

THE OFFICE

"Worms & Dirt"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY 1

ERIN, at reception, looks up at MICHAEL as he dashes into the office. He is wearing a long cloak, and his face is covered by a scarf, bowl hat, and sunglasses.

ERIN
(startled)
Good morning... Michael...

Michael holds up his hand to block his covered face as he darts towards his office. JIM and PAM give the camera puzzled looks as he rushes past.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - D1

Michael locks the door behind him and closes all of his blinds. He checks under his desk and peers out the window in search of something outside. His cell-phone rings, which he frantically throws against the wall and stomps on until it goes quiet.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

Michael is still wearing his disguise.

MICHAEL
I'm a wanted man. I was at the mall over the weekend and security was looking for me.
(disgusted)
These people were broadcasting my name over the intercom... as if I was the Taliban at the airport.

Michael starts breathing heavily and removes the scarf covering his mouth.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
People are after me, but I don't know why.
(beat)
Well, actually, I might have an idea.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - CONTINUOUS

Michael is walking slowly through the clothing aisles, looking around cautiously.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

I may or may not have replaced
something of mine with something else
in a store.

Michael takes one last look around. As he passes by the men's underwear rack, he casually hangs up the underwear he's holding as he passes by. The camera stays TIGHT ON Michael's stretched out Spiderman underwear among the Armani briefs.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

What? I'm flawed.

(beat)

They probably knew who I was from the security cameras. I've been told I have a distinguished face that stands out. I think it has to do with my well-placed cheek bones.

(gets lost in thought, then)

Or they could have been looking for me because I parked in the fire lane outside The Bon Ton.

Michael looks down at something in his lap.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

They may have found out my full name from my driver's license. I always put it in the window when I park so that robbers know who they are stealing from. I heard that if you humanize yourself with bad people, they let you go free.

(places the license next to his smiling face)

Who would ever steal from someone who looks like this?

The camera moves in TIGHT ON his picture ID. It resembles a demented 10 year old on Ritalin.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - EARLY MORNING - D2

DWIGHT enters and turns on all the lights in the dark office. He is carrying two large poster boards and places them by his desk. He takes in the empty office with a prideful smile.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Today is the office's first annual phonathon, except they are going to call us.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

(with a devious smile)

Michael and I came up with an idea of how to sell the most printers than any other branch before Christmas time.

(relishing in the suspense)

At the end of every year Honeypuff Farms asks for financial pledges to their animal shelter. They have one day in December where people call in to donate money because they put fliers up all over Scranton using a stupid crying kitten picture.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Dwight pops his head out from behind a telephone pole. The pole has a Honeypuff Flier stapled to it reading: **Pledge for Pets- Call to Save**

DWIGHT (V.O.)

So we decided to spice up the competition. By putting our own poster by it, those stupid animal-lovers are going to step right into our trap. It's the best idea since the Cotton Gin.

Dwight jumps out and posts his flier slightly over Honeypuff's with a nail-gun. TIGHT ON Dwight's poster, which has a crying kitten sitting on a Sabre printer. It reads: **Pledge for Pets by Purchasing a Printer- Call to Save**

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

Michael likes to call it subliminal advertising, but I like to call it genius product placement.

INT. OFFICE- CONTINUOUS - D2

Dwight stands back examining his two posters, now opened and duct taped to the conference room window. They are covered with the ancestral trees of all the cat and dog breeds.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

When these people call in, they are going to be expecting animals, and oh we will give them animals. We will crush them with our overwhelming intelligence about the species that they will instantly trust us.

Dwight leans in closer to the cat poster. A cheetah is towards the bottom underneath the jaguar. He thinks for a moment, and then crosses the cheetah out with a sharpie.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS - D2

Dwight listens tentatively to the main phone and pushes buttons periodically.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Everyone needs to be prepared to answer a sales call today.

INT. OFFICE - ACCOUNTING AREA - CONTINUOUS - D2

Dwight walks around the desks and drops a paper booklet on each one.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

I don't care if you are an accountant or a meat stocker, you are going to be a part of the greatest scam in history.

INT. BREAK ROOM - D2

Dwight stacks the final chair on the eight chair pile. He tries to pick up the pile but cannot lift it. He results to sliding it towards the door.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

We can't afford anybody to take a break.

(MORE)

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

Based on my calculations of the Scranton population in the 2010 census, we should be expecting around 182,067 calls coming through our office today.

INT. OFFICE - JIM, PAM & DWIGHT'S DESKS - CONTINUOUS - D2

Dwight settles in at his desk. He slightly adjusts his bobble-head and computer screen. After taking a deep breath, he takes out his blue tooth from his desk and attaches it to his ear.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Today will be a day long remembered.
We are ready for you, America.

INT. OFFICE - A COUPLE HOURS LATER - D2

ANGELA, PAM, JIM, KEVIN, and PHYLLIS come into the office at the normal hour.

DWIGHT

Man your desks people! Didn't you get my e-mail about getting here early today?

They slowly move to their desks and ignore Dwight's question. Angela, however, seems to move a little more briskly than usual.

ANGELA TALKING HEAD

ANGELA

(with abnormal excitement)
For the first time, I woke up excited to come to work. I get to talk to cat lovers all day, and I couldn't be more thrilled for this kind of opportunity.

INT. OFFICE - D2

Everyone has fallen into their regular work for the day. Jim is playing minesweeper on his computer. MEREDITH is replacing a suspicious arm patch with a new one. STANLEY is staring at his blank computer screen.

Dwight notices everyone's lackluster attitude and heads over to his posters.

DWIGHT

Okay, people.
(pointing to posters)
(MORE)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

I want you all to copy these animal trees and tape them to your computers. I have given you all an itinerary of potential conversations with customers. Each of you needs to read this because I have call forwarded our business number to each of your phones.

Kevin picks up his itinerary and looks through it and quickly looks confused.

KEVIN

(reading from itinerary)
Answer phone. Person may say, Hello, I'd like to make a pledge or Hello, is this Honey puff Farms? -- answer back with hello, greetings, or good day to you.

PHYLLIS

(reading from itinerary)
Introduce yourself by your first name and ask about the caller's favorite pet.

MEREDITH

(reading from itinerary)
If they ask you again about Honey puff, flip to page 17 to find appropriate responses.

PAM

(reading from itinerary)
Pick one of the following: Ignore the question and talk about favorite dog breed, tell them you are affiliated and whether they have a working printer, keep them entertained until Dwight can provide assistance.

OSCAR

(reading from itinerary)
If they ask to talk to manager, flip to page 4 in the manual for appropriate responses.

JIM

(glances at camera)
Dwight this seems more like a goosebump novel than an itinerary.

DWIGHT

Inspiration has to come from
somewhere, Jim.

(to all)

I want you all to study your materials
so that you are duly prepared.

Everyone ignores their itinerary and goes back to their work.
Stanley throws his in the garbage.

INT. OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER - D2

The office is as uneventful as before. The only sound we hear
is an incoming fax.

Dwight is at his desk, drumming his fingers impatiently. He
picks up his phone and hunches over his desk cradling the
phone. After a beat, we hear Stanley's phone ring.

DWIGHT

(into phone in a high-pitched
voice)

Hello, is this Honeypuff Farms?

We see Stanley over Dwight's shoulder looking over at him.

STANLEY

(into phone)

Wrong number.

Stanley hangs up the phone and Dwight gets up from his desk.
He walks over and stands next to Stanley's desk.

DWIGHT

You didn't follow protocol. You
blatantly missed out on a sale.

STANLEY

Get. Out. Of. My. Face.

Dwight opens mouth, thinking about saying something more, but
instead storms off.

INT. OFFICE ANNEX - TOBY'S DESK - D2

TOBY stops in front of his desk and sees a stack of chairs in
place of his normal chair. He looks unenthusiastically at the
camera.

TOBY

I wonder who would do this.

INT. OFFICE - ACCOUNTING AREA - D2

Angela is sitting at her desk typing on her computer. We hear a cat's mew and see four cats attached to her chair by leashes. Kevin and Oscar look over at her, disgusted.

OSCAR

Is that really necessary?

ANGELA

They have every right to be a part of today as you. And besides, they are the honorary guests, so you should respect them.

Kevin gets up and heads towards the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - D2

Kevin heads straight to the refrigerator and comes to find a gigantic bowl of pudding. Upon closer inspection he realizes it is worms and dirt. He looks around the fridge door at the camera, giving us a broad smile.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - D2

Kevin enters the office from the kitchen and holds up the bowl for everyone to see.

KEVIN

Is this anyone's worms and dirt?

Everyone just stares at him blankly, giving him the answer he wanted.

KEVIN TALKING HEAD

KEVIN

There is a rule that everyone goes by. If you find something and no one claims it within 5 seconds, then you get to keep it. I used this with every piece of food I found on the middle school cafeteria's floor.

(with a childish grin)

Worked every time.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - D2

The large pudding bowl is in the center of the conference table and everyone is taking their share. Angela picks through the worms and Oreo crumbs so she just gets the pudding.

DARRYL

Hey, has anyone seen Michael?

MEREDITH

No, but let's eat this quick so he doesn't think we threw a party without him.

DARRYL

I don't know how you can eat that stuff. It's like mixing strawberries with soup.

ANDY

What are you talking about, this is a delicacy.

INT. OFFICE - JIM, PAM & DWIGHT'S DESKS - CONTINUOUS - D2

Dwight sees everyone in the conference room and heads over ready to reprimand someone.

DWIGHT

What is going on in here?

PAM

Kevin brought in worms and dirt.

Dwight heads over to the bowl and sticks his finger in, taking a lick.

DWIGHT

This isn't worms and dirt. It is all the wrong texture.

JIM

You do know that it's just called that, it isn't really dirt.

DWIGHT

(to camera)

That's what you think.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D2

SPY SHOT: through the window blinds we see Michael pull into the parking lot and park in the handicap spot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS - D2

Michael is sitting in his car staring off into space. He notices the camera.

MICHAEL
(from inside car)
I don't want to get out.

Odd beat.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(throwing a hissy fit)
Fine, I'll get out.

He is fully attired in grey sweatpants and grabs a bookbag from his backseat.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I came prepared, let's just say that.

He shows the camera his bundle of Calvin and Hobbes books inside his bookbag.

INT. OFFICE - D2

Michael sulkily walks into the office and hangs his coat up. Everyone is back at their desks, looking curiously over at him.

ERIN
Oh, Good Morning, Michael.
(noticing outfit)
Oh no, did I forget your dry cleaning?

MICHAEL
It's none of your business.

He heads towards the kitchen and notices people looking at him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
It's none of your business, either.

PHYLLIS
Since when do you keep your business to yourself.

MICHAEL
Since now, Captain Sherlock.

JIM
I think the correct term is Captain Ob-

MICHAEL
Oh, shut up, Jim!
(to Creed)
You know, you should know what I'm going through, Creed.

Creed stares back at Michael completely confused. Michael huffs off and heads to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - D2

Michael opens the fridge and sucks in a breath. He pushes jars around in search of something, resulting in a jar of pickles breaking on the floor.

MICHAEL

Where is it! It's gotta be in here!

Michael searches around the kitchen and finds the large, empty pudding bowl in the sink.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

No! Oh, no!

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - D2

Michael walks into the office with the empty pudding bowl.

MICHAEL

Who ate my worms and dirt, huh? Come on. I'm gonna find out soon, so you better tell me now.

Hands rise slowly all over the office.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

(avoiding eye contact with camera)

How do I say this...

(beat)

I am getting a colonoscopy tomorrow. Does that make me old or disgusting, no. It means I am cautious and like my colon healthy. I don't know how much you know about getting a colonoscopy but it requires you to take... medicine. Okay lets just cut to the chase- you basically take laxatives pills that make you poop all day.

(collecting his thoughts)

When I was four years old, I was given my first gumball. I remember it like I remember my first french kiss. My mom gave it to me in a bank, and I didn't know what to do with it...my first gumball that is. So I swallowed it.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I was one of those child geniuses so
of course I started giving myself the
Heimelocky maneuver.

(becoming overly-dramatic)

I survived -- but I am left scarred.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Michael is in the kitchen crunching up tablets on a board with a hammer. Next to him is the large bowl of worms and dirt, surrounded by tons of empty Jello pudding containers and an Oreo packet.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Some people can't see or walk. Some
can't read or speak English. Well, I
can do all of those things, but I
can't swallow pills.

Once the pills are in a fine powder, Michael sprinkles them into the bowl and mixes the pudding around.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - D2

KEVIN

There wasn't a name on it.

MICHAEL

There doesn't have to be, Dufus.

Michael starts pacing. He begins to say something, stops, then continues to pace.

PAM

Michael... what aren't you telling us?

MICHAEL

How does everyone feel? Good?
Comfortable?

PAM

(becoming concerned)

Michael, what was in that pudding?

MICHAEL

Listen, that pudding was for me, okay.
Not for you greedy fat people.

(beat)

The big secret is I was supposed to
get a colonoscopy tomorrow, and I have
a little problem swallowing things.

DWIGHT

That's what she said! Yes! I finally got one!

PHYLLIS

Oh shut up, Dwight. Michael, please don't say what I think you are saying.

MICHAEL

I will say it. You all just ate my laxative medicine.

The office goes into an uproar, each person trying to shout above the other. Michael tries to answer all the questions firing at him.

PAM

Why would you bring that to the office?!

MICHAEL

Because the bowl wouldn't fit in my refrigerator.

JIM

So you thought that you would do your business here? That makes sense.

MICHAEL

It's important to be with people at a time of crisis.

PHYLLIS

Michael how much was in there?

Michael gives the camera a concerned look.

MICHAEL

Ah... a lot.

STANLEY

(tone quickly rising)
How much Michael? And you tell us right now.

MICHAEL

(inaudible)
20.

MEREDITH

What was that? What did you say?

MICHAEL

20.

PAM

20 pills! Why did you put so many in there?!

MICHAEL

Because I had to take 4 every 15 minutes, okay. I mean it's not easy living with the disease I have.

JIM

What ever made you think that made any sense?

MICHAEL

I would eat four bowls every 15 minutes until it was gone. It makes perfect sense.

STANLEY

You aren't allowed to take food with your medicine. It's an all liquid diet.

MICHAEL

Stanley, just because you want to lose weight doesn't mean you have to try and shove your lifestyle on us, okay?

STANLEY

(standing)

You know what you are possibly the dumbest son of a--

Jim realizes that Stanley is getting heated and gets up to stand between them.

JIM

Michael, what Stanley is trying to say is that you are supposed to take your colonoscopy medicine with only water.

MICHAEL

Ugh, I can only take pills if I have loads of food with it -- yah know what, you guys just don't understand -- it's easy for you people to point your fingers and say 'change who you are' or 'do what everyone else does' -- Me and Gaga are the only ones who know what it's like.

Darryl is standing in his office doorway chuckling to himself. Kelly comes into the office.

KELLY

What is going on in here?

OSCAR

Well, basically we ate Michael's
laxatives, and we are all going to
have to use the bathroom in about...
(looking at watch)
Well, any time now.

MEREDITH

(to Creed)
What's it like?

CREED

How should I know.

DWIGHT

Oh get over it, people. It is a
natural thing that all animals must
do.

Kelly runs from the room.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS - D2

We hear the sound of puking and see Kelly's feet in one of
the stalls.

KELLY TALKING HEAD

KELLY

I refuse to have diarrhea. Not only
because I am a lady but also because
it helps me win "Never Have I Ever"
every time. Bulimia will finally come
in handy.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

I am familiar with Visicol. I use it
every time I eat at a Chinese
restaurant. I would say I use it as
much as teenage sex addicts use the
morning after pill.

ANGELA TALKING HEAD

ANGELA

I will and never will go... in a
public bathroom. They are filthy and
their toilet paper gives me rashes. I
am a private...

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(with head down in embarrassment)
...pooper.

CREED TALKING HEAD

CREED
Why is it that every time someone brings up a colonoscopy or anything having to do with medical treatment for older peeps, people come to me about it. I'm more like a senior in college than a senior citizen. I'm beginning to find it somewhat offensive.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - D2

The office has started to settle down from Michael's announcement. A phone starts to ring, making Dwight instantly alert. Kevin realizes it is coming from his phone.

DWIGHT

Pick it up!

Dwight runs over to Kevin's desk.

KEVIN

(awkwardly into phone)
Hello...ah--

DWIGHT

(shoving the itinerary in
Kevin's face)
Follow the itinerary!

Kevin struggles to decipher Dwight's manual, flipping desperately through the pages.

KEVIN

(into phone)
My name is... Tony. I used to have a
dog named... Tony, but it died. Uh...
no, this is not an animal shelter.

Dwight grabs the phone out of Kevin's hands.

DWIGHT

(into phone)
Good day this is Dwight speaking. We
are all animal lovers here. We also
love... hello? Hello? Damn it!
(to Kevin)
You just lost our first customer. Good
going.

KEVIN

But they are wanting to talk to an
animal shelter. And besides, I don't
even like animals.

ANGELA

Take it back.

Michael comes out of his office.

MICHAEL

What's going on?

ANDY

People are calling us thinking we are
an animal shelter.

MICHAEL

Oh my God! It worked! I forgot today's
the day. Wow, I did it!

Dwight comes over and celebrates with Michael.

DWIGHT

Yeah! We did it!

MICHAEL

I did it!

DWIGHT

We did it!

INT. BREAK ROOM - D2

Phyllis walks into the break room to find Stanley sitting
down with a load of bagged food in front of him. He is
shoving food in his mouth as fast as he can.

PHYLLIS

What are you doing?

STANLEY

If I am going to be on a toilet for
the next couple hours, you better
believe I am going to have my last
supper.

(with food in his mouth)

Look at it this way, none of this food
is even going to hurt because it's
gonna run right through you.

Phyllis thinks this through for a moment. After a beat, she
picks up one of the zebra cakes and starts to eat it.

INT. OFFICE - STANLEY AND PHYLISS' DESKS - D2

The two desks are abandoned and the phones are ringing off
the hook. Dwight runs over and answers the phones at the same
time.

DWIGHT

(into phone 1)

Hello, this is Dwight.

(into phone 2)

Greetings, this is Dwight -- so you
saw the flier... oh good, hold that
thought.

(MORE)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

(into phone 1)

Sorry you broke up for a moment,
what's your favorite pet... Ah the
Dachshund clan.

Dwight smiles at the camera.

INT. OFFICE ANNEX - CUBICLE AREA - D2

Kelly is sitting at her desk painting her nails. Her phone rings. She stares at it a moment and waits for it to stop ringing. After it goes silent, she continues doing her nails. Shortly after it rings again. She struggles to pick up the phone without messing her nails up.

KELLY

(into phone)

Hello... what? Excuse me?...
Honeypuff? Yes this is Honeypuff, but
who gave you this number?... A flier?
No this isn't an animal shelter... no
Honeypuff is my Facebook stripper
name... do I have any animals?... oh
my god leave me alone you sick freak.

Kelly slams the phone down. Ryan gives the camera a wtf-is-wrong-with-her look.

INT. OFFICE - JIM, PAM & DWIGHT'S DESKS - D2

Jim and Pam are talking on the phone, sitting uncomfortably. Dwight walks past, causing a rustling sound with each step. Jim and Pam notice and give each other a look. Jim leans back in his chair to get a better look at Dwight's butt and sees that it is all lumpy. He throws the camera a concerned look.

JIM AND PAM TALKING HEADS

JIM

Dwight is definitely wearing a diaper.

PAM

Wait are you serious?
(thinking for a minute)
You don't think he used one of CeCe's
right?
(growing concerned)
I'm pretty sure I locked the car...

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

I have no shame in wearing diapers.
One time I delivered a baby calf for
22 hours straight. I couldn't afford
to take any breaks.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D2

Michael is leaning back in his chair reading a Calvin and Hobbes book. He then hears a distant BEEPING sound. At first he thinks it is coming from his computer, but then turns to look out the window.

SPY SHOT: reveal Michael's car being cranked onto a tow truck.

MICHAEL

No!

Michael instantly bolts from his chair and runs to his door...

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - D2

...and heads to the office's exit where he then...

INT. HALLWAY- CONTINUOUS - D2

...heads down the hallway. He stops at the elevator while jogging in place. He becomes too impatient, so he dashes to...

INT. STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS - D2

...the stairs where he at first tries to slide down the banister. He chickens out so then he takes the stairs two at a time. He tries to jump the last four and falls.

After some grumbling, he awkwardly rises to his feet and heads into the...

INT. LOBBY - CONTINUOUS - D2

...lobby where he then crashes through the main doors leading into the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS - D2

Michael exits the building breathing heavily and has a little bit of sweat starting to form along his sweater collar.

MICHAEL
(trying to catch his breath)
Hey... what... are you... doing...
that's my... car.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
This car was illegally parked in a
handicap spot.

MICHAEL
No, it's not. I'm having a colonoscopy
tomorrow.

The tow truck driver stares blankly at Michael.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
So?

MICHAEL
So, that makes me impaired, and I
should get special privileges to
compensate -- Okay, listen. How about
fifty bucks?

The tow truck driver thinks a moment, and then reaches his
hand out to take the cash. Michael realizes he doesn't have
any pockets so he goes and searches his car.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Do you take checks?

TOW TRUCK DRIVER
Sure.

Michael takes a check out of his checkbook and writes it out
on the back of his car.

MICHAEL
Okay, there you go. Enjoy.

The tow truck driver doesn't say anything and begins to lower
Michael's car.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(to the camera)
That check's going to bounce.

EXT. PARKING LOT - A FEW MINUTES LATER - D2

The tow truck driver drives out of the parking lot as Michael
waves at him. He then gets in his car, reverses and parks his
car one spot over.

INT. DARRYL'S OFFICE - D2

A sign is taped to his door reading: **Indesposed In the Bathroom.**

Dwight tries to open the door but it is locked.

INT. WAREHOUSE - D2

Darryl is sitting with a bunch of the other warehouse workers playing Grand Theft Auto in the back room.

DARRYL

(to camera)

For the first time, I actually think Michael did something useful.

INT. OFFICE - JIM, PAM & DWIGHT'S DESKS - D2

Pam covers her nose.

PAM

Ugh, what is that smell.

She looks at Jim to see that he has a gas mask on. He simply points to Dwight, who is talking to someone on his bluetooth.

DWIGHT

(into bluetooth)

Yes, our Sabre printers are the very best on the market. Yes, it can print pictures and everything. Yes, a portion of our proceeds will be donated to Honey-puff Farms.

Dwight scrawls something on a notepad. He holds it up to Pam, and it reads: **You smell victory.**

Jim and Pam start to feel some movement and shift uncomfortably in their chairs. They each wheel their chairs back and rise cautiously.

PAM

Jim...Jim..Jim!

Jim can't talk due to his mask so he tries to make signals of running to the bathroom.

PAM (CONT'D)

Jim!

They quickly shuffle towards the bathroom together.

INT. OUTSIDE MEN AND WOMEN'S RESTROOMS - D2

Jim and Pam are shifting from foot to foot from their discomfort. They hear YELLING coming from inside the restrooms. Pam gives Jim a terrified look.

PAM

Jim, I don't think I can do this.

Jim takes off his mask so he can talk.

JIM

Take a deep breath and hold it for as long as you can. Okay?

Pam nods her head ferociously. Jim reaches into his pocket and takes out a tissue.

JIM (CONT'D)

Here put this up your nose. It will help block the smell.

Pam rips the tissue in half and shoves it up her nose. Jim lowers his mask back over his head. Giving each other the thumbs up, they push through the doors. The bellows grow louder as the doors open.

STANLEY

Here it comes!!

KEVIN

Arrghhh!

MEREDITH

This is hell!!!

PHYLLIS

Ahhhh!!

INT. OFFICE - ACCOUNTING AREA - D2

Angela is petting one of her cats in her lap as she is talking on the phone.

ANGELA

Well, I have had quite the issue with my Siamese cats. They spray all over and always miss the litter box.

Perspiration is starting to form on her face. She doesn't look too good.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I don't use Fancy Feast anymore. I give them only fresh organic food now so there are no preservatives.

She shifts uncomfortably in her chair. Her other cats at her feet are mewling up at her.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

No, never use cat nip, it is a natural carcinogen. It makes cats have munchies, and then they lose their figure.

INT. OFFICE ANNEX - CUBICLE AREA - D2

Kelly sits at her computer staring off into space. Then instantly she closes her eyes and clenches her fists for several seconds. Her feet start to curl around each other. Her whole body is tense until she lets out a deep breath.

KELLY

(to camera)

I learned how to prevent farts pretty much directly after I started walking.

Ryan gets up and walks out of the room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - D2

Dwight is putting out bottles of water and Gatorade. Andy comes in limping.

ANDY

Dwight, do you have any cream I can use.

DWIGHT

What kind of cream? Lotion, half and half, whipped, toothpaste, what?

ANDY

Like anything for abrasions or something. I am getting... brush burns on my... butt. It's just that I'm used to only using Charmin so I think I'm having an allergic reaction or something.

DWIGHT

Here drink this.

Dwight hands him a glass of water. Andy drinks it without hesitation. He quickly spits it out on the floor.

ANDY

What is that? It's disgusting.

DWIGHT

Water with salt and sugar to replenish the body. Along with some olive oil because it is good for the skin.

Michael enters the room and takes one of the Gatorades. He is oblivious to the problem he has caused around the office.

MICHAEL
(to Andy)
What's wrong with you?

Andy gives Michael a death stare and then leaves the room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Geez what's eating him?

DWIGHT
Forget about him. He is just a whiny little baby. Only real men can handle diarrhea.

Michael looks out at his office and sees that only Angela, Creed, and Erin are at their desks.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - D2

Michael exits the conference room.

MICHAEL
Where is everybody?

ERIN
They are in the bathroom. Stanley even went home.

He hears phones ringing and is confused of why no one is picking them up.

MICHAEL
(to Erin)
Why aren't you answering that?

Erin crosses her arms and shakes her head. Michael walks over trying to be menacing.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I demand you to answer that.

ERIN
No. What you are doing is wrong.

MICHAEL
What I am doing is running a business so that people have jobs -- and with jobs they have money -- and with money they can buy pets -- and with even more money they can buy food for those pets.

ERIN

Do you have a pet?

MICHAEL

That's besides the point.

ERIN

You are taking away from those poor little animals who just want to find a safe home and a family to love them.

MICHAEL

Ugh, I think I just threw up in my mouth. Wait, yup, I definitely did.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D2

Michael is standing in his office trying to juggle two tennis balls. GABE and Toby enter, which throws his concentration off.

MICHAEL

Ugh, why don't you guys ever knock. Can't you see I'm busy.

TOBY

Michael, we need to talk to you about the laxative situation.

GABE

And we also need to talk to you about this phonathon situation.

MICHAEL

No need to thank me.

GABE

I don't think Sabre can support this kind of publicity.

MICHAEL

Any publicity is good publicity. Ask Sarah Palin.

Gabe is getting flustered.

GABE

No, Michael, we got a call from Honeypuff Farms, and they are sending their president over here now.

Michael's smile starts to fade.

MICHAEL

Are you serious. Well, I have a colonoscopy to prepare for so you're going to have to deal with him. I am too busy.

TOBY

Michael, we all know that everyone ate your pudding.

MICHAEL

It was worms and dirt, stupid.

TOBY

Either way, we are going to have to let them go home early. We have already lost three toilets, and the plumbers are worried about a possible flood.

MICHAEL

A flood? Man these people cannot handle any type of obstacle can they. They turn in the towel at the slightest problem. Do you think Helen Keller turned in a towel? No. But then again she probably couldn't find it.

Michael is humored by his joke. Toby and Gabe are not amused.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Okay, no they are not allowed to go home. They are finishing this phonathon, and we are going to try and sell every last printer we can until the guy from Honeycomb shows up.

TOBY

Michael--

MICHAEL

Nope. Shut it. I'm the king, and I say the plebeians stay.

Toby looks at Michael blankly.

GABE

Michael, we cannot keep--

MICHAEL

Yes. Yes we can.
(thinking for a moment)
Was that a phrase from something famous.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Perhaps said by one of our nations
leading people at one point...?

Gabe and Toby exit without saying another word.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

I am a man who lives his life based on
fate. If a bird poops on my
windshield, so be it. It was meant to
be. And besides I have windshield
fluid to clean it off.

(getting back on track)

If a candle blows out before I can put
it out on my birthday cake, oh well.
Maybe that wish wasn't good enough. If
people eat my laxidated worms and
dirt, then maybe I should be doing
other things than sitting on a toilet
today.

INT. OFFICE - D2

Everyone except for Stanley is back at their desks looking
ragged. Some are on the phone and others are resting their
heads on their desks.

A man in a pink kitten shirt comes into the office holding
the replicated flier.

HONEYPUFF MAN

(enraged)

Who made this flier?

The entire office goes silent. Erin, at reception looks up to
see Michael, in his office, peering through the blinds. Erin
points towards Michael, who quickly hides.

The Honeypuff man walks over to Michael's office and starts
banging on the door. No answer. He knocks harder. Then a
piece of paper comes out from underneath the door. The
Honeypuff man picks it up. It reads: **No one is home.**

JIM

Michael, come on out.

HONEYPUFF MAN

Is he the boss? I want to talk to the
one in charge.

At this Dwight rises from his chair with a puffed out chest.

DWIGHT

You can refer all questions to me. I am in charge here.

HONEYPUFF MAN

Did you make this flier?

DWIGHT

It is uncertain.

HONEYPUFF MAN

Well, did you or didn't you.

Dwight thinks about his options. There is an awkward standstill as the Honey puff man awaits his answer.

DWIGHT

(whispers under his breath)
Stalemate.

HONEYPUFF MAN

What?

DWIGHT

We are simply a paper company here, sir. So by process of elimination, we aren't the company you are looking for.

HONEYPUFF MAN

Then why does that poster over there say Sabre?

Dwight notices the poster and quickly rebukes.

DWIGHT

That's because one of our employees is from Buffalo so obviously they are a Sabre's fan. Duh.

The Honey puff man is getting frustrated.

HONEYPUFF MAN

(re: cat/dog diagrams)
Well, then what is that?

DWIGHT

Those are posters my child made in her fifth grade evolution class. I was proud of her work so I brought them in.

Angela comes over holding two of her cats.

ANGELA

We are nothing but animal lovers here.

HONEYPUFF MAN

Fine, then if you guys are telling the truth, then your phone won't ring when I call this number.

Dwight reaches his hand out about to grab the Honey-puff man's phone but thinks otherwise. A tense beat.

A bunch of phones start ringing. The Honey-puff man gives Dwight a smug look.

DWIGHT

That's just coincidence.

The Honey-puff man hangs up his phone and dials again. Once again, the phones start to ring.

Dwight stays in character, acting completely mystified by the second coincidence. All of a sudden, Meredith, Jim, and Kevin get up from their desks and run out of the room.

HONEYPUFF MAN

See. All you people are guilty.

DWIGHT

Oh, that. That is just because they all have a little diarrhea.

HONEYPUFF MAN

I thought that there was a weird smell in here.

Michael's door is slightly ajar. The Honey-puff man sees Michael staring out through the crack.

HONEYPUFF MAN (CONT'D)

Are you such a coward that you won't show your face?

Michael opens the door more.

MICHAEL

I am having a colonoscopy tomorrow.

HONEYPUFF MAN

So what. I have one every year.

Michael looks disgusted.

MICHAEL

Ew, yuck. You should meet Oscar.

Oscar gives the camera an annoyed look. Michael finally musters the courage to come out of his office.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Look, I'm a business man who works in a capitalist economy. Adam Marks always believed in the invisible hand, and so do I. Without a little friendly competition, we wouldn't have winners and losers.

HONEYPUFF MAN

First of all, it was Adam Smith. Second of all, we are not in competition with one another. I am working for the livelihood of animals and you are working for the livelihood of your own selfish needs.

MICHAEL

Well, then it is just a difference of opinion.

HONEYPUFF MAN

No it's not. You are blatantly stealing my customers.

MICHAEL

(looks at camera)
Then maybe you should have made a better flier.

The Honeypuff man crumples the flier up in his hand and then throws it at Michael's face. They are in a stand off, staring angrily at one another. Gabe is standing in the corner, sensing that the atmosphere's tension is rising.

GABE

Listen, Sir. I am sure there is something we can work out together. Our company gives donations to good causes all the time. Why don't you come back here to my office so we can go over the details.

The Honeypuff man gives Michael one last glare and then follows Gabe. As he walks away, Michael flicks him off from behind. Dwight holds his hand up for a high-five but Michael ignores it.

INT. OFFICE - SEVERAL MOMENTS LATER - D2

The Honeypuff man enters the office area laughing with Gabe. Gabe walks him to the door and shakes his hand.

HONEYPUFF MAN

Well, thank you very much for your company's generosity. We hope to have as large of a pledge next year.

He smiles at Gabe but then it vanishes when he looks over at Michael standing in the corner. When the Honey-puff man leaves, Michael starts kicking over waste bins.

GABE

Michael, is that really necessary.

Michael stops but then hits some papers off Phyllis's desk.

MICHAEL

You need to learn a few things from me. You're such a pushover.

ERIN

Don't listen to him, Gabe. He's just being a bully.

Erin cuddles Gabe. Andy rolls his eyes and limps back towards the bathroom.

INT. OFFICE - ACCOUNTING AREA - D2

Angela can't handle the discomfort anymore. She grabs a roll of toilet paper from her desk.

She scuttles past Erin, who is giving her a curious look as she exits the office.

INT. BASEMENT - DARK HALLWAY - D2

Angela looks cautiously around and then rushes into a side room. When she closes the door, it reads: **Custodial Restroom.**

INT. CUSTODIAL RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS - D2

We see Angela's feet dangling above the ground. A bunch of cats are running around. One is sitting in a litter box in the stall next to her. Angela gives a soft sigh as we hear a little kerplunk.

ANGELA TALKING HEAD

ANGELA

It has been abandoned for years. I only go there in extreme emergencies. Well and also to check in on the strays I have picked up.

Odd beat.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

What? You think I am going to let the
cat-killing shelters take them? I
don't think so.

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON - D2

People are starting to pack up for the day. Everyone looks haggard and exhausted. Phyllis has a string of toilet paper attached to her foot that is dragging behind her as she exits the office. Michael is standing in his office doorway, smiling after her.

Dwight rises to his feet in victory.

DWIGHT

Yes!

No one cares. Well, except Michael.

MICHAEL

(gleefully)
What what?

DWIGHT

We sold 28 printers today.

JIM

Which is 6 more than we sell on an
average day.
(fake hooray)
Way to go!

DWIGHT

Which is a surplus, and a surplus
means profit, stupid.

MICHAEL

Surplus! We got a surplus, that's
great!... Wait, what's a surplus.

CREED

It's when you have more than your
hands can carry.

MICHAEL

That's good. I can carry a lot.

Oscar thinks about correcting him but changes his mind.

OSCAR

(to himself)
Not even worth it.

JIM

It's actually when you spit out more
than you can chew.

Michael is lost in thought trying to understand Jim's
comment. Jim smiles at the camera.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

Every boss has one main goal, and
that's to see their employees have
success.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS - D2

Everyone is walking stiffly to their cars, except for Darryl
who is sauntering to his truck. Andy is wincing in pain with
each step. Angela is leading her herd of cats to her car. Jim
and Pam are walking arm in arm like an elderly couple.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Because their success is my success.
Sometimes they have to do things that
they don't really like to do, but you
know what, they do it for the good of
the company. And deep down they still
love me for it.

Reveal Michael's car which is completely toilet-papered.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

But what every company needs is an
intelligent leader. It is men like me,
with ideas like I have to create a
surplus business. If it wasn't for me,
people would have a lot more to worry
about than poopy pants.

Michael smiles slowly and then busts out laughing.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING LOT - D2

Kelly exits the building very slowly. She takes a couple steps. Stops. Clenches her whole body and then continues to walk again. She does this several times before reaching her car.

MICHAEL

What are you doing? Playing red light
green light with a ghost or something?

Michael is by his car trying to remove the toilet paper with a snow scraper.

Kelly looks over at him with a death stare and continues on her way.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(to camera)

Geez, everyone is so uptight today.
Tough crowd I guess. Me and my fellow
comedians don't take it personally,
though. We all know that it isn't us,
it's them. Can't win em all.

(to himself as he continues
scraping)

Can't win em all.

END OF SHOW