(Name of Show)

("Title of Episode")

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
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Phone Number

The Office

"THE I.Q. TEST"

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INT. OFFICE (DWIGHT'S DESK)-MORNING
(DWIGHT, JIM)

DWIGHT WALKS UP TO HIS DESK TO FIND A NOTE WRITTEN IN THE FONT WINGDINGS (THE FONT THAT'S JUST SYMBOLS). JIM SITS AT HIS DESK.

DWIGHT

What's this?

JIM

What's what?

DWIGHT

There's a note on my desk.

JIM

What does it say?

DWIGHT

You wouldn't understand. What I need to know from you, is did you see who left it?

JIM

Oh yeah actually. There was some guy in a hooded robe who came in here last night when you were gone.

DWIGHT LEANS IN CLOSER TO JIM.

DWIGHT

Was it a sorcerer robe or a wizard robe?

JIM

Well, he couldn't have been a wizard because he didn't have a wand.

DWIGHT

Psssh, wizards don’t use wands Jim.

They have staffs.

JIM

Oh, that’s right. My bad.

DWIGHT

What kind of hood was he wearing?

JIM

Ummm...the kind that goes over your

head.

DWIGHT

Very funny Jim, this is a serious

matter.

JIM

How is it a serious matter?

DWIGHT

You mortals wouldn’t understand.

JIM

You’re immortal?

DWIGHT

I’ve said too much.

DWIGHT SPINS AROUND AND QUICKLY EXITS

INT. OFFICE-DAY
(DWIGHT)

ONE ON ONE CAMERA WITH DWIGHT. DWIGHT READS FROM THE SHEET.

DWIGHT

"To the one they call Schrute. You are the chosen one and will lead us to a new dawn..."

DWIGHT LOOKS TO THE CAMERA AND RAISES AN EYEBROW.

INT. OFFICE-DAY
(JIM)

ONE ON ONE WITH JIM.

JIM

Yeah, I basically used the font "wingdings" and typed in random letters.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE-DAY
(MICHAEL, JAN)

AS MICHAEL TALKS, HE HANGS UP A GIANT FRAME WITH A SMALL 8.5 BY 11 SHEET OF PAPER INSIDE. IT IS VERY "UNOFFICIAL" LOOKING. HIS IQ SCORE IS IN A CARTOON FONT AND THERE IS A CARTOON PICTURE OF ALBERT EINSTEIN ON IT. AS HE HANGS IT UP WE SEE ANOTHER FRAMED PICTURE WHICH IS A SIGNED PORTRAIT OF "WEIRD AL" YANKOVIC.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

So the other night I was playing this really heated game of online checkers when - I was winning....of course - and this window popped up advertising this free IQ test.

WE SWITCH TO THE ONE ON ONE CAMERA MODE

MICHAEL

Now, I know I'm a smart guy, I get about 65% of the cartoons in the New Yorker. I'm confident enough in my intellect and what better way to display my self confidence then show off? I did very well...er...I mean very *good*. I did very *good*. Got a 100. A perfect score! Imagine that!

MICHAEL SMIRKS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Not that I'm surprised or anything.

OUT OF ONE ON ONE CAMERA MODE. WE HEAR A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. MICHAEL ADJUSTS THE PICTURE FRAME.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

One second!

WE HEAR ANOTHER KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Just a sec!

JAN OPENS THE DOOR AND WALKS IN. MICHAEL RUSHES BACK TO HIS SEAT.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Jan, what a surprise!

JAN

I told you I was coming.

JAN SITS DOWN AND OPENS A NOTEBOOK

MICHAEL

Do you notice anything different about my office?

JAN

Michael, I don't have time for games.

MICHAEL

Just take a guess.

JAN

Fine. Is it that giant poster on the wall?

MICHAEL

It might be.

JAN

Why the new poster?

MICHAEL

I didn't say it was the poster.

JAN

Is it?

MICHAEL

(hesitates) Yes.

MICHAEL SWIVELS IN HIS CHAIR. HE GRINS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ask me what it's of.

JAN

Michael-

MICHAEL

Just ask.

JAN

Fine, what's it of?

MICHAEL

I'm glad you asked that Jan. It's nothing really.

JAN

Good, can we--

MICHAEL

Just this IQ test I took.

JAN

Good for you Michael but--

MICHAEL

Got a 100.

MICHAEL LEANS BACK IN HIS CHAIR AND RAISES HIS ARMS TO HIS HEAD.

JAN

Michael, can you stop--

MICHAEL

A perfect score.

JAN

Are you done?

MICHAEL

Oh Jan, is anyone ever done? In this crazy world...you know...is anyone ever done?

JAN

I have no idea what you're talking about.

MICHAEL

That’s okay. I wouldn’t expect you to understand.

JAN

Wait, Michael, how much did this cost you?

MICHAEL

It was free.

JAN

Thank god.

MICHAEL

But the frame was 200 dollars.

JAN

200 dollars?

MICHAEL

It was originally 202 but I haggled him down. You know, I’m no sucker.

JAN

How did you pay for it?

MICHAEL

Petty cash.

JAN

You used company money to pay for a frame for your own IQ test?

MICHAEL

Well, you use company money to pay for

hand soap and how often does anyone

use that?

JAN SIGHS

JAN

Just sign these.

JAN HANDS MICHAEL A FEW PAPERS. MICHAEL GETS OUT A VELVET COVERED BOX. HE OPENS IT UP AND IN IT IS A GARISH FOUNTAIN PEN WHICH HE USES TO SIGN THE PAPERS.

INT. OFFICE (PAM'S DESK) -DAY
(MICHAEL, PAM)

MICHAEL WALKS UP TO PAM'S DESK. MICHAEL HAS AN INK SMUDGE ON HIS FACE.

MICHAEL

Good day to be alive, Pam. Good day to

be alive.

MICHAEL BOUNCES HIS FIST ON THE COUNTER IN FRONT OF PAM'S DESK.

PAM

Hi Michael.

PAM LOOKS UP AT THE CAMERA, THEN BACK TO MICHAEL.

PAM (CONT'D)

Michael, you have something...

PAM GESTURES TO THE INK SMUDGE ON MICHAEL'S FACE. MICHAEL TRIES TO GET IT WITH HIS HAND.

PAM (CONT'D)

To the left a little.

MICHAEL GOES TO HIS RIGHT.

PAM (CONT'D)

No, *your* left.

MICHAEL TRIES TO GET IT AGAIN. MISSES.

PAM (CONT'D)

Up a little.

MICHAEL

You're up or my up?

PAM

Um...you're up.

MICHAEL GETS TO IT, SMEARS IT AND MAKES IT EVEN WORSE.

MICHAEL

Did I get it?

PAM

Umm, yeah.

MICHAEL INHALES DEEPLY.

MICHAEL

Ah, smell that fresh air.

PAM

It smells like windex.

MICHAEL BEGINS TO COUGH.

MICHAEL

Wooo, a little light headed. I just lost a few brain cells. But I already have too many anyway, you know?

PAM

Umm, I guess so.

MICHAEL LOOKS AROUND THE OFFICE, THEN BACK TO PAM.

MICHAEL

Pam, how old are you?

PAM

Umm 33.

MICHAEL

33, you know if you add umm...carry the two...if you add 67 to that, that's my IQ. What a coincidence!

PAM

Yeah, crazy.

PAM GIVES A PUZZLED LOOK TO THE CAMERA.

INT. OFFICE (STANLEY'S DESK)-DAY
(MICHAEL, STANLEY)

MICHAEL WALKS OVER TO STANLEY'S DESK. STANLEY HAS HIS FACE IN HIS WORK.

MICHAEL

Hey Stanley! Stan the man, big Stan-

STANLEY ROLLS HIS EYES AND LOOKS UP AT MICHAEL.

STANLEY

What is it Michael?

MICHAEL

Did you happen to catch that game last night?

STANLEY

What game?

MICHAEL

You know, umm...the Cedrics versus...the Lakers?

STANLEY

You mean the Celtics? Cedric is a comedian.

MICHAEL

Oh, that's right! I don't know what I was thinking.

STANLEY

Neither do I.

STANLEY PUTS HIS FOCUS BACK TO HIS WORK.

MICHAEL

I must've gotten them confused. They're both...um...what's the word?

STANLEY

Black?

MICHAEL

Oh, c'mon Stanley. No need to be racist. You're better than that.

STANLEY FURROWS HIS BROW AT MICHAEL.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Remember there are no colors here, just people...of color.

A PAUSE AND STANLEY READS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

So did you catch the score?

STANLEY

I don't watch basketball.

MICHAEL

You don't?! That's a surprise!

STANLEY LOOKS UP FROM HIS WORK AND SHOOTS MICHAEL A GLARE.

STANLEY

Why is that a surprise?

MICHAEL

Oh, because I thought all...bald

people watch basketball.

STANLEY

I'm not bald.

MICHAEL

That's the spirit!

MICHAEL LOOKS AT STANLEY. STANLEY IS NOT AMUSED. MICHAEL THEN LOOKS AROUND THE OFFICE, THEN BACK TO STANLEY.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Okay, just give me a number. How much

do you weigh?

STANLEY STARES DAGGERS AT MICHAEL.

STANLEY

What did you say?

MICHAEL

(awkward/nervous) Man, I'm thirsty.

Time for some water.

MICHAEL SCUTTLES OFF.

INT. OFFICE (CREED'S DESK)-DAY
(DWIGHT, CREED)

DWIGHT WALKS UP TO CREED'S DESK. CREED LEANS BACK IN HIS DESK WHILE EATING A RAW WHOLE PICKLE.

DWIGHT

Did you happen to see someone in a robe last night?

CREED TALKS WITHOUT LOOKING TO DWIGHT.

CREED

Yeah, that was me.

DWIGHT

What kind of robe were you wearing?

CREED

Bath.

DWIGHT

I'm talking about here in the office.

CREED LOOKS TO DWIGHT, PUZZLED.

CREED

So am I.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

ONE ON ONE INTERVIEW WITH CREED.

CREED

Yesterday I had to wear a bath robe around the office. My only suit was in the wash for the third time.

CREED LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM, THEN BACK TO THE CAMERA.

CREED (CONT'D)

You wouldn't believe how hard it is to get out a blood stain.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

MICHAEL STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OFFICE.

MICHAEL

Someone give me a number. Meredith, how old are you?

MEREDITH

Old enough.

MICHAEL

Okay, someone else...Phyllis, how old are you?

PHYLLIS

42.

MICHAEL

(blurts) Yeah right!

PHYLLIS

Michael, we went to school together.

MICHAEL

Yeah, but I was young for my grade.

PHYLLIS

You were held back.

MICHAEL

That’s true. They did stifle me. I’m glad you noticed.

MICHAEL SPINS AROUND.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)

Someone else give me a number.

DWIGHT

Infinity.

KEVIN

69.

ANGELA SCOFFS.

ANGELA

You’re disgusting.

ANDY

7.

INT. OFFICE-DAY
(ANDY)

ONE ON ONE WITH ANDY

ANDY

Statistics show that when someone is thinking of a number between one and ten, 60 percent of the time it’s two and 40 percent of the time it’s 7. That’s why I go with 7, because 40 is a big number.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

OSCAR

Michael, what are you getting at?

MICHAEL

Ok, I suppose I’ll just go out and say it.

MICAHEL LOOKS DOWN, CHUCKLES TO HIMSELF THEN LOOKS UP.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)

I have a perfect IQ!

MICHAEL RAISES HIS ARMS THEN FLAPS THEM DOWN.

OSCAR

Michael, there is no such thing as a perfect IQ.

MICHAEL

How do I have one then?

OSCAR

What’s your IQ?

MICHAEL

100.

OSCAR

Michael, that’s average.

MICHAEL

No, it’s not.

OSCAR

Michael, it’s non-debatable.

MICHAEL POINTS HIS INDEX FINGER TOWARDS OSCAR.

MICHAEL

You know what Oscar? You’re non debatable.

OSCAR

That makes no sense.

MICHAEL

Not to you it doesn’t.

KEVIN

If you have a perfect IQ, what’s five times seven?

MICHAEL

(blurts) 28.

KEVIN

Oh, he’s good.

OSCAR

You’re wrong Michael. It’s 35.

MICHAEL

There’s room for interpretation.

OSCAR

Michael, it’s math. Not English.

MICHAEL

Math is an English word.

OSCAR

Michael, you don’t have a perfect IQ.

MICHAEL

Ok, if you’re so smart, I challenge you to take the test.

OSCAR

Michael, I have work to do.

MICHAEL

Everyone, look at me, I’m Oscar, I have work to do. Nyah nyah nyah. I’m Oscar.

OSCAR

Ok, fine. I’ll take the IQ test. And you know what? I’ll probably score higher than you.

MICHAEL

Pssh. We'll see about that.

MICHAEL RAISES HIS ARMS AND TURNS AS HE TALKS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You know what? I challenge everyone to take the IQ test. Stop what you're doing. Stop working.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

WE SEE VARIOUS SHOTS OF PEOPLE AT THEIR DESKS LOOKING AT THEIR SCREENS, TAKING THE IQ TEST.

INT.OFFICE-DAY
(ANDY)

ONE ON ONE WITH ANDY

ANDY

I went to Cornell. I can take this test with one hand tied behind my back.

INT. OFFICE (ACCOUNTING SECTION)-DAY
(KEVIN, OSCAR)

KEVIN TURNS TO OSCAR

KEVIN

Pssst. Oscar.

OSCAR TURNS TO LOOK AT KEVIN.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Oscar.

OSCAR

What? I'm looking right at you.

KEVIN

What did you get for number 6?

OSCAR

You're seriously going to cheat on an IQ test?

INT. OFFICE-DAY
(KEVIN)

ONE ON ONE WITH KEVIN.

KEVIN

I cheated my way through grammar school, high school, college. But pre-school, I had to do that on my own.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

ONE ON ONE WITH DWIGHT

DWIGHT

I don't need an IQ test to prove I'm smart. What's the square root of 81? Who knows. That's not going to protect you in the wild. You're looking at a guy who once wrestled a bear to the ground with his bare hands. It was very bloody...mainly because of the bullet wound.

INT.OFFICE-DAY

ONE ON ONE WITH KELLY

KELLY

I got an 80. I passed! I have an IQ!

INT. OFFICE (JIMS DESK)-DAY

ANDY WALKS UP TO JIM.

ANDY

Hey Big Tuna, what did you get?

JIM

What do you mean?

ANDY SHEEPISHLY LOOKS AROUND, THEN BACK AT JIM.

ANDY

You know what I mean.

JIM

Nnnnnnno, I don't think I do.

ANDY

You know, the IQ test.

JIM

Oh, that. You go first.

ANDY

147.

JIM HOLDS BACK A SMIRK THEN LOOKS AT HIS COMPUTER SCREEN.

JIM

That's good Andy. Really good.

ANDY

What did you get?

JIM

Yeeeahhh, I'm going to keep that to myself.

ANDY

Oh, that's 'cause you know I got a better score than you. Booyah!

ANDY PUMPS HIS FISTS AT JIM.

JIM

Maybe it is, maybe it isn't.

ANDY LEANS IN CLOSER TO JIM.

ANDY

C'mon, just tell me.

JIM

I'll tell you what. If you show me your score, I'll tell you my score.

ANDY

What? You don't think I'm telling the truth?

JIM

I didn't say that.

ANDY

Fine, I'll show my score. Just promise me you won't get jealous.

JIM

Oh, I wouldn't worry about that.

ANDY HOLDS BACK ANGER, HE BURIES HIS HEAD IN HIS CHEST, CLENCHES HIS TEETH AND WALKS AWAY.

ANDY

(silently to himself) Damnit!

JIM SMILES TO THE CAMERA AND CONTINUES WORKING.

INT. OFFICE-DAY
(DWIGHT)

ONE ON ONE WITH DWIGHT

DWIGHT

I found out the paper that this note was printed on, is Dunder Mifflin stationary. Which can only mean one thing...

DWIGHT LEANS FORWARD IN HIS CHAIR.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Whoever wrote this must've used his powers to break in and print the message himself. We're dealing with one powerful being.

INT. OFFICE-DAY
(JIM)

ONE ON ONE WITH JIM

JIM

Yeah, I did print that note on our paper. I'm surprised Dwight hasn't figured it out by now.

HOLDING HIS CHIN, JIM SMIRKS.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

ONE ON ONE WITH MICHAEL.

MICHAEL

I wouldn't say I'm better than everyone just because I'm smarter than them. I'm a very modest guy. The most modest out of all my friends. I'd say I'm the king of modesty.

INT.OFFICE-DAY

MICHAEL

Okay, times up. Pencils down...or fingers down...off your keyboard. Time to turn in your tests.

EVERYONE GETS UP OUT OF THEIR CHAIRS AND HANDS MICHAEL THEIR TESTS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Last one here is a rotten egg. Like one of Meredith's.

JIM TURNS TO PAM.

JIM

What'd you get Beasley?

PAM

117. You?

JIM

118.

PAM

Shut up, you're just trying to one up me.

JIM SHOWS HER HIS PAPER.

PAM (CONT'D)

Wow! Good job.

THEY HIGH FIVE.

INT. OFFICE (MICHAEL'S DESK)-DAY

MICHAEL IS LOOKING OVER THE TESTS. WE SEE A SOUR EXPRESSION ON HIS FACE. WE GO INTO A ONE ON ONE WITH MICHAEL.

MICHAEL

So I may not have book smarts, but I do have street smarts, because I read a book on street smarts. Yeah, maybe book smarts will help you get into a good college, but how does that help you in life? I have the real kind of smarts. I used to live on the streets...well, I lived on ***a*** street.

INT.OFFICE-DAY

MICHAEL STANDS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OFFICE.

MICHAEL

Field trip everyone!

PAM

Where are we going?

MICHAEL

To the streets Pam. Bring your mace.

PAM

I don't have any.

DWIGHT SEARCHES THROUGH THE BOTTOM DRAWER OF HIS DESK.

DWIGHT

I've got a mace for you. I've also got some knives, nun chucks...

MICHAEL

That's okay Dwight.

PAM

Why are we going to the streets?

MICHAEL

No need to worry Pam, I'll be there, keeping everyone safe.

PAM

I wasn't worrying, I was just asking why.

MICHAEL

Stanley! We're going to need you for protection. Oscar! We're going to need you as an interpreter. Anyone else who wants to come along, follow me.

EXT. RANDOM STREET IN SCRANTON-DAY

THEY ARE ON A VERY TAME SUBURBAN STREET. IT IS A VERY WHOLESOME SCENE, LIKE A NORMAN ROCKWELL PAINTING. MICHAEL IS WALKING BACKWARDS LIKE HE'S GIVING A TOUR. THESE ARE "THE STREETS".

MICHAEL

...and over here we have the even addresses to my left.

A RANDOM WHITE GUY WALKS BY.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Everybody hold on to your wallets.

THE WHITE GUY HEARS THIS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(to white guy) Hola!

WHITE GUY
(confused) Hi.

MICHAEL TURNS TO OSCAR.

MICHAEL

What did he say Oscar?

OSCAR

He was speaking English.

MICHAEL

Ah, a bilingual.

MICHAEL SPOTS A RANDOM BLACK GUY WALKING IN THEIR DIRECTION. HE QUICKLY BECOMES NERVOUS.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hurry hurry. We need to go to the

other side of the street now! Stanley,

you can stay.

MICHAEL RUNS ACROSS THE STREET AND ALMOST GETS HIT BY A CAR. NO ONE FOLLOWS HIM.

EXT. RANDOM STREET IN SCRANTON-DAY

MICHAEL WALKS WITH THE GROUP. A RANDOM YOUNG GIRL ABOUT 15 WALKS UP TO THEM. SHE IS DRESSED IN A GIRL SCOUT UNIFORM.

GIRL

Excuse me. Could you tell me--

MICHAEL

Not interested.

MICHAEL TURNS TO THE CAMERA.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Prostitutes.

THEY KEEP WALKING. MICHAEL SPOTS A YOUNG BOY DRAWING ON THE SIDEWALK WITH SIDEWALK CHALK.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Grafitti. This neighborhood use to be

so clean. These are the streets

people.

THE GROUP KEEPS WALKING. AS THEY DO, DAY SLOWLY FADES INTO NIGHT. THEY ARE NOW LOST IN A VERY SHADY NEIGHBORHOOD. THEY ARE IN THE GHETTO.

A RANDOM CAR PULLS UP NEXT TO MEREDITH

GUY IN CAR

Hey honey.

MEREDITH

Hey.

WE SEE MEREDITH GET IN THE CAR AS THE TWO DRIVE OFF. MICHAEL SEES THIS.

MICHAEL

That’s an interesting looking cab.

CREED WALKS BY A RANDOM HOMELESS MAN ON THE STREET EATING A SANDWICH.

HOMELESS MAN

Creed?

CREED TURNS AND LOOKS AT THE MAN.

CREED

Barry! Is that you?

CREED GOES UP TO THE MAN.

CREED (CONT’D)

It’s good to see you? How are things?

BARRY

Well, my wife left me.

CREED

Uh huh.

BARRY

I got fired.

CREED

Uh huh.

BARRY

No one will hire me.

CREED

Uh huh. Hey, are you gonna finish

that?

THE MAN STARES AT CREED AS HE LOWERS THE SANDWICH FROM HIS OPEN MOUTH,

AS THE GROUP WALKS, MICHAEL IS STOPPED BY A SLIGHTLY DISHEVELED MAN HOLDING A BAG AND A PAIR OF SUNGLASSES.

RANDOM MAN

Hey man. You want some sunglasses?

MICHAEL

Sure. What kind?

RANDOM MAN

Ummm...Off a truck?

MICHAEL

Never heard of ‘em.

RANDOM MAN

They’re uh...huge in Seattle.

MICHAEL

Well, I guess that is a pretty sunny

place. How much?

RANDOM MAN

50, but for you I’ll make it 48.

MICHAEL

Wow, a discount and everything. Do you

have change for a 50?

RANDOM MAN

Of course.

MICHAEL PULLS OUT A VELCRO WALLET. THE RANDOM MAN GRABS IT, DROPS THE SUNGLASSES, AND GOES OFF RUNNING.

MICHAEL

That guy stole my wallet! That guy

stole my wallet!

ANDY AND DWIGHT GIVE CHASE. DWIGHT PULLS OUT A PAIR OF NUN CHUCKS AND STARTS SWINGING THEM IN THE AIR AND SCREAMS. AFTER ONLY A FEW YARDS, BOTH ANDY AND DWIGHT STOP TO CATCH THEIR BREATH.

INT. OFFICE-DAY

ONE ON ONE WITH MICHAEL

MICHAEL

Sure, I'm a little disappointed. I

lost my Vons club card, some credit

cards, but the joke's on him. I'm in

serious debt. Plus I got these

sunglasses.

MICHAEL PUTS ON THE SUNGLASSES WHICH ARE WAY TOO SMALL FOR HIS FACE.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Who's laughing now?

ONE OF THE LENSES POPS OUT OF THE SUNGLASSES AND MICHAEL HAS TO PUT IT BACK IN.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Damnit!

(CONT'D)