

THE OFFICE

"GOING GREEN"

Written

by

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ACT ONE

INT. OFFICE - JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESKS - DAY 1

Dwight works.

Jim enters with a METAL BRIEFCASE HANDCUFFED TO HIS ARM and place it on his desk. Dwight's intrigued. Jim focuses on his computer like it's any other day.

Pam watches from the reception area.

DWIGHT

Jim.

JIM

Yes, Dwight?

DWIGHT

What is -

Jim's cell SOUNDS the "24" ringtone. Jim answers.

JIM

(Jack Bauer intense)

What have you got for me, Chevensky?

Dwight's riveted.

JIM (CONT'D)

You will tell me what I want to know; it's just a question of how much you want it to hurt.

Dwight nods, seriously impressed.

JIM (CONT'D)

No, that's not possible.

DWIGHT

Jim. Jim, I -

Jim holds a finger out to silence Dwight as he barks.

JIM

I don't have time for that. You'll have to upload the schematics. Yes, to my phone. The schematics!

Jim springs to his feet.

JIM (CONT'D)

I'm on my way.

Jim slams his cell shut. Dwight stares at him.

JIM (CONT'D)

This is Level 25 Classified Clearance.
On the color scale, we're talking
Saddlebrown Indianred Dodgerblue.

DWIGHT

I've never even heard of those colors.

JIM

Exactly. This is serious.

Jim picks up his briefcase, and bolts.

Dwight sits, frozen and in shock.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

Being the founder and sole member of
the Scranton Domestic Disturbance
Task Force, I'm the only one who can
help Jim. Just yesterday, I
intercepted a suspicious package,
which was not-so-cleverly disguised
as an Amazon.com shipping box. I
seized a Terrorism Training DVD.

(holds up a copy of
"Fight Club")

And a copy of Halo 3 for the Xbox.
(holds up Halo 3)

I'm keeping Halo for myself.

(beat)

I have to find out what's in that
briefcase.

JIM TALKING HEAD

Jim opens the metal briefcase for the camera. It holds a
sandwich, a thermos, a bag of chips, and a banana.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - D1

Pam talks on the phone.

PAM

Yes. It's coming very soon. He's
working on it right now.

She looks through the window into Michael's office. Michael's
transfixed with his computer.

PAM (CONT'D)

No, he's not in a meeting. Yes,
he's in his office. OK, I'll try to
transfer you to him.

Pam pushes a sequence of buttons. She watches as Michael notices his phone lighting up. Michael sighs and presses a string of buttons on his phone.

Pam's phone lights up. She answers.

PAM (CONT'D)
Hello, Dunder Miff- Oh, hello, Ryan.
Yes, he transferred you back to me.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

Michael stares at his monitor. Face drawn, eyes red.

PAM
(speaker phone)
Michael, Ryan called again. He
needs the agenda before your meeting
so there are no surprises... Michael?

MICHAEL (O.S.)
I'm here.

PAM
What should I tell him?

MICHAEL
(emotional)
Tell him it's hard to pretend his
stupid agenda matters, Pam.

A moment of silence.

PAM
I'm not going to tell him that.

MICHAEL
Then tell him my eyes are now opened.

He hangs up on her.

ANGLE ON: MICHAEL'S COMPUTER SCREEN. He's watching YOUTUBE. The "Cute Polar Bear Cubs Are Dying Due to Global Warming" sequence from "An Inconvenient Truth."

A single tear runs down Michael's cheek.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Somebody has to do something.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

Michael blinks back tears, trying to hold it together.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Corporate is cracking down on all the regional Managers. They want us to write formal agendas for our monthly status meetings. It's very stressful. So I think, no problem, I'll use an old trick I picked up in High School. I surround myself with pictures of adorable little animals. And everything seems better. It's my own twist on meditation. Without being Asian and rolling your eyes back in your head.

(grows more emotional)

And it totally backfired.

He holds up a piece of paper and looks at it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ryan sent me an example of what he's looking for. I'm in a very vulnerable state. How am I supposed to prepare something this involved?

He turns the paper around:

Only three spare lines of bullet points. "1) Past Sales. 2) Current Initiatives. 3) Future Planning."

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You see what I'm dealing with here?

INT. OFFICE - D1

Jim sits at at his computer. Dwight checks under the desk for the briefcase. It's GONE.

DWIGHT

Where's the briefcase, Jim?

JIM

Um... briefcase?

DWIGHT

Oh, right. So... I notice that the *cuff links* you were wearing earlier are no longer attached to your *sleeves*, Jim.

JIM

I don't wear cuff links, Dwight.

Dwight walks up to Jim and puts his face very near to Jim's.

DWIGHT

I know you don't wear cuff links,
Jim.

(beat)

I can help you.

JIM

I don't need help with cuff links.
If I wanted to start wearing them,
I'd -

DWIGHT

It's a code, Jim. A code for
something else. Something dangerous.

They stare at each other, Dwight's eyes beckon Jim to reveal secrets.

Michael exits his office. His face is flush and blotchy.

MICHAEL

OK, everybody, into the conference
room.

Dwight scrambles away from Jim in an instant. He and Andy race and jostle as they try to be the first into the conference room. Dwight squeezes in, checking Andy into the doorframe.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Thank you, Dwight. Thank you, Andy.
Everyone else, up and at 'em. It's
time to start a revolution.

(singing the Beatles)

You say you want a Revolution, we-
ell you know... we all want to...ch...
no.. save... the world.

(aside)

They don't write sneaker jingles
like that anymore.

Stanley doesn't even look up, he dials his phone.

STANLEY

We have to meet Ryan's adjusted sales
goals by the end of the week, Michael.

MICHAEL

Oh, come on, Stanley. Ryan? Who
cares! You're bigger than him.
You're blacker -

Stanley looks up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm just saying, we all know where he came from. And it wasn't the streets. So you have nothing to worry about.

KEVIN

Yesterday you said we had to treat Ryan's goal as if our jobs depended on it.

MICHAEL

Well, yes... Kevin, and technically, they do. But that doesn't mean you have to work on it all day long.

Everyone continues to dial their phones and type.

INT. UTILITY CLOSET - D1

Michael opens a large circuit box.

MICHAEL

Leadership. Visionary, world-changing leadership... takes decisive... disruptive action.

He prepares to switch the circuits.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Time to power down the tractor beam.

He makes exaggerated "powering down" noises Star Wars style.

INT. OFFICE - D1

Jim types on his computer.

ANGLE ON : HIS COMPUTER SCREEN. He finishes an involved, complex spreadsheet. He's about to file-save when...

The lights turn OFF and then back ON. All the computers POWER down.

JIM

Oh no.

Groans arise from around the office. Andy slams his hand down on his desk.

ANDY

Jiminy Crackers on a Christ Cake!

Angela crouches over like she's nauseous.

She runs from the room, covering her mouth.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I meant crumb cake.

Dwight runs from the conference room, covering his head protectively.

DWIGHT

Hit the ground, people! Under your desks! You are staring in the unflinching face of terrorism.

Dwight shields Jim from danger. Michael enters the office.

MICHAEL

It's not just any terrorism, Dwight. It's the good kind of terrorism. Eco-terrorism.

Andy stands.

ANDY

I will murder whoever did this. I lost all of my sales reports.

MICHAEL

That's why I back everything up, Andy. You gotta back that thing up.

He dances, shaking his rump rhythmically, scooting backwards.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Shake that Booty. Turn it 'round! Back that thing up. Back that thing-
(snaps out of it)

I'm sorry everybody, but the time for hilarious jokes is over. Into the conference room. And you shouldn't keep your computers on when you're not using them, so I did you a favor. More importantly, I did your great-great-great grandchildren a favor. Because we do not inherit this world from our parents, but we borrow it from our children.

(beat)

If you have children. If you never will, like Oscar or Phyllis, then I don't know who you're borrowing this world from. You're probably borrowing it from my children. And my children will charge interest... lots of it.

OSCAR

You don't have any children.

MICHAEL

At least I'm working on it, Oscar.

Phyllis smiles like a schoolgirl.

PHYLLIS

You're not the only one working on
it. Bob Vance and I -

Michael gags.

MICHAEL

Oh, gross. Gross. Can't you see
I'm already having a horrible day?

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

They all gather in their seats, facing Michael. Michael pushes play on a CD player. Earthy woodwind music plays.

MICHAEL

I will now open your eyes to a threat
you probably don't even know exists.

Dwight stands beside Michael, bobbing his head in agreement.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm going to warn you, it's scary.
And heart-breaking. And you aren't
going to be able to see the world
the same way -

DWIGHT

Domestic terrorism.

MICHAEL

No, Dwight. I'm talking about...
Greenhouse Gasses.

Everyone moans. Many rise to leave.

STANLEY

Everyone knows about that already.

Michael runs to the door, closing it.

Jim's phone rings "24." Dwight snaps to attention and cranes his neck for a view. Jim types furiously on the keypad, then slams it shut.

MICHAEL

Stop, stop! Let's try this again.

Michael starts the music over and prepares himself.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Everything is getting warmer! Things
are melting!

ANGELA

This world is disposable. A dress
rehearsal for the wicked. I'll be
enjoying a new heaven and new earth.

MICHAEL

OK, OK, no. No! That's creepy.
And polar bears are not wicked.

Michael opens his laptop and brings up the YOUTUBE screen.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Now look at this! It's pretty small
and kind of hard to see, you'll all
have to crowd in and squint.

He can't resist.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

That's what she said!

JIM

She said that? To you? What were
you doing? Why were there a bunch
of people there?

MICHAEL

I don't get it, Jim. Are you trying
to be funny?

(back to the screen,
where the clip plays)

Now look. Look!

The polar bear cub falls through a broken iceberg and drowns.

Once again, people rise to leave.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Baby polar bears are drowning. Why
don't you care?

KELLY

I've been asking you to start a
recycling program for months.

MICHAEL

You mean where you have to organize
your trash and clean it and collect
it and... no, that's too annoying.
We're professionals, not.. Common
workers.. Actually, I just had a
great idea. Kelly, if Darryl will
do that for us with all the free
time he has in the warehouse, then
let's start it.

MEREDITH

I reduced my carbon footprint,
purchased offset credits, replaced
appliances with energy star rated
models, and lowered my dependency on
petroleum products.

Michael looks at her and gestures a drinking motion.

MICHAEL

OK, Meredith, we're talking about the EN-VIR-ON-MENT. Why don't you sit and listen and learn instead of just saying random words.

CREED TALKING HEAD

CREED

I cared about all this. A lot. Enough to bomb an Oil Refinery or two... or four... Until one night I had a revelation. All pollution is fake. It's purposely orchestrated by the shadow one world government to distract us from the larger Illuminati conspiracy. Just like the Superbowl. And crossword puzzles.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Michael takes a dry erase marker and turns to the white board.

MICHAEL

It's time for each and every one of us to make pledges.

He holds up a print out from zappos.com, and points to a picture of sneaker.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I have found a sweet pair of sneaks, made of 100% recycled materials, and they

(reads the print out)

Reduce waste impact and make the world a cleaner and better place to live.

He writes "SNEAKERS" on the board.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(to Kelly)

Now does your Recycling Program do that, Kelly?

KELLY

Yes. That's exactly what it does.

MICHAEL

These sneakers are much less lame. I could see Jim wearing sneakers like these. Jim, you want me to order a pair for you, too? Only \$82. I thought we could match -

JIM
Nope, don't need them.

MICHAEL
Why? Don't you think they're cool?

JIM
Just don't need them.

MICHAEL
What if I bought them for you?

JIM
Nope.

DWIGHT
I will wear those sneakers along
with you, Michael.

Michael looks at Dwight, then strikes through "SNEAKERS" on
the board.

MICHAEL
I will make a different pledge.

DWIGHT
You could eat organically.

Dwight runs from the room.

OSCAR
I drive a Prius.

The workers murmur their approval.

MICHAEL
Oh, come on Oscar, that car is so
gay!
(beat)
Which is why I want one. And why I
affirm and respect the lifestyle
choices it has made.

OSCAR
Yes. It's a very nice car.

MICHAEL
I wish I was blessed enough to be
oriented towards wanting to drive a
Prius. My parents would be very
proud.

Dwight bolts back into the room and hands Michael a tupperwear
container filled with beets.

DWIGHT

100% organic. No pesticides. No hormones. No venereal diseases.

Michael writes "ORGASMIC FOOD" on the whiteboard. Kevin giggles. Michael starts eating the beets and talks with his mouth full and violet.

MICHAEL

This is exactly what I'm talking about, Dwight. Living with the land, not against it.

DWIGHT

Precisely. We even rerouted the Shrute House's septic system to fertilize the beet fields, so... ZERO Waste.

Michael spits beets out into his hands.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

Recycling is only temporary, because you have to do every day, over and over and over again. Blech. That's boring. Nothing that you have to do over and over again is worth doing at all. I'm going to make a difference that is forever. Because what kind of world would it be if you were walking down the street on a Saturday afternoon and you didn't see any Polar Bears? If your children didn't see any Polar Bears?

(beat)

That's not a world I want to live in.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

A window unit AC is cranked to the MAX. It sounds like a jet engine. Michael sits at his computer. His breath is visible.

His wall is PLASTERED with printed out pictures of polar bears.

Pam enters with another stack of print-outs. She shivers.

PAM

It's freezing in here.

MICHAEL

It's a tribute to the way things ought to be in Antarctica. The way things will be once I'm successful.

She hands him the print-outs.

PAM

I found more polar bear pictures on the printer.

Michael types.

PAM (CONT'D)

These print-outs are taking up a lot of paper, Michael.

MICHAEL

They are reminders of what's at stake.

Pam hesitates.

PAM

You know, there aren't actually any Polar Bears in Antarctica, they're all in the North -

MICHAEL

Exactly, Pam. But if we all chip in and make a difference, they can be in Antarctica again, not just trying to crawl up onto little melting islands of ice.

Michael returns to typing, a man possessed.

PAM

Oh, good. That's the agenda for Ryan, right? Because he keeps calling me. I mean, he's calling you, but you -

Michael's phone rings. He absentmindedly pushes a string of buttons.

MICHAEL

I think you have a call at your desk.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

Michael looks disheveled and exhausted.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm a creative person. A writer.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Much like, I imagine, with Shakespeare, or James Patterson, I have to obey the muse when it possesses me. And it consumes you, it's....like giving birth. To a message. I have a message to deliver, like Moses. I'm like Moses, if Moses had ever given birth to a baby. And Ryan couldn't expect Moses to write an agenda after having a baby. Because Moses would be on maternity leave.

INT. RECEPTION DESK - DAY

Michael emerges from his office and drops a THICK manuscript on Pam's desk with a loud THUD.

Jim hits the floor like someone is shooting and grabs Dwight's pant leg. Dwight joins him on the ground.

JIM

Has the perimeter been breached? Is there a mole?

DWIGHT

Michael dropped a stack of papers on Pam's desk.

JIM

You're sure?

Dwight nods.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

I'm not going to be able to wait until Jim asks for help. He needs my protection.

INT. RECEPTION DESK - DAY

Pam looks at the manuscript.

MICHAEL

Feast your eyes and your conscience and...

He looks at her.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 ...Any other parts of you which need
 to dine on something substantial...

Pam looks uncomfortable.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 On the Mother Earth Manifesto.

Pam looks at the cover. It's a picture of a NUDE greek statue
 with Pam's head affixed to the body. The statue holds the
 globe. It's amateurish. Pam rips the cover away in horror.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Aw, Pam, no... I had to learn
 Photoshop... It's a compliment.

Pam shreds the cover.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 I've never written so many pages
 before. It's like I wrote the Bible.
 I need you to make copies for everyone
 in the office. Everyone at corporate.
 And 5 copies for my mother. And 5
 copies for Jan. How many copies do
 you want, Pam?

PAM
 This is a lot of paper, what if you
 e-mailed it?

MICHAEL
 E-mail? E-mail? Electronic Mail?
 Pam, we are trying to cut down on
 the use of electricity.

PAM
 Right, but it just seems like such a
 waste of paper.

MICHAEL
 The environment is a higher cause.
 We may have to waste paper to save
 it...then so be it. If we learned
 anything from Vietnam, it's that
 sometimes you have to burn the village
 to save the villagers... I mean,
 those who don't burn in the village...
 when it's burning.

PAM TALKING HEAD

Pam looks through the first 5 pages. They read, at one huge
 word per page, "Polar" "Bears" "Are" "White" "And" "Fluffy."
 Each page has a picture of a polar bear on it.

She skips forward 20 pages. "They" "Swim" "And" "Can" "Also" "Stand" "On" "Two" "Feet."

She shakes her head slowly.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Dwight enters the break room and does a double take. Jim stands on the table, tightening the screws on an air vent.

Jim looks like he's caught red handed. He climbs down, and then musters bravado.

JIM

You didn't see anything.

He leaves.

Dwight climbs up on the table and takes out an ELABORATE swiss army knife from his pocket. He unscrews the vent. He looks into the open vent and finds A PAD OF PAPER.

DWIGHT

Bingo.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael looks through a copy of his Manifesto. Proud.

DWIGHT

Until I can get a firm handle on the situation, I need you to suspend all personal liberties in the office.

MICHAEL

Uh huh. OK.

DWIGHT

Michael. Are you listening? This is serious. Saddlebrown Indianred Dodgerblue serious.

MICHAEL

I don't know what you're talking about.

DWIGHT

Give me Executive Wartime Powers for Extraordinary Situations. Let me violate everyone's privacy.

MICHAEL

No one has any privacy, Dwight.

Dwight places papers before Michael, covering the Manifesto.

DWIGHT

Good. We must stop gatherings of more than one person in the breakroom. The ingress and egresses are insecure. Kevin doesn't shred his documents.

MICHAEL

If I sign this, will you leave?

DWIGHT

Yes, Michael. I will leave to finish the job.

Michael signs the document. Dwight's drunk on power.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

I will need access to every email, every phone call, all records of internet use, keystroke logs.

(beat)

I would also like to know Jim's salary.

MICHAEL

No to all of that, Dwight. That is now all locked up with corporate.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I still don't understand why they said I misused the surveillance technology. The whole purpose is to spy on people. That's all I did. So now I know Meredith writes fantasies featuring Jim, her, and yours truly. Who does that hurt? If anything, it's an ego boost. That's not bad company. I just wish she had figured out a way to work Pam in.

EXT. PARKING LOT - D2

Every worker from the office mills around in the parking lot. Pam and Jim sit on the curb. Dwight paces, watching the streets vigilantly.

DWIGHT

OK, there he is! He's here! Everything is going to be ok.

Michael rides into the lot on a beat up dirt bike. Sweat bleeds through his suit and soaks his TIE, which appears to be made of burlap. He carries a HUGE BACKPACK.

PYLLIS

Where have you been? There's no electricity.

OSCAR

Michael, we've been waiting for two hours.

MICHAEL

Biking is not as easy as it was when we were all kids. Global warming has made it much more difficult or something.

JIM

What's with the bike?

MICHAEL

I just have to have it back before 8 and my neighbor Billy won't notice a thing.

DWIGHT

Where's your car, Michael?

MICHAEL

I sold that gas guzzling menace! I mean, it's as good as sold, I put it on Craigslist and a nice Nigerian gentlemen took my checking and social security numbers. He will deposit the cash today.

JIM

Oh, you didn't want -

MICHAEL

I am through with the fossil fuels, Jim! Dinosaurs are dangerous.

OSCAR

Michael, we have no electricity in the office.

MICHAEL

You're welcome. I told you I would make changes, and I canceled our account with the power company.

ANGELA

We have no light.

MICHAEL
Ah, but we do.

He reaches into his backpack and pulls out a bunch of CANDLES BY JAN.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I am the primary... uh... *only*
investor in Candles by Jan, and so I
have a lot of left over inventory.
So I hope you like "Bonfire."

Michael smells a candle and smiles, then looks at the camera and holds the candle out.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
No, really. I hope you like it,
because I have to sell these things,
and I've got a great sale going today.
Only \$30.

INT. OFFICE - DAY 2

Candles flicker at each desk. Michael walks up to Stanley.

MICHAEL
OK, so... 2 candles. I just need
\$60.

Stanley glares at him.'

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You can bring it in tomorrow. That's
fine. I'm flexible.

STANLEY
This is ridiculous.

MICHAEL
Two hours off the grid and you're
already blindly groping for the
electric teat, Stanley.

DWIGHT
We need to be serious about our earth
friendly work habits. It's all in
the Mother Earth Manifesto.

MICHAEL
You read it?

DWIGHT

Twice. And then I committed it to memory.

MICHAEL

You see? You see? It's making a difference already.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

Shrute's Corporate Survival Tip Number 203: No matter how idiotic it is, if your boss writes something, memorize it and pretend it's brilliant. How do you think I got where I am today?

INT. OFFICE - DAY 2

Stanley stands up.

STANLEY

I can't work like this.

MICHAEL

Man up, Stanley! Your brothers in Africa don't even know what electricity is. And they manage to be great warriors and hunters and gatherers. And prompt, responsible customers on Craigslist.

OSCAR

We do at least need phones and computers, Michael.

Michael digs into his pocket and pulls out a small Solar Panel.

MICHAEL

I've got that covered. You can charge your gear by the Power of the Egyptian Sun God - Ra! That's a tribute to you, Kelly.

KELLY

(offended)

I'm not Egyptian, Michael.

MICHAEL

OK, PC Polic, I'm busted. Egyptian-American, if you need to get technical.

Michael plugs Oscar's phone into the Solar Panel and puts it on the darkened table.

KELLY

I'm Indian.

MICHAEL

Now we're just arguing semantics.
I'm sorry I'm not an Anthropologist,
Kelly.
(to Oscar)
There, you can use that by lunchtime,
no later.

ANGELA

(looks at the candles)
It looks like we're preparing for a
seance in here.

ANGLE ON :

Meredith, who wears sunglasses and holds her temples.

MEREDITH

I like the dark. Much better than
the spotlights we normally have in
here.

ANGLE ON :

Andy, who talks on his cell phone. He pumps his fist in the air.

ANDY

Yes, sir, let me just take down you
information...

Andy presses his cell against his chest.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I need some paper! Pam! Get me
some paper.

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - DAY 2

Pam walks into the closet. The shelves are BARE.

Michael follows her, barely able to contain his glee.

PAM

I just restocked this week.

MICHAEL

I know.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

But I decided... No pens, no pencils,
no paper, no toxins, no lead, no
dead trees. I threw it all away.
Actually, I threw it in the Scranton
River so nature could wash it away
and bring purity. It was like a
scene from Ferngully.

Through the window, you can see Andy losing his call and
slamming the cell to the ground in anger.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY 2

Kevin and Creed are loaded up with a mess of extension cords
and floor lamps. Jim leads them and carries power strips.

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM

Vance Refrigeration still has
electricity, so... I'm going to make
sure we still do some work today.
We have goals to meet.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY 2

Jim looks around the corner.

JIM

Michael's not looking. Let's go.
Let's go.

Creed and Kwvin shuffle ahead.

CREED

It's like Berkeley, 1974 all over
again.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY 2

Michael sits at his desk, which is piled high with copies of
the Manifesto. He reads through it, smiling.

Phyllis enters, sweat visible on her face.

PHYLLIS

Michael, we have a problem.

Michael studies her.

MICHAEL

Getting a little too warm for your liking, Phyllis? Want to do something about it, perhaps?

She points to the office.

PHYLLIS

It's really hot in there.

MICHAEL

If this weren't so serious, I'd lighten the mood and say "That's what she said." But instead I hope we all learned a lesson so we can all say together "That's what we'll say one day if we don't make a change."

PHYLLIS

It's only like 70 degrees outside and it's about 100 in the office.

Lights come on in the office. Michael springs up and out into the...

INT. OFFICE - DAY 2

Kevin and Creed finish setting up their floor lamps throughout the room. The room is now lit.

Jim plugs his computer plug into a power strip.

The light reveals a number of KEROSENE HEATERS spread throughout the room.

Michael enters, horrified.

MICHAEL

What is this? No! We're not going to destroy the world anymore.

JIM

Don't worry. We're plugging into Bob Vance's power. He uses Refrigerated Energy. Which is actually very cool. It doesn't warm the earth.

MICHAEL

I like the way you're thinking. You must have read my Manifesto.

JIM

Not one page.

Kevin is sweating.

KEVIN

Michael, why are there heaters on?

MICHAEL

Yes! Yes, Kevin. You're uncomfortable. Phyllis complained, too. You and your hefty brethren...

(points to Stanley)

You are the canaries in the mine. The heat bothers you first, because of your extra insulation. This is what it's going to feel like, if we don't do something. Do you like how this feels?

KEVIN

No.

MICHAEL

Good. See, we're all making progress.

Dwight carries a dog-eared copy of the Manifesto up to Michael.

DWIGHT

Michael, I wanted to make you aware of a typo on page 167.

He opens it up.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

You see... "Don't WAIST Paper."

Dwight points to a page with the misspelling.

MICHAEL

And I mean it.

JIM

It's actually spelled W-A-S-T-E.

MICHAEL

Spell-check did not pick it up, so... I don't think so.

OSCAR

It's a homonym, Michael.

MICHAEL

I don't know what that is, Oscar. But maybe you can share it with all of us some other time so we can increase our office diversity.

DWIGHT
It's spelled wrong.

Everyone nods at Michael.

MICHAEL
Pam! I need a re-print of all the Manifestoes.

PAM
Couldn't we re-print just the page and -

MICHAEL
Don't cut corners, Pam. Does Jim like it when you stop before you complete the job?

Jim and Pam look disgusted.

PAM
OK, I'll go do that now.

INT. DWIGHT'S DESK - DAY 2

Dwight sits at his desk, surrounded by piles of dusty old books. He checks the notepad that Jim left in the break room vent and excitedly leafs through one of the volumes.

He then slams his hand down in frustration.

JIM
What do you have there, Dwight?

DWIGHT
Nothing, Jim. Nothing at all.

Dwight cradles the notepad, blocking it from Jim's view.

JIM
Listen, Dwight. If anything should happen to me. I need to know that you will... take over my clients, and...
(pretend to choke up)
Treat them well.

DWIGHT
If I have anything to do with it, your clients will remain your clients forever. And ever. That's a promise, Jim.

JIM
Thank you, Dwight.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

I've cross referenced this code with the greatest ciphers known to mankind. The Navajo Code Talkers, the Caesarian Cryptoknot... I even checked it against "the numbers" in LOST. I don't want to alarm Jim and Michael, but whoever, or whatever, we're up against... is highly sophisticated. And I think it's getting smarter.
 (he's in anguish)
 I have to crack this code.

INT. OFFICE - DAY 2

Michael walks from station to station with a new pile of Manifestoes.

MICHAEL

Have you had a chance to read -

ANGELA

I'm not going to read it.

MICHAEL

That's actually good. I have a new version. Improved. Much better.

Michael takes the old Manifesto and replaces it. Angela massages her temples.

ANGELA

I'm going home. It smells like incense in here. And incense is only in the air when people are being Catholic, smoking pot, or worshipping whatever the hell Kelly prays to.

Creed sniffs the air like a blood-hound. He hones in on Michael's tie.

CREED

It's not incense you're smelling, Angela. It's... Flying Dutchman. I haven't smelled this blend since that summer I spent in Amsterdam.

MICHAEL

Finally! Someone noticed my hemp tie. You think I want to wear this hideous thing? It's environmentally sensitive.

Creed takes a pair of scissors and snips off the end of Michael's tie. Creed rolls it and lights it with a candle. He smokes it.

KEVIN

Dude, that's awesome. I've heard things... about Amsterdam. About the Red Light District. You spent a summer in Amsterdam?

CREED

Whoever said I spent any time in Amsterdam?

Creed inhales... He's high.

KEVIN

You just did.

CREED

Nope. I don't think so. I don't remember saying that.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. RECEPTION DESK - DAY 2

David Wallace, the CFO, and Ryan enter the office. They look at the heaters, the lamps, the candles, the smoke in the air, Dwight's desk piled high with books.

Pam looks at them and smiles, trying to pretend it's a normal day.

PAM

Hi Ryan. Hi David. Can I get you anything? Water? Maybe a candle?

DAVID

What's going on here?

PAM

I'm going to let Michael tell you. I don't want to ruin the surprise.

DAVID

That reminds me. Ryan, where's the Agenda?

RYAN

Uh, well... I don't have it yet.

DAVID

That's very disappointing. You really have to get the agenda from your direct reports. I don't like surprises.

Jim overhears and tries to pretend he doesn't. He and Pam share a look.

Michael walks out of his office.

MICHAEL

Still learning the ropes, intern? If you need a mentor, the offer's still on the table. I'd be happy to take you under my wing. Say the word.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 2

The conference room table is loaded with candles. Andy waits at the table as David, Ryan and Michael enter.

DAVID

Someone holding a seance, Michael?

Michael looks at him, suddenly serious.

MICHAEL

Do you know anything about seances?
Because there's this girl I'd like
to talk to -

Michael pulls a folded up piece of paper out of his pocket. He unfolds it. It's the (deceased) Chair Model from the Office Supply Catalog.

Ryan shakes his head at Michael. Michael understands the warning, and puts the picture away. David and Ryan sit at the table.

DAVID

What's this all about, Michael?
What's going on? Why are there
extensions cords all over the place?

MICHAEL

I'm glad you asked that.

Michael puts copies of the Mother Earth Manifesto in front of them.

Michael snaps his fingers, and Andy starts singing the woodwind tune. It sounds peaceful and environmentally sensitive.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Here we have a Polar Bear cub.

Andy acts out being a Polar Bear swimming.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Majestic and regal, they depend on the ice to make things colder, much as we do. A new scientific study shows that polar bears are actually drowning. Swimming 60 miles to find ice. But when they find it, the ice breaks because it's weak. And they drown.

Andy re-enacts reaching for ice, falling back in the water, and drowning in a horrible watery death. Andy's woodwind tune comes to a gentle close as he twitches and dies.

Michael looks at Ryan and David, waiting for any reaction. Stunned silence.

DAVID

You see why I need an agenda for every meeting, Ryan?

INT. DWIGHT'S DESK - DAY 2

Meredith walks up behind Dwight and looks over his shoulder.

MEREDITH
Someone writing you a note in pig
latin?

Dwight looks back at her, intense.

DWIGHT
PIG... what?

Scared by his fervor, Meredith backs off.

MEREDITH
Nothing, I just -

Dwight stands up and holds Meredith's arm. He escorts her towards the break room.

DWIGHT
Let's go to the break room. And by
break room I mean interrogation room.
And by interrogation room, I mean
torture chamber.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY 2

Meredith cowers near the microwave. Dwight paces.

DWIGHT
I don't have much time, Meredith. I
will torture you to get what I need.

MEREDITH
You can't do that.

DWIGHT
Michael has authorized it.

MEREDITH
Michael cannot give you permission
to torture me.

DWIGHT
(laughing)
Oh, yes he can. He is your manager.
And mine.

He takes a step towards her. He holds a water bottle triangular cup.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Are you familiar with... Chinese Water Torture?

MEREDITH

It's just called Pig Latin, Dwight. The initial consonant is placed at the end of the word and then you add an "ay" sound. So Dwight would be Wight-day.

DWIGHT

Don't toy with me Meredith.
(holds cup above her)
I will spill this water... on your face.

MEREDITH

I'm not making it up. That's the code! Look at your notepad!

Dwight looks at it, confused.

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

Can I see it?
(studies the paper)
Upersay Ecretsay... So that would be "Super Secret..." and the rest would be "Spy Showdown at the Warehouse at Three PM."

DWIGHT

You better not be lying to me.

He looks at the clock. It's 2.55 PM. He runs to...

INT. DWIGHT'S DESK - DAY 2

Dwight grabs a pair of night vision goggles and rushes from the room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 2

Andy remains frozen as a dead polar bear. David and Ryan thumb through the Manifesto.

DAVID

That was horrible, Michael.

MICHAEL

I know, to think that's happening every second of every day.

DAVID

No, I mean... You had two weeks to prepare for our face to face meeting, and... what were you thinking?

Michael, chastened.

MICHAEL

I was thinking that... this was important, and I wanted to make it better.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY 2

Dwight scrambles down the stairs into the darkened warehouse. He pulls out his night vision goggles and sees Jim.

The cameras switch to night-vision mode and we see Jim over-acting, talking into his phone.

JIM

I've got six hostiles wearing explosive vests. I expect their orders will be to detonate if we make a move. They have the cargo with them. I've got two security doors on the north east side of the concourse; both are changed but currently un-

Jim's voice is cut off as he is ATTACKED by a LARGE FIGURE dressed all in BLACK. Jim drops his phone.

JIM (CONT'D)

Oh, no! I was caught completely off-guard. If only my back-up was already here!

Dwight is already rushing down the stairs. Dwight lowers his shoulders and SLAMS into the enemy.

Jim twists free.

Dwight claws and scratches and punches until the enemy yelps in pain, pulls himself free and runs from the room.

Jim looks at Dwight, who is still wearing his goggles and breathing heavily.

JIM (CONT'D)

Dwight, you have just averted an international incident. But promise me, you won't tell anyone. This was absolutely classified.

DWIGHT
Of course, Jim.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
I can't go into details, because it's classified. It's classified because it involves a team of dangerous people who were subdued by one smarter, more dangerous person and if people realized that they worked in the presence of such a lethal heroic soldier of fortune, they would not be able to get much work done. So it's highly confidential. Most heroic deeds of this magnitude are. Like what Iron Man did in Iraq.

Dwight smiles.

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM
Yeah, well... Dwight's feeling pretty good about himself. Which is good, because he's been going through a tough time. Of course, Pam and I were just trying to have some fun at his expense.
(facetiously)
His self-confidence boost wasn't our plan all along or anything.

KEVIN TALKING HEAD

Kevin has a long scratch on his cheek.

KEVIN
Jim promised it would be safe. It seemed like an easy twenty bucks.

Kevin traces the wound with his fingers.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
Dwight really should be a spy.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 2

David looks at Ryan.

DAVID
I'd like to be alone with Michael, if that's ok.

Ryan gets up to leave. Andy stays frozen, the dead polar bear.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You too.
(to Michael)
What's his name?

Andy gets up.

ANDY

Andy. My name's Andy. I went to Cornell, that's an Ivy League school. Where'd you go?

David ignores him.

ANDY (CONT'D)

OK, I'll go now.

David waits until they're alone.

DAVID

Michael, the next meeting has to be better. You have to prepare. Do you understand?

Michael nods.

MICHAEL

Will you read the Manifesto?

DAVID

Yes. I'll read it.

MICHAEL

Do you want more copies for others at Corporate?

DAVID

No. One is enough.

David gets up. He shakes Michael's hand.

MICHAEL

Sure. You can always make photocopies for others. That's cool.

DAVID

One more thing. I can't help but notice that these candles smell... like campfires.

MICHAEL

Bonfires, yes.

DAVID

Where did you get them? I love the
smell of bonfires.

MICHAEL

Well, David, I might be able to help
you out.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

Michael holds up a wad of cash and smiles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

If we learned anything today, it's
that a good green policy helps, not
hurts, business.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 2

Michael approaches Pam.

MICHAEL

I'm going to need you to rent me a
car to drive home.

PAM

What about the bike?

MICHAEL

It's exhausting. I can't ride home.
I'm sore.

DWIGHT

I'll give you a ride, Michael.

MICHAEL

No! Only wusses bum rides! What
kind of example would I be setting?
Hi, I'm an environmentalist and I
always need a little driving buddy
because it scares me to be all by
myself. I'm a wimpy little tree-
hugger. No. I'm going to show them
you can love Mother Earth and drive
a big, beefy, manly vehicle.

Michael turns to walk away, and then stops.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And Pam, please do make it a large
car. I have to carry the bike in
it.

DWIGHT

The Avis at the Train Station rents Hummers.

MICHAEL

Perfect. Now there's a car that will say, "I'm an environmentalist, but I'm still cool."

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

It all comes down to a little phrase my mother used to whisper in my ear when she tucked me into bed. "What Would Jesus Do?" Well, Jesus didn't use electricity. And he never drove foreign imports, like a Prius. And he rejected all brands of hairspray. And I'd like to add that Hitler.... did all of those things. So, you figure out whose side you want to be on. Jesus. Or Hitler.

END OF SHOW