

The Office
"Personas"
by
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COLD OPEN

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Michael is at the front of the room and the rest of the staff is paired up. Each group has a flipchart, on which they have jotted down descriptions of fictional people: names, ages, sexes, occupations, etc.

PHYLLIS, paired with MEREDITH, is standing, addressing the room, wrapping up her presentation.

PHYLLIS

Gerald's primary paper needs are eight by eleven white bond for the printer and number 10 security envelopes.

MICHAEL

Excellent. Good work Phyllis.

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

Personas are a top-level project management tool used by business experts around the world.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

What you do is you make up characters and pretend that they are your customers. And then you ask them for advice on how to improve. And that way you don't have to talk to real customers.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Dwight is completing his presentation. The flipchart looks like a Dungeon and Dragons character sheet, complete with stats on the left-hand side and a sketch of a barbarian.

STANLEY, his partner, sits nearby, engrossed in his puzzle book.

DWIGHT

... when in a berserker rage, Rivenheart can attack twice per round but is unable to defend.

MICHAEL

(exasperated)

Dwight, you -- Missing the point. Why does your persona need paper?

DWIGHT

He doesn't need paper. His history is written in the lamentation of his enemies.

MICHAEL

Okay sit down. Just-- Sit down.

Dwight does so as Michael wrestles with his irritation.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Who's next? Jim and Kevin.

KEVIN looks at JIM with a giddy smile; Jim nods confidently.

Kevin stands and gestures at his flipchart, on which he has written a series of bulletpoints describing his persona.

KEVIN

Our persona is "Mark L."

His pronunciation of "Mark L." is almost identical to "Michael", and he pauses expectantly. When there's no reaction, he continues, struggling to maintain a straight face.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Mark L. is in his mid-40's. Single, no family, no girlfriend. Dead-end job as regional manager in a dying industry. This guy is going nowhere.

Titters around the room as people recognize the gag. They are laughing with Michael, assuming he'll catch on at any moment.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

He tells a lot of bad jokes. His favorite is short, but he knows how to use it.

Jim hears his prearranged cue.

JIM

That's what she said!

Michael laughs.

MICHAEL

Good one, Jim! Nicely done. Okay Kevin, let's keep this moving.

Kevin looks uncertain.

KEVIN

He's always walking around the office interrupting people's work with pointless stories. Or insensitive remarks. About their weight. And baldness ...

MICHAEL

Ugch. Why would you even invent this guy?

Kevin at a loss. Desperately trying to clue Michael in, he deviates from the flipchart.

KEVIN

Owns a "World's Best Boss" mug?
Drives a Sebring? His birthday is
March 15th? No, nothing?

In a burst of inspiration, Jim leaps to his feet.

JIM

I think Mark L.'s worst trait is his utter lack of self-awareness. He wouldn't even recognize a description of himself.
(beat; then slowly)
Wouldn't even recognize a description ... of himself.

Michael looks pensive for a moment, on the verge of realization. But then he shudders at his mental image of Mark and says:

MICHAEL

And what are his paper needs?

KEVIN

(to Jim; accusatory)
You said this would be funny.

END COLD OPEN

ACT I

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

Flowers crowd the left side of the screen.

MICHAEL

Corporate wanted to send four people to a Project Management seminar in New York. A lot of money. But they forgot two things. One, I have a phonographic memory. Two, I have highly honed presentation skills. And three, I am focused like a laser on this company's bottom line.

So I went. By myself. And now I am re-presenting the material to everyone, the entire staff. Probably saved this company twenty grand, easy.

ANGELA TALKING HEAD

ANGELA

He used the money to upgrade his hotel room to a suite. The honeymoon suite. How do I know?

She brandishes a form.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Nothing escapes the scrutiny of accounting!

(beat)

Also, he brought back the bouquet.

INT. OFFICE

The camera pushes through the blinds on Michael's office. Michael works at his desk, the left side of which is dominated by an enormous vase of flowers.

The camera zooms in on a small white card in the middle of the foliage. It reads: "Congratulations Michael and Ryana"

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Michael has brought in three "standees". They are of Steve Martin (in white suit and arrow through head), Jim Carrey (as Ace Ventura), and Robin Williams (as Mrs. Doubtfire).

MICHAEL

Now we are going to run through some scenarios. In a scenario we give our personas a problem, and then figure out how Dunder-Mifflin can solve that problem.

He gestures to Steve Martin.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

So what's a problem that Carl here might have?

KELLY

He's in love with a girl that he has been best friends with since kindergarten, but he doesn't want to tell her because it would complicate their relationship, and in two weeks she is going to marry someone else.

MICHAEL

No ...

CREED

He awakens in a hotel room with no recollection of how he got there or why he has a tattoo reading "Don't Answer the Phone."

MICHAEL

It's got to be a problem related to paper.

STANLEY

Maybe he wants to write something down.

MICHAEL

Right, perfect. So now let's all brainstorm about how Dunder-Mifflin could solve his problem.

Long pause.

TOBY

We could give him some paper.

MICHAEL

No. No. Why are you even here?

TOBY

You said it was an all-staff meeting.

MICHAEL

All staff, Toby. Not all
(struggles)
haff ... assed ... corporate
drones. Who are divorced. Go back
to your desk.

Toby shuffles mournfully from the room. As he does so, he shoots a glare at "Carl".

Dwight is positioned next to the window; Jim sits next to him. During Toby's exit, Dwight glances down and notices a band of bright red spandex around Jim's wrist, as if he was wearing long underwear.

Dwight's eyes dart to Jim's throat, where he sees more red spandex peek from within his collar.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Anyone else? How do we solve Carl's problem? Other than "giving him paper," obviously.

A long silence as the room is stymied.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Come on, people. When I was in New York I was answering these questions like bam! Bam! Bam! Bam!

JIM

Well, we don't have a background in improvisational theater like you do, Michael.

MICHAEL

Excellent point, Jim. See people, that wasn't so hard. Let's move on to another scenario.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

I think my background in improvisational theater probably accounts for my skill in coming up with personas and scenarios. I can come up with, you know.

Snaps his fingers.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL

So another scenario might be
(gestures at the Ace
Venture standee)
If this customer whose name is ...
his name, we'll call him ...

Michael scans the room desperately, his gaze settles on Oscar.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Jesús Martin- uh, nelli.
Martinelli. And Jesús's problem is
that he, that he has, that he is
gay.

OSCAR

(exasperated)
Why does he have to be gay?

MICHAEL

Because it's biological, Oscar.
Okay? It's not a choice.

At that moment, Pam enters.

PAM

Sorry Michael, I have an important
message for Jim.

Pam crosses the room and stage-whispers to Jim, such that Dwight can't help but overhear.

PAM (CONT'D)

Armed robbery, 3rd and Buchanan.

Jim nods in acknowledgement. After Pam exits, Jim rises.

JIM
 (stilted)
 Excuse me, but I just remembered an important charity event I need to attend.

Jim hurries from the room.

MICHAEL
 So let's come up with a scenario for Jesús. What's something that a hispanic homosexual might find difficult?

OSCAR
 (under his breath)
 Coming in to work each morning.

Dwight glances out the window. Jim is jogging across the parking lot, looking around furtively and wearing a domino mask. Dwight's eyes widen. Just before Jim rounds a corner he removes his tie and dress shirt, revealing a scarlet, tight-fitting spandex top.

JIM AND PAM TALKING HEAD

Pam smiles and Jim struggles to maintain a straight face as he holds up a homemade superhero shirt with a stylized blue "J" logo on the chest.

JIM
 Soo-per Jim.

PAM
 That is so lame.

JIM
 What is? "Super Jim"?

PAM
 What's the point of having a secret identity if you're going to use your real name as part of your superhero name?

JIM
 That ... is a good point, actually.

PAM
 You should be The Bluejay.

JIM
The -? Where did that come from?

Pam taps the logo with the big blue "J" in a circle.

PAM
Blue J.

Jim looks at the logo, then at Pam with admiration.

JIM
Nice.
(to the camera)
Now I have to convince Dwight to
join my superhero team.
(beat)
It probably won't be hard.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT
Fact: people who were exposed to
radiation at a young age invariably
possess latent mutant powers. Fact:
when I was seven I swallowed and
later excreted a glowing rock.
Fact: a balloon vigorously rubbed
on my hair will adhere to a wall.
You do the math.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

The meeting over, everyone exits the conference room. Michael emerges with the Jesús standee tucked under his arm. Kelly follows with the Mrs. Doubtfire standee, and Pam with Carl.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Pam sets Carl next to the reception desk. Her hand slips as she sets him down and she receives a paper cut.

PAM
Hey!

Pam sucks the cut while glaring at Carl.

PAM (CONT'D)
Not cool.

INT. ACCOUNTING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Michael has set Jesús down right next to Oscar's desk, and is jotting something down on a Post-It note. Finished, he slaps it onto Jesús's chest, and then turns to address the room.

MICHAEL

People, we are going to station our personas around the office as reminders of who we work for. I want you to use them as a guides. If you have a question about what to do in a particular situation, ask yourself--

Michael points at the Post-It note, on the top of which we can see the name "Jesús".

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What would he do?

Angela scowls.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As Michael passes on his way to his office, Dwight takes a large gilt envelope from his top desk drawer and follows.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dwight enters on Michael's tail. He closes the office door, pivots, and hands the envelope to Michael.

DWIGHT

This is for you.

MICHAEL

What is it?

DWIGHT

Open it.

He starts to tear open the envelope and glitter falls out.

MICHAEL

Dwight! Now I have glitter hands.
God!

Michael pulls the thick card out of the envelope as glitter showers onto the floor.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Cordially invited ... Final episode
of... What is this?

DWIGHT
I am having a get together tonight,
to celebrate the final episode of
Battlestar Galactica.

MICHAEL
A get together?

DWIGHT
A party.

MICHAEL
Oh yeah? Who's coming?

DWIGHT
People.

MICHAEL
Any women?

DWIGHT
Of course not.

MICHAEL
None? Not even Pam? If Jim's coming
he's going to bring Pam.

DWIGHT
Jim is the last person I would
invite.

MICHAEL
Who are you inviting.

Dwight ticks the invitees off on his index and middle finger.

DWIGHT
Mose. Michael Scott.
(beat)
Except Mose lives there, so
technically I didn't invite him.

Dwight puts down his index finger and holds the remaining
finger aloft.

MICHAEL
Just the three of us?

DWIGHT
We have barn cats.

MICHAEL
I don't .. tonight? I don't think
so. I have plans.

DWIGHT
With whom?

MICHAEL
With a friend. Jesús.

DWIGHT
The persona?

MICHAEL
Dwight, I'm really busy with this
project management stuff right now,
Okay? So I need you to leave.

Dwight snatches the invitation from Michael's hand, gets on all fours, and uses his hand to sweep the glitter from the floor into the torn envelope. He clambers back to his feet.

DWIGHT
You are making a mistake. A huge
mistake.

MICHAEL
Well ... That's fine.

INT. OFFICE - JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESKS

Dwight emerges from Michael's office to find Jim, back at his desk and looking somewhat disheveled: his hair is tousled, he has dirt smudges on his face, and his shirt is misbuttoned with some scarlet peeking through.

DWIGHT
Where were you?

JIM
Oh, I was just--eating lunch.

DWIGHT
I thought you were at a charity
event.

JIM
And I was. A charity luncheon.

DWIGHT
For which foundation?

JIM
The ... Anorexia Defense Fund. It was great. There was never a line at the buffet.

DWIGHT
And yet you appear weak and malnourished, as usual. What did you eat?

JIM
Oh man, it was so hard to choose. They had clam chowder and they also had Greek food. So I was in the buffet line going, "Soup or gyro? Soup or gyro?"

Dwight's eyes narrow.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Jim approaches, smiling. He doesn't notice that Pam is sulking at the reception desk, nursing her wounded hand.

JIM
Operation Bluejay is under way.

PAM
(curt)
Great.

JIM
What's wrong?

PAM
Carl cut me.

JIM
Who?

Pam gestures at the standee in irritation.

JIM (CONT'D)
Right. Of course. You know I have no head for names.

A beat. Then Pam flares.

PAM
Your fiancée is assaulted and all
you can do is make jokes?

Jim is caught completely off-guard.

JIM
Uhh, no. I mean-- I ... will ...
take care of him. Right now.

Jim picks up the standee and carries it back to his area.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As Jim sets the standee down behind Andy's desk, he mutters:

JIM
Thanks for getting me in trouble,
Carl.

INT. JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESKS - CONTINUOUS

Jim returns to his desk. Dwight is looking at Pam and shaking his head, having overheard the exchange with Jim.

DWIGHT
Unsurprising. She's due to
menstruate in a few days.

JIM
That's an offensive and sexist
assumption.

Dwight bends over and, from under his desk, produces the Org Chart he made in the episode "Did I Stutter?" (See: http://www.nbc.com/the_office/downloads/dunder_mifflin_org_chart.pdf). He displays it for Jim and taps the "Menstruation Legend" in the lower-left corner.

DWIGHT
I don't traffic in assumption.

END ACT I

ACT II

PHYLLIS TALKING HEAD

PHYLIS

Michael always had a lot of friends in high school. He said. Supposedly they lived in other cities. Most people thought Michael was lying, but I never did. It wouldn't be lying if Michael believed they were real.

He even had a "girlfriend". Doris or something. What was her name?

INT. ANNEX - CONTINUOUS

Close up of a Post-It note, which has the name "Darleen", across the top. Below is a bulleted list of traits: "Pretty", "Funny", "Loyal to boyfriend", "Breasts", "Uninhibited".

KELLY (O.S.)

So now she's talking about adopting another kid. That's like five.

Further back, we see that the Post-It is on the Mrs. Doubtfire standee, which is positioned next to Kelly's desk. Kelly yammers at it incessantly.

KELLY (CONT'D)

I think she's trying to trap Brad, because she knows he's going to leave her and go back to Jen. The whole thing reeks of desperation.

Kelly stops talking, having seen something. A reverse shot reveals Michael in the kitchen, staring at Darleen through the window. He notices Kelly's attention and disappears.

INT. ACCOUNTING AREA - CONTINUOUS

A close up of a Post-it Which has "Jesús" at the top, and two items listed below: "Mexican." and "Gay." Further back, we see Oscar reading the note. He shakes his head in disgust and returns to his chair.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A close up of a Post-it, which has "Carl" at the top, and a bulleted list reading "Stockbroker", "Affluent", "Single", "Social Drinker", "Likes the good things in life".

Further back, we see Andy is hunched over, trying to work. Carl stands directly behind him. Andy keeps glancing nervously over his shoulder at it, unable to concentrate. Finally he snaps.

ANDY
(to Carl)
What? What?! Stop looming!

INT ACCOUNTING AREA - CONTINUOUS

Andy stalks over with the Carl under his arm. Without a word to anyone he swaps it with Jesús and walks away. The accounting staff look at each other quizzically.

INT. JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESKS

Pam and Phyllis arrive at Jim's desk simultaneously from different directions. Pam carries a police scanner.

PHYLLIS
Bob and I are going to the food court. Do you want to come?

PAM
Oh. Sorry, Michael asked me to sit in on this call.

JIM
Brought my lunch.

PHYLLIS
Maybe next time.

Phyllis exits.

PAM
Can you monitor for a few minutes?

JIM
Sure thing.

Pam hands him the scanner and leaves. As Jim plugs it in and sets it on his desk, Dwight stares, fascinated and annoyed. Finally:

DWIGHT
What is that?

JIM
Oh, this? It's a radio.

DWIGHT
Not an FM radio. I can tell by the
lack of effeminate "indie rock" you
presumably enjoy.

JIM
No, it's a police scanner.

Creed is walking by. His ears perk up at the words "police scanner", and he hovers nervously through the following exchange.

DWIGHT
Why do you have a police scanner?

JIM
It's a hobby of mine.

DWIGHT
I've never heard you express
interest in law enforcement.

JIM
There's a whole side of me you know
nothing about Dwight. An alter-ego,
if you will.

Creed can contain himself no longer.

CREED
Have you heard of The Policeman's
Creed?

JIM
No, what's that?

CREED
It's a code of conduct that
policemen are expected to follow.
They are always talking about it.

JIM
Okay.

CREED
Like, if one cop is about to go
rogue, the others will say "creed,
creed." To remind him of the code.

JIM
Okay.

CREED

So if you hear anyone saying creed on your squawk box, that's probably what they're talking about. I'd just ignore it.

An awkward pause as Jim and Dwight stare at Creed.

CREED (CONT'D)

Also, are you familiar with The Policeman's Bratton?

MICHAEL'S OFFICE

David Wallace is on speaker-phone. Pam sits idle in the guest chair with a notepad.

DAVID

... looking over your reimbursement forms, and--

MICHAEL

(evasively)

It was a great seminar. Good stuff. Have you taken it?

DAVID

No, but--

MICHAEL

I'm re-presenting the material to the Scranton branch. You should come down, sit in on a class.

DAVID

I'm attending the seminar on Monday. But I'm calling--

MICHAEL

I'm augmenting the course with some of my own material, so it's a much richer experience. People here love it. Did you love it, Pam?

PAM

You made me stay on phones.

MICHAEL

Well, if she'd seen it she would have loved it. Trust me.

DAVID

Michael, You were supposed to take someone from sales, someone from accounting, and the someone from warehouse with you to the seminar.

MICHAEL

And ... I did.

DAVID

You did? The forms show only you.

MICHAEL

I took Carl, Jesús, and Darleen.

Michael gives Pam a "this is no big deal" look.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And it was easier to put it all on my paperwork since they are new and I know how to fill it out.

DAVID

They are new what? New employees? Headcount is frozen across the board, Michael.

MICHAEL

Not employees. They are temps.

DAVID

Temps are employees. And you haven't been budgeted for temps either.

MICHAEL

But we're not paying them. They're interns.

DAVID

So we're not paying them, but you took them on an all-expense paid trip to New York for three days?

MICHAEL

It seemed only fair.

DAVID

But you only got one hotel room.

MICHAEL

We were trying to save money.

DAVID
And yet you used all the money.

MICHAEL
We had some unexpected expenses.
Bail. Big misunderstanding.

There is a long pause. Pam looks horrified.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Are you still there?

DAVID
(defeated)
Yeah ...

INT. JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESKS

Dwight is revising the invitation, the envelope of which has "Michael" "Kevin", and "Angela" on it. The first two names are crossed out, and the torn envelope has been repeatedly repaired with tape.

Dwight crosses out Angela and writes "Andy".

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Andy is eating his lunch. Dwight approaches and extends the invitation.

DWIGHT
Andrew. I know we've had some
conflict recently, but--

ANDY
Are we going to be friends now?

DWIGHT
(off-balance)
Why?

ANDY
Because I was just thinking: if
Dwight and I were friends, what
nickname would I give him. Then it
hit me: Big Ruta. Since you're a
rutabaga farmer, get it? That way
you and Jim will be Tuna and Ruta.

Dwight jerks the envelope away.

DWIGHT
Invitation revoked!

ANDY

Okay dokey. Catch ya later, Big
Ruta.

INT. PHYLLIS AND STANLEY'S DESK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Dwight arrives and extends the invitation to Stanley, who
does not take it.

DWIGHT

I am inviting you to my Battlestar
Galactic series finale viewing
party this evening at 10:00.

Stanley puts his head down and resumes work, completely
ignoring Dwight. Dwight stands motionless, arm outstretched,
the invitation inches away from Stanley's head.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

You will like the show. It has a
prominent black character.

Several seconds tick by. Then:

STANLEY

(without looking up)
You are glittering on my desk.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Dwight approaches the reception desk, carrying the
invitation. He is utterly demoralized.

DWIGHT

May I borrow a pen?

PAM

Sure.

She hands him one. Dwight uses it to cross out "Stanley" and
writes "Pam" in its place. When he is done, he
unenthusiastically extends the invitation to her.

DWIGHT

I would like to invite you to a
party.

PAM

Oh. Well, maybe. When is it?

DWIGHT

9:55.

PAM
 9:55 tonight? Uh, well I'll talk it over with Jim. If we don't have anything planned we might be there.

Dwight thinks for a moment. Then:

DWIGHT
 Jim has already RSVP'd.

PAM
 He did? Well that's ... Okay, well. We'll be there, then.

Dwight lights up like a Christmas tree.

DWIGHT
 Really? You'll come?

PAM
 Sure. I mean, I guess.

Dwight sprints to his desk and returns a moment later with a shoe box labelled "BATTLESTAR DO NOT TAPE OVER MOM!!!"

DWIGHT
 These are all the episodes. You'll want to see them before the finale, to get caught up.
 (He glances at his watch)
 It's 1:17 now. That only gives you nine hours. You'll have to watch them on fast-forward.

PAM
 I ... Don't

DWIGHT
 (still giddy)
 I'll see you tonight. At 9:55. Sharp.
 (then, all-business)
 Note that guests will not be admitted to the home after ten o'clock, so as to not disrupt my viewing enjoyment.

As Dwight leaves, Pam looks at the camera.

INT. ACCOUNTING AREA

Oscar returns from lunch to find that the Carl standee has fallen onto Angela's desk.

In doing so it has knocked over a potpourri pot, spilling scented water and flower petals everywhere.

OSCAR

Angela!!

ANGELA (V.O.)

Before I go home at night, and before I got to lunch, I put out my potpourri pot.

ANGELA TALKING HEAD

ANGELA

It masks the stench of sin.

INT. ACCOUNTING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The accountants are mopping up the mess.

KEVIN

Everything smells like grandma.

Michael wanders over.

MICHAEL

What's going on?

OSCAR

Angela spilled potpourri water all over our spreadsheets.

ANGELA

Don't look at me. It was Carl.

MICHAEL

Uggh. Okay, new rule. New office rule: no liquids in the accounting area. No potpourri, no coffee ... nothing.

KEVIN

What about soda?

MICHAEL

No soda.

KEVIN

What about diet soda?

MICHAEL

Meredith, this goes for you too. Meredith?

Meredith is facing her monitor and not paying attention. She turns as Michael calls her name.

MEREDITH
Sorry, what?

KEVIN
We can't drink stuff in the office
any more. Because of Carl.

MEREDITH
No .. drinking ...?

MICHAEL
New rule.

It takes a moment for the implications to sink in. Then Meredith lunges at Carl in a feral rage.

MEREDITH
RrrAAAAAARRGH!

Oscar and Michael intercept and restrain her.

INT. PHYLLIS AND STANLEY'S DESK - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Angela arrives carrying Carl. She places the standee next to Phyllis's desk and flees.

INT. JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESKS

Jim is absent. Dwight looks around, then begins rummaging through the drawers of Jim's desk.

He find a scrapbook. Inside are photocopied news stories, with headlines such as "The Bluejay Saves Three" and "Masked Avenger Captures Killer". Then Dwight stumbles across a front page, with the headline "Who Is The Bluejay?" Below is a photo of Jim in him domino mask.

DWIGHT
I knew it!

PAM TALKING HEAD

Pam holds up a copy of Photoshop.

PAM
My three months at the Pratt
Institute have finally paid off.

INT. JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESKS - CONTINUOUS

Jim returns to his desk.

DWIGHT
Hello, Jim. Or should I say: The
Bluejay?

JIM
Shhh!

He motions for Dwight to join him in the conference room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JIM
How do you know about The Bluejay?

DWIGHT
Peternatural deductive reasoning is
just one of the many skills I could
bring to your team.

JIM
It's not a team. I mean, sometimes
I work with the League of --

Jim pulls up short, as if he's revealed something he
shouldn't.

DWIGHT
(excited)
Who?

JIM
I've said too much already.

DWIGHT
We should join forces. Every great
hero needs a sidekick. You could be
mine.

JIM
Are you a practicing hero? I
haven't seen you around.

DWIGHT
Well I'm uh, kind of between
missions. At the moment.

JIM
What's your handle?

DWIGHT

I will call myself NukeFist: The Man With Nuclear Fists.

JIM

And do you have nuclear fists?

DWIGHT

Criminals are a cowardly and superstitious lot. The name alone will instill fear in their hearts.

Jim ponders for a moment.

JIM

I been thinking about taking on a ward. But your gimmick should be something you know a lot about. What do you know a lot about?

DWIGHT

Paper. I could be The Paper Tiger.

JIM

Not so fear instilling. What else?

DWIGHT

Beets.

JIM

I like it. Unique. Off the top of my head I can't think of another root-themed hero.

DWIGHT

I will call myself NukeBeet: The Man With Nuclear Beets.

JIM

Why don't we start with Beet Boy? Alliteration is a crucial element of sidekickery.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

Dwight's cradles a velvet pouch in his left hand.

DWIGHT

It's go time.

He upends the pouch and a green rock the size of a golf ball tumbles into his right palm.

He exhales three times quickly, then pops the rock into his mouth and swallows with extreme difficulty.

END ACT II

ACT III

INT. RECEPTION AREA - AFTERNOON

JIM
He wants in.

PAM
You know, I think we should take it
easy on Dwight.

Jim looks from Pam to Dwight and back to Pam.

JIM
Him?

PAM
Maybe just this once.

JIM
He was discussing your menstrual
cycle earlier, you know.

PAM
That happens every 27 days.

JIM
Why the sudden concern?

PAM
I just think he's having a hard
time right now, with the Battle
Trek thing.

JIM
The what?

PAM
The-- the show he won't shut up
about.

JIM
Battlestar Galactica.

PAM
I think Dwight doesn't have enough
magic in his life, you know? With
this job, and the farm. The only
thing that brings him joy is Battle
Trek, and now that's ending.
Popping his superhero bubble at the
same time might be too much.

JIM
Battlestar Galactica is ending?

PAM
Yeah. Didn't he ...? Aren't we
going to his party tonight?

JIM
I have heard nothing about a party.

PAM
He told me you'd be there! That's
the only reason I agreed to go.

JIM
Wasn't invited.

PAM
That little ...

She glares at the oblivious Dwight.

PAM (CONT'D)
Get him. Jim.

Jim nods in acknowledgement. At that moment, Phyllis enters with a box. She sets it on the reception desk and makes an announcement:

PHYLLIS
Mrs. Fields cookies, come and get
'em.

Everyone comes to the desk, except for Kevin (who is in the restroom). Michael grabs one and impersonates Cookie Monster.

MICHAEL
Me love cookie! Nom nom nom nom
nom!

He eats it frenziedly, with most winding up as crumbs on the floor. Grinning widely, Michael grabs a second and repeats the performance.

INT. PHYLLIS'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Phyllis returns to her desk to find the Carl standee.

PHYLLIS
Why is this here?

ANDY
I don't know.

PHYLLIS
Well, he can't stay. I don't like
him.

PHYLLIS TALKING HEAD

PHYLLIS
My aunt Melissa was killed by an
arrow to the head.

A beat. Then, as if this explains it:

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)
She was a midwife.

INT. PHYLLIS'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

ANDY
I'll get rid of him.

Andy grabs Carl and carries him out of the office entirely.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

There are only three cookies left when Kevin emerges from the kitchen. Seeing the box, he hurries to the desk.

KEVIN
Today is awesome.

MICHAEL
No, no, no. Those three are for
Carl and Jesús. And Darleen.

KEVIN
What?

MICHAEL
They are members of this office
too, and deserve cookies just like
the rest of us.

KEVIN
But I didn't get one.

MICHAEL
That's probably for the best,
honestly.

Kevin looks back and forth between Michael to the cookies a few times. Then he steps toward the box, arm outstretched.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

No! Back up. Back up, Kevin. Five foot perimeter.

Kevin drops his arm, but his eyes lock on the box. He paces in a semi-circle, exactly five feet from the cookies, like an animal at the zoo pacing the fenceline.

INT. JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESKS

JIM

I just received some intelligence. Scranton's largest gang, the Crazy Locos, has running a drug lab out of a hotel room.

DWIGHT

What are they making?

JIM

Devil's Snow. Street name: D-White. And tonight The Assistant to the Regional Kingpin will be on the premise. We can cripple their operation.

DWIGHT

Tonight?

JIM

Yes. Ten o'clock, Eastern Standard Time.

DWIGHT

Could ... could we do it early?

JIM

The intel was very specific. He'll be at the lab from 9:58 to 11:03 only.

Dwight wrestles for a moment. Then.

DWIGHT

Okay.

JIM

(taken aback)

Okay? You ... don't have anything planned? Because for a minute it looked like you had something else planned.

DWIGHT

It doesn't matter. The team comes first. I'll be there, Bluejay.

JIM

Please don't call me that at the office.

DWIGHT

Can I call you The BJ?

JIM

You may not.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

Dwight approaches and exchanges a few words with Pam. Pam returns the invitation. Dwight looks at it longingly for a few moments, then drops it into the wastepaper basket.

JIM (V.O.)

So now I kind of feel bad about the whole thing.

JIM AND PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM

I told you not to go through with it.

JIM

You said I should go through with it!

PAM

That was after I said you shouldn't. Always trust my first hunch.

Jim looks at the ceiling and shakes his fists at the heavens.

JIM

BEEEEEEESLEY!

PAM

(cheerfully to the camera)
Marriage is going to be fun.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

DARRYL rounds a corner on a forklift; Carl stands in the middle of the aisle.

Mistaking it for an actual person, Darryl wrenches the wheel. The forklift collides with the shelving; boxes of paper tumble to the ground and burst open.

INT. JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESKS

Dwight is gone. Jim is on the phone.

JIM

Hello, Sadiq? It's Jim ... Yeah, how you doing? ... Good ... Hey, remember when you said you could get like any TV episode ever made? ... Right ... So I was wondering: does that include episodes that haven't even aired yet?

Jim looks up as Darryl enters the office, carrying Carl. He hurls the standee on the floor in front of Pam's desk and leaves.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - LATER

Pam sticks her head in.

PAM

We're starting in five minutes, Michael.

MICHAEL

I'll get the tape!

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pam herds the staff into the conference room, except for Dwight who continues to work, oblivious to what is going on. As Michael emerges from his office holding a VHS tape, Andy approaches carrying the Carl standee.

ANDY

You have got to do something about Carl.

MICHAEL

What's wrong with Carl?

ANDY

Carl is s a grade-a jerk, is what's wrong. And he's pissing every one off.

MICHAEL

Carl? Carl's a great guy. Maybe you just haven't gotten to know him.

ANDY

Listen to me, Michael: No one likes
Carl. No one.

CARL TALKING HEAD

The head and shoulders of the Steve Martin's standee fill the frame, as if he were doing a talking head segments. After a few seconds of silence:.

DOCUMENTARIAN (O.S.)

Cut! Get this jackass out of here!

INT. JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

JIM

Partner, we need to talk.

DWIGHT

What is it?

JIM

I am retiring as a costumed
adventurer.

DWIGHT

What?! But we--

JIM

I know. But Pam and I are getting
married soon, and it wouldn't be
fair to her, risking my life on the
gritty streets of Scranton.

DWIGHT

Women have ruined every great
superhero team. The X-Men. The
Beatles.

JIM

But I want to show my appreciation.
For your willingness to join the
team.

Jim gestures toward the conference room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Michael enters with Carl and his video tape. He looks around, spots an empty seat directly in front of Toby, and places the standee on it, completely blocking Toby's view.

TOBY
(to himself)
Come on.

Michael heads towards the TV with his video tape. At that moment Dwight and Jim enter. After directing Dwight to the two open seats in the front row, Jim too moves to the television, which is connected to a laptop by cables.

MICHAEL
(looking at the laptop)
I don't ... can you even get a tape
in there?

JIM
We are not watching that.

MICHAEL
But it's Movie Monday Special
Friday Edition.

JIM
We're watching something else. It's
a surprise.

MICHAEL
Oh, that sounds fun.

As Michael finds an open seat, Jim plugs a thumbdrive into the laptop, messes around with the mouse for a moment, and turns to address the crowd.

JIM
Usually on Movie Monday or Movie
Monday Special Friday Edition, we
watch a film that none of us really
enjoys.

MICHAEL
What?! That's not ... we love
Varsity Blues!

JIM
But today we are going to watch
something that one of us will enjoy
enough for everyone. Ladies and
gentlemen, I give you ... the
series finale ... of Battlestar
Galactica.

Dwight sits bolt upright in his chair. Jim turns, clicks the mouse one last time, and hurries to the vacant seat next to Dwight.

DWIGHT
How did you ...?

JIM
You would report me to the
authorities if you knew.

Dwight looks genuinely moved.

DWIGHT
Thank you, Jim.

JIM
Not a problem, partner.

In the darkened conference room, we hear "Previously on
Battlestar Galactica". Dwight leaps from his chair.

DWIGHT
What is this? Another of your
infantile pranks?

JIM
It's ... the series finale of
Battlestar Galactica.

DWIGHT
No. There is but one Battlestar
Galactica, starring Richard Hatch,
Dirk Benedict, and Lorne Greene as
Adama.

JIM
The old show?

DWIGHT
Each week for six years I have
watched an episode of the original
in symbolic protest. Tonight I will
watch the 1979 finale to celebrate
the disappearance of this
abomination from the airwaves.

JIM
But you have a sweatshirt for the
new show.

DWIGHT
I wear that ironically.

JIM

Well, sorry. I though you watched this one.

DWIGHT

Watch a show in which Starbuck is a girl? Why don't I just castrate myself while I'm at it? I know how to do it, you know. I grew up on a farm.

Dwight storms from the room.

MICHAEL

That was a surprise.

People start to file out, looking relieved.

ANDY

What is up with Ruta?

As Pam passes the dejected Jim, she puts her hand on his shoulder and murmurs words of comfort:

PAM

I told you to stick it to him.

Toby approaches Jim next and points to the laptop.

TOBY

Can I stay and watch that?

MICHAEL

No. No, because now there will be a exclusive screening of Varsity Blues, for those who appreciate cinema.

Michael looks around and discovers every seat vacant.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Me and Carl.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The staff streams out of the conference room, Jim lastly with laptop in hand. Behind him, Michael closes the door.

A series of shots, as the staff returns to their desks. Stanley settles into his chair, looking irritated. Pam goes behind the reception desk.

INT. ACCOUNTING AREA - CONTINUOUS

The accountants arrive.

OSCAR
Kind of a strange day.

KEVIN
Tell me about it. T.G.I.F.

ANGELA
Don't take G's name in vain.

The three turn, hearing a commotion off-screen.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

From the conference room, the muted sounds of an argument erupt.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
That's just your opinion ... I
don't have ... No, no I won't ...
YOU SHUT UP! NO YOU SHUT UP! YOU,
I'M GOING TO--

Suddenly, the cacophony of a physical scuffle. Alarmed, Jim rises from his chair and moves toward the conference room. At that moment the door flies open and a flushed Michael emerges carrying a Carl. The standee looks like it's been pummeled. Without a word, Michael carries Carl through the office and out the front door.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I pride myself on my ability to
distinguish fact from fiction.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL
When I saw Milli Vanilli in
concert, I knew they were lip
syncing almost immediately. I could
tell that the Lord of the Rings
movies were mostly fake. I have no
trouble believing that it's not
butter.

Fantasy is important. It helps us
cope with the daily grind. But it's
important to not let it interfere
with your real life.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Michael stuffs Carl into a dumpster.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Be it a corporate exercise, that is
stupid ...

INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Toby, Jim and Pam are eating microwave popcorn and watching the Battlestar Galactica finale on the laptop.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Or a TV show ...

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Waist-up shot of Dwight sitting on a toilet, straining mightily.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Or dreams of grandeur.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL
A wise man once said, you can't
keep your feet on the ground if
your head is in the clouds. That is
so true.
(thinks)
Unless you're an eagle, clutching a
piece of ground in your talons as
you fly.
(thinks)
Or if it's foggy.

END ACT III

TAG

EXT. OUTSIDE WINDOW - DAY

Jim is in his Bluejay outfit, crouched outside a window. He peers in, then speaks into a walkie-talkie.

JIM

I can see the lab. The Assistant to the Regional Kingpin is here. He has five-- no wait, six--henchmen. Are you outside the door?

DWIGHT (O.S.)

(through walkie-talkie)
Roger.

JIM

Okay, on three. One. Two. Three!

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A dozen or so executives are taking the Project Management seminar. David Wallace stands at a flipchart.

DAVID

... has one child, an eight-year-old boy, and his annual income--

Suddenly Dwight burst through the door clad in an unwieldy and homemade beet costume.

DWIGHT

Prepare for a beet down!

A moment of stunned silence. Then:

DAVID

Dwight?

DWIGHT

Frak.

END