

30 ROCK

“Flu Shot”

Written by

Jon Pollack

Writers' Draft
9/25/08

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM/LIZ'S OFFICE - MORNING

LIZ enters with shopping bags. Many of the WRITERS look under the weather. There's a flu going around.

LIZ
(brightly)
Good morning! How is everyone?

FRANK
I caught that flu. I have a fever,
my feet are swollen and I feel like
my intestines are going to explode.

LIZ
(equally brightly)
Don't care. Four days 'til my
beach vacation on St. Bartleby's.

LUTZ
St. Bartleby's? Isn't that the
most politically unstable island in
the Bahamas?

LIZ
That's the media. No one reports
on dictators who aren't hanged.

PETE
What is it about that place? Last
year you came back so relaxed
and... pleasant.

LIZ
I have the perfect resort, Pete.
Private beaches, a soft ice cream
machine with a generator so we're
solid if rebels attack the power
grid, and showing bare feet is
tolerated but not expected.

Liz is lost in dreamy thought.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BAHAMAS RESORT - LAST YEAR

Perfect Caribbean backdrop. Island music plays. Liz lounges holding a blue drink in one hand and a butterscotch dipped soft ice cream in the other. She wears a long robe and her feet are covered with matching hospital booties.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM/LIZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone as we left them.

CERIE

Good for you finally cutting loose.
It'll be just like that movie...

LIZ

"Under the Tuscan Sun"?

CERIE

No, I want to say "Cocoon"?
(re: Liz's shopping bag)
Ooh. Is that a new bathing suit?

LIZ

Better. It's designer beachwear
from the St. John collection. This
is called a "tankoort."

She holds up an aggressively non-sexy beach garment: princess sleeves and culottes with a skirt.

LUTZ

(re: tankoort tag)
From the Jill St. John collection?

LIZ

Jeez. It's like you can't buy
fashion at the CVS anymore.

Liz enters her office and starts "Bosu Balling."

LIZ (CONT'D)

Leaving Monday. Got to get it
tight. Cerie, I am really excited.

CERIE

Go girl. Oh, the Pelican Bay hotel called and said they're over-booked and your reservation is canceled.

(off Liz's stricken look)

Is that for the same vacation?

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

JACK is there. JONATHAN pops his head in.

JONATHAN

Mr. Donaghy, your mother's nurse is here. Should I tell her to go away, we're busy and things were perfect before she came along?

JACK

Jonathan, Elisa is my girlfriend.

JONATHAN

(scandalized)

Sir, she's from the Bronx. The other assistants are talking. And you know how cruel they can be.

(bitter)

Especially Andrew.

ELISA enters, dressed for work. Jack gives her a big hug.

JACK

Hey there, beautiful. I can't wait to see you at my place tonight.

ELISA

That's what I'm here about, Jack. I like you. But us being together while I work for your mom has created an uncomfortable work environment.

JACK

I know. I never should've gotten her that hydraulic wheelchair.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. JACK'S DEN - LAST WEEK

Jack and Elisa are having an intimate moment on the couch. Jack leans in for a kiss but is interrupted by the ominous whir of a wheelchair. We see COLLEEN'S feet slowly enter frame.

COLLEEN (O.S.)
Jack!!!

CUT BACK TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack, Elisa and Jonathan are as we left them.

JACK
Colleen has many prejudices:
Blacks, Jews, Scots, vegetarians,
the bearded. She has issues with
me dating a woman who's, I'm sorry,
what do you call yourself?

ELISA
A Puerto Rican.

JACK
No, I know you can say that, but
what can people like me call you?

ELISA
Puerto Ricans.

JACK
Wow. That does not sound okay. I
get it though. When you're working
for mother it's all work. But you
are off tonight...

ELISA
Sorry, Jack. I'm caring for
another patient. Mr. Templeton.
Old man, advanced dementia, totally
disconnected from reality.

JACK
That reminds me, I owe Lou Dobbs a
call. What about Friday?

ELISA

Mr. Templeton again. Saturday I
work for your mom. Sunday I visit
with my grandmother.

JACK

Monday?

JONATHAN

That's my murder mystery party.
You still haven't RSVP'd.

Jack glowers at him.

ELISA

Look, Jack, I know my schedule is
insane. But that's my life. If at
any point you think I'm too much
trouble I'll totally get it.

She kisses him and exits. Jack is pensive for a silent beat.

JONATHAN

No one's signed up to bring swiss
cheese fondu so --

JACK

Shut up.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO BACKSTAGE - A LITTLE LATER

Liz notices sick people everywhere. KENNETH approaches.

KENNETH

Miss Lemon, Mr. Donaghy wants you
in the green room for a flu shot
ASAP.

LIZ

Wow, it's hitting everyone. Until
you get your shot, be careful.

KENNETH

Oh, don't worry about me. I've
never been sick a day in my life.
(whispers)
They say I'm "unbreakable."

LIZ
No one says that.

Liz heads towards the green room.

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack is with DR. SPACEMAN who prepares to give him a shot.

DR. SPACEMAN
Boy I hate giving shots. But I'm a
professional so I've gotten drunk.
(brandishing shot)
Jack, I need to ask you to drop
your pants.

Jack does. Dr. Spaceman gives Jack a shot in the arm. Jack
reacts, then buckles up. Liz enters.

JACK
Lemon, there you are. We need to
get you vaccinated. Leo...

DR. SPACEMAN
Hold on, I'm losing my buzz.

Dr. Spaceman begins fixing himself a drink. Liz reacts.

DR. SPACEMAN (CONT'D)
Don't worry, Liz. Alcohol's been
scientifically proven to increase
focus and dexterity. Not to
mention sexual performance.

JACK
Lemon, I don't know what to do
about Elisa. She works all the
time. I guess it comes with dating
a second generation Puerto Rican.

LIZ
Jack, you can't call her that.

JACK
That's what I thought.
(then)
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

As you know, I jumped head first into this thing because she was a crutch when I found that strange thing on my left ball...

LIZ

(re: them)

This has gotten too comfortable.

JACK

The early part of a relationship is so fragile; if we don't see each other it could die before we find out what we have. It's hopeless. Our schedules are too complicated.

LIZ

You know, you said the same thing about C.C.

JACK

I did, didn't I? With C.C., I was only willing to meet halfway and things fell apart. If Elisa's that busy, I'm going to come to her.

LIZ

Look at you growing. Good for you.

DR. SPACEMAN

(to Liz, holds syringe)

Is this the arm you want it in?

LIZ

That's my face.

She rolls up her sleeve to let Spaceman at her.

JACK

Now my friend at the CDC could only get me a few shots, so you'll need to tell me who on your staff is important enough to keep well.

LIZ

(stopping Spaceman)

Whoa. We're rationing care? There's like special shots for the elite? That's wrong, Jack.

JACK

Please don't take one of your ethical stands -- it's so boring.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Lemon, you're talented, you work hard, like it or not, you're elite and you deserve the benefits: better health care, getting out of jury duty, early warnings for natural disasters. Come on, you don't want to be sick on vacation.

LIZ

It so happens my vacation is canceled but that's irrelevant. Unlike you, I do not place myself above anyone else.

(then)

I am from Whitehaven, P.A. damn it!

Jack reacts, confused. Liz storms off haughtily. A beat.

DR. SPACEMAN

I'm going to rock a turkish bath.
New school. You want insies?

CUT TO:

INT. MR. TEMPLETON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Elisa tends to CARL TEMPLETON, (think Carl Reiner) a sweet old man who sits staring off into space. Elisa answers a knock at the door. It's Jack, carrying a picnic basket.

ELISA

Jack. What are you doing here?

JACK

I needed to see you.
(re: picnic basket)
I brought dinner, desert, wine...

ELISA

Jack, this so nice but I'm working. Mr. Templeton's son is in Europe and I'm entrusted with his care. I'm sorry, but this is my job.

JACK

What if you quit? I'm rich. I could give you money and you could spend time with me.

ELISA

So I'd be your hooker.

JACK

People love hookers. They're the new "it" girls. Have you heard Ashley Dupre's music? It's not bad.

(off her look)

Come on, don't you ever want a little time for yourself?

ELISA

Of course. I've been in New York fifteen years and I've never seen a Broadway play or gone to a fun restaurant. I work so hard I never even get the chance to have a romantic dinner with a sweet guy...

They lock eyes. He puts his hands on her shoulders.

JACK

(lost in her eyes)

Come on. Let tonight be for us. Just me and my "P.R." girl.

ELISA

(lost in his eyes)

That's offensive.

JACK

Good to know.

They kiss then fall onto the couch. ANGLE ON Mr. Templeton.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - THE NEXT DAY

Liz is there with the growing ranks of sick "TGS" STAFF and CREW. JENNA and TRACY enter, healthy and chipper.

JENNA

Liz, great news. Tracy and I have been chosen to get flu shots.

TRACY

They said it was a flu shot but I know it was really truth serum.

LIZ

It was not truth serum.

TRACY

Then why am I telling you I stole
this shirt?!

JENNA

As we've been given the gift of
health we would like to help those
here who are less fortunate. We're
like Brad Pitt and Angelina
Jolie...

TRACY

We're beautiful and caring...

JENNA

And our best sex is behind us and
happened with Billy Bob Thornton.

TRACY

We're gonna step up, Liz Lemon.
And that's truth serum talking!

LIZ

You know you can't work together.

JENNA

Sounds like a challenge.

LIZ

It's not. You will make things
worse.

TRACY

That's it! The fire has been lit
lady who's boobs I secretly think
look great today!

(to Jenna)

Let's go woman who's bathroom I
pooped in and then didn't flush
'cause I couldn't be bothered!

Tracy and Jenna move off. Liz notices Jack talking to
Kenneth who's now showing clear flu symptoms; he's feverish
and weak. Jack holds a clipboard.

JACK

Kenneth, we can only give shots to
personnel we deem essential. Your
work ethic is clearly unmatched and
your passion inspires us and
elevates our esprit de corp. So...

(re: clipboard)

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

On a scale of one to ten how easily
would you say you can be replaced
by robots?

KENNETH

I don't need a shot, Mr. Donaghy.
It'd be an honor to die at my post.
My only request is to be given the
traditional burial of a Parcell
man: wrapped in a Confederate Flag,
fried, and fed to dogs.

Liz confronts Jack.

LIZ

This is disgusting. Two-tiered
health care based on class is part
of why this country's such a mess.

JACK

Lemon, you're going to want a shot.
Please just get it over with.

LIZ

No, Jack. I don't bail on my
morals when it's convenient.

JACK

Self interest is the most moral
defining principle of a society.
People can't deny their nature
indefinitely. You'll cave.

LIZ

Oh yeah?

Liz turns and addresses the "TGS" staff and crew.

LIZ (CONT'D)

The "Man" has decided that flu
shots are only for the special few.
But I believe we are all equal at
"TGS"... and as Americans...
(finding it)
And as citizens of the world!

KENNETH

Kill the mine owners! We don't
need their filthy New York money!

LIZ

I say shots should be for everyone,
or for no one! And that is why I
am refusing a shot!

Everyone cheers louder. Liz basks in the love of the people.

LIZ (CONT'D)

(fist pumps, chanting)
Whitehaven! Whitehaven!!!

Lights out. The crowd goes nuts and joins in chanting Liz's
confusing chant. Jack shakes his head, "Fucking Lemon."

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - A LITTLE LATER

Jenna and Tracy enter surveying sick crew members. Jenna is
dressed in white, hair back, like she's Madonna in Africa.

JENNA

Don't worry, everyone, we're here.
In every great crisis celebrities
have stepped to the fore, from
fixing Africa to ending the scourge
of the irritable bowel.

TRACY

We know you're sick! If we could
take your places we would! And
those are empty words!

Jenna notices a weakened crew guy struggle to lift a chair in
the prop cage.

JENNA

Take a rest, friend, we'll do that.

CREW GUY

It's against union rules.

JENNA

Sounds like a challenge.

Tracy and Jenna enter and push him aside. They start to move
the chair out, but it gets caught in the doorway.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Watch my nails! I used the same
manicurist who did Sean Penn before
he went to Afghanistan!

They continue to struggle. They can't coordinate the move.

TRACY

Higher. Higher! No, I'm saying
that to myself!

(then)

Left. Left! No, that's a figure
of speech!

Jenna drops the chair.

JENNA

You're insane.

TRACY

You're a diva.

JENNA

Liz is right, we can't work
together, even in a crisis. This
chair is like our relationship...
we're stuck in a door.

TRACY

No one metaphors me!

Tracy storms off. Jenna clammers over the chair then storms
off.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE/MR. TEMPLETON'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Jack is on the phone. SPLIT SCREEN with Elisa.

JACK

I had a wonderful time last night.

ELISA

I did too. For me picnics usually
involve my Uncle Roberto getting
smashed and doing Carlos Mencia
jokes. And not the good ones he
steals from D.L. Hughley.

(then)

(MORE)

ELISA (CONT'D)

I'm really lucky to have met a man
willing to work around my schedule.

JACK

Whatever it takes. Tonight?

ELISA

Mr. Templeton again. I'm sorry.

JACK

It's okay. I'm just dying to show
you the New York you've never seen,
take you to a play...

ELISA

(laughs)

Well, maybe someday we can have a
date where we're not stuck at a
patient's house. Adios, querido.

JACK

Adios, querido.

Jack hangs up thinking. A beat. He has an idea.

JACK (CONT'D)

Jonathan! I need front row tickets
to "Xanadu" tonight.

(purposefully)

Three tickets.

Jonathan, looks up, giddy. Can the third one be for him?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BROADWAY THEATER - NIGHT

Jack and Elisa sit in the front row. She is decked out,
glowing with excitement. WIDEN TO REVEAL Mr. Templeton
sitting next them with his distant, vacant stare.

JACK

I know we're pushing it here, so
the second you feel uncomfortable --

ELISA

Quiet! It's starting!

(enrapt)

The Broadway roller skating
spectacular is starting.

The lights dim as Olivia Newton John's "I'm Alive" plays. Elisa snuggles into Jack's side. He's in heaven. ANGLE ON Mr. Templeton staring.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM/LIZ'S OFFICE - LATER

Liz enters. The sick writers cheer for her.

FRANK

Liz, way to stand up to the "Man"
and his elitist shots.

LIZ

Hey I'm no better than you, Frank.
Sure I work harder, I bathe
regularly, and I didn't put vodka
in Sue's orange juice even though
we all know she's an alcoholic.

FRANK

She deserved it. Not drinking is
so gay.

Liz enters her office. Cerie follows her in.

LIZ

I feel good, Cerie, standing up for
my principles. Worst comes to
worst I get sick, but who cares,
right? My vacation's off anyway.

CERIE

Totally.

(then, re: message slip)

So a resort called. They had lots
of cancellations because of the flu
and your reservation is back on.
Also, Brian's going to kill himself
if you don't return his texts. He
bought a gun. Wait, that's for me.

Cerie exits. Liz is lost in dreamy vacation thought.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BAHAMAS RESORT - LAST YEAR

Same blissful setting and music. Liz lounges finishing a soft ice cream. She licks drippings from her arm as she's handed another from off screen. She winks flirtatiously.

LIZ
Thank you, Banyani.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Liz smiles still far away. Lutz enters. He starts to say something, emits a horrifying cough, tries to speak again, sneezes disgustingly then has a wheezing coughing fit.

LIZ
Ah! Unclean! Get away from me!

She covers her mouth and runs out, kicking the door open.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

We follow Liz through a stylized homage to "28 Days Later". She moves fearfully past SICK PEOPLE huddled and coughing. Kenneth comes at her holding a salad. He looks terrifying: sweating, weird pallor, hair askew, slight trickle of blood from his nose.

KENNETH
(eerie)
Ms. Lemon I got your salad.

He sneezes on it. Liz starts to run. Sick people everywhere. She grabs a prop gun to avoid touching them. Liz sees healthy guys in the sound booth and runs to them but they lock her out. She pounds on the door.

LIZ
No! Please! I'm not one of them!

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dr. Spaceman is there with his flu shot gear. Liz bursts in.

LIZ
Give me a shot.

DR. SPACEMAN
That would be wise medically. But
as your doctor I must remind you
you'd be compromising a dramatic
ethical stand you took with Jack --

LIZ
Now!!!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. GREEN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Liz rolls up her sleeve, preparing to get a shot.

DR. SPACEMAN

You're lucky. As karma would have it we ended up with one extra shot. Sadly, Mr. Garkle had a seizure and I just sent him to the morgue.

LIZ

He died?

DR. SPACEMAN

(oops)
I should check on that.

LIZ

Listen, you have to promise not to tell anyone I'm getting this.

DR. SPACEMAN

Liz, I believe doctor-patient confidentiality is a two-way street.

(then)

I'm cheating on my wife.

(nervously holds syringe)

Okay. Let's do this.

TIGHT ON Liz lost in Bahamian fantasy. We hear island music play as she smiles. Suddenly she winces.

LIZ

That's my face.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - MOMENTS LATER

A secretly inoculated Liz walks happily while rubbing her sore face. She is lost in song.

LIZ

CARRIBEAN QUEEN/NOW WE'RE SHARING
THE SAME DREAM --
(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)
(bumps into Lutz)
Balls, Lutz!

She notices that Lutz is woozy and about to faint.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Whoa, buddy, you need to sit down.

She grabs him a chair and water as he coughs horribly.

PETE
Careful, Liz. You don't want to
get his flu and ruin your vacation.

LIZ
Oh, um, I'm not worried about that.

Crew guys overhear her. They're impressed.

CREW GUY #1
How 'bout that Liz Lemon? First
she refuses to get a shot...!

CREW GUY #2
Now she risks her health to help
Lutz, the most common of all the
writers!

AFRICAN AMERICAN CREW GUY
I heard he bit a thermometer as a
child!

LIZ
Hold on. I don't want you to get
the wrong idea. The truth is...
(off their innocent looks)
What wouldn't I do for my guys?!

The crew cheers Liz. Playing to the crowd she wipes Lutz's
forehead with a cloth. Lutz coughs hard in her face.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Tracy is there. Jenna enters.

JENNA
Dotcom said you wanted to see me.

Tracy motions for her to sit. She does. After a long beat.

TRACY

Jenna, why don't you like me?

JENNA

What? Tracy, that's not true.

TRACY

It is. And it hurts. I'm loved by everyone, except Jimmy Carter. But that dude has no sense of humor. I mean, it's 2009 and we still can't make Menachem Begin jokes.

JENNA

You really want to do this?

TRACY

Yes. We're going to sit here and work it out. No finger pointing, no judgement. Now I can take it so be honest... What is it about me that makes you such a bitch?

JENNA

Okay, you're being insulting.

TRACY

That's racist. Not what you said, I was just thinking about how all Chinese people are good at math.

JENNA

This is pointless. We're the two least compatible people on earth.

TRACY

Lightbulb! Let's try a hypothetical exercise. What if the flu killed everyone and we were the last two people? Could we make it work?

JENNA

Wow. I don't know.

TRACY

Come on, humans are extinct. We're a couple with kids we got from, to offer a notional point of reference, doing it like animals.

JENNA

Okay. If we had kids I suppose I'd want to raise them Catholic.

TRACY

I'd want to raise them ninja.

JENNA

I'd want to move into Barney's.

TRACY

I'd want to live in the Joker's lair.

JENNA

It'd be nice to spend Thanksgiving at the empty Kennedy Compound.

TRACY

We're always going to the Kennedy Compound for Thanksgiving! This isn't working!

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - A LITTLE LATER

Liz is in full Mother Theresa mode, reveling in her newfound popularity with the crew. She gives one guy a hot compress, wraps a shivering GRIZZ in a blanket, and gives a feverish Frank hot tea with lemon.

FRANK

Liz, you're so kind and beautiful.
I love you.
(calling out)
I love Liz Lemon!

CREW GUY #1

She's a saint!

CREW GUY #2

Why did we ever hate her?!

LIZ

You hated me?

CREW GUY #1

I think it was her glasses! They made her seem aloof and stuck up!

AFRICAN AMERICAN CREW GUY
And the way she can't keep black
guys straight!

LIZ
That's not true, Fred.

AFRICAN AMERICAN CREW GUY
I'm Rick.
(then smiling)
But your racial insensitivity's
okay now, you're one of us!

They all cheer. Liz notices Jack and crosses to him.

JACK
Lemon, I never realized you were
such a woman of the people.

LIZ
I have humble roots, Jack.
(proudly)
As a kid one of my best friends was
on food stamps and another may have
been mentally retarded.
(then)
How was your date with Elisa?

JACK
Oh, Lemon, it was magical...

QUICK CUTS TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - LAST NIGHT

A perfect romantic night as Jack, Elisa and a vacant, staring
Mr. Templeton take a pedicab ride.

EXT. COLUMBUS CIRCLE - LAST NIGHT

Jack and Elisa walk arm in arm as the old man trails behind.
Jack tosses change to a MAN IN SILVER MAKEUP performing as a
robot.

INT. THE RAINBOW ROOM - LAST NIGHT

Jack and Elisa slow dance on the revolving floor as the old man sits and stares.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Liz and Jack as we left them. Jack lost in thought.

JACK

As we sipped wine outside Lincoln Center I experienced one of life's rare perfect moments. Chopin playing, Elisa laughing and holding my arm, moonlight reflecting off Mr. Templeton...

LIZ

You took out a catatonic man?

JACK

I admit it's an ethical grey area --

LIZ

You're "Weekend at Bernies"-ing Mr. Templeton!

JACK

Well, we can't all be perfect like you, Lemon: selfless, principled, risking getting sick even though I hear your vacation is back on.

LIZ

Yes, and my vacation is very special to me. But it must take a backseat while my crew is in need.

JACK

Of course. Oh, Lemon, not that you'd care, but a few hours after you get a shot you end up with a very distinctive bruise in the shape of a bulls-eye.

Jack rolls up his sleeve. TIGHT ON a bulls-eye bruise. Liz's eyes go wide. She nervously touches her face.

LIZ
You're right. I wouldn't care.
Because I'm a woman of the people.
(then)
White --

JACK
Don't shout White Haven.

Liz walks off with forced casualness, turns a corner and frantically sprints off.

CUT TO:

INT. MAKE-UP ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Liz bursts in. She sees a bulls-eye bruise forming and grabs some makeup. Grizz and DOTCOM enter as she covers her cheek.

DOTCOM
Liz, you've been so kind during
this trying time. Grizz would like
to read you a haiku he's written.

LIZ
Grizz, you don't have to --

GRIZZ
(clears throat, re: paper)
Liz Lemon Lady -- Special healing
flower -- Beautiful Lemon.

LIZ
Oh boy, that's so nice--

Grizz puts his finger to her mouth and shakes his head; "No. Words will ruin this." They exit. Liz starts rapidly applying make-up but the color's wrong. She opens the closet to get more. Out falls a super feverish Kenneth.

KENNETH
I wasn't resting! A Parcell never
lies down on the job, or undresses
in front of a horse.

LIZ
Kenneth, please get out of here.

KENNETH
(through delirium)
Wait. What's on your cheek?
(MORE)

KENNETH (CONT'D)

Is that... a bulls-eye bruise?
(putting it together)
Ms. Lemon, you got a shot after
telling everyone you wouldn't?!
You're a bigger liar than my cousin
Hank who said I took off my shirt
in the gelding paddock!

LIZ

(thinking on her feet)
Kenneth you're confused. You're
having a fever dream.

KENNETH

I am?

Liz quickly covers her mark with the proper shade of makeup.

LIZ

Yes. You dozed off.
(suddenly shaking him)
Kenneth, wake up!

KENNETH

What?! Huh?!

LIZ

You were asleep.

KENNETH

Oh my. I just dreamed I accused
you of lying about getting a flu
shot and you told me I was confused
and was having a fever dream and
then you shouted wake up. I'm so
sorry. Ms. Lemon, can you ever
forgive me?

LIZ

(beat)
No.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. TEMPLETON'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

An elegantly dressed Elisa lets Jack in. He carries papers.

JACK

Sorry I'm late. Meeting ran long.

ELISA

Jack, I'm so excited. I've never
taken a cruise around Manhattan.
Do you think he'll be warm enough?

She indicates Mr. Templeton, dressed in a heavy coat and hat.

JACK

He looks fine. But afterwards I
thought we'd get a formal dinner.

Elisa opens Mr. Templeton's coat revealing proper formal
wear. Jack smiles and gives her a kiss. Suddenly the
doorbell rings.

ELISA

Who could that be?

She crosses to the door and peeks through the curtain.

ELISA (CONT'D)

Oh God. It's Mr. Templeton's son.

JACK

I thought he was in Europe?

ELISA

Me too. Jack, I'm not allowed to
have visitors.

She frantically removes Mr. Templeton's coat and hat.

ELISA (CONT'D)

I can't lose this job. I'd have to
go back to working the late shift
at Dunkin' Donuts at eighty-ninth
and Broadway. It was so mind
numbing and the customers made me
so sad...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. DUNKIN' DONUTS - MONTHS AGO - LATE NIGHT

Elisa works behind the counter. REVEAL Liz Lemon and a crazy
homeless looking guy (the COLONEL) sizing each other up. A
worker enters with a tray of fresh Boston Kremes. Liz and
the man rush to the counter pushing and shoving.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. MR. TEMPLETON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Elisa are as we left them. A key fumbles at the lock.

ELISA
He's coming in. Please hide!

Jack nimbly jumps behind some curtains as Elisa covers Mr. Templeton with a blanket. MICHAEL TEMPLETON enters.

MICHAEL
Hey, Elisa, sorry for the surprise.
I had a last minute meeting in the
city and I wanted to check on dad.

ELISA
No. It's fine.

Michael notices Jack's work papers near Mr. Templeton.

ELISA (CONT'D)
Oh, I was just reading to him. You
know, stimulating his brain with --
(re: document title)
-- "Corporate Protocol for
Undermining Sexual Harassment
Claims."

MICHAEL
How is he?

ELISA
He's healthy. But as always lost
in his own world, unaware of
anything happening around him --

MR. TEMPLETON
(springing to life)
A man comes to the house! He comes
at night and takes me!

Jack and Elisa react, shocked.

MICHAEL
Dad? What are you saying?

MR. TEMPLETON
A man in a suit comes! His hair is
thick like a Bolshevik Commissar.
(MORE)

MR. TEMPLETON (CONT'D)

He eats in rooms with spinning
floors! He throws metal at a
silver gentleman!

ANGLE ON Jack wincing at the description of their night out.

MICHAEL

Dad you sound crazy. God, maybe we
do need to consider homes. Elisa,
is he making any sense to you?

MR. TEMPLETON

People were singing on roller
skates!

Elisa looks to Jack who shakes his head; "Don't."

ELISA

He's crazy. Your father's crazy.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Tracy and Jenna are as we left them. Tracy is fed up.

TRACY

Argh, Jenna! Argh! Why is our
hypothetical relationship so hard?

JENNA

Because you're impossible. We're
the last people on earth and you
won't let me emcee the Emmys?

TRACY

Is nothing sacred?! That should be
a reality TV show host! You're the
problem. You won't even let me
give you an affectionate nickname.

JENNA

You called me the N-word.

TRACY

Can we at least agree that we'd
want our kids to be actors?

JENNA

Of course. They'd study Strasberg.

TRACY

They'd study Stanislavski! Just
like my role model Sidney Poitier!

JENNA

My children must be "method"! When
they do overly sexualized jeans
commercials I want it to feel real
and very inappropriate!

TRACY

Damn it, Ni --
(bummed)
Jenna. There won't be commercials
or actors because there won't be
anyone around to watch us!

This realization hits them both hard. A silent beat.

JENNA

Wow. That would be so sad.

TRACY

I know. People should see you.
You're really good.

JENNA

You're making fun of me.

TRACY

No I'm not. You're very talented.

JENNA

Thanks. You're very talented too.

This is a genuine sweet moment. Overcome, they hug.

JENNA (CONT'D)

Wow. Maybe we can get along.

TRACY

Yes. And while that chair is
probably stuck in the door forever,
we can still lift people's spirits--
Lightbulb! Let's get them food.

JENNA

That's a great idea! Hey, are you
thinking what I'm thinking?!

TRACY
(excited)
Seems unlikely but maybe!

CUT TO:

INT. MR. TEMPLETON'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Elisa and Michael Templeton are as we left them. Jack still hides behind the curtain. Mr. Templeton sleeps.

MICHAEL
Good. Dad's finally asleep. Poor guy's really lost it.

ELISA
Don't feel bad. If I learned anything from "Girl Interrupted", "Sometimes the only way to stay sane is to go a little crazy."
(then)
Come on. Let's make sure your bedroom is set up.

They exit, leaving Mr. Templeton behind. Jack emerges and tiptoes out. He stops and casts an affectionate glance at the old man. Suddenly Mr. Templeton's eyes open. He starts.

MR. TEMPLETON
He's here! The man is here!

JACK
Shhh! Please, sir --

MR. TEMPLETON
With his barrel chest and his trickster eyes! Are you coming to take me?! I did things during the war! Terrible things!

JACK
No. Sir. My name is Jack. I'm just a man dating your nurse and I took advantage of your condition to be with her. You see, I ruined my last relationship because we didn't make time to be together and I was so afraid of reliving that pain that I behaved terribly. And I'm sorry.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

But being out with Elisa these last few nights has allowed me to discover that this amazing, beautiful woman is my soulmate.

MR. TEMPLETON

The Puerto Rican?

JACK

That really does not sound right. But yes. She's a gift, and I don't want her to lose her job. So I beg you, sir, please be discrete.

MR. TEMPLETON

Listen, Jack, you seem like sweet kids. I won't tell anyone. All I ask is that you still take me out once in a while.

JACK

(moved)

Of course, sir. It'd be a pleasure.

MR. TEMPLETON

And I'm gonna write down the name of a Ukrainian man I want killed.

Jack reacts, "Is he kidding?" It's not clear.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO BACKSTAGE - A LITTLE LATER

Sick people are everywhere. Tracy and Jenna enter.

JENNA

TGS Staff! Tracy and I have joined forces to lift your spirits.

TRACY

You're all so special to us. Especially you, guy I couldn't care less about.

JENNA

We've gotten everyone the perfect "get over the flu" treat...

TRACY/JENNA

Sushi!

DELIVERY MEN enter with trays of sushi. Everyone recoils.

TRACY
Don't be shy! There's eel!

JENNA
Come on. Promise you'll at least
smell it.

Liz enters. Facial bruise totally covered.

LIZ
What are you guys doing?! This is
not the way to help sick people!

DOTCOM
They don't get us like you do, Liz.

She smiles proudly, then notices Kenneth collapsed on a chair shivering. She removes her sweater and bundles him with it. It's a stylized, saintly moment: she smiles maternally, Kenneth smiles back, everyone is moved, Grizz is glowing. An angelic light from above shines down on her (a GAFFER adjusts a light to see better). Kenneth reaches out a clammy hand and touches his angel's face. Make-up comes off on his hand revealing... the bulls-eye bruise. Everyone gasps.

PETE
Liz, what's that on your face?

JENNA
Saint Liz got a flu shot!

Everyone reacts angry and betrayed.

CREW GUY #1
She sold out her principles for a
stupid vacation!

CREW GUY #2
She's so selfish and shallow!

AFRICAN AMERICAN CREW GUY
Just because I'm black she assumed
I wanted to hear a Dr. J anecdote!

KENNETH
Wake up, Kenneth! Wake up!

ANGLE ON a devastated Grizz who sheds a single tear. Jack enters to witness this disaster.

LIZ
It's not what you think! It wasn't
just a vacation. It's... I...

Everyone boos and jeers.

LIZ (CONT'D)
There's a gentleman involved!!

Everyone freezes. A stunned silence. No one expected this.

LIZ (CONT'D)
That's right! A Filipino gentleman
named Banyani! He's a parasailing
instructor! I let him touch my
feet when they get tan! I have an
island lover!!

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BAHAMAS RESORT - LAST YEAR

Same scene. Liz lounges. WIDEN to reveal she's making
flirty eye-contact with BANYANI, a beautiful Filipino man.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. STUDIO BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Everyone is as we left them.

LIZ
I work hard! Don't I deserve some
fun?! Come on, buddies, I'm still
one of you! I made you tea! I
laughed at your butt-centric sex
jokes! I gave you blankets!

Everyone starts to boo.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Grizz, remember the blankets!

Grizz shakes his head and exits. Jack reacts, "Oh, Lemon."

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - LATER

Jack fixes Liz a drink as she sits, head in hands.

JACK

Once again, Lemon, the line between you and I blurs. Turns out you do want your elite benefits. By the way, don't be in Istanbul in March. We expect mud tornados and a fire hurricane.

(off look)

Global warming may be real.

LIZ

I'm so embarrassed.

JACK

Why, because you're human? Because you desire an exotic lover? Because you want to "get you groove back?"

LIZ

You're kind of torturing me...

JACK

Yes. It's very satisfying.

LIZ

You know, I'm at a good place in my life. I have a job I love, I own a treadmill, I'm not ashamed to make a scene at McDonalds when I get "under-McNuggeted." But with guy stuff, I cannot keep it tight.

JACK

Lemon, earlier tonight I was literally hiding behind a curtain for a woman. It was like a scene in a Moliere farce...

(off confused look)

A "Three's Company" episode.

LIZ

(remembers chuckling)

Mr. Roper thought Chrissy was pregnant, but she just had a wart.

JACK

Everyone's floundering when it comes to love. We're all beating our heads against the wall, hoping against hope for a moment of magic.

LIZ

Well, I'm not going on my trip. What was I thinking? Meeting some strange guy I'd kinda gotten to second base with depending on how exactly you count feet touching.

JACK

Come on, Lemon. You've already been humiliated. The worst has happened. Take a chance. Take a chance on finding some magic.

Liz takes this in.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAHAMAS RESORT - A WEEK LATER

Liz sits in her dream vacation chair as "Magic" from Xanadu plays. She looks fantastic; her hair blows in the breeze and she makes the tankoort work. Suddenly, she sees him... Banyani. He's gorgeous. They share a smile. He approaches.

LIZ

Oh, hello, Banyani.

BANYANI

Elizabeth. I've been counting the days until I could see you again.

Liz laughs at nothing in particular.

BANYANI (CONT'D)

You are so beautiful. Do you think tonight could be a special night?

LIZ

Maybe it could.

He leans in close, taking in her beauty. It's magic.

BANYANI

You know this will be two hundred dollars, right?

Liz reacts, "of course," and stands. A passing waiter hands her an ice cream. She moves to shove it in Banyani's face, then thinks better of it, takes a huge messy bite and strides off proudly, displaying odd tankoort bows and straps.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW