

# the office

"MANAGERS DAY"

by

C. Brian Smith

*SET BETWEEN SEASONS TWO AND THREE*

Jennifer Orme  
*Artists Independent Management*  
310-827-1710



PAM/JIM  
Volunteer police training camp.

DWIGHT  
Yes. No, wrong again. There is no such thing as voluntary service to our county.

JIM  
But it's called "The Scranton Volunteer Police Department".

DWIGHT  
Informally.

PAM  
They lent you their stopwatch to report late co-workers?

DWIGHT  
No, I was authorized by my superiors--

JIM  
You mean Michael.

DWIGHT  
Yes, among others.

JIM  
There are no others.

Dwight snaps closed the notebook and points it at Jim.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
You were tardy. And tardiness loses lives.

JIM  
Well, that makes complete sense.  
(then, sincerely)  
Dwight, look, I am really sorry I was late. I had car trouble. Please don't cite me for a... violation.

DWIGHT  
Car trouble? What would have happened on nine-eleven if the first responders, diving into the exploding towers, had had... fire... truck... trouble--

A beat.

PAM  
(trying to save him)  
Dwight--

DWIGHT  
...what if they had arrived...  
(checks stop watch)  
forty-seven minutes and thirty-two  
seconds late?

Silence. Jim looks at the camera: "See what I have to deal  
with?"

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

3 INT. RECEPTION AREA - MORNING

3

Michael cautiously enters the office and peers around the corner, expectantly. Realizing that the office looks like it does on any other day, he is visibly disappointed. He marches over to Pam at reception.

Close up to reveal Michael's bright red tie that reads "I'M A TEN!!" and a Dunder Mifflin baseball cap, probably given out at last year's company picnic.

MICHAEL

(whispering)

Pam? Where are all of the decorations?

PAM

(confused, whispering back)

The decorations?

MICHAEL

Oh, man!

(lifts up the tie)

I told you weeks ago to plan for Managers Day.

PAM

I thought you were kidding about that.

MICHAEL

Kidding?

(looks at the camera)

Well maybe I'll just be kidding when I forget about Receptionists Day.

PAM

We have a Receptionists Day?

MICHAEL

Well you can bet we won't now, P-hampster.

After enjoying "P-hampster" for a moment, Michael walks off, leaving Pam confused.

4

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - MORNING.

4

Michael is seated at his desk. Dwight is standing behind him. Upon his desk, Michael has displayed his "World's Best Boss" coffee mug, his three "Dundie Award" trophies, and several other random certificates. Dwight is polishing his voluntary police badge. They're both smiling.

MICHAEL

Today is--

DWIGHT

...Veterans Day!

MICHAEL

...which, here at Dunder Mifflin, is also "Managers Day"--

DWIGHT

And "Assistant Managers Day"

MICHAEL

(annoyed)

We're not going over this again, Dwight.

(then, back to the camera)

Managers Day is a lot like Veterans Day... but people actually care about Managers Day. It's like... taking a holiday that no one really even understands, and making it one of the best days of the year, after my b-day and April Fools.

DWIGHT

And June three, 2007. Annual Legend of Zelda Reenactment Day. Absolutely sacred in the Live Action Role Play... "LARP"... community.

MICHAEL

Dork! But speaking of days, today is an extra special Managers Day because this day marks my ten-year anniversary at Dunder Mifflin.

DWIGHT

It's actually your nine-year anniver-

MICHAEL

I am officially in my tenth year,  
Dwight.

(to the camera)

In the creative world, momentous  
performances are celebrated at the  
beginning of the year. For  
example, *RENT* is also celebrating  
its "Tenth Season of Love" this  
month.

5 TALKING HEAD, MICHAEL

5

MICHAEL

(singing, passionately,  
the *Rent* song)

Five hundred, twenty-five thousand,  
six hundred minutes... at Dunder  
Mifflin...

(sigh)

...oh, yeah. I am a big *RENT* fan.  
In my opinion, it has done more for  
civil rights than any other  
musical.

(beat)

Well, *Rent* and... maybe Finian's  
Rainbow, too.

6 INT. DESK AREA, DAY - A LITTLE LATER

6

Jim returns from the bathroom and notices that a red card has  
been taped to his computer. He looks at Dwight, who is  
acting busy but sneaks a peak at Jim's reaction.

Jim tears the card off of his computer screen and looks at  
Dwight in disbelief.

7 TALKING HEAD, JIM

7

JIM

(reading Dwight's notice)

From the office of Dwight Schrute,  
Assistant Regional Manager: This  
official document shall serve as --  
and this is underlined -- the only  
warning to Jim Halpert. If he is  
tardy by more than five minutes  
again, his Internet privileges shall  
be revoked. Signed, Dwight Shrute,  
Assistant Regional Manager.

(then, to the camera)

Michael has been here for ten  
years. Wow.



MICHAEL  
"Freedom!"  
(to the camera)  
Braveheart. What's the score?

RYAN  
Three-nothing.

MICHAEL  
No, the overall score, for the  
year.

RYAN  
Oh. Sixty-seven to five.

MICHAEL  
Who's winning.

A beat.

RYAN  
You.

Michael fights off a smile to the camera.

12 TALKING HEAD, RYAN

12

RYAN  
I have thumb-wrestled Michael Scott  
seventy-two times.

Ryan looks at his hand.

RYAN (CONT'D)  
My grandchildren won't believe it.

13 INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE, CONTINUOUS

13

Michael is dialing a number on the speaker phone. Ryan is  
sitting on the other side of the desk.

RYAN  
Y'know, I have some work I could--

MICHAEL  
No, you stay here, bucko. It's  
sort of cool, the rookie and the  
veteran hanging out.

RYAN  
Yeah. Super cool.

Michael starts to dial a number on speaker phone.

MICHAEL

On Manager's Day, I like to call  
over to Stamford, and Albany,  
and... the other office in...  
(can't think of it)  
... to wish my fellow captains a  
happy--

Josh Porter, the manager of the Stamford branch, picks up.

JOSH PORTER (V.O.)

This is Josh.

Michael begins to sing The Beatles' "They Say It's Your  
Birthday" but, of course...

MICHAEL

(air guitar, singing)  
Baw-naw-naw-naw-naw-naw,  
They say it's your Managers Day!--

JOSH PORTER (V.O.)

(shocked, confused)  
Hello? This is Josh Porter.

MICHAEL

(still singing)  
...it's my Managers Day, too,  
y'all!

JOSH PORTER (V.O.)

Who is this?

MICHAEL

Manager extraordinaire!

Silence.

JOSH PORTER (V.O.)

I'm gonna hang up now--

RYAN

(to Michael)  
He doesn't know who it is--

MICHAEL

(to Josh)  
Oh, you big moron! It's Michael in  
Scranton.

JOSH PORTER (V.O.)  
Oh... Michael.  
(beat)  
Why were you singing?

MICHAEL  
Well, you are a Dunder Mifflin  
Manager, are you not, sir? And it  
is Managers Day, comrade.

More silence.

JOSH PORTER (V.O.)  
Michael, I am with a client. I  
have to go.

MICHAEL  
Of course, of course. Hey, you  
take it easy today--

The dial tone interrupts Michael's best wishes.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
I think he appreciated the call.

Ryan exits.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Rematch at lunch?

14 INT. RECEPTION AREA

14

JIM walks out of the kitchen and over to his desk, finishing the last of his bagel. When he sits down, Dwight stops the stopwatch again. But when he goes to log the time in the book, super glue has stuck his fingers to the watch. He tries to shake the watch off... can't. He grabs the logging book, and his fingers get stuck. Pam and Jim share a look.

DWIGHT  
(mortified)  
Jim! How dare you interfere with  
official business!

JIM  
It's not official business.

Dwight storms off. The notebook and the watch dangle from his fingertips.

Jim and Pam air high-five from their desks. Their gaze holds as Jim's talking head begins.

15        TALKING HEAD, JIM

15

JIM  
Things with me and Pam are... good.  
I apologized for kissing her on  
Casino Night, and she... accepted  
my apology. We're cool. It was a  
mistake.  
    (beat)  
There was booze involved...  
    (beat)  
Oh, and she's getting married next  
month.

16        INT. RECEPTION AREA - SAME

16

Jim is at Pam's desk.

JIM  
Y'know, that new Mike Myers movie  
is opening tonight.

PAM  
The one where he's that fat little  
school girl?

JIM  
No, the one where he's a parrot.  
Supposed to be really funny. You  
should come. I'd ask Dwight but he  
can't seem to stick to anything...

CUT TO:

17        INT. DESK AREA - CONTINUOUS

17

Dwight has gone back to his business. But every couple  
seconds, a paper sticks to his finger and he violently shakes  
it off.

CUT TO:

18        RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS

18

Jim and Pam laugh.

JIM  
So, are we on?

A beat.

PAM  
I can't. It's Friday, and...

JIM  
(realizing)  
Oh, yeah. I forgot. No sweat.

Over uncomfortable silence, Pam's voice-over begins.

PAM (V.O.)  
(excited)  
Every Friday, Roy and I go out to  
dinner and go over wedding plans.

19 TALKING HEAD, PAM

19

PAM  
Or if he's too tired, we pick up  
Jack-in-the-Box or something. The  
wedding is in seven weeks and  
there's still a ton to do.  
(beat)  
The last two Fridays, Roy's friends  
came over to get drunk and bet on  
professional wrestling. Last week  
Roy lost eighty dollars.

20 INT. DESK AREA, DAY

20

Dwight is walking around the office and notices that Creed's  
desk is empty.

DWIGHT  
Attention, Dunder Mifflin  
employees. Where is Creed Bratton?  
And why is he...  
(checks stopwatch and  
reads it, confused)  
Five, eight, zero, zero, eight?

JIM  
Maybe you have it upside-down

Dwight flips the stopwatch.

DWIGHT  
"BOOBS?!"

Everyone snickers.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Jim, this is official--

JIM  
No it's not.

Dwight storms off.

21 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, DAY

21

Michael has corralled the women in the office (ANGELA, PHYLLIS, MEREDITH, and KELLY) to meet in the conference room.

MICHAEL  
I just don't see how these plans  
fell through the cracks, ladies.  
You all knew that this is my tenth  
anniversary--

ANGELA  
But Dwight said--

MICHAEL  
(frustrated)  
We count it when the year begins,  
alright? When it begins.

PHYLLIS  
(proudly, yet humble)  
Next month will be my fifteenth  
year, then. How about that!

The other women smile and start asking Phyllis questions  
about her fifteen years.

MICHAEL  
(quickly)  
No one really notices until you are  
manager, Phyllis, so yours doesn't  
count.

Phyllis looks at her feet.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
So! How about some celebrating?  
The office hens working together to  
(does the 'raise the roof'  
thing)  
Get this par-tay started!!

ANGELA  
Michael, who is going to pay for  
another party?

MICHAEL

I'll gladly pay you two days for a  
hamburger today.

Michael smiles at the camera.

ANGELA

That's not how it goes.

Over confused silence, Angela's talking head begins.

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

I am all for parties...

22 TALKING HEAD, ANGELA

22

ANGELA

...but I am also the head of the  
accounting department, and Michael  
doesn't know when to stop. Like  
when we had a Groundhogs Day  
party....

CUT TO:

23 INT. OFFICE - FLASHBACK TO GROUNDHOG'S DAY

23

Everyone in the office sits in the dark. They are bored and  
excruciatingly uninterested.

ANGELA (V.O.)

Everyone waited around for Michael  
to come out of his office. And if  
he saw his shadow, everyone would  
get a raise. But he made us turn  
the lights off.

Michael's office door opens. He is having so much fun. He  
looks over his shoulder for a shadow.

MICHAEL

Nope!

24 INT. DESK AREA - PRESENT

24

Michael walks out of the conference room.

MICHAEL

Attention, Mifflinites! I have  
deemed this a day of celebration!

OSCAR

Not... a day of tribute and memory?

MICHAEL

We'll throw some of that in there too. Four o'clock? Conference room?

PHYLLIS

I have a doctor's appointment--

MICHAEL

Phyllis, you are soft on terror.

Silence.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Veterans/Managers Day Party!

(points to tie)

Ten years of service! Four o'clock.

Michael exits to his office.

CUT TO:

25

INT. RECEPTION AREA

25

Jim starts to walk toward Pam but notices ROY getting off the elevator and gracefully changes routes to head to his desk. Roy walks over to Pam. She hands him a bag of lunch.

ROY

Hey babe. What's for lunch?

PAM

Leftover Stouffers. So, where do you wanna go tonight?

ROY

Me and the guys are going to The Utter Club.

PAM

But it's Friday, we have to plan the --

ROY

We have to plan the bachelor party, too, babe. We can deal with the wedding stuff next week.

Pam storms off, fighting off tears. Roy is not phased. He walks over to...

26

INT. JIM'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

26

Roy's standing at Jim's desk.

JIM

Hey, Roy.

ROY

Hey, bro. Listen, Pam's always talking about how you're such great friends --

JIM

(a little nervous)

Yeah, just friends --

ROY

Ha. I told her to make you a bridesmaid.

Roy laughs, thinks it's hysterical. Jim's not sure if he's serious.

ROY (CONT'D)

No, but really dude. You're like, Pam's only friend. So I was wondering if you'd be one of my groomsmen.

JIM

Oh, Roy. I don't know. I mean that's really nice...

ROY

Sweet, bro. Then you're hoggin' with us tonight.

(whispers)

They actually let you suck on the utters, if you know what I mean.

JIM

Yeah, wow. I think I do--

ROY

Pick you up after work. And hey bro, what happens in Vegas...

Roy gives Jim a solid smack on the back and walks away. Jim sneaks a nervous look at the camera.

JIM

(sotto)

Okay, bro.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

27 INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

27

Miraculously, over lunch, the office hens have succeeded in decorating the office with a bunch of Veterans Day... things: several large "Happy Veterans Day" banners, dwarfed by Michael's larger "Happy Managers Day" banners; red, white and blue bunting, American flags. There are also several balloons with kittens on them. Maybe something like "Prrrrfect" written underneath.

Michael walks up to Angela with one of the balloons.

MICHAEL

(re: balloon)

Um, Angela? I thought we said no more kitty shwag.

ANGELA

Rite Aid was out of Veterans Day balloons.

MICHAEL

What about Managers Day balloons?

A beat.

ANGELA

They were out of those, too.

MICHAEL

Well take these down. They're creepy.

Michael hands Angela the kitty balloon and walks away.

28 TALKING HEAD, ANGELA

28

Angela is holding a balloon.

ANGELA

(fighting back tears)

Neither kittens, nor people who adore them, are creepy.

Angela starts to cry.

29 INT. RECEPTION AREA

29

Pam is on the phone.

PAM

(into the phone)

Well you're the wedding planner...  
If we don't serve wine, what does  
that bring the price to?... I  
don't know, I'll ask Roy... I don't  
know, I'll ask Roy... I don't  
know...

30     INT. DESK AREA

30

Dwight is on the phone.

DWIGHT

Hello, this is a message for Creed  
Bratton, from the Assistant  
Regional Manager at Dunder Mifflin,  
regarding his unexplained absence  
today...

31     TALKING HEAD, DWIGHT

31

DWIGHT

Absence is a huge issue in the  
paper business. Michael is too  
easy on people.

(thinks for a moment,  
then)

If you missed a day of work on my  
family's beet farm, you were called  
"A Lazy Ass" and had to eat, sleep,  
and play with the livestock for one  
week.

32     INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

32

Everyone is going about their day. Out of nowhere there is a  
loud 'bang' which startles the office. A couple screams.  
Dwight dives in front of Michael, as if to take a bullet.  
Michael has a guilty look on his face and reveals a staple-  
gun in his hand. He has shot one of the "Prrrfect Kitty"  
balloons.

STANLEY

(agitated, for Stanley)

What was that?

MICHAEL

(holding the limp

"Prrrfect Kitty" balloon)

A salute! In memory of those who  
have... managed before me.

Angela storms off.

OSCAR  
Never do that again, Michael.

MICHAEL  
Don't ask don't tell, Oscar.

OSCAR  
That doesn't even make sense.

TOBY  
Staple guns are really not supposed  
to leave the warehouse.

Michael quickly shoots another "Prrrfect Kitty" balloon.

MICHAEL  
Insubordination!  
(then)  
You people have no respect for  
what... this day is all about!

DWIGHT  
I do!

Dwight tackles the remaining "Prrrfect Kitty" balloon and  
stomps on it until it pops.

JIM  
Honorable.

Michael thinks for a moment.

MICHAEL  
Conference room in ten minutes!  
Mandatory. It's about time we pay  
attention to the important things,  
for a change.

Michael starts to walk into his office. Meredith catches  
him. She's holding a stack of papers.

MEREDITH  
Michael, I need you to sign these  
expense reports so we can all  
finally get reimbursed for the  
Christmas parties...

MICHAEL  
Ask not what your manager can do  
for you...



MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
... well, why are most of us  
allowed to marry who we want?

Silence.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
We hold this truth to be evident!

JIM  
Did Tommy Lasorda say that?

MICHAEL  
Doctor Martin Luther King.

JIM  
Of course.

MICHAEL  
(points to the wall)  
We are free thanks to these brave  
veterans... and managers. So I  
thought we could go around and each  
choose one of them to honor.

DWIGHT  
Question! Can we honor veterans--

MICHAEL  
And managers...

DWIGHT  
...and managers... who are not on  
the wall?

Everyone looks at the wall. Lieutenant Dan, Tom Cruise from *Born on the 4th of July*, Tommy Lasorda, President George W. Bush, and a piece of paper with the name "Ed Truck" written on it.

MICHAEL  
Who is missing?

DWIGHT  
Obie Wan Kanobe. Battle of Naboo:  
With his lightsaber skills slightly  
diminished due to years in exile,  
Kanobe single handedly attacked the  
Sith Lord and sliced Maul in half,  
thereby saving the life of Queen  
Amidala and granting peace to  
countless galaxies--

PAM  
(whispers to Jim)  
Countless?

JIM  
(whispers to Pam)  
Three. I think it was three  
galaxies.

Jim and Pam laugh at each other. Michael and Dwight are arguing still...

MICHAEL  
...Jedi's are neither veterans nor  
managers, Dwight. That's final.  
(then)  
Look, I'll go first.

Michael takes "Ed Truck" off the board and holds the piece of paper in front of him.

36 TALKING HEAD, MICHAEL

36

MICHAEL  
Can managers be father figures? Ed  
Truck was. He didn't like it when  
I used that term, but what fathers  
do, really? When I started at  
Dunder Mifflin... I was a scared  
kid with no friends... 'cept the  
ladies... Then I started working  
for Ed Truck. And things changed,  
obviously.

37 INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

37

Michael is still talking about Ed Truck.

MICHAEL  
...and funny! Oh, man, he had  
these Japanese jokes... and if you  
closed your eyes you literally  
thought you were in the laundromat!  
(a beat, then, solemnly)  
Then, in the prime of his life, he  
was the victim of decapitation--

OSCAR  
He was drunk and driving 75 miles  
an hour!

MICHAEL  
There was no speed limit posted.

KEVIN

He was in the parking lot--

PHYLLIS

Of the Lutheran church!

Michael folds the piece of paper.

MICHAEL

Allegedly.

(then)

Stanley, you're next.

STANLEY

Absolutely not.

RYAN

I'll go.

MICHAEL

(still solemn)

Attaboy.

(whispers to Ryan)

If you do me, mention the thumb  
wrestle...

RYAN

Actually, I'll choose... Lieutenant  
Dan.

MICHAEL

"Run, Forrest!"

Michael laughs at his "Jenny" impersonation.

RYAN

(solemnly)

Yeah... well when Lieutenant Dan  
threw the hookers out of his  
apartment because they called  
Forest "stupid" -- I thought that  
showed real... sacrifice.

MICHAEL

A man with no legs sails a shrimp  
boat. Absolutely amazing, I agree.

(then, re: photos)

You wanna do another one?

RYAN

Nope.

Michael takes Lieutenant Dan's photo off the wall. Then he also takes *Born on the 4th of July* off the wall.

MICHAEL  
Same thing, basically.  
(then)  
So that leaves just a couple left.

It's just Michael, Tommy Lasorda, and George W. Bush left on the wall.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Jim, my protege. You're up.

JIM  
(looking out the  
conference room door)  
I'll choose Creed.

DWIGHT  
Nonsense. Creed is not on the board. Creed is lollygagging around Main Street instead of working.

JIM  
Lollygagging in, say, a parade?

Creed enters the conference room in full Marines uniform, tassels, buttons, stars -- the works. It's an awesome sight.

MICHAEL  
(wind out of sails)  
Oh, man.

Everyone gathers around Creed.

EVERYONE  
Wow!/You're a Marine?!/It still fits perfectly!/What is the purple thing?

Michael takes a deep breath.

38

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - TIME HAS PASSED

38

People are in awe of Creed and his stories. Michael is sitting, defeated, in the corner.

CREED  
...but the files survived the explosion because I created this non-flammable paper!

EVERYONE

Wow!/We should sell that  
paper!/You're amazing, Creed!

MICHAEL

Okay! Let's move on. Creed, why  
don't you go next and choose a  
Manager or Veteran on the board to  
honor.

Creed looks at the wall.

CREED

Well, actually, I usually ask  
people to honor the unknown  
soldiers.

A moment of silence, broken prematurely...

MICHAEL

I knew one of them. Tragic,  
really.  
(beat)  
Kelly, your turn.

KELLY

(touching a star on  
Creed's shoulder)  
So what does this one mean?!

CREED

The Silver Star. Nixon presented  
me with this the day before he  
resigned...

MICHAEL

Enough!

Everyone stops and looks at Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(motioning to his Dundie  
Trophies)  
We all have awards. Some of us  
don't have to wear them on our  
sleeve.

CREED

What's that on your lapel?

Close up to reveal three green and gold squares pinned on  
Michael's lapel. He's thrilled someone noticed.

MICHAEL

(proudly)

Oh, this? Well, the "Green Ream"  
is given to the top ten recycled  
paper salesmen every year by the  
National Paper--

Just then, Daryl from the warehouse enters with a couple  
pieces of cake. He's wearing a birthday hat.

DARYL

Hey, sorry to interrupt. A couple  
of the warehouse guys brought some  
cake in to celebrate my b-day.  
Come on downstairs, we got the  
karaoke machine rockin...

Everyone is thrilled to leave, and they do.

Daryl notices Creed.

DARYL (CONT'D)

(saluting)

Wow, Semper Fi, my brother!  
Thirteenth Airborne, Desert Shield!

EVERYONE

Oh, wow!/ That's amazing!

Everyone exits, leaving just Michael and Dwight in the  
conference room.

DWIGHT

I'll choose Veteran George W. Bush.

MICHAEL

Shut up, Dwight.

39

INT. KITCHEN - A LITTLE LATER

39

Jim enters and opens the refrigerator but then realizes Pam  
has been crying.

JIM

Hey, what's wrong?

PAM

I am just like Michael. I just sit  
around waiting for special days to  
come. But they never do.

He gives her a hug.

JIM

Oh, sure they'll come for you, Pam.  
You have a lifetime of special days  
ahead of you.

PAM

Fridays were supposed to be  
special.

JIM

They still can be.

It's a nice moment.

JIM (CONT'D)

And besides, Groundhogs Day is in  
less than two months...

They laugh. Pam stops crying.

PAM

(a beat)

Still wanna go to that movie?

JIM

Oh... yeah. Well, I do, but--

Roy enters.

ROY

What's up girlies?  
(smacks Jim on the back,  
sorta hard)  
My groomsman! You ready to p-p-p-  
par-tay?!

Pam looks at Jim, who is helpless.

JIM

Yeah... bro.

ROY

(to Pam)

Love ya, babe. Don't wait up, I'm  
gonna be trashed. I'll try and  
take a shower before I get in bed.

Roy winks.

Jim and Roy leave. Pam is alone again, confused.

END ACT TWO

