THE OFFICE

“The Old Guy”
COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - DAY 1

PAM is at reception. She looks up idly, notices something.

PAM (V.O.)
It's really hard to tell Michael anything because he's so sensitive. Like, "Your shoes are untied," or "You've got something in your hair."

MICHAEL walks by. We see his pants are unzipped.

PAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Or, "Your pants are unzipped."

Michael stops to talk with KELLY who can't seem to look away from Michael's pants.

PAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
In order to hide his embarrassment, he likes to pretend whatever the thing is that's wrong, he did it on purpose.

Kelly points at Michael's zipper. Michael laughs, waves it off.

PAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Occasionally, the problem resolves itself.

Michael heads to his office but DWIGHT catches him first.

PAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
More often than not, though, something tragic and horrible has to happen.

Dwight proudly shows Michael his own pants which are unzipped also. Michael immediately zips his pants and disappears into his office, closing the door behind him. Pam's phone rings.

PAM (CONT'D)
(beat, then into phone)
Yes, Michael?

MICHAEL (FILTERED)
I want you to send out a memo to everyone in the office, everyone, that underwear wearing is mandatory.

Pam hangs up. She sits there for a long beat, then sighs.
PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM
I really need to work on my resume.

END OF COLD OPEN
FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - PHYLLIS' DESK - D1

Michael in front of PHYLLIS wearing a party hat and carrying a lighted birthday cake.

MICHAEL
(sings)
'It's your birthday! Go Phyllis!
It's your birthday! We're gonna party
like it's your birthday! We're gonna
drink Bacardi like it's your
birthday!'

No one else sings or looks up from their desks.

PHYLLIS
It's not my birthday.

MICHAEL
Of course it is.

Michael sets the cake down on Phyllis' desk.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Don't you remember last year around this time? Everyone was giving you cards, making a big fuss over you?

PHYLLIS
(tearing up)
My mother had just died.

MICHAEL
Ooooohhh, right. Right.

Michael considers taking the cake away, but decides to leave it. After a moment, he gently blows the candles out.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
May she rest in peace.

Michael retreats to his office as STANLEY, KEVIN and TOBY rush over to take slices of cake.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Okay, so, my mistake.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD
MICHAEL (CONT'D)
But, for the most part, I know the people in this office. We're tight. I'm in tune with their lives, they are in tune with my life. We are connected.

Michael interlocks his fingers, cracks them.

INT. MEREDITH'S DESK - D1

Michael eats an apple as MEREDITH types on her computer.

MICHAEL
Back from vacation already? We really missed you around here.

MEREDITH
I haven't taken a day off in three years.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

OSCAR sits across from Michael who casually smokes a cigar.

MICHAEL
So, how's the whole straight thing going for you?

Oscar glances at the camera.

OSCAR
Excuse me?

MICHAEL
You know, you switching from gay man toooooo, well, man.

OSCAR
No, I'm still gay.

MICHAEL (confused)
What? Are you sure? Because I swear you said you were changing, for your career you said.

OSCAR
No, that wasn't me.

Michael looks disbelievingly at the camera, thinking.
MICHAE|L
(then, remembering)
You're right. It was Anne Heche. My bad.
(then)
But looking at your numbers, it might be something you want to consider.

Oscar looks at the camera.

INT. KAREN'S DESK - D1

JIM holds up TWO TICKETS in front of KAREN.

KAREN

JIM
Who da man?

KAREN (V.O.)
The truth is, I'm not really into John Mayer...

KAREN TALKING HEAD

KAREN (CONT'D)
But, when you're in the beginning of a new relationship, sometimes you fake enthusiasm for the other person's benefit.
(beat)
What?

INT. OFFICE - BACK TO SCENE- D1

JIM
So, tomorrow night then.

KAREN
Yeah, great.
(then)
Oh, wait, I can't. I have a class presentation tomorrow night.

JIM
Oh shoot.

KAREN
Take somebody else, it's okay. Maybe Ryan, or even Michael wants to go.
INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

Michael sits, arms folded. Dwight sits across from him.

MICHAEL
We've got a problem.

DWIGHT
I know. There's a prune thief in the office.

MICHAEL
What, no. There's bigger problems.

DWIGHT
Not if they're your prunes and you're hungry because you didn't eat...

Michael opens his drawer, pulls out a BAG OF HALF-EATEN PRUNES and throws it at Dwight.

MICHAEL
Take them home. My stomach hurts.

(then)
Did you know Phyllis' mother died last year?

DWIGHT
Yes. I never saw the body, of course, but Phyllis has an honest face.

MICHAEL
What about Andy? Did you know he has five brothers? One of them is in prison. Or designs prisons, I forget which.

DWIGHT
If I ever went to prison, I would escape...

(snaps fingers)
...like that.

Michael gets up and peers out into the office through his blinds.

MICHAEL
What about the new employee, Frank? Whaddaya know about him?

ANGLE ON: FRANK HATHAWAY, 86, sitting at his desk.
MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Yeah, so I recently attended a
conference entitled "Diversity in the
Workplace." Bo-ring.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
But when I got back, I took a look
around this office, and I realized
something was indeed missing. Old
people. So, to correct that, I went
out and hired the oldest person I
could find.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - BACK TO SCENE- D1

DWIGHT
I know he does not smell like wet
cardboard, unlike most octogenarians I
know.

MICHAEL
I don't feel like I really know
anything about anybody in this office,
Dwight. That's a problem.

DWIGHT
I agree. Especially for a man in your
position. As I always say, "Know
thine enemy."

INT. OFFICE - LATER - D1

Jim is at Ryan's desk with the tickets.

RYAN
Ummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...

Jim looks at Ryan confused.

RYAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I hate when people offer me tickets to
things.

RYAN TALKING HEAD

RYAN (CONT'D)
I never know if the tickets are free,
which would be one thing, or whether
the person expects me to pay for my
ticket, which requires an entirely
different analysis. To avoid the
headache, I always just say 'no.'
INT. OFFICE - BACK TO SCENE- D1

JIM
So, that's a 'no?'

RYAN
Yes, a no.

Jim glances at the camera, then walks away, shaking his head.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - D1

Everyone sits around the conference room. Pam is passing out papers to everyone.

KAREN
I hope this meeting is about getting a lock on the women's restroom.

Karen glares at Kevin.

KEVIN
What, I walked in one time by mistake.

KAREN
But you lingered for, like, two minutes.

KEVIN
I was in awe.

MICHAEL
No, no. This is not even really a formal meeting, it's more like--

STANLEY
If this is not a meeting, I'm leaving.

Stanley gets up to go.

MICHAEL
No, wait, yes. Yes, it is a meeting. Sort of.
(off Stanley's reaction)
Okay! It's a meeting. Please.

Stanley sits back down.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Pam is passing out a questionnaire to each of you. Please fill it out to the best of your ability.
Everyone begins reading their questionnaire and filling it out.

RYAN
(reading)
'Who is your favorite Jackson?'

OSCAR
(reading)
'Why are you still single?'

ANGELA
(reading)
'Are your boobs real?' I'm sorry, but I'm not answering these questions.

MICHAEL
Look, this is about getting to know one another. Our hopes, our dreams. Our nightmares.

GROANS from everyone.

ANGELA TALKING HEAD

ANGELA
To be honest, I'm not interested in learning more about anyone here. With rare exceptions, most of the people in this office are grotesque and unhygienic.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - A LITTLE LATER - D1

Michael reads from his paper.

MICHAEL
(reads)
'Question 45: If you were stuck on a remote island, which person would you most want with you?' Who wants to go? (looks around) Pam?

PAM
I would have to say Jesus. If we got bored, he'd probably have some great stories to tell.

MICHAEL
Good answer. See, that's the type of response that gives us all a little window into your soul.
CREED grins and Stares into Pam's chest. Pam turns away and buttons up her sweater.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Who else? Dwight?

DWIGHT
If I found myself on a remote island alone, something terrible probably happened to the rest of the world and I must have been the only one who figured out how to escape alive. Naturally, I'd want to be with someone whom I could repopulate the earth with, the correct way this time. Someone of matching superior intellect and cunning.

Angela looks expectantly at Dwight.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
I would choose Wonder Woman.

Dwight avoids Angela's now angry glare.

RYAN
I would choose--

ANGELA
I want Mario Lopez. I'd sleep with Mario Lopez!

DWIGHT
No you wouldn't.

ANGELA
Yes I would!

DWIGHT
No you wouldn't!

ANGELA
Me and Mario would have hot, sweaty Latin sex all night long and I would breed little Lopez babies. Like a rabbit.

Dwight looks ready burst.

MICHAEL
Okay, okay, that's enough. Dwight, enough. Angela, no. Let's learn about some others, please.
MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(looks around)
How about you, Frank?

Everyone turns to Frank.

FRANK
Well, if I was stuck on an island for all eternity I'd want my spend it with my first and only love, my wife Edie. 'Course, she's no longer with us now.

Some people emit various "awwws" and "ohhs."

FRANK (CONT'D)
I can remember when we first met, right at the start of World War II. I was a young, still-wet-behind-the-ears infantryman, and she was a nurse at the army hospital.
(pause, remembering)
Prettiest thing I'd ever seen in my life.

More "ohhs" and "awwwws." Michael rolls his eyes as Frank continues his story.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Don't get me wrong. I like a good story as well as anybody.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
But Frank's story is boring. It's not all that interesting and it's definitely not funny. My answer would have been so good.
(beat)
I'm not going to say it right now. I'll save it for later. But believe me, they don't know what they're missing.

Michael thinks about his answer and begins to chuckle to himself a little. Then, unable to hold back, he starts to laugh really hard.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

INT. RECEPTION AREA - D1

Jim talks with Michael.

MICHAEL
Thanks for the offer, but I saw John Mayer last year.

JIM
Oh, so...

Well, I didn't actually go to the concert. I couldn't get tickets, so I just played his music really loud at my house. Had a great time though, really trashed the place.

Michael crosses off into his office. Jim looks at the camera for a moment, blank.

PAM
I love John Mayer.

JIM
(caught off guard)
Oh, yeah. I mean, he's great.
(then, what the hell)
You want to go?

PAM
Oh, no. I didn't mean... Really? I don't know. What about Karen?

JIM
It's okay. She can't go anyway, so...

PAM
Well, okay. Great.

JIM
Great.

Jim suddenly looks unsure whether it's great or not.

INT. FRANK'S DESK - D1

Kelly and Creed are talking and laughing with Frank. CAMERA PANS to Michael's office where we see Michael and Dwight peering out from behind the blinds.
MICHAEL (O.S.)
Look at that. They love him. He's taking over the office.

DWIGHT (O.S.)
He does have a certain regal air about him. Like Richard Nixon.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - D1

MICHAEL
So what, now you're in love with him, too.

DWIGHT
I love only one man. And that's you.

MICHAEL
Look, you know, don't say things like that. It's strange.

Michael sighs, slumps down in his chair.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Just give me the report.

DWIGHT
Well, according to my research on Google People Finder, Frank Hathaway is a 23-year old two-time Big Air gold medal winner at the X-Games. (thinks) He must be using some sort of time machine.

MICHAEL
That's ridiculous.

DWIGHT
I agree. Time machines are only available in China right now.

INT. KELLY'S DESK - D1

Kelly types on the computer. Michael approaches carrying a shopping bag.

MICHAEL
Kelly Kel. I was just over at the market and decided to pick you up a little something.
KELLY
(pauses)
Why?

MICHAEL
That's what close friends do.

Michael reaches in his bag and hands her a wrapped gift.

KELLY
Wow.

Kelly opens the gift. It's a couple of DVDs.

KELLY (CONT'D)
"Grand Theft Anal?" "Cherry Poppers: The College Years?"

Angela looks up from her desk.

KELLY (CONT'D)
You got me porn?

MICHAEL
Well, yeah. On your questionnaire you listed that as one of your favorite things.

Kelly thinks a moment.

KELLY
Korn. I said I liked Korn.

MICHAEL
Ohhhh, me too. Butter, salt, a little oregano...

KELLY
Korn is a musical group.

MICHAEL
(laughs too hard)
I know that. I know that.

KELLY
So...

MICHAEL
Oh. Well, keep the movies anyway. The guy on the street said no returns, so...

Michael turns and walks off. Kelly drops the DVDs in the trash.
INT. MEREDITH'S DESK - D1

Michael is giving Meredith a shoulder massage.

MICHAEL
(does a voice)
I learned this technique in Jamaica, mon.

MEREDITH
This feels weird. And my right arm is going numb.

MICHAEL
It's called a massage high.

Meredith shrugs Michael's hands off.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
And we're done.

Michael places a TEN DOLLAR BILL on Meredith's desk.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
And that's for you. A small mid-week perk for all your hard work.
(soft)
Vote Michael Scott.

MEREDITH
You? Are you running for something?

Michael begins to move away.

MICHAEL
It's okay, the vote's not real, hypothetical really...

MEREDITH
(calls after him)
I'm not registered!

Several people look up from their desk as Michael rushes off.

INT. CREED'S DESK - D1

Michael sits on the edge of the desk.

MICHAEL
We really should talk like this more often.

CREED
Like what?
MICHAEL
Like this. You know, like buddies.
Goombahs. Amigos.

CREED
I can come in your office and sit on your desk?

MICHAEL
No, that would send the wrong message.

CREED
So...

MICHAEL
So...

Long silence.

CREED
Hey, check out what I found in the garbage.

Creed pulls out the porn DVDs Michael gave to Kelly.

CREED (CONT'D)
Maybe I'll get Frank, we can watch these in your office?

MICHAEL
(irritated)
No, no. Put those away.
(gets up to leave)
Maybe later...

INT. KITCHEN - D1

Jim microwaves popcorn as Karen sits, arms folded.

KAREN
Pam is going with you to the concert?

JIM
Well, no one else could go. Besides, she loves him, so I just figured...

KAREN
Right, sure.

JIM
You're okay with it, right?
KAREN
(beat)
Um, yeah. Why wouldn't I be?

Karen glances at the camera, which PUSHES IN on her face.

INT. FRANK'S DESK - D1

Frank is fussing with his computer as Michael approaches.

MICHAEL
Trouble?

FRANK
Darn thing doesn't seem to want to work.

MICHAEL
Well, I can see how this machine might be confusing to you. But don't be afraid of new things.

Michael takes a seat at Frank's desk.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Like, I remember the first time I dated a little person. I was so nervous.

FRANK
You mean a midget girl?

MICHAEL
(ignores Frank)
Turns out we were a great match.
(beat)
Until she started to steal from me.

Michael types on Frank's computer. BEEP. Annoyed, Michael types some more. BEEP, BEEP. Michael is becoming more frustrated, now just banging on keys. The computer shuts down. Michael gets up.

FRANK
Guess neither one us can skin this cat, eh?

Michael looks at Frank, glances at the camera, then quickly retreats into his office.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER - D1

SPY SHOT: Michael talks to Dwight.
MICHAEL
I have to get rid of Frank.

DWIGHT
May I ask why?

MICHAEL
Because he's insensitive, Dwight. And he likes to hurt cats.

Dwight looks unmoved.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Plus, I think he's gunning for your job.

DWIGHT
Fire him.

MICHAEL
I need a good reason.

DWIGHT
A murder rap, perhaps.

MICHAEL
Smaller.

DWIGHT
Indecent exposure?

MICHAEL
I was thinking, like, polygamy...

DWIGHT
That'll take more prep time.

MICHAEL
(frustrated)
Well I don't know then. I can't think. My head hurts. We need to take him down, somehow, though.

Dwight paces, thinks.

DWIGHT
I'll handle it.

MICHAEL
How?

DWIGHT
It's probably better if you don't know the details.
Dwight exits Michael's office.

INT. OFFICE - D1

Dwight is at his desk making a sign with the words "Kick Me" on it. Jim observes with amusement as Karen walks up.

KAREN
Hey.

JIM
Hey. What, uh, what's going on?

Jim keeps an eye on Dwight while talking to Karen.

KAREN
Good news.

Dwight gets up, sign in hand, and cautiously approaches Frank who stands talking with Stanley and Phyllis.

KAREN (CONT'D)
Turns out my presentation for class was pushed until next week.
(then)
Looks like I'll be able to go to the concert after all.

JIM
(half-listening)
Uh huh...
(then, realizing)
What? You can?

Dwight clears his throat, loudly.

DWIGHT
Stanley. Phyllis.
(then)
Frank--

Dwight slaps Frank on the back, sticking the "Kick Me" sign on. In painful slow motion, Frank wheels around, grabs Dwight's arm and twists it like a pretzel.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

Dwight crumples to the ground. Realizing what has happened, the office members slowly begin to APPLAUD, a few even standing and CHEERING.
JIM
(to Karen)
Wow. So, okay.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to show Michael peeking out the blinds from his office. He notices the camera and quickly shuts the blinds.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

INT. OFFICE - D1

Angela helps Dwight make a sling for his arm. Michael strides purposefully through the office.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
As the leader, sometimes one must act like the leader and take leader-type actions.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(no-nonsense)
Frank. Need to see you in my office right now.

Frank gets up and walks into Michael's office. Michael follows, but before he shuts the door, he turns and gives Dwight a thumbs up. Dwight straightens up, beams.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

Frank sits across from Michael.

MICHAEL
First, let me just say, Dwight deserved that.

FRANK
If he was a little younger, I would have put him over my knee.

MICHAEL
And I'm sure he knows that. I say, let's let bygones be bygones.

Michael extends his hand to shake. Frank is a little confused, but eventually shakes Michael's hand.

FRANK
Agreed.

MICHAEL
Yeah, we're going to have to let you go.

Frank sinks slowly back into his chair.

FRANK
I figured as much.

MICHAEL
I am sorry, I just--
FRANK
No, no. No need to explain. I injured a man. I'm old enough to know that's no way to behave.

MICHAEL
(softening)
Well, Dwight, he's accident prone anyway, so...

FRANK
I want to thank you for this opportunity. Not many people would've taken a chance on an old geezer like me.

Michael glances at the camera, looks down.

FRANK (CONT'D)
This job made me feel like I was worth something again.

Frank stops, stares at Michael for a long beat.

MICHAEL
--What?

FRANK
It's just that, well, you remind me of my son.

Michael looks at Frank for a moment, then at the camera.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - D1

Jim talks with Pam.

PAM
(re: Michael's office)
I wonder what they're doing in there?

JIM
(distracted)
Yeah, mystery...

PAM
Dwight said he might sue.

JIM
Good luck.
(then)
So, about this concert--
PAM
I'm really excited.

JIM
--Are you?

PAM
Well, yeah. I'm totally looking forward to it. It's been forever since I've had a fun night out. I so need this.

Jim forces a smile.

INT. OFFICE - D1

Michael exits his office with Frank, who takes a seat back at his desk.

MICHAEL
Attention, everyone. Frank is going to remain with us for awhile. And to all injured parties...

Michael glances at Dwight who is glaring at Frank.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
...he is deeply sorry. So, carry on, please.

Dwight immediately runs up to Michael.

DWIGHT
I thought you were going to fire him?!

MICHAEL
I just can't do that, Dwight, okay? (looks at Frank)
He's like the father I never knew.

Michael walks off to the bathroom leaving Dwight to fume.

INT. OFFICE - FRANK'S DESK - D1

Frank snaps his fingers at Ryan trying to get his attention.

FRANK
Hey. Young feller. Come here.

Ryan, unsure, makes his way over to Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)
You want to earn some money?
RYAN
(beat)
I'm already earning money.

FRANK
I need you to go down to the corner store and get me a few things.

Frank pulls out a long list and two dollars. He hands them both to Ryan.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Go on now. No dawdling, either.

Ryan stands there with the list and the money for a moment, then goes off on his errand.

INT. KITCHEN - D1

Frank talks with Oscar who is pouring himself some coffee.

FRANK
I'm telling you, when we were stationed in Germany, this fella made the best pancakes you've ever did eat. He was real particular about his clothes, too, like a woman.

Oscar, looking very uncomfortable, just nods.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(low, in confidence)
I think he had a little sweet in his tank, if you know what I mean.
(then, louder)
Hope they like pancakes in Hell.

Frank laughs, elbowing Oscar who just sips his coffee. Phyllis walks in looking a mess, per usual.

PHYLLIS
Hello.

FRANK
(loud whisper, to Oscar)
Good Lord. That gal looks like she's been rode too hard and put up wet.

Phyllis stops, having overheard. Oscar can't take it any longer. He exits the kitchen quickly. Phyllis turns to glare at Frank who just smiles at her.
INT. OFFICE - D1

Pam sits at reception.

PAM
(singing softly to herself)
'So we keep on waiting,
waiting on the world to change.
We keep on waiting,
waiting on the world to change...' 

Michael passes by headed towards his office.

PAM (CONT'D)
Oh Michael, wait, I need--

MICHAEL
Hold on. Just got to grab something out of my office.

Michael opens the door, then instantly steps back.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Oh...

ANGLE ON: Frank sound asleep on Michael's floor.

PAM
I tried to tell you.

Michael just stares at the sleeping Frank, not knowing what to do.

PAM (CONT'D)
He just sort of walked in there saying he needed to take a short nap. I tried to stop him but he starting talking about how he was so tired, how I reminded him of his daughter. So...

Michael quietly closes his office door..

MICHAEL
No, um, it's okay. I'll just find somewhere else to sit for awhile.
(looks around the office)
No worries...

INT. OFFICE - D1

Michael sits silently next to Pam at reception. The space is cramped and they both look very uncomfortable. Finally, the phone rings. Pam quickly picks it up.
PAM
(onto phone)
Dunder Millfin?
Pam listens for awhile.

PAM (CONT'D)
Hold, please.
Pam presses the hold button, then turns to Michael.

PAM (CONT'D)
It's, um, the Magic Shoppe. Your account is ninety days past due and they'd like to arrange...payment...

Michael shakes his head "no."

PAM (CONT'D)
(onto phone)
Um, I'm sorry he'll have to call you back. Thank you.
Pam hangs up. It's silent again. Pam glances at the camera.

INT. STAIRWELL - D1
The camera comes up behind Jim to find him sitting on the stairs. He's holding two tickets in his hand.

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM
I've never been good at confrontation.

INT. OFFICE - D1
Jim is talking with Karen.

JIM (V.O.)
One time in grade school, I was supposed to fight Billy McGrady at recess. I wrote a fake doctor's note for a friend of his to give to him saying I had a highly contagious form of "scicillitis."

INT. RECEPTION AREA - D1
Jim talks with Pam. Karen stands to the side.

JIM (V.O.)
None of the other kids even came near me for, like, a month.
Jim hands Karen one of the tickets, and the other to Pam. Jim begins coughing loudly and walks away. Karen and Pam look warily at one another.

INT. OFFICE - D1

Frank comes over to Stanley's desk.

FRANK
Stanley, I wanted to thank you for helping me with those spreadsheets today.

Stanley doesn't look up.

STANLEY
Not a problem.

Frank starts back to his desk, but turns back to Stanley.

FRANK
You know, I have to say you're one of the smartest colored guys I've ever met.

Stanley looks up.

STANLEY
Is that so?

FRANK
You bet. I mean, for having a smaller brain and all, you're doin' alright for yourself. You should be proud.

Phyllis snickers. Stanley looks supremely annoyed.

INT. FRANK'S DESK - D1

Kelly walks past. She talks on her cell.

KELLY
(into cell)
And then as if I didn't have enough trouble, my cat almost drowned in my toilet the other night...

Frank stops her.

FRANK
Darling, you want to do something besides yapping your head off and fetch me some coffee? Thanks.
Frank hands her his coffee mug. She stands there for a moment in disbelief.

    KELLY
    (into cell)
    I'm gonna have to call you back.

Kelly takes the mug and sulks off to the kitchen.

INT. BREAKROOM - D1

Angela eats lunch alone at the table. Frank enters with his lunch.

    MICHAEL (V.O.)
    I hate firing people.

Frank goes to sit with Angela, but Angela pulls the chair in with her foot, never pausing or looking up from her lunch.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

    MICHAEL (CONT'D)
    It's like telling one of your friends you don't want to be friends with them anymore just because they're insulting or racist or sexist. It's hard.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

Pam sits across from Michael. Michael is avoiding eye contact with her.

    PAM
    I'm just the messenger.

Michael looks at the floor for a long beat. Then, he slowly gets up and walks out of the office.

INT. OFFICE - D1

Michael slowly approaches Frank's desk where Frank is slumped over his desk, cat-napping. Others in the office watch Michael cautiously.

    MICHAEL
    Um, Frank?

Frank doesn't respond.

    MICHAEL (CONT'D)
    Frank?

Michael nudges Frank, but Frank still doesn't move.
MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(to everyone)
He does like his naps.

Michael nudges Frank a little harder, causing Frank to fall over onto the floor. A few gasps. Phyllis let out a small scream.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Oh...!

Michael hoists Frank up and struggles to get him back into the chair. Michael tries to fix him into his original position.

JIM
I...I think he's dead.

MICHAEL
(beat)
Nonsense. He's probably just playing possum.
(beat, then)
Crazy old goat.

Dwight sniffs the air.

DWIGHT
Wet cardboard.

Michael looks at Dwight, then at Frank. He can't believe it.

INT. OFFICE - D1

Paramedics cart out Frank's body on a gurney. Meredith comforts Phyllis as other office members gather their things and head out for the day. Karen talks with Jim at his desk. She hands her concert ticket back to him and leaves the office.

STANLEY
(looks at watch)
I should have been gone seven minutes ago.

Stanley exits. Jim catches Pam's eye at reception. She looks down, not knowing what to do. She then takes her concert ticket, lays it on the counter, and exits the office without a word. Jim watches her go.
MICHAEL (V.O.)
The paramedics said Frank was dead long, not that long, before I even touched him. So, no, Michael Scott did not murder a man today.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
And, I didn't have to fire anybody, so, that's a plus.
(beat)
I can be happy about that, at least.
(long pause)
Yeah.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW