

STRIKE!

by

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Spec episode for

THE OFFICE

V.022222

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COLD OPEN

INT. OFFICE - DAY 1

PAM is on the TELEPHONE with MICHAEL. Her frown tells us Michael is up to one of his schemes.

PAM
Really Michael? When? Five minutes?
Okay. Bye.

She cradles the phone and tries as hard as she can to act excited and announces to the office in the loudest voice she can muster:

PAM (CONT'D)
Hey everyone! Listen up. Michael
wants us all downstairs in the
parking lot!

Dwight is playing a video game.

DWIGHT
When Pam - I'm doing bookooo
business here.

PAM
Right now!

DWIGHT
Yes!

DWIGHT runs out of the room.

TOBY
Why Pam?

PAM
It's a surprise.
(rallies the team)
C'mon gang - let's go!

JIM cocks his head as if to ask what's going on. She moves her lips silently saying "later."

Everyone leaves at their own speed.

EXT. DUNDLER/MIFLIN - D1

The EMPLOYEES all wait outside for Michael to arrive.

DWIGHT

Pam what is it? I can't stand the suspense.

JIM

It's only been like - what - 4 minutes?

DWIGHT

I'm not like you Jim. I don't like to wait. My parents made me wait for every one of my meals like a dog.

(mimics to himself)

Sit Dwight. Sit. Bark Dwight. Heel Dwight.

JIM

That explains it.

ANDY

Where's Creed?

INT. THE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

CREED quickly moves from one DESK to another, riffling through drawers, pocketing things he likes.

EXT. DUNDLER/MIFLIN - CONTINUOUS

The powerful REVS of a high performance CAR ENGINE draws near.

IT appears, screeching around a corner.

PAM

Here he comes!

A brand new shiny red convertible BMW 730I screams down the road and into the parking lot.

The car skids to a stop in front of them and Michael jumps out of the car. His smile gleams larger than the sun.

MICHAEL

Yeeeeehaaaaaa!

He prances to the group and high fives them all, excited like a school boy on a spring Friday afternoon.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What do you think of my new company car! Huh? Am I appreciated for the job I do here or what?

DWIGHT

Way to go Michael!

ANDY

Wow! She's a beaut - they must really think you do a great job!

Most of the group can't believe it but the two suck ups, Andy and Dwight, bath in Michael's enthusiasm.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

See I - I wanna motivate them to do good work. I wanna show my minions that if you do a great job - you too will be rewarded. Just like me.

PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM

This morning Michael called me and told me his 10-year-old Sebring, he says is a
(makes the quotaion mark sign)
company car, broke down and they gave him a loaner car. For an entire month. He was so excited that it was red.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

So I told them, that as their Fabtabulous leader, I was rewarded by management with this new car, as a way of saying thank you for all the hard work. I'll figure out something to say in a month when I have to return it.

ANGELA TALKING HEAD

ANGELA

Michael had me order an ice cream
cake for the office to show his
appreciation for all our hard work.
He gets a car - we get to eat cake.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

I threw them a bone. Don't want the
jealous natives getting restless do
I?

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. OFFICE -D1

Dwight and Jim work at their desks.

JIM

Pretty cool car Michael got huh,
Dwight?

DWIGHT

Jim, the 7 series BMW is a nice
car. Even a great car some may say.
But it isn't cool. A 1969 Plymouth
Superbird is cool. I will not
accept a BMW when they offer me
one.

JIM

Be nice if we got a raise first
don't you think?

DWIGHT

Well, as the team leader of the
sales department, I am doing just
fine my friend. In fact, I hit my
daily quota this week so I'm going
home early today to watch my
favorite television show.

JIM

No you're not.

DWIGHT

Oh yes I am.

JIM

Noooo you're not Dwight. Didn't you
hear? The writers are on strike.

DWIGHT

So?

JIM

Sooooo *Heros*, has been taken off
the air.

Dwight stares at him hoping to find a reason not to believe
him.

JIM (CONT'D)

Last week was the final episode.
They're in re-runs now.

Dwight begins to believe him and slowly shows his extreme disappointment.

DWIGHT

No - more - Heros?

JIM

Not until the writers get what they want.

DWIGHT

What do they want Jim?

JIM

What they're due. Did you know they only get four cents for every DVD that's sold? All they want is adequate compensation for their hard work.

Pam walks by and smiles at Jim like a snake. Jim winks at her. The game is on!

Jim goes back to work and leaves Dwight to contemplate.

DWIGHT

(to himself loudly)

Yes...The first step on the path to the workers' revolution is the elevation of the proletariat to the position of ruling class. The proletariat will gain from its political domination by gradually tearing away from the bourgeoisie all capital, by centralizing all means of production in the hands of the State, that is to say in the hands of the proletariat itself organized as the ruling class.

JIM

What?

DWIGHT

It's the Communist Manifesto Jim. Didn't you read anything in college?

JIM

Huh. Imagine if the proletariat got paid for every piece of paper we sell.

Jim grabs a calculator and begins to figure it out.

JIM (CONT'D)

Five hundred pages in a ream at three dollars and ninety five cents is point zero zero seven nine cents per page. Divide that by our ten percent commission and you end up with...

Dwight is waiting on the edge of his seat.

JIM (CONT'D)

Point zero zero zero seventy nine cents per page. Huh.

DWIGHT

What?

JIM

Nothing.

DWIGHT

Jim...

JIM

Well, I know for a fact the guys working on the floor at Staples make zero zero zero eighty cents per page.

DWIGHT

Ridiculous.

JIM

Okay.

Jim goes back to work. Dwight stewes on it.

DWIGHT

We should be making at least zero zero zero eighty one cents per page.

JIM

That's right. Imagine what would happen if there was no paper available?

DWIGHT

What do you mean? Strike? Yes...We can be like Heros.....

Jim doesn't say it but Dwight can read it on his lips.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Yes....adequate compensation or strike! No more paper. Control the means of production. The world can't write - writers can't write without my paper - ah our paper, comrade.

PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM

I love it when Jim pulls Dwight's chain. It makes coming to work a little easier.

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM

I wasn't lying when I said the guys at Staples get paid more per page in commission. It's retail. We sell wholesale. They charge more then we do. Figure it out.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM- D1

Dwight holds court secretly with his sales comrades, Andy, Jim, and Stanley.

DWIGHT

Michael wants us to be successful right? He wants us to be rewarded for our hard work doesn't he?

ANDY

(loud)
Yes!

DWIGHT

Shhhh! Keep you're voice down.

ANDY

Okay - why?

DWIGHT

I don't want Michael to hear us.

PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM

Dwight asked me to keep Michael in his office so he wouldn't bother their sales meeting. I came up with a real brain twister to keep him occupied.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE

Michael is sitting with Pam silent but intense in thought.

MICHAEL

No. I think we should order the green paper clips - not the red ones. Green good. Everyone is going green these days. Red bad. Red is Republican. Red is pinko commie. Wait - if communist are Reds - why are they called pinkos? Huh.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

DWIGHT

You want to make more money don't you Stanley?

STANLEY

I'm doing just fine.

ANDY

I want to make more money.

DWIGHT

Okay! This is what I propose. I am going to walk into Michael's office and ask him for a raise -

Stanley finally looks up from his crossword puzzle.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

- for all of us. Comrades - I need your support and solidarity.

ANDY

What if he says no?

DWIGHT

Then we challenge the ruling class and go on strike!

STANLEY

Don't be a fool.

JIM

I think it would be a good idea to try to negotiate with him first. Take your time, sit down, speak calmly and try to work it out, okay?

DWIGHT

Do I have your support comrades?

ANDY

I'm in.

DWIGHT

Jim?

JIM

What the heck. But remember - negotiate first, okay?

They all look at Stanley.

DWIGHT

C'mon big fella. I can't do it without you.

STANLEY

Yes you can. And you will.

Stanley reluctantly lays his hand on theirs and they shout like a football team before a big game.

ALL

D-U-N-D-E-R Go Dunder-Mifflin GO!

END ACT 1

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

Michael is building a PLASTIC MODEL of his new BMW and has all the pieces laid out on his desk. He reads the directions but is very confused.

(to himself)

Put #12 screw in hole #69. That's what she said.

He smiles at the CAMERA.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

These directions are crap! They were probably written in a cave by some Chinese slave worker. They don't make any sense. They can barely speak American.

(mimics accent)

"me love you long time Yankee dog."
Why don't they teach their slaves to learn proper English. They would write so much better. They have plenty of time on their hands right?

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Dwight gets up from his chair and looks at his watch.

DWIGHT

It's time. I'm going in.

JIM

Just remember to negotiate first, right?

Dwight marches towards Michael's door.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Michael is preoccupied with his model building.

Dwight knocks on the door and hastily enters and closes the door. He stands before Michael.

Michael looks at the clock on the wall which reads 4:55 pm. Other office employees are passing in front of his office, coats in hand, leaving for the day.

MICHAEL

I know it's Friday Dwight, but you cannot leave early. You must work until five p.m. just like every other Chinese slave - I mean employee.

DWIGHT

Michael - I just had a meeting with the sales team and they elected me to be their representative in these talks.

MICHAEL
What "talks?"

DWIGHT
The one we're having now.

MICHAEL
Oh. Okay. Proceed my good man.

DWIGHT
In solidarity we have decided to
approach management - that's you -
and ask for a raise.

MICHAEL
(annoyed)
Oh. What? A raise? C'mon Dwight!

He looks at Dwight who is serious as a heart attack.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Well, I do not have the
authorization -

INT. THE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Jim is working at his desk. O.S. Dwight yells --

DWIGHT
Strike!

JIM
Oh no.

Dwight flings the door open and charges from the room.

Michael doesn't understand what just happened and follows him
out of his office.

MICHAEL
- what the - Dwight?

DWIGHT
Everyone! I have an announcement!

The only people left are the sales staff and Kelly, Creed and
Pam. They listen attentively.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

After meeting with management it was determined that we came to an impasse in our negotiations and I have officially authorized a strike.

KELLY

Sweet!

DWIGHT

This involves the sales team and if any of you other employees want to march with us in solidarity you'd be welcome. We are now officially on strike until you hear further from your representative. That would be me. You are not allowed to talk to upper management -

MICHAEL

Wow! Now calm down Dwight.

DWIGHT

I am sorry Michael but I am not allowed to talk to you.

Pam answers the telephone.

PAM

Hang on please. Michael - it's about your car - it's important.

Suddenly his car is more important than his restless proletariat.

MICHAEL

You mean my new car don't you Pam?
(directed at Dwight)
The one I got from "management" for doing such a good job! I'll take it in my office.

He scampers into his office and shuts the door behind him.

Dwight gathers his things up and puts his coat and hat on.

DWIGHT

I had no choice Jim. He brought out the thumb screws.

INT. MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

He quickly picks up the phone.

MICHAEL

Yes this is Michael.

(listens)

You have good news and bad news.

Give me the good news.

(listens)

You're close to finishing my car.

Good. Uh huh. Now the bad news.

(explodes)

But you said I could have it for a month!

INT. OFFICE - D1

Before Dwight leaves, he turns to the rest of the office and takes a good look at his strong and stout comrades.

Michael comes out of his office looking very glum.

Dwight glares at him and thrusts his fisted arm high up into the air.

DWIGHT

Paper workers of the world unite!

I'll see you on the picket line

Monday morning!

MICHAEL

Dwight?

Dwight leaves the office and Michael looks at everyone hoping for an answer.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What just happened here?

ANGLE ON: Jim who shrugs his shoulders, Andy who hides his gaze, Creed just grins.

CREED TALKING HEAD

CREED

That was beautiful. It reminded me of the sixties, when we rallied and rose up against "The Man." Yes we had sex drugs and rock and roll, all of which I enjoyed copious amounts of but I never really cared about "The Man." Whoever he was.

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM

Dwight didn't realize he called for a strike on Labor Day. The office is closed on Labor Day.

EXT. DUNDLER/MIFLIN - D2

Alone, Dwight fiercely walks a picket line, his SIGN held high. Ten extra SIGNS lean against the wall.

DWIGHT

(sings)

We shall over come, we shall over come, we shall over come, that is what she said.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. DUNDLER/MIFFLIN - D3

Andy, Kelly and Dwight march the picket line.

Others arrive for work but cross the picket line trying to show their sympathy in different ways. Phyllis cries, Oscar puts his hand over his heart, Daryl flashes the Black Power fist.

Angela gives Dwight a dirty look which momentarily stops him in his tracks.

ANGELA TALKING HEAD

ANGELA

I don't know why Dwight had to disrupt our office with a strike. After the ice cream cake arrived we were all getting along so well. First he kills my kitty and now this.

EXT. DUNDLER/MIFLIN - SAME

Dwight, Andy and Kelly gather for a warm cup of coffee at the strike line.

KELLY

This is the coolest thing I ever did. I mean, making out with Saheed before he left for Pakistan was pretty gnarly. He was a Muslim you know, and -

DWIGHT

Well we thank you for your support Kelly but this is serious business.

ANDY

Where'd Creed go?

INT. OFFICE - SAME

Creed is rifling through drawers and stealing things. He almost gets caught when Oscar enters the office.

EXT. DUNDLER/MIFLIN - SAME

DWIGHT

I heard Stanley called in sick this morning. What happened to the men in this country?

Jim arrives in his car and reluctantly waves as he passes by.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Thank God Jim is here!

Jim gets out of his car and walks toward them.

They all welcome him with shouts of appreciation

ALL

Way to go Jim -thata'boy - grab a sign big tuna - let's stick it to the man!

Jim tries not to acknowledge them and crosses the picket line and enters the building.

ALL (CONT'D)

Scab! Scab! You'll get yours when this is over! You'll be kicked out of the sales union!

ANDY

Hey Dwight - are we in a union now?

DWIGHT

Not yet my man. Not yet.

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM

I never had any intention of joining the strike. But I do enjoy watching Dwight self destruct.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE -D3

Michael peaks from his window at the strikers below.

Toby comes in to his office.

TOBY

Michael?

MICHAEL

What is it now Toby? Can't you see
I have a mess on my hands here?

TOBY

You have to do something to diffuse
this before management finds out.

MICHAEL

What am I supposed to do? Just give
them a raise?

TOBY

How much do they want?

MICHAEL

I don't know.

TOBY

Well don't you think you should
find out before -

PAM

(interrupts)

Michael - its the dealership - they
want to know when -

MICHAEL

(to Toby)

Get out. Out of my office please.

(to Pam)

What line?

PAM

The only one flashing Michael.

Michael abruptly shuts the door on both of them as Toby is
about to speak.

The CAMERA watches Michael from outside his office, through
the glass. Michael takes the call and lays his head on his
desk.

EXT. DUNDLER/MIFLIN - D3

Michael exits the building and walks past the strikers
without acknowledging them.

Dwight grabs a megaphone and begins singing a protest song.

DWIGHT

(parody of the Lennon
song)

(MORE)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

"All we are sayyyyyyying, is give us
a raise."

Dwight raises his arms to encourage the others to follow his chant.

ALL

"All we are sayyyyyyying is give us
a raise."

Michael gets into his BMW and screeches out of the parking lot.

ANDY

Way to go Dwight.

DWIGHT

Thank you. I think he's ready to
cave.

PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM

Michael had to return the BMW. The
service manager was furious he
didn't show up first thing this
morning, like he promised.

INT. BMW DEALERSHIP - SAME

Michael hugs the SERVICE MANAGER, his head buried in his chest. The manager peels him off and shows him the door.

PAM

(V.O.)

In spite of Michael's inability to
deal with the strike, coming back
to work in his old car diffused the
whole thing.

INT. CAR - D3

Michael arrives at Dunder-Mifflin in his old Sebring and passes the strikers slowly.

EXT. DUNDLER/MIFFLIN - CONTINUOUS

Dwight stops in his tracks and watches Michael's car pass by. He understands the significance of it.

ANDY

What's the matter Dwight?

DWIGHT

Don't you understand what just happened? Michael returned his materialistic corporate perk to show he is with us - not management.

Michael walks towards them - ready to enter the building.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Michael! I can't believe the sacrifice you just made.

MICHAEL

(confused)

Well....what exactly -

DWIGHT

You got your old car back to show you're with us! I am humbled. We are humbled.

Michael starts to catch up and realizes how he can play this to his advantage.

MICHAEL

Yes...well...I think it was only fair...to help you...how much do you want anyway?

DWIGHT

We make point zero zero zero seventy nine cents now and we want and will not take a penny less than point zero zero zero eighty one cents on every piece of paper.

Michael looks dumbfounded.

MICHAEL

Sounds good to me - let's negotiate.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

I got him to come down zero zero zero one cent to zero zero zero 80 cents. Now we're all fat dumb and happy. Just like a family again.

INT. OFFICE -D3

Jim and Dwight are at their desks working. Dwight is upbeat.

JIM

Way to go on that strike thing
Dwight.

DWIGHT

No thanks to you. If and when we
form a union, you will never be
asked to join.

JIM

Oh really?

DWIGHT

You are persona non gratis.

JIM

Well I never would join a club that
would have someone like me as a
member.

DWIGHT

How original Jim. You stole that
from Mo.

JIM

Curly.

Jim looks at the camera and smiles.

Andy gets up from his desk, calculator in hand and pats
Dwight on his shoulder.

ANDY

Way to go bucko.

Dwight is pleased with the compliment.

DWIGHT

Yeah, we stood up to the man and he
fell like a dead tree in the
forest.

ANDY

I just figured out the raise you
negotiated. Turns out to be an
extra five cents on every ream of
paper.

Dwight's smile fades. Jim looks at Pam and they smile.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

I didn't have to go to management
for Dwight's raise.

(holds up small jar)

At night, I throw my daily pocket
change in this jar. I pay them out
of that. Problem solved.

END EPISODE