

"Easy Birth Oven"

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - MORNING

JACK is pacing in his office. There is a large rectangular-shaped box on his desk, covered by a black sheet. LIZ knocks at his office door.

LIZ (O.C.)  
Jack, you wanted to see me?

JACK  
Come in, come in.

Liz swings the door open. Jack frantically waves at her to hurry and get inside.

LIZ  
(closing the door)  
What's with all this secrecy?  
(gasps)  
You don't have a secret family in Argentina, do you?

JACK  
What? Please, no. If I had a secret family, they would live in Santorini, but that's neither here nor there.

Jack gestures for Liz to sit. He leans against his desk, standing in front of the box, blocking it from her view.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Lemon, I'm about to let you in on the most exciting business venture I've ever been a part of. This product will be revolutionary--

LIZ  
(interrupting)  
Ooh, is it fat-free Doritos or an outdoors Roomba?

JACK  
No, think bigger. I'm talking about universal, widespread change across society as we know it.

LIZ  
(skeptically)  
I'm still guessing fat-free Doritos.

Jack starts pacing in front of his desk.

JACK  
Lemon, what do you think of pregnancy?

LIZ  
Pregnancy? Gosh, well... to be honest, I think of morning sickness, getting fat, and mind-numbing pain before you have to push a ten-pound gooey turkey out of your... private parts.

JACK  
(nodding)  
Exactly. And yet, we all know how much every woman wants to have a baby.

Liz starts to nod, then pauses.

LIZ  
I'm not sure every woman--

JACK  
(interrupts)  
So, women love babies, but they hate being pregnant. But unless you can afford to pay \$40K for a surrogate uterus, you'll be stuck in 9 months of misery.  
(dramatic pause)  
But now, there is a solution.

Jack rips off the sheet covering the box, revealing what looks to be a microwave.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Introducing, the first Home Birth Alternative Uterus Machine, or HBAUM!  
(pronounces it like "H-Bomb")

LIZ  
What?

Jack runs his hands across the top of the microwave. The letters Home Birth Alternative Uterus Machine are engraved in the top right corner, along with the GE monogram.

JACK  
HBAUM is the brainchild of one of the GE Healthcare labs in Wauwatosa, Wisconsin. Basically, it's the first consumer product that allows for you to have a test tube baby at home. It uses the best medical technology to create

the perfect environment for a growing fetus, with minimal oversight.

Jack points to the side panel, which has music player buttons.

JACK (CONT'D)  
The Best Buy geek squad even got it hooked up to play Baby Einstein CDs.

LIZ  
(hesitantly)  
It looks like a microwave.

JACK  
The best part is, no more morning sickness! No more getting fat! You can have a baby and still drink a scotch a day! All you do is place your embryo in, wait nine months, and when the baby is ready, you'll hear a beep.

A loud beep goes off in the office.

LIZ  
(horrified)  
Is there a baby in there right now?

Jack walks towards a coffee maker on the back shelf in his office.

JACK  
Oh no, my coffee's ready.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Liz and JENNA are walking down the hall.

LIZ  
So, I was skeptical at first, but it's actually pretty cool. Think about it: We wouldn't have to take maternity leave! We wouldn't have to buy stretchy pants! And we wouldn't have to go through all that terrible birthing stuff that messes with our junk... All in all, it's a real boon for feminism!

JENNA  
(not too impressed)  
Why is it called HBAUM? That  
sounds like a Japanese brand.

LIZ  
No, it's the stupid name they came  
up with. I would've gone with Easy  
Birth Oven, but what do I know?

Jenna and Liz turn a corner, heading towards Jenna's  
dressing room.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
I wonder how much it will cost...  
And what do you do with it after  
the baby is born? It's not like a  
George Foreman Grill... Maybe I  
could sell it on eBay.

Jenna stops in the middle of the hall.

JENNA  
Wait -- you're not serious.

LIZ  
What?

JENNA  
You're seriously thinking about  
getting one of these baby nukers?

LIZ  
What? It's not a nuker. It's  
simply an easier way for me to have  
a baby and to keep my career. And  
come on, I deserve to be a mother!  
You know how much I love babies.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP

Liz is in line. There is a baby in front of her, in a pink  
baby sling.

LIZ  
(in awed voice)  
You are so beautiful!





LIZ

Oh come on! They're sea monkeys!  
Those things aren't even real!

JENNA

What's real is that I know how to  
cook, clean, and sew. What are  
your children going to do? Show up  
at school hungry, dirty, and naked?

LIZ

You don't know how to sew! Your  
idea of mothering is to leave your  
kids at home with the TV and a  
sippy cup of tequila!

Liz turns away in a huff, and starts to leave.

JENNA

(screaming)

My mom only did that once, and it  
wasn't tequila, it was Bailey's  
Irish Cream!

Liz, while walking away, trips over her pants leg, tearing a  
giant hole in the hem. She curses.

JENNA (CONT'D)

(yelling after Liz)

How can you take care of someone  
when you can't even take care of  
yourself?

Off on Liz limping away, with a large tear in the hem of her  
pants.

INT. WRITERS' ROOM.

Liz enters. The WRITERS are having an animated discussion.

FRANK

What happened to your pants?

Liz ignores him, stalks into her office and slams the door.  
The writers look at each other, bemused. To break the  
silence, FRANK holds up a piece of paper, which, unbeknownst  
to us, is TOOFER's resume.

FRANK (CONT'D)

So anyway, guess what I found on  
the shared printer last night?

JOSH

90% chance it's porn.

LUTZ

Amish porn!

JOSH  
The Amish can't have porn, idiot...  
they don't have sex.

FRANK  
It's even better than porn. It's  
Toofer's resume.

Everyone hoots, imploring Frank to read it. Toofer rolls his eyes, sitting stoically with his arms crossed.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
According to this, Toofer graduated  
cum laude (pronounces it "come  
loud") from Harvard University with  
a degree in Folklore and Mythology.

Some snickers around the room.

CERIE  
(to Toofer)  
So what's more real, fairies or  
unicorns?

FRANK  
In high school, he was in a  
marching band, and he was a varsity  
Mathlete!

Chuckles around the room.

TOOFER  
(annoyed)  
OK guys, you've had your fun, it's  
over.

FRANK  
(ignoring him)  
And oh, what's this? Our friend  
Toofer received a perfect score on  
his SATs!

The room starts laughing and clapping.

Toofer lunges across the table to try and grab his resume.  
Frank dodges him, passing it to the writers in a game of  
keep-away.

TRACY walks in with GRIZZ and DOTCOM, sees what is  
happening, and snatches the resume away from Cerie.

Tracy looks curiously at the resume.

TRACY  
What's this?

Toofer comes over and snatches the resume out of Tracy's  
hands.

CERIE

Frank got his hands on Toofer's resume, so we were making fun of him for getting a perfect score on his SATs.

FRANK

(shrugging, to Toofer)  
I just wanted to highlight your academic prowess, bud. I don't understand why you're so ashamed.

TRACY

(to Toofer)  
What are these SATs? Sounds like something you'd catch at Brother Jimmy's Shrimp and Seafood Dance Club.

TOOFER

The SATs are a test that you take to get into college, Tracy.

TRACY

Oh yeah? I love tests! I've passed lots of tests. Walking in a straight line, peeing in a cup, picking out big letters from far away...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. DR. SPACEMAN'S OFFICE

Tracy has one hand over his eye, trying to read an eye chart: U - Y - V - B.

TRACY

Horseshoe! Martini glass! Death valley! Sideways boobs!

BACK TO:

INT. WRITERS' ROOM.

TOOFER

This is a different kind of test, Tracy.

TRACY

Try me.

TOOFER

What?

TRACY  
Ask me a question that'd be on this  
fancy college test.

TOOFER  
Fine... Red is to apple, as what is  
to lemon?

TRACY  
Who, Liz Lemon?

DOTCOM  
She looks like a soft beige.

GRIZZ  
I was going to say white ivory.

TRACY  
(suddenly)  
Chevy Impala!

Everyone looks at Tracy.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
My cousin Ezekiel sells lemons at  
his Chevy dealership. Is that  
right?

Tracy looks inquisitively at Toofer.

TOOFER  
No... Let's just drop it, OK? It's  
not like Tracy needs to take the  
SATs anytime soon.

Everyone laughs. Tracy looks hurt. He stands up.

TRACY  
You know, that's exactly what I'm  
going to do. I'm going to take  
these STDs.

Tracy gestures at Grizz and Dotcom to follow him.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
Grizz, Dotcom, let's get studying.  
(to the group)  
I'm going to prove to everyone that  
I still got book learnin' up here  
in my gluteus maximus.  
(points to head)

As they walk out, Dotcom whispers to Grizz.

DOTCOM  
(to Grizz)  
I got this. I graduated Phi Beta  
Kappa in college.

Dotcom and Grizz bump fists.

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM.

Jenna is combing her hair and making eyes at herself in the mirror. KENNETH comes in, carrying several items. He hands Jenna a packet of vitamins, a magazine, a CD, and a small brown paper bag.

KENNETH  
Miss Maroney, here is your lunch, a  
copy of Jet magazine, the latest  
Jonas Brothers CD, and that sea  
monkeys kit you asked for.

JENNA  
Ooh! Was it hard to get?

KENNETH  
Oh no, ma'am. I just borrowed  
Frank's copy.

JENNA  
I meant the sea monkeys kit.

KENNETH  
Oh no ma'am. Sea monkeys are just  
brine shrimp, so I got the packets  
from Rashad who runs the street  
meat cart on the corner.  
Apparently when they're dry, they  
make for a good falafel seasoning.

JENNA  
I am so excited! I am trying to  
prove that I'd be a better mother  
than Liz.  
(pauses)  
What do you think?

KENNETH  
Oh, I can't answer that Miss  
Maroney! Miss Lemon reminds me too  
much of my own mother: strict but  
kind, tyrannical but loving.

Jenna looks crushed.

KENNETH (CONT'D)

But I'm sure you'd be a great mother to these sea monkeys, Miss Maroney! Now, I'm off to deliver these SAT books to Mr. Jordan.

Kenneth leaves, pushing a cart full of SAT books as he goes. Jenna opens the brown bag to reveal a bright green packet of sea monkeys. She reads the packet for instructions.

Jack sticks his head into the dressing room.

JACK

Jenna, can I talk to you for a sec?

JENNA

Sure!

Jenna begins pouring the sea monkey packet into a glass of water. The water is pretty clear, although upon closer glance, you can see small specks.

JACK

(disgustedly)

What is that?

JENNA

Oh, it's just to prove to Liz that I know how to take care of things. She doesn't think I would be a good mother.

JACK

Well, despite your extreme vanity, selfishness, and pseudo-alcoholism, I would tend to disagree with Lemon.

JENNA

Aww, thanks Jack. That's very sweet.

JACK

I'm actually here to talk to you about something related to motherhood. See, I have a secret project...

JENNA

Oh, is this the baby oven?

JACK

Good thing Lemon knows how to keep a secret. Yes, the GE Home Birth Alternative Uterus Machine, patent pending, will revolutionize our industry as we know it.

(dramatic pause)

And Jenna, I want you to be the spokeswoman for it.

JENNA  
Me? Wow, I'm so flattered! Why me?

JACK  
Well, the GE marketing team wanted to find a spokeswoman who is single, over 30, and whose baby-making days are rapidly coming to an end. Jennifer Aniston backed out at the last minute, so I thought of you.

Jenna looks offended.

JENNA  
Well then, you should have gotten Liz instead. Her eggs are way older and crustier than mine. Plus, my Kenyan birth certificate says I'm only 29.

JACK  
Lemon? No, she'd be a better spokeswoman for female military recruitment, but not this.

Jack notices that Jenna is completely absorbed by her glass of sea monkeys. She keeps tapping at it, even though it just looks like a glass of water.

JACK (CONT'D)  
You know, Jenna... this is a great opportunity to be seen as... motherly. You'd be an inspiring role model for all new mothers.

Jenna looks up.

JENNA  
Well, I do want to set a good example for my babies.

She points to her sea monkey brood in the water glass. Jack nods in agreement.

Jenna thinks about it for a minute, glancing at her sea monkeys.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
I'll do it!

Jack claps his hands.

JACK  
Great! There's a shoot this  
afternoon. This will be a career  
move, Jenna!

Jack winks and leaves. Jenna beams.

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE. - AFTERNOON

Liz is sitting behind her desk, with her pants on the table. She has a small sewing kit, and she is trying to sew the hole together. She is having a lot of trouble. Jack barges in, without knocking.

JACK  
Lemon, I've got... Oh.

Jack notices that Liz looks uncomfortable, and that she is holding a pair of pants.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(re: desk)  
I hope you have pants on under  
there.

Liz is in her underwear. She squirms uncomfortably.

LIZ  
Ever heard of knocking?  
(sighs)  
Just look up.

Jack averts his eyes to the ceiling.

Liz tries to start sewing again, faster this time. She accidentally nicks herself throughout the conversation. She is not making any progress.

JACK  
(to ceiling)  
So, I'm afraid I have some bad  
news.

LIZ  
Oh, don't tell me -- we can't do  
the waterboarding skit?

JACK  
(to ceiling)  
No... that's still going on. This  
is about the HBAUM. Apparently  
some key government departments  
have some issues, like Health and  
Human Services, the FDA...

Liz finally gives up on sewing. The hole is still there. She spots the stapler on her desk, and uses that instead. She tries to staple as softly as she can, so that Jack doesn't notice.

LIZ  
Why is the Food & Drug  
administration getting involved?

JACK  
(to ceiling)  
Are you stapling your pants  
together? ... They think the HBAUM  
looks too much like a microwave,  
and that people will get confused.

LIZ  
And eat their babies?

JACK  
(to ceiling)  
Well, 7 million Americans did watch  
the NBC miniseries Hannibalet, in  
which the son wants to eat his  
mother, not sleep with her.

CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL PENITENTIARY

A young man who looks like Hannibal Lecter is sitting behind the glass in the visitors' room. HANNIBALET is holding a fork and knife. The show's title, "Hannibalet" is shown in the bottom right corner of the screen, next to the NBC peacock.

PRISON GUARD  
Hannibalet, your mother is here to  
see you.

Hannibalet smiles creepily into the camera.

FADE OUT: Black screen. The NBC chimes play. TITLE:  
"Hannibalet, only on NBC."

BACK TO:

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE. - AFTERNOON

Liz and Jack are where we left them. Liz looks disgusted.

She has successfully closed the tear in her pants. Now, she tries to put on her pants while sitting down. Jack is still looking at the ceiling.

JACK  
(to ceiling)  
No, the FDA is more afraid of what  
the HBAUM would do to a Hot Pocket.  
Anyway, I'm sure it's just a  
hiccup. The government will  
approve of this in no time.

Liz is struggling with her pants. At one point, she almost falls out of her chair. She decides to get up, and put on her pants while crouching (to avoid rising up pants-less above her desk).

LIZ  
Sounds great.

JACK  
(to ceiling)  
Anyway, I'm looking for your help.  
The GE marketing team has created  
some promos, but I don't like them.  
They're a little too tacky for my  
taste. Plus, I think we need a  
woman's view.

LIZ  
I am a woman.

Jack finally looks down. Liz is halfway into her pants, but we still see her polka-dotted granny panties.

JACK  
I can see that.

Jack opens the door to leave.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I'd like your womanly opinion on  
what we've shot so far. But we can  
talk about this later.  
(mischievously)  
By the way, I should probably let  
you know that Jonathan is an  
excellent seamstress. He hand-sews  
all my monogrammed handkerchiefs.

Jack points to the ceiling.

JACK (CONT'D)  
And we should also get that spot  
checked for asbestos.

Liz looks up at the ceiling, loses her balance, and promptly trips on her pants and falls. She curses, as she steps on a staple in the process

INT. WRITERS' ROOM. - MORNING

The writers all look tired. They aren't in a good mood. Tracy walks in, dressed in a tweed suit and bowtie. Dotcom and Grizz follow him, dressed in similarly professorial clothing, and carrying a large stack of flashcards.

TRACY  
Hello, gentlemen.

FRANK  
(re: Tracy's clothes)  
What's with the getup?

TRACY  
Oh you know, I'm just getting ready  
for the SATs.

Tracy puts on a pair of glasses.

TOOFER  
You look ridiculous.

Tracy takes out a black pipe and puts it in his mouth.

TRACY  
What do you find ridiculous? A  
black man with an education?

Toofer shakes his head in disbelief.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
Well, I just wanted to appear  
before all of you in my new "smart  
people" outfit. I am off with my  
colleagues to lunch at the Lucky  
Lady Lounge, where we will be  
studying the geometric properties  
of stripper poles.

JOSH  
But... we have rehearsal soon.

Tracy ignores Josh, waving at Grizz and Dotcom to follow him.

TRACY  
I've learned so much these past few  
days! Did you know, strippers are  
just like asymptotes? You can only  
get so close! Oh, those silly  
hyperbolas!

Tracy starts singing MC Hammer's "Can't Touch This", clapping his hands as Grizz and Dotcom follow him out of the writers' room.

Everyone is left in shock.

INT. HAIRSTYLIST. - LATER

Jenna is getting her hair done. She is sitting under a permanent wave machine. Liz is walking by outside, asking people if they have seen Tracy.

JENNA  
Oh Liz, come in here. There are some people I want you to meet.

LIZ  
(reluctantly)  
I don't want to get started again, Jenna. I need to find Tracy for our rehearsal.

Jenna points to her glass of sea monkeys on the table beside her.

JENNA  
(pointing to different spots on the glass)  
Liz, meet Juan, and Gabriel, and Forrest, and Marcel...

LIZ  
(exasperated)  
OK, really? There's nothing there Jenna! You can barely see anything!

JENNA  
Liz, I can't help it if you're just blind to motherly love.

LIZ  
You. Are not. A mother. Those are brine shrimp!

JENNA  
(ignoring her, points again around the glass)  
Juan is the feisty one, Gabriel is the loner, and Marcel Duchamp is really subversive.

LIZ  
(sarcastically)  
Wow. You're right. I can see it now. They really do have unique personalities, just like the Duff sisters.

Kenneth comes over, holding a copy of Cosmopolitan magazine

KENNETH  
Miss Maroney, here is your magazine. Which story are you going to read to the babies?

Jenna starts flipping through the magazine.

JENNA  
Probably "How to Dress Your Kids to  
Meet Men."

LIZ  
Oh, mother.

Kenneth has been staring into the sea monkey habitat. He looks concerned.

KENNETH  
Uh, Miss Maroney... looks like one  
of your babies isn't moving.

JENNA  
(alarmed)  
What?

She tries to get up, but can't, because she's stuck under the perm wave machine.

KENNETH  
(soberly)  
I think we might have lost Marcel  
Duchamp.

Jenna gasps. She puts a hand over her mouth, and stifles a sob.

JENNA  
Oh my goodness...

LIZ  
(rolling her eyes)  
Really?!

JENNA  
(snaps)  
Liz, until you're a mother, don't  
look at me that way. You don't  
know what it feels like to lose a  
child.

LIZ  
(sarcastically)  
Well, I dropped my bagel on the  
floor this morning, so I think I  
sort of know how it feels.

JENNA  
(angrily)  
You know nothing about motherhood,  
Liz! This is why Jack wanted me to  
be the spokeswoman of the fetus  
microwave, not you! I've felt the  
maternal pangs of regret and --

Jenna continues to yell, not making any sense.

LIZ  
(raising her voice)  
Jack asked you to be the  
spokesperson for the HBAUM?

JENNA  
Yes, that's right. You may look  
more like a traditional mother Liz,  
with your lazy eyes and saggy  
boobs, but I'm the new generation  
mom, not you.

KENNETH  
Oh my.

LIZ  
That's it. I'm going to Jack.

JENNA  
Whatever, I'll stay here and mourn!

Liz storms out. Jenna turns back to Kenneth.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
(sounding chipper)  
Oh, and can you get me a soda? The  
babies are really thirsty.

Off on Kenneth looking dubious, but leaving to fulfill the  
request.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. JACK'S OFFICE.

Liz, looking angry, barges into Jack's office without  
knocking. Jack is having a meeting with three men in suits.  
All three men turn their heads to look at her.

LIZ  
So, I heard you picked Jenna to be  
the spokeswoman for the new...

Jack signals for Liz to be quiet, pointing at the men in  
suits, who are all facing her.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
...GE quesadilla maker.

JACK

Well, Jenna is young and spicy, and I believe she would be an excellent spokesperson for those who want to be first-time quesadilla makers.

Liz starts walking toward Jack.

LIZ

See, I'm not sure I agree with your logic, Jack. Jenna hates quesadillas. You don't want a spokesperson who would throw away a quesadilla that came out ugly and burnt, do you?

Jack meets Liz in the middle of the room, takes her by the arm, and starts to escort her out.

JACK

(whispers)

Let's talk about this later, OK?

Jack takes Liz outside his office.

JACK (CONT'D)

(whispers)

I'm trying to convince these hacks from the HHS that our device won't lead to mutant babies.

LIZ

What? Is that a real risk?

JACK

(whispers)

Shh, it's led to a few baby rats with small prefrontal cortexes, but that might just be an anomaly.

LIZ

What???

Jack signals for her to keep quiet, then goes back in and shuts the door to his office. Liz turns around and runs right into Kenneth.

KENNETH

Sorry, Ms. Lemon. But you're needed downstairs. We found Mr. Jordan. But he's... acting funny.

LIZ

Tracy... Oh thank God!

INT. STUDIO

Liz and Kenneth enter the hallway to the studio. Tracy is standing on a soapbox in the middle of the stage. He is dressed in his professor outfit, holding a series of flashcards. The writers are all gathered along the front of the audience section, watching him.

Liz approaches the writers.

LIZ  
(to no one in particular)  
What's going on?

Tracy clears his throat. He starts reading from his cards.

TRACY  
Now that I have attained a college education, I would like to share my thoughts with you all. Learning about grammar and punctuation and trigonometry these past few days has been enlightening. All this stuff I didn't know!  
(looks down at his flashcards)  
Like how the letter 'p' is a tricky mother, getting all busy by adding itself to "pneumonia" and "pterodactyl" and "diddy". And how pronouns can be possessive, just like women!

Tracy continues to talk in the b.g.

Liz glares at the writers in the crowd.

LIZ  
(to Toofer and Frank)  
What did you guys do to him?

FRANK  
If you listen to what he's saying, he actually makes a lot of sense...

TRACY  
(on stage)  
...And sometimes when I want to lie parallel to women, they don't want to lie parallel with me. That's called geometry!

LIZ  
(exasperated)  
This is crazy. Somebody get him down from there. We have rehearsal to do!

TOOFER  
Why? Look at him... he's certainly  
learned some things over the past  
few days.

TRACY  
(on stage)  
And you know that homonyms deserve  
rights too, 'cause we all just  
people.

LIZ  
This is all nice and sweet, guys,  
but I have a show to do.

Liz approaches Tracy, who is now showing off his flashcards.

TRACY  
Assistants assist. Disinfectants  
disinfect. But sextants don't have  
sex... no, they guide boats!

Liz waves at Tracy to get his attention.

LIZ  
Tracy, this has been really  
enlightening. But... We need to  
start rehearsal!

TRACY  
Liz Lemon, I'm trying to make a  
plea to all my brothers that  
education ain't a choice, it's a  
necessity.

Patriotic music starts playing. Tracy looks straight into  
the camera. His message is heartfelt.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
Kids, when I grew up, I never  
thought learning was cool. But it  
is. And if I had studied more in  
school, I can't even imagine where  
I'd be today...

LIZ  
(breaking Tracy out of  
his reverie)  
Rich, famous, and shockingly  
successful?

The music stops. Tracy has a light bulb moment.

TRACY  
Oh yeah! Hmm...

Tracy glances around. He sees Grizz and Dotcom.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
Yo Grizz, why did I read all those  
books again?

Grizz shrugs.

LIZ  
How about you go get changed and we  
can start rehearsal?

Tracy thinks about it for a second, and then jumps off his  
soapbox.

TRACY  
Alright, Liz Lemon! Man, my  
cranium hurts. Being smart is hard.

Liz, satisfied, turns around to find a crowd glaring at her.

DOTCOM  
(to Liz)  
You just killed the dreams of many  
a scholar.

TOOFER  
(disgustedly, to Liz)  
You know, this is why our education  
system fails us.

The members of the crowd, shaking their heads, begin to  
exit.

FRANK  
(to Liz)  
He recognized asymptotic properties  
of strippers! He could have been a  
mathematical genius!

PETE  
(smiling, to Liz)  
Way to encourage yet another child  
to stop studying and pursue a  
career in entertainment.

Liz gives him a "don't lecture me" look, and yells out to  
the crowd.

LIZ  
Everyone needs to be back here in  
15 minutes for rehearsal! Fifteen!

Everyone grumbles. Liz throws up her hands.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
(wearily, to Pete)  
Ugh, just gag me.

PETE  
Are you volunteering for the  
waterboarding skit?

INT. HALLWAY, JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM

Tracy is walking down the hall with Grizz, Dotcom, and  
Kenneth.

TRACY  
You know, it's for the best that I  
didn't take the SATs. I wouldn't  
want my high score to skew the  
curve.

DOTCOM  
(nodding)  
You're an unselfish man, Tracy.

TRACY  
That's right! And I'm parched.  
Smart people talk a lot! I don't  
know how Bill O'Reilly does it.

Tracy sees a glass of water in Jenna's dressing room. Jenna  
is preoccupied with her makeup.

TRACY (CONT'D)  
Yo Jenna, can I have a sip of your  
water?

JENNA  
(absentmindedly)  
What? Sure.

[SLOW MOTION] Tracy comes into the dressing room, and  
reaches for the glass. Jenna looks up and realizes what's  
happening.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
Noooooo!

KENNETH  
(from behind Tracy)  
Noooooo!

[REAL TIME] Tracy gulps down the entire glass of sea monkey  
water.

Everyone stands still, waiting for his reaction.

TRACY  
(oblivious)  
That water tasted like artemia  
salina. You should get that  
checked out.

Tracy heads out with Dotcom and Grizz. Kenneth and Jenna  
are left in shock. At the same time, Liz comes in.

LIZ  
Look, Jenna, I know I said some  
things earlier, but I just wanted  
to apologize... You were right.  
I've never been a mother, and if I  
were, my child would probably turn  
out with a fifth-grade education  
and the belief that *The Hills* is  
real.

Liz finally notices Jenna's forlorn face. Liz looks  
extremely awkward; she is not dealing well with emotions.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
Oh... you didn't think that show  
was real, did you? Totally  
scripted.

Jenna wipes away a tear.

JENNA  
It's not that. Tracy just came in  
and drank my babies.

LIZ  
Say what?

Kenneth points at the empty glass.

KENNETH  
Mr. Jordan came in and thought  
Jenna's sea monkey habitat was a  
glass of water. And he was thirsty  
from the big speech that he just  
gave, so...

LIZ  
Oh... I'm so sorry Jenna.  
(awkwardly pats her on  
the head)  
Are you going to be OK?

JENNA  
(semi-wailing)  
What kind of mother lets her babies  
get eaten?

LIZ  
Well... if it's any consolation, 7  
million people watched  
Hannibalet...

Jenna gives Liz a dirty look.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
But you know what? Jenna, even if  
Tracy did drink your babies, your  
reaction proves that you have a  
strong maternal side. And... for  
that reason, I think you'd be a  
great spokesperson for Jack's baby  
nuking project.

Jenna brightens up a little.

JENNA  
You really think so Liz?

LIZ  
Yup...

JENNA  
Aww, Liz.

Jenna gives Liz a hug. Liz looks uncomfortable, with her  
arms at her sides. She smiles awkwardly.

JENNA (CONT'D)  
(mid-hug)  
I'm sorry I said you had saggy  
boobs. They're not saggy, just  
unaware of perkiness!

LIZ looks down at her chest, semi-offended.

LIZ  
It's fine. So, how did the promo  
shoot go?

JENNA  
I'm not really sure... I don't  
think Jack was too pleased with  
what the GE team came up with.

CUT TO:

INT. HOME SHOPPING CHANNEL SET

Jenna is dressed in a doctor's outfit, holding a petri dish.  
The HBAUM is on a stand next to her.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
And here, we have the brand-new GE  
Home Birth Alternative Uterus  
Machine.

Jenna showcases the HBAUM.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
All you need to do is put your  
embryo in...

Jenna opens the HBAUM door, and places the petri dish  
inside.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
...And watch it grow into a baby!

The jingle comes on, which sounds very close to the Chia pet  
commercials. Jenna dances around the HBAUM, waving a  
stethoscope.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
(singing in tune)  
F-F-F-fetus. F-F-F-fetus.

BACK TO:

INT. JENNA'S DRESSING ROOM / STUDIO

Jenna looks expectantly at Liz, waiting for her opinion.

LIZ  
Yeah, I'm not sure that'll make the  
cut.

Liz checks her watch.

LIZ (CONT'D)  
Well, I need to get to rehearsal.  
Jenna, are you OK?

JENNA  
(dramatically)  
I'll survive. Go.

Liz leaves, and heads over to the studio. The actors are on  
stage rehearsing the waterboarding skit. Tracy is surrounded  
by SURFERS wearing board shorts. The background is painted  
to look like the beach. There is a small kiddie pool on  
stage. Tracy is dressed like a sleazy politician.

TRACY  
(to surfers)  
Hey guys, have you thought about  
trying something else with your  
surfboards?

Liz watches the rehearsal next to the audience exit. In the b.g., Tracy is gesturing at the surfers to tie their friend to the board.

Jack walks up behind Liz.

JACK  
(wearily)  
Lemon.

LIZ  
Jack! How'd the meeting go?

JACK  
Well, it's over.

LIZ  
What? What happened?

JACK  
We got the HBAUM approved by the HHS and the FDA, but this afternoon, I got a call from Don Geiss. Apparently GE is pulling it, because of the whole rat thing.

LIZ  
You mean... how some rats were born with smaller brains?

JACK  
It was only 4 out of every 100!  
It's better than the natural birth ratio!  
(sighs)  
The GE Home Birth Alternative Uterus Machine would have been great, wouldn't it?

LIZ  
I don't know. I was thinking that I might prefer to carry my own baby... go through that whole pregnancy experience.

JACK  
Ah yes, prove to everyone that you can be motherly, Lemon.

LIZ  
There's nothing wrong with that.

On stage, a blindfolded SURFER who has just been waterboarded (implied) is flailing and screaming, even though he's no longer in the water. From backstage, Jenna runs in and cradles the surfer in her arms.

JENNA  
Don't worry, Mommy's here!

TRACY  
(to the rest of the  
surfers)  
See, if I had placed him at a more  
obtuse angle, he could have died!

Jack nods in the direction of Jenna on stage.

JACK  
(to Liz)  
Do you really think you'll have  
that warm, motherly instinct?

LIZ  
(defensively)  
Maybe I don't have that now, but  
it's something I can develop,  
right?

Kenneth comes by and taps Liz on the shoulder.

KENNETH  
Sorry to interrupt, but Ms. Lemon,  
here is the sea monkey kit you  
wanted.

Kenneth hands her a brown paper bag, and a water glass.

LIZ  
(embarrassed, to Jack)  
It's for my falafel. It's good  
seasoning...

JACK  
(knowingly)  
Sure...

END OF EPISODE

HBAUM/CHIA PET COMMERCIAL SPOOF:

Shot of the HBAUM, up close, with a black background.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
The GE Home Birth Alternative  
Uterus Machine is here, and it's  
easy to use!

Shot of a petri dish.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Simply get a petri dish.

Shot of a petri dish with some stuff in it.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Place your embryo in it.

A gloved hand opens the door to the HBAUM, places the petri dish inside, and closes the door.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
And put it all inside the HBAUM!  
Soon, you can watch your baby grow!  
F-F-F-Fetus! F-F-F-Fetus!

The hand presses "Start". We see the silhouette of a baby grow inside the HBAUM.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
F-F-F-Fetus! F-F-F-Fetus.

Finally, the baby looks to be full-size inside the HBAUM. We hear a loud beep. JENNA comes into the scene, excited and happy. She opens the door to the HBAUM and holds up her brand new baby boy.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
F-F-F-Fetus! F-F-F-Fetus.

JENNA  
(cradling the baby)  
No. His name is Peter!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
The GE Home Birth Alternative  
Uterus Machine, now available in  
Walgreens stores everywhere!

Zoom in on Jenna and the baby.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
P-P-P-Peter! P-P-P-Peter!