

**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 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.

PETE

(to a kid passing by)  
Button?

The kid takes it and moves on. The TGS Show booth is incredibly lame compared to the others, which feature rock climbing walls, video games, and sex appeal.

FRANK

We should have brought candy.

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 *Gossip Girl*, but so much plumper. 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 Kim Kardashian 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.

Frank returns with a huge cup filled with yogurt.

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

I know, young people are the worst.

JACK

It's not that. It's that surly kid that wouldn't take our button. 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 most of our Facebook friends are women trying to implicate Tracy in paternity suits.

LIZ

We're still the third highest rated show in our timeslot. 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's just a 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. Or  
are they called Tea Baggers now?

LIZ

We're not resorting to cheap tricks to  
get ratings Jack. Maybe giving  
Republican presidential candidates a  
cameo appearance here and there, but  
that's as low as I'll go—

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?

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

That doesn't make sense.

DOTCOM

That's what I'm saying. Why would my man Ralph Fines bite someone?

TRACY

The first thing we do is recommend a name change. Voldermort? Too many vowels. 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 Mr. Jordan 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 comedian, 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

Okay, 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. 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

Perfect.

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.

She takes a bite.

LIZ

It's really not that bad.

She turns on the TV. A couple of scantily clad women gyrate around on 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 (CONT.)

Now we're talking.

(re: the show)

No, don't buy a vowel yet—

Liz now notices something on the coffee table. A letter. She opens it.

LIZ (CONT.)

(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 (CONT.)

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 at least attempted to assault an officer—

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

JACK (CONT.)

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

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 J-date.

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. It still burns when I pee. 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—

KENNETH

You have closed-toed shoes, right?

LIZ

Why do people keep asking 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.

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 or—

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

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.

LUTZ

(panicked)  
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

Horrorified 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

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'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, 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, it will 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 and its super important to me.

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 Baez like number. She's wearing her boob-popping corset. Her performance way too sexual.

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

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.

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—this is from Matthew McConaughey's blog.

Jack swings his laptop around, displaying the site McCONAUGHEY SAYS!. 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

Apparently he's a huge fan. And his supporters are fanatics. They have been writing letters to advertisers, sending me 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.

JACK  
Yes, I see your point. That is a little  
disappointing. 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 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