

“30 Rock”
Episode 704
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EXT. 30 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA – MORNING

We open on Liz pushing her way through a sea of people camped out in the Plaza, all of whom are wearing island wear like Tommy Bahama shirts, leis and “fun” hats. They have guitars and bongos and they suck. A frustrated Liz gruffly bumps into ROGER, a barefooted, sunburned weirdo who’s wearing a T-shirt that says “Unwindulax” in large white letters. ROGER: “Whoa whoa whoa! You’re bringing a real ‘weekday’ vibe to this party.” LIZ: “That’s probably because it’s a Tuesday.” ROGER: “Weekend living is a state of mind. Just ‘unwindulax’, baby, by taking this plastic cup filled with supermarket Chardonnay, closing your eyes, and imagining yourself on a crowded public beach with limited parking.” Roger holds up a plastic cup, offering it to Liz. JACK rushes up and knocks it out of Roger’s hand. JACK: “Run, Lemon! Iran’s obviously released an airborne bio-virus that turns people into sunburned idiots.” Liz holds up a hand, stopping Jack. She explains the people on the Plaza are a group of Jenna’s fans who call themselves the “Crab-Catchers”, named after a famous lyric in Jenna’s song “Rum Enema”. The Crab-Catchers believe in a laid-back, hassle-free, tropical lifestyle. Most live in Florida because it’s hot and inexpensive, but they have gathered in New York because of Jenna, their god thanks to songs like “Drunk at Lunch”, and “Margarita Sandwich”. Jenna will be playing a free concert for the “Today” show on the Plaza later in the week and her fans have already started to gather. Jack scans the group and shakes his head. JACK: “‘Unwindulax’ is an absurd motto. Two weeks in one of my ‘Successseverance’ clinics and I’d have these people –” Jack is interrupted by his cell-phone. He looks at the phone and grimaces, annoyed.

Jack explains that later in the day he is going to a \$10,000 per plate fundraiser luncheon, and his date just cancelled. He will have to swallow the cost of the ticket. Liz offers to go, claiming she can eat \$10,000 worth of food and make up the cost. Jack warns Liz the money is to be raised for the Republican Party. Can she keep her incoherent politics to herself? Liz nods. LIZ: “I’ll be spending most of my time with the shrimp, and they don’t care about politics.” The crowd of Crab-Catchers around Jack and Liz cheer. LIZ: “Why are you all cheering?” ROGER: “You said ‘shrimp’ and ‘don’t care!’” Liz rolls her eyes. Jack looks Liz over for a moment. JACK: “Okay. If you stay quiet, you can come. As my chum.” Liz smiles. “‘Chum!’ What a nice way of putting that!” Jack nods and follows Liz inside.

INT. WRITERS’ ROOM – SAME TIME

Toofer, Lutz, and some other writers are settling in for work when a furious Frank enters. Because of the Crab-Catchers, Frank had to walk an extra half block to get to work.

FRANK: “My heart rate elevated! My doctor says when that happens ten more times – well, nine now – I’m going to die!” Pete walks out of his office, also irritated at the cheering and drunken singing coming up from the Plaza. PETE: “God! Those island idiots make it impossible to concentrate. And I was going to fill out the G-84 Form today! That’s the funnest one!” Pete hears himself. Pete (shaken): “I... I had dreams when I was a boy.” Pete sits down, in an existential funk, as Jenna enters. She’s holding a box of beer cozies that feature a caricature of her face. While passing them out to the writers, Jenna announces she’ll be down in the NBC Experience Store tomorrow signing the beer cozies for her fans. JENNA: “So if any of you are working too hard and need to ‘unwindulax’, crock a broon and put them in one of these patented ‘Jenna Holes’. Island living!” PETE: “Did you mean to say ‘crack a brew’?” JENNA: “Yep. That’s what I said! Don’t be such a boss-man, Pete. JKR! Just keep resting!” Jenna makes a weird “hang ten” hand motion and starts out. Frank stops her, calling her a fraud. Jenna doesn’t believe in the Crab-Catcher’s laid-back lifestyle. She’s a go-getter actress who will stop at nothing to acquire more fame and fortune. The only time Jenna is laid back is when she has some gross guy on her. JENNA: “Thank you for the compliment about my promiscuity, Frank, but you are wrong! I am a Crab-Catcher through and through!” TOOFER: “No you’re not! Stop this charade so the Crab-Catchers leave!” Jenna refuses, angrily takes back her beer cozies, and flounces out.

INT. PRIVATE CLUB – LATER

Jack and Liz are at the high-end club where Jack’s fundraiser is being held. Liz shovels shrimp into her mouth while Jack glad-hands with his right-wing cronies. JACK: “I guess I’m just old school, but I don’t like it when people tell me how to live my life. If I want to shoot dolphins with an assault rifle, that’s my right as an American!” Liz rolls her eyes and heads off to get a drink. Two other Republican drones chatter nearby. REPUBLICAN GUY: “I mean, maybe I’d listen to the left a little more if they could propose one realistic alternative to oil, but they can’t. And those impotent idiots will never be able to –” Liz has had enough. LIZ (blurting): “Whuh Enuhgee.” The guys turn toward her, weirded out. LIZ (clarifying): “Flugh Enmahtee!” She finally finishes the shrimp. Liz: “Wind Energy! Haven’t you two Scotch-filled d-bags ever heard of wind energy?!” She puts more shrimp in her mouth as her lecture continues. LIZ: “Thugh Serra Cluh shewin luhpower uhnashun!” (subtitled: “The Sierra Club says wind can power the nation!”) The men look at each other; what is this thing?

INT. STUDIO BACKSTAGE – SAME TIME

Back at “TGS”, Pete and the writers are standing around craft services while a page leads a group of Crab-Catchers on a tour. Roger, our Crab-Catcher from earlier, dumps a bucket of sand where he’s standing. Pete throws up his hands, pissed. PETE: “God, I can’t escape these people! If Kenneth didn’t love cleaning so much I’d give them a piece of my mind!” Pete stomps off. As Kenneth starts to clean up, a “surprised” Jenna emerges from her dressing room. The tour claps and whistles enthusiastically. Jenna, loving the attention, works the crowd like a pro. JENNA: “Are all y’all having fun?”

Who's got my supermarket Chardonnay?" Someone hands Jenna a plastic cup. Frank and the other writers shake their head, disgusted. A particularly wasted Crab-Catcher steps forward. WASTED CRAB-CATCHER: "I did it just like your song, Jenna. I got drunk at lunch!" As Jenna gives a thumbs-up, the wasted guy opens his mouth and barfs on her shoes. Jenna's eyes flash with anger. JENNA: "You son of a –" The writers look at each other, excited. Is Jenna going to show her true colors and blow it? JENNA: "Of a... beach! That's great! I'm island-style! These aren't \$10,000 shoes made out of panda fetus, they're my ratty old beach sandals! Who cares what happens to them?!" The crowd cheers and high-fives Jenna. They all start making their weird "hang ten" hand gesture. Frank turns to the others, getting an idea. FRANK: "Pranksmen activate." Jenna can't be herself around her new fans? Time to take full advantage of that. Time to get obnoxious.

INT. PRIVATE CLUB – LATER

Back at the fundraiser, Liz, now on a roll, is making an incoherent argument about the science behind global warming based on an episode of "The Newsroom" she watched while on Ambien. It's not changing any minds. We JUMP CUT TO: Liz, holding forth to a different group of conservatives. LIZ: "If homosexuality is unnatural, why do penguins do it? Explain away penguin gay sex! You can't!" JUMP CUT TO: Liz handing twenties to a group of uncomfortable people. LIZ: "I want to pay more taxes. Take my money! Please, I beg you! Okay, now give it back. Seriously. Give the twenty back." JUMP CUT TO: Liz talking to an even larger group. LIZ: "I'm not even fronting: I've had a wet dream about Chuck Schumer!" As everyone reacts, disgusted, Jack approaches Liz from behind and taps his champagne glass. The crowd quiets as Jack addresses the group. JACK: "Ladies and gentlemen, I can see you've all met Lemon. This is what we're up against. Four more years of Obama and people like Liz here will be inside our White House, rotting it from the inside. Now I want everyone here to take out their checkbooks and stop that from happening. It's life or death, folks." The crowd nods enthusiastically. People start writing checks. Liz turns to Jack, astonished. WTF? JACK: "You're here as my chum, Lemon. The bait in the water that attracts the big fish. You are my chum." Liz eyes go wide, as she realizes what Jack's done. LIZ: "Dammit! Second meaning!"

END OF ACT ONE

INT. JACK'S OFFICE – THE NEXT DAY

The next morning, an irritated Liz stomps into Jack's office. LIZ: "There wasn't ever any cancelled date, was there? You wanted me to go to that thing the whole time." Jack raises his hands, "Guilty as charged." Jack reveals that the fundraiser was actually for Jack's personal PAC and he needed to unite the room around a common enemy. Jack tells Liz it's not the first time he's manipulated her for his own political reasons. He allowed "TGS" to continue with its Ron Dunston parodies because Tracy's performance was humanizing the candidate. And all the political jokes Jack has been asking Liz to

write? Not for the coffee table book “The Lighter Side of Lemon!” but rather for Romney political fundraisers. Liz is upset. LIZ: “I told my Dad about that coffee table book! Also, how did the abortion stuff play?” Liz accuses Jack and the rest of his conservative cohorts of being mean and sneaky. JACK: “What you call mean and sneaky I call effective. We get things done. Unlike you liberals, who simply waste paper with your endless and pathetic petitions. That last one, Lemon, was especially pointless.” We FLASHBACK TO: Liz, attempting to get people to sign a petition to support the Ewoks suffering from the “Endorian Genocide”, an environmental disaster caused by the fallout of the destruction of the second Death Star. Within this flashback, we FLASHBACK TO: one starving Ewok cannibalizing another on a post-apocalyptic Endor. We cut back to Liz with her petition, then cut back to the present, where Liz is talking to Jack, then cut one more time to an elderly Jack and Liz talking on a spaceship. They look at camera, startled, as we readjust and FLASHBACK TO: the present day.

Shaking off all that stuff we’ll never do, Liz tells Jack that he has a point. She has not been as engaged politically as she should be, especially with all that’s at stake in the 2012 election. Jack condescendingly tells her that it’s too late. Because of events like Jack’s PAC fundraiser, the Republicans are going to win. The huge amount of money that Liz’s idiocy brought in to the PAC can be funneled wherever it will do the most good, and swing the election in Romney’s favor. JACK: “Elections are just another commodity that can be purchased, Lemon. And there’s nothing you or anyone in your pathetic party can do about it.” Liz tells Jack he’s wrong. He may have all the money, but she has an hour of television every night. And she’s going to start using it to change the minds of American voters. Not with money, but with ideas. With the power of satire. Jack just shakes his head. It’ll never work. LIZ: “Yes it will! Game on! Jack versus Liz! I mean, Liz versus Jack! I’m first!” Liz walks out, on a mission.

INT. NBC EXPERIENCE STORE – LATER

Down in the NBC Experience Store, Frank, Toofer, and Lutz wait in a line of Crab-Catchers as Jenna enthusiastically signs Jenna Holes. The Pranksmen are dressed in Hawaiian shirts and leis. Lutz has his pet parrot on his shoulder. LUTZ: “I can’t believe The Pranksmen are back together! After this we should all touch our Pranksmen tattoos!” FRANK: “Dude. That was a joke.” Lutz nods, shaken, as the group reaches the front of the line. Jenna reacts. What are these idiots doing here? The Pranksmen enthusiastically greet a wary Jenna. FRANK: “There’s our Caribbean princess! Hey, why is your hair so perfectly styled! You need ‘Beach Head!’” Frank musses Jenna’s hair up so it looks crazy. Jenna’s eyes flash with anger, but she can’t break character in front of her fans. LUTZ: “Hey, why don’t you let my parrot hop on your shoulder!” JENNA: “Uh... sure. I love parrots! I’m a Crab-Catcher, ain’t I?” Lutz puts his parrot on Jenna’s shoulder. It poops on her. LUTZ: “Looks like someone’s had too many milkshakes!” Then Toofer “accidentally” spills a pitcher of sangria on Jenna. She leaps to her feet, furious, but then catches herself. JENNA (to the room): “Now I can drink my clothes!” The real Crab-

Catchers cheer. That's awesome! The Pranksmen high-five, victorious. Jenna glares at them.

INT. WRITERS' ROOM – LATER

Tracy helps Pete duct-tape packing peanuts to his ears in an attempt to drown out the drunken singing coming from the Plaza. The Pranksmen enter and settle into their seats. LUTZ'S PARROT: "Rawr! Is this 9-1-1? Please help me, my parrot bit my penis." The group looks at Lutz, weirded out. Lutz "laughs this off," saying the parrot must have heard that sentence from his previous owner. LUTZ'S PARROT: "Rawr! Daddy Lutz has owned you since you were born, hasn't he? Now nibble my penis!" Lutz reacts as Liz enters, on a mission. She tells the group that they're scrapping that night's show and they are getting political! Something edgy that will tell people what's at stake in the 2012 presidential election. LIZ: "I want to do something that becomes bigger than the show. Something loud and cool that goes viral!" Tracy walks over, interested. TRACY: "I went viral this morning. My doctor told me to stay at home." Liz ignores him. A Democratic victory is all about voter turnout, so whatever they do, it has to go wide! LIZ: "Let's brainstorm here, and produce something that gets picked up by the AOL servers, Prodigy BBSes, GEnet, the whole shebang!" FRANK: "We should get some young, popular actors like from the 'Yes We Can' video. People love stuff like that." Lutz suggests his grandnephew, Kellan Lutz, who is visiting from out of town. Liz rolls her eyes. Lutz is obviously lying about being related to Kellan Lutz. LUTZ (calling off): "Mommy's baby wants another mommy's baby to come out here, please!" Sure enough, Kellan Lutz emerges from Lutz's office. The group looks at each other, stunned. KELLAN: "Mommy's baby is here, grand-uncle, and wants his yum-yums now!" Lutz starts pushing marshmallows into Kellan's mouth. LIZ: "Okay. Wow. I guess that will work. (can't believe she's saying this) Good job... Lutz."

INT. JACK'S OFFICE – SAME TIME

Meanwhile, Jack is meeting with a group of sleek PAC operatives. They are reviewing charts, graphs, and complex precinct maps in an attempt to sway the election in Romney's favor. Nearby, Kenneth empties the trash. Jack paces the room, in charge. JACK: "I want to think outside of the box, gentlemen. This election is on a knife's edge, and the old style of thinking won't cut it. We've got an influx of cash and I want ideas. Now!" The PAC guys look at each other nervously. Kenneth pipes up. KENNETH: "Ya'll should get a tent!" Jack turns to Kenneth. Kenneth explains that his family would always support whatever political party brought a tent on voting day. KENNETH: "Most people in town, even if they differed politically, would get under that tent. It was mostly because the tent stopped the acid arrows the Hill People were shooting at us." Jack's eyes light up. JACK: "A tent! Like Reagan's fabled 'big tent' that invited everyone into the Republican party! Of course!" Jack tells the PAC operatives that conservative thinking has become too dogmatic and exclusionary in its ideology. The party of Reagan and Lincoln was, in its heyday, all things to all people. A party of self-made men who loved liberty – who couldn't get behind that? The party should be welcoming all to their

“tent,” even those who traditionally have not voted Republican. JACK: “Gentlemen, we have our marching orders! We’re going to win this thing! And it’s all thanks to this albino simpleton!” Jack grabs Kenneth’s hands. JACK: “Kenneth, thank you for helping me take away your health insurance!” Kenneth nods, pleased.

INT. FRANK’S OFFICE/WRITERS’ ROOM – A LITTLE LATER

In Frank’s office, the Pranksmen are pretending to work on Liz’s stupid idea when Jenna storms in, sticky with sangria. The Pranksmen laugh and jeer her. Jenna just smiles evilly. JENNA: “You idiots don’t know who you’re tangling with, do you?” Jenna explains that she’s no longer just “the amazing, beautiful, kind Jenna.” She’s now a queen of a nation of Crab-Catchers. JENNA: “And they will do whatever I tell them.” If the Pranksmen keep messing with her with, none of them will ever again be allowed to go to strip clubs in Florida. It’s a Crab-Catcher stronghold, and they’ll become personae non grata. Frank reacts, worried. FRANK: “But... I like really tan butts that smell like cigarettes.” Jenna shrugs, “too bad.” They cross the Crab-Catcher Amery and they also won’t be able to rent a wakeboard. Or have their baggage handled properly by Delta. Or buy their girlfriends seashell necklaces. Or drink a margarita that they’re totally sure isn’t laced with strychnine. JENNA: “Because I’ll wake up the bear. It’s a lazy, drunk-at-noon bear, but a bear nonetheless. Watch yourselves.” Satisfied, she turns on her heel and walks out. The Pranksmen react, worried, as Pete storms out of his office and spins in a circle in the writers’ room, out of his mind. PETE: “I can’t take the Crab-Catchers singing Jenna’s idiotic songs anymore! They’re all the same! I’m going down there, and I’m going to stop it! Someone has to try to stop it!” Pete runs out, upset. Frank looks at the group. FRANK: “We can’t let Jenna and the Crab-Catchers beat Pete. Or beat us.” The group nods, agreeing. Frank thinks for a moment, then takes a deep breath. FRANK: “In all of our years messing with Jenna, I’ve held something back. Something I wasn’t sure we would ever need. But she’s too powerful now, and it’s time. Gentlemen, it’s time for the nuclear option.”

END OF ACT TWO

INT. SOUNDSTAGE – LATER

Later that day, Jack is on a soundstage supervising a commercial for his PAC. An African-American actor and a gay actor stand in an urban environment. JACK: “All right, everyone. Take one on my political masterpiece, ‘The Big Tent!’” Cameras roll as an excited Jack watches. BLACK GUY: “Hey, since I’m a black and you’re a gay, most people think we’re probably going to vote for Obama, right?” Jack pumps his fist – that’s good writing. BLACK GUY: “But I’ve been reading about this Romney cat’s business background, and it’s kind of fresh. He gets it. The Romnizzle is kind of the shnizzle.” Jack smiles as a black crew guy looks at Jack and shakes his head. Jack reacts, a little thrown. GAY GUY: “Yeah. And so what if Romney won’t let me get married? What’s fun about being married when you can be out (sing-songy) dancing in clubs and doing anonymous gay sex everywhere!” A hair-and-make-up guy walks off the set. Jack

grimaces – maybe that’s not the best. Then, an elderly Jewish man walks into frame. JEWISH GUY (offensive accent): “And normally I’d vote for this Obama, but he wants to steal all my shekels!” A Jewish guy in a suit watching the taping announces he’s quitting. JACK: “Oh come on, Josh. It’s not all wrong! I mean, you are the head of NBC Finance –” The Finance guy flips Jack off and exits. Jack rubs his eyes, frustrated. JACK: “Shut it down! Shut it all down!”

INT. STUDIO – LATER (NIGHT)

As the “TGS” cameras roll, Liz stands at her podium. LIZ (to herself): “Let’s go viral.” Onstage, Tracy, dressed as James Madison, stands in an eighteenth century home. TRACY: “I’m founding father James Madison, and I’m standing here in my house. I wonder if there’s anyone at the door!” Liz pumps her fist – that’s good writing. Tracy crosses and opens the door, revealing Kellan Lutz. Immediately the crowd starts screaming. We angle on Kenneth and Lutz who are also screaming. Liz waits for the screaming to quiet down so Kellan can start the sketch. But the screaming keeps going. And going. Everyone just keeps screaming for Kellan. Liz raises her hands – what’s going on? Pete shrugs; Liz said she wanted a young audience tonight for her “hip political womanifesto,” her words. So the studio audience is mostly “Twilight” fans. The audience continues to scream as Kellan tries to be heard. A total failure.

INT. JACK’S OFFICE/WRITERS’ ROOM (INTERCUT) – THE NEXT MORNING

The next morning, Jack has reconvened his PAC operatives in his office. JACK: “The ‘Big Tent’ failed last night, gentlemen. I thought a broadsword would work but we need a drone strike. Let’s narrow our approach and find where our money can do the most good. Show me the battleground states.”

At the same time, in the writers’ room, Liz has reconvened Tracy and some of the writers (NOTE: the Pranksmen are not present). Liz announces that her attempt to go viral has failed. She needs a new idea to change “everyone’s” mind. Tracy shakes his head. That’s the wrong approach. TRACY: “Because of my stand-up, I’ve travelled all over the country, LL. And if I’m not getting thrown into jail for violating verbal decency codes, I’m talking to people. And there’s only a few states where people truly haven’t decided who they’re going to vote for. If you want to win this thing, you need to convince them.” Liz nods. The swing states. Tracy’s right. LIZ: “Focus on the few people in this country whose vote actually matters. Got it.” Tracy pulls a puzzle map of the United States from a nearby shelf and slides it in front of Liz. TRACY: “They’re in Pennsylvania, Nevada _”

We cut to Jack’s office, where Jack’s looking at a Hi-Res computer graphic of several swing states. Numbers scroll across the screen. Jack finishes Tracy’s thought. JACK: “ – Colorado, and Florida.”

Back to Tracy in Liz's office. TRACY: "Now Pennsylvania should go our way. According to the policemen and firemen who showed up at the riot Andy Dick and I caused there, it's ultimately a pro-labor, pro-Union state. They'll vote Obama." Tracy pushes Pennsylvania out of the way. TRACY: "However, we've lost Nevada. In retrospect I should not have urinated on Siegfried and Roy there. A lot of the people in the state now hate black people. They'll vote Romney." Tracy pushes Nevada out of the way.

Back to Jack's office. Jack is looking at a map of Colorado. JACK: "Don't worry gentlemen, my good friend and undercover operative Tim Tebow has pushed the state to the right. It's ours." Jack scrolls through some more data, dismissing Ohio and a few other battleground states. JACK: "There's really only one state that's going to swing this election, isn't there?" Jack punches a few more buttons on his computer and looks at a map. JACK: "It all comes down to --"

In Liz's office, Tracy holds up a final pie piece. TRACY: "-- Florida."

INT. STUDIO BACKSTAGE/EXT. PLAZA – SAME TIME

Pete is heading to wardrobe when he is intercepted by the Pranksmen. Frank is holding a DVD. An excited Frank tells Pete that he has a way to destroy Jenna and force her army of dirtbags to abandon her. It's his "nuclear option." Frank explains to Pete that over the past seven years he has been meticulously compiling security, cell-phone footage and rehearsal footage of Jenna's frequent high-maintenance freak-outs. It's Frank's magnum opus. He kept it in a safety deposit box so it wouldn't get damaged or stolen. We CUT AWAY TO: the footage. It includes blurry cell phone footage of Jenna cramming foie gras into Kenneth's mouth. JENNA: "Taste your failure! This foie gras isn't expensive enough!" Security tape of Jenna stealing hundreds of expensive shoes from wardrobe. Kenneth is tied up in the background. Cell phone footage of Jenna screaming at a group of tourists. JENNA: "How dare you? Do not ever touch a special!" Clip after clip of Jenna being a demanding, high-status, high-maintenance nutjob. Frank tells Pete the footage will destroy Jenna's reputation as a "laid-back island queen." Frank holds out the DVD to Pete. FRANK: "We thought you could do the honors of posting it on YouTube. Mainly because none of us knows how to do that." Pete thinks for a moment, then takes the DVD from Frank's hands. The Pranksmen smile. Then Pete snaps the DVD in half. Frank gasps, horrified. FRANK: "Why?!" Pete just smiles at the group. PETE (serene): "I went down there. I went down there to stop them..." We FLASHBACK TO: the previous day. A furious Pete heads into the Plaza and makes a beeline to Roger, ready to start a screaming match with him. But an oblivious Roger just puts a margarita in Pete's hand and drapes a lei around his neck. Pete reacts, thrown. A suntanned lady comes up behind Pete and starts giving him a backrub. Pete starts to relax. Pete takes a sip of his margarita. It's good. He smiles. ROGER: "Why don't you take your shoes off, friend? (then) Do you play guitar?" Back in the present, Frank looks stunned. FRANK: "Pete, you're one of them?" PETE: "I'm not Pete. I'm Panama now! I spent the whole night

down there in Kylie's tent! We rubbed backs and our toes touched once! She might get divorced and maybe we'll meet up in Florida!" Pete runs into wardrobe and comes back out with an "island" shirt, triumphant and excited. He starts changing shirts. The Pranksmen react, freaked out.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE/WRITERS' ROOM (INTERCUT) – SAME TIME

Back in Jack's office, Jack is looking at a map of Florida. JACK: "Obviously the Cubans in the South will go Romney, the Jewish retirees in the middle of the state are Obama's. That leaves –"

Back in the writers' room. TRACY: "– the Panhandle. The only place where there's a chance to change people's mind is the Panhandle. And I hate playing there. Lot of weirdos. They all have this saying –"

Back in Jack's office. A lackey hands Jack the "Northern Florida" voter research file. Jack flips through it, then stops, intrigued. JACK: "I've seen this before –"

Liz's office. TRACY: "Unwindulax." Liz's eyes go wide.

Jack's office. JACK: "Unwindulax." Jack's eyes go wide.

INT. STUDIO BACKSTAGE – SAME TIME

Pete is yelling at the writers. PETE: "So you can all unwindulax and go to Hell! I'm a Crab-Catcher now, and I'm going to see Jenna's concert on the Plaza. She's our queen!" Pete strides off.

In her office, Liz looks at the TV, which shows Jenna singing in the Plaza as the Crab-Catchers cheer. We PUSH IN on her. LIZ: "Oh my God. It's Jenna. It all comes down to Jenna." Liz takes off running towards the Plaza.

In his office, JACK also watches Jenna on his television. We PUSH IN on JACK: "Jenna. The fate of America will be decided by Jenna!" Jack takes off running.

TAG TO COME.

END OF EPISODE.