

the office

"Waist Watchers"

A Sit-Com Spec Script

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 1

#

The entire office staff is seated around the outer edge of the conference room. MICHAEL is seated at the table with DWIGHT and JIM. Michael is on a conference call with headquarters. RYAN's voice can be heard through the speaker phone in the background.

DWIGHT

Michael, Ryan is almost done. You're up, next. This is your big chance to get back in front of corporate.

MICHAEL

(closing eyes)

I know, Dwight. Be quiet.

RYAN

. . . and that brings us to the Scranton office. Manager, Michael Scott, will give us his quarterly update.

MICHAEL

(trying to play it cool for the camera)

I am happy to report that we had another killer month with a sales increase of over 7 percent-aloo-lies.

RYAN

Michael?

MICHAEL

Percentage points, Ryan. That's right an increase of 7 percent! Whoo!

RYAN

I guess he isn't on the line. That brings us back to the New York branch.

DWIGHT

What just happened?

JIM TALKING HEAD

#

JIM

When you are on a conference call with corporate, it probably makes sense to check in advance if your phone is on mute.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION DESK- D1

PAM is typing at her desk. Michael enters for the day.

MICHAEL
Moons over "My Pam-my."

PAM
Good morning, Michael.

MICHAEL
Any new messages for me? Got to get back
to my "peeps."

PAM
Nope, no messages.

Michael looks at the camera.

MICHAEL
OK, then. I am just going to get ready
for my important meeting.

PAM
What meeting? Your calendar is wide open
today.

MICHAEL
I have a secret . . . corporate ...
conference call . . . blog meeting.

Michael retreats to his office.

PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM
Sometimes Michael blocks off time in his
calendar to work.

A pause.

PAM (CONT'D)
But then instead of working, I see him
play computer Solitaire. Sometimes all
day.

(CONTINUED)

INT. OFFICE - BREAK ROOM - D1

SPY SHOT: STANLEY enters the break room and puts his lunch in the refrigerator. Jim is buying a Grape soda.

JIM
Hey, Stanley.

STANLEY
Jim.

JIM
How's the family?

STANLEY
Good.

JIM
Did you do anything fun with them this weekend?

STANLEY
No.

Jim realizes this isn't going to go anywhere, looks at the camera, shrugs.

JIM
OK, cool, then. See you later.

Jim leaves the break room area. As Jim exits the break room, the camera reveals Stanley rubbing the left side of his chest.

INT. OFFICE - ACCOUNTING AREA - D1

OSCAR is listening to an iPod while he works. He is bobbing his head along to the music and making marks on his paper report. ANGELA is diagonal from him typing on a computer.

OSCAR
(singing in falsetto)
Holiday.

Angela looks at him with disdain and shakes her head. Oscar does not notice.

OSCAR
(singing in falsetto)
Celebrate.

Angela glares at him. There is a break and he doesn't sing anymore. She resumes her typing.

OSCAR
(singing in falsetto)
It would be so nice.

The camera zooms in on Angela as she squints and scowls at Oscar.

ANGELA TALKING HEAD

ANGELA
Oscar's singing wouldn't be so bad except
that he sings along to that hussy,
Madonna.

A pause.

ANGELA (CONT'D)
Madonna, the pop singer. Not the other
one.

INT. OFFICE - STANLEY'S DESK

Stanley and PHYLLIS are sitting at their desks. Stanley is
visibly sweating.

STANLEY
(in barely a whisper)
I can't breathe.

PHYLLIS
What did you say?

Stanley stands up and takes a large inhale.

STANLEY
(pained)
I can't breathe.

Stanley collapses.

PHYLLIS
Oh my, God!

The camera pans to Jim getting up from his desk to move to
Stanley's aid.

JIM
Stanley, are you alright?

The camera swings back to reveal Dwight jumping on to his desk
and leaping towards Stanley and shoving Jim out of the way.

DWIGHT
Man down! We got a man down!

JIM
Pam, call 9-1-1!

The camera swings back to Pam who reaches for the phone and begins dialing.

INT. OFFICE - STANLEY'S DESK - CONTINUOUS - D1

A close up on Stanley reveals Jim and Dwight crouched near Stanley, who is sitting on the floor, propped against a desk.

DWIGHT
Move it, Halpert. I'm the volunteer
sheriff.

JIM
Stanley, the ambulance is on its way.
Just take deep breaths and try to relax.

DWIGHT
Stanley, I want you to understand I may
have to give you an emergency tracheotomy.

Stanley grips Jim's arm.

STANLEY
(pleading to Jim)
Don't let him touch me.

JIM
I won't.

STANLEY
It's not my throat. It's just really
hard to breathe.

JIM
Stay calm. I think you might be having a
heart attack.

DWIGHT
In case you lose consciousness, I want
authorization to give mouth-to-mouth.

Stanley looks frightened by the suggestion. Dwight is applying Chap-stick to his lips.

INT. OFFICE - MICHAEL'S DESK - CONTINUOUS - D1

The camera reveals that Michael is playing solitaire on his computer. He can see that the staff are getting up from their desks and gathering near Stanley. He exits his office to see what is going on.

INT. OFFICE - OUTSIDE THE DOOR OF MICHAEL'S OFFICE
CONTINUOUS - D1 #

MICHAEL
What is going on? Stanley!?

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Is a boss a doctor?

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

#

MICHAEL
According to HR, I am not a "certified"
doctor. But I am a healer. Like a
medicine man.

You see, the company is like an Indian
reservation. And the people are like
Indians. Some have been shot by arrows
and some have fallen off their horses.
And some, like Meredith, are drunk.

My job is to be the medicine man and heal
these noble savages with my natural
remedies like herbs, roots, and good
advice.

INT. OFFICE - STANLEY'S DESK CONTINUOUS - D1

#

Stanley is lying down on the floor. Pam is holding his hand.
Jim and Dwight are crouched nearby. Michael comes over to
Stanley.

MICHAEL
Everyone stay calm. Don't worry, I know
the "hind-lick" maneuver.

JIM
Are you talking about the "Heimlich?"

MICHAEL
Maybe.

JIM
He doesn't need it. The paramedics
should be here any minute.

MICHAEL
Good. It will take at least half an hour
for the poison to reach his brain.

DWIGHT
I don't think he was poisoned. My uncle
Cornelius got bit by a snake and the
venom stopped his heart in under two
minutes. It's been at least five.

MICHAEL
Thanks, snake master.

(CONTINUED)

PAM

Stanley, I've called your wife and she is going to be at the hospital waiting for you.

PAM TALKING HEAD

#

PAM

You know those "notify in emergency" cards you fill out on your first day? I finally used one today.

A beat.

PAM (CONT'D)

Guess I should take Roy's name off my card.

INT. OFFICE - STANLEY'S DESK CONTINUOUS - D1

#

PARAMEDICS have put Stanley on a gurney and attached an oxygen mask to his face. They wheel him towards the elevator. As one fills out a clipboard, Michael asks her questions.

MICHAEL

So . . . do you think its cancer?

PARAMEDIC

Probably a mild heart attack. But we will take him to St. Vincent's to run some tests.

MICHAEL

A heart attack? But he is so young!

PARAMEDIC

Yeah, well, you know. That's why they call heart disease the "silent killer." It can strike anyone.

Michael has a pained realization on his face.

INT. OFFICE - JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESK - CONTINUOUS - D1

#

DWIGHT

(sarcastically)

Nice work, back there, Halpert. I see that CPR training day was wasted on you.

JIM

Yeah, well, if you ever need CPR, how about I promise I won't give it to you.

DWIGHT

I know I won't need it any time soon.

JIM

(CONTINUED)

How's that?

DWIGHT

We Schrutes have a warning of our future demise. The Angel of Death warns us so that we can make our final arrangements.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

Fact. I had an uncle, Cornelius Delancey Schrute. Fact. The day before he died, he told me and Mose that he was visited by a robed stranger who warned him of his demise. Fact. A day later he urinated in a beet field and was bit in the genitals by a Reticulated Whip Snake.

INT. OFFICE - JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESK - CONTINUOUS - D1

JIM

So you believe that an Angel of Death will come and warn you before you die?

DWIGHT

It makes perfect sense to me.

JIM

(still skeptical)
Right.

Jim has an "a-ha" moment.

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM

(deadpan)

Wow. The Angel of Death comes to visit the Schrutes just before they die. It seems a little insensitive . . .

JIM (CONT'D)

(smiling)

. . . but wow. It's too perfect!

INT. OFFICE - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

Michael is peering through his window looking at the Dunder-Mifflin staff.

SPY SHOT: The camera views shots of the office staff snacking at their desks, struggling to lift a box, napping, etc.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

What is heart disease?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL
It is the "silent killer." It's out
there, but you never know where.
Killing is absolutely wrong. Which is
why I am going to kill the killer.

A pause.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Which is alright.

INT. OFFICE - PHYLLIS'S DESK - D1

Michael exits his office. He approaches Phyllis who is eating a
bagel.

MICHAEL
(snorting like a pig.)
Oink, oink.

PHYLLIS
Excuse me?

MICHAEL
(almost whispering)
What do you think you are doing?

PHYLLIS
(also almost whispering)
Eating my breakfast?

MICHAEL
Yeah, well, you are done, piggy.

Michael takes her bagel and drops it into the trash can next to
her desk and walks away. Phyllis looks stunned.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
There are five major sources of heart
disease.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL
Cholesterol, genetics, obesity, fast-
food . . . sugary snacks . . . strenuous
exercise . . . hot tubs . . and breakfast.

INT. OFFICE - CREED'S DESK - D1

Michael approaches CREED who is listening to tapes on his Sports Walkman.

MICHAEL
Creed, I know you quit smoking.

CREED
Yup, last Christmas.

MICHAEL
And I noticed you gained some weight.

CREED
That happens.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL
Cigarettes cause cancer. Undisputable.
But they also keep you thin and in shape.
Brad Pitt, Lindsay Lohan, Keith Richards.
What do they have in common? All are
beautiful people, pictures of health, and
all of them smokers.

INT. OFFICE - CREED'S DESK - CONTINUOUS - D1

MICHAEL
Well, I think you should start smoking
again. Right away.

CREED
Cool with me.

Creed reaches into his desk drawer, removes a pack of cigarettes, grabs his coat and heads outside. Michael is pleased by how easy this was.

CREED TALKING HEAD

Creed, wearing his coat, is outside smoking a cigarette.

CREED
I thought he was going to ask me to stop
licking toads.

INT. OFFICE - JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESK - D1

Jim returns to his desk with a Starbucks coffee cup.

JIM
Weird.

DWIGHT
What's the matter?

JIM

When I got back from Starbucks, I thought I saw a farmer hanging around your Trans Am.

DWIGHT

A farmer was hanging out by my car? Maybe he was doing some reconnaissance before the Beet-fest Competition.

JIM

I don't think so . . . he just seemed to be "lurking."

DWIGHT

How do you know he was a farmer?

JIM

Well, maybe he wasn't. But he had one of those farmer harvesting tools. . . a scythe?

Dwight's eyes get huge.

INT. OFFICE - ACCOUNTING AREA - D1

Michael stealthily approaches the accounting area. He sneaks up behind Kevin. He throws a garbage bag with a head-hole cut out of it over Kevin.

KEVIN

(struggling to get out of the bag)
Michael! Stop!

MICHAEL

(fighting to keep him in the bag)
Don't fight it. This is for your own good. This sweat suit is a fast way to lose weight.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

When I was in high school, I was on the wrestling team for a week. During that week, I learned a lot about staying thin by getting rid of dangerous water weight.

INT. OFFICE - ACCOUNTING AREA - CONTINUOUS - D1

KEVIN

(fighting)
But I don't want to lose weight!

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
(fighting)
Yeah, well your job might depend on it.

Kevin stops fighting and looks off-screen as if to ask "can this really be happening?"

INT. OFFICE - JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESK

Pam is carrying a stack of papers in a manila envelope and walks by Jim. She stops momentarily.

PAM
I left a message with Stanley's wife.

JIM
Yeah. How was that?

PAM
Weird. I have never talked to her before.
But at least Stanley thought to put her
down as his emergency contact.

JIM
Yeah, you never think you are going to
use those.

PAM
I noticed that you have your dad on yours.
Do you want me to update it?

JIM
Nah, he knows to call everyone else so he
is probably the best person.

PAM
(dejected)
Yeah. That makes sense.

Pam heads back to her desk.

INT. OFFICE - D1

MICHAEL
Everyone. Everyone! I have an
announcement to make. The paramedics
think Stanley had a heart attack. What
happened to Stanley today could happen to
any of us. Probably you first, Phyllis,
because you are the fattest.

The camera reveals Phyllis cringing.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Or maybe Kevin. It's a tough call.

(CONTINUED)

The camera reveals a sweaty Kevin still in his garbage bag suit.

PAM
Is Stanley okay?

MICHAEL
He is probably dead.

Audible gasps and murmuring are heard.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Well, maybe not. But the point is we are not dead. Not yet. So from now on, I am instituting a "waist watchers" program. This office is going to lose some weight so that we don't have another incident like what we had today.

TOBY
Michael, Stanley's health is a personal matter. This is a potential HIPAA violation and it's pretty irresponsible to say that Stanley might be dead.

MICHAEL
Look, Toby, I am trying to save people's lives. I am trying to keep people like Angela from dying alone.

Angela shoots a look towards Dwight who shrugs.

TOBY
Michael, we're not going to die alone.

MICHAEL
Oh, are you so sure, Mr. Broken Home?

Toby looks down in shame.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
OK, then. We are going to have a weight loss contest. And there will be prizes. First prize is a Cadillac Eldorado, second prize is a set of steak knives, and third prize is you're fired.

JIM
(squinting skeptically)
Isn't that from Glengarry Glen Ross?

MICHAEL
(exasperated)
No. I mean, yes. I mean, I don't know.

PHYLLIS
But you can't be serious about the firing.

MICHAEL

I am as serious as a heart-attack.

Grumblings are heard. The camera swings back to reveal Meredith holding a hand to her mouth in shock.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

#

MICHAEL

Tough love. That's what this is called. Sometimes you have to break a few eggs if you are going to make an omelet. And if that omelet is going to be a lean, egg white omelet, then sometimes you have to get rid of a few overweight yolks.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - D1

#

ANDY

Hold on. Is the contest based on percentage change or absolute weight change?

MICHAEL

(confused)

Uh, both.

ANDY

(pumping his fist)

Freaking-A! The Cadillac is mine!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. OFFICE - ANDY'S DESK - A LITTLE LATER

ANDY is typing with one hand and eating strips of bacon from a stack.

KEVIN walks by and immediately begins sniffing the air. He looks at the bacon, but is confused.

Andy smiles and stuffs his mouth with a handful of bacon.

ANDY
Atkins. When I was at Cornell, I lost 20 pounds just by eating bacon.

KEVIN
Awesome.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION DESK - D1

JIM walks up to PAM's desk.

JIM
So any word on Stanley?

PAM
Not yet. His wife called to say she would let us know as soon as she hears something.

JIM
It's pretty freaky.

PAM
I know. You never wake up in the morning and think that something like this will happen. It's a good thing that he had an updated emergency card.

JIM
That's for sure. Hey, I am playing a little prank on Dwight. You ever hear of the "Angel of Death?"

PAM
Not really.

JIM
Well, he's like the Grip Reaper. Just follow my lead if I act like I see a stranger.

PAM TALKING HEAD

#

PAM
(serious)
Jim's pranks are usually pretty funny.
But an "Angel of Death"? The same day as
Stanley's heart attack? Too soon.

PAM
(smiling)
. . . but it is Dwight!

INT. OFFICE - JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESK - D1

#

DWIGHT is returning to his desk from lunch. He has a brown-paper bag with grease spots and is loudly slurping a soda from a Styrofoam cup.

JIM
Dwight?

DWIGHT
What?

JIM
Do you know someone named Azrael?

DWIGHT
No. Should I?

JIM
Beats me. He called you and couldn't get through. But he told me to tell you that he wants to meet with you right away. Something like "you would understand why." Do you know what he was talking about?

DWIGHT
Not really. Did he leave a contact number?

JIM
No, but he said that you could find him on Wikipedia.

Jim resumes his typing.

DWIGHT
There is no Azrael except for . . .

Dwight, open-mouthed, looks astonished.

DWIGHT
. . . the Islamic Angel of Death.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

During that week I was on the wrestling team, the coach got me into shape by having the team chase me. It was great. I learned to sprint, dodge and weave, and how to take a punch when they caught me.

INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - D1

MICHAEL has summoned the staff into the conference room. He is wearing a red, white, and blue track suit.

MICHAEL

OK. I get that it might be a little weird that your boss is going to give you weight advice. So don't think of me as your boss.

Michael puts on a white sweatband and takes off the track jacket to reveal a white tank top.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(in a gruff voice)

I am Iron Mike. Your boss asked me to come in and give you some advice about heart healthy living.

JIM

Are you any relation to Prison Mike?

MICHAEL

No, no relation.

KEVIN

What about Michael the Magic?

MICHAEL

Again, no. Any similarity is entirely coincidental.

KEVIN

'Cause you look like-

MICHAEL

(sighing)

I have a sweatband on, OK. Iron Mike has a sweatband.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

Michael is wearing his white sweatband.

MICHAEL

People are always asking me, "Michael, how do you stay in such good shape?" Well, the secret is that I go to Chili's and get the Buffalo Chicken Salad. It is nutritious, delicious, and low calorie. Mmmm. Especially the blue cheese dressing.

INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS D1

Michael continues to lecture the office staff.

MICHAEL

So, you only need to follow a few simple lessons from Iron Mike and you will win this contest and not lose your job.

DWIGHT

Technically, you could follow your instructions, lose the weight, come in second place, and still lose your job.

Michael realizes Dwight is right, but refuses to acknowledge it and continues on. He looks over at Andy. Reveal Andy sitting with a pile of cellophane "Power Bar" wrappers.

MICHAEL

What are you eating?

ANDY

(talking with his mouth full)
Power Bars. You have got to eat well to have a good work out.

MICHAEL

See, this is a man committed to losing weight.

JIM

Iron Mike? Each of those bars is about 200 calories. You would have to run two miles just to break even.

MICHAEL

Maybe you don't understand the "power" in these bars. If it has the word "power" in it, it is nutritious.

Jim looks at the camera with skepticism.

JIM

Nutrition-as?

MICHAEL

Iron Mike sees someone who doesn't need to lose weight. Miss, what is your name?

ANGELA

(softly)

Michael, you know who I am.

MICHAEL

You are probably the lightest woman here. How do you do it?

ANGELA

I don't want to talk about it.

MICHAEL

Seriously, how much do you weigh?

ANGELA

I don't think this is work talk.

MICHAEL

Seriously, how much do you weigh?

DWIGHT

(interjecting)

She weighs ninety-

ANGELA

(losing it)

It's my business and no one else's!

ANGELA TALKING HEAD

#

ANGELA

It's not weird for a grown woman to weigh under 100 pounds. It is really easy with nightly walks, plenty of water, and hours of prayer.

INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS - D1

#

MICHAEL

Well, you are probably lighter than Pam because you have smaller boobs. I am guessing Pam has 10 - 15 pounds in boob weight alone.

Pam pulls her cardigan sweater closer to herself.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

O.K. Since you guys seem to know nothing about weight loss, I have something to help you.

(CONTINUED)

Michael dumps boxes of "Thin Spa" out onto the table. They are clearly marked with orange stickers that say "Clearance."

ANGELA
What are these?

MICHAEL
Thin Spa weight loss pills. Take two of these daily and the pounds will just fall off.

KEVIN
You want us to take drugs?

MICHAEL
Yes, all the best athletes do it. But so do models. Look...right here on the package...it's the picture of health, herself, Anna Nicole Smith.

TOBY
Anna Nicole Smith is dead, Michael.

PAM
Actually, that stuff is packed with ephedrine. It's not safe.

MICHAEL
That can't be true. I took like six of them.

KEVIN
Your heart could explode. That would be awesome!

DWIGHT
You might want to take a break and get some water before they all kick in.

MICHAEL
Alright. Short recess so I can get some water.

INT. OFFICE - JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESK

#

The camera follows Jim as he hurries back to his desk. Jim pulls something from his desk drawer and drops it in Dwight's tea mug. Dwight sits down.

DWIGHT
My tea is smoking! What the hell is going on?

JIM
(dismissive)
What? It's just hot. I can see the steam from here.

(CONTINUED)

Dwight puts his hands around the mug.

DWIGHT
No, it is definitely freezing.

JIM
Pass it here.

Jim receives the tea from Dwight.

JIM (CONT'D)
No, Dwight, this tea is still warm. Do you think it is a sign?

DWIGHT
No.

JIM
Then drink it.

DWIGHT
No way.

JIM
Why not?

DWIGHT
It could be poison.

JIM
Someone is trying to poison you?

DWIGHT
You never know.

JIM
Wouldn't you have been warned by your Angel of Death?

DWIGHT
A-ha, Jim. But, I didn't drink it. So I am not poisoned and I won't die.

JIM
Check . . . and mate.

Dwight stares at Jim and takes all this in.

#

JIM TALKING HEAD

#

JIM
Dry ice. From Bob Vance's shipping. It doesn't get much better than that.

(CONTINUED)

INT. OFFICE - ACCOUNTING AREA - D1

Angela is sitting cross-armed and starting at her computer.
Oscar notices.

OSCAR
Is something bothering you, Angela?

ANGELA
No.

OSCAR
Is this about Michael talking about you
being under weight?

ANGELA
No.

OSCAR
Don't take it so hard. Some people spend
their whole lives trying to make other
people conform to their conventions of
what they think is normal.

ANGELA
How would you know?

Oscar looks at the camera.

OSCAR
Do you know what I do when it gets to be
too much? I put my headphones on and
shut out the world.

ANGELA
Really? That works?

OSCAR
Of course. Usually, I listen to Madonna
for inspiration. Would you like to
listen?

ANGELA
Do you have "Like a Prayer"?

OSCAR
Of course. I even have the extended mix
with the African-American gospel choir.

Angela considers this and then thinks better of it.

ANGELA
No, thank you.

Oscar shrugs and puts on his head phones.

OSCAR
(singing in falsetto)
Holiday.

INT. OFFICE - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

#

Michael and Dwight are in Michael's office. RYAN speaks to them through the speaker on the telephone. Michael is red-faced and profusely sweating.

MICHAEL
(imitating the Copy-Guy from SNL)
Ryan. The Ry-atoolah. The Ryan-nator.

RYAN
(dismissive)
Michael. I am going to keep this short.
I heard that you were threatening to fire
people over their weight.

MICHAEL
Weight "loss," Ryan. Weight "loss."

RYAN
Whatever. That's still discrimination
and opens Dunder-Mifflin up to law suits.

MICHAEL
Ryan, it's been a while since you have
been down here in the trenches. You
forget how to motivate the troops.
Coffee is for lovers, Ryan.

RYAN
Do you mean "coffee is for closers"?

DWIGHT
Coffee can be for lovers. In Vermont.
It's quite popular.

RYAN
Michael, call this contest off now and
get back to doing something productive.

MICHAEL
Thin workers are productive workers.

RYAN
Get to work, Michael.

MICHAEL
Thin is the new -

RYAN
- Bye.

Ryan hangs up on Michael.

INT. OFFICE - PAM'S DESK - D1

The camera starts in on Jim, but zooms wide to reveal Pam beckoning him to come over to the reception desk. Jim gets up and comes over to her desk.

JIM
What is it?

PAM
I have to tell you something and I don't want you to think it's weird.

JIM
Sure. Go ahead.

PAM
(sighing deeply)
Look, the "old me" would just sit around and wish that you would add me to your emergency contacts. But I am not that girl anymore. I am not going to wish for things to happen. I am going to take action. I am telling you, that if I am your girlfriend, you should put me as your number one person. Not your dad! If you are hurt, I need to know about it first!

Jim thinks this over for a second and rubs his hand through his hair.

JIM
Ok.

Jim walks back to his desk.

INT. OFFICE - CREED'S DESK - D1

TOBY
Michael told me that he encouraged you to start smoking again.

CREED
Yup. I have probably gone through half a pack already.

Toby rubs his temples.

TOBY
OK. Look, if you want to try and quit, the company will pay for a patch to help you stop.

CREED

Not necessary. I have a methadone patch.

TOBY

Do you mean nicotine?

CREED

Can I get that one, too?

INT. OFFICE

#

Michael bursts out of his office.

MICHAEL

Everyone back into the conference room.
I just got a call from Ryan and we need
to talk!

INT. OFFICE - CONFERENCE ROOM CONTINUOUS - D1

#

Michael's hands are shaking. He can't stand still.
His track suit is unzipped. He is still wearing his
sweatband.

MICHAEL

(at double speed)
So how many of you knew that heart
disease was the number one killer in
America? Anyone? Any hands up?

The staff shrugs and looks bored.

MICHAEL

(at double speed)
It's true. It's the number one killer.
When Stanley gets back you can let him
know that it kills more black people than
black-on-black crime.

Jim and Pam share a look.

MICHAEL

So Toby ratted me out and we can't have
the contest anymore. For all of of you
who took this seriously, I am sorry.

The camera zooms out to show the staff does not care. Except for
Andy who is gritting his teeth and has his fists clenched in rage.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

But Toby doesn't care if you die.

TOBY

Actually, I don't think that at all.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL
(under his breath)
It's probably because no one cares if he dies.

TOBY
What did you say?

MICHAEL
Nothing.

JIM
Iron Mike, are you sure you are okay?
You look a little jittery, buddy.

Dwight enters.

DWIGHT
Michael! I just checked WebMD. You may have given yourself high blood pressure with all that ephedrine.

MICHAEL
(panicked)
Someone call 9-1-1!

PAM TALKING HEAD

#

PAM
Two visits from the paramedics in one day. Plus, two all-hands meetings from Michael? Not my most productive day.

Pam realizes the meaning of this.

PAM
But, surprisingly, not my "least" productive day.

INT. OFFICE - D1

#

Michael is in the conference room chair. He is breathing heavy. The PARAMEDIC puts a cuff on Michael's arm.

PARAMEDIC
OK. I am going to pump this up and you will feel a little squeeze.

The Paramedic begins to inflate the cuff.

MICHAEL
Ouch. It's too tight! You're killing me, doctor.

PARAMEDIC

First, it's just a little squeeze, and second, I am not a doctor.

MICHAEL

I knew it! Get this off of me, Dr. Kevorkian!

PARAMEDIC

We're almost done. Stop squirming.

Michael settles down. The Paramedic resumes her calculations.

PARAMEDIC

OK. It looks like your reading is 125 over 85. Pre-hypertension, but easily reversible with a few lifestyle changes.

MICHAEL

Am I dying?

PARAMEDIC

Far from it.

INT. OFFICE - JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESK - D1

Jim and Dwight are packing up for the day.

JIM

So, do you have big plans for tonight?

DWIGHT

Not really. I thought I might go play laser tag one last time.

JIM

Last time? You don't really believe that superstitious stuff, do you?

DWIGHT

Who knows, Jim, who knows? Who knows when the Sweet Angel of Death will bestow a visit on any of us?

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

(calmly)

If I am to die tonight, then I am prepared to greet death with grace and dignity.

A pause.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
(intensely)

And then, when death least expects it, I
will nail him with my throwing stars.

INT. OFFICE - MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

#

Michael is seen packing his stuff for the end of the day. Toby enters.

TOBY
Good news. Stanley's wife called . . .
it was a false alarm. It was just a case
of severe acid reflux.

MICHAEL
So, it was his heart?

TOBY
(sighing)
Whatever.

TOBY (CONT'D)
And Michael? I didn't rat you out. I
was trying to keep everyone safe because
I do care about them.

MICHAEL
Of course, Toby, of course.

TOBY
Alright then, goodnight. See you tomorrow.

Toby turns around to leave and begins walking. Michael puts his
hand to his mouth.

MICHAEL
(coughing)
Rat.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION DESK - D1

#

Jim approaches Pam and the reception desk. The camera zooms in
tight to see Jim putting his elbows on the desk.

JIM
Miss Pam Beesly?

PAM
Yes, Mr. Jim Halpert.

JIM
I was wondering where I could drop off my
updated emergency card information. You
will see that my person to contact in
case of emergency is a "Miss Pam
Beasley."

(CONTINUED)

PAM
(obviously pleased)
I can take that for you. But you have to
do something for me.

JIM
(playfully skeptical)
What's that?

PAM
You have to agree to be my in-case-of-
emergency person.

JIM
(smiling)
I think I can do that.

The camera zooms out to see Kevin leaving for the day.

KEVIN
You guys are gross.

#

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

#

MICHAEL
I guess we all learned a valuable lesson
today. Heart disease can strike any of
us, but it isn't unmanageable. Not
smoking . . . sensible nutrition . . .
regular exercise . . . taking it bit by
bit doesn't have to be that hard.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(snorting)
That's what she said.

END OF SHOW

(CONTINUED)