THE OFFICE
"Charity Walk"

by
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FIRST DRAFT: 12/22/05
INT. OFFICE BREAKROOM/KITCHEN. MORNING.

RYAN IS FIXING A CUP OF COFFEE. MICHAEL WALKS IN HOLDING EMPTY COFFEE CUP.

MICHAEL
Ryan! The Ryanator! Makin’ coffee!

RYAN
Oh. Heh. Saturday Night Live, yeah.

MICHAEL
Ryan-Ryan-Bo-Byan-Banana-
Fuh...(forgetting words)-Fanana,
Fuh...

RYAN
That’s okay. You can...you can stop now.

MICHAEL
(quietly finishing)
...the Naaame Game.

RYAN
You, uh, you want some coffee, Michael?

MICHAEL
Don’t mind if I do!

MICHAEL HOLDS OUT CUP THAT SAYS “SEXY GRANDPA.”

RYAN
Sexy Grandpa, huh?

MICHAEL
Yeah, well, I saw it at Dollar General, thought it’d be good for a laugh... a little chuckle, maybe. Plus, although I am not yet a Grandpa, when I do become one many, many years from now, I plan to be a very sexy one. Perhaps even the sexiest.

RYAN
Probably need a new cup, then.
MICHAEL
At that time, I assume I’ll be
taking my coffee in pill format.
Space age. 2001.

RYAN
So, how do you take your...non-pill
coffee?

MICHAEL
“I take it black, like my men."

STANLEY WALKS IN AT THAT EXACT MOMENT AND EYES MICHAEL WITH
HIS USUAL MIXTURE OF DISGUST, RESIGNATION AND SLIGHT PITY.

RYAN
I, uh, I don’t know that one.

MICHAEL
What? Okay, how about this: “Have
you ever seen a grown man naked?”

RYAN
(Stunned, slightly
frightened silence)

MICHAEL
What, are you kidding me?
‘Airplane,’ man! That’s a classic!
Screw ‘Ordinary People,’ ‘Airplane’
is the best movie of 1980.

RYAN
Yeah, I was, like, a year old.

MICHAEL
No excuse. No excuse. Tonight it’s
you, me ‘Airplane.’ Let’s make it a
Blockbuster night!

RYAN
I think I’ve got something going on
tonight...

MICHAEL
Not taking no for an answer!

RYAN
So, um, you want it black?
MICHAEL
Oh, no, no. God no. Horrible stuff.
Why don’t you “bitch it up” for me.

PHYLLIS WALKS IN AT THAT EXACT MOMENT, EYEING MICHAEL IN A MANNER NOT UNLIKE THAT OF STANLEY.

RYAN
Sugar? Pink stuff? Blue stuff?

MICHAEL
Have we got the yellow stuff?

RYAN
I think we’re out of the yellow stuff.

MICHAEL
Crap. I like the yellow stuff. Oh well, why don’t you hit me with your pink stuff?

RYAN
(slight cringe)
I...really don’t want to ask you how much cream you want now.

MICHAEL
Oh, not a lot. Just enough to lighten it up some. Why don’t you make it look like Kelly?

KELLY WALKS IN AT THAT EXACT MOMENT.

KELLY
Make what look like me?

MICHAEL
Nothing! Nothing.

RYAN
He wants me to make his coffee look like you.

KELLY
What, like, my skin color, you mean?

RYAN
Yeah, that’s what I was assuming. Right, Michael?
MICHAEL
What? No! No... it’s just that, I noticed how you drink your coffee, Kelly, and I thought it looked delicious and I wanted to have mine that way.

KELLY
I don’t drink coffee, Michael.

MICHAEL
My mistake. My mistake. I must have been thinking of somebody else.

KELLY WALKS OUT IN DISGUST. RYAN HANDS THE COFFEE CUP TO MICHAEL. MICHAEL LOOKS DOWN AT CUP, LOOKS UP AT KELLY WALKING AWAY, LOOKS BACK DOWN AT COFFEE, THEN HANDS IT BACK TO RYAN.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
A little more cream.

CUT TO:

OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MICHAEL SCOTT’S OFFICE. DAY. MICHAEL IS TALKING TO CAMERA CREW.

MICHAEL
It’s been a very exciting week at Dunder-Mifflin. We’ve been raising money for tomorrow’s big charity walk.

I’d like to take credit for the idea – and, to be honest, I’m sure that I planted the seeds for this at one point over the years – idea man, you know – but apparently the Albany branch recently raised some money for some... disaster or something somewhere, so corporate thought it would be a good idea for us to, you know, get involved socially. Brotherhood of Man... and Woman, too. Sisterhood...

(MORE)
MICHAEL (CONT'D)

So tomorrow everybody up here is donning their "sweats 'n' tennies" to participate in the Scranton "Sight for Psoriasis" Walk.

CUT TO:

INT: NEXT TO THE WATERCOOLER STANDS A HOMEMADE POSTERBOARD CHART: HEADLINE READS "SIGHT FOR PSORIASIS." POSTER IMAGE IS A HOLLOW MAN (ALA OPENING CREDITS LOGO) WEARING SUNGLASSES AND HOLDING A LEASH WITH A SEEING-EYE DOG AT THE END. HASHMARKS INDICATE DOLLAR LEVELS — HE'S ABOUT 70% FILLED. THE TOP GOAL IS $2,000.

BACK TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE. DWIGHT'S SITTING WITH HIM.

MICHAEL
And because it is always my policy to put the "zing!" in "fundraising," we've had a week chock full of nuts. And by nuts, I mean motivational activities.

CUT TO:

INT. FOOTAGE OF MICHAEL WEARING "BABY ON BOARD" SHIRT WITH ARROW POINTING TO WOMB/CROTCH. PREGNANT CO-WORKER WALKS BY, SHAKING HEAD IN DISGUST.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Monday was 'Funny Shirt Day,' always a crowd-pleaser.

CUT TO:

Tuesday was ‘Pumpkin Decorating Contest Day.’ Even though it’s not October, I’ve always felt that, if you’re going to decorate something, nothing decorates quite like a pumpkin.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL DRESSED AS DUMBLEDORE WITH ROBE AND LONG WHITE BEARD, HOLDING A “SORTING HAT.” HE ATTEMPTS TO PLACE IT ON ANGELA’S HEAD AND SHE TEARS IT FROM HIS GRASP, THROWS IT TO THE GROUND AND WALKS AWAY.

Wednesday was ‘Harry Potter Day. That was... mostly well-received.’

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. EVERYONE WORKING, EVEN MORE UNHAPPY THAN USUAL.

Thursday was ‘Labor Day,’ which wasn’t really an activity, it was more a day where everybody worked late to make up for the time we spent in activities earlier in the week.

BACK TO:
INT. MICHAEL’S OFFICE. DWIGHT’S SITTING WITH HIM.

MICHAEL
And now today is Friday, which means it’s ‘Bake Sale Day,’ so all the ladies in the office — including Dwight...

CAMERA PANS TO INSULTED DWIGHT, PANS BACK TO MICHAEL.

...have got their “Julia Child” on to hit our $2,000 fundraising goal.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOSEUP SHOTS OF VARIOUS PRICED, BAKED GOODS AT VARIOUS DESKS AROUND OFFICE.

BACK TO:

INT. MICHAEL’S OFFICE. DWIGHT’S SITTING WITH HIM.

MICHAEL
The most exciting part is that I’ve got the hottest advertising agency in town designing t-shirts for tomorrow’s walk. I think it’s important for us to really show the greater Scranton community that we’re a team.

DWIGHT
Like the Justice League.

MICHAEL
No, not like the Justice League. We’re a family.

DWIGHT
Like the Fantastic Four.

MICHAEL
Not like the Fantastic Four.

DWIGHT
The Fantastic Four is a family.

MICHAEL
The difference is we are real people in a real family.

(MORE)
MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Charity begins at home. And home is where the heart is. And that’s what this walk is all about. Heart disease.

DWIGHT
Isn’t it for blind skin rash?

MICHAEL
(dismissive)
What matters is, when the Albany branch was feeding their starving orphans, their t-shirts totally sucked.

CUT TO:

INT. TOBY AT HIS DESK, TALKING TO CAMERA CREW

TOBY
Michael doesn’t seem to have done anything this week other than pester us with all this walk stuff. Don’t get me wrong, I’m all for supporting charity, but I really don’t see the need to send out emails every hour to remind us. And I don’t quite understand a grown man ending each one with twelve exclamation points. Maybe if he was being ironic, but...I don’t think Michael knows how to be ironic.

BACK TO:

INT. MICHAEL’S OFFICE. DWIGHT’S SITTING WITH HIM.

MICHAEL
Pam’s got a great nickname around here. We call her the “Master Baker.”

DWIGHT
I’ve never heard that.

MICHAEL
Well... maybe nobody ever told you.

DWIGHT
Doubtful.
MICHAEL
Anyway, she makes these incredible desserts. Cookies, cupcakes... one time she made this key lime pie with some sort of honey tequila sauce – MM-MMM! I still dream about Pam’s pie.

PAN TO:

CONFUSED LOOK ON DWIGHT’S FACE. PAN BACK TO MICHAEL.

With those baking skills, she’s going to make somebody a great wife one of these days.

DWIGHT
Probably not anytime soon, though.

CUT TO:

INT. PAM WORKING AT HER DESK. JIM’S HANGING OUT WITH HER.

JIM
So, what’s the special du jour at Pam’s Bakery?

PAM
Oh, I’ve got some double-fudge brownies with walnuts.

JIM
Of course you know that walnuts are my absolute favorite.

PAM
Huh. I’d have pegged you for more of an almond guy.

JIM
Yeah, actually, most people think that – I actually even flirted with the pecan in college, but then I rededicated my life to the walnut.

ROY WALKS IN.

JIM (CONT’D)
Oh, hey, Roy...
ROY
Hey dude. (TURNING TO PAM) Mmmm, baby! Whatcha got here?

PAM
Brownies.

ROY
Well, I guess I’ll just have to buy them all up from you.

JIM AWKWARDLY BEGINS TO WALK BACK TO HIS DESK.

ROY (CONT’D)
Wait, do these have walnuts in them? You know I hate walnuts.

A SLY, SURPRISED SMILE CROSSES JIM’S FACE AS HE CONTINUES TO WALK AWAY.

CUT TO:

INT. DWIGHT’S DESK. RYAN’S STANDING THERE AND JIM WALKS UP.

RYAN
Hey, Jim. You’ve, ah, you’ve really gotta see what Dwight’s got over here.

PAN DOWN TO REVEAL TRAY HOLDING FIST-SIZED MOLDS OF RED JELL-O, EACH CONTAINING A MASS OF THICK, WORMY-LOOKING WHITE NOODLES. THE TRAY IS BEING LIGHTLY SHAKEN BY DWIGHT (TO SIMULATE MOVEMENT). PAN BACK TO JIM.

JIM
Wow. Are those...are those worms?

RYAN
Better than worms.

DWIGHT
Much better than worms. They’re Gagh. (pronounced GAHK!)

JIM
They’re what?
DWIGHT
Gagh. A Klingon delicacy. They have a horrible flavor but they’re a popular dish because they put up a fight as they’re being shoved down your esophagus.

PAN TO JIM’S BEMUSED REACTION. PAN BACK TO DWIGHT.

DWIGHT (CONT’D)
These are actually made with strawberry Jell-O and udon noodles, so...they taste good.

JIM
I must say, Dwight, that’s pretty darn impressive.

DWIGHT
Would you like one?

JIM
Why not? I’m game. Hit me.

DWIGHT
Great. That’ll be twelve dollars.

JIM
Wait, twelve bucks? You know everybody else’s stuff is, like, fifty cents, a dollar...

DWIGHT
Well, I didn’t quite hit my pledge goals.

RYAN
You couldn’t get anyone in your karate class to donate?

DWIGHT
First, it’s not a class, it’s a dojo. And, B, two of the Britney’s were selling candy for their pep club last week, so Sensei Ira didn’t have any spare money.

JIM
“Two” of the Britney’s?
DWIGHT
There are seven Britney’s in the class. Apparently, it’s a very popular name for the pre-teen girl.

JIM
(pulls four dollars out of his wallet)
All I’ve got is four bucks.

DWIGHT
(grabbing money)
Sold!

JIM
Have you got a spoon or anything?

DWIGHT
(incredulous)
Klingons don’t use spoons, Jim.

JIM
Touché.

JIM LOOKS DOWN AT MASS OF WORMY JELL-O, SHRUGS, AND SHOVES IT INTO HIS MOUTH VIOLENTLY. CHEWS A BIT AS HIS FACE REGISTERS WITH CONSIDERATION. HE SWALLOWS.

JIM (CONT’D)
Huh. That’s good Gagh.

INT. ACCOUNTING DEPARTMENT. ANGELA’S GOT A SPREAD OF ELABORATELY DECORATED COOKIES IN THE SHAPE OF CROSSES.

MICHAEL
Okay, what have we got over here? Angela’s got some delicious looking... geez, would you look at those.

ANGELA
Is something wrong with my cookies, Michael?

MICHAEL
Nope. Nope. No judgment here... separation of church and... you know, I’m sure these will be a big moneymaker for the charity.
ANGELA
If Oscar stops stealing and eating them.

OSCAR
It’s not me.

MICHAEL
What, is Oscar the Grouch turning into the Cookie Monster? Me want cookies! MMMMAARGGHH!!!

MICHAEL GRABS HANDFUL OF COOKIES AND SHOVES THEM IN HIS MOUTH WHILE CRUSHING THEM IN HIS HANDS, NOT UNLIKE THE COOKIE MONSTER. EVERYONE STARES UNCOMFORTABLY, EXCEPT FOR KEVIN, WHO SLOWLY PLACES A HALF-EATEN COOKIE IN HIS DESK DRAWER WHILE WIPING HIS MOUTH.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Actually, Oscar, we know you’re not the Cookie Monster, because you would obviously be Luis.

OSCAR
What? Why, because I’m...

MICHAEL
(Cutting Oscar off) Because... you know, because who wouldn’t want to be Luis? Married to Maria, who was one spicy little tamale. Still is, from what I’ve seen. Aging well.

MICHAEL AWKWARDLY WALKS AWAY.

INT. JIM AT HIS DESK, TALKING TO CAMERA CREW.

JIM
Yeah, I bought one of Angela’s cookies. What? No, I’m not gonna eat it. I’m keeping it with me just in case I ever get attacked by a gingerbread vampire.
INT. MICHAEL’S OFFICE. DWIGHT’S SITTING WITH HIM.

MICHAEL
So, all of the companies at tomorrow’s walk will have big picnic tents at the end for everybody to stick around and eat lunch and, you know, celebrate the blind. We’ll be cooking burgers.

DWIGHT
I’ll gladly be in charge of burgers, Michael.

MICHAEL
You’re not cooking burgers, Dwight.

DWIGHT
Why not?

MICHAEL
‘Cause you’ll be walking.

DWIGHT
I’ll be so far ahead I’ll be finished before everybody else. Let me do it.

MICHAEL
That’s stupid. It’s a fun run.

DWIGHT
There’s nothing fun about running, Michael. This is a competition, and it’s in my blood to fight to the death.

MICHAEL
You’re not cooking the burgers, Dwight.

DWIGHT
Then who? Kevin? Toby?

MICHAEL
I was thinking Devon. He cooks really good burgers.

DWIGHT
But you fired Devon.
MICHAEL
They made me fire Devon. He understands that.

DWIGHT
I don’t think so.

MICHAEL
I’ll prove it. I’m going to call him right now to ask.

MICHAEL PICKS UP THE PHONE AND DIALS NUMBER. HE WAITS FOR A WHILE AND THE ANSWERING MACHINE PICKS UP.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Hello, Devon’s answering machine! This is Sir Michael of Scott, and (startled) – oh, I, um, I didn’t really expect you to be – yeah... still no luck finding – yeah, well, yeah – so, listen. We’re doing this charity walk tomorrow with a picnic after and I was thinking maybe you could come by and grill up some burgers like the old days. Whatcha think? ...yeah? Right, right...no, okay, no, that’s... fine. Right. Understood. Great, thank...

MICHAEL, HAVING JUST BEEN HUNG UP ON, PAUSES, THEN HANGS UP.

DWIGHT
Was he there?

MICHAEL
Yes.

DWIGHT
So what did he say?

MICHAEL
He’s... he’s thinking about it. (Michael looks at camera, still a bit shellshocked, then looks away.

CUT TO:

BLACK
ACT TWO.

INT. PAM’S DESK, JIM’S HANGING OUT. MICHAEL COMES OVER.

MICHAEL
Wait ‘til you get a load of these shirts – they are going to totally kick ass.

JIM
Oh, did you see them?

MICHAEL
Not exactly. But these guys are top of the line, best in town. Plus, I gave them a lot of input, because that’s how that world works, you know? You can’t create in a vacuum. I must’ve faxed them probably about seven or eight ideas.

PAM
Nineteen.

MICHAEL
Nineteen! Wow – see? I’m burning with creative juices. I am an idea man after all. I think if I hadn’t, you know, followed the calling that brought me here, I could see myself doing that kind of stuff. Advertising. I mean, come on. “Where’s the Beef?” “Just do it?” Easy. You know, I took a marketing class once and actually came up with a cigarette mascot before Joe Camel.

PAM
Oh God.

MICHAEL

PAM
Isn’t that kinda close to “Smokey the Bear?”
MICHAEL
Aha! Not close at all, dear Pam, because Smokey’s name is actually just “Smokey Bear.” Not “the Bear.” Plus, “Smokey the Squirrel” wore sunglasses and rode a surfboard...while smoking a cigarette.

JIM
It’s a shame the children of America were denied that.

MICHAEL
Hey, there’s always hope.

DOOR OPENS AND DELIVERY GUY WALKS IN, PUSHING A DOLLY CARRYING TWO BOXES. HE STOPS AND PULLS OUT A CLIPBOARD.

DELIVERY GUY
I’ve got a box here for an “M. Scott.”

MICHAEL
That’s me! I’m an M. Scott! Gang way! Coming through!

DELIVERY GUY
(holding out clipboard) Okay, sign here...

MICHAEL
(signing the paper) Can’t wait!

MICHAEL TEARS OPEN THE BOX, REACHES IN, PULLS OUT A HOT PINK T-SHIRT. HE OPENS THE SHIRT UP, TO REVEAL “GOT PSORIASIS?” PRINTED ON THE FRONT.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Okay, funny. Where are the real shirts?

DELIVERY GUY
That’s all I’ve got.

MICHAEL
Hot pink shirts? Hot pink? Who orders hot pink shirts?

DELIVERY GUY
On here it says “salmon.”
MICHAEL
What?

DELIVERY GUY
On the invoice it says “salmon.”

MICHAEL
Salmon? That’s a fish, that’s not a color!

PAM
What color shirts did you order?

MICHAEL
I just told them to pick something cool! They’re the professionals!

PAM
Well, they do make a statement.

JIM
And if anybody gets lost, we’ll be able to find them before Dwight gets scared and starts crying.

MICHAEL
And what’s this? “Got Psoriasis?” What does that even mean?

PAM
Wasn’t that one of your sketches, Michael?

MICHAEL
As an example, Pam. An example of the kind of cool ideas I wanted, maybe.

PAM
I guess the nuance didn’t come over on the fax. Or the other eighteen faxes.

DELIVERY GUY
Okay, I’m gonna need a check from somebody.

MICHAEL
I’m sorry...a check?
DELIVERY GUY
Yeah, there’s a cash-on-delivery invoice here from the ad agency.

MICHAEL
No no no, that’s a mistake. This is a pro-bono job.

DELIVERY GUY
I don’t see anything about “pro-bono” on this invoice.

JIM
Did the ad agency know it was pro-bono?

MICHAEL
It’s a charity walk, Jim. That means that everything is donated for free. Otherwise they wouldn’t call it “charity.”

DELIVERY GUY
Yeah, well, according to this I need a check for $2,178.46 for you to take possession of the shirts.

PAM
Oh my god.

MICHAEL
Twenty-one hundred dollars? For t-shirts? Crappy, pink t-shirts?

JIM
Salmon.

DELIVERY GUY
It looks like on here there was a rush charge applied that doubled the cost.

MICHAEL
Rush charge? That makes no sense.

PAM
Maybe you shouldn’t have waited ’til four days ago to give them the project.

MICHAEL
They’re creative, Pam. They do their best work at the last minute.

(MORE)
MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I just cut out the middleman so
they could get straight to the good
stuff.

JIM
(now wearing t-shirt over
his shirt & tie)
Hey, mission accomplished.

MICHAEL
Okay, Pam, where’s the charity walk
donation money?

PAM
What? Why?

DELIVERY GUY
You’re going to pay for these with
your charity money?

MICHAEL
Can I have these shirts for free?

DELIVERY GUY
No.

MICHAEL
Then what does it matter to you?
Pam, the money please.

PAM
We, um, we only have about eighteen
hundred.

MICHAEL
Including the bake sale?

PAM
Yeah, I just added all that.

MICHAEL
Gah, we suck! We didn’t even reach
our goal for the charity.

JIM
The charity whose money is being
used to pay for these shirts?

MICHAEL
You’re not helping, Jim. (suddenly
struck with idea) Petty cash! I’m
sure we’ve got the rest in petty
cash!
MICHAEL JOGS OVER TO ACCOUNTING.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(to Angela)
Angela, we’ve got a little
emergency here and I need the petty
cash.

ANGELA
It’s empty, Michael.

MICHAEL
What? How did that happen? (he eyes
Oscar with suspicion)

ANGELA
You spent it all on your Dumbledore
costume for ‘Harry Potter Day.’

MICHAEL
Dammit! I knew I should’ve just
rented.

KEVIN
It’s a great costume.

MICHAEL
It’s an awesome costume, Kevin, but
that’s not important. (panicky)
Okay. Okay. Okay...Okay. I’ve got
it now.

(announcing to office)
Attention everyone! We’ve got a
little last minute fundraising
 crunch here. We need an extra four
hundred dollars right now! Who
wants to put in a little extra for
the needy, huh? Let’s all join
together and give it one last push
to make some dreams happen!

EVERYONE SHEEPISHLY LOOKS AT ONE ANOTHER AND STARTS TO PULL
OUT THEIR PURSES AND WALLETS.

DWIGHT
(breathlessly jogging over
to Michael)
Michael! Jim just told me about the
money you need for the t-shirts and
I haven’t turned in my
Bake Sale earnings yet! (he gives
an envelope to Michael)
MICHAEL
(opening envelope)
What is this, four bucks? How does that help?

OSCAR
You mean this last minute goal is to pay for the t-shirts, Michael? It’s not for charity?

MICHAEL
Yes, it is for charity, Oscar, because our team showing up tomorrow for the walk is a big morale booster for the needy. Money comes and goes, but dedication? Heart? That’s what counts. Us showing up in our big...gay...insanely expensive t-shirts is what matters.

EVERYONE GRUMBLING IN DISAPPOINTMENT AND TURNS BACK TO WORK AT THEIR DESKS, SHUNNING MICHAEL. KNOWING HE’S DEFEATED, MICHAEL WALKS BACK TO THE FRONT DESK AND GIVES PAM BACK THE CHARITY MONEY.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
(to Delivery Guy) You take plastic?

DELIVERY GUY
Cash or check only. Sorry.

MICHAEL
(sighing) Follow me.

THEY WALK INTO MICHAEL’S OFFICE AND MICHAEL GOES TO HIS DESK TO GRAB HIS CHECKBOOK.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. EVERYONE’S PASSES BY MICHAEL’S OFFICE AS THEY LEAVE FOR THE DAY, CARRYING THEIR LEFTOVER BAKED GOODS AND PINK T-SHIRTS WITH THEM. DWIGHT’S THE LAST ONE AND KNOCKS ON MICHAEL’S DOOR.

CUT TO:
INT. MICHAEL’S OFFICE. HE’S SITTING AT HIS DESK, STARING IN A DEPRESSED HAZE, SLUMPED DOWN IN CHAIR.

DWIGHT
Michael? Would you like some Gagh?

MICHAEL
(shaking out of haze) What? Oh. No, no thanks. I filled up on Jesus cookies.

DWIGHT
Okay, well, I guess I’ll see you tomorrow.

MICHAEL
Yeah.

DWIGHT
I’ll bring my apron.

MICHAEL
Don’t bring your apron.

DWIGHT
(deflated) Okay.

DWIGHT WALKS OUT, LEAVING MICHAEL SEEMingly ALONE IN THE OFFICE. MICHAEL LOOKS OFF CAMERA AS IF ACKNOWLEDGING THE PRESENCE OF SOMEONE SITTING IN ONE OF HIS OFFICE CHAIRS.

MICHAEL
The shirts aren’t too bad, are they? Yeah, yeah, I know. They suck. Well, I guess it’s just you and me for the night. We should probably get going, huh? Blockbuster’s waiting. You’ll probably have to stay in the car, though.

MICHAEL GETS UP FROM DESK.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOSEUP OF PUMPKIN HOOTERS GIRL SITTING IN CHAIR. HE PICKS PUMPKIN UP, CAMERA STAYS ON EMPTY CHAIR AS HE TURNS THE LIGHTS OFF.

FADE TO BLACK.
THE END