

30 ROCK  
"Tracy Jordan Sex Dreams"

By

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FADE IN

INT. LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

LIZ is laying by a fireplace on a giant shag carpet. A MALE MODEL walks seductively toward her.

As the Male Model takes off his shirt, a CLOSE UP reveals that the model is TRACY JORDAN.

TRACY

Yo, Liz Lemon...are we going to do it?

Liz answers in an over exaggerated possessed tone.

LIZ

Yes, Tracy...we are going to do it.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM- NIGHT

Liz sits straight up in her bed.

LIZ

(Gasp.)

Oh, the horror, the horror!!!

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE- MORNING

Liz barges into Jack's Office and falls into a PHOTOGRAPHER.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Hey, Lady!

LIZ

Jack, big problem...big, big problem!

JACK is posing for a photo in front of his desk.

JACK

Lemon, can't you see that I am in the middle of something important?

LIZ  
Come on Jack, I really need your advice. I'm here before 9AM. I'm never here this early.

Jack stands up.

JACK  
You're right. Spill it, Lemon.

LIZ  
Let's just say that I have been having reoccurring dreams of the sexual variety.

JACK  
Stop. That's not the kind of advice that I want to be giving at this time in the morning.

LIZ  
You don't seem to understand. The dream involves a co-worker.

JACK  
Liz, I'm sorry, but I'm a married man, and you're a liberal.

LIZ  
No, Jack, it's not you...it's Tracy Jordan!

JACK  
Tracy? Wow, that reminds me of the time I had a sex dream about Rachel Maddow.

LIZ  
It's not like I want to have Tracy in my sex dreams. It's just been happening the past few nights. What should I do Jack? I don't even like sex?

JACK  
Listen, you do nothing. Just ignore him and it will go away.

LIZ  
Are you sure?

JACK  
Yes, no matter what you do...

CLOSE UP of Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Don't let him find out that you're  
having sex dreams about him.

Liz tries to interrupt Jack, but he continues right through  
her.

JACK (CONT'D)  
We don't want another NBC sex  
scandal on our hands, like that  
whole Leno and Conan cover-up.

Liz tilts her head and looks confused by this news.

JACK (CONT'D)  
If you will excuse me, I have a lot  
on my plate with my new venture.  
Now that Liddy is beginning to  
function as an energetic toddler,  
it has been causing me to think  
more and more about my legacy.  
That's why I've decided to  
establish a scholarship  
organization called "I Wish I Were  
Jack."

LIZ  
That's repulsive. You thought of  
that all by yourself didn't you?

JACK  
Don't mock me Liz, you're the one  
with the Tracy Jordan sex dreams.

LIZ  
Ugh.

CUT TO:

INT. TGS STUDIO- MORNING

Tracy, along with GRIZZ and DOT COM, walk into the studio.  
KENNETH approaches.

KENNETH  
Oh, hey there Mr. Jordan. How are  
you today?

TRACY  
That will be a dollar, my dearest  
Kenneth.

Tracy holds out his hand.

KENNETH  
I'm not quite sure what you mean  
Tracy.

GRIZZ  
That's two dollars, Ken.

KENNETH  
For what?

TRACY  
For using my name. I own exclusive  
copyright privileges to my name and  
you spoke my name twice. That will  
be two dollars!

Kenneth digs in his pocket for two dollars and hands it over  
to Tracy.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
Ha! Attention people who are less  
fortunate than I am. It has come to  
my attention that since I'm such a  
huge star that I own the copyright  
to my name. So, Grizz and Dot Com  
are helping me collect the  
royalties from all of you for using  
my name at one point or another.

As GRIZZ and DOT COM step forward, a lineup of dollar bills  
are held out to be placed into a giant glass jar with a photo  
of Tracy pasted on it.

Jenna approaches Tracy with a look of disbelief.

JENNA  
Tracy, what are you doing? You  
can't take money from these little  
people!

TRACY  
Yes, I can Jenna. It may be the  
smartest thing I have ever decided  
to do.

JENNA  
I guess you're right.

TRACY  
And since I'm the huge star of the  
show, I can do whatever I want.

Tracy walks away as Jenna stares at the glass jar being filled. Jenna begins to cry and then stops a CREW GUY.

JENNA  
This just isn't fair random crew  
guy!

CREW GUY  
Who are you again?

JENNA  
I'm Jenna Maroney, Idiot. The star  
of the show!

CREW GUY  
Isn't that the star?

Crew Guy points to Tracy.

JENNA  
It just isn't fair. I'm the star! I  
should be getting that money.

CREW GUY  
Why don't you just ask for money  
for the copyright to your name?

JENNA  
That's a great idea!

CUT TO:

INT. TGS WRITERS ROOM- LATE MORNING

Liz walks out of her office into the writers room.

LIZ  
Attention, everyone. Not that any  
of you are actually doing your  
jobs, but anything that you had  
pitched this week with Tracy in it,  
cut it. Pete, just send him home  
this week.

PETE  
Whoa! Wait a minute! We can't just  
cut Tracy out of the show. Without  
him, we won't even have a show!

LIZ  
It's my show, and I can cut him out  
if I want to.

PETE

Why do you want to cut him out all of a sudden? Did he steal your secret candy stash again?

LIZ

No, Pete...

PETE

If you don't have a legit reason for sending Tracy home, then I am not going to do it! It's hard enough to do my job now, but forcing me to work with Jenna in every sketch for the remainder of the week is physical torture.

LIZ

Ugh, Pete just come here.

Liz drags Pete into her office and slams the door.

PETE

What is going on? What is your deal with Tracy?

LIZ

If I tell you, you have to promise not to tell anyone. None of the writers and especially not Tracy!

PETE

I promise.

LIZ

Okay. I'm having sex dreams about Tracy.

PETE

Whoa! Liz! Are you serious?

LIZ

Pete, I don't want to talk about it.

PETE

What kind of sex dream are we talking about here? Cinemax before or after 10:30?

LIZ

Oh, come on Pete. It's neither of those.

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)

In the dream I'm just sitting by the fire and a very handsome man takes off his shirt and as he does, it becomes Tracy...Tracy...always Tracy!

PETE

My recent sex dream involved me and Kate from LOST, but then Lutz always appears out of nowhere.

LIZ

Ew. This isn't helping Pete.

PETE

What do you want me to do?

LIZ

Just keep Tracy as far away from me as possible. I just need to ignore him at all costs.

PETE

Okay, I'll do what I can. I can't promise that the sketches will be any good this week though.

LIZ

I don't care. Just leave me alone with my...

Liz looks into her top drawer.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Non-existent candy stash!!

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE- NOON

Jack stands behind his desk.

JACK

Jonathan! Would you come in here?

JONATHAN enters.

JONATHAN

Yes. Mr. Donaghy?

JACK

I aired my PSA for the scholarship over the weekend.

(MORE)



JACK (CONT'D)  
I just can't stop watching it. Tell  
me, what comes to your mind when  
you watch this?

Jack presses play on the TV remote, as a PSA for his scholarship fund begins to play. The visuals are of kids playing in a playground, winning a spelling bee, earning a black belt, becoming a football state champ, and then a visual of Jack.

JACK (ON TV SCREEN) (CONT'D)  
I'm Jack Donaghy, a Kable Town  
Executive. I bet your kids wish  
they could be me. Now they have the  
chance to with my scholarship  
contest, "I Wish I Were Jack". God  
Bless America, and God Bless Kable  
Town.

Jack immediately looks at Jonathan for an answer, he begins to clap abruptly.

JONATHAN  
Mr. Donaghy, that...was...amazing!  
An excellent display of-

JACK  
Jonathan, what did I say about  
kissing ass?

JONATHAN  
Yes, sorry.

JACK  
That is all, please leave.

Jonathan opens Jack's office doors.

JONATHAN  
Oh, Mr. Donaghy...come out here...I  
think you should see this.

Jack and Jonathan walk into the hall area revealing two giant mail bags. Jack approaches with an ecstatic motion.

JACK  
Wow, are these all the letters of  
application for the scholarship?

JONATHAN  
Yes, Sir! Oh, wow...I'm so excited!

JACK  
Quick, start reading them and pick  
out the best ones.

Jack interrupts Jonathan before he can even speak.

JACK (CONT'D)  
And no...you can't apply for the  
scholarship.

CUT TO:

INT. TGS WRITERS ROOM/LIZ OFFICE- EARLY AFTERNOON

Pete and the other writers gather around the writers' table.

LUTZ  
Come on Pete. Spill it.

PETE  
I can't. I promised Liz I wouldn't.

TOOFER  
Why does it matter to you?

PETE  
I'm not going to tell you guys.  
Just drop it.

CERIE walks over to Pete and sits on his lap.

CERIE  
Your secret would be safe with me.

Pete immediately melts in Cerie's arms.

PETE  
Yeah...I know.

CERIE  
So, why don't you tell me what she  
told you Petie.

Cerie slowly places her fingers on his ear.

PETE  
It's not even that big of a deal, I  
mean I'm sure a Tracy Jordan sex  
dream is no big deal.

CERIE  
What?

The writers drop what they are doing and listen.

FRANK

Did you just say what I thought you said?

TOOFER

You're having Tracy Jordan sex dreams?

PETE

No! Not me! Liz!

Pete immediately realizes that he has spilled the beans.

TOOFER

Liz is having sex dreams...about Tracy?

PETE

Yes, but you guys didn't hear it from me.

LUTZ

Oh, Man! Liz has a thing for Tracy!

Lutz and the writers begin to repeat in childish song.

WRITERS

Liz has a thing for Tracy! Liz has a thing for Tracy!

CERIE

This is huge. OMG!

Cerie slides open her phone and starts typing frantically.

PETE

You guys seriously can't say anything in front of Liz.

Liz walks up from behind Pete with a giant slice of pizza.

LIZ

Can't say what in front of me, Pete?

All the writers scatter to their perspective corners of the office.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Wait a minute. Everyone stop.

Everyone stops dead in their tracks as Liz commands the room. Pete tries to slowly escape on his hands and knees.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Pete, stop where you are. Did you tell them about my sex dreams?

PETE

I couldn't help it Liz...Cerie used her sexuality against me.

Liz directs her attention to Cerie.

LIZ

Ahhh...come on Cerie. We gotta be on the same team.

CERIE

Um no...you're like old and stuff.

Liz pauses and bites her tongue.

FRANK

Liz, it's cool. If you like Tracy then we support you.

LUTZ

Yeah Liz, we are cool with it.

LIZ

Whoa, guys I don't like Tracy. He disgusts me.

TOOFER

Then why are you having sex dreams about him?

LIZ

I don't know...it's a nightmare!

PETE

Maybe we can all help you. Let's brainstorm of ways that you can get Tracy out of your head.

LIZ

Wait. Cerie what are you typing?

CERIE

I'm just tweeting all the TGS fans.

LIZ  
No...you didn't!

CUT TO:

INT. TGS WRITERS ROOM/LIZ OFFICE- EARLY AFTERNOON

Cerie and Liz are standing by Cerie's desk.

LIZ  
I can't believe you would tweet  
that I was in love with Tracy. This  
is so wrong.

CERIE  
I'm sorry Liz, but it's my job to  
spread the gossip about the show,  
and hello...this is gossip.

LIZ  
Ugh.

Liz storms out to the hallway.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
I've got to get out of here before  
this situation gets any worse.

CUT TO:

INT. TGS HALL WAY- AFTERNOON

Jenna is standing by her dressing room with a giant glass jar  
that reads "Jenna's Copyright Fund", as Tracy and his  
Entourage enter.

TRACY  
Excuse me, Jenna. What is it that  
you are doing?

JENNA  
It is none of your business, Tracy.

DOT COM  
Yo, Tracy...it looks like she's  
collecting money for the copyright  
to her name too.

TRACY  
Good call, Dot Com. Is that what  
you're doing, "Second On The Bill  
Co-Star"?

JENNA

Yes, Tracy. Your not the only one who is a big star here. I am a huge star and people say my name all the time.

A COSTUME DESIGNER approaches Jenna.

COSTUME DESIGNER

Hey, Blondie...you've got to give me back those shoes.

JENNA

My name is Jenna!

COSTUME DESIGNER

Whatever.

The Costume Designer walks away.

TRACY

Attention everyone. As you all know, I am collecting money from all of you for the copyright to my name and that includes anything that has the words Tracy or Jordan in them.

CREW GUY

That's just crazy, Tray.

GRIZZ

You said Tray...that's half of a royalty. Pay up.

The Crew Guy rolls his eyes and hands over 50 cents.

JENNA

Well, I am also collecting money for the copyright to my name, and anything that has the words Jenna or Maroney in them...or anything that sounds like my name for that matter.

TRACY

There's no way that you are gonna earn more money than me.

JENNA

Yeah?

TRACY

Yeah!

JENNA  
Oh Yeah?

TRACY  
Yeah!

Tracy and Jenna circle each other in a hasty manner. Each of them hold their giant glass jars.

CUT TO:

INT. NBC BOARD ROOM- AFTERNOON

Jack sits in the NBC Board Room with a line up of other NBC Executives. He reaches for an intercom on the table.

JACK  
Jonathan, let's bring in the applicants.

The giant board room door swings open as a group of 10 5th grads students walk into the room.

Each kid takes a seat at the table.

JONATHAN  
It is my honor to present to you.  
Mr. Jack Donaghy!

JACK  
Hello, kids. Um, will you excuse me for one moment.

Jack pulls Jonathan out into the hallway.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Jonathan, why are all the kids Chinese and Indian?

JONATHAN  
It turns out that the only channels that your PSA aired on were the Kable Town owned Chinese and Indian channels.

JACK  
Dammit! This is a nightmare.

JONATHAN  
Well, I think you should know one more thing.

JACK  
What?

JONATHAN  
One of them has the last name of  
Donaghy!

JACK  
What?

Jonathan pulls out his roster list and shows Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)  
It can't be my kid. Although there  
was that exotic trip I took to  
India 10 years ago...

Jack gasps.

JONATHAN  
What are you going to do Mr.  
Donaghy?

JACK  
I'm going to go back in there and  
forget you ever said anything about  
my potential son.

Jack walks into the board room.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Alright kids...who want's to be  
Jack?

Each kid jumps up screaming in their native accents.

KIDS  
I want to be Jack! I want to be  
Jack!

CUT TO:

EXT. HOT DOG CART- AFTERNOON

Liz is standing in the front of a very long line.

Tracy spots Liz from the entrance of 30 Rockefeller Plaza.

TACY  
Hey, Yo!! Liz Lemon!

LIZ  
Oh, rats!



Liz does a double take as she leaves the hot dog line to run away from Tracy.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
An hour wasted with no grease dog!

TRACY  
Liz, come here! I really need to talk to you!

LIZ  
You get away from me Tracy  
Jordan...stay far, far away from me!

Liz runs around the corner. Tracy becomes winded and stops.  
He then spots the hot dog cart.

TRACY  
Grease Dogs! I will eat you now!

TRANSITION TO:

INT. WRITERS ROOM- AFTERNOON

Liz sits at the writers' table with Frank and Lutz.

FRANK  
I think that you should take some of our ideas as possible solutions.

LUTZ  
Yeah Liz, I call phone sex lines all the time.

LIZ  
Ugh, shut up, Lutz.

FRANK  
Here, just call this phone line. Maybe it will get your mind off of Tracy.

LIZ  
Fine!

Liz dials the phone number.

LUTZ  
Put it on speakerphone!

Liz puts the phone on speaker. The SEX LINE GUY picks up.

SEX LINE GUY

Hi, what do you say we take this phone conversation to the next level.

LIZ

Well, this is my first time and I'm kind of uncomfortable.

SEX LINE GUY

It's okay. Why don't you tell me what you're wearing?

LIZ

What I'm wearing? Oh, and old pair of sweatpants and a star wars t-shirt...

Pete leans towards Liz and whispers.

PETE

You are supposed to say something sexy.

LIZ

Oh, really...so it's like a game? Got it.

Liz gets excited and talks into the phone.

LIZ (CONT'D)

I'm a tall brunette wearing a red K-mart bra, and rubbing oil all over my body.

Tracy chimes in on the call.

TRACY (ON PHONE)

Liz Lemon, that's hot. I didn't know you were such a freak!

Liz looks mortified.

LIZ

Tracy?!

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Tracy sits on his couch.

TRACY

I'm sorry LL. Sometimes when I get bored in the afternoon I listen in on phone conversations.

LIZ (ON PHONE)

That is completely wrong, Tracy!

TRACY

1. Your voice is sexy, Liz Lemon and 2. You now owe me a dollar for saying my name.

LIZ

I'm hanging up now, Tracy!

TRACY

Two dollars!

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Liz hangs up the phone.

LIZ

Wow...thanks, Frank.

FRANK

Hey, it's not my fault. I didn't know that Tracy would be listening in.

PETE

I wonder how often he does that. Not that I have anything to hide

Pete rushes off to his office and slams the door.

LIZ

Why do I owe Tracy two dollars?

LUTZ

Oh, you didn't hear? Tracy and Jenna are in a huge battle over who can get more money for charging people for the copyright to their names.

LIZ  
That's so stupid. I can't believe  
this idiot is getting the best of  
me!

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE- AFTERNOON

Liz barges into Jack's Office to see Jack sitting at his desk.

LIZ  
Jack, this whole ignoring Tracy  
thing is not working...I just don't  
know what to do. Can you please  
help me?

JACK  
Do you wanna take this one Raheem?

Jack points over to his couch where a line up of kids are sitting.

RAHEEM  
Yes, Mr. Donaghy.

RAHEEM, directs his attention to Liz.

RAHEEM (CONT'D)  
Ms. Lemon, it seems to me that you  
are letting your over dramatic  
emotions get the best of you, which  
in return makes you incapable of  
thinking properly.

KID 2  
And if I may add a thought, it  
seems that your desire to immerse  
yourself in your food and work is  
no way to live a healthy life.

Liz is shocked at how much these kids know about her.

KID 3  
I would have to say that you are  
just not trying hard enough to  
ignore Tracy. It's not that  
difficult...just pretend he has  
cooties.

LIZ

What is going on here? Why are these kids lecturing me?

JACK

I'm glad you asked, Liz. Since a big part of my day revolves around managing your life and all the problems in it, that is the first task that my potential scholarship holders need to complete. Giving Liz advice, while the other two parts of the test are political strategy and playground domination.

LIZ

That's just not right, Jack.

Liz turns to the kids again.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Do you think it might be a good idea to go see a doctor, you know for a professional opinion?

RAHEEM

Yes Liz, if seeking a low life doctor will ease your mind and not the advice of the almighty Jack Donaghy, then go for it.

JACK

Right on, kid.

Jack reaches down to hi-five Raheem.

CUT TO:

INT. THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDING- DAY

Tracy stands behind a podium while various news camera teams begin filming him.

TRACY

Hello, Planet Earth. As all of you know, I am Tracy Jordan, famed actor and E.G.O.T. winner. It has come to my attention that since my last name is Jordan, and I am a huge star, that means I am entitled to ridiculous things. So, I must be given land in the country of Jordan immediately!

Tracy points to the camera.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
Country of Jordan...have your  
people call my people. Specifically  
Dot Com. That's all. Jordan out!

Tracy walks off set with a clueless and confident strut.

CUT TO:

INT. DR. SPECIMAN'S OFFICE- DAY

Liz sits on the patient examine table while DR. SPECIMAN  
holds up an x-ray.

DR. SPECIMAN  
Well, Liz. I'm sorry to break this  
news to you, but you have a penis.

LIZ  
What?

DR. SPECIMAN  
Whoops. Wrong file.

Dr. Speciman laughs and tosses the file behind him.

DR. SPECIMAN (CONT'D)  
You'd be surprised how many times  
I've actually had to say that and  
mean it.

Liz looks on with confusion.

LIZ  
I'm really just wondering what your  
professional opinion is on sex  
dreams.

DR. SPECIMAN  
My professional opinion is, I wish  
I had more of them.

Dr. Speciman lets out a small chuckle.

LIZ  
I didn't need to know that. What I  
do want to know is what I need to  
do to quit having sex  
dreams...about a certain someone.

DR. SPECIMAN

Ah. The old fashioned "I got a crush on a black man and keep having sex dreams about him" routine.

LIZ

Who told you I was dreaming about Tracy?

DR. SPECIMAN

Oh, your sex dreams are about Tracy? News to me!

Liz clenches her fists in anger.

LIZ

Ah, fiddle sticks.

DR. SPECIMAN

Listen Liz, for what it's worth, my advice to you would be to go out with an old ex. You know, rekindle old feelings for a past lover and your current feelings for Tracy should go away.

LIZ

Hey, that's actually really good advice. I'm going to try that out!

Liz stands up and walks toward the door.

DR. SPECIMAN

Oh, and that advice is off the record of course.

CUT TO:

INT. NBC BOARD ROOM- AFTERNOON

Jack sits at a long board room table across from Raheem, while Jonathan watches.

JACK

Okay, Raheem. You've passed the first two tests with flying colors, but those were easy. I can teach Liz Lemmon life lessons in my sleep, and playground domination can be learned by watching Roadhouse or the Rocky series.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)  
But, now to test your poliical  
argument skills.

RAHEEN  
Bring it on, Jack.

Raheem sits up in his chair, crosses his arms, then sits  
silently.

Jack begins to speak inside his head.

JACK (VO)  
Squaring off in a non negotiable  
power stance. I invented that! This  
kid is good. But, he will crack.

Jonathan breaks the silence by addressing Jack and Raheem.

JONATHAN  
Okay. As you both know, the third  
portion of the scholarship  
challenge is the political  
argument. I will be asking a  
question which will result in a two  
sided argument. If Raheem comes out  
the winner of the challenge, he  
will win the scholarship.

Jack and Raheem keep their eyes locked on each other.

Jack speaks inside his head.

JACK (VO)  
He's making the exact same  
expressions as I am. He is my son.  
He has to be.

Jack snaps out of his funk.

JACK (VO) (CONT'D)  
Pull it together Jack. Nixon,  
Reagan, pro life, trickle down  
economics! Game face.

Jack addresses Jonathan.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Jonathan, please ask the first  
question.

JONATAN  
The first question goes to Raheem.  
Why was George W. Bush such a great  
president?



RAHEEM

George W. Bush was a great president not because of his strategic political agenda, but because of his personal ties to important decision making people.

Jonathan points to Jack.

JONATHAN

Jack?

JACK

George W. Bush, despite his lack of intelligence, was charming, serious, and had a full head of hair. That my friend is a triple threat. No one could stand in his way. Not even Gore. And let's face it, Gore was too liberal.

Jonathan points to Raheem.

JONATHAN

Raheem?

RAHEEM

George W., unlike his father, had the savvy go getter attitude to do anything he wanted.

Jack chimes in.

JACK

Putting politics aside, he did have charisma, attitude, and Laura Bush. She was an attractive, middle aged woman. And that's power.

Raheem chimes in.

RAHEEM

He was able to serve two terms by keeping an increasingly fragmented Republican party at ease with more of the same!

Jack stands on his feet to rebuttal.

JACK

But, what made him stand out more than anything, despite his decline in popularity, was that he popped back into the political world and into our hearts with a book about his life! It became a top seller too. So, he is seen, once again, as a highly influential President.

Jonathan points to Raheem.

RAHEEM

Uh.

Jack points to Raheem.

JACK

You slipped. I win.

RAHEEM

I got nervous.

JONATHAN

Congratulations, Mr. Donaghy!

Jack directs his attention to Jonathan.

JACK

Shut up, Jonathan.

Jack re-directs his attention to Raheem.

JACK (CONT'D)

Yes, you loose. But, on your application, you wrote that your last name was Donaghy. That's a lie isn't it?

RAHEEM

Yes. That is a lie.

Jack claps his hands and smiles.

JACK

I knew it!

JONATHAN

How did you know?

JACK

A Donaghy never gets nervous, and never folds under pressure.

RAHEEM

I'm sorry Jack. I just thought that if you saw that I had the same last name as you, that I would have a better chance to win.

JACK

Yes, Raheem. You're good, but you can't beat ol' Jack Donaghy.

CUT TO:

INT. TGS STUDIO- AFTERNOON

Liz watches a set being built as DENNIS struts into the studio.

DENNIS

What's up, Dummy!?

Liz happily smiles and embraces Dennis.

LIZ

Oh, thank God you're here.

Dennis becomes offended by how tightly Liz is holding onto him.

DENNIS

Whoa, come on. This is a new sweatshirt.

LIZ

Sorry.

DENNIS

So you called me up cause you were missing me?

LIZ

Exactly. And blah, blah, blah, I want to get back together.

DENNIS

Sounds good to me.

Dennis places his hands on Liz's shoulders.

LIZ

I knew you'd want me back, Liz. You always come back.

Liz cringes her teeth together and smiles in an effort to not look disgusted at Dennis.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
Attention, everyone! Announcement time!

DENNIS  
Yes, the rumors are true. Liz and I are getting back together and we ARE having sex!

LIZ  
Yes. The man of my dreams, Tracy Jordan and I are back together!

Dennis pulls away.

DENNIS  
Tracy Jordan?

Liz gasps.

LIZ  
Oh, No! No! That's not what I meant.

DENNIS  
You've got a thing for Tracy?

LIZ  
No, it's just-

Liz is interrupted by Kenneth.

KENNETH  
Ms. Lemon, what's this I hear about you dreaming about Mr. Jordan?

DENNIS  
Dreams?

LIZ  
Ugh. Yes. But, I can explain!

DENNIS  
I don't think so Liz. I've got better things to do today anyway.

Dennis begins to walk away.

DENNIS (CONT'D)  
I'm outta here.

As Dennis walks toward the door he slips on spilled coffee and knocks himself unconscious.

TRANSITION TO:

EXT. 30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA- AFTERNOON

Tracy and Jenna are standing outside of 30 Rock trying to take money from pedestrians on the street. Suddenly, they back into each other causing both of them to fall and drop their glass jars.

JENNA  
Watch out, Tracy!

TRACY  
You owe me a dollar, Blondie!

Jenna screams.

Tracy and Jenna begin to strangle each other in a fit of anger.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
This is my cash!

JENNA  
It's mine...I'm more important!

TRACY  
I'm more hilarious!

Suddenly, a hand is placed on both of their shoulders and stops them from strangling each other.

A CAMERA PAN reveals the man is PAUL MCCARTNEY.

PAUL  
What's all this fighting about?

JENNA  
He's making more money than me,  
Paul McCartney!

TRACY  
Everyone owes me money for my name!

PAUL  
Hey, stop fighting. Work together.  
All you need is love!

Jenna and Tracy hug each other. But, by the time they look back up, Paul has vanished.

TRACY  
Paul McCartney?

JENNA  
He's gone!

TRACY  
What do you think he meant by work together?

JENNA  
I think he means, let's stop worrying about a few bucks from strangers on the street and let's work together to take down the beast!

TRACY  
That's right! Let's get the corporate money owed to us from NBC!

Jenna and Tracy stand up and rush inside the building.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE- AFTERNOON

Jack stands by his liquor table having a glass of scotch.  
Jonathan sits.

JACK  
Johnathan, I have decided that nobody will win the scholarship.

JONATHAN  
What do you mean?

JACK  
I've decided to turn this concept into a TV reality series. It's genius and I don't know why I didn't think about it until now. It's inexpensive to produce and we can hire foreigners to be the contestants for next to nothing. And best yet, it puts me in the limelight to be next in line to run the company.

Jack claps his hands together.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Ha! Jack's done it again!

As Jack walks toward his desk, Jenna and Tracy barge into Jack's Office.

TRACY  
Hey, yo, Jackie D!

JENNA  
Jack! We have come here today to get what's rightfully ours!

TRACY  
That's right! It has come to our attention that NBC owes both of us a large sum money for using our names!

JACK  
What are you talking about?

JENNA  
We're talking about the fact that we own the right to our names, and NBC uses them on a regular basis.

TRACY  
So, you can sign over a fat check to us right now for all that cash flow!

Jack sits back in his chair and smiles.

JACK  
Nobody will be signing over any checks, Tracy. In fact, this silly little game you and Jenna are playing means nothing.

JENNA  
What are you talking about Jack?

JACK  
I'm talking about the fact that Kable Town already owns both of your names. You just didn't know it!

Jack laughs.

TRACY  
Oh, well. I'm gonna go get another  
grease dog.

CUT TO:

INT. TGS STUDIO- AFTERNOON

Dennis wakes up and sees Liz, Pete, and Frank standing over him.

DENNIS  
Whoa, what happened?

LIZ  
You slipped on some spilled coffee.

FRANK  
Sorry. That's my bad.

PETE  
I'm just glad you're awake. We  
can't afford another medical  
accident around here.

Dennis rubs his head and seems confused. As he starts to put together his memory an NBC tour group walks through the studio, following HAZEL, the page.

DENNIS  
Wait a minute...I was on my way out  
of here because you are having sex  
dreams about Tracy Jordan.

The entire staff and NBC tour stops dead in their tracks and focus all their attention on Liz.

LIZ  
Okay. Yes. If everyone must know, I  
am having sex dreams involving none  
other than Tracy Jordan. It's  
repulsive, and I have been trying  
to avoid him all day because I  
can't stand the thought of Tracy  
doing that with anyone, let alone  
me!

The entire room is still staring at Liz.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
You know what? I've had enough of  
hiding all day.  
(MORE)



LIZ (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna find Tracy and tell him  
about my dreams, and resolve the  
problem like an adult.

Liz walks confidently down the hallway and opens the door to  
Tracy's Dressing Room.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

As Liz steps into the room, she flips the light on.

TRACY  
Uh Oh!

ANGIE  
What you doin white girl?

The camera pans over to reveal Tracy and ANGIE having sex on  
Tracy's couch.

LIZ  
No! No! Ahhhhh!

Liz immediately slams the door shut, as Jack slowly walks up  
to her.

JACK  
So, did you tell him the truth?

LIZ  
I didn't need to. I just saw him  
having sex with Angie and I am  
definitely cured.

JACK  
I knew it would come to that  
eventually.

LIZ  
Now I can finally sleep in peace!

Liz and Jack high five each other, then begin to walk down  
the hall.

JACK  
Hey, let's go grab a grease dog and  
let me tell you about this new  
reality series I thought about  
today.

FADE TO BLACK: