30 ROCK

“Flu Shot”

Written by
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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)
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!


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)
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 clambers 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 to 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)
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!
And the way she can’t keep black guys straight!

LIZ
That’s not true, Fred.

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.

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

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?

Oh, Lemon, it was magical...

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

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)
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? I 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!


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 beatiful. 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