

THE OFFICE

"Employee of the Month"

By

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NOTE: THIS SCRIPT WAS WRITTEN PRIOR TO THE SCRANTON/STAMFORD  
MERGER

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TEASER

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

MICHAEL sits at his desk as the camera enters.

MICHAEL  
(to camera)  
Come in, come in!  
(singing in poor French accent)  
*Be my guest, be my guest, put my  
servicing to the test.*  
(chuckling and shaking head)  
*Aladdin.*

Suddenly Michael becomes very serious.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
(to camera)  
It's perfect that you're here now, at  
this very moment, as you're seeing-- and  
preserving really-- history in the  
making, the crowning of the first ever  
Dunder-Mifflin Employee of the Month.

JAN  
(over speakerphone)  
No, Michael--

MICHAEL  
(to camera)  
--This morning we received a company wide  
email announcing the employee of the  
month program, the winner to receive a  
prize, and now the lovely Jan don't-call-  
me-Gould Levinson has called to ordain me  
the winner, go on Jan...

JAN  
(over speakerphone)  
You are not the winner Michael. In fact  
you are not eligible for the award. Did  
you read the email?

MICHAEL  
I perused the copy.

JAN  
(over speakerphone)  
Michael, I'm calling you to see if you  
had questions about selecting the winner,  
and I see it's a good thing I did.

Michael pauses for a moment in reflection.

MICHAEL  
Am I ineligible because of my  
relationship with you?

Suddenly the LIGHTS CUT OUT. Michael hits a button on the phone.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Jan? Jan?!  
(to camera)  
Ok, we have a situation here...

Michael heads to his office door, camera follows.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DWIGHT is standing at his desk as the rest, including PAM and JIM, sit calmly.

DWIGHT  
This is not, I repeat NOT a simple power  
failure, people! Follow me, I'll lead  
you to safety.

Dwight begins rummaging through a lower, file-sized drawer in his desk. OSCAR walks by calmly with a cup of coffee.

OSCAR  
Does anyone know where the fuse box is?

MICHAEL  
He could be right everyone, in all my  
years here I don't recall a power  
failure.

DWIGHT  
Nor should you, this building has a  
Kohler 1,500kw 30-RES backup generator,  
someone has gone out of their way to cut  
our power.

RYAN walks by towards the back.

RYAN  
I think I saw the box the other day.

Dwight retrieves a road flare and lighter from the drawer.

JIM  
(to Dwight)  
What are you doing?

Dwight lights the flare, and it begins to spark and flame.

PAM

Oh my God.

As flames shoot out, Pam and Jim head towards Dwight.

MICHAEL

Dwight put that out, put that--

DWIGHT

--Follow me Michael, this is an attack!

Jim turns to the camera with a "good Lord" look. Suddenly, what sounds like SEVERAL GUN SHOTS ring out.

MICHAEL

Oh mommy!

Pam SCREAMS as the EXPLOSIONS continue. Jim covers her, pulling her to the floor and shielding her. Dwight does the same to Michael.

After a few moments, the explosions end. The LIGHTS then come back on. Ryan walks out from the back.

RYAN

Found the fuse box...

Jim looks down at Pam, who smiles at him, impressed with his heroics. The two then awkwardly hurry to their feet, as do Michael and Dwight. Jim looks over at Dwight's open desk drawer.

JIM

(to Dwight)

Fire works? You keep fireworks in your desk?

Despite the absurdity of this, one by one, eyes turn from Dwight to Michael, freezing on him, shocked with what they see.

MICHAEL

What?

Michael has apparently wet himself, the front of his suit pants telling the tale.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael sits at his desk, addressing the camera.

MICHAEL

What happened out there, is a perfect example of the eyes lying to the rest of the head. I know you thought, and everyone out there thought for a moment that I...

(trailing off)

But I didn't. During the mayhem, coffee was spilled on a very unfortunate part of my anatomy, making it appear I had a momentary loss of control-- which would not be unexpected in such a situation-- but no, it was in fact very hot, very wet coffee. As evidence by this ice.

The camera pans down to reveal Michael's pants are off, a large plastic bag of ice resting on his lap, over his boxers.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I ask you, why would I be doing this if hot coffee was not spilled on me?

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION

Jim and Pam speak quietly about Michael.

JIM

This is just, you wait for something like this forever, but you never--

PAM

--you never expect it to happen.

JIM

Exactly. I mean it's perfect, it's Christmas, your birthday and an *A-Team* marathon all in one but somehow it...

PAM

It doesn't feel right, does it?

Jim shakes his head. Michael's office door opens and he comes out, still holding the ice in place.

MICHAEL

Everyone, please gather around.

Heads turn, no one can believe their eyes. Dwight rushes over per Michael's request.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Don't be shy, come close everyone.

KEVIN shakes his head nervously. No one else moves.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Thank you. Now, I just want you all to know I am ok. Some minor burns from the spilled coffee, second or third degree only, I will be fine.

Dwight bends over quickly to take a look, apparently to help.

DWIGHT  
My God, Michael...

MICHAEL  
Stay back!

Dwight freezes.

DWIGHT  
You're injured, Michael.

MICHAEL  
I'm fine. Just spilled coffee, everyone.

DWIGHT  
Is there something I can get you to alleviate your pain?

MICHAEL  
Actually yes. I would love a Cherry Red Diet Doctor Pepper.

Dwight turns to rush off to the kitchen.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Stop!

Dwight freezes.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I want Ryan to get it for me.

Ryan rolls his eyes and reluctantly heads for the kitchen.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(to everyone)

Now I am not upset at whoever spilled the coffee, I realize it was an accident, there was a lot of confusion during the power outage, and there will be no punishment.

JIM

Will you be punished for peeing your pants?

MICHAEL AND DWIGHT

(at the same time)

I/He did not pee my/his pants, Jim.

They end the statement awkwardly, each word in sync. Michael glares at Dwight, then turns back to Jim.

MICHAEL

Is that clear?

JIM

Like I'm listening through headphones.

MICHAEL

Also everyone, do not worry that I have forgotten about the first ever Dunder-Mifflin Employee of the Month Award, and despite recent tragedies, this event will move forward.

DWIGHT

Yes!

Dwight pumps a fist in celebration, then adds a pelvic thrust for exclamation.

MICHAEL

Are there any questions about the process?

DWIGHT

One- is it true that you are ineligible for the award?

MICHAEL

Yes, sadly, as a result of my physical relationship with Jan Levinson.

ANGELA

The email said all members of senior management were ineligible.

MICHAEL  
Well then I'm doubly ineligible.

DWIGHT  
Two- am I ineligible as a member of  
senior management?

MICHAEL  
You are not a member of senior  
management.

DWIGHT  
Assistant Regional Manager is not  
considered senior management?

STANLEY (O.S.)  
"To the".

DWIGHT  
Excuse me, Stanley?

STANLEY  
You heard me.

DWIGHT  
Michael, would you please clear up--

MICHAEL  
--Not now, Dwight!

Michael motions to Ryan, who has returned, glass in hand.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
My beverage has arrived, thank you Ryan.  
And not a bad start to your campaign for  
D.M.E.O.T.M. honors.

Michael takes a look at the glass.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
...despite the fact that I could have  
used some ice.

RYAN  
(quietly)  
There wasn't any left.

Ryan glances quickly down at Michael's waist.

MICHAEL  
Very well.

Michael holds the glass in one hand, the ice in the other.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'll take care of this in my office.

Michael turns and enters his office, Pam looks quickly away to not see his backside.

JIM

(to Pam)

Remember that thing I said about not being able to enjoy this?

PAM

Out the window.

JIM

Completely.

ONE ON ONE INTERVIEW WITH DWIGHT

DWIGHT

Why do I feel I should win the Dunder-Mifflin Employee of the Month Award? Well first, I know for a fact that I was the only Scranton branch employee to successfully complete this month's Sodoku puzzle in the Dunder-Mifflin Employee Newsletter. Secondly, last Wednesday I stayed until 8:30pm to finish my accrual projections a full 56 hours before the Friday deadline.

As Dwight continues, we see footage of him alone in the office at his desk, a mouth full of chewing gum, looking wired as he types at his computer.

DWIGHT (V.O) (CONT'D)

Sure, I may have chewed 16 pieces of Mad-Croc Power Peppermint Energy Gum to keep my edge, but caffeine supplements in candy form are not illegal in this office.

A CLEANING LADY in the background shuts off the lights, as Dwight continues to type.

BACK TO ONE ON ONE WITH DWIGHT

DWIGHT

Are they?

## ONE ON ONE INTERVIEW WITH RYAN

RYAN

No. No I don't want to win the award...  
I imagine it involves some sort of award  
ceremony with Michael, and I'd prefer to  
avoid that.

## INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE

We hear an old school dot matrix printer in the background as  
Michael addresses the camera from his desk.

MICHAEL

I have just found out from corporate that  
the award is only for full-time, salaried  
positions, so sadly our friend Ryan is  
ineligible...

Michael shakes his head in disappointment for a moment. He  
then turns to a printer at the credenza next to him and rips  
off the in-progress banner reading "Congrats Ry", crumbling  
it dejectedly into a ball as the printer continues slowly  
chugging out the "an". He then holds down the intercom button  
on his phone.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(to phone)

Pam, please cancel my evening  
reservations for two at Chile's.

The camera zooms in then out rapidly on Michael's glass of  
Diet Doctor Pepper on his desk, now filled with ice.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(to camera)

What are you doing?

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION - DAY

Pam's phone buzzes, she hits an intercom button.

PAM  
Yes Michael?

MICHAEL  
(over speakerphone)  
Pam-o-lot, can you please do me the honor  
of a pick up?

PAM  
What?

MICHAEL  
(over speakerphone)  
Pick up the handset please, this is  
confidential.

Pam does.

PAM  
What?

Pam listens for a moment. She's confused.

PAM (CONT'D)  
Wait, they're where?

ONE ON ONE INTERVIEW WITH PAM

PAM  
He asked me to get his extra pair of  
jeans he keeps in the office.

As Pam continues, we see her in the copy room, approaching  
the copier.

PAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
When he said they were in the copy  
machine's universal paper tray I thought  
he was joking. Or just really, really  
stupid.

Pam opens a low tray on the copier and there are Michael's  
jeans, neatly folded. She considers this...

PAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But then I thought, what if he's actually  
really smart for foreseeing this type of  
situation...

BACK TO ONE ON ONE INTERVIEW WITH PAM

PAM (CONT'D)  
I know I feel stupid for not having  
better anticipated this.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE

Michael answers a question for the camera.

MICHAEL  
Oh yes, I like to keep an extra pair of  
jeans on hand everywhere I go, for both  
unexpected and expected situations. I  
have a pair in my car, one at my improv  
class... Coffee gets spilled a lot, and  
there are literally hundreds of other  
beverages in society. But more than  
that, I just like how jeans feel.

As Michael continues, we SEE HIM IN FLASHBACK throughout the  
office in jeans, posing and checking himself out in the  
reflection of windows. This creeps out those watching.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
It's refreshing, denim against your skin  
during the day, instead of the polyester  
of suits. I think once a week everyone  
in the office should be able to wear  
jeans, just sort of let it all hang out  
and dress a little less formally. We  
could call it "less formal Wednesdays"  
for instance.

We return to Michael in his office.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
But sadly, I doubt something like that  
could ever catch on in the business  
world.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION

Michael, now in jeans, comes out from his office, walking by  
Pam.

PAM  
 Michael, this came for you from  
 corporate.

She hands him a padded Fed Ex envelope.

MICHAEL  
 This must be the employee of the month  
 prize.

Michael begins opening it next to Pam at her reception area, as Jim makes eye contact with her. He types something and we hear a short COMPUTERIZED BLIP from her computer. She reads her monitor, and then looks at Michael, half smiling, half grossed out. She slowly backs away from him in her chair.

ONE ON ONE INTERVIEW WITH JIM

JIM  
 Oh, that was nothing. I just asked her over I.M. if she thought Michael trashed the underwear or not, that's all. Not sure which way is worse actually, but there are more horrible thoughts out there. Like...Dwight for instance. If I had reason to believe he was sans underwear, I'd probably have to shoot myself.

BACK TO SCENE

Michael finishes opening the pack, and looks in.

MICHAEL  
 I'll be damned.

He pulls out an iPod box and displays it to the camera.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 iPod shuffle.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE

Michael sits at his desk, addressing the camera.

MICHAEL  
 Yes, this does add to the immense pressure of selecting a winner. As you know, I gave Ryan a video iPod in the Christmas gift exchange, and lets just say there was some jealousy.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Now this is just an iPod shuffle, but it is the 1 gig and I have a feeling there will be some hurt feelings again. I just wish I could buy everyone in the office an iPod...

(catching himself)

And I could. Financially I mean, not a problem... But sadly, I think corporate would be none to pleased, me showing them up like that.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION

Pam looks over uncomfortably at Kevin, who is watching her from a distance. He looks quickly away. The PHONE RINGS.

PAM

(answering)

Dunder-Mifflin, this is Pam... Please hold.

Pam transfers the call and then looks back at Kevin, who is again watching her.

PAM (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

What?

KEVIN

I bet you really want to be employee of the month.

PAM

No, why?

KEVIN

To win that iPod.

PAM

I already have an MP3 player, Roy got me one.

KEVIN

But not an iPod. Wouldn't you like a real one?

Pam rolls her eyes and looks over at Jim, who pretends not be paying attention.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE

There is a knock at the door, and Dwight enters.

DWIGHT

Michael, wonder if I might have a quick word?

MICHAEL

What do you want Dwight?

DWIGHT

I understand that my prize as employee of the month is an iPod, and I was hoping to get the SKU number off of the box for reference on my ebay auction.

MICHAEL

You're not winning the iPod.

DWIGHT

Why not?

MICHAEL

Well, earlier today you blew up your desk Dwight, but I could give you a list of other reasons.

DWIGHT

But I already began the auction.

MICHAEL

Well that's your fault for counting your chickens.

DWIGHT

There's no reserve Michael.

Michael is a bit exasperated, but then has a thought.

MICHAEL

Dwight, I'm sorry, but the truth is you are ineligible for the award as a member of senior management.

DWIGHT

(elated)  
Yes, I knew it!

MICHAEL

However, as a member of senior management I am requesting your assistance in selecting a winner.

DWIGHT

Awesome. Ok, well definitely not Jim. Or Stanley or Pam or Oscar or Ryan.

MICHAEL  
Ryan is not eligible.

DWIGHT  
You promoted him to senior management?

MICHAEL  
No, as a temp. I checked with corporate.

DWIGHT  
Well I think that Angela does a more than adequate job in her role with this company.

MICHAEL  
Nah, what would she do with an iPod? I bet the only music she listens to is classical, yuck.

DWIGHT  
(sexually charged awe)  
Christian, actually.

MICHAEL  
No, you know something, I have an idea. Follow me...

Michael heads through his office door, Dwight follows.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MICHAEL  
Everyone, listen up. If I could, I would give everyone of you the award for employee of the month. But those jerks at corporate only sent one iPod and there can be only one person's picture this month on the wall.

(to Pam)  
Pam, can you call down to the warehouse and find out why they haven't hung the plaque up yet?

(to all)  
So everyone, I have--

DWIGHT  
--We have.

Michael sighs.

MICHAEL  
We have devised an idea to make this more fair.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Since you're all excellent candidates,  
why not a little side competition? Dun-  
Da-Da-Dun-- drum roll please...

Dwight starts drumming with his hands on Jim's desk. Jim quickly places a stapler with papers in place under Dwight's hands, stapling the pages.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

*American Idol* style!

Dwight's loving this idea, the others not so much.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We'll move my e-Kara Karaoke Machine out  
of my office to the conference room, set  
up a judges' table, and the best  
performance gets the award. I'll be  
Simon--

(poor Australian-ish accent)

Top of the morn'n, how you doing mate?  
You're absolutely deplorable, just awful!

(laughing, then regular voice)

Who else wants to be a judge? Pam, we  
could use a Paula?

Pam shakes her head nervously.

DWIGHT

I'll be Randy.

MICHAEL

No, Stanley should be Randy.

STANLEY

Excuse me?

MICHAEL

Well, whatever, we'll figure it out. In  
the meantime Pam, lets cancel the  
afternoon's time management seminar in  
the conference room and get the karaoke  
machine set up.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A judge's table is set up, with Michael at one end next to a karaoke machine, then Angela and Dwight. The door to the conference room opens.

MICHAEL  
 (in accent)  
 Ah, our first competitor here in Scranton.

Phyllis enters, Michael drops the accent.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Oh it's Phyllis. Ok, welcome, what will you be singing today? Maybe Wilson Phillips, or a little Meatloaf?

PHYLLIS  
 I'd like to do "Hit Me Baby One More Time" by Britney Spears.

MICHAEL  
 Oh yuck.  
 (catching himself)  
 But yes, of course, we should have that one here, grab the mic.

Michael begins looking for the song.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Phyllis is mid song. She recreates Britney's suggestive dance.

PHYLLIS  
*Show me how you want to do me... Tell me baby 'cause I need to know now, oh because...*

Michael looks disturbed, Dwight seems oddly into it, and Angela simply glares at Dwight.

ONE ON ONE INTERVIEW WITH ANGELA

ANGELA  
 While I enjoy sitting in judgement of others, I think it was a mistake taking part in this competition. The filth that came out of that room was simply disturbing at times.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Kevin is rapping N.W.A.'s "Real Niggaz Don't Die".

KEVIN

*I'm a mutha\*BEEP\*'n \*BEEP\* wit an attitude.*

*I'm a mutha\*BEEP\*'n \*BEEP\* wit an attitude.*

*I'm a mutha\*BEEP\*'n \*BEEP\* wit an attitude.*

*I'm a mutha\*BEEP\*'n \*BEEP\* wit an attitude.*

The best adjective to describe the looks on the judge's faces is "confused". Michael also looks a little scared.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

*I got a case of spitting in a mutha\*BEEP\*er's face, so me and my ace we got a taste, of a mutha\*BEEP\*er's billy club. He took his gun and put it to my head and said \*BEEP\* start running...*

ONE ON ONE INTERVIEW WITH MICHAEL

MICHAEL

Yes, I think the competition has gone quite well so far. Sure, these may not be the world's best singers, like Clay Aiken or Ruben Studdard, none of them are "going to Hollywood" so to speak, but that's not the only point here. It's also a chance for Dunder-Mifflin employees to reveal a bit of themselves.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

OSCAR

(snapping his fingers)

*When you're a jet, you're a jet all the way, from your first cigarette to your last dying day...*

At the table, Michael is snapping along, enjoying the song.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Kelly is passionately completing "On My Own" from *Les Miserables*, down on her knees, looking up at the sky.

KELLY

*I love him... I love him... I love him,  
but only, on my own...*

As the judges applaud, Kelly looks over at the glass walls, where Ryan, who was walking by, stopped to look in. He's very uneasy. He notices the camera shooting him, and then quickly and nervously walks away.

ONE ON ONE INTERVIEW WITH JIM

JIM

No... No, I won't be entering the *American Idol* competition. First, I understand that Kevin's got it pretty much wrapped up. And secondly, the thought of singing for Michael, Angela and Dwight makes me feel nauseous. So, it would take a lot more than an iPod to get me singing in that room.

INT. OFFICE

Jim looks up from his desk, making eye contact with Pam.

PAM

(smiling)  
Hey... I've got an idea.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Jim and Pam sing together. They are all smiles.

PAM

*They say we're young and we don't know  
We won't find out unti-i-il we grow...*

JIM

*Well I don't know if all that's true  
Cuz you got me and baby I got you...*

Angela gives Pam a knowing look, but she ignores her.

JIM AND PAM

*Babe... I got you babe...*

ONE ON ONE WITH PAM

PAM

Why did I want to sing with Jim...? Well one, it is for an iPod. And even though Roy got me a totally great MP3 player I could still give the iPod to a friend.

(MORE)

PAM (CONT'D)

And two, it's really boring to answer phones for people who aren't even there, why should they have all the fun? And three...

(catching herself)

No, that's it. Those are the reasons why.

BACK TO SCENE

As Pam continues singing to Jim the look on her face tells us that third reason why...

PAM (CONT'D)

*And when I'm sad, you're a clown, and when I'm scared, you're always around.*

JIM

*Then put your little hand in mine... There ain't no hill or mountain we can't climb...*

Pam takes Jim's hand. He looks a little taken aback.

JIM AND PAM

*Cuz Babe... I got you babe...*

They smile at each other as they continue.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION

Jim and Pam arrive at her desk, laughing, just following their performance.

JIM

So we were pretty good right, I think we got this thing locked up?

PAM

We? You were the good one!

She playfully slaps his arm.

JIM

Well four years of chorus in high school helped, and now that my voice fully changed it's all--

ROY

--So what's this?

Pam and Jim stop laughing abruptly.

JIM  
 (caught off guard)  
 Oh, hey Roy, we were just, ah...

ROY looks over at DARRELL, who returns a suspicious look and then goes back to hanging the Employee of the Month plaque the two were working on.

PAM  
 We were just laughing about--

ROY  
 --Were you two singing together in there?

JIM  
 Wait, you think that's what we were laughing about?

ROY  
 Yeah, I do.

Jim glances over at Kevin, who nervously shakes his head and backs away.

JIM  
 No, just now we were just ah...laughing about Michael.

PAM  
 (playing along)  
 Yeah. You haven't heard? Oh I've been dieing to tell you all day.

ROY  
 What?

JIM  
 He ah, well he wet himself.

DARRELL  
 (laughing)  
 Get out of here?

Darrell walks over.

JIM  
 Nope, no he did, it was hilarious.

All four start laughing a little.

ROY  
 When?

JIM

Well, it was this morning. His pants were completely soaked, tried to blame it on spilled coffee.

ROY

(laughing harder)  
He pissed himself and tried to blame it on coffee? What a tool...

JIM

Totally.

Suddenly, the laughter from Pam stops. Jim turns around to see Michael, having exited the conference room and overheard the conversation. He looks down, and quickly heads to his office.

JIM (CONT'D)

Crap.

ROY

(still laughing)  
Well go on.

JIM

No, I should probably go talk to him.

DARRELL

What, it's just Michael?

JIM

Yeah, but I think I might have hurt his feelings.

Roy and Darrell look at each other and let out muted laughs.

ROY

(laughing)  
His *feelings*?

Jim shakes his head and walks off towards the break room. Pam glares at Roy.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE

Michael addresses the camera. He tries to act cool, but it's clear he's hurt.

MICHAEL

What, that? No, that's fine, just guys being guys, having a laugh. About what, I don't even know.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I mean that's what this office is all about, just having some--

His phone RINGS, interrupting. He hits a button.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hello?

JAN

(over speakerphone)  
Michael...

MICHAEL

Jan, I'm glad you called, I actually really need someone to talk--

JAN

(over speakerphone)  
--Who did you select as the Employee of the Month Michael, I need a name for the email announcement?

MICHAEL

(caught off guard)  
Well, I haven't actually finished the selection process yet.

JAN

(frustrated)  
Michael, please, this is a very simple task, you should not need all day.

MICHAEL

Well, I'm trying to be fair--

JAN

(over speakerphone)  
--Just pick someone. Who was your top salesman this month?

MICHAEL

Um, well...I'd have to look at the numbers--

JAN

(not buying it)  
--You don't know, Michael?

MICHAEL

Ok, Jim. It was Jim.

JAN

(over speakerphone)  
Perfect, Jim Halpert, thanks.

She hangs up.

MICHAEL  
Ok... Bye Jan.

Michael smiles awkwardly at the camera.

ONE ON ONE INTERVIEW WITH PAM

PAM  
Sometimes Roy can be insensitive but that  
doesn't mean...

She fades off, looking down, in thought...

PAM (CONT'D)  
(a little emotional)  
Hey, no guy's perfect, right?

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE

There's a knock at the door, and Jim enters.

MICHAEL  
Hey, Jim-bo... I guess you're here for  
your iPod.

JIM  
My iPod? No, I actually came in here to  
be the first to congratulate you.

MICHAEL  
What?

JIM  
Employee of the Month. Didn't you see  
the email?

Michael, caught off guard, gives a surprised look to the camera.

ONE ON ONE INTERVIEW WITH JIM

JIM (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I called Jan and told her we wanted  
Michael to have the award. I said that  
he had been through some tough times, but  
still kept us all smiling.  
(having a thought)  
Which, I guess is actually really true.

INT. OFFICE

Jim walks out of Michael's office, returning to his desk.  
Pam watches him, hiding a little smile. Maybe some guys are perfect...

END ACT THREE

TAG

INT. OFFICE - EVENING

Michael stands next to the Employee of the Month plaque, now affixed to the wall. It holds a black and white, headshot-like glossy of him in an overly serious pose, his chin resting on his fist.

MICHAEL

(to camera)

Well there you have it... Michael Scott,  
Dunder-Mifflin Employee of the Month.

The camera zooms in on the photo, which reads "Michael Scott" in script on the bottom corner, and then "Great Scott! Productions" underneath. The camera zooms out and Michael smiles proudly.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Some might say that since this is the first award it's more than just a prize for greatest employee of a month, it covers years really...but I don't prefer to look at it that way.

As Michael continues, we see footage from earlier in the day of him standing with his pants wet, then holding ice against his crotch, and finally singing in the conference room seductively to Angela, mic in hand, climbing up on the table as a torn Dwight struggles to corral him.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I just hope my example will be an inspiration to everyone in the office. After all, my picture may not always be the one in this plaque, but the influence of Michael Scott can live long after... Like Bob Hope, or Jesus. And all the talk about renaming it the "Michael Scott Employee of the Month Award", that's all, you know, just silly really...

BACK TO SCENE

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(conceding)

Hey, if it happens, fine, but either way.

One of the corner screws holding the plaque to the wall gives out, and it falls to one side, swiveling back and forth.

THE END