

“The Office: An American Workplace”

by
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Adapted from the original script by
Stephen Merchant and Ricky Gervais

FADE IN:

SCENE 1 - INT. MICHAEL SCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael Scott is sitting behind his desk addressing a job seeker.

SCOTT

I'm a busy man. When I give jobs, I don't have time for a lotta B.S. If a guy comes to me and says, "Michael, this job has been my dream since I was a little kid. My whole life has been leading up to this job,"... *That*, I respond to. Nothing is more important than enthusiasm, from the Greek word meaning... 'enthusiastic.' Huh?

He looks to the job seeker, who says nothing.

SCOTT

Only problem is, you talk the talk, but you don't walk the walk. Okay, that was global, I'll make it local: you didn't pass your fork-lift driver's test. But... the foreman at the warehouse is a personal friend, okay? So don't sweat it, you're in.

He picks up the receiver and dials.

SCOTT

(into phone, showing off)
Deon... You dog...Playa!

He winks at the job seeker.

SCOTT

It's "the boss," and when I mean Springsteen, I'll just say "God"... Have you put out an ad for the fork-lift driver's job?

Scott crosses his fingers and bites his lip.

SCOTT

Good, don't, I've got the guy here, he's "the man"... Has he passed his fork-lift driver's test? Playa, he gives the tests...

Scott rolls his eyes.

SCOTT

Sure... Sure. He's first aid-trained, sure. Sure... we'll shoot a resume over to you this afternoon.

Scott mimes for the job seeker to type up a resume.

SCOTT

(into phone)

We still hangin' on Sunday? No, no, no, you can't get out of it! ... How's Jill? She left ya yet? Sure... Okay, see you then.

He puts down the phone and grits his teeth.

SCOTT

She left him last month, I forgot about that.

SCENE 2 - INT. OPEN-PLAN OFFICE - DAY

Scott is showing the camera crew around his office.

SCOTT

I've been in the business for twelve years. I've been at IDS as general manager for eight of those. So, putting together my team...

Scott notices Pam at the reception.

SCOTT

Hey, it's Spam, spam, wonderful Pam. Pam Beesly... Receptionist. How ya doin'? Been with us forever, right Pam?

PAM

Yeah.

SCOTT

Yeah. At one time or another every guy in the office has "sprayed on Pam."

PAM

(annoyed)

What?

SCOTT

Any messages?

PAM

Yeah. Just a fax.

Pam hands him a fax.

SCOTT
 Hmm... Pam, this is from Corporate.

PAM
 I know...

SCOTT
 (somber)
 How many times have I told you? There's
 a special filing cabinet for things from
 Corporate -

PAM
 (worried)
 You haven't told me -

SCOTT
 - it's called the wastepaper basket!

Scott throws the fax over the counter into Pam's wastepaper
 basket and laughs at the brilliance of his practical joke.

SCOTT
 The look on your face... Ha! You'd
 better get that back.

SCOTT TALKING HEAD - INT - DAY

SCOTT
 People say I'm the best boss.

He points to a mug in the foreground with the inscription.

SCOTT
 "World's Greatest Boss." They go, "Oh,
 we've never worked in a place like this
 before, you're such a riot. You get the
 best out of us." And I go, you know,
 "Que sera, sera." If that's true -
 awesome.

Scott shrugs and looks smugly into camera.

SCENE 3 - INT. RECEPTION - DAY

SCOTT
 Take it easy on me today, Pam.

PAM
 (exasperated)
 Yeah? Why's that?

SCOTT

Oh God. Did I party last night. I was out with the Packer. Meredith Packster-Birney.

(to camera crew)

Todd Packer.

(to Pam)

Had us a bar hop. "Duff, Duff, that wonderful stuff..."

Scott mimes drinking.

SCOTT

D'oh! I was baked, man! Blotto! Wow, don't ever come out with me and the Green Bay Packer.

PAM

No, I won't.

SCOTT

There's guys my age, and they look middle-aged... How old do you think I look?

PAM

Thirty-n--

SCOTT

(interrupting)

- Thirty, right... About that. Oh, man I have got to slow down. Drinking a little too much...

Scott pats his belly.

SCOTT

...if every single night of the week is too much.

PAM

(joking)

... And every lunchtime...

Beat. Scott turns suddenly, a cold look in his eyes.

SCOTT

How many have I had this week?

PAM

What?

SCOTT

How many beers have I drunk this week?
If you're counting...

PAM

I'm not counting.

SCOTT

You seem to be counting. Does it offend you, huh? You know, that's getting a little... a little bit personal. What if I started doing that with you? I could look at you and come out with something clever like, "You're really... uh..."

He can't think of anything.

SCOTT

...but I don't. Because I'm a professional and professionalism is... uh... And that is what I want, okay? That's all. I'm disappointed, Pam. I really am.

He strides off, leaving Pam speechless.

SCENE 4. INT - OPEN-PLAN OFFICE - DAY

Shots of office life. Jim is working. Dwight arrives and smacks Jim upside the head with a newspaper.

DWIGHT

Wassaaaaap?

Jim looks indignant.

JIM

Oh, fu... Don't do that, Jesus...

DWIGHT

Aw, what's the matter? Is it your time of the month? Whew. Just ten brewskis for me last night. Yeah, that's all.

(burps)

Uhhhh.

Dwight pretends to find a headline in his newspaper.

DWIGHT

Oh, no! Here it is! "IDS team leader caught out drinking with boss... Senior management completely trashed" Whew. And tonight I'm going out with Animal.

(MORE)

DWIGHT (cont'd)
 Yeah, we're just gonna go to the library
 and read - not! I doubt it!

JIM TALKING HEAD - INT - DAY

JIM
 I'm a sales rep, which means that my job
 is to speak to clients on the phone about
 er...quantity and type of paper - whether
 we can supply it to them and whether they
 can pay for it...and I'm boring myself
 talking about it...

SCENE 5 - INT - DESK AREA - DAY

Scott emerges from his office, smiling.

SCOTT
 Wassaaaap?

JIM
 Hey! 'Wassaaaap?' I still love that.

SCOTT
 Wassaaaap? Ohhh.

Points at Dwight.

SCOTT
 You're fired, Schrute, ya big drunk.

Scott points to himself, laughing.

SCOTT
 Pot calling the kettle black here.

Scott mimes vomiting and then starts giggling. Dwight
 joins in.

SCOTT
 What'd he tell you? It's all true.
 Guilty as a futhermucker. Went out with
 a few of his crew last night. He goes,
 "Well, you can come if you want, but I
 gotta warn you, Michael, they can get
 rowdy." I go, "Oh, I'll see if I can
 handle it." I was worse than them by the
 end, wasn't I? They're going, "Who's
 that freak?" "That's my boss." "Well we
 can't stand it any more, we're leaving."
 They just snuck out, didn't they?

DWIGHT
 (aside to Jim)
 I told you.

SCOTT
 Outrageous!

Scott puts one hand round his throat, another reaching out in front of him as if dying.

SCOTT
 Help me, A.A!

Scott laughs, waiting for a response. There is none.

SCOTT
 What?

JIM
 Nothing.

SCOTT
 ... See you later.

JIM
 Okay, see you later. Take care.

SCENE 6 - INT - RECEPTION - DAY

Jan Tarnovsky-Gould approaches Pam at reception. Scott's talking head begins over this.

SCOTT TALKING HEAD - INT - DAY

SCOTT
 Corporate doesn't really interfere with me at all. Jan Tarnovsky-Gould. I call her, er... Ruth Bader-Ginsburg, heh heh - not to her face...but not because I'm scared of her.

SCENE 7 - INT - SCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Jan and Scott are sitting in Scott's office. Pam comes in and sits down. Scott is discussing his tie.

SCOTT
 I got them off an African guy, you know, had a suit-case out on the street. Two for ten bucks. "Yo, I'll take four." So...okay. Meeting with Jan Tarnovsky-Gould. Present.

Jan takes some papers from her bag. She crosses her legs and Scott sneaks a look.

SCOTT
(lascivious)
Mmm. Shoot!

JAN
Was there anything that you wanted to add to the agenda?

SCOTT
(trying to be cool)
Me no get an agenda.

JAN
Sorry?

SCOTT
I did not get any agenda.

JAN
I faxed you one this morning.

SCOTT
No, we never got a fax, did we Pam?

PAM
Well, maybe...

SCOTT
(passing the buck)
Then why isn't it in my hand? Because a company runs on efficiency of communication.

PAM
You put it in the garbage can that was a special filing cabinet.

SCOTT
(to Jan, covering himself)
As a joke, yeah. It's not even my joke, it's my brother's joke and it's supposed to be with bills. Doesn't work great with faxes.

JAN
Do you want to look at mine?

SCOTT
(humbled)
Yeah.

SCOTT TALKING HEAD - INT - DAY

SCOTT

Yeah, sure, she'd say she's the boss, but there shouldn't be any ego when you're pulling together to do something good, y'know? It's like Comic Relief. I'm out here in Africa and I'm seeing the flies and the starvation...and she - if she is the boss - she's in the studio with, you know, Robin Williams and Whoopi Goldberg. They're doing their job, they're counting the money. Good for them. But, their hands are clean, while I'm down here in the office with the little starving kids...

SCENE 8 - INT. SCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

JAN

Okay, since the last meeting, Alan and the board have decided that we can't justify a Scranton branch and a Stamford branch.

SCOTT

(obviously flustered)

Oh, okay, go on...

JAN

No, no, listen, Michael, don't panic -

SCOTT

- Oh, go on. Should be good. This is it. Go on -

JAN

- No, listen, Michael, no, no, no -

SCOTT

- Alarm bells, so -

JAN

- No, don't panic... We haven't made any -

SCOTT

- I don't panic -

JAN

- We haven't made any decisions yet -

SCOTT

- Good -

JAN

- I've spoken to Josh in Stamford -

SCOTT

- Yeah -

JAN

- I've told him the same as you. And it's up to either you or him to convince me that your branch could incorporate the other.

SCOTT

- Okay, no problem -

JAN

This does, however, mean that there is going to be downsizing.

SCOTT

Oh, you see, 'me no want to hear that, Jan, because downsizing is a bitch. It is a real bitch. I wouldn't wish that on Josh's men. I certainly wouldn't wish it on my men. Or women. Present company excepted. Is Josh concerned about downsizing?

JAN

Well he is, of course, yes.

SCOTT

Good. Because I'm very concerned about downsizing, although I understand if it's absolutely necessary, as a businessman, then it has to be... Does he understand if it's -

JAN

(stopping him)

- Michael -

SCOTT

- Go on -

JAN

- Can we not talk about downsizing? -

SCOTT

Well, we have to sooner or later -

JAN

(stopping him)

- Yes, but at the moment, what we have to decide is, do you take on Stamford's people at this branch or the other way round?

SCOTT

We'll take on theirs.

JAN

No -

SCOTT

No?

JAN

- No, you and I don't decide. I decide.

SCOTT

You do decide, but -

JAN

I decide once you've made your case -

SCOTT

- based on factors. Okay. Is there a time limit on...?

Scott's desk phone rings. His answer machine kicks in.

SCOTT

I'll just screen it.

SCOTT'S VOICE

Hi, I'm not available, so please leave a *massage*.

TODD PACKER

(on phone)

Alright, Mikey, it's the Packer. What's going on?

SCOTT

(showing off)

Todd Packer. Terrific rep.

TODD PACKER

I hear you've got a hangover, you big fag.

SCOTT

Oh, that's not good. That's derogatory.

TODD PACKER
Call me back. Hey, you're in with that
Jan what's-her-face today, aren't you?
Give her a pork from me, dude.

SCOTT
(embarrassed)
Oh... Awful, awful man.

JAN
Can we keep a lid on this for the time
being? I really don't want to worry
people unduly.

SCOTT
No worries. Under this regime, this will
not leave the office.

He mimes zipping his mouth shut. As soon as he has said
this we cut to a montage of different employees discussing
the news.

ANGLE ON DONNA

DONNA
So what does downsizing actually mean?

ANGLE ON EMMA AND KEVIN

EMMA
So, you'd just go, would you?

KEVIN
Would you?

EMMA
Oh, I dunno. *Don't know*

ANGLE ON JIM AND PAM

Jim is discussing things with Pam.

JIM
Kevin and Donna and all the others are
having these -

PAM
Yeah, I know, they're all going nuts,
aren't they?

JIM
- weird sort of secret pow-wows -

PAM
I actually don't give a monkeys, do you?

JIM
- "Oh, no, we're gonna lose our jobs." I
could care less.

Pam holds up her pinkie finger. Jim holds up his and they give a little pinkie finger shake on it. (Or some other tiny piece of ad-libbed flirtation.)

PAM TALKING HEAD - INT

PAM
I hope they do get rid of me... Because then I might actually get off my ass and do something. Um, I don't think it's many little girls' dream to be a receptionist. I used to do illustrations. Mostly watercolor, a few oil pencils... Jim thinks they're good. Maybe they are... I just don't want to be treading water, you know, and then wake up in another five years and say, "shoot, done it again."

SCENE 9 - INT. DESK AREA - DAY

Dwight is sitting at his desk, playing with some chewing gum in his mouth. He notices the camera and puts the gum in the garbage as discreetly as possible. He goes back to his work.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Pam is introducing Ryan, a young temp, to Scott.

PAM
This is Mr. Scott.

SCOTT
Guilty.

RYAN
Hey.

Scott gives a "Who are you?" expression.

RYAN
Ryan Howard, from the temping agency.
Daniqua sent me down to start today.

SCOTT

Just a temp... Howard? Like Moe Howard?
Stooges, man.

With lighting wit, Scott snaps into an impersonation of The Three Stooges.

SCOTT

Nyuk, nyuk, nyuk! Moe! Gimme five.
(off Pam's look)
It's a guy thing, Pam. Who was the one
before Shemp?

RYAN

Curly?

SCOTT

Right. Curly Joe Dorita.

RYAN

Just Curly. Joe Dorita's different.

SCOTT

Hey -- comedy's kind of my thing, so...
Here's Curly Joe:
(Curly voice)
Nyuk, nyuk, nyuk!

Ryan laughs politely.

SCOTT TALKING HEAD - INT - DAY

SCOTT

What upsets me about the job? Wasted talent. People could come to me, and they could say, "Excuse me, Michael, but you've been in the business twelve years. Can you tell us how to manage a team, how to keep them happy as well as moving towards the goal posts?" But they don't. That's the tragedy.

Scott shrugs as if it hurts to be a martyr, but he can take it.

INT. DESK AREA - DAY

Jim is on the phone. Some of Jim's possessions have slipped across onto Dwight's desk, and Dwight is pushing them back with a ruler. He slides it between his and Jim's desks to clarify just where the dividing line is. This is too much for Jim.

JIM

Yeah... Look, Mr. Davis, I'm gonna have to call you back. Something's just come up. Two minutes. Thanks very much. Bye.

Jim puts down the phone.

JIM

(to Dwight)

What are you doing?

DWIGHT

What?

JIM

Dwight, what are you doing?

DWIGHT

I'm just pushing your stuff off my desk, I can't concentrate when...

JIM

It's not on your desk.

DWIGHT

It was, it's all overlapping. It's all coming over the edge here.

Jim buries his head in his hands.

DWIGHT

One word, two syllables: De-mar-cation.

INT. OPEN-PLAN OFFICE - DAY

Ryan is being led through the office by Michael Scott. Scott grins excitedly and points out a 'Homer Simpson' doll impaled on a coat stand. He waits for a big laugh. Ryan looks at him calmly. Unfazed, he continues.

SCOTT

This is the accounting department. The number dudes. Don't let the job descriptions fool ya. They are all completely crazy.

(pointing to Kevin)

Especially that one. He's a mental patient. Not literally, of course, that wouldn't work. The last place you'd want someone like that is in accounting...

Scott crouches behind an office plant and peers through the leaves.

SCOTT

"Veddy interesting.... But shtoopid!"
Artie Johnson. I do that to cheer 'em
up. We send the girls out to get the
plants. You know, it makes them a little
bit happier, because they can sometimes
get a little...

He mimes 'depressed.' Scott leans over to a novelty fish mounted on the wall and presses the button. Nothing happens.

SCOTT

Oh, the batteries are dead. C'mon people!
(to an employee)
Can you get some batteries for 'Billy
Bigmouth?' Take it out of petty cash.
(to camera crew)
You can't put a price on comedy.

INT. DESK AREA - DAY

JIM

You're a scrotum, Dwight. You're a
scrotum and a dildo.

DWIGHT

I'm still not listening, so it's not
offending me, so...

JIM

Right, okay, so you won't hear this -
you're a tool, you're a tool, you're a
tool.

Dwight ignores him.

JIM

You're a tool.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD - INT. - DAY

DWIGHT

Yeah, it's okay here, but people
sometimes take advantage, because it's so
relaxed. You know, I'm a volunteer
Sheriff's Deputy on the weekends and you
can't screw around there. That's sort of
one of the rules.

INT. OPEN-PLAN OFFICE - DAY

Shots of people working, then cut to: Ryan's induction is still underway. Scott points out a sketch pinned to a board.

SCOTT

Cartoons. "Does my butt look big in this?" Now, don't worry, that's not sexist, 'cause the man is sayin it...finally! So, props for that... props for that in the workplace.

Dwight walks by, stirring a cup of coffee.

SCOTT

Ooh, careful, watch out for this guy!
Dwight Schrute in the building!
(making the introductions)
Ryan, the new temp.

DWIGHT

Hey.

RYAN

Good to see you.

SCOTT

Introduce yourself.

DWIGHT

Uh... Dwight Schrute, Assistant Regional Manager.

SCOTT

Assistant to the Regional Manager.

Scott points to himself.

SCOTT

Dwight's my right-hand man, immediately beneath me.. as the priest said to the altar boy! Bill Maher. Not his line, but in the style of.

(Ryan stares at him.)

Of course, there's nothing wrong with that, if you're gay. I mean, not that I'm asking, I'm not allowed to ask if you're gay... or Catholic. And if you're Catholic, well... it's actually word for word a Bill Maher line, so don't blame me. Over here is the kitchen...

Scott steers Ryan into a little room with a coffee maker and accessories.

SCOTT

We provide tea bags, sugar, stirrers, creamer, the works. Oh, coffee tax. I collect a coffee tax to pay for better coffee. Starbucks, man. Only the 'Bucks will do! So... How 'bout, fifty cents to start?

He holds his hand out. There is an uncomfortable pause.

SCOTT

(he half-glances to camera)
It's usually more, but...

Finally, Ryan takes out some money and gives it to Scott.

INT. DESK AREA - DAY

Jim is taping something. Dwight appears and demands his tape back by holding out his hand. Jim slaps it.

JIM

Hey soul brother.

DWIGHT

Give it back.

JIM

I'm just using it for a second.

Dwight snatches the tape back. It has his name written on it in Wite-Out.

DWIGHT

It's got my name on it. 'Dwight.'

JIM

Uh, actually it says, 'Dwig,' but -

DWIGHT

If you want to borrow it, just gotta ask.

JIM

Dude, you always say "no." What's the point?

DWIGHT

Maybe that's why you should ask.

JIM
Dwight, it was just there, okay?

DWIGHT
Yeah? That's its home. Leave it there.

Dwight puts the tape dispenser back in its proper place.

JIM
Okay... Okay... Okay...

Driven to desperate measures, Jim snatches the tape dispenser and runs to the window.

DWIGHT
(panicked)
Somebody stop him! Dammit, that's mine!

Jim holds the tape dispenser out of the window.

JIM
You stay where you are, okay? I'm gonna let this go, okay, unless you stop acting like a tool.

DWIGHT
Yeah, like you will...

JIM
Yeah, like I did...

Jim lets go of the tape dispenser.

DWIGHT
What if that kills someone?

JIM
Kills somebody? Umm, well, they'll think you're the murderer. It's got your name on it.

DWIGHT
Why would a murderer put his name on the murder weapon?

JIM
Because he's an impossibly annoying prick?

DWIGHT
(calling)
Michael!

*make
prick*

JIM

I hate what... I hate the fact that you bring me down to this; I really do, I resent it.

DWIGHT

(pointing to an employee)
I don't know why you're laughing.

JIM

Leave her out of it. Go on, Jessica, keep it up. Listen, you bring me down to this, "Dwig."

They wander back to their desks, bickering.

INT. RECEPTION SEATING AREA - DAY

Pam is sitting on a chair eating a sandwich and reading a book. Scott enters.

SCOTT

Hiya. What's that?

Scott examines the book cover.

SCOTT

'Wired.' John Belushi. Funny?

PAM

It's okay.

Silence.

SCOTT

... Freaked myself out this morning.

PAM

Oh yeah?

Scott nods and fingers his genitals.


SCOTT

Thought I found a lump. I mean, I examine the jewels every month, but this felt different... Turns out it's fine... But freaky, man, "testicular cancer" ...cancer of them old testicles...

Scott points at the sandwich that Pam no longer feels like eating.

SCOTT
What's that?

PAM
Smoked turkey.

 SCOTT
Huhh. From the Starbucks...?

PAM
Mmm...

SCOTT
Oh. See you later.

Pam looks queasy and puts the rest of her sandwich down.

INT. DESK AREA - DAY

Jim is building a wall of box files between his desk and Dwight's. Dwight appears.

JIM
(to camera crew)
I don't like acting like a kid, you know what I mean? But he's ...

DWIGHT
What are you doing?

JIM
To be honest, I don't want to have to look at you, Dwight.

Dwight sits down at his desk and is gradually obscured by the wall of files that Jim is building.

DWIGHT
You can't do that.

JIM
Why not?

DWIGHT
Health and safety.

Jim laughs and gives a despairing look to camera.

JIM
Health and safety. Uh huh, why?
"Crushed by cardboard," or what?

DWIGHT

No, number one: blocking out light.
Number two: misuse of company files.

JIM

Misuse of files.
(snapping, turning to camera)
Yeah, see, this is why the whole
downsizing thing doesn't bother me.

Dwight's little face pops up from behind the 'wall.'

DWIGHT

Downsizing?

JIM

Because if I have to work with him
another day...
(stressed face)
I'm just going to...

DWIGHT

Here? Downsizing?

JIM

I will... I will slit my throat.

As he says this, he mimes a slitting motion across his
throat. Dwight chips in.

DWIGHT

Yeah, you won't do it like that, though.
Gotta get the knife in behind the
windpipe, then pull it down like that.

JIM

Or I could just apply for another job.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Employees are gathering in the meeting room. They pull up
chairs as Scott addresses them.

SCOTT

Okay, thanks for coming in... This'll
only take a minute. I am aware of the
rumors that have been circulating and I
just want to take this opportunity to set
the record straight.

DWIGHT

(leaping up, interrupting)
Ah-ah-ah, I'm the team leader, I should know first.

SCOTT

Yeah, I'm telling everyone now, Dwight, s...

DWIGHT

(interrupting)
Just tell me very quickly. Just whisper it to me.

EMPLOYEE

(out of shot)
Can't you just tell us?

Other employees chime in.

DWIGHT

Yeah, alright, alright.
(to Scott)
Should I tell 'em?

SCOTT

You don't know what it is.

DWIGHT

Alright, you tell them then. With my permission.

SCOTT

I don't need your permission.

DWIGHT

Permission granted. Use it as you wish.

SCOTT

Corporate has deemed it appropriate to enforce an ultimatum upon me, and Jan is talking about either downsizing the Stamford branch or this branch.

(Murmurs of unease)

STANLEY

And you're gonna let her?

SCOTT

No, Stanley, you didn't see me in there with her.

(aside)

(MORE)

SCOTT (cont'd)
For his eyes only...
(back to room)
... I said, "If Corporate wants to come here and interfere, they've got to go through me. You can go and mess with Josh's people, but I'm the head of this family. You ain't messin' with my chillun. I am, if any one's going to."

EMPLOYEE
Yeah, but Michael, what if they do downsize here?

SCOTT
Not gunna happen.

STANLEY
It could be out of your hands, Michael.

SCOTT
It won't be out of my hands, Stanley, okay? That's a promise.

STANLEY
Oh...can you promise that?

DWIGHT
On his mother's grave.

SCOTT
(non-committal, to Dwight)
Well...
(to Stanley)
I have promised it, okay, and it's an insult to me that you still have to ask.

STANLEY
It's just that we need to know...

SCOTT
Sorry, Stanley, Pam wants to speak...
Your turn Pam.

PAM
It's just that I was in the meeting with Jan and she said that it could be this branch that gets the ax.

Murmurs of unease.

SCOTT
Well, if you were in the meeting with Jan, then maybe you should...

He mimes zipping his mouth closed.

SCOTT
...stick to the ongoing confidentiality
agreement...of...meetings.

DWIGHT
(also miming mouth zipping)
Yeah, information is power!

STANLEY
So you can't say for sure whether it's
going to be us or them, can you?

SCOTT
Look. This is my ship and I am asking
you to trust me and you can't go wrong.

STANLEY
Oh, Michael, it's not a question of
trust...

SCOTT
It is a question of trust, Stanley.
Yeah, yeah, it is a question of trust.

STANLEY
It's communication...

SCOTT
Do you trust me? Do you trust me? Yes
or no.

STANLEY
Yes, I trust you.

SCOTT
He does. So...meeting adjourned.

DWIGHT
Good. Excellent.

Everyone starts to leave.

DWIGHT
I would have said practically the same
thing, in fact I'd have chaired a very
similar... Can I just ask, do you trust
me? Hands up if you trust me.

SCOTT
You don't have to...

DWIGHT

Yeah, well, you asked them.

One girl has put her hand up.

SCOTT

Put your hand down.

DWIGHT

No, I need to know. I'm Assistant Regional Manager.

SCOTT

Assistant to the Regional Manager. They're going.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD - INT. - DAY

DWIGHT

I'm not worried about me - I'll be alright - if there's going to be downsizing, then so be it. That's just natural selection. In the wild, some people wouldn't survive. I mean, you know, imagine a warehouse where a little midget fella is driving a forklift. He can't see over the top, he's got great big platform shoes on so he can reach the pedals, because of his little legs. I mean, Tony's a sweet guy, don't get me wrong, but should he be working here?

SCENE 25 - INT. DESK AREA - DAY

Dwight, unseen behind Jim's wall of box files, is asking him a question.

DWIGHT

Have you got a price for matt-coated SRA!?

JIM

If I can't see you, I can't hear you, Dwight.

Dwight peers over the 'wall.'

DWIGHT

Just tell me, will you?

JIM

No, I can't hear you. If you want to speak to me...

DWIGHT
I'm right here, just tell me now.

JIM
...if you want to speak to me, then call
me, okay?

Dwight sits back down, and dials Jim's number. Jim's phone rings, but he doesn't answer it.

DWIGHT
(from behind wall)
It's on voice-mail.

JIM
Leave a message.

DWIGHT
Hi. It's me, Dwight. I need a price on
matt-coated... Oh, this is stupid.

JIM
Yeah it is... This is stupid. It's so...
Sorry, dude, what do you want?

While Dwight is answering, Jim creeps away unseen.

DWIGHT
Uh... I need a tonnage price on matt-
coated SRAl. So I've got three sixty
down here, but I'm sure that isn't right,
'cos when I spoke to Dave, earlier on,
he...

Pause.

DWIGHT
Okay, I know you're not there...and
obviously you can't hear that, but I'm
not talking to myself, because they're
filming.

Pause. Dwight's head pops up - to check Jim's gone.

INT. RECEPTION SEATING AREA - DAY

Jim is seated. Pam runs her fingers through his hair,
trying to arrange it.

JIM
That feels nice. Do some with your
nails.

PAM

Sure.

Pam finishes.

JIM

This could be a new career, Pam.

Pam laughs.

PAM

There's no difference, is there? You actually can't do anything with your hair at all.

JIM

Hmm, you noticed.

INT. OPEN-PLAN OFFICE - DAY

Scott leads Ryan the temp over to a storeroom.

SCOTT

And this here is the gym.

Inside is a single old Stairmaster.

RYAN

You work out?

SCOTT

I used to on this all the time, then I stopped and then I sold it to the employees for the gym. Which reminds me... Workout tax. A bargain at... one dollar.

He holds out his hand.

RYAN

I usually run in the mornings.

SCOTT

Fine. I'll cover you this week. You can owe me.

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

Pam and Jim are flirting.

JIM

You like a drink?

PAM

Yeah.

JIM

At the end of the week?

PAM

Yeah.

JIM

Well, this is why we're all going out, so we can have an -

PAM

When are we going out?

JIM

- end of the week drink.

PAM

So when are we going out?

JIM

Well, tonight, hopefully, I thought.

Pam's fiance, Roy, appears. He is holding something wrapped in a black garbage bag under his arm. Jim immediately steps back from Pam's desk.

ROY

(to Jim)

Hey, man.

PAM

Hi.

ROY

(to Pam)

Hi, baby, you ready, yeah?

PAM

Yeah. Uh...would you mind, if I went out for a drink with these guys?

ROY

No, no, no. Come on, let's go home, yeah?

PAM

Okay, I'll... I'll be a couple of minutes, 'cos it's only twenty past five.

JIM

(to Roy)

You should come, man. You know, we're all going -- get a chance to see what people are like outta the office, it'll be fun.

ROY

No, sounds good, man, but seriously, we gotta get going.

JIM

Okay.

Pam trots off. Roy and Jim stand in silence, nothing to say to each other. The silence becomes tortuous. Finally, Jim tries to make conversation.

JIM

Um, what's in the bag?

ROY

Just tell her I'll see her later, okay?

JIM

Sure, will do. Okay. Awesome. Take care.

Jim nods. Roy leaves. We zoom in to watch Jim's face.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Ryan and Scott are sitting in the meeting room.

SCOTT

The dreaded first day.

RYAN

Yeah.

SCOTT

Everything cool?

RYAN

Everything's cool.

SCOTT

Have you felt the vibe yet? We work hard, we play hard. Play hard when we should be working hard sometimes, partly my fault, sure.

(MORE)

SCOTT (cont'd)

I let them get away with murder, which I know means they let me get away with murder...you know, the girls love me, but...not in that way...but, er, you know.

(He thinks about it and decides maybe they do.)

SCOTT

I guess I've created an atmosphere here where I'm a friend first, boss second. And probably an entertainer third.

There is a knock at the door.

SCOTT

(call out)

Just a sec!

(to Ryan)

You like the Jamie Kennedy Experiment?

RYAN

Yeah.

SCOTT

You like Punk'd? Okay, watch this. Don't give me away.

(calls out)

Come in!

Pam comes in.

SCOTT

(to Ryan)

...and then Corporate said, yeah, so that'll be...

PAM

You got a fax.

SCOTT

Thanks. Oh, don't go, Pam, can you pull up a chair? I was going to call you in, anyway, it'll be quick.

She sits down. Before Scott goes on, she glances behind her and the camera follows her gaze to see Jim laughing with some office workers who are putting on coats and preparing to go out. Pam looks after them wistfully.

SCOTT

Um, as you are aware, there is going to be downsizing, and you've made my life easier...

Pam smiles.

SCOTT

...in that I'm going to have to let you go first.

PAM

(shocked)

What? Why?

SCOTT

Why? Theft. Stealing.

PAM

Stealing? Er... Um...what am I supposed to have stolen?

SCOTT

Post-It notes.

PAM

Post-It notes? What are they worth, like fifty cents?

SCOTT

Oh, got a bible there, Ryan? "Thou shalt not steal unless it's only worth fifty cents." You steal a thousand Post-It notes at fifty cents, and you've made... uh... a profit...margin.

PAM

Why would I steal Post-It notes?

SCOTT

I don't know. To make the little things on the end of the joints.

RYAN

Roaches?

SCOTT

Roaches.

(to Pam)

Caught you, you drug addict! No, only joking.

PAM

Are you serious?

SCOTT

Yeah.

PAM

I can't believe... God... I've never even stolen a paper clip. And now you're firing me.

SCOTT

And the good news is, I don't need to give you any severance pay 'cos it's gross misconduct. So, you can go clear your desk.

Pam starts crying. The joke has seriously backfired. [The "World's Greatest Boss" mug is visible on his desk.] Scott looks pained and anxious; Ryan doesn't know where to look.

SCOTT

Oh, now...that was the joke there. See? You've been "Xed", punk. We were doing a joke, him and me... Morale boost. Settling him in...

(looking at the faxes)

Uh, thanks for the faxes... Guess I'll do these n--

PAM

We all hate you.

SCOTT

Come on.

PAM

No one respects you. You're a sad little man.

SCOTT

(doesn't believe her)

Really? Didn't know that.

They sit in silence. It is painfully quiet for what seems like forever. Finally Pam leaves. Scott's talking head begins.

SCOTT TALKING HEAD - INT. - DAY

SCOTT

What is the single most important thing for a company? Is it the building? Is it the inventory? Is it the cashflow? Nuh uh. It's the people. My proudest moment here wasn't when I increased profits by seventeen per cent, or cut expenses without losing a single employee. No.

(MORE)

SCOTT (cont'd)

It was a young Guatemalan guy, first job in the country, barely spoke English, but he came to me and he went, "Mr. Scott, will you be the Godfather to my child."

He nods, smugly. Beat.

SCOTT

Didn't happen in the end. We had to let him go, he sucked.

CLOSING MUSIC & END CREDITS, THEN:

TAG

INT. OFFICE

The camera is by the exit, spying back. In zoom, we see the bathroom door. Pam hurries out, dabbing her eyes. She is surprised to see Jim still at his desk. Everyone else is gone.

PAM

You still here? How come you didn't go out with everybody?

JIM

(waves at computer)

Ah, I gotta enter these orders before I can leave.

PAM

Oh... Well, uh, see you Monday?

JIM

Yeah. Take care.

She leaves towards the camera. Jim turns back to his computer. Just before Pam passes, we hear an unmistakable computer game sound effect from Jim's computer in the background. Pam smiles as she passes the camera. We zoom in on Jim as he plays Bookworm to kill Friday night.

The End.