

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.

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.

Jim picks up his briefcase, and bolts. Dwight sits, frozen.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

Being the founder and sole member of  
the Scranton Domestic Disturbance  
Task Force, I'm the only one qualified  
to 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 "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

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...  
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, David.  
Michael transferred you back to me.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

Michael stares at his monitor. Eyes red.

PAM (O.S.)  
(speaker phone)  
Michael, David called again. He  
needs the agenda before your  
meeting... Michael?

MICHAEL  
I'm here.

PAM (O.S.)  
What should I tell him?

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

A moment of silence.

PAM (O.S.)  
I'm not going to tell him that.

MICHAEL  
Then tell him my eyes are now opened.

PAM (O.S.)  
Maybe you could tell him yourself?

Michael hangs up the phone.

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

MICHAEL  
Somebody has to do something.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Thanks, Ryan, for getting yourself  
arrested!

MICHAEL MICHAEL

Now Corporate doesn't trust any of us and they're cracking down. I have to write a formal agendas for our new monthly face-to-face 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 animals.

(getting choked up)

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

David 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)

Damn you, Ryan.

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.

Dwight's eyes beckon Jim to reveal secrets.

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

MICHAEL

OK, everybody, into the conference  
room.

Dwight scrambles away from Jim in an instant. He and Andy  
jostle 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...change... 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 David's adjusted  
sales goals by the end of the week,  
Michael.

MICHAEL

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

Stanley looks up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm just saying, we all know where  
he came from.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And it wasn't the streets. So you,  
of all people, have nothing to worry  
about.

KEVIN

Yesterday you said we had to treat  
David'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.

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. 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 I'm not even sure they'd approve you for the loan. And if they did, my children will charge interest... lots of it. Because they're going to be smart.

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

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.  
For like, ten years now.

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)

It's 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)

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.  
(back to the screen,  
where the clip plays)  
Now look. Look!

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

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, I'm game.

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, purposely orchestrated by the  
one world shadow 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 to make pledges.

He holds up a print out from zappos.com: Recycled sneakers.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I have found a sweet pair of sneaks,  
100% recycled materials, and they  
(reads the print out)  
Reduce waste impact and make the  
world a cleaner and better place.

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

Well, 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 eighty-two dollars.

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 alongside  
of you, Michael.

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

MICHAEL

I will make a different pledge.

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 oriented towards wanting  
to drive a Prius. Your parents must  
be very proud.

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

DWIGHT

Egyptian Flat Beets. 100% organic.  
No pesticides. No hormones. No  
venereal diseases.

Dwight writes "ORGASMIC FOOD" on the whiteboard. Kevin  
giggles. Michael eats the beets, his mouth stained 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 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 it 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 pictures of polar bears.

Pam enters with another stack of pictures. 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.

Pam hands Michael 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 they should be in Antarctica again, not just trying to crawl up onto little melting islands of ice.

Michael returns to typing, a man possessed.

PAM

David keeps calling me about the agenda. 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 writer. I have to obey the muse when it consumes me, much like, I imagine, with Shakespeare, or... James Patterson. And it does consume 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 David 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.

BELOW DWIGHT AND JIM'S DESK

Dwight joins him on the ground.

JIM

Has the perimeter been breached? Is there a mole?

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)

Now I know what it's like to write 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

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...and I say 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 villagers 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's sheepish. He climbs down, and musters bravado.

JIM

You didn't see anything.

Jim leaves.

Dwight climbs up on the table and takes 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 proudly looks through a copy of his Manifesto.  
Distracted.

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.

DWIGHT

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

MICHAEL

I don't know what that means.

DWIGHT

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

Dwight places papers before Michael, covering the Manifesto.

MICHAEL

If I sign this, will you leave?

DWIGHT

I will leave to finish the job.

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

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Get me access to every e-mail, 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 all locked up with corporate.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I still don't get 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 herself, Jim, 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 into the equation.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY 2

Every worker from the office gathers in the parking lot. 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?

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.

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 to do that -

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 Scranton Power and Water.

ANGELA

We have no light.

MICHAEL

Ah, we'll be lighting things Old School.

Michael 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. I hope you like "Unwashed Pouchouli."

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. I have to sell these things, and I'm letting them go for only thirty dollars.

(beat)

Twenty?

INT. OFFICE - D2

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

MICHAEL

(acting like foreign merchant)

OK, so... two candle for you, Mister Stan-ree. I just need sixty dollar.

Stanley glares at him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Or 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. 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.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

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 Police, I'm busted. Egyptian-American.

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

KELLY

I'm Indian.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry I'm not an Anthropologist, Kelly.

(to Oscar)

There, you'll be able to use that by lunchtime. Maybe 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 piercing spotlights we normally have.

ANGLE ON :

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

ANDY

Now... let me take your information...

Andy presses his cell against his chest and frantically looks for paper and pens.

ANDY (CONT'D)

I got a sale! I need some paper!  
Pam! Get me some paper. And a pen!

INT. SUPPLY CLOSET - D2

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. But I decided... No pens, no pencils, no paper, no toxins, no lead, no dead trees. I threw it all away. Actually, I tossed it in the Scranton River so nature could wash it clean 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 do some work today. We have goals to meet.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY 2

Jim looks around the corner.

JIM

Ok, now... Let's go. Let's go.

Creed and Kevin shuffle ahead.

CREED

It's like Berkeley, 1974... all over again.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D2

Michael sits at his desk, 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. She points back to the office.

PHYLLIS (CONT'D)  
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 things are  
serious. So instead I'll reply,  
"That's what we'll all say one day  
if we don't make a change."

PHYLLIS  
It's seventy degrees outside and  
it's about one hundred in the office.

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

INT. MAIN OFFICE - D2

Kevin and Creed finish setting up floor lamps throughout the room, which is now lit.

Jim plugs his computer into a power strip.

MICHAEL  
No! We're not going to destroy the  
world anymore. Not at Dunder Mifflin!

JIM  
Don't worry. We're plugging into  
Bob Vance's power. He uses  
Refrigerated Energy. Which is  
actually very cool. Polar Bears  
love it.

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

JIM  
Not one page.

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

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. You are the Polar Bears of this office. Do you like how this feels?

KEVIN

Not at all.

MICHAEL

See, we're making progress.

Dwight holds a copy of the Manifesto littered with post-its.

DWIGHT

Michael, I wanted to make you aware of a typo on page one hundred sixty-seven.

Dwight opens it up.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

"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... not possible.

OSCAR

It's a homonym, Michael.

MICHAEL

I don't know what that is, Oscar. But thank you for sharing more of your life with us and increasing office diversity.

JIM

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. Jim, do you like it when Pam stops short of completing a job?

Jim and Pam look disgusted.

PAM

OK, I'll go do that now.

INT. DWIGHT'S DESK - D2

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.

Dwight 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.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

I've cross referenced this code with the greatest ciphers known to mankind. Navajo Code Talkers, the Caesarian Cryptoknot... even "the numbers" from LOST. Whoever, or whatever, we're up against... is highly sophisticated. And getting smarter.

(he's in anguish)

I have to crack this code.

BACK TO SCENE

JIM

If anything should happen to me. I need to know that you will... take over my clients, and...

(pretends to choke up)

Treat them well.

DWIGHT

Your clients will remain your clients forever. And ever. Look at me, Jim. Look into my eyes. That's a promise.

JIM

Thank you, Dwight.

INT. OFFICE - D2

Michael walks with a new pile of Manifestoes.

MICHAEL

Have you had a chance to read -

ANGELA

No.

MICHAEL

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

Michael takes the old Manifesto and replaces it.

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... yes, Flying Dutchman. I haven't smelled this blend since that summer I spent in Amsterdam.

MICHAEL

Finally! Someone noticed my hemp tie.

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

KEVIN

Dude, that's awesome. I've heard things about Amsterdam. About the Red Light District. I can't believe you spent a summer in Amsterdam.

CREED

Who 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 - D2

David Wallace, the CFO, enters the office. He looks at the heaters, the lamps, the candles, the smoke in the air, Dwight's desk piled high with books.

Pam smiles, trying to pretend it's a normal day.

PAM

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.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - D2

The conference room table is loaded with candles. Andy waits at the table as David 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.

DAVID

What's this all about, Michael?  
What's going on? Why are there  
extensions cords all over the place?  
Why does it smell like pot?

Michael puts a Mother Earth Manifesto in front of him.

Michael snaps his fingers, and Andy starts singing the woodwind tune.

MICHAEL

Here we have a Polar Bear cub.

Andy acts out being a Polar Bear swimming.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Majestic and regal, he depends on the ice to make things colder, much as we do. But when they find it, the ice breaks because it's warm ice. And the Polar Bear drowns.

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 David, expecting approval. Stunned silence.

DAVID

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

INT. DWIGHT'S DESK - D2

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.

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 - D2

Meredith cowers near the microwave. Dwight paces.

DWIGHT

I don't have much time, Meredith. You will help me or... I will persecute you.

MEREDITH  
You can't do that.

DWIGHT  
Michael has authorized it.

MEREDITH  
Michael cannot give you permission  
to abuse me.

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

He takes a step towards her. He holds a paper water cup.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Are you familiar with... Chinese  
Water Torture?

MEREDITH  
It's just called Pig Latin, Dwight.

DWIGHT  
Don't toy with me Meredith.  
(holds cup above her)  
I will spill 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.

Dwight looks at the clock. It's 2.55 PM.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
I need my tools.

INT. DWIGHT'S DESK - D2

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

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 2

Andy remains frozen as a dead polar bear. David thumbs 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 -

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)

Ah! I was caught completely off-guard. If only my back-up was already here, I would still stand a chance to avert an international incident!

Dwight rushes down the stairs. Dwight tosses a LIT FLARE at the enemy, then lowers his shoulders and SLAMS into the man.

Dwight claws and punches. The enemy yelps, pulls himself free and runs from the room with his pants leg ON FIRE.



Jim addresses Dwight, who wears goggles and breathes heavily.

JIM (CONT'D)

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

DWIGHT

Of course, Jim.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

It's classified. Because a team of dangerous people was subdued by a smarter, more dangerous hero. If my co-workers realized that they were in the presence of a lethal soldier of fortune, they'd be scared. So it's highly confidential. Most heroic deeds of this magnitude are. Like what Iron Man did in Iraq.

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM

Yeah, well... Dwight's feeling pretty good about himself. Which is good, times have been tough lately... for Dwight. But...

(facetiously)

His confidence boost certainly wasn't our plan all along.

PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM

We were just trying to mock and humiliate him like it was any normal day.

KEVIN TALKING HEAD

Kevin has a long scratch on his cheek.

KEVIN

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

(tracing wound)

Dwight really should be a spy.

(beat)

My leg hurts.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - D2

David looks at Michael. Andy remains lying, acting dead on the ground.

DAVID  
Michael, the next meeting has to be better. You have to prepare.

Michael nods.

MICHAEL  
Will you read the Manifesto?

DAVID  
Yes. I'll read it.

Michael can't hide his excitement.

MICHAEL  
Do you want more copies for others at Corporate?

DAVID  
No. This can be our little secret.

David gets up. He shakes Michael's hand.

MICHAEL  
Oh, yes. Like insider trading.

DAVID  
No, nothing like that.

Andy, still frozen in death.

ANDY  
I'm in on the secret, too.

MICHAEL  
No, Andy, this is an upper management secret.

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

MICHAEL  
Bonfire, good sir. The scent is Bonfire.

DAVID  
Where did you get them?

MICHAEL

I think I can help you with that.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

Michael holds up a wad of cash.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

If we learned anything today, it's that a good green policy, if properly implemented... helps business.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 2

Michael approaches Pam.

MICHAEL

I need you to rent me a car.

PAM

What about the bike?

MICHAEL

I'm sore. I can't ride home.

DWIGHT

I'll give you a ride, Michael.

MICHAEL

No! What kind of example would I be setting? Hi, I'm an environmentalist and I always need a little buddy because it scares me to drive by myself. No. And Pam, please make it a large car. I have to haul the bike back in it.

DWIGHT

The Train Station Avis rents Hummers.

MICHAEL

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.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And he rejected all brands of  
hairspray. And I'd like to add that  
Hitler.... used all of those things.  
So, you figure out whose side you  
want to be on. Jesus'. Or Hitler's?

END OF SHOW