

THE OFFICE  
"Charity Walk"

by  
Brian Winkeler

FIRST DRAFT: 12/22/05

Brian Winkeler  
100 East Main, Suite 200  
Oklahoma City, OK 73099

FADE IN:

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:

INT. PAN ACROSS ROW OF DECORATED PUMPKINS ON FILING CABINETS. ONE IS A HALF-ASSED, LAST MINUTE ATTEMPT WITH PAPER CLIPS AND POST-IT NOTES FORMING A GOOFY FACE (JIM) THE NEXT IS A METICULOUSLY CRAFTED CAT (ANGELA). THE NEXT IS A FAIRLY FAITHFUL YODA (DWIGHT) THE FINAL IS A HOOTERS GIRL, WITH SMALL PUMPKINS CUT OUT AND ATTACHED TO FORM PUMPKIN BREASTS WITH A TIGHT, HOOTERS T-SHIRT STRETCHED ACROSS AND A MINI-PUMPKIN HEAD WITH RED LIPSTICK LIPS AND A BLONDE WIG. CAMERA PANS BACK TO SHOW MICHAEL AWARDING HIS HOOTERS PUMPKIN GIRL WITH A FIRST PLACE RIBBON AND TROPHY, TO THE BORED CHAGRIN OF THE REST OF THE STAFF. HE PLACES THE RIBBON BETWEEN THE "BREASTS" OF THE PUMPKIN GIRL AND GIVES ONE BOOB A SQUEEZE, THEN PUTS HIS HAND OVER HIS MOUTH TO PUNCTUATE HIS 'NAUGHTINESS.'

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! MMMMAAARGGHH!!!

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

Yeah. "Smokey the Squirrel." Very hip. Very now. Now being 1986.

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 GRUMBLES 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