

JIM

I hate what... I hate the fact that you bring me down to this; I really do, I resent it.

DWIGHT

(pointing to an employee)
I don't know why you're laughing.

JIM

Leave her out of it. Go on, Jessica, keep it up. Listen, you bring me down to this, "Dwig."

They wander back to their desks, bickering.

INT. RECEPTION SEATING AREA - DAY

Pam is sitting on a chair eating a sandwich and reading a book. Scott enters.

SCOTT

Hiya. What's that?

Scott examines the book cover.

SCOTT

'Wired.' John Belushi. Funny?

PAM

It's okay.

Silence.

SCOTT

... Freaked myself out this morning.

PAM

Oh yeah?

Scott nods and fingers his genitals.


SCOTT

Thought I found a lump. I mean, I examine the jewels every month, but this felt different... Turns out it's fine... But freaky, man, "testicular cancer" ...cancer of them old testicles...

Scott points at the sandwich that Pam no longer feels like eating.

SCOTT
What's that?

PAM
Smoked turkey.

 SCOTT
Huhh. From the Starbucks...?

PAM
Mmm...

SCOTT
Oh. See you later.

Pam looks queasy and puts the rest of her sandwich down.

INT. DESK AREA - DAY

Jim is building a wall of box files between his desk and Dwight's. Dwight appears.

JIM
(to camera crew)
I don't like acting like a kid, you know
what I mean? But he's ...

DWIGHT
What are you doing?

JIM
To be honest, I don't want to have to
look at you, Dwight.

Dwight sits down at his desk and is gradually obscured by the wall of files that Jim is building.

DWIGHT
You can't do that.

JIM
Why not?

DWIGHT
Health and safety.

Jim laughs and gives a despairing look to camera.

JIM
Health and safety. Uh huh, why?
"Crushed by cardboard," or what?

DWIGHT

No, number one: blocking out light.
Number two: misuse of company files.

JIM

Misuse of files.
(snapping, turning to camera)
Yeah, see, this is why the whole
downsizing thing doesn't bother me.

Dwight's little face pops up from behind the 'wall.'

DWIGHT

Downsizing?

JIM

Because if I have to work with him
another day...
(stressed face)
I'm just going to...

DWIGHT

Here? Downsizing?

JIM

I will... I will slit my throat.

As he says this, he mimes a slitting motion across his
throat. Dwight chips in.

DWIGHT

Yeah, you won't do it like that, though.
Gotta get the knife in behind the
windpipe, then pull it down like that.

JIM

Or I could just apply for another job.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Employees are gathering in the meeting room. They pull up
chairs as Scott addresses them.

SCOTT

Okay, thanks for coming in... This'll
only take a minute. I am aware of the
rumors that have been circulating and I
just want to take this opportunity to set
the record straight.

DWIGHT

(leaping up, interrupting)
Ah-ah-ah, I'm the team leader, I should know first.

SCOTT

Yeah, I'm telling everyone now, Dwight, s...

DWIGHT

(interrupting)
Just tell me very quickly. Just whisper it to me.

EMPLOYEE

(out of shot)
Can't you just tell us?

Other employees chime in.

DWIGHT

Yeah, alright, alright.
(to Scott)
Should I tell 'em?

SCOTT

You don't know what it is.

DWIGHT

Alright, you tell them then. With my permission.

SCOTT

I don't need your permission.

DWIGHT

Permission granted. Use it as you wish.

SCOTT

Corporate has deemed it appropriate to enforce an ultimatum upon me, and Jan is talking about either downsizing the Stamford branch or this branch.

(Murmurs of unease)

STANLEY

And you're gonna let her?

SCOTT

No, Stanley, you didn't see me in there with her.

(aside)

(MORE)

SCOTT (cont'd)
For his eyes only...
(back to room)
... I said, "If Corporate wants to come here and interfere, they've got to go through me. You can go and mess with Josh's people, but I'm the head of this family. You ain't messin' with my chillun. I am, if any one's going to."

EMPLOYEE
Yeah, but Michael, what if they do downsize here?

SCOTT
Not gunna happen.

STANLEY
It could be out of your hands, Michael.

SCOTT
It won't be out of my hands, Stanley, okay? That's a promise.

STANLEY
Oh...can you promise that?

DWIGHT
On his mother's grave.

SCOTT
(non-committal, to Dwight)
Well...
(to Stanley)
I have promised it, okay, and it's an insult to me that you still have to ask.

STANLEY
It's just that we need to know...

SCOTT
Sorry, Stanley, Pam wants to speak...
Your turn Pam.

PAM
It's just that I was in the meeting with Jan and she said that it could be this branch that gets the ax.

Murmurs of unease.

SCOTT
Well, if you were in the meeting with Jan, then maybe you should...

He mimes zipping his mouth closed.

SCOTT
...stick to the ongoing confidentiality
agreement...of...meetings.

DWIGHT
(also miming mouth zipping)
Yeah, information is power!

STANLEY
So you can't say for sure whether it's
going to be us or them, can you?

SCOTT
Look. This is my ship and I am asking
you to trust me and you can't go wrong.

STANLEY
Oh, Michael, it's not a question of
trust...

SCOTT
It is a question of trust, Stanley.
Yeah, yeah, it is a question of trust.

STANLEY
It's communication...

SCOTT
Do you trust me? Do you trust me? Yes
or no.

STANLEY
Yes, I trust you.

SCOTT
He does. So...meeting adjourned.

DWIGHT
Good. Excellent.

Everyone starts to leave.

DWIGHT
I would have said practically the same
thing, in fact I'd have chaired a very
similar... Can I just ask, do you trust
me? Hands up if you trust me.

SCOTT
You don't have to...

DWIGHT

Yeah, well, you asked them.

One girl has put her hand up.

SCOTT

Put your hand down.

DWIGHT

No, I need to know. I'm Assistant Regional Manager.

SCOTT

Assistant to the Regional Manager. They're going.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD - INT. - DAY

DWIGHT

I'm not worried about me - I'll be alright - if there's going to be downsizing, then so be it. That's just natural selection. In the wild, some people wouldn't survive. I mean, you know, imagine a warehouse where a little midget fella is driving a forklift. He can't see over the top, he's got great big platform shoes on so he can reach the pedals, because of his little legs. I mean, Tony's a sweet guy, don't get me wrong, but should he be working here?

SCENE 25 - INT. DESK AREA - DAY

Dwight, unseen behind Jim's wall of box files, is asking him a question.

DWIGHT

Have you got a price for matt-coated SRA!?

JIM

If I can't see you, I can't hear you, Dwight.

Dwight peers over the 'wall.'

DWIGHT

Just tell me, will you?

JIM

No, I can't hear you. If you want to speak to me...

DWIGHT
I'm right here, just tell me now.

JIM
...if you want to speak to me, then call
me, okay?

Dwight sits back down, and dials Jim's number. Jim's phone rings, but he doesn't answer it.

DWIGHT
(from behind wall)
It's on voice-mail.

JIM
Leave a message.

DWIGHT
Hi. It's me, Dwight. I need a price on
matt-coated... Oh, this is stupid.

JIM
Yeah it is... This is stupid. It's so...
Sorry, dude, what do you want?

While Dwight is answering, Jim creeps away unseen.

DWIGHT
Uh... I need a tonnage price on matt-
coated SRAl. So I've got three sixty
down here, but I'm sure that isn't right,
'cos when I spoke to Dave, earlier on,
he...

Pause.

DWIGHT
Okay, I know you're not there...and
obviously you can't hear that, but I'm
not talking to myself, because they're
filming.

Pause. Dwight's head pops up - to check Jim's gone.

INT. RECEPTION SEATING AREA - DAY

Jim is seated. Pam runs her fingers through his hair,
trying to arrange it.

JIM
That feels nice. Do some with your
nails.

PAM

Sure.

Pam finishes.

JIM

This could be a new career, Pam.

Pam laughs.

PAM

There's no difference, is there? You actually can't do anything with your hair at all.

JIM

Hmm, you noticed.

INT. OPEN-PLAN OFFICE - DAY

Scott leads Ryan the temp over to a storeroom.

SCOTT

And this here is the gym.

Inside is a single old Stairmaster.

RYAN

You work out?

SCOTT

I used to on this all the time, then I stopped and then I sold it to the employees for the gym. Which reminds me... Workout tax. A bargain at... one dollar.

He holds out his hand.

RYAN

I usually run in the mornings.

SCOTT

Fine. I'll cover you this week. You can owe me.

INT. RECEPTION - DAY

Pam and Jim are flirting.

JIM

You like a drink?