

30 ROCK

"Single, White Liz"

Written By

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FADE IN

INT. MAIN HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

The area is flooded with the familiar commotion and a garden variety of PEOPLE coming and going.

SUDDENLY

The elevator doors slide open to reveal a gruesome MAN strapped in shackles and two ARMED GUARDS on each side.

The MAN is PASTOR MARTY, bulky and awkward, with chaotic silver hair that falls over his shoulders.

As the GUARDS escort Pastor Marty through the hallway, out of widespread fear, the foot traffic clears a path.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE

Jack is flipping through a book, as Liz storms inside.

LIZ

Jack!

JACK

Lemon.

LIZ

I'm going off the grid.

JACK

What does that even mean?

LIZ

I don't know, but it's my brand new tag-line. I spent my Saturday watching movies; *Aggressive Chicks Who Dig Combat*.

JACK

Do you have a conundrum, Lemon?

LIZ

From the y to the s.

JACK

What's the matter, Lemon? The cool kids wouldn't let you sit with them at lunch again?

LIZ
That was last week. It's the Intern.

JACK
What's wrong with her?

LIZ
I don't like her. Her eagerness is off the charts.

JACK
We have an agreement with Tisch to employ, without pay, two interns a year. It's your turn.

LIZ
She creeps me out.

JACK
The chips are down, Lemon. I have top notch faith that you can govern and utilize your Intern.

INTERN
I like so agree, Liz.

Liz's eyes widen in alarm as she turns to the Intern; an overly perky blond, homely, yet carefree.

LIZ
How did you...?

INTERN
Liz, we're wanted on the set.

LIZ
I'm wanted. No we.

JACK
She seems nice.

INTERN
I can do anything in ten minutes.

JACK
If you could be any Star Wars character, who would it be?

INTERN
Han Solo.

JACK
Who do you like better, your mom or your dad?

INTERN

Neither.

JACK

What does half of a watermelon look like?

INTERN

The other half.

JACK

Brilliant.

LIZ

Alright! My morning mental fog is rolling in...Intern, I have a job for you.

INTERN

Bring it.

LIZ

I need you to...make me a copy of the phone book?

INTERN

Awesome times ten.

As the Intern exits, Liz huffs in frustration.

LIZ

See what I mean?

JACK

No really. I got you the Intern to take some of the chaos off of your plate. You could use the assistance.

LIZ

Fine. What are you reading?

JACK

I'm reading a book on how to be a good father.

Jack displays the book to Liz.

LIZ

(reading)

"I Learned Everything I Know About Fatherhood From Stalking Mike Brady?" Brady Bunch, Mike Brady?

JACK
Is there any other?

LIZ
Kitty Karry-All is Missing is my
favorite episode of all time.

JACK
I'm torn between *The Big Sprain* and *To
Move or Not to Move*. My heart stopped
when Mr. Brady put the house up for sale.

LIZ
Mine too. So, you invited a stalker here?

JACK
Yes. He's on his way as we speak. His
name is Pastor Marty.

LIZ
Sounds harmless. How's the book?

JACK
Lemon, it's so jaw dropping awful, it
could be a cult classic. It is well
plotted with weirdness and irony.

PAN TO:

With panic stricken eyes, Jonathan steps inside the office,
with his body throbbing in terror.

JACK (CONT'D)
Yes, Jonathan?

JONATHAN
Their here!

Jonathan dodges out of the way as Pastor Marty and the ARMED
GUARDS step inside.

JACK
Pastor Marty, it's an honor. And
I'm not just saying that, because
your very appearance will give me
nightmares for the rest of my life.
Can I get you anything?

PASTOR MARTY
Rubbing alcohol and a bowl of coco-
puffs.

END TEASER

INT. MAIN HALLWAY

Liz is strolling through the busy hallway. The Intern breezes next to her, sporting a dark new hair style, startlingly resembling Liz's.

INTERN

Hi Liz.

LIZ

What the...four letter word! Your hair!

INTERN

I know.

LIZ

When did you...?

A heavy thud bounces off the walls.

INTERN

Just now. What's that noise?

LIZ

My pulse. It happens.

INTERN

Cool. So, do you have any rules or regulations for me, Liz?

LIZ

As a matter of fact, I do. You cannot borrow any of the following without my stamp of approval; my big girl sweat pants, any condiments you find on the floor, my boyfriend or my life!

The Intern quickly writes it all down during ---

INTERN

Wait a minute...you have a boyfriend?

LIZ

Hell's yeah!

INTERN

Do you have to let the air out on the weekends?

LIZ

Uh...No. He is for real, Miss Thang.

Liz makes an attempt to snap her fingers in a circle.

LIZ (CONT'D)

I can never get that right.

INTERN

You go, Liz. Ya'know, before my Grandpa Jo Jo died in that treadmill accident, ya'know. He shared like three very important things with me. And I like never forgot them.

LIZ

Really? What were they?

INTERN

Always style your nose hair. What nooks and crannies really are...and like the most important. Share. Share, share and then you know what?

LIZ

Share some more?

INTERN

Oh my God, Liz! I was just going to say that. You totally completed like my sentence.

LIZ

It wasn't too difficult. You know, Intern, I was uber skeptical about you. But now, I really hope you can get something out of this experience.

INTERN

Well, I don't want to go overboard, because my heart is pounding, I hear an airy musical in my head and I am downright excited to be in your presence.

LIZ

Ya'know, I think we have a chemistry that can tastefully work.

INTERN

Interjection for excitement. Yaay!

LIZ

I have to use the little girls room.

INTERN

Me too!

LIZ
And when we're done, we can get
some...

LIZ/INTERN
Chicken fingers!

Jenna steps up, glazed with excitement and clinging to a
dainty pink and white bag.

JENNA
Liz, I'm so on fire. Do I look any
different?

Liz looks Jenna over.

LIZ
Uh...maybe. This isn't another, *am*
I glowing after sex quiz, is it?

JENNA
Of course not.

LIZ
What's in the bag?

JENNA
It's a state of the art make-up line and
they want me to be their new spokeswoman.

LIZ
Congratulations!

Jenna displays the bag.

JENNA
The Bitch Kit. Don't you just love the
title?

LIZ
Love it.

INTERN
Yeah. Loving it.

JENNA
I'm wearing it right now. Tell me what
you think.

LIZ
You look great.

INTERN
Great.

JENNA

Thanks. I think so too. The make-up is all organic and it was designed, produced and dreamed up by an intense guy with glossy hair named Benji. He did all of this in the back of his van. Can you dig it?

LIZ

Jenna, the whole van thing...that doesn't sound safe. Or organic.

JENNA

Oh but, Liz, it is. It's fully loaded with meat, vitamins and minerals.

LIZ

Meat?

JENNA

Yes.

LIZ

What kind of meat?

JENNA

Benji wouldn't tell me. That is so mainstream of him.

LIZ

And borderline slim shady. Jenna, aren't you concerned with any adverse reactions?

JENNA

Not at all, Liz. It's glorious! Benji is so far ahead of his time. And do you wanna know what the best part is?

LIZ

There's more?

JENNA

It has oxidants.

LIZ

I think you mean antioxidants, Jenna.

JENNA

No, Liz. There's nothing anti about The Bitch Kit's oxidants. I want all the oxidants I can get my hands on.

LIZ

Well, I hope it works out for you.

JENNA

So do I, Liz. So do I. This is so much better than the paper voodoo doll that I endorsed last year.

Liz and the Intern watch as Jenna skips away and down the hallway.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM

With Tracy, Grizz and Dot-Com lounging around, Kenneth enters, carrying a large box.

Tracy pops out of his seat.

KENNETH

Mr. Jordan.

TRACY

Is that it Kenneth?

KENNETH

Yes, sir. I'm pretty certain. Actually, I'm beyond certain. I am so proud of you, Mr. Jordan. I can hardly breath. I passed out twice on my way over here.

Kenneth places the box on the table. They stare with deep interest.

TRACY

I can't believe it. I feel a speech coming.

GRIZZ

That's funny, I don't.

TRACY

Oh, I guess it was just me.

DOT COM

What's in the box, Tracy?

KENNETH

Oh just you wait and see.

TRACY

Gentleman, Kenneth, this is a great day in the life of Tracy...

GRIZZ

Jordan!

TRACY

I knew that. Inside this box is something that every man on earth would drink a hot girls dirty bath water to have.

KENNETH

Oh my.

DOT COM

Is it Megan Fox in a box?

GRIZZ

I know what it is...your new nipple clamps?

TRACY

Better. Well don't just sit there. Somebody grab a box cutter or something. Sharp object make me dizzy.

Grizz steps forward and rips the box open with one swift move.

Tracy, Kenneth, Grizz and Dot Com apprehensively look inside. Their faces are lit by the harsh light.

KENNETH

Pretty. Welcome.

TRACY

After today, my life is going to change.

Kenneth bursts into a frantic applause. They watch as Tracy reaches inside the box and pulls out a

TRACY JORDAN DOLL

Kenneth battles to fan away his tears.

KENNETH

He looks just like you, Mr. Jordan.

TRACY

Really, Kenneth?

KENNETH

Yes. He has your eyes.

TRACY

Yeah. He does.

GRIZZ

Looks like Little T has a lot of
junk in his trunk.

TRACY

He gets that from Angie. But do you
wanna know what else of mine he
has?

GRIZZ

Oh please, tell us.

Grizz, Dot Com and Kenneth watch as Tracy pulls at the Doll's
pants.

KENNETH

Oh my goodness, Mr. Jordan, what
are you doing?!

TRACY

It's alright, Kenneth. We've all
seen one before.

KENNETH

Not me.

DOT COM

Dude, how is that even possible?

GRIZZ

How do you shower and dress?

KENNETH

With my eyes closed, of course.

Tracy is triumphant and energized as he finally pulls down
the Doll's pants to reveal ---

NOTHING

Tracy screams like a terrified school girl.

TRACY

Where's his heat seeking love
missile!?

CUT TO:

EXT. WRITER'S ROOM

Liz is about to enter when she is cut off by Toofer, Pete, Josh and Frank as they exit in light banter.

LIZ

Hey! Where is everyone going?

PETE

Lunch. And you cannot sit with us.

LIZ

I don't care.

PETE

Yeah, ya do.

LIZ

Alright, so I do. Wait a minute!
What about our meeting?

TOOFER

What are you talking about? We just
had our meeting.

LIZ

Without me!? Guys, I told you, I
don't care too much if I get picked
last in kick ball, but you can't
hold meetings without me!

FRANK

Liz, we didn't. You were there. Right?

TOOFER

Yeah. I saw you.

FRANK

I tried not to look at you, because you
had a whole chicken finger stuck between
your teeth. But, I'm sure it was you.

LIZ

You're sure it was me?
(suddenly)
No way!

Liz pushes through the guys and bursts inside the writer's room. She is stunned in shock to find the Intern sitting in her chair.

INTERN

Frank, you forgot my notes.

LIZ
Your notes?!

INTERN
Jinkies!

Cerie steps up behind Liz and does a double take at the Intern and Liz.

CERIE
That's a totally cool trick, Liz.
How are you here and over there at
the same time?

Liz is fuming as she locks her gaze on the Intern.

LIZ
Oh snap!

END ACT I

ACT II

INT. JACK'S OFFICE

Free of his restraints, Pastor Marty and Jack are kicking back on the couch watching the credits roll on TV. Pastor Marty stares with thoughtless intensity.

JACK

Nothing like the G rated adventures
of the Brady's.

PASTOR MARTY

Mike Brady really knew how to raise
a family.

JACK

Indeed. Mike Brady is a limited edition
dad. He's charming and can solve any
complicated problem wearing nothing more
than a smile and hermetically sealed bell
bottoms.

PASTOR MARTY

Did you ever notice how his hair
got curlier with every episode?

JACK

I did not. Where would pop culture
be without the Brady's?

PASTOR MARTY

I try not to think about it. You
seem to know as much as I do about
the B clan, Jack. How is that?

JACK

Pastor Marty, I've been a true, loyal fan
since the September 26th, 1969 inception.
And the internet helps.

PASTOR MARTY

The internet?

JACK

Yes. The internet is the new Hollywood
Bible. Now, how long did you stalk Mr.
Brady?

PASTOR MARTY

One hundred and fifteen episodes.

JACK

Amazing. They shot one hundred and seventeen. What about the last two?

PASTOR MARTY

I got sloppy. And greedy. I was drunk by their moonshine of love. I always wanted to be a Brady. I could taste it on the tip of my tongue.

JACK

Pastor Marty, you sound like a classic case of middle child syndrome.

PASTOR MARTY

That's exactly what I have. Except I don't have any siblings.

JACK

You harbor some fond feelings for Mr. Brady, don't you?

PASTOR MARTY

Yes. Mike Brady was the dream that crawled out of my mind and into my heart. He was perfect.

JACK

True that. It's what I'm going after.

PASTOR MARTY

What?

JACK

Perfection. I want the skill to solve any of my child's issues in half an hour. Just like Mr. Brady.

PASTOR MARTY

I can give you a fist full of reasons why that won't happen.

JACK

It's Brady-town or bust, Pastor Marty. There are no rest stops or detours. Your book is afflicted with everything unexpected in raising a child, but I want to hear it from you.

PASTOR MARTY

It'll chafe your thighs and make your undies bunch up.

JACK

Like the episode where the Brady kids believed that Alice breached their trust?

PASTOR MARTY

Worse.

JACK

Tell me, what did you think of Robert Reed, the actor?

PASTOR MARTY

Who?

CUT TO:

INT. LIZ'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Liz is fast asleep. A second later, her eyes flutter open as the alarm buzzes. All of a sudden, an arm reaches over Liz and hits the snooze button.

Liz screams as she springs out of bed and cowers on the floor. She faces the Intern.

LIZ

Double snap!

Liz watches as the Intern yawns and stretches. A second later, she slips on a pair of glasses that are a dead ringer for Liz's glasses.

INTERN

Happy hump day, Liz. Does that mean what I think it does?

LIZ

No. When did you start wearing glasses?

INTERN

Just now. You like?

LIZ

I don't like. What are you doing here?

INTERN

You asked for a wake-up call.

LIZ

And?

INTERN
This was easier.

LIZ
Did you spoon me?

INTERN
No. Maybe a little.

Liz boosts herself up and stares down the Intern.

LIZ
This is so not cool.

INTERN
Where is your for real boyfriend?

LIZ
He's at a convention for books that
fit inside your pocket.

INTERN
That's epic. So, what are we
wearing today?

LIZ
What?

INTERN
We have to get ready for work, Liz.
I'm a lover of labels.

Liz watches as the Intern bounces out of bed and heads for
her closet.

LIZ
I'll have you know that I stopped
dressing like my friends when I was
thirty...something.

INTERN
Oh. Okay. Dibs on the shower.

The Intern races to bathroom and shuts the door behind her.

LIZ
I've seen this movie before.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNA'S BATHROOM

Jenna admires herself in the mirror, as she opens her Bitch Kit and starts to coat her face with makeup.

JENNA

Hi, this is Jenna from TGS. How nutritious and delicious is your makeup? I'll bet your makeup doesn't come with meat. The Bitch Kit is a face friendly youthtopia of...what is up my butt?

Jenna spins around like a pooch, trying to have a peek at her rear-end.

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN HALLWAY

There is a determination in her stride as Liz heads down the hallway.

LIZ

Has anyone seen...me? I can't find the Intern.

All of a sudden, Tracy blocks her path with the half-naked Tracy Jordan Doll. Liz gasps in horror.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Eew! Tracy pull up your pants!

Tracy glances down at himself.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Not you! That doll.

TRACY

I refuse. Liz Lemon, I'm on strike.

LIZ

Again?

TRACY

I refuse to pee until they send me a doll with a mister happy stick. This doll doesn't fit with my rhythm, Liz Lemon.

LIZ

You have a rhythm? I mean, I know you have rhythm.

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)

But I had no idea you had a rhythm.
I had rhythm once, but only lasted
for a minute.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. SOUL TRAIN SHOW

As a classic eighties hit blares in the background, teenage Liz finds herself in the middle of the Soul Train Line. She jitterbugs, prances, then shimmy's down the line with a ferocious grin.

DANCERS on the Soul Train Line watch in stunned silence; too terrified to move.

BACK TO:

LIZ

I'll never forget it.

TRACY

This doll makes me look bad. I take
every part of my heavenly body
seriously, Liz Lemon. My body is like
the sweet taste of Tang.

LIZ

Do they even make that stuff anymore?
Tracy, I hate to be the one to tell you
this, but dolls don't come with certain
parts. They never did.

TRACY

How am I suppose to measure him for
condoms!? This doll is a misfit!

LIZ

What do you want me to do?

TRACY

Find me a Captain Winkie!

Listening attentively, Kenneth watches as Tracy huffs in frustration and walks away. Pete breezes by and dumps a pile of scripts in Liz's arm.

PETE

Hey, Intern! We're going paper
free. Do me a solid and scan these.

CUT TO:

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM

Jenna is leaning over with the Intern examining her rear-end.

JENNA
You know, Liz. There's something
different about you.

INTERN
You think so?

JENNA
Oh yeah. I can sense these things
from miles away. I don't like the
change, but I don't hate it either.

The Intern rips off her plastic gloves and crashes in a
chair. She tries to rub away a headache.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Well? Talk to me, Liz.

INTERN
You definitely have a tail.

JENNA
Oh my God! What if the makeup did this?

INTERN
It's possible.

JENNA
Liz, you have to be honest with me.
On a scale of one to ten...is my
tail homely or a hot tamale?

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE

Liz storms inside the office and finds Jack tied up in his
chair.

LIZ
Jack, this is a full frontal identity
theft!

JACK
What is it, Lemon?

LIZ
The Intern. I'm gonna bust a cap in her.

JACK

Slang warfare again, Lemon. Do you have any comprehension of that verbiage at all?

LIZ

No. But I've always wanted to use it.

JACK

I'm very happy you got that out of the way. You've been struggling to get out of your own skin for years.

LIZ

Only on the weekends.

(suddenly)

Wait...Why are you tied up? Where's Pastor Marty?

JACK

He's a MIA, Lemon.

LIZ

Married, but available?

JACK

That's MBA. Pastor Marty is on the lam.

LIZ

Are you serious?

JACK

Serious as a heart attack.

LIZ

What do we do?

JACK

When it's time to change Lemon, you've got to rearrange.

END ACT II

ACT III

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM

The room is dark as Tracy apprehensively steps inside and feels around for the light switch during ---

TRACY

There better not be any monsters in here! I'll sick my wife on you.

As the room illuminates with light, Tracy is stunned to find he is surrounded by the Tracy Jordan Dolls and the TOYS from the Island of Misfits.

Kenneth stands tall and proud in the center of this home-grown madness.

KENNETH

Sir, this is a toy intervention.

TRACY

I never heard of a toy intervention, Kenneth. Is it gonna hurt?

KENNETH

No sir. These toys were brought here by a higher power.

TRACY

God?

KENNETH

Amazon.com. These lovable characters are here to show you the way.

(gestures)

This is Clarice, Scooter, the boat that sinks, the gun that shoots jelly, Hermey, Sam the Snowman, Yukon Cornelius, the spotted elephant and Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer.

TRACY

Whatta you talking about, Kenneth? Rudolph wasn't a misfit.

KENNETH

He was, sir.

TRACY

Was it the nose, Kenneth?

KENNETH

Yes it was. He was ousted from the reindeer games because of his beaming honker. So, he teamed up with Hermey, an elf who wants to be a dentist.

TRACY

That's a beautiful story, Kenneth.

KENNETH

After they run into the Abominable Snowman, Rudolph and the elf find a whole island of misfit toys.

TRACY

And nobody wants them?

KENNETH

Nobody.

TRACY

That's not right, Kenneth! We have to do something.

KENNETH

Well, I think we can start by making peace with the Tracy Jordan Doll, sir.

Kenneth offers Tracy the Doll. Tracy takes baby-steps towards Kenneth and the Doll.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

You can do it, sir. I believe in you.

Tracy steps up, grabs the Doll and embraces the hell out of it. A smiles surfaces on Kenneth's face.

TRACY

Thank you. Kenneth, I have to pee so bad, I don't think that I can pee anymore.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET

As Jenna heads for BENJI'S ancient looking van, she watches in horror as it is towed away. BENJI, a good looking slacker, is slumped on the curb, broken and dejected.

Jenna sits next Benji. Her face is flushed with a burning pink hew.

JENNA

Benji, what happened?

BENJI

Jenna! They stole my warehouse.

JENNA

I'm so sorry. This city is full of haters.

Benji looks Jenna over.

BENJI

Did you try the makeup?

JENNA

Yes.

BENJI

Were there any side effects?

JENNA

A few. Let me tell you, Benji, I enjoy having a front row seat to the misfortune of others...but, when it's my own; Not so funny.

BENJI

You look very phosphorescent.

JENNA

Thank you. I feel like I did after my dad tested his do-it-yourself electroshock device on me.

BENJI

I don't know what I'm going to do without my van, Jenna. That van was my life.

JENNA

I know what you're going to do. You're going to pick yourself up, dust off the flees and ticks and start all over.

BENJI

Yeah?

JENNA

Yes!

BENJI

Gosh, Jenna. You sure are neat.

JENNA
And you're groovy.

BENJI
Jenna, what kind of side effects did you have?

JENNA
I know what you're going to do. You're going to pick yourself up, dust off the flees and ticks and start all over.

Benji manages a wry grin. Jenna looks on the ground.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Is that my ear or yours?

CUT TO:

INT. MAIN HALLWAY

Liz and Jack are strolling down the hallway, looking for Pastor Marty.

JACK
It was nice to have someone to watch the Brady's with.

LIZ
This is crazy, Jack! Pastor Marty had no connection to reality what so ever. And the Brady's never had to deal with the MTV, real world, in-your-face problems like we do.

JACK
Bite your tongue.

LIZ
It's so true. Do you know what their Brady problems were?

JACK
Don't do it, Lemon.

LIZ
Mr. Brady was gay all over. Greg was making sexy time with Carol, Marsha and probably Alice. And cousin Oliver...pint size clone of John Denver.

JACK
Kitty Karry-All?

LIZ

She was alive and evil. At least the one my mom bought for me was. She tried to kill me. I swear to God.

JACK

Lemon, I realize you're having a level four melt down, because there is a stalker on the loose. But, I've alerted the authorities, a few bitter women from my Muay Thai class and the U.S Marshall's office. I don't think that we're in any danger.

LIZ

How could you let this happen?

JACK

What can I say, Lemon. Some days you're the pigeon and other days, you're the statue. What I'm trying to remember is the exact moment he went psychotic.

LIZ

That's not what I meant, Jack. You don't need a book on how to be a good father.

JACK

You think so?

LIZ

Hell expletive yeah. You reading a book like that...You might as well take a Picasso and paint over it.

JACK

Lemon, that was almost poetic.

LIZ

Thank you. Now how do we solve my problem?

JACK

Your state of affairs reminds me of a movie.

LIZ

Attack of the Killer Tomatoes?

JACK

No. 1992, Bridget Fonda.

LIZ
*The Night the Lights Went Out in
 Georgia?*

JACK
 Wrong again, Lemon. Now think...two
 women living together. One alters her
 appearance to look exactly like her
 roommate.

Liz gasps in horror.

LIZ
Uptown Saturday Night! I knew it! I'm
 Flip Wilson and she's Roscoe Lee Brown.

Liz turns and heads for her office.

JACK
 What are you going to do?

LIZ
 What I should've done a long time ago.

Suddenly, a football races through the air and smacks Liz in
 the face. Jack watches in horror as she grabs her nose and
 grimaces in agony.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 Ooo! My nose!

Liz heads for her office.

JACK
 I always said...don't play ball in
 the house!

CUT TO:

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE

The Intern is twirling in Liz's chair. She stops dead in her
 tracks when Liz steps inside, twitching her swelled nose.

INTERN
 Hey you.

LIZ
 Hey you.

INTERN
 This is the Lando Carlissian of
 chairs.

LIZ

This is the Lando Carlissian of chairs.

INTERN

What happened to your face?

LIZ

What happened to your face?

INTERN

I heard about the stalker. That's so awesome.

LIZ

I heard about the stalker. That's so awesome.

Liz is fearless as she crosses her desk.

INTERN

Is there anything that I can do?

LIZ

Is there anything that I can do?

INTERN

Oh my God!

LIZ

Oh my God!

INTERN

Why are you doing that?

LIZ

Why are you doing that?

INTERN

I'm gonna tell!

LIZ

I'm gonna tell!

INTERN

Stop it Liz!

LIZ

Stop it Liz!

INTERN

I can't deal with this!

LIZ
I can't deal with this!

The Intern is furious as she pushes herself up and bolts out of the office during ---

INTERN
You want it, you can have it!

LIZ
Still got it. Stay gold, Pony Boy.

Suddenly, Liz turns towards the door ---

LIZ (CONT'D)
Wait! What are nooks and crannies!?
I have to know! Ahh, man!

CUT TO:

EXT. 30 ROCK

All of a sudden, horns blare and traffic skids to a screeching halt as Liz, Jack, Tracy, Kenneth, Jenna, Pete, Dot-Com, Frank and Grizz exit the building and parade down the street singing and dancing to The Brady Bunches *When It's Time to Change, You've Got to Rearrange!*

Fade to Black