

**THE OFFICE**

"VACATION DAY"

Written by

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## COLD OPEN

FADE IN

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael, dressed unexpectedly in a Hawaiian shirt, shorts and sandals, tosses a series of bathing suits into a large suitcase. He cradles a phone against his shoulder as he packs.

MICHAEL

It is going to be wet, wild and wacky  
my friend. Ha, ha, ha.

(reacting to the person on the  
other end of the phone)

Oh, don't you worry. I'm bringing  
protection.

Michael flips a tube of sunscreen. Then, reacting to what is said on the phone he hesitates, looking at the camera—slightly embarrassed.

MICHAEL

Oh, I see what you mean. Uh, yeah I  
have to maybe go by the drug store  
or...you know what, it doesn't matter.  
Because this weekend the boys are gonna  
tear up Cancun!

Michael sits down, kicks his feet onto the desk accidentally knocking over a bottle of water that spills across a large stack of files.

MICHAEL

(to camera)

Nothing important.

(back to phone conversation)

Yup, I have everything taken care of  
here at work, so I am officially ready  
to rock this thang. Okay then.

Hanging up the phone, Michael zips up his suitcase, just as Pam knocks and enters. At first, she doesn't look at Michael, paying attention to a document in her hand.

PAM

Michael, I just want to check what  
shift you want to work at the  
convention this weekend. I have ten to  
four on Saturday or five to nine on  
Sunday.

MICHAEL

What convention?

Pam now sees Michael's outfit.

PAM

The PPACP. You aren't going on vacation are you? Because you said we all needed to-

MICHAEL

Isn't the PPACP next weekend?

PAM

No-

MICHAEL

I'm kidding you. Look at Ms. Gullible. Ms. I believe everything my boss says. Tell you what, put me down for both shifts.

PAM

So you are going to be there?

They both stare at the packed suitcase. Then Michael makes eye contact.

MICHAEL

Definitely.

Pam is skeptical, but she marks Michael down then leaves. Michael looks to the camera, guilty.

END COLD OPEN

## ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. WATER COOLER AREA — DAY

Oscar and Kevin stand by the water cooler, looking into Michael's office. He can be seen packing a beach towel.

OSCAR

He's not showing up. I can tell you that now.

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

Hey, did you get my friend request?

OSCAR

Huh, oh, uh, no.

Oscar walks away.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

The PPACP. Professional Paper Association Convention of...

(thinking)

Something. Big deal. Huge chance for us to make relationships, show off our latest products. They always have it on the weekend which just...the thing is, I'm not a big fan of working on the weekend. As a manager I work so hard during the week that—I really need that time. Those guys out there, they don't mind it. They enjoy it. And that tells me—they aren't working hard enough during the week.

INT. JIM & DWIGHT'S WORK AREA — DAY

Dwight meticulously sketches something in a note pad. Jim watches him absently, reflecting out loud.

JIM

Man, what a drag to have to work over the weekend right.

DWIGHT

Uh.

JIM

Because I mean, normally if you had your weekend free you'd probably

be...what?

DWIGHT

I am not telling you how I spend my weekends. That's a private matter.

JIM

Very private I'd imagine.

Dwight looks up, irritated.

DWIGHT

You know, I can't really afford to talk right now. I am in charge of designing our booth for the convention. Do you realize what a responsibility that is? How our booth looks reflects how our paper looks, and that reflects how we look. And our looks say a lot about the company.

JIM

Wow. That's quite a responsibility.

DWIGHT

Well, being assistant manager isn't all perks.

JIM

There are no perks.

DWIGHT

There are some.

JIM

Name one.

Dwight stops, thinks. Thinks some more. Finally...

DWIGHT

Getting to design the company booth.

PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM

I told Dwight he could design our company booth, even though the booths are provided by the PPACP. I don't know why I did it but—I'm not a mean person. I just do mean things.

INT. ACCOUNTING AREA — DAY

Michael strolls through the accounting area, still dressed

for the beach. Stanley sees him.

STANLEY

You're going to be at the convention  
this weekend, right?

MICHAEL

Do I look like a guy who isn't going to  
show up to the convention?

STANLEY

Yes.

ANGELA

Why are you dressed like that?

MICHAEL

Uh, ever heard of casual Friday?

Kevin perks up at this.

KEVIN

We have casual Fridays now?

But Michael keeps walking by, heading over toward his  
office. Dwight notices this and hops up from his desk to  
intercept him.

DWIGHT

Michael, Michael, Michael, I really  
need to—

but he moves too quickly, his leg gets caught on his chair  
and he trips flat on his face.

Michael notices everyone staring. Seizes the opportunity.

MICHAEL

Ooops—see you next spring!

VOICE FROM OFF CAMERA

It's fall.

MICHAEL

What?

VOICE FORM OFF CAMERA

See you next fall.

MICHAEL

That doesn't make any sense. It's  
springtime. Spring, spring, spring in  
you step, then you trip and fall. And  
then you die. Not too funny.

(to everyone)

Always be careful at the workplace.  
That's the moral of the joke.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE -DAY

Dwight sits with Michael in his office. He holds a giant piece of poster board propped on his knees, which he prepares to unveil for Michael.

DWIGHT

I really need to talk to you about the booth design. I have three concepts, the first—

MICHAEL

Dwight, what the hell are you talking about?

DWIGHT

The booth design. For the PPACP.

MICHAEL

Ah, right. I am definitely going to that.

Michael eyeballs an airline ticket on his desk. Dwight sees it too. Not too subtly, Michael nudges some papers over the ticket.

DWIGHT

So anyways, I have three designs but they are going to require some extra funds.

MICHAEL

Yeah, okay, we do not have a booth design fund. This is an office, not a...both design location.

DWIGHT

But—

MICHAEL

Just figure it out without bothering me. I have a vacation to plan. I mean work to plan. No vacation. Some day, but not this weekend.

INT. RECEPTION DESK — DAY

Jim leans over the reception desk, chatting with Pam.

JIM

No way he shows up. Last year he called in with small pox.

PAM  
Haven't they cured that?

JIM  
One would think.

PAM  
So, I have us working the booth  
together from one to five on Saturday.

JIM  
Nice, that's paper prime time.

PAM  
Paper prime time?

JIM  
Sure, like 70% of all paper purchases  
are made between the hours of one and  
five. That's a fact.

PAM  
Wow—I am officially scared to know you.

JIM  
Oh, you should be scared.

PAM  
Yeah?

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM  
What do we get for working the  
convention? Uh, the satisfaction of  
helping the company? There's no  
commission on any sales so, when you  
consider we have to provide our own  
lunch—yeah, I'm going to be losing  
money on this deal. Yet strangely, I'm  
not completely dreading it this year.

RETURN TO PAM AND JIM

Laughing. Pam's hand on Jim's elbow.

PAM  
So he thinks he has the authority to  
design our booth.

JIM  
Yeah, I saw him trying to weld some  
paper clips together earlier.

PAM  
Do you ever feel guilty?

Jim, looking straight at Pam.

JIM

Never.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE/OFFICE, CONTINUOUS – DAY

Michael sits at his desk, staring at his suitcase. Focusing. He leans back in his chair, looking out over the workplace where work is being done.

Then, he very deliberately picks up then hangs up his phone. Loudly. Walking out of his office so everyone hears him.

MICHAEL

Oh my God! I cannot believe this!

Michael's head is in his hands, looking grief-struck. No one in the office says anything—just staring. Michael tries again.

MICHAEL

This is just terrible.

OSCAR

What's terrible?

MICHAEL

It's my grandma—she —

DWIGHT

Oh God no.

PAM

Your grandma already died.

MICHAEL

What?

PAM

Your grandma died six months ago—remember when you had to miss our corporate retreat.

MICHAEL

No, it's the other—

STANLEY

She died two years ago during the PPACPs. I had to take your shift.

MICHAEL

No, it's my other—she got better..

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

White lies are a part of management. I know that's taboo to say. But all the great leaders do it. They say Stalin used to just-lie all the time, but look what he got done. Great things. Some bad things too, but the point is, nobody is perfect. Maybe George Washington.

RETURN TO MICHAEL

Still awkwardly caught in his white lie. Everyone waits for something more, but he just slowly back into his office.

DWIGHT

That's terrible. I feel bad for him.

Jim looks to Dwight, considers this for a second. Then flicks over a crudely sculpted structure of paper clips on Dwight's desk.

INT. ACCOUNTING AREA - DAY

Dwight stands before Oscar and Kevin. He reads from a proposal.

DWIGHT

That is why, to bring my creative vision to life, I need an incremental \$34,000.

Dwight hands Oscar a fund request form.

OSCAR

Did Michael approve this?

DWIGHT

The assistant manager approved it. That should be enough.

KEVIN

You're not an assistant manager.

DWIGHT

Look-this investment will more than pay off in the long run. Can I count on you?

OSCAR

We don't just hand out money here,

okay? Just because we're in accounting  
doesn't mean-

DWIGHT  
(interrupting)  
You know anything about art, or the  
artistic expression of-  
(Dwight bites on his proposal)  
Fine. Maybe I can get it down  
to...\$10,000?

Oscar returns to his computer. Kevin peeks over.

KEVIN  
How many friends do you have now?

OSCAR  
It's not a competition.

KEVIN TALKING HEAD

KEVIN  
Oscar and I are working on our Facebook  
pages. It's good social networking.  
Right now I have 43 friends, which is  
twenty-five more than I have in real  
life.

INT. RECEPTION DESK - DAY

Jim once again approaches Pam at the reception desk,  
concealing something behind his back.

JIM  
So, I've got a little surprise for  
Saturday. Want to see?

PAM  
Then it won't be a surprise.

JIM  
Right. I'm going to show you anyways.

PAM  
It's not alive, is it?

Jim reveals a mini tape player, probably the size of a  
textbook. Old. Pam is confused. Jim hits play and RUMP  
SHAKER (or something like that) plays weakly out of the one  
speaker.

JIM  
A little paper selling mix tape I put  
together.

PAM

Oh no. What else is on there? Do I even want to know?

JIM

Actually, this is the only song. I haven't had a lot of time to work on it.

PAM

You have got to bring that. Roy is going to love it.

Jim stops the tape—concerned.

JIM

Roy?

PAM

Yeah, he's going to come down and hang out with us. We haven't got to spend a weekend together in a while so...is that a problem?

JIM

What? Oh, no. I mean, is that allowed?

PAM

Um—are you going to tell on me or something?

JIM

Well, it's a pretty big convention and the booth isn't that large—

(reacting to Pam)

I'm totally kidding. No, that's great. That's cool.

PAM

Okay. Are you sure?

JIM

Yeah of course I—hey I should, I think my phone is ringing so...

Pam looks at the switchboard.

PAM

It's not.

JIM

That line never works on you, does it?

Jim walks away.

INT. BREAK ROOM – DAY

Jim sits in the break room listlessly sipping a soda. Next to him Stanley pokes at a Hot Pocket.

STANLEY

I don't get it.

JIM

I gotta switch times because I have plans. Just came up.

Stanley thinks about this.

STANLEY

Why would you give up one to five? That's prime paper time.

JIM

There's no such thing as paper prime time.

Jim looks through the break room window toward the reception desk. Roy is there, hugging Pam from behind. But before Jim can elaborate, Michael walks in.

MICHAEL

Hello boys. Getting pumped for the weekend?

STANLEY

I guess.

MICHAEL

Well, I know I can't wait to-

Michael has been filling up a glass with "hot" water from the cooler. When both Stanley and Jim are watching he, quite obviously, spills the glass on his hands.

MICHAEL

Oh Jesus! Scalding water on my hands! Ouch that hurts—that's a second degree burn right there. Oh man, I should probably head down to the hospital.

JIM

The hot water isn't working.

Michael stops the act. Jim and Stanley continue with their lunches as if nothing happened.

MICHAEL

Yeah well, that was the joke. Thanks for ruining it Jim.

JIM

How was that a joke?

MICHAEL

I guess we'll never know now, will we?

He leaves the break room.

STANLEY

He's definitely not showing up.

JIM

Nope.

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM

I don't think it's a big deal that Roy's going to be there but—I really have a lot to do on Saturday and working an earlier shift would help.

(Jim reflects on this a moment)

Yup, a lot to do.

INT. JIM & DWIGHT'S AREA — DAY

Dwight on the phone, scribbling impatiently on a pad of paper.

DWIGHT

Uh, yes I was on hold. No, no, no it's not a complaint about the theme park, I want to know who designed your Pirate's of the Caribbean ride?

(reacting with frustration)

Because I want to design something similar for Saturday. But paper-themed instead of Pirates. But with the same pirate music. Hello?

He hangs up. Looks to Jim who is laughing. Then picks up the phone and dials again.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE — DAY

Michael rearranges his beach towels in his suitcase as JAN LEVINSON from corporate knocks on his door.

JAN

Michael, did I catch you at a bad time.

MICHAEL

Yeah, uh, I'm pretty swamped right now.

JAN

I can see. Why are you wearing those clothes?

MICHAEL

We've implemented a casual Friday. Big moral booster.

JAN

No one else is dressed casually.

MICHAEL

I know. They never listen to me. Very disappointing. I might punish someone.

She sits down, Michael reluctantly turns his attention to her.

JAN

Ready for the convention tomorrow?

MICHAEL

Of course I'm going, why wouldn't I go?

JAN

I didn't suggest you weren't going. It's not optional.

MICHAEL

That's why I said I was going.

JAN

Okay.

MICHAEL

So, how can I help you?

JAN

Well, I was hoping you could gather your staff so I could address them about tomorrow. Corporate is very concerned with how we present ourselves this year.

Michael gives the camera a 'here we go again look'. Jan notices.

JAN

Everything okay?

MICHAEL

Uh, yes.

JAN

So will you gather your staff for me?

MICHAEL

Why don't you tell me and I'll tell them. They take information better from me.

JAN

I thought you said they never listen to you.

MICHAEL

Why would I say that? It's a lie. They love me.

JAN

Either way, I have a lot of things to cover and it would just be easier-

MICHAEL

Write it down.

Michael passes a piece of paper to her. She regards it briefly.

JAN

I'm not going to—  
 (reading what's on the back of the paper)  
 What's this?

MICHAEL

Just doing some research on—

JAN

Small pox again?

MICHAEL

No. I guess you can't get it twice.

JAN

So can I speak with your staff?

MICHAEL

If it's up to me...

JAN

It's not up to you.

MICHAEL

Then, yes. Permission granted.

INT. OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM — DAY

The entire staff mill about in the conference room. Pam approaches Jim.

PAM

Hey, did you switch times with Stanley?

JIM

Oh, yeah—sorry. I had to. I've got this—cousin flying in that afternoon and Stanley's working the morning so...

PAM

Cousin?

JIM

Yeah. From San Francisco. She's on her spring break from college.

PAM

And she's spending it in Scranton?

JIM

I guess it's actually becoming a popular spring break destination. Weird, I know.

PAM

Well this sucks, I don't want to have to spend four hours in a booth with Stanley.

JIM

Good thing Roy will be there.

PAM

Oh yeah, right.

JIM

What?

PAM

Nothing it's just his friend is having this poker party or something so he's not gonna be able to make it.

JIM

Oh?

Jim looks across the room, spots Stanley.

JIM

Excuse me one second. Stanley?

At the front of the room, Jan steps forward. Michael right by her side. Before she can start, Michael interjects.

MICHAEL

Okay everyone—important message from corporate so, remember our rule.

DWIGHT

Ignore everything corporate says?

Michael shoots daggers at Dwight.

MICHAEL

No, that's not our rule.

DWIGHT

Yes it is, we had t-shirts made.

MICHAEL

No we did not. Just—pay attention.  
That's the new rule. Okay?

Dwight looks around, baffled.

DWIGHT

When did they change the rule?

JAN

Thank you Michael. Now, I know everyone  
is aware this weekend is a big event  
for the industry.

MICHAEL

They know. I told them.

JAN

Okay, I'm just reinforcing.

MICHAEL

You don't need to. I already—

JAN

Please. The point is, it is important  
that you all maintain a certain—

She is distracted however by TODD PACKER, the traveling  
sales rep who has crept into the back of the room. He  
awkwardly tries to make his way toward Michael.

He too wears a Hawaiian shirt.

JAN

I'm sorry—do you work here?

MICHAEL

Ah, that's Packer. One of our best  
field reps. I'll talk to him.

PACKER

Sorry, no, it's fine. Didn't mean to  
interrupt. Just wanted to let Michael  
know our flight isn't leaving until ten  
tonight, so plenty of time to get a  
drink before we hit the airport.  
Cancun! Gonna be crazy.

Packer notes the pained reaction around him.

PACKER

Sorry to interfere.

He backs out. Stunned faces turn to Michael.

JAN  
What's this?

MICHAEL  
Packer. He's a kidder. Ha.

JAN  
Michael, do you have a vacation planned  
this weekend?

Like a guilty kid, Michael stares at the ground.

MICHAEL  
Uh-I don't really--what was that?

JAN  
You lied to me. And your employees.

MICHAEL  
Nooooooooo.

JAN  
Yes you did, you said you'd be there.

MICHAEL  
Technically I never said--

STANLEY  
Yes you did. He did. He promised.

Michael looks at Stanley, furious. Jan is furious too,  
about to let into him when she notes her watch.

JAN  
Well, now I'm late but--we'll talk about  
this when you come back on Monday?

MICHAEL  
Wednesday.

More looks of disgust.

MICHAEL  
You lose a day traveling.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT I

## ACT II

FADE IN

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

Michael watches as his disgruntled employees walk away.

MICHAEL

Oh come on guys, like you've never been to Cancun?

OSCAR

I've never been to Cancun.

MICHAEL

Well of course not you. Why would you want to go back—

Oscar's enraged reaction keeps Michael from completing his racially tinged remark.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

Leave it to Corporate to come in and totally kill moral. I mean, I had this office productive and happy. Now it's like Blues Clues out there.

(considering this)

I've actually never seen that show, but I assume it's depressing.

INT. OFFICE – DWIGHT AND JIM'S AREA – DAY

Pam walks over to where Dwight and Jim sit. Dwight is hunched over his work, scribbling madly. Pam addresses him.

PAM

Um, Dwight, we're splitting up Michael's shifts so —

DWIGHT

I can't do it!

PAM

Excuse me.

DWIGHT

I can't design our booth — this project is a disaster—you have to get someone else to do it. Anyone!

Pam looks at Jim, smiles.

PAM

Well Dwight, you did volunteer.

DWIGHT

I don't know where to begin. I have no budget, Michael doesn't seem to have any information —

JIM

Maybe you should go over Michael's head. Take it straight to corporate.

Dwight thinks about this.

DWIGHT

But wouldn't that get Michael in trouble?

PAM

It's a risk. But won't you get in more trouble if we don't have a well-designed booth?

Considering this, Dwight quietly stands up, grabs a phone number from his desk and heads to the corner conference room.

JIM

That's just mean.

PAM

I know.

JIM

So, I got out of my cousin thing.

PAM

Yeah?

JIM

Yeah, I felt bad leaving you alone with Stanley.

PAM

You should have. I had to promise Roy breakfast in bed for the next two weekends to get him to back out of his poker game.

Jim's frowns.

JIM

Oh. So Roy will be there.

PAM

Yeah.

JIM

Good. That should be fun.

PAM

Don't worry, we'll probably be making out most the time so we won't bother you.

JIM

Uh—

PAM

I'm kidding.

Jim forces an awkward laugh.

JIM

Ha. That is funny.

PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM

I don't think it will be uncomfortable at all. Roy and Jim get along great. So...yeah, I don't see it as a problem. I mean, it's only a few hours so...

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE — DAY

Michael looks out on the workplace. Takes a deep breath and heads out, trying to keep his head held high. He sees Angela and Phyllis walking his way.

MICHAEL

Ladies, how does the day do you?

They sneer and walk right by.

MICHAEL

Okay then. Not feeling chatty.

He spots Stanley and gives him a head nod. Stanley mutters something under his breath and walks right past him.

MICHAEL

(to camera)

Must be that time of the month.

A wadded up paper ball flies right past Michael's head. He looks up to see where it came from, but everyone in the office appears to be working.

MICHAEL

Okay. Desperate times, call for desperate measures.

CUT TO:

## MICHAEL'S OFFICE

He has a large bucket that he carefully labels with a bold marker. "FREE CANDY".

MICHAEL

(to camera)

A little management trick I like to call winning back the love and respect of your office.

## INT. OFFICE FLOOR – DAY

Carrying the bucket of candy through the office, Michael looks to boost moral. He spots Jim and sidesteps next to him.

MICHAEL

Jim my boy, you look like you could use some free candy.

JIM

I was told not to take candy from strangers.

MICHAEL

Take the damn candy Jim.

JIM

Are you ordering me to eat this?

MICHAEL

If that's what it takes to boost moral, then yes.

Jim reluctantly reaches in the bucket and pulls out what appears to be a sucker. But upon closer examination...

JIM

This is a cough drop.

MICHAEL

I know—I love those.

Before Jim can respond, he spots Ryan and Kevin in the accounting area. Starts to head over.

KEVIN

So you didn't get my friend invite?

RYAN

Uh, no. No, I'm sure I would have seen that.

KEVIN  
My profile name is KEVIN8R.

RYAN  
I'll keep my eyes open.

Michael sneaks up behind them, messing their hair.

MICHAEL  
Uh-oh, what kind of trouble is brewing over here?

RYAN  
We're just dividing up your shifts this weekend since you won't be there.

A twinge of guilt, but Michael won't let himself be baited.

MICHAEL  
Okay. Great team spirit. Love it. How about some free candy?

Matt and Ryan hesitate, but before they can reach in the bucket Oscar (deliberately) cuts right in front of Michael, knocking over his bucket.

OSCAR  
Whoops.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD.

MICHAEL  
Yes, there are times when employees rebel from their boss. It's nature's way. Teenagers do the same thing and it's really—it's their way of saying "I love you." And I love them too. Platonically. I mean, there have been instances where...well, you know. Freud said all children secretly want to sleep with their bosses.

His thought is interrupted by a soda can that flies right past his head, narrowly missing him.

He looks up to see who the perpetrator was.

MICHAEL  
Okay, who did that? We recycle in this office!  
(to the camera)  
Gotta protect the environment.

INT. JIM AND DWIGHT'S WORK SPACE — DAY

Dwight returns to his desk, looking shaken.

JIM

Did you talk to corporate?

DWIGHT

Yes.

JIM

Are they going to help you with your booth design project?

DWIGHT

No.

JIM

Really? I wonder—

DWIGHT

Let's not talk about it, okay.

Dwight begins putting his booth design plans through his shredder.

JIM

So, hey, Dwight—I was wondering if you wanted to switch shifts with me. I got one to five.

DWIGHT

Paper prime time?

JIM

Right.

DWIGHT

Why would you switch. You're working with Pam right?

JIM

Yeah, I just have—

DWIGHT

An STD?

JIM

What? No!

DWIGHT

Is it because Roy is going to be there?

Stunned that Dwight actually guessed it, Jim tries to recover.

JIM

Uh—no.

DWIGHT

Yes it is. That's it. I got it.

JIM

No, my cousin—

DWIGHT

Admit that's the reason or I won't switch.

JIM

It's not.

Dwight, animated. Pointing, taunting.

DWIGHT

Admit it!

JIM

How old are you?

DWIGHT

Admit it!

JIM

Fine, that's the reason. Will you switch?

Dwight thinks about this for a moment.

DWIGHT

Only if you give me the good three-hole punch.

JIM

I'm not giving you—

DWIGHT

No deal.

Jim hangs his head.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

Business is about getting the upper hand. I got fooled into working on a stupid fake project, but I end up with a new piece of office equipment that will benefit me for years. So who really got fooled?

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM – DAY

Michael enters the break room where Stanley sits, reading the paper. Michael plops down next to him, munching on some cough drops.

MICHAEL

Hey there Stanley. Keeping up on the news, eh? Very good.

Stanley folds his newspaper, stands up and heads out the door.

STANLEY

I should get back to work.

MICHAEL

Aw, come on—

But Stanley has walked out, irritated.

MICHAEL

(to camera)

Staying productive. Great.

At this, Angela enters, but seeing Michael turns and leaves.

INT. RECEPTION DESK – DAY

Pam mans the reception desk, talking with ROY who leans over the desk to address her.

PAM

It would only be a few hours.

ROY

Exactly. So what's the big deal?

Jim walks over—seeing Roy, he hesitates, then waves.

JIM

Hey guys, sorry to interrupt.

ROY

It's fine. I'm leaving.

PAM

Roy...

But Roy takes off, not looking too happy. Jim notices this.

JIM

Is everything okay?

PAM

Yeah. It's stupid. We got in this big fight because he's not coming on Saturday.

JIM

He's not?

PAM

No. It's not a big deal. I was sort-of hoping-

Jim nods, half paying attention, half looking back toward the office.

JIM

Right. Will you excuse me a second?

Jim hurries back toward his work area leaving Pam alone. After a beat, she gets up to head out toward where Roy left, but Michael cuts off her path.

MICHAEL

Hey Pamster, grabbing a little late afternoon snack, huh? You deserve it.

PAM

I just need some coffee.

MICHAEL

Coffee. Nice. Getting ready for a crazy weekend?

Pam just stares at Michael in disbelief. Finally realizing why, Michael looks away.

MICHAEL

Oh yeah, that's right.

Pam stands uncomfortably, waiting for Michael to walk away so she can go get coffee. But Michael doesn't move.

PAM

I'm going to get coffee now.

MICHAEL

What? Oh, sure. Fine by me. I'm not the coffee boss.

PAM

What's a coffee boss?

MICHAEL

Nothing. I don't know.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

It's okay to be resented. As long as you're remembered. And admired. And funny. Then...the resentment just washes away...in a sea of admiration and laughter.

INT. JIM AND DWIGHT'S AREA - DAY

Dwight happily punches holes into reams of blank paper with his new high-powered three-hole punch. Jim stares at him miserably.

JIM

Why are you doing that?

DWIGHT

So if we run out of three-hole paper, I'll have a surplus supply.

JIM

We work at a paper company. We won't run out of paper.

DWIGHT

Correction—I won't run out of paper.

JIM

So will you switch back?

DWIGHT

Give up paper prime time? No way.

JIM

I made paper prime time up.

DWIGHT

Yeah, I believe that.

Jim turns away. Then back, holding out a folded coupon. It perks Dwight's interest.

DWIGHT

What's that?

JIM

You know what this is. One free meal at the Soup Factory.

DWIGHT

Is it valid on holidays and weekend?

JIM

Yup. All the corn bread and clam

chowder you can eat.

Dwight snags it out of Jim's hands, smiling.

DWIGHT

I know there's no such thing as paper prime time. I was bluffing.

JIM

How's that booth design coming along?

DWIGHT

Shut-up.

Dwight walks away. Jim kicks back in his seat, smiling. Then looks back to see Kevin staring at him.

JIM

I'm not joining your website friend club, Kevin.

Kevin sadly walks away.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE – DAY

Michael, on the phone, looking dismayed.

MICHAEL

No, I mean, I understand. If she's as pretty as you say—sure. Twenty-three huh? Right—you gotta hit that. Okay.

Michael hangs up the phone. Looks to his suitcase, deeply saddened. Then, exits to the office area.

MICHAEL

Everyone, absolutely everyone, staff meeting in five minutes. Everyone stop what you're doing. Huge announcement.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

They say that a leader has to make tough, unpopular decisions. Bull. I think a real leader makes the tough decisions that need to be made, but does so in a way that makes everybody love him. Just look at that the Donald. He's a jerk, but we love him.  
(putting on a horrible Donald Trump imitation)  
You're fired. It doesn't get old.

INT. OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

The entire staff mills about, waiting for Michael's big announcement.

Pam saddle steps next to Jim who is standing by himself. Taps him on the shoulder.

JIM

Hey.

PAM

You're going to hate me.

JIM

Roy is going to be there?

Not the answer Pam was expecting.

PAM

Why would that make you hate me?

JIM

Oh, no. It wouldn't. I don't. I just –

PAM

Do you not like–

JIM

(almost too quickly)  
I love Roy.

PAM

Me too.

JIM

Right. So why do I hate you again?

PAM

Oh—I uh, paid Dwight fifty bucks to work my shift.

JIM

What?

Jim looks across the way to Dwight who is smirking back at him. Dwight mouths "Paper Prime Time".

PAM

Sorry. Roy invited me to that poker thing.

JIM

You don't know how to play poker.

PAM

I don't know how to sell paper either.

JIM

Good point.

PAM

But I was thinking—maybe I can sneak out for an hour or two and buy you a drink after the conference. To make amends.

Jim immediately brightens.

JIM

It's going to be an expensive drink.

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM

So I get to work over the weekend for no money with Dwight. The person I spend approximately 34 hours a week sitting next to and secretly plotting to kill. I don't know—it could be worse.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jim and Pam, talking in the corner of the room. Both smiling. Michael enters, takes a deep breath, savoring the moment.

MICHAEL

Okay people.

Looking across the room, he notices Pam. Stops.

MICHAEL

Pam, who is watching the front desk?

PAM

You said for everyone to stop what we were doing.

MICHAEL

I meant the regular employees.  
(predicting Pam's reaction)  
I didn't mean that in a derogatory way.  
You are a very regular...valued employee.

PAM

So can I stay?

Michael doesn't answer, but his silence speaks volumes. Pissed, Pam leaves. Regaining his composure, Michael addresses the group.

MICHAEL

Okay, I just want everyone to know-

OSCAR

You're working this weekend?

MICHAEL

Oscar, please.

(continuing)

We are a team here. And if you think-

DWIGHT

You are working this weekend aren't you? I knew it! Dead grandma and everything.

MICHAEL

Dwight, will you just let me speak. Anyways, if you think just because I got offered a free trip to Cancun I'm going to bail on the PPACP—you don't know Michael Scott.

Everyone looks around, perplexed.

RYAN

So—so you will be there?

MICHAEL

Of course I will. I was always going to be there.

STANLEY

Then why—

MICHAEL

It doesn't matter. What matters is, count me in. I'm 100%-

PAM

Michael?

Michael looks up to Pam, who has stepped back in from the reception area.

MICHAEL

Kind-of in the middle of a big speech here Pam. Can it wait?

PAM

Well, Packer just called. He said the girl he was planning on taking to Cancun can't make it, so if you still want to go...

Michael looks to his staff. They know exactly what his decision is.

MICHAEL

I'll uh—I'll take that call in my office.

He starts walking away, brushing by Stanley.

STANLEY

So does this mean—

MICHAEL

Give it a rest Stanley.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

Business is all about change. Thinking on your feet. Things don't just stay still. You can't just say—oh, I said I was going to do it this way so now I have to. No way. You're dead meat with that outlook. Better to be right than to be consistent -

INT. OFFICE — NIGHT

Michael leaving, sunglasses on, suitcase packed. A resentful office watches him go, passing around the free candy bucket without much enthusiasm.

MICHAEL

(voice over)

That's a rule I adhere to. Consistently.

FADE OUT

THE END