

COLD OPEN

1 INT. OFFICE - DWIGHT'S DESK - MORNING - D1 1  
Dwight types on his computer. Jim works at his desk.

DWIGHT

(typing)  
Okay...yes...file sharing "off"...  
and...restart.  
(beat; to Jim)  
Security software. 128-bit  
encryption, firewalls. Get up, I'll  
put it on your computer.

JIM

No thanks.

DWIGHT

Stupid. Identity theft happens all  
the time. I could become you...  
(snaps fingers)  
...like that. But nobody can become me.

JIM

Nobody wants to be you.

DWIGHT

But if they did, they couldn't, cause  
my system is now password-protected.

JIM

(not looking up)  
Is your password "Frodo?"

DWIGHT

("do you think I'm stupid?")  
No.

Dwight "inconspicuously" types for a few seconds, finishes.

JIM

(still not looking up)  
Did you just change it to "Gollum?"

DWIGHT

No.

Beat. Dwight starts typing again.

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

2 INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - MORNING - D1 2

Pam at her desk. The phone rings.

PAM  
Dunder Mifflin, this is Pam. Hold  
please.

She transfers the call. Michael appears nearby.

MICHAEL  
Well, I see you're going for the  
"bored supermodel" thing.  
(smoking imaginary cigarette)  
"Dunder Mifflin, this is Pam."

PAM  
I wasn't going for--

MICHAEL  
No, I get it. You've seen it all. A  
child is born, "ho hum." Beautiful  
sunset, "I'll catch the next one." A  
unicorn walks in: "Do you have an  
appointment?" Listen Pam, this is not a  
criticism, but let me tell you what  
you're doing wrong. You're the voice of  
our company. If you're not smiling, our  
clients can hear that through the phone.  
It's a real turn-off.

PAM  
...Are... Sorry, are you serious?

MICHAEL  
Absolutely. Next call, I want to see  
a big smile.

They wait.

PAM  
No one's calling.

MICHAEL  
They will. Just...we'll wait.

Uncomfortable beat.

3 INT. KITCHEN - D1

Dwight paws through the contents of the refrigerator. He smells a sandwich, tosses it out. Sniffs a carton of milk, takes a sip. Pauses. Takes another sip, tosses it. Pulls out something else, looks at it, tosses it.

4 INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - D1

Michael and Pam are still watching the phone.

MICHAEL

Okay. Well, when someone calls...

He walks away. Pam relaxes. Just when he's closing his office door, the phone rings, and he comes sprinting back.

MICHAEL

Oooh! There it is! There it is! Go!

Pam pauses, puts on a big smile, answers.

PAM

Dunder Mifflin, this is Pam. Hold please.

Michael gives her a big thumbs up.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Well, there's probably going to be downsizing.

\*  
\*

5 MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And it's part of my job, but...blech. Here's the difference between me and Donald Trump -- I get no pleasure from saying, "you're fired." "You're fired." "You're fired." He makes people sad and an office won't function that way. It can't. "You're fired." My catchphrase would be, "You're hired. And you can keep your job forever." Unfortunately, that's not very realistic. So I have to use my other catchphrase, "C'mon everybody, life's great! Let's party!"

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(MORE)

CUT TO:

6 INT. KITCHEN - D1 6

Jim looks through the fridge for his food. It's gone.

7 INT. OFFICE - JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESK - D1 7

On Dwight's desk are six Philadelphia Eagles Bobblehead Dolls. He continuously bats each of their heads in turn so they're all bobbing, like a plate spinner.

JIM

Dwight? My tuna sandwich is gone.  
It's not in the refrigerator. You  
wouldn't...know anything about that.

DWIGHT

It was rotting.

JIM

You -- it was not rotting!

DWIGHT

(still batting the bobbleheads)  
Any employee may dispose of any food  
item that risks contaminating--

JIM

Oh come on...

DWIGHT

--any other food item. Read the  
office kitchen regulations memo.

JIM

You wrote that memo. That's not an  
official memo.

DWIGHT

Well, that's your problem. This is a  
paper factory, not a bacteria  
factory.

JIM

It's not a factory at all.  
(re: bobbleheads)  
Do you have to do that?

DWIGHT  
(stopping)  
They're bobbleheads. If you don't  
make them bobble, what's the point?

He starts again. Jim stares at the camera.

CUT TO:

8 INT. OFFICE - OSCAR'S DESK - D1

8

Angela signs her name on a sheet.

OSCAR  
Yeah, my nephew does it every year.  
Anything you can donate would be  
fantastic.

ANGELA  
Sure.

CUT TO:

9 INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

9

Michael addresses the camera. Pam sits in a chair.

MICHAEL  
Okay. Morale improvement needed, and  
the doctor--  
(points to himself)  
-- bing! -- is in! Here's my latest  
stroke of genius: I sent Pam here --  
smile, Pam -- to find out who's  
having a birthday, so we can throw  
'em a little celebration. And the  
winner is...drumroll please...

Michael does drumroll; Pam doesn't know if she should talk.  
It goes on for a while. Finally:

MICHAEL  
...who, Pam? Whose birthday is it?

PAM  
Um, actually, there aren't really any  
staff birthdays coming up.

MICHAEL  
(still drumming, slower)  
Someone's got to be next.

PAM  
Well, I guess it would be Meredith.

MICHAEL  
Meredith! Come on down!

PAM  
But it's next month.

MICHAEL  
(beat- he considers)  
Okay, fine. Surprise party.

PAM  
You...still want to have a party?

MICHAEL  
Why not? Come on! Live a little.  
(he flips out his cell phone  
and waves it in front of her)  
Deet-deet-deet-deet-deet..."Spock,  
any signs of life?" "None captain,  
just detecting a wet blanket." Deet  
deet deet deet -- smile, Pam -- deet  
deet deet...

CUT TO:

10 INT. KITCHEN - D1

10

SPY SHOT through blinds. Michael comes out of the bathroom.  
Dwight blindsides him.

DWIGHT  
I need to talk to you about the  
downsizing.

MICHAEL  
(glancing around nervously)  
There is no downsizing.

DWIGHT  
But if there were, I'd be protected,  
right? As Assistant Regional Manager?

MICHAEL  
Assistant to the Regional Manager.

DWIGHT  
So I don't have to worry?

MICHAEL

Well, if there were going to be downsizing, everyone would have to be worried. But there isn't.

DWIGHT

But if there were downsizing, it wouldn't be sales staff, right?

MICHAEL

Look...I talked to corporate about protecting the sales staff, and they said they couldn't guarantee it if there's downsizing. But there's no downsizing.

DWIGHT

Bottom line. Should I be worried?

MICHAEL

(shaking head "no")  
Maybe.

CUT TO:

11 INT. OFFICE - D1

11

Dwight sits at his desk, nervously jiggling his leg, and inadvertently setting off his bobbleheads. He looks over at the water cooler, where Jim is chatting with Oscar and Toby.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

You know, it's a real shame...

12 DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

12

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

...but studies show that employees get more information about their company from water-cooler gossip than from official memos. This puts me at a disadvantage because:

(holds up 2-liter water bottle)  
I bring my own water to work.

CUT TO:

13 INT. OFFICE - JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESKS - D1

13

Dwight has dragged the water cooler over to his desk. Stanley and Kevin come over.

STANLEY  
Why'd you do this?

DWIGHT  
I didn't do it.  
(half-beat)  
Why'd I do what?  
(Stanley stares at him)  
Move the water cooler? Oh. It has to  
be over here for... maintenance.  
(beat)  
So. What do you guys hear? What's the  
scuttlebutt?

CUT TO:

14 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - D1

14

Pam, Phyllis and Angela: The Party Committee.

PHYLLIS  
Well, for decorations, maybe we  
could...no, that's stupid. Forget it.

ANGELA  
What?

PHYLLIS  
(mustering courage)  
...Well, I was going to say we could  
have streamers. But that's dumb,  
everybody has streamers. Never mind.

ANGELA  
No, yeah, I think that's a good idea.  
What color, do you guys think?

Beat.

PHYLLIS  
Well, there's green...blue...  
yellow...red...

Beat.

PAM  
(jumping out of her skin)  
How about green?

ANGELA  
(wrinkles her nose)  
I think green is kind of whore-ish.



Beat.

PAM (V.O.)  
Yeah, the party committee.

CUT TO:

15 PAM TALKING HEAD

15

PAM  
This was a tough one. There are two kinds of paper tablecloths at the store we go to: flowers and plain. Took us a long time to solve that dilemma. I suggested we flip a coin but Angela said she doesn't like to gamble. Of course, by saying that she was gambling that I wouldn't smack her.

16 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - D1

16

The meeting is still going.

PHYLLIS  
What about music? Should there be music?

Beat as they consider. Michael pokes his head in.

MICHAEL  
How we doin', committee? Good?  
(whispers to Pam)  
Pam. Big smile.  
(to camera)  
These are our party planning be-  
atches -- pulled off an amazing '80s  
party last year. Off the hook.

17 INSERT SHOT

17

The Dunder-Mifflin newsletter on the corkboard in the kitchen. The headline reads "80's party a success." Underneath there's a photo of the '80s party, with Michael and Dwight in bad '80's Miami Vice-type clothes. Meredith is in the background dressed as Madonna.

18 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS - D1

18

MICHAEL

So. I was thinking -- I don't know if you've gotten to cake yet, but I was thinking maybe one of those ice cream cakes from Baskin Robbins.

(smacks his lips)

ANGELA

Meredith's allergic to dairy, so...

MICHAEL

Oh. Well...she's not the only one eating it, is she? I mean, I think most people like ice cream cake. This party isn't all about her.

PAM

It is her birthday--

MICHAEL

Great. Excellent. Keep up the...planning.

(starts to leave)

Mint chocolate chip. Is good.

CUT TO:

19 INT. OFFICE - DWIGHT'S DESK - SPY SHOT - D1

19

Dwight nervously drums his fingers on his desk. Stares at Jim, who's by the copier. After a beat, Dwight heads over.

DWIGHT

(low voice)

Hey. I need to talk to you. I want to know...if you want to form an alliance with me.

(beat)

I was thinking that because of the downsizing, we should form an alliance. Look out for each other.

(beat)

Do you want to form an alliance with me?

Jim stares at Dwight, blank-faced. Then:

JIM

Absolutely I do.

DWIGHT  
Okay, great. Cool. We need to find  
out who's vulnerable, and who's  
protected...

As Dwight continues, we hear...

JIM (V.O.)  
At that moment--

CUT TO:

20 JIM TALKING HEAD

20

JIM (CONT'D)  
I was just so...excited. I daydream  
about getting back at him, but in  
ways that are not acceptable in  
civilization. And then he comes to me  
and says, "No, Jim, here's a way."

\*  
\*  
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\*  
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CUT TO:

21 INT. OFFICE - BY COPIER - CONTINUOUS - D1

21

DWIGHT  
So we'll just, you know, keep our  
ears to the ground, and then share  
what we've learned.

JIM  
Sounds good.

DWIGHT  
Great. This is great. Just...  
remember: we have to keep this  
alliance totally secret. Don't tell  
anyone.

CUT TO:

22 INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION DESK - D1

22

Jim is telling Pam about Dwight.

PAM  
(delighted)  
An "alliance?" What does that even  
mean?

JIM

I don't know. Maybe like from  
"Survivor?" I think he wants me to  
spy on people for him.

(Pam giggles)

Or maybe he wants to build a fort  
over in accounting or something--

DWIGHT (O.S.)

Hey, Jim?

RACK FOCUS to Dwight, at his desk, trying to look casual.

DWIGHT

Can you...help me with this...voice  
mail?

Jim walks over to Dwight.

DWIGHT

(upset)

What are you doing? Did you tell Pam  
about the Alliance?

JIM

(improvising)

What? No, of course not...I'm using  
her, for the alliance. Basic  
strategy. She knows everything that  
goes on in the office. So, I make her  
feel good, get her defenses down--

DWIGHT

Ah. I see...

JIM

--get it? She loosens up, she starts  
talking...

DWIGHT

(nodding along)

Yes. Yes. Pursue this.

JIM

I will. But just so you know, I'm  
gonna have to talk to her a lot.  
There's going to be a lot of chatting  
and giggling. You have to pretend to  
ignore it.

DWIGHT

Done.

CUT TO:

23

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

23

MICHAEL

Got the birthday card here. Let's see what people wrote...

(reads)

Jim wrote: "Meredith, I heard you're turning 46. But come on, you're an accountant, just fudge the numbers." Pretty funny. Don't appreciate... condoning corporate fraud, though. It's -- the thing is, my message has to be really funny. I have a responsibility to the office, because I've set the bar, you know, way up here. I mean, think how disappointed people would be if I just wrote something boring, like, "Oh, Meredith, Happy Birthday, you're great. Love, Michael."

Michael sticks his finger down his throat and pretends to vomit, then pretends to shoot himself in the head.

CUT TO:

24

INT. OFFICE - JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESKS - D1

24

Jim and Dwight stare through the kitchen door at Toby and Kevin, who are chatting. We can't hear the conversation.

DWIGHT

They look awfully chummy, don't you think?

JIM

What do you think that's about?

DWIGHT

Only one way to find out.

JIM

I'm on it.

He heads over. Camera follows.

25 INT. KITCHEN - D1

25

Jim enters, strategically standing with his back to Dwight.  
Kevin eats a sandwich. Toby eats a yogurt.

JIM

Hey guys.

They ad-lib "hellos."

JIM (CONT'D)

(re: the sandwich)

Looks good -- what is that, turkey?

KEVIN

Italian.

JIM

You got what, provolone in there? Red  
onion? Where'd you get that?

KEVIN

Cugino's, over in Dunmore.

JIM

Oh yeah. They make a good sandwich.

TOBY

I love their sandwiches.

JIM

Yeah. Okay. Later, guys.

He walks out and back over to Dwight. Camera follows.

JIM (CONT'D)

We need to talk. Now.

Jim heads outside. Dwight pauses discreetly, then follows.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. PARKING LOT - D1

26

SPY SHOT from inside the office, looking down on Dwight and  
Jim, meeting secretly.

JIM

Whoo, you're not gonna believe this.

DWIGHT

What? I believe it.

JIM

Okay, things are pretty tense in accounting.

DWIGHT

I knew that, from body language.

JIM

Kevin and Toby have decided they're gonna make it to the final two. They're trying to get Angela kicked off.

DWIGHT

Good. Let 'em. Only helps our cause.

JIM

But here's the bad news. If the accountants are in an alliance, there's probably a lot of other alliances. Which means...

DWIGHT

We may be vulnerable.

JIM

Exactly.

DWIGHT

Dammit! Dammit! Rrrrrrr! Dammit!

He kicks a car. The alarm goes off. Jim smoothly pulls out the keys to his Corolla and clicks it off.

DWIGHT

What do we do?

JIM

We need to assume that every single person in this office may be part of an alliance, and is definitely trying to get us fired.

DWIGHT

Dammit! Why us?

JIM

'Cause we're strong. I'm going back in. Wait here for at least five minutes so we don't arouse suspicion.

DWIGHT  
I'll wait ten.

JIM  
Smart. Oh, also, pretend to smoke.

Jim walks away. When his back is to Dwight, he starts grinning. Dwight lingers, looking concerned. After a beat, he raises two fingers to his lips and takes a pretend puff.

CUT TO:

27 INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

27

He's still working on the card. He writes something, looks frustrated, crosses it off. Oscar comes in.

MICHAEL  
Oscar! Good. Come on in.

OSCAR  
Sorry to bother you. My nephew does this charity walk every year, for cerebral palsy. Would you like to...?

MICHAEL  
...What?

OSCAR  
Donate. To the charity.

MICHAEL  
Yes! Absolutely. Happy to.  
(takes sheet)  
Let's see...Oh, come on, what is this? One dollar? Two dollars? Doesn't anyone care about...diseases? I'll put myself down for twenty-five.

OSCAR  
Wow. That's really generous.

MICHAEL  
Well, simple formula.  
(to camera)  
Generosity, togetherness, community, equals...morale. Right? So...

OSCAR  
...Oh -- is that Meredith's card?  
I'll take it if you're done.



MICHAEL

Hey -- what do you think of this  
joke: "Meredith: I'm writing in big  
letters, so you don't need to use  
your reading glasses."

(beat)

See, and I'd write it big.

OSCAR

...It's funny.

MICHAEL

Well, it's a visual joke. You'd have  
to see it....big, on the--

OSCAR

Yeah. It's funny. It's good.

MICHAEL

Okay.

(beat)

I need a few more minutes.

CUT TO:

28 INT. OFFICE - JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESKS - D1

28

Jim and Dwight sit. Pam comes over.

PAM

Jim, can I talk to you for a second?

JIM

What's up?

PAM

I don't know. I'm just...going a  
little crazy. I keep overhearing all  
these, like, secret conversations  
between Michael and corporate.  
About...staff issues.

JIM

Ah.

PAM

Yeah. He makes me take notes on these  
meetings -- I mean, these people are  
my friends, you know? And Michael is  
like, "This stuff is confidential!  
Don't tell anyone!" I just wish I  
could like--

(MORE)

PAM (cont'd)

(makes puking motion)  
--bleahh, you know? Talk to someone.  
Get this information off my chest.

JIM

Well...I mean, we're friends, right?  
You can tell me.

PAM

...I don't want to get in trouble.  
(thinks)  
Okay. C'mon. But you have to promise--

JIM

Absolutely. Just between us.

They move off. Jim gives Dwight a subtle nod.

DWIGHT

(to himself)  
Jackpot.

CUT TO:

29 JIM TALKING HEAD

29

Jim is totally impressed with Pam.

JIM

That was beautiful. All her idea.  
Awesome. She's so...great.  
(catches himself; to cameraman)  
Oh, by the way, has Dwight said the  
word "immunity" yet? If I somehow can  
get him to talk about immunity, this  
might be the greatest day of my life.

29A INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

29A \*

Michael is working on the card. Toby knocks and enters. \*

TOBY \*

Can I write something in the card  
real quick? \*

MICHAEL \*

Sure, Toby. \*

Toby writes. Michael spies. Toby finishes and chuckles to  
himself. \*

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hey, no -- you can't write that. Red  
hair was my area. They have it on  
tape.

TOBY

It's just a birthday card.

MICHAEL

No. Uh uh. I was going to use that in  
my message. Now cross it off.

Toby looks at him: Really?

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Cross it off. Now.

Toby crosses it off.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

That looks terrible. You're ruining  
the card.

30 INT. OFFICE - D1

30

Stanley, Ryan and Toby chat by the water cooler. Dwight  
watches them tensely, his mind filled with unnameable fears.

CUT TO:

31 INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

31

Michael is still working on his card.

MICHAEL

(to himself)  
Meredith. Bad breath. Meredith has  
bad breath.

He glances at the cameraman to see if there's a smile. Must not have gotten anything, because he sighs and goes back to the drawing board.

DWIGHT  
(entering)  
You wanted to see me?

MICHAEL  
Yes. What do you know about Meredith?

DWIGHT  
I don't think she'd be missed.

MICHAEL  
(irritated)  
What? No, it's not -- there is no downsizing. I just need to learn more about...  
(glance to camera)  
my friend.

DWIGHT  
(searching memory banks)  
Name: Meredith Palmer. Personal info:  
divorced twice, two kids. Job:  
customer service rep, Dunder Mifflin.  
Awards: multiple Dundies.

MICHAEL  
I know that. Gimme something, you know, fun, and a little embarrassing.

DWIGHT  
She had a hysterectomy.

Beat.

MICHAEL  
Which one is that again?

DWIGHT  
They remove the uterus.

MICHAEL  
Jesus, Dwight, that's no good. I'm trying to write a funny joke, here. What am I supposed to do with a removed uterus?

DWIGHT  
It could be kind of funny.

MICHAEL

No. That's...look, try to think of a good joke.

DWIGHT

...If I come up with one, will you give me immunity?

32 JIM TALKING HEAD

32

Jim blows triumphant kisses to his imaginary fans.

33 INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - D1

33

MICHAEL

What?

DWIGHT

Immunity? From the downsizing?

MICHAEL

(are you an idiot?)

No. There is no downsizing. Just...I have to finish this. Okay?

Dwight leaves, looking worried. Michael goes back to the birthday card, looking equally worried.

CUT TO:

34 INT. OFFICE - MEREDITH'S DESK - D1

34

Michael saunters over.

MICHAEL

Hey, Meredith. I, um...uh oh. What was it? Oh gosh. Can't remember why I came over here.

MEREDITH

Oh, I hate that.

MICHAEL

Ugh, I know. So annoying.  
(makes "thppttt" sound)  
Brain fart, you know? So...oh well.  
(starts to leave)  
Oh -- by the way. Can you remember any...funny interactions you and I have had recently, that I might have forgotten about?

35 INT. KITCHEN - D1

35

Jim and Dwight.

JIM

Here's the deal. Pam says one of the alliances is going to meet in the warehouse during Meredith's party.

DWIGHT

We have to be there.

JIM

I agree. But it's gonna be tough. There's really no good place to hide down there.

DWIGHT

Yeah there is. There's the shelves over on the -- or, wait, I know.

(smiles to camera)

I know. I got it. I know exactly what to do.

Jim gives Dwight a macho high-five.

JIM

Awesome.

(to camera)

It's incredible. He's always got an idea.

36 DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

36

DWIGHT

I'm a deer hunter. I go all the time with my Dad. One thing about deer -- they have very good vision. One thing about me: I'm better at hiding than they are at vision.

37 INT. OFFICE - BY MICHAEL'S DOOR - D1

37

Michael stands by the window, working something out by talking it through. He gets excited, and walks back to his desk to write it in the card.

38 INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

38

Ryan walks in.

RYAN

Michael, are you done? Because she's coming in any second.

MICHAEL

Just one...more...there. I finally got it...perfect. Okay. Let's go.

We follow them out of Michael's office.

39 INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - D1

39

Everyone has gathered in the middle of the floor. Angela and Meredith enter from outside.

(Everyone)

Surprise!

Meredith looks at Angela.

MEREDITH

(to Angela)

Oh! Surprise!

ANGELA

No, it's--

MICHAEL

Surprise, Meredith!

MEREDITH

Me? Oh. Wow. What?

Tense beat.

MICHAEL

Three, four, "Happy Birthday to You!"

Everyone joins in and starts singing.

MICHAEL

Cha cha cha!

STAFF

Happy birthday to you!

MICHAEL

Cha cha cha!

40 INT. WAREHOUSE - D1

40

Jim helps Dwight climb inside a large cardboard toilet paper box on the warehouse floor.

JIM

This isn't gonna work. The lid's open.

DWIGHT

(pops head out)  
Well, tape it down.

JIM

I can't let you do it. You won't be able to breathe.

DWIGHT

I can breathe fine, but if it'll make you feel better, I'll poke holes in the box.

JIM

Thanks. Should I...stay down here with you? Stand next to the box?

DWIGHT

(annoyed)  
No! You have to be upstairs at the party so people don't notice we're both gone.

JIM

Good. That's smart. Good thinking.

Jim closes the box, and whips out a packing tape dispenser. Very quickly and firmly he tapes the box shut.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Do I think the Alliance can work?  
Sure it can.

41. DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

41

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

The only question is: can Jim handle the pressure? I know what I'm capable of. But is Jim up to the task?

42. INT. WAREHOUSE - D1

42

Wide shot of the box, on the floor of the empty warehouse. We hear Dwight's heavy breathing.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

I guess we'll find out.

FADE TO BLACK.



ACT TWO

43 INT. OFFICE - D1

43

The party marches on. Meredith talks to Michael.

MICHAEL

Come on, admit it! You were surprised, right?

MEREDITH

Well, yes. I mean, my birthday isn't until--

MICHAEL

But you were surprised? Great. Feel like your happiness level is--  
(whistles)  
--back up here?

He nods knowingly at the camera.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Good. Excellent.  
(takes a bite of cake)  
Did you get cake?

MEREDITH

I...can't. Dairy.

MICHAEL

Oh.  
(eating)  
Too bad. It's really good.

He puts it down, disgusted.

44 INT. OFFICE - PARTY - LATER

44

Phyllis and Angela stare at some red streamers hung up depressingly between two file cabinets.

ANGELA

I think red was the right choice.

Phyllis nods.

45 INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

45

Quick shot of the box in the middle of the floor.

CUT TO:

46 INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION DESK - D1

46

Jim and Pam eating cake.

PAM  
(delighted)  
He's in a box?

JIM  
Yes. He's in a box on the floor near  
the shelves. Go down there. Work your  
magic.

Kevin approaches, eyes a piece on a plate next to Jim.

KEVIN  
Is that somebody's?

JIM  
Yeah -- I'm saving it for Dwight.

Kevin leaves. Jim starts eating the cake.

CUT TO:

47 INT. WAREHOUSE - D1

47

We see the box on the floor, and HEAR Dwight's breathing.

PAN OVER TO:

Pam, watching, delighted. She takes out her cell phone and  
moves to a spot where Dwight can kind of see her through his  
crudely poked-out eyeholes.

PAM  
(hushed tones; into phone)  
Where is everybody? We're supposed to  
-- I know, but...this is too  
important...

Pan over to the box: it's LEANING forward, as Dwight  
struggles to hear. Pam walks out of view of his eyeholes.  
From inside the box, a Swiss Army knife pokes a new hole so  
Dwight can follow her.

PAM  
I got another fax from Corporate and  
it said specifically...

Pam starts to mumble and turns away. The box leans over  
just a little too far, then TIPS OVER onto its side.

DWIGHT (O.S.)

Oof.

Pam quickly walks off.

CUT TO:

48 INT. OFFICE - PARTY - D1

48

Michael and Jim. Michael's still eating cake.

MICHAEL

So. Good party, right? Just a little something I came up with to boost morale. No big deal.

JIM

Speaking of which, I have to say, I'm impressed at your donation to Oscar's charity thing. Twenty-five bucks.

MICHAEL

Well, money isn't everything, Jim. It's not the key to happiness. You know what is? Joy. You should remember that. Maybe you'd give more than three dollars.

JIM

Well, three dollars a mile is going to end up being like...fifty bucks. I mean, I can't even calculate how much you'll have to give.

Michael suddenly realizes what he's done. He looks horrified.

49 INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - SPY SHOT THROUGH BLINDS - D1

49

Michael, still wearing his party hat, talks to Oscar.

MICHAEL

It's just that I thought it was a flat, one-time \$25 donation. Not a "per-mile" type of deal.

OSCAR

(gentle but firm)  
Well, that's what a walk-a-thon is. I mean, it says right on the sheet that it's however-many-dollars per mile.

MICHAEL  
(looking at the sheet)  
Huh. So...it...does.

OSCAR  
I just think it's...kind of cheap to  
"undonate" money to a charity.

MICHAEL  
Well I certainly...I mean, the money  
was never an issue. It was just  
the...ethics. Of the thing.  
(after a beat; a new tack)  
So. Your nephew. He's in good shape?  
How many miles did he walk last year?

OSCAR  
Last year he walked eighteen.

MICHAEL  
(involuntarily)  
Son of a bitch.  
(instantly catches himself;  
almost without stopping)  
--that's impressive! Wow. Good for  
him.

CUT TO:

50 INT. WAREHOUSE - D1

50

We see the little saw from a Swiss Army Knife sawing at the  
box from inside.

CUT TO:

51 INT. OFFICE PARTY - D1

51

Everyone still in party hats. Music still playing. Oscar  
talks to Kevin and Stanley. Michael comes over.

MICHAEL  
Hey -- Oscar?  
(aware of camera)  
Just...no big deal, but I think that  
in the future you should make it  
clear that your nephew is just doing  
this walk-a-thon. And that he doesn't  
have cerebral palsy.

OSCAR  
Michael, I never suggested--

MICHAEL

Well, I know you didn't intend to.  
But I got the idea-- anyway, it's  
just not... ethical to make people  
think something, you know, and prey  
on their emotions.

OSCAR

Michael--

MICHAEL

All I'm saying is play fair, okay?  
That's all. Play fair.

CUT TO:

52 INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER - D1

52

Dwight struggles, and eventually saws his way out of the  
box, spilling forward onto his face. DARRYL, a warehouse  
worker watches, expressionless.

DWIGHT

That box was defective. You might  
want to check some of the other ones.

CUT TO:

53 INT. OFFICE - PARTY - D1

53

Everyone is gathering. Pam hands Meredith the card.

PAM

Here you go. Happy birthday!

MICHAEL

Read it out loud. And say who wrote  
everything, so we know whose is the  
best.

MEREDITH

Um, "Meredith, good news: you're not  
actually a year older, because you  
work here, where time stands still."

Laughter.

MICHAEL

I don't know about that--

MEREDITH (CONT'D)

That was Stanley. "Meredith, happy birthday. You're the best, Love, Pam."

Lot of warm "aw"s. Michael, misinterpreting, frowns.

MICHAEL

Yuck. I know!  
(to Pam)  
Thanks, downer.

MEREDITH

And here's Michael: "Meredith: Let's hope the only downsizing that happens to you, is that someone downsizes your age!"

No one laughs. Beat.

MICHAEL

(frustrated)  
Because of the downsizing! Rumors.  
Plus, you're getting old.

MEREDITH

No, I get it -- it's funny.

MICHAEL

It would have been, if you'd just sold it a little. Well, okay, you didn't get the joke -- no problem. There were other good ones that I didn't go with. Like, like...

Michael takes out several folded up pieces of paper.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

--how about this: "Hey, Liz Taylor called. She wants her age back and her divorces back."

(nothing)

Because Meredith is divorced...  
twice. Right? Or is that--

MEREDITH

No, you're...right.

MICHAEL

Okay, how about this: "Meredith is so old."

(beat)

(MORE)

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30.

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
Now you're all supposed to, you  
know... "Meredith is so old --"

RYAN/KEVIN/TOBY/OTHERS  
(disjointed; murmuring)  
"How old is she?"

MICHAEL  
Right. Good. Um, "She's so old, she  
took her driver's test on a  
dinosaur." Or, "Yo mamma so old--" I  
mean, sorry, "Meredith is so old, she  
went into an antique store and they  
kept her."

One person audibly coughs.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Well those weren't even mine. I got  
them from a website, so...don't get  
mad at me.

CUT TO:

54 INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION DESK - LATER - D1

54

Dwight approaches Ryan at Reception.

DWIGHT  
I'm only going to ask you this once.  
Are you part of an alliance?

RYAN  
...What?

DWIGHT  
(beat)  
Well played.

CUT TO:

55 INT. OFFICE - PARTY - A LITTLE LATER - D1

55

MICHAEL  
Or, okay, totally new area. "What's  
the difference between Meredith and  
Michael Jackson? Michael Jackson's  
surgery was unnecessary." Do you get  
it?

MEREDITH  
You're talking about my hysterectomy.

MICHAEL

Yes. Thank you. She gets it.  
(to docu guy behind camera)  
You can just take the best one of  
these, right? Pick the biggest laugh.

PAN TO:

Meredith. Michael's attempts at humor have left her on the  
verge of tears. It's all so horrible and unexpected.

PAN BACK TO:

Michael, looking unsure and awkward. There's a beat of sad  
silence.

MICHAEL

(embarrassed mumbling)  
Aw...that's not...

ANGLE ON: Meredith. Kevin comes over and awkwardly slaps her  
on the back. Pam comforts her.

MICHAEL

Come on. It's just a joke, right?  
Don't comfort her. She doesn't need  
comforting. It's just...she's being  
kind of unprofessional, if you ask  
me...

OSCAR

Nice party, Michael.

MICHAEL

Well it's not my fault! I mean...  
(turns to Angela and Phyllis)  
I don't know. Not one of your better  
efforts, ladies. I mean, this is the  
best you could do? Look at those  
pathetic streamers.

ANGELA

Phyllis wanted red. I didn't.

PHYLLIS

(shaky)  
Oh boy.

Michael is flailing. His last-ditch effort:



MICHAEL

Well, here's the thing: Let's remember what's really important here. I didn't want to...flaunt this. But.

(takes out his wallet)  
I have made a sizeable cash donation to Oscar's nephew's walk-a-thon. I have pledged twenty-five dollars.

OSCAR

Per mile.

MICHAEL

Right. Thank you, Oscar. Twenty-five dollars a mile, times eighteen miles, is...

He counts the cash.

ANGLE ON: Jim and Pam, standing together, watching.

PAM

(quietly)  
Smile, Michael. Big smile.

ANGLE ON: Michael.

MICHAEL

...I only have...about two hundred...

OSCAR

It'll be more than that.

MICHAEL

I know. So here you go. \*

He takes out his checkbook, writes a check.

MICHAEL (CONT'D) \*

Don't...cash that until Friday. \*

CUT TO:

56 MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

56

MICHAEL

When I retire, I don't want to just disappear to some island somewhere. I want to be the guy who gives everything back.

(MORE)

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MICHAEL (cont'd)

I want it to be like, "Oh, who  
donated this hospital wing? That's  
saving so many lives?" "I don't know.  
It was anonymous." "Well, guess what?  
(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
It was Michael Scott." "It was  
anonymous, how do you know?" "Because  
I'm him."

He stares meaningfully at the camera.

CUT TO:

57 OMITTED

57 \*

58 INT. OFFICE - JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESKS - LATER - D1

58 \*

Jim and Dwight confer silently. Dwight looks very serious.  
Jim, eating cake, is explaining something in great detail.

CUT TO:

59 INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION DESK - LATER - D1

59

Jim comes running up.

JIM

Okay -- I have something that will  
top the box!

PAM

Ooh, tell me! Tell me!

He puts his hands on her shoulders, whispers into her ear.

JIM

I convinced him he needs to go to  
Stamford, to spy on the other branch.  
But then I told him he should dye his  
hair--

(she giggles)

--right? To go undercover.

(MORE)

JIM (cont'd)

If we can get him to peroxide his  
hair and drive to Connecticut--

ROY (O.S.)

What the hell is this?

Jim guiltily jumps away. Roy comes over looking annoyed.

JIM

Oh. Hey.

ROY

Trying to cop a feel, Jim?

PAM

Roy, stop.

JIM

(flustered)

Look, man, we're just -- God, I don't  
even know how to explain this. Dwight  
asked me to form an "alliance" with  
him. And we've just been messing  
around with him because of this  
"alliance" thing.

(aware this sounds stupid)

It's nothing. Just dumb office  
pranks.

ANGLE ON: Dwight stands nearby; he's heard this. Roy looks  
over at him.

ROY

(to Dwight)

An "alliance?" What's he talking  
about?

DWIGHT

I have absolutely no idea.

Roy glowers at Jim, grabs Pam, walks off. ANGLE ON: Jim,  
completely deflated, his great day suddenly in shambles. He  
wanders back to his desk and sits down, miserable.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Do I feel bad about betraying Jim?

Not at all. That was the game --

convince him we're in an "Alliance"  
together, use him for info, then toss  
him to the wolves.

60 DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

60

Dwight has WHITE BLONDE peroxidized hair.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
It's called politics, baby. It's  
about getting what you can out of  
people and then destroying them. In  
the end, I think Jim learned his  
lesson.

JIM (O.S.)  
What lesson is that, Dwight?

WIDEN TO REVEAL: Jim, who has been standing nearby,  
listening. Beat. Dwight doesn't have an answer.

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

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36.

TAG

61 INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - EVENING - N1

61

Michael sits in his office. Toby and Ryan walk by at the end of the day.

                  TOBY  
Oh really?

                  RYAN  
Yeah.

                  TOBY  
Wow. Happy birthday.

                  RYAN  
Thanks.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW