

PAM

Yeah.

JIM

At the end of the week?

PAM

Yeah.

JIM

Well, this is why we're all going out, so we can have an -

PAM

When are we going out?

JIM

- end of the week drink.

PAM

So when are we going out?

JIM

Well, tonight, hopefully, I thought.

Pam's fiancé, Roy, appears. He is holding something wrapped in a black garbage bag under his arm. Jim immediately steps back from Pam's desk.

ROY

(to Jim)

Hey, man.

PAM

Hi.

ROY

(to Pam)

Hi, baby, you ready, yeah?

PAM

Yeah. Uh...would you mind, if I went out for a drink with these guys?

ROY

No, no, no. Come on, let's go home, yeah?

PAM

Okay, I'll... I'll be a couple of minutes, 'cos it's only twenty past five.

JIM

(to Roy)

You should come, man. You know, we're all going -- get a chance to see what people are like outta the office, it'll be fun.

ROY

No, sounds good, man, but seriously, we gotta get going.

JIM

Okay.

Pam trots off. Roy and Jim stand in silence, nothing to say to each other. The silence becomes tortuous. Finally, Jim tries to make conversation.

JIM

Um, what's in the bag?

ROY

Just tell her I'll see her later, okay?

JIM

Sure, will do. Okay. Awesome. Take care.

Jim nods. Roy leaves. We zoom in to watch Jim's face.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Ryan and Scott are sitting in the meeting room.

SCOTT

The dreaded first day.

RYAN

Yeah.

SCOTT

Everything cool?

RYAN

Everything's cool.

SCOTT

Have you felt the vibe yet? We work hard, we play hard. Play hard when we should be working hard sometimes, partly my fault, sure.

(MORE)

SCOTT (cont'd)

I let them get away with murder, which I know means they let me get away with murder...you know, the girls love me, but...not in that way...but, er, you know.

(He thinks about it and decides maybe they do.)

SCOTT

I guess I've created an atmosphere here where I'm a friend first, boss second. And probably an entertainer third.

There is a knock at the door.

SCOTT

(call out)

Just a sec!

(to Ryan)

You like the Jamie Kennedy Experiment?

RYAN

Yeah.

SCOTT

You like Punk'd? Okay, watch this. Don't give me away.

(calls out)

Come in!

Pam comes in.

SCOTT

(to Ryan)

...and then Corporate said, yeah, so that'll be...

PAM

You got a fax.

SCOTT

Thanks. Oh, don't go, Pam, can you pull up a chair? I was going to call you in, anyway, it'll be quick.

She sits down. Before Scott goes on, she glances behind her and the camera follows her gaze to see Jim laughing with some office workers who are putting on coats and preparing to go out. Pam looks after them wistfully.

SCOTT

Um, as you are aware, there is going to be downsizing, and you've made my life easier...

Pam smiles.

SCOTT

...in that I'm going to have to let you go first.

PAM

(shocked)

What? Why?

SCOTT

Why? Theft. Stealing.

PAM

Stealing? Er... Um...what am I supposed to have stolen?

SCOTT

Post-It notes.

PAM

Post-It notes? What are they worth, like fifty cents?

SCOTT

Oh, got a bible there, Ryan? "Thou shalt not steal unless it's only worth fifty cents." You steal a thousand Post-It notes at fifty cents, and you've made... uh... a profit...margin.

PAM

Why would I steal Post-It notes?

SCOTT

I don't know. To make the little things on the end of the joints.

RYAN

Roaches?

SCOTT

Roaches.

(to Pam)

Caught you, you drug addict! No, only joking.

PAM

Are you serious?

SCOTT

Yeah.

PAM

I can't believe... God... I've never even stolen a paper clip. And now you're firing me.

SCOTT

And the good news is, I don't need to give you any severance pay 'cos it's gross misconduct. So, you can go clear your desk.

Pam starts crying. The joke has seriously backfired. [The "World's Greatest Boss" mug is visible on his desk.] Scott looks pained and anxious; Ryan doesn't know where to look.

SCOTT

Oh, now...that was the joke there. See? You've been "Xed", punk. We were doing a joke, him and me... Morale boost. Settling him in...
(looking at the faxes)
Uh, thanks for the faxes... Guess I'll do these n--

PAM

We all hate you.

SCOTT

Come on.

PAM

No one respects you. You're a sad little man.

SCOTT

(doesn't believe her)
Really? Didn't know that.

They sit in silence. It is painfully quiet for what seems like forever. Finally Pam leaves. Scott's talking head begins.

SCOTT TALKING HEAD - INT. - DAY

SCOTT

What is the single most important thing for a company? Is it the building? Is it the inventory? Is it the cashflow? Nuh uh. It's the people. My proudest moment here wasn't when I increased profits by seventeen per cent, or cut expenses without losing a single employee. No.

(MORE)

SCOTT (cont'd)

It was a young Guatemalan guy, first job in the country, barely spoke English, but he came to me and he went, "Mr. Scott, will you be the Godfather to my child."

He nods, smugly. Beat.

SCOTT

Didn't happen in the end. We had to let him go, he sucked.

CLOSING MUSIC & END CREDITS, THEN:

TAG

INT. OFFICE

The camera is by the exit, spying back. In zoom, we see the bathroom door. Pam hurries out, dabbing her eyes. She is surprised to see Jim still at his desk. Everyone else is gone.

PAM

You still here? How come you didn't go out with everybody?

JIM

(waves at computer)

Ah, I gotta enter these orders before I can leave.

PAM

Oh... Well, uh, see you Monday?

JIM

Yeah. Take care.

She leaves towards the camera. Jim turns back to his computer. Just before Pam passes, we hear an unmistakeable computer game sound effect from Jim's computer in the background. Pam smiles as she passes the camera. We zoom in on Jim as he plays Bookworm to kill Friday night.

The End.