

30 ROCK

"The Leopardsy"

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WRITERS' HALLWAY - DAY

LIZ drops a script on CERIE's desk, but Cerie is too busy applying bright red lipstick to notice.

CERIE

(puckers)

What do you think?

LIZ

I think if I could pull that off, I wouldn't have to pay cab fares either -- or worry about script pages being copied out of order.

CERIE

So...you like it?

LIZ

Cerie, don't you ever wonder if there's more to life than having perfect lips and the ass of a 10-year-old Asian boy?

CERIE

Thanks!

TRACY comes running down the hall, clutching his hand.

TRACY

Liz Lemon, you have to help me!

LIZ

(concerned)

What is it? What's wrong?

TRACY

I lost a thumbnail.

CERIE

Oh my God, I'll call 911...

Liz takes the phone out of Cerie's hand, hangs it up.

LIZ

Remember the talk we had about 911 and cosmetic emergencies?

TRACY

But you don't understand, I'm gonna die. The nail just *fell off*. I've got the leopardsy!

LIZ

Leprosy?

TRACY

Stop telling me to talk white, damnit. If I'm gonna go out, I'm gonna go out proud of my black grammars.

Liz tries to look at Tracy's thumb, but he recoils.

TRACY

Don't touch it. Who do you think you are, Jesus?

LIZ

I used to wish I had leprosy...talk about an easy way to slim down while still being able to eat cupcakes --

TRACY

We're talking about me.

LIZ

You don't have "leopardsy." It doesn't even exist in this country.

TRACY

I know that. I got it back when I was shooting "Homeboy of Arabia" in Cairo...

FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. CAIRO MOVIE SET - DAY

Between takes, Tracy plays basketball on a makeshift court with poor EGYPTIAN KIDS. He goes in for a layup, barreling over a 10-YEAR-OLD.

TRACY

That's how we do it in the US of A!

CREWMEMBER (O.S.)

Give him a break, he only has one leg...

TRACY

No way. That kid needs to learn
life isn't always easy.

CUT BACK TO:

INT. WRITERS' HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Liz is confused and horrified.

LIZ

You think you got leprosy from a one-
legged Egyptian kid?

TRACY

No, I just schooled that poser. I
caught the *leopardsy* -- aka the
droppies -- from my pet leopard Allan
that I kept in my trailer. I knew I
should have got a monkey, but I'm
deathly afraid of brown fur. Now
I'm gonna be deathly dead. Thanks a
lot, Liz Lemon!

Tracy storms off. Before Liz can say anything, Jack arrives,
distraught.

JACK

He's gonna die.

LIZ

I think everyone should call it the
droppies. It's kinda cute.

JACK

Your bowel activity is neither cute
nor my concern. My dad is going to
die.

LIZ

What about the Kidney Now drive?

JACK

Utter failure. Oh, sure, the ratings
were good, but we haven't had a single
donation offer. And do you know who
I blame for that?

LIZ

Clay Aiken! That lip-syncing *bastard*.

JACK

You, Lemon. It was you that convinced me to try and fill the father-son void in my heart. Now that void is expanding into a giant black hole that will suck out my happiness faster than you guzzle down your third Monday morning Frappuccino.

Jack exits. Cerie holds up the script.

CERIE

Hey, these pages are out of order...

CUT TO:

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

JENNA reads Variety, wide-eyed and angry.

JENNA

I DO NOT over act. I'm the queen of subtlety!

Jenna flings the magazine across the room, smacking KENNETH in the face. He goes down like a ton of bricks.

JENNA

Kenneth, I forgot you were there listening to me silently read my trades.

KENNETH

I think I bruised my butt-bone. Don't tell anybody -- the jokes will be icky.

JENNA

Do you think I over act?

Jenna grabs Kenneth by the collar and shakes him.

JENNA

DO YOU?!

KENNETH

No ma'am! I like when you scream at the camera. It's how I know you're pretending to be angry. Or sad. Or happy...

JENNA
Oh, you're sweet.

KENNETH
(wistfully)
Like my Aunt Edna's strawberry
shortcake...

Kenneth sits on the couch next to Jenna.

KENNETH
Is something wrong?

JENNA
I just feel like nobody takes me
seriously.

KENNETH
That again? Well I know one person
who takes you seriously.

JENNA
Brian Williams?

KENNETH
Me. And you know what I think? The
show wouldn't go on without you.

JENNA
Is that a cliché or are you saying
it because it only applies to me and
no one else?

KENNETH
Uh, yes?

JENNA
You're right, Kenneth. The show
couldn't go on without me. I mean,
what are they gonna do, have Liz
perform the sketches in my place?

Kenneth and Jenna laugh.

KENNETH
She's really nice, but she's also
funny-looking.

JENNA
I know. She *is* funny-looking.

Jenna looks at Liz, who is standing in the doorway.

LIZ
I'm going to let that pass because
you didn't know I was standing here.

JENNA
(explodes)
I didn't mean it!

KENNETH
(smiles proudly)
Lying.

JENNA
Very good, Kenneth.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR SPACEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Tracy sits on the exam table, GRIZZ and DOT COM on chairs
next to him. DR. LEO SPACEMAN tries to examine Tracy's hand,
but Tracy pulls it away.

TRACY
Don't touch it! Who do you think
you are, Jesus?

DR. SPACEMAN
Mr. Jordan, I have to examine the
wound to see what's wrong.

TRACY
Okay, but be careful, the leopardsy
is catchy.

DR. SPACEMAN
(recoils)
Leopardsy! Ew. I don't treat
anything biblical like that. No,
I'd suggest you just let it run its
course and see what happens.

TRACY
But what if my ding-a-ling falls
off?

DR. SPACEMAN
Your penis?

TRACY
No, pervert, my lucky right leg.
(MORE)

TRACY (CONT'D)

I call him ding-a-ling. This one time, ding-a-ling saved a baby from a burning building by punting it out the window.

DR. SPACEMAN

That sounds classic. Now if you'll excuse me, I have an appointment with Jack Donaghy's dad. He's a lost cause too. This just isn't my day...

TRACY

What's wrong with him? Too old?

DR. SPACEMAN

I'd say doctor-patient confidentiality, but we're all friends here. He needs a kidney transplant. It's too bad -- he and Jack were just getting to know each other.

Tracy gets serious.

TRACY

I wanna transplant one of mine.

DR. SPACEMAN

I'm afraid it's not that easy.

TRACY

Neither was learning to parallel park, but I almost did *that* once.

DOT COM

What about Tracy's diabetes? Doesn't that make him a less viable candidate?

DR. SPACEMAN

Not if he's gonna die anyway. We better hurry and test those kidneys before they fall out. In the meantime, keep the hand wrapped.

TRACY

But how will I do my job? 40% of my humor comes from my hands...

CUT TO:

MONTAGE -- "HAND-ACTING" ON SET

--Tracy grabs his crotch

--Tracy flicks off the audience

--Tracy grabs his butt

--Tracy wears a diaper and jumps up and down, pounding his fists together and laughing maniacally

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Liz enters to find Jack staring out the window, listlessly feeding paper through the shredder.

LIZ

What are you doing?

JACK

Some people prefer the soft sounds of the ocean when they're feeling blue. I find the harsh whine of an American-made shredder gets me through my darkest moments, like the night Obama was elected. Or when my life is turned upside down by someone I thought was a friend.

LIZ

I told you, I'm sorry about your dad. And to prove it, I have a surprise.

JACK

You found my other father, and he's a healthy Republican who also thinks welfare is for losers?

LIZ

My best friend growing up was on welfare...

JACK

Thank you for echoing my point. Why are you here?

LIZ

Right.

Liz holds up ice skates.

JACK
You brought props.

LIZ
And they're gonna help you enjoy the
time you have left with your dad.
Not that he won't get a kidney...
although statistically I wouldn't
really count on it.
(re: skates)
Skating in Rockefeller Center!

JACK
It's summer.

LIZ
I realized that. So then I got these.

She holds up roller blades.

JACK
This man is my father, not my daddy
from the East Village.

LIZ
Which is why I also paid a messenger
to let you use his bike for an hour.

JACK
But I don't know how to...

Milton rolls a bike through the door.

JACK
Dad...

MILTON
When Liz told me you didn't know how
to ride a bike, I thought she was
joking. I mean, what kind of person
can't ride a bicycle?

JACK
A sad little boy who never had a
daddy to teach him.

MILTON
It's time we fix that. What do you
say?

JACK
Will you give me a hug if I skin my
knee?

MILTON
That depends. Do you want me to?

JACK
(smiles)
Well-played.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Milton slowly pushes Jack through the studio, teaching him to ride. They're both happy, but not nearly as happy as Liz, who watches them with glee.

LIZ
Just remember who made this possible!
(to herself)
It was me. Cause I'm a giver.

PETE and FRANK approach Liz.

FRANK
He rides all retarded.

LIZ
Not...all...

PETE
We have a problem. Jenna's demanding
"meatier" roles.

FRANK
And she apparently doesn't mean
meatier in the funny, genital-related
way.

PETE
She keeps killing all our normal
ideas where she just has to smile,
look pretty and yell at the camera.

LIZ
But those are her strong suits.

FRANK
Nothing gets by you, does it?

Meanwhile, Milton lets Jack go this time. He pushes him away. Jack is nervous, but he's riding like a big boy.

JACK
I'm doing it!

MILTON
I'm so proud of you, son. Be careful...

Jack turns, then sees the writers in the studio.

JACK
Lemon! I told you to lock down the set...this is private...

Annoyed, Jack starts to lose control, turning and swerving and now heading straight for his dad.

MILTON
Jack, look out...

JACK
(pissed)
Lemon!!!!

BAM. Jack rides right into Milton, knocking him over. The old guy immediately grabs his back.

MILTON
My kidney!

LIZ
Aw, nuts.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Tracy sits on the couch, studying his hand, as Grizz and Dot Com search under pizza boxes, stale food and random junk.

TRACY
It's like I'm a dying superhero and my body has to decompose so nobody else can claim my powers.
(re: thumb)
It's turning green.

DOT COM
What are we looking for again?

TRACY

I told y'all: that movie script called
"The Beaver" by Kyle Killen. Now
that's a serious last name --

Tracy is distracted by the TV.

TRACY

-- Smurfs are on! This might be my
last chance to watch Smurfette in
action before my eyeballs roll out
of my skull like giant marbles.

DOT COM

(impressed)

Nice imagery. Reminds me of Faulkner.

GRIZZ

Found the script.

Grizz tosses the script to Tracy.

TRACY

Fearing brown fur is what got me
into this mess. Now it's time to
take control of my fear and also win
an Oscar before I go. I need you to
go to the puppet store.

GRIZZ

Big Al's Porn-o-rama?

TRACY

No, the other kind of puppets, for
kids.

Tracy reaches down onto the table and grabs a nasty, moldy
piece of pizza. He takes a bite.

GRIZZ

Oh man, that's been there for days.

TRACY

Don't fence me in. These are my last
few moments on Earth, and if I wanna
spend them eating moldy pizza that
tastes like car tires, so be it.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS' HALLWAY - DAY

Grizz and Dot Com walk to the elevator.

DOT COM

Should we tell Tray he's not really dying?

GRIZZ

Nah, let's see where this goes.

Jenna passes them and spots Kenneth.

JENNA

Is something wrong with Tracy?

KENNETH

Mr. Jordan is dying because his parts are all falling off.

JENNA

He has hemorrhoids?

KENNETH

Leprosy. On the one hand, it's sad, but on the other, it's like we're living in the New Testament!

JENNA

(heartfelt)

That's horrible...

(excited)

This is my chance to take back my show! My roles don't only have to get meatier, they have to get more...better, too.

KENNETH

But how will you do that all by yourself?

JENNA

I won't.

KENNETH

You mean...me?

JENNA

That's right. Pete will help me.

KENNETH

Oh.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - DAY

THE WRITERS are all goofing off, except for Pete, who is rolling his eyes as Jenna badgers him.

JENNA

Meatier!

PETE

We tried that. You didn't like the Sausage Lady bit.

JENNA

That's demeaning to encased meats and women over 40. Look, who is Tracy's main audience?

PETE

13-year-old boys.

JENNA

And who's my audience?

PETE

Significantly older.

JENNA

Well, Tracy is dying of hemorrhoids falling off his body, so I need to fill in the gap and appeal to his viewers. I'm going to save the show.

Frank and LUTZ overhear this.

FRANK

Wait a minute, are you saying Tracy has hemorrhoids?

JENNA

Yes! And they're killing him!!!

LUTZ

No need to scream. There are no cameras in here.

FRANK

You wanna take over his spot on the show? I dig. We writers feel that way too sometimes.

The writers all share a series of evil looks with one another.

JENNA

That's cute. But I'm talking about important people with real problems.

FRANK

Hmmm...teen boys love the one-liners.

JENNA

I've already got one of those: "That's a dealbreaker, ladies!"

PETE

Yeah, that's funny in a girly Liz way. We need something more like "Hasta la Vista, Baby."

FRANK

That's it. We'll reinvent her as a modern-day Arnold Schwarzenegger.

JENNA

I could do that.
(bad Arnold)
"You had me at hello."

FRANK

Right, uh, you should leave and come back later.

JENNA

Wow, saving a show is hard work! So much walking around.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - EVENING

Jack is feeding paper through the shredder again. Liz hands him more documents.

JACK

Not those. That's my novel.

LIZ

You're writing a novel?

JACK

I have a character based on you.
His name is Fredo.

LIZ

Jack, I'm so sorry, but I really
think you should go visit him at the
hospital.

JACK

The days of taking your advice are
over, Lemon. Much like you were
never destined to bear children, I
was never meant to have a father.

LIZ

I could still have kids.
(desperate)
Stem cells...the stem cells will
save me!

JACK

Stem cells are a liberal fiction.
Now leave me alone with my shredder.

Liz turns to leave, but stops before she gets to the door.

LIZ

You should have seen your face on
the bike today.

Jack stares at his sad reflection in the window.

JACK

That face is gone. There are no
happy Jack faces left in the world.

Tracy enters with a brown, furry beaver puppet on his hand.
He moves the puppet's mouth when he talks, but it's his normal
voice. We'll refer to him as THE BEAVER from now on.

THE BEAVER

Hello coworkers. A pleasure to see
you this evening.

LIZ

Is that...a beaver?

THE BEAVER

Are you talking to Tracy? Tracy's
dead.

(MORE)

THE BEAVER (CONT'D)

Well, he will be soon, right after he donates one of his kidneys to Jack's dad as his final heroic act. Tracy has your back, Jack, unlike Liz Lemon, who uses your back for stabbing knives into.

LIZ

What? This is crazy.

(to Jack)

I would never stab into...knives your back...

JACK

Go on, Mr. Beaver. I'm listening.

THE BEAVER

See, Tracy was reading this amazing script called The Beaver where a man's hand is taken over by a puppet. Mel Gibson used to be attached to play the guy but then he found out the beaver was circumcised. Now Tracy is taking the role -- for real!

LIZ

The beaver doesn't sound...well, you know, circumcised...

THE BEAVER

The Beaver takes umbrage with that.

LIZ

Umbrage? Where did you learn that word?

THE BEAVER

The Beaver is smarter than you, Liz Lemon. And unlike you, he doesn't look like a female Gary Oldman.

TRACY

(to Beaver)

Hey, be nice. If anything, Gary Oldman looks like a male her!

Jack laughs. Liz glares at him.

JACK

The Beaver is wise. Now, this kidney business...

THE BEAVER

Tracy's giving it up since he's dying
of leopardsy anyway.

TRACY

That's right, JD. I figure I got
four kidneys, I can spare one.

LIZ

Tracy thinks he has leprosy. Do you
see my problem now, Jack?

Tracy looks at Jack. A beat.

JACK

Leopardsy can be very deadly.

LIZ

Jack!

JACK

It's nice to see a true friend step
up in a time of need. Liz, if you'll
excuse us, I'd like to talk to Tracy
and The Beaver...alone.

LIZ

That's fine. I have my own beaver I
can talk to.

(beat)

Yeah, I said it!

Liz exits, upset.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

Liz enters to find Milton in bed, groggy.

LIZ
(cheery)
Hey!

MILTON
Well if it isn't the grim reaper.

LIZ
I am so sorry about the bike thing.
I thought I locked the studio door,
but it sticks sometimes.

Milton sighs, nods.

MILTON
It's not your fault. This was just
too much, too late.

OLD MAN (O.S.)
Will you two shut your face-holes?!

The OLD MAN in the partitioned half of the room slides open the curtain. He looks like death warmed over.

OLD MAN
I'm trying to die in peace over here.

MILTON
This is Angus.

ANGUS
But you can call me anus, because I
have no problem being an ass to people
I don't like, and I don't like people.

LIZ
I do feel like calling you anus,
actually. Anus.

ANGUS
Told ya, lumpy.

Liz looks down at her body, self-consciously stretches her shirt over her stomach.

Now a younger version of Angus enters the room: MURTON (40s).
He's what you'd call homely.

MURTON
Oh don't let him get under your skin.

LIZ
(turns, recoils)
Egh, there's two of them. I mean
you. I mean...yeah I got nothing.

MURTON
You're beautiful.

LIZ
Well, I...this is true.

MURTON
In an unconventional, weird way.
That's how I like it.

LIZ
I see. Why don't you go behind the
crazy curtain now?

Murton walks over and pulls the shade, but we can see his
silhouette still standing there, facing Milton and Liz.

MILTON
Where's Jack?

LIZ
He's busy. He really wanted to be
here.

MILTON
You're a terrible liar.

LIZ
I know! Jack is much better, like
when he said he *didn't* want to come
by, I think he meant he *did*.

MILTON
No, that was the truth. Can you
hand me those papers? I'm trying to
finish my book on Jimmy Carter. I
was hoping Jack could read some of
it and tell me what he thinks.

LIZ

Really? I try to avoid him reading my work at all costs.

MILTON

I'm his father. I can take it. But he's probably too busy for such nonsense...

LIZ

Mr. Green, I promise I'll get him over here before you, uh...

ANGUS (O.S.)

...die like a pig!

MURTON (O.S.)

Sorry.

LIZ

No need to show your face.

MURTON (O.S.)

Hey, do you like Chinese food and/or shoulder massages?

Liz quickly exits.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - DAY

The writers are all gathered together, energized, sans Liz.

FRANK

Ho-mmmando!

PETE

Ho-mmmando?

FRANK

She's half-commando, half-ho. And her line whenever she punches someone is "I just broke my nail...on your face!"

PETE

Or if she kicks someone, "Eat heel and like it!"

LUTZ

These are awful. I love them.

Jenna enters.

FRANK
I thought we told you to wait
somewhere else --

SMACK! Jenna punches Frank in the face.

JENNA
I just broke my nail -- *on your face!*

PETE / LUTZ
Yeah! / Boom!

Frank rubs his chin.

FRANK
Wow, this is gonna be huge.

JENNA
Eat heel, friendo!

She kicks Frank in the gut.

PETE
Not an Arnold, but I like it.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Tracy watches TV while The Beaver stares at Grizz and Dot Com.

GRIZZ
I feel like he's judging me.

THE BEAVER
The Beaver is always judging.
Watching and judging.

TRACY
Settle down, Beave.

THE BEAVER
Don't call me Beave.

TRACY
Hey, *I'm* driving this train.

THE BEAVER
Oh yeah?

TRACY

Yeah! Who's got whose hand up whose butt?!

Tracy's hand punches himself in the face.

TRACY

Oh it's on!

Tracy falls to the ground, wrestling with his own hand. He bites the puppet --

TRACY / THE BEAVER

Ahhh! / Ahhh!

Grizz and Dot Com watch, nonplussed.

GRIZZ

Let's go get a latte.

They exit as Tracy continues to struggle with The Beaver.

THE BEAVER

Wait, wait. We should combine forces...and take down the real source of our problems.

TRACY

Take down Costco? It's too powerful.

THE BEAVER

Liz Lemon.

TRACY

But Liz is my friend...

THE BEAVER

Is she?

Tracy looks deep into The Beaver's eyes, transfixed.

TRACY

You're right. She *is* pure evil. What should we do?

The Beaver LAUGHS, scaring Tracy.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Liz and Tracy sit across from Jack.

JACK

Alright, Beaver, you wanted a meeting to discuss some things. What seems to be the problem?

LIZ

You know what? I don't have time for this. I have a \$5 footlong waiting for me at my desk --

THE BEAVER

She's ruining TGS.

LIZ

That's hardly provable. Admittedly, ratings aren't what they used to be, but tracing it directly back to me is impossible...

THE BEAVER

For the past few days, all sketches have been written only for Jenna as a pseudo-post-modern female Arnold Schwarzenegger.

JACK

Is that true Liz?

LIZ

I...it's...

THE BEAVER

She doesn't know because she hasn't read pages in days. Ask her.

Now Jack is getting legitimately concerned.

LIZ

That's not entirely true. I mean, it is, I guess, but I've been busy with your dad at the hospital because you won't go over there --

THE BEAVER

Backstabber!

TRACY

He's right. She *has* ruined a lot of stuff with your dad.

LIZ

This is nuts. I'm out of here.

Liz gets up, but Jack just stares at her.

LIZ

Jack? You believe me, right? I only want what's best for you, your dad and TGS. The last thing I want to do is hurt anybody...

THE BEAVER

Indeed. Liz Lemon is perfect in every way, and totally selfless --

LIZ

That's it!

Liz tackles Tracy, grabs the Beaver and tries to rip it off.

LIZ

Come here, you furry piece of sh--

THE BEAVER

Super-glue! Pull all you want, we're fused together for good!

TRACY

Until my hand falls off, right?

THE BEAVER

Of course. Right. I forgot.

Tracy pushes Liz away.

JACK

(to Tracy)

We still good for the kidney?

TRACY

Yep.

Jack looks at Liz.

JACK

I'm beginning to wonder about you, Lemon. I want to see pages by the end of the day.

LIZ

But...

JACK

And stay away from my dad.

LIZ

He just wants to read you some of
his book --

Jack seems interested, but The Beaver covers Liz's mouth.
She pushes the puppet away and cringes.

LIZ

That thing smells like a bra I've
worn three days in a row...not that
I would do that, cause I'm a lady...

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS' HALLWAY - DAY

Liz searches the office, nervous, then she sees Kenneth.

KENNETH

Good afternoon, Miss Lemon!

LIZ

Yeah, fine, whatever. Where are all
the writers?

KENNETH

They went on a field trip. Wait,
no, they said if I saw you I was
supposed to say "they went on a
research trip" and not to the brew
and view to get drunk and watch
Terminator 2, which is what they
really did.

(whispers)

It's a secret.

CUT TO:

INT. BREW AND VIEW THEATER - DAY

The writers all pound beers and laugh. Terminator 2 plays
in the background.

PETE

How about this one?

(writes as he talks)

"I'll be back...*bitches!*"

The writers laugh.

FRANK

"Bitches" makes it so much better.

Liz arrives, pissed.

LIZ
What the hell is going on?

PETE
Oh, uh, just doing research.

LIZ
Research? You expect me to buy that?

She grabs some pages from the table, skims them.

LIZ
Ho-mmmando...Daughter of Rambo...The
Gunslinging Maid? These are the
worst ideas I've seen since novelty
hair crimpers...

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Teenage Liz walks down the hall with heart shapes crimped into her hair. She's hopeful people will like them, but everyone laughs at her...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. BREW AND VIEW THEATER - CONTINUOUS

PETE
Yeah, but if you see the way Jenna
delivers the lines...

Jenna appears with more beer.

JENNA
Hasta la brewskies, baby!

Silence. Pete looks at Liz, nervous.

PETE
Before you do something rash, remember
I have a family to feed. Frank would
barely miss this job.

FRANK
Hey!

LIZ
Get back to the office -- now.

They file out. Pete approaches Liz.

PETE

Consider this a chip. Anytime you
wanna cash that chip in, you say the
word and I'll do whatever you need...

LIZ

Out.

He exits. Liz looks at her pages, worried.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR SPACEMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Tracy sits across from Dr. Spaceman, who is transfixed on
The Beaver.

DR. SPACEMAN

So he's taken over your mind?

TRACY

Nah, it's not like that at all.

THE BEAVER

Liar!

Tracy punches himself in the face with The Beaver.

DR. SPACEMAN

Well I'm sorry to tell both of you:
you're not a kidney match with Jack's
dad. And your cholesterol is 322.
And you're pregnant...oh wait, scratch
that last one. Whew. Talk about
dodging a bullet.

Tracy and The Beaver look at each other.

INT. WRITERS' HALLWAY - DAY

Tracy walks through the hall, conflicted. He sees Liz and
Pete talking about some pages.

TRACY

Liz Lemon! I'm not a match.

LIZ

I don't want to talk to you or your
little friend.

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)

(beat)

God, I wish it was the first time I ever said that to someone.

THE BEAVER

What's the matter? Don't have a script for Mr. Donaghy? Gonna get fired like the hack you are?

Liz grabs a pair of scissors from Cerie's desk.

LIZ

Enough! Pete, I'm calling in the favor. Take him down.

Pete looks at Liz, nods. Then he bull-rushes Tracy.

PETE

Ahhhhh!!!

Pete knocks Tracy over. Liz jumps in with the scissors.

THE BEAVER

No! Not the metal cutters of death!

LIZ

Shut up, beaver boy.

TRACY

Be careful, you're gonna rip off my hand...

After a scuffle, Liz comes up victorious with what's left of the beaver puppet.

LIZ

Whoo! Who's got the furry little beaver now?!

A few people in the hall give her looks, including a TOUR GROUP with Kenneth. Tracy looks at his hand, which is healed.

TRACY

It's a miracle. The leopardsy is gone...I'm gonna live!

Jenna appears, upset.

JENNA

He's gonna be okay?

(MORE)

JENNA (CONT'D)

(to Pete)

Eat heel, friendo!

She kicks Pete, then exits. Meanwhile, Liz checks her watch.

LIZ

We still don't have a script to show Jack.

TRACY

What about this?

Tracy produces a script.

TRACY

The Beaver wrote it last night.

Liz grabs it, flips through some pages. Laughs.

LIZ

This isn't half bad, for a puppet...

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - EVENING

Jack sits at his desk, drinking a scotch. Liz enters.

LIZ

I have the script!

JACK

I don't care about such trivialities.

LIZ

Thank God. I only read two pages of it...

JACK

What's the point? The Beaver called and told me Tracy wasn't a kidney match. I was so foolish to think an African American with diabetes and a hand puppet was the answer to my problems.

LIZ

It's not over. Go talk to him and cherish the time you have left.

(sings)

Cherish the love you had...cherish...

JACK

It's so easy for you to sit in that chair and tell me what to do. How would you like it if I always told you what to do?

LIZ

That's pretty much how we work --

JACK

Fair enough.
(sighs)
I wonder what he's doing right now.

LIZ

There's only one way to find out.

JACK

Kenneth! Great thinking, Liz.

LIZ

Or...
(sings)
Cherish the love...

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Milton lays in bed watching cable news. Liz and Jack arrive, but before Jack enters, he chickens out.

JACK

I can't do this.

LIZ

Just relax. Of course you're afraid of getting attached, then losing someone you love...

JACK

No, that's *your* issue. My issue is that the man is watching Rachel Maddow. I don't care if she's on a sister network, she's a liberal hag.

LIZ

I'll change the channel.

JACK

Alright, I'll wait here.

Liz enters the room, smiles wide.

LIZ
Hi Milton.

MILTON
Liz, good to see you.

Liz takes the remote and turns the TV to Fox News.

LIZ
What happened to your...roommate?

MILTON
Dead, finally. But I think his
grandson has the hots for you. He
left these pickles in case you came
by to see me.

Indeed, there's a jar of pickles with a bow on it.

LIZ
Freaky.

MILTON
So Jack didn't want to come, huh? I
understand. I mean, I feel bad
putting him through all this --

JACK (O.S.)
It smells like urine in here.

Jack enters.

MILTON
I keep telling the nurse to change
my catheter.

JACK
Ah, the joys of family.

LIZ
I'll let you two talk.
(re: jar)
It'd be a shame to let them go to
waste...

Liz grabs her pickle jar, exits the doorway, then peeks in.

MILTON
We can still see you.

LIZ

Right.

She disappears. Milton motions to the empty bed.

MILTON

Have a seat.

Jack awkwardly sits on the high bed.

MILTON

It's actually more comfortable if you lay down.

JACK

Oh. Okay.

He does.

JACK

This *is* nice.

MILTON

Thanks for coming.

JACK

Hey, what are sons for?

MILTON

I don't know. I never had one.

JACK

Look, let's not make this weirder than it already is. Yes, I had a great time learning to ride a bike the other day, but I couldn't get you a kidney, so I don't see the point --

MILTON

It's not your fault.

JACK

Stupid Clay Aiken and his lip-syncing.

MILTON

I'm glad you came. I wanted to read you some of my Jimmy Carter book.

JACK

I don't think I'd be into that.

MILTON

Are you kidding? He was a great man. Plus, I never got to read you anything as a kid.

JACK

Okay, maybe a page or two. But one word about his stance on the Middle East and I *walk*.

MILTON

Deal.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Liz tosses the note from the pickle jar into the trash, takes the last bite of a pickle, and peeks in the door.

Milton continues to read. On the bed next to him, Jack is curled up like a baby, peacefully sleeping with a smile on his face.

Liz smiles too, then burps, then cringes from the smell...

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE