30 Rock
"The Sequence"

by
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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. JACK’S OFFICE - DAY

Jack is at his desk working on a dinosaur egg excavation kit. Liz walks in, elated. She does a dumb ‘I’m Cool’ dance.

LIZ
Aw yeah! I’m cool! I’m the man!

Liz approaches Jack. He doesn’t look up, but pretends to listen while he works.

LIZ (CONT’D)
(joyful)
Oprah’s featuring me on her Master Class show tonight! Because I’m a successful female executive in comedy. I’m going to talk about supervising men and how to read the male mind to manage effectively!

Jack remains absorbed with his dig.

JACK
(absentmindedly)
Of course there’s nothing wrong with eating a whole chicken. Maybe he lost your number. Yes, everyone is so weird and annoying.

LIZ
Jack, you’re not even listening.

Jack puts a finishing touch on his egg and acknowledges Liz.

JACK
Sorry, Lemon. I have a lot going on today. Power lunch at one; before that, Avery and I are meeting with prospective suitors for Liddy. My favorite candidate is a dinophile. I’m going to present him with this fossilized Brontosaurus egg.

Jack holds the egg up for Liz to admire.

(CONTINUED)
LIZ
Suitors? Liddy’s a baby.

Jack takes the egg back from Liz and brushes it gingerly.

JACK
We’re getting everything in place for Liddy now. We’ve picked out her daycare, her business school, her eating disorder therapist. Betrothals are a thing again. Among the conservative elite.

LIZ
Betrothing Liddy is nuts. First of all, who knows if she’ll even like the guy when she’s older. Maybe she won’t even like guys! Would you be okay with that?

JACK
There’s nothing wrong with being gay. I just believe that it’s a choice and it’s contagious.

Liz sighs and exits.

JACK (CONT’D)
Congratulations on your thing you said.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITER’S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Liz enters as TOOFE and LUTZ laugh loudly at something FRANK’S saying. The guys don’t notice Liz’s entrance.

FRANK
Exactly! It’s The Sequence, bro-ski!

Liz walks up to them and smiles. The guys immediately cut the laughs and turn to her, serious.

FRANK (CONT’D)
Hey Liz.

LIZ
What’s ‘The Sequence’?

Silence. Liz tries again.

(CONTINUED)
LIZ (CONT’D)
What’s so funny?

LUTZ
(obviously lying)
Toofer...sharted.

TOOFER
Harvard men do not shart.

The guys all give Toofer the stink eye. Toofer gets it.

TOOFER (CONT’D)
Oh...yes, the shart! What an uproarious happenstance.

Lutz laughs loudly. No one else does. Lutz is scared.

LIZ
What’s with you guys? Come on, you think I won’t think it’s funny? I told you, I like rape jokes now!
(in caveman voice)
Woman. You no clean cave. I will rape you-

FRANK
That’s really insensitive, Liz.

No one says anything.

LIZ
Well, I have some great news. I’m gonna be on Oprah’s Master Class tonight! I’m a master at reading the male mind and managing men!

Frank turns to the guys and, under his breath, releases a string of obscenities. The bad words are BLEEPED OUT for the TV audience.

FRANK
Oprah’s sequence: BLEEP BLEEP
BLEEP mouth.

The guys laugh, then abruptly fall silent as Liz stares.

LIZ
(disgusted, freaked out)
What’s ‘Oprah’s Sequence’?

The guys freeze her out again. She tries a different tactic.

(Continued)
LIZ (CONT’D)
Lutz, I’ll let you braid my hair.

Lutz gets excited and starts to crack.

LUTZ
Well...
(ignoring guys’ stinkeye)
‘The Sequence’ is this thing guys--

A small pretzel rod (like a poisoned reed, James Bond-style) pierces Lutz’s neck. He cries like a baby.

ANGLE ON MYSTERIOUS MAN IN FEDORA walking away in hallway.

PETE
(harsh, to Lutz)
That’s right baby, cry.

Lutz cries, rubs his neck and eats the offending pretzel.

LIZ
Fine. If you guys want to keep this little secret among yourselves, I’m mature enough to handle it.
(calling to office)
Cerie! Let’s order lunch from that raw food place you love!

The GUYS gasp.

LIZ (CONT’D)
(gravely, to guys)
Every day.
(rethinking)
Until Friday.

LUTZ
(terrified)
But it’s Wednesday!!

The guys FREAK. Lutz hyperventilates. Toofer gives him a paper bag to blow into. Pete stabs his pen between his fingers. Frank takes Liz aside.

FRANK
(sighing, resigned)
There’s this thing called The Sequence. Every guy knows about it.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

FRANK (CONT’D)
It’s the ideal sequence for where you put your thing during sex. The standard is BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP mouth.

LIZ
What do you mean, every guy? I know guys, just ask Oprah. Not all guys know about that.

FRANK
Yes, they do.

Liz looks back to guys, who are still freaking.

LUTZ
(crying on Toofer)
No veggies for baby.

TOOFER
Shh...Mommy’s here.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY – A LITTLE LATER
Jenna intercepts Liz, spritzing some perfume on her. Liz, caught off guard, gags.

JENNA
Do you like it, Liz? It’s my debut fragrance, ‘Tryst’.

LIZ
(spitting, retching)
Ugh, it tastes like chlorine.

JENNA
That would be the wolf semen.

LIZ
Jenna, why are you releasing a perfume? Isn’t that career move reserved for talentless skanks who need a follow-up to their sex tape?

JENNA
Yes! Which is why what I’m doing is so revolutionary: I’m releasing my fragrance before my sex tape!

LIZ
You’re releasing a sex tape?

(CONTINUED)
JENNA
As part of a promotional campaign for the fragrance! All I need is one of Tracy’s hot basketball celebrity friends to do me.

LIZ
Jenna, think about this. Once you release that thing, anyone could see it! Little kids surfing the web! Sex offenders, terrorists-

JENNA
(thrilled)
Maybe Muhammed-al-Nassim will see it and want to hook up again! He was so full of hate...

Liz rolls her eyes, then spies Pete walking down the hall and corners him.

LIZ
Pete. Do you know what ‘The Sequence’ is?

Pete is shaken, but recovers quickly.

PETE
You mean...the sequence in which you do nice things for your wife, like clean the garage and take a cold shower to dampen your sexual impulses because it’s not leap year?

LIZ
You only have sex on leap year?

PETE
It keeps things fresh.
(glazing over)
I’m satisfied, really. Change is pain. Please don’t leave me.

Liz shakes Pete and he snaps out of it.

LIZ
Come on, Pete. What’s the big deal about this Sequence thing?

PETE
Where did you hear about this?

LIZ
Frank told me.

(CONTINUED)
Pete considers, relents.

PETE
(to himself)
He will know pain.

LIZ
Just tell me.

PETE
It’s BLEEP, BLEEP, BLEEP mouth.

Pete walks away. Liz is unnerved: Et tu, Pete?

CUT TO:

JACK’S OFFICE – A LITTLE LATER

Avery sits on the couch as Jack paces in front of her. She grills him rapid-fire on questions the suitors might ask.

AVERY
What are Liddy’s favorite words?

JACK
Mama, Baba, small government.

AVERY
Favorite fairy tale?

JACK
Global warming.

Avery nervously fixes her hair and power suit.

JACK (CONT’D)
Avery. Relax. I’ve got this.

AVERY
It’s just that Rupert Murdoch’s great-grandson would be such a fabulous son-in-law--

JACK
True, but think of how lucky he’d be to get Liddy. The first female CFO to oversee a multibillion dollar oil conglomerate.

Jack sexily traces Avery’s arm.
JACK (CONT’D)
Spearhead of the 2040 Republican campaign to reinstitute a national death penalty and increase carbon emissions.

Jack looks at Avery lustily and kisses her neck.

AVERY
(gasping)
Do you have a condom?

JACK
You’re off the pill?

AVERY
It was messing with my hormones. I saw an NBC ‘Living Green’ ad and I didn’t laugh.

JACK
Never take those drugs again.

Avery looks at her watch.

AVERY
Oh no! I’m late for a meeting with my producer--something about losing thirty pounds--meet you in the limo?

Jack nods warmly and kisses her.

AVERY (CONT’D)
And you got that dinosaur cookie Bobby’s obsessed with, right?

JACK
Of course I did.

Avery kisses him and leaves. Jack panics.

JACK (CONT’D)
Jonathan!

Jonathan enters wearing a neck pillow and carrying luggage.

JONATHAN
(nodding to stuff)
My grandmother’s on her deathbed, but the flight to Mumbai leaves--

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

JACK
(ignoring this)
Get me a dinosaur cookie from that bakery downtown.

JONATHAN
(frantic)
Which bakery?

JACK
I don’t know. Go!

Jonathan, horrified, dashes out.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Liz walks up to Tracy. He’s flanked by Grizz and Dotcom.

LIZ
Hey Trey, what’s ‘The Sequence’?

Again, and always, Liz hears the obscene words while the audience hears BLEEPED out words.

TRACY
BLEEP BLEEP mouth BLEEP ear BLEEP tiger mouth.

Liz looks at Grizz and Dot Com.

DOTCOM
(to Liz)
He shouldn’t be so open.

Liz sees SEEBAS, the JANITOR, mopping and approaches him.

LIZ
Excuse me, Seebas--

Seebas is enraged when he notices Liz.

SEEBAS
I know it was you who broke the vending machine. You push the buttons so frantically, with such desperation--

LIZ
I’m sorry about that--
SEEBAS
What void in your life makes you push the buttons so?

LIZ
Seebas, do you know ‘The Sequence’?

SEEBAS
Sorry?

LIZ
The Seq—hah!
(thrilled)
Never mind! You don’t know it! As it should be!

Liz turns to go.

SEEBAS
You mean BLEEP BLEEP BLEEP virgin mouth?

Liz cringes. Then she has an epiphany: Kenneth! She corners him at his page desk.

LIZ
Kenneth, I have something very important to ask you.

KENNETH
Is the vending machine broken again? I don’t know who kicks the buttons in, but they wear size 9 orthopaedic shoes.

LIZ
No Kenneth. I’m just wondering if you know about ‘The Sequence’.

KENNETH
The what now?

LIZ
The Sequence.

KENNETH
Is that a television show?

Liz breathes a sigh of relief.

LIZ
Never mind! Good, sweet, fresh-faced, loving--

(CONTINUED)
Because I assume you’re not talking about BLEEP BLEEP cousin mouth BLEEP cow hole.

Liz freezes.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK’S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jack paces his office as he talks to Jonathan on his cell.

JACK
It’s not a dragon, Jonathan! That can’t be the right cookie.

Liz bursts into Jack’s office.

LIZ
How come every guy knows about ‘The Sequence’ and I’ve never even heard about it?

Jack is taken aback.

JACK
(into cell)
Call me back when you find a blue Stegasaurus.
(to Liz, gravely)
Who told you about this?

LIZ
I’ve worked with these guys for six years, how could I have never heard about something even Kenneth knows?! Is there a whole secret ‘Man World’ or something that I don’t know about?!

Jack whistles, tries to brush off the question.

JACK
So, what are you doing this weekend?

Liz grabs Jack’s lapels and strong-arms him into the wall.

(CONTINUED)
LIZ
I’m going on Oprah’s Master Class
that airs Tuesdays on the OWN
network at 10pm EST/7 pm PST
because she thinks I’m a master
manager. She thinks it’s because I
know men. I won’t let Oprah down,
Jack. Now tell me what you know!

Jack, scared, closes the office door and faces Liz.

JACK
Trust me Lemon, you don’t want to
look behind the curtain.

LIZ
But I’ve worked with guys for
fifteen years! My entire career
has been based on witty, searing
observational comedy-

With a look, Liz dares Jack to defy this. He looks away.

LIZ (CONT’D)
How can I not know about something
as big as this?! Tell me about Man
World, please!

JACK
You’ve already heard too much.
Now leave me. I have to find a
stupid dinosaur cookie for Bobby
Murdoch or Avery’s going to
withhold post-sex bonding!

Liz perks up.

LIZ
Did you say dinosaur cookie?
(off his nod)
With hyper-realistic dinosaur
proportions and facial detailing?

Liz pulls a white pastry box out of her sweatshirt. She
opens the box and shows Jack the BLUE STEGASAURUS. Jack
is joyful.

LIZ (CONT’D)
I wanted to be a paleontologist
until sixth grade. And I consider
icing a protein substitute. I’ll
give it to you if you tell me
about Man World.

Jack is tempted, but pulls back.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

JACK
I can’t. I could be shot.

Liz thinks, then tries a new angle:

LIZ
Let me come to that power lunch with you today! Undercover! I’ll get wardrobe to give me a man-makeover! Let me see Man World from the inside!

Jonathan runs into the office, panting and sweaty.

JONATHAN
I tried...no cookie...Avery in limo...aggressive.

JACK
Did she speak in the third person?

Jonathan, gasping for breath, nods ‘yes’.

JACK (CONT’D)
Oh God.
(to Liz)
Fine, you’ve left me no choice.

Jack grabs the box from Liz.

JACK (CONT’D)
(to Liz)
We leave at a quarter to one.

Jack dashes out of the office. Jonathan, doubled over and holding the door for support, catches his breath.

LIZ
I’m having a great day!

JONATHAN
I will never see my grandmother alive again.

Liz pats Jonathan awkwardly and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY’S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Jenna sits with Tracy, Grizz, and Dotcom.

TRACY
I hear you have a favor to ask of me.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JENNA
I want you to produce a sex tape of me and one of your hot basketball celebrity-friends to promote Tryst, my new fragrance.

TRACY
No problem. When do you want to schedule this?

JENNA
Is tonight a possibility?

Tracy drums his fingers together, thinking.

DOTCOM
Jenna, as a friend, can I make a recommendation?

JENNA
We’re friends? That’s fabulous! Not just because you’re black and I’ve been accused of being a white supremacist, but for other reasons as well.

Dotcom sighs, Grizz rolls his eyes.

DOT COM
Sex tapes are serious business. You don’t want to put something on the internet that could cause you a lifetime of regret.

GRIZZ
I should know. I used to be a motivational dancer for Mordechai’s Party Zone, and Melanie Katz put her Bat Mitzvah party footage on Vimeo. I do look a fool.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOTEL BAT MITZVAH PARTY - TEN YEARS AGO

GRIZZ, wearing a flashy dancer’s SUIT, motivates thirteen-year-olds to dance to WILL SMITH’S ‘GETTIN’ JIGGY WIT IT’.

CUT BACK TO:
INT. TRACY’S DRESSING ROOM – PRESENT DAY

TRACY
What did I say about flashbacks?

Grizz and Dotcom exchange tired looks.

GRIZZ
A well-crafted joke set in the present moment is always the stronger choice.

Tracy looks at Grizz: “That’s right.”

TRACY
(to Jenna)
Who were you thinking of casting?

JENNA
I was hoping you could ask one of your super famous athlete friends, like La-Ron James?

TRACY
(nodding sagely)
La-Ron would shine here.

Jenna squeals and hugs Tracy.

TRACY (CONT’D)
Such nachas.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO – A LITTLE LATER

Jack and Avery sit in the car. Avery fidgets nervously.

JACK
So which young gentleman are we seeing first?

AVERY
Terrence Bankhead. His Dad’s CEO of JP Morgan. They’re both heavy hitters.

Avery nervously adjusts her clothes and hair.

AVERY (CONT’D)
(worried)
Do I look like a Polish escort channeling Calista Gingrich?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JACK
(reassuring)
Yes.

Avery sighs with relief.

JACK (CONT'D)
Avery, why are you acting like
we’re a couple of junior execs who
met at Penn?

AVERY
The asscrack of the Ivies.

JACK
(pulling her to him)
Darling, we’re alphas.
(prodding her
knowingly)
Aren’t you the gal who pulled
Anderson Cooper’s pants down and
made everyone on your desk laugh?

AVERY
(melting)
Yes. I just want Liddy to have the
best--

JACK
Don’t worry. She will.

All of a sudden, Avery freaks.

AVERY
The cookie! The dinosaur cookie!
Did you--

Jack, uber-suave, produces the box. Avery kisses him
passionately. Jack is pleased.

CUT TO:

INT. TERRENCE BANKHEAD BROWNSTOWN - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Avery walk into a fancy upper-east-side FOYER. A
JAMAICAN MAID in traditional uniform greets them.

MAID
Are ya here to see Mista Terrence?

JACK
Yes, we’re the Donagheys, on
behalf of Liddy Jessup Dongahey.

(CONTINUED)
Jack gives Avery a winning squeeze. Avery smiles brightly.

MAID
He’s been expecting you.

The maid leads them into a living room. TERRENCE, 8, colors on a coffee table.

MAID (CONT’D)
Mista Terry, what I tell you ‘bout coloring on ya daddy’s files?

ANGLE ON FILES: The text ‘INSIDER TRADING STUFF WE DO’ is covered with crayon scrawls. Jack and Avery peer at the file but the maid catches them. They play it cool, lamely.

MAID (CONT’D)
I’ll leave ya three alone. The Bankheads are sorry to miss you. Mrs. Bankhead’s in the storage unit shredding documents and Mr. Bankhead is now living in Mexico under the name Paul Jervis.

Jack and Avery smile understandingly and the maid exits. They sit down on the couch opposite Terry.

AVERY
It’s so nice to meet you, Terry. We were hoping we could ask you some questions about—

TERRY
I don’t know anything about the Picasso, and I think Mommy took it to be cleaned.

Jack and Avery take this in.

CUT TO:

INT. KENNETH’S DESK—A LITTLE LATER

Liz approaches Kenneth’s desk

LIZ
Tell me about your secret world.

KENNETH
There’s a troll named Rodney who lives under my bed. He teaches me things.

(MORE)
CONTINUED:

KENNETH (CONT'D)

(nervous)
For a price.

LIZ
I’m talking about Man World.

KENNETH
Ms. Lemon, I can’t discuss that.

LIZ
Listen, Parcell. TGS is on the line here. Jack’s taking me undercover and I need you to prep me so I don’t blow it.

Kenneth hesitates and Liz pulls him in close to her.

LIZ (CONT’D)
Do it for TGS.

Kenneth gulps.

KENNETH
Alright. One thing I can tell you about Man World is this: every man has an unconscious tic when they pass a lady that shows whether or not they’d like to... make her their wife. They bite their lips ever so subtly if they want to wed her.


CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Liz fixes her hair and pinches her cheeks.

LIZ
Okay, let’s see if Kenneth’s actually a part of Man World.

Liz walks down the hall, where she passes a BUNCH OF GUYS. None of them bite their lips. Liz looks confused.

Cerie starts walking down the hall. Liz watches as ALL OF THE GUYS bite their lips as she passes.

LIZ (CONT’D)
Oh. Well, sure.
CONTINUED:

Liz then sees Kenneth walk down the hall. A COUPLE OF THE GUYS bite their lips as he passes.

LIZ (CONT’D)
(considering)
Well, statistically, yeah-

Lutz walks down the hallway and sees the DONUT on Kenneth’s desk. Lutz BITES HIS LIPS as he passes the DONUT.

EXT. ROCKEFELLER PLAZA - LATER

Kenneth and Liz sit on a bench. Kenneth wears a trench coat with the collar pulled up. Kenneth looks around stealthily.

KENNETH
Okay Ms. Lemon, here goes. Are you familiar with the Virgin/Slut/Smarty/Normal-One archetypes popularized by the hit television show Sex and the City?

LIZ
Uh, yeah.

KENNETH
Which one are you?

LIZ
(suddenly girly)
Well you might think oh, Miranda definitely, because I’m like normal-person hot but TV-mediocre, but I actually feel like I have parts of them all inside of me.
(confesses)
I really like Samantha--

KENNETH
(bored)
Men can also be divided into four types. Listen closely, for I will only say this once. The four types of men are Pirate, Spy, Caveman and Warlock.

Liz takes in the MEN walking around outside. She sees Frank and Toofer arguing heatedly by a HOT DOG CART.

KENNETH (CONT’D)
Watch and learn.
Suddenly Frank grabs a large bottle of MUSTARD from the cart and tries to hit Toofer with it. The frame freezes and CAVE MAN flashes underneath Frank.

Toofer distracts Frank by doing a weird hand gesture, producing a cloud of smoke. Freeze frame on Toofer: WARLOCK.

Lutz crouches behind a garbage can, spying on the action (freeze frame: SPY) and Pete knocks a couple of Vitamin Waters into his bag from off the cart’s display case, a parrot on his shoulder (freeze frame: PIRATE).

LIZ
How did I never notice this?!

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. SUITOR # 2 JEFFREY DALEY’S BEDROOM - LATER

Jack and Avery sit in 8-year-old JEFFREY DALEY’S living room. JEFFREY is plump.

JACK
It certainly is nice to finally meet you, Jeffrey. You know, I love using your father’s Al Gore locator app so I never miss an opportunity to point and laugh at him.

JEFFREY
Thanks. I like the one that lets you figure out what kind of whale you’d be, depending on your personality.

Jack and Avery laugh politely.

JEFFREY (CONT’D)
I’m a Narwhale.

AVERY
That does sound like a useful app, Jeffrey. Let me ask you this: I hear you’re interested in law--

JEFFREY
Whales. We will talk of whales.

Jack and Avery exchange a look: weird.

CUT TO:

INT. PETE’S OFFICE - LATER

Liz bursts into Pete’s office and find him looking at his computer. He scrambles dramatically to close the window.

PETE
(scared, frantic)
Nothing!

LIZ
This isn’t about your doll porn.

Pete closes the window on his computer.

(CONTINUED)
Liz pulls an eye-patch over her eye.

LIZ
(pirate accent)
I know ye can help me, matey.

PETE
(horrified)
Who told you?!

LIZ
Look Pete, you gotta help me. I need to know more about Man World!

PETE
Why should I betray my brothers?

Liz holds up a single printout sheet.

LIZ
You forgot to clear your search history last week. I didn’t even know had that many holes-

PETE
Please!

Pete lunges for the printout. Liz lets him grab it.

PETE (CONT’D)
(begrudgingly)
Okay, one tip. If you ever need to confuse and distract a man, say these words: “Big Boobies Box Seats Vroom.”

LIZ
“Big Boobies Box Seats Vroom”?

Pete is momentarily distracted. His eyes glaze over.

LIZ (CONT’D)
Pete?

PETE
Wha?

LIZ
Wow, that really works.

Pete snaps back.
CONTINUED: (2)

PETE
Yeah. That, or—wait, I have to wrote this one out.

Pete winces as he writes something on a piece of paper. He hands it to Liz.

LIZ
(reading paper)
“Uterine lining”?

Pete winces, hands balled up in disgust.

LIZ (CONT’D)
Got it.

Liz makes her fingers into a hook shape and tries to shake Pete’s hand.

LIZ (CONT’D)
Arrrgh, matey!

PETE
Get out.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY’S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Tracy, Jenna, Grizz, Dotcom and La-Ron James sit and eat from a party tray.

LA–RON
I’m flattered you thought of me for this.

JENNA
You would bring so much to this project.

TRACY
Does a six p.m. call work for you?

LA–RON
I was hoping we could take care of this now.

TRACY
Jenna?

JENNA
We can use my dressing room.

(CONTINUED)
TRACY
Excellent.

GRIZZ
Here are your running orders.

Grizz hands Jenna and La-Ron copies of the running order.

JENNA
I said I don’t do no anal.

DOTCOM
Did you mean that as a negation expressed in the urban vernacular, or was that just a careless double negative?

JENNA
The latter.
(to La-Ron)
I’m into butt stuff.

LA-RON
Very well.
(perusing R.O.)
This looks pretty standard.

TRACY
We’re looking at a leak date of June ninth with full saturation by the eleventh.

Jenna nods enthusiastically.

CUT TO:

INT. LIMO - LATER

Avery sits in the car while Jack talks to her from outside.

AVERY
I’m so sorry, Jack. My stupid producer moved the meeting up, and I’ve got to throw up my lunch before I get there.

JACK
Don’t worry. I’ll be fine on my own.

They kiss and the limo drives off.

CUT TO:
INT. BOBBY MURDOCH III OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bobby, 10, mature, leads Jack into his office. It’s decorated like an English club.

BOBBY
Sit, Donaghey, please.

JACK
(taken off guard)
Thanks...Murdoch.

BOBBY
Call me Robert.

Jack is flustered, but tries to grab back power:

JACK
(handing over gifts)
One of your favorite pastries...and an extremely rare fossilized Brontosaurus egg.

Bobby examines the Brontosaurus egg with an expert’s eye, then does the same for the cookie. He nods approvingly.

BOBBY
Now, Liddy. Where will she attend school?

JACK
Spence, Yale undergrad, an academically pointless but sexually awakening semester abroad in Toulouse, and Harvard Business.

BOBBY
Is she still in the babbling stage?

JACK
She’s almost through it.

BOBBY
Can she sit up unattended?

JACK
Yes; briefly.

BOBBY
I need to see a photograph of the mother.

Slightly annoyed, Jack hands Bobby his iPhone.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BOBBY (CONT’D)
Her genes speak well for her. Your wife is... very tasty.

JACK
(pleased, but angry)
Thank you.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY – LATER

Jenna walks up to Liz.

JENNA
How’s my makeup? I’m about to shoot my fragrance-promotion sex tape and I don’t want to look tacky.

LIZ
It looks fine.
(secretive)
Listen. Can I talk to you? It’s really important.

JENNA
I told you, Liz: you push the applicator up and into--

LIZ
It’s not about tampons.

Jenna looks doubtful.

LIZ (CONT’D)
(whispering)
There’s something called ‘Man World’. When they think we don’t notice men do all this weird stuff--

Jenna moves closer to Liz.

JENNA
Oh my God, Liz. Do you know how lucky you are to be one of us? There are only a handful of women who know about this.
(anxious)
Have you told Cerie?

LIZ
Cerie? What? No--
JENNA
Good. The women who possess this information are very powerful. We guard it from other women, because we hate them.

LIZ
I'm so glad you know about it too!
(raises her arm)
Sistas!

Jenna smiles wanly, embarrassed at Liz’s outburst, and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. WARDROBE - CONTINUOUS

Liz sits in a chair, stares at herself in the mirror.

LIZ
Man makeover time.

Liz notices a FEDORA on the makeup counter and puts it on. She sees a fake moustache and puts it on too, mugs for the mirror for a second, then checks her WATCH, glances at the BATHROOM, and exits.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Liz exits the bathroom, still wearing the hat and moustache. She walks back to wardrobe. Jenna approaches Liz, not recognizing her.

JENNA
Excuse me, sir? The vending machine is out of coconut water.

LIZ
Jenna, it's me!

JENNA
Sorry, have we met?

Liz takes off the hat and moustache and reveals herself to Jenna. Jenna is astounded.

JENNA (CONT’D)
Liz?!

Liz has an Aha! moment:
INT. BOBBY MURDOCH III OFFICE - LATER

Bobby pours Jack some grape juice and makes a toast.

BOBBY
To my union with Liddy. I can’t wait until she’s of a certain age.

JACK
You know, you’re a very mature, masculine child. You remind me of myself at your age.

BOBBY
Thank you.

Jack considers the kid and goes out on a limb:

JACK
Do you know ‘The Sequence’?

BOBBY
BLEEP BLEEP blanket BLEEP juicebox.

Jack sets his grape juice down and stands, incensed.

JACK
I think I came... prematurely.

BOBBY
At your age that must be tiresome.

JACK
(fed up)
Give me that egg back.

BOBBY
Take it back and I’ll say you touched me.

Jack is terrified.
INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - LATER

Jack hurries over to a table surrounded by SIX MIDDLE-AGED MEN IN POWER SUITS. Liz, in her fedora disguise, is seated with them. Jack addresses the leader, DUKE, 50’s.

JACK
Sorry I’m late. I was waiting for my colleague. He had to cancel.

DUKE
But your colleague is already here.


JACK
Sorry, have we met?


DUKE
Hai nee omnius max alto turthah rumlaus kahn.

DUKE (SUBTITLE) (CONT’D)
It’s excellent you all found the time to be here today.

Liz turns her eyes frantically to Jack. He leans over to her.

JACK (CONT’D)
He’s talking in Man. Must have big news.

A waiter approaches the table.

LIZ
(instinctively)
Iced tea.

The men exchange weird looks. Jack intervenes.

DUKE
Hea nee hin chaun umlausk deo maximo trepabidoba.

JACK
He means, he’d like his steak rare. Like us all.

Liz nods.

CUT TO:
INT. JENNA’S DRESSING ROOM - LATER

Tracy, Grizz and Dotcom watch as Jenna and La-Ron (offscreen) moan.

TRACY
Cut!

Jenna immediately reverts to a business-like tone.

JENNA
And you can airbrush my back fat?

TRACY
Absolutely.

Dotcom looks doubtfully at the monitor.

LA-RON
Could I get some bottles for my wife and girlfriend?

Jenna is shocked.

JENNA
(sweetly)
Of course.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS RESTAURANT - LATER

Liz and the men tuck into their steaks - with their hands.

DUKE
Nimcho hai maxu blunto nei
nah deis reia.  (SUBTITLE)
I just want to get this out of the way. Lucille and I are getting a divorce.

Jack swallows hard. The rest of the guys are impassive. Liz knocks Jack’s spoon off the table; they meet to pick it up.

LIZ
What did he say?!

DUKE
(in English)
I just...

Liz and Jack pop back up.

(CONTINUED)
DUKE (CONT’D)
...wanted to let you all know
that. She left me. Twenty eight
years.
(fighting back
emotion)
That’s all.

The men avoid eye contact with each other. It’s awkward.

LIZ
That must be so hard. Do you want
to talk about it?

Jack spits up his food in a COUGHING FIT. The other guys
at the table look at her suspiciously.

GUY 1
Talk about it?

GUY 2
Are you insane?

Jack kicks Liz under the table.

JACK
Run.

Liz gets up and starts to run--it’s an exaggerated DAINTY
GIRL RUN.

GUY 3
Woman! Get her!

Liz jumps over a chair but is intercepted by GUY 2. He
tries to wrestle her to the floor--just as she
remembers...

LIZ
Big Boobies Box Seats Vroom!

Like a cartoon dog, GUY 2 swings his head around in an
attempt to find these things. Meanwhile, Liz sees the
guys circling Jack menacingly. Liz runs to his rescue.

LIZ (CONT’D)
(to everyone)
Uterine lining! My uterine
lining’s falling out--help me--

Guys wince, double over and bunch their palms in disgust.
Liz makes her getaway from the restaurant with Jack in
tow.

CUT TO:
INT. TRACY’S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

Tracy hosts a leak party for the sex tape. His apartment is decked out with a disco ball, buffet and beautiful people.

TRACY
Commence leakage!

Dotcom clicks on a link but it loads a clip from TGS. Dotcom and Grizz try troubleshooting it. Jenna rushes up to Tracy.

JENNA
What’s going on here?

DOTCOM
I cannot believe this happened. It looks like we uploaded the wrong footage. And neither of us has the original tape.

JENNA
You mean this sex tape is just going to stay between me and my lover? Oh hell no.

Jenna runs out.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK’S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

A disheveled Jack plops down next to Avery, who is dozing in bed. The TV’s on.

JACK
It’s too soon to think about Liddy’s marriage, Avery. Men are disgusting. And they’re emotionally unavailable.

AVERY
(dozing)
That’s nice...

Jack pats Avery’s hand.

JACK
I don’t know what man I actually want my daughter to end up with. You know, Avery, the more I think about it...the more I just want Liddy to grow up to be like--

(MORE)
CONTINUED:  

LIZ (CONT'D)
(noticing her on TV)
Lemon?!

CUT TO:

INT. OWN STUDIOS - THAT NIGHT

Liz sits with Oprah on a bare stage. Liz holds court.

OPRAH
(stifling a yawn)
I didn’t know candy corn had a ten year shelf life, no.

LIZ
Yup Oprah, it’s true. But as I was saying, just remember: Pirates, Warlocks, Cavemen and Spies.

OPRAH
Thanks for sharing these ground-breaking findings, Liz. For those of you who don’t know, TGS is a rare bastion of feminism in the world of TV comedy. Let’s roll a clip.

Liz and Oprah turn to watch the clip. To both of their horror, it is Jenna’s sex tape.

INTERCUT WITH:

JENNA’S SEX TAPE

Jenna theatrically sprays TRYST on herself and then drops her robe. Her extensions are out of control.

LA-RON
Wow...you have a lot of hair.

JENNA
It’s all natural.
(to La-Ron)
Let’s wheelbarrow so I can emphasize my tramp stamp.

La-Ron gets behind Jenna and into wheelbarrow position, while Jenna makes grotesquely sexy faces at the camera.
INT. OWN STUDIOS - CONTINUOUS

LIZ
This was a parody we did... To highlight the iniquity of marketing tactics for wom--

OPRAH
This is an outrage.

The tape freezes on a particularly gross frame. Liz panics.

LIZ
Big Boobies Box Seats Vroom!

OPRAH
(shocked)
Are you trying to come on my show and out me as a man?

LIZ
No! I’m just trying to tell you about my secret findings so you can navigate Man World!

OPRAH
Bitch, I run Man World.

Liz panics. She throws up her fist.

LIZ
Sistas!

Oprah looks pissed.

LIZ (CONT’D)
(frantic)
I mean, like, not just in a black way! It’s not a color thing, it’s just a girl thing! Girl power!

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO
INT. BOBBY MURDOCH III’S OFFICE—THAT NIGHT.

Suitors Bobby, Terry and Jeffrey surf the web. Suddenly a pornographic video pops up: it’s Jenna’s sex tape.

TERRY
Woah!

JEFFREY
What is this? I thought we were going to look at live whale cams.

BOBBY
Haven’t you guys ever seen this stuff before?

TERRY
No...

Bobby enlarges the image and the boys’ jaws drop.

BOBBY
It’s a promotional sex tape for a new fragrance.

Jeffrey cocks his head, trying to make sense of the image.

JEFFREY
I didn’t know the human back could carry fat like that. It’s similar to how sperm whales store blubber.

TERRY
I thought this was only something dads do with their personal assistants.

BOBBY
No way. Sex can be used to promote products, too.

TERRY
You know so much, Bobby.

BOBBY
Do you guys know about ‘The Sequence’?

The boys, enthralled, shake their heads ‘no’. Bobby smiles.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

END OF EPISODE