

the office

Michael's Birthday

Written by

Gene Stupnitsky
&
Lee Eisenberg

Directed by

Ken Whittingham

Production Office:
13927 Saticoy Street
Van Nuys, CA 91402
(818) 786-6666

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COLD OPEN

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

MICHAEL is standing next to an easel. On the easel are a bunch of numbers and simple equations. Beside it is a crude display of calling cards.

OSCAR, JIM, RYAN, TOBY, CREED, STANLEY and DWIGHT are sitting in chairs watching him. Dwight is feverishly taking notes. Creed is studying a pamphlet.

MICHAEL

So Phil recruited me to sell these cards, and now I am recruiting you.

OSCAR

Who is this guy again?

MICHAEL

Don't worry about Phil. He drives a Corvette. He's doing just fine.

DWIGHT

What color is it? Yellow?

MICHAEL

(pressing on)

Just -- calling cards are the future. They sell themselves.

RYAN

Who uses calling cards anymore?

MICHAEL

Great attitude, Ryan. Just trying to get you to invest in your future.

STANLEY

We do invest. We have our 401k.

MICHAEL

Well, with this, I promise you'll make much more than 401k, Stanley.

OSCAR

This sounds like a get-rich-quick scheme.

MICHAEL

Yes! Thank you. You will get rich quick. We all will.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOBY

Didn't you lose a lot of money from that other investment -- the one from the e-mail?

MICHAEL

What don't you understand, Toby? His dad RAN THE FREAKIN' COUNTRY. And when the son of the deposed King of Nigeria e-mails you directly asking for help, you help. Okay?

JIM

Absolutely.

MICHAEL

Now raise your hand if you wanna get rich.

Jim raises a hand.

JIM

How is this not a pyramid scheme?

MICHAEL

Ugh, I'll show you again.

Michael rips off the old paper and proceeds to draw on the pad. His body blocks the board. Finally, he reveals it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Get it? Not a pyramid scheme.

We see that Michael's drawn a series of stick figures in the shape of a pyramid. Jim walks up, takes the sharpie and draws a perfect triangle around the stick figures.

Michael stares at Jim's pyramid. He slowly tilts his head to the side, viewing it from a different angle.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I gotta go make a phone call.

Michael runs out of the room.

CREED

(to the guys, conspiratorially)
You know what I think? We can do this without him.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - DAY - D1

PAM is at reception. Michael swings open the door to the office and looks in, as if expecting a surprise.

He's wearing a new suit, clearly a bolder choice than navy pinstripe, and carrying a large plastic bag. He approaches Pam, a spring in his step.

MICHAEL
Can you feel it?

PAM
What?

MICHAEL
(announcer voice)
It's... Pam-demonium!

Pam smiles, hands him his messages.

PAM
Happy birthday, Michael.

Michael looks around to see if anyone else heard. Nobody seems to be paying attention.

MICHAEL
(raised voice)
What?

PAM
I said, "happy birthday."

Michael looks around. Still nothing.

MICHAEL
(tickled)
Are you excited?

PAM
Mm-hmn.

MICHAEL
Is everyone else freaking out?

PAM
Mm-hmn.

(CONTINUED)

Michael smiles ear to ear.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

Yes, today is my b-day, and people around here go crazy for it. I know I'm biased, but it's really the best day ever: it's the first day of spring -- give or take a week -- and it usually rains. Which I love. Plus, fun fact, I share my birthday with Eva Longoria, so I have the perfect ice-breaker if I ever meet Teri Hatcher.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS - D1

Michael and Pam. Michael's modelling his suit. Jim walks over.

JIM

New suit?

MICHAEL

From Europe.
(then, remembering)
No, Italy.

PAM

It's Michael's birthday.

JIM

Oh, happy birthday, man.

MICHAEL

(touched)
Wow. Thanks for remembering.

KEVIN enters for the day. He's ashen-faced and has a band-aid on his neck.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You're late.

KEVIN

(continuing to his desk)
Sorry.

MICHAEL

(calling after)
But I forgive you, good sir, because doth it is my birthday.

(CONTINUED)

Jim glances to camera.

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM

Michael makes a pretty big deal out of his birthday. A couple of years ago, it fell on a Saturday so we observed it on a Friday. And again the following Monday.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

Michael's seated at his desk. Dwight enters, a huge smile on his face.

DWIGHT

Yessss... There he is. The big four-one... Birthday hug.

Dwight comes around to hug Michael.

MICHAEL

No hugs. This is a new suit. And I'm more like thirty-six, maybe thirty-seven.

DWIGHT

But you are forty-one.

Dwight awkwardly shakes Michael's hand, while they both smile at the camera.

MICHAEL

Yes, wise beyond my years. Probably closer to fifty, if you count it that way.

(then)

Alright, enough. Stop mugging for the cameras.

DWIGHT

Question: may I organize office festivities?

MICHAEL

Not necessary. The party planning committee has been working twenty-four/seven on it for the last few days.

DWIGHT

Well good. On my end, I reserved the--

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Bzzz. Not in front of the camera.
That's a surprise, too.

DWIGHT

(raising the roof)
Oh, yeah.

MICHAEL

(patient)
That's not how I taught you.

The two of them "raise the roof" together.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - D1

Dwight sets up a poster-size photo of Michael (from Season One) on an easel, with a sharpie hanging from it.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Michael's birthday is the best day of the year.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

He gets very excited, but he also feels a lot of pressure, which builds inside of him until he's ready to explode. As his right hand man, it's my job to release that pressure so he can enjoy himself, if only for a moment. And if things come to a head, Michael likes me around to clean up the mess.

INT. BREAK ROOM - D1

Kevin's getting a soda. MEREDITH enters.

MEREDITH

Did you hear anything yet?

KEVIN

No. Still waiting.

She hugs him.

MEREDITH

Well, if you want to go out later and do some shots and talk about it -- or not talk about it -- just let me know.

INT. KITCHEN - D1

SPY SHOT: Michael pulls a box of doughnuts out of the plastic bag he brought into work and places it on the counter. Michael goes to the coffee-maker and puts his hand on the handle. He looks to the door and waits.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - D1

Pam, ANGELA and PHYLLIS sit around the table. The Party Planning Committee is in session.

PHYLLIS
When should we bring out the cake? One
or one-thirty?

PAM
One's good.

ANGELA
(authoritatively)
One-thirty.

Pam yawns.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(to Pam)
I'm sorry, are we boring you?

Before Pam can answer, Dwight enters. He's holding a clipboard.

DWIGHT
Okay, listen up. Michael would like
trick candles for his cake, so make that
a priority.

PHYLLIS
Where do we get those?

DWIGHT
Not my problem. Also, here's a list of
things Michael would like to be surprised
by.

He hands it to Pam, who looks it over.

PAM
How are these surprises if he's telling
us to do them?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM (CONT'D)
(re: list)
He wants a stripper-gram?

DWIGHT
Yes, but he doesn't want to know when or whom.

Angela takes the list.

ANGELA
We don't do that here.
(reading list)
Freeze tag? Cotton candy machine?

DWIGHT
That's a rush order.

ANGELA
This is a closed-door meeting.

Angela glares at Dwight. Dwight looks away, then exits.

PHYLLIS
I could call my neighbor's daughter.
(whispers)
She dances.

INT. KITCHEN - D1

The box of doughnuts sits on the counter. Michael still stands at the coffee maker, waiting. Stanley enters and Michael immediately starts pouring himself a cup, as if he just got there.

MICHAEL
(noticing)
Oh, looks like someone brought in doughnuts for my birthday.

STANLEY
(concerned with donuts)
Happy birthday. Are these donuts cream-filled?

MICHAEL
I don't know. So are you excited for today?

STANLEY
Why?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
(frustrated)
Because it's my -- forget it.

Toby enters.

TOBY
Who brought in doughnuts?

MICHAEL
Oh, looks like someone brought them in
for my birthday.

TOBY
Oh. Happy birthday, Michael.

Toby reaches for the doughnuts. Michael closes the lid.

MICHAEL
You didn't know it was my birthday?

TOBY
I guess I forgot.

MICHAEL
Well, I guess I forgot to give you a
doughnut.

Michael takes the box and walks out.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

SPY SHOT: Michael's seated at his desk, eating from the box
of doughnuts. He's on the phone.

MICHAEL
(on phone)
And just have it say in icing, "Happy
birthday, boss. We love you."

His intercom goes off.

PAM (O.S.)
(on intercom)
Michael, Jan's on line one.

MICHAEL
(into phone)
I'll call you back.
(then, to intercom)
Put her through.

(CONTINUED)

JAN (O.S.)
(on phone)
Hello, Michael. I'm returning your call.
You said it was urgent?

MICHAEL
Yes. It is absolutely urgent. I was
calling to wish you a happy birthday.

JAN (O.S.)
(on phone)
Today is not my birthday, Michael.

MICHAEL
Oh, because I thought we had the same
birthday.

Long pause.

JAN (O.S.)
(on phone)
Happy birthday, Michael.

MICHAEL
Thanks. And if you want to come by...

JAN (O.S.)
No.

MICHAEL
Well, if you change your mind, we'll be
having cake at one--

JAN
Happy birthday.

Jan hangs up.

MICHAEL
(remembering)
No, one-thirty.
(then, to himself)
I'll call her back.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - D1

Michael walks up to Pam.

MICHAEL
Any messages?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM
No.

MICHAEL
Faxes? Or presents? Cards -- business
cards or birthday cards?

PAM
Nothing. Sorry.

A plain-looking UPS DELIVERY WOMAN enters with a package.

DELIVERY WOMAN
(to Pam)
I have a package for Michael Scott.

MICHAEL
(lascivious)
Ooh, package! I'm Michael Scott.

The delivery woman looks confused. She hands him the package.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Dwight, give me your chair.

Dwight rolls his chair to Michael, who takes a seat.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(to Delivery Woman)
Be gentle.

PAM
(to Delivery Woman)
I can sign for that.

Pam signs and the delivery woman leaves. Michael looks embarrassed. He takes the package and heads to his office.

INT. OFFICE - ACCOUNTING AREA - D1

Angela and Oscar are huddled around Kevin.

OSCAR
Skin cancer is treatable. It's going to
be okay.

ANGELA
(to Oscar)
You don't know it's going to be okay.
Don't give him false hope.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA (CONT'D)
(beat, to Kevin)
It's probably nothing, though.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

Michael's at his desk, bummed. He's picking through the box of doughnuts.

A neon, plug-in poster of JAMES DEAN smoking a cigarette rests against his shelf. The tip of the cigarette is lit up by a red light.

Dwight enters, notices that the poster is a plug-in.

DWIGHT
Wow. Is this from Japan?

MICHAEL
Who cares?
(sulking)
I bet Luke Perry's friends don't treat him like this.

The camera WHIPS to James Dean's face, then back to Michael and Dwight.

DWIGHT
Talk to me, Michael.

MICHAEL
My birthday blows, okay? Nobody's signed my birthday picture -- probably because it doesn't look like me.

DWIGHT
It's from last year.

MICHAEL
Well, it's a weird angle and--
(pointing to poster)
Apparently, my mom is the only one who cares enough to get me anything.

DWIGHT
I probably care more than she does.

MICHAEL
Today's been a total suckfest.

DWIGHT
The day is not over. Put me in charge.
I beg you.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Well... It can't get any worse.

DWIGHT

Michael, thank you for believing in me.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - D1

Michael and Dwight are facing Pam, Angela, and Phyllis.

MICHAEL

I'm really disappointed in all of you today.

DWIGHT

We both are.

MICHAEL

Dwight, I'll just -- don't interrupt me.

(then)

Now tell me, what have you planned today for the office?

PHYLLIS

(nervous)

We're gonna have cake.

MICHAEL

And...

PHYLLIS

And...

ANGELA

There is no "and." That's the policy for birthdays. Cake.

MICHAEL

Well, cake's not enough. Maybe I want a sandwich and cake.

DWIGHT

One phone call, I can make that happen.

MICHAEL

(to Angela)

Did you send out a memo?

ANGELA

Pam generates memos, not us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM
Thanks, Angela.

ANGELA
(to Pam)
Well, you do.

MICHAEL
You know what? I wanted a kick-butt
birthday for everyone in this office to
enjoy, but obviously that was too much to
ask. So as of this moment, you're all
relieved of duty.

PAM
(under her breath)
Good.

MICHAEL
Except Pam.
(to Pam)
We'll organize an emergency committee.
This committee's off the case.

Angela stares daggers at Dwight. Dwight looks away.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

Michael is seated at his desk, with Dwight at his side. Pam, Jim, and Ryan stand in front of Michael's desk. The blinds to Michael's office are shut.

MICHAEL

Do you know why you're here?

DWIGHT

(to others)

You're not in trouble.

MICHAEL

The Party Planning committee couldn't fulfill its obligations. I need you to take my b-day to the next level, literally. Can I count on you?

Silence.

DWIGHT

Absolutely.

MICHAEL

Good. Jim, you'll lead the S.C.P.P.C.

DWIGHT

Michael, Jim does not have the skill set necessary to lead the S.C.P.P.C.

JIM

What is... that?

DWIGHT

(quickly)

Super Cool Party Planning Committee. Michael, this is mine.

MICHAEL

No, this is mine. I'm Charlie and you're like the Angels.

Michael looks at Ryan, who shifts uncomfortably.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Jim, you'll lead. Dwight, you do all the heavy lifting. Pam, you'll be Lucy Liu. And Ryan, you stay here with me in case of an emergency.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

What emergency?

MICHAEL

Well, let's hope it doesn't come to that.

DWIGHT

(seething)

I won't serve under Jim.

MICHAEL

Fine. Ryan, call Stanley--

DWIGHT

Michael! No!

PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM

Never in my wildest dreams did I think that the Party Planning Committee would be disbanded and in its place a new, elite super-duper-secret organization would form.

(yawns)

Sometimes I feel like my life is a movie.

INT. KITCHEN - D1

Kevin is sitting quietly at a table by himself. Jim enters.

JIM

Hey. What's up, Kev?

KEVIN

Hey...

JIM

You all right?

KEVIN

No. I'm waiting to hear from the doctor.
(pointing to band-aid)

They had to remove a mole. It might be cancerous.

Jim sits down next to Kevin.

JIM

Sorry, man. When do you find out?

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

This afternoon, maybe. They said they wanted a second opinion.

Kelly enters, goes to the refrigerator.

KELLY

Second opinion on what?

KEVIN

I might have skin cancer.

KELLY

Oh no! I was watching "Grey's Anatomy" and there was a lifeguard on it and he had skin cancer, too.

JIM

Kelly--

KELLY

(to her self)
Or maybe it was "ER."

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

SPY SHOT: Michael's seated at his desk. Ryan is seated in the corner.

RYAN

Can I go back to my desk now?

MICHAEL

No, it's my birthday. Tomorrow.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - D1

Dwight's on the phone.

DWIGHT

(on phone)
...If you're serious about paper, I think Dunder Miff--

Dwight's watch alarm DINGS. He quickly hangs up the phone.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Michael! Michael!

Michael comes out of his office, followed by an annoyed-looking Ryan.

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

(to Michael)

It's 11:23 -- the very minute you exited
your mother's vaginal canal.

(offering his chair)

Take a seat.

Pam and Jim exchange a look. Michael excitedly takes a seat.
In the background, we catch Meredith squeezing Kevin's
shoulder and walking back to her desk.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Everyone, listen up. There's a tradition
the Hebrews have, where they raise the
birthday boy on a chair. So come over.
Give me a hand to celebrate Michael's
birth.

MICHAEL

Finally. This is what I'm talking about.

Nobody moves.

DWIGHT

Come on. Stanley.

STANLEY

Not happening.

DWIGHT

Kevin. Now.

Kevin hesitates.

JIM

(jumping in)

I'll do it.

KEVIN

(to Jim)

Thanks, man.

OSCAR

I'll help.

Ryan heads over and the guys gather around Michael's chair.

DWIGHT

Happy birth-moment, Michael.

(CONTINUED)

The guys lift him up and Michael's head hits the ceiling tile.

MICHAEL

Watch it!

They lower him a little, but still hold him up.

RYAN

How long do we have to hold him up?

DWIGHT

Hmmm... Not really sure. Anybody here Jewish?

Creed stands up.

CREED

Right here.

MICHAEL

Creed, you're Jewish?

CREED

Jewish? Oh, I thought you said Druid.

Creed sits back down.

MICHAEL

Just put me down.

The guys carefully put Michael down.

INT. KITCHEN - D1

Jim and Pam are sitting at the table, drinking coffee.

PAM

When does he hear?

JIM

He's supposed to hear today.

PAM

Poor Kevin.

Jim takes a sip of his coffee.

JIM (V.O.)

Do I think I'm living each day as if it's my last?

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM
Absolutely. I feel like each day is my last.
(then)
Wait, did I answer the question?

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS - D1

Jim and Pam.

PAM
I feel like we should get Kevin something. Flowers?

JIM
Don't think he's a big flower guy. We should shop around till we find just the right thing.

PAM
Yeah, we should.

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

Jim and Dwight are at their desks.

JIM
Hey, Dwight, I gotta run to the bathroom. Can you be in charge of "Scppc" for a second?

DWIGHT
It's pronounced "S.C.P.P.C." And yes. Going to the bathroom is the smartest thing you've done all day.

Jim stands, grabs his wallet and keys. Pam gets up from reception.

PAM
(exiting)
Hey, Jim, I need to go down to the warehouse and check on birthday supplies. I'll be right back.

DWIGHT
I'm in charge now. Permission granted.

(CONTINUED)

Dwight goes back to his computer. Jim starts for the bathroom, quickly turns around and exits the office with Pam.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

Michael is showing Ryan the poster.

RYAN

You should get one with James Dean.

MICHAEL

Yeah, maybe next year.

(then, pointing to poster)

You know what's cool about this? If I shut off all the lights and close the blinds, all you would see is the tip.

RYAN

Please don't do that.

Oscar knocks on Michael's door and enters. He drops a folder into Michael's inbox and starts for the door.

MICHAEL

(to Oscar)

Hey, frowny-face. Did you know it takes more muscles to frown than smile? Think about that.

OSCAR

Sorry, Michael. I guess I'm not in a celebrating mood.

MICHAEL

Well, I'll remember that come Cinco de Mayo when you ask if you can march in the parade.

Oscar exits.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(to Ryan)

Did you know that? About frowns and smiles?

Ryan frowns.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - D1

A DELIVERY GUY enters with the subs. Dwight walks over. The delivery guy hands him a box of subs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DWIGHT

That is not an eight-foot sub.

DELIVERY GUY

We don't make an eight-foot sub. This is eight, one-foot subs.

DWIGHT

F. What's the damage?

DELIVERY GUY

Forty-four even.

Dwight hands him exact change. The guy stands there, waiting for a tip. Dwight stares him down.

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Why tip someone for a job that I'm capable of doing myself?

The delivery guy turns and leaves.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

I can deliver food. I can drive a taxi.
I can and do cut my own hair.

(beat)

I did, however, tip my urologist because I am not able to pulverize my own kidney stones.

INT. BREAK ROOM - D1

Everyone's there except Pam and Jim. They're examining the sandwiches. Michael is chowing down.

OSCAR

What is this?

DWIGHT

Bologna, tomato, and ketchup.

MICHAEL

The best.

STANLEY

These are all the same.

ANGELA

I don't eat bologna.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Then eat the tomato and ketchup. Still good.

ANGELA

No.

MICHAEL

Fine, then starve.

Michael scoops up all of the sandwiches and exits. People head back to their desks.

INT. RITE-AID - D1

Jim, pushing a shopping cart, and Pam stand in front of a greeting cards display. Jim takes one, holds it up to Pam.

PAM

This is a weird thing to shop for.

JIM

Not much of a selection for cancer.

PAM

Too bad he didn't just have a baby.

Pam does a Vanna White-like movement to display the cards.

INT. KITCHEN - D1

SPY SHOT: Dwight is removing Michael's cake from the freezer. Ryan is making a peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

DWIGHT

You know, Temp, there's still five feet of sandwich left.

RYAN

Someone ate three feet of that?

Angela enters, heads for the refrigerator. Dwight turns to face her.

DWIGHT

Hello.

She ignores him.

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
(whispers, to Angela)
Look, it's the most important day of the
year, okay? I just can't take any
chances.

ANGELA
(reaching in)
Excuse me.

DWIGHT
What about that meeting later?
(peering at Ryan)
Can we still go over those figures?

ANGELA
(whispers)
Yes. But don't expect any cookie.

DWIGHT
(flirtatious)
But I'm hungry.

Ryan looks up, horrified.

ANGELA
No cookie.

Angela takes her yogurt and exits.

RYAN TALKING HEAD

RYAN
I can't believe I'm saying this, but I
wish I stayed in Michael's office.

INT. RITE-AID - D1

Jim and Pam continue to stroll the aisles. The cart is
filling up. (Jim and Pam address the camera, like a walking
TALKING HEAD)

JIM
(to camera)
So we got Kevin some stuff.
(lifting up various items)
A party pack of M&M's -- his favorite
candy. The DVD for "Days of Thunder" --
his favorite movie -- that I know for a
fact he lent to Creed and will never get
back--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM
(to camera)
Sixty-nine cup o' soups--

JIM
Which we realize is crass, but is in fact
his favorite number.

PAM
And his favorite lunch.
(then)
Oh, and we got Michael a--

JIM
Present that we'll give to him later.

Jim passes a row of fabric softener. He tosses one into the cart.

PAM
You use fabric softener?

JIM
Yeah... You don't?

PAM
No, I do.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - D1

Michael, along with everyone else, is gathered around Pam's desk. Everyone looks put-out. People are constantly looking over to Kevin.

Dwight walks out of the kitchen carrying a lit birthday cake.

DWIGHT
(singing)
Happy birthday to you... Happy birthday
to you... Come on. Everyone!

People start singing along.

MICHAEL
(quiet)
Thank you.

EVERYONE
Happy birthday dear Michael...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kevin's cell phone RINGS. Oscar stops singing, looks to Kevin, followed by Meredith and Angela.

DWIGHT
(singing alone)
Happy birthday to you.

Kevin answers his phone.

KEVIN
(into phone, nervous)
Hello?

MICHAEL
(oblivious)
Have some respect, Kevin.

KEVIN
(into phone)
Okay. Thanks.

ANGELA
(to Kevin)
What'd they say?

KEVIN
They said they'll know by the end of the day.

MICHAEL
Are you done? Good.

Michael blows out his candles, waiting for the trick candles to re-light.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(to Dwight)
I asked for the trick ones.

DWIGHT
Pam's in the warehouse looking for them.

MICHAEL
Fine, when she comes back, we can do it again.

Meredith and Kelly go to Kevin, give him a hug.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Hello, over here? Remember me? The guy that hasn't gotten a single hug all day?

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

No one cares about your birthday. Kevin might have cancer.

MICHAEL

(knee-jerk)

Cancer? Dammit... The timing... God... That really sucks...

Michael kicks a chair. Everyone stares at him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Because he's so young... Such a waste of a day... of days... I am so angry...

Michael takes the cake and heads back to his office. He knocks the Season One poster of himself to the floor.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

That doesn't even look like me.

He enters his office and slams the door.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

On my twentieth birthday, my supposed "best friend," Sam Ambrose, ditched me for his twin sister's sweet sixteen party. Like I didn't want to go. That was my worst birthday. Until today.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. RITE-AID - DAY - D1

Jim and Pam walk past an empty register. An intercom microphone rests on the counter.

PAM
(checks watch)
We should probably head back. You've been in the bathroom for over an hour.

JIM
Yeah, okay.
(notices intercom)
Hey, I dare you to make an announcement.

PAM
You "dare" me? How old are you?

Pam walks over to it, looks around.

PAM (CONT'D)
This is probably illegal.

JIM
Quit stalling.

She picks up the microphone.

PAM
(into intercom, a la Star Wars)
Luke, this is your father. Set the table for dinner.

JIM
(I love you)
Such a dork.

PAM
(into intercom)
Jim, clean up on aisle zero, clean up on aisle--

CLERK (O.S.)
Ma'am, that is not a toy. Please put it down.

Pam turns to see a CLERK, arms folded, staring at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAM
(into intercom)
Sorry.
(then, regular voice)
Sorry.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

Michael's at his desk. Ryan walks in with some papers.

RYAN
I got that information on skin cancer you
wanted.
(reading)
Thirty-five thousand Americans are
diagnosed with skin cancer each--

MICHAEL
(pointing at camera)
Don't tell me. Tell the camera.

Ryan looks at the camera, looks back at Michael, then starts
to read to the camera.

RYAN
Thirty-five thousand Americans are
diagnosed with...

INT. OFFICE - ACCOUNTING AREA - D1

Kevin is at his desk, trying to work. Suddenly, he looks to
his right to find Dwight standing at copier, staring at him.

KEVIN
Can you please stop staring at me?

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT
It's crazy to think that a man's skin
could turn on him. It's brilliant
because you'd never expect it. Most
people think of their skin as an ally.
Makes me rethink having skin at all.

INT. RITE-AID - D1

Jim and Pam are in the check-out line. A young CASHIER is
finishing bagging up their purchases. The cashier keeps
looking to his right, where a cute SALESCLERK is helping a
customer find the right batteries.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She look up and catches the cashier's eye, smiles, and goes back to work. He continues bagging.

Jim and Pam notice the exchange. They smile at one another and look away. The cashier hands Jim the bags.

JIM

(to cashier)

Thanks.

(then, to Pam)

Ready?

PAM

Yup.

INT. OFFICE ANNEX - TOBY'S DESK - D1

Toby's running down the company's plan to Kevin.

TOBY

Honestly, our health plan could be better. Is there any way you could get on your fiancee's plan?

Michael enters.

MICHAEL

(to Kevin, waving papers)

There you are! Great news. I did some research and, as it turns out, skin cancer is not serious. Ninety-nine percent of people recover from it.

KEVIN

Still scary.

MICHAEL

Well, it's not brain cancer. And I really don't think it should stop us from having fun. You know what the best medicine is?

KEVIN

The doctor said it's a combination of interleukin-two and interferon.

MICHAEL

Yes. That and laughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOBY

It doesn't really feel like people are in the laughing mood.

MICHAEL

(to Toby)

Why are you even here? I didn't invite you to my birthday party.

TOBY

I work here.

MICHAEL

Since Toby doesn't speak for everyone, Kevin, as your boss, I give you permission to use a sick day and take the rest of the afternoon off. You've earned it.

KEVIN

If I go home now, I'll just drive myself crazy.

MICHAEL

Well... you're kinda driving everyone around here crazy.

(off Toby's look)

Crazy with worry. I'll be in my office.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

SPY SHOT: Michael is in his office. His desk is now covered with his CAKE, the DOUGHNUTS and the remaining FIVE SUBS. He's carefully cutting into the yellow coil from a steel measuring tape.

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

Pam and Jim head back in. Jim takes his seat. Dwight turns to him.

DWIGHT

Where have you been, and don't say the bathroom because I kicked in all the stalls?

JIM

That's an invasion of privacy. I'm telling Michael.

Michael exits his office.

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

(nervous, to Jim)
Please don't say anything.

JIM

You owe me.

MICHAEL

Excuse me. Can I have everyone's attention? We're all shocked about the tragedy that has befallen Dunder Mifflin today. So in honor of Kevin, let's take a second out of our busy day to have a minute of silence. Starting...

(looks at wrist)

Oops. Wrong hand.

The CAMERA ZOOMS IN on Michael's wrist, where we see a homemade "Live Strong" bracelet (made from the measuring tape).

JIM

(re: bracelet)
Did you just make that?

MICHAEL

No, I always wear it.
(then)
Now, minute of silence, starting...
(checks watch)
Go!

PAM

Isn't that for people that've already died?

MICHAEL

Well, I just think it's what Kevin would have wanted.

KEVIN

I'm not dead, Michael.

MICHAEL

(annoyed)
Everyone stop talking, please! All right, you know what? New plan...
(to Kevin)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

To help get your mind off of your terrible illness, we are taking you to a very special place. A magical, wonderful place that is far away from the evil sun.

STANLEY

(to Michael)

No.

(then, to Kevin)

Kevin, I'm praying for you, but because of Michael's birthday, I haven't gotten a single thing done.

MICHAEL

This is not about my birthday! If you don't want to be with your friend, who you may never see again, then that's something you have to live with.

INT. ICE SKATING RINK - D1

Everyone from the office enters. Jim notices something on the wall.

JIM

(to Michael)

Nice.

The Camera WHIPS to the wall to find a large "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, MICHAEL" banner.

MICHAEL

That should not be there.

DWIGHT

I'll get someone to take it down.

MICHAEL

No, it's too late. Just leave it.

(then)

Where's Kevin? Let's get our skate on.

Jim and Pam share a look.

PAM AND JIM TALKING HEAD

PAM

Apparently, Michael threw himself a surprise party.

JIM

And we were all pretty surprised.

INT. ICE SKATING RINK - DAY - D1

Most of the office -- including Pam and Jim -- are filtering onto the ice and gingerly making their way around the rink.

Then, zooming past them is Michael -- and he's actually really good.

JIM
(grasping the railing, to Pam)
Is that Michael?

PAM
Wow.

Michael starts skating backwards.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
I've been skating my whole life.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

By the side of the rink.

MICHAEL
I thought about playing in the NHL, but you're on the road so much, you have no time to spend with your wife and kids. And I really want a wife and kids.

INT. ICE SKATING RINK - D1

SPY SHOT: Angela is lacing up her skates. Dwight walks past her.

DWIGHT
I'm sorry.

She glances up, then continues tying her skates.

INT. ICE SKATING RINK - D1

Michael skates over to Kevin, who's standing around with Toby and Oscar.

MICHAEL
Have you heard yet?

KEVIN
No. Not yet.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
(holding up bracelet)
Live strong.

KEVIN
Okay.

Just then, from behind Michael--

CAROL (O.S.)
Michael?

Michael turns to see CAROL, the realtor, with TWO LITTLE KIDS. He skates over to them.

MICHAEL
(confused)
Carol, is this place on the market?

She smiles politely.

CAROL
No. I don't only sell real-estate. My daughter has a lesson.

MICHAEL
I used to coach.
(then, to kids)
You want to learn how to skate backwards?

Carol smiles.

INT. ICE SKATING RINK - D1

Dwight, bundled up in layers of clothing, skates by himself. Angela skates up to him and hands him something. She skates away.

Dwight looks down and sees a cookie. He smiles and takes a bite.

DWIGHT
(to himself)
Nice.

INT. ICE SKATING RINK - D1

Carol watches, smiling, as Michael shows her daughter how to skate backwards. Over by the wall, Kevin's cell rings. Kevin pulls it out, waits a beat before answering.

(CONTINUED)

Michael notices and skates over to him. He huddles close to Kevin as he answers.

KEVIN
(into phone)
Hello...
(breathing a sigh of relief)
Okay. Okay. Thank you, I will.

Kevin hangs up.

KEVIN (CONT'D)
(to everyone, relieved)
It was negative.

MICHAEL
Dammit! I hate this stupid world!

Michael rips off his "Live Strong" bracelet and throws it to the ground. People look at him strangely.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL
Apparently, in the medical community, negative means positive, which makes absolutely no sense. If we did that in the paper industry -- chaos.

INT. ICE SKATING RINK - D1

Michael and his party, are seated around a long table. There's a small cake for Kevin that reads, "Beat That Cancer" and a larger one for Michael -- "Happy Birthday, Boss. We Love You."

Michael opens a gift. It's a Wilkes-Barre/Scranton Penguins jersey.

MICHAEL
Who's this from?

DWIGHT
(proudly)
Turn it around.

Michael turns it over, and where it should have the player's last name, it says, "FROM DWIGHT." The number is ONE.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
Number one.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
Thanks, Dwight.

PAM
(handing Michael a box)
And this is from all of us.

MICHAEL
You didn't have to--

Michael unwraps it and finds a new George Foreman Grill.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Wow. I love these.

PAM
We thought you did.

Jim smiles at Pam.

INT. ICE SKATING RINK - D1

Pam and Jim are on the ice together, laughing and having a good time.

PAM (V.O.)
Michael's birthday was actually pretty fun.

PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM
I don't know.
(shrugs)
It was a good day. I don't know.

END OF SHOW