

The Office

"Picture This"

by

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WGA# 1120039

COLD OPENFADE IN:INT. RECEPTION AREA - EARLY MORNING

WALT, an elderly plant maintenance man, is pushing his service cart toward the exit as PAM ENTERS for the day. Pam holds the door for Walt. Pam's outfit is dressier than usual, but not overly so.

WALT

Good morning, my dear. Say, you look wonderful.

He offers her a potted plant from his cart.

PAM

(blushing)

Thank you, Walt.

WALT

My pleasure. See you next week.

Walt EXITS. Smiling, Pam turns on the lights.

PAM (V.O.)

Michael requires me to be here 30 minutes before everyone else.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECT ADDRESS TO THE CAMERA

PAM

To do the 'prep' work. You know, like turning on the lights, and...that's about it, really. (beat) Oh, and sometimes I help the plant guy. He's sweet.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

Pam is playing computer solitaire. She looks over the empty office. The new plant sits on the counter, blocking her view of Jim's desk. She slides it further down to block her view of Michael's office. She smiles and returns to her game.

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONEFADE IN:INT. RECEPTION - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

MICHAEL ENTERS with a suit bag, a tackle box labeled Michael's Make-up Mojo, and a make-up bib around his neck.

MICHAEL
Big Day! Big Day! Is he here yet?

PAM
In the conference room.

MICHAEL
Good. Good. Very good.

PAM
Should I get him?

MICHAEL
No, no. Don't do that. I have some, uh, stuff I have to do, first. Some work stuff. Business. Very important, so-
(looking to conference room.)
Hey, where's the sign I made?

PAM
Oh. Um, you know, I was pretty swamped this morning, with my prep work, so...

MICHAEL
Okay, well, you're done with your prep work now, right?

Without breaking eye contact, Pam clicks her game closed.

PAM
Yep.

MICHAEL
Yes! Sign time! What's your sign, baby!
(singing) It's a sign of the times.

Michael EXITS, singing. Pam pulls the sign from the trash and tapes it to the conference room door: "GLAM FACTORY!"

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Michael plucks his eye brows using his make-up case mirror.

MICHAEL

We are having a little photo shoot here at Dunder Mifflin. (*pluck*) Because corporate has decided to put pictures up on the internet. (*pluck*) Which I think is a great idea. (*pluck*) A great idea that occurred to them right after my last trip to New York, wardrobe provided by The Gap, hair-stylings by The Mane Man. So, coincidence or...not a coincidence?

Michael blows eyebrow hair off his tweezers.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

That's for good luck.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

DWIGHT ENTERS with hazard lights and camera equipment.

DWIGHT

Can't talk.

Pam ignores Dwight as he MARCHES to the conference room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PETER, the photographer, sets up a tripod. Dwight ENTERS.

DWIGHT

Dwight Schrute, Special Project Manager of Photography. Michael Scott, Regional Manager may have mentioned my name.

PETER

Um...no, I don't think so.

DWIGHT

He probably spoke to your supervisor. Is this is all the equipment you brought?

PETER

Uh, well-

DWIGHT

Don't worry. This is a P500 infrared night camera with customized shutter silencer. Hear that? (*beat*) I just took your picture. Twice.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECT ADDRESS TO THE CAMERA

DWIGHT

Surveillance is a passion of mine. I'm
like a bird watcher; a jail bird watcher.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION

JIM ENTERS wearing a suit coat, no tie.

JIM

Looking good, Ms. Beesley.

PAM

Thank you, Mr. Halpert. Same to you.

JIM

Oh, just wait till you see me in this.

Jim holds up a shirt and tie that he has cut into a dickey.

PAM

No way!

JIM

Oh, so way.

PAM

Did you make that?

JIM

With my very own safety scissors.

PAM

Wow. I can't believe you made a-

JIM

No, no. Don't say it! Only Dwight is
allowed to call it by its proper name. We
shall call it my insert.

ROY and LONNY ENTER from the warehouse, waving a memo.

ROY

What is this?

Michael's office door is quickly closed from the inside.

LONNY

We have to do a full sweep for photos?

ROY

Why should we bust our hump playing wifey when you guys aren't even dressed up?

PAM

I am dressed up.

ROY

No you're not.

Pam shoots a mortified look to the camera. Dwight APPROACHES.

DWIGHT

I'm commandeering part of the warehouse.

LONNY

No you're not.

DWIGHT

Has to be done.

ROY

No, it doesn't.

DWIGHT

Look. I am totally saving this guy's ass. Turns out he only does portraits. He confided that in me. He begged me do the full body shots, the head to toes.

JIM

Head to toes?

DWIGHT

That's what he called 'em. Nice dickey.

JIM

(a smile to the camera)
Thanks.

LONNY

What?

DWIGHT

The warehouse is the only place big enough. I thought of it first, but he said it before I had a chance to, so, end of discussion.

Dwight EXITS to warehouse.

LONNY

Wait a minute.

ROY
What a sucky day.

Roy and Lonny EXIT, following Dwight.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Peter is adjusting his camera. Michael ENTERS.

MICHAEL
Is that a telescopic lens in your pocket
or are you just happy to shoot me?
(laughs) Michael Scott, Branch Manager.

PETER
Peter Tillman.

MICHAEL
So, have you had a chance to look around?

PETER
Not really.

MICHAEL
Well, let me warn you, it is one fugly
forest out there.

PETER
Sorry?

MICHAEL
Seriously, it's like the hundred acre
wood, with nothing but Pooh.

PETER
Um, I don't, uh...

MICHAEL
Kidding! I'm kidding! I love Pooh. Pooh's
the best. The bear, that is. Not
the...other thing. Anyway. Fact is these
people are all beautiful on the inside.
That's why it's up to two old pros like
us to turn 'em inside out.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECT ADDRESS TO THE CAMERA

MICHAEL

Yes, I was scouted. I was getting a soft pretzel, and I was scouted. By a modeling scout. No big surprise. This was back when Glamour Shots was still top dog in the modeling biz, when they were in the nice part of the mall.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE

Dwight faces the warehouse crew. He looks nervous.

DWIGHT

I am the new manager of the projects.

DARRYL

Come again?

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECT ADDRESS TO THE CAMERA

DWIGHT

The key to communicating with the warehouse guys is to never talk down to them, even if you're their superior.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DWIGHT

I am special- the special manager of special projects, of photography.

LONNY

Good lord.

DWIGHT

And, as such, I am establishing my base of operations down here.

ROY

You should really go back upstairs now.

DARRYL

Hold up, guys. If Michael thinks Dwight can handle this, then I do too.

DWIGHT

You do?

DARRYL

Of course I do. Michael obviously sees something in you that the rest of us can't or don't want to see.

DWIGHT

He does?

DARRYL

Don't ask it, say it.

DWIGHT

He does.

DARRYL

I agree. And if Michael says we gotta let Special Manager Schrute clean this place up for his project, then, damn it, I'm not gonna let anybody stand in his way.

Darryl hands Dwight a broom and begins to clap. Dwight beams.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION - A LITTLE LATER

Kelly APPROACHES, her dress on the skanky side of sexy. All the men, except Oscar, stare as she goes by.

PAM

Wow. Look at you. You look...nice.

KELLY

This? Oh, it's nothing. Just something I threw on. Are the CFM boots too much?

PAM

Um, you know, I, uh,... Jim?

Jim stares intently at his monitor and doesn't look up.

JIM

Absolutely not.

KELLY

So, what are you gonna wear?

PAM

This.

KELLY
 (a little laugh)
 No, really.

PAM
 This.

KELLY
 Oh. *(beat)* It's nice.

Kelly BOLTS. Jim can't resist watching her go. He sees Pam looking at him. His look changes to, "What is she thinking?"

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

MICHAEL
 And then the girls at Panda Express started calling me *(Asian accent)* The bad Grammour Shots guy. Isn't that great? Bad meant good back then. So I started calling them the bad grammar radies. Because, seriously, you couldn't understand a thing they said. That's how I knew the food was authentic. *(beat)* Alright. Enough shop talk. Let's get the troops in here for a few tips from the super duo.

PETER
 That's a bad idea.

MICHAEL
 Okay. Not a talker. I get that. I'll talk for both of us.

PETER
 It's better if you don't say anything. People get nervous enough around cameras.

MICHAEL
 Okay. Not my experience, but-

PETER
 I need to get something from my van. Don't, uh...don't touch anything.

MICHAEL
 Please. My place is in front of the cam.

Peter EXITS. Michael steps into the general office area.

INT. JIM'S DESK AREA - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL

Okay, folks. Modeling 101. In the Glam Factory. Time's a ticking!

JIM

You can't rush beauty, Michael.

MICHAEL

And I'm not. Let's pick it up, people!

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECT ADDRESS TO THE CAMERA

Michael holds up a magazine, his face scanned onto the cover.

MICHAEL

GQ, June 2000. *(beat)* It's not real. I got it at Hershey Park. But it looks real. Once I snuck it into my orthodontist's magazine rack. Nobody even questioned it.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Kevin is the last to meander into the conference room.

MICHAEL

Kevin! My main man! Can't wait to see you makin' love to the camera. Which is just a modeling expression. Because, you know...yuck. Now then, as some of you know, I did a little modeling back in the day. So, some quick pointers. Music. Puts you in the vogue zone. I brought some CDs, so help yourself.

JIM

The J. Giles band?

MICHAEL

Off limits. Everything else, fair game.

MEREDITH

I was told not to dress up.

MICHAEL

Um, okay, who told you that?

MEREDITH

Kelly.

KELLY

I never said that.

MEREDITH

Yes, you did.

KELLY

No, I didn't.

MICHAEL

Girls. Doesn't matter. Lots of people didn't dress up. You, Pam, Angela...

ANGELA

I made a point not to.

MEREDITH

I'm going to the mall at lunch.

MICHAEL

Fine. Permission granted. But the company won't reimburse you, so keep the tags on.

MEREDITH

Do you want to come with me, Pam?

Peter RETURNS, dismayed but not surprised.

MICHAEL

Hey! You're back. That was quick. Everybody, this is Pete.

PETER

Peter.

MICHAEL

The magic man! Take it away, Mr. Magic.

PETER

I'm here all day. Come by whenever.

MICHAEL

That's it? *(beat)* Right. That's it. He's here all day so just come by whenever.

Everyone starts filing out.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What did I tell you? Doggy town, right?
Hey, I know this great lunch place with
these cool old photos over the urinals-

Peter stops Kevin. Jim and Pam are still in the room.

PETER

Hey, man, you've probably heard this
before, but you've got a great look.

KEVIN

Me?

MICHAEL

Him?

PETER

Oh, yeah. You're a natural.

KEVIN

Thanks. *(beat)* I have to go now.

PETER

Alright. Can't wait to get you in front
of the camera.

Kevin FLEES. Michael is stunned. Peter gives Jim and Pam a
conspiratorial wink.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECT ADDRESS TO THE CAMERA

JIM

Peter is...brilliant. I don't know how
good he is with a camera, but who cares?

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE

MICHAEL

Is this guy blind? Is he the long lost
son of Helen Skelter? I mean, no offence
to blind people. I love the blind. And
their dogs? Very useful. But Kevin? Come
on! If a blind photographer tapped in
here right now and touched both our faces
I would definitely feel the prettiest.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOFADE IN:INT. WAREHOUSE

The warehouse crew sit at a table, watching Dwight clean.

LONNY

Yo, dude, you can't have that corner.

DWIGHT

Fact: as special project manager, I will decide whether or not I can or cannot have the corner or not. And, follow up fact: I just decided I can. So, word.

Dwight starts sweeping out the corner.

MADGE

No he didn't.

CUT TO:

INT. ACCOUNTING AREA - LATER

Kevin has his head in one hand, a candy bar in the other. He nods off, then wakes with a jolt. He munches on the candy and winks at his reflection in the wrapper. Angela is appalled.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECT ADDRESS TO THE CAMERA

ANGELA

Sloth. Gluttony. Vanity. *(beat)* If Kevin were in the movie Seven, they'd have to kill him three times.

CUT TO:

INT. RECEPTION

Pam is removing photos taped to her PC. Michael APPROACHES.

MICHAEL

Pam! Pam jam! Spread her on toast and eat her up. Not really, though. That would be harassment. And gross.

PAM

Do you need something, Michael?

MICHAEL

Yes. I need an honest answer. Who, in this office, would you say, is the most photo-suited? And I'm not going to think you picked me just because I'm your-

PAM

Kevin.

MICHAEL

Okay, well, obviously you're still mad because you didn't dress up.

Pam shoots another embarrassed look to the camera. Ryan ENTERS, sees Michael, turns in retreat. No luck.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ryan! Cryin' Ryan! Boo hoo who is the-

RYAN

Kevin.

MICHAEL

All right. You know what? Never mind.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECT ADDRESS TO THE CAMERA

PAM

Yeah, you know, I've been looking at a lot of photo stuff lately, for the wedding, and I'm a little burned out right now, so, yeah. Plus, I'm not really a big picture person. Not really.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Michael carefully fans three magazines on his desk. The fake GQ is in the middle, barely visible. Dwight ENTERS.

DWIGHT

Question: should I schedule people in alphabetical order or by their pay scale- Cool! A fake magazine cover!

Dwight fishes out the fake GQ. Et tu, Schrutus?

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECT ADDRESS TO THE CAMERA

Dwight holds up his own fake magazine covers, one at a time.

DWIGHT

Guns and Ammo. Soldiers of Fortune.
Hobbit Times. I also had a Today's
Christian, but I gave it to an associate.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DWIGHT

What did you- did you glue this to a real
magazine? That is so smart.
(flipping the pages)
I love Highlights! Except for Goofus.
He's such a free loader.

MICHAEL

(snatching the magazine)
My neighbor happens to be a dentist.

DWIGHT

I hope you didn't take that from his
mailbox. As a volunteer sheriff's deputy-

MICHAEL

I didn't steal it. It was in his trash.

DWIGHT

That's still stealing.

MICHAEL

No, it isn't, Dwight.

DWIGHT

Yes, it is.

MICHAEL

He gives them away at his office.

DWIGHT

Was it in his office trash?

MICHAEL

Did you want something, Dwight?

DWIGHT

Oh, right. I'm scheduling head to toes.

MICHAEL

I have no idea what you're talking about.

DWIGHT

Pictures. The full body shots.

MICHAEL

Yeah, well, we're only doing face shots.

DWIGHT

Head shots.

MICHAEL

Whatever.

DWIGHT

Peter said-

MICHAEL

You know what? I don't care what Pete said. That guy is...he's a fraud. Okay? He's just one step up from manning a photo booth at the bus station.

DWIGHT

Those booths are unmanned. And they attract perverts.

MICHAEL

Well, there you go then.

DWIGHT

(beat) I'll pencil you in for 4:00.

Michael sees Kelly APPROACHING and resets the magazines.

KELLY

Done?

MICHAEL

Yeah, yeah. Take 'em.

Kelly does so. Michael smiles. Yes! But Kelly spots the GQ.

KELLY

Oh, my god! That is so funny!

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL OFFICE

Kevin is at the copier. Michael watches from his office.

Stanley ENTERS the conference room, his arms loaded with paperwork. A quick flash and he REAPPEARS. Clearly he didn't set his papers down. He HEADS back to his desk.

Kevin takes his copies and STARTS for his desk. Creed ENTERS and begins a copy job. Michael RUSHES out of his office.

MICHAEL

Kevin! Could you come back here, please?

Kevin RETURNS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

How many times do I have to say it? If the toner runs out during your copy job, it's your responsibility to change it.

KEVIN

You've never said that.

MICHAEL

Well, it's understood, isn't it?

CREED

The toner is fine.

MICHAEL

No, it's not. It's all faded. See?

Michael grabs a page, holds it up, and quickly puts it back.

CREED

Looks fine to me.

MICHAEL

Well, I'm the one who has to review these spreadsheets, so...

KEVIN

Isn't the little toner light supposed to-

MICHAEL

Kevin. Kevin. Who's the boss?

KEVIN

(beat) Ralph Machio?

CREED

That's Chachi.

JIM

No. You're thinking of The Karate Kid.

CREED
That's right. So who was Chachi?

KEVIN
Tony Danza?

JIM
He's the boss.

MICHAEL
(exploding)
No! I'm the boss! Okay? I'm the boss.

An awkward pause. Creed starts for his desk.

CREED
(To the camera as he passes.)
Diva.

MICHAEL
Change the toner, Kevin. *(beat)*
But wait till I'm back in my office.

Michael hurries to his office and watches through his blinds.

JIM (V.O.)
Michael has toner issues.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECT ADDRESS TO THE CAMERA

JIM
He can't change the cartridge without getting ink everywhere; on the copier, the carpeting, all over his clothes. Once he got it in his mouth. We're not sure how. *(beat)* For some reason he thinks it happens to everyone.

CUT TO:

INT. THE COPIER - CONTINUOUS

Kevin changes the toner and walks away, clean as a whistle.

MICHAEL
(muffled, behind his blinds.)
Oh, come on!

Without looking up, Jim gives Kevin a high five as he passes.

CUT TO:

INT. ACCOUNTING AREA - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

DWIGHT
Phyllis, 3:00. Oscar, 3:17-

PHYLLIS
I did the picture thing.

OSCAR
Me, too.

CREED
Same here.

STANLEY
And here.

DWIGHT
No, no. I'm doing head to toes.

CREED
What?

PHYLLIS
Is that like head, shoulders, knees and
toes? My niece does that.
(singing)
Head, shoulders, knees and toes,...

Everyone but Angela involuntarily mouths the words.

OSCAR AND PHYLLIS
Eyes, and ears and mouth and nose. Head,-

DWIGHT
Attention! This is not Captain Kangaroo
karaoke. This is scheduling fun with
special manager Schrute.

PHYLLIS
(put off by his interruption)
Is this mandatory?

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

MICHAEL
No, Dwight, it's not mandatory.

DWIGHT
Yes it is.

MICHAEL

No, Dwight, it is not. I didn't even...who told you you could do this?

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECT ADDRESS TO THE CAMERA

DWIGHT

Go for it! That's exactly what Michael said. I specifically remember because he was on a conference call and I didn't want to disturb him, so I whispered, can I be the special project manager on this? And he said, "go for it." Or, "Go with it." (beat) Or...it was definitely something with the word 'go'.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DWIGHT

You could order them to do it.

MICHAEL

This is not the army, Dwight.

DWIGHT

But if it was the army-

MICHAEL

If it was the army I'd be too busy winning wars and leading parades.

DWIGHT

(beat) I wish this was the army.

CUT TO:

INT. JIM'S DESK AREA - A LITTLE LATER

Pam checks her make-up and snaps her compact shut. She looks miserable. Jim sees this. He puts on his dickey, walks to the counter and faces Michael's office.

JIM

I have something for you.

PAM

What?

JIM
Wait for it.

Dwight comes out of Michael's office and sees Jim.

DWIGHT
You need to tuck in your dickey.

JIM
Thank you, Dwight.

Dwight EXITS. Pam giggles. Which makes Jim smile.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

Dwight has rearranged the shelving units, shielding his photo area from view. Dwight descends from the business office and CROSSES to Lonny and Roy at the break table.

DWIGHT
Alright, I have a few extra slots on my schedule so who has seniority?

LONNY
Not interested, man.

ROY
Don't look at me.

DWIGHT
Fine. I only asked so you would feel included.

Dejected, Dwight RETREATS to his concealed photo area.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

Jim and Ryan are eating jelly donuts. Pam ENTERS.

PAM
Have you gone yet?

JIM
Just did. He stole my soul.

PAM
Really? How can you tell?

Kevin ENTERS as Ryan prepares to leave.

KEVIN
Are those community donuts?

RYAN
Yeah. Michael bought 'em.

Kevin hesitates...then backs out of the room.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Strange man.

Ryan EXITS.

JIM
You go yet?

PAM
No. Not yet.

JIM
Better hurry. School's almost over.

PAM
Yeah. I think I'm gonna skip it.

JIM
Really? Why?

PAM
I've got some stuff going on. Besides,
Roy wants me to book this guy for another
round of office photos in exchange for a
discount on a wedding quote.

JIM
Wow, that's, uh...does he do weddings?

PAM
I don't, um... I think so, sometimes.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECT ADDRESS TO THE CAMERA

JIM
Roy. What can I say? He's a smart guy. I
mean, if I was marrying Pam I'd
definitely want to capture those memories
in the cheapest way possible.

CUT TO:

INT. KEVIN'S DESK - A LITTLE WHILE LATER

Kevin glances at the kitchen. Michael watches from afar.
Kevin caves and heads for the kitchen. Michael smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dwight and Angela are in the middle of a heated conversation.

ANGELA

...you're asking me to compromise my-

They clam up as Kevin ENTERS. Then, after a brief pause:

DWIGHT

I respect your position, Ms. Martin, but-

ANGELA

Good day, Mr. Schrute.

Angela EXITS. Saddened, Dwight FOLLOWS. Kevin is drawn to the donut trap.

CUT TO:

INT. GENERAL OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

PETER

Last call. Who's left?

Michael EMERGES from his office, stereo in hand. Kevin APPEARS from the kitchen, shirt covered in jelly. Michael removes his bib, revealing a clean shirt and tie. Kevin pulls away his shirt, which is, in fact, Jim's dicky, revealing his clean shirt and tie. Michael is not happy. They both dash for the conference room. Michael's stereo chord hits a snag and Kevin arrives first. He and Peter ENTER the conference room.

Michael tries to look nonchalant, but he's clearly perturbed.

MICHAEL

Jimbo. Who would you say-

JIM

Kevin.

A quick flash and Kevin REAPPEARS.

MICHAEL

You're done? Oh, man! What was that,
like, 10 seconds?

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Sounds like you really did make love to the camera. Twice! Natural. Yeah, right.

Michael hits play. "Angel is a Centerfold" begins. He STRUTS into the conference room. A quick flash and Peter APPEARS.

PETER

Okay, folks. One group shot in the warehouse and I'm out of here.

The music dies. Michael REAPPEARS as the staff gathers.

MICHAEL

Hey! Where are you going?

PETER

We're done.

MICHAEL

No, no. I was just getting warmed up.

PETER

I got what I need.

MICHAEL

But I have two other suits and a sweater.

PETER

Yeah. I'm good.

MICHAEL

Okay. This is a rip off. A total rim job.

OSCAR

Ream job.

MICHAEL

What?

OSCAR

I, uh...nothing.

MICHAEL

(back to Peter)

Look. You can't come waltzing in here with no colored lights, no fan, no fuzzy rug, take one shot and plaster it all over the internet.

RYAN

Intranet.

MICHAEL

What?

KELLY

The pictures are for our intranet.

MICHAEL

That's what I said.

KEVIN

You said internet.

MICHAEL

Why is everybody correcting me? You know, just because I've done some high end modeling doesn't mean I'm a dumb blond.

STANLEY

Nobody thinks you're a dumb blond.

MICHAEL

Good. Because that's called stereotyping. (*haughty*) And, speaking of electronics, that thing in your computer is called the *internet*. Inter. Like (Kevin) *intertube*, or (Kelly) adult *intertainment* or (Ryan and Kelly.) *interracial intercourse*.

Jim has the company intranet up on his PC. In big letters it says, "Welcome to the Dundernet! The Dunder Mifflin Intranet"

JIM

Michael?

MICHAEL

Or *interruption*, Jim. What is that?

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - LATER

Michael is browsing the Dundernet.

MICHAEL

So, it turns out we have this thing called an intranet. Which is sort of like our own little web world. Which means nobody else can see it, so, what's the point? It's pointless. A total waste of- Oh, cool. I can track my vacation days.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - A LITTLE LATER

The staff is filing into the warehouse.

PETER

I'll be back in a minute. I need to get my other camera, and something fuzzy.

Peter EXITS. Dwight mopes in the corner. Jim spots Dwight's concealed area and, amused, DISAPPEARS into it, out of view.

MICHAEL

Wow. The warehouse looks great.

DARRYL

Thanks.

MICHAEL

Do you guys get the intranet down here?

"I believe in Miracles" begins to play. The staff wanders over to discover Dwight's photo area, complete with multiple platforms and columns, all made from reams of paper.

As the lyrics start, Jim ENTERS from behind a column. He coaxes Meredith to dance with him on the platforms, the tags on her new dress clearly showing. Dwight mans his camera. Michael jumps in. Kevin follows. Everyone slowly joins in.

Dwight looks for Angela. She steps out from behind a column in the back. She doesn't smile, but Dwight practically glows.

Pam stands to the side. Jim catches her eye and dances her way, but Roy swoops in and pulls her into the fray.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Look, we're a team.

CUT TO:

INT. DIRECT ADDRESS TO THE CAMERA

MICHAEL

That's the 'big picture' and it's my job to make sure everyone fits into that picture. So if that means everyone has to squeeze in closer to me in the center, then squeeze me. I won't break.

CUT TO:

A flash of white develops into a staff picture posted on the Dundernet. And, yes, Michael is in the middle. But his eyes are half closed. Or maybe they're half open. Who's to say?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO