

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

Impliii-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 Crazy's."

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.

Jim and Karen trade looks. Pam steals a look at Jim.

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, itn't 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

The decor can best be described as "Gay Romantic." Flamboyant streamers. Bananas, in glass bowls, painted in rainbow colors. Lit candles. Red roses galore. And in place of a conference table, a BED. With a floral comforter and pillows.

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.

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>.

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