

30 ROCK

"LOSING THE EDGE"

Written by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN

INT. HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - DAY

The auditorium of some Catholic Prep High School. Booths set up around the room, where uniformed rich kids mill about. Your typical Job Fair.

AT A BOOTH

Jack, Liz, Frank, and Pete. Pete hands out buttons to the listless kids passing by.

LIZ

This is a nightmare.

JACK

When the head of Mergers and Acquisitions asks you to participate in his son's high school's career day, you don't say no. You have no idea what that man is capable of.

LIZ

Isn't he the guy that got busted for buying HGH on the internet?

JACK

The GE executive softball team was unstoppable that year. In any case, let's look at this as a chance to market TGS to a young, up and coming market.

PETE

(to a kid passing by)
Button?

The kid takes it and moves on. It's clear that the TGS booth is quite lame compared to others. All they have is a banner with the show's name and buttons.

Other booths have rock climbing walls, gadgets, and sex appeal.

FRANK

We should have brought food.

LIZ

This is pointless. We don't even have jobs for high school kids.

JACK

These are not high school kids. They're Manhattan's elite. The future leaders of

tomorrow. It's like a plumper, pimplier version of *Gossip Girl*.

(watching two chunky kids walk by)
This is what happens when you make badminton a sport.

FRANK

Check it out! Sweet Berry is here.

JACK

I hope that's not slang for what I think it's slang for.

FRANK

Uh, it's only the hottest new frozen yogurt chain ever. It was on both *The Hills*, and *The City*.

PETE

Yeah, and Madonna is having a franchise opened in her house.

Across the way, a SWEET BERRY booth. They hand out samples of frozen yogurt.

FRANK

The lines are usually two hours. I gotta try this.

Frank gets up and bolts.

A SURLY KID approaches the booth. Looks at the TGS Banner hanging up.

SURLY KID

I don't get it.

LIZ

Are you interested in learning more about TGS with Tracy Jordan?

SURLY

Is that TV?

JACK

It's more than TV. It's a 360 degree entertainment experience.

SURLY KID

On the TV?

LIZ

Yes. Though you can opt-in for our monthly e-newsletter.

SURLY KID

Pass.

PETE

How about a button?

The kid walks off, checking his iphone. Jack sulks.

JACK

That's the future walking away.

LIZ

Please. The future is in hilarious sketch comedy television. Am I right peeps?

Liz holds a button up to a passing kid who looks at it in horror, then flees.

JACK

You have a way with young people.

At which Frank approaches, a huge cup filled with yogurt. Bouncing like a kid.

FRANK

Okay, I'm gonna try it. This is big. Are you guys watching me?

He takes a big bite. Winces. Retches.

PETE

Is it good?

FRANK

That's not sweet. It tastes like rancid milk and sour cream.

Disgusted, he tosses the yogurt over his head. It lands at the feet of the Surly Kid who scowls. Frank scowls back. A scowl-off.

JACK

I concede this might have been a mistake.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Liz sits in Jack's office, watching as Jack pivots nervously in his chair.

JACK

Lemon, the more I think about what happened at St. Joseph Prep this morning, the more disturbed I am.

LIZ

You know how Frank is. Remember when we brought him to the Brooklyn zoo and he

got in a fight with a lemur?

JACK

It's not Frank. It's that kid. The surly one who wouldn't take our button.

LIZ

I'm sure he'll become CEO of some hedge fund and be just fine.

JACK

Do you know what keeps a TV show on top?

LIZ

Sweeps' gimmicks?

JACK

Buzziness.

LIZ

Is that slang for what I think it's slang for?

JACK

No Lemon, buzziness is that impossible-to-buy chatter that keeps a show edgy and relevant. With viewers and advertisers alike.

LIZ

We have tons of buzziness. TV Guide just ranked us 47 in the top 100 post 9-11 TV shows of all time.

JACK

I've spent the last four hours scouring the blogosphere, the trade mags, the inter and intra web. No one's talking about us. No ones twittering us. And as of this morning, Kenneth is our only Facebook friend.

LIZ

We're still the third highest rated network show in our timeslot. No one else can make that claim. Assuming you don't look at cable...

JACK

Advertisers don't want ratings. They want engagedness. They want stickiness. They want buzziness. And as far as buzziness goes, our BOI is stagnant.

LIZ

BOI?

JACK

Buzz Opportunity Index. I just made it up.

He shows Liz a PIE GRAPH labeled BOI. It is just solid purple circle.

LIZ

I don't get it.

JACK

I probably should have gone with the line graph. The point is, it has been seven months since our last wardrobe malfunction. 13 months since either the ARP, NAACP, or PUMA boycotted the show. And Tracy's tabloid antics are getting predictably mild.

Jack shows Liz a tabloid. In the bottom right corner is a small splash: TRACY JORDAN STEALS GRAPEFRUIT; LATER RETURNS IT.

LIZ

You are always saying how advertisers hate controversy.

JACK

They hate controversy, but they love buzz. It's a paradox I know. Like New Jazz. In any case, I've made a quick list of some edgy topics to get the show back in the national conversation.

He hands Liz a piece of paper.

LIZ

(reading it)

Abortion. Gun control. Global Warming.

(reacting)

Jack—

JACK

Keep reading.

LIZ

(reading on)

Performing for the troops...

(to Jack)

Okay, that's not bad. Iraq? Afghanistan?

JACK

I was thinking of the Minute Men guarding our borders.

LIZ

Jack, we're not resorting to cheap

tricks. The quality of the show should speak for itself.

Liz gets up to leave.

JACK

The show's losing its edge Liz. And since you're the show, that means you're losing your edge too.

LIZ

Oh please, I'm as edgy as—as—as Bea Arthur at a nudist colony.

JACK

Bea Arthur is dead.

LIZ

Yeah, that's what makes it edgy.

JACK

Hmmm. Not registering on the BOI.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Liz, miffed from her meeting with Jack. Spots JENNA, wearing a cleavage inducing bustier. Liz does a double-take. Jenna notices this.

JENNA

(re: her massive boobs)
Pretty amazing, right?

LIZ

What sketch is that for?

JENNA

It's not.

Liz shrugs and walks on.

INT. WRITERS ROOM - DAY

Frank, Toofer, Lutz and the crew sit around the table. Liz storms in.

LIZ

Hey guys, I'm edgy right?

TOOFER

Is that a euphemism for masculine?

LIZ

Jack thinks the show has lost its edge.

He's crazy. We've got some great edgy stuff. What are we working on?

Some shrugs. Lutz tentatively offers.

LUTZ

What about something where Obama is like the Obaminal snowman. Tracy could dress up in all white—

TOOFER

He won't wear white after Labor Day.

LUTZ

Oh right. Maybe the Jolly Green Giant?

LIZ

Oh boy. Frank?

Frank, who has been working furiously at the table. Holds up a piece of paper.

It's a design for a logo that says SWEET BERRY TASTES LIKE DINGLEBERRIES.

FRANK

How about that?

LIZ

How is that a sketch?

FRANK

It's not. It's part of my personal mission to show people that Sweet Berry is not as good as they think.

LIZ

Really? This is your cause?

TOOFER

He's already got a website up.

FRANK

Dingleberry.org. Can you believe it wasn't taken?

LIZ

All I know is, I'm as edgy today as I was when I offended all those Gypsies at the Golden Globes.

TOOFER

You offended Hungarians at the Golden Globes. Gypsies was the Holiday Party.

LIZ

Well, same difference right? See—that was edgy.

FRANK

Maybe catty. Or bitchy. I don't know about edgy.

INT. RECEPTION DESK

Jenna arching her back for Kenneth. Her boobs practically popping out of her shirt. Her waist cinched tight.

JENNA

Not only that, it's great for my back.

KENNETH

I'm not sure this is appropriate for a Tuesday.

Liz walks by. Sees this.

LIZ

Jenna, can you even breathe in that?

JENNA

Yes. Just not in my lungs.

Pete walks by. Sees Jenna's boobs and almost runs into a wall.

JENNA

Isn't it great? People have been doing that all day.

TRACY and DOTCOM enter.

TRACY

Has anyone here ever heard of a kid named Harry Potter?

LIZ

You mean Harry Potter the unbelievably popular and well known children's book and movie franchise? That Harry Potter?

TRACY

Maybe. I don't like children's books. Too much moralizing. Why was that Cat in the Hat always yelling at people?

LIZ

Why are you asking this?

TRACY

I've been offered a role in the next Harry Potter movie. I've always wanted to play a magical person. Ever since that David Blaine made all my televisions disappear.

JENNA

What?

LIZ

Oh no. Jenna, don't worry, I'm sure it's—

JENNA

You got offered a role in Harry Potter? I sent nine audition tapes to play Hermione before the first movie came out.

FLASHBACK: JENNA'S AUDITION TAPE

Jenna, dressed way too provocatively for a young girl in a children's book. She holds a wand, moving around the room seductively.

JENNA

Oh Harry, you are sooooo magical.

BACK TO JENNA

Fuming. Trying to gain her composure.

JENNA

Well, the movies have been a huge disappointment anyways.

LIZ

What part do they want you to play?

TRACY

Some dude named Voldemort. Apparently the old Voldemort went crazy and bit somebody, so they need someone more stable for the role.

LIZ

Why would Ralph Fines bite someone?

DOTCOM

That's what I'm saying.

TRACY

I don't know. But the first thing we do is recommend a name change. I'm thinking Sir. Butterworth. Like the syrup.

JENNA

I love that syrup!

LIZ

Tracy, I don't like the sound of this—

KENNETH

I agree with Ms. Lemon. Those books

poison your mind. Like FM radio or Peter Jennings. My Nonfiction Book Club warned me about them.

TRACY

It sounds like you know a lot about this Kenneth. I want you to tell me everything you know while I practice the 'sawing a woman in half trick' on my man Dotcom. I can never get it right.

They exit.

LIZ

(to Kenneth)

You better have security lock up the prop saws and silverware.

KENNETH

That's just standard operating procedure Ms. Lemon. Ever since Tracy got offered that guest appearance on Grey's Anatomy and tried to remove my appendix.

LIZ

Good thing he passes out at the site of blood, huh?

Kenneth instinctively massages the side of his stomach, about where an appendix might be.

KENNETH

I truly am blessed.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - DAY

Frank, wearing a SWEET BERRY TASTES LIKE DINGLEBERRIES hat, and with a picket sign (NO ON SWEET BERRY), prepares to head out.

Liz and the rest of the writers watch him.

LIZ

What in God's name are you doing?

FRANK

I'm going to protest.

LIZ

This is so stupid.

FRANK

I was misled by a fad. And that is not okay. People are being fooled into enjoying something that is, in fact, terrible.

TOOFER

Hey, as long as you're down there, can you pick me up a cup of Green Tea Yogurt with blueberry and banana topping?

FRANK

Yeah sure.

LUTZ

Oooh—I want something too.

FRANK

Just write down your orders.

LIZ

I'll take vanilla. No toppings.

At this, Jack walks in.

JACK

Vanilla? No toppings? How much less edgy can you get?

LIZ

Come-on Jack, it's eight months until swimsuit season.

JACK

And yet you ate an entire box of doughnut holes on the ride back from career day.

LIZ

I've got eight months to go, give me a break.

JACK

Face it Lemon. The career of the comedy writer, much like the Olympic gymnast, is short. One day you're on a box of Wheaties, starring in the ice capades, the next, you're working on a straight-to-video remake of Short Circuit.

LIZ

That project is not going to work Jack, I don't know how many times I have to tell you.

JACK

But the first one was so funny. Imagine it with CGI. I'm laughing just picturing the antics those robots would get into now!

FRANK

Yeah, well, I'm off.

Jack looks at Franks outfit. To Liz.

JACK

Is this the best you can do?

LIZ

Uh, no. We happen to have a Jolly Green Giant Obama skit that is going to ruffle a few feathers.

TOOFER

Actually, we're changing it to the Pillsbury Doughboy. Apparently Jolly Green Giant is a new strand of pot.

LUTZ

We do not want to go there—

TOOFER

Now it's more about how Obama giggles whenever you touch his belly.

LIZ

See, we're walking the edge on this one.

JACK

(not buying it)

I hope so Lemon. I hope so.

INT. THE BREAKROOM - DAY

Dotcom and Tracy sit on beanbag chairs, while Kenneth reads them from one of the Harry Potter stories. They are enraptured.

KENNETH

(reading)

Hagrid looked at Harry with warmth and respect blazing in his eyes, but Harry felt sure there had been a mistake. A wizard? Him?

TRACY

Yes him!

DOTCOM

Shhhh. Stop interrupting.

KENNETH

Oh my. I can feel the wickedness pouring out of every letter.

Liz walks by. On her way home for the day. Sees the reading party.

LIZ

Tracy, I don't think this is a good idea. You know how caught up you get in sci-fi and fantasy. Remember what happened when you saw Star Wars for the first time?

FLASHBACK:

Tracy, dressed in white bed sheets, sort-of like Luke Skywalker. Running through the halls of NBC with a giant sword, giggling. Screaming staff and cast members running.

TRACY

I am a Jedi! I am a Jedi!

BACK TO TRACY

The memory doesn't ring a bell.

TRACY

Nope. Besides, the more I hear about this Voldermort, the more I realize how similar we are.

LIZ

That's wonderful.

INT. LIZ'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Liz carefully takes out her cup of Vanilla Yogurt from Sweet Berry. She takes out some Nilla Wafers and crumbles them on top. Then settles on the couch with a nice cup of tea.

She takes a bite. Shrugs.

LIZ

It's really not that bad.

She turns on the TV. A couple of scantily clad women are gyrating around a pole.

TV ANNOUNCER

Get extra stamina for those long, hard nights, with Super Xtreme energy Drink.

LIZ

Blanches.

LIZ

Oh that is just obscene.

Turns the channel to Wheel of Fortune.

LIZ
Now we're talking.

Liz now notices something on the coffee table. A letter. She takes it. Opens it. Curious.

LIZ
(reading)
The 700 Club has nominated me as the family-friendly entertainment professional of the year.
(reacting)
Yes! Take that Bonnie Hunt!

Realizing something horrible.

LIZ
Oh my God, could Jack be right? Have I lost my edge?

She flips the channel away from Wheel of Fortune.

AN ENTERTAINMENT NEWS SHOW

Tracy Jordan is being dragged from a Barnes and Noble in handcuffs. He's wearing a black cape.

ENTERTAINMENT NEWSCASTER
And Tracy Jordan was arrested today for trying to burn down the children's section of a Barnes and Noble.

CUT TO TRACY

TRACY
The Dark Lord returns! No talking cat is going to boss me around.

LIZ
Perking up at this.

LIZ
That has got to be BOI worthy.

THE ENTERTAINMENT NEWSCASTER

Now joined in the studio by his PERKY BLONDE co-anchor.

ENTERTAINMENT NEWSCASTER
Oh Tracy, what a character.

BLONDE
He's adorable. But there's nothing adorable about the shocking antics of one celebrity whose behavior in front of the Pope has all the web twittering.

PICTURE OF MATHEY MCCONAUGHEY STREAKING IN FRONT OF THE
VATICAN

LIZ

Dismayed at this turn in publicity.

LIZ
Damn-it McConaughey.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack browses the web, while Liz flips through a copy of the New York Post.

LIZ

That McConaughey killed us. Tracy gets arrested for attempted arson and it's buried on page 12.

JACK

What kind of legal fees are we looking at on this one?

LIZ

Nothing. The charges were dropped when the cops found out Tracy doesn't know how to work a lighter.

JACK

See what I mean? The old Tracy Jordan would have resisted arrest and bit someone.

LIZ

You're right Jack. We've lost the edge. I don't get it. I used to have edge all over me. I was hot-

JACK

I assume you're using that term figuratively.

LIZ

Now, the only controversy in my life is that I revoked my organ donor status. But that's just because I'm scared I'll end up in that Body Works exhibit.

JACK

Look Lemon, it's simple. You've changed. You spend all your time mingling with the elites. You've lost touch.

LIZ

I've lost touch? You hire someone to stand in the bathroom line for you at Yankee stadium.

JACK

Manuel has told me many times he enjoys the work. But you're right. I've achieved a certain status level that distances me from the common upper-

middle class Manhattanite. So do you know how I keep myself sharp?

LIZ

The NPR weekly puzzler?

JACK

Every month, I have Tracy Jordan take me to one of his secret haunts. The experience is both terrifying and psychologically damaging. But it keeps me on that edge—the place you used to be.

LIZ

I don't need to go to a strip club to get edgy.

JACK

Oh no Lemon. This is the real dark side. Cheney dark. I'll arrange for him to take you out tonight. Just be sure your vaccinations are current.

LIZ

But Oprah is against vaccinations now.

JACK

Oh, and Lemon—do not, under any circumstances, wear open-toed shoes. I learned that one the hard way.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - DAY

The gang around the table, harassing Liz.

FRANK

I can't believe you're going to one of Tracy's secret haunts. This is going to be better than the time you went on a Jdate.

FLASHBACK

Liz, sitting down to eat with a nice Modern Orthodox man. Neat beard and a yarmulke on his head. Liz greets him warmly, with bad Yiddish. Overdoing it.

LIZ

Sholum-Al-Ek-hem. So, how about that *Schindler's List*, huh? Powerful.

BACK TO THE WRITERS

Still piling on.

TOOFER

If I were you, I would not wear open-toed shoes.

LIZ

Has everyone here been on one of Tracy's secret outings?

FRANK

Once. Never again. I still have trouble peeing. Besides, now I have a new mission in life.

Frank motions to his picket sign.

LIZ

Please tell me you are over that.

FRANK

Not even close. My work is just beginning to make an impact.

LIZ

An impact? This morning there was a line around the block.

FRANK

You can blame Matthew McConaughey for that.

CUT TO: THE PICTURE OF MCCONAUGHEY STREAKING. CLOSE UP ON A CONTAINER OF SWEET BERRY FROZEN YOGURT HE IS CARRYING.

LIZ

God I hate him and his amazing beach body.

INT. RECEPTION DESK - DAY

Kenneth flipping through a Harry Potter book as Liz approaches.

LIZ

Hey Kenneth, have you seen Tracy?

KENNETH

He's in his dressing room. But if I were you, I wouldn't bother him. I think he's going crazy. And not his normal crazy. Dark crazy.

LIZ

Well, he's supposed to take me to one of his secret haunts—whatever that means.

KENNETH

Just be sure you wear closed-toe shoes.

LIZ

Why do people keep saying that?

EXT. SWEET BERRY - DAY

Frank, in front of Sweet Berry, trying to protest. The long line largely ignores him, pushing past with excitement.

FRANK

Wake up people! This yogurt is mediocre at best. You have been taken by a trendy fad. Remember crystal Pepsi?

(quoting/singing The Who)

We won't be fooled again!

A group of JAPANESE TOURISTS, crowd around the entrance, posing for a picture.

JAPANESE TOURIST

(to Frank)

Matthew McConaughey eat here?

FRANK

Yeah, yeah. He eat here.

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Dark. Very dark. Tracy sits in the corner, draped in black, but with no shirt. He dips a towel in a bowl of water and rubs it over his head. Candles lit around him.

The Doors THE END plays on an ipod hooked up to speakers.

Liz approaches. Scared.

LIZ

Tracy?

TRACY

I no longer answer to that name Liz Lemon. You can call me Mr. Butterworth. Like the syrup.

LIZ

Uh, is everything okay?

TRACY

Everything is more than okay. More than okay. I've been expecting you.

LIZ

So Jack said you were going to take me

to one of your secret haunts.

TRACY

As it says in Harry Potter volume 5, when the owl returns to earth, Muggles will feast on the blood of the snake.

LIZ

Yeah, well, that was the darkest book in the series...

TRACY

In answer to your question, yes I will be taking you to my latest secret haunt. But beware Liz Lemon, it is not a place for—

LIZ

Open-toed shoes. I got that. Where did you get all these candles?

TRACY

From the ladies' bathrooms.

LIZ

That explains where all the toilet paper went.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - DAY

Frank unloading a bag full of Sweet Berry yogurts for everyone who placed an order. They crowd around him.

FRANK

Okay, who had the double-mint chocolate with fruity pebble toppings?

JENNA

That would be me. I can't believe these are fat free!

FRANK

Uh, I don't think—

TOOFER

Yup. Fat free. Amazing huh?

Jack enters.

JACK

I'm sorry to interrupt this—uh, whatever it is you are doing. But I had a great idea for the show I wanted to share with you.

The writers are worried.

LUTZ

What's happening?

Jack comes in and sits down. Makes himself comfortable.

JACK

We start with Jenna in blackface, singing in front of the confederate flag. Then a bunch of things happen, maybe something about Scientology and/or Mormons. Skit writes itself from there. What do you think?

FRANK

Uh...where's Liz?

JACK

Oh, she's with Tracy and won't be back for quite a while. Okay, I have a lot more of these...

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Liz and Tracy walk through a dark alley in some shady neighborhood. The sound of a crow cawing in the distance.

TRACY

I have many secret haunts across the city. The ferret fighting club under the Brooklyn Bridge. The Puerto Rican Opium Den and Baseball Card Trading Shop. But this is my newest, most secret haunt ever.

Tracy accidentally steps on Liz's foot as they approach a nondescript door in the alley.

LIZ

Ow!

TRACY

Stay close Liz Lemon. This could get rough.

LIZ

Where are we going?

TRACY

You're about to find out.

Tracy approaches the door. Before opening it, puts on his black cape. Nods to Liz, then opens the door to reveal-

INT. A LARGE OPEN ROOM - NIGHT

Liz, shocked at what she sees.

LIZ

Oh my God.

TRACY

Amazing, isn't it?

The room is filled with people dressed like Wizards, or various other Harry Potter characters. Some have broom sticks between their legs.

They run around tossing a deflated volleyball back and forth.

A smiling WOMAN WIZARD approaches Tracy with a glass of fruit punch.

WOMAN WIZARD

Greetings Mr. Butterworth. Would you like some fruit punch?

TRACY

Thank you. That would be lovely.

WOMAN WIZARD

We've got a heated Quiddich game going on on the pitch.

TRACY

Oh goodie. I'm going to practice my spells for a bit.

LIZ

What the hell Tracy? I thought we were going to something edgy and dangerous, This is like the Renaissance Fair—but instead of being really cool, it's totally lame.

TRACY

Don't kid yourself Liz Lemon. These Quiddich games can get pretty rough.

The deflated volleyball comes wobbling past them. A few scrawny wizards run past chasing. One steps on Liz's foot.

LIZ

Ow!

TRACY

See what I mean?

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jack still droning on. Without Liz, the writers are paralyzed, unsure how to stop him.

JACK

So then, we have the dancers dressed up like those Columbine shooters—

FRANK

Please, no more. I'm offended. And I'm the guy who pitched an eleven minute Darfur parody. Nothing offends me!

JACK

Your reaction tells me that we're finally on the right track.

Toofer, hunched over on his cell phone, making a call.

INT. HARRY POTTER CONVENTION - NIGHT

Liz, bored out of her mind. Watches Tracy practicing his spells, waving a wand at an apple.

TRACY

Levardia leviosa!

Nothing happens.

WOMAN WIZARD

Very nicely done. You're getting good at that.

TRACY

I agree.

Liz groans. Then notices her phone ringing. Picks it up.

LIZ

Yeah?

TOOFER

At the desk, Jack still droning on in the background.

TOOFER

You have got to come back here. Jack is presenting his ideas to make the show edgier.

LIZ

Horrified at this.

LIZ

No! No, no, no, no. Kick him out of there.

TOOFER
 (filtered)
 We can't. We're terrified of him.

LIZ
 Just don't do anything he says.

TOOFER
 (filtered)
 He's threatening to use midgets. And not
 in an ironic or clever way.

LIZ
 Okay, look, I'll be there in ten
 minutes.

Liz hangs up. Starts to head out.

WOMAN WIZARD
 Wait—you can't leave until we've had our
 broom riding contest.

LIZ
 Out of my way freak, I have a show to
 save.

And she pushes past the woman, for the exit.

TRACY
 Wow. That is one weird lady.

He returns to his spells.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - NIGHT

Exhausted writers, heads in hands, hang on by a thread. Jack
 is polishing off the last of a large Sweet Berry cup.

JACK
 This is actually quite refreshing.
 Frank, what don't you like about it?

FRANK
 I can't remember. I'm still trying to
 get your 'Gay or Retarded' skit out of
 my mind.

JACK
 I wish I didn't have to bring the edge
 to this show, but unfortunately, you
 haven't moved the BOI in months.

TOOFER
 I still don't know what that means.

Out of breath, Liz heads through the door.

LIZ

Stop! We don't need you Jack. We have this under control.

JACK

Lemon? It's only 10:30. A little early for a Tracy Jordan night to be over.

LIZ

I don't need any more time. I got the edge back. Trust me, the things I've seen tonight will be with me the rest of my life. I've got it under control. I'm the old edgy, offensive Liz that made this show the top rated program with women 32-36, who also have a household income under \$40,000.

Jack stands up. His "notes" in hand. Appraises Liz, a bit skeptical.

JACK

Okay then. Let's see what you can do. But just in case...

(he hands Liz his notes)

there's an Autism bit in here that I think would kill.

And with that he leaves. The writers breathe a sigh of relief.

FRANK

Thank God!

LUTZ

I can't feel my legs! I can't feel my legs!

LIZ

Just relax everyone, the show is going to be fine.

TOOFER

So you got some edgy stuff from Tracy?

LIZ

Huh? Oh, no, not at all. It was a total waste. He's hanging out with these Harry Potter re-enactors. A bunch of losers.

FRANK

How is it different than your Gone with the Wind Memorabilia club?

LIZ

It just is. But no, I don't have any edgy ideas. We're screwed.

FRANK

Look, whenever we're low on ideas or the show is getting stale, what is our golden rule?

TOOFER

Blame the talent?

FRANK

No! Exploit their craziness. Whether it's leaking outtakes from Jenna's American Idol tryouts or putting peyote in Tracy's peanut butter sandwiches—

LIZ

Oh my God, you guys did that?

TOOFER

Only a few times.

FRANK

Look, just give Tracy five minutes at the end of the show to say whatever he wants. You know it's going to be crazy, and good.

LIZ

I don't know, can I really set Tracy up like that?

Jenna walks in.

JENNA

Hey guys, I just wanted you to know, I want to sing a song on the show dedicated to orphans. It's my new pet cause.

Liz considers this. Looks to the rest of the writers.

LIZ

Okay, let's do it.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Jenna on stage, performing her song. A Joan-Beaz like number. She's wearing her boob-popping corset. Her performance way more sexual than appropriate.

JENNA

(singing)

So many orphans, so few parents. Who will love them? Who will buy them toys and things? I want to cradle, all the orphans, with my body—

Liz, Frank, and Jack watch from the wings.

JACK

You know Lemon, there's a difference between edgy and creepy. You need to really think about that line.

LIZ

Don't worry, you want edgy—watch this.

Jenna finishes her song.

JENNA

And now, a special message from Tracy Jordan!

Tracy walks on stage, a sheet of paper in his hands. He smiles at Liz and Jack.

TRACY

Hello America. My name is Tracy Jordan and I have something important I need to share with you. Next time you are in your car, be sure to buckle your seat belt before you start driving. 73% of all accidents happen within a mile of home, and seat belts really work. Thank you.

Polite applause.

In the wings, Liz and Frank react with disappointment. Jack shakes his head.

JACK

Wow. Quite the bombshell. Nice work.

Jack leaves. Liz grabs Tracy as he walks off stage.

LIZ

What the hell was that? What happened to all the dark lord-magic-crazy stuff?

TRACY

You know how I am Liz Lemon. I can't stay excited about something for more than 48 hours. Plus, it turns out the Harry Potter offer was from five years ago and I'm completely wrong for the part. Looks like I got a little behind

on my mail.

LIZ

That explains the Netflix lawsuit.

TRACY

Right now, I'm really into these traffic safety brochures I found when I passed out at the DMV.

He shows Liz a collection of Traffic Safety brochures.

FRANK

It's not a total loss. I walked into the frame a couple times during the Pillsbury Doughboy skit to get my Dingleberry hat on camera.

LIZ

Awesome.

INT. CAFÉ - MORNING

Liz, dressed in plain gray. She steps up to the counter to place her order.

LIZ

One coffee. Black. And a sugarless cookie.

BARISTA

Is that seriously your order?

LIZ

Yes?

BARISTA

That is, like, such a boring order.

LIZ

I know. I know.

EXT. ROCKAFELLER CENTER - DAY

Liz working her way through a mob outside the office. They are chanting. Protesting. Angry, though it's not clear for what.

LIZ

Is it Columbus Day already?

Liz pushes her way inside.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Chaos. Staff hurrying back and forth. Kenneth wearing a red, EMERGENCY VEST, whistle around his neck. He directs traffic like a flight attendant.

It's Chaos. The whole staff tripping over each other, running about. Panic.

KENNETH

Everyone, please report to your emergency captain. If you do not remember your emergency captain, please refer to page 47 of the safety manual you received on your first day of employment. If you do not have—

LIZ

Kenneth—what the hell is going on?

KENNETH

Well Ms. Lemon, we have some very angry citizens outside who are engaging in good old-fashioned civil disobedience. And not the politely invisible Iraq War kind. The other kind.

LIZ

What? Why?

KENNETH

I'm not sure. All I know is the safety level has been changed from Raison to Plum.

LIZ

I'd think Raison would be worse than Plum.

KENNETH

Oh no, Plum is much worse. You better talk to Jack before the evacuation begins.

LIZ

Evacuation? Why does this always happen on doughnut day?

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack, packing possessions into a suitcase, preparing for the evacuation.

JACK

Lemon, have you seen the press?

LEMON

The press? What press? What's going on?

JACK

Our BOI is off the charts, that's what. See this?

(Jack holds up a piece of paper covered with frantic notes)

This is a list of advertisers who have threatened to pull out because of Friday's show.

LIZ

Really? See, I knew that Pillsbury Doughboy sketch had some teeth to it.

JACK

It wasn't a sketch.

LIZ

Another accidental nipple?

JACK

It was the hat! Frank's hat!

LIZ

Huh?

JACK

Look—

Jack swings his laptop around. It's open to some entertainment blog. A picture of Frank, standing just in frame, with his Sweet Berry / Dingleberry hat.

The headline: WHY DOES TGS HATE SWEET BERRY?

LIZ

You have got to be kidding?

JACK

I'm telling you, these Sweet Berry fanatics are more vigilant than Richard Dawkins at a baptism. They've been writing letters to advertisers, sending envelopes that may or may not be filled with anthrax, and now a group is trying to break through the air ducts and kidnap me!

LIZ

That's terrible.

JACK

(smiling)

It's a nightmare! I'm going to be on Glen Beck tonight issuing a public apology to the CEO of Sweet Berry. It doesn't get any more buzzy than that.

LIZ

So what, we have the edge back?

JACK

Don't you see Liz—it's like Dumbo's magic feather. You've had the edge all along. You just needed to believe in yourself.

Jack zips up his bag and heads for the elevator.

LIZ

What? It's nothing like that. It was a total fluke—I didn't do anything.

JACK

Didn't you?

LIZ

No. I didn't.

JACK

Yes, I see your point. That's a little disappointing. But, the important thing is, we have about 15 minutes until the emergency alert goes from Plum to Kiwi. So let's savor the publicity while we can. I'll be on the roof waiting for my escape helicopter.

And Jack heads out the window, up the fire escape toward the roof. Liz smiles, watching him go.

Then.

LIZ

Wait—where am I supposed to go? I never got a safety manual! I don't know who my evacuation coordinator is!

KENNETH

(over the intercom)

Emergency level Kiwi. I repeat, emergency level...

(commotion in the background)

hey, you aren't supposed to be here—

And it cuts to static. Liz looks at the window, then down at her tennis shoes.

LIZ

Thank God for closed-toed shoes.

She heads for the fire escape by the window.

FADE TO BLACK