

The Flaming Weiner  
A *30 Rock* Spec

by  
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30 ROCK SPEC

TEASER

INT. THE LATE NIGHT WITH JIMMY FALLON STAGE - MORNING

A WARDROBE SUPERVISOR carrying a banana suit leads Liz.

LIZ LEMON

I thought I'd personally come down to thank you for letting us borrow your banana suit. Sorry about the nail polish stains. Tracey gets impatient during the drying process.

Wardrobe Supervisor rolls her eyes, she exits. Liz almost runs over JIMMY FALLON, holding a magnificent hotdog. Liz takes a whiff of the air.

LIZ LEMON (CONT'D)

Jimmy, do I smell a stadium dog? 8 inches long, Mustard, relish, little bit of sauerkraut, onions-chopped, not sliced-

JIMMY

Sorry, we have that dancing goat troupe on tonight.

Liz looks at the hotdog.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Oh, you're talking about my Madison Square Garden Dog.

LIZ LEMON

Like at a Knick's game?

JIMMY

Have you ever won the raffle for NBC's box seats, I hear it's impossible.

LIZ LEMON

No, not me. I don't even like baseball.

FLASHBACK:

INT. MADISION SQUARE GARDEN - KNICKS GAME

Liz stuffs her face with hotdogs. SECURITY enters to restrain her. They pull hotdogs from her pockets, her purse, and under her hat. She struggles to get away.

SECURITY  
This is the last time, lady.

LIZ LEMON  
I paid my money, just like everyone else.

SECURITY  
You can't do this every week.

BACK TO SCENE:

LIZ LEMON  
Sporting events just aren't my thing. Wait a sec, Madison Square Garden delivers?!

JIMMY  
It's not delivery, it's...

Reveal a giant, industrial-sized, hotdog cooker. Liz is charmed.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
The Flaming Weiner 5000.

LIZ LEMON  
It's... it's beautiful.

JIMMY  
Would you like one?

LIZ LEMON  
Well, I am newly single.

Jimmy builds her a hotdog as he talks.

JIMMY  
30 dogs per minute, bun warmer, and condiment dispenser: ketchup, mustard and sauerkraut. And-environmentally friendly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hands her the hotdog. She gazes at it in wonder.

LIZ LEMON  
(starry eyed)  
Ich Liebe dich Sauerkraut.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - LATER

Liz briskly enters Jack's office.

LIZ LEMON  
Hey, buddy! I need permission to buy a sort of expensive specialty prop. See, Jenna is a tapeworm in Tracy's stomach, and he has to constantly feed her hotdogs, 30 hotdogs a minute, and she keeps getting hungrier and hungrier for sauerkraut and warm, delicious buns...

JACK  
Liz Lemon, I'd like you to meet Richard Dick Williams, a creative representative from Snapple.

Liz spins around to see RICHARD DICK WILLIAMS (40s), an incredibly attractive man (think George Clooney).

LIZ LEMON  
Urrrrr... Hey.

Liz waves idiotically. He smiles charmingly.

RICHARD DICK  
Please. Call me Richard Dick.

LIZ LEMON  
Heh...

RICHARD DICK  
I was listening to your pitch just now. I think it's brilliant.

JACK  
Richard Dick has asked us to join him for dinner to discuss product placement on TGS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIZ LEMON

(ignores Jack)

Oh, that? That was nothing. I got a factory up there just makin' 'em...

JACK

Shall we say 8pm then?

RICHARD DICK

Actually Jack, I was thinking it would just be Liz and I.

JACK

Her?

RICHARD DICK

It's just a creative meeting. A man as tremendously busy as yourself doesn't need to take the time for this.

JACK

I happen to have quite a funnybone.

Richard Dick smiles charmingly at Liz as his cell RINGS.

RICHARD DICK

Oop- do you mind? It's business.

He steps out, shutting the door behind him.

LIZ LEMON

So, how 'bout that Flaming Weiner?

JACK

Oh no. He's definitely straight.

END OF TEASER

OPENING CREDITS

ACT ONE

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Toofer, Lutz, Dot Com, and Grizz sit at the conference table staring at a Ouija Board on the table. Cerie files her nails.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUTZ

We need more people. Cerie, you  
wanna get in on this?

CERIE

No.

Pete walks in with new pages. He hands them to Cerie.

TOOFER

(calling OS)

Frank, come on, we're waiting on  
you.

FRANK (O.S.)

Hang on, I'm buying my male  
enhancer. It's on sale this week.

Frank comes out of his office, presenting...

INSERT: AD FOR ENLARGÉ MALE ENHANCER

Kenneth enters carrying a LIFE-SIZED CUT-OUT OF TRACEY.

PETE

Don't do it man, those things cause  
hair loss.

INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME

Jack and Liz walk and talk.

JACK

I know I can't expect you to  
impress anyone at a meeting that  
involves food, but Snapple  
accounts for 40% of NBC's online ad  
revenue.

LIZ LEMON

It's made from the best stuff on  
Earth, Jack! It sells itself!

Liz winks at the camera.

LIZ LEMON (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I was on the fund-  
raising committee of BUTTCH four  
years in a row, I know how to get  
money from a suit pocket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Butch, Lemon?

LIZ LEMON

Bringing Unity to Television Comedy Homegirls.

JACK

I'm sure your borderline lesbian feminist rhetoric charms the slacks off of the Sylvia Plath-worshipping, unmarried at 40 women's book club. Since you recent break-up with Carol, I see it has given you an outlet to read trashy romance novels.

LIZ LEMON

He'd bring them for me with hotel shower caps and half eaten rolls of lifesavers.

JACK

Exactly. You're on the rebound so I'll make this easy. If you can hold it together to close the deal, I'll get a Flaming Weiner 5000 for TGS. Obviously, Richard Dick is taken with you for his own reasons.

LIZ LEMON

You won't regret this, Jack.

Liz walks backwards, winking at Jack.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DOT COM

Kenneth, you want to play?

KENNETH

Oh, no. I believe Ouija Boards are the devil's work.

GRIZZ

(to Pete)

How about you?

KENNETH

Mr. Hornberger, I don't think it's a good idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KENNETH (CONT'D)

In my experience with livestock,  
using a Ouija board unlocks the  
door to Satan's bedroom and all his  
mistresses come out to play.

PETE

I'm in.

Pete shoves Kenneth out of the way and sits down. Liz enters.

LIZ LEMON

Hey nerds. A Ouija board? Shouldn't  
there be a grown up here to  
supervise?

FRANK

You wanna play?

LIZ LEMON

Naw. I can't afford to get cursed  
right now.

Kenneth raises an eyebrow.

KENNETH

Thank you, Ms. Lemon.

INT. TGS MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Liz enters. Jenna is in her TAPEWORM COSTUME. Just her head  
and hands are exposed.

JENNA

Hey Liz, I need to ask you  
something very important.

LIZ LEMON

Shouldn't you be focusing on  
rehearsal?

JENNA

I was thinking, as the only female  
star, extra care needs to be taken  
to preserve my youth and vitality.  
Can you get Jack to pay for my  
colon expungement?

LIZ LEMON

Jenna, you're not that kind of  
star.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JENNA

It's completely holistic, Liz. They start with the peppercorn milk blast to break up the really big chunks. I'll only miss 2 weeks of rehearsal. I can finish out the season in a wheelchair, right?

LIZ LEMON

Please be normal today. I have to prepare for a dinner with this playboy creative rep. He's like Fabio without the mane.

JENNA

If he needed an escort, Jack should've asked me, I just had ankle botox.

LIZ LEMON

He's probably pitching some lame iced tea sketch. I'm just an easy target for his arrow of sexy face.

Jack and Richard Dick enter behind the cameras.

LIZ LEMON (CONT'D)

It might not be worth it for a Flaming Weiner.

JENNA

Oh he's definitely straight.

Liz ducks behind Jenna's massive costume. Jack leads Richard Dick onto the stage.

JACK

And this is our main TGS stage.

Tracy enters eating a HOTDOG.

TRACY

Yo, Jack-attack!

JACK

What's happening Trey! Richard Dick, this is the star of TGS, Tracy Jordan. Tracy, this is Richard Dick Williams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRACY

Nice to meet you Dick Tracey. Jack, where is Liz Lemon? I need someone to get me control top nylons, or I'll look like a hippopotamus in tights!

JENNA

Sounds like someone needs a real tapeworm. Hi, I'm Jenna, the real star.

Jenna holds out a couple of fingers. Richard Dick awkwardly shakes her fingers. He sees Liz hiding behind Jenna.

RICHARD DICK

Liz?

LIZ LEMON

Urrr... hi. I was just... checking things. Yep, all good back here. Peppercorn milk blast... Whew.

RICHARD DICK

Looks like you have your hands full keeping this show together.

LIZ LEMON

Heh...

As Jenna talks Liz sinks to the floor and crawls away.

JENNA

As an actress, musical performer and voice over artist, I can say it's not easy to carry a show and still look as good as Heidi Klum before the babies. And obviously I don't have a speech impediment.

JACK

Jenna that's a German accent.

RICHARD DICK

I do know your voice from somewhere.

JENNA

Aside from my mega hit Muffin Top, I also starred in Mystic Pizza on Broadway, perhaps you've seen it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

RICHARD DICK  
No... it's not that.

TRACY  
Jenna was in my porno video game.

RICHARD DICK  
No! Uh- well, I don't...

Kenneth interrupts, holding a very nice looking BRIEFCASE.

KENNETH  
Excuse me Mr. Donaghy, Mr.  
Williams' assistant dropped this  
off for him.

JACK  
That briefcase is exquisite. Custom  
leather panelling, hand-tanned from  
Italy. Double-stitching, and white  
gold clasps. 14 carat.

Jack takes the briefcase, strokes it lovingly, smells it.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(starry-eyed)  
You'll have to tell me where you  
got it.

RICHARD DICK  
Absolutely- it's just over the  
river. They only make 37 a year.

JACK  
Kenneth?

Kenneth runs up.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Please take down the address from  
Richard Dick and leave for New  
Jersey right away.

Richard Dick starts off. Jack holds Kenneth behind.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
That briefcase better be on my desk  
tonight. Whatever it takes.

Jack exits. Kenneth swallows hard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

END OF ACT ONEACT TWO

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - LATER

Frank, Toofer, Pete, Dot Com, Grizz and Lutz all sit around the board. Cerie looks on disinterestedly.

FRANK

Oh great spirit of the Ouija Board-  
answer the question we've all been  
dying to know.

Everyone glances at each other.

FRANK (CONT'D)

How old is Jenna, really?

CERIE

You guys that's so rude. You can't  
ask women over 50 their age.

TOOFER

Lets ask it something about all of  
us. Ouija board, is this the last  
stop for all of our careers? Or are  
there great things ahead?

GRIZZ

It's not a Magic 8 Ball.

DOT COM

You have to ask it questions about  
spirits, the supernatural, or the  
paranormal.

LUTZ

(to Dot Com)

Do you think we're really going to  
get cursed?

The Ouija pointer begins to move. They fall silent. The  
pointer moves up then veers to YES.

Terrified, Frank throws the pointer out the window. Pregnant  
pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOOFER

Forget it, it's just a kid's game.

DOT COM

(to Frank)

You shouldn't have interrupted it while it was reading.

GRIZZ

Yeah, now its got unfinished business.

LUTZ

You mean like Jumanji?

Dot Com is looking at Pete, who sits white and shaking.

PETE

I've got a family. I've got kids. I have sensitive nipples.

CERIE

No one is cursed. Your hands make it move.

They all nod.

DOT COM

The fine-ass white girl is right. Nothing bad is going to happen to us. Let's just walk away.

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM - SAME TIME

Jenna struggles with the tapeworm costume. Liz eats a donut.

LIZ LEMON

I'm feeling good about this Jenna. I need a rebound and I'm not even intimidated by his attractiveness.

JENNA

I found you in the fetal position under the kraft service table.

LIZ LEMON

I was looking for my donut. Doesn't matter, I know exactly how to play this one.

(Reciting from BELL JAR)

What a man wants is is an arrow into the future and what a woman is-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNA

Liz, please, no Bell Jar. Remember what happened at the Celebrity Golf Tournament?

LIZ LEMON

Those young republicans learned a valuable lesson in literature. We got thrown out because your hotpants violated the dress code.

A massive CRASH is heard.

LIZ LEMON (CONT'D)

What was that?

Liz hurries out the door.

INT. TGS MAIN STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Tracy, in his ballerina outfit, spins around.

TRACY

Don't hurt me Mr. Elephant!

Toofer is standing next to a massive light fixture which has fallen, a near-miss. Liz comes running.

LIZ LEMON

What happened? Is everyone alright?

TOOFER

It's real. It was a warning!

He runs off.

LIZ LEMON

Can we get someone to clean this up?

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Frank comes out of his office, kicking a garbage can.

PETE

Take it easy, what's going on?

FRANK

I'm trying to download porn and these Jackie Jormp-Jomp ads from two years ago keep popping up. It's almost like my computer is-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Don't say it!

Lutz comes rushing in.

LUTZ

One of the grips ate my steak and cheese sandwich! It had my name on it and everything.

FRANK

Did you hear what happened to Toofer? He's been sitting under his desk all day.

CUT TO:

INT. TOOFER'S OFFICE

Toofer cuddles stuffed animals, wearing swimming goggles, snorkel and flippers, rocking back and forth.

TOOFER

Yeah, under the sea, they'll never find me there.

BACK TO SCENE:

Tracy bursts into the writer's room.

TRACY

Grizz?! Dot Com?! Hey you guys, I can't find Grizz, Dot Com or Kenneth anywhere and I need someone to go to Nieman Marcus to pick up my panty-hose.

FRANK

(clears his throat)

Um, Tracy? We don't know how to tell you this...

They glance at the Ouija board on the table.

TRACY

What? Grizz and Dot Com got cursed in a game of Ouija board and crossed over to the other side? Ahhhhh! Noooo!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

It's okay, Tracy. Kenneth knows how to lift the curse.

TRACY

We have to find him. Let's go!

They exit. Lutz brings up the rear, running into the door.

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Jack enters.

LIZ LEMON

I have it under control Jack. It was a faulty plug. I made Toofer sign the lawsuit waiver. He was so shaken up he didn't even read clause four.

JACK

Lemon, I saw you flirting with Richard Dick, even though you know nothing about the status his attache symbolizes. Let me be clear about something. No googley eyes, no footsy under the table, no feeding each other cheese plates, don't do whatever it is you do to get a man romantically interested. Is that clear?

LIZ LEMON

But the cheese plate makes me seem so sophisticated!

JACK

Hotdog cooker, Lemon. Eyes on the prize. Now, I've taken the liberty of picking out your attire.

Jack pulls out a conservative pantsuit.

Off Liz's disappointed look--

CUT TO:

INT. TGS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Liz exits the elevator holding the pantsuit. Jenna rushes up.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JENNA

There you are!

LIZ LEMON

No Jenna. I have to be professional, there are hotdogs at stake.

JENNA

Nonsense, I've slept with lots of people at work. Besides, you do remember what he looks like?

Liz pauses to picture Richard Dick.

LIZ LEMON

I just want to turn a fan on him and rub salad dressing on his abs.

Jenna pulls Liz into wardrobe.

INT. WARDROBE - CONTINUOUS

JENNA

I thought of that, so I looked for something stain resistant. They didn't have a lot in a size 8, but--

Liz rolls her eyes. Jenna grabs a gaudy dress.

LIZ LEMON

This is Tracy's post-op trans dress!

JENNA

I think it sends the right message: Not desperate, but willing to do anything.

LIZ LEMON

I don't know, Jenna...

JENNA

Liz, this is the first guy above a six, who's not your cousin, that has ever been interested in you.

LIZ LEMON

Remember the doctor? The doctor was hot! And Carol had his angles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JENNA

Liz, you know how you always tell me to stop living in a fantasy world? You need a rebound, you're not going to get another opportunity like this. You only get so many, and you've already wasted a couple.

LIZ LEMON

Try seven. I've wasted seven. I'm just done trying.

JENNA

But this could be the cover of your romance novel.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - SUNNY DAY

Richard rides behind Liz on a white horse, Liz wears a flowing white dress. Liz pours salad dressing on his abs.

LIZ LEMON (V.O.)

(Reciting BELL JAR)

I felt my lungs inflate with the onrush of scenery—air, mountains, trees, people. I thought,

BACK TO SCENE:

LIZ LEMON (CONT'D)

(Reciting BELL JAR)

'This is what it is to be happy'.

JENNA

Sylvia Plath was right about shock treatment, does wonders for your skin.

LIZ LEMON

Okay, but I'm not wearing the trans dress. Jack gave me this.

Liz holds up the suit. Jenna grabs it, tossing it aside.

JENNA

Just have Kenneth return it.

LIZ LEMON

Kenneth?

EXT. WAREHOUSE IN NEW JERSEY - ESTABLISHING

Kenneth stands outside the door, looks at the directions on his hand, shrugs. He opens the door and an OLD CHIME RINGS.

INT. WAREHOUSE IN NEW JERSEY - CONTINUOUS

Kenneth enters.

KENNETH

Hello all! I'm Kenneth Parcel, the page from NBC, here to pick up Mr. Donaghy's brand new leather briefcase.

PUERTO RICAN 1 (55), stands up from behind the counter. A few more Puerto Ricans are sitting around.

PUERTO RICAN 1

We don't sell briefcases.

KENNETH

I was sent to this address for a fine, handcrafted, Italian leather-

As he talks, the Puerto Ricans start to circle around him.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

But you said you don't sell briefcases. And I don't think you gentlemen are Italian. And the only thing in here that's leather is that exotic looking whip.

Kenneth sees SOMETHING ELSE behind the counter.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

Hey, that's the thing that Frank wanted.

A Puerto Rican throws a bag over his head. Kenneth's CRIES for help are MUFFLED.

END ACT TWO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEGIN ACT THREE

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Liz paces on the phone dressed to go out.

LIZ LEMON  
Kenneth's been kidnapped by Puerto Rican sex toy bootleggers in Jersey? I thought it was a real emergency.

INT. TRACY'S ESCALADE - SAME TIME

Pete erratically drives. Tracy sits shotgun, Lutz and Frank in the backseat. Intercut as needed.

PETE  
He went to pick up Jack's briefcase hours ago. They called us.

LIZ LEMON  
And what did they want?

PETE  
They wouldn't say! We're on our way to save him now.

LIZ LEMON  
Good. Handle it, I got a date-- err, I mean business meeting. And no more Ouija, you'll curse the show.

Liz hangs up. She gets distracted by her reflection in the window. She smiles, then growls sexually. Liz exits.

INT. MORTON'S RESTAURANT - MONTAGE

Liz bats her eyes at Richard Dick.

Liz goes in for another glass of wine, laughing.

Richard Dick flirts.

They play footsy under the table.

They feed each other from a cheese plate.

INT. WAREHOUSE, NEW JERSEY - NIGHT

Pete, Frank and Lutz back up Tracy as he tries to negotiate with the Puerto Ricans. Kenneth is tied up in the background.

PUERTO RICAN 1  
No deal, Mr. Jordan.

PUERTO RICAN 2  
The mountain boy knows too much.

TRACY  
So you want more than fifty bucks?

Puerto Rican 1 glares silently.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
If you won't give him back, we'll take him back. Right guys?

LUTZ  
Actually, I'm a hypoglycemic and I haven't eaten in hours.

FRANK  
I fight like a girl.

PETE  
Contractually, I can't.

TRACY  
Come on guys! Don't you wanna get Kenneth back? We're a tough gang, like in that movie.

FRANK  
Boyz in the Hood?

PETE  
Mean Streets?

LUTZ  
The Goonies?!

TRACY  
No! The Story from the West Side of the tracks.

(starts singing)  
*When your a Jet, your a Jet from your first cigarette to your last dying day...*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The group slowly joins in singing "When You're a Jet" from West Side story. They dance and get carried away.

The Puerto Ricans are having so much fun they join in. Kenneth is delighted beneath his gags.

EXT. MORTON'S RESTAURANT- SAME TIME

Liz and Richard wait for his car.

LIZ LEMON

We didn't get the chance to talk about the ad spots.

RICHARD DICK

Oh don't worry, I'll email you some ideas in the morning. I'm just happy to spend time with such an intelligent, beautiful woman.

LIZ LEMON

(Going for it)

Well, as Sylvia Plath says, "Let me live, love"

RICHARD DICK

"And say it well in good sentences".

Liz, starry eyed, can't find her words.

RICHARD DICK (CONT'D)

Come back to my hotel room. I want to show you something that saved my life.

The car pulls up. For a second, Liz feels guilty.

JACK (V.O.)

Lemon, I caution you, this is not a date.

JENNA (V.O.)

But Liz, you only get so many chances!

JIMMY (V.O.)

Flaming Weiner 5000. Sauerkraut, Liz.

RICHARD DICK

Liz?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Richard Dick hold the passenger door open for Liz.

INT. WAREHOUSE, NEW JERSEY - LATER

The Puerto Ricans and the TGS boys are talking, drinking, smoking cigars and sharing dance moves.

PUERTO RICAN 1

You got some moves Tracy Jordan.

PUERTO RICAN 2

A great entertainer.

TRACY

Thanks, now can I have my Kenneth back? And some Enlargé for Frank.

Tracy points to Frank, poorly executing a jig.

EXT. WAREHOUSE, NEW JERSEY - MOMENTS LATER

Kenneth, Tracy, Frank, Pete and Lutz walk down the street.

KENNETH

But what about Mr. Donaghy's briefcase.

PETE

Forget the briefcase, you've gotta lift this curse!

KENNETH

What curse?

Tracy's phone rings. Tracy tosses it to Kenneth.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

Mr. Jordan's phone. Oh, hi Dot Com. He's right here and he rescued me!

TRACY

(snatches phone)

Dot Com! Is that you? Are you calling from the other side?

CUT TO:

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Dot Com sits in front of the computer, on a cell phone. Grizz goes through the fridge. Intercut as needed.

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CONTINUED:

DOT COM

No, the funeral wasn't in Jersey,  
it was upstate. We're back at the  
studio now.

TRACY

What funeral?

DOT COM

The one for Grizz's granny's cat.

TRACY

Rest in Peace, Mittens!

LUTZ

So they didn't follow the light?

DOT COM

What's he talking about? We're just  
watching porn on Frank's computer.

GRIZZ

(to Dot Com)

Ask Lutz if I can eat his sandwich.  
It's got his name on it.

TRACY

Lutz's sandwich? Frank's porn?  
There is no curse!

PETE

What about Toofer?

FRANK

Ehhh, that guy had it coming. What  
about Kenneth?

PETE

Yeah, how did you end up held  
hostage by erotica-trafficking  
Puerto Ricans? I'd thought you'd be  
more into Asian girls.

KENNETH

I just followed the directions Mr.  
Richard Dick gave me.

INT. RICHARD DICK'S HOTEL SUIT - LATER

Richard Dick and Liz kiss. Liz pushes him away.

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CONTINUED:

LIZ LEMON

No, no. This is wrong. But I like it. But it's business, I could lose the hotdog maker...

Richard Dick holds a finger to her lips.

RICHARD DICK

It is business.

LIZ LEMON

Getting down to business.

Richard Dick heads to the bathroom.

RICHARD DICK

Seriously. I brought you here because I need your help. Wait for me?

Richard Dick closes the bathroom door. Liz quietly panics. She adjusts her bra in the mirror. GRUNTS and GROANS come from the bathroom.

LIZ LEMON

Is this the life-saving product? Maybe we could get a skit for it on the show instead of those stupid Snapple spots. They're so obvious.

Liz drinks from a Snapple that appears in her hand.

RICHARD DICK (O.S.)

I was hoping you would say that. Oh it's big! Bigger than you'd think.

Liz accidentally knocks her purse off the bed. She leans over to retrieve it finding the BOX for Enlargé with RICHARD DICK'S PICTURE on the front.

LIZ LEMON

What the what?!

She scrambles to her feet and looks around.

RICHARD DICK (O.S.)

Did you say something?

She grabs her purse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LIZ LEMON

Ahhh, I really have a craving for  
some sauerkraut.

Liz makes a beeline for the door. She spots Richard Dick's  
BRIEFCASE and pauses.

RICHARD DICK (O.S.)

I'd like to give you a taste of my  
own special sauce.

Liz grabs the briefcase, disgusted, and exits.

LIZ LEMON

Sounds... spicy...

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - THE NEXT DAY

Jack stands at his desk. Liz enters, about to speak.

JACK

Shh, Lemon. I sent Kenneth out to  
get a briefcase and he came back  
with this.

Jack holds up an Enlargé BOX with RICHARD DICK'S PICTURE.

LIZ LEMON

Ya know, that receding hairline  
isn't as noticeable in real life.

JACK

Give me 3 reasons not to fire you.

LIZ LEMON

Snapple apologized on the phone  
this morning- they had no idea  
Richard Dick had this sort of  
hobby. And they signed for another  
year with Kabletown.

JACK

That's 2.

LIZ LEMON

They didn't even read clause 4.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK

Very well. Now go back downstairs- Jenna just finished her colon expungement session and I need you to keep an eye on her until the nurse arrives. You can change a catheter, right?

LIZ LEMON

Ugh, really?

JACK

Really.

LIZ LEMON

There is one more thing.

JACK

What?

Liz pulls out the briefcase.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh sweet briefcase!

He grabs at it, she holds it out of his reach.

LIZ LEMON

Well, I was gonna sell it to buy a Flaming Weiner 5000 for the staff.

JACK

Well played Lemon. Consider it done.

Liz hands him the briefcase, smiling widely.

LIZ LEMON

Don't you just love it when everything works out?

JACK

I most certainly do.

LIZ LEMON

Be careful with those. They aren't FDA approved.

Liz exits. After she's gone, Jack opens the bottle of Enlargé then downs a couple pills with a glass of scotch.

END ACT THREE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAG

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

The writers stand around the Flaming Weiner 5000. Liz chows on a loaded hot dog. Pete approaches, eating a hotdog.

PETE

Way to work corporate, Liz.

FRANK

Yeah, you really came through.

LIZ LEMON

You say that now, but wait 'til you read the Snapple skit we have to put in next week's show.

Tracy barrels through on a skateboard in a giant SNAPPLE BOTTLE COSTUME with a hotdog.

TRACY

I'm a Flaming Weiner!

PETE

That is one man I've never thought would be gay.

END OF SHOW