

# CERIE (addH.scene)

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She exits to her office. Pete whips his travel mug at her, hitting the wall by her door.

INT. STUDIO 8H BACKSTAGE - LATER

Tracy saunters down the hall, sees Kenneth.

TRACY

K! My boy! I need you to go grab some lunch for me.

Kenneth stands up, almost at attention, grabs a pad and pen.

KENNETH

Absolutely, what can I get for you?

TRACY

I want nachos. From Yankee stadium.

Kenneth carefully writes that on the pad then bolts for the elevator.

INT. LIZ'S OFFICE/INT. WRITERS' ROOM/INT. WRITERS' ROOM HALLWAY - LATER

Liz is working. Cerie enters with her lunch.

CERIE

Here's your salad.

LIZ

Thanks.

Cerie goes to leave.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Hey, Cerie, I kinda wanted to talk to you about something. Do you have a minute?

Cerie shrugs "sure" and sits. Liz pulls her chair close.

LIZ (CONT'D)

Okay. This is gonna sound weird but... you have to wear a bra.

CERIE

Oh, no, I don't actually. They just kind of stay up.

"30 ROCK"

Cerie bounces up and down in her chair to demonstrate.

CERIE (CONT'D)

See?

LIZ

No, no, what I mean is --

Liz can't help but sneak a look at Cerie's chest. She reacts, impressed, then quickly shakes it off.

LIZ (CONT'D)

I mean you need to wear a bra if you want people to take you seriously in this business.

CERIE

Oh. But I don't actually want to work in television. My parents got me this job so I could learn about the value of work and stuff. Career-wise, I'm just gonna marry rich and then design handbags.

LIZ

Okay. Here's the thing. The way you dress is making some people around the office uncomfortable.

CERIE

(concerned)

Really? Who?

Frank crosses by the door.

FRANK

Not me.

Liz shuts the door on him, takes a moment.

LIZ

Well, I guess it's mostly me who has the problem with it.

CERIE

Oh.

(kindly)

Because you have like a body image thing? I read about those in Marie Claire.

LIZ

No, it's not that.

CERIE

Good. 'Cause I was gonna say, you still have a good body. You could dress a lot younger than you do.

LIZ

Well, thank you but this isn't --

CERIE

Like how did you dress before you got married?

LIZ

I'm not married, Cerie.

CERIE

Oh, for some reason I thought you had like three kids. Are you divorce --

LIZ

Nope. Never married. No kids.

CERIE

'Cause sometimes you have food stains on your shirt and stuff. I just assumed it was kids.

Liz stands and opens the door.

LIZ

You know what? We can finish this later.

CERIE

(re: her and Liz)  
I'm actually good but whatever.

Cerie crosses back to her desk.

FRANK

(looking down the hall)  
Aw, man.

Liz follows his gaze and sees Jack coming down the hall from the elevators. She steels herself and goes to intercept him.

LIZ

Hey there, Mr. Donaghy.

JACK

Sorry I wasn't in earlier. I was in D.C.

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