

The Office  
(Spec Script)

"Trash Dash"

by  
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COLD OPEN

INT. OFFICE. DAY

Pam sits at reception. She places a bowl of M&Ms on the counter just as Michael walks in, patting his hair, wanting to be seen.

MICHAEL

Ahem...

PAM

Hey, you got your hair cut. Looks good.

MICHAEL

I know, right?

Michael does a 360, arms spread out-- and Pam gasps.

PAM

Oh my god!

MICHAEL

(getting excited)

I know, right?! New place too.

Jim and Dwight look up from their desks.

Ryan looks up from the copier. He walks towards Michael, staring at the back of his head. He smiles.

PAM

No, Michael. Have you seen-- where did you get it done?

MICHAEL

At Clippers. Down the street. I had a coupon.

RYAN

I like it... Very  
(looking at camera)  
Sid Vicious.

By now, Jim, Stanley and Dwight have all gathered behind Michael, examining his head. Michael's getting concerned.

MICHAEL

What is it?

ANGLE ON BACK OF MICHAEL'S HEAD: and it's BLURRED OUT so we can't tell what's been shaved there.

JIM

Wow.

Stanley laughs hard. Dwight takes a pen and pad.

DWIGHT

Michael, give me the name and profile of the barber who did this to you--

JIM

Michael, what happened?

Michael has no answer.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD:

Michael now wears a shower cap.

MICHAEL

I sit down, and since the election's coming up, I thought the barber was growing a mustache to show support for rocking that vote. I mean, it's kinda the hip thing to do. I 'mustache' myself to do it. But it turns out... the lady wasn't trying to grow anything... except maybe a ginormous baby... Which I probably shouldn't have congratulated her on since she wasn't trying to grow that either.

(thinks about it)

I mean, certain people just shouldn't be cutting hair.

END OF COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE. EARLY MORNING

Everyone in the office is starting their day, but dressed in casual clothes.

JIM sits at his desk. The camera whips over to see DWIGHT arriving for the day, wearing a bright yellow vest, thick rubber gloves, goggles and carpenter boots with the socks pulled over his jeans. Dangling from his belt is a grabber tool and mini-rake. He carries several metal stakes and two large duffle bags.

JIM  
(eyes the camera, then)  
Dwight, are you sure you're wearing  
enough gear?

DWIGHT  
(stupid question)  
No doy.

JIM  
Just so you're sure.

DWIGHT  
Jim, I'm know you think it's ultra  
cool or something to clean up  
Scranton with some cargo shorts and  
flip-flops--

JIM  
(sarcastic)  
--I do--

DWIGHT  
--But, thankfully, not everyone  
lives in your fancy-free world of  
lazy and radical.

JIM  
Radical. That's the perfect word.

DWIGHT  
The truth is, we live in a world of  
hazardous waste, razor blades,  
methamphetamine labs, wild parsnip,  
chupacabras, deer ticks--

JIM  
--But with the gear, you don't  
hafta worry about all that stuff.

Dwight eyes the camera, sliding his goggles up onto his head.

DWIGHT  
(a wry grin)  
Correct.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD:

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
 Scranton is holding its annual  
 Adopt-a-Highway Trash Dash  
 Challenge where teams from around  
 the area compete to make their  
 allotted stretch of road as  
 immaculate as humanly possible. The  
 winning team receives a year supply  
 of locally produced cleaning  
 products and a check for 200  
 dollars... Which makes it all  
 completely worth it.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Michael walks out of his office wearing cargo shorts and a  
 BASEBALL CAP. He sees Dwight.

MICHAEL  
 (derisive chuckles)  
 Oh my god. Check out the super  
 dork!

DWIGHT  
 It's not-- Michael, this is the  
 standard dress code for a highway  
 cleanup crew. We all have to wear  
 it.

Camera whips to ANDY arriving for the day, whistling a tune.  
 He wears a bright orange shirt and matching orange pants.

Michael looks him up and down before he doubles over with  
 laughter.

ANDY  
 What's so funny?

Jim leans back in his chair, enjoying the moment.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
 (to Dwight)  
 You told me to wear the brightest  
 colors I had.

DWIGHT  
 (nodding)  
 Electric orange. Good choice.  
 Survival is imminent.

MICHAEL

All you need is the Indian and the sailor and I think you've got a reunion tour.

Michael laughs, looking around for support. No takers.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh c'mon! No one else sees Village People? Oscar can be the sailor. Kelly's the Indian.

Oscar sits at his desk, shaking his head.

DWIGHT

Michael, as the crew chief to highway team 78099, your decision to wear shorts is highly ill-advised.

MICHAEL

Well your fashion-sense is ill-advised. You're gonna make us all look like a bunch of ultra-nerds out there today. Nerd alert!

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

For some people, looking good is a part time affair. For me, I prefer having twenty-four-seven affairs with looking good. In fact I will get downright skanky with good-lookingness if I have to.

He looks up at his hat, second-guessing himself for a split second.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Everyone from the office sitting down, looking towards:

A television set playing an ADOPT-A-HIGHWAY SAFETY VIDEO. The video's SOUNDTRACK is a jazzy synthesizer medley. Dwight stands next to the TV, moving his head to the music.

ANNOUNCER ON TV

So have fun and remember to play it safe. Let's adopt safety too!

In the back row, DARREL and another WAREHOUSE GUY, EARL, chuckle over the video. Dwight won't stand for it.

DWIGHT

Gentlemen, it appears you two are noticing something humorous about highway waste removal safety information.

DARREL

Nah, Dwight. Please go ahead.

DWIGHT

I understand that there's less at stake by not enforcing the safety rules for warehouse employees, b--

DARREL

Wait. What d'you mean by that?

DWIGHT

Uh, gee, let's see. Which is more dangerous: avoiding super fast cars made of steel that can liquefy you in a second while navigating hazardous waste, or maneuvering around really big book shelves filled with reams of paper. With a fork lift. At turtle speed...

(to the camera)

No contest.

Darrel and Earl find amusement in the insult.

Dwight places a LARGE POSTER MAP of Southwest Scranton with the Dunder Mifflin team's stretch of road highlighted.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

So, within our allotted section along route 35, I've divided us into five teams of three.

Dwight places ANOTHER POSTER BOARD next to the first with the names of all the employees and a little picture of their faces next to them. Everyone studies the board for a beat.

ANGELA

I will not team with a booze hound. Sorry, Meredith.

KELLY

And I feel that I work best with certain people who aren't in my group.

KEVIN  
You're only saying that because you  
want to be on Ryan's team.

KELLY  
Eat a donut, Kevin!

DARREL  
Why don't we have people in the  
same department work together?

DWIGHT  
That doesn't work.

DARREL  
Why?

DWIGHT  
Because solidarity within a  
department could potentially spawn  
an off-site mutiny like in the film  
Crimson Tide... And because that's  
not my original plan.

ANDY  
Bro-hams in my group better get  
ready to get it on ala Donkey Kong.

More groans and commotion from the group.

On the board, we see Phyllis, Pam and Stanley are teamed up.

PHYLLIS  
I'm willing to work with anyone.

PAM  
I second that. Right, Stanley?

STANLEY  
It's not gonna matter who's team  
I'm on.

KELLY  
Ryan, you're not happy with your  
group either, right?

Ryan looks at the camera. He shrugs.

JIM  
I have an idea. Why don't we  
crumple up some paper basketballs  
and shoot for captains? First four  
people to make it pick the teams.



Nobody has a rebuttal. A few nods of agreement.

Jim places a tall wastebasket next to Dwight.

DWIGHT

... I guess I don't have a problem with that. So long as the trashcan has an opening no larger than 12 inches and shooters will stand no less than 9 feet away. All shots must be in an overhand manner. No grannies, no alley-oops.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD:

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

When I was growing up, my siblings and I decided who would clean the chicken coup by a friendly games of  
(German accent)

*Eimers.*

(normal)

It's similar to basketball except there's no dribbling, passing, teamwork or scoring. You win mostly by intimidation.

INT. MEETING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

People get into single file lines, some holding wadded paper balls, getting ready to shoot.

INT. OFFICE - MEANWHILE

SPY SHOT: Michael sneaks out of his office. He wears a baseball hat, trying to be inconspicuous. He peers into the meeting room from a distance, then he tries to make an escape out the door until:

Pam spots him out and waves him to come in.

PAM

Michael, we're shooting for teams! You should be in here. Don't worry about your hair.

Michael sighs, then turns around, sulking into the--

MEETING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--And it's Toby's turn. He prepares to shoot his paper ball.

MICHAEL

Fine. Who's team am I on 'cause it won't be Toby's.

Toby shoots. Michael swats Toby's paper ball into the wall.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Whoops. You lose, bricklayer.

PHYLLIS

Michael, that's not fair. Everybody gets a chance.

Michael sticks his tongue out and blows a raspberry, making a thumbs down gesture.

INT. MEETING ROOM - LATER

Dwight finishes writing the last name-- *Michael*-- on a poster. He places Michael's photo next to it. We ZOOM OUT to reveal everyone's name and photo in a new set of groups.

Michael throws up his hands. He stands up.

MICHAEL

I'm not going.

PAM

Michael, you have to go.

MICHAEL

I don't have to do anything. I'm the boss.

KAREN

The more people we have, the faster we'll get done.

DWIGHT

(to group)

Michael doesn't have to do anything if he doesn't want to. I'm fully capable of assuming operational responsibilities by myself if need be.

MICHAEL

You're not, actually... But...

Michael collapses in a seat.

PAM

So, you're going?

MICHAEL  
Yes, Pam. I'm going. You sound like  
an old naggy nun.

PAM  
(a little hurt)  
... I don't either.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

A caravan of cars leave the lot, all turning left onto the street-- EXCEPT ONE-- Michael's car turns right.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - DRIVING - CONTINUOUS

Michael drives. Andy rides shotgun.

ANDY  
I'm pretty sure you turned in the  
wrong direction.

A beat. No response.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
Uhh, Chief?... I think you're--

MICHAEL  
We're not going. To that.

ANDY  
But it's a competition--

MICHAEL  
Don't care. You and I are getting a  
Slurpee.

Andy thinks about it. He's cool with a Slurpee.

EXT. SCRANTON CITY PARK - DAY

Strung up banners showing: **ADOPT-A-HIGHWAY COMPANY CHALLENGE!**  
and **Do the Trash Dash!**

Hundreds of people gather around a 10'x10' raised stage. Most everyone wears bright yellow vests and carries a trash bag.

Next to the stage is a large table with a COLLECTION OF PRIZES: a decorative array of spray bottles, plastic containers, push-brooms, etc. Behind that is GIANT CHECK for presentation with **\$200.00** written in the cash amount box.

A MASTER OF CEREMONIES SPEAKER stands before the crowd holding a microphone.

MC SPEAKER  
Welcome all to the 13th annual  
Scranton Trash Dash!

Cheers from the crowd.

Dwight, standing before the Dunder Mifflin crew, looks around. Curious.

DWIGHT  
(to the group)  
Where's Michael?

STANLEY  
Where's Andy?

Nobody has any idea. Before they can figure it out, they're interrupted by:

MC SPEAKER  
So, who's ready to clean up  
Scranton?!

More cheers and responses from the crowd.

MC SPEAKER (CONT'D)  
I can't hear you!

Again, cheers from the crowd. This time louder.

Dwight, frustrated takes out his MEGAPHONE.

MC SPEAKER (CONT'D)  
I still can't hear y--

DWIGHT  
(through megaphone)  
Of course you can! That's absurd!

The MC Speaker frowns. She looks to her advisors, wondering who Dwight is.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
(through megaphone)  
We're all ready! Continue!

A beat. The MC Speaker clears her throat.

MC SPEAKER  
Uh... Well then, uh, let's start  
the Dash!

Crowd applause.

MC SPEAKER (CONT'D)  
 Teams will report to their starting sections, and we'll all meet back here, by no later than 3pm. Remem--

DWIGHT  
 (through megaphone)  
 Do teams reporting back earlier gain any sort of advantage?

People in the crowd glare at Dwight. Pam tries to take the megaphone away from Dwight, but he won't give it up.

MC SPEAKER  
 Uh, the judges will then make their inspections and we'll announce the winners promptly at 3:30.

DWIGHT  
 (on megaphone)  
 Do you honestly believe that a quality inspection of all designated areas can be conducted in the span of thirty minute--

MC SPEAKER  
 Alright. If there are no further quest--

DWIGHT  
 (on megaphone)  
 Hello!

MC SPEAKER  
 Good luck! And let's make Scranton beautiful!

Over the CHEERS/CLAPPING from the crowd, we hear:

DWIGHT  
 (on megaphone)  
 Excuse me! What's the protocol for filing a grievance?!

Darrel puts his hand over the megaphone. Jim pats Dwight on the shoulder, pulling him away.

INT. SEVEN ELEVEN - MEANWHILE

Michael sucks down a cherry Slurpee while Andy fills his up at the machine.

MICHAEL

Ahhh-- that hits the spot. Exactly  
what my belly needed--

Michael sees something of interest behind the cashier  
counter. He approaches.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Oh man. I haven't played a scratch  
ticket since forever.

ANDY

You play the tickets, eh?

MICHAEL

No. Let's do it though. Live a  
little. Let's get two. First one to  
lose, loses.

Michael drums his fingers on the store counter. A Store CLERK  
with slack eyelids peers over his People magazine.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(to Clerk)

Two scratch tickets please.

CLERK

Which one?

MICHAEL

Oh, gosh... There's like a million  
different kinds, isn't there. What  
should we get?

ANDY

(to Clerk)

What's popular?... That's only a  
dollar?

CLERK

That'd be the Thunderbird.

MICHAEL

Well, my good sir, we'll take two  
Thunderbird specials if you don't  
mind.

The Clerk tears off two scratch tickets and rings them up.

CLERK

So, with the Slurpees, that's  
\$8.75.

Michael pays the Clerk.

MICHAEL  
(to Andy)  
It's on me. Boss' special for the  
Thunderbird especial.  
(to the Clerk)  
Mind if we scratch them right here?

CLERK  
(behind his magazine)  
Scratch away.

Andy pulls two dimes from his pocket. Hands one to Michael.

MICHAEL  
Ah! A penny for my thoughts. Sort  
of.

MOMENTS LATER  
They scratch their tickets furiously.

ANDY  
I'm a loser. You?

Michael checks his ticket. Checks again, squinting.

MICHAEL  
How bout that! Winner, winner  
chicken dinner. Holy cow!

ANDY  
How much!

MICHAEL  
Two dollars!

ANDY  
Nice... You know what that means.

MICHAEL  
(to Clerk)  
Two more Thunderbirds, please.

The Clerk rolls his eyes.

EXT. HIGHWAY FRONTAGE ROAD. DAY

The Dunder Mifflin groups fan out along a stretch of road lined with older store fronts and shabby pocket parks. Everyone has a giant trash bag, bright yellow vest and long stake.

Dwights perched on the hood of his parked TRANS AM. He oversees their dispersal, megaphone in hand.

DWIGHT

(on megaphone)

TEAM 1! Pam, Phyllis, Kevin! Sector 1! Get there! TEAM 2! Jim, Oscar, Karen! Sector 2! Get there! TEAM 3! Darrel, Warehouse Guy, Ryan!

EARL

I have a name!

DWIGHT

And a last name! Guy! Off you go to sector 3! TEAM 4! Stanley, Creed, Meredith! Sector 4! TEAM 5! Toby, Kelly...

(with honey is his voice)

And Angela... Please go to sector 5.

Angela smiles, pleased to be addressed courteously.

The TEAMS start off to their sectors.

KELLY

looks out to Ryan, now some distance away. He's conversing with Darrel and Earl, picking up bits of trash along the way. Kelly, saddened, walks away with her group.

STANLEY, CREED and MEREDITH WALKING

Without a word, Stanley slips Creed a wad of bills on the sly. Creed gives a few bills to Meredith.

Stanley then separates from the others, looking over his shoulder.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Stanley looks over his shoulder again, then gets into his car. He reverses and pulls out quickly.

EXT. SIDE OF FRONTAGE ROAD - SECTOR 2 - DAY

Jim, Oscar and Karen walking. Their trash bags are still empty. They don't seem to be looking to hard.

DWIGHT

stalks behind them, driving slowly on the road's shoulder in his TRANS AM. He watches their every step.



KAREN

Hey, how do they decide which section is the cleanest anyway?

OSCAR

They'll pick a winner for the photo ops, but usually they have enough prizes for everybody.

KAREN

Then why is Dwight so competitive about it?

DWIGHT

(on megaphone)

Hold there!

Dwight gets out of his car. He bends down somewhere behind Oscar to find a torn ticket stub nearly buried in dirt.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Say hello to not first place. Can you explain how this got by all three of you? C'mon, Oscar. I thought you people were supposed to be super tidy.

Dwight shakes his head, walking back to his car.

OSCAR

I'm not sure if that slur was about my race or my sexual orientation.

Dwight drives away.

Karen turns to Jim. A twinkle in her eye.

KAREN

Prank?

JIM

(nods)

Prank.

They both turn to Oscar, the third wheel.

OSCAR

Yes. Absolutely.

Jim takes cash from his pocket. He fingers through a few bills.

JIM  
 (to Oscar)  
 D'you think you could run to the  
 grocery store down the road and  
 grab a few supplies?

Oscar takes the cash.

OSCAR  
 What do you have in mind?

Jim looks at Oscar, then Karen. A perfect idea in his head.

JIM  
 ... Chupacabra.

EXT. SIDE OF FRONTAGE ROAD - SECTOR 1 - DAY

Pam and Phyllis walk, occasionally picking up or staking  
 trash, then putting it in their bags.

PHYLLIS  
 So, how's life after engagement?

PAM  
 I dunno. Strange, I guess. I feel  
 like everything was all in place  
 and then the world just totally  
 shifted.

PHYLLIS  
 Are you... ya know, looking?

PAM  
 Yeah. I'm just looking for now. I  
 guess.

They find some trash, putting it in their sacks.

PAM (CONT'D)  
 What about you? How's married life?

PHYLLIS  
 (blushing, smiling)  
 Doesn't it show on my face?

PAM  
 It does... Maybe that's why Roy and  
 I split up. I don't know if I had  
 that same glow.

PHYLLIS  
 Oh, I think I've seen it on you.

PAM  
Roy gave me a glow?

PHYLLIS  
... I never said it was from Roy.

They continue walking for a beat.

EXT. HIGHWAY FRONTAGE ROAD - SECTOR 4 - DAY

Creed and Meredith stare down at a clear plastic bottle with an ORANGE LIQUID inside.

MEREDITH  
I don't think you should touch it.

CREED  
Yep.

Creed picks up the bottle and puts it in his inside jacket pocket.

MEREDITH  
I think it's leaking too.

CREED TALKING HEAD:

CREED  
Adopt-a-highway days... Cash cows.

Creed smiles greedily, patting his jacket pocket.

INT. SEVEN ELEVEN - DAY

Michael and Andy scratch more lottery tickets.

MICHAEL  
I gotta loser.

Andy scratches out a winning ticket.

ANDY  
And I got another four bucks.

MICHAEL  
Another round?

ANDY  
It's our duty.

MICHAEL  
Off you go then.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We've been here for the last two hours

(checks his watch)

... or maybe just thirty minutes, playing scratch tickets. So far, we're even-Steven...but

(bad Michael Corleone)

Every time I try to get out, they pull me back in!

(he reveals)

... Sopranos.

EXT. HIGHWAY FRONTAGE ROAD - SECTOR 5 - MEANWHILE

Kelly, Angela and Toby walk spread out, picking up trash. Toby stands over a discarded, half-eaten hamburger.

TOBY

Hey guys, do you think we should pick up scraps of food?

Angela looks at it. Winces.

ANGELA

Ick. I'm not touching it. Let some animal get it.

Angela and Toby discuss it, Kelly creates a wider separation from them-- on purpose. Angela and Toby's voices become indecipherable as Kelly steps further and further away towards a heavily wooded area.

Eventually, she turns and starts running away, disappearing in the trees.

INT. SEVEN ELEVEN - MEANWHILE

Michael scratches a new lottery ticket. His eyes widen. Andy hangs over him closely.

MICHAEL

No way!

ANDY

Woah! That's a hundo!

MICHAEL

A hundred dollars! Crap! What should I do?

ANDY

Let it ride, boss-cheese!

MICHAEL

I should get a hundred more!  
Increase my chances by like ten, or  
something.

ANDY

Wait a second. Haven't you ever  
heard the expression, the house  
always wins?

MICHAEL

Yeah, but I think that's only for  
casinos. Doesn't count at a 7  
Eleven.

ANDY

Pretty sure it counts anywhere--

MICHAEL

Think about it. Seven and eleven.  
Craps winners.

ANDY

I hadn't thought of that.

MICHAEL

No brainer, kiddo.

Michael holds up his winning ticket.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(to Andy)

A hundred tickets, sir!

Andy grabs the ticket.

ANDY

Be right back, gov'nah!

EXT. WOODS BEYOND THE STRIP MALL - SECTOR 3 - MEANWHILE

Kelly treads carefully through a thick patch of trees.  
Finally, only a few feet away, the trees stop and concrete  
from the sidewalk begins. A little further beyond that, she  
sees, to her great interest:

SIDE OF A DRY-CLEANERS

at the near-end of an outdoor strip mall, maybe a hundred  
feet from Kelly.

RYAN, DARREL and EARL stand at the side closest Kelly, but they're not picking up trash. Rather, they're chatting with two attractive DRY CLEANING EMPLOYEES (female, 20s).

DARREL  
So how long you been in the dry-cleaning business?

GIRL 1  
Long time. Since last Sunday.

DARREL  
Really? Sound like a little job jumper to me.

GIRL 1  
Something like that. What do you guys do when you're not adopting frontage roads?

KELLY IN THE WOODS  
does not like what she sees. Anger builds.

EARL (O.C.)  
We're in the paper distribution business.

BACK AT DRY-CLEANERS

GIRL 2  
That's ironic.

EARL  
Why's that?

GIRL 2  
Isn't that what you guys are cleaning up?

The Girls are throwing a heavy sexual vibe. Darrel and Earl clearly reciprocating. Ryan's hanging back, a little timid.

DARREL  
I see. You got jokes.

GIRL 2  
I do. Pretty funny for being so cute, huh?

EXT. SIDE OF FRONTAGE ROAD - SECTOR 1 - DAY

Phyllis and Pam picking up trash. Kevin is behind them, busily looking for rubbish.

PHYLLIS

Think they're a good match? Jim and Karen?

Pam's reluctant to answer, but engages Phyllis anyway.

PAM

Ya know, really, if they're happy, I'm happy. I'm happy for them.

They walk.

PHYLLIS

Hmm... I hope you never try to play poker.

PAM

(getting red)  
Why's that?

PHYLLIS

I don't mean anything bad by it. You just have a lot of tells. I mean, your words and your voice seem to be saying two different things.

PAM

(caught off-guard)  
No way. I swear, I couldn't be happier for Jim. If he really, honestly is happy with her, then I'm so happy for him. I mean, I-- I am completely not a jealous person.

A beat.

KEVIN

Pam, I'd listen to Phyllis. Never, ever sit down to a poker table. You'll walk away with nothing.

PAM

Thanks for the advice, Kev.

EXT. HIGHWAY FRONTAGE ROAD - SECTOR 2 - DAY

Jim, Karen and Oscar work the ground. All three are spread out, on their hands and knees digging into the dirt.

ANOTHER SHOT NEARBY

and Jim, Karen and Oscar break branches to arrange them in particular ways on the ground.

JIM TALKING HEAD:

JIM

I don't want to give away too much, but let's just say I think a mythical creature known in English as the goat-sucker might be crashing the Trash Dash today. Although today it'll be the chicken-sucker.

Jim holds up a large bag of packaged chicken feet.

JIM (CONT'D)

Oscar just bought these... 'cause we're gonna need the remains of some corpses sans blood.

EXT. HIGHWAY FRONTAGE ROAD - EDGE OF SECTOR 2 - LATER

Dwight drives in his Trans Am, patrolling the side of the frontage road. He scans everything carefully. Finally, he sees something in the distance. Pulls over. Gets out.

Dwight scans the ground. He's curious, if a little concerned. He bends down to get a closer look. He sees:

## ANIMAL TRACKS

and a few chicken feet scattered near them. Dwight inspects them.

DWIGHT

Dead for a few days. No blood. And whatever did it, was alone...

Dwight sniffs the ground, the air. He looks around.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Where are you, princess?

He's now on the trail of something.

EXT. DRY CLEANERS - SECTOR 3 - MEANWHILE

Darrel, Earl and Ryan still converse with Dry Clean Girls.

GIRL 1

So... Can we call you?

DARREL

Call me whatever you want. As long as you call me.



GIRL 1  
 Absolute--  
 (looks over Darrel's  
 shoulder)  
 What the hell?

The camera whips around and we see Kelly rushing out from the trees-- very angry.

KELLY  
 Ryan Howard! You are a big stupid  
 cheat! A cheat!

RYAN  
 What? What are you talking about?

KELLY  
 Right. Play dumb, you jackass!  
 (looks at the girls)  
 Ick-- they're not even sevens! Not  
 even fives!  
 (to Ryan)  
 I hate you!

Kelly turns and runs away into the woods.

Ryan is shocked. He hasn't said one word to these girls.

EXT. HIGHWAY FRONTAGE ROAD - SECTOR 2 - DAY

Dwight scans the ground. Great concern spread across his face.

Karen and Oscar approach him.

DWIGHT  
 Why aren't you on your beat?  
 Where's Jim?

KAREN  
 We were just about to ask you the  
 same thing.

DWIGHT  
 What do you mean?

KAREN  
 I don't know. We all heard some  
 strange noise, like chewing noise  
 or something coming from the  
 distant trees. Right, Oscar?

Oscar nods. Totally uncomfortable.

DWIGHT  
(grimly)  
Continue.

KAREN  
Well, Jim said he wanted to check  
it out. Haven't seen him since.  
(points to chicken feet)  
What're those?

A forboding look from Dwight.

KAREN (CONT'D)  
Is everything alright?

DWIGHT  
Uh...

KAREN  
Dwight, if you know something and  
you're not telling us--

DWIGHT  
Point me to where you last saw Jim.

EXT. WOODS BEYOND THE STRIP MALL - SECTOR 3 - LATER

Dwight steps through the trees, holding a trash stake like a  
weapon. Fear in his eyes. Karen and Oscar following a few  
feet behind. They're selling it. Suddenly, Dwight stops.

DWIGHT  
Shh-- I think I see something.

In the distance, trees stir. Something nears their position.  
Then we hear a-- SHRIEK!

DWIGHT'S EYES  
widen. He's freaked out.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Run!

The SHRIEKING continues. Karen, Oscar and Dwight run for it.

We hold the shot for a beat. Finally, Kelly appears from the  
trees in an angry fit. She was the shrieker.

EXT. HIGHWAY FRONTAGE ROAD - SECTOR 5 - DAY

Angela and Toby lug trash bags filled to the brim. Dwight  
rushes towards them.

DWIGHT  
Dash is over! Jim's dead! We need  
to go now!

ANGELA  
(demanding an explanation)  
Where has Kelly been? We've been  
overburdening ourselves.

Dwight pauses, thinking over the implications.

DWIGHT  
... Kelly's dead too.

ANGELA  
What? What's going on?

DWIGHT  
In due time! I need to get you to  
safety!!

Dwight grabs Angela. They run off.

Toby doesn't need to think about it. He drops his bag. Runs.

MOMENTS LATER  
Oscar and Karen take Toby and Angela's discarded trash bags,  
laughing.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - DRIVING - MEANWHILE

Michael sulks as he drives. Andy rides shotgun thinking of  
something uplifting to say.

MICHAEL  
... I can't believe I just blew 200  
dollars.

ANDY  
You know, my aunt always says the  
less you bet, the more you lose  
when you win.

MICHAEL  
What's that supposed to mean?

ANDY  
It means take the risk. Aunt Mary-  
Beth always took risks.

MICHAEL  
Didn't she become rich... through  
inheritance?

ANDY  
Yeah, but her point's still sound,  
I think.

A beat. A thought flashes into Michael's head. He makes a hard turn with the steering wheel.

MICHAEL  
I bet we can still help out at the  
Trash Dash.

ANDY  
Let's do it, boss-enator!

EXT. HIGHWAY FRONTAGE ROAD - LATER

The entire Dunder Mifflin crew races to their cars, Dwight leading the charge.

PAM  
What's going on? What's happening,  
Dwight?!

Dwight frantically waves for everyone to get in their cars and get the hell out of Dodge.

DWIGHT  
Get out of here. We regroup at the  
office and I'll debrief you there.

PAM  
But I think we're still missing  
some people? Where's Jim, Karen and  
Oscar?

Dwight stops in his tracks. Turns to Pam. Great remorse in his eyes. Dwight gives Pam a big hug. He can't bear to tell her what he truly thinks.

JIM (V.O.)  
I would say this prank was more  
than successful. Definitely...

EXT. WOODS BEYOND THE STRIP MALL - CONTINUOUS

JIM  
squatting down, keeping a low profile before some shrubs near  
the frontage road.

JIM  
(grinning)  
Sure, there's no prize for what  
we've done...  
(MORE)

JIM (CONT'D)  
 at least, nothing tangible.  
 (a beat, looking around)  
 ... I'm not sure how long I have to  
 hide.

EXT. SCRANTON CITY PARK - LATER

The end of the Trash Dash. The CROWD from earlier has  
 reassembled, minus the Dunder Mifflin crew. Everyone waits to  
 hear the announcement of the day's winner.

NEARBY PARKING LOT  
 Stanley parks his car.

CITY PARK  
 Stanley rushes towards the crowd, looking for a familiar  
 face. He holds a large Dunkin Donuts coffee.

The MC Speaker is back at the podium, making her closing  
 announcements.

MC SPEAKER  
 And the beneficiary today, as we  
 all know, is our precious city of  
 Scranton, PA... And so, without  
 further ado, I'd like to announce  
 this year's winner of the Scranton  
 Trash Dash!

Stanley wanders around until he hears:

MC SPEAKER (CONT'D)  
 And this year, it's Team 78099,  
 Dunder Mifflin!

Stanley turns to the stage. Total shock. Realizing he's the  
 only representative there, he heads for the stage.

And before he makes it there-- REVEAL SHOT: Andy and Michael  
 get there first. Michael waves to the crowd, shaking hands  
 with the dignitaries as if he's rehearsed it a hundred times.

MC SPEAKER (CONT'D)  
 Would you care to say a few words  
 on behalf of your team, sir?

MICHAEL  
 Ah, sure. Just--  
 (noticing the big check)  
 Is that for me?

The MC speaker nods. All smiles.

ON STAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Michael, Andy and Stanley stand before the crowd, holding the giant check. They pose for a photo with the MC Speaker and Scranton dignitaries. Without a thought, Michael takes off his hat for the picture.

Camera flashes POP.

Two elderly dignitaries' faces go white with shock when they see the obscenity shaved on the back of Michael's head.

ELDERLY DIGNATARY

Dear lord on high!

Michael turns around to address the Elderly Dignitary.

MICHAEL

(elated)

You can say that again! I just pulled even!

More pictures taken. The back of Michael's head faces the crowd. We hear the COLLECTIVE GASPS from the crowd. Somewhere a baby starts CRYING.

IN THE CROWD

a shocked man holds his shocked toddler girl, who sucks on a pacifier. The pacifier falls from the toddler's mouth just before the man covers her eyes.

END OF EPISODE