

30 Rock

"Do It Anyway"

by

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

The writers room is punchy, animated, laughing, clapping. LIZ watches a sketch re-enactment between LUTZ and FRANK. Josh mimes wiggling on a pole like a stripper. Frank is standing next to him. PETE narrates, reading a script.

PETE

And then the devil goes:

Frank tosses money at Lutz's face.

FRANK

"Is this what you wanted? Eat it, lady! Eat my cash! Eat it, bitch!"

The rest of the room erupts into laughter and applause as Lutz and Frank take a bow.

LIZ

Great. It's great, right?

FRANK

It's a good sketch, Liz.

LIZ

Thanks. Well, the only problem I can see is... I'm not sure Jenna'a going to be okay with playing a money-grubbing whore.

A beat. Then everybody breaks into laughter again.

ANGLE ON: Liz sticks a "Money Ho" notecard to the board.

LIZ (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And that's what we call "Comedy."

TRACY bursts into the room.

TRACY

Everybody! Come quick! I just saw my face in a tortilla!

Everybody immediately leaps to see, happy for the new distraction. As they clamor out the door, JENNA enters, weeping, face streaked with mascara. She GRABS LIZ'S ARM before Liz can skip out the door.

JENNA

I'm so glad you're here. The worst thing in the world has happened!

LIZ

Yeah, Jenna. Do you think it can wait five minutes? There's kind of an emergency situation thing.

JENNA

What's wrong? Is everything okay?

LIZ

You actually care?

JENNA

No, not at all. That's my point. Deal with me right now!

Jenna runs into Liz's office, howling. Liz follows.

CUT TO:

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jenna is huddled in chair, weeping. Liz sits at her desk.

LIZ

Okay. I mean, somebody's definitely going to eat Tracy's face before I get to see it, but fine. What's up?

JENNA

This.

Jenna tosses an open tabloid magazine onto Liz's desk.

ANGLE ON: Paparazzi shot of Jenna walking out of a coffee shop. An arrow points to her stomach with the word "BUMP?"

LIZ

Ohhhh. "Bump."

JENNA

"Bump!" This is so unfair! I haven't eaten a carb in sixteen years. I don't even believe in fruit. I exist purely on mustard, vitamins and high-octane vanity. There is no way I have a bump.

LIZ

You're right: it looks like you have that bump because of the way your sweatpants are hanging.

JENNA

(horrified)

They're not sweatpants! Those are cashmere, you monster! I don't know why I came to you. I can't expect you to understand when you couldn't care less about what you look like when you leave your apartment.

LIZ

I care! About my safety! Nobody's sexually harassing this lady on her way to work! This outfit says, "Nothing to see here! Just an independent woman making her way in a tough world! So eyes off, and respect ON."

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Tracy holds the tortilla up to his face. Frank and Lutz inspect.

LUTZ

Uncanny.

FRANK

It's like one of those brain teaser things. First it looks like Tracy, but it also looks like an old woman looking away.

TRACY

Grizz. Dot Com.

Tracy's entourage perks up from their places on the couch.

GRIZZ

Yeah, boss.

TRACY

I need you to find everything in the world that has my face on it.

DOT COM  
You got it, boss.

TRACY  
I mean it. Everything. Potatoes.  
Tree trunks.

FRANK  
Lutz's mom's butt.

TRACY  
Lutz's mom's butt.

LUTZ  
Oh, funny.

TRACY  
I don't know your mom's butt, I  
could be there. Do you know for a  
fact that my face isn't on your  
mom's butt? How close have you been  
to your mom's butt, anyway?

LUTZ  
You legally can't make me answer  
that.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

Jenna is distraught, sucking in her stomach, looking at  
herself in a mirror.

LIZ  
Hey, I know what'll cheer you up.  
I've got a really funny sketch I  
wrote for you.

JENNA  
Oh, yeah?

LIZ  
You're a well-respected CEO who  
manages to balance a career and a  
family.

JENNA  
Sounds boring.

LIZ

It was. So we threw it out and wrote a sketch called "Money Ho." You're mostly naked, which I figured you'd like. Yay!

Something shifts in Jenna. She straightens.

JENNA

(solemnly)

It's true, there was a time I would've loved that. But things are different now, Liz. I have an image to protect. I have to think about the baby.

LIZ

Who baby?

Jenna lovingly touches her bump.

JENNA

I realize now the honorable thing to do is go through with the pregnancy.

LIZ

Obviously.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Liz enters to find JACK typing intensely at his computer.

LIZ

Jack--

JACK

(to the computer, while typing)

"... I had hoped we'd be able to resolve this issue with a modicum of maturity, but it is clear to me that you have no desire to be reasonable."

LIZ

Sorry. You're busy.

Jack steps away from the computer, hands in the air.

JACK

I unfollowed Condi, and she's acting like I tongue-kissed Obama.  
 (to the computer)  
 It's over, Condi!

LIZ

Jack, you own a tabloid, right?

JACK

Lemon, it's a weekly news magazine that focuses on celebrity culture.

INSERT:

The cover of "LOVE ME SOME NEWZ". It's gaudy and flashy, with several photos of celebs with black bars over their eyes. Slug lines read: "HER CELLULITE WILL MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER ABOUT YOURSELF." "HE'S CHEATING AGAIN... WITH A HORSE?!" AND "ANGELINA JOLIE TO ADOPT BRAD PITT AND THE REASON YOU DON'T HAVE A KID YET IS BECAUSE NOBODY LOVES YOUR FAT ASS."

LIZ

Okay, so can you make sure they print this new picture of Jenna in the next issue and talk about how skinny she is from some weight loss cream, or whatever you guys lie about?

Jack takes a look at it.

LIZ (CONT'D)

I know it's kind of skeezy, but this other tabloid ran this story where --

JACK

(squinting into the photograph)  
 Is that a bump?

LIZ

No! This is ridiculous. Jenna's skinny!

JACK

Jenna is thin, Lemon. Don't insult the women who work very, very hard to be skinny.

LIZ  
Well, if Jenna's thin, then what  
does that make me?

JACK  
A Zamboni.

LIZ  
(hopeful)  
Oh, well: "bony." Half-good.

JACK  
How's the show going?

LIZ  
Well, Tracy has been even more  
useless than usual ever since he  
saw his face on a tortilla.

JACK  
He did?

Jack stares off, the wheels turning.

LIZ  
And I have to hire a stripper for a  
sketch I wrote because Jenna's  
pretending to be pregnant, so I  
guess you could say--

JACK  
This is fantastic news.

Jack runs out of the office, pushing Liz aside.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(over his back)  
By the way, your sweatpants are  
sticking out of the top of your  
jeans.

Liz looks down. They are. Like a baggy thong.

LIZ  
Flargh.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Liz and Pete are seriously contemplating something in front  
of them. Hands on chins.

LIZ  
Pete, how good was your Christmas  
bonus last year?

PETE  
It sucked.

LIZ  
Thought so. This decision's yours.

Reveal: A long line of hot women waiting to be chosen for the  
Money Ho sketch.

PETE  
I love you, Liz.

LIZ  
Merry Christmas.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Tracy is staring at his tortilla, then staring at himself in  
the mirror. Jack is pacing, excited.

TRACY  
This tortilla's right. My hair  
could stand to be a little shorter.

JACK  
Tracy, I implore you. Think about  
what this could mean for your  
career. People are lost, looking  
for someone to make sense of this  
cold, cruel world. They just need a  
sign that someone has been ordained  
from above to lead them on the  
right path and they will spend  
millions of dollars on that leader.  
And that leader, Tracy, is you.  
Don't you feel you've been blessed  
with a secret to the universe? A  
sudden sense of all-knowing wisdom?

TRACY  
Sometimes when I cough, I taste  
nickels.

JACK

...Amen.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Liz finds Jenna standing in front of a mirror, wearing a fake pregnancy belly, a miniskirt and a tiny t-shirt that doesn't cover the foam.

JENNA

I might have to think this through.

LIZ

Oh, good. Thank you. I already know how we can take care of it.

JENNA

Is that what you want me to do, Liz? "Take care of it?"

LIZ

Look, I respect your right to choose what happens to your body--

JENNA

Wait, I got it. I've thought it through.

LIZ

Just now? You thought it through just now?

JENNA

Uh, like it takes a long time to think. I just did it again. Oh! And again. I was thinking, and then I thought, and then I thoughted.

LIZ

Okay.

JENNA

It's a reflex, Liz. Don't you know how the brain works? I thought you were smart.

LIZ

I was wrong, apparently. Please tell me what you thoughted.

JENNA

I don't have to wear this stupid fat suit. I will be the skinniest mother of all time. A Hot Mama.

LIZ

Do me a favor. Find out what happens if you think for three whole seconds in a row.

Jenna stares off into the distance.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Anything?

JENNA

I just remembered where I put my cell phone.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM -- YESTERDAY

Jenna is at her dressing table, on her cell phone, looking into the mirror.

JENNA

(into phone)

I know! That's hilarious.

KENNETH enters, carrying a latte.

KENNETH

Miss Maroney, I have your half-caff, soy--

A cell phone HITS HIM IN THE FACE.

JENNA (O.S.)

I'm on the phone!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Liz pats Jenna on the back.

LIZ

You're going to make a wonderful mother.

JENNA

No. I'm gonna make a skinny mother.

CUT TO:

INT. STAGE - A LITTLE LATER

Liz finds Pete watching the rehearsal of the "Money Ho" sketch. The stripper's (SARA) in normal clothes (jeans and t-shirt), working a pole, and it looks awkward.

LIZ

Where's Tracy?

PETE

He can't come to rehearsal because he's busy with Jack, so I'm having the Money Ho rehearse by herself.

LIZ

It's a little depressing. I guess it'll be funnier when Tracy's here.

PETE

Hey, Toofer? Can you get in there and play Tracy for the rehearsal?

Toofer approaches them.

TOOFER

No. It's offensive.

PETE

That's what I was thinking. Now that I'm looking at it, the sketch might be a little misogynistic.

LIZ

What? It can't be. I wrote it and I'm a woman. So, girl power.

(to Toofer)

What do you find offensive?

TOOFER

That you want me to play Tracy. I don't care about the whore.

LIZ

Toofer! Don't call her a whore!

TOOFER

That's her name in the script.  
That's the name you gave her. I  
don't know her real name.

LIZ

You are working with her. You have  
to treat your employees with  
respect. I'm really disappointed in  
you, Toofer.

TOOFER

Yeah? What's my real name?

LIZ

(caught)  
...Chris...too...fer?

Toofer walks away, disgusted.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Well, I used to know it!

PETE

Nice save.

LIZ

Shut up.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Jack is behind his desk, staring at Tracy, plotting.

JACK

Tracy, you are standing on the  
precipice of an empire.

GRIZZ

This is everything we could find  
with your face on it, boss.

Tracy sits, looking over the Tracy-faced objects Grizz and  
Dot Com retrieved.

We see a bottle of Mr. Bubble where the face has been all  
smudged, an X-Box with Tracy's headshot taped to the side, a  
pile of scrambled eggs, and a necktie with a ketchup stain.

TRACY

I can see it in the breakfast. I like being Mr. Bubble, and that's cool I showed up on an X-Box. But oh no. I'm not on that neck tie.

GRIZZ

You don't think it looks like you?

TRACY

My face wouldn't do something so corporate. That's not what I'm about. That's not Tracy Jordan's message. I'm too spiritual for ties. My face deserves better.

GRIZZ

That's why we also got these.

Grizz holds up a t-shirt with Tracy's face on it.

JACK

Fantastic.

TRACY

That's what I'm talking about!

GRIZZ

Jack had us make one thousand of them. Dot Com designed it.

DOT COM

I still think he should be sitting on a wolf.

JACK

Bring those down to the auditorium in half an hour. Tracy, I need you to work up a mantra.

TRACY

I'm fixing to work up some lunch.

He grabs a fork from his coat pocket, and eats the eggs.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I taste great!

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION DESK - A LITTLE LATER

Jenna finds Kenneth at his desk. Kenneth has a black eye and a Band-Aid on his cheek.

JENNA

Kenneth?

Kenneth SCREECHES and hides under his desk.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Do you have my cell phone?

Kenneth's shaky hand emerges from under the desk, holding a cell phone.

KENNETH

Yes, ma'am, I do.

She takes it.

JENNA

Thanks. I thoughted so.

KENNETH

(emerging)

I'm so sorry my face borrowed it for a little while.

JENNA

You can make it up to me. I need some help. I need you to be my baby's daddy for a few hours.

KENNETH

Oh, that sounds delightful. But to be on the safe side, is it okay if I bring my first aid kit and portable defibrillator?

JENNA

Kinky. I like it.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE

Jack is looking over the banner he's created: TRACY JORDAN'S SECRET -- THE TORTILLA CODE. Liz enters.

LIZ

Oh, boy.

JACK

I need Tracy for the rest of the day, and I might need him to embark on a world tour as soon as tomorrow.

LIZ

What? No. I need him to shoot video for the Money Ho sketch.

JACK

And I need him to save the world. Which one's more important?

LIZ

Today? My Money Ho sketch. It's hilarious. Tracy's gonna be this devil, and this girl's riding this pole and --

Liz is acting out being on a pole and realizes how she looks.

LIZ (CONT'D)

...it's funnier when you can see the hooker.

JACK

I'm sure. Be that as it may, I need Tracy, so you'll have to replace him with someone else. How about Pauly Shore?

LIZ

I can't do a sketch without Jenna or Tracy.

JACK

Lemon, you go to war with the army you have, not the army you wish you could have.

LIZ

You're quoting Rumsfeld?

JACK

Lemon. Rumsfeld was quoting me.

LIZ

Why does it smell like eggs in here?

Tracy enters, dressed in Tibetan robes.

TRACY

Jack Donaghy, I am ready. This is gonna be better than the time I got Queen Latifah to pee on the Alamo.

LIZ

Tracy. I really need you to come down to the stage to film some video. Won't that be fun? Doing your job? I've got ho's!

JACK

Tracy, I've got one thousand people in an auditorium waiting to hear your every word.

Tracy is torn.

TRACY

I don't know, Liz Lemon. My voice sounds kinda cool in an auditorium.

JACK

Come here, Tracy.

LIZ

No, Tracy, come here.

Tracy is quickly caught in the middle, a puppy torn between two owners. He looks panicked.

JACK

Tracy. Here, Tracy.

LIZ

Tracy!

JACK

(snapping)

Tracy, get over here right now!

Tracy runs over to Jack, jumps in his lap and weeps into his neck. Jack gives Liz a triumphant smile.

LIZ

(leaving, defeated)

Mother effer.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - LATER

Liz is staring at her computer, frustrated. Pete enters.

PETE  
You look scary.

LIZ  
I'm trying to figure out how to save the Money Ho sketch without either of our stars.

PETE  
Yeah, about that. I think we should cut the sketch.

LIZ  
It's okay. I'm rewriting it with Josh and the whore.

PETE  
Her name is Sara.

LIZ  
I'm rewriting it with Josh and WhoreSara.

PETE  
It's a little insulting. To women.

LIZ  
It killed in the room. You were laughing.

PETE  
That's when it was Josh and Frank. Now, with a real live lady? It makes me uncomfortable.

Liz rolls her eyes.

PETE (CONT'D)  
First of all, you call her a whore, but she's a stripper. There's a difference.

LIZ

Pete, you have a secret closet in your bedroom filled with porn.

PETE

And that room is kept behind a false wall and my wife's wedding dress for a reason. And by the way? I'm not playing "I Never" with you ever again.

LIZ

What do you suggest I do?

PETE

We could write another sketch. Toofer's got this pitch where--

LIZ

But I worked for three days on the Money Ho sketch.

PETE

It was just a suggestion.

LIZ

Fine. I'll just write another sketch. Since comedy gold drips from my fingers with every magical stroke of a key.

PETE

Forget it.

LIZ

No, no. I'm writing a new sketch. Maybe about the President! That's a good idea! Or maybe a sketch about farts or poop or how black people talk different than white people!

PETE

Liz.

LIZ

But you know what? I'm still gonna cast Sara in it, and she's still going to be playing a whore. Because that ho is mine. Now, get back to work, bitch! Time is money!

CUT TO:

INT. JENNA'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Kenneth jumps into the passenger seat, holding a baby doll.

KENNETH

Mother says we have to return this first thing tomorrow, because otherwise the other dolls will get jealous.

Jenna drives away.

JENNA

We're just going to take the one Lamaze class, long enough to get photographed. The place is BYOB.  
(off Kenneth's confusion)  
Bring Your Own Baby? Now, let's make this baby look hot.

She tosses a onesie at Kenneth.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Put that on it.

KENNETH

What is this?

JENNA

It's the prototype for my new clothing line. "Sexy Onesies."

Kenneth holds up the onesie. It's lowcut and says "You're My MILF."

KENNETH

Miss Maroney, I'm not sure this is appropriate for tiny creatures made in God's image.

JENNA

Just do it.

Kenneth starts to undress the doll, but its outfit gets stuck around its head.

KENNETH

Oh, Mother will be so upset if I damage this Christening outfit.

JENNA

Give me the damn baby.

Exasperated, Jenna grabs the doll. While still driving, she puts the doll in her lap, and yanks off its outfit. Just as she's balancing the doll in her lap while changing lanes, a PAPARAZZI pulls up alongside her and SNAPS A PICTURE.

JENNA (CONT'D)

No!

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - AFTERNOON

Jack is addressing the large crowd, anxious to hear what Tracy has to say. Tracy sits, in his robes, near Jack.

JACK

So please welcome a man of deep  
spiritual peace and wisdom, a man  
I'm proud to call my friend: Mr.  
Tracy Jordan.

The audience applauds. Tracy takes the podium.

TRACY

Thank you, Jack Donaghy. And hello,  
NEW YORK! Holla back.

He waits, but the audience is hesitant.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Holla. Back.

AUDIENCE

Holla/Woo!/Hey!/Hi, Tracy!

TRACY

All right. All right. I'm gonna  
make this brief. See, ever since I  
saw my face on some food, I've been  
reminded that time is precious.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE OF AUDITORIUM -- CONTINUOUS

Liz approaches Jack, who is watching from the sidelines.

TRACY (O.S.)

Life is hard, y'all. If life were a  
person? I would have stabbed it  
long ago. Drowned its puppies.

LIZ  
 (to Jack)  
 Tell me again what this is all  
 about? Saving our souls?

JACK  
 No. Simpler: Money.

LIZ  
 Does he know that?

JACK  
 Lemon, he doesn't know that a  
 coffee table isn't made of coffee.

TRACY (O.S.)  
 Sometimes you feel like you're the  
 only one who knows you're right.  
 People tell you that you can't do  
 something, that you shouldn't.  
 They're on you about everything!  
 You're wrong, it won't work.

This gets Liz's attention. She takes a step forward,  
 listening.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Tracy is on a roll. He has everyone's attention.

TRACY  
 "No, Tracy. You can't climb that  
 building." "No, Tracy. You can't  
 ride a unicorn." "No, Tracy. You  
 can't just decide you invented  
 invisible socks." You know who  
 those people are? Haters.

The crowd applauds.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
 And I didn't get to where I am in  
 life by listening to haters. You  
 know what I say to myself when  
 people tell me I can't do  
 something? "Do It Anyway."

AUDIENCE MEMBER  
 Yeah!

TRACY  
 "Do It Anyway."

AUDIENCE MEMBER 2  
 Tell 'em, Tracy!

TRACY  
 That's it. That's the secret. You only have to follow one rule in life. "Do it anyway." They say you can't marry a squirrel? I say:

AUDIENCE  
 Do it anyway!

TRACY  
 That's right!

The crowd starts to grow in excitement.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE OF AUDITORIUM -- CONTINUOUS

Liz is completely caught up in Tracy's speech.

TRACY (O.S.)  
 They say you can't mail yourself to Pakistan?

LIZ (AND AUDIENCE O.S.)  
 Do it anyway!

Liz heads back to the studio, determined. Jack watches.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM STAGE -- CONTINUOUS

The crowd is cheering as Tracy finishes his speech.

TRACY  
 They say you can't be a robot?!  
 (breaks into robot arms)  
 Do it anyway!!

The crowd jumps to its feet with thunderous applause.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE OF AUDITORIUM -- CONTINUOUS

Jack, satisfied, wipes a tear from his eye.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Liz marches into the room, full of gumption.

LIZ

We're doing the Money Ho sketch.

PETE

You said you were going to write a new one.

LIZ

No, what I said was: SHUT UP. I'm in charge here.

This shuts everybody up.

FRANK

That was kind of hot.

PETE

The we have to shoot the video right now so we can edit it in time for the live show.

LIZ

Great. Let's go.

Everyone jumps up to leave, and just like before, when Liz gets to the door, Jenna is there, grabbing her arm, pulling her back toward her office.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Jenna, not now. I'm finally being manly in the good way, not where I feel like my arms are getting bulky and my chin has weird hairs.

JENNA

But I'm in trouble. The media just took a picture of me driving with a baby in my lap. Now, no matter how skinny I get, they're going to say I'm going to be a bad mom.

LIZ

That doesn't matter because you're not going to be a mom! You're not pregnant!

JENNA

I'm almost not pregnant.

LIZ

Oh, I hate that I'm asking you what that means.

JENNA

I'm gonna get rid of the baby.

LIZ

THERE IS. NO. BABY.

JENNA

Not after my tragic accident. It's going to be moving, heart-breaking, and it's finally going to get me a bestselling memoir I can have someone ghost write. Maybe you could write it.

LIZ

No.

JENNA

But don't you want to be a real writer someday?

LIZ

I'm gonna kick you in the fetus.

There's a sound of a MOB outside.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER

Jenna and Liz look out the door to see hundreds of people RUNNING DOWN THE HALLWAY, wearing Tracy Jordan t-shirts, high on the adrenaline that comes from spiritual awakening.

JENNA

What are they doing?

LIZ

(getting it)  
Whatever they want.

A FOLLOWER stops in front of Liz and Jenna and opens a trenchcoat, revealing himself in only a Tracy Jordan shirt.

FOLLOWER  
Woo! Check it out, ladies!

Jenna and Liz flinch.

JENNA  
You can't do that!

FOLLOWER  
I just did! Freedom!

He runs down the hallway. Liz heads toward the studio.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - AT THE SAME TIME

The stage is set for the Money Ho video segment. Sara is in a bathrobe. Liz enters.

PETE  
Ready, boss?

LIZ  
Let's do this.

PETE  
All right, shooting video for the Money Ho sketch. Can I get lights?

The lights come on BRIGHT and loud.

PETE (CONT'D)  
And start the music!

Loud rap music blares.

PETE (CONT'D)  
And Sara, when you're ready.

Sara drops her robe. She's in a little bikini, oiled up. The music is playing, and Sara's wiggling against a pole.

PETE (CONT'D)  
And cue the pig!

A pig runs through the set. Sara gets down on her knees and blows it a kiss. Liz sees it all for the first time, and is horrified.

LIZ  
Oh, my God. I'm the problem!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - AT THE SAME TIME

Tracy and Jack are walking through the hallway, Tracy's followers doing whatever they want -- taking down pictures from the wall, dancing, playing acoustic guitars.

FOLLOWER 2  
(on cell phone)  
That's right! I quit!

Jack is thumbing through a giant stack of money, oblivious to the chaos around him.

JACK  
Tracy, I think you've tapped into something at the heart of every human being. Genius. Where did you come up with that?

TRACY  
Come up with what?

JACK  
Your mantra. It's perfect.

TRACY  
Hey! That's my lucky banana suit!

The follower wearing a big, foam banana suit turns to Tracy and shoots an obscene gesture.

BANANA FOLLOWER  
Try to stop me, douche!

TRACY  
Oh, I'm about to MESS YOU UP.

Tracy breaks into a run, chasing the Banana Follower down the hallway. Jack is momentarily confused, which is when a LARGE MAN walks up to Jack and takes the wad of cash from his hand. He then stares Jack down, threateningly.

JACK  
(cool)  
Enjoy.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO -- AT THE SAME TIME

The Money Ho sketch now includes an extra dressed as the devil throwing money at Sara, who is hula-hooping.

LIZ  
Stop, stop, stop!

She runs up to the set and covers Sara with a blanket.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
The sketch is cut! You're right!  
I'm gross. And I definitely just  
lost my membership in the National  
Organization for Women. I'm sorry,  
Pete. I should've listened.  
(to Sara)  
And I'm sorry to you, Sara. I  
didn't mean to denigrate you. The  
sketch is cut; you can go home with  
your dignity intact.

SARA  
You're firing me? Thanks a lot. Now  
I can't pay my rent. Not to mention  
my mom's going to be humiliated at  
her viewing party when I'm not on  
TV and she looks like a liar. You  
suck, bitch.

LIZ  
Hey, this bitch has a name.

A mob of FOLLOWERS enter the studio. A SECURITY GUARD stops them.

SECURITY GUARD  
You guys can't come in here.

MOB OF FOLLOWERS  
Do it anyway!

The break past the guard.

FOLLOWER 3  
Let's steal the set!

As the mob runs up to the set, security guards and POLICEMEN follow them to restore order. Liz ushers Sara out of the studio, running.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

Tracy is in the dark, huddled on the ground, furious. He is trying to burn the tortilla.

TRACY

I don't want to be a leader  
anymore! I want this curse lifted!  
I just want my lucky banana suit!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - AT THE SAME TIME

Liz is running through the mob with Sara, who has the blanket over her head, sheltering her, as she's still in the stripper outfit.

SARA

I can't run in these heels!

LIZ

Hide in here!

She opens the door to Tracy's dressing room.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

The door opens. Tracy looks up and sees, from his perspective: Sara, her face hidden from the blanket that surrounds her. It is a vision.

TRACY

Oh, snap! The Virgin Mary!

He holds up his tortilla.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Take it! I'm sorry! You're the  
original tortilla!

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY -- AT THE SAME TIME

Liz shuts Tracy's dressing room door and sees Jenna on the ground, Kenneth comforting her.

LIZ  
Oh, my God! What happened?

KENNETH  
Well, a large group of people  
knocked Miss Maroney over and then  
stepped on her repeatedly.

LIZ  
Jenna! Are you okay?

Kenneth touches Jenna's ankle. She yelps.

KENNETH  
I'm afraid we're going to need  
someone to take a look at that  
ankle, ma'am. Now, if it's okay  
with you, I'm going to pick you up  
in a most gallant display.

He hoists her into his arms. Jenna is beaming.

JENNA  
Did you hear that, Liz? I'm going  
to the hospital! I hope nothing  
happened to my baby!

Kenneth carries Jenna away. Liz finds herself in the  
destroyed hallway, the mob gone, only Jack by her side.

JACK  
I need help writing back to Condi.

LIZ  
I'm not so sure writing's my thing.

Jack puts his arm around her as they head to his office.

JACK  
Nonsense. Just treat her like the  
half-naked woman you threw out onto  
the street today. Make her cry.

LIZ  
It wasn't exactly like that, Jack.

JACK  
In my head it will be. Please don't  
ruin a moment when I'm so proud.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE.