

30 ROCK

"Realitracy"

Written by
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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. ELEVATOR BANK - MORNING

LIZ LEMON emerges from an elevator and walks through the halls backstage at TGS. Mysteriously, no one is in sight.

LIZ
Where is everyone?

She walks into--

CUT TO:

INT. THE WRITERS' ROOM - MORNING

It's empty as well. She heads to her office and desperately leafs through her page-a-day calendar.

LIZ
I didn't accidentally come into work
on a Saturday again, did I?

It's apparently not a Saturday, so she walks out again, still looking for someone else.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - MORNING

She bursts into JACK's office. He's watching a closed-circuit feed from the studio on his TV. His desk is covered with gifts--flowers, chocolates, a basket full of industrial plastics.

LIZ
Jack, what's going on?

JACK
Good morning to you too, Lemon.

LIZ
Where's my staff? I was just
downstairs and everyone is--
(catching sight of the TV)
Is that live?

On the TV, TRACY is perched on the top of a set, with all of the crew and writers gathered around him, brandishing a banana.

TRACY
You call this a complimentary
breakfast? Where's my Muesli? I need
my Muesli! Where's Grizz? Grizz!...

He continues raving under Jack and Liz's conversation.

JACK
We're using a small portion of your
show's ridiculously bloated budget--

LIZ
Hey, I said you were welcome to cut
our fruit snack expenses if you--

JACK
--To make a reality show for Tracy.

LIZ
Wait, what? Hold on there.

JACK
It's quite simple. Its production will
be dovetailed into TGS's. I hired a
very successful reality show producer,
Kate Berry. Remember *Underwater High
School*?

LIZ
No.

JACK
Well everyone else in America does.
Ah, the drama, the romance, the
depressurization accidents.

Both of them are distracted by the TV, where Tracy has taken off his shirt. He grabs an extra wearing a penguin costume and, screaming, punches him in face.

TRACY

Eat it, penguin! I am the mighty
whale! I am the mighty whale!

KATE (O.S.)

Cut! Okay, that was great, Tracy!

TRACY

You think so, Kate? I thought it might
have been a little much.

KATE BERRY walks into shot.

KATE

No, it was perfect. Just like we
talked about. Strudel break, anyone?

She turns towards the camera and gives a devilish smile. She looks like an evil version of Liz: black hair, glasses, jeans, and bi-curious shoes, but all with a dark twist. Liz gasps.

LIZ

I've been bizzaro'd!

CUT TO OPENING
TITLES.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. BACKSTAGE - THE ELEVATOR BANK/HALLWAY - DAY

Liz emerges from the elevator again on her way back from Jack's office. She runs into the cast, crew, and writers as they exit the studio. Tracy is perfectly calm and collected, with a towel around his neck and a bottle of water. A camera man trails him.

TRACY

This is more like it, Liz Lemon! No lines, no rehearsals! And now I don't have to pay someone to video tape me while I sleep and make sure none of my dolls come to life!

Liz sighs and shakes her head as Tracy walks off. She starts towards the writers' room but almost immediately runs into Kate Berry, who appears suddenly, grinning predatorially, flanked by P.A.s and cameramen.

KATE

Hey there! The famous Liz Lemon, I presume. I've heard a lot about you!

Liz starts to respond but Kate cuts her off.

KATE (CONT'D)

I know, I know. You're worried that our little show will get in the way of TGS, but fear not! We'll stay out of your way. Our mission is only to record the real story of TGS. I want to discover the "Yes we can" within all of you.

LIZ

(Stutters at the
ridiculousness of this
statement)
O-okay...?

KATE

Now, where's that page? Dennis!

KENNETH stumbles up, laden with papers and coffee trays, overwhelmed but cheerful.

KENNETH

It's Kenneth, actually. How can I help you, Ms. Berry?

KATE

I need a Soyjoy and two Motrin, stat!

KENNETH

Yes, Ms. Berry!

Liz continues towards the writers' room, but is stopped again by JENNA, who's upset.

JENNA

Liz, you've got to do something!

LIZ

Don't know why I didn't see this coming.

JENNA

They are not giving me any screen time. If this is a show about TGS, I should be a main character! And I'm already an established reality show personality. Remember when I was on Celebrity Big Brother?

PETE walks up.

PETE

Albanian Celebrity Big Brother.

JENNA

It was also syndicated in Serbia!

LIZ

Jenna, listen, this reality show is none of my business. I don't have any control.

Liz and Pete push past her.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Ugh, this whole thing is the worst!
And you know how much I hate reality
shows. Remember that time I got Cash
Cabbed three times in one day?

SWIPE TO:

EXT. A NEW YORK STREET - DAY - FLASHBACK

Liz stomps out of a minivan taxi--the Cash Cab--in a huff.
She turns back and shouts at it as it pulls away.

LIZ

I swear to God, if you pick me up one
more time, I'm going to file a
complaint! This cab is a menace! And
pandas are too bears! I'm going to
look that up!

SWIPE BACK TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - THE ELEVATOR BANK/HALLWAY - DAY

PETE

They play that episode all the time.
My favorite part is when you try to
wrestle the steering wheel away from
Ben Bailey.

LIZ

I'm just going to go with the flow and
be as accommodating as possible until
Jack realizes what a terrible idea
this is.

PETE

Yeah, or until you snap and steer the
cab into the East River.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

JONATHAN stumbles into Jack's office, dwarfed by the massive
gift basket he's carrying. He drops it onto Jack's coffee
table, panting.

JONATHAN

It's another one from that Plastalcor
recruiter, Mr. Corbett. He's called
fourteen times today.

JACK

Well, he's certainly persistent. I'll give him that.

Jack opens the gift basket and begins to rifle through it.

He pops a minimuffin into his mouth, takes out a plastic fitting, and examines it, apparently impressed.

JACK (CONT'D)

They're pulling out all the stops.

JONATHAN

You're not actually considering leaving GE, are you sir? I--I don't know what I would do--

JACK

Don't be silly, Jonathan. The negotiation process itself can be incredibly lucrative. Corporations like Plastalcor will give anything to reel in new executives. I could have a jet by five o'clock.

Jonathan is clearly impressed and excited.

JONATHAN

So why don't you call Mr. Corbett?

JACK

Are you crazy? Talking to executive recruiters from rival companies is tantamount to "going hiking in the Appalachians." I'd be fired in a matter of days. No, I can't let anyone else in this building know about it. Besides, appearing eager is the last thing I should do. However, the next time he calls...put him through.

Jonathan nods slowly and knowingly.

JONATHAN

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Tracy enters. DOTCOM is comforting an obviously distressed GRIZZ. Tracy, oblivious, sits down in front of his mirror and starts preening.

TRACY

Quick, Grizz, I need some steel wool
and plaster of Paris; I want to do my
Billy Crystal impression.

Grizz ignores Tracy.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Grizz, did you hear me?

Grizz still refuses to respond. Tracy turns around to look at
him.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Why aren't you jumping to fulfill my
strange and unreasonable demands?

DOTCOM

This morning Stephanie told Grizz she
wants to see other people. She left
him a note by the coffee press. That's
a bad sign.

TRACY

Oh, don't sweat it, Grizz. Angie
threatens to divorce me almost every
week, and I just pretend I'm a
Nicaraguan exchange student until
something else happens.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. TRACY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tracy is half-asleep on the couch in his underwear, a bottle
of expensive whiskey in one hand. The apartment is trashed. A
alpaca is in the corner, chewing on a cushion.

Angie stands over him with her hands on her hips.

ANGIE

Tracy Jordan, I am divorcing your ass.

TRACY

What? Que hora Espanol? Si, Vladimir!
Das Boot. Me gusto rugby!

Angie rolls her eyes.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

TRACY

Now, how about that steel wool?

GRIZZ

No. I am not your slave, Tracy.

There is a long, pregnant silence as Tracy and Grizz stare each other down. A camera man edges carefully into the room. Tracy gets up, casts Grizz a final resentful look, and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WRITERS' ROOM - DAY

Liz, THE WRITERS, and Pete are sitting around the table. Two camera men circle the room. All the writers are preening for the cameras. SUE is wearing a transparent mesh shirt.

JOSH

(Doing a bad Christopher Walken impression)

...And that's how I passed my motorcycle road test.

LIZ

O-kay...but let's try to focus on rounding out this polar bear sketch. How 'bout it turns out he's lactose intolerant? Or--

FRANK

(Talking with a cameraman, showing off his hat, which reads "CRYPTIC PLANT")

No, I sort of just go with what feels right.

LIZ

Yeah, that's great, Frank, but about this sketch--

LUTZ

(Wearing a cowboy hat and all black)

I'll make a joke when I want to! I'm dangerous!

LIZ

Lutz, that's a child's hat.

Tracy sweeps in, winded and a little sweaty, wearing a sequined outfit a la *Dancing with the Stars*, talking to a camera.

TRACY

That was pretty good, don't you think?
I think Donna could have done that
jump a little more smoothly, though. I
don't know if the waltz is her thing.

He sits at one end of the room, behind a table. The Six Flags dancing old man mascot and Meryl Streep sit beside him. The lights dim dramatically.

LIZ

What the what...?

TRACY

Welcome, contestants, to the
elimination room. Each of you will
pitch me your best sketch. All but one
of you will receive a rose--

TOOFER

Come on, this is ridiculous.

TRACY

--the remaining writer will be
eliminated.

FRANK

Eliminated how? Like, do we just get
to take an early lunch?

TRACY

Eliminated, as in executed.

KATE

He means fired.

LIZ

Hey, wait a minute. You don't have the
authority to fire my writers!

Kate appears in front of Liz, holding a sheaf of papers covered in fine print.

KATE

Actually, we do. At least for the
duration of RealiTracy. See? You can
ask Jack, we worked it out together.

Liz is infuriated, but speechless.

TRACY

Let us commence. Frank, please step up to the judges' table and pitch your sketch.

Frank, suddenly schoolgirlishly nervous, steps towards the table.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jonathan pops his head into Jack's office.

JONATHAN

Charlie Corbett, the representative from Plastalcor is on the line, Mr. Donaghy.

JACK

Thank you, Jonathan.

He picks up the phone, very serious and determined to get all he can out of this.

JACK (CONT'D)

This is Jack Donaghy. Yes. No. Well, I can't really give you a decision either way right now. My allegiance is to GE first and foremost.

(Beginning to smile a little)

Oh, I wouldn't say that. Please.

(A little giggly now,
twirling the phone cord
around his finger)

You're too much! No, it's natural. I'm not kidding! Yes. Yes. Lunch sounds wonderful. I'll see you at 1:00. 'Bye.

Charlie Corbett is evidently extremely endearing. Jack sits, smiling happily for a moment, but his smile slowly fades.

JACK (CONT'D)

Good God. What have I gotten myself into?

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

TOOFER

...and then the priest says "I'll male gaze at whatever I want!"

(MORE)

TOOFER (CONT'D)

(Laughing)
Get it?

TRACY

No.

He stares at Toofer very seriously for a moment, then breaks into a smile.

TRACY (CONT'D)

But I like it!

Toofer looks faint for a moment, before sitting back down. The judges converse quietly for a few seconds.

TRACY (CONT'D)

The judges have completed their deliberations. Lutz and Toofer, you also receive roses. Sue, I'm sorry, but you'll be going home.

Sue runs out, sobbing. Tracy suddenly turns to look straight into a camera, bubbly.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Next, we'll be heading back to the dance floor to see Margaret and Jason's samba! Stay tuned!

KATE

(Emerging from the shadows)
Okay, let's take a break everyo--

Suddenly, Jenna bursts in loudly.

JENNA

Hey everyone! I'm back from lunch, and boy do I have a story to tell you about the celebrity I bumped into on the way back from getting my hairline repositioned...

She falters and eventually falls silent when she realizes all the cameras are off and no one's paying attention to her.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I just cannot catch a break!

Just as she says this, the fire alarm goes off and the sprinklers turn on. Everyone scatters.

TRACY

Grizz! Where's my ladybug umbrella?

JENNA

Liz, I deserve to be in this show! I'm
a star! I was on Craig Ferguson once!
And his show, too!

The room empties out. Liz, however, only has eyes for Kate,
who is smiling evilly with her hand on the fire alarm.

KATE

Take a page from my rough plot
outline, Liz: This is how you make
great television.

LIZ

I don't think I need you to tell me
how to make great television, Kate.

KATE

Really? I think you do. See, I've been
talking to my good friend, Jack
Donaghy, and he seems to think my
grand project is worth a lot more than
your pathetic little joke hour.
Writers are so out, and reality is so,
so in.

LIZ

Jack...said that?

KATE

You seem so surprised! I thought you
two were best buds. Huh! Guess not.

Kate smirks and walks away.

LIZ

(shouting after Kate)
We are best buds! I was just testing
you! And you failed...the...the test!
Ha-HA!

(under her breath)
I really need to work on those
comebacks.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Liz, sopping wet and looking like a half-drowned angry rat, charges into Jack's office.

LIZ

I demand that you shut down
RealiTracy! I am cashing in all my
friend points!

JACK

First of all, we both know you spent
all your friend points last month when
you needed me to get that centipede
out of your hair. Secondly, I don't
think you're in a place to demand
anything when it comes to RealiTracy.

LIZ

Come on, Jack! I can't write a show
with this going on. Tracy's firing my
writers--

JACK

Technically, they're just being sent
to work on "Untitled Jay Leno Night
Program."

LIZ

(Brandishing a rose)
--And I'm not so sure I'm going to get
a rose next round!

JACK

Lemon, RealiTracy costs half as much
as your show and I guarantee you it'll
have twice the viewership. You should
be worried I'll shut down TGS and farm
you all out as production gaffers, or
best boy boom mics, or whatever.
Anyway, I have something much more
pressing to worry about.

LIZ

(Suspiciously)
Does it have something to do with that
tin of Harry & David's Popcorn
Assortment #5 on your desk?

JACK

Maybe.
(beat)
What have you heard?

There is a heavy pause as the two eye each other.

LIZ

Nothing...is there something you
should be telling me?

JACK

No! No.

LIZ

O-kay, then...Anyway, can we push the
budget meeting up to 1:00 so I'll have
time to write Sue's sketches?

JACK

I can't. I'm--uh--busy.

LIZ

Oh, okay, how 'bout--

JACK

(interrupting her)
I have to meet with...Kate to look at
some...er...footage.

LIZ

Fine. Why don't you two just become
best buds! If I'm going to have to
deal with her, I'm taking this!

She grabs the popcorn tin off the table and storms out. Jack
sits pensively for a moment, before decisively pressing his
intercom.

JACK

Jonathan, I'm leaving for my lunch
appointment.

JONATHAN

Should I call you a car?

JACK

No, I can't risk it. Don Geiss has
eyes everywhere. I'll take the secret
tunnel system.

Jack exits.

Slam zoom to a painting of a woman on Jack's wall. Two human eyes are looking out through holes cut into the canvas.

CUT TO:

INT. AN EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT - DAY

Jack is escorted to a table and sits down across from CHARLIE CORBETT. He's appealing, handsome, and has a friendly smile. He stands to meet Jack and shakes his hand firmly. Jack is charmed.

CHARLIE

How are you doing, Mr. Donaghy? May I call you Jack?

JACK

Certainly.

CHARLIE

It's really an honor. You're quite the celebrity in the industry. This lunch is on me.

Jack fails to hide his excitement and picks up a menu.

JACK

What's good here?

CUT TO:

INT. AN EXPENSIVE RESTAURANT - DAY - 30 MIN. LATER

The two have ordered and have almost finished up their entrees. Jack wipes his mouth carefully with a napkin.

JACK

That's the best otter fillet I've had in years.

CHARLIE

I'm glad you liked it. I'll get down to brass tacks since I know you're a busy man. We have a Donaghy-shaped hole at Plastalcor, Jack. What do I have to do to lure you away from GE?

Jack opens his mouth to speak. He's been waiting for this-- the perfect opportunity to ask for anything.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Listen, I know you're a GE man through and through.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You've given the best years of your life to that company. But you've been cast off into a dead-end position in TV. After all you've done, is that really all you deserve? Shouldn't your office door say "Jack Donaghy, CEO?"

This little speech has hit Jack in a soft spot. He begins to lose his composure.

JACK

You're right, Charlie. You're right.

Charlie reaches across the table and pats Jack's hand briefly. At that moment, the camera pans over to a GE EXEC (wearing an American flag pin and a pin with the GE logo) peering through the window at them, his eyes wide. He darts away when they notice him.

Jack panics and jerks his hand away. He stands up and starts to leave.

CHARLIE

Jack, wait--

JACK

(whispered)
Call me.

He hurries out of the restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY

Liz walks into work, passing by several people sitting along the wall doing one-on-ones with cameras. Tracy is a few feet away from Grizz, and the two are listening to each other while pretending not to.

GRIZZ

I feel abandoned and betrayed. I don't even know what I did to make Stephanie feel this way. If only the in-vitro had taken.

TRACY

Grizz has abandoned and betrayed me. Nobody flagged down a rickshaw to take me to work this morning. How I am supposed to flag down a rickshaw? I don't know German!

GRIZZ

To make it worse, some people claim they're your friend while you're buying them underwear and apologizing to their snake for them, but as soon as you're in crisis, they leave you by the wayside.

TRACY

That reminds me, I really need new underwear. What was the question, again? Oh yeah, I do think that the 12th floor alliance will hold until the next elimination challenge. Those guys have their eyes on the prize.

Liz sighs and shakes her head. She notices that a larger camera crew is following Kenneth around as he leads a tour and fills out paperwork simultaneously.

LIZ

(to the tour group)
Can I borrow him for a second?

KENNETH

Oh, hello, Ms. Lemon.

He takes a moment to breathe. A cameraman moves in close to Liz's face and she swats him away.

LIZ

Kenneth, what's going on?

KENNETH

Well, Ms. Berry said I had an "inoffensive and marketable" face, so she gave me a talk show, just like I've always wanted! It's called "Gareth!"

LIZ

"Gareth?"

KENNETH

Oh, well, she seemed to be a little confused about my name, but that's alright. When I first started, you called me Keith.

LIZ

If you're a talk show host now, why are you still doing tours?

Kenneth starts to turn back towards the group of restless tourists.

KENNETH

Well, she talked to Mr. Donaghy about it, and in the end she said I could keep my page job, too! Isn't that great?

He and the tourists move off.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

See you later, Ms. Lemon! And come watch my show! We're taping at 6:00!

Liz walks off towards her office. Meanwhile, Jenna is dancing and singing her way down the hallway in a flashy costume, tripping crew members and disrupting interviews. All the cameras turn away when she approaches. She catches sight of Kate, watching her, smiling smugly.

JENNA

You just wait! I'll put on a show you won't believe! You'll be begging to shoot me!

Frank and Toofer, who are drinking coffee by the craft services table, smirk.

FRANK

Oh, we've been begging to for a while now.

LUTZ

With an XM214 gas-cooled machine gun.

Frank gives Lutz a slightly incredulous, apprehensive look. Kate approaches them.

KATE

Hey, you two. You seem doughy and pathetic. Do you want to be on TV?

LUTZ

Do I!

CUT TO:

INT. THE STUDIO - AT A REHEARSAL - DAY

Josh, Jenna, and a few extras gamely attempt to rehearse a sketch. Jenna is dressed as a polar bear, Josh as a ghetto Inuit.

Pete is acting as floor manager, and Liz is holding the cue cards. A piece of lighting hangs dangerously low in the middle of the set. Josh walks into it.

LIZ
Where the heck is our crew? This is ridiculous.

PETE
Kate gave a lot of them jobs as cameramen on *Realitracy*, *Gareth!*, *Ceri's New Bestest BFF*, *Ceri's Super Sweet 17th*, *Gossip Ceri*, and...

He shuffles through memos.

PETE (CONT'D)
...apparently Lutz and Frank have a show in pre-production.

LIZ
How many shows does Ceri have now?

PETE
Four, I think. Remember, she already has that one on MTV where she watches *Dirty Jobs* once a week and throws a tantrum.

LIZ
Jack has some nerve letting Kate do this! Why, I have a mind to--

She's cut off as she narrowly avoids being hit in the head by a gib arm camera.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Who's that operating camera four?

PETE
Oh, that's Paul. He came in today to do some maintenance work on the elevators. Slow and easy there, Paul!

Paul gives them a thumbs-up.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack is hunched over his desk, with his phone to his ear and his hand cupped around the mouthpiece, talking to Charlie.

JACK

Yes, I want to see you again. I don't know when. They're watching me all the time. No, we can't be seen in public. I'll call you later.

An exec pops his head into Jack's office. Jack immediately straightens and pretends he's on the phone with someone else.

JACK (CONT'D)

Uh--no. You'll have to send me a copy of that. I mean--fire him.

He looks up at the exec with mock innocence.

JACK (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

Casting him a meaningful look, the exec slowly backs out of the doorway.

CUT TO:

INT. THE ~~GARETH~~ BENNETH! SET - DAY

Kenneth sits in a Dr. Phil-like talk show set, with Tracy in the guest's seat. The audience applauds as they return from a break.

KENNETH

We're back with Mr. Tracy Jordan, who is making a new and innovative reality show, called *Realitracy*. Can you tell us more about that?

TRACY

Sure, Ken. It's a groundbreaking new genre, combining the best parts of *The Apprentice*, *Dancing with the Stars*, *The Bachelor*, *Survivor*, and *COPS*.

KENNETH

That sounds amazing, but it's not the real reason we brought you here.

TRACY

Aw, not another intervention for my Starcraft addiction!

KENNETH

Would our mystery guest please come out?

The audience applauds again as Grizz emerges from backstage and sits down next to Tracy.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

I know you've been having an argument with your dear friend, Mr. Grizz, and I think it's time you two talk your problems out.

Tracy bursts into tears and flees, followed by his camera crew, which has dwindled to just two people.

TRACY

No, you can't make me deal with my emotions! I won't! I won't!

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack is gazing at Charlie's YouFace page. He minimizes it quickly as Kate charges in.

JACK

What is it, Berry?

KATE

I need permission to start ten new shows.

JACK

Ten new shows? I thought we were drawing the line at six.

KATE

Come on, Jack, we passed six shows hours ago. Keep up.

JACK

What exactly are you doing down there?

KATE

You know, same-old, same-old. We're maximizing efficiency by establishing a one-to-one ratio between performers and cameras. Oh, I borrowed a handful of people from *The Today Show*, is that okay?

JACK

I--

KATE

Thanks, Jack, you're a doll. Now, I need you to sign this waiver giving me control of all NBC equipment.

JACK

Listen, I know you're the darling of the reality industry these days, but this is ridiculous. There's no way I'm signing that.

KATE

Oh, really? No way? Well, I've got a video of you sharing pan-seared otter with a Plastalcor recruiter that says otherwise.

She holds up a DVD with "Compromising Blackmail Footage" written on it.

JACK

How did you get that?

KATE

I have a camera on everyone, Donaghy. Everyone. How about this for a show idea?

JACK

You wouldn't.

KATE

Try me.

Jack knows when he's been beat. He snatches the papers from her and signs them angrily.

JACK

Now get out of my office.

Kate checks the papers to make sure everything is in order.

KATE

See you, Donaghy!

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - HALLWAY - DAY

Liz spots Kate talking to some assistants. She storms up to her doppelganger.

KATE

Hey Liz, what do you think we should name Frank and Lutz's new show-- "American Pigs" or "Two Men and A Marsupial?" It's an animal show.

LIZ

Neither. I don't think you should name it anything because it's a stupid idea. None these people are interesting enough to deserve reality shows! No more! You're distracting my stars, firing my writers, stealing my crew! You're destroying my show! The original show! This has to stop!

KATE

There's no stopping it now! Soon, everyone will either be a star or a cameraman! Everyone in this building will either be a recorder or a recordee! It will be the ultimate reality experience! And there's nothing you can do about it, Liz. Nothing! With Jack Donaghy's support, I can do whatever I want!

Kate laughs evilly and the lighting flickers like lightning, except it's just a circuit breaker blowing. The lights go out.

LIZ

Blerg!

KATE

Werg! Oh yeah, I recruited some of your electricians to operate cameras. Or should I say...my electricians?

The dramatic shadows cast by the emergency lights make obvious the fact that Kate is a super-villain, mad with power. She stalks away, chuckling maliciously to herself. Pete slowly walks up next to Liz.

PETE

What are we going to do?

LIZ

We must destroy her.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BACKSTAGE - HALLWAY AND ELEVATOR BANK - LATER

The hallway is total chaos. Everyone is being followed around by a cameraman. The pages are doing a dance number. Liz wades through the masses, catching snippets of the various shows in process.

DOTCOM

...you know it's fresh if it smells like celery once you cut off the tough outer skin...

JONATHAN

...that's why you always keep tacks sorted by color first, and then size...

TOOFER

...frankly, infuriated is what I am. Who thinks they have the right to call me "a chocolate daddy"...

DR. SPACEMAN

...and so, when you think about it, the liver is not actually a part of the body at all...

PETE

Oh God, this is terrible. We never should have left for a few minutes to get these frappes.

He holds up a large frappucino. Liz has one too.

LIZ

I know! But it seemed like such a good idea at the time!

They wade through the masses, and come upon Josh, who is operating a camera (badly).

LIZ (CONT'D)

Josh! What are you doing?

JOSH

I dunno--Kate handed me this camera and told me to follow Janitor Rick around.

Janitor Rick waves at them.

PETE

You can't just take other jobs! You have a contract!

JOSH

But Kate says Jack gave her executive control over everything that happens within the TGS Media Family. I'm also just a total doormat.

LIZ

Well stop it, it's ridiculous.

JOSH

Okay.

He puts the camera down on the floor. Janitor Rick looks disappointed. Liz and Pete press on, dodging cameras and actors.

CUT TO:

INT. THE WRITERS' ROOM - EVENING

The room is seemingly completely empty and silent. Suddenly, Jenna emerges from under the table. She's in a pretty sorry state.

JENNA

Liz! Thank God! Th-they won't shoot me...what's so wrong with me? My hair stylist has a show now!

PETE

We need to do something. This is crazy--the entire floor is falling apart, but without having any effect on the structural integrity of the rest of the building. Also, I almost signed a contract to host a game show on our way in here.

LIZ

We have to talk to Jack.

PETE

You mean, we have to go back out there?

LIZ

Man up, Pete.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - EVENING

Jack is working at his desk and looks up when he hears a knock on the door. It's DON GEISS.

JACK
Good evening, sir. What can I do for you?

GEISS
Oh, I just came in for a chat.

Geiss settles on the couch and Jack gets up to go sit across from him.

GEISS (CONT'D)
My assistant Gregory tells me you've been talking with Charlie Corbett from Plastalcor.

Jack is a deer in headlights.

JACK
H-how did he hear about that, sir?

GEISS
Oh, you know. Gossip. You can't escape gossip, Jack.

JACK
Gossip, though...you never really know if it's true or not. I mean, some of the gossip I've heard is frankly--

GEISS
Enough dancing around this, Jack.

JACK
Mr. Geiss, whatever you've heard, there's no way I would ever--

GEISS
Enough, Jack. I know what I know.
(a long beat)
Anyway, I hope he's off your back now. He can be a manipulative bastard.

JACK
S-sir?

GEISS
Oh, Corbett makes the rounds every year about this time.

(MORE)

GEISS (CONT'D)

I think he just likes the attention.
Same gift baskets.

JACK

You mean, he's done this before?

GEISS

A handful of times. He's mostly
harmless, though. Plastalcor doesn't
ever hire GE executives, but he's
snagged a few accountants.

Jack is crushed.

GEISS (CONT'D)

Don't take it too hard, Jackie boy.
Maybe next time you'll get the jet.
Keep your fingers crossed.

Geiss pats Jack on the shoulder in a fatherly way and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. A REALITRACY SET - EVENING

Tracy is ballroom dancing with an older woman, DONNA
Suddenly, he kneels down and opens a jewelry box.

DONNA

Oh, Tracy!

TRACY

That's right, Donna, I've chosen
you...

Suddenly, the police charge in and Tracy pulls out a pair of
handcuffs.

TRACY (CONT'D)

...as my perp!

He handcuffs her and the police drag her away. Tracy turns to
a panel of young professionals.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Now, which one of you was watching
carefully enough? Who is talented
enough to become...the magician's
apprentice? Oh wait, that's not right.

Dramatic lights, pyrotechnics, and music are cued, but Tracy
has no idea what's going on.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Wait, can we have a break? I forgot
what's going on.

Kate descends on a crane, holding a megaphone.

KATE

There are no breaks, Tracy! This is
reality! You can never escape reality!

Policemen and dancers and tribal castaways close in on Tracy.

TRACY

Grizz! I'm scared! Help! Help!

Grizz swoops in, effortlessly brushing aside all the reality
characters and picking Tracy up like a small child. The two
escape.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Liz, Pete, and Jenna burst in, panting and disheveled. Jack
is sitting behind his desk, with his back facing the door.

LIZ

Jack, I know you told me that TGS will
go before the reality shows do, but
you don't know what it's like down
there. It's completely out of control.

JENNA

And no one will pay attention to--

LIZ

Quiet, Jenna. Listen, Jack, you need
to shut this down.

JACK

I'm sorry, Liz...

He swivels to face them, and it's revealed that he's also
disheveled and distressed-looking.

JACK (CONT'D)

...I was wrong before. This has become
something so big, even I can't control
it. It's become the fabled snake--

LIZ

Eating its own tail?

JACK

No, The Fabled Snake. It was a National Geographic reality series about a rare Amazonian snake. It turned out it didn't actually exist and it got way out of hand. Anyway, I wish I could stop it. I foolishly signed away all my power to protect myself, protect myself from a threat that turned out to be harmless.

LIZ

I was hoping it wouldn't have to come to this.

Liz and Pete exchange a grim glance.

JENNA

Come to what? Are we going to burn the building down?

LIZ

No! I happen to know of a special contingency plan that allows an executive to shut down all cameras with feeds leading into the control room and erase all the tapes.

PETE

And how exactly do you happen to know of this?

LIZ

I went on a date with Alan the Tech Guy once. Anyway, it was created to shut down NBC in the event of another My Mother the Car. It's a tiny button on the control panel, almost invisible to the untrained eye, disguised as a window-blinds transition.

JACK

Well, I'll call security and get someone to go press it.

LIZ

No! That control room is filled with Kate's people. And besides, there are over twenty-three buttons on that panel, they'll never find it. It has to be me. I'm the only one who can do this.

JACK

Lemon, this is insanity. It's far too dangerous.

LIZ

Jack, Kate Berry and I have a date with destiny, and it's a date that both of us are going to have to...attend.

PETE

I'm going with you.

JENNA

And me too.

Jack shakes Liz's hand firmly and solemnly.

JACK

Godspeed, Lemon. And good luck.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - HALLWAY

With Pete and Jenna as her wingmen, Liz runs down the hallway, dodging cameras and actors that veer towards her right and left. Pete and Jenna shove people out of the way.

Four cameramen doing one-on-ones with dancers are blocking the entrance to the studio.

LIZ

How are we going to get past them?

JENNA

Leave it to me, Liz!

Jenna leaps in front of the cameras, knocking the dancers out of the way and the cameramen backwards. She hits the ground with a crunch, definitely injured.

JENNA (CONT'D)

I was on the show, Liz! I was on the show!

Liz and Pete bound over her. They run into:

INT. THE STUDIO - NIGHT

Kate is now hot on their tails, along with a handful of cameramen. They swerve and dodge around pieces of the set.

PETE
I can't shake her!

LIZ
Pete!

PETE
I can't shake her!

LIZ
No!

They overcome Pete, but he trips and takes down the cameramen with him. The button, labeled "Window Blinds," with "Shut It Down" in tiny print beneath that, is now in sight as Liz enters:

INT. THE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Suddenly, Kate bursts into the room from another door. She's between Liz and the button. They stare each other down.

KATE
You can't shut down my shows, Lemon.
They will never end! The Force is
strong with you, but not strong
enough.

LIZ
Oh, it's strong enough, alright!

KATE
Liz, I am your father!

LIZ
What? That's very clearly not true.

Kate flounders a bit.

KATE
Well, I'm your...sister.

LIZ
I don't think so.

Kate is unable to think of a way to wittily redeem herself. She grits her teeth and attempts to strangle Liz with her mind, a la Darth Vader.

Suddenly, a 20-foot set piece in the shape of a Tracy's head crashes through the window looking onto the set. Tracy and Grizz are riding it down.

TRACY

Do it, Liz!

GRIZZ

Press the button!

Liz dives in slow motion towards the button and presses it. All through the floor, cameras turn off and the chaos abates.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Frank shakes himself, realizing that no one's recording him. He and Lutz look around at all the shocked people.

FRANK

I feel as if I'm waking from a strange and terrible dream.

LUTZ

Do you want to grab a breakfast sandwich?

FRANK

Yeah, okay.

CUT TO:

INT. THE CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Kate lets out a shriek of defeat.

KATE

Next time, Lemon! Next time!

Kate scrambles off down a stairwell. Liz slumps onto the floor with a sigh.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

Tracy and Grizz are sitting next to each other on the couch. Dotcom and Kenneth look on approvingly.

KENNETH

I bet you both learned a valuable lesson today.

TRACY

I sure did!

GRIZZ

Me too. I'm sorry that I was so short with you, Tracy. And it turns out that Ms. Berry left that note on by the coffee press this morning, not Stephanie, after all. Can you forgive me?

TRACY

Of course I can, Grizz. And I'm sorry that--

GRIZZ

No, you don't have to say--

TRACY

Yes, I do, Grizz! I'm sorry that I don't listen to more world music. There, I've said it.

Grizz looks a little disappointed. Kenneth grins and shrugs.

CUT TO:

INT. THE STUDIO - NIGHT

Jack and Liz sit on the quiet, empty, trashed set.

JACK

What a disaster.

LIZ

You're telling me. But it could have been worse. You could have forced me to have a show.

JACK

It was in development.

LIZ

So whatever happened with whoever was sending you all those popcorn tins and stuff? It wasn't Kate, was it?

JACK

No, it was just a beautiful fantasy.

LIZ

I wonder when maintenance is going to clean all this up.

JACK

Probably not for a while. They're all
in the cinematographers' union now.

They laugh.

JACK (CONT'D)

If I were you, I'd be more worried
about the fact that you have a show to
broadcast tomorrow night.

LIZ

Blerg!

And deep in the bowels of the building, a voice echoes...

KATE

(distant)

Weeeeeeeeeeeeeerrrrrrg...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW