

3OROCK

"The Point Break Principle"

Written by

Bryan Gonzalez

&

Christopher David Rosales

Bryan Gonzalez
4755 Templeton St. #2230
Los Angeles, CA 90032
323-365-5787
bryangon@gmail.com

WGAW #1656673

Previously on 30 Rock...

Liz Lemon clears out her apartment in an effort to take greater control of her life, but when a plastic bag blows into the tree opposite her apartment she suffers a crisis of mortality.

Jack Donaghy discovers that his wife Avery Jessup has been kidnapped by North Korean dictator Kim Jong-il and is being forced to broadcast anti-American propaganda. When Jack's attempt to rescue her fails, it seems she will be lost forever.

Tracy returns to *TGS* after a fictional hiatus in Africa. He learns that Grizz, Dot Com, and Kenneth share an inside joke ("Smooth move, Ferguson!"). Tracy forces them to recreate the events that led to the joke, revealing how much they missed Tracy during his absence.

In "The Point Break Principle," we find Liz extending her crisis as she flirts with ditching Jack for a new mentor. Jack, posed with losing his wife *and* his protégé, hatches a plan to win Liz back during an important keynote speech. Tracy, recalling his days living on the streets, decides to write his own material for the show.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER/STREET - MORNING

JACK and LIZ look at a giant billboard on the side of the building. It's Jack with his book, "Jack Attack: The Art of Aggression in Business."

JACK

I always knew one day I'd be ten stories tall.

LIZ

You could have been a little more considerate with the placement. My window is right between your back pockets.

JACK

It's finally here, Lemon. My crowning achievement and it's so close I can taste it.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO BACKSTAGE/WRITERS' ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jack walks Liz to her office. He hands her an anniversary edition of his book.

LIZ

An anniversary edition? Wow, Jack, that's kind of a big deal.

JACK

In addition to a new chapter I'll unveil during my keynote speech, my publisher has approved the font I've developed with Sting and Cormac McCarthy. It's called Jacktigua and it's serif and sans serif all at once... depending on how you read it.

LIZ

Does that mean Jackzilla will be down soon? All this darkness is screwing with my melatonin levels.

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)

This morning I swear I passed a mirror and didn't see a reflection.

They reach the Writers' Room. It's dark, the windows blotted out by Jack's billboard. TOOFER and FRANK fence. Sue recites RICHARD III. LUTZ, weeping, pets a sock puppet.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Yesterday Frank proposed to the refrigerator.

JACK

Stick it out until the keynote.

Liz reaches into her pocket and peels open a candy bar.

JACK (CONT'D)

Isn't it a little early for--

Jack takes it. DEEPAK CHOPRA is on the wrapper.

JACK (CONT'D)

Chopra-late?

LIZ

It's pronounced *Chopralat*, like the movie, and good sir, promotes inner peace and reflection.

JACK

Never pronounce French in a business setting, even in France.

LIZ

Well, they've been making me feel good about everything going how everything usually goes. Which is bad.

JACK

Keep it away from me, Lemon.

LIZ

If you dip it in green tea it tastes like Fruity Pebbles.

JACK

Mumbo-jumbo.

LIZ

Keep it down! Do you realize how long it took for Tracy to forget his rap alter ego?

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)
Have you forgotten the summer of,
"Bitches ain't nothin' but hoes and
bitches?"

Jack gives her an icy glare.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - MORNING (SORT OF)

Liz wrangles the writers.

LIZ
I know things have been a little
loopy around here, guys, but Jack
has assured me that we're in the
home stretch, so I only want to
hear quality sketches.

TOOFER
(as Thomas Edison)
Perhaps someone should inform that
foppish Hessian Tesla that
alternating currents--

LIZ
No more one-acts about Thomas
Edison!

FRANK
I have an adaptation of *The Cabinet
of Dr. Caligari* starring only prime
numbers. Nineteen's got a pretty
sweet soliloquy...

CERIE enters with a box for Liz. She's covered in glowing
bracelets, necklaces, and flashing LED accessories.

CERIE
This came for you, Liz.

LIZ
Now there's someone who's taken a
creative approach to our natural
light situation.

CERIE
What light situation?

LIZ
Thank you, Cerie.

Liz opens the box. It's filled with Chopralat bars. She opens one and reads the inspirational mantra printed on the wrapper.

LIZ (CONT'D)

My creative solution comes from the great mind of Deepak Chopra, who says,

(reading)

"You don't have to be good at something to be liked." That can't be right.

FRANK

Prime numbers wins! Suck it, Edison!

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - DAY

The set is dressed with abstract, jagged backdrops. TRACY, costumed as "19," wobbles over to PETE and Liz, who eats Chopralat.

TRACY

Liz Lemon, this sketch is offensive to black Jewish celebrities named Me everywhere.

LIZ

What is it now, Tracy?

TRACY

You know 19 is how old that girl claimed to be that one time, and it's the number of cataracts Dr. Spaceman says I have. How would you feel if I made you put on...
(whispers)

43.

LIZ

43? How is that offensive?

TRACY

It's your age.

LIZ

Look, the sketches are going to be thin this week so can't you just tune it out like you always do?

TRACY

As I told my third grade arithmetic teacher slash Exxon station cashier, I don't do prime numbers.

Tracy wobbles off.

LIZ

(under her breath)
If you can do better, you're welcome to try.

JENNA, as "73," walks over.

JENNA

Liz, thank you for saving the best prime number for me.

LIZ

(playing along)
Yeah, Jenna, of course. You don't think it's offensive?

JENNA

Are you kidding? 73 is the sleep number Werner Herzog sets on his Tempurpedic. Not to sleep. To play "Being Jodi Arias."

LIZ

Well, as a 43 to a 73, you are welcome.

JENNA

How dare you! You know that Burmese botox stunned the 43 muscles I need to frown.

Jenna exits, a blank glare on her face.

PETE

Tracy does bring up a good point. Did you see the studio audience last week?

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. STUDIO - LAST WEEK'S STUDIO AUDIENCE

Empty, with the exception of--

A COUNTY JAIL INMATE escorted by two GUARDS. Inmate laughs at a joke. The guard racks his shotgun. Inmate shuts up.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

Liz and Pete are as we left them.

PETE

If we don't do something fast,
Alabama Randy's not going to make
the trip from Riker's Island.

Liz finishes the Chopralat and reads the wrapper.

LIZ

"Inaction creates nothing. Action
creates success."

PETE

Did Oprah finally launch a candy
line? My God, Paula's gonna make
me play jealous Dr. Phil again!

LIZ

Just take care of it. This
chocolate's making me feel funny,
Mr. Magoo.

Liz hands Pete the wrapper. She staggers away, hi-fiving a ficus tree.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Keep up the good work, Admiral
Ackbar!

Pete gets an idea.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO BACKSTAGE/PAGE DESK - LATER

Pete enters with Liz's box of Chopralat. He meets KENNETH at the page desk.

PETE

Kenneth, I need you to do me a
favor.

KENNETH

I don't know, Mr. Hornberger. I'm barely getting sensation back after the last favor I did Mr. Jordan. That stray dog sure did enjoy peanut butter.

PETE

Go downstairs and use these to get more people to come to the taping this week.

KENNETH

But sir, I made a promise never to lure people with candy. I mean, is there a van involved?

PETE

If I know Liz, she's got a stash of this stuff, so tell them there's more where that came from.

KENNETH

That's what my uncle used to say after van time!

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Tracy holds court with GRIZZ and DOT COM.

TRACY

Today a white boss lady told me to do my job, so naturally I'm doing anything but. Gentlemen, I declare writerdom.

DOT COM

That's fantastic, Trey. I've got some great ideas--

TRACY

Writer speaking! As my first order of business, I'm enlisting the greatest talent I know. Grizz?

Dot Com rolls his eyes.

GRIZZ

A subtle commentary on the
socioeconomic upheaval in the
United Republic of Tanzania--

TRACY

You're fired. Dot Com?

DOT COM

Trey, you already are a writer.
Don't you remember how you landed
your first gig on Showtime at the
Apollo?

FLASHBACK TO:

TRACY'S MEMORY - THAT SCENE FROM ROCKY IV

Tracy (as APOLLO CREED) is lowered via platform into the
ring. JAMES BROWN sings "Living in America." Showgirls,
sparklers, etc.

BACK TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tracy, Grizz, and Dot Com are as we left them.

TRACY

Ivan Drago has anger issues.

DOT COM

No, Trey, you were homeless for a
year and that's when you started
writing your observations. You
helped write Grand Master Flash's
"The Message."

TRACY

(remembering)

"Rats in the front room, roaches in
the back..." I was that junkie in
the alley with the baseball bat!
Maybe if I can remember what it was
like to be homeless, I can write my
own material again!

DOT COM

Exactly.

CUT TO:

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

Liz fiendishly looks for her box. She looks harried. She approaches Frank, Toofer, and Lutz.

LIZ

Hey, have you guys seen that box Cerie delivered?

TOOFER

In accordance with the guy code vis-à-vis The *Point Break* Principle, we are unable to divulge information regarding said box.

LIZ

Toofer, what are you talking about?

FRANK

The *Point Break* Principle. You don't rat on your friends even if you're an FBI agent learning to surf so you can infiltrate a gang of surfers who moonlight as bank robbers to sustain their surfer lifestyle. Surfer.

LIZ

Well, in accordance with the *Working Girl* Principle, as your boss, anyone withholding information is going to be sorry.

Cerie chimes in from her desk.

CERIE

I thought the *Working Girl* Principle was when you mix vodka and Valium to sleep with a hot executive.

LIZ

That wasn't the point of the movie!

Pete comes out of his office.

PETE

I gave those chocolates to Kenneth so he could advance the Dee story... Dee story about our lacking studio audiences. Geez, Liz, you don't look so great.

Liz scratches her neck like a crackhead.

LIZ

Pete, do you know how hard those
were to get? I had to go on
Pinterest and I still feel dirty
about it.

LUTZ

I'm on Pinterest! You should pin
me.

Liz storms out.

CUT TO:

INT. HOLISTIC GROCER - THE NEXT DAY

Liz wanders the Whole Foods-type market. She finds an
employee restocking the candy aisle.

LIZ

Hey, I know this is kind of a long
shot, but do you guys carry
Chopralat?

EMPLOYEE

Sure do.

LIZ

Great!

A beat. Employee ignores her.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Can I have some?

EMPLOYEE

Sure can't. We're all sold out.

LIZ

Ugh, I was just getting a good buzz
on.

EMPLOYEE

We did just get his new book, *Every
Night Has A Morning*.

Employee grabs a copy off the nearby endcap.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)

And each one comes with a taste of
the stuff.

She puts a copy in her basket. When Employee isn't looking,
she takes all of them.

CUT TO:

INT. JONATHAN'S DESK/JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Liz heads for Jack's office. Her nose is buried in Chopra's
book. JONATHAN sees her and freaks out.

JONATHAN

Are you crazy?! Get that out of
here!

He snatches it and throws it in the trash.

LIZ

Hey, that was my third copy!

JONATHAN

Do you realize what Mr. Donaghy
will do if he sees you with that?
The last person who even uttered
that name around here was nearly
killed!

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - THE LAST TIME SOMEONE UTTERED THAT NAME

Jack holds Jonathan over the edge of a building by the
ankles. Jonathan screams.

BACK TO:

INT. JONATHAN'S DESK/JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Liz and Jonathan are as we left them.

LIZ

What is Jack's deal with this guy?

JONATHAN

(confessing)
You can't choose your family!
(MORE)

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

If you could, do you think I would
choose to be Jack's assistant and
not his courtesan?

LIZ

Jonathan, what are you saying?

JONATHAN

Deepak's my uncle!

Jonathan covers their mouths simultaneously with opposing
hands. A pressure valve finally released.

JONATHAN (CONT'D)

Please don't tell Mr. Donaghy! Do
you know what he would do if he
found out?!

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP - ONCE MORE

Jack holds Jonathan over the edge.

JACK

Say it!

JONATHAN

I'll never sing it again!

JACK

All of it!

JONATHAN

I'll never sing *The Age of Aquarius*
again!

BACK TO:

INT. JONATHAN'S DESK/JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Liz and Jonathan are as we left them. She smells the blood
in the water.

LIZ

You give me your uncle's number and
you have my word Jack will never
find out about it.

He jots the number down.

JONATHAN

Take it! Take it, you harpy woman!

Jack opens his office door and eyes them suspiciously.

JACK

Jonathan, why are you sweating?

Jonathan squeals.

LIZ

Jonathan and I were actually just having a heated conversation about the New York Knickerbockers. Weren't we, Jonathan?

JONATHAN

Mm-hm!

JACK

The descendants of early Dutch settlers or the ones Spike Lee never gets to see in the NBA Finals?

LIZ

The Spike Lee ones.

JACK

Join me for a contemplative stare out the window, Lemon.

Jacks holds the door for her. She enters. He stares down Jonathan, doing the two-fingers "I'm watching you" thing.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack pours himself a drink. He glares at a ticket to his keynote, then shoves it in the drawer.

JACK

I've been bumped, Lemon.

LIZ

The keynote thing? I thought the whole point was the anniversary of your book.

JACK

The charlatans at HarperCollins have decided to extend an invitation to a special surprise guest, one who will supposedly counterpoint my entire thesis.

LIZ

That doesn't sound so bad, Jack. Some of my favorite TED Talks have more than one speaker.

JACK

What are you implying? That I share the spotlight on my own keynote? The very spotlight I paid good money for and demanded they install?

LIZ

I mean, you know what they say, "Always have an air of expectancy."

JACK

This wouldn't be more of your New Age claptrap, would it?

LIZ

Seriously, what is it between you and Dee--

Jonathan, at his desk, snaps his head up.

LIZ (CONT'D)

--Dee man who shall go unnamed? I mean, how bad can a guy who bundles his book with chocolate be?

JACK

Not as good as a man who bundles his book with a pint of scotch and a dueling pistol.

LIZ

Not exactly light reading, is it?

JACK

He's an interloper, Lemon. I crossed paths with your spiritual Willy Wonka while I worked under Senator Kennedy.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

It was a glorious time, when women knew their place and science was a four letter word: dumb.

LIZ

What happened?

JACK

The man stole my book and tried to pawn it off as his own.

LIZ

Really? How can you be sure?

JACK

For crying out loud, his 10 Foundations of Inner Peace are the exact opposite of my 10 Foundations of Inner Aggression!

LIZ

Wow, Jack, I had no idea. You guys sound like the Rebel Alliance versus the Empire.

JACK

This has nothing to do with Tanzania.

LIZ

Well, don't you think it's about time to bury the hatchet?

JACK

I will. As soon as he's within striking distance.

Liz gets up to leave.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm warning you, Lemon. Stay way from him.

LIZ

Thank you, Jack, but maybe you're still stuck in your Senator Kennedy days. And just maybe, you feel threatened that someone else may be able to give me answers.

JACK

Possibly. If all the questions are
"Do you like chocolate?" or "Which
way to crazy town?"

LIZ

Ugh! "I'm not steak. You can't
just order me." *Working Girl!*

JACK

"Vaya con Dios, Brah." *Point Break.*

Liz storms out.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER/STREET - THE NEXT DAY

Kenneth, with Liz's box, hands out Chopralat bars to passersby.

KENNETH

Excuse me miss, would you like to attend an NBC taping in exchange for this wonderful chocolate?

PASSERBY #1

Shove it!

PASSERBY #1 knocks the box down, spilling chocolate bars everywhere. Kenneth picks them up.

KENNETH

Oh, my. These people are a lot harder to lure than that cub scout troop was.

He sees HOBO GUS digging through a trash can. Kenneth goes over to him.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

I don't mean to interrupt your grocery shopping, sir, but by any chance do you like actors?

Hobo Gus takes a chocolate bar and starts munching.

HOBO GUS

Hate 'em.

KENNETH

Oh, no! I was going to invite you to a taping of *TGS with Tracy Jordan*.

HOBO GUS

That's not acting. I'm in.

KENNETH

Super! Are there more like you?

HOBO GUS

We all live in the one New York alley that's still stuck in 1985.

Hobo Gus points to the alley. It's every bad '80s movie: steam rising from manholes, HOBOS with fingerless gloves huddled around a bum barrel (fire in a steel drum), a scared woman in high heels walking by clutching her purse.

HOBO GUS (CONT'D)
Hey, bum! Get away from my bum barrel!

Kenneth gets an idea.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER/STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Kenneth lays out a trail of chocolate that leads inside the building. The Hobos follow it.

KENNETH
There's more where that came from, fellas!

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - LATER

The Hobos fight over Liz's box in the audience bleachers. They're all stoned. Pete corners Kenneth.

PETE
Kenneth, I needed audience members for the taping on Friday, not the dress rehearsal! Do you realize how hard bums are to get rid of? Didn't you ever read, *If You Give A Mouse A Cookie*?

KENNETH
I'm afraid not, Mr. Hornberger. All we had was, *If You Give A Woman The Right To Vote*.

PETE
It's kind of the same principle.

Jenna walks over.

JENNA
Pete, are you crazy? I can't have these people around. Do you realize I was a dumpster baby?

PETE

Geez, Jenna, I'm sorry.

JENNA

Oh, I showed them. Who's the queen
of the raccoons now?

CREW MEMBERS roll out a set of an '80s alley. Tracy, dressed as a bum, runs through his sketch. A spotlight encircles him as he rises from a dumpster. The Hobos stop fighting and watch.

TRACY

(singing)

Little TV sets/ Going off inside
my ear/ Spacemen floating by/
Firecracker beer/

He's doing the "Woodrow the Homeless Man" sketch TRACY MORGAN performed on *SNL* in 2000.

TRACY (CONT'D)

Chase the Demons lightly/ Look
inside your eye/ Up and down the
sidewalk/ Take a doo-doo pie/ I
love you/

PETE

What kind of producer would sign
off on this? Tracy, that's enough.

KENNETH

Wait, Mr. Hornberger. Look.

Kenneth points to the Hobos. They give Tracy a standing ovation, moved to tears. He's one of them.

TRACY

Thank you! Thank you! You all
smell terrible!

PETE

Kenneth, you're a genius! This
could be the best studio audience
we've had in years!

Pete runs to Tracy and grabs him feverishly.

PETE (CONT'D)

More! Give me more pages, you
ebony Faulkner!

TRACY

I ain't never did no porno! I must
now retreat to my lair to be more
great! I shall return with my
opus!

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - DAY

Liz has lunch with DEEPAK CHOPRA.

LIZ

It's an honor, Mr. Chopra. Thank
you so much for agreeing to meet
with me.

DEEPAK CHOPRA

Please, call me Deepak. I'm happy
to help a friend of my nephew's and
also quite pleased you are less
hunchbacked than he let on.

LIZ

Thanks, I think.

DEEPAK CHOPRA

I sense much promise in you, Liz
Lemon, but also much tension and
anxiety.

Deepak stands beside her. He's kind of creepy.

DEEPAK CHOPRA (CONT'D)

May I?

LIZ

What, what are you--

Deepak nudges the back of her neck. It cracks. Liz loosens.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Wow. How did you... I've had that
kink since Taco Bell discontinued
the Frito Burrito.

DEEPAK CHOPRA

It's written all over you, Liz
Lemon.

(MORE)

DEEPAK CHOPRA (CONT'D)
Stubborn, acerbic, domineering, I
sense an outside force slowly
crushing you like your back hips
are crushing your Swadhisthana
Chakra.

LIZ
How'd you know back hips is what I
call my back fat?

Deepak shrugs.

LIZ (CONT'D)
Well, I guess you could say Jack,
at times, can be high-strung.

DEEPAK CHOPRA
This Jack is your current guru?

LIZ
No, he's more like my boss.

DEEPAK CHOPRA
Perhaps you might consider
embracing a spirituality without
borders and confining dogmas.

He hands her a Chopralat bar. Liz opens it. Inside is a
golden ticket.

DEEPAK CHOPRA (CONT'D)
Please be my guest this week. I'm
sure you'll discover liberation
from stress, relationship pressure,
and emotional dysfunction.

LIZ
But then what would I write about?

Liz takes a bite of Chopralat. She's suddenly woozy.

FADE TO:

EXT. HEAVEN - LIZ'S NEW AGE FANTASY

Liz, in a flowing white gown, floats on a cloud. She's calm
and at peace. A dove drops off a Chopralat bar.

NEW AGE LIZ
Show me the way, Deepak...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Liz and Deepak are as we left them. Liz blinks hard.

LIZ

Woah. What do you put in these things?

DEEPAK CHOPRA

Inner piec... es of paint chips.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S LIMO/MOVING - DAY

We're on Jack as he has an intense conversation with someone offscreen.

JACK

Drive, Intelligence, Humility, and Chaos, these are the cornerstones every executive must possess to succeed. Which brings me to my 10 Foundations of Inner Aggression. Number one, eat your young.

(beat)

What do you think?

Panning over, reveal that Jack is talking to a framed picture of RONALD REAGAN.

JACK (CONT'D)

You always know exactly what to say, Mr. President. If only the world knew you're in cryo-sleep in an Albuquerque bunker, planning another go at the presidency.

(winks)

I'll see you in 2024.

The limo stops. Jack looks out the window, spotting something.

JACK (CONT'D)

Driver, hold it right there!

CUT TO:

EXT. JACK'S LIMO/FANCY RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Jack exits and moves to the window outside the restaurant. He sees Liz and Deepak sharing a laugh.

JACK
My God, the situation is more dire
than I imagined. Deepak, you
diabolical New Delhi Delilah.

Jack makes a dramatic turn.

JACK (CONT'D)
It's time. It's time to employ The
Point Break Principle.

Panning to the LIMO DRIVER over Jack's shoulder, revealing it's KEANU REEVES.

LIMO DRIVER (KEANU REEVES)
Mr. Donaghy, did you still want to
continue on your daily
constitutional?

JACK
I'm not paying you to speak.

CUT TO:

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Liz turns to the window. She sees the limo pull away. Could it have been Jack's?

DEEPAK CHOPRA
Remember, Liz Lemon. Once you've
done what you fear most, you can do
anything.

She tenses up.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO BACKSTAGE/BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - LATER

The Hobos take over craft services. Others huddle around a bum barrel. Liz enters, finding Kenneth and Pete at the page desk.

LIZ
Pete, what the hell is going on?!

PETE

I know how it looks--

Kenneth yelps. Something bit him. He looks down and sees Hobo Gus under the desk.

HOBO GUS

This is my sleeping hole! Mine!

PETE

Kenneth found these guys with that weird chocolate, which by the way, I think might be a high grade hallucinogen. They just ate up Tracy's material... along with all your chocolate.

LIZ

Wait, Tracy's material? Is Tracy writing sketches?

Pete turns, guiding Liz's gaze to Tracy's dressing room.

PETE

He's in seclusion.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tracy writes furiously by candlelight. Grizz holds a boombox playing Mozart's *Requiem in D Minor*. Dot Com holds a piece of sheet metal and a flashlight.

TRACY

By George, I've got it!

Dot Com bangs the sheet metal ("thunder") and flashes the flashlight ("lightning").

TRACY (CONT'D)

No, really. Bye George. I won't be needing you. I've got it.

Pan over to reveal GEORGE CLINTON, whispering in Tracy's ear. He exits. Liz enters, passing him. She hits the lights.

LIZ

Was that George Clinton?

TRACY

George Stephanopoulos is in Cabo.

LIZ

Tracy, who said you could write sketches for the show?

TRACY

You did, L.L.

DOT COM

Thanks to Trey's inner ear problem, anything you say under your breath he hears as a shout.

LIZ

(under her breath)

Is that a thing?

TRACY

Get out of my head, woman!

LIZ

Look, everything needs my approval before going to dress, so hand it over.

TRACY

Unh-unh. I know how this works. First you steal my material, then you're cashing my checks where I buy my victory-ham. Why do you think I never told you my movie idea for rock and roll fighter pilots?

Liz looks at Dot Com. He shakes his head.

LIZ

"Once you've done what you fear most, you can do anything." Okay, Tracy. I'm just going to have to trust you. But don't let me down! I'm counting on you.

Liz exits.

TRACY

Grizz, get me Hollywood on the line.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO BACKSTAGE/BACKSTAGE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Liz heads for the Writers' Room. Jack intercepts her.

JACK
(re: Hobos)
I see Brian Williams got my memo
about this year's Most Dangerous
Game.

LIZ
Don't ask.

JACK
I wanted to run my speech by you.
What are you doing for lunch?

LIZ
I actually just ate.

JACK
Let me guess, Indian?

LIZ
No, uh, Pete and I actually grabbed
some sandwiches...

Liz sees a Hobo roasting a dead possum over the bum barrel.

LIZ (CONT'D)
... from Burger King.

JACK
Have it your way, Lemon.

Jack hands her a ticket to his keynote.

JACK (CONT'D)
I saved you the best seat in the
house.

LIZ
I'll be there.

JACK
Lemon?
(ominously)
Don't forget to check the ticket.

Jack exits. Liz studies Jack's ticket. She pulls out Deepak's ticket. They're for the same event: "THE 10 FOUNDATIONS OF INNER PEACE AND AGGRESSION."

LIZ
Nerds!

CUT TO:

INT. BALLROOM/WALDORF ASTORIA - NIGHT

It's setup like a TED Talk. Deepak delivers his lecture to Manhattan's elite (tuxedos, evening gowns). Liz fidgets in the front row.

DEEPAK CHOPRA
The crux of my research centers on
the various regions of
consciousness--

DEEPAK LIZ (flowing white gown) appears next to her.

DEEPAK LIZ
Minds are like flowers, Liz. They
only open when the time is right.
Eat more Chopralat...

JACK LIZ (blue suit, angry) appears on her other side.

JACK LIZ
It's come to this, Lemon? This is
complete nonsense, and I once saw
you tip a waiter in Muenster
cheese.

LIZ
Stop it, both of you!

DEEPAK CHOPRA
The realms of well-being are
closely interconnected--

Jack makes a flamboyant entrance: fog machines, sparklers, a huge American flag, and the Alan Parsons Project "Sirius." The crowd goes wild.

DEEPAK CHOPRA (CONT'D)
What is the meaning of this, Mr.
Donaghy?

JACK
Don't you already know, Chopra?
This is about the tape Craig T.
Nelson filmed of me pants-ing you,
isn't it?

DEEPAK CHOPRA

You mean the tape that only exists
on the physical plane?

JACK

The same physical plane in which
scotch exists? Why, yes!

DEEPAK CHOPRA

The Second Foundation of Inner
Peace states you must surround
yourself with a community of well-
being.

JACK

The Second Foundation of Inner
Aggression: community is the whale,
and I am the harpoon.

DEEPAK CHOPRA

The Third Foundation of Inner
Peace: the mind, body, and spirit
are all one.

JACK

Thus sharing the same kidney in
which to punch! The Third
Foundation of Inner Aggression!

Jack hits a button on his remote. The screen changes to the
title page of Jack's new chapter.

JACK (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you my
new chapter, "The Second Coming of
Jack: Neurosis in the Boardroom."
In it, I reference The *Point Break*
Principle. You see, Chopra here
was nothing but a test. And I, as
you've just witnessed, have sullied
myself down to his level,
interloped his very interlopetion.
In order to defeat your enemy, you
must become him.

DEEPAK CHOPRA

How does that even make sense?

Jack looks directly at Liz.

JACK

I dedicate "Neurosis in the Boardroom" to the most neurotic person I know. One Liz Lemon. I urge you all to embrace your neurosis, as I have mine. Let your Liz Lemon be Liz Lemon!

LIZ

(tearing up)
Oh, Jack. That's so gay balls!

The crowd gives Jack a standing ovation: "Jack Attack! Jack Attack! Jack Attack!" Deepak packs up his stuff.

DEEPAK CHOPRA

This is worse than Milwaukee.

JACK

Now, if you'll please retrieve your dueling pistols so we can proceed.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER/STREET - THE NEXT DAY

Jack and Liz watch workers take down Jack's billboard.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Glorious sunlight floods the room. The Writers rejoice, hugging, popping champagne. Faintly, the notes of Sting's "Brand New Day."

BACK TO:

EXT. ROCKEFELLER CENTER/STREET - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Liz are as we left them.

LIZ

Listen, Jack...

JACK

Enough said, Lemon. I admit my footsteps may not be the easiest to follow in, but I'm glad you're the one doing the following.

LIZ
Hey, that whole, "Let your Liz be
Liz" was solid. You should
copyright that.

JACK
My lawyers are working on it as we
speak. How's the show shaping up?

LIZ
(realizing)
Tracy!

Liz runs inside. Jack follows her.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO/TAPING - MOMENTS LATER

The Hobos sit front and center. The normal people in
attendance sit in the back, coughing and holding their noses.

Jack and Liz bolt in. Pete cues the music. Jenna sings.

JENNA
(pre-chorus)
Bitches ain't nothing but hoes and
bitches/ Bitches ain't nothing but
hoes and bitches/

LIZ
Dear God, it's happening!

JACK
What? What's happening?

LIZ
Mumbo-Jumbo! Tracy's bringing back
Mumbo-Jumbo!

Tracy enters as MUMBO-JUMBO, his gangsta-rap alter ego.

TRACY
(rapping)
If you a fake *****, ain't no
thing/ I'll pick up the phone and
call Janine/ One-two-three I'll
call Marie/ Got's those back-hips
that drive me crazy/

LIZ
Hey, that's my thing!

JENNA
(chorus)
Maybe/ Maybe we're all swimming in
money/ Maybe/ Maybe we're all
gettin' paid to be funny/

The bums get up and leave. The normals give Tracy a standing ovation.

TRACY
Wait! Don't go! I'm one of you!
I'm one of you!

We're looking down on Tracy as he throws his hands up to the heavens dramatically.

TRACY (CONT'D)
The world's not ready for my
genius! Why? Why would anyone
choose the miserable, miserable
life of a writer?!

LIZ
(beaming)
That's more like it.

FADE TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE/HOME VIDEO - DAY

We're watching Jack and Keanu play out scenes from *Point Break*.

KEANU REEVES
Look, Mr. Donaghy, I'm just saying
that maybe it would play better if
I was Johnny Utah.

JACK
Would it, Neo? Do you know how
many strings I had to pull to land
you *The Devil's Advocate*? I'm
still polishing Pacino's Tony
Awards.

KEANU REEVES
Alright, fine.

JACK
"Bodhi, this is your wake-up call,
man. I am an F, B, I agent!"

30 ROCK: "The Point Break Principle"

32.

KEANU REEVES

"Yeah, I know man. Ain't it wild?"

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW