

30 Rock  
Spec Script  
"The Dating Agent"  
by  
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INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY.

JACK stands in a golf putting pose. He gently rolls his arms right and brings them forward in a careful movement.

We see JACK's feet with nothing beside them but hear the sound of a putter hitting a golf ball. The camera tracks across the floor following nothing and comes to a stop looking at an empty piece of carpet. We hear the sound of a golf ball entering a glass.

LIZ enters the office behind JACK. JACK acknowledges her without looking around.

JACK

Liz.

LIZ

What, can you smell me coming?

JACK

(Amused)

Of course not. I just recognize the sound of your...unique walk.

LIZ looks at her legs self-consciously.

JACK (CONT'D)

Fancy a game of Wii Executive Golf? It's excellent. You can play courses in over fifty different virtual luxury offices. Right now I'm playing Lee Scott's Wal-Mart office; heavy pile with an Arabian rug hazard. Come try it.

LIZ

Is that what you called me up here for? I really don't have time for games Jack. I have a show to write.

JACK goes back to playing his game.

JACK

Yes, I went to see my niece's improv troupe performing downtown last night.

LIZ

Euoo, improv, how did that happen? I thought you barely saw your family?

JACK takes another putt.

JACK

(Shakes his head)

Ooh, that's a tricky nape.

We occasionally get in touch just to trade guilt with each other. The Donaghies run on a currency of guilt. My sister still owed me some after I guilted her into enrolling her son into RepubliKandergarten last year. So this was my payback.

LIZ

How was it?

JACK looks up from his putting.

JACK

It was actually very funny. I laughed a lot Lemon. There was one bit where they were pretending to be FEC hippies. "Woah, don't ride my dragon man."  
(Chuckles to himself)

LIZ

(Sarcastic)

Mm. Sounds great.

JACK

Yes, it was. I want you to hire her as a writer.

LIZ

What?

JACK

You could do with a counter-balance to the socialist liberal agenda of your sketches.

LIZ

Auh. Are you still talking about that? Gunaway Pride was *not* about gun control and gay marriage.

JACK

(Raises an eyebrow)

What was it about then?

LIZ

(Bashfully)

A lion with a gun. Marrying a zebra. With a bow and arrow. It made sense in the context of-

(Changes the subject)

Look Jack, I'm already up to my eyes. I don't have time to train in a new writer.

JACK  
Well, at least do me the favor of meeting with her. Then I can tell my sister that I tried.

LIZ  
Okay fine, I'll meet her.

JACK  
Great. She's in your office.

LIZ  
What? How did you-  
(Gives up)  
Fine.

JACK goes back to his putting.

LIZ walks out of the office trying to walk as normally as she can.

INT. CORRIDOR OUTSIDE JACK'S OFFICE - DAY.

LIZ tries to watch her feet walking as she leaves Jack's office and walks into a small potted tree snapping it in half.

She tries to right it again but it won't stay up.

A MAN walks past.

LIZ  
I think there was  
a...beaver...loose.

OPENING CREDITS

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY.

LIZ exits the lift. She finds JENNA waiting for her excitedly.

LIZ  
Hi.

LIZ walks towards her office and JENNA walks with her.

JENNA  
Guess what?

LIZ  
I don't really have time Jenna. I've got a show to write, a team of writers who produce one sketch a week between them and one of Jack's relatives is waiting in my office so I need to get there before she notices that I don't have an American flag on every wall.

JENNA  
 (Not listening)  
 I've managed to get on the books  
 of Bernard Bastion.

LIZ  
 Who is-

JENNA  
 (Excited)  
 He's the number one dating agent  
 in the country.

LIZ  
*Dating* agent?

JENNA  
 Oh yeah, you need to have  
 representation in the modern  
 dating world Liz. To maximize  
 your relational potentiality.

LIZ  
 (Doesn't want to get into it)  
 Okay, that's great. Good luck  
 with him.

LIZ walks into the writer's room.

The WRITERS are sitting around the table talking  
 animatedly.

FRANK  
 What about Frumper-Woman?

TOOFER  
 Or The Incredible Fumble!

TRACY  
 Yes!

JOSH  
 How about Blunderella?

LIZ brightens.

LIZ  
 Hey guys, what have you come up  
 with?

TOOFER  
 Oh hey, glad you're here, we've  
 been batting around a few ideas  
 for new nicknames for you.

LIZ raises her eyes skyward.

FRANK

(Reading off a list)

So far we have Geekface,  
Geekanoid, Geektress, The Man  
From Cankle, Colin Farrell's  
Alibi, Clownian Motion, Two and a  
Half Men, Gawky Park and Liz  
Lemon: Table for One.

CERIE

(Smiling)

That one was mine.

LUTZ

I was also thinking Go Go Gadget  
Legs.

TRACY

(Approvingly)

Because of the walk. Nice.

LIZ

Oh my god, we have a show to  
write. Do you people do no work?

FRANK points at the list.

LIZ walks angrily into her office.

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - DAY.

LIZ enters the office throwing on a smile as she sees  
GEORGINA sitting waiting for her. GEORGINA'S in her mid-  
twenties and wearing a brown suede jacket with country  
and western style tassels hanging from the arms.

LIZ

Oh hi there.

GEORGINA stands up extending her hand to shake LIZ's but  
catching it under the arm of the chair and picking up the  
whole chair with her. The chair topples over.

GEORGINA

Oh. Sorry.

GEORGINA tries to pick up the chair but it gets stuck  
under a side table. GEORGINA strains against it. Her  
handbag slips down catching under the chair leg.

LIZ

That's okay. Just leave it.  
Just leave it. We'll stand.

GEORGINA struggles to get free of her handbag.

LIZ and GEORGINA stand.

LIZ (CONT'D)

There. That's better.

GEORGINA  
 Sorry, I just get nervous around  
 my comedy heroes.

LIZ  
 Oh. Thanks.  
 So Jack tells me you're very  
 funny.

GEORGINA  
 Um, yeah, I guess.

LIZ  
 Do you have any sketches you  
 could show me?

GEORGINA  
 Um, yeah, unfortunately not  
 because I kind of broke my laptop  
 when I was chasing after this  
 squirrel that had stolen my shoe  
 at my godmother's funeral in Des  
 Moines, which caused a lot of  
 trouble because I fell out of the  
 tree I'd chased it up onto a  
 woman who was bringing flowers to  
 her husband's grave which set off  
 my sinuses making me sneeze all  
 the way through the eulogy.  
 (Takes a deep breath)  
 And...

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - DAY.

LIZ stands in the doorway of her office with GEORGINA  
 beside her.

LIZ  
 Guys, I'd like to introduce you  
 to our new writer Georgina.

All give an acknowledging nod to GEORGINA.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
 Now, I don't want you guys  
 picking on her just 'cause she's  
 the new one.

FRANK  
 Of course not, that'd be totally  
 unfair.

LIZ  
 Great. Well, why don't you take  
 a seat Georgina? What about the  
 one with wheels.

GEORGINA  
 Oh, thanks.

GEORGINA goes to sit on the seat but kicks it with her foot as she moves towards it sending it rolling into a filing cabinet. A pie falls off the top of the filing cabinet splatting on the chair.

LUTZ  
My pie!

LIZ looks at the writers expectantly.

None of them react.

LIZ is disappointed.

TOOFER  
Hey Georgina.

LIZ is hopeful.

GEORGINA  
Yeah?

TOOFER  
Why don't you have my seat?

TOOFER gets up and gives his seat to GEORGINA.

LIZ storms back into her office and slams the door. Another pie falls off the filing cabinet onto the floor.

LUTZ  
My other pie!

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM. - DAY.

JENNA is sitting down with BERNARD BASTION. BERNARD is a somberly dressed man with glasses. He is reading a sheet of paper. JENNA waits expectantly.

BERNARD  
Hmm. Okay. Yes.

JENNA  
Well?

BERNARD  
Well, it's not the worst dating résumé I've ever seen...but it's certainly not the best.  
(Raises an eyebrow)  
David Blaine?

JENNA  
(Embarrassed)  
I just presumed he couldn't be like that *all* the time. He later claimed our engagement was one of his endurance stunts.

BERNARD  
OJ Simpson?

JENNA  
Yeah, I dodged a bullet there.

BERNARD  
James Tully.

JENNA  
He's an architect. We almost got married but he really wanted me to take his surname.

BERNARD  
Okay. Well, maybe just to get things started you might like to try some beard work. All of these guys are gay and looking for a decoy.

BERNARD passes JENNA a ring-binder. JENNA flicks through it.

JENNA  
Hmm. No...No...No...  
(Spots one)  
But he's married. With a kid.

BERNARD  
I know, I represent them both. They're looking for a mistress to complete the team.

JENNA  
(Looking at a different one)  
Oh. This one's obviously in the wrong folder.

BERNARD  
No. She's straight but she's looking to get her own talk show.

JENNA comes to the end of the ring-binder.

JENNA  
(Confused)  
Hey, where's the American Idol guy?

BERNARD  
No, he's just English.

JENNA  
(Surprised)  
Oh.  
(Hands back the folder)  
No, I don't think any of these are what I'm looking for right now. I'd rather find something more real, something...special.

BERNARD takes out another folder.

BERNARD  
Here's the tabloid publicity  
folder.

JENNA  
Great.

INT. FOOD AREA - DAY.

TOOFER, FRANK and JOSH are watching GEORGINA trying to  
make a cup of coffee.

She attempts to pour the coffee into an upside down cup.

JOSH  
Wow. She is pretty clumsy.

FRANK  
She's a mess.

TOOFER  
Yeah. It's...kind of adorable.

JOSH  
I think I may be falling in love  
with her.

FRANK  
I call first wooing.

JOSH  
What? Come on. There's no such  
thing as "first wooing".  
(Turns to TOOFER)  
Right?

TOOFER  
Second wooing.

JOSH  
Damn.

BERNARD and JENNA come walking down the corridor.

BERNARD  
I think it's a good choice by the  
way. I always recommend starting  
with a reality star. It shows  
you're available but obviously it  
has no long term prospects.

JENNA  
You don't think a rapper might  
show my range a bit more?

BERNARD  
No. Rap is being phased out.  
It'll be a completely dead form  
of music in three months time.

JENNA  
Okay. Contact the reality star.

BERNARD  
I should have something for you  
tomorrow morning.

BERNARD turns to leave and notices FRANK, TOOFER and JOSH watching GEORGINA. He approaches them.

BERNARD  
Gentlemen, pardon me for  
interrupting but I see you have  
your sights set. Might I give  
you some free advice?

FRANK  
I always take advice from a man  
whose tie matches his socks.

BERNARD  
Dating is a negotiation, never  
forget that. Use whatever  
tactics you would in a business  
deal.

BERNARD walks away and the guys think about what he's said.

TOOFER  
Hmmm.

JOSH  
Hmmm.

FRANK  
Hmmm.

ACT BREAK

EXT. ROCKEFELLER PLAZA - MORNING.

Establishing shots.

INT. WRITER'S ROOM - DAY.

The writers are sitting round the table. LIZ enters.

LIZ  
(Smiling)  
Hey everybody.

EVERYONE  
Norm!

LIZ scowls and starts walking over to her office.

LIZ  
Has everyone got this week's  
sketches on my desk?

General murmurs of assent.

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE - DAY.

LIZ walks into her office, puts up her coat and sits down at her desk. She looks down at the scraps of paper that are on her desk.

LIZ  
(To herself)  
What the- Is this a form for a  
subscription to American Drummer  
Magazine?

GEORGINA knocks on the open door.

GEORGINA  
Ow.

LIZ  
Hi Georgina. Come in.

GEORGINA  
Hi. I have some sketches for  
you.

LIZ  
Oh great.

GEORGINA hands over some pages to LIZ.

LIZ looks at one of the pages. It has singe marks from a waffle iron.

GEORGINA  
(Shrugs)  
I don't even own a waffle iron.

LIZ  
(Hopeful)  
Did you show this to any of the  
others?

GEORGINA  
No.

LIZ  
(Disappointed)  
Oh.

LIZ puts GEORGINA's sketch on the pile.

GEORGINA  
Um, would it be possible for you  
to read them now because I'd  
really like to get your feedback?

LIZ  
Uh...okay...  
(Vaguely remembering the word)  
*Feed-back*...yeah.

LIZ quickly scans the document before casting it aside.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
Yeah, that seems fine. So how  
you getting on with everyone?

GEORGINA  
Oh, they all seem nice.

LIZ  
Nobody's being mean to you?  
Calling you nicknames?

GEORGINA  
No.

LIZ  
Rookie, new fish, training  
wheels, something like that?

GEORGINA  
No.

LIZ  
Nothing about your physical  
dexterity? Inepticon, Bumper  
Cars, Wonky Trolley, Rock 'Em  
Sock 'Em?

GEORGINA  
No. They were talking about  
someone called Specsual  
Interdorks, but I don't wear  
glasses so I don't think they  
were talking about me.

LIZ  
(Disbelieving)  
Specsual Interdorks! What does  
that even mean?

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM. - DAY.

JENNA is practicing different smiles into the mirror.

Her phone rings - her ringtone is "Who's That Lady" by  
The Isley Brothers. She answers it.

JENNA  
Hello?

INT. BERNARD BASTION'S OFFICE - DAY.

BERNARD is sitting behind his desk in an austere office.

BERNARD

Jenna, I have good news. I've managed to negotiate terms with Kevin. I'll fax you the details but in brief he's agreed to an evening date: dinner and a movie of your choice - being non-foreign language and containing at least one breast. If any paparazzi turn up he will rush you to a cab pretending to not want to be photographed. And at the cessation of the date both parties will engage in a kiss lasting no shorter than 5 seconds and no longer than 15. He has however reserved the right to go halves on the meal.

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM. - DAY.

JENNA smiles into the mirror.

JENNA

Damn.

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - DAY.

From the door of his office FRANK spies GEORGINA walking past.

FRANK

Georgina, could I see you for a moment?

GEORGINA

Oh sure.

GEORGINA walks over to the office and FRANK rushes inside.

INT. FRANK AND TOOFER'S OFFICE - DAY.

GEORGINA walks in to find FRANK sitting on a tall, grand chair.

FRANK

Please have a seat.

GEORGINA sits on a very low stool. FRANK towers above her. He steeple his fingers.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I have asked you here today to inform you that I have recently acquired a controlling stake in your love life.

GEORGINA

What?

FRANK

I've joined your salsa class and film club. Updated our Facebook relationship statuses. And 60% of your family now refer to me as "Georgie's fella". So we're all set for a merger.

GEORGINA

What?

FRANK

If you'd like to take a listen to your outgoing voicemail message.

FRANK presses a button on his speakerphone.

GEORGINA (OS)

Hi this is Georgina...

FRANK (OS)

(Different background noise)  
...and Frank. We...

GEORGINA listens horrified.

GEORGINA (OS)

...can't take your call right now. So please leave a message and...

FRANK (OS)

...we'll...

GEORGINA (OS)

...get back to you.

FRANK (OS)

(Chummy)  
Steady as she goes!

Click.

GEORGINA

How did you do that?

FRANK

We're also going to visit your aunt in Brooklyn on Thursday. And at the weekend we're heading away with the gang to a place upstate. Joe's bringing his guitar. It's going to be great.

GEORGINA

Joe doesn't play guitar.

FRANK

Damn. It must have been violin strings he was buying. I've got to get a better camera.

FRANK scrunches up a page of notes and takes a deep breath.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
You're a worthy adversary  
Georgina. There is no shame in  
being defeated by you.

FRANK bows his head.

GEORGINA  
Okay. Thanks.

GEORGINA walks out confused.

EXT. CINEMA - NIGHT.

JENNA exits the cinema with KEVIN, an attractive man in his 40s.

KEVIN  
That wasn't bad.

JENNA  
I'm sorry about the lack of boob.

KEVIN  
Honestly, it's fine. There was a  
buttock so I was happy with that.

JENNA  
Okay...well...

They look up and down the street.

KEVIN  
Can I walk you home?

JENNA  
Um...I'm not sure.

Both take contracts from their back pockets and stand on the street reading them.

KEVIN turns the page.

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY.

BERNARD is aghast.

BERNARD  
You did what?!

JENNA  
Well it was just so confusing.  
The contract was so long. It was  
hard to find the right sub-clause  
in the heat of the moment. We'd  
already exhausted our 15 seconds  
of kissing and everything else  
seemed to be prohibited so we  
just cut straight to-

BERNARD

Please! I don't want to hear about it again. What a waste of marshmallows. Jenna you have really weakened our bargaining position here.

JENNA

Really?

BERNARD

Of course. If word gets out that you do that kind of thing we'll have every news anchor and game show host banging on your door. It's dating death. I mean where did you even find the nitrous oxide tanks at that hour?

JENNA

There's a 24 hour place on Staten Island. So I guess I shouldn't see Kevin again?

BERNARD

Definitely not.

JENNA

(Disappointed)

Oh.

BERNARD

And if he talks to the press we'll claim that the llama was his.

INT. FOOD AREA - DAY.

GEORGINA is trying to open a chocolate bar. She struggles with it before the wrapper suddenly gives way and the chocolate bar goes flying out of shot down the corridor.

KENNETH (OS)

Manna!

TOOFER walks up and stands on the opposite side of the counter to GEORGINA.

GEORGINA

Oh hi.

TOOFER

Good morning. I'll cut straight to the chase.

TOOFER slides a folded piece of paper across the counter.

TOOFER (CONT'D)

This is what I'm willing to offer you.

GEORGINA picks up the piece of paper and looks at it confused.

TOOFER (CONT'D)  
I think you'll find it more than generous.

GEORGINA  
(Confused)  
This says, "a relationship where both of us despises the other but we hook up every night in drunken fits of self-loathing". What-

TOOFER  
Feel free to make a counter offer.

GEORGINA  
An offer for what?

TOOFER  
For what kind of relationship the two of us should have. I opened with enemies that do it you should make a counter offer.

GEORGINA  
Listen, I'm sure you're a nice guy but I'm new here and I don't really want to get into a relationship with anyone that I work with so I think it'd be best if we just kept things professional.

TOOFER nods sagely and smiles as if he's amused by what he's just heard.

TOOFER  
You must think I'm pretty stupid if you believe I'm going to agree to that.  
(Shakes his head)  
No, no, no. At a push I could go as far as rivals that make love once a week.

GEORGINA  
No. I don't want to-...you can't just-...  
(Sighs)  
Friends that hug?

INT. WRITERS' ROOM - DAY.

LIZ carefully places a TV on the edge of the counter.

PETE enters the room.

PETE  
Hey, are you sure about this sketch from the new girl?

LIZ turns to PETE.

LIZ  
What, The Goofy...The...The  
Goofineer?

PETE  
No, Georgina. I thought you were  
The Goofineer.

LIZ  
I'm the *what*? When did that  
happen?

PETE  
(Shrugs)  
I don't know, I'd have to check  
the chat board logs. So did you  
approve her sketch?

LIZ  
Um, yeah, I guess.

PETE  
But it contains hardcore nudity  
and a chorus line of fifty  
dancers.

LIZ  
What?!

PETE  
And it's really anti-Eskimo. Why  
did you hire this girl?

LIZ  
'Cause she...well...she's...a  
talented...  
(Snapping)  
Because she's clumsy, alright?  
Why can't anyone see that? I get  
no respect from those idiots.  
None of them will do any work  
because they all think I'm some  
kind of a jerk who doesn't need  
to be obeyed. Lutz actually  
photocopied Toofer's sketch and  
handed that in this week.

PETE  
And you think if they're laughing  
at someone else they'll respect  
you?

LIZ  
(Thinks about it)  
Yes. Yes, that's what I think.

PETE

This is all going to blow up in  
your face, mark my words  
Elizabeth Lemon. I'm going for  
coffee.

PETE picks up a brown suede jacket with country and western style tassels off the chair that Georgina was sitting on before.

A leg falls off the chair. The chair topples over knocking against a bowling ball on the end of the counter. The bowling ball rolls down the counter bumping into the TV and sending it toppling into a trash can.

PETE eyes LIZ suspiciously.

LIZ

She needs to be sacrificed for  
the sake of the show. It's for  
the greater good! The greater  
good!

LIZ storms off.

INT. STUDIO BACKSTAGE. - DAY.

FRANK and JOSH stand waiting. TOOFER approaches.

FRANK

Well?

TOOFER

(Defeated)

We settled on accomplices that  
play chess together.

FRANK

Hah, you sucker.

TOOFER

Oh like you did any better.

JOSH

(Pleased)

Well then gentlemen, I guess it's  
my turn. Where is my adversary?

TOOFER

I think she said she was going to  
watch the run through from the  
audience seats.

FRANK

I wouldn't be so confident though  
man. She's a tough negotiator.

JOSH

Oh, I've got some tricks up my sleeve. I've been studying the Fuquan-Yakutumo negotiation technique. I'm going to mix it with a little Rise Fall Bargaining. And bring in the Maltese Ultimatum if needed. Which will-

INT. STUDIO - DAY.

JOSH sits beside GEORGINA in the audience seats.

JOSH

...please, please, please,  
please, please, please,  
please,...

GEORGINA puts her head in her hands.

INT. OUTSIDE JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM - DAY.

JENNA and BERNARD stand at the door.

BERNARD

Okay, so I'll look for a rapper, meanwhile you stay away from the phone.

A DELIVERY MAN arrives behind BERNARD.

DELIVERY MAN

Hey, I got a hundred boxes of staples for a Jenna Maroney.

BERNARD

(To JENNA, suspicious)  
Staples? You're planning to see him again aren't you?

JENNA

(Ashamed)  
Yes. You don't understand, I've never felt this way before.

BERNARD

Neither has anyone. I'm sorry Jenna but I just don't think we can work together.

JENNA

Fine.

BERNARD

(Coughs)  
I'll just take my ten percent fee and be on my way.

JENNA is shocked. She's about to object but then gives up.

JENNA

Fine.

JENNA opens the door to her dressing room and BERNARD walks in.

JENNA takes the staples, signs for them, walks into the dressing room and closes the door.

INT. STUDIO - DAY.

TOOFER and FRANK watch JOSH and GEORGINA from the corner of the audience seats. LIZ walks in behind them.

LIZ

Hey, where's the...Georgina?

TOOFER

She's way up there, at the top of the seating, being hit on by Josh.

LIZ

(Smiles wickedly)  
Perfect.

In the seats JOSH is still pleading.

JOSH

Please, please, seriously please,  
please, please, *please-*

GEORGINA

Okay! Fine. We can go for a  
drink sometime.

JOSH clenches his fist in victory.

GEORGINA hurriedly gets up to leave. She can't get past JOSH so tries to climb into the next row. She misplaces her foot, topples into the aisle and rolls down the steps.

Everyone watches as GEORGINA tumbles onto the studio floor and gets tangled up in the vines of a jungle set.

FRANK

Hey, look at George of the  
Bungle!

The crew all laugh.

GEORGINA looks despondent. She tries to free herself but can't.

TOOFER

She's got bungle fever!

LIZ watches GEORGINA's misery and sighs.

LIZ

(Under her breath)  
Damn it.

LIZ grabs a fire extinguisher.

LIZ  
Here! I'll help!

LIZ runs over with the fire extinguisher spraying it everywhere as she runs. She slips about in the foam spraying more foam all over the set.

LIZ  
It's okay! I've got it!

The writers and crew laugh at LIZ, forgetting all about GEORGINA.

PETE watches from the side.

PETE  
(Proud)  
Way to go Goofineer.

THE END.