

COLD OPEN

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

PAM is talking on the phone. She's doing that thing where you twirl the chord with your fingers.

CAMERA PANS to JIM, doing the same thing. They're talking to each other.

MICHAEL (VO)

To be young, and to be in love. What can you say?

EXT. PHILLIES GAME - DAY

JIM and PAM, in the stands. They both crack open peanuts and try to toss them into their mouths- Jim is expert at it, Pam not so much.

MICHAEL (VO)

You can't say anything.

INT. SCRANTON BAR - POOL TABLE - NIGHT

PAM is attempting a difficult shot- jumping the cue ball over an opponent's ball, to knock in the eight. Jim is behind her, guiding her arms. DWIGHT is standing directly opposite, arms crossed, staring at Pam without blinking.

The shot flies over the table. Dwight has to leap sideways to avoid being hit. Pam, shocked, brings her hand up to her mouth. She and Jim both begin to crack up. She swoons into him.

DWIGHT's head appears over the edge of the table.

DWIGHT

You did that on purpose.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

Love is patient. Love is kind. Love means never having to say you're sorry.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE

MICHAEL is on the phone with JAN. He has his head down, supported by his hand against the table.

JAN (over phone)  
God, Michael, I can't believe we're arguing over forty-seven dollars.

MICHAEL  
No, no, we're not arguing. I just thought we'd agreed on what we needed to buy, and what we didn't.

JAN  
Michael, we are corporate managers. Arguing over credit card bills should be beneath us.

MICHAEL  
(semi-under breath)  
Well, I'm a corporate manager. You're unemployed.

Beat.

JAN  
Excuse me, Michael? EXCUSE ME?

Michael glances at the camera.

MICHAEL  
I did not just say that.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL  
Love is also a battlefield. But it can only stay a battlefield for so long, right? You fight for a while, then you're back to, you know, patience and kindness, and not saying sorry. Can't wait. Because I am getting pretty sick of apologizing to people.

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE- EARLY MORNING

JIM and PAM walk in together, holding hands. Jim kisses her lightly on the forehead. Their hands linger together momentarily as they part, the fingertips grazing.

CAMERA PANS to rest of the office, all of them looking on. They don't seem exactly thrilled.

ANGELA shakes her head.

TOBY slumps forward in his chair. His eyes are dead.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

PDA. I looked it up. It's that thing Ryan's always-

He makes an obnoxious face, than types away at his palm.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

He says it keeps him organized. Well, do you know who else was really organized? The Nazis. And they were just horrible. I bet Hitler would have been like, ten times worse if he had a Palm Pilot. So, no thanks. PDA also means when you gross people out by touching your girlfriend in front of their face.

He takes a drink from his mug.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Someone complained about Jim and Pam. Um-

(he thinks this is outrageous)

perspective? Can you be more trivial? People are dying of starvation. From horrible diseases. Every day. Those are the people who should have complaints.

(shakes his head)

They would probably give anything to watch Jim and Pam feel each other up. But they can't.

ANGELA TALKING HEAD

ANGELA

Pam left her fiancé, and Jim left his girlfriend crying at a fountain in New York, and now they flaunt themselves in front of everyone. I asked Reverend Moody if there was any chance people like that could avoid going-

(whispering, and pointing downwards)  
you-know-where.

She pauses, then her nose crinkles in distaste.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

He said yes.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

JIM is reading from a packet at his desk- a sales report, or something. He laughs abruptly and looks up for a moment. DWIGHT, at his computer, notices and turns to look. Jim goes back to reading.

INT. OFFICE -ACCOUNTING - CONTINUOUS

Angela is searching through her desk.

ANGELA

I printed it out yesterday..

KEVIN

What are you looking for?

ANGELA

Concert tickets. I printed them out yesterday, and left them in my drawer. But now they're gone- and it looks like everything on my desk's been rearranged.

OSCAR

Tickets? To what concert?

ANGELA

Hannah Montana. She's coming to Philadelphia.

OSCAR

Are you taking your niece, or something?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA  
I don't have a niece.

She continues searching.

INT. OFFICE- CONTINUOUS

JIM is back to reading. He abruptly laughs again, looks up.  
Dwight does not turn from his computer this time.

DWIGHT  
You're thinking of Pam.

Jim coughs, embarrassed.

JIM  
No, I'm not.

DWIGHT  
No? What made you laugh, then?

JIM  
Laughing gas.

Beat.

DWIGHT  
You've inhaled nitrous oxide?

JIM  
Yes.

Dwight reaches under his desk. He produces a long switch and snaps it across Jim's shoulder.

Jim recoils, but recovers quickly. Dwight stares at him.

JIM  
(looks up, curious)  
Did you just do something?

Dwight's nostrils flare.

Suddenly, we hear ANGELA scream. CAMERA PANS to Angela, backing away from a trash can in horror.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DWIGHT  
Angela! What is it?

ANGELA  
The trash can-

Dwight leaps into action. He sprints over to Angela and kicks the trash can over, then embraces her, keeping his eyes on the upturned can.

CUT to PAM and JIM, who share a look.

DWIGHT  
What was it?

ANGELA  
In the- the trashcan.

DWIGHT  
What was it, Angela? Was it a vole?

People are beginning to assemble around the drama.

ANDY, OSCAR, and KEVIN walk up to the trash can and look inside. At first they don't react, then Andy looks closer.

ANDY  
Hey, is that a-

He looks at Kevin. They both begin to giggle.

KEVIN  
I think it is.

Oscar now perceives the object, and giggles along with them.

MICHAEL, intrigued, walks up to them.

MICHAEL  
So what's going on here, guys?

Andy, Oscar, and Kevin keep giggling. Michael, already kind of giddy, walks up, then looks closely inside the trash can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Hey, that's a- Hello. Hey-oooh.  
(in a high-pitch, effeminate tone)  
Heeey.

STANLEY is among the onlookers.

STANLEY

What is it, Michael?

Michael just shrugs, his hands in his pockets, artificially holding in laughter.

Stanley grunts, walks up to the trash can, and looks in.

STANLEY

It's a condom.

Michael suddenly growls and begins to rapidly shadow-punch Stanley in the stomach.

MICHAEL

Was it you, Stanley? Was it you? With-

He rapidly glances in turn at PAM, ANGELA (still embraced by Dwight), and MEREDITH, and suddenly looks alarmed.

MICHAEL

Okay, so maybe it wasn't Stanley. But someone's been GETTING IT ON!

Michael simulates a booty-slapping motion with his hands.

He points to Jim.

MICHAEL

And there is our primal suspect. Jim, did you make love to Pam in here last night?

JIM & PAM

(emphatically)

NO.

MICHAEL

Okay, we'll come back to you.

He now turns to Kelly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

You and Daryl have been pretty cozy lately,  
Ms. Kapoor.

KELLY

Psh. Not unless it's a Magnum, honey.

CAMERA CUTS to Pam, who holds in a laugh, wide-eyed.

Michael clears his throat.

MICHAEL

Okay, wow. Really didn't, uh, need to know  
that. TMI, Kelly. Know what that means?

KELLY

Do you know what that means?

Michael purses his lips briefly, then turns away.

MICHAEL

Okay, so Angela-

He notices Angela with her back to him, still embracing Dwight.

MICHAEL

What the heck are you two doing?

Dwight makes eye contact with Michael. He brings his finger up  
to his lips and shakes his head slowly.

MICHAEL

Um, okay. So that leaves- Phyllis and Meredith.  
And I don't want to think about that, so...

He notices Oscar briefly, then turns away in concern.

MICHAEL

Jim, Pam, back to you.

TOBY

Are you sure it's a used condom?

MICHAEL

Yeah, okay Toby, so the condom just tore open  
the package on its own and jumped into a garbage  
can. Great theory. Next.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

TOBY

That's not what I was suggesting, Michael.

MICHAEL

Whatever, Toby.

DWIGHT and ANGELA are still embracing. Angela has her eyes closed, her head nestled against Dwight's chest.

DWIGHT

Angela, I've been waiting so long for this.

ANGELA

(dreamily)

Mmm.

BACK TO: KEVIN, CREED, OSCAR looking down at the trash can.

KEVIN

Can you tell by looking at it?

CREED shakes his head. He kneels down.

CREED

No. Only one way to find out.

He reaches into the trash can.

EVERYONE

Creed, no-

Creed grabs it and stands up.

SIMULTANEOUSLY:

DWIGHT and ANGELA are still embracing, standing just behind Creed. Creed and the object in his hand remain visible in background, we're not able to make it out exactly.

DWIGHT

Angela-

Angela slowly opens her eyes, as if coming out of a daze. She looks up.

ANGELA

Dwight? No-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DWIGHT  
Angela, wait-

ANGELA  
No! Cat killer!

She shoves him, and runs away.

Dwight spins to chase her, but while doing so-

DWIGHT RUNS right into Creed. Creed falls backwards, the object in his hand (still not quite visible) goes flying-

ONTO Michael's neck. Michael yelps, grabs the object, flings it right at-

TOBY, PAM, ANDY, PHYLLIS. The girls squeal. They scatter.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

Michael is sitting at his desk, toweling off.

MICHAEL  
So, not a great start to the day. Creed hit me with a condom.

DWIGHT (OS)  
A used condom.

CAMERA PANS to Dwight, standing behind Michael. He is munching on an apple.

MICHAEL  
We don't know that.

DWIGHT  
It looked used.  
(takes a bite of apple)  
It looked very used. The lab results come back in a few days.

Michael sighs.

MICHAEL  
There's no lab, okay Dwight? Can we just- no insane fantasies for five minutes, okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dwight looks at camera knowingly and mouths "there's a lab," as he tosses his apple core in the trash.

THE PHONE rings. Michael looks at the display and groans.

MICHAEL

It's Jan.

He doesn't move.

DWIGHT

Do you want me to take it?

MICHAEL

Why would I want you to take it, Dwight? So you and Jan can talk about beets and- ninja stars? Just let it go to voicemail.

The PHONE, still ringing.

MICHAEL

She'll leave a message, then in five minutes... she'll call again.

Beat. Phone still ringing.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Okay, take it.

DWIGHT hits the speakerphone button to accept the call.

DWIGHT

You've reached the Scranton offices of Dunder Mifflin. This is Dwight Schrute speaking. How may I help you?

JAN (phone)

Give the phone to Michael, Dwight.

Michael, halfway in the motion of leaning forward to listen better, freezes himself.

DWIGHT

Michael is not here right now, Jan. May I take a message?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAN

Michael? Michael, take the phone. I'm not kidding around.

Michael is still frozen. He is breathing heavily. He picks up a beanie bag from his desk and attempts to cover his mouth.

JAN

Michael, if you pick up now I promise I won't be angry. But if you don't- God help you.

Michael has taken his jacket off the hanger. He very slowly attempts to cover his upper body with the jacket.

JAN

Okay. This is the way you want to do it. We can do it this way.

DWIGHT

Jan, I assure you Michael is not in this room.

JAN

Go f--- yourself, Dwight.

The line goes dead. Dwight looks with some puzzlement at the phone, then hangs up as well.

INT. OFFICE - PAM'S DESK - MORNING

ANDY sidles up to Pam's desk. Pam looks up and sees him, smiles lukewarmly.

PAM

Hi, Andy.

ANDY

Hi, Pam. Crazy day, huh?

PAM

Yeah.

ANDY

Man, this branch. Sometimes I wonder... how do we even sell paper around here?

Pam smiles, warming up to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM

We actually don't. Michael just has the salespeople go out and deal drugs. That's really what keeps everything going.

ANDY

(taking this seriously)

Really? I'm in Sales. He never told me anything.

Andy looks displeased.

PAM

No, Andy. I'm just kidding.

ANDY

Oh. Okay, I get it. Right.

(he doesn't at all)

Anyways, man, what a place to work, huh?

PAM

You got that right.

ANDY

Freaky stuff just happens every day around here.

Pam nods her head, still smiling.

PAM

Yeah. Freaky.

ANDY looks meaningfully over towards Jim, then back at Pam. He leans forward.

ANDY

You know, I'm sort of a freak myself.

Pam stops smiling.

ANDY TALKING HEAD

ANDY

Doing it in public places. Not really my thing. But for some reason, the chicks I've been with- totally dug it. I joined a little something called the Mile High Club when I was sixteen. The Six Foot Under Club-

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDY (CONT'D)  
nineteen. Truck Stop Club- twenty-two.  
Airport Rest Room Club- thirty-one.

INT. OFFICE - ANGELA'S DESK

LONG SHOT- ANGELA is sitting at her desk, working on something. Andy is standing next to her, leaning against the desk with his arms crossed. He is talking, she is not really paying attention.

ANGELA begins to reach for something, but Andy hands her stapler to her without skipping a beat.

ANDY (VO)  
In the boss' office with the Head Accountant  
Club?

Angela glances briefly at him with something approaching approval in her expression, then goes back to work.

ANDY TALKING HEAD

ANDY  
Membership pending.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE

MICHAEL is lying back on his chair, the jacket still over his head.

MICHAEL  
That went well, I think. Thank God I have  
the car. You don't think she sounded angry  
enough to take the bus here, do you?  
(beat)  
She's gonna call again... Dwight, get me out of  
here.

DWIGHT rushes to get behind Michael's chair.

DWIGHT  
Where do you want to go?

MICHAEL  
Jim's desk.

DWIGHT  
Why there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL  
Just do it, Dwight!

Dwight runs to the door and swings it open, then runs back to Michael's chair and attempts to push him through before it swings closed again. Michael's leg bangs against the door, he yells in pain. Dwight kicks the door with his toe, shimmies Michael on through.

INT. OFFICE - DWIGHT AND JIM'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Dwight wheels Michael out from his office.

JIM is on the phone.

DWIGHT actually deposits Michael at his own desk.

JIM (on phone)  
Yes, the web query system does make everything a lot easier. But if you have any questions, don't hesitate to call me personally.

Michael peers out at Jim from under his jacket.

MICHAEL  
Is that you, Jim?

JIM covers up his phone.

JIM  
Michael, I'm with a cust- you don't care.

He goes back to the phone.

MICHAEL  
Ask if he has a girlfriend.

Jim ignores him.

DWIGHT  
Jim, obey Michael's instructions!

JIM (on phone)  
-I'm sorry, something's come up. I think maybe I should call you back in five minutes-

DWIGHT grabs the phone out of Jim's hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DWIGHT (into phone)  
Do you have a girlfriend, sir?  
(pause)  
So you're a woman. You still need to answer  
the question.  
(pause)  
Oh, so you have lots of girlfriends. A  
braggadocio, I see. Well, we don't sell paper  
to degenerates around here. I bid you good  
da-  
(pause)  
Am I a degenerate?

He looks around briefly.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Certainly not... Dwight Schrute. Of the  
Chewekemee Schrutes... You have a nice  
voice, as well... Yes, I work here... Assistant  
Regional Mana-

He looks at Jim, and frowns slightly.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Assistant to the Regional Manager... It  
was nice talking to you too.

Dwight hands the phone back to Jim.

DWIGHT  
She'll call you later.

JIM looks at camera briefly as he takes the phone.

CAMERA PANS to ANGELA, looking narrowly at Dwight.

INT. OFFICE - PAM'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

PAM's phone ring rings.

PAM  
Michael, Jan is calling you. Should I take  
it?

MICHAEL puts his hands on top of his head and sits up in his  
chair, causing the jacket to slide off him. He laughs a little  
crazily. He stands up and walks over to Pam.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

No, I've got it.

Michael reaches out to take the phone. But when Pam hands it to him, he just hangs it back up. He then rips Pam's phone out of the jack.

PAM

Michael!

Michael turns around and heads back to his chair.

MICHAEL

It's okay. She'll think you did it.

JIM

No, Jan's pretty smart. I think she'll probably figure out it was you.

MICHAEL

Well, I'm pretty smart too. So maybe Jan doesn't know who she's dealing with.

MICHAEL sits back down.

MICHAEL

Jan is really smart. God, I hope she doesn't take the bus here.

He leans back in the chair again, and begins to scan Dwight's desk. His eyes stop on a WASHINGTON REDSKINS BOBBLE HEAD. He picks it up, shows it to the camera, and giggles.

MICHAEL

Look. It's the Chief.

He continues to regard the bobble-head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Jan's a lot like the Chief here. Yep, Chief Jan. Chief Jan is on the warpath. Chief Jan hates the white man. White man is good for nothing. White man not make enough money. White man is like an eighth-grader in bed.

He replaces the bobble-head on the desk.

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CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

When white man goes home for the day-  
(he begins to blubber)  
Chief Jan take white man's scalp.

DWIGHT

She's probably menstruating.

MICHAEL

No, I thought of that. She would've bled to  
death by now. Maybe I'll just sleep here  
tonight. Right here, in this chair.

DWIGHT

You should stay at my place. Cousin Mose just  
got his taxidermy license.

Michael sighs.

MICHAEL

Yep yep yep yep.

Michael looks at Jim.

MICHAEL

Jim, how do you and Pam do it? How do you  
make it... work? I see what you guys have,  
and it's just- it's beautiful. It's so  
beautiful, I almost want to- share it.

DWIGHT

It's not that beautiful.

Michael turns on Dwight in rage.

MICHAEL

IT'S BEAUTIFUL!

PHYLLIS is walking by and happens to notice the commotion.

PHYLLIS

What's going on? Why is Michael yelling?

DWIGHT

We're discussing Jim and Pam's relationship.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHYLLIS

Oh Michael, are you finally talking to them about the PDA?

JIM perks up.

JIM

What?

MICHAEL

That's it!

He shoots up out of his chair.

MICHAEL

Everyone, conference room, right now.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Everyone is sitting at their usual places, with Michael standing at the front of the room with his hands on his hips. Dwight is standing off to Michael's side.

Michael produces a piece of paper from his pocket.

MICHAEL

Do you know what this is?

No one responds. Michael unfolds the paper.

MICHAEL

I need a volunteer to read this.

DWIGHT immediately volunteers. Michael ignores him.

MICHAEL

Someone who won't cause this to horribly backfire on me.

Dwight shakes his upraised hand enthusiastically.

DWIGHT

That's me. I'm your man.

Michael scans the audience, then settles on Kevin. He taps Kevin's shoulder with the paper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Come on Kevin, do something useful for a change.

Kevin shoots him a dirty look as he accepts the paper.

KEVIN (reading from paper)

From: Scranton employee. To: Toby Flenderson, Human Resources Manager.

Michael snickers.

MICHAEL

Huh, is that what you do around here, Toby?

He has a "yeah right" expression on his face.

PHYLLIS

I think Toby is very good at his job.

PAM

I agree. He took care of that pay problem with corporate in like, three hours. I think the other branches had to wait for the next payday.

MICHAEL

Okay, are we done with the orgy, ladies? Are you through with the kissy-face with Toby? Good. Kevin, please continue.

KEVIN

I am making an official complaint regarding the behavior of two of my co-workers, Jim Halpert and Pam Beesly. I understand that Jim and Pam are dating. I wish them the best. But their constant displays of physical affection have become annoying, distracting, and irritating. Frankly, it also grosses me out, man. I know that Jim and Pam were word blacked out about their feelings for each other for a long time. Maybe their present behavior is just to make up for being word blacked out for so long. But I feel it's unprofessional, and I know everyone in the office agrees with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JIM and PAM both are taken aback. They look at each other, mystified.

OSCAR

Why are there words deleted?

TOBY

It's just the one word, used twice. We have to send official complaints to Corporate. But they ask us to black out any words that could be construed as vulgar or profane.

OSCAR

What's the word?

KEVIN looks very closely at the paper.

KEVIN

The word is "pussies."

MICHAEL

Okay, I want to know who wrote this. Right now. Confess and it will go easier on you.

TOBY

You can't do that, Michael.

MICHAEL

Oh, big surprise. Toby says I can't do something. Do you ever change up the act Toby? The routine is getting a little long in the gums.

TOBY

It's my job, Michael. It's not a performance.

MICHAEL

Yes, a terrible one.

He puts his hands on his hips and starts pacing slowly.

MICHAEL

Alright, who wrote it?

No one responds at first. Then CREED raises his hand.

CREED

I wrote it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jim is surprised. He turns around to look at Creed.

JIM  
You wrote it?

CREED  
Yes I did.

JIM  
So my behavior grosses you out.

CREED  
Tu comprendes, senior.

JIM  
Okay, got it.

Jim turns back around. He glances at the camera, then shares a look with Pam.

KELLY  
What was that?

JIM  
What was what?

KELLY  
You turned around, you looked at the camera,  
then you and Pam looked at each other.

JIM  
I don't know what you're talking about.

OSCAR  
No, I noticed it too.

ANGELA  
Is this a surprise to you? They do it all the  
time.

OSCAR  
Come to think of it, they do, don't they?

Jim glances at the camera, somewhat concerned.

OSCAR  
You just did it again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELLY

So what's up, Jim? Pam? Why all the secret looks? Is there some joke you'd care to share with the rest of us?

MEREDITH

I know exactly what's going on. They think they're better than us.

PAM inhales sharply, and her mouth falls open slightly in shock.

PAM

Meredith, that is not true at all. It really hurts me, that you'd say that.

MEREDITH rolls her eyes.

PHYLLIS

Pam, you and Jim do seem to laugh a lot at other people's expense.

PAM turns to Phyllis and purses her lips delicately.

PAM

(quietly, just to Phyllis)  
It's mostly just Dwight.

STANLEY

Hold on. That camera is on every minute we're in here. We've all found ourselves looking at it occasionally. I've looked at it myself. I don't see why we should single out Jim and Pam.

ANDY

Well, I'm pretty sure they put my cell phone in the ceiling.

OSCAR

Who cares if they hid your phone? You freaked out and punched a hole in the wall.

KELLY

I don't think Jim was very supportive of me and Ryan's relationship.

JIM

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He glances at the camera out of the corner of his eye, thinks twice about it, and turns away.

Everyone is arguing with each other now.

JIM and PAM are quiet. They can't quite believe this is happening.

MICHAEL has been listening quietly this whole time, his hand under his chin. He glances at the camera and clucks his tongue. Michael raises his hands in the air to get everyone's attention. He starts waving them.

MICHAEL

Okay, okay. Enough. Enough!

He manages to get everyone to quiet down. He chuckles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Come on people. This is silly. What are we even arguing about?

PHYLLIS

I think Michael's right. Maybe we are taking this too far. After all, we all like Jim and Pam a lot.

She makes eye contact with Pam and smiles encouragingly.

MICHAEL

No, that's not the problem Phyllis. The problem is- we're not thinking about this in the right way. Forget that we're coworkers, or that this is an office building. That doesn't help us. Instead, think of our little group here-

He spreads his hands around to encompass the room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

-as high school. Like maybe, Bayside High.

KEVIN

Like from Saved by the Bell?

Michael points to Kevin.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Yes. Exactly, Kevin's got it. And Pam, of course, would be Kelly. Kelly Kapowski.

KEVIN

But we already have a Kelly.

MICHAEL

Yeah, but- you know, obviously, Pam has to be Kelly.

CAMERA PANS to KELLY, who is irritated with him.

MICHAEL

And Jim would be Zack. Or maybe I would be Zack. And Jim would be A.C. Slater. Either way, it makes sense.

OSCAR

What is the point of this, exactly?

TOBY

Michael, we're all adults here. And this is a professional environment. We don't need to hold popularity contests.

Michael looks at the camera.

MICHAEL

Sounds like someone doesn't want to be Screech.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD- CONTINUOUS

Dwight is sitting next to the door, just outside of the conference room. We can make out the figures inside, and their arguing is heard in the background.

Dwight looks clueless.

DWIGHT

What are they talking about in there?

(beat)

I think I'm going to sell some paper.

He gets up and leaves.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

Cool points. Daryl explained it to me once. It is a fantastic concept. When you do something cool, you earn cool points. And when you do something whack, you lose cool points. So life is really just a very long, drawn out attempt to accumulate cool points. And you can evaluate how good you are at being a human being with a score.

INT. OFFICE - NOONISH

An open area in the middle of the office. Chairs have been assembled into small groups.

In the FIRST GROUP, Jim and Pam are sitting glumly next to Michael, with their arms crossed. JIM is wearing a really old-looking varsity jacket. Michael is also wearing a varsity jacket. Pam has a tiara on her head.

In the SECOND GROUP is everybody else, except for Dwight and Stanley. ANGELA is wearing a Pink Ladies jacket from *Grease*, and a gauzy scarf tied around her neck. TOBY is wearing a pair of huge prop glasses, with a fake nose and mustache attached. He also had a pocket protector on.

The THIRD GROUP is just Stanley.

TOBY

Michael, I'm just-  
(he begins to remove the fake glasses)  
I'm not going to wear this.

MICHAEL

Toby, touch those glasses and you are out of a job.

TOBY

(listlessly)  
Michael, you can't- you know you can't fire me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL  
(frustrated)  
Well, just- nobody else is complaining! Just wear the glasses!

Toby does not want to expend the energy to confront Michael. He puts the glasses back on reluctantly.

JIM  
Where did you get these costumes?

MICHAEL  
Improv secret. Improvs never reveal their secrets.

JIM  
Why are we sitting like this?

MICHAEL  
Good question.

Michael stands up. He has a bullhorn.

MICHAEL  
(into bullhorn)  
GOOD MORNING, STUDENTS OF DUNDER MIFFLIN HIGH...

The noise is deafening. People cringe and cover their ears.

SEVERAL PEOPLE  
(yelling, more or less together)  
Michael, it's too loud..

Michael cringes and cover his own ears.

MICHAEL  
Yeah...  
(he puts down the bullhorn)  
-don't really need that. Okay, good morning, welcome to Dunder Mifflin High. Everyone is now in detention, because you are complaining, and fighting, and acting very juvenile.

JIM  
But isn't it more juvenile to have adults pretend like they're back in high school?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

I don't care. We're in detention, and no one gets out until everybody learns to get along.

KEVIN

What about Dwight?

CAMERA PANS to DWIGHT, working at his desk. He is, however, in costume- sunglasses, a denim jacket, and fingerless gloves.

MICHAEL

Dwight was home-schooled, and his idea of cool is Harry Potter and nunchuks, so he will be doing his job while we are in detention. I have given him all of your sales leads-

The SALES people react in disbelief.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

So we should be good.

ANDY

Does Dwight get credit for all those sales?

MICHAEL

(exasperated)

Look, who cares? Remember, you're seventeen years old, you don't have to worry about things like commissions, or keeping your jobs. So...

(he claps his hands together)

Let's hash this out. Let's get down and dir-tay.

KEVIN

Why is Stanley by himself?

MICHAEL

Because Stanley sits at his own table at lunch.

STANLEY

I don't care who I sit next to at lunch.

MICHAEL

Okay- well... sell-out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE-UP on Stanley, who looks at Michael impassively.

STANLEY TALKING HEAD

STANLEY

High school was a long time ago. There were four black kids at my school. And honestly, I didn't care for the other three.

INT. OFFICE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Michael is sitting down again, with Jim and Pam. He addresses the big SECOND GROUP.

MICHAEL

So, what I think is happening is, you guys-

He motions towards everyone in the second group.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

are hating on us.

He gestures to include himself, Jim and Pam.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

Me and Jim both have hot girlfriends. Mine has a much bigger rack. And Pam has a pretty hot boyfriend. Okay. I get it. All I can say is, don't hate the playa. Hate the game. Actually, don't hate either. Admire the player and his game, and ask him for advice, because God knows you need it.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

OSCAR

So I think you're saying that the three of you are in some sort of- cool crowd?

MICHAEL

(coyly)

If you want to put it that way.

Michael glances at camera. He's flattered.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OSCAR

Okay, Michael, even if we were to accept that premise... if there is a cool crowd, you're not in it.

Michael, still smiling, looks back at Oscar blankly.

MICHAEL

What?

STANLEY

Michael, I don't even believe in a cool crowd. I think this is unbelievably stupid... but the cool people run the hell away from you. You better believe that.

MICHAEL

Okay, you know what? This is not a democracy. This is high school, and I'm the principal, and I say that I am cooler than a cucumber.

TOBY

That's not how it works, Michael.

Michael sighs disgustedly.

MICHAEL

What, Toby?

TOBY

If you're saying this is all about being cool, then being cool is about popularity, and popularity is about how everyone thinks of you. So if you want to have an honest discussion, then you should let the whole group agree on who belongs in the cool crowd.

MICHAEL considers this.

MICHAEL

(confidently)

Okay, fine.

TOBY

And before we decide, you should promise not to use your authority to get back at people who vote against you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL grits his teeth and inhales.

MICHAEL  
(quietly, a lot less confident)  
Of... course.

TOBY looks around.

TOBY  
Okay, everyone who thinks Michael belongs in  
the cool crowd, raise your hand.

No one moves. Toby looks at Michael.

TOBY  
Sorry, Mich-

Michael shoots up out of his seat and loudly interrupts.

MICHAEL  
Everyone who thinks there should be a new  
group called Freaks and Geeks, and we put  
Toby, Phyllis and Creed in there, raise your  
hand!

Michael thrusts his hand in the air. No one moves.

PHYLLIS glares at Michael.

PHYLLIS  
I think you should sit in that group by  
yourself, Michael.

MICHAEL crosses his arms, and looks at the ground. Finally, he  
nods. He removes his varsity jacket. He then flings it at TOBY,  
who barely catches it. Michael and Toby stare at each other for  
a long, uncomfortable moment.

Michael sits with the SECOND GROUP, looks at the ground, than  
crosses his arms again.

INT. OFFICE - DWIGHT'S DESK - AFTERNOON

Dwight is on the phone.

DWIGHT (on phone)  
So, I have you down for double last month's  
order... And I'm so glad to hear how good

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

business is going. Not doing too shabby here either, my friend... You're the fifth sale I've closed today... I think Corporate already owes me a car and a trip to Antigua... Have a great day.

Dwight hangs up. He looks at the camera, while lowering his sunglasses slightly to peek over them, *Risky Business*-style.

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Everyone is still sitting around.

Michael is in the same position, looking at the ground with his arms crossed, except now he keeps teetering back on the chair with his tip-toes.

PAM

Maybe we don't need to do this. I mean, if I've done anything to hurt people's feelings, I apologize, but-

MICHAEL

So, why do you think you're better than us, Pam?

PAM

I don't. I so don't. Michael made me sit here. And wear this stupid-

She takes the tiara off her head and tosses it to the ground.

MICHAEL

Save it for the jury, lady.

PAM

Okay, so high school? I wasn't popular at all in high school! I was- you know, I took art classes, and AP Lit, and took pictures for Yearbook- actually, I was kind of a dork.

KEVIN

Since you were a dork, did you get picked on?

PAM

Well... no. I mean, I had a lot of friends, and I think most people liked me...

(CONTINUED)



She looks slightly flustered.

PAM (CONT'D)

But it wasn't like I was on the Prom Committee, or anything.

MICHAEL

Come on, Pam. Get real. You think Jim is prime rib, and the rest of us are meat loaf.

CREED

You don't have to badger her, Michael.

MICHAEL

What do badgers have to do with this, Creed? How is that relevant? Pam, be honest. If you weren't dating Jim, no one else in here would have a shot.

PAM

That's not true.

MICHAEL

Really? So, you would date someone else in this room?

PAM

Yes, I would.

MICHAEL

Who?

PAM looks confident in taking on the challenge. She examines each of the guys in turn as she talks about them:

PAM

Not Creed or Stanley, because they're too old for me.

CREED

You're not my type, either.

PAM

Okay. Fair enough. Not Oscar, because he likes guys.

She smiles at Oscar, who returns it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM (CONT'D)

Not Andy, because he has kind of a temper,  
and I sort of want to get away from that  
because of Roy.

ANDY

(matter-of-factly)

I do not have an anger problem anymore. I am  
temper-free.

PAM

Well, then, because you're too... good... at  
singing. I can't be with a guy that can  
sing better than I can.

ANDY

Understandable.

PHYLLIS

How about Toby?

Phyllis looks at Toby, then back at Pam.

PHYLLIS

Toby's about the right age for you, Pam.

PAM looks at Toby briefly, almost looking surprised by the idea.

PAM

Toby? Well... yeah. I would definitely date  
Toby.

CAMERA focuses on TOBY, who is completely still. It is difficult  
to make out what exactly his reaction is under the prop glasses,  
but maybe we can imagine.

PAM

And that leaves- Kevin. I, um...

She pauses, then nods her head.

PAM (CONT'D)

Yeah. I don't know Kevin that well, but  
I'd be willing to go on a date with him.

KEVIN

(genuinely surprised)

Really?

(CONTINUED)

Michael scoffs at this, and his chair lands back on four feet with a thud.

MICHAEL

Now you're just being a liar.

STANLEY

People, we are going nowhere fast with this. And speaking of fast, Dwight over there is stealing my customers faster than a jackrabbit.

CAMERA PANS to DWIGHT, who is smiling and chatting away on the phone, while typing figures onto his keyboard.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

So Jim and Pam are dating. So they laugh a lot. So what. This is the world, this is your job. Live with it.

CREED

So it doesn't bother you, that they laugh at you.

STANLEY

If Pam is taking all her calls, and leaving all her messages, and Jim is pulling his weight in Sales, they can laugh until the cows come home.

OSCAR

Maybe Stanley's right. But-

He shakes his head.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

I don't know. I'm not a very sensitive person. You can't be, when you're two different types of minority. But at times, I do feel they are being a little... condescending.

JIM perks up, finally. He looks like he's about had it.

JIM

(dead serious, and angry)  
Condescending? You think we're being condescending?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OSCAR is a bit taken aback by his reaction.

OSCAR

Um- yeah, I guess.

JIM

Okay, let's talk about condescending. How about when your pretentious boyfriend looks at Pam's drawings for five seconds and calls it motel art? Or when you say Pam can't be an artist because she lacks honesty and courage? Is that condescending?

Everyone is shocked- no one has ever seen Jim react like this to anything. Oscar looks mortified.

PAM looks, if anything, even more mortified.

PAM

Jim, I told you not to tell anyone about that. Ever.

JIM looks kind of in disbelief himself, as if he has just violated a sacred code he has lived his whole life by.

A long, extremely awkward pause ensues.

PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM

I've never seen Jim open his mouth to say anything without it being a joke. And I'm his girlfriend. Even when he orders fries, or calls to inquire about his phone bill, it kind of sounds like he's being funny.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

It is still silent. OSCAR seems to be deep in thought. Finally, he turns to Pam.

OSCAR

Pam, I'm sorry. Gill- don't even worry about him, he thinks he's the New Yorker critic for everything, and he's wrong a hundred percent of the time. But I'm sorry for what I said. It was thoughtless, and uncalled for.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Oscar and Pam make eye contact.

PAM

(it means a lot to her)

I accept your apology, Oscar.

It becomes absolutely quiet again.

DWIGHT walks by, doing math on a notepad.

DWIGHT

Michael, I am killing today. You should just fire everyone else, I can pull this office on my own like a prize bull...

ANDY gets up and hugs him.

ANDY

Dwight, I told Michael you were trying to steal his job when you went to New York. Forgive me.

DWIGHT

I already know you did that, and I do not forgive people. Please take your hands off me.

Andy acquiesces, but pats Dwight good-naturedly on the shoulder.

CREED looks at this, then thinks for a moment and turns to ANGELA.

CREED

I'm not going to tell you what I did to you, because it's rather disgusting and I think you'd react badly. But if we could shake on it-

He offers his hand to her. Angela looks confused, but she does shake his hand.

KELLY walks up to PAM.

KELLY

I told Ryan I thought you were a slut once.

PAM

What?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kelly waves her hand dismissingly.

KELLY

No, but it's totally cool. I just say that about people when they do something to piss me off, I don't think you're a slut at all. And I don't even want you to say sorry for the thing that pissed me off, because I don't even remember it. So- sorry?

They make eye contact. PAM gets up and hugs her.

Everybody is having individual conversations now, getting up and walking around.

KEVIN and STANLEY are sitting next to each other and staring straight forward, as others walk around them.

KEVIN

I'm sorry for slavery.

STANLEY

I don't hold you accountable for that.

KEVIN

Jim Crow laws. Driving while black.

STANLEY thinks about it, then shrugs.

STANLEY

Okay, I guess I can apologize for rap music.

KEVIN

Britney Spears.

STANLEY

Sinbad.

KEVIN

Gallagher.

STANLEY

Erkel.

KEVIN

Richard Simmons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STANLEY  
Montel Williams.

They both smile.

MICHAEL has slid off his chair, and is sitting on the ground with his back propped against a table, looking on.

He cocks his head to the side pensively. He then makes eye contact across the circle with JIM.

INT. CITY BUS - LATE AFTERNOON

JAN is aboard, standing in the aisle. A MAN is standing next to her, staring in the opposite direction. The bus hits a turn, and the man stumbles in Jan's direction. He reaches out to steady himself- in doing so, he "accidentally" feels up Jan.

MAN  
Oh, I'm sorry.

JAN is momentarily shocked, but recollects herself.

JAN  
No, it's, um, okay.

They go back to standing.

Seconds later, the bus hits a bump. The MAN stumbles, and feels up Jan again.

CLOSE-UP on Jan's face. She is tight-lipped.

INT. OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Everyone has adopted Michael's position- they are sitting on the carpet, with their backs propped against desks, in a big circle. They look tired, but content.

JIM is actually lying down, facing upwards, with his head in Pam's lap. No one seems to object to this.

JIM  
Wow. So Meredith, you have actually been working at Scranton the longest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEREDITH

Yep. Two months before Michael came.

JIM

And Michael, before he came here-

MICHAEL

Cross-country magazine salesman. Best you ever saw.

JIM

That was in-

MICHAEL

1989.

MEREDITH

Oh my God, that was before my first divorce.

PAM

And in 1989, Jim-

She taps Jim's nose with her finger.

JIM

-was in fourth grade, George Washington Elementary School.

PAM

I was in third grade. Dwight D. Eisenhower. Fourteen miles away!

PHYLLIS looks at Stanley. Stanley has gotten very comfortable, lying down on a blanket, staring at the ceiling.

PHYLLIS

What were you doing in 1989, Stanley?

STANLEY

Exactly what I'm doing now. Selling stuff to people. Xerox copiers.

Phyllis chuckles.

PHYLLIS

Sewing machines.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Salesmen...

(glances at Phyllis)

Salespeople, will always be salespeople.

ANDY

It's just in the blood. You got it, or you don't.

STANLEY

And if you don't, and you can't sell a single thing, you get a cushy job in Corporate.

OSCAR

And e-mail out new, fantastic, revolutionary spread sheets every day.

JIM

What time is it?

MEREDITH

Four thirty-seven.

MICHAEL

It's Friday, isn't it?

ANDY

Yep.

MICHAEL

I was just thinking- and maybe it's a weird time to bring this up, but- what happens on Monday? When we walk in here, and see each other again?

ANGELA

What do you mean?

MICHAEL

I mean, we're friends now, right? I consider all of you my friends.

CAMERA PANS to the employees' faces. No one, for the moment, seems to disagree with this assessment.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

So what happens on Monday?

JIM

You're asking, if we're still friends.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Yes.

JIM and PAM both look at Michael, then at each other. They all look like they're up to something, and want to know if the others are following the game plan.

PAM

You want the truth?

MICHAEL

Yes. I want the truth.

PAM

I don't think so.

JIM

That's a real nice attitude, Pam.

PAM

Oh be honest, Jim. If Toby walked up to you on Monday, you'd pretend to be nice to him, and when he walked away you'd cut him all up in front of me and Dwight, so we wouldn't think you liked him.

Toby laughs.

JIM

No way.

PAM

You would.

MICHAEL

What a biatch.

Kevin looks at the camera and smiles.

KEVIN

Well, I guess I'm a better person than you guys. Because I'd never do that to you, Pam.

PAM

That's because your friends look up to us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DWIGHT  
(shaking his head)  
You are so conceited, Pam. You are so  
conceited.

People laugh.

KELLY  
Ohmigod! I get it. This is just like that  
movie.

KELLY TALKING HEAD

KELLY  
*Never Been Kissed.* David Arquette is so cute.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION

The ELEVATOR opens. Jan walks out and enters the office. She stops and looks around, doesn't see anyone sitting at their desks. No one notices her.

JIM  
So why is Jan so angry at you?

MICHAEL  
Oh God, Jan...  
(he sighs)  
Well, me and Jan are both very serious about  
nutrition. We take vitamins every day. One  
day I ran out, so I borrowed a couple from  
her, and when I got the chance I went to the  
store and got some Flintstones vitamins, and  
replaced the ones I took out of her vitamin  
case. But...  
(he furrows his brows)

JIM  
They weren't vitamins.

MICHAEL  
Nope.

PAM  
What did her vitamin case look like?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Circular. Pills were all different colors. One for each day of the month.

JIM

You replaced Jan's birth control pills with Flintstones vitamins.

PAM and a few others now notice JAN has walked up behind the desk Michael is leaning against.

MICHAEL

You know, Jan is forty. So, really, come on. Birth control? Bladder control, maybe.

PAM

Michael, Jan is in the room.

MICHAEL

Jan is in what room?

KEVIN

This room.

PAM

She's standing behind you.

MICHAEL

She's standing behind me? Spiritually? So she's standing... by her man? Yes? No? Don't know where you're going with this.

Everyone is quiet. Michael senses they're looking at something. He turns to peek behind the desk-

JAN steps into view. MICHAEL yelps and jumps up, but hits his head against the edge of the table, cries in pain, and collapses to the ground.

JAN looks at him for a moment, than turns to everyone else.

JAN

I think it's time for everyone to go home.

She may not be the boss anymore, but right now no one is going to argue with her. People start moving.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

You never really grow up. In a way, we're all still in high school. And that's a good thing.

INT. OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

People are packing up and zipping by Jan out the door.

MICHAEL (VO)

Everyone had a label in high school. And years later, we still label people. But maybe we do it for a reason. Maybe those labels mean something. But only if we're willing to admit that all of those labels are a part of every one of us.

EXT. CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - PARKING LOT - OVERHEAD SHOT

RYAN is leaving for the day, heading for his car.

MICHAEL (VO)

Maybe each of us is a brain.

EXT. SCRANTON OFFICE - PARKING LOT - OVERHEAD SHOT

JIM kisses PAM, then heads for his car.

MICHAEL (VO)

And an athlete.

EXT. PARKING LOT

DWIGHT is squatting very low, trying to reach something under his car with a stick.

MICHAEL (VO)

And a basket case.

EXT. PARKING LOT

ANGELA is walking to her car.

MICHAEL (VO)

And a princess.

EXT. ABANDONED SCRANTON LOT

CREED looks around, pops his trunk, and hands a box to two unsavory-looking men.

MICHAEL (VO)  
And a criminal.

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

SPY SHOT: JAN and MICHAEL, next to Dwight's desk.

Jan is talking rapidly. She looks like she's really letting Michael have it. Then she stops.

Suddenly, she rips off her top, and plows everything off of Dwight's desk. She jumps on the desk, and pulls Michael down onto her.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW