

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESKS - DAY 1

MICHAEL is holding a magazine cutout of a large fish. DWIGHT is holding a ruler to it.

MICHAEL

At least this big. If anything, I'm not exaggerating *enough*.

DWIGHT

Let me come with you. I'll bring chum!

JIM glances over at PAM and gives a quick nod. Pam tucks an iPod and a small electronic into her diaper-bag as she leaves her desk.

MICHAEL

Dwight, it's Lake Wallompompak. I'm not fishing for shar-

Dwight's watch alarm BEEPS loudly. Dwight puts a finger in Michael's face.

DWIGHT

Everyone shut up!

Dwight fumbles in his desk drawers and produces a radio. He flips it on and starts scanning channels.

JIM

Rock 107 Midday Madness?

DWIGHT

Mmhmm.

Dwight stops the dial, satisfied. A very familiar voice blares out instruction.

M.C. (V.O.)

It's that time again! Rock 107's Midday Madness!

PAM AND JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM

So, apparently, you can buy these FM transmitters at the store for like twenty bucks, and they allow you to hijack a radio station.

PAM

As long as it's within a hundred feet
or so.

JIM

So if you hook it up to your iPod, you
can pretend you're a radio M.C.

PAM

Like M.C. Pam Beast-ley!

JIM

You're really proud of yourself,
aren't you?

PAM

You like it.

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

M.C. BEAST-LEY (V.O.)

It's time to make a random phone call
and see if we can get an answer to
today's ten thousand dollar question.

JIM

These questions can be pretty hard,
Dwight.

DWIGHT

Yeah, if you're an idiot.

M.C. BEAST-LEY (V.O.)

Today's question: Who would win in a
fight, A shark or a bear?

DWIGHT

Oh. My. God.

JIM

Tough one.

Dwight looks at the camera like "Yeah, right."

M.C. BEAST-LEY (V.O.)

Who will be our lucky winner today?

Number TONES over the radio, then RINGING. It's Jim's phone.
Dwight looks up with surprise and Jim casually picks up the
phone.

JIM

This is Jim.

M.C. BEAST-LEY (V.O.)
Jim, for ten thousand dollars, who
would win in a fight: A shark or a
bear?

JIM
Hmm.
(beat)
I'm leaning towards shark.

DWIGHT
It's a bear, you fool! A bear!

M.C. BEAST-LEY (V.O.)
Gonna need an answer.

JIM
Still thinking.

A buzzer RINGS.

M.C. BEAST-LEY (V.O.)
Oh, I'm sorry! You're out of time.
Let's change one digit and try again!

DWIGHT
Great job, idiot! You just blew ten
thousand dollars!

Dwight's phone RINGS to life. Dwight stands and grabs for the
phone in a panic, but when he lifts the receiver the base
comes with it.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
Ahh!

Dwight swings the entire unit back and forth by the handle as
it RINGS.

JIM TALKING HEAD

Jim holds up a small tube.

JIM
Super glue.

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

Dwight yells, swinging his arm as if the handset was on fire.

JIM
Answer the phone, Dwight!

DWIGHT
I'm trying!

Dwight continues his tantrum as he hammers the phone against the desk, sending numerical projectiles everywhere. The receiver finally comes loose.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
Yes?! Rock 107?!

M.C. BEAST-LEY (V.O.)
What's your answer?

DWIGHT
It's a bear! A bear!

M.C. BEAST-LEY (V.O.)
Oh, sorry! Shark. Shark is what we were looking for.

DWIGHT
No! No! No! The quadruped is clearly the dominant speci-

Dwight is interrupted by dial-tone. Dwight collapses on his desk, head in hands.

JIM
Should of gone with shark.

Dwight moans into his desk.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

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Jim is asleep on his desk. Dwight casually pulls an air horn from his drawer and unleashes its full fury at Jim. Jim springs up, a paper stuck to his forehead.

JIM

Wow, Dwight.

Jim removes the paper.

JIM (CONT'D)

Was that really necessary?

DWIGHT

Of course. No sleeping on company time.

JIM

Dwight, I haven't had a good night's sleep since the baby came home.

DWIGHT

Soundproof the child's room, problem solved.

Pam approaches.

PAM

We're not soundproofing the baby's room, Dwight.

DWIGHT

Then I have no sympathy for you.

PAM

(turning to Jim)

Hey, remind me that we have to pick up some baby food on the way home, alright?

JIM

I thought we had a whole case of it in the break room?

PAM

5 I guess the night crew though it was old or something.

5

Michael emerges from his office.

MICHAEL

There's mommy! And where's my Godson?

JIM

We haven't named a Godfather, yet.

PAM

He's already in day care, Michael.

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PAM AND JIM TALKING HEAD

6

PAM

We tried the stay-at-home mom thing, but we couldn't afford it. Luckily, Michael jumped at the chance to provide day care.

JIM

It seems that as long as the role of Godfather remains open, Michael is intent to bribe us.

PAM

I'm holding out for a crib.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

Pam is invaluable here; I couldn't let her stay at home. Plus, opening a day care in the office makes me number one contender for Godfather. I could've been a contenda!

(beat)

Rocky.

(beat)

Oh, and I had the perfect person picked out for day care duty. So both birds, one bullet.

Michael stifles a very large grin.

TOBY TALKING HEAD

TOBY is wearing a pink T-shirt that reads "DUNDER MIFFLIN DAY CARE". He has a stained spittle rag on his shoulder, and Pam's baby is crying against it. Toby stares at the camera with empty eyes.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

Michael is browsing cribs on the internet. Pam enters.

MICHAEL
Pamela, baby mamma!

PAM
Hey, I just wanted to remind you that I have to go in for a checkup tomorrow, so I'll be in a little later in the day.

MICHAEL
Oh, the stirrup doctor! How does Jim feel about having another man prod around down there?

PAM
My gynecologist is a woman, Michael.

Michael looks at the camera and chokes on a giggle.

PAM (CONT'D)
(slightly annoyed)
Okay, well, I'm going back to work.

Pam starts to exit.

MICHAEL
Hey Pam, have you and Jim thought anymore about, you know, the whole Godfather thing?

PAM
(frustrated)
We'll let you know, Michael.

Pam exits.

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

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Okay! Let me know! Hope that day care is going well! That I set up. For you.

Pam stops and closes her eyes. She leans forward to Jim's ear.

PAM
(quietly)
Please, do something. I'm really tired, and I can't handle him today.

JIM
I got it.

PAM

I'm going to go get Cecelia. It's time
for her breakfast.

Pam exits towards the annex. Jim gets up and walks into

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - D1

MICHAEL

Jim! You dog!

JIM

Hey, Michael.

MICHAEL

(bad Brando)
You come to me, on this, the day of my
daughter's wedding?

JIM

Your daughter is getting married?

MICHAEL

It's from-

JIM

Ah! Dirty Harry.

MICHAEL

Ha! Right!

Michael looks at the camera like "Who doesn't know that one".

JIM

Listen, Pam is feeling really self-
conscious right now.

MICHAEL

(concerned)
What for? Why?

JIM

(thinking quickly)
Oh, she has postpartum depression.

MICHAEL

(struggling)
Postpar-

JIM

Don't try.
(beat)
She's depressed, and worn out.

MICHAEL

Oh.

JIM

So just try to be sensitive to that.

MICHAEL

Okay.

JIM

Thanks, Michael.

Jim exits. Michael curiously peers through the blinds at Pam, who is preparing a bottle.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

Pam has post-party depression. It's something that mothers get because they're still fat from being knocked up. It makes them self-conscious.

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

Jim is CLACKING away on his keyboard. He shoots a look over at Pam, feeding the baby. They smile at each other. Dwight stares at the exchange with disappointment.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

Pam and Jim need to stop coddling their child. If they keep *giving* it milk, it's never going to be able to fend for itself when it reaches adulthood. When I was a child, Momma Shrute would sit the babes on the opposite side of the room and whomever crawled to her first was allowed to nurse.

(reflecting)

It was the blindfolds that made things tricky.

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

Pam approaches Jim's desk.

JIM

Hey, you.

PAM

Diapers. Add diapers to the list.

Dwight smirks at the camera, shaking his head.

JIM

Alright.

Michael emerges from his office.

MICHAEL

Dwight, can you come in here for a minute?

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Dwight enters.

DWIGHT

Yes, Michael?

MICHAEL

Pam is depressed, and I want to do something to cheer her up.

DWIGHT

Why would she be depressed? Jim and Pam have successfully produced offspring.

MICHAEL

It's complicated, you wouldn't understand.

DWIGHT

Oh, please.

MICHAEL

She feels fat, Dwight.

DWIGHT

I don't know what she's complaining about. Have you seen her hips?

MICHAEL

What?

DWIGHT

With her hip dimensions, Pam could expect to pop out at least another six or seven children before her uterus becomes withered and useless.

Michael peers out at Pam.

MICHAEL

Six or seven?

DWIGHT

Listen, her hormones are all out of whack. She is going to be upset no matter what you do for her.

MICHAEL

Dwight, come on.

DWIGHT

No, seriously, on the farm after a pig gives birth, we harvest her for bacon. It's just easier. They become so high maintenance. Plus the rendered pork fat is great for frying toast.

MICHAEL

Barbaric. That's no way to treat a new mother.

DWIGHT

Well the piglets are weened first, obviously.

MICHAEL

Listen, if I can figure out how to make her happy, maybe they'll make me the Godfather.

DWIGHT

Why do you want to be the Godfather anyway?

MICHAEL

If something happened to Jim or Pam, I'd have a baby without all the hassle. Plus, you are partly responsible for what the child turns out to be.

DWIGHT

Like an experiment...

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

Michael may be onto something with this Godfather business. If I can convince the child that I am a better father, perhaps I could convince it to turn against Jim when it comes of age.

(thoughtfully)

My very own young apprentice.

(beat)

Yes...

Dwight slowly rings his hands.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - D1

Michael stares at Dwight in awe.

MICHAEL

What is wrong with you? You should not be allowed to have kids.

DWIGHT

Why does everyone keep saying that?

Michael peers out at the accounting area.

MICHAEL

I've got it.

INT. OFFICE - JIM AND DWIGHT'S DESKS - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Jim is gone. Dwight is back at his desk. Toby approaches with the baby on his shoulder and a brown bag in his hand. ERIN looks on with interest from the reception desk.

TOBY

Where did Jim go?

DWIGHT

Pam said something about running an errand.

TOBY

Well, my daughter forgot her lunch, would you mind watching the baby?

ERIN

Oh, I love babies! I'll watch him, Toby.

ANDY eagerly jumps in.

ANDY

Oh, I'm great with kids! Dwight is way too busy to be bothered with the child. I'll take him, Toby.

DWIGHT

No! No. That's okay. I also love children.

Toby hands Cecelia to Dwight, who holds the baby at arms length. Toby exits. When Erin is looking, Dwight uncomfortably pulls the baby close. Erin smiles largely at Dwight. Andy pouts.

ERIN
He likes you!

DWIGHT
Yeah, Jim and Pam are thinking about making me Godfather.

INT. OFFICE - ACCOUNTING AREA - A LITTLE LATER - D1

Michael approaches.

MICHAEL
Ang-

He looks at ANGELA who is already shaking her head, and talks to OSCAR instead. KEVIN is eavesdropping.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Oscar, I need to get some petty cash.

OSCAR
Absolutely not, Michael, you've been cut off ever since the raffle debacle.

MICHAEL
Okay, the mountain bike? I was going to sell it for a profit, and pay you back with interest!

OSCAR
At a dollar each, the eight hundred tickets you bought cost more than the bike, Michael.

ANGELA
And you didn't even win. Toby did, and he only bought one ticket!

KEVIN
Yeah, didn't someone slash the bike tires, like, the next day?

Michael looks at the camera with guilt.

OSCAR
Forget it, Michael.

MICHAEL
Okay, fine!
(beat)
Kevin, I need to speak to you, in my office.

KEVIN
(loudly)
About what?

MICHAEL
Shut-
(whispering)
Just wait a second, and then come to
my office.

Michael leaves. Kevin awkwardly waits a moment and follows.
Angela stares daggers at their backs.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER - D1

Michael is at his desk. Kevin approaches.

MICHAEL
So Kevin, I need to get some money
together for an office event.

KEVIN
But Angela and Oscar said-

MICHAEL
(interrupting)
You know what a party means, don't you
Kevin?

Michael pushes a plate of brownies across the desk.

KEVIN
Are those brownies?

Michael nods.

MICHAEL
I made those for you. There's more
where that came from.

Kevin picks one up. It's packaged.

KEVIN
It's still wrapped in plastic.

Michael heaves a heavy sigh. He fishes under his desk for a
moment before plopping an open box of brownies onto the desk.

MICHAEL
Well, there's another box in it for
you if you can get me the money.

KEVIN
What's it for anyway?

MICHAEL

I want to throw Pam a party.

Angela suddenly rushes in.

ANGELA

I knew it!

MICHAEL

And I want Angela to plan it!

ANGELA

What?

MICHAEL

Unless you think Phyllis would do a better job?

ANGELA

No! I can do it.

KEVIN

Okay, but if I get you the money, I get to go on the food errand.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

If Pam is feeling unattractive, then we'll support her right to fix herself. We're going to throw Pam a low-fat post-party depression celebration. We'll cater it with health food, and we'll show her that she's still our Pammy, no matter how much weight she's gained.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

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INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - D1

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Andy is standing at the reception desk, chatting with Erin. He's holding a picture frame.

ERIN

This is your niece?

ANDY

Guilty! Yeah, she's my pride and joy until I have one of my own.

ERIN

Oh. It has a watermark at the bottom.

ANDY

Does it?

ERIN

Did this picture come with the frame?

Uncomfortable silence.

ANDY

No! Well, yes, but it is my niece. She models for the frame company.

ERIN

Oh, really? That's great!

ANDY

Yeah, we're all pretty proud of her.

INT. OFFICE - ANNEX - D1

SPY SHOT: Dwight is leaning over Cecelia's crib. He checks over both shoulders and hands the baby a pair of nunchakus.

DWIGHT

Okay, young padawan, lesson one.

Toby enters.

TOBY

(disappointed)
Dwight.

Dwight jumps in surprise.

TOBY (CONT'D)

What did I tell you about giving the baby weapons?

Toby picks up the baby, who is now wearing a rising sun bandana, à la *The Karate Kid*.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

I wish someone had given me the opportunity to learn weapons combat that early. It wouldn't have taken me nearly as long to get my yellow belt.

TOBY TALKING HEAD

TOBY

Honestly, I'm relieved. The weapons seem to be getting less lethal, anyway. Earlier, I found this in the baby's crib.

Toby holds up a trio of ninja stars.

INT. OFFICE - KITCHEN - D1

Pam is putting multiple bottles of milk in the fridge. PHYLLIS is putting a pot of coffee on. Angela is snacking on yogurt.

PHYLLIS

Why did you choose baby formula?

PAM

Oh, no. It's breast milk, I have to pump it at home. Long story.

ANGELA

That is disgusting.

PHYLLIS

I don't think so. I wouldn't pump it here either.

Jim enters with a crumpled diaper and tosses it in the trash. Angela groans loudly.

ANGELA TALKING HEAD

ANGELA

This is why I prefer cats. Cats poop in one place, that I designate.

INT. OFFICE - ANNEX - D1

Toby is putting the baby back in the crib. KELLY enters.

KELLY

Oh. My. God! That baby is so cute! Is it yours?

TOBY

No.

KELLY

Oh is it Jim and Pam's?! Oh my God, that is the cutest baby ever! I am going to die, it is so cute! I'm going to die, Toby! Oh, she has Jim's eyes! Look at the little baby with Jim's eyes!

TOBY

She's not that cute.

KELLY

Oh Toby! She's adorable! I'm going to have a cuteness overload. I can't even handle it! I think I'm going to cry.

(beat)

Can I hold her?

TOBY

Actually, Michael has designated this area as the day care center, so it's day care employees only now.

KELLY

Oh.

TOBY

Yeah, so I don't mean to be rude, but, you know, rules are rules.

Kelly exits, defeated. Toby musters a smile.

INT. OFFICE - KITCHEN - D1

CREED is sitting in a corner munching on a snack. Jim grabs a tuna sandwich from the fridge and sits down.

CREED

Hey Jake!

Jim looks around.

JIM

Did you mean Jim?

CREED

What did I say?

Jim notices Creed is eating baby food.

JIM

Is that baby food? From the fridge?

CREED

No. I brought this from home. I love strained peas.

(beat)

Anyway, I've been meaning to ask you, how would you like to make a lot of money real fast?

JIM

Okay...

CREED

How attached are you to that baby in there?

Jim looks at the camera.

INT. OFFICE - RECEPTION AREA - D1

Jim and Pam are chatting.

JIM

So we definitely need a new place to put the baby food here.

PAM

Oh, you found it?

JIM

Kind of.

Michael comes up.

MICHAEL

Hey guys, I know you two have had a rough time of it lately, so why don't you take an extra hour for lunch today?

JIM

Really?

MICHAEL

Yeah. Go ahead.

PAM

Thanks, Michael.

EXT. PARKING LOT - A LITTLE LATER - D1

Pam and Jim are getting in the car.

JIM

So what do you think they're up to?

PAM

I don't care, I just want some alone time.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON - D1

Michael is nervously looking at his watch. Angela leers at him with crossed arms.

MICHAEL

Where is Kevin? He was supposed to be back an hour ago. We're running out of time!

ANGELA

I don't know why you'd send him.

MICHAEL

Well, I sent Andy with him.

Andy walks in bearing grocery bags.

ANDY

Hello! Somebody order a nard-dog special?

Andy sets down the bags.

MICHAEL

Finally. Wait, where's Kevin?

ANDY

Is he not back yet? He went to pick up the other stuff.

Michael starts rummaging through the groceries.

MICHAEL

What is this? Twinkies? Oreos? Moon pies? Payday bars?! I said health food!

DWIGHT

Technically, the peanuts on the Payday bars aren't bad for you, it's the nougat center that racks up the calories.

ANDY

Kevin told me you said to get "good stuff".

MICHAEL

Good for you!

ANDY

Oh.

MICHAEL

This is a disaster. Angela, Andy, you two salvage what you can from the Payday bars. Dwight, come with me.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Michael and Dwight are rummaging through the fridge.

MICHAEL

There has got to be some healthy food in here that we can use at the party.

(beat)

Aha! An industrial tub of yogurt.

DWIGHT

That's mayonnaise.

MICHAEL

Ew. I guess it's from the deviled egg cook off.

DWIGHT

How old is that?

MICHAEL

I don't know, the date has faded too much.

DWIGHT

Hmm. Check the label, does it say if it's low-fat?

MICHAEL

No. But we can't eat raw mayonnaise anyway.

(long beat)

I think there is some broccoli in the crisper.

Michael leans down. Dwight picks up one of Pam's milk bottles.

DWIGHT
What's this?

MICHAEL
Put that down; it's Pam's breast milk.

DWIGHT
I thought she was nursing?

MICHAEL
Well, she pumps it at home and brings
it to work. She doesn't do it here
anymore since she saw m-

Michael looks at the camera.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Someone trying to catch a peek.

Dwight takes a large swig.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Dwight! Gross!

DWIGHT
Tastes like she may have an iron
deficiency.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - A LITTLE LATER - D1

Andy and Angela are removing peanuts one-by-one from the
candy bars. They are surrounded by wrappers and several small
bowls of peanuts.

ANDY
(holding a nut)
Hey Angela, you drive me nuts.

ANGELA
There is nothing funny about insanity,
Andy.

Michael and Dwight enter with the tub of mayonnaise and
broccoli.

MICHAEL
How are the peanuts coming?

ANGELA
Why all the mayonnaise?

They place the mayo on the table.

MICHAEL
To dip the broccoli in, Angela.

ANGELA
No one dips broccoli in mayonnaise.

Michael scoffs.

MICHAEL
Of course they do.

Dwight dips a broccoli in a little mayo and eats it. Andy quickly joins Dwight's side.

ANDY
Yeah, Angela. Who *doesn't* dip their
broccoli in mayo?

Andy completely submerges a large piece of broccoli in mayo. He struggles to get it down.

ANDY (CONT'D)
(full mouth)
Delicious.

Kevin enters with a large cake and two bags full of ice cream.

KEVIN
Sorry it took so long.

MICHAEL
Kevin! What is this? I said healthy
food!

KEVIN
It's carrot cake, Michael. *Carrot*.
Cake.

MICHAEL
That's not how it works, Kevin!

Michael grabs the cake out of Kevin's hands.

KEVIN
Hey!

Michael starts to dump the cake. Andy springs up and grabs one end with Kevin. Dwight grabs the end with Michael.

ANDY
Michael, I can't let you do this. It's
carrot cake, Michael, let it slide!

They struggle back and forth. Pam and Jim walk in.

PAM

Michael! Thank you so much!

MICHAEL

Huh?

PAM

Ugh, I've been craving sweets all day.
Is that ice cream?!

JIM

And carrot cake! Pam, you love carrot
cake!

MICHAEL

You like carrot cake?

PAM

Of course I do! I love carrot cake!

MICHAEL

Good guess on my part, then. Glad I
sent you to get it, Kevin.

KEVIN

But Michael, you sai-

MICHAEL

(interrupting)
Shut it-

Pam gives Michael a big hug.

PAM

Thank, you, Michael.

DWIGHT

Pam, has your tongue felt numb lately?
Do you take any multivitamins?

PAM

What?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. OFFICE - STANLEY'S DESK - D1

Michael approaches. STANLEY is working on a crossword puzzle.

MICHAEL

Stanley the manly! Why aren't you coming to the party?

STANLEY

I was up til three in the morning partying downtown. I'm all partied out.

MICHAEL

And you didn't invite me?

STANLEY

I was being sarcastic. I do not plan on attending.

MICHAEL

Come on Stanley, we worked hard on this, at least come have some food.

STANLEY

(snapping)
What did I just say?

Michael slaps the crossword puzzle out of Stanley's hands. They look at each other for a long beat.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Pick. It. Up.

Michael picks it up and hands it to him.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

I'm diabetic. I can't have any of the sweets in there anyway.

MICHAEL

I had Dwight pick up some soft pretzels. Just so you know.

Michael departs. Stanley releases a deep groan and rises up after him.

INT. OFFICE - ANNEX - D1

Toby is at his computer. Dwight comes in.

DWIGHT
You're not going to the party?

TOBY
What party?

DWIGHT
Pam's depression party. There's cake.

TOBY
Well, can you watch the baby for a second?

DWIGHT
I guess.

Toby exits. Dwight squats next to the crib. Michael is about to enter but stops at the door to observe. He cracks it so he can listen.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
Hello, little one. I am going to be your Godfather.

Michael looks at the camera, eyes wide with rage. He lets the door shut and CLICK, which startles Dwight.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
Who's there?

Michael comes into the room.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)
How long have you been standing there?

MICHAEL
Not long. I just wanted to ask you if you still wanted to come fishing with me this weekend.

DWIGHT
Of course!

MICHAEL
Then I'll see you this weekend.

Michael turns and stares murder into the camera.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - LATER - D1

Michael is seated at his desk. Jim enters.

JIM
Hey, can I sit down for a minute?

MICHAEL

Of course!

JIM

Thank you, Michael. You really did a great job with the party today.

MICHAEL

What more can a Godfather do, right?

JIM

About that.

MICHAEL

You're not going to make Dwight the Godfather are you?

JIM

Well, we aren't going to make anyone the Godfather.

MICHAEL

What?

JIM

But we would like you to be Cecelia's God-uncle.

MICHAEL

Is that better?

JIM

Of course it is. That means that you and I are like brothers. Right?

Michael is glowing. He laughs.

MICHAEL

Yeah. Brothers.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

Some days you just have to treat yourself, you know?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - D1

We see several shots of everyone eating sweets and enjoying themselves. Employees are chatting with one another and laughing MOS.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
So what if you gain a little weight
here and there? Happiness comes from
your friends...

Michael gives Jim a large awkward side hug.

MICHAEL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And your family.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. LAKE WALLENPAUPACK - MORNING - D2

Michael and Dwight are floating on a boat in the middle of the lake. Dwight is wearing a bucket hat with hooks hanging off of it.

MICHAEL

Dwight, could you check my line? I think it's stuck on something again.

Dwight leans over the edge and grabs the line.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(gradually gaining ferocity)

I know it was you, Dwight. You broke my heart. You broke my heart!

Michael pushes Dwight overboard with his foot. Dwight splashes around in the water as Michael grabs the oars and starts his extremely slow getaway.

DWIGHT

Michael! Michael, there are water moccasins in this lake!

Michael is rowing furiously, making no progress.

MICHAEL

Never go against the family, Dwight!

(beat)

Never go against the family!

END OF SHOW