

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY 1 (MONDAY MORNING)

MICHAEL is at his desk sipping coffee while checking his expense report. He raises his eyebrows and smiles.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

It looks like I have some extra dough left over from my expense account. Since I am everyone's favorite employee here...

(he holds up his self made "Employee of the Year" mug)

I'm going to let my fine employees of Dunder-Mifflin vote on how they'd like to spend it.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - D1

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM

I'd definitely like to give the money to Dwight so he'll permanently leave Dunder-Mifflin.

KELLY TALKING HEAD

KELLY

Ryan's birthday is this weekend and I'd love to throw him a huge party with belly dancers. I'd also like to participate.

RYAN TALKING HEAD

RYAN

I vote on using the money to send Kelly on a spa day for no reason. I just want a day w/out her.

(Pause)

Is that wrong?

ANGELA TALKING HEAD

ANGELA

I'd like to get new desks with  
dividers so I don't have to  
physically look at my accounting  
team anymore.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

I've decided to use the extra money  
to throw a prom.

(beat, then)

Ah...prom. It seems like just  
yesterday.

FLASHBACK - 1985 CLEVELAND HIGH SCHOOL PROM - NIGHT

MICHAEL has a mullet and is wearing a faded tuxedo. He  
enters Prom alone.

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

I went stag but I did look  
excellent that evening. The rumor  
around school was that Sally  
Henderson didn't have a date either  
so I just kind of told people I was  
going with her.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Hey, it made sense to me. I knew  
no one would ask her.

FLASHBACK - CLEVELAND HIGH SCHOOL PROM - NIGHT

Michael holds out a corsage as Sally enters the prom with a  
date. They walk past him to the photographer.

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

That didn't quite end up working  
out.

Michael repeatedly hops into their portrait. He is finally  
escorted out as she screams "You loser! You'll probably end  
up doing something stupid like selling paper!"

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ha! Try being *Regional Manager* of  
a paper company.

(smiling)

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Plus, she probably got knocked up  
 by that guy and still lives with  
 her mom.

Camera pans to Cleveland newspaper on the floor that reads  
 "Sally Henderson named first female CEO of Intercorp."

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 What?  
 (picking up the paper)  
 Seriously? But she was such a slut  
 in high school. That's probably  
 how she became CEO.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. OUTSIDE MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY 1

MICHAEL stands outside his door.

MICHAEL  
 Listen up everyone. The votes have  
 been tallied and it looks like we,  
 my friends, are going to be  
 throwing ourselves a little thing  
 called Prom this Friday night.

ANGELA  
 Michael, no one even voted on that  
 idea.

MICHAEL  
 Yeah? Well, I'm the boss and it's  
 my money...so...  
 (trails off)  
 I'm going to need your help here  
 people so I've put you all in  
 committees in order to get this  
 thing rollin' by Friday. Phyllis,  
 Pam, and Kelly. You're in charge  
 of...drumroll please.

DWIGHT opens desk drawer and pulls out small drum.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Decorations!

KELLY  
Oh awesome! I have so many good ideas. We can...

MICHAEL  
Yes, well no one really wants to hear them right now. Next up we have KEVIN, and Dwight on...

Dwight begins drumroll again while Michael yells over him...

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Music and Entertainment.

DWIGHT  
You can count on us boss.

MICHAEL  
I'll tell you who I can count on. Meredith, Angela, and Karen. You're going to be in charge of food and drinks. Meredith, I believe the drink category shouldn't be a problem for you.

Camera pans to Meredith who looks disappointed.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
Last but not least. My boys. My muchachos. Jim, or should I say Jaime. Oscar, hey look, that's already a Mexican name. Ryan  
(beat)  
And Stanley, or should I call you...Stanlio. You guys are in charge of finding a venue for us throw such a fiesta.

TOBY  
Michael, you didn't call my name.

MICHAEL  
Well, then, I guess you don't need to do anything then do you? In fact, feel free to just stay home.

TOBY  
But...I'd like to go. Plus, I think I could be useful.

MICHAEL  
 (Obviously annoyed). Fine. You  
 can be useless in Dwight's group.

TOBY  
 What?

MICHAEL  
 I mean, useful. You can be useful  
 in Dwight's group.

Michael walks back into his office.

OSCAR TALKING HEAD

OSCAR  
 Well, considering the fact that  
 Michael outted me a few months  
 back, I think he should have  
 donated the money to GLAAD.

PHYLLIS TALKING HEAD

PHYLLIS  
 I discovered "Dance Dance  
 Revolution" on my honeymoon and was  
 hoping we could buy a video gaming  
 system for the break room.  
 (smiling)  
 Oh well, at least now I have  
 another reason to wear my wedding  
 dress.

INT. OFFICE -CONFERENCE ROOM - D1

PAM, KELLY, and PHYLLIS are seated around the table.

PAM  
 So, I think we should buy white  
 linens...

KELLY  
 Oh, forget about that stuff. So,  
 do you want to go to Prom with Jim  
 or what?

PAM  
 Um, I don't know. I haven't really  
 thought about it.

KELLY

Hello? You totally still like him, right?

PAM

I guess...

PHYLISS

Pam, you have to make him jealous. That's how I got my man.

KELLY

Exactly. You need to go with someone really hot. He'll get totally jealous and want you back.

(beat)

Oh my God. Duh. Why didn't I think of this earlier. You should go online and find the perfect date.

Kelly runs over to computer and types in [www.scrantonlovin.com](http://www.scrantonlovin.com).

PAM

Oh, I'm not so sure about this. Do people really go online for these kinds of things?

PHYLISS

That's how Bob and I met.

PAM

Oh...

KELLY

All we have to do is put up an ad.  
(types and reads out loud)

Totally hot twenty-four year-old, seeks date for social work event this Friday night.

Pam and Kelly sit back down at table. A few moments pass. There is a "ping" from the computer. They run back over.

KELLY (CONT'D)

Oh my God. Total hottie. Check this guy out. He's tall, dark-haired, twenty-five, and a stockbroker. He's perfect.

(types and reads out loud again)

Great! Pick me up at one-eleven Robertson Street.

(MORE)

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Apartment number four at seven-  
thirty. See you then.

PAM  
Wait a minute. Isn't that your  
address?

KELLY  
Duh. Then we can get ready  
together. You know, we can curl  
each other's hair and do our make-  
up and stuff. It'll be so fun!

Pam looks unsure.

PHYLLIS  
Trust me sweetie. You're doing the  
right thing. This will definitely  
get Jim's attention.

INT. OFFICE - MEN'S BATHROOM - D1

DWIGHT, KEVIN, TOBY are in separate stalls.

KEVIN  
So, why are we in the bathroom?

DWIGHT  
Only because this is where I get  
all of my best ideas.

Kevin steps on toilet and gives a look of annoyance to  
camera.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Aha! How could I forget?

TOBY  
What?

DWIGHT  
I know a guy, DJ Essex. He is the  
biggest British spinner in  
Pennsylvania.

Toby laughs.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
What's so funny? I wasn't always  
in the paper business, you know. I  
used to book bands all over  
Pennsylvania.

TOBY

I thought you were a groupie?

DWIGHT

If a groupie means someone who follows bands to every concert to show support...then, yes. I was a groupie. I still know good music when I hear it. Anyway, we're getting off the subject.

KEVIN

I know my band would love to play. We got a lot of compliments at Phyllis's wedding.

TOBY

Yeah, you guys were pretty good.

DWIGHT

Not even an option Kevin. You guys only played one song at that wedding. I don't think everyone wants to hear "The Way You Look Tonight" all night long.

KEVIN

I'll bring my guitar just in case.

DWIGHT

Unnecesary.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

My prom? Sure. How could I forget? That was the night I dumped fake blood on Carrie Johnson after she won Homecoming Queen. (Beat). What? Stuff like that doesn't only happen in the movies. She deserved it.

INT. BREAK ROOM - D1

ANGELA, KAREN, MEREDITH are sitting around the table. Angela is typing on a calculator.



ANGELA

We can spend exactly one-hundred and fifty dollars on food and two-hundred on drinks.

MEREDITH

I have a few extra flasks if you guys want them.

KAREN

Why don't we just go get a bunch of chips...

A MAN wearing a Dunder-Mifflin mascot outfit walks into the breakroom. He is holding paper mache flowers.

MAN (IN SONG):

MAN

"Angela Martin please join me,  
For a night of fun and dance,  
I've heard your voice for months,  
Please give me this one last  
chance."

Long pause. Everyone is stunned.

ANGELA

(under her breath)  
Of course.  
(grabbing the flowers)  
Thank you.

KAREN

Didn't that guy kind of sound like Dwight?

ANGELA

(quickly)  
No. I didn't think so.

Angela exits toward her desk.

ANGELA TALKING HEAD

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I've never received a singing telegram before. Well, unless you count the time when I was seven years-old. My brother dressed up as my crush, Ben Bailey, and tried to kiss me. He wasn't fooling me. I knew what Ben kissed like and that certainly wasn't it.

INT. OFFICE - OUTSIDE MEN'S BATHROOM - D1

ANGELA knocks on door.

ANGELA  
Dwight, are you in there?

DWIGHT slowly cracks door open checking to see if anyone is around.

DWIGHT  
Why, hello Angela.  
(Sensing something is wrong)  
What's wrong?

ANGELA  
I would have appreciated a little heads up?

Pause. Dwight looks confused.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
You know. Sending me a singing telegram asking me to prom? Next time you're ready to announce to the entire office that we're a couple, let me know!

DWIGHT  
(Whispers)  
What are you talking about? I didn't send any singing telegram.

ANGELA  
(Relieved)  
You didn't?

DWIGHT  
No. Wait a minute. If I didn't send you that, then who did?

KEVIN in background talking about his band.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Look, I can't really talk about this right now.

ANGELA  
Fine.

Angela walks back to her desk with a smirk on her face.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

Oh, I challenge you Mr. Secret Admirer. You can't steal Angela away from me. I'll prove my love for her if it means going to the extreme. They didn't call me Dwight "Extreme" Schrute in college for nothing.

Dwight takes out a peanut butter sandwich from his jacket pocket and shoves it all into his mouth with one huge bite.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

(with a stuffed mouth)

See? That's extreme right there!

INT. OFFICE - JIM'S DESK - CONTINUOUS - D1

JIM, STANLEY, RYAN, and OSCAR are huddled around Jim's desk.

JIM

I'm so sick of the warehouse. Can't we have the prom somewhere else?

OSCAR

What about next door?

RYAN

Where? Chili's? We can't.

OSCAR

Why not?

RYAN

Because. Last time we went there, Michael got so drunk that he swore our waiter was President Bush. He kept calling him "El Presidente" and singing the national anthem. I doubt they'd let us come back after that incident.

OSCAR

So, where then?

STANLEY

My wife and I like to go to Dave and Busters.

Ryan and Oscar snicker with laughter.

JIM

Actually, Stanley's got a good idea here. It's probably the easiest solution for everyone. It can't be too expensive to rent out.

RYAN

They've got a pretty good buffet and their drinks are decent.

OSCAR

I know they've got a dance floor there.

JIM

See? Everything is already set up. Ok, Stanley, why don't you get on that and E-mail everyone today.  
(He pats him on the back.)

STANLEY

Why me?

JIM

It was your idea, wasn't it?

Stanley sighs and walks back to his desk.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D1

MICHAEL is at his desk playing with an Etch-a-Sketch. DWIGHT angrily enters Michaels office.

DWIGHT

Michael?

MICHAEL

What is it Dwight? I'm kind of busy here? (Pointing to Etch-a-Sketch)

DWIGHT

Didn't you see the E-mail? Jim's group picked Dave and Buster's as the venue for the prom.

MICHAEL

And?

DWIGHT

And? That means I don't need to hire a DJ anymore. D and B's provides their own entertainment.

MICHAEL

Have you put a deposit down on the DJ already?

DWIGHT

Of course.

MICHAEL

(He takes a deep breath)  
Well, Jan wouldn't like me wasting company money.  
To camera, under his breath)  
I might get spanked.

DWIGHT

What?

MICHAEL

Nothing. That's fine. Go ahead and keep the DJ.

DWIGHT

Sweet. One other thing Michael.

MICHAEL

Yes?

DWIGHT

I was going over your final expense report and it looks like you actually owe money this month.

MICHAEL

What? That's impossible? Let me see it.

Michael grabs record book from Dwight's hands. He reads it over.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This can't be.

DWIGHT

Looks like we're one-thousand dollars over budget.

MICHAEL

Well, this isn't my fault. It's Angela's or Kevin's.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This is accounting's fault. They approve my expense reports.

DWIGHT

Actually, Michael. If you remember correctly. You had me keep it this month since you did spend quite a bit of money at "Big Daddy's" last Friday.

MICHAEL

That's right. Crap. What am I going to do?

DWIGHT

Don't worry, Michael. I have everything under control. All we have to do is make up the money and put it back into your account before anyone finds out. I have the perfect idea. I just have to make some calls.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - D2

MICHAEL is frantically pacing his office while chewing his nails. DWIGHT knocks on his door.

DWIGHT  
Michael? Can I come in?  
(whispers)  
I have a plan!

MICHAEL  
Yeah. Come on in.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
(still pacing)  
Oh, this is bad. Jan can't find  
out about this. I get three  
strikes before she calls off our  
relationship. I'm already on two.

DWIGHT

Don't worry Michael. I got us jobs that we can do on our lunch breaks to make up the money. No one has to know.

MICHAEL

Really?

DWIGHT

Yes but we have to go now. Also, since we are going to have to work during our lunch breaks, you should tell Pam you have noon meetings for the rest of the week. Oh, and that I must attend them with you as Assistant Regional Manager.

MICHAEL

Assistant to the Regional Manager, Dwight. When are you going to get that through your head?

DWIGHT

Maybe when I don't have to bail you out of a situation like this?

MICHAEL

Good point. Ok, lets go before I change my mind.

Michael and Dwight exit Michael's office and head toward PAM's desk.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Dwight and I are stepping out for lunch Pam. Hold my calls.

PAM

Ok. When will you be back?

DWIGHT

(To Pam) When will you be back?

Dwight and Michael exit office.

INT. - RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS - D2

ROY enters reception area.

ROY

Hey Pam. How ya doing?



Pam is reading an email from the dating site and smiles.

PAM  
Good. What's up?

ROY  
(Awkwardly)  
I was just wondering if you wanted  
to go to Prom with me on Friday?

PAM  
Oh. Well, actually...

ROY  
Oh, you're already going with  
someone? (He looks over at Jim)

PAM  
Um, no. I mean, I'm not going with  
Jim. I already have a  
date...actually.

ROY  
Oh, I see. Okay, well, I guess  
I'll just see you there then.

PAM  
Yeah, see you there.

Camera pans to Jim who looks disappointed with the news.

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM  
(unenthusiastic)  
I'm going to Prom with Karen.  
Should be a good time.

KAREN TALKING HEAD

KAREN  
(ecstatic)  
I'm really lucky to be going with  
Jim. Plus, I didn't get to go to  
my high school prom so... I'm just  
really looking forward to it.

EXT. - CORNER OF MAJOR INTERSECTION - D2

MICHAEL and DWIGHT are holding "FOR LEASE" signs while waving  
and dancing.

MICHAEL  
I can't see anything with this  
stupid thing.

DWIGHT  
Do you want to be single again  
Michael?

Michael puts his headphones on and violently dances while  
cars HONK.

EXT. SCRANTON MUNICIPAL GOLF COURSE - D3

MICHAEL and DWIGHT are wading in a pond, searching for golf  
balls. Both are wearing snorkels and wetsuits.

MICHAEL  
(nervously)  
Huh. This is actually pretty  
refreshing.

Dwight ducks under water and retrieves two golf balls.

DWIGHT  
Two-hundred and seventy-one.

Dwight throws them into overflowing bucket of golf balls.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
What number are you on Michael?

MICHAEL  
What? Oh...

Michael turns to his empty bucket.

DWIGHT  
Michael. We each get paid a  
quarter a ball. I know you're  
afraid of water but it's only  
three feet deep.

MICHAEL  
You can drown in an inch of water  
Dwight.

DWIGHT  
That statistic is regarding babies  
Michael. Are you a baby?

MICHAEL  
No.

DWIGHT  
Then get down there and find your  
balls.

Michael tentatively puts his head under the water. He believes he's drowning and frantically runs away from the pond.

INT. HO'S CHINESE RESTAURANT - D4

MICHAEL and DWIGHT are sitting at a table writing on small strips of white paper.

DWIGHT  
I'm watching you. You can't  
escape.

MICHAEL  
You can't write that as someone's  
fortune.

DWIGHT  
Why not?

MICHAEL  
Because. You can't add "in bed"  
after that sentence. That's why I  
wrote this.

Michael hands Dwight his fortune.

DWIGHT  
Michael Scott is the best.  
(beat, then adds)  
In bed. Nice.

Dwight turns away from Michael and starts writing another fortune.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
(talking out loud)  
Dwight Schrute has all the right  
moves.

Int. Photo Shoot - D5

MICHAEL is wearing all black and is posing his foot on a stool. A PHOTOGRAPHER is taking pictures up close.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Oh, this is great. Looking good.  
Hold it right there. Beautiful.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

I've always been told I had nice  
feet. Who knew foot models got  
paid fifty dollars an hour?

DWIGHT is sitting in a yoga pose for the photographer.

DWIGHT

Like this?

PHOTOGRAPHER

Actually, it looks like we got  
enough shots from Michael.

DWIGHT

What? No. I can...

Dwight starts posing in different foot positions.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Sorry. That's a wrap.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

I've always been extremely  
flexible. I was in the  
Pennsylvania State Circus one  
summer back in college. Lets just  
say, I sold out the front row all  
eight weeks. Beat that Mr.  
Photographer.

INT. KELLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 5

KELLY and PAM are getting ready at Kelly's apartment. Both  
are wearing saris. Kelly's room is extremely girly (lots of  
pink, pictures of Ryan, etc).

PAM

Kelly?

KELLY

Yeah?

PAM  
I don't know if this is appropriate  
for me to wear.

KELLY  
Why not?

PAM  
Well, I don't really, you know,  
celebrate any Indian traditions  
so...

KELLY  
Oh that totally doesn't matter.  
You look hot. Plus, that's the  
sari I wore on my first date with  
Ryan.

Pam looks into camera with an uneasy look. The door bell  
rings. Kelly exits to get the front door.

INT. KELLY'S FRONT DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Kelly opens the front door. RYAN is standing with a corsage  
in a traditional Indian outfit. TIM is holding a bouquet of  
flowers.

RYAN  
Hi.  
(awkwardly)

KELLY  
Hi sweetie!

She rushes over to give him a quick kiss and hug. She stops  
and sees Pam's date, Tim.

KELLY (CONT'D)  
Oh. Hi. I'm Kelly.

TIM  
Tim. Nice to meet you.

Tim is profusely sweating, overweight, and well over twenty-  
five.

KELLY  
Um, I'm just going to grab Pam.

Pam is walking down corridor towards front door.

TIM  
 (in a thick, southern  
 accent)  
 Well, aren't you the finest lookin'  
 gal in Scranton.

Pam uncomfortably laughs.

TIM (CONT'D)  
 Hi. I'm Tim.

He hands Pam a bouquet of flowers. She accepts them and wipes her sweat-dampened hand on her sari. Her face shows her disappointment.

PAM  
 Wow. Thanks. That's very sweet of  
 you.

TIM  
 Every girl deserves flowers, right?  
 (he pats his forehead with  
 a handkerchief)

RYAN  
 Um, here's your corsage.

KELLY  
 (obviously annoyed)  
 Thanks. Those are beautiful  
 flowers Tim.  
 (beat, then)  
 Well, we should get going.

TIM  
 Shall we?

He moves his arm out to walk with Pam. Pam lets him escort her but gives Kelly a worried look.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE AND BUSTERS - N5

Twinkle lights are strung up around arcade games, basketball hoops, and skee-ball machines. White linen tables with ugly dried flower centerpieces are in the middle of the room with a portrait area to the left by the doorway. A makeshift stage is set up in the right-hand corner with a hanging British flag as a backdrop. DJ Essex, an Ali G look-a-like, is on stage mixing The Clash with a Beatles song.

DJ ESSEX TALKING HEAD

DJ ESSEX

(In a British accent)

My name is DJ Essex. Tonight I'll be rockin' the best music from across the pond.

(pause, then with no accent)

Ah...who am I kidding. My name is Larry Rhodes and I'm originally from Long Island. I met Dwight at our annual neighborhood Halloween party last year. My wife and I thought it would be funny to make him believe I was really a British DJ all night. Guess it's gone a little too far.

INT. DAVE AND BUSTERS - BUFFET TABLE - CONTINUOUS - N5

MEREDITH looks around and spikes the punch bowl as she walks along the buffet table.

ANGLE ON: ANGELA, wearing an all white pantsuit and stands at the end of the bar nervously awaiting her SECRET ADMIRER. DWIGHT enters, wearing a tight, short blue tuxedo. He walks up to Angela.

DWIGHT

Hello Angela. You look lovely this evening.

He leans in to give her a quick kiss on the cheek. She pulls away.

ANGELA

What are you doing?

DWIGHT

Nothing. I just wanted to show you some affection. You know, I'm just expressing how I feel about you.

He takes her arm and puts on a corsage so large it blocks most of her face. It pokes her eye as she bats it out of her way with her hand. She rolls her eyes as Dwight walks away towards MICHAEL who is standing next to JAN.

Jan Talking Head

JAN

Yes, I am still dating Michael. Things are going as good as they possibly can considering the fact that it's Michael.

(MORE)

JAN (CONT'D)

He only embarrasses me occasionally now and we've actually found out that we have a few things in common. Um, for instance, we both eat breakfast and we don't get along with our parents. Alright, I think I'm going to get myself a drink. A very stiff drink. Excuse me.

KAREN and JIM walk into Dave & Busters and hit the dance floor. PHYLLIS and BOB arrive and walk over to Angela. Phyllis is wearing her wedding dress.

PHYLLIS

Hi Angela. Great party, huh? You remember my fiance, Bob?

(she blushes)

Oh goodness. I mean husband. I'm still not used to saying that.

ANGELA

Kind of like how you're still not used to letting go of your wedding dress?

PHYLLIS

Excuse me?

ANGELA

(eyeing the door)

Nothing. I'm just waiting for someone.

Phyllis and Bob move onto the buffet table.

OSCAR arrives with his BOYFRIEND. KELLY drags RYAN to the picture booth. PAM heads for the bar as TIM follows behind her. KEVIN and TOBY are already sitting at the bar drinking.

RONALD enters holding a bouquet of paper mache flowers and walks over to Angela.

RONALD

Angela?

ANGELA

(muffled from the corsage blocking her mouth)

Yes?

RONALD

(pulling the corsage away from her face)

(MORE)



RONALD (CONT'D)  
It's me. Ronald. Don't you  
recognize my voice?

ANGELA  
Ronald.  
(still unsure)  
Accounting Director from the  
Philadelphia office?

RONALD  
All these months that I've gotten  
to talk to you on the phone. I  
just had to meet you in person.  
Rumor around the office was that  
your branch was having a prom. I  
thought I'd take a chance.

Angela is pleasantly surprised. He is the complete opposite  
of Dwight.

ANGELA  
You're so...normal and tan.

RONALD  
Yes, well. I guess you could say  
that. Listen, I know it's wrong to  
date your co-workers, especially  
someone from the same department,  
but I just think you are the most  
beautiful and smartest woman I've  
ever met.

ANGELA  
Well, lets see. How old are you?

RONALD  
Forty.

ANGELA  
Do you have any diseases?

RONALD  
Excuse me?

ANGELA  
You know. Do you have obsessive  
compulsion disorder or a tendency  
to wear Birkenstocks to social  
functions?

RONALD  
(laughing)  
No, not that I know of.

ANGELA

Have you ever dated someone from  
Dunder-Mifflin before?

RONALD

No. You?

ANGELA

Um...no, not officially.

RONALD

Can I buy you a drink then?

ANGELA

We can start there. Yes.

They order drinks from the bar. Angela attempts to take a few sips of her fruit punch but can't because it spills on her corsage. The camera pans over to Dwight who is peering over to them with binoculars even though they are only a few feet away.

DWIGHT

Do you see this?

MICHAEL

See what? How sexy Jan looks this evening in her red dress.

(he slaps her behind)

JAN

(embarrassed)

Michael. Please!

DWIGHT

No. Over there. Angela. Who is that guy she's with over there?

MICHAEL

Let me see.

(he grabs the binoculars)

Oh, that's Ronald from our Philadelphia office. Wonder what he's doing here. He's probably a Prom crasher. You know, like a wedding crasher only...with proms. Sicko.

DWIGHT

I'll take care of him Michael. He'll be toast by the end of the night.

(beat, then whispering)

(MORE)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
 Oh, and Michael. All the money is  
 back in your account.

Dwight angrily leaves and heads to the bathroom.

JAN  
 What was that about?

MICHAEL  
 What? Oh, nothing. Lets just  
 start making some memories Jan.  
 Some prom memories.

He presses her head against his chest as sways back and  
 forth. Jan looks obviously uncomfortable.

INT. DAVE AND BUSTERS - ARCADE AREA - LATER THAT NIGHT

PAM is playing skee-ball with TIM. There is a cheering crowd  
 around her.

TIM  
 Come on little lady! Win this and  
 I'll buy you a fee-lay dinner!

Pam smiles and rolls her last skeeball into the winning slot.  
 They hug and everyone claps. KELLY walks up to Pam.

KELLY  
 Wow Pam. Tim's great and he's so  
 funny!

PAM  
 I know. I'm actually having a  
 really good time!

KELLY  
 Plus, Jim has been looking over at  
 you all night. I think he's  
 actually jealous.

PAM  
 (excited)  
 Really?

Camera pans over to JIM on the dance floor who is looking  
 over at Pam and Tim. KAREN is dancing next to him.

JIM  
 Hey, can you excuse me for a sec?

KAREN  
 Um, sure.

JIM  
 Thanks. I'll be right back.  
 (feeling guilty)  
 Don't start the electric slide  
 without me now.

KAREN  
 (feeling unsure)  
 I won't.

Jim walks up to Pam and takes her arm.

JIM  
 Hey, can I talk to you for a sec?

PAM  
 Um, sure. Can you excuse me for  
 just a bit?

TIM  
 Sure but don't take too long. I'm  
 don't know how long this winning  
 streak is going to last. We might  
 have to burn some rubber over at  
 the race cars.

PAM  
 Ok. I'll meet you over there.

Tim turns around and picks up his last skee-ball. Jim leads Pam behind the large British flag.

PAM (CONT'D)  
 What's going on Jim?

JIM  
 Pam...

PAM  
 What?

JIM  
 Who's that guy you're here with?

PAM  
 Oh, Tim?

JIM  
 Yeah.

PAM  
 He's just this guy I met. He's  
 funny, right? I think you two  
 would really get along.

JIM  
Well, it's just...

PAM  
Jealous?

JIM  
Well...yeah.

PAM  
(surprised)  
Oh.

Pam and Jim stand there awkwardly waiting for someone to say something.

JIM  
Pam, I've realized tonight that I'm  
still not over you. I...  
(cut off)

Karen abruptly enters through the curtains.

KAREN  
(trying to get words out)  
Jim, I...

She begins to cry and steps back outside.

JIM  
Karen wait!  
(he looks back at Pam)  
Karen hang on a minute!

Jim frantically runs after her. Camera pans to Pam who is stunned.

INT. DAVE AND BUSTERS - BUFFET TABLE - CONTINUOUS N5

Tim and MEREDITH are by the punch bowl. Karen takes a glass and drinks it quickly. She puts it down and runs out of Dave and Busters. Jim runs after her.

TIM  
Boy, that gal ran outta here like a  
bat out of hell. (\*Look for  
southern sayings that are funny).

MEREDITH  
You're telling me.  
(she takes a sip of punch  
from the serving spoon)

Pam walks up to Tim and leads him to the DANCE FLOOR. Camera pans to DJ Essex who begins to play "Lady in Red."

PAM

Listen Tim. I should be honest with you. I actually only asked you to this prom because I wanted to make someone jealous.

TIM

Oh. Well then, you probably weren't too happy when you opened up the door tonight. That picture you saw on the website was from a few years back. I figured I'd have a better chance of getting dates if I looked like that then...well, this.

PAM

Tim, I've had such a great time with you tonight. Really, I have. I just don't know what's going on with me right now. I still have feelings for someone else and I think he still has feelings for me. It's just...complicated.

TIM

Well, I can't get in the way of that now can I sugar?

PAM

Thanks for understanding. I really do think you're a great guy though.

TIM

How about we just dance for now?

PAM

That sounds great.

They dance together as DJ Essex gets on the microphone.

DJ ESSEX

This goes out to all those lovers out there.

ANGLE ON: MICHAEL and JAN slow dancing.

MICHAEL

Oh my God. How perfect is this song for us?

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

You know, because you're wearing a red dress and because we're lovers.

JAN

Um, Michael I don't think you need to announce that.

Michael reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out two tiaras. One says "Prom King" and the other says "Prom Queen". He smiles and starts to put the tiara on Jan's head.

JAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing Michael?

MICHAEL

A little birdie told me that you always wanted to be Prom Queen so...tonight, my lady, that's exactly what you are going to be.

Jan is skeptical but thinks it's kind of sweet. Michael runs up to the stage and starts to serenade Jan.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This song is dedicated to my very own lady in red. Miss Jan Levinson.

(in song and very off pitch)

"There's nobody here. It's just you and me. That's where I want to be. I want you to know-oooh-oh-oooh-oh"

Camera pans to Jan who is obviously embarrassed. RONALD grabs ANGELA's hand while they are talking against the wall by the dance floor.

DWIGHT appears and jumps up on stage. He takes the microphone away from Michael.

DWIGHT

(Off mic)

I can't take this anymore!

(Into the mic)

How about *my* lady?

(singing and pointing to Angela)

"Lady in white is dancing with me."

Camera pans to Angela who is now standing with her arms folded into her chest.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

(still singing)

"Cheek to cheek."

(pauses)

Angela, my beautiful, uptight, and stressed out companion. I've loved you since the day you deducted one-hundred dollars from my paycheck after finding out that I occasionally spent nights under my desk. I love you Angela Martin.

He jumps off stage and clears a path toward Angela. He kisses and dips her at the same time.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

That's right everyone! Angela and I have been doing it for over a year now. Bet'cha didn't know that did ya!

(looking at Ronald)

Sorry buddy. Looks like you can go now.

Ronald sadly turns away and walks to the bar.

ANGELA

I love you, too?

(she can't believe she's actually admitting it)

They kiss again. The room has gone silent except for a few "ewws" that can be heard from the crowd. Everyone is stunned. DJ Essex begins to play a song.

DJ ESSEX

Well folks, it looks like love is in the air. Lets celebrate with this classic jam!

O.P.P. by Naughty by Nature plays and everyone puts their hands up in the air and sings "Yeah you know me."

KAREN TALKING HEAD

KAREN

I'm going to request a transfer. I just can't be around Jim when I know he still has feelings for someone else.

(pause)

I mean, it's okay. I guess it just wasn't meant to be.



MICHAEL AND DWIGHT TALKING HEADS

MICHAEL

So, it looks like alls well that ends well. We got to throw a very...successful prom. Plus, Jan never found out that I went over my limit on my expense report.

DWIGHT

I just checked and it looks like all the missing money is back into your account. Hi-five.

Dwight raises his hand and waits for Michael to see.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Michael. Hi-five.

MICHAEL

Oh. Right. Excellent job my friend. Boy, this sure beats my last prom. Eat your heart out Sally Henderson. You missed out on going to Prom with a king.

(he reaches for his crown  
and puts it on his head)

Ta-da!

DWIGHT

That's right Sally. You missed your chance to dance with royalty. I have the honor of being in the presence of royalty every day.

MICHAEL

(smiling)

Oh stop.

(pause, then to Dwight)

So...Angela, huh?

END OF SHOW