

30 Rock

"Jack the Bubble Boy"

written by

Sasha Das

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sasha@writing.fm

ACT ONE

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Liz enters to find Jack staring out the window.

LIZ
You wanted to see me?

JACK
NBC's streaming service, Peacock,
just failed to meet its quarterly
projections.

LIZ
Again?

JACK
We were hoping for a hundred paying
subscribers by summer --

LIZ
-- Ambitious.

JACK
-- I know. And word has it, the
board has chosen me as their fall
guy.

LIZ
Come on, Jack, the board won't fire
you.

JACK
No, they won't. Because I've
already come up with a brilliant
solution.

He takes a handkerchief off his desk, unveiling a trophy in
the shape of an oversized gold coin.

She picks it up. It's embossed with an NBC Peacock and the
words "One Shiner". It looks like something a kindergartener
put together during craft time.

LIZ
(reading the coin)
"One Shiner?"

JACK
It's an homage to our parent
company, Scheinhardt wigs.

LIZ
You're gonna sell these?

JACK
No, that's just a mockup Jonathan
put together using styrofoam and
gold Sharpie --

LIZ
(her palms stained gold)
Gross.

JACK
-- The body will absorb it in a
matter of hours.
(then)
The real coin is a digital asset,
encrypted on a ledger, where its
value is updated every millisecond.

He clicks on the TV over the mantle: a crypto ticker appears.

LIZ
(reading)
One Shiner equals... "point zero
zero zero zero zero six U.S.
Dollars."
(to Jack)
So to prove your value to the
board, you created a currency
that's basically worthless?

JACK
Lemon, to the wealthy individual,
Shiners are no different from any
other commodity -- the American
dollar, gold, illegally harvested
Chinese organs -- their worth is
determined by people's confidence
that the value will, one day,
increase.

LIZ
Tell that to my Beanie Baby
collection.
(overly forceful)
*Which I disposed of at an
appropriate age.*

JACK
That was a bubble. This is brand
new economy. All it needs is a
little push.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
 That's why I'm advertising the
 Shiner across our entire reality
 lineup.

He switches the TV to an episode of "Dateline: Secrets
 Revealed". *Mid-episode, an emotional doc-style interview:*

WOMAN (ON TV)
 -- walked into the apartment to
 find my daughter's body, covered in
 blood...

As the grieving mother talks, an animated gold Shiner coin
 waltzes across screen, smiling and waving to the audience. A
 lower-third banner reads: "Get in while the price is low."

WOMAN (ON TV) (CONT'D)
 ...All I could think was, who could
 do this to my little girl --

He switches the TV back to the crypto ticker, which ticks up
 from ".000006" to ".000007."

JACK
 It's a thing of beauty. When the
 price of the Shiner inevitably
 skyrockets, NBC will be the
 dominant stakeholder. The board
 will be so busy celebrating they'll
 forget all about this Peacock mess.

LIZ
 Why do I feel like you're about to
 ask me for a favor?

JACK
 I want TGS to run a hilarious skit
 promoting the Shiner and its growth
 potential.

LIZ
 Absolutely not. You want me to
 convince people to gamble away
 their savings, just so you can keep
 your job? You know what, this...
 (picking up the model
 Shiner)
 ...is everything that's wrong with
 you investor types --

JACK
 -- Sharpie, Lemon. --

Her palms are further stained gold.

LIZ
Nerds!

ROLL OPENING THEME.

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Liz enters, shouldering four big laundry bags overstuffed with clothes and household items.

PETE
Did you find a silverfish in your laundry machine again?

LIZ
No, I've been reading Marie Kondo.

PETE
Oh, Marie Kondo. Paula used her books to declutter last year.

LIZ
Her system is amazing.
(drops the bags)
I finally feel released from my old baggage. Look at all this stuff I let go of.

FRANK
If you let go of it, why are you lugging it around the city?

LIZ
I brought it here to see if anyone wants any of it. It's all up for grabs.

FRANK
Sweet, free stuff!

TOOFER
I call dibs on any mid-century modern tchotchkes!

Frank, Toofer, Lutz, and writers rush over to raid the bags.

PETE
Doesn't Marie Kondo specifically say not to unload your old junk onto other people?

LIZ
It's not junk, it just doesn't
"spark joy" for me anymore.

The bag-raiders quickly discover: it *is* junk.

FRANK
This bag is mostly tattered
underwear.

LIZ
Those are rags now.

TOOFER
Self-help books from the
nineties...?
(pulling them out)
On tape?
(reading a cassette tape)
"Think Away Your Acne"...?

Lutz rifles through another bag.

LUTZ
Your Beanie Baby collection?
Without the tags?

PETE
Looks like someone's taking a trip
to the Goodwill.

LIZ
No, this is all the stuff Goodwill
wouldn't take.

Collective GROANS.

LIZ (CONT'D)
...because it's so *awesome!*

No use. The writers all file back to their seats.

INT. HALLWAY - KENNETH'S DESK - DAY

Liz lugs the bags across the hall and sets them down by
Kenneth's desk. Notices Kenneth is mopping the floor.

LIZ
Kenneth, since when do you clean
the hallways?

KENNETH

Oh, this isn't one of my normal page duties. It's part of Mr. Donaghy's new employee incentive program.

(shows her his cell phone)

Every time an employee completes an item on the daily list, they get a free Shiner.

LIZ

You know Shiners aren't real money, right?

KENNETH

(gleeful)

I know. I saw them advertised on Law & Order SVU.

FLASH TO:

INT. COURTROOM - LAW & ORDER SVU

A furious cross-examination.

LAWYER

Your fingerprints were on the doorknob --

DEFENDANT

(near tears)

-- no --

LAWYER

-- Your fingerprints were on the body --

DEFENDANT

Stop it!

LAWYER

(turning to the jury)

And I'll bet a *hundred Shiners* we'd find your fingerprints on the murder weapon if you hadn't dumped it in the river.

"A hundred Shiners" is obviously dubbed over the original dialogue.

Over the jury's reaction, a jovial Shiner coin waltzes across the lower-thirds with the speech bubble: "Better than real money!"

INT. HALLWAY - KENNETH'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Liz and Kenneth are as we left them.

LIZ
(stewing)
Jack.
(then)
Hey, speaking of perks, I'm getting
rid of everything in these bags,
so... help yourself.

Kenneth eyeballs her overflowing laundry bags.

KENNETH
Oh no, Ms. Lemon, I can't accept
your hand-me-downs. I believe that
unwanted possessions carry the
ghosts of one's former self. And
ghosts are scary.

LIZ
You won't even look through it?

KENNETH
I can call someone from maintenance
to come dispose of it.

LIZ
(playing it cool)
Dispose... by which you mean...

KENNETH
Wheel them off to the dumpster.
(off her hesitancy)
Unless you want your old demons
possessing someone else, just so
you don't have to let go.

LIZ
No, Kenneth. Call maintenance.

She takes one last look at the overstuffed bags, and forces herself to turn and walk away.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Liz walks down the hall, feeling unburdened. Or trying to convince herself that she does.

LIZ
(sotto)
This is good. Out with the old.

She steers into Jenna's dressing room.

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Liz pops her head in to find Jenna setting up a desk-top microphone.

LIZ
Jenna, wardrobe wants a fitting for
"murderous mascots".

Jenna leaps up, excited.

JENNA
Have you heard?

LIZ
(defensive)
We wrote the sketch *before* that
mascot murdered his ex, and it's
too late to change it before
Friday--

JENNA
-- No, I'm starting a podcast!

LIZ
Oh. I didn't know you listened to
podcasts.

They walk-and-talk out into the...

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

JENNA
Of course I do. *All* young people
listen to podcasts. I read about it
in the Teen Vogue at my threading
salon.

LIZ
Your eyebrows look great by the
way.

JENNA
Eyebrows?

LIZ
(moving past it)
Who's your co-host?

Jenna laughs, then stops.

JENNA
Oh, you're serious.

LIZ
Well you can't talk to *yourself* for hours on end. I think people find that annoying.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. LIZ'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Liz has hundreds of possessions laid out in piles, next to a Marie Kondo book.

She speaks to each possession before deciding on a pile.

LIZ
(lifting a t-shirt)
What about you? Do you spark joy?

A BANG on the adjacent apartment wall.

NEIGHBOR (through wall)
SHUT. UP!!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They are as we left them, walking down the hall.

JENNA
Maybe I do need a co-host. Like standing next to a short person in a photo -- someone who can make me sound taller by comparison.
(thinking)
But who would be willing to do that for me? I mean, who would want to make a fool of themselves on a public platform?

TRACY (O.S.)
(overhearing)
I'll do it!

Tracy joins them in the hall, Dot Com and Grizz by his side. Liz stops walking.

LIZ
Tracy, do you even know what we're talking about?

TRACY
 (earnest guess)
 The Cheesecake Factory?

JENNA
 No, this could be perfect. Tracy
 and I are like opposites. I loathe
 practically everything he says.
 It'll add real-life tension to the
 podcast.

TRACY
 (confused)
 Tension to the pot roast?

JENNA
 No need to sell it, Tracy, you
 already have the job.

LIZ
 What are you two possibly going to
 talk about for an hour every week?

JENNA
 Everybody wants celebrity advice,
 Liz. People will write in with
 their problems, and we'll draw on
 our glamorous life experience to
 give them the guidance they need.

TRACY
 Grizz, cancel my puppet therapy
 session with Dr. Spaceman. We have
 a pot roast to record.

He walks off with Jenna. Dot Com lingers behind with Liz,
 looking disappointed.

DOT COM
 He really needs those sessions.

Liz notices someone wheeling a big trash bin towards her
 overstuffed laundry bags. She dashes over.

INT. HALLWAY - KENNETH'S DESK - SAME

No Kenneth in sight. Just the MAINTENANCE GUY, who hefts one
 one of her bags into his big trash bin.

LIZ
 Wait!

Liz rushes over and pulls the bag from the trash.

LIZ (CONT'D)
At least look through it first.

MAINTENANCE GUY
I was told it was trash.

LIZ
It's not trash.

To demonstrate, she pulls out a banana peel from the bag.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Okay, that is trash.

MAINTENANCE GUY
Do you want me to take this stuff
or not?

LIZ
Do you mean take it to the
dumpster, or take it home?

MAINTENANCE GUY
You want me to take your trash
home?

LIZ
It's not trash --

As she balances the bag, a 2012 Dalmation-themed wall
calendar slides to the ground.

LIZ (CONT'D)
You know what, I just need a little
more time to say goodbye. Then I'll
throw it out.

Painfully, she loads the four heavy bags onto her shoulders.
The maintenance guy watches her struggle.

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - DAY

Liz enters and unloads her bags.

LIZ
I'm the head writer, people. If you
don't take my old baggage, this
show will never evolve.

But no one hears her -- the writers are all huddled around
Kenneth, looking at his phone.

Pete enters.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 (to Pete)
 What's going on?

PETE
 You didn't hear? Kenneth now owns twenty percent of all Shiners in circulation. Donaghy's little employee incentive program might actually make him rich.

LUTZ
 Stickin' it to the man. Nice work, Ken.

KENNETH
 I'm just happy to be a part of the Shiner revolution.

LIZ
 (to all)
 Those are only worth like point zero, zero, zero... whatever.
 (the bags)
 The items in here are priceless.

She pulls out a plastic bowling trophy, quickly peels the price sticker off the bottom.

TOOFER
 It might seem trivial now, but if the value of the Shiner goes up to just one dollar, it'll make Kenneth a billionaire.

LIZ
 Come on, it's gambling. It's designed to keep the sheep glued to their phones, popping a bottle of champagne every time it --

FRANK
 -- Oh my god! It just hit point zero zero zero zero one!

LUTZ
 Kenneth just made a thousand bucks!

One of the writers POPS a bottle of champagne. Liz looks to Pete, assuming he shares her frustration.

PETE
 I gotta get in on this employee incentive program.

LIZ
 (to all)
 You want an employee incentive program? How about this: Whoever takes my self-help books-on-tape gets the next five Mondays off!

Everyone's hands shoot up, "pick me."

LIZ (CONT'D)
 But you can't just throw them away. You have to use them. And I will be administering a test --

The hands drop, and they re-huddle around Kenneth's phone.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Liz barges in.

LIZ
 Hey, you have to end this employee incentive program.

JACK
 (laughing)
 Why would I do that? It's working just as I'd hoped...

He motions to the ticker on the TV above the mantle.

JACK (CONT'D)
 The price is on the move, Coinbase just added support for the Shiner, and the S.E.C. just issued a public statement raising "concerns" about the currency -- a tacit seal of approval.

LIZ
 It's distracting my writers. And, it's a tacky publicity stunt.

JACK
 You wanna talk about tacky publicity stunts? How about that time you wrote a spec episode of "Cheers" ten years after it went off the air, just to get your foot in the door of a writer's room.

LIZ
 That was an act of *desperation*.

JACK

So is this. Desperation is the mother of all invention.

LIZ

I think you mean "necessity."

JACK

So innocent. Lemon, a rainbow sticker is worthless. But offer stickers to a class full of kindergarteners, and there's nothing they won't do for you. You manufacture hype, hype becomes belief, and belief leads to control. Why do you think Hamilton formed the Treasury?

She picks up the Shiner model on his desk.

LIZ

You want to know where this belongs? In the garbage --

She suddenly remembers about the wet Sharpie.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Damn!

JACK

No, it's dry now.

No gold marker on her hands. In frustration, she sets the coin back down. Storms out.

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Liz storms in with a furious energy. The writers are still gathered around Kenneth.

She pulls a stained t-shirt out of one of the bags, holds it up.

LIZ

Listen up everyone: whoever takes this shirt that I turned into a rag and then turned back into a shirt gets thirty Shiners.

JOSH

Done!

LIZ

You have to use it though.

Josh shrugs, accepts the shirt. Liz is pleasantly surprised.

TOOFER

How many Shiners will you give me
for taking the Beanie Babies?

LUTZ

I could use some new, old house
slippers.

FRANK

How much for your books on tape?

Liz looks around the room at her eager staff. That was easy.

LIZ

Let's start the bidding.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. HALLWAY - THE FOLLOWING DAY**

Liz walks down the hall with a pep in her step. Passes Pete.

PETE
(impressed)
New shirt?

LIZ
It looks good, right? I finally had
space in my closet for some new
clothes.

Frank walks by wearing an old-school Walkman, listening to a cassette tape. He repeats affirmations to himself.

FRANK
I am in control of my acne... I am
in control of my face.... I am in
control of my acne...

As he passes, Lutz walks by wearing Liz's old house slippers.

LIZ
Hey Lutz, nice kicks.

LUTZ
Anything for you, boss.

As he continues past, she notices his heels protrude from the back at least a few inches.

PETE
The power of the Shiner.

LIZ
I guess so.

She shakes it off and heads into Tracy's dressing room, where a note taped to the door reads "IN AIR". She pulls it off, curious. Knocks.

TRACY (through door)
In air!

Liz looks confused. Opens the door.

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

It's been converted into a makeshift podcasting studio. Tracy and Jenna, headphones on, speak into microphones. Grizz and Dot Com man the mixer.

TRACY

I said "in air."

LIZ

I think you mean "on air." Can't you do this after work?

JENNA

We were planning to, but "Advice with Jenna and Tracy" is already getting flooded with questions. Look at our twitter feed.

She hands her phone to Liz.

LIZ

(reading various tweets)
Should I get a divorce? Should I take my daughter off life support? Is this piercing infected? -- ew, gross photo.

(to Jenna and Tracy)

You're not qualified to be giving these people advice.

TRACY

Oh, so doctors can do it but we can't?

LIZ

Doctors have a *degree*.

TRACY

So do I.

LIZ

In what?

TRACY

Stop quizzing me!!!

JENNA

No, Tracy, she's right. If we give someone the wrong advice, it could turn into a scandal -- the Roseanne kind, not the Jenner kind.

TRACY

So we have to become doctors before we can give advice? I knew I should've finished out my last semester at Johns Hopkins.

JENNA

No, but we should have experts on the podcast to help out.

Kenneth pops in.

KENNETH

Sorry to interrupt. Ms. Lemon, but Mr. Donaghy wants to see you as soon as possible, or "ASAP".

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Liz enters. Jack is staring at the ticker on the TV.

JACK

I'm in big trouble, Lemon. The price of Shiner skyrocketed overnight.

LIZ

That's good news... isn't it?

JACK

Timing is everything here. I need the Shiner to be valuable at the end of the week when the board meets. If the price keeps rising at this rate, it could trigger a mass sell-off.

LIZ

I don't understand how the price is even going up. Who's buying these things?

JACK

Apparently, Elon Musk is a fan of our reality programming. He tweeted about the Shiner at three a.m. after a rerun of MILF Island.

(then)

Gah! I never should've tried to innovate in the digital sphere. First Peacock, now this.

LIZ
Come on, Peacock was a good idea.
Audiences don't want to watch
commercials anymore.

JACK
Actually, Peacock Premium still
displays a limited set of
advertisements --

LIZ
--Really?--

JACK
-- But that's beside the point.
There's only one solution: We need
to tank the Shiner.

Liz looks down at her new shirt. Her new sense of freedom.

LIZ
Well, that's a little extreme don't
you think?

JACK
You're going to do a skit on TGS
roasting the Shiner so heinously
that everyone who owns it will
sell. If it plummets now, it could
rebound perfectly in time for the
board meeting.

LIZ
You'll be screwing over everyone
who's benefiting from this employee
incentive program.

JACK
Like who?

Liz tries to name anyone but herself.

LIZ
Like... Kenneth.

JACK
Kenneth wants what's best for this
company.

LIZ
You mean what's best for you.

JACK

If you don't write it, I will.
 (picks up a notebook)
 I have dozens of ideas, all
 topical.
 (reading first idea)
 Number one: Donald Trump --

LIZ

-- Stop! What ever happened to
 "separation of editorial control"?

JACK

(just noticing)
 New shirt?

LIZ

(too quickly)
 No!
 (then)
 You know what, fine. I'll write
 something, but under protest.

JACK

You had me at "fine."

Liz huffs and exits.

INT. WRITERS' ROOM

When Liz enters, the writers give her a standing ovation.

LIZ

What's this for?

LUTZ

Shiners spiked overnight. We all
 made a fortune thanks to you.

LIZ

Well, you didn't "make" anything. I
 mean it's all still virtual --

Liz notices that Cerie is on a chair hanging up tattered
 paper-lantern string lights.

LIZ (CONT'D)

-- Are those my string lights?

CERIE

Frank found them in your bag of old
 stuff. They're moth-eaten, and they
 won't turn on, but otherwise they
 work fine.

LIZ
Frank, is that my *hat*?

His hat reads: "Camp Fishatoon, 1982".

FRANK
Great summer.

LIZ
That was my summer.

FRANK
Then why do I have all these
Polaroids of it?

He pulls out an aged photo book. Liz turns to Pete.

LIZ
Hey, can I talk to you for a
second?

She pulls Pete aside.

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Brings Pete in and shuts the door.

LIZ
Jack wants us to write a sketch
that'll tank the Shiner.

PETE
That's great, people love self-
deprecating humor.

LIZ
You don't think this is wrong?

PETE
What, because it'll hurt the staff?

LIZ
(evasive)
Right. Exactly.

PETE
Oh, I see. You think because you
handed out Shiners for people to
take your junk, once the Shiner
becomes worthless they'll throw all
your old stuff away.

LIZ
Won't they?

Pete thinks.

PETE
 Definitely.
 (then)
 But you can't let that drive your
 editorial decision-making.

LIZ
 Pete, I already took the tag off
 this shirt.

PETE
 I'm sure they'll give you store
 credit.

That settles it.

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Liz bursts out of her office.

LIZ
 Long live the Shiner!!!

The writers cheer. Another bottle of champagne POPS.

INT. HALLWAY - THE FOLLOWING DAY

Liz moves down the hall when she spots Jenna, Tracy, Kenneth,
 and Dr. Spaceman moving into Tracy's changing room. Odd...

LIZ
 Kenneth? What's going on?

KENNETH
 I'm getting advice from TV stars on
 my newfound Shiner wealth!

TRACY
 Kenneth is in the game now. He
 needs guidance from two people
 who've been filthy rich before.

LIZ
 (to Kenneth)
 How much money are we talking here?

JENNA
 Don't worry, Liz. We invited an
 expert guest. Dr. Spaceman agreed
 to join as long as we let him
 promote his new book.

Tracy leads Kenneth into his dressing room / podcasting studio. Liz pulls Jenna aside in the hall.

LIZ

Is a *doctor* really the best person to give financial advice?

JENNA

Dr. Spaceman isn't practicing medicine anymore. He's a Certified Personal Accountant now.

Dr. Spaceman butts in on the conversation.

DR. SPACEMAN

Actually, I should clarify: "CPA" stands for "Confirmed Paperback Author".

He holds up a paperback book, revealing that his hands are covered with sock puppets. On the cover of the book: a photo of him smiling, holding up the same sock puppet hands.

LIZ

(reading the title)
"Healing Without Touching."

DR. SPACEMAN

When the medical board revoked my license in a unanimous decision, they forbade me from ever touching a patient again. I was ruined. Then I discovered the art of healing... *without* touching. Puppets truly are the window to the soul. It's all in my new book, "Healing Without Touching."

(holds the book up again)

You see, when the medical board revoked my license --

LIZ

You just pitched it.

DR. SPACEMAN

Oh.

LIZ

So you discovered a new form of therapy right when you lost your medical license? Convenient.

DR. SPACEMAN

It really was.

JENNA

Liz, maybe you can come on this episode and ask the puppets about your problems letting go of your old stuff.

LIZ

Oh, no, I already handled that.

DR. SPACEMAN

(sing-song)

A little softie in my pocket says otherwise.

They squint at him, until he takes his sock puppet out of his pocket and lets it "whisper" in his ear.

DR. SPACEMAN (CONT'D)

He's telling me that the relief you're feeling is based on external circumstances, and not internal growth. It's all outlined in my new book --

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Liz is working. Cerie knocks on her open door.

CERIE

We're getting lunch from Dave's. Should I order you the usual triple-meat hoagie and a big cookie?

LIZ

Blech, that hoagie was more the "old me." I think I'm just gonna have a salad today.

CERIE

Wow. That is so healthy at your age.

Cerie leaves, and Frank and Toofer pop in.

FRANK

Liz, you're gonna love our lunch order. Ready? It's a hoagie with chicken, turkey, and roast beef.

TOOFER

We call it: the triple meat. All the writers are gonna try it.

LIZ

The triple-meat hoagie is *my* invention.

TOOFER

No way. I invented it last night with Floyd.

LIZ

My Floyd?

TOOFER

I found his contact info on your old flip phone, and I liked the look of him. So I called him up and we ended up talking for like two hours.

LIZ

You called him up? Why?

TOOFER

I don't know... there's just something about him.

Kenneth enters.

KENNETH

Ms. Lemon, we need to talk.

The others depart.

LIZ

What's the matter, Kenneth?

KENNETH

I need your assistance finding a new job at NBC.

LIZ

Are you asking for a promotion?

KENNETH

No, I want a second job that I can do alongside my current one. Preferably on the janitorial staff so it doesn't overlap with my daytime duties.

LIZ

Why do you want a second job? I thought you had "newfound Shiner wealth."

KENNETH

Dr. Spaceman's puppet show taught me I need to consolidate my fortune, so I put all my savings into the Shiner. And now I don't have enough money to live on.

LIZ

Kenneth, that sounds like terrible advice. You're rich on paper. Sell all your Shiners, cash out while you still can.

KENNETH

I would never hurt NBC like that.

LIZ

It's not your job to do the board's financial dirty work for them. The network will be fine, I promise.

KENNETH

Well... if you say so...

He leaves.

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Liz emerges from her office to find all the writers, silent, staring daggers at her.

LIZ

Did everyone just overhear that conversation?

FRANK

You mean where you told Kenneth to "cash out while he still can?"

LIZ

It's good advice.

TOOFER

Kenneth owns a quarter of the Shiners in circulation. If he sells now, all of our portfolios will tank.

LIZ

Then you should all cash out. I mean, are you really happier now than you were before you got them? Toofer is calling up my ex. Lutz is wearing my old shoes.

LUTZ
My feet are killing me.

FRANK
Wait... this hat isn't ironic.

LIZ
Look at what the Shiner is doing to us.

TOOFER
(to Liz)
This wasn't the Shiner. This was you.

The writers all grumble and remove their hand-me-downs, toss them at Liz. She retreats back to her office.

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - DAY

A knock.

LIZ
Go away!

Jack enters, red in the face, hair disheveled, underslept.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Jack. The writers turned on me.
(noticing his condition)
Oh my god, are you okay?

JACK
I'm sorry Lemon, I can't offer advice right now. I came to say goodbye.

LIZ
The board fired you?

JACK
It's only a matter of time. A golf buddy at the S.E.C. just called to tip me off. Apparently a secondary market cropped up, and some very wealthy individuals made some very bad options trades.

LIZ
So now that rich people are affected, the government cares? How does any of this make sense?

JACK

It's not supposed to make sense to the common man, Lemon. It's a financial instrument, not a "two-dollar fillet of fish Tuesday."

LIZ

(excited)

Is that promotion back on?!

Jack checks his watch.

JACK

The board call starts in a few minutes. If this is the end... then it's been an honor working with you. Pray for me.

He exits.

INT. HALLWAY - EARLY EVENING

Liz once again has her original overflowing laundry bags full of stuff. She lugs them down the hall.

Notices Tracy's dressing room door is open. She pokes her head in to see Tracy and Jenna somberly packing up their recording equipment.

LIZ

What are you two still doing here?

JENNA

We've decided to end the podcast. Kenneth lost all his money when the S.E.C. froze trading on the Shiner.

TRACY

Plus that one guy took his daughter off life support after we told him it was the humane thing to do.

JENNA

And it turns out they weren't even related.

TRACY

Who are we to give advice to everyday people? We're celebrities. We're special.

JENNA

We decided we should spend less time talking, and more time listening. If anyone needs to learn about life, it's us.

TRACY

Exactly. That's why we decided to spend less time talking, and more time listening.

They flash him a glance.

LIZ

Don't be too hard on yourselves. We all have crazy ideas sometimes.

She enters, drops her bags down, reclines on the couch.

LIZ (CONT'D)

I thought if I just pawned this stuff off onto someone else, I'd feel like a new person. But it turns out I'm more attached to these old memories than I realized.

Tracy and Jenna share a furtive look. Jenna nods to Grizz, who hits the "record" button on the mixer.

JENNA

What memories?

LIZ

Oh, just stupid things.

She lifts the Dalmatian wall calendar out of her bag.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Like this calendar my mom bought me back when I was thinking about getting a pet.

(laughs)

She said, "If you can remember to mark off each day of the month, you can remember to feed a dog."

A wall clock DISSOLVES to hours later. Liz is still talking.

LIZ (CONT'D)

...I guess that's why it's so hard for me to let go. I always sort of felt like their little girl. I never learned how to make adult decisions -- difficult decisions.

Jenna and Tracy are asleep in their chairs. Grizz clears his throat to wake them up before Liz notices.

LIZ (CONT'D)
 (realizing she's made a
 breakthrough)
 Wow. Thanks for listening, guys.

JENNA
 Any time.

TRACY
 We're here for you Liz Lemon.

LIZ
 I know what I need to do now.

She looks at the laundry bags.

INT. BACKSTAGE - DUMPSTERS - DAY

Liz is trying to hoist her bags into the dumpster, but they're too heavy. Jack rounds the corner to find her.

LIZ
 Jack! What happened with the board?

JACK
 You won't believe it. They loved
 the Shiner.

LIZ
 Even though it's dead?

JACK
Especially because it's dead. By
 declaring such a huge loss, they're
 able to hide Peacock's poor
 performance behind a series of tax
 refunds which will more than cover
 their deficits.

LIZ
 A loophole. Why am I not surprised.

JACK
 Lemon, when I heard the board was
 going to pin Peacock's failure on
 me, I realized that in their eyes I
 was dispensable, a plaything for
 their balance books. But the way I
 used my own employees was no
 better. I owe you an apology.

LIZ
Don't apologize to me, apologize to
Kenneth. To the writers.

JACK
I'm selling off my remaining
Shiners to overseas investors. The
money will just about cover the
losses incurred by the staff --
two-thousand dollars for Kenneth
and about five-hundred bucks split
between the writers --

LIZ
-- Wow, it felt like a lot more --

JACK
And seven-million dollars back to
Tracy.

LIZ
Holy Shiner!

JACK
And my initial investment...
(pulls out a dollar bill)
...I give to my star employee.

Hands it to Liz. She's touched.

LIZ
If it helps, you can have one of
the Beanie Babies I'm not trashing.

JACK
(without missing a beat)
Nana the monkey?

LIZ
In your dreams.

JACK
My god, Lemon, let it go.

He helps her lift her bag into the dumpster.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE