

30 ROCK

"TRACY JUMPS THE SHARK"

Written by

Bob Merlotti

bmerlotti@gmail.com
Twitter: @bobmerlotti
3/11/18

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

LIZ exits the elevator and strolls down the hall in a buoyant mood.

LIZ

Good morning, everybody! I spent a wonderful night in with my incredible boyfriend and a piquant yet competitively-priced Digiorno pizza. Nothing is going to rain on my fulfilling home life parade.

KENNETH

Good morning, Miss Lemon! We used to love a parade back home! It made the stonings seem less run of the mill.

As Liz turns the corner, she runs into DOT COM.

LIZ

It's a glorious day of living, isn't it, Dot Com?

DOT COM

Hold that pleasant acorn of a thought and come with me.

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

LIZ

You want to do *what*?

TRACY

I've been spending quality time on the TGS fan board.

LIZ

TGS-WTF.com? I told you never to do that!

TRACY

That's why I did it, Liz Lemon.

LIZ

And what if I told you to do it?

TRACY

Then I'd have gotten ice cream and done it.

LIZ

So what's the problem?

TRACY

They think I'm afraid of sharks!

LIZ

Whuck?

TRACY

People are debating whether or not I've jumped the shark. They must have been tipped off I haven't done it yet! It's on my bucket list--the list of things I need to accomplish to crush black stereotypes that I wrote on an empty KFC bucket.

LIZ

Tracy, they aren't talking about you *literally* jumping a shark.

TRACY

Yes they are! They know I'm scared. They know I watch *Shark Week* from my couch, in a shark cage. You're not shark repellent, Liz Lemon. You're really not that repellent at all. I am *going* to jump a shark.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT 1

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

JACK
Good God, Lemon.

LIZ
I haven't said anything.

JACK
I know. It's preemptive.

LIZ
I'm trying to have a day of
glorious living, and already I'm--

JACK
(calling to his assistant)
Jonathan!

Jonathan scurries in.

JACK (CONT'D)
Memo to staff: all "glorious days
of living" are cancelled until
further notice. And add an
addendum: Donald Trump's tweet
about Mars planning an invasion...
(fumbling for a reason)
...is based on one of the most
popular movies of all time.

Jack turns back to Liz.

JACK (CONT'D)
Sorry about that last part. I'm
contractually obligated under my
Super PAC time-share. Now, what is
it you want?

LIZ
Tracy wants to jump a shark. A real
shark.

JACK
So?

LIZ
So, we cannot let him! That would
be a disaster, literally,
figuratively, and metaphorically.
(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)

You know what "jump the shark" means, don't you?

JACK

Yes. It means ratings. I'm not interested in your tortured metaphors, Lemon, I'm interested in ratings. And not unlike a shark, I look at a star performing a daredevil stunt not as "right" or "wrong," but merely as "food."

LIZ

You don't know what "jump the shark" means, do you Jack? It's on "Urban Dictionary."

JACK

Funny, it doesn't sound like ebonics.

LIZ

That's because it's not.

JACK

OK. Enlighten me, Lemon.

LIZ

Well, once on "Happy Days," the Fonz--

JACK

That's enough. You know, I once procured a top secret prototype crisping element for Henry Winkler's microwave. Wonderful man, who really appreciates a properly toasted sandwich.

LIZ

Wow. You did a solid for the Fonz!

JACK

Spare me the scatological references. I need you to help me prepare for my supergroup motivational seminar: "Tony Robbins and the Nest Eggs."

LIZ

Really, Jack? A motivational seminar? You're getting paid to peddle hope to poor middle management saps?

JACK

Handsomely.

LIZ

Me, I am giving back. My new charity effort is "Make a Wish" for seniors. Why should dying kids have all the fun? The old have dreams, too. Dreams gracefully aged in fine oaken casks. You should stop by.

JACK

Thank you, Lemon. I cannot envision doing so, but I appreciate the gesture. Now if you'll excuse me, I'll begin crafting my motivational speech by myself. Mapping the guideposts to success is probably beyond your more tightly-defined skill set, anyway.

LIZ

(doing a Fonzie "thumbs up" as she bumps into a coffee table backing her way out)

AAAAAYYY--ow.

CUT TO:

INT. STUDIO - LATER

Pete and Liz watch STAGEHANDS move stuff.

PETE

Liz, we're a sketch show on a tight budget. Do you have any idea how expensive a shark rental is? Stunt coordinators. Insurance. Whatever the day rate is for some crazy shark whisperer.

LIZ

It would be "Game of Thrones shooting in Dubrovnik" expensive. Which is precisely why you need to cost it out. Once Jack sees the price tag, he'll pull the plug.

JENNA enters.

JENNA

Liz! Can you believe Tracy?

LIZ

Don't worry, Jenna, we've got it under control.

JENNA

He's going to get killed!

LIZ

He's not going to--

JENNA

(interrupting)

Not me. I'm getting a stunt double!

LIZ

But you're not doing a stunt.

JENNA

Exactly. At the last death-defying minute, I'll switch places with a beautiful, blond surrogate-- unbeknownst to my fans, of course.

PETE

There's no money in the budget for stunts, Jenna.

JENNA

Don't be an Evel Knebbish. Just leave out the nets and safety harnesses.

CUT TO:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FRANK and the other writers discuss the situation.

FRANK

Except for clown porn, Tracy jumping a shark is the most awesome form of "life imitates art" ever.

TOOFER

Isn't it more "art imitates art"?

LUTZ

Mainstream clown? Or clown on clown?

FRANK pulls out one of those grid betting charts, where everyone picks a square and writes their initials in.

FRANK

Lots of squares left in the "Tracy Shark Pool." Place your bets, folks: Just \$10--we're holding the line on prices from the "Inappropriate Beyoncé Super Bowl Halftime Activity and Network Reaction" pool.

LUTZ

(scribbling his initials
in a square)

I'm in.

Frank gives Lutz a "fork it over" stare. Lutz sheepishly produces a wrinkled ten.

FRANK

(tracking with his finger
to read Lutz's square)

Ooo, you've got "stubs
toe/tearfully retires from show
business." Good one. Who else? Liz?

Liz is just walking in, but knows what's up.

LIZ

Gambling in the office: Technically
illegal. And Tracy is not jumping
the shark!

(beat)

A shark.

FRANK

Gambling in the office: Technically
patriotic. C'mon, who else?

HAZEL the intern walks by with a stack of papers. Frank waves the betting board to get her attention.

HAZEL

I prefer my sharks old school. Ask
Robert Plant.

CUT TO:

INT. PETE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Jack appears, unannounced, in Pete's doorway.

JACK

Pete, may I have a moment?

PETE

Sure, Jack. What's up?

Jack closes the door behind him, causing Pete to tighten up.

JACK

Pete, there are times when a show such as ours faces a quandary. Do we accommodate a difficult star, even if it means possibly endangering that star and exceeding the budget, or do we deny him--or her--their foolhardy, selfish demands?

PETE

The second one. I'm sorry, is this a test?

JACK

If it were, that answer would serve as proof of your value to the show. And under normal circumstances, I would agree with you. But this is a special case.

Outside the office, the Writers eavesdrop. Jack emerges, still facing Pete.

JACK (CONT'D)

(projected to be heard by everyone)
...and that's why only a vicious, full-grown, celebrity-eating, great white shark will suffice!

The Writers silently pump their fists and high-five as quietly as humanly possible.

Jack whips around, catching the group in mid-eavesdrop.

JACK (CONT'D)

Back to work, all of you! You look like even an even sadder version of the Watergate burglars.

(to himself)

I never would have delegated that job.

Everyone scampers back to their desks, giddy with the news.

CUT TO:

INT. TGS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jenna walks into an impromptu casting session. She looks the collection of STUNT WOMEN up and down. It's a tough-looking group--"ridden hard and put away wet" would be a step up.

JENNA

Kenneth, are these the best stunt doubles you can come up with?

KENNETH

They're real, non-union stunt ladies, Miss Maroney. I think with a little makeup and a wig, we can transform them--much like Eliza Doolittle in our high school adaptation of "My Fair Succubus."

JENNA

Do I look like I care about stunt ability, Kenneth? I want someone who will fool my public when shot from a distance and the right camera angle: Flowing lines, fantastic ass, and the ability to come up smiling even when concussed.

KENNETH

With all due respect, Miss Maroney, I think safety should be our highest priority. We must not, in our haste--

Jenna has made her selection.

JENNA

(pointing out the door,
into the hallway)

You.

She points at an cute, blond TEENAGER who's taking a tour.

TEENAGER

Me?

JENNA

Do you want to be in show business?

TEENAGER

You bet!

Her PARENTS follow.

JENNA

Sorry, you can't come.

Stopped short, her PARENTS let her go and give Jenna and their daughter a cloying "thumbs up."

CUT TO:

INT. LIZ'S APARTMENT - EVENING

LIZ and CRISS sit on the floor, enjoying a game of Scrabble.

CRISS

"CRUCIFUN."

LIZ

I don't think that's a word.

CRISS

Sure it is. "Crucifun." Suppressed laughter in church. Unless, that is, if you want to challenge me.

LIZ

No, but only because I want that to be a word.

CRISS

So with that probably made-up word, I've cut your lead to 212.

LIZ

Non-Scrabble question.

CRISS

Shoot.

LIZ

Do all relationships eventually jump the shark? Do even the most perfectly matched couples settle into some sort of zombie domestic complacency? And what if--and this is just a hypothetical--there are children? What if the relationship jumps the shark before a purely hypothetical baby is born? Does that mean the baby enters the world already having jumped the shark?

CRISS

No, all relationships don't jump the shark, Liz. Some get better.

(MORE)

CRISS (CONT'D)

It may sound trite, but I think all you can do is take it one day at a time.

LIZ

...Or one tile at a time! Bingo!
 "PHILTRUM." My best facial feature!
 (pointing to her face)
 It's this thing...right
 here...between where a mustache
 would hypothetically grow.

CUT TO:

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ANGIE JORDAN deals with her husband's latest escapade the best way she knows how. With a couple of LAWYERS.

LAWYER 1

Sign here...and here. Initial here.

TRACY

What did I just sign without reading?

LAWYER 2

It's just a boilerplate agreement stating that in the event of a catastrophe, this Lloyd's of London life insurance agreement will kick in.

TRACY

Christopher Lloyd is British?!?

ANGIE

If you're doing something stupid, that's your business. If you do something stupid that kills you, that's *my* business.

TRACY

Baby, I'm not going to get killed. I just have to jump over a man-eating shark on water skis.

ANGIE

Water skis? You can't even swim.

TRACY

Exactly. That's why I need to be up on skis.

Angie stares at him for a long, awkward moment, and then nods to the Lawyer.

LAWYER 1

Sign here. And here. And here...

CUT TO:

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jenna meets with Jamie Hyneman and Adam Savage of *Mythbusters*.

JENNA

I'm going to need something spectacular. Something that makes me look like the bravest person in the world, or at least on this show.

ADAM

We don't coordinate stunts anymore.

JAMIE

Our show was about testing myths. The premise was pretty much the covered in the title.

JENNA

How about the time you had that guy jump up and down in a plummeting elevator?

ADAM

Yes, "Elevator of Death." But that wasn't a "guy." That was Buster, our crash test dummy.

JAMIE

And Buster died.

JENNA

What about the catapult?

ADAM

Also Buster.

JENNA

Well, how about hitting someone on the head with a bottle of Absolut reduced calorie hibiscus and dumping their body on Heather Locklear's porch?

JAMIE
We never did that.

Jenna fidgets.

JENNA
Well, I certainly didn't do it! You
two are no help whatsoever.
Mythbusters! More like Jenna's
dreambusters! Out! Both of you!

Adam and Jamie get up, gather their equipment, and begin to
exit.

JENNA (CONT'D)
Leave the duct tape.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - LATER

An überconfident Jack finishes up his motivational speech.

JACK
So, in conclusion, be obedient to
your superiors, do exactly as they
say, and eventually, an opportunity
will present itself. When it does,
grab it. That's...the Donaghy Way.

To a smattering of applause, Jack begins to leave the podium.
He's stopped in his tracks by a heckler.

HECKLER
"The Donaghy Way" sucks!

JACK
Excuse me?

HECKLER
It's 2018! I'm not going to wait
ten years for some old corporate
wet dream like you to give me a
free parking space!

JACK
What??

HECKLER
The entitled corporate state is
over.

(MORE)

HECKLER (CONT'D)

There's a consumer-driven economy sailing, Donaghy, and you're still sipping cocktails on the Titanic.

JACK

Listen, you little middle management twerp! I buy and sell companies while you and your fellow kickstarter dropouts are botching Starbucks orders.

The rest of the audience turns on Jack.

AUDIENCE

BOOOOOOO!!!

JACK

Look what you've done! I had these people highly motivated! You've crushed their endorphin high!

HECKLER

No, I showed them who you really are. You're no motivator! You're the Great Oppressor!

JACK

You want a piece of me, barista bitch? I'm right here.

The Heckler runs up on stage toward Jack. The two men tussle awkwardly until a couple of burly SECURITY GUARDS arrive.

CUT TO:

INT. OLD FOLKS' HOME - CONTINUOUS

Liz holds court for a group of ten or so really old SENIORS. They look disinterested, possibly showing up only for the cookies.

LIZ

Thank you all for coming. Those cookies are made with Splenda, so those of you with diabetes, dig in. Help yourself.

OLD WOMAN #1

(taking a bite)

These are awful.

OLD WOMAN #2

Not even worth putting my teeth in for.

LIZ

OK, now! I'm sure you're all familiar with the "Make a Wish" program, right?

There are shrugs, stares and general indifference from her octogenarian audience. Jack, fresh from his tussle, quietly steps into the back of the room to observe.

LIZ (CONT'D)

For anybody who may *not* be familiar, "Make a Wish" is a wonderful program that grants wishes for terminally-ill children. That's great for tragic young victims, snuffed in the bloom of youth, but what about you...who have, um, more life experience? You're all dy--

(catching herself)

You're all dynamic! Should your dreams be squashed just because of you fall outside the arbitrary "Make a Wish" age parameters? Are your aspirations any less worthy? Maybe you want to see Paris, or travel into outer space, or meet Jimmy Carter's barber. That's what "Make a Wish Senior" is all about. You can do anything you want! You, sir. What would you wish for?

OLD MAN #1

I'd like to punch a Jap in the mouth!

LIZ

With all due respect to your military service--which we Americans can never, ever repay-- don't you think it might be better if we chose a wish that didn't hurt anybody else?

OLD MAN #1

Easy for you to say, Tokyo Rose! You didn't take shrapnel in the ass at Guadalcanal!

LIZ
No, I didn't. Who else?

OLD WOMAN #1
I want some decent (BLEEP) cookies.

OLD MAN #2
I want my son-in-law murdered!

OLD LADY #2
I want to have sex with that
dashing young buck, Anderson
Cooper!

LIZ
Ma'am, there are fantasies and then
there are delusions. That is not
gonna happen.

OLD LADY #2
Are you making fun of me because
I'm old?

LIZ
I'm making fun of you because
Anderson Cooper is as gay as a
Bravo retrospective on Liberace's
capas.

Old LADY #1 rushes toward her. So do some of the others.

OLD LADY #1
Them's fightin' words.

Thinking quickly, Jack hurries to the front and steps between
the agitated seniors and Liz. He grabs a bag of medical drip
and swings it like Indiana Jones brandishing his whip.

JACK
Back! All of you! You ought to be
ashamed of yourselves.

The Old Lady takes notice of Jack.

OLD LADY #1
Say! You're hotter than Roy Rogers'
pistol!

JACK
(to Liz)
Let's get out of here, quick.

They hightail it for an exit.

OLD MAN #1
Yeah! Beat it, Axis lovers!

EXT. BACK ALLEY - EVENING

Safely outside the facility, Jack and Liz are shaken up. They begin walking.

JACK
Are you ok?

LIZ
Yes, I'm fine. I thought they'd be nicer!

JACK
Don't be ridiculous. Those people have spent a lifetime practicing mean.

LIZ
How did your motivational speech go?

JACK
Far worse than this. Ingrates, every last one of them.

LIZ
Jack, you don't think we've...

JACK
Jumped the shark?

LIZ
You know what it means.

JACK
I try to stay current. I had my assistant look it up on Netscape.

LIZ
So have we?

JACK
I don't know. But I need a strong drink.

It begins to rain. In the distance, a neon glows for a nautical-themed bar, THE BARNACLE.

JACK (CONT'D)
Join me, Lemon.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. THE BARNACLE - MOMENTS LATER

Fishermen's nets, reclaimed ship wood, terrible seafaring art-
-this joint is a shithole. Jack and Liz head for a table,
when suddenly, tucked in a corner booth, they see...

LIZ

Pete?

PETE

Oh, God. Don't tell my wife. She
thinks I'm getting a brain scan.

JACK

Your secret's safe.

PETE

Please, grab some naughahyde.

They squeeze in. The booth is tight and cramped, like the
galley on a broken-down ship.

PETE (CONT'D)

What are you guys doing here? I
thought I was the only one
miserable enough to frequent this
dump.

JACK

Long story.

A WAITRESS arrives.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'll have the finest scotch you
have...and hope for the best.

LIZ

What kind of wine spritzers do you
serve?

Pete shakes his head "no," warning her off.

LIZ (CONT'D)

I'll have a cranberry juice. And
pretzels.

Pete shakes his head "no" again.

PETE

They just sit out in bowls for months on end.

LIZ

No pretzels!

The drinks arrive. Time passes.

PETE

You two are worried about the show, aren't you?

LIZ

Pete, you've been on lots of programs. What's it like when they...you know...

PETE

Jump the you-know-what?

JACK

You worked on "Alf," didn't you?

Pete's face tightens. He pulls his drink closer. Surrounded by the sea motif, he channels Quint from *Jaws*, launching into a chilling monologue.

PETE

At first, you don't even notice. Everyone's telling each other how great things are, that you're going to get to 100 shows and make it to syndication. Then, ratings slip a little, and somebody suggests a theme show. And it seems like a good idea, but it's like a "good answer" on Family Feud--everyone applauds, but in your heart, you know it's wrong.

He takes a big swig of his drink.

PETE (CONT'D)

Then, the network execs start circling. They make suggestions. You listen in hopes they'll go away. Sometimes they'd go away...and sometimes, they wouldn't go away. Sometimes that network exec looks right into you. Right into your eyes. The eyes. Network execs have lifeless eyes. Like an Alf promotional doll.

Liz and Jack are enraptured--and frightened.

PETE (CONT'D)

When they come at you, you never see those eyes. Because it's usually a phone call from an assistant. And they rip you to pieces.

LIZ

That's horrible.

Jack takes it all in, then calmly takes a sip from his drink. He makes a face at the inferior scotch and looks at the bottle. The label reads, "Popeye's Complaint." He sets his glass down with authority.

JACK

Well, it isn't going to happen to us.

INT. TGS HALLWAY - THE NEXT DAY

Frank corrals CERIE to buy a square. She hands over \$10.

CERIE

Here you go.

FRANK

Oh, that's ok, we blackmailed Lutz for your share.

She scribbles in her initials. Frank runs his finger across the form and checks out where it intersects.

FRANK (CONT'D)

"*Fakes* stubbing toe, curls up in pain, leading to double booking on back-to-back Doctor Phil and Doctor Oz psychosomatic disorder episodes."

Cerie has no reaction.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Personally, I think that's the most likely one to happen.

INT. TRACY'S DRESSING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DR. SPACEMAN gives Tracy a pre-jump physical.

DR. SPACEMAN

I assure you there's nothing to be concerned about, Tracy. This is standard network procedure when one of their investments is about to do something foolhardy that may kill them.

Dr. Spaceman takes Tracy's blood pressure.

TRACY

Are you going to spray me with shark repellent?

DR.SPACEMAN

(snaps fingers)

Darn it! I knew I forgot something. Tell you what: We'll just use Axe body spray. It works for me, if you catch my drift. But, back to sharks. Tracy, this is a very dangerous stunt you're undertaking. I want you to take every precaution.

TRACY

Should I wear a helmet?

DR.SPACEMAN

Ha! No, a Great White will just eat you, helmet and all. Not the most discriminating gourmands. No offense, I'm sure you're delicious. Plenty of marbling. No, I was thinking that you should probably wear a sunscreen. Safety is no accident, Tracy. Even when you're about to have an accident.

INT. STUDIO BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Pete are deep in conversation.

PETE

It's just not that easy, Jack. The logistics of this shark tank are a nightmare.

JACK

You're a pro's pro, Pete. I have complete confidence that you'll find a way to pull it off.

SHARK TRAINER (O.C.)
Hello? Who's in charge here?

Jack and Pete both turn to see a SHARK TRAINER. She's better at dealing with animals than humans. Her most striking feature is her amputated stump of an arm, which she has tattooed to look like the business end of a shark.

JACK
May I help you?

SHARK TRAINER
I'm the great white trainer.

She shakes with her good hand.

SHARK TRAINER (CONT'D)
Zelda.

JACK
I'm Jack, and this is Pete, our producer.

PETE
So can you really train a shark?

SHARK TRAINER
Of course you can. You can train anything. Sharks, electric eels, 'cudas, piranha...

JACK
Do you train mothers?

The Shark Trainer looks at him quizzically.

PETE
How do you train them, exactly?

SHARK TRAINER
You get in the water and show 'em who's boss. Think Cesar Milan in a Speedo.

Jack and Pete try to avoid looking at her tattooed stump, but can't.

SHARK TRAINER (CONT'D)
What are you looking at?

JACK & PETE
(simultaneously)
Nothing!

JACK

I'll leave you two to work out the details.

As Jack beats a hasty retreat, Liz is waiting for him. They walk.

LIZ

I thought you were going to stop this.

JACK

No, I said that we--you, me, the show--will not jump the shark, metaphorically speaking.

LIZ

Don't you see, Jack? We're tempting fate. Like the time I posted a picture of myself reading a book on "Bumble."

JACK

I appreciate your concern, Lemon, but my decision is final. The die has been cast.

LIZ

More like the cast will die. I cannot think of one positive outcome of this.

JACK

You don't have to. That's my job. You just keep polishing the non-shark-jumping portion of the show.

LIZ

Sure, I'll get right on Jenna's stunt double guinea pig death contraption bit. That's got guffaws written all over it.

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN SCREEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jenna and Tracy film a promo as a DIRECTOR watches it unfold on a monitor.

JENNA

Tune in this week to watch me in my most death-defying escape ever.

TRACY

Right before the main attraction:
Me, on water skis, jumping over a
shark.

JENNA

...which will pale in comparison to
my reenactment of Houdini's milk
crate submersion escape.

(big smile)

That's the one that killed him!

TRACY

...and after you finish yawning,
watch me soar through the air, as a
great white shark snaps his fin and
says, "Dammit, I was really hungry
for a huge star, too." It'll be
better than...

JENNA

...Houdini ever was. It'll be X-
treme-dini! Could someone as
beautiful and vibrant as I am
possibly die?

TRACY

Let's hope so! And quick, so we can
move on to the main event.

LIZ (O.C.)

CUT!

Liz storms onto set.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Both of you. In my office. Now.

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

LIZ

This is TGS. It's a sketch comedy
show. You're behaving like
jackasses.

TRACY

Thank you! Those guys are the best
stuntmen ever!

LIZ

Have you rehearsed any of your
regular material at all?

(MORE)

LIZ (CONT'D)

Tracy, what have you spent the rest of the afternoon doing?

TRACY

I had Grizz fill up my jacuzzi with Pelligrino.

LIZ

Nobody waterskis in a jacuzzi, Tracy, and even if they did, they wouldn't do it on mineral water.

TRACY

I just like bubbles so much.

LIZ

How about you, Jenna? Where's that poor girl you pulled off the tour?

JENNA

In a sensory deprivation tank. I want her to get used to it. Just in case...you know.

LIZ

Neither one of you is qualified to do any sort of stunt--or to expose somebody else who isn't qualified. Nobody will think less of you if you don't do it. So be grown ups, just this once. Tell me you won't do it.

TRACY

OK, I won't.

JENNA

I won't either.

(pause)

And neither will my stand-in.

LIZ

Good. Glad to see you use your heads and think for yourselves.

They get up to leave and pass Jack in the hallway.

JACK

Really looking forward to seeing your stunts.

TRACY

Thanks, Jack! I can't wait to do it!

JENNA

Me, either! Defying death is the best!

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

KENNETH

I'm sorry, Mr. Rossitano. But gambling is an abomination to the Lord.

FRANK

It's not gambling, Kenneth. It's charity. Think of it as tithing with a cash payoff.

KENNETH

I couldn't possibly cast a lot regarding Mr. Jordan's safety.

FRANK

Tell you what. Why don't you give me \$10, and I'll draw an extra box on the pool that you can fill in any way you want. You can wish that Tracy hits the ramp and ascends to heaven. Or dies and burns in eternal damnation.

KENNETH

Well, that just sounds silly.
(grabbing pencil and writing)
How about...a savior magically appears, and delivers all of us from the evils of gambling and reckless endangerment, guiding us gently but firmly to the path of enlightenment.

FRANK

That sounds like a sure winner. I like it!

Kenneth pays his \$10 and walks away happy.

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Liz is finishing up a late-nighter. She closes her laptop, rubs her eyes, and grabs her jacket to leave.

INT. TGS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As she heads for the elevator, she hears dramatic MUSIC. She heads to the source and finds a terrified Tracy watching a SHARK WEEK rerun and slurping soup.

LIZ

Tracy. Go home.

TRACY

I can't, Liz Lemon. I need to get over my irrational fear of sharks.

LIZ

Tracy, everybody's afraid of sharks. There's nothing irrational about it. That's why you shouldn't try to jump over one.

(sniffing the soup's
aroma)

What is that?

TRACY

Shark fin soup. I figure if it gets around with sharks that I'm willing to eat them, they may be more reluctant to eat me.

LIZ

You know that's silly.

TRACY

I know. But I'm scared. I can't water ski, and I don't want to be eaten alive by a shark. See? I have problems just like everyday people!

LIZ

You don't have to do it, Tracy. We can make up an excuse. Nobody would know.

TRACY

I'd know. You'd know. And the scary shark trainer lady would know.

Liz gets up to leave but stops in the doorway.

LIZ

Tracy, do you know what people mean when they say "jump the shark"?

TRACY

It's when a show or a person or a thing that was good stops being good.

LIZ

So why did you think jumping a real shark was what they were talking about on the chat board?

TRACY

My brain jumped the shark in 1997.

LIZ

Try to get some sleep. And Tracy?

TRACY

Yes, Liz Lemon?

LIZ

Sharks are endangered. So no more shark fin soup, ok?

TRACY

Good. It tastes like it was strained through Steve Bannon's slipper socks.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK LAGOON - THE NEXT DAY

(Note: This could be the Central Park Lagoon or any studio backlot with a body of water. And just like the original piece of television it pays homage to, everything looks fake.)

In a recreation of HAPPY DAYS' "Jump the Shark" episode, the STAFF of TGS gathers to watch Tracy make his run at immortality. An AMBULANCE sits ominously nearby.

LIZ

Has Tracy shown up yet?

JACK

No, but he will.

LIZ

I knew you were ruthless, Jack, but I didn't know you were this ruthless. What if something happens to him?

JACK

I have that contingency covered. Kabletown has cut a deal with the producers of "Faces of Death." They're rebooting the franchise with a very special installment: "Asses of Faces of Death." Tracy will be the centerpiece...only in the event of an unspeakable tragedy, of course.

In the middle of the lagoon, a section is cordoned off with plastic floaters--just like in the Happy Days episode. A dorsal fin swims back and forth within it. On shore, cameras are poised to capture the stunt from different angles.

The Shark Trainer sits in a small boat close to the tank. Pete, on shore, talks to her via walkie talkie.

PETE

Thanks for being so cooperative. If there's any problem, just beep me on the walkie talkie.

SHARK TRAINER

(wiggling her stump at Pete)

What sort of problem are you referring to?

PETE

I didn't mean that!

With her good arm, she holds aloft a spear gun.

SHARK TRAINER

I'm more dangerous to any great white than it is to me, you pansy.

Jenna comes bounding toward Liz.

LIZ

Where's your teenage death contraption?

JENNA

Oh, I ditched that. I think there's far more career mileage in proactive grieving.

Jenna lifts her shirt to reveal a t-shirt with a picture of Tracy's smiling face, along with the line, "WE WILL NEVER FORGET OUR CHUM!"

JENNA (CONT'D)

Now all he has to do is die. Then it'll be just like old times for you and me!

She hugs Liz.

LIZ

Did your stunt double go back to her parents?

JENNA

Don't be silly. Only losers do that. She ran off to join the circus.

LIZ

Is there still a circus to run away to?

JENNA

Not the *circus* circus. Cirque de Soleil. It's their newest show, an homage to horror movies. She's trying out for the flying Human Centipede.

Tracy and Angie arrive, Angie's Lawyers in tow behind them. Tracy's trying to keep pace with his wife.

ANGIE

And if anything happens to you, I am bringing a date to your funeral. You got that?

TRACY

Baby, it's not like I'm sneaking around, jumping over sharks behind your back! We're in Central Park. What's the difference between this and any other vacation where one of us can get eaten alive?

With a gesture of her hand, Angie instructs her Lawyer to tell Tracy how it's different. He begins reading from a document.

LAWYER 1

...In the event of a partial dismemberment...

EXT. A NEARBY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

In the distance, a mid-1950s HARLEY DAVIDSON races toward the action, throwing up dust in its wake.

Tracy puts on his TGS jacket. Kenneth hands him his skis.

KENNETH

Good luck, sir. If the Lord can walk on water, he can ski beside you, too.

TRACY

Thank you, Kenneth. If anything happens to me, I want you to have my dressing room...

KENNETH

Oh, Mr. Jordan, I couldn't.

TRACY

...turned into a shrine.

EXT. VIDEO MONITOR AREA - CONTINUOUS

Several of the staff gather in front of the video monitor, which Pete, front and center, watches intently. The monitor shows a menacing great white swimming back and forth (*obviously* stock footage).

LUTZ

I've never seen one in person.

TOOFER

You're not seeing it in person now, either, Lutz. How close did you get to it, Pete?

PETE

(glancing out at the shark trainer)

I'm afraid to get close to her, much less a great white.

Jack swings by.

JACK

What a perfect killing machine. Reminds me a bit of Rupert Murdoch. How's the saltwater tank functioning, Pete?

PETE

It's siphoning thousands of dollars
a minute.

JACK

Good, good.

The staff remains transfixed on the screen, as the Harley
appears as a spec in the distance, closing fast.

PETE

(on a blowhorn)

We're ready, Tracy.

Carrying his skis, Tracy begins the lonely walk toward the
boat, which sits idling. The crowd of family and staff is
riveted. The last person Tracy passes is Jack.

JACK

(shaking Tracy's hand)

Thank you, Tracy.

TRACY

I'm gonna try to deliver for you,
Jack Donaghy.

JACK

Believe me, you already have.

The Harley pulls right up to the event and stops abruptly. It
has a sidecar, and a pair of motorcycle boots labors to step
out of it.

Simultaneously, Liz decides she has seen enough. She stares
in disgust at the crowd, lost in their blood lust.

LIZ

(to the entire crowd)

Isn't anybody going to stop this?

Nobody volunteers. She sets her jaw and starts toward Tracy.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Then I will. I can't believe you
people would just let this happen.
"All that is necessary for the
triumph of evil is that good men do
nothing." Tracy is our friend and
colleague. Don't any of you give a
flying fff--

On her line, HENRY WINKLER emerges in front of the Harley,
wearing his old leather jacket and jeans, and doing his 70-
year-old best to pull off the Fonz.

LIZ (CONT'D)
--fffonzie?

FRANK
Fonzie?

Tracy stops in his tracks.

TRACY
Fonzie!!

HENRY WINKLER
Hello, Tracy. Do you really want to do this?

TRACY
No, Fonzie! I don't even want to walk on hot sand!

FONZIE
You know, Tracy, when you do something like this, it doesn't just affect you. It affects your wife, your family, and the people you work with. What would Mr. C. think of what you're doing? Or Mr. D?

Jack stands, arms folded, looking paternal.

FONZIE (CONT'D)
You don't want to be selfish, do you?

TRACY
No, not right now. Soon, though.

FONZIE
Well, you're already in a park. You could throw a party for everybody.

Tracy throws his skis to the side.

TRACY
Yes! I'll throw a party instead! With no shark fin soup. They're endangered!

In rapid succession, everyone reacts to the turn of events.

Angie had already donned a black veil, and swipes it off her head before anybody notices.

Jenna peels off her TRACY IS MY CHUM shirt to reveal that she's already wearing a swimsuit and a sarong.

JENNA

Banging Fonzie will be such a resumé coup!

Jack was prepared for this contingency all along.

JACK

(to everyone)

There are changing tents, shorts and TGS group outing t-shirts. Food and beverages will be arriving shortly.

The Staff heads for the changing tents. Liz runs into one and emerges with even *more* clothing on.

The Shark Trainer whips out a remote control. As she works the joystick, the dorsal fin comes toward her. She reaches into the tank with her good arm (we still haven't seen the shark).

KENNETH

Mr. Rossitano, a savior has appeared! I win!

FRANK

Ooooh, Kenneth. So close! My cousin Ambrose picked the square "Fonzie will show up and talk Tracy into pussing out."

KENNETH

(snapping his fingers)

Oooo! Almost!

Jack walks over and shakes Henry Winkler's hand warmly.

JACK

Thank you, Henry. We're even.

HENRY WINKLER

Best microwave crisping element ever, Jack.

Liz makes her way over.

JACK

Henry, I'd like to introduce you to our head writer, Liz Lemon.

LIZ

It's an honor to meet you, Mr. Winkler. I was wondering if I could trouble you to drop off my script with Ron Howard.

HENRY WINKLER

Sure, Liz. Ron's always on the lookout for big, crowd-pleasing, mainstream entertainment. What's it about?

LIZ

Dakur genocide.

From across the beach, Jack sees Pete. He walks over and greets him warmly.

JACK

Yeoman's effort, Pete. It's getting harder and harder to get everybody together for the staff outing. Are we within budget?

PETE

Under. There's no film in the camera, the lawyers are all actors, and the ambulance is a rental that we filled with whiskey and cupcakes.

JACK

And the shark?

PETE

That'll be our secret.

JACK

Good, good. Well produced, Pete.

PETE

Thanks, Jack.

The Staff begins to party. Even without the thrilling possibility of watching someone die violently, the day looks like it'll be a resounding success.

In the distance, unseen by the staff, the Shark Trainer pulls a life-sized, inflatable SHARK from the water. She struggles with it for a moment until she finds the inflation valve, which she yanks open.

In SLO-MO, Jack walks triumphantly across the sand, a winning expression on his face. As he does, the rapidly-deflating shark flies overhead. He doesn't acknowledge it.

Not only has Jack not jumped the shark, but the shark, in a cosmic show of respect, has jumped Jack.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW