

The Office: Game Day

by  
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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

JIM leans over PAM's desk.

JIM  
Is it a mammal?

Pam shakes her head.

JIM (CONT'D)  
A reptile?

She nods her head. DWIGHT saunters into the office.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Does it live in the water?

Pam doesn't respond. She simply gawks at Dwight as he sits at his desk.

Dwight wears his normal office attire, except for a baseball cap that reads "Fugitive Recovery". A badge and ID card hang around his neck.

Jim and Pam exchange smiles as Jim walks back over to his desk.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Hey, Dwight. Is there... something different about you today?

DWIGHT  
I exude more authority than ever before.

Jim nods as though a wave of realization has passed over him.

JIM  
That's definitely it. (beat) I like your hat.

DWIGHT  
This is an official hat of a fugitive recovery agent, as is this badge... And this ID card.

He holds up the badge and ID card with pride.

JIM

Wow, impressive. So a (air quotes) "fugitive recovery agent", that means...

DWIGHT

Yes, Jim, that means I'm a bounty hunter, so I wouldn't make light of my new occupation. It took one solid weekend of training to earn that title.

INT. TALKING HEAD - DWIGHT

DWIGHT

I've been hunting for longer than I can remember. When I was a child, I hunted for ripe beets in the fields. In a few years I'd be hunting barn rats with my paint ball gun. Now, I hunt man... The ultimate prey. Or woman. Depends on the target. I'm an equal opportunity agent.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Jim is back on Pam's desk. KAREN sits alone at her desk.

JIM

Is it some sort of tool?

Pam shakes her head. MICHAEL comes out of his office and walks up to the pair.

MICHAEL

Heya Jam, what's going on?

PAM

Don't call us that.

INT. TALKING HEAD - MICHAEL

MICHAEL

Those two seem to be hanging around a lot, so... Jam. Jim and Pam.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Sometimes I go with PB&J. Peanut  
butter and jelly... Pam Beesly and  
Jim... thought it up myself. It'll  
catch on pretty soon.

INT. TALKING HEAD - JIM

JIM  
Yeah... Um... Everything's been  
goin' fine for the past few months.  
Pam and I... Uh... (beat)

Jim shifts uncomfortably.

JIM (CONT'D)  
It's not something I really want to  
talk about here. The office  
doesn't even know yet, so...(beat)  
But me and Karen, still really good  
friends, still get along.

Jim shrugs. He doesn't want to talk to the camera about  
this.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

JIM  
We're just playin' Twenty  
Questions.

Michael gives a hearty laugh in excitement.

MICHAEL  
(addressing the office)  
Oh, these two are gettin' a head  
start on us!

INT. TALKING HEAD - MICHAEL

MICHAEL  
Today is Game Day. What we do is  
every couple months we get  
together, everyone brings whatever  
fun games they wanna play. We take  
the afternoon, relax, whip out some  
of the favorites. It's a big hit.  
(beat) Not with Jan, so much...  
But we all love it.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

MICHAEL  
So, how do I play?

JIM  
Well, you just think of something,  
and the other person has twenty  
questions to narrow it down and  
guess what it is.

MICHAEL  
Okay, lemme guess what you're  
thinking.

Michael is confounded for a few seconds. He can't think of a good question.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Is it... boobs?

Michael laughs at his own lame "joke". Jim shakes his head.

JIM  
Nope. Not boobs. Good guess,  
though.

MICHAEL  
That's good, that's good. Only one  
pair of boobs you should be  
thinkin' about, and those are  
Karen's.

Karen shoots Michael a pissed off look from her desk as Jim shakes his head in quiet anger. Pam stares at Michael slack-jawed.

INT. TALKING HEAD - MICHAEL

MICHAEL  
But Michael, shouldn't your  
employees be doing work on a Monday  
afternoon? Uh, yes, that's why  
they're working. Working on their  
competitive instinct... on their  
teamwork skills. Necessities at  
Dunder-Mifflin.

INT. TALKING HEAD - STANLEY

STANLEY

Guess what game I brought today?  
Nine letters, starts with a "C".

INT. TALKING HEAD - KEVIN

KEVIN

I brought my favorite game.

KEVIN holds up a videogame case of "Dance Dance Revolution".

KEVIN (CONT'D)

And, also my other favorite game.

He grabs "Twister" from O.S. and holds it in front of the camera. He gives a devilish grin and laughs sheepishly.

INT. BREAK ROOM - LATER

KAREN, Jim, and ANDY eat lunch in the break room.

ANDY

So whatcha got there, B.T.?

JIM

Ham and Cheese sandwich, actually.

ANDY

Oh, switchin' it up. I'm gonna  
have to start callin' you Big Ham.  
B.H.!

Pam rushes into the break room and crouches next to Jim.

PAM

Okay, I've set it all up. I need  
you over here.

JIM

I'll be right there.

Jim gets up and takes his lunch with him.

KAREN

What's going on?

JIM  
We're gonna hone Dwight's new  
skills. It's gonna be great.

KAREN  
Oh...

Karen gives a disappointed look as Jim and Pam trot out of  
break room.

ANDY  
(calling to Jim)  
Don't ham it up, B.H.

Karen and Andy share a few awkward seconds alone.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
So whatcha got there, Karen?

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jim hangs on Pam's desk as she types furiously. She pauses  
for a minute.

PAM  
Oh, this is mean.

JIM  
We don't worry about things like  
that, Beesly. Stay focused.

Jim pulls out a small piece of paper and reads from it.

JIM (CONT'D)  
Okay, "J", "S", "A", "6"...

INT. BREAK ROOM - LATER

The break room is being transformed. The office television  
sits in front of the room, and two "Dance Dance Revolution"  
pads sit on the floor. Kevin pushes the power button on the  
TV and starts the game. TOBY, OSCAR, and PHYLLIS look on in  
mild amusement. Michael walks into the room.

MICHAEL  
Uh oh. What do we have here?  
Looks like there's some serious  
gaming goin' on. Let's go, Oscar.

OSCAR

I think I'll just be watching Kevin on this one.

MICHAEL

Wow. Oscar doesn't wanna dance. I honestly did not see that coming.

OSCAR

(anger)

Oh, really? Is it because...

MICHAEL

(interrupting)

Kevin! You're in trouble, Kev. I am a dancing machine!

KEVIN

I don't know. This takes a lot of practice, Michael.

MICHAEL

Oh, come on. Are you afraid of a little competition? Of a little bit of this...

Michael shimmies his shoulders and gives everyone a taste of the dancing fury that they are about to witness. They exchange looks of dread.

KEVIN

... Okay.

Kevin trots onto the pad.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

But this isn't as easy as it looks.

MICHAEL

Let's go. Crank it up to eleven.

Kevin hesitates before choosing a song and difficulty.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Dwight sits at his computer, intently reading a newly received e-mail. He pulls out a note pad and writes on it furiously.

INT. TALKING HEAD - DWIGHT

DWIGHT

I have just received my first and most important assignment yet. An agency has sent me an e-mail giving only the perps license plate number. After running the number, I've found that my target is this man...

He holds up a goofy head shot of Andy.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

One Andrew Bernard. In hindsight, it makes perfect sense. A hardened criminal tries to make a new life as a paper salesman. The only problem: One of his cohorts is the very man that is in charge of bringing him to justice.

Dwight gives the camera a penetrating stare.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

The hunt is on.

He attempts to rip the picture in half but fails. Oops.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

It's laminated...

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Dwight walks up to Andy, who finishes a conversation on the phone. Dwight speaks in a creepy, monotone voice, like Hannibal Lector's love child.

ANDY

Hey, there Dwight. What can I do for ya?

DWIGHT

Hello, Andy. How are you doing?

ANDY

Good, good.

Long pause.

DWIGHT

It's a nice day out, isn't it?

ANDY

Well, duh, it's beautiful. You're starting to Schrute it up over here. Whatdya need?

DWIGHT

I was going to play a friendly game of laser tag later. I was wondering if you'd like to join me.

ANDY

Uh, like for kids? Sorry, Schrute, count me out.

DWIGHT

That's a shame. I thought you would be so well skilled in firearm combat...

Dwight backs away from Andy. Slowly. He never turns his back to him.

INT. TALKING HEAD - DWIGHT

DWIGHT

Fighting fair has been a Schrute family staple for centuries. I'm giving Andy the chance of freedom by defeating me. He'll be armed with a laser pistol, and I'll be armed with this.

Dwight shows off his pepper spray.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

It's fair enough.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Michael and Kevin battle it out at Dance, Dance Revolution. Kevin is a flurry of accurately moving limbs. Michael is stomping on the pad in a seemingly random fashion.

Eventually he bends down and starts pounding on the pad's arrows with his fists, like an enraged ape. The song ends. They're both sweaty and exhausted.

KEVIN

That's your third loss, Michael.

MICHAEL

Well, you know what, Kev, this is completely unfair. The machine doesn't register my dancing because I'm so light. You're so fat that it counts your moves twice.

KEVIN

That doesn't make any sense.

MICHAEL

One more, just one more...

Michael's rests his hands on his knees, and slowly rocks forward due to exhaustion. He awkwardly falls into the TV stand.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh, God!

He stands up as though nothing happened.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm done. I thought real skills would transfer into the game, but it's clear that that's not the case.

He starts to walk out of the break room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Take a break, Kev. Your dancing is making everyone sick to their stomachs.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Andy walks up to Jim and Pam, who are playing Uno at her desk.

ANDY

Hey, has anyone noticed Dwight acting a little off today?

JIM

What do you mean?

ANDY  
He's acting all weird and sneaky.

JIM  
Oh. He's probably on the job.

ANDY  
(worry)  
What job?

JIM  
Dwight's a fugitive recovery agent  
now. He was telling us just a  
little bit ago how he was on his  
first case.

A wave of horror washes over Andy's face.

INT. TALKING HEAD - ANDY

Andy seems to be speaking in a trance, reminiscing about a  
time long since past.

ANDY  
I was... in a fraternity in  
college. On some nights, many of  
us would sneak into the woman's  
dorms. Then we'd take... we'd take  
their...

Andy grimaces.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
After a while, I couldn't quit. It  
was like a drug. I just never  
thought it would come to this.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Ryan sits alone at his desk, playing solitaire. Kelly  
suddenly appears.

KELLY  
Hey, Ryan!

RYAN  
... Hey.

KELLY  
Whatcha playin'?

RYAN  
Solitaire.

KELLY  
(beat) You know, you can just play  
that on the computer.

RYAN  
...I know.

KELLY  
(long beat) ...Can I play?

Ryan sighs heavily.

INT. TALKING HEAD - KELLY

KELLY  
Oh, my God! I'm SO glad that  
things didn't work out with Ryan's  
job. Now we can be together  
everyday, and every night, and  
weekends too...

INT. TALKING HEAD - RYAN

Ryan only shakes his head with an underlying sense of  
sadness. He's about to speak... but instead shakes his head  
with greater conviction.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Creed and Michael play a chess game at Creed's desk. Michael  
stares intently at the pieces. Creed moves a piece across  
the board.

CREED  
Checkmate.

MICHAEL  
(confused)  
What? No, we just started.

Michael sits staring at the chess board for several seconds.  
Upon realizing his loss, Michael lets out an agonizing and  
frustrated groan.

INT. TALKING HEAD - CREED

CREED

I placed in Nationals, Nineteen  
seventy four to seventy seven.  
(beat) Fisher was a real prick.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Andy saunters over to Dwight as Dwight scribbles notes into a notebook. Upon seeing Andy, Dwight quickly hides his notebook in a drawer.

DWIGHT

Hello, Andy. Have you changed your  
mind about my challenge?

ANDY

As a matter of fact Dwight, I have.  
It would be a pleasure to face you  
in laser combat.

DWIGHT

That is... excellent news. Then I  
shall see you on the battlefield.

ANDY

Yes...

Andy backs away from Dwight, never turning his back.

INT. TALKING HEAD - ANDY

ANDY

I'm not going to run like everyone  
else would, because, guess what,  
he'll just be back tomorrow,  
because I work with him. Maybe if  
I beat the crap out of him in his  
stupid laser tag game he'll know  
that you don't mess with Andy  
Bernard. While he's trying to  
laser gun me, I'll be armed with  
this little baby.

Andy holds up a taser.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Fifty thousand volts of pure  
energy, straight to the jugular.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Pam and Jim continue to play Uno as Michael walks up to them. Karen sits at her desk diligently working rather than playing games.

MICHAEL

Alright, Uno. America's past time.  
Mind if I join?

JIM

Yeah, go ahead. You wanna play,  
Karen?

KAREN

I actually have a lot of work to  
do...

JIM

Come on. I promise I won't throw  
any Draw Two's your way.

Karen smiles. Jim's charm wins her over.

KAREN

Alright...

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN - DAY

Dwight and Angela stand facing the opposite direction. As a ruse, Dwight makes a sandwich, and Angela gets a glass of water.

ANGELA

What's going on?

DWIGHT

My first assignment. I don't know  
if I'll be back from this one.

ANGELA

This is silly.

DWIGHT

It's who I am now. I'm cleansing  
the streets of corruption.

ANGELA

There aren't many women that would  
put up with this kind of reckless  
behavior.

DWIGHT

I'm sure there are plenty of women  
that would. (beat) Just don't get  
in my way.

Angela furiously storms out of the kitchen. Dwight stands  
for a few seconds, then throws his sandwich in the trash  
before leaving the room.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Michael, Jim, Pam, and Karen sit at a table playing Uno. Jim  
and Pam sit next to Michael, on opposite sides. Pam throws  
down a card.

PAM

Draw four wild.

Michael lets out an exasperated groan. His enormous hand  
fans out nearly one hundred and eighty degrees. He draws  
four more cards.

PAM (CONT'D)

I call blue.

MICHAEL

Well at least I get skipped,  
because I don't even have blue.

JIM

The only blue card I have is a  
reverse, so it's back to you  
Michael.

Jim lays down his blue reverse card, and Michael visibly  
becomes angrier as he draws card after card until he finally  
finds and plays a blue one.

He has at least a third of the deck in his hand. He tries to  
fan it out, but can't.

He then cuts his hand in half, and tries to fan out the cards  
in both hands. He becomes frustrated and stacks his cards in  
a pile and slides it to Jim.

MICHAEL

Okay, you know what, Jim? Since  
you've given me all these cards,  
I'm going to let you inherit them.

JIM

Thanks, but I'll pass.

MICHAEL

Those are the rules, Jim!

Jim shoots Michael a skeptical look and Michael furiously stands up from the table.

PAM

It's okay, Michael. Why are you acting so grumpy?

KAREN

I think he hasn't won very many games today.

MICHAEL

Game Day isn't about winning games, Karen! It's about having fun!

JIM

You're having fun?

MICHAEL

(angry)

I'm having lots of fun!

Michael marches into his office and slams the door. Pam and Jim look at each other, suppressing laughter. Karen's left out.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael is in his office, pouting. He sits at his desk with his chin resting on both hands.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Listen, I know they're just games. But the thing is, if these people think that I can't beat them at simple children's games...

Michael gets up and starts looking through his drawers and cabinets.

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

...then they'll think that I can't beat them at being the boss.

INT. TALKING HEAD - MICHAEL

MICHAEL

If their faith in me... their respect for me... their worship of me... if any of that slips even one iota, it'll just mean... chaos. And as the boss I have to prevent that.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Michael walks out of his office holding a large cardboard box.

MICHAEL

Uh oh. Look what I have, everyone!

He holds it up. It's Monopoly.

INT. TALKING HEAD - MICHAEL

MICHAEL

Why monopoly? Easy. Monopoly is the thinking man's board game. Advantage: Michael Scott. It's a game that relies on complex business strategy and decision making skills. Again... advantage. You need social skills, you need to negotiate. Do I really need to go on?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Michael holds up the Monopoly box.

ANGELA

I hate Monopoly.

MICHAEL

What? Everyone loves Monopoly. Come on. Who's in?

KELLY

Me and Ryan wanna play!

Ryan heavily sighs.

MICHAEL

Alright, Ryan, here we go! Come on, everyone in the conference room! Even Toby!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The Monopoly game is set up in the break room. Everyone is in the conference room except Stanley, Angela, Meredith, Dwight and Andy. Everyone is seated at the large elliptical table. It's pretty crowded.

TOBY

This isn't really gonna work.

Michael plays with the pieces.

MICHAEL

Yes it will, Toby. Okay, I'm going to be the guy with the horse. He's the leader. Ryan can be the iron, because he's (hissing noise) tssss, hot.

Ryan shakes his head in contempt.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ok, who's the banker? Kevin! Accountant, banker, same thing. Let's go.

LATER

The Monopoly game is in progress. Michael blows on the dice before rolling.

MICHAEL

An eight! Free parking! Where's the moolah!

Confused looks.

RYAN

There's no money on free parking.

MICHAEL

Oh, you've got to be kidding me...

Phyllis takes the dice and rolls. She lands on Chance and draws a card.

PHYLLIS

(reading from card)

You've won ten dollars in a beauty contest...

Michael bursts out laughing. Phyllis throws Michael a hurt look. He closes his mouth and backpedals.

MICHAEL

Beauty. Eye of the beholder...  
Only skin deep... Okay, who's next?

LATER

MICHAEL

Uh-oh. Toby's landed on the famous Pennsylvania Railroad hotel. Choo-choo! Look's like your on the fast track to the poorhouse, Toby.

Pennsylvania Railroad has four hotels somehow crowded on it.

TOBY

Michael, I don't think you can put hotels there.

MICHAEL

In real life, there's no room for ar-bi-tu-ry rules. The hotels stay. You owe me two thousand big ones.

Michael takes the dice as Toby grudgingly hands him the money. Michael rolls and moves his piece to Park Plaza.

TOBY

Park Plaza. Looks like I'll get my money back with interest.

MICHAEL

Leave this table.

Toby gives Michael the Toby Face.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Sportsmanship, Toby. It's the mark of a great man.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Do you know who said that? One of baseball's greats and my personal hero, Luke Eric. He's probably rolling in his grave...

Toby gets up and walks out of the room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Come back when you're ready to play with the adults.

Michael takes a handful of Toby's money and adds it to his own. Disgusted looks.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Sometimes in business, you have to get your hands a little dirty.

Creed takes a handful of Toby's Monopoly money and stuffs it into his coat pocket.

LATER

The game continues, but it's clear that Michael's stack of money is dwindling. Suddenly, they hear a pair of laser guns BEEP to life.

KELLY

What was that?

The group looks outside and finds Andy and Dwight standing back to back in the middle of the room.

MICHAEL

Oh, just ignore them. They're idiots.

Jim is in a rush to watch the scene.

JIM

I inherit all of my money and property to Michael.

MICHAEL

There. Business allies. I accept your offer, Jim, and thank you.

Nobody cares. They rush to the window.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Dwight and Andy are back to back in the middle of the room. Each one holds a small laser pistol, and a headset that resembles a pair of shades. Angela watches from a distance. Stanley works on a crossword. Meredith is passed out at her desk from too much drinking.

DWIGHT  
Are you ready?

ANDY  
I was born ready, Schrute.

DWIGHT  
Very well.

Dwight counts off the paces.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
One... Two... Three... Four...

Before five, Andy turns around, pulls out his taser gun, and runs at Dwight.

ANGELA  
Dwight, watch out!

Dwight turns around just in time as Andy collides with him and knocks him to the ground. Andy lies over Dwight and tries to thrust the taser into him, but Dwight holds Andy's arms steady over his head. Dwight knocks the taser out of Andy's hands.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The group watches on, but Michael continues to sit at the game.

KELLY  
Maybe we should break 'em up?

No one moves.

MICHAEL  
Maybe, we should get back to our game.

RYAN  
The day's almost over.

MICHAEL

Oh, come on. Would everyone seriously rather go home than play games with their closest friends?

No one moves or speaks. They're hypnotized to the commotion outside.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Dwight and Andy scuffle and roll around for awhile, until Dwight finally whips out his pepper spray and sprays Andy in the face. Andy cries out in pain and falls to the ground on his knees. Dwight stands up and throws handcuffs on him.

DWIGHT

You have the right to remain silent, anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law...

ANDY

Michael! Help!

Stanley looks up briefly from his crossword puzzle, but quickly starts to work on it again.

Dwight looks to Angela, and gives her a quick and stern head nod, as if to say "Thank you". Angela smiles in return.

The pair walk toward the elevator doors.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

MICHAEL

Okay, everyone, shows over. Let's get the game goin'.

PAM

It's time to leave, Michael.

Everyone begins walking out of the conference room.

MICHAEL

Oh, come on. Sounds like everyone's forfeiting the game. Winner: Michael Scott! No one dares challenge the Monopoly Allsta'!

The last person walks out of the room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Guys?

INT. OFFICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Dwight and a handcuffed Andy ride down the elevator in silence. Andy looks disheveled and defeated.

ANDY

What are they paying you? I'll double it... triple it.

DWIGHT

Stop! You're embarrassing us both.

ANDY

Did you even ask what it was? What I did?

DWIGHT

I don't need to know. You scum are all the same.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The office is empty, except for Michael who sits at an empty table in the conference room with the Monopoly board. Jim, the last one out of the office, peeks in.

JIM

You okay?

MICHAEL

(pouting)

Yeah...

Michael fiddles with the pieces inside the box.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I bet I could've won... If someone stayed...

Jim's thrown off by Michael's sadness.

JIM

Michael... it's just a stupid game. Let it go.

MICHAEL

If things just went my way, I could've at least won something...

JIM  
 Michael, come on. Let it go.  
 Tomorrow we'll sell paper. You can  
 win that game.

Michael laughs.

MICHAEL  
 Yeah... Yeah, that sounds good.

Jim holds the door open for Michael as they both exit.

INT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY

Dwight throws Andy into the back of his Camaro.

Michael strolls out of the office building, looking a bit  
 beaten. Jim walks out as well, and upon noticing Dwight and  
 Andy, smiles and gives the camera a quick look before heading  
 off to his car.

Michael notices the two and races over to Dwight's Camaro.

MICHAEL  
 Dwight, what the hell are you  
 doing?!

DWIGHT  
 Collecting my first bounty.

ANDY  
 (from within the car)  
 Michael! Help!

MICHAEL  
 Dwight, get him out of the car...

DWIGHT  
 As a fugitive recovery agent, it is  
 my duty to protect society from the  
 bane of civili...

MICHAEL  
 Dwight, Dwight, shut it! You're  
 not a... fugitive recovery agent,  
 you're a paper salesman. (beat)  
 And so is Andy. Removing him from  
 us would only hurt this company.  
 Think about that. Let him go,  
 Dwight.

Michael leaves Dwight and walks toward his car.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Let him go.

Dwight thinks for a few moments, then opens his car door and pulls Andy out.

DWIGHT

This isn't over, Bernard.

Dwight pulls out the key to the handcuffs and frees Andy. Andy shrugs off his humiliation and straightens his jacket. He can't bring himself to a thank you.

ANDY

Dwight...

Andy walks to his car.

EXT. TALKING HEAD - DWIGHT

DWIGHT

So maybe instead of hunting for man, I hunt for sales. Maybe instead of receiving bounties, I receive commissions. That's what I'm good at. It's not so bad...  
(beat) Bounty hunting is becoming saturated with wannabees anyway.

INT. SCRANTON POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Andy strolls up to the front desk of the Scranton police station carrying a large armful of women's underwear. A young POLICE WOMAN cop sits behind the desk.

ANDY

(shameful)

I'd... like to confess a crime...

He lays the heap of underwear on top of the counter. The confused lady just stares at him for several awkward seconds.

POLICE WOMAN

What?

END OF ACT THREE

FADE OUT.

