

The Office

"The Bucks"

By
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COLD OPEN

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - DAY 1

KEVIN enters the office and hands ERIN a picture, folded in half.

ERIN

Hey guys, we have all the entries if everybody wants to come pick a winner.

ERIN TALKING HEAD

ERIN (CONT'D)

I decided to start a series of contests in the office. Corporate liked the idea of an employee incentive program, so they're chipping in with a twenty-five dollar gift certificate to Chili's.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

No, I will not be participating in Erin's contests. I wanted to have a contest to see who could go the longest without masturbating, but everyone was like, "Oh, that's gross, whatever," but--

DWIGHT (O.S.)

I would've won.

The camera pulls back to reveal a proud DWIGHT. MICHAEL sighs and gives a half-smile.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER - D1

EVERYONE in the office gathers around Erin's desk.

ERIN

(excited)

All right, let's see what we have for our first contest: funny pictures. We got one from everyone but Stanley. Stanley, did you--

STANLEY

Nope.

ERIN

Okay. Uh, this one is from Phyllis.

Erin holds up a picture of GARFIELD floating in an inner tube with the saying, "LIFE'S A BEACH" on it. It draws a lot of groans.

PHYLLIS

It's funny because they use the word beach instead of--

ERIN

(sweetly)

Thank you, Phyllis.

Erin pulls out another entry.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Here's Angela's. Babies. Dressed as flower pots.

DWIGHT

I thought the contest was funny pictures.

ANGELA glares at Dwight.

ANGELA

Fine. Dwight, let's see what you brought.

Angela hands Erin Dwight's entry to open. DWIGHT smiles, proud. Erin holds up a picture of a puppy in a hot dog roll. The girls "Awww!"

DWIGHT

That was my dinner last night.

No one is sure if he's kidding.

ERIN

Okay, here's Kevin's.

Without looking, Erin holds up the picture. Everyone gasps. Erin turns it around and gasps, too. She quickly folds it back up.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Kevin! What is this?

KEVIN

It's a woman having sex with a hor-

CREED nods approvingly. ANGELA runs off to her desk.

ERIN

Kevin, this is disgusting. You were supposed to bring in a funny picture.

KEVIN

What? That's very funny. People and
animals aren't supposed to do that.

Everyone disperses. Kevin looks around, confused.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Did I win?

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - D1

Erin plays solitaire on her computer. Michael enters, sporting a huge smile. Behind him, he drags what appears to be an ICE CREAM CART. He struggles to get it through the door, knocking over a plant. It's huge and takes up a large portion of the reception area.

MICHAEL

Good morning, Erin. Erin' on the side of caution!

Nothing.

ERIN

Good morning, Michael. Um, what is that?

Everyone around the office takes notice.

MICHAEL

That is a great question, Erin. Everyone, if I could have your attention please, I'd like to introduce to you how I'm going to turn Dunder Mifflin into Dunder Awesome...lin.

DWIGHT

Has the warehouse finally been replaced by robots?

MICHAEL

What? No.

KEVIN

Are you finally going to give Pam that Hooters costume to wear at her desk?

Jim and Pam's eyes widen.

MICHAEL

(tries to play it off)

No, I never bought Pam a Hooters costume.

KEVIN

Yes, you did.

He looks at Michael like, "I can't believe you don't remember!"

MICHAEL
 (flustered)
 It was just an idea, Kevin. Didn't mean
 I was going to do it.

Pam looks around in disbelief.

Michael walks over to his cart and opens it. He pulls
 out several items. A COFFEE MACHINE. An ESPRESSO MAKER.
 TONS of bags of STARBUCKS COFFEE. It looks like he
 robbed a Costco.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 (changing the subject)
 To answer the question on everyone's
 mind, I, Michael Scott, am proud to
 announce the grand opening of my very own
 Starbucks.

Kelly bounces up and down in the corner.

KELLY TALKING HEAD

KELLY
 STARBUCKS! STARBUCKS! STARBUCKS!

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS - D1

MICHAEL
 Starting today, you're going to be able
 to get a wide variety of Starbucks brand
 items, all for only slightly more than
 you'd actually pay at Starbucks.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 What's the most successful business model
 in America today? That's easy, Internet
 pornography. But corporate wasn't too
 keen when they got wind I had purchased
 "Girls of Dunder Mifflin" dot biz.
 Whatever, it would've been twelve months
 of Pam, anyway.
 (thinks)
 Please don't let her know I said that.

PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM
 He said what? Ew, gross.
 (thinks it over)
 (MORE)

PAM (CONT'D)

That so explains why he took all those pictures of me for our company I.D.'s.

SPY SHOT: Michael holds a digital camera and stands eerily close to Pam and snaps away. He acts out seductive poses for her to do and she refuses and storms out of his office. Michael looks up at the camera and quickly shuts his shades.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Michael stands behind his Starbucks cart, organizing cups and arranging the coffee machines. The attention from around the office is still on him.

JIM

Michael, what are you going to be serving at your Starbucks?

MICHAEL

Well, in addition to offering a wireless internet hotspot for a small fee, I'll have coffee, some assorted mixed drinks--

Merideth's ears perk up.

MERIDETH

Rum and coffee?

MICHAEL

No, it's a Starbucks, not Poor Richard's. I'll also have some snacks. Lemon cream cheese muffins, marble pound cake.

(pointing)

Kevin.

Kevin smiles, somewhat embarrassed, but mostly excited.

KEVIN TALKING HEAD

KEVIN

I honestly can't remember the last time I've ever been this excited.

(thinks for a second)

Actually, I'm pretty sure I've never been this excited.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS - D1

MICHAEL

Also, on a similar note, we will no longer be serving coffee in the kitchen.

Everyone groans.

OSCAR
Michael, you can't just take away our
coffee and then charge everyone.

MICHAEL
That's business, Oscar.

OSCAR
That's a monopoly.

MICHAEL
No, Monopoly is a board game made by
Parker Brothers.

Various jaws drop in disbelief.

OSCAR TALKING HEAD

OSCAR
No, I'm not surprised that Michael
doesn't know what a monopoly is. We're
talking about the same guy who thinks
vertical integration was when blacks and
whites started going to school together.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Michael tries to make some room for his Starbucks
equipment. He looks around for enough plugs to run all
the coffee machines. He enters Erin's reception area and
unplugs a cord that turns off her computer. She's
speechless. His shop nearly set up, he looks around and
realizes the COUCH is taking up too much room.

MICHAEL
Could someone help me move this?

No one responds.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Stanley! American Grand-stan!

STANLEY
I can't hear you.

MICHAEL
Fine. Ryan?

Ryan searches for an excuse.

RYAN

Um...

He can't come up with anything.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(unsure)

Okay?

RYAN TALKING HEAD

RYAN (CONT'D)

When I go home every night, I come up with at least five new excuses to use for when Michael asks me to do something. I guess I shouldn't have gone out last night.

Ryan walks over to Michael at the couch. They start to lift it up before Michael has a realization.

MICHAEL

Put it down, we forgot something.

Ryan doesn't even want to ask. Michael starts to take his shirt off.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm too sexy for my shirt.

Ryan stares.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Go ahead, you too.

RYAN

I'm okay, thanks.

MICHAEL

It's cool. Don't want to be shown up by the boss. I get it.

(throws his shirt down)

So sexy, it hurts.

Michael stands there just wearing a wife beater. Dwight enters and sees a shirtless Michael. He immediately starts to take off his shirt.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

No, Dwight!

DWIGHT

What?

MICHAEL

Ryan's helping me and I only wanted him to take his shirt off, not you.

Ryan looks at the camera awkwardly. Dwight walks off, dejected. Michael and Ryan pick up the couch.

RYAN

Where are we going to put this?

Michael looks around the office, thinking where to place the couch. He notices TOBY.

MICHAEL

We'll put it in Toby's office.

Toby overhears.

TOBY

Michael, I don't think there's really room for a couch in my office.

MICHAEL

Well, I guess you should've thought of that before you attracted a couch into your life.

Toby is dumbstruck. Michael and Ryan lift up the couch and move it towards the back.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

The Law of Attraction. I recently read about it in a little book called *The Secret*. You may have heard of it, it was recommended by Oprah. And *The Secret* says you can have anything you want just by asking the universe. So I guess Toby wanted a couch. I thought he would have wanted his family back.

INT. TOBY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Toby works diligently in his office, where a couch now takes up most of the free space he once had. He looks up at it and shakes his head. Kevin enters with some files and sees the couch as an obstacle between he and Toby. Kevin is confused.

He looks down at the couch, then back up at Toby. Giving it a go, he climbs over the couch, but struggles and falls over it. When he picks himself up, he places the files on Toby's desk.

TOBY

Thanks.

Kevin climbs back over the couch, falling again.

KEVIN

I think I might need to fill out an injury report.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Dwight enters Michael's office.

DWIGHT

You wanted to see me, Michael?

Michael faces the window, struggling to get his Starbucks APRON tied on.

MICHAEL

Yes. I need your help.

Michael points to the apron.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I can't seem to get into this thing.

Dwight obliges and ties Michael up. Michael turns around, revealing the front of the apron, which reads, "KISS THE BARISTA." Dwight leans in to kiss him on the cheek. Michael shoves him away.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Dwight, stop! That's not meant for you.

DWIGHT

Who is it for?

MICHAEL

For the women of the office. And maybe Oscar, if he's so inclined.

(trailing off)

Ryan, too.

DWIGHT

What if I were gay?

MICHAEL

Well, you're not, so...

They both stare at each other awkwardly.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(quickly)

Do you want to work at my Starbucks?

DWIGHT

(just as quick)

Yes.

Michael takes off the apron.

MICHAEL

Here, put this on then.

DWIGHT

Question. Could I apply to be the manager of your Starbucks?

MICHAEL

That's stupid. I'm the manager.

DWIGHT

Do you need an Assistant Manager?

MICHAEL

Assistant to the Regional Manager, sure. I'll have to train you in everything you need to know about running a successful Starbucks.

DWIGHT

(pumping his fist)

Yes!

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

With great power comes great responsibility, that's what Spider-Man says. But he only had one job and now I have two. So in a way, I have more power than Spider-Man.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Michael and Dwight put the finishing touches on Michael's Starbucks cart, brewing up some coffee. Kelly approaches the counter, fired up to order a drink.

Michael stands behind the register, Dwight by his side. They are both wearing Starbucks visors. Dwight wears his "Kiss the Barista" apron.

DWIGHT

Hello, subordinate. Would you care for a caffeine-injected beverage?

KELLY

What?

Michael puts his face in his hands. He steps in.

MICHAEL

That's completely wrong. Let me show you. You just take her order.

(to Kelly)

Hi Kelly, welcome to Starbucks, what can I get for you?

KELLY

I'll have a Cinnamon Dolce Latte with sugar free syrup, nonfat milk, and an extra shot of espresso. With whip.

Dwight feverishly writes down the order on a cup. Not knowing the Starbucks shorthand, he tries to write the whole thing out on the cup.

DWIGHT

Could you repeat the last part?

Michael slaps his hand away.

MICHAEL

(frustrated)

Dwight, just stop.

(to Kelly)

How about a Tall Coffee?

KELLY

What? No. This place sucks. I'm going to write you a crappy Yelp review.

Kelly storms off.

MICHAEL

(in a 7-11 accent)

Thank you, come again!

(to Dwight)

Be sure to make everyone feel welcome.

Dwight writes down Michael's every last word on a legal pad. Creed approaches, looking a little bit suspicious.

CREED

Does your wireless Internet have that safe search software that the rest of our computers have on it.

MICHAEL

No, why?

CREED

No reason. Sign me up for an hour of *hi-fi*.

Creed pulls out a LAPTOP and sits down in a chair by the front door.

CREED TALKING HEAD

CREED (CONT'D)

If a man wants to solicit casual encounters on the internet, I believe that's his God-given right. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of anonymous sex.

INT. TOBY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - D1

With a couch taking up most of his office, Toby tries to make due. He pushes the couch around to try to free up some space. He looks exhausted and depressed. Jim comes in and puts down some papers.

JIM

Want a hand?

TOBY

(taken aback)

Sure. Thanks. This thing isn't easy to move.

JIM

It was easier before I took the Magic Sliders out this morning and put them under Dwight's desk.

SPY SHOT: Earlier that morning, Jim pulls out Magic Sliders from underneath the couch. Later, Dwight sits at his desk. He leans over to put his elbows on the desk and it slides away from him, sending papers flying everywhere. He tries to play it off like it's cool.

JIM (CONT'D)

You know, this is pretty sweet set up back here. A little tight, but at least you have a couch in your office. Michael can't even say that.

TOBY

That's true.

Toby smiles. Small victory.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Dwight stands behind the counter of the Starbucks with no customers in sight. Creed sits in a nearby chair, playing on the Internet. Michael wanders out of his office and approaches Dwight.

MICHAEL

How's business looking?

DWIGHT

Not good. We haven't had any customers.

MICHAEL

I drank two cups.

DWIGHT

Okay, one customer.

MICHAEL

Count me twice, it sounds better.

(noticing Creed)

Do you think Creed is scaring off customers?

DWIGHT

Definitely.

MICHAEL

(leaning into Erin)

Erin, do me a favor and call Creed at his desk.

ERIN

Um...okay.

Erin picks up the phone and dials Creed's extension. The phone rings. And rings. Creed doesn't flinch.

MICHAEL

Creed, I think your phone is ringing.

Creed looks up from his computer and listens, holding a hand up to his ear.

CREED

No it's not.

Creed immediately goes back to his Internet surfing. Michael looks around the office, waiting for a miracle.

MICHAEL

(to Dwight)

You want to buy a coffee?

DWIGHT

That depends. Do I get an employee discount?

Michael drops his head to the counter.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

In business, you can never say die. If we've learned anything from the movie *300*, it's that no matter what the odds, you risk death for success.

(he thinks it over)

I actually haven't even seen *300*, but I think that's what the Netflix description said.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - LATER - D1

Michael's Starbucks sits empty with a sign hanging from it reading, "Closed: Be Back in 15 Minutes," messily written with a Sharpie.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Michael sits behind his desk with Dwight across from him.

MICHAEL

Dwight, do you remember the first thing I taught you when you started here?

DWIGHT

That at 3:30 every day there's a group of high school girls that walk by our office to go to soccer practice.

Michael eyes the camera, embarrassed.

MICHAEL

No, that's not it.

DWIGHT

Yes it is. I have the whole conversation on a cassette.

INSERT SHOT of Dwight in his car, popping in a cassette labeled, "Michael Scott on Business, Tape 1." Dwight pops in the tape.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Dwight, the first thing I want you to know about Dunder Mifflin is that at 3:30 every day...

Michael tries to regain his composure with Dwight.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Dwight, this is serious. The Starbucks is failing. I'm already down over five bucks with the two coffees I drank.

DWIGHT

And the two you spilled on yourself because you couldn't figure out the cup warmers.

MICHAEL

Yeah, those are dangerous. I might need to sue. In the meantime, though, we need a plan to get some business.

DWIGHT

Should I destroy all the Starbucks within a 50 mile radius?

MICHAEL

No. That would be bad for business. You destroy all the other Starbucks, they find out that this is the only one left, and everyone will be like, "That one must be next." And then they'll all go to Dunkin' Donuts instead.

DWIGHT

(impressed)

You're so wise.

MICHAEL

What we need is to market ourselves. Signs around the building, in the bathrooms, e-mails, possibly a neon sign out front...and what do you think about changing the name? Starbucks seems too obvious.

DWIGHT

How about Schrute Bucks?

(to self)

No, that'll conflict with my employee incentive program.

MICHAEL

(confused)

What?

(moving on)

How about Michaelbucks? That says everything you need to know. It's coffee, approved by me, and it costs bucks.

DWIGHT

I'm on it.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

I help Michael because he helps me. When I had jury duty, Michael didn't dock my pay. He let me work weekends.

(MORE)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

And even after I caught up on my work, he kept letting me work weekends.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Merideth looks around cautiously as she steals a cup of coffee from the Starbucks, pouring it into her own coffee mug. Careful that no one is looking, she dumps a travel-sized BOTTLE OF ALCOHOL into the mug.

INT. TOBY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Toby sits at his desk, filling out some paperwork. Kelly relaxes on his couch, reading an US WEEKLY. Kevin sits with her and tries to look over her shoulder. He's eating a pastry from "Michaelbucks." She brushes him away.

KELLY

Oh my God! Matthew McConaughey shops at Costco and I've been to a Costco once. It's so amazing, stars really are just like us.

KEVIN

I like Costco.

KELLY

(looking Kevin up and down)
Obvi.

Toby looks up, a cross between happy and dismayed.

TOBY TALKING HEAD

TOBY

I like having the couch in my office. It's nice to be where everything is happening. I feel like people are getting to know me as more than the HR guy.

KELLY TALKING HEAD

KELLY

Who's Toby?

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAYS - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Dwight plasters signs up on the walls of the hallways. He enters the men's room, and comes out a few seconds later and looks at the door of the women's room. He thinks for a second, then covers his eyes and charges in.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

What would I do for Michael? The real question is, "What *wouldn't* I do for him?" I can only sum it up with these words, "I would fight for you. I'd lie for you. Walk the wire for you. Yeah, I'd die for you. You know it's true. Everything I do. I do it for you."

(beat)

Sting.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Michael hangs out behind the counter of his Starbucks. Creed is asleep at his laptop by the door. Dwight enters, smiling ear-to-ear with a large tube under his arm.

DWIGHT

Mission accomplished.

MICHAEL

You got it?

Dwight hands the tube over to Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Everyone, I have an announcement to make.

Jim, Pam, Phyllis, and a few others look up. Michael begins unrolling a LARGE BANNER. With Dwight's help, he attaches it to the top of the cart.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

My Starbucks has officially been rebranded as a soon to be growing chain.

They unveil the sign. Everyone gasps.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Michaelbucks!

PHYLLIS

That's not what the sign says.

Michael looks up and it reveals that the sign says "Michaelf*cks." Everyone laughs. Angela looks disgusted.

MICHAEL

Dwight! That's not what it's supposed to say!

Jim and Pam share a shocked glance. Suddenly, a FEMALE CUSTOMER enters cautiously, not sure if she has the right place.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Is this where the Michael--

She sees the sign.

FEMALE CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

That's absolutely disgusting. Using a coffee shop to solicit sexual activity!

MICHAEL

That's awfully presumptuous.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

What?

MICHAEL

You're assuming I'd have sex with you.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

Would you?

MICHAEL

(quickly)

Yes.

(just as quick)

No. I mean. I think consensual love between two people--

He gives up.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

I've heard enough. I'd like to speak to your manager. Where is he?

MICHAEL

(unsure)

Not here?

ANDY approaches Michael with a file folder.

ANDY

Hey boss man, just need your--
 (switches to pig latin)
 --ame-nay on the ine-lay.

FEMALE CUSTOMER

I'm going to report you!

The woman storms out of the office.

MICHAEL

(to Dwight)
 Just change the "F" to a "B."

Michael sulks off to his office.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Where would the world be without
 embarrassment? Simple. Picture a world
 without *America's Funniest Home Videos*.
 (beat)
 Scary. Isn't it?

INT. TOBY'S OFFICE

Pam, Jim, Kevin, Oscar, and Stanley enter Toby's office.

JIM

Hey, Toby.

TOBY

Hey everyone.

OSCAR

Kevin, you were right. This is a pretty
 nice set-up.

TOBY

Thanks. Are you all here to complain
 about Michael?

JIM

No, we actually have an idea.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER - D1

The new and improved "Michaelbucks" sign hangs over the
 Starbucks logo. The "B" looks a little funny.

Surprisingly, a few customers are filing in and a few more line the doorway waiting for drinks. Dwight works hard behind the counter. Erin returns to reception and sees a MALE CUSTOMER playing on her computer.

ERIN

Excuse me, what are you doing?

MALE CUSTOMER

Oh, I'm just waiting for my coffee. Did you want to get in here and check your e-mail?

ERIN

Actually, I was hoping to work.

The customer gets up, annoyed.

DWIGHT

I have a Mint Mocha Frappuccino for Amber.

(screaming)

Mint Mocha Frappuccino for Amber!

Everyone around the office looks up, completely aggravated. AMBER, a cute young girl walks up to the counter to collect her drink.

AMBER

I asked for whip on this.

Dwight grabs the whipped cream gun and stares the girl down. He fills up her drink to the point of overflowing.

AMBER (CONT'D)

That's enough!

Dwight still stares her down.

DWIGHT

I hope so.

She rushes off with her drink. Dwight puts on a happy face.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

All right, Shaken Blueberry White Iced Tea for Malcolm!

In a chair by reception, Ryan talks to a HOT CUSTOMER.

RYAN

Pretty cool place, huh?

HOT CUSTOMER
 (totally into it)
 Yeah, paper and coffee, this place is
 really awesome.

RYAN
 I actually work here.

HOT CUSTOMER
 Really? What do you do?

RYAN
 I'm a temp--

Her face goes blank.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 (corrects himself)
 I'm *temporarily* here on business. I work
 for the corporate office. Way cooler than
 this.

HOT CUSTOMER
 Wow, that sounds really awesome.

SPY SHOT: We see Kelly from the kitchen window spot Ryan
 and the girl laughing together. Ryan is entering her
 number into his cell. Kelly storms off.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Michael looks out his office window and sees that
 business is booming.

ERIN (V.O.)
 Michael, I have David Wallace on the
 line.

MICHAEL
 Put him through, please.

ERIN
 Okay.

MICHAEL
 Hello David.

DAVID (V.O.)
 Michael, I've been getting some strange
 reports about what's going on down there.
 (MORE)

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I assume this isn't true, but I've heard
some rumors that you're running a
Starbucks out of your office.

MICHAEL
It's a Michaelbu--
(he stops himself)
No, that's ridiculous.

DAVID (V.O.)
(doesn't believe a word)
How long has this been going on?

MICHAEL
Since this morning.

DAVID (V.O.)
Michael, what did I tell you about
opening up another business within our
offices?

MICHAEL
That I could only do--

DAVID (V.O.)
That you couldn't do it.

MICHAEL
Miscommunication, probably. Could,
couldn't. Mostly the same letters.

DAVID (V.O.)
No, Michael, I made this very clear last
year when you asked about opening a Hot
Topic in the warehouse.

MICHAEL
That was just a joke.

DAVID (V.O.)
Michael, you sent my entire staff
Twilight t-shirts for Groundhog's Day
from your unsold stock.

MICHAEL
New Moon shirts, David. Different movie,
same saga.
(flustered)
Did Toby tell you about this?

DAVID (V.O.)
Michael, I'm going to make this very
clear.

(MORE)

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

If you're doing anything at the office
that corporate would not approve of, I
ask that you stop it.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

No, I'm not going to shut down my
Michaelbucks just because of a call from
corporate. What would've happened if
Rosa Parks had given up her seat just
because someone told her to? Vertical
integration would've never happened.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. RECEPTION AREA - CONTINUOUS - D1

Michael looks around and sees most of the office is empty. Erin sits at her desk and Dwight works feverishly at the Michaelbucks to help all the customers. It's still very busy.

DWIGHT

Doubleshot on ice plus energy for Tammi!

Tammi approaches.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Tammi? Here you go.

She grabs her drink and walks off.

MICHAEL

What is a Doubleshot on ice plus energy?

DWIGHT

It's two shots of espresso mixed with beet juice. I'm trying to make everything that Starbucks has on their menu. If I don't know what goes in it, I just use my best judgment of what I think would be delicious. Although I'd probably add raw yak milk if I were to make it for myself.

MICHAEL

You're going to make me sick.

Michael looks around the office. He turns to Erin.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Where is everyone?

ERIN

No idea.

He turns back to Dwight.

MICHAEL

Dwight, do you still keep track of where everybody is at all times?

DWIGHT

(as he serves someone a
drink)

No, I stopped that a while ago.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

I actually only ever kept track of Michael at all times. He doesn't know this, but I planted a tracking device on him that tracks body heat as well, so I can monitor any potential danger he faces. About twice a month, his body heat rises to astronomical levels then drops within two, sometimes three minutes.

Dwight makes sure that Erin isn't listening and waves Michael in.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I haven't been able to investigate, but I've seen an unusual amount of traffic headed to the annex.

INT. TOBY'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Back in Toby's office, the crowd has grown to an all-time high. Kevin and Oscar shoot at a Nerf hoop. Stanley does Crossword puzzles.

MICHAEL

What is this?

Jim looks up.

JIM

It's our new employee lounge.

TOBY

Michael, since we moved the couch back here I told everyone they could use my office for their mandated breaks.

MICHAEL

You would, wouldn't you? Well, that's cool. I was looking for a new place to chillax.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Chillax. A combination of "chill," meaning "chill out" and "relax," also meaning to "chill out." So, to "chillax" is to "chill out," but times two.

Michael grabs the Nerf ball from Oscar and dunks on the hoop, tearing it down.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ohhhh! Wilt Chamberlin!

(thinks)

I'm not dead, though. Or black.

Everyone stares.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I see how it is. Everyone likes Toby now that he has a couch. I wish I knew back in high school that all it took to be cool was to have a couch, because then I would've gotten a couch a long time ago.

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM

For the record, Michael still only has a futon.

Michael looks around at everyone, disappointed.

MICHAEL

All right, everybody back to work.

Michael exits.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - LATER THAT AFTERNOON - D1

Dwight mans the counter behind "Michaelbucks." He hands over a cup of coffee to a customer. Michael works alongside him.

MICHAEL

Thanks. Come back soon! Have a free magnet.

Michael hands the customer a magnet with his face on it. The customer looks at it and hands it back to him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(under his breath)

That's fine, more for me.

In chairs nearby, RYAN hits on HOT CUSTOMER #2 customer. In a chair next to them Creed is fast asleep, still at his laptop.

RYAN
Your first time here?

HOT CUSTOMER #2
Yeah, I heard about this place on
Facebook. Someone said the Doubleshot on
Ice plus energy is amazing.

RYAN
Yeah, I've heard that, too.

HOT CUSTOMER #2
(pointing to Creed)
Who's the sleepy guy?

RYAN
Oh, that's my grandfather. I bring him to
work with me so we can share the last
years of his life together.

HOT CUSTOMER #2
(her heart is melted)
Aww, that is so sweet.

Kelly rushes in.

KELLY
Sweet my ass!

Everyone looks on. The Hot Customer exits quickly, as do
several other customers scared off by the sudden
conflict.

RYAN
Kelly, what are you doing?

KELLY
What am I doing? You're the one using our
office like it's an episode of The
Bachelor! Why don't you just get your
hump on with them on the coffee cart!

DWIGHT
Health code violation.

MICHAEL
Guys, just calm down. You're both welcome
to try to sleep with the customers.

KELLY
Whatever! I hate men for at least the
rest of this work day.

Kelly storms off, brushing past an OLDER CUSTOMER who is entering.

OLDER CUSTOMER

Excuse me. I'm looking for the Michael behind Michaelbucks.

MICHAEL

Well, ask and ye shall receive.

OLDER CUSTOMER

I already asked.

MICHAEL

Oh. Well, it's me. Are you from Small Business Magazine? You probably should've called in advance, it's been a busy--

OLDER CUSTOMER

Actually, no. My name is Anne Mitchell and I'm from Starbucks corporate. I heard that there was an unlicensed Starbucks franchise open here, so...I think I found it.

MICHAEL

I'd hardly call this unlicensed. I bought like 300 bags of Starbucks coffee and decided to sell it myself. Just cutting out the middle man.

ANNE

That's not how opening a franchise works.

MICHAEL

You're telling me that if I buy over three grand in Starbucks products, I can't sell it myself?

ANNE

Absolutely not. An authorized reseller would have gotten that stuff for wholesale.

MICHAEL

Well, that's a rip off.

ANNE

That's life.

MICHAEL

That's a board game.

ANNE

What?

Oscar looks at the camera and gestures, "See!"

MICHAEL

It's not even like it's a real Starbucks,
I changed the name.

ANNE

That's absurd. Michaelbucks?

MICHAEL

Brand recognition.

ANNE

I'm pretty sure people are familiar with
the Starbucks brand.

MICHAEL

(unsure)
Well...

ANNE

I've heard enough.

She reaches into her brief case and pulls out a letter
and hands it to Michael.

ANNE (CONT'D)

This should spell it all out pretty
clearly.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

No, it's not my first "cease to exist"
letter. I got one from a girl one time a
while back. It's flattering to know that
the thought of you sometimes hurts so
badly that they want you to cease to
exist.

INT. TOBY'S OFFICE - A SHORT WHILE LATER

Toby sits on the couch, enjoying a moment to himself.
He's just getting comfortable when Michael and Dwight
barge in.

DWIGHT

All right, the party is over.

Toby looks up and frowns.

MICHAEL

Now that I've decided to move on from the coffee business--

TOBY

You got shut down, didn't you?

MICHAEL

No. I decided that I wasn't spending enough time with my employees. It seemed unreasonable to try to balance two jobs and still provide the level of entertain...

(he stops himself)

...service that I expect of myself and from my friends. Employees.

DWIGHT

That's why we've come for the couch.

Toby nods, understanding.

TOBY TALKING HEAD

TOBY

I'll miss the couch. But I really didn't get much done today.

(beat)

It was nice living a day in Michael's shoes.

Toby smiles, grabs his jacket and exits his office while Dwight and Michael struggle with the couch.

DWIGHT

Maybe we should take our shirts off.

Michael drops his end of the couch and walks out.

INT. RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Everyone gathers their belongings and exits the office, concluding their day. Michael stands at his cart by himself, closing it down for good. Jim and Pam exit together.

MICHAEL

Good night, everyone.

PAM
Good night, Michael.

Michael hands her a few bags of coffee.

MICHAEL
Here, I want you to have this.

PAM
Uh, thanks.

JIM
Thanks, Michael.

Michael hands out a few more bags as Phyllis and Stanley exit.

MICHAEL
Thanks everyone, thank you. See you tomorrow.

Kevin and Oscar exit.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
One for you, one for you...

Toby walks up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Not for you.

Toby leaves, and the office is completely empty. Michael cleans up his cart a bit more, packing up the extra bags of coffee.

A voice comes up from behind Michael.

FEMALE (O.S.)
Excuse me?

Michael turns around and spots an attractive woman in her 30's.

MICHAEL
(confused)
Hi. Hello. What can I do you for?

FEMALE
I heard there was someplace around here that I could get a coffee.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I actually had to close that down.
Some corporate nonsense.

FEMALE

Wait, the coffee shop was in here?
That's ridiculous.

Michael laughs.

MICHAEL

(letting down his guard)
Yeah, it kind of was.

FEMALE

(flirting)
Well, that still doesn't get me a cup of
coffee, now does it?

MICHAEL

I actually know of a pretty good place to
get a coffee.

FEMALE

Oh really? Where's that?

MICHAEL

It's like 5 minutes from here. You take a
left out of the front lot...

Michael can't hold back from laughing. He walks over to
his cart and opens it back up. The woman smiles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What can I get for you?

END OF ACT THREE

TAGINT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY 1

Michael sits behind his desk, his chair facing the window. Behind him is a "Michaelbucks" sign.

DWIGHT (O.S.)

Michaelbucks commercial, take one. And action!

Michael swings around in his chair and takes a sip of his coffee. He's wearing a WIZARD HAT and has a MAGIC WAND. He looks up at the camera, pretending to be surprised.

MICHAEL

Oh, hello there. I'm Michael Scott, chairman, founder, CEO, CFO, COO, and the owner of Michaelbucks coffee. If you're looking for a warm cup of joe, and a good conversation, or paper at reasonable prices, please stop by my new coffee shop, Michaelbucks. Conveniently located just minutes off Route 307. Remember, Michaelbucks, where the coffee is so good, it's Mag-Michael!

He waves his magic wand at the coffee cup and throws down a MAGIC SMOKE BALL. Smoke engulfs the office. Michael and Dwight cough horribly...and then the fire sprinklers go off. As the smoke clears, Michael simply hangs his head.

END OF SHOW