TV Show: The Office

THREE-DOLLAR BILL

by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

EXT. DUNDER-MIFFLIN - PARKING LOT - DAY

Dwight sits in his Classic Trans Am, psyches himself up for the day by throwing air punches.

He makes contact with the windshield, shouts an indiscernible curse word.

Oscar pulls into the spot next to him, in his shiny company-leased car. Metallica music blares.

Dwight hops out, gripping a ratty briefcase.

Dwight
Nice tuneage there, Oscar. "One" is one of my all-time favorites.

Oscar
Me, too.

He smiles nervously, heads in.

Dwight follows, stops short. Looks back at Oscar's car.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Dwight, still in his trench coat, marches over to KELLY'S DESK

He takes a seat on her entertainment magazine.

KELLY
Dwight, get off my desk. You're sitting on Tom's face.

Dwight
He should be so lucky. I have a question for you.

KELLY
Will answering it make you go away forever and ever?

Dwight
It'll be like I was never born.
Kelly tilts her head.

DWIGHT
What do homosexual men listen to?
Music-wise.

RYAN walks in, sees Dwight at Kelly's desk, does an about-face and walks out.

KELLY
Why do you wanna know? Did you find something out... about yourself?

Dwight peeks at Angela, she blushes. As Michael whisks by...

DWIGHT
Hardly.

MICHAEL
That's what she said.

Michael throws Kung Fu chops in the air, shouting Kung Fu fight words. An Asian SALES REP, waiting at the front desk, overhears.

DWIGHT
I will gladly rephrase the question. Would a gay man listen to Metallica?

KELLY
You mean regularly?

DWIGHT
Impliiii-ed.

KELLY
Umm... let me think... like -- No frickin' way.

DWIGHT
I thought so. Thank you very much for your time.

He leaves. Kelly lifts the magazine by a corner, drops it in the trash.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT
I am now of the opinion that Mister Oscar is, in fact, un-gay. My suspicion? He did it for the lease.

(MORE)
Dwight (Cont'd)

That's right. The lease. That shiny new car in the parking lot? Didn't just fall from the sky. I think he also did it for the three-month paid vacation to Europe. Fabulous. And all because of one hot kiss from Michael. Umm, in case you were wondering, that constitutes fraud.

(pauses)

Come to think of it... he didn't even enjoy the kiss. That really burns me.

END OF COLD OPEN

INT. OFFICE - JIM'S DESK - DAY

Jim instant messages with Pam. Her handle is: "Dances with Crazys."

On Jim's computer screen

Pam writes: So what exactly happens when you graduate from Anger Management school?

Jim writes: They hand you a diploma and set you on fire.

Over Jim's shoulder, Pam giggles.

Across from Jim, Andy removes a snazzy new phone from his navy blue blazer. Flips it open, admires it.

He blows dust off the phone Jim's way. But Jim's completely preoccupied with Pam.

Andy clears his throat obnoxiously. Jim couldn't care less.

Andy kicks Jim's desk, he got his attention.

Jim

Wow. That's a stylin' new phone you got there.

Andy

Yeah. Isn't it? Let's see that it doesn't wind up in the ventilation system.
Jim looks at the camera at a loss for words.

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM
I'm not really sure how to deal with office crazies. It would be one thing if Andy came in as a temp. Like Ryan. He'd do some filing for a few months, we'd boot 'im, win-win. But Andy came in as a transfer. We're gonna need something bigger.

BACK TO SCENE

Jim evacuates his desk and sashays toward a smiling Pam.

JIM
Hey. Question for ya. What do you think it'll take to make him leave?

He peers back at Andy who now flosses his teeth, and spits morsels of food onto Jim's desk.

PAM
You mean for good?

JIM
I'm afraid so.

PAM
We need to find him a kook.

JIM
(snorts)
A kook?

PAM
Yup. Someone as crazy as him. Even half as crazy. Then they can run off together and make insane babies.

Jim steals one more look back at Andy.

JIM
You know what? I think you might be right.

Pam smiles proudly at Jim.
JIM
Didn't you say to me you got two
months worth of filing to catch up
on?

PAM
(winks)
I most certainly did.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Michael has his foot up on his desk, clipping his toe nails. A biscuit-less sausage 'n egg sandwich sits off to the side.

Dwight barges in.

MICHAEL
Dwight, come on... I'm in the middle
of something.

DWIGHT
How many you got left?

MICHAEL
I'm on the one that got jobbed on
roast beef.

DWIGHT
I'll wait.

MICHAEL
(finishes clipping)
YESSSS.  So... for what purpose have
you darkened my doorstep?

DWIGHT
Oh no reason. I just thought Dunder-
Mifflin would want to know when it's
being swindled.

MICHAEL
I don't follow you.

DWIGHT
Your friend Oscar?  Me thinks he's
straight.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A CRASH from Michael's office. Nobody notices.
INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Michael's flat on his back.

MICHAEL
Crap. See what you did?

Dwight rushes to close the blinds.

DWIGHT
Nothing to see here, People.

Michael struggles to get up.

MICHAEL
I got this suit from Ann Taylor.

DWIGHT
That's a women's specialty retailer.

MICHAEL
Ann Taylor's my neighbor, Dwight. She designs clothing for all genres.

DWIGHT
Just answer me this. How many gay friends do you have?

MICHAEL
I dunno. One, two, eight. Do you have a girlfriend?

DWIGHT
Relevance, Your Honor. And how many of those gay friends listen to heavy metal music?

MICHAEL
(tilts head)
Don't... you...?

Dwight purses his lips. Jim knocks and enters.

DWIGHT
Excuse me, I'm having a very important discussion with Michael.

JIM
Um, Open Door Policy.

DWIGHT
Um, no. Michael?
MICHAEL
I'm sorry, Mon Ferrari. (off Jim's look) He outranks you.

Dwight reddens.

MICHAEL
What up, Homes?

JIM
Pam's files are backing up.

MICHAEL
Have her call a temp.

JIM
Thanks.

He leaves.

MICHAEL
(as from a ticket window)
Now serving Number Three.

DWIGHT
Third time's a charm.

MICHAEL
Three strikes you're out.

DWIGHT
All good things happen in threes.

MICHAEL
Mm... I think you mean all bad things.

Dwight frowns.

DWIGHT
So what're we gonna do about Oscar?

MICHAEL
Whaddya mean? Jellybean...

DWIGHT
Michael. Oscar may have defrauded the company of thousands of dollars. While we were slaving away like idiots, he was riding gondolas and sipping... whatever they sip in Madrid.
MICHAEL
Margaritas.

DWIGHT
Really?

MICHAEL
I dunno, why not.

DWIGHT
Are you telling me we're just gonna stand here and take it?

MICHAEL
What would you like me to do, Dwight? Stake out his bedroom? Hire a forensics team? Hetero-intervention?

DWIGHT
No, that won't work. I need time to think.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS
Jim knocks on Pam's desk, he grips a coffee.

JIM
You're on, Beesly. Make it count.

PAM
(re: coffee)
You didn't get me one?

JIM
What do I look like? Your boyfriend?

Pam smirks, picks up her phone.

KAREN TALKING HEAD

KAREN
It is over. And I don't want to talk about it. Truth is, I don't know if he ever loved me. He was just always so... preoccupied. With her.

(fountain of tears)
I was probably just a big nobody-rebound to him.

(MORE)
KAREN (CONT'D)
Being led around by the nose. And
we never had any future together, and...

(straightens herself out)
I don't want to talk about it.

PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM
I'd say that three out of five temps
we bring in here are a little on the
crazy side. Finding one that's crazy,
superficially attractive, and
potentially interested in Andy? We
have our work cut out for us.

INT. OFFICE - DWIGHT'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Dwight Googles: GAY CONSPIRACY. So many links to pick from.

He spins around, notices that Oscar has changed into a very
colorful tie - perhaps excessively flamboyant. Bright pink
with sugar plums.

Dwight's antennae go up. He saunters over.

DWIGHT
So... Oscar... I notice you changed
ties. Why, may I ask?

OSCAR
Coffee stain.

DWIGHT
I see. Mind if I inspect it? I'm
very good at dry cleaning.

OSCAR
No, actually. I've already got a
dry cleaner. Thanks, anyways.

DWIGHT
You mean, you won't even have me
look at it? That's highly suspicious.

OSCAR
Call it whatever you want. Don't
you have work to do?
DWIGHT
If my garment were soiled, and someone told me they had a knack for dry cleaning - able to identify stains and the best possible remedies within seconds - I would jump at the chance.

OSCAR
Would you? That's great. Look... if you're gonna force my hand, then fine, Dwight. I think you're a little nuts.

DWIGHT
Nuts like a fox.
(off Oscar's look)
Do you like foxes?

OSCAR
No. I don't. Do you?

Dwight looks askance at Oscar. And vice versa. We hear the whistling trill of "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly."

Dwight notices Ryan, Kelly and KEVIN staring at him. And STANLEY.

STANLEY TALKING HEAD

STANLEY
One of these days, I will retire. I know it. I just don't feel it.

INT. OFFICE - ANDY'S DESK/JIM'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Andy stops surfing porn, leans back in his chair.

ANDY
(singing)
When you get caught between the moon and New York City... I know it's crazy... but it's true...

Jim spins around at Pam, she smiles, his Instant Messenger dings. Jim completes his revolution.

ON JIM'S COMPUTER SCREEN

Pam writes: Help is on the way.
INT. OFFICE - STORAGE AREA/BACK CLOSET - LATER

Dwight sets down a carton of paper in the dimly lit closet. He peeks out, notices Angela. Ducks back in.

DWIGHT (O.S.)
(calling)
Angela, can you assist me with this? It's heavy.

ANGELA
Certainly.

She disappears into the closet.
The door shuts. A rumbling from inside. Nobody notices.

INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Pam meets with INTERVIEWEE 1, 40s, a matronly woman dressed in her Sunday best.

PAM
So why don't you tell me a little bit about yourself.

INTERVIEWEE 1
Well, I'm very prompt. Easy to get along with. I rarely take breaks. Normally, I gravitate toward half hour lunches versus one hour. I feel the shorter lunch keeps more focused, so I can attend to my duties.

Pam sadly smiles.

MOMENTS LATER

Pam meets with INTERVIEWEE 2, 20s, a stunningly handsome man.

INTERVIEWEE 2
I graduated from Harvard Law two months ago. But I wanted to take a time out and write a screenplay about people in an office-based setting. The protagonist is a hard-working receptionist.

(MORE)
INTERVIEWEE 2 (CONT'D)
And all her effort seems to go unnoticed. But in the end, she finds a way to spin straw into gold. That's just who she is. On the inside.

Pam has melted.

PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM
Temptation. It's a bad thing.

MOMENTS LATER

Pam meets with Interviewee 3, CARISSA. She's dressed more for a night club than an office. A superficial Gwen Stefani wannabe, into self-worship and self-loathing.

CARISSA
I like working in an office because...

Her pause is far too long, and melodramatic.

She runs her fingers through her hair.

CARISSA
You get people from all walks of life. You know? And that's good cuz you always wanna know how you compare with other people. Makes it easier to... come up with a strategy.

She takes out her compact, inspects her teeth. Thoroughly.

CARISSA
I just wanted to make sure I didn't have any crap between my teeth.
(warning: 2 bleeps)
Oh shit. I probably shouldn't've done that, right? Fuck.

Pam smiles at the camera.

PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM
Everyone swears. Right?
(bleep-o-rama)
Fuck yeah.
INT. OFFICE - KEVIN'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Kevin bites into an Arby's beef 'n cheddar. Lots of special sauce, and no napkins.

KEVIN
Has anyone seen Angela?

MEREDITH
I think she had a chiropractor appointment. Maybe she's having her ass loosened.

KEVIN
What about Dwight?

OSCAR
Don't look a gift horse in the mouth.

KEVIN
Okaaaay.
(beat)
What does that mean?

Oscar hears a murmuring noise coming from the closet. He gets up and quickly opens the closet door.

OSCAR
Alright, Dwight. Come on out.

Reluctantly, Dwight steps out. His cheeks are pink and splotchy, his hair all disheveled. Everyone turns to look.

Oscar peers into the closet. No sign of anyone else.

RYAN
What were you doing in there?

DWIGHT
(defensive)
Inventory.

RYAN
But... inventory is in December.

DWIGHT
I like to get a running start.

Ryan turns to the calendar on the wall, sees that it's May.

JIM
Why is your zipper down?
Dwight thinks hard, but an excuse doesn't come.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Michael exits his office, en route to the break room.

MICHAEL
Does anyone know where Angela is?

PHYLLIS
She had an appointment.

MICHAEL
Really?  I didn't know about it.
Pop smear?

He smiles at the camera. Karen nearly chokes on her bagel.

INT. DUNDER-MIFFLIN - MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dwight washes his face thoroughly, stares at himself in the mirror.

DWIGHT
Think, Schrute.  Think.  There's gotta be a way.

He dries his face, tosses the paper towels.  Misses.

About to leave, Dwight notices his zipper's down.  Zips up.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dwight reenters, sees Oscar at his desk, brushing dandruff from his shoulder.  Dwight narrows his eyes.

His cell phone beeps, checks the TEXT MESSAGE: "You Rock My World."  Dwight smiles.

INT. OFFICE - BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael drinks water out of a Dixie cup.

Dwight enters like he's the Sheriff of Scranton.

MICHAEL
What's your poison?

DWIGHT
Same, Barkeep.
Michael pours him a cup. Dwight throws it back like it was 80-proof whiskey.

Dwight looks at Oscar through the window. He brushes away more dandruff.

    DWIGHT
    I got 'im.

He crumples his cup.

    MICHAEL
    You got who?

    DWIGHT
    Look.

Michael gazes blankly through the glass.

    DWIGHT
    Catch that?

    MICHAEL
    Catch what?

    DWIGHT
    How many gay men do you know have dandruff?

    MICHAEL
    (stares)
    Oh no.

    DWIGHT
    He's not light in the loafers at all, is he. His loafers fit just fine.

    MICHAEL
    What're we gonna do?

    DWIGHT
    We have a party.

    MICHAEL
    Another party? Jan would kill me.

    DWIGHT
    You're a couple now. You can work out your aggressions in couple-like fashion.
MICHAEL
Yeah. You're right. But what would the theme be?

DWIGHT
Stand back.

Dwight swaggers out. He "sky hooks" the Dixie cup, a perfect swish into the trash can.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DWIGHT
(John Wayne)
Attention, everyone in the office.
I've got a special announcement to make. Tomorrow is: Bring Your Boyfriend to Work Day.


DWIGHT
And guess what? It's mandatory.
(glares at Oscar)
No exceptions. Class dismissed.

He turns the corner, enters the closet and shuts the door.

Everyone looks at each other, unsure if Dwight meant the work day is over.

They all shut down their computers, grab their jackets.

Jim passes Pam's desk.

JIM
Who're you bringing?

PAM
It's a surprise. You?

JIM
Ouch.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

It's a new day. Pam enters, looks at Meredith, Angela, and Karen. None of them brought a boyfriend, she breathes a sigh of relief.

Then she spots Kelly straddling Ryan in his chair.
PAM
(to herself)
I can't win.

Carissa enters. Scantily clad, lots of red lipstick.

PAM
(to herself)
As I was saying...

CARISSA
Hey you. Day one.

PAM
That it is. Welcome.

Jim looks at Carissa. Pam notices.

PAM
Are you ready for some really fun filing?

CARISSA
Uh... no?

PAM
Why don't I show you around.

She introduces Carissa to Jim, Karen, bypasses Andy, then on to Phyllis.

Angela's scowl ends the tour.

PAM
Okay then.

She directs Carissa back to Andy's desk.

PAM
Carissa, you're gonna be training with Andy today.

CARISSA
Okay, cool.

Andy spins around with a hearty smile.

ANDY
Howdy.

CARISSA
(winks)
Howdy back.
ANDY
Come here often?

CARISSA
We'll see.

Pam raises her eyebrows at Jim. He smiles at the camera.

Dwight enters, on a mission. He wears a tuxedo, carries two large suitcases.

Michael stops him at the door to the conference room.

MICHAEL
Did you get everything?

DWIGHT
Roger that.

MICHAEL
Good. Go to work.

Dwight shuts the door, immediately closes the blinds.

INT. OFFICE - ANDY'S DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Andy and Carissa sit close to each other, gazing at the computer screen. Andy clears out his history.

ANDY
And that is pretty much it.
(hits enter)
Kaboom-adalla-ding-dong. If you notice any of your files are missing the 411, you just sit yourself down at a computer - my computer, for instance - and just grab whatever you need. And I mean that.

CARISSA
Is it okay if I give that search function a spin?

ANDY
I'd be annoyed if you didn't.

Carissa smiles. Andy makes a show of maneuvering his chair around hers.

Carissa types away. All kinds of loud noises emanate from the conference room. Hammering, sawing, inflating...

Andy hums "Arthur's Theme."
CARISSA
Oh I -- LOVE -- that song.

ANDY
Me thought you might.

CARISSA
(singing)
When you get caught between the moon
and New York City... I know it's
crazy... but it's true...

Andy sways his head and shoulders, hums louder.

Jim spins to look at Pam, helpless. His Instant Messenger
dings. Jim completes the revolution.

ON JIM'S COMPUTER SCREEN

Pam writes: Maybe it's part of their mating ritual.

Karen is fed up with Jim's revolutions. She spins in her
swivel chair, mocking him.

Not to be outdone by Karen, Andy and Carissa begin a duet.
As they violate "Arthur's Theme," Karen spins and spins.

Jim looks at the camera.

JIM TALKING HEAD?

He's about to say something, but his despair overwhelms him.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION DESK - MOMENTS LATER

Pam snacks on an apple. GIL shows up, waves down at Oscar.

GIL
Sorry I'm late. Should I bore you
with the traffic play-by-play?

PAM
You don't have to.

GIL
Am I the last one?

PAM
You're the only one.
GIL
Really? That's discouraging.

PAM
What can I say...
(loud enough for Jim to hear)
Hard to find a good boyfriend these days.

Jim smirks, his back to Pam.

GIL
I really enjoyed your art exhibit, by the way.

PAM
Really.

GIL
You sound surprised. Why's that?

INT. ART GALLERY - FLASHBACK - NIGHT
Oscar and Gil examine Pam's artwork.

GIL
... Which is why this is motel art.

Pam stands behind them, mortified.

BACK TO PRESENT DAY

PAM
No reason.

INT. OFFICE - OSCAR'S DESK - LATER
Gil sits back in a swivel, watching Oscar work.

Kevin and Angela peek over, expecting them to spontaneously copulate.

OSCAR
Once I confirm that the data was entered correctly, I then cross-reference it with what appears on the web. Making sure that it all matches.
GIL
Fun stuff. That is a muy snazzy tie you got on today.

OSCAR
Thanks.

GIL
Were you wearing that when you left this morning?

Kevin tries to suppress his giggles.

OSCAR
No, actually. Coffee stain.

GIL
Ouch. Coffee and Zegna do not go well together. I don't know how many times I have to tell you that.

Now Angela tries not to laugh.

GIL
(to Angela)
What?

Dwight BURSTS out of the conference room, slams the door shut behind him. Everyone looks.

He adjusts his bow tie, narrows his eyes at Oscar and Gil.

GIL
What was that about?

OSCAR
I'm not sure.

Dwight knocks on the door to Michael's office, pops his head in.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Are we good?

DWIGHT
Oh we're better than good.

Dwight moves to the conference room, guards the door.

Michael emerges from his office in a RAINBOW ensemble. His suit, shirt, tie, and shoes -- all of it, in rainbow colors.

JIM
Ann Taylor?
MICHAEL
You know it.

He spins, strikes a pose.

GIL
That's a bit much.

OSCAR
People always show up when he's at his craziest.

MICHAEL
Attention, Everyone. I'd like y'all to join me in the conference room, if you would. For a very special, impromptu event. "Impromptu" is such a fun word, it's not it?

(smiles at camera)
So gather 'round, ye people. Gather 'round. Kevin, we brought food.

Kevin's the last one to get up. He joins the others in their death march to the

CONFERENCE ROOM


Dwight pours red wine as everyone gathers around the bed.

ANGELA
Michael. Why is there a bed in the conference room?

MICHAEL
Relax, milady. The day is young.

Dwight?

Dwight turns on a sweet melody. Passes out the wine.

Kevin rips into a rainbow banana.

MICHAEL
Every so often, a person walks through that door and shows us something special.

He ogles Carissa's breasts.
MICHAEL
Day in and day out, they just bust
their little tail off.
(looks at Phyllis)
Or big tail. Size doesn't matter.
Now, it's up to us to recognize that
special person. It's up to us to
make sure that person feels
appreciated. And that all their
hard work is not for not... not.

JIM
Was that a triple negative?

PAM
Not.

MICHAEL
And so, without further ado, I propose
a toast. To Mister Oscar Martinez.

GIL
(claps like crazy)
Yay!

MICHAEL
For giving us his one hundred and
eleven percent.

DWIGHT
That percentage makes no sense.

MICHAEL
Shut it.

GIL
Speech! Speech!

He moves to kiss Oscar. Oscar gives him his cheek.

OSCAR
I really don't know what to say on
such a... festive... occasion.

MICHAEL
That's quite alright, my boy. Cuz
I'm not finished yet. As a token of
Dunder-Mifflin's gratitude, we are
sending you and your boyfriend... on
a ten-night gay cruise to the Greek
isles!

Oscar's in shock. Gil loses it. He leaps onto the bed.
Knocks over Meredith's wine.
Meredith scowls. Stanley and Phyllis offer her their wine, she accepts.

As Gil jumps up and down...

Michael
And trust me, I saw some of the brochures. Wait'll you see the spanakopitas on these guys.

Gil lies down on the bed, kicking his feet in the air.

He looks over at Oscar, who now appears worried.

Gil
What's wrong?

Dwight
Yeah... What's wrong, Oscar?

Michael
Aren't you excited? The free love... the man meat... Perhaps you'd care for an appetizer?

Without further ado, Michael begins a strip tease. Dwight switches up the music.

Michael tosses his jacket onto the bed, loosens his tie.

Carissa
Does this happen a lot?

Andy
In one way, shape or form...

He checks out her butt. Carissa smiles.

Michael hums along with the music, nods at Dwight, who rips open Michael's shirt. Underneath, a rainbow-colored A-shirt.

Pam
Oh no. I can't do this.

Jim
Hang in there...

Michael undoes his pants. Rainbow boxers.

Jim
Maybe you're right.

Michael waves his butt at Oscar.
MICHAEL
Ten nights of all-you-can-eat buffet.

Dwight turns around and waves his butt at Oscar, too.

Michael and Dwight have found a certain rhythm. Bumping up on each other now.

Angela looks on in sheer horror.

OSCAR
Alright! I give up! I'M NOT GAY!

Everyone turns to look. The music stops.

GIL
What?

EVERYONE ELSE
Yeah, what?

OSCAR
I said. I'm not gay.

Kevin giggles. Dwight and Michael high-five.

MICHAEL AND DWIGHT
YESSSS!

GIL
What're you talking about?

OSCAR
(shrugs)
I'm just not. Okay?

Meredith finishes off both wine glasses.

GIL
So are you saying...
(gawks)
You weren't depressed at all then, were you. You just... didn't like... men.

Oscar points to Dwight and Michael.

OSCAR
Can you blame me?

He turns and walks out.

Gil's eyes bulge. He lunges off the bed after him.
ANDY steps in his way, puffs out his chest.

**ANDY**

Now then. There's no need to get angry.

Gil cocks his head back. Andy tilts his. Again, we hear the whistling trill of "The Good, the Bad and the Ugly."

Andy shuts off his cell phone, the trill stops.

Andy turns around. Carissa's in a swoon. She jumps into his arms.

**ANDY**

You want outta here?

Carissa nods up and down enthusiastically.

Everyone makes way. Andy carries Carissa out of the office.

A moment of silence. And of disbelief.

Everyone goes ballistic. Hugs all around.

As they all celebrate, the theme music to Brokeback Mountain plays.

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EXT. DUNDER-MIFFLIN - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Oscar strides away from the building.

Leaning against the back of his company-leased car, arms folded, is JAN LEVINSON.

**OSCAR**

Oh <bleep>.

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INT. OFFICE - JIM'S DESK - LATER

Some of the lights have been turned off.

Everyone's gone, but Jim and Pam. They instant message.

**ON JIM'S COMPUTER SCREEN**

Jim writes: So I guess your boyfriend didn't show?

Pam writes: He's almost here.
JIM
(to himself)
Crap.

He can't think of what to type. Spins around.
Pam kisses him. And boy, is it passionate.

Jim's Instant Messenger dings.

THE END