

30 Rock
"The Kings of Comedy"

By
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAYS OF 30 ROCK STUDIO-AFTERNOON (DAY ONE)
(LIZ, JENNA, TRACY, GRIZZ, DOT COM)

TRACY MARCHES THROUGH THE HALLWAY ADJUSTING HIS BURGER KING CROWN, DRINKING FROM A BOTTLE OF GREY GOOSE VODKA. GRIZZ WALKS BEHIND TRACY HOLDING UP HIS CUSTOM MADE PURPLE ROBE WHILE DOT COME REPEATEDLY REACHES INTO A PILLOW CASE FULL OF DOWN GOOSE FEATHERS AND TOSSES THEM UP HIGH IN THE AIR TO MARK TRACY'S EVERY STEP. JENNA AND LIZ ARE STANDING TOGETHER FURTHER DOWN THE HALLWAY. LIZ LEANS OVER TOWARD JENNA.

LIZ

Tracy just caused a big splash at the
Edinburgh International Arts Festival.
The London Guardian anointed him the
King of Hip Hop Comedians, whatever
that means.

JENNA

Since when do Kings wear crowns from
Burger King?

TRACY STOPS IN FRONT OF LIZ AND JENNA. DOT COM PUTS HIS HAND BACK IN THE PILLOW CASE.

TRACY

(LOOPY)

I'm light as feather Mrs. Lemon, my
comedy is breezy and free.

LIZ

(ANNOYED)

Are you drinking vodka?

TRACY

Not just any vodka, Grey Goose. And I
think I just laid an egg.

TRACY BURPS AND A FEATHER POPS OUT OF HIS MOUTH.

LIZ

Sober him up Grizz, we've got
rehearsals in two hours.

GRIZZ

Permission to move, King Tracy.

TRACY

Permission granted. Now lead me to my
castle. I want to take a bubble bath
in my moat filled with Cristal.

GRIZZ PICKS UP HIS ROBE AND TRACY WALKS TOWARD HIS DRESSING
ROOM. DOT COM REACHES INTO THE PILLOW CASE AND SEARCHES FOR
MORE GOOSE FEATHERS TO THROW. HE TAKE HIS HAND OUT OF THE
PILLOW CASE.

DOT COM

(DEADPAN)

Were out of Goose Feathers!

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE-LATE AFTERNOON (DAY ONE)

(JACK, LIZ)

LIZ ENTERS JACK'S OFFICE. JACK IS POINTING HIS HARPOON FROM
THE ENGLISH ARMADA OUTSIDE HIS WINDOW.

JACK

Come on in Lemon.

JACK TURNS AROUND TO GREET LEMON.

LIZ

Why are you wearing a Captains Hat?

JACK

I just cleared out my locker.

LIZ

Wearing a Windbreaker is one thing,
but who wears a Captain's Hat the
gym?

JACK

My locker at the New York Yacht Club.
It's only the most prestigious club in
Manhattan. The gym, stop thinking so
pedestrian Lemon. Haven't I taught you
anything?

LIZ

Why did you clean out your locker?

JACK

My membership got revoked after I
mooned Sean Connery during this year's
America's Cup.

FLASHBACK:

EX. JACK'S YACHT-DAY
(JACK, SEAN)

JACK TAKES A GIANT SWIG FROM A BOTTLE OF BUSHMILLS 16 YEAR
IRISH WHISKEY WHILE STUMBLING AROUND THE DECK OF HIS YACHT
SEAN CONNERY'S YACHT SLOWLY PASSES BY HIS.

JACK

Hey Connery, nice Captain's Jacket, it
covers up your wife-beater real well,
you know the one you beat your wife
in.

SEAN

Stop spreading vicious rumors Jack.

JACK TURNS AROUND AND DROPS HIS PANTS.

JACK

Kiss my ass, you stinking, Scot, hoo-
ha!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE-LATE AFTERNOON (DAY ONE)
(LIZ, JACK)

LIZ

The Sean Connery.

JACK
(REFLECTIVE)

He slept with my ex-wife. She always
wanted to be a Bond Girl.

LIZ

So now what?

JACK
(VENTING)

Now, I have to dock my Yacht Jack Me,
in Jersey City otherwise known as the
Mafia Marina. Jack Donaghy should be
docked by Donald Trump not Donnie
Brasco.

LIZ

The name of your Yacht is Jack Me?

JACK

Billy Joel, threatened to sue me if I
called it Captain Jack. We've been
neighbors in Southampton for years.

LIZ

Don't you think your overreacting.
Jersey City isn't that bad.

JACK

If you're a radioactive fish.

LIZ

By the way, what's the America's Cup?

JACK

It's only the Holy Grail of Yachting.

LIZ

I saw Spam-a-lot.

JACK

How was it?

LIZ

I don't know, I fell asleep.

JACK

(SENTIMENTAL)

I sank a couple of Yachts in my
twenties on some legendary whiskey
benders. You just haven't lived Lemon
till you rammed a Yacht into an
iceberg while salmon fishing in the
pristine waters of Nova Scotia.

LIZ

I've had the Loxs.

JACK

I know Lemon the cream cheese is still
smeared on your glasses.

LIZ
(PERPLEXED)

It always ends up there.

LEMON TAKES OFF HER GLASSES AND RUBS OF THE SMEARED CREAM CHEESE WITH HER SHIRT. SHE PUTS HER GLASSES BACK ON.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Well you know what they say, once you go Nova, you never go back.

JACK

Is life just one big buffet to you?
I'm talking about conquering the high waters, staring down nature's bosom and all you can think of is smoked fish.

LIZ

Have you seen Tracy lately?

JACK

You mean King Tracy!

LIZ

Right, King Tracy.

JACK

Let it go Lemon, he's comedy royalty now. Tracy can get his scepter shined whenever he wants.

LIZ

You wanted to see me about something.

JACK

That's right. I hired a Comedy
Consultant from the BBC.

LIZ

A Comedy Consultant?

JACK

It's just a title Lemon, you know how
much the English love titles.

LIZ

I don't think the writers are going to
handle this very well Jack. It might
chip away at their self-esteem and
cause a severe backlash.

JACK

Look, this kid's father is the
President of the New York Yacht Club,
so if we can make his son happy, then
I stand a shot of getting back in. All
you need to do is make him feel
involved.

LIZ

I know but the BBC.

JACK

You're not really threatened by the
BBC, are you Lemon?

LIZ

I always felt uncomfortable around English Writers. They always talk about how much we don't get their humor.

JACK

There is not much to get Lemon, it's just a bunch of pronounced mumbles, sporadic eyebrow raises and girly sounding shrieks.

LIZ

Don't you think you're over simplifying it just a bit?

JACK

Don't be intimidated Lemon. The Pound is worth twice as much as the dollar, and the Brits only have two troops left in Iraq, but comedy in the US is still KING, don't you forget that.

LEMON MAKES A SALUTING MOTION.

LIZ
(PRONOUNCED MUMBLE)

Aye-Aye, Captain Jack-Ass.

LEMON RAISES HER EYEBROWS, COVERS HER MOUTH WITH HANDS AND DARTS FOR THE DOOR.

LIZ (CONT'D)
(GIRLY SHRIEK)

Eke, Eke!

JACK

She's catching on already.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM-AFTERNOON (DAY TWO)
(LIZ, TRACY)

TRACY IS SITTING DOWN ON THE COUCH POLISHING A PAIR OF BABY SHOES WHILE DOT-COM AND GRIZZ ARE UNTIEING TRACY'S SHOE RACK FULL OF NIKE HIGH TOPS. TRACY IS WEARING A SHIRT THAT SAYS BABY PHAT. LEMON ENTERS THE DRESSING ROOM.

LIZ

Why are you polishing Baby Shoes
Tracy?

TRACY

They're not just any Baby Shoes,
they're Tracy Jordan's, affordable
Baby Basketball Shoes, available
online at Baby Phat.com.

LIZ

You're endorsing Baby Basketball
Shoes.

TRACY

Now, that I'm the King of Hip-Hop
Comedians, I need a product to
endorse. P Diddy, has his own vodka,
Fifty Cent has his own energy drink
and Foxy Brown has her own line of
prison blues. So now it's my turn.

LIZ

But why baby basketball shoes?

TRACY

Because no baby baller should be
denied super fly footwear. And I don't
want my kids to stick up someone
because they can't afford a pair of
decent baby basketball shoes

FLASHBACK:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT IN SOUTH BRONX AROUND 1990
(TRACY'S BROTHER, TRACY)

TWO YEAR OLD TRACY GETS HELD UP BY HIS THREE YEAR OLD
BROTHER.

TRACY'S BROTHER

Hand over the Baby Jordan's before I
blast your ass.

TRACY LEANS DOWN TO UNTIE HIS SHOE AND STARTS SWEATING
PROFUSELY ONCE HE REALIZES THAT HIS SHOELACES ARE TIED IN
DOUBLE AND TRIPLE KNOTS THAT HE CAN'T GET OUT. TRACY LOOKS UP
TO HIS BROTHER WHILE KNEELING DOWN ON THE BASKETBALL COURT.

TRACY

This could take a while.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM-AFTERNOON (DAY TWO)
(TRACY, LIZ)

LIZ NODS AT GRIZZ AND DOT-COM AS THEY CONTINUE TO UNTIE
TRACY'S SHOELACES.

TRACY

Now that I'm a big television star, my
entourage get's out my double knots
for me.

LIZ

Who introduced you to Baby Phat?

TRACY

I know Kimora Simmons from my Def
Comedy Jam days. She thinks that
endorsing my own baby shoe will
distract the media away from my strip
club excursions with the Knicks intern
from St. Johns.

LIZ
(SURPRISED)

But I thought that was.

TRACY

On top of that, I've been shopping at
Baby Phat for years.

LIZ

For baby cloths?

TRACY PUTS THE BABY SHOE DOWN AND STANDS UP. HE APPROACHES
LEMON AND GIVES HER AN AFFECTIONATE PAT ON HER HEAD.

TRACY

Were all going to shrink some time,
Mrs. Lemon.

CUT TO:

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE-TWO HOURS LATER (DAY TWO)
(JENNA, LIZ)

JENNA ENTERS THE OFFICE WHILE LIZ SIPS FROM HER TEA WHILE
TYPING AT HER COMPUTER. JENNA PICKS UP HER DRESS AND PLACES
HER LEG ON THE DESK.

JENNA

Check out my new Posh Spice Spray on
tan. You can barely tell right?

LIZ

Close the door.

JENNA
(INSECURE)

If you have something bad to say then
just say it.

LIZ
(CONCERNED)

Jack hired a Comedy Consultant from
the BBC.

JENNA

When I'm out of Ambien, I turn on the
BBC, works like a charm every time.

LIZ

It's just a meaningless title. Jack
only hired him because of his father.

JENNA

He must be one of those Royal Trust
Fund Babies. I wonder if he went to
prep school with Prince William before
that receding hairline got the best of
him.

LIZ

I haven't met him yet. According to
Jack, his father is the President of
the New York Yacht Club.

JENNA

I don't care who the father is. I'll do anything with an accent, even Michael Caine.

LIZ

I always found English accents to be very intrusive. Whenever I hear one, I always feel like that person slipped me the tongue without my permission.

JENNA

My fantasy to sleep with an English writer who can talk dirty with perfect diction. And he has to smoke from a pipe after our royal rump.

LIZ

Fantasies aside, you're not worried about what the other writers will think? English writers can be kind of elitist.

JENNA

You can say the same thing for American writers, Liz. Besides, what's the worst that can happen?

LIZ
(TENSE)

I don't know, a strike, mutiny,
getting stoned to death in the
Writer's Room.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS ROOM-SIMULTANEOUS (DAY TWO)
(TRACY, FRANK, KEITH, CERIE)

TRACY MARCHES INTO THE WRITERS ROOM SPORTING A JUST DO TRACY
T-SHIRT WHILE GRIZZ AND DOT COM CARRY A LOD OF BABY PHAT SHOE
BOXES, WEARING AIR TRACY T-SHIRTS.

TRACY

Tracy Jordan always thinks of his
writers first.

FRANK

What do you got there Tracy?

GRIZZ AND DOT COM PLACE THE SHOE BOXES ON THE TABLE. TRACY
PULLS OUT ONE OF THE SNEAKERS.

KEITH

Are those baby shoes?

GRIZZ AND DOT COME PLACE THE SHOE BOXES ON THE TABLE. TRACY
PULLS OUT ONE OF THE SNEAKERS.

KEITH (CONT'D)

Are those Baby Shoes?

TRACY

They're not just any baby shoes,
they're Tracy Jordan's available
online at Baby Phat.com.

CERIE ENTERS THE WRITERS ROOM AND NOTICES THE SHOES.

CERIE

Those shoes are so adorable. I've got to get a pair.

FRANK

But they're baby basketball shoes.

KEITH

And you don't have any kids.

CERIE

Who cares, they're Baby Phat. Besides, I can hide my loose change in them at the beach with my fiance in Southhampton.

KEITH
(ENCOURAGING)

Now that you've got a product to endorse, you're a real Hip Hip comedian, Tracy.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM-AFTERNOON (DAY TWO)
(GRIZZ, DOT COM, TRACY, NIKE LAWYER)

GRIZZ AND DOT COM PUMP THEIR HANDS UP AND DOWN WHILE TRACY PLAYS BASKETBALL ON THE X BOX.

GRIZZ

In his face, Tracy, in his face.

DOT COM

Tracy don't play that.

TRACY THROWS THE CONTROLLER DOWN.

TRACY

Don't you know this room is bugged?

TRACY (CONT'D)

Now Damon Wayans is going to sue us
for copyright infringement.

NIKE LAWYERS ENTERS THE ROOM. HE ADJUSTS HIS YELLOW TIE.

NIKE LAWYER

Damon Wayans is the least of your
concerns.

TRACY

I told you this room was bugged. Are
you Mr. Smith from the Matrix?

NIKE LAWYER

No, I'm a lawyer from Nike.

TRACY

So you're not really of those Killer
Bee's from the Wu-Tang Clan, right?

NIKE LAWYER

What the hell is wrong with you? I'm a
lawyer from Nike, just look at my cuff
links.

NIKE LAWYER EXTENDS HIS ARM AND FLASHES HIS 24 CARROT GOLD
NIKE SWOOSH CUFF LINKS.

DOT COM

Tracy calls lawyers Killer Bees
because he's always getting stung with
swarms of paternity suits.

GRIZZ

And he's been listening to Wu-Tang
Clan 36 Chambers in constant rotation.

NIKE LAWYER
(DISMISSIVE)

That's very fascinating fellas, but
Nike is suing Tracy for copyright
infringement. The Nike corporation and
Michael Jordan own all rights to the
name Jordan in relation to clothes and
athletic footwear.

TRACY

Can I keep my Just Do Tracy T-shirt

NIKE LAWYER

Sure. All you need to do is sign these
papers.

NIKE LAWYER GET'S OUT THE PAPERS FROM HIS SUITCASE AND PLACES
THEM ON THE DRESSING ROOM TABLE.

NIKE LAWYER (CONT'D)

And in case you're wondering, Tracy,
we also know about the strip club
excursions with the Knicks intern from
St. Johns.

NIKE LAWYER SHUTS THE DOOR.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. JERSEY CITY YACHT CLUB-MORNING (DAY THREE)
(JACK, PAT CAPO)

JACK WALKS ON THE DOCK TOWARD HIS YACHT JACK ME. HE POINTS TOWARD THE LETTERING AND RAISES HIS HANDS IN DISGUST.

JACK
(TALKS TO THE YACHT)

Who scratched you Jack Me?

PAT CAPO

Are you talking to me?

JACK TURNS AROUND AND MAKES EYE CONTACT WITH PAT LOUNGING ON THE DECK OF HIS YACHT, SMOKING A CIGAR.

JACK

I was talking to my Yacht.

PAT CAPO

The lettering on your boat looks chipped. I know a good guy who does paint jobs if you're interested.

JACK
(SNIDE)

On what stolen cars?

PAT CAPO

That too.

JACK

What's your name?

PAT CAPO

Around here they call me Captain Capó
but you can call me Pat.

JACK

What business are you in Pat?

PAT CAPO

Tuna Fish.

JACK NOTICES A HARPOON ON PAT'S YACHT NEXT TO AN ITALIAN FLAG.

JACK
(INTRIGUED)

Is that a 17th Century English Fluke
Harpoon?

PAT CAPO

You know your harpoons.

JACK

Do you carry a permit for that thing?

JACK AND PAT LAUGH.

PAT CAPO

Why don't you join me for a cocktail,
Jack. I just cracked open a bottle of
King Louis.

JACK

Now that's an offer I can't refuse.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS ROOM-MORNING (DAY THREE)
(LIZ, FRANK, KEITH, JOSH)

LIZ STANDS UP FORM THE HEAD OF THE TABLE.

LIZ

We just hired a Comedy Consultant from
the BBC.

LIZ DUCKS DOWN AND COVERS HER EYES. ALL THE WRITERS START THROWING ROTTEN APPLE CORES, CRUMBLED STARBUCKS CUPS, CHEWED OFF ERASER HEADS, CHRISTMAS MINTS, PAPER CLIPS AND STAPLES. THEN LIZ OPENS HER EYES REALIZING THAT SHE JUST DREAMED UP THE IMAGINARY FLOGGING FROM HER FELLOW WRITERS.

FRANK

Who watches the BBC?

LIZ

I don't know, Charlie Rose.

KEITH

English Comedy sucks, Liz.

JOSH

(BOASTING)

I've never read Shakespeare.

KEITH

Monty Python is over-rated. It's not even in the same league as In Living Color.

FRANK

I can't understand English movies without subtitles.

JOSH

Maybe, this Comedy Consultant is a Secret Agent sent from the BBC to steal all of our comedy writing secrets.

LIZ

Give it a rest guys. America doesn't have a monopoly on comedy, you've got the some good English comedians like Borat, he's English, Ricky Gervais, and the stand-up guy that wears drag.

FRANK

Were royally screwed.

CUT TO:

INT. THIRTY ROCK SOUND STAGE-AFTERNOON (DAY THREE)
(KENNETH, CHARLES, LIZ)

CHARLES ENTERS THE SOUND STAGE AND IS GREETED BY KENNETH.
KENNETH ADJUSTS HIS WINNIE-THE POOH PIN.

KENNETH

Hello, Charles, my name is Kenneth, welcome to Thirty Rock. Can I get you some tea, scones, perhaps one of those feather pens that write Shakespeare.

CHARLES
(DISMISSIVE)

No thanks, I'm here to see Liz Lemon.

KENNETH

She should be here any minute. So what's it like working for the BBC? Do the BBC pages wear read coats and mink hats?

LIZ ENTERS THE SOUND STAGE DRINKING STARBUCKS COFFEE.

LIZ

Hi, Charles, sorry I'm late, the line
at STARBUCKS was out the door.

CHARLES
(PRETENTIOUS)

STARBUCKS, how original.

LIZ
(TIFFED)

So how about meeting your fellow
writers?

CHARLES

I'm pretty pooped, Liz.

LIZ

Fine, why don't we just grab lunch. I
know of a good Fish and Chips place in
Hell's Kitchen. There's not a
Starbucks in sight.

CHARLES

You Americans can be so defensive.

LIZ
(ANNOYED)

Let's grab lunch around 1. I usually
eat around 12 yet this way I'll be
more food crazy and far less
predictable.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. PAT CAPO'S YACHT-AFTERNOON (DAY THREE)
(JACK, PAT CAPO)

JACK AND PAT SMOKE FROM THEIR CIGARS WHILE SIPPING THEIR
DRINKS. JACK POINTS TO THE ITALIAN FLAG.

JACK

That's a nice flag Pat, it reminds me of dining in Little Italy when I used to go there.

PAT LOOKS OVER TO JACK'S BOAT.

PAT CAPO

What happened to your flag Jack?

JACK

I turned in my maritime flag when my membership at the New York Yacht Club got revoked. The President forced me out after I drunk on Irish Whiskey and mooned Sean Connery.

PAT CAPO

Why Sean Connery?

JACK

My ex-wife became his new Bond-Girl.

PAT CAPO

Stinking Scot.

JACK

Hypothetical question. Who would you rather see disappear, Rudolph Giuliani or the Gotti Boys?

PAT CAPO

Giuliani, of course, it's not like we haven't tried before.

(MORE)

PAT CAPO (CONT'D)

Besides, wearing a Boston Red Sox Cap was the ultimate sign of disrespect.

JACK

I couldn't agree with you more, Pat. That's like a Crips gangbanger wearing a Red Pajama suit.

PAT CAPO

If you want to get back at the President, I can always create an opening if you catch my drift.

JACK

I appreciate the offer Pat but it's already being taken care of.

CUT TO:

INT. ENGLISH PUB-LATE AFTERNOON-(DAY THREE)
(LIZ, CERIE, CHARLES)

LIZ MUNCHES ON HER CHIPS, CHARLES TAKES A HANDFUL OF CHIPS FROM HER DISH. LIZ GIVES HIM A FIXATED LOOK OF SHOCK AND DISGUST. CHARLES KEEPS MUNCHING AWAY WITH HIS HEAD DOWN TO THE PLATE.

LIZ

So tell me about yourself, Charles?
What did you do at the BBC?

CERIE

I was a Production Assistant. In other words, I made tea.

LIZ
(SURPRISED)

Have you done any comedy writing?

CHARLES

I wrote my thesis at Cambridge
University on how Monty Python Sketch
comedy is too sophisticated for
Americans to understand.

LIZ

Anything else?

CHARLES

And I did some warm up work for some
English Talks Shows, Royal Rubbish,
and Butler Blunders.

CHARLES GRABS FOR ANOTHER CHIP FROM LIZ'S PLATE AS SHE THROWS
HER ARMS UP IN THE AIR IN DEFEAT. LIZ TURNS TOWARD THE CAMERA
BREAKING DOWN THE FOURTH WALL.

LIZ

Can you believe this guy? Swiping my
fries, without my permission, talk
about zero table manners, where's Jane
Austen when you need her?

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS ROOM-LATE AFTERNOON-(DAY THREE)
(LIZ, CERIE, KEITH, FRANK, CHARLES)

LIZ

Well, everyone, this is our new writer
Charles. He used to work at the BBC.

CERIE WALKS BY THE ROOM.

CERIE
(FLIRTATIOUS)

You'd be half way cute if you got some color.

KEITH
(DISPARAGING)

Did you know that most English TV shows produce only six episodes a year?

FRANK

English Comedy always makes me feel cold and pale inside.

LIZ

Enough. What new sketch ideas do you guys have for me?

KEITH
(PITCHING)

Tracy plays a celebrity shrink who specializes in ego enlargement therapy for rap artists like Kayne West.

LIZ

Not bad, Any other ideas Frank?

FRANK
(PITCHING)

Tracy plays a Bee Keeper that's addicted to honey flavored malt liquor.

LIZ

Racy but funny.

CHARLES

I've got an idea.

LIZ

The Rhode Scholar speaks. Show me
genius, Charles.

CHARLES
(PITCHING)

I thought of a new character for Tracy
too. It's a black version of Mr. Bean
except we call Tracy, Mr. Bean Pie.

LIZ

Why are Englishmen so obsessed with
beans?

FRANK

Who the hell is Mr. Bean?

LIZ

Bee Keeper sketch it is.

CUT TO:

INT. NBC HALLWAYS-LATE AFTERNOON (DAY THREE)
(TACY, KENNETH, TRACY)

TRACY BUMPS INTO KENNETH.

TACY

Have you seen Jack?

KENNETH

What seems to be the problem Mr.

Jordan?

TRACY PULLS KENNETH BY HIS SHIRT TO THE POINT WHERE BOTH
NOSES ARE PRACTICALLY TOUCHING.

TRACY

Killer Bees, on the swarm.

TRACY LETS GO OF KENNETH.

KENNETH

Are you allergic to bees?

TRACY

Only fake gold.

KENNETH

What do the Killer Bees want with you,
Mr. Jordan?

TRACY

They want to sue me for copyright
infringement because I'm endorsing a
new line of affordable baby basketball
shoes called Tracy Jordan's.

KENNETH

My parents couldn't afford a pair of
HORSESHOES. I took my first steps in
my parents Pig Pen, barefoot.

TRACY

How old were you?

KENNETH

Five. Until then I would just roll
around in the mud with Pig Foot.

TRACY

Pig Foot?

KENNETH

My pet pig. We were dirt poor. Instead
of stockings, my mom hung up baby
socks filled with red and white
Christmas Mints.

FLASHBACK:

INT. KENNETH PARENTS'S LOG CABIN
(KENNETH, KENNETH'S MOM)

FIVE YEAR OLD KENNETH WALKS TOWARD THE FIREPLACE IN OVERALLS,
BAREFOOT, LEAVING BEHIND A TRAIL OF MUD FOOT PRINTS. HE
RAISES THE BABY SOCKS FULL OF MINTS AND EMPTIES IT ON TOP OF
HIS HEAD. HE OPENS HIS HANDS AND LOOKS UPWARD, BEAMING WITH
EXCITEMENT.

KENNETH

You shouldn't have, Mama.

KENNETH'S MOM

Don't ruin your appetite. Were having
Candy Canes for desert.

KENNETH IS CHEWING ON A MOUTHFUL OF MINTS. KENNETH SPITS IT
OUT.

KENNETH

Can I share the rest with Pig Foot?

CUT BACK TO:

INT. NBC HALLWAYS-LATE AFTERNOON-(DAY THREE)
(TRACY, KENNETH)

TRACY

I thought the South Bronx was rough.

KENNETH

Don't you worry Mr. Jordan, I'll get
the message to Jack and tell him that
the Killer Bees are on the swarm.

TRACY STORMS OFF TO HIS DRESSING ROOM.

CUT BACK TO:

EXT. PAT CAPO'S YACHT-LATE AFTERNOON (DAY THREE)
(JACK, PAT CAPO)

JACK

I know the Russians have put a dent in your business, lately, you should call my Hedge Fund Manager; he's a Commodities Trader that specializes in grains and olive oils.

JACK REACHES INTO HIS WALLET FOR HIS CARD, LEANS OVER AND HAND IT TO PAT.

PAT CAPO

I don't know what the hell you just said, but I trust you Jack. As a token of my appreciation, I'll take care of that membership problem.

JACK
(CONCERNED)

But Pat it's already being taken care of.

PAT CAPO

Don't worry about it Jack, he won't know what hit him.

JACK POUNDS HIS DRINK AS HIS ARM BEGINS TO SHAKE. HIS CELL PHONE VIBRATES, CAUSING HIS LEGS TO SHAKE WITH EQUAL FORCE.

JACK

That rumble feels like my Tracy Phone.

JACK TAKES OUT THE PHONE TO READ THE MESSAGE.

PAT CAPO

Is everything alright, Jack.

JACK

It's an emergency, my Tracy Phone just went off. My main star is probably off his medication again. Will have to do this another time.

PAT CAPO

I have no idea what you just said, but I do what you got to do, I'll be in touch, huh!

JACK GETS UP TO SHAKES HIS HAND. PAT PULLS HIMSELF CLOSER TO EMBRACE HIM AND GIVES HIM A BIG BEAR HUG BEFORE KISSING HIM ON THE CHEEK. THEN JACK PULLS BACK AND HURRIES BACK TO SHORE.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. NBC STUDIO DRESS REHEARSAL-EVENING-(DAY THREE)
(TRACY, LEMON)

TRACY HOLDS A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS BEHIND HIS BACK AND ENTERS A BEE CAGE IN FULL OF BEE KEEPER COSTUME. TRACY PRESENTS THE BEES WITH THE FLOWERS.

TRACY

Happy Valentine's Day?

THE BEES STARTS BUZZING LIKE CRAZY. TRACY LOOSES HIS BALANCE AND HOLDS THE BEE KEEPER FENCING HAT WITH TWO HANDS.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I'm stuck in the Bee Cage.

LEMON

It's just a Bee Mask Tracy, you're not
stuck in a Bee Cage.

TRACY

This honey flavored malt liquor is
making me insane in the membrane, I'm
out of here.

TRACY BURSTS OUT OF THE CAGE, TEARS OFF HIS BEE HELMET AND
RUNS TOWARD HIS DRESSING ROOM.

LEMON

Maybe, Mr. Bean Pie wasn't such a bad
idea after all.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE OF NY YACHT CLUB-EVENING (DAY THREE)
(PRESIDENT, CREW MEMBER)

A MEMBER OF PAT CAPO'S CREW ENTERS THE OFFICE. THE PRESIDENT
LOOKS UP FROM HIS DESK.

PRESIDENT

(STERN)

Who are you?

CREW MEMBER

(STRONG ITALIAN ACCENT)

Your worst nightmare.

THE CREW MEMBER APPROACHES THE PRESIDENTS DESK, LEANS OVER,
LOOKS HIM STRAIGHT IN THE EYE AND THEN KNOCKS A MODEL YACHT
OFF THE SIDE OF HIS DESK CAUSING IT TO SHATTER IN A THOUSAND
DIFFERENT PIECES.

CREW MEMBER (CONT'D)

Consider that a warning shot.

PRESIDENT

(NERVOUS)

Who do you work for?

CREW MEMBER

All you need to know is that I'm in the Jack Donaghy business. So from now on if you mess with Jack, you mess with my whole family, kapeshe!

PRESIDENT

I'm sorry sir but there's nothing I can do. In case you didn't know, Jack Donaghy is no longer a member of the New York Yacht Club.

CREW MEMBER

Maybe, this will change your mind.

CREW MEMBER REACHES INTO HIS COAT POCKET.

PRESIDENT

(FRIGHTENED)

Mummy!

THE PRESIDENT CRUNCHES UP IN BALL ON HIS CHAIR. THEN THE CREW MEMBERS TAKES OUT A YELLOW ENVELOPE FROM HIS DRENCH COAT AND SLAPS IT DOWN ON HIS DESK. THE PRESIDENT SLOWLY GAINS HIS COMPOSURE AND GET'S SEATED IN A NORMAL POSITION ON THE CHAIR. THEN, HE OPENS THE ENVELOPE AND FLIPS THROUGH PICTURES OF HIM DRESSED UP LIKE ALI G SOLICITING A BLACK PROSTITUTE OUTSIDE THE RUSSIAN TEA ROOM.

CREW MEMBER

(CURIOUS)

Why are British guys so obsessed with black hookers and tea?

THE PRESIDENT PICKS HIS HEAD UP FROM THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

PRESIDENT

It's an English thing.

THE CREW MEMBER EXITS WHILE THE PRESIDENT SHOVES THE PICTURES IN HIS DRAWER AND TAKES A SIP OF TEA ONCE THE DOOR SHUTS, IT STARTLES HIM CAUSING HIM TO JERK UP FROM HIS SEAT.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
(GIRLISH SOUNDING SHRIEK)

Eke, Eke!

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE-LATE EVENING-(DAY THREE)
(LIZ, JACK)

LIZ ENTERS JACKS OFFICE. JACK IS FIXING HIMSELF A DRINK AT THE BAR.

LIZ

Tracy has gone nuts.

JACK

Don't worry about Lemon puff, I just got off the phone with Michael Jordan; we met at a charity golf event years ago, boy does that guy like to gamble.

LIZ

Isn't Nike suing Tray or copyright infringement?

JACK
(PLEASED WITH HIMSELF)

Well, they're willing to drop the case if Baby Phat changes the name of the shoe from Tracy Jordans to Tracy Juniors. That was my idea, pretty cute huh?

LIZ

You're the marketing maestro Jack.
Maybe now, Tracy will stop having Wu-
Tang killer bee hallucinations.

JACK

So Lemon, do you hear the patter of
Baby Shoes in your future.

JACK LAUGHS.

LIZ

(FORCED)

I hear tapping.

JACK

How are things working with Charles?

LIZ

Awful. I took him out for Fish and
Chips and he took my chips without my
permission.

JACK

Fish and Chips, very original Lemon.

LIZ

How did things work out at the Mafia
Marina?

JACK

Bette than expected. After closer
consideration, I've decided to start
an Irish Yacht Club.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

The only hard part I see is getting approved for a liquor license, considering my history of ramming yachts into Icebergs when I'm not mooning Sean Connery.

LIZ

What about the New York Yacht Club? I thought they were the most prestigious club in Manhattan.

JACK

That ship has sailed. Besides, what type of self-respecting Irish man belongs to club run by a mole covered Brit?

LIZ

So what about Charles?

JACK

Haven't I taught you anything? I went behind your back to hire a no-name English writer and you've done nothing but fret from the start. Show more confidence, Lemon. You've worked to hard to let some English scrub undermine the authority of your ship.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Don't put people like Charles on a PEDESTAL just because he annunciates with a clear English accent, push him off the PLANK and steer your writers back to warmer, funny times.

CUT TO:

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE-MORNING-(DAY FOUR)
(LIZ, CHARLES)

LIZ SIPS FROM HER STARBUCKS COFFEE AS CHARLES COME STORMING INTO THE ROOM. HE SCRATCHES HIS ARMS ALL OVER.

LIZ
(DISTURBED)

What the hell happened to you?

CHARLES
(FRAZZLED)

I broke out in hives after I sprayed myself down with Posh Spice spray-on tan. It must be an allergic reaction.

LIZ
You took that Posh Spice spray-on tan from Jenna, didn't you?

CHARLES
I wanted to impress Cerie, she thinks I'd be kind of cute if I got some color.

LIZ
Well you know what, Charles, I'm glad you broke out in hives.

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)

You can't keep on taking people's stuff without they're permission. What's wrong with you English guys, you feel like you're entitled to everything.

CHARLES
(DEFENSIVE)

What makes you think Americans are so different?

LIZ
(FIRED UP)

Because last time I checked, we won, Charles, COLONIAL RULE is over. More importantly we rule the comedy world. You guys rule music, we rule comedy. Then again, I don't expect you to make sense of this because you're nothing more than an elitist simpleton who wouldn't know funny if it crawled up your knickers. Now, get out of my office and find yourself a plank to jump off, your fired.

CHARLES CRIES.

CHARLES

But you can't fire me Liz. I need this job or else I loose my royal trust fund.

LIZ

I don't buy it Charles.

CHARLES
(PLEADING)

I'm not lying.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I used my father's American Express Centurion Card to charge more than one hundred thousand dollars worth of mole removal surgery without his permission. After that, he threatened to cut me off if I got canned. I'm begging you Liz, I'll do anything.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM-AFTERNOON (DAY FOUR)
(DOT COM, GRIZZ, TRACY, CHARLES)

CHARLES ADJUSTS HIS MINK HAT AND STRAIGHTENS THE TIE ON HIS BUTLER JACKET AS HE ENTERS TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM. TRACY SITS ON A THROWN, SURROUNDED BY DOT COM AND GRIZZ WHO KEEP ON TUGGING ON THEIR EXTREMELY TIGHT WEARING TRACY JUNIOR T-SHIRTS WHILE CHARLES SCRATCHES HIS GAUZE BANDAGED, HIVE COVERED FACE.

DOT COM

These T-shirts are too small Tracy.

GRIZZ

You kept them in the dryer too long stupid.

TRACY

Relax guys, you don't have to worry about those things anymore.

(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

Now, I've got my own personal Butler,
say hello to the English Patient,
Charles.

TRACY POINTS TOWARD CHARLES. DOT COM, GRIZZ AND TRACY LAUGH
AS THEY LOOK HIM UP AND DOWN.

CHARLES

You rang Sir, Tracy.

TRACY

Yeah, I got a triple not in my shoe,
untie it, butler boy.

CHARLES GET'S DOWN ON HIS KNEE AND STARES AT THE KNOT ON HIS
SHOE. HE PICKS UP HIS HEAD.

CHARLES

This could take a while.

TRACY

(FAKE BRITISH ACCENT)

You need to use your teeth on those
triple knots, elementary Charles,
elementary.

CHARLES LOWERS HIS HEAD AND BITES INTO THE KNOT WITH HIS
TEETH. TRACY STARES DIRECTLY INTO THE CAMERA.

TRACY (CONT'D)

(MEL BROOKS, JEWISH ACCENT)

It's good to be the King.

FADE OUT:

THE END

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