

Michael's New Best Friend  
(The Office spec script)

By

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INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Everyone in the office is working quietly. Jim's at his computer, filling out information on the geocaching website.

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM

So apparently there's this geocaching website where you can hide something, put the GPS coordinates on the site, and people will go look for it- like a worldwide scavenger hunt. I'm not really sure WHO would be so inclined to take on that sort of adventure, but...

The camera zooms in and focuses on Dwight.

JIM (CONT'D)

I dunno... we'll see.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Michael enters the office and greets ERIN at reception.

MICHAEL

Good morning, Erin. Could I see you in my office in a minute?

ERIN

Sure!

Erin follows him into his office.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Jim's sitting at his desk, he appears mesmerized.

JIM

WOW.

Dwight glances at Jim, but then goes back to his work, uninterested.

JIM (CONT'D)

That is AMAZING. Just... WOW.

Pam is legitimately interested; she's not in on his plan.

(CONTINUED)

PAM

What? What's amazing?

JIM

Huh? Oh, nothing. It's beyond our ability- just, forget I said anything.

We see Dwight's face, which says "oh please, seen this before."

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

Is Jim constantly trying to goad me into his little childish pranks? Yes. Is Jim accurate in saying that he lacks the ability to do whatever it was to which he was referring? Even without knowing what that thing is, double yes. However, did I already see what Jim was looking at? Of course- a geocache website. Can I succeed where he would most certainly fail? Absolutely. Do I know what geocaching is? It's only a matter of time.

INT. OFFICE - JIM/DWIGHT'S DESK - MORNING

Jim is still mesmerized. Pam suspects Jim's playing Dwight and backs off. Dwight tries to act casual.

DWIGHT

So, geocaching, huh?

Jim tries to act like he's too mesmerized to hear Dwight.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Just now picking up on that fad? Ha.

JIM

I know! It's like I'm living in a cave now cause of Cece, and--

PAM

(playing along)

Are you blaming our daughter for your not knowing about geocaching?

(CONTINUED)

Jim sees his opportunity to inform Dwight (who's failing at being subtle about his eavesdropping) about geocaching.

JIM

Wait, are you telling me you know about this worldwide GPS-based treasure hunt and I didn't?

PAM

I'm not saying I've done it before but yeah I've *heard* of it.

JIM

So why haven't we tried it, then?? There's one like 3 miles from our house, together I'm sure--

PAM

Jim, don't be ridiculous.

JIM

What? It could be fun, like a scavenger hunt.

PAM

Yeah, I noticed that one, but-check Google Earth, I'll show you.

Jim pulls up the location and looks at the actual terrain with Google Earth. It's in the woods.

PAM (CONT'D)

You might be able to sell paper but you're no woodsman.

Pam's proud of herself for the pun, Jim's not impressed.

PAM (CONT'D)

You know cause paper comes from wood and- I gotta get back to work.

Jim acts as if his feelings are really hurt.

JIM

(mumbling to himself)  
I could totally find it...

Pam knows he's acting as if she wasn't supposed to hear that. She does and acts angry.

PAM

Jim- look at me- you are NOT going after that, okay? I'm not taking  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAM (cont'd)  
care of Cece by myself after you  
break your leg or get... mauled by  
a bear or something.

DWIGHT  
There aren't any bears in Scranton.

Jim and Pam look at Dwight, who goes straight back to work.  
Dwight looks at the camera and grins evilly.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Michael is talking to Erin.

MICHAEL  
So I haven't really had much luck,  
or AS much luck with the ladies for  
a few mon--er, weeks, and I-

Erin interrupts.

ERIN  
Ohhh are you hoping I can set you  
up? Cause all my female friends are  
either gay or not really what you'd  
call attractive- actually both of  
them are gay and not really  
attractive... and not really my  
friends...

MICHAEL  
Nooo, nooo... I'd go to Pam for  
that. No, this isn't about that. I  
got this movie from Netflix last  
night-

Michael shows her a DVD sleeve of *Marley and Me*.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL  
I saw the name and thought it was  
about the musician. I'm not  
familiar with Marley Manson's music  
but I assumed the movie would focus  
on the Manson family murders I've  
heard about... it did NOT.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Back to Michael and Erin in his office.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

And-

ERIN

Ohhh don't tell me how it ends!  
Gabe won't let us watch the ending,  
but Andy said I could borrow his--

MICHAEL

It made me realize, who needs a  
*woman* as a companion? Men got along  
for thousands of years without  
women, and you know how?

Erin responds like she's a fascinated 4-year-old with her  
heart set on knowing the answer.

ERIN

Nooo...

MICHAEL

Man's best friend. And I think I  
could use a best friend right about  
now. I used to have Ryan, but, ya  
know,  
    (trails off to avoid having to  
    elaborate)  
then Jim but he had the baby,  
and...

Michael's convinced himself.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Yeah, no- this is happening. Erin,  
I want you to go to the nearest  
pet... place, find me my Marley,  
and bring him back here.

ERIN

(excited)

Omigod, Michael, are you serious??

Her excitement reassures Michael that this is a good idea.

MICHAEL

Serious as a heart transplant.

(CONTINUED)

ERIN  
Yay!!! What kind??

MICHAEL  
(deflates a bit)  
Kind? A boy- definitely.

ERIN  
Ok but like, what kind?? You could get one of those little dogs that you could carry around everywhere in your purse...!

MICHAEL  
Mmm I don't carry a purse... anymore- fanny pack? No, those- are fanny packs back in?

ERIN TALKING HEAD

ERIN  
I wanted a dog growing up. My foster parents weren't sure I could handle the responsibility so they got me a goldfish as a sort of test, but it died like a few hours after I got it. I still don't know how my cat got it out of the bowl, but... obviously my parents had proved their point...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Erin and Michael in his office.

ERIN  
I think in Marley and Me it was a lab, labs are sooo cute! Omigod you should totally get a lab puppy!

Michael goes to the computer and looks up the DVD case.

MICHAEL  
Yes! That's man's best friend, right there!

ERIN  
So what kind??

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Kind? Again? Ugh... what kinds are there?

ERIN

Well there's yellow labs-

MICHAEL

Really? Nope, can't- too racially insensitive.

ERIN

Black labs....

Michael's getting tired of having to correct for what he sees as Erin's lack of racial sensitivity.

MICHAEL

The term is African-American-- and no- this is a professional workplace, we need something race-neutral.

ERIN

And I think chocolate labs is the last kind--

MICHAEL

Okay, NO, Erin, seriously? Just... look, just go and get whatever looks like this cute little future best-friend of Michael Scott right here, ok?

ERIN

You got it, Michael!!

Erin doesn't get up to leave, Michael looks over.

MICHAEL

Do you need a picture?

ERIN

How did you want me to pay for it?

MICHAEL

(genuinely shocked)  
Dogs cost money???

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

When you're at the hospital, and your wife is there, screaming at you because there's this... disgusting, slimy... *thing* sliding out of her feet first, does the doctor catch it, hand it to you, and say, "that'll be thirty-four ninety-nine? Plus tax?"

INT. OFFICE - JIM/DWIGHT'S DESK - MORNING

Jim is at his desk, but near the edge furthest from Dwight and closest to Pam, with whom he is in deep conversation. His computer shows the GPS coordinates of the geocache that he's baiting Dwight into finding. Dwight seizes the opportunity to look at Jim's screen and get the coordinates.

Jim sets up his alibi, which he'll need later.

JIM

(to Pam)

Can you believe she cried ALL last night.

PAM

And for the third night in a row... do you think we'll ever be able to get any sleep?

JIM

I guess that's just what being a parent's all about- sitting at home every night taking care of a crying child.

PAM

How long till she goes off to college, again?

Jim looks at his watch.

JIM

Ummmm 17 years, 2 months, 14 days and... 11 hours.

PAM

Maybe she'll be a genius and get into college at 15.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

The Schrute genetic code is flawless, which is why family members wishing to reproduce must have DNA sequencing performed on their partners- be it by a strand of hair or an "accidental" prick of the finger- before we give them our blessing to conceive. We had a relative break this practice once and her son was forbidden from taking the Schrute name. She took her husband's name when they got married so it's a fairly moot point, but he has to live knowing that even if he wanted to be a Schrute, he can NOT. Furthermore, he will never be permitted to learn the Schrute handshake.

INT. OFFICE - JIM/DWIGHT'S DESK - MORNING

Dwight finishes writing down the coordinates and, feeling safe, inserts himself into the conversation.

DWIGHT

After getting her genetic material from YOU two? Fat chance of that.

JIM

Why are you leaning over my desk?

Dwight can't think of an explanation.

DWIGHT

Why did you cripple your only child with your inferior DNA?

Dwight retreats to a seated position in his chair. Jim looks at the camera and smiles.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. OFFICE - MIDDAY

Erin enters carrying a very cute puppy of a mixed breed.

ERIN  
Look who's here!!

Jim's eyes get wide, Pam turns and reacts.

PAM  
Oh dear God!

JIM  
It's a dog... in the office.

Michael comes out, his excitement deflates when he sees it.

MICHAEL  
That's not Marley.

ERIN  
I'm sorry Michael, the shelter  
didn't have any labs, but I saw  
these sweet little puppy dog eyes  
and it was love at first sight!

Most of the other office members have come over to  
investigate.

KEVIN  
Just like Jim and Pam, right guys?

OSCAR  
(to Kevin)  
Pam was engaged when they met. For  
three years.

Kevin creepily smiles and nods; we have no idea what he  
means.

KEVIN  
Yeah, I know.

Oscar looks confused, then gives up and focuses on the  
puppy.

MICHAEL  
(whispering)  
Erin you were supposed to get me  
Marley, how do we even know he's  
qualified to become my best friend?

(CONTINUED)

ERIN  
SHE- it's a girl.

Michael does his usual head-drop to the side while scoffing.

PAM  
Michael this is YOUR new dog?!

MICHAEL  
(unsure of himself)  
Uhhh, yeah...

PHYLLIS  
Michael I think that's wonderful!  
She's adorable.

Michael starts to feel a bit better.

PAM  
Michael dogs are a lot of work,  
especially puppies-

MICHAEL  
Oh, Pam, just cause you have a  
baby, now, that doesn't mean you're  
the expert on taking care of...  
things.

KEVIN  
(juvenile)  
Yeah, PAM.

Angela is one of the only people in the office still at her  
desk working as if nothing's happening.

ANGELA TALKING HEAD

ANGELA  
No, I don't care for dogs. They're  
dirty, they boss you around about  
when they have to do their  
business, which YOU have to clean  
up, they chew on everything, and  
they sniff your... private areas,  
and then people act like that's  
acceptable behavior. Would you let  
your child start sniffing your  
neighbor's behind?  
(pause)  
Well?

STANLEY TALKING HEAD

STANLEY  
(apathetic)  
It's a dog.

INT. OFFICE - MIDDAY

Dwight stealthily gets Andy's attention and motions for him to come speak with him away from the group. Andy walks over to meet Dwight away from the crowd.

ANDY  
Isn't she awesome?!

Camera looks at the group from Dwight's perspective; Meredith's back is clearly visible in the shot.

DWIGHT  
(rather disgusted)  
Who, Meredith?

ANDY  
He named her Meredith?

DWIGHT  
Her name's the *least* of her  
problems.

Andy's confused, but drops it.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
I've chosen you, and only you, to  
assist me on a special project. Are  
you in, or are you a coward?

ANDY  
What's the-- I'm not a coward.

DWIGHT  
Good. I need someone I can count  
on-

ANDY  
You can count on me... probably.

DWIGHT  
Have you ever treasure-hunted  
before?

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

You mean like a scavenger hunt?

DWIGHT

**NO** not a scavenge-- a good treasure hunter always has a reliable assistant- is that you?

ANDY

Absolutely, man, thanks for choosing me, I'm honored.

DWIGHT

Don't make me regret it.

ANDY

(in his goofy British voice)

When's this lil' adventure goin' down?

Dwight looks at Andy for a second.

DWIGHT

You're out.

ANDY

No come on, Dwight, I was just excited, I'm sorry. Please.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

I come from a long line of Schrute relic hunters- we say treasure hunter in the presence of laymen. My Garrett Grand Master Hunter CX-2 (he holds up a metal detector) was the last gift my father gave me. But he gave me an even greater gift when he told me this piece of advice about relic hunting; never, EVER, forget to bring someone to do your digging for you.

INT. OFFICE - MIDDAY

Andy and Dwight are still in their previous conversation.

DWIGHT

Alright, you're back in.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

Jim's computer said this item was  
"one of a kind." Guess who else is  
one of a kind...

(explanatory)

The great relic-hunter Mel Fisher.  
And guess what- I'm just like him.

INT. OFFICE - MIDDAY

Pam notices Dwight and Andy sneaking out while everyone  
continues to pay attention to the puppy.

PAM

What's going on, there?

Jim shrugs, barely acknowledging what Pam saw.

PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM

Jim was gone for several hours last  
night- I wasn't sure why, but I'm  
starting to get an idea. He thinks  
I didn't notice cause I told him  
this morning I was amazed that Cece  
didn't make a peep all night last  
night. Seriously- I've had to get  
up at least twice a night every  
night since we brought her home.

(starts chuckling at the idea)

Maybe he took her with him, or  
drugged her-

Pam realizes either of those could be the case.

PAM (CONT'D)

Oh dear God!

Pam gets up and darts out of the room.

JIM AND PAM TALKING HEADS

JIM

Don't be ridiculous.

Pam looks at him, demanding more.

(CONTINUED)

JIM (CONT'D)  
I did NOT drug our baby...

JIM (CONT'D)  
What?

EXT. WOODS - MIDDAY

Dwight and Andy are walking through some woods with light tree-density. Dwight is decked out in explorer gear with a GPS unit, metal detector, backpack and specialized shovel.

ANDY  
This is awesome, man! We're like  
Lewis and Clark.

DWIGHT  
Pfft, amateurs.

Dwight's focused on the GPS and where he's going.

ANDY  
What'd you think the treasure is?

DWIGHT  
(mumbling, to himself)  
Entirely mine.

ANDY  
What?

Andy slaps a bug against his arm.

ANDY (CONT'D)  
God these things are annoying!

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT  
There are two reasons the  
mosquitoes are going after Andy and  
not myself. Reason one: mosquitoes  
always preferentially attack the  
weakest of the pack. Reason two:  
household bug repellent is for  
idiots. Schrute-Off

Dwight holds up a plastic spray bottle with "Schrute-Off"  
written on the side in sharpie.

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
contains a DEET concentration of  
80%. It can kill a mosquito from 4  
meters. The ingredients to make  
this bottle cost me a hundred and  
thirty-seven dollars.

EXT. WOODS - MIDDAY

Without turning around, Dwight pulls a can out of the side  
pocket of the backpack he has on his back. He tosses it  
behind him to Andy who's too busy slapping another bug to  
see it coming. It goes over his head and lands off camera.

DWIGHT  
You're welcome.

Andy thinks he means for bringing him along.

ANDY  
Oh, yeah, thanks again, man. Great  
stuff.

Andy slaps a bug on his own cheek, hard.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Michael has dog in his lap. Pam enters.

PAM  
Michael, has she had anything to  
eat or drink since she got here?

MICHAEL  
You think she's hungry already? I  
assumed they came pre-fed...

PAM  
Have you walked her so she can do  
her business?

MICHAEL  
She's been running around my  
office- what business do cute  
little puppies have, anyway?

Michael continues to distract himself by playing with her.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Ohhh that business. Do you  
think...? Erin!

(CONTINUED)

PAM  
No, Michael- this is your puppy,  
you have to be responsible for it.

Erin appears in the doorway.

ERIN  
Yes, Michael?

Michael looks at Pam who continues to stare him down.

MICHAEL  
(accepting defeat to Pam)  
Ugh, nothing, Erin.

Erin feels like she failed Michael somehow. She leaves.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
(like he's above it)  
I don't do poop, Pam. Poop is not  
something Michael Scott does.

Michael's cracking himself up.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Poop.

Michael starts laughing to himself. He stops when he sees  
Pam is serious.

PAM  
Michael-

MICHAEL  
I know, what if we trained it to  
use a litter box! Erin!

Erin appears again, eager to redeem herself.

PAM  
Michael!

MICHAEL  
Ugh, nothing, Erin.

Erin leaves even more dejected than before.

PAM  
Michael, this puppy is going to be,  
like...an eighty pound adult dog in  
like less than 6 months-

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

(light laughter)

Come on, Pam, that movie probably took months to film and that puppy didn't grow an ounce until the story skipped ahead and they used a bigger dog... I'm assuming.

PAM

They use like 10 different dogs for that.

MICHAEL

(thinks he's making a joke)

Come on now, Pam, just cause they're YELLOW labs doesn't mean they all look alike.

(Pam's shaking her head and giving a look of disapproval)

No? Ok... Well, I'm sorry, Pam, but we're connected now, and there's no way I'm giving up this little guy.

PAM

Girl.

Michael just makes a noise of disapproval, like he's in denial about the puppy's gender.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. WOODS - MIDDAY

Dwight stops in his tracks and holds his right fist up, his arm at a 90° angle, like a military commander telling his troops to stop. Andy's head is down; he's laboring through the exhaustion.

DWIGHT

We're here.

ANDY

Really? You can tell?

DWIGHT

Of course. A skilled relic hunter can *feel* when he's there.

We see that the GPS screen in Dwight's hand says "YOU HAVE REACHED YOUR DESTINATION."

(CONTINUED)

ANDY  
So what'do we--

DWIGHT  
There!

Dwight points at a flat area a few feet away.

ANDY  
You think the treasure's buried  
there? How can you be sure?

DWIGHT  
Because that's precisely where I  
would bury the treasure.

Short pause as Dwight looks around suspiciously.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Perhaps this treasure-burier has  
some skill after all.

ANDY  
You mean because that part of the  
ground doesn't look like anyone's  
dug into it- ever?

DWIGHT  
Break time's over, we need to start  
digging.

Dwight hands Andy the shovel and takes a few steps back.  
Andy is reluctant at first, but quickly seems to realize his  
role and starts digging.

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Pam, from her desk, sees Michael working on his computer.  
Michael's office door is slightly ajar. Pam gets up and goes  
over to Michael's office.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Pam stands in the door frame.

PAM  
Michael, where's Marley?

Michael continues to look at his computer monitor.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL  
Very funny, Pam.

PAM  
MICHAEL- where is the puppy?

Michael turns, sees that she looks serious, then stands up expecting to see the dog asleep on the floor near the left side of his desk. The dog's not there. Michael quickly scans the rest of his office and tries to think of an excuse.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
He wanted--

PAM  
SHE.

MICHAEL  
She wanted to explore so I said that was okay.

Michael scrambles into the office to search for the dog. Everyone's at their desk at work, no one appears to be playing with the puppy. Michael walks through the labyrinth of desks as he asks if anyone's seen the dog. He tries to act like he's calm but he's clearly starting to panic. The panic intensifies as he makes his way through the desks.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Has anyone seen Marley...? Phyllis?

PHYLLIS  
We thought she was with you.

MICHAEL  
(dismissive, mumbling)  
Yeah, well...

ERIN  
Oh my God, is she lost?!

MICHAEL  
No one is lost.

ERIN  
I'll call 911!

MICHAEL  
Nooo, no one is- yeah, maybe you should.

(CONTINUED)

PAM

No, Erin. No one's left the office,  
she has to be around here  
somewhere.

INT. OFFICE BREAKROOM - AFTERNOON

Michael spots Marley- she's in Kelly's lap as Kelly holds  
her so the dog can also "read" Kelly's gossip magazine.  
Michael bursts in, relieved.

KELLY

Michael! Omigod Michael, Marley is  
the cutest puppy ever!

She starts smothering it.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Cutest little puppy ever! Yes you  
are!

(attention back to Michael)

I've been catching her up on the  
latest Lady Gaga news- she's such a  
good listener, Michael!

MICHAEL

Yeah, okay-

Michael reaches down to take her from Kelly. Kelly  
reluctantly lets go.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Marley and me need--

He realizes he just said Marley and me and smiles.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

to go now.

KELLY

Bye, Marley!

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Michael heads back towards his office but is cut off by Pam.

PAM

Michael- you've had that dog for  
less than half-a-day, you haven't  
fed her or taken her for a walk,  
and then you lost her- in the  
office, Michael!

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

Pam- stop it, just stop it. Marley and me are bonded like glue, okay? And not that crappy white stuff that kids use, stupid glue- stupid glue that if it gets on you, you need to like, cut that part of skin off and then get skin from your butt graphed ("graPHed," not "graFTed") onto that spot to cover it, even if it's on your face and technically that makes you a buttface.

Michael starts to smile at "buttface." He becomes serious again.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Okay, Pam? Is that okay with you, Pam?! Is it okay that I have a best friend again? If anyone should be supportive it should be you, Pam, because technically it's kind of entirely your fault that I'm even without a best friend.

Camera looks at Jim.

JIM

(to camera)

What?

MICHAEL

And you know what else, Pam? Everyone's happy for Marley and me, we all love this little guy-

Pam's about to correct him but Michael catches it and corrects it himself before she can say anything.

MICHAEL

Girl, whatever! The point is, everyone loves Marley, and me, and you should, too.

ANGELA (O.S.)

Ewwwwww!!!!!!

Angela was walking towards Toby's desk with some forms but has stopped in her tracks. Toby hears the shriek, turns, gets up out of his chair to investigate, and takes a step towards Angela. Angela starts running off screen.

(CONTINUED)

TOBY  
Angela, what's--

Toby's first step is into a pile of Marley's poop.

                  TOBY (CONT'D)  
Oh, come on... I just bought these.

Angela has reached a fire extinguisher on the wall. She grabs it and starts back towards Toby. Oscar cuts her off.

                  OSCAR  
Noooo nonono.

Michael and Pam make it over there. Michael immediately starts laughing.

                  PAM  
See, Michael?

                  MICHAEL  
What? It's just Toby.  
                  (to Marley)  
Awww, did you have an accident?  
That's okay.

                  TOBY  
No, it's not, Michael. You can't  
have a dog in the office. Why  
haven't you taken her home?

Michael's ignoring him.

                  PAM  
Michael you realize you need to  
clean that up, right?

                  MICHAEL  
Huh?

Michael looks at the poop, then everyone's faces.

                  MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Yeah, you know what? Fine. If  
that's what it takes.

EXT. WOODS - AFTERNOON

Andy's gotten a few feet into the ground and is standing in his hole. Dwight's napping against a tree.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

Are you sure this is the spot? I've gotten pretty far down and--

Dwight lifts his hat off of his face to respond.

DWIGHT

Of course it's the spot.

Before he puts the hat back over his face, Dwight notices the sun flash off of something in a bush near the hole. It's definitely been planted there- Dwight realizes that's the treasure. He stands up.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Uhhh, why don't you take a break, go sit in the shade for a few minutes; this part should be done by a professional, anyway.

Dwight stands in front of the treasure, blocking it from Andy's view. Andy hands Dwight the shovel and crawls out of the hole, getting very dirty. He's exhausted.

ANDY

Thanks, man.

While Andy stumbles over to the spot, Dwight kicks the treasure into the hole and jumps in. He shovels out some dirt and then pretends to have found the treasure.

DWIGHT

I've got something, here!

ANDY

(struggling to get back up)  
Really??

Andy walks over and sees it.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Wow! You're good.

DWIGHT

Indeed I am.

The "treasure" is a small plastic box. Dwight looks at the front of it to see that it requires a combination to open.

ANDY

Wow, it stayed pretty clean for being buried.

Dwight makes something up.

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT  
The work of an experienced  
treasure-burier.

ANDY  
Do we break it open?

DWIGHT  
Of course not, imbecile, you could  
destroy the contents. I have tools  
back at the office. Let's roll.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Michael is at his desk. Pam enters with cleaning supplies.

PAM  
Michael, you need to clean that  
mess.

MICHAEL  
What, now?

PAM  
No, 20 minutes ago when you noticed  
it.

Michael gets up but is unhappy. He grabs the supplies and  
walks over towards the accident.

MICHAEL  
You know in the time it took you to  
remind me you could've-

PAM  
I deal with enough poop at home.

Michael gives Jim a grossed-out look as he walks by Jim's  
desk. He gives the same look to Pam.

PAM (CONT'D)  
From the baby, Michael.

Dwight enters the office followed by Andy. Andy stops by  
Erin's desk, excited. Michael sees what they're wearing.

MICHAEL  
Dwight? Where've you been?? You  
said you were going on a sales  
call?

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

I was.

Michael looks at him for a moment, then accepts it.

MICHAEL

Oh.

Michael heads off camera towards the poop.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTIONIST'S DESK - AFTERNOON

ANDY

(showing off)

Just got back from a treasure hunt.

ERIN

Omigod really?? That's so exciting!

Gabe walks by, having just finished using the photocopier.

GABE

On company time?

ANDY

(nervous, obviously lying)

Pfft nooooo.

INT. OFFICE DWIGHT'S DESK - AFTERNOON

Camera over to Dwight at his desk with a paperclip and some tweezers, trying to pick the lock. He angrily gives up. Andy is behind him. Jim is at his desk.

DWIGHT

Damnit!

JIM

What is that, Dwight?

(acting shocked and excited)

Oh my God, Dwight, is that- did you-

DWIGHT

Succeed where you failed? Shouldn't come as a surprise.

ANDY

Maybe we should just guess.

Andy picks it up.

(CONTINUED)

JIM

You know, I heard a lot of people use their birthday as the combination.

DWIGHT

Yeah- IDIOTS, who WANT their stuff stolen.

Andy tries a combination.

ANDY

Well, it's not MY birthday. Dwight, what's your birthday?

DWIGHT

Oh please, to even think that could be the combination is asinine.

Andy walks off, dejected. Jim goes back to his computer. Dwight waits a few moments, looks around, then uses his birthday. The box clicks and pops open.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

I got it!

Andy darts back over. Dwight doesn't admit it was his birthday that worked.

ANDY

Omigod, how??

DWIGHT

I'm not a level 6 relic-hunter because I'm NOT an experienced code-breaker.

Jim sees the combination when Dwight flips the lid. The contents are in a brown bag.

JIM

Thirteen-zero, huh? I guess you were right, that couldn't be a birthday.

DWIGHT

That's one-thirty for January 30th, idiot.

JIM

Oh, right. When'd you say your birthday was, again?

Dwight decides his best defense is to ignore him.

(CONTINUED)

ANDY

What is it?!

Erin tries to see from her desk. Dwight pulls his Bobblehead of himself out of the brown bag. Everyone's shocked.

DWIGHT

What the...?! This doesn't make any sense!

ANDY

Whoa, how'd that happen?

DWIGHT

Jim!! I know you did this- I can't BELIEVE I let you trick-

PAM

It couldn't have been Jim.

DWIGHT

What?!

PAM

He hasn't been away from work or the baby for more than 20 minutes at a time in weeks.

DWIGHT

Oh please, of course you'd say that. Like he couldn't sneak off at night and-

JIM

(convincing)

Dwight, do you really think I'd abandon my wife and child in the middle of the night for some pointless prank?

DWIGHT

Of course.

Dwight's comment goes by unnoticed. Jim continues.

JIM

What kind of man would do that?

DWIGHT

I would.

The sincere look on Jim and Pams' faces convinces Dwight.

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Then that means... we have a  
security breach.

We hear Michael from off-screen.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
Ahhhh God! No, God, eww, no, okay!!

Michael runs by and goes into his office, slamming the door.  
He opens the door again, places the dog outside the door,  
and closes it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D, O.S.)  
I can't, I'm sorry- Pam, please  
take her! I can't!

A quick shot of Dwight holding his bobble-head; he's in  
deep-thought.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT  
Do I still suspect Jim? No, I do  
not. Jim lacks the skill-sets  
needed to bypass my security and  
pull this off. Whoever this culprit  
is, they're going to wish they'd  
spent the time they took for this  
heist running to the furthest ends  
of the earth. Then they're going to  
wish they'd messed with someone  
else- the ends of the earth aren't  
far enough to run from Dwight K.  
Schrute.

PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM  
So it turns out, not only IS my  
husband the man that leaves his  
wife and baby in the middle of the  
night, my husband can leave for  
hours in the middle of the night  
without explanation and I just  
accept it. Great...

## MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

Giving up Marley was the hardest decision I've ever had to make. Now I know how General Patton felt when he gave the order to drop those bombs on Japan.

Cutaway flashback to Michael approaching the poop like it's an IED, scared to get close to it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D, O.S.)

On the one hand, you have to do whatever it takes to put an end to the war. On the other hand, you have this new best friend that produces the most disgusting thing ever, and YOU have to be able to go through with cleaning it up.

Cutaway flashback to Michael running from the poop.

MICHAEL (CONT'D, O.S.)

General Patton, sir, you are a stronger man than I. No, I don't know what happened to Marley, but I trust Pam to take care of him.

## JIM AND PAM TALKING HEADS

JIM

So we've decided we're gonna take her home, give her a new name, and--

PAM

give her a great home.

JIM

I thought we were just keeping her till we FIND her a great home.

PAM

Yeah, okay, or maybe we could just keep her.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Michael is talking to the camera.

MICHAEL

They what?!?! How... how could  
she... that's two in a row, Pam...

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. OFFICE - TOBY'S DESK - LATE AFTERNOON

It's after 5 o'clock, nearly everyone's left for the day (we can tell by the lack of background noise). Toby finishes packing up his stuff, stands up from his chair, and takes a step right into the same pile of poop that Michael never cleaned up.

TOBY

(defeated)

Come on... seriously?

THE END