS

(with full knowledge of
the lie)

Punjab Electronics. Apparently
they were harboring terrorists.

CUT TO:

INT. INDIAN SWEATSHOP - DAY

The portrait of Jack is lying on the rubble strewn floor, cracked and charred. The place has been bombed.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. GEISS' OFFICE - DAY

Jack realizes his investment is gone.

JACK
Of course.

GEISS
Good work, Jack.

JACK
Thank you.

GEISS
Bite of my sausage?

JACK
I'm sorry?

Geiss pulls out a salami stick.

JACK (cont'd)
Why not.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Kenneth runs in holding the latest copy of Variety.

KENNETH
Here it is, Mister Jordan.

Kenneth holds it open at a full page with a bad ass picture of Tracy below a "Wanted" caption.

KENNETH (cont'd)
You look very mean, sir.

TRACY
I do, don't I? Very appropriate for the new proprietor of Variety.

KENNETH
I'm so glad you managed to restore your reputation without being nasty.

Kenneth is shuffling from foot to foot.

TRACY

Yeah, me too.

(beat)

By the way, I'm gonna need you to dispose of this for me.

He hands over the wooden club, now blood-stained.

KENNETH

Oh look, you even started to paint it red!

Kenneth starts to run out.

TRACY

Relax Ken. No hurry.

KENNETH

(smiling through the pain)

Feet very burnt.

Kenneth dashes off.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - DAY

Frank, Pete, Toofer and Jenna are sitting at the table facing Liz's office.

EVERYONE

Come on!

Liz's office door is shut.

LIZ (O.S.)

No!

PETE

But you said you would do anything.

LIZ (O.S.)

I was delirious from the smoke.

JENNA

You did promise, Liz.

LIZ (O.S.)

This is ridiculous. Is Frank out there?

FRANK

No.

LIZ
I can recognize your voice,
Frank.

EVERYONE
Lemon! Lemon! Lemon!

Jack enters at the back just as Liz emerges from her office dressed in Kenneth's Amish/hooker super costume (now slightly charred). Music plays. She feels sexy.

LIZ
(sexy, flirty)
Happy now?

Everyone is appalled.

PETE
My God!

TOOFER
That is just wrong.

FRANK
Don't look directly at it.

LIZ
Oh come on, it's not that bad.

Jack just shakes his head and leaves.

JENNA
(sincere pity, to Liz)
I am so sorry.

LIZ
(dancing more
extravagantly)
Screw all of you!

At that moment, Kenneth runs past the door.

INT. WRITERS' ROOM HALLWAY

He stops when he sees the superhero costume. A wave of pride. He runs off down the hallway, occasionally trying to fly like a kid playing Superman.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW