

THE OFFICE

"The Farm"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. LOBBY - MORNING

Creed is on the elevator, waiting for the doors to close, reading the paper.

DWIGHT (O.S.)

Hold it!

Creed holds the door as Dwight jogs on. Dwight is wearing formal tuxedo tails and a top hat, and he carries two tin buckets of dirt. Creed looks him over.

CREED

(something's different)

Haircut?

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Dwight enters and Erin sees his outfit.

ERIN

Dwight, wonderful! So funny. It's only nine a.m. and already you've put two smiles on my face -- one when I first saw you just now, and now.

DWIGHT

I am dressed according to the Schrute codes of mourning.

(to room)

My Aunt Shirley has died.

Erin keeps her smile but it becomes very confused. People look over.

PAM

I'm sorry, Dwight. Were you close?

DWIGHT

I would say that she raised me but let's not kid each other, I raised myself. She was, however, the closest thing I had to a mother.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

My actual mother was very cold and distant. I'd say she was the closest thing I had to an Aunt.

BACK TO SCENE

JIM

Well, my condolences.

DWIGHT

Keep them.

JIM

Okay, and the pails?

DWIGHT

As with Schrute custom, I will now either invite you to Saturday's funeral by sprinkling fertile, red dirt in your face, or ask you to keep a respectful distance during my time of grief with a dusting of black, slightly acidic soil.

He tosses black dirt in Erin's face.

ERIN

What color is it?

PHYLLIS

It looks pretty black.

ERIN

Oh.

Erin bows respectfully and then leans away from Dwight. Dwight heads towards accounting, passing Phyllis at the copier. He tosses some black dirt in her face. She wants to protest but holds herself back.

Dwight tosses black dirt in Meredith's face, then Kevin's -- who can't help but take a taste.

KEVIN

That's acidic alright.

Dwight gets to Angela. She holds out her face for him. He considers, then gives her the black dirt. He then turns to Oscar, who notices that Dwight is reaching for black dirt.

OSCAR  
(under breath)  
Oh thank god.

DWIGHT  
Excuse me? What was that?

OSCAR  
Nothing. Just, I'm not free  
Saturday.

DWIGHT  
What do you have to do?

OSCAR  
I have a personal training session.

DWIGHT  
A Schrute has died!

OSCAR  
I'm very sorry about that, I'll of  
course be there if you want... it's  
just the sessions are prepaid and if  
you want to take that into account--

Dwight cuts him off by throwing red dirt in his face.

**OSCAR TALKING HEAD**

OSCAR  
I get red dirt? Nobody's getting the  
red dirt!

B-roll: Dwight goes around the office tossing black dirt in everyone's face. As he progresses he does it with a flourish. Over the shoulder at Andy, behind the back at Darryl, with a big wind up and then great caution at Stanley.

OSCAR (CONT'D)  
I should have kept my mouth shut,  
we're not even that close. I've only  
known him, what, twelve years?  
...Twelve years. Time is a son of a  
bitch.

**RETURN TO SCENE**

Dwight now approaches Jim, and stands in front of him for a beat.

JIM

This is a tradition, huh?

Dwight nods as he grabs a big handful of dirt.

JIM (CONT'D)

I did mention I am sorry for your loss.

DWIGHT

Yes, thank you.

Dwight starts packing the dirt in a tight ball. Jim eyes it.

JIM

I'm sure she is in a better place now.

DWIGHT

I like to think so.

Dwight adds a little water (from a nearby bottle) to the dirt ball to make it harder, and then adds more dirt.

JIM

Dude, this isn't cool. You can't throw-

DWIGHT

God I miss her...  
(emotional)  
I miss her so much.

Jim grits his teeth, and Dwight nails him in the face.

**DWIGHT TALKING HEAD**

Dwight heads to his car, tossing the pails of dirt aside and ripping off his tux.

DWIGHT

Not a bad custom. I should tell the other Schrutes, something like this could really catch on.

(off the documentarian's look)

What? Oh, give me a break. My Aunt just died.

He gets in his car.

**END OF COLD OPEN**

**ACT ONE**

**EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - DWIGHT'S FARM - MORNING**

Dwight, wearing funeral clothes, paces nervously on the front porch, checking his watch.

Mose, on a 1940's German motorcycle with sidecar, wearing an odd fitting suit, practices guitar, slowly picking out "Oh What a Beautiful Morning" from Oklahoma.

MOSE

(singing)

There's a bright golden haze on the meadow,  
there's a bright golden haze on the meadow.  
The corn is as high as an elephant's eye,  
and it looks like it's climbing clear up to the sky.

Mose looks up at Dwight.

DWIGHT

Let's give them time. They requested an early check-in.

Dwight watches the road for three seconds. No one emerges. He sighs, then begins writing on a chalkboard by the front door: "Be Back In..."

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

(muttering to himself)

Four minutes there, four minutes back,  
thirty seconds to lower a coffin,  
someone's going to want to say something...

He continues to write: "...11 minutes." Then Dwight walks over to Mose.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Get in the sidecar.

MOSE

No.

**EXT. DIRT ROAD**

Dwight drives the motorcycle and Mose rides behind him, holding Dwight's waist. No one is in the sidecar.

We hear "*Oh What a Beautiful Morning*" from Oklahoma as Dwight and Mose pass the following: a broken tractor on the side of the road; a giant tractor wheel; a beautiful forest of trees; a moose; a stray dog or coyote; a backwoods boy on a scooter that's stuck in the mud; migrant farm workers, hard at work.

LYRICS

Oh what a beautiful morning, Oh what a beautiful day. I've got a beautiful feeling everything's going my way.

**EXT. CEMETERY**

Dwight and Mose now stand with other Schrutes at a small family cemetery on a hill. (Mose stands next to ZEKE, and they ad lib hellos.) Dwight notices Oscar and walks over.

DWIGHT

What are you doing here?

OSCAR

You invited me, you threw the red dirt in my face.

DWIGHT

Oh, yes.

(enjoys the memory)

Thanks for coming. But if you still can catch that personal trainer, that's fine.

OSCAR

I was able to reschedule for this afternoon. He had an opening.

DWIGHT

These things are usually just family, though.

Oscar realizes that Dwight doesn't want him there, and Oscar sees a chance for revenge.

OSCAR

I was invited, and I'm staying.

**OSCAR TALKING HEAD**

OSCAR

Who knows, maybe this will make a good Shouts and Murmurs.

**BACK TO SCENE**

A rented Mustang drives up, way too fast. The driver, JEB, is excited to see Dwight and is waving and not paying attention to where he's going. He knocks over a gravestone and gets the front corner wheel of his car stuck in the grave. He tries to back up and the wheels spin out. He smiles.

JEB  
Look what I did!

Oscar leans over to Dwight.

OSCAR  
Who is that?

DWIGHT  
Jeb. My brother.

OSCAR  
You have a brother?

**EXT. CEMETERY - A LITTLE LATER**

Dwight now stands with Jeb. (Oscar stands by Mose and Zeke.)

JEB  
Neat shovel.

DWIGHT  
That's what everyone's saying.

JEB  
I hear they got this new shovel,  
makes digging easier.

DWIGHT  
That makes no sense. It can't make  
dirt lighter.

JEB  
Something about the handle.

DWIGHT  
I'd like to see that shovel.

JEB  
I'll send you a link to it.



JEB TALKING HEAD

JEB

There's no shovel like that. I don't know why I said it. And now I have to go create a whole fake web page.

BACK TO SCENE

Zeke is speaking by the grave.

ZEKE

You were my cousin's Aunt. You were five feet four inches tall for most of your life, and by the end you were five foot one.

Zeke steps back. Oscar looks to camera, "huh?" Mose steps forward.

MOSE

You had dark hair, and then grey hair.

He steps back. Oscar turns to camera, getting it now.

OSCAR

(hushed)

They're a descriptive people.

HEINRICH, the ancient brother of Shirley, steps up.

HEINRICH

You were my sister. And as your closest relative, the possessions that were yours now fall to me. I suppose a thank you is in order. If today's open house goes well -- has everyone met my realtor, David?

He motions to David, standing near him.

HEINRICH (CONT'D)

-- I'll be able to leave this place in style. Shirley, you've made me very happy.

A Nissan Leaf drives up, and FANNIE SCHRUTE, 29, and her son, CAMERON WHITMAN, 9, get out and approach.

FANNIE

Did you start without me?

DWIGHT

You were late.

JEB

Hi Fannie!

FANNIE

I texted you I was running late. We had to stop a couple times and it's not always easy finding an outlet.

Dwight glances at her electric car and rolls his eyes.

JEB

You know, they got this new electric car that you never have to charge.

FANNIE

Jeb, that doesn't sound right.

JEB

I'll send you a link.

**JEB TALKING HEAD**

JEB

Nope.

**BACK TO SCENE**

FANNIE

Hey, this is important to me. We came a long way for this.

Oscar leans over to Mose.

OSCAR

Who is she?

MOSE

Dwight's sister.

OSCAR

Dwight has a sister?

Dwight extends his hand to Cameron.

DWIGHT

Cameron.

Cameron shakes Dwight's hand extremely weakly. Dwight is openly disgusted by it, and Fannie breaks their hands apart.

A pick-up truck pulls up and parks right by the grave. Behind the wheel is HENRY, 50's, and in the truck bed are his five daughters of various marriageable ages. Two of them, ESTHER, 30, and HELENA, 23, are quite attractive. No one gets out of the truck.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Henry.

HENRY

Dwight.

Dwight does not hide his interest in Esther.

DWIGHT

I see Esther is back in town.

ESTHER

Hi Dwight.

DWIGHT

Good of you to come, Esther.

ESTHER

This was on the way. We're headed in to town after, I need yarn.

DWIGHT

Well, as they say, if you can snap two chicken necks with a single motion, why use two motions?

Dwight smiles at Esther, and Esther smiles back. Fannie notices the exchange.

HELENA

Jeb, is that you?

JEB

Funnyface?! Look at you, girl!

FANNIE

Hey! Hey, we are at a funeral!

All nod, point taken.

HENRY

Anybody mention her height yet?

ZEKE

Yep.

HENRY

Land size?

The minister shakes his head.

HENRY (CONT'D)

Shirley, you had a sixteen hundred  
acre farm which you put together  
ruthlessly and some say unfairly.

(to others)

Okay.

He pats the side of his truck and drives away. Fannie shakes  
her head.

FANNIE

I'd like to say something.

Dwight checks his watch.

DWIGHT

(to himself)

Here we go.

FANNIE

Aunt Shirley, I loved you like my own  
mother, and I'm going to miss --

Dwight's cell phone rings.

FANNIE (CONT'D)

-- I'll miss you so much.

Dwight takes the call without stepping away.

DWIGHT

Hello?

Fannie grows distracted through the following:

FANNIE

One of my favorite memories  
is when you taught me to ride  
a pony. You were so patient,  
and kind. You held my hand  
as we walked along, and then  
you gave me the pony.

DWIGHT

Ah, yes, you are close, I can  
see you.

(waving at distant car)

Look up the hill, up here,  
I'm waving. See me? Up the  
hill. Okay, you are turning  
the wrong way.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Our Inn is at the end of Schrute Valley Terrace. No, it's not marked. Well, there's a sign that says Feces Street, but that's more of a historical marking -- hello?

(checks phone)

No bars.

(to all)

I have to go. Can we finish her off?

The minister offers a shotgun to Fannie.

MINISTER

Would you like the honors?

DWIGHT (V.O.)

The Schrutes have a state that we call "kind of Dead."

**DWIGHT TALKING HEAD**

DWIGHT

The heart beats once an hour, and that seems to be enough for the brain. So when grave robbers discovered scratch marks on the inside of some coffins, we decided to make sure our dead were completely dead. Out of kindness.

**BACK TO SCENE**

FANNIE

I really don't think we have to do this.

There is a grumbling from the crowd. "Of course we do." "We must." "It's tradition."

DWIGHT

Oh, for god sakes...

Dwight takes the gun and fires repeatedly into Shirley (who we don't see). Oscar looks freaked.

OSCAR

And that's it for me.

Oscar hurries toward his car.

**EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - DWIGHT'S FARM**

People mill about on the porch, others are inside.

**INT. SCHRUTE FARMS - DWIGHT'S FARM - LATER**

The reception is in progress. Dwight is distracted, looking out the window for his guests.

JEB

So, how are you, Fannie? How's New York treatin' you?

FANNIE

Boston.

JEB

New York's been treating you Boston...? You live in Boston. How is Boston? Cold, I bet.

FANNIE

It is.

JEB

Colder than New York?

FANNIE

...I don't...

DWIGHT

She doesn't live in New York, how would she know that?

JEB

How would anybody know that? Think, okay? On any given day one could be colder than the other, you can't just say a blanket statement like that.

DWIGHT

Boston is colder.

JEB

I thought so.

DWIGHT

Are you still farming worms, private?

Dwight smiles. Jeb gives the camera a self-conscious look.

JEB TALKING HEAD

JEB

I was in the military. The army.  
And after reaching the rank of  
private I felt there was little else  
there for me, so I bought a nine acre  
worm farm from a Californian.  
Except, I never did find any worms on  
it. Except, I did find something  
else.

(winks; then, covering)  
I'm in the medical marijuana, pain  
management industry.

BACK TO SCENE

JEB

No, it's legal in California.

CAMERON

Just not with the federal government.

JEB

I've always been a big believer in  
state's rights. That's the side I'll  
take when the war comes.

DWIGHT

Hey, weren't you just in a dark suit?

CAMERON

Mom said I could change.

DWIGHT

You changed into a different colored  
suit?

CAMERON

It's a sport jacket.

DWIGHT

Kid, there's no sport that wears that  
jacket. Unless getting the crap  
kicked out of you is a sport.

Dwight notices his guests walk in. They are black, and the  
room goes silent a bit.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

(to all)

Okay, nobody say anything about you know what.

(to Guests)

Hello, you must be the Huxstables?

MR. HASKIN

The Haskins.

Dwight checks his reservation book at the front desk area.

DWIGHT

Haskins, ah, yes, I have it right here.

(covering)

The Huxstables reservation is for next week, and they're white. Well, welcome. How was the drive out?

MRS. HASKIN

I'm sorry, is there some kind of event going on? It's very crowded.

DWIGHT

Funeral reception.

MRS. HASKIN

Oh, dear. I'm sorry.

MR. HASKIN

Are we in the way? Maybe there's another Inn nearby.

DWIGHT

No, it's fine. We're almost done.

(to all)

Five minutes, then out!

(offers 2 keys to Haskins)

I can put you in the Irrigation room, upstairs, or the newly renovated Independence room, which you can see from here.

Dwight motions out the window, to an old mobile home.

MR. HASKIN

Listen, what type of feathers are in the pillows?

DWIGHT

I believe the duck was a Christian, if that's what you're getting at?



MRS. HASKIN

My husband has an allergy to goose  
down.

DWIGHT

Then I will make sure there is no  
goose down in the pillows.  
(to Zeke)  
Zeke, empty the pillows, now.

Zeke runs off. Dwight again offers keys, and again Mr. Haskin  
does not take it. Dwight is getting frustrated.

MR. HASKIN

And did you get our fax about our  
dietary restrictions?

DWIGHT

(no idea)  
Yep.

MR. HASKIN

Yes, you received the fax?

DWIGHT

Received, read it, memorized it,  
copied it and distributed it to the  
staff and posted it in the kitchen,  
and tattooed it on the cat.

Mr. Haskin, satisfied, takes the "Irrigation" key and they  
head to the stairs. Mrs. Haskin turns back to Dwight.

MRS. HASKIN

Sorry to make such a big deal about  
it. It's just a fatal allergy so we  
have to be extra careful.

Dwight looks caught, waits for them to turn away, then starts  
looking frantically for a fax. He does not find it.

**DWIGHT TALKING HEAD**

DWIGHT

Used to be when a guest died, sure,  
you got stiffed with the bill, but it  
didn't threaten your business. But  
now with all these travel sites every  
guest is as bad as the health  
inspector.

**BACK TO SCENE**

A lawyer, standing by the tv, speaks to the room.

LAWYER

Before you disperse -- I'm Dipido  
Smith, the Schrute Family lawyer.  
I've been asked by the deceased to  
play this short video that she made.  
I haven't seen it myself, so we'll  
see together if it's any good.

He presses play. AUNT SHIRLEY comes up on the tv screen. She  
is in bed.

AUNT SHIRLEY

Thank you for coming to my funeral.  
I want you all to have a nice time.  
Have a drink, get something delicious  
to eat.

People look around to the meager display of food -- a tray of  
Oreos and a carton of milk. Dwight shrugs it off.

AUNT SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

As I gaze at life's big sunset I  
can't help wondering where it all  
went wrong. You've all disappointed  
me so greatly. Fannie, a single mom!  
In the city! I thought you had  
values. Jeb, you're a street pusher.

JEB

A pharmacist of sorts.

**JEB TALKING HEAD**

JEB

Do I think my family's proud of me?  
(no)  
Yeah, I do.

**BACK TO SCENE**

AUNT SHIRLEY

Dwight, paper ain't a crop and a desk  
ain't no farm, jackass. And my  
brother? Probably wants to sell my  
place and head to Argentina, looking  
for family. Stop it, Heinrich, they  
don't want to be found.

**HEINRICH TALKING HEAD**

HEINRICH

I came to this country to escape the war. I was just a kid. I didn't know what a Nazi was. I just knew if you said something bad about the Jews you got more pudding. I didn't hate anybody. I just loved pudding.

**BACK TO SCENE**

AUNT SHIRLEY

I don't want to see our place farmed by some corporation. Cows don't even get names. We can't just sit back and let the family farm disappear. So here are my terms. Dwight, Fannie, Jeb, I will leave you three my farm if and only if you all come back to live here and work it, full time. Heinrich, if they agree you get nothing, but you can stay until you die. So there you have it, call it an angel's dying wish-

A nurse comes in and serves Shirley a tray of mashed food.

AUNT SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

About time.

Shirley eats, forgetting about her video. Dwight, Fannie and Jeb turn to each other -- "What was that?"

**DWIGHT TALKING HEAD**

DWIGHT

The near dead have a tendency to pick apart life, figure out what went wrong and then manipulate others with "dying wishes." I'll tell you what went wrong. You got old, and you died. I will die, but I won't look on my life that way because I know I'm living it to the fullest.

(long beat as Dwight  
evaluates his entire  
life)

I am going to change everything.

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

INT. SCHRUTE FARMS - DWIGHT'S FARM

Fannie and Cameron are playing cards, Jeb is reading the paper. Dwight enters.

DWIGHT

Okay, let's do this. Let's run Shirley's farm. We should probably start by surveying the land for beet weevils.

Fannie, Jeb and Cameron exchange glances. Heinrich tries to listen in on their conversation.

FANNIE

Dwight, no way. I'm not moving back here.

DWIGHT

Why not?

FANNIE

Cause I hate farms, I'm not a fan of the country, I like cities. If she had left us a flat in Paris instead, well that would be something.

DWIGHT

(to Jeb)

Can you believe this?

JEB

I don't want to come back here either, D. But I also don't want to go to Paris, so, I guess thanks but no to both offers.

DWIGHT

(calculated)

Look, we owe it to Aunt Shirley to consider it carefully. Let's all just stay here a couple of nights, talk about it, weigh the pros and cons, and make a rational decision.

Fannie and Jeb consider.

JEB

A couple of nights couldn't hurt.

FANNIE

Somehow I think two nights could hurt.

DWIGHT

Two nights for Shirley. Do it. Stay. Say yes. 4. 3. 2-yes-on-one, one-yes.

FANNIE

That doesn't work on me.

DWIGHT

Quatre, trois, deux-yes on un--

FANNIE

(reluctantly entertained  
by Dwight)

Alright.

Heinrich glares at Dwight.

**INT. SCHRUTE FARMS - DWIGHT'S FARM - A LITTLE LATER**

Fannie and Jeb play backgammon as Dwight, across the room, prepares a tray of snacks for them (wine and cheese, etc).

FANNIE

You don't think Dwight really thinks he can get us to stay, do you?

JEB

I should kick his ass.

FANNIE

Why should you kick his ass?

JEB

I don't know. For putting his needs in front of ours.

FANNIE

Alright. But you could just say that. Why is violence part of it?

JEB

Maybe I meant that I would kick his ass verbally. I would say something cutting.

FANNIE

Is that what you meant?

JEB

Fannie, I'm just making conversation.

FANNIE

We were already talking.

ANGLE ON: Heinrich approaches Dwight.

HEINRICH

I know what you are doing.

DWIGHT

Really? How could you have figured that out? Because I said what I am doing in front of you? Was that your clue?

HEINRICH

The land should be mine.

DWIGHT

Should be. Isn't.

HEINRICH

Will be.

DWIGHT

Won't be.

HEINRICH

(getting confused)

Ahhh. I don't have a lot of time left-

DWIGHT

No you do not.

HEINRICH

- and I don't want to spend it here. Your brother, your sister, they don't want this land. And you don't want it either, not really. It's a backbreaking life.

DWIGHT

I know the life.

HEINRICH

Do you? Dwight, I saw a man's hands so tired from holding a shovel that they fell right off his arms.

DWIGHT

I can handle it.

HEINRICH

Why try? Have a nice easy life.

DWIGHT

No.

HEINRICH

If you do this, you should know, I'm going to kill you.

DWIGHT

Uh huh.

Dwight walks away with the tray, heading to Fannie's table. He is intercepted by the Haskins.

MR. HASKIN

Mr. Schrute.

DWIGHT

Mr. and Mrs. Hhh...  
(trails off)

MRS. HASKIN

We are wondering about the Houdini Museum?

DWIGHT

Great fun. Go there. Anything else?

Mr. Haskin reaches for a glass of wine but Dwight pulls the tray away.

MR. HASKIN

Let me ask you this: Do they give away any of the tricks?

DWIGHT

Magicians never do that.

MR. HASKIN

But I'd like to know.

DWIGHT

Well, the guy's dead, how upset could he get if they revealed what orifice he shoved his keys into?

Dwight tries to walk away but Mr. Haskin won't stop.

MR. HASKIN

Right. That's my concern. Some of the tricks, I'd prefer to maintain the illusion. How am I to know which tricks they are going to give away?

DWIGHT

You go outside, you get in your car, you drive there, you ask them, not me, you don't have to speak to me about this again. Very good, then?

MRS. HASKIN

Will we still have time for the tour today?

DWIGHT

Oh - tour's cancelled.

MR. HASKIN

Cancelled? Why?

DWIGHT

Weather.

MRS. HASKIN

It's a beautiful day.

DWIGHT

Wind advisory. One good gust could blow your head right off.

Fannie and Jeb have overheard.

JEB

I can give them a tour, Dwight.

FANNIE

I'll do it with you. It might be fun to look around after all these years.

Dwight realizes there might be something here.

DWIGHT

Let's all go.



**DWIGHT TALKING HEAD**

DWIGHT

I usually walk into something like this with a plan, often a dastardly one. But something underhanded will come to me, it always does.

**EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - DWIGHT'S FARM**

Dwight, Fannie and Jeb are giving their guests, the Haskins, a tour. They walk down the road.

MR. HASKIN

Can you tell us a little about what we're seeing?

DWIGHT

Sure. This is the road. We might widen it soon.

(For Fannie)

Sometimes I look around this place and I think, this is America, you know. If only Andy Warhol could have stayed here, he'd have loved it.

FANNIE

I think he was parodying Americana.

DWIGHT

No, I don't-- Henry David Thoreau. Jack London. Is this a crazy thought? The world's most sophisticated thinking takes place outdoors, in the country.

MRS. HASKIN

I bet there's truth in that.

Fannie looks at camera.

**EXT. FIELDS**

The group walks along an old ranch fence.

JEB

Your fence is falling apart.

DWIGHT

If you were here, we'd fix it together. Brothers.

JEB

We could take this older wood, carve a few holes, put in some spores, we got mushrooms in a year. That's income.

(to Haskins)

Leave the wood upright, so the mushrooms think they're in a tree.

DWIGHT

That's great. Jeb, I bet if you had a fence this simple, competing gangs would run in and steal your "crop."

JEB

I use chain link.

DWIGHT

Like a prison. Sometimes you must wonder whether it's keeping them out or you in.

JEB

It's keeping them out.

DWIGHT

I hear you. Drive by shootings, you're in a scary business.

FANNIE

Dwight, why don't you let the Haskins know about your farm's dangers.

DWIGHT

No dangers. You are safer than in heaven.

JEB

Black bears.

DWIGHT

Cute. Harmless.

FANNIE

Oh, so it's okay then to have food in your pockets?

DWIGHT

Well...

(to Haskins)

Do you have food in your pockets?

JEB

Any meats, especially.

MR. HASKIN

Are there bears around here, Dwight?

FANNIE

Answer carefully, Dwight. If you say no, it means we're all very safe.

DWIGHT

Then n-

FANNIE

But it also means you don't have much experience with bears and you're not an expert on them.

Dwight considers for a long time. Fannie and Jeb enjoy Dwight's predicament.

DWIGHT

(blurting)

We have bears!

Fannie laughs to herself.

FANNIE

Harmless ones, I guess.

(to Haskins)

If you see one, you can just run away.

DWIGHT

Don't run from a bear! Do you want to be mauled?

FANNIE

(as she strolls along)

No bears in Boston.

### **MONTAGE OF THE FARM TOUR**

1) Dwight tries to open the barn door, but it is stuck. He struggles.

2) Dwight shows them a small slaughter house. Fannie can't believe this is part of the tour.

3) Dwight opens a tiny door on the side of the barn. Hens emerge and walk out and down a tiny ramp.

4) All try to open the barn door together. It's a struggle, but they manage to open a few feet. They cheer.

**EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - AFTERNOON**

Dwight, Jeb, Fannie and the Haskins turn the corner and find Cameron, sitting in a tree swing, wearing his blazer, reading.

DWIGHT

Oh, hey there. Isn't this picturesque, a boy in the wilderness, our own Huck Finn.

CAMERON

(deep in his book)

You know, scholars are saying Huck Finn was based on a local "negro" boy, as they were known back then.

DWIGHT

Heh heh, right. Cameron, have you met the Haskins? As we say today, they are "black."

CAMERON

Nice to meet you.

Mr. Haskins offers Cameron his hand. Cameron offers his own and shakes hands weakly, almost like a lady. Dwight flinches at the sight. The others continue toward the house but Dwight stays back with Cameron.

DWIGHT

Are you trying to put me out of business?

CAMERON

Are you sure you're in business?

DWIGHT

That handshake, that gross wilting of your limb, it's horrifying. Just shake hands normally. You are not the queen. I know that's hard for you to hear.

CAMERON

I shake hands fine.

DWIGHT

On this farm, we shake hands one way. And you will learn it.

(MORE)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Extend your hand first, before I do.  
It's commanding.

Cameron extends his hand.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Where are you looking? At your own  
hand? Look in my eyes.

Cameron looks up. Dwight takes Cameron's limp hand.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Squeeze my hand.

CAMERON  
I am.

DWIGHT  
That's not a squeeze. Hurt me.

CAMERON  
I don't want to hurt you.

Dwight then notices something in the grass beneath them. He reaches down, grabs a snake, and puts it in Cameron's hand. Cameron is scared.

DWIGHT  
Squeeze it to death or it will kill  
you.

CAMERON  
Uncle Dwight...

DWIGHT  
Kill it!

From across the field, Fannie sees them.

FANNIE  
Oh my god!! Cam!!

CAMERON  
(near tears)  
What do I do?

Cameron somehow manages to toss it to the side as Fannie runs up. She hugs Cameron.

FANNIE  
(to Dwight)  
What is wrong with you?

DWIGHT

Relax, it doesn't even have fangs.

The snake bites Dwight's boot and latches on.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Just a common garden snake.

Dwight nonchalantly kicks it loose, but it won't let go.

FANNIE

Dwight, my god, just when I thought you weren't just another -- forget it. Forget it all. We're leaving in the morning.

Fannie walks Cameron back to the house. Dwight watches her go as Jeb walks up.

JEB

She seemed mad.

DWIGHT

A little bit.

JEB

Hey, don't beat yourself up. It wouldn't have mattered anyway.

DWIGHT

What are you talking about?

JEB

I couldn't have done it. I've got a good thing going in Cali. We're going to have a killer harvest soon. I can't give it up. I know you wanted the land. Sorry.

Dwight takes it in. Jeb, nothing else to say, walks back to the house, leaving Dwight in the middle of the field as he realizes it's over.

FADE TO:

**EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - DWIGHT'S FARM - 4AM**

It's dark. We hear an alarm: heavy metal music. It is shut off, and then a single light goes on in an upstairs room.

**INT. HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER**

Shot low, we see feet emerge from a room, wearing hunting socks. (We now start to hear James Taylor's acoustic version of "Oh What a Beautiful Morning.")

**INT. STAIRWELL**

As the feet reveal the man, we see Dwight coming down the stairs, wearing overalls and looking tired and grumpy.

**INT. SCHRUTE FARMS - MAIN ROOM**

Dwight walks to the door and begins to put his work boots on.

CAMERON (O.S.)  
What are you doing?

REVEAL Cameron, who sits in the mostly dark room reading from an tiny book light attached to his book. Cameron is wearing button down Brooks Brothers pajamas and robe, with Uggs. Dwight looks him over and sighs at the sight.

DWIGHT  
Chores. What are you doing up?

CAMERON  
It's a peaceful time to read, or muse. What chores?

Dwight puts on a headband flashlight.

DWIGHT  
I'm not your tour guide.

Dwight walks out. Cameron considers, then begins to follow Dwight out. He takes a headlamp from a hook by the door.

**EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - DWIGHT'S FARM**

Dwight walks toward the barn. Twenty feet behind him, Cameron follows.

**INT. BARN**

Dwight begins to lead a goat onto a small platform, and puts its head and neck in a wooden vice.

CAMERON

Is that a guillotine?

DWIGHT

What? Oh. That'd be cool. No, this is for milking.

CAMERON

That's a cow?

DWIGHT

Have you never seen a Nigerian Dwarf goat? And have you never seen a cow?

CAMERON

What are you doing now?

DWIGHT

Checking the teat for feces.

CAMERON

Right. And?

Dwight doesn't answer. He does a squirt into a bucket, then sifts it around like wine.

CAMERON (CONT'D)

What are you doing now?

DWIGHT

Checking the strip milk.

CAMERON

Good strip milk?

Dwight looks up at Cameron, and Cameron looks back at him. They are lit mostly by each other's head lamp.

DWIGHT

Come here. Put a hand on each teat.

Cameron does, kind of boyishly excited.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Squeeze it out, top to bottom.

Nothing.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Use some muscle.

And, milk. Cameron is psyched. He continues to pump.



DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Is it going alright?

CAMERON

I don't know.

DWIGHT

Is the udder hot? Is the milk  
clumpy? Are there bumps or sores on  
the udder?

CAMERON

I don't know any of that.

DWIGHT

Gimme. You suck at this.

Dwight takes over again.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Didn't your father teach you  
anything?

CAMERON

I never met him.

Dwight says nothing.

**INT. BARN**

Dwight now looks at nests.

CAMERON

How do you know where the eggs are?

DWIGHT

You look.

Dwight shoos away a hen.

CAMERON

Is it dangerous to take their eggs in  
front of them?

DWIGHT

Yes. Stand back, these are killer  
chickens.

CAMERON

I was just asking you something I  
didn't know.

DWIGHT

Which is fine and you learned something, but it was a stupid question so you're going to get made fun of a little.

Cameron considers, then sees a nest off to the side. He shoos away a hen and collects an egg.

CAMERON

We're going to eat these today?

DWIGHT

If you want.

CAMERON

Mom said that nothing is as good as a fresh farm egg.

Cameron keeps hunting for eggs, as we see that Dwight has stopped in his tracks. The wheels are spinning.

DWIGHT

She said that, huh?

**EXT. BARN**

Dwight, now alone, is on his cell phone, on HOLD. He speaks to camera.

DWIGHT

(to camera)

I don't need a big window. I don't even need the window to be open. I just need to know that it's there. I'll find a way to break in.

(into phone)

...yes, hello, this is Dwish Groot and I'd like to report a marijuana farm in California.

The sun begins to rise.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

**INT. SCHRUTE FARMS - KITCHEN**

Dwight, Mose and Zeke cook up a storm. (Mose is cutting up a giant side of beef.)

ZEKE

Did you find the fax with the Haskins' allergies?

DWIGHT

Nope.

Dwight peers into the living room, where Jeb is watching television. He looks a bit stunned. Dwight smiles to himself and continues cooking.

**INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Jeb is watching the news. On TV: DEA agents haul duffel bags of marijuana onto a truck.

NEWSCASTER

The scene was incredible, John. The biggest raid in years, as police confiscated over six tons of marijuana.

We see footage of migrant workers running through the fields, being pursued by DEA agents.

NEWSCASTER (CONT'D)

It's unknown how many workers have been detained, but officials say the land has been confiscated and the fields will be burned.

Fannie and Cameron walk past, towards the dining room.

FANNIE

Good morning.

JEB

Good morning.

Jeb scratches his face.

**INT. DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Fannie and Cameron enter to find the tables set very nicely, tablecloths and everything. Fannie is surprised. Dwight is arranging a small centerpiece of flowers.

FANNIE

Oh, my.

DWIGHT

Oh, good morning, didn't see you there.

Dwight finishes the flowers.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

There we go, now it's like every other morning. Have a seat.

Fannie and Cameron sit.

CAMERON

Did you put on different overalls?

DWIGHT

Yes, I changed.

CAMERON

Into different overalls?

DWIGHT

Keep your mouth closed.  
(to both, super sweet)  
And welcome. I hope you like the freshest farm eggs you could ever imagine.

CAMERON

Were they the eggs I collected?

DWIGHT

(annoyed)  
Not relevant.

FANNIE

You collected eggs?

CAMERON

I got them this morning.

DWIGHT

You barely helped.  
(to Fannie)  
He got, like four eggs.

CAMERON

Five.

DWIGHT

Five is "like four," that's the same.

CAMERON

It's a different number. Did you use  
the milk that I milked?

DWIGHT

Now it's your milk? You squeezed  
maybe eight pumps.

FANNIE

You milked milk, Cammy?

DWIGHT

With your eggs are served a steak,  
and we have pumpkin beet muffins  
served in a bowl made from the bones  
of the same cow we got the steak  
from.

(to Cameron)

Are you going to try to take credit  
for that, too?

CAMERON

No, I am not.

The Haskins enter.

MR. HASKIN

Good morning. I suppose this is  
where we get that breakfast your  
website couldn't stop talking about?

MRS. HASKIN

Something smells wonderful.

DWIGHT

Ah, yes, please, have a seat. We  
have quite a treat for you. A very  
traditional, "classic" farm  
breakfast. Eaten by farmers a  
thousand years ago.

MRS. HASKIN

Oh, that sounds so authentic!

Zeke comes in, food on a tray. He serves the Haskins two bowls of rice, and two waters.

DWIGHT

And, as promised, a "classic" farm breakfast of rice and water.

The Haskins look at the food for a beat.

MR. HASKIN

I'm not sure I understand.

DWIGHT

This is what real farmers eat.

MRS. HASKIN

In the movies, it's biscuits and gravy, eggs and sausage...

DWIGHT

The movies! That is rich! No, no, I've never actually heard of a farmer eating those foods in real life.

Zeke comes in again and sets down food for Fannie. As he does, Dwight narrates:

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Kale from our garden, with garlic from the garden in a dressing with water from our garden. Bread made from local wheat --

FANNIE

Who grows wheat around here?

DWIGHT

Wheat purchased locally, in a store built with local cement-

FANNIE

Where was it grown?

DWIGHT

It's here now, okay? Fannie, I remember how much you like bacon.

FANNIE

I liked ham.

DWIGHT

I have ham for you, cut in thin strips and prepared in the style of bacon.

FANNIE

Thanks, Dwight, for remembering.

DWIGHT

And finally, fresh squeezed orange juice.

(considers)

Made in the U.S.A.

The Haskins look at Fannie's food longingly. Jeb enters and joins Fannie's table.

JEB

Ah, you know, I've been thinking. Being around this place, that's what it's all about. Maybe I've had enough of California. And I don't care about money. This is home.

DWIGHT

I know, right? Looks like the two of us are on board. Too bad about Fannie. Unless...?

FANNIE

No.

DWIGHT

Sure, sure. No pressure. Do you remember Shirley's recipe for Sauerkraut? That was a taste of growing up, huh?

MR. HASKIN

Didn't you just say that you only had rice growing up?

DWIGHT

Would you want me listening into one of your private conversations, sir?

MR. HASKIN

You were standing right here.

DWIGHT

I was facing the other way. Eat your rice. Yum.

(MORE)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
(calling to kitchen)  
Bring the kraut!

Dwight takes out a photo of Aunt Shirley (a screen capture from the video.)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Fanns, as you enjoy the sauerkraut  
and horseradish -- Zeke, the  
horseraddish -- I thought we might  
take a moment to speak to Aunt  
Shirley.

FANNIE  
Don't do this.

DWIGHT  
Shirls...

FANNIE  
This is too soon.

DWIGHT  
I just think she has a right to hear  
it straight from you why you won't  
grant her a simple dying wish. No  
big deal. Except, yes, it is a big  
deal.

Fannie stares daggers at Dwight, who slowly begins to realize that this was a bad move. After a beat, Zeke brings in Jeb's breakfast.

ZEKE  
Eggs, bacon, biscuits and steak okay?

JEB  
That'll do.

MR. HASKIN  
Oh for god sakes!

MRS. HASKIN  
Honey, you haven't even tried the  
rice.

Dwight addresses the photo.

DWIGHT  
Aunt Sh, my love, I respect your  
dying wish, and so does Jeb -- may I  
speak for you?



JEB

Please do.

DWIGHT

And so does Jeb. But Fannie has something to say.

FANNIE

Cameron, get in the car.

Fannie exits. Dwight goes after her but Mr. Haskin stops him.

MR. HASKIN

Dwight, I was a history minor at Columbia University. I also took a sociology class. Where am I going with this? I realize local cultures have their own culinary traditions-

DWIGHT

Eat whatever you want.

Dwight starts putting the food from Fannie's table on the Haskins' table. (Cameron grabs the basket of muffins for himself.)

**EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - A LITTLE LATER**

Fannie puts the last suitcase in the back of the car.

FANNIE

Come on, let's get out of here.

CAMERON

Can I finish my pumpkin buscuit? I can become a little nauseated when I eat while driving.

He sits in the hatchback, holding the basket of muffins.

FANNIE

Yeah, of course.

Fannie sighs and joins him. She watches Cameron eat.

FANNIE (CONT'D)

Okay, it really does seem like you are chewing extra slowly.

She takes some of his biscuit.

CAMERON

Why do you hate it here so much?

FANNIE

How can you even ask me that?  
-- God, these biscuits are warm and moist -- They are a bunch of idiots.

Cameron shrugs.

FANNIE (CONT'D)

What does that mean?

CAMERON

They're not idiots.

Fannie looks at his face, confused as she realizes that Cameron might like it here. But that's not enough to change her mind. She sees Dwight and Jeb approaching.

FANNIE

Come on, we should go before our brakelines are cut.

DWIGHT

Hey, nice car!  
(realizing that was too much)  
So, I just didn't think I'd let you go without a proper goodbye. And we should take a vote, of course.

FANNIE

There's no voting, you don't get a say in my life, nice try.

DWIGHT

Fannie...  
(difficult to say)  
I need this.

JEB

(poking into frame)  
I could use it, I wouldn't mind it, no big deal.  
(whisper)  
I need it bad, Fan-Fan.

FANNIE

I'm sorry, I don't. Cameron.

She motions to the car and gets in herself. Cameron hesitates. Then he walks up to Dwight, looks him right in the eye, and offers his hand.

Dwight takes it, and they shake. Cameron's grip is firm. Dwight gives him a small nod of approval. Cameron can't help but seem very happy.

Angle on Fannie, in the car, watching, her breath taken away.

Cameron gets in the car, but Fannie doesn't drive away. Dwight looks at her, unsure of what's going on. Then she looks back at him and he realizes that she just changed her mind.

Then Mr. Haskin comes stumbling out of the house, holding his throat. Mrs. Haskin runs after him, holding an Epipen.

MRS. HASKIN

Call 911!

Mrs. Haskin drives the Epipen into Mr. Haskin's neck.

**EXT. HILL TOP**

Dwight, Fannie and Jeb look out over Shirley's farm -- now their new farm.

JEB

This is no nine acre worm farm. This is a beast. Whoever's managing this will have a hell of a job. Not it.

FANNIE

Not it.

DWIGHT

(deliberate)

It.

They walk to their new farm. As they do, we reveal Heinrich, just out of their view. Heinrich takes a decent size rock, zeroes in on Dwight's head, and throws with all his might. The rock flies about four feet, well short of the target. (We hear Ray Charles' upbeat version of "Oh What A Beautiful Morning.")

**END OF ACT THREE**