

**YOUNG DWIGHT**

"Pilot"

Based on characters created by  
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& Greg Daniels

Written by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. RURAL SCRANTON, PA - ROADSIDE STAND - DAY

We open tight on purple beets with lengthy greens and a patina of rich Pennsylvania soil. A kid's hands gently take two beets, and we pull out to reveal a smiling, bespectacled 11-year-old DWIGHT SCHRUTE dressed in dirty farm clothes.

As Dwight carefully places the beets into a paper bag--

ADULT DWIGHT (V.O.)

Fact! I've always been a salesman. And long before I was top salesman and regional manager at Dunder Mifflin Scranton, I sold beets. And each of us sells something every day. We sell love, loyalty, freedom, bat urine, cat feces, or premium bull semen... the sticky, heavy kind that smells like citric acid and calcium.

Beets fill half the bed of an old pickup truck parked where a dirt road meets a 2-lane paved road. A wood sign nailed to two tall posts reads "SCHRUTE FARMS - 3.26157 MILES" with an arrow pointing down the dirt road.

SUPER: "Rural Scranton, PA - 1979"

Dwight's GREAT-UNCLE HONK (70s, looks 100, long/thick gray beard) wrestles with KLAUS, a black bear. An Alpine goat, GRETEL, follows Dwight everywhere he walks.

Selling with Dwight are his MOTHER (HEDDA, 40s, lanky, oddly beautiful, mild German accent) and his FATHER (KURT, 40s, portly, strong German accent).

FATHER

Pardon, Dwight.

DWIGHT

Yes, Father?

FATHER

Frau Burmeister is ready for you.

Dwight carries the bag to one of the several cars lined up to buy beets. Gretel bleats and follows close to Dwight's hip.

ADULT DWIGHT (V.O.)

My son Phillip is a young artist and entrepreneur.

(MORE)

ADULT DWIGHT (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ironically, he also sells beets as a youngster-- *musical* beets-- B-E-A-T-S. He peddles them on the social media.

(pissed)

Unfortunately, you can also buy *my* kind of beets *and* paper online. *Online!* Pfft! But online you don't receive that friendly, personal Schrute-level service.

Dwight opens the car's back door, puts in the bag of beets, and closes the door. MRS. BURMEISTER (80s) hands Dwight a bill through her open front window. He pockets the money.

DWIGHT

*Danke schoen, Frau Burmeister!  
Remember... Verwenden Sie nicht zu  
viel Salz!*

Dwight and Mrs. Bermeister are silent for a beat then explode with laughter. As she drives away and as Gretel eats dollar bills from Dwight's pocket, a WOMAN stands with Mother.

MOTHER

Dwight.

DWIGHT

Yes, Mother?

MOTHER

Your German "impregnates" this lady.

The woman gives Mother a look.

WOMAN

"Impresses." Your German impresses me... because you're fluent in it.

DWIGHT

(to the woman, stern)

Fluent? False! It's pre-industrial, mostly religious. Plus, I speak enough to price gouge beets with you Frauleins, truly enjoy the human condition of Colonel Klink and Sergeant Schultz on Hogan's Heroes reruns, and prank call the schnitzel shop in the city.

WOMAN

By "the city," you mean Scranton?

DWIGHT

No, East Berlin. Of course  
Scranton! Look, woman-- do you  
desire beets or not?

ADULT DWIGHT (V.O.)

You can't get *that* level of service  
online.

(mocking, loud)

Good luck with beet sales, World  
Wide Web! Remember, I once outsold  
an aggressive, sentient computer!

(laughs maniacally, then)

By the way... when Uncle Honk and  
Klaus the bear died, we had them  
both stuffed. I have them in a  
storage locker in Dickson City.

Uncle Honk is playfully mauled by Klaus. Dwight smiles and  
bags beets for the woman, and Mother and Father approach cars  
to sell more beets. As Gretel bleats then eats more dollar  
bills from Dwight's pocket, we--

FADE OUT.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - BEET FIELD - CONTINUOUS

It's magic hour and beautiful. Dwight's on his knees in the middle of this beet field, pulling up green stalks to unearth fat purple beets. He places them in an old wheelbarrow.

A 5-gallon bucket is also in the wheelbarrow. Father sits in a lawn chair, facing the setting sun, reading from a worn sheet of paper. Gretel lays nearby eating beet stalks.

FATHER

Egotistical.

DWIGHT

I think what you're seeing in me is confidence and certainty.

FATHER

"Egotistical" is a spelling word.

DWIGHT

Oh... of course. I don't remember you reading that one before.  
Egotistical. E-G-O-T-I-S-T-I-C-A-L.

FATHER

*Sehr Gut!* You are quite prepared for your spelling event.

Bird poop splashes down on Dwight's shoulder. They both look up and follow the flight of the bird.

DWIGHT

Hey! Friedrich is back!

FATHER

*Gut! Gut!*

Dwight scoops some poop with his finger and examines it up close, gives it a deep sniff.

DWIGHT

His avian chlamydiosis is gone!  
(then, distracted by)  
Will Aunt Shirley bring Fannie and Jeb tonight? It's been so long.

FATHER

I know. And I apologize for that.  
You know how Aunt Shirley can be.

Dwight swipes at the dirt and comes up with a snake in his hand. He puts it into the 5-gallon bucket.

FATHER (CONT'D)

That's five. Your new friend at school must truly love snakes.

DWIGHT

He just doesn't know it yet.

(chuckles)

I fear Aunt Shirley more than I fear a beet juice enema. My anus was purple for months.

FATHER

She's mine own sister, and I share with you that same fear.

(beat)

Let's return to the house for supper. You did well tonight!

DWIGHT

*Danke*, Father!

Father pushes the wheelbarrow as they walk across the field with Gretel. When they near the farmhouse, they hear a series of LOUD, PERCUSSIVE KNOCKS. This excites Dwight.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

The Morse code I told you about!

They both listen carefully and decipher it.

FATHER

Is that "bears" and "beets"?

DWIGHT

It is! That's what it always says!

Dwight picks up two rocks and bangs them together to reply.

FATHER

That's probably your cousin Mose.

DWIGHT

I'd like to meet him after Fannie and Jeb return to us to make our family complete once again.

Father grimaces at Dwight's comment.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DWIGHT'S BEDROOM - LATER

This room is very tidy, with homemade furniture and no traditional colorful kids' toys. On the black walls are a deer skin with the head still attached, several animal pelts, and a large East Germany flag.

The Galactica ship from *Battlestar Galactica* hangs from the ceiling at eye-level. A sturdy bookshelf holds a complete encyclopedia set, a few dictionaries, and several bibles.

A few flute-like musical recorders hang from rawhide strings. Dwight puts a cassette tape into a bulky cassette player and pushes play. When the heavy metal music blasts out, he shreds air guitar and head bangs. Gretel watches him.

DWIGHT

DA DA DA DON! DA DA DON DON!

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - SAME

Mother and Father speak in German as they prepare supper in this 1800s rustic kitchen.

FATHER (SUBTITLE)

He did well tonight, Hedda. He's prepared for his spelling event.

Uncle Honk is chased through the kitchen by Klaus.

MOTHER (SUBTITLE)

(tasting)  
Mmmmm! This skunk is "delirious"!

FATHER (SUBTITLE)

He asked again about seeing Fannie and Jeb. And Mose was talking to him again via Morse code.

MOTHER (SUBTITLE)

Dwight will accept this news like one accepts a rusty catheter.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DWIGHT'S BEDROOM - SAME

Dwight skillfully plays the recorder, and it sounds soothing and pleasant. After several beats, he taps his foot loudly on the floor to provide percussion as he plays.

DWIGHT

Gretel, you need to learn how to plays drums so I have percussion.

(Gretel bleats)  
(MORE)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

I could start a kick-ass band if I  
had percussion. I need a bandmate.

The alarm clock on the night stand BUZZES loudly. This excites Dwight. He tosses the recorder onto the bed and turns off the alarm. He bolts out of the room, and Gretel follows.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

Father is eating lard with four fingers as Dwight and Gretel run through the kitchen.

DWIGHT

It's time it's time it's time!

Dwight beams as he blazes past Mother and Father and out the door. They're used to this, but tonight they look worried.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

It's dark outside, but the driveway is lit by bright overhead lights. Dwight and Gretel run down the steps of the front porch, into the driveway toward the truck. He opens the passenger side door and leaves it open as he lifts Gretel in. He lays on the seat, facing up, his feet out the open door.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - SAME

The key is already in the ignition, and Dwight turns it a notch until the dashboard lights up with power, without the truck starting. A CB radio also comes to life with power, and is on channel 5. As Dwight moves the knob twice--

DWIGHT

(sing-songy)

Channel 3 for the three Schrute  
kinder... Fannie, Jeb, and Dwight!

Dwight gets comfortable on his back as he smiles wide and holds the CB hand-held microphone to his mouth. Each time he talks to Fannie, it's into the CB microphone.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Breaker zero-five, this is Beet  
Meister looking for Beet Boy and  
Beet girl! Come back!

Dwight wiggles with excitement as he waits for a reply. After a few beats, the CB crackles.

FANNIE (ON THE CB)

Hi, Dwight. I mean Beet Meister.

Dwight's smile lights up even more.



DWIGHT

Fannie! Hi! How's my precious little sister?!

FANNIE (ON THE CB)

I'm okay. Homeschool is okay. Today we shot the bull.

DWIGHT

You mean you talked a lot in class?

FANNIE (ON THE CB)

No, we actually shot a bull... because of bovine tuberculosis. Jeb and I had to butcher it ourselves. It took us all day.

DWIGHT

Fun! I'll see you and Jeb later, right? Aunt Shirley's bringing you?

FANNIE (ON THE CB)

I'm not sure yet. I don't think--  
(muffled voice talks to her)  
But I have to go now to prepare the supper table. I miss you and love--

The CB goes silent.

DWIGHT

Fannie?! Jeb?! Beet Boy?!

Dwight has tears in his eyes as he drops the mic onto the floor of the truck. Father appears near Dwight's feet.

FATHER

How are Fannie and Jeb? May I speak to them?

Dwight quickly wipes his eyes, but Father sees his tears.

DWIGHT

We couldn't talk long. They had to set the table. I hope that means they'll be here later.

FATHER

Fingers are crossed for such luck.

DWIGHT

(frustrated)  
Aunt Shirley said she'd give them at least five minutes once a week.

FATHER

I know, Dwight. It makes me  
sorrowful for you.

(beat)

Let's go have a nice supper. Mother  
made woodchuck and skunk stew.

Dwight sits up and hugs Gretel. Father helps Dwight and  
Gretel out of the truck and puts his arm around Dwight as  
they walk toward the farmhouse.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - A WHILE LATER

Dwight, Uncle Honk, Mother, and Father sit at the table,  
ready to eat. A raccoon sits on Honk's shoulder. There are  
two extra place settings, for Fannie and Jeb.

On the floor, Klaus eats from a huge bowl and Gretel eats  
from a small bowl. The humans hold hands as Dwight prays.

DWIGHT

...please bring my sister and  
brother back to me soon. And thanks  
for this nutritious meal... and for  
the feline scat for my collection.  
Amen.

FATHER

Amen.

MOTHER

"Almond."

Uncle Honk nods his amen, and they all begin to eat.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Have you "ejaculated" yourself  
enough on these words?

DWIGHT

I've educated myself by reading the  
spelling list 24 times. "Failure"  
may be one of the words, but it  
won't be the result.

MOTHER

How is this time "decadent" from  
your five other attempts?

DWIGHT

It's different because Ricky  
Marshall moved to Utica, New York.

FATHER

Young Richard was a worthy foe,  
wasn't he, Uncle Honk?

Uncle Honk nods then he feeds his raccoon food from his plate. He eats what the raccoon doesn't finish.

DWIGHT

Other than the return of Fannie and Jeb, I want nothing more than to win this spelling bee. Nothing can stop me this year. Right, Gretel?

Gretel bleats in agreement.

INT. FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The theme song to *Battlestar Galactica* plays and the opening credits roll as Dwight and Gretel watch a fuzzy image on the large cabinet TV. A rabbit-ear antenna sticks out the top, with three rolls of aluminum foil twisted around it. Dwight sits close to the TV, mesmerized, holding his Galactica ship.

FATHER (O.S.)

Aunt Shirley is here, Dwight.

Dwight drops the Galactica on the floor and runs out of the room. Gretel bleats and follows.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - SECONDS LATER

DWIGHT (O.S.)

Fannie! Jeb! I missed you so--

Dwight enters the kitchen and stops when he sees AUNT SHIRLEY (50s, large, scary) and an 8-YEAR-OLD BOY. But Fannie and Jeb aren't there. Gretel bleats her disapproval.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Where the hell are they?!

Mother, Father, and Honk looked pained, especially Father.

AUNT SHIRLEY

(quick, serious)

Jebediah and Frances won't be here. They have many chores. This is Mose. He'll be living with you now, Dwight. It's Schrute tradition. Danke, Kurt. Danke, Hedda.

Aunt Shirley turns and leaves through the door. MOSE (8, small, farm clothes) is terrified, and Dwight is devastated. Both boys begin to cry. Gretel bleats and Klaus tackles Mose.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

This is a two-story red-bricked school, with buses, wood-paneled station wagons, book-bagged kids, and a flagpole with Old Glory flexing in the breeze. A sign with a growling grizzly bear mascot reads "John Adams Middle School".

DWIGHT (V.O.)

Hell no I don't want a stranger or some weird little kid living with me! I only want my sister and brother back home.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

But I do sort of enjoy being the *einzelkind*... the only child. It's like having Belsnickel visit me every night. And I'm not going to let this Mose kid ruin that.

Dwight's face cuts to video static.

INT. JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - HOMEROOM - DAY

SARA (11) lowers her snazzy super 8mm video camera. Dwight's talking head was being filmed by her in this 6th-grade classroom where kids mill around before the bell rings.

There's a world map, chalkboard up front, 25 desks, a sink to clean art projects or vomit, and a large teacher's desk.

SARA

That's more footage for 45 years from now when people wonder what kids' lives were like in northeast P.A. in the 1970s. It's my social obligation as a Spielbergian filmmaker.

ALICE, HARRIET, JULES, and CHUCK approach. They're all 11, except for Harriet who was held back two years and is 13.

DWIGHT

Maybe you can film the new kid's face later when he sees the welcome gift I got him.

SARA  
Here... film me.

Sara hands the camera to Dwight.

SARA TALKING HEAD

SARA (CONT'D)  
Don't worry about centering me,  
Schrute. Greetings, I'm Sara Chen,  
and this is footage for us all to  
remember the good old days of the  
'70s. And also so the robot space  
people of the 2020s know that this  
era was more than just disco, Elvis  
dying, Star Wars, Rock 'em Sock 'em  
Robots, and bell bottoms. We 1970s  
kids have plenty of substance.

ALICE TALKING HEAD

ALICE  
(black around his eyes)  
Tommy Bianchi here. Anyone who's  
cool calls me "Alice" after the  
rock god Alice Cooper. That's why I  
wear this black makeup... because  
Alice wears it. *Rock-n-roll! Yeah!*  
(makes devil's horns with  
both hands)

HARRIET TALKING HEAD

HARRIET  
Will Dwide Clay Schupe see this?  
You're so "hamsome," Dwide! I'm  
heavy breathing. Anyone touch the  
Dwide and they'll end up underneath  
Lake Wallenpaupack! Got it?!

JULES TALKING HEAD

JULES  
I've not yet trained my urethra to  
withhold its nutrient-rich broth.  
*Pee...* I'm talking about pee.

CHUCK TALKING HEAD

CHUCK  
(Richard Pryor vocal cadence)  
Her name's Jules. Neil Armstrong  
ain't as far out into space as that  
cat.

(MORE)

CHUCK (CONT'D)

Jules be trippin' into cuckoo town,  
jack. Can you dig it?

(beat, laughs)

Chuck Ashley here. I know, I  
know... I resemble Richard Pryor.  
Get it all the time. Seven years  
from now and I'll be touring with  
Rich, ya dig?

INT. JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - HOMEROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bell RINGS for homeroom to begin. Mrs. Letcavage (60s, matronly, impressive beehive hairdo) enters from the hallway. After she smiles and pads over to her desk--

MRS. LETCAVAGE TALKING HEAD

MRS. LETCAVAGE

This idea is blue-ribbon, Sara!  
Well-- gosh-- let's see-- I'm Maude  
Letcavage, and I've been educating  
for 38 years. All here in Scranton  
School District. I'm from up  
Binghamton originally. I call the  
kiddos my little pierogies because  
they're all filled with good  
things. I keep good care of them.

INT. JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - HOMEROOM - CONTINUOUS

KID P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Attention students and faculty.  
Please stop by the office to sign a  
get-well card for Mr. Andersen. He  
smashed his balls at the bowling  
alley and will be out a few weeks.

Mrs. Letcavage sits at her desk as the kids talk and act like 11-year-olds. Dwight is doing something at the empty desk next to him, which seems to involve his rucksack.

KID P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

I've been asked to clarify. Mr.  
Andersen smashed two *bowling* balls  
together... with his testicles in  
between--

(clamor, high-pitched  
feedback)

The classroom door is open, and the loud CLOP CLOP CLOP of hard-souled shoes echoes in the hallway. The kids all clock this sound. Dwight looks around at everyone as he warns them--

DWIGHT

I hear Gross's hooves.

A small, weasly MAN in his 40s enters. He wears a cheap polyester suit with a mustard-hued shirt and a clip-on tie. But more noticeable is his greasy, sparse comb-over. This is MR. GROSS, John Adams Middle School's spastic principal. A small BOY follows in behind him.

GROSS

Good day, Mrs. Letcavage.

Mrs. Letcavage stands with enthusiasm and walks toward Mr. Gross and the boy.

MRS. LETCAVAGE

Well, good morning, Principal Gross! This must be Mr. Patel!

With Mr. Gross is 10-year-old RAJ PATEL. Raj wears a short-sleeved white dress shirt and a black tie.

GROSS

Attention, everyone-- *you in the back-- sit down!* This is Raj Patel. He will be in your homeroom... and in your academic nightmares.

Raj stands with a proud posture as Mr. Gross speaks. Dwight is half listening.

GROSS (CONT'D)

Raj won five straight spelling bee titles at his previous school in Philadelphia.

(glares at Dwight)

Raj will participate in our spelling bee this week.

Dwight now pays close attention and has a serious look. Raj locks eyes with him, as if he already knows who Dwight is.

GROSS (CONT'D)

Raj has a black belt in karate and one of the highest student IQs in Pennsylvania middle--

HARRIET

What's an IQ?

GROSS

That is enough, Harriet.

RAJ PATEL

Oh, Harriet, thy name is irony.

HARRIET

(quiet, to students near her)  
Seriously. What's an "QI"?

GROSS

(chuckles)  
Good one, Raj. And I almost forgot... Raj skipped a grade.  
(then)  
Do not let these kids slow you down, Raj.  
(to Raj, pointing at Dwight)  
*Him. He is the one.*

When Mr. Gross is almost out the door--

DWIGHT

*Ewww, gross.*

A few kids dare to chuckle at this. Mr. Gross stops, turns, and accelerates toward Dwight in the front row.

GROSS

*What did you say, Mr. Schrute?!*

The entire class and Mrs. Letcavage watch this battle.

DWIGHT

(innocent-like)  
"Ewww Gross." Your initials, sir.  
Edwin Willard Gross. E.W. spells  
"Ewww." So... "Ewww Gross"!

GROSS

Watch yourself, Mr. Schrute.

DWIGHT

When you get back to the office, don't forget about Mr. Andersen's bowling balls. Or his coccyx. He could've smashed that, too. His *coccyx and balls*.

(kids giggle)  
The card, I mean. Be sure to sign the card... about his... *balls*.

Mr. Gross is about to detonate. He straightens his jacket, forces a smile at Raj and Mrs. Letcavage, then as he's again almost out of the room--



DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
("kiss my ass")  
*Küss meinen Arsch.*  
(Mr. Gross goes apoplectic)  
Sorry... I sneezed. *Gesundheit!*

Mr. Gross's weasly head is about to pop off his body as he disappears into the hallway.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
(to Mr. Gross, loud)  
*Auf Wiedersehen!*

MRS. LETCAVAGE  
Well, Raj! What an electrifying entrance! By the by, I'll also be your third-period grammar teacher.  
(indicating)  
We have a vacant desk right here for you, next to Dwight.

Raj glares at Dwight as he sits down.

MRS. LETCAVAGE (CONT'D)  
In your desk storage there, you'll find all your books and supplies.

Dwight smirks and looks around at everyone before Raj reaches into his desk. Raj SCREAMS and jerks out his hands, which are now full of five twisting, writhing snakes.

DWIGHT  
Don't worry, Raj Patel... those Milk Snakes only eat every 5-7 days. Oh, no! They ate 6 days ago!  
(laughs)

Raj throws the snakes onto his desk and bolts to the sink to wash his hands. The students bellow in laughter.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
(smirking)  
I may or may not have snuck into Gross's office and read the new kid's file. And I may or may not have read that this Raj Patel character has Ophidiophobia, which is the fear of snakes. Apparently he even fears the benign Eastern Milk Snake, occasionally and quite coincidentally found in my beet fields.

INT. JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - HOMEROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dwight gathers all of the snakes and puts them into his rucksack. Raj returns to his desk, trying not to show how shaken he is. Dwight approaches Raj and extends his hand.

DWIGHT

Hello, Raj Patel. I'm Dwight K. Schrute the third.

Dwight and the class laugh, but Raj stays calm and doesn't shake Dwight's hand.

RAJ PATEL

Did you say Dwight K. Schrute...  
*The Turd?*

Dwight is stunned. A murmur and a slight chuckle pass through the room.

RAJ PATEL (CONT'D)

In fact, I was just in the restroom, and I took a huge Dwight Schrute. You probably call it a "number two" or a "poopy."  
(to Mrs. Letcavage)  
Pardon my foul language, ma'am.

Mrs. Letcavage nods to Raj then walks to the chalkboard.

MRS. LETCAVAGE

Okay, my little pierogies... let's simmer down. The first-period bell will sound in two, three minutes.

Dwight watches Raj sit. Then Dwight sits. He's absolutely stunned. Raj leans over to Dwight and smiles.

RAJ PATEL

You just fussed with the wrong kid.

Off Dwight's shock and terror--

RAJ PATEL TALKING HEAD

RAJ PATEL (SUBTITLE) (CONT'D)

(fiery, in Hindi)

Mr. Gross warned me about this moon-faced punk! That Turd messed with the wrong Indian genius! I'm just biding my time in this filthy coal town until I can move back to Philadelphia. I miss my siblings.

EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - BEET FIELD - LATER

Dwight is again on his knees in the middle of this field at magic hour, pulling up beets, placing them into the old wheelbarrow. Gretel lays nearby eating beet stalks.

Dwight's tape player is in the dirt, with heavy metal screaming from it. Mose approaches cautiously.

DWIGHT

DA DA DA DON! DA DA DON DON!  
DA DA DA DON! DA DA DON DON!

Mose kneels down next to Dwight and begins to pull up beets.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

(loud, over the music)

I get paid by the beet, and I'll fill this wheelbarrow by myself. I don't want or need your help. I'm enjoying Black Sabbath. Go on. Git.

Mose stands up, stoops his shoulders, and walks away.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

DA DA DA DON! DA DA DON DON!  
DA DA DA DON! DA DA DON DON!

INT. FARMHOUSE - DWIGHT'S BEDROOM - LATER

Dwight's door is closed as he flies the Galactica around the room, making propulsion and shooting noises. There's a soft KNOCK KNOCK on the door. Dwight lands the Galactica safely on the bed and opens the door to see Mose there.

MOSE

(points at the Galactica)  
Play? Please.

DWIGHT

No! I am Commander Adama, and you absolutely will not be Captain Apollo or Lieutenant Starbuck.

Dwight slams the door closed on Mose and goes back to flying the Galactica around the room.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Mother puts a whole roasted possum on the table for supper. Dwight puts out the last of six place settings. Uncle Honk enters with a raccoon on his shoulder, and Mose follows. Honk sits in his usual seat as Mose sits at one of the places Dwight reserves each meal for Fannie and Jeb. Dwight reacts--

DWIGHT

Mose!

Mother and Father give Dwight a look because he knows better. Dwight notices their glare and tries to control himself.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Mose, please don't-- those-- those  
are reserved for Fannie and Jeb.

Mose is upset as he stands up. He tries to fight back tears but can't. He wipes his eyes with his shirt sleeve.

MOTHER

Dwight Kurt Schrute! Let me  
"corrupt" you!

DWIGHT

Correct me? Why? Those seats are  
for Fannie and Jeb.

MOTHER

Those seats are for family! Mose is  
your cousin, so you need to respect  
the animal "Klingon" of this house!

Dwight's confused. He starts to talk but stops himself.

FATHER

The animal kingdom. Stay put, Mose.

Mose sits down again as Mother stands and takes the extra plate off the table. Now there are no settings for Fannie and Jeb. Dwight glares at Mose then stares at where the two plates used to be. Dwight eyes fill with tears.

DWIGHT

Mother... *please*.

MOTHER

Our family is a "crosswords,"  
Dwight. Fannie and Jeb may not  
return for a long time.

This statement makes Mother sad. Gretel bleats.

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER IN THE MEAL

FATHER

How went your first day of the  
public education, Mose?

MOSE

(beat)  
It was--

DWIGHT

My new classmate enjoyed his  
snakes, Father!

MOTHER

Dwight!

DWIGHT

(dejected)  
Can I just go?

MOTHER

Yes, "goat." Just "goat" now.

Dwight and Gretel walk out of the kitchen.

INT. FARMHOUSE - DWIGHT'S BEDROOM - LATER

Dwight sits on the edge of his bed, holding a photo of himself, Fannie, and Jeb. He's been crying a while.

EXT. JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Buses line the curb as students arrive for school.

KID P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Attention students. When the Disco Club told me it was going to stop meeting on the playground, at first I was afraid then I was petrified, kept thinking I could never live without them by the slide.

(beat)

And for those of you wondering if the Magic 8-Ball Club will return soon... "It is certain" and "Signs point to yes."

INT. JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

As Dwight walks the hallway and gets near Mr. Gross's office, he sees through the large glass window Raj and Mr. Gross talking. Mr. Gross notices Dwight and locks eyes with him, then he nudges Raj who also looks at Dwight. They both smirk at Dwight as Mr. Gross slowly closes the blinds.

DR. MO (O.S.)

Gimme some skin, Mister Funky Beet  
Meister!

Dwight looks up to see DR. MO (MOHAMMED, late 20s), the science teacher, with his hand out. Dwight slaps Dr. Mo's hand and accepts a return slap.

DWIGHT

Dr. Mo!

Dr. Mo wears a bright-orange patterned dashiki, Malcolm X glasses, and a huge afro.

DR. MO

What it is, Herr Schrute! You all "I before E" ready for the spelling bee tonight? Latin root words, etcetera?

DWIGHT

Hell yeah, I'm ready!

DR. MO

Far out! Gotta boogie now, though, Brother Love. Late for a confab with the man they call Gross.

DWIGHT

An appropriate surname, for sure. If you're looking for me tonight, I'll be the beet farmer with the first-place ribbon around his neck.

DR. MO

Groovy, brother, *groo-vee!*

Dr. Mo turns into Mr. Gross's office as Raj exits. Raj sees Dwight and walks right at him.

RAJ PATEL

I have three words for you, Turd. Fannie and Jeb.

Raj keeps walking, leaving Dwight rattled.

INT. JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - AUDITERIA - NIGHT

ADULTS AND KIDS sit in chairs facing the elevated stage. A large sign reads "JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL SPELLING BEE". Mother, Father, Mose, Uncle Honk, and Dwight's classmates are there. Mother wears a dirndl, Father wears lederhosen, Uncle Honk is shirtless under his overalls and wide-brimmed hat.

Among the twenty chairs on stage, only Dwight and Raj remain, sitting a seat apart from each other. Mr. Gross, Mrs. Letcavage, and Dr. Mo are the judges.

They sit at a floor-level table facing up at Raj and Dwight. Mr. Gross speaks into the tabletop microphone--

GROSS

We are down to our final two spellers... first, with the school's highest IQ, and a former 5-time spelling bee champion...  
(like a ring announcer)  
Raaaj! Puh-tellll!

The audience cheers, and several kids boo. Raj's PARENTS (30s) stand and applaud.

GROSS (CONT'D)

(quick, apathetic)  
And Mr. Schrute.

Dwight's classmates, Mother, Father, Mose, and Uncle Honk stand and cheer wildly. Adults in the audience applaud.

GROSS (CONT'D)

Each word will continue to be randomly selected. Mr. Schrute will go first.

Dwight stands and moves quickly to the stage microphone in sharp, precise movements. He is confident and smug.

GROSS (CONT'D)

Mr. Schrute, your word is...  
(chuckles quietly)  
..."failure."

Dwight's self-assured look shows he knows this word. As Dwight adjusts his glasses, no one notices Mr. Gross touching his own nose as a signal to Raj. Then Raj whispers to Dwight--

RAJ PATEL

Fannie and Jeb are gone... *forever*.

Dwight eyes get big -- his confidence drains immediately from his face. After a few beats--

DWIGHT

Uh-- Um-- F-A-I-L-Y-U-R. Failure.

A bell DINGS.

GROSS

Incorrect, Mr. Schrute! Raj, if you spell this next word correctly, you will win.

Dwight walks to his chair, sits, and bows his head in shame. Raj leans toward Dwight and whispers--

RAJ PATEL  
You suck, Turd.

Dwight puts his face in hands, then Raj stands and walks to the podium. Raj clears his throat, adjusts his tie with both hands, and smiles at Mr. Gross.

GROSS  
(smiling back)  
Raj, your word is... "beetroot."

Dwight's head snaps up. He can't believe his ears.

DWIGHT  
What?! "Randomly selected," my ass!

GROSS  
Mr. Shrute! Please!

DWIGHT  
Oh! I'm sorry! Randomly selected,  
my A-S-S!

GROSS  
*Mis-ter-Shrute!*

RAJ PATEL  
May I have the definition?

DWIGHT  
Seriously, Raj Patel?! The  
definition?! The beetroot is the  
taproot portion of a beet. Duh!

GROSS  
Mr. Shrute! Shut your damn mouth!  
(a few beats)  
Raj... Mr. Schrute's definition is  
vastly inaccurate. Let me  
clarify... the beetroot is the  
taproot portion of a beet.

Now Dwight's even more pissed. Raj spells it quickly--

RAJ PATEL  
B-E-E-T-R-O-O-T. Beetroot.

GROSS  
Correct, Raj! Congratulations! You  
are the 1979 John Adams Middle  
School Spelling Bee champion!



The audience stands and applauds as Mr. Gross approaches the stage and hangs a fancy medal around Raj's neck. A dejected Dwight turns and runs wildly into the back curtain, gets tangled, knocks the large sign down onto his own head.

Mother, Father, Mose, and Uncle Honk hurry onto the stage to help Dwight. Chuck, Harriet, Jules, and Alice also rush the stage to help. Sara records all of this.

INT. JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - NURSE'S OFFICE - LATER

Mother and Father sit with a dejected Dwight, whose head is wrapped in a helmet of gauze. Father's arm is around Dwight. Behind them, Uncle Honk slow-dances with a skeleton as Mose sits by himself and Sara records Dwight. Through her camera's black-and-white POV--

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

(dejected)

I defeated myself today. I showed weakness by succumbing to garden-variety head games much the way an even-toed ungulate routinely succumbs to the modern-American hunting rifle.

(rubs his sore head)

Ow.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Dwight sits at the table and eats the last of the bacon, tossing an occasional piece to Gretel.

MOTHER

You're a hog at the trough. Mose?

Dwight shrugs.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

All the bacon?

Dwight nods as he tosses the last strip of bacon to Gretel. Mother reacts with a look. Mose enters and Mother hugs him then hands him a dollar bill. Dwight clocks the hug.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

*Guten morgen*, Mose. You'll have to get eaten at school. Uncle Honk is waiting to take you.

Mose looks at Dwight as he walks out the door, but Dwight doesn't look at him. Father enters the kitchen and shares a look with Mother, then kisses Dwight on the head.

FATHER

*Guten morgen*, Dwight.

DWIGHT

*Guten morgen*, Father.

FATHER

Dwight, we have news before your departure to the school.

DWIGHT

Fannie and Jeb are returning?!

MOTHER

*Nein, nein, nein!*

Her outburst surprises Dwight. Gretel bleats.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Rest that nonsense, Dwight! Father and I are "publishing" you for not welcoming Mose and not sharing with him.

DWIGHT

What?! You've *never* punished me, not even when I glued Uncle Honk's raccoons to the house.

FATHER

We've taught you the importance of family, yet you reject Mose's efforts to be your friend, to be your cousin. You've taught yourself selfishness. You're egotistical.

Dwight clocks the connection to that word back in the field.

DWIGHT

What's my punishment?

MOTHER

No more CB radio.

DWIGHT

What?! No, no, no! *Please!*

FATHER

I'm sorrowful, *Leibling*. We were going to take away the spelling event, yet I and Mother know how hard you worked for it.

DWIGHT

I planted hard work... and grew only failure.

MOTHER

You may learn a lot from failure, if you allow it to teach you.

DWIGHT

Please change your mind, Mother! Father?! I need my siblings.

FATHER

No, Dwight, I'm sorrowful. But, Mother and I discussed, and you may go to the talent show to support your friends the way they supported you at the spelling event.

Dwight nods, slumps his head, and walks out the door with his rucksack. Gretel bleats at Mother and Father then follows Dwight out the door.

EXT. ROUTE 6 - SCRANTON - MORNING

Dwight drives an old farm tractor, pulling a full manure spreader, in the right lane of two eastbound lanes. A line of cars in the left lane whizzes by and blares their horns.

DWIGHT

F-A-I-L-U-R-E. F-A-I-L-U-R-E.

A Lackawanna County Sheriff's car pulls in behind Dwight. When it's rooftop red light begins to strobe, Dwight turns on the spreader, flinging fresh manure all over the Sheriff's car. Its wipers struggle to clear the windshield.

EXT. ROUTE 6 - SCRANTON - MINUTES LATER

Both vehicles are pulled off to the side of the road. The spreader is empty, and the car is thick with manure. The officer stands next to the tractor. Dwight is in awe.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

So, if someone lacks the skill to be a Lackawanna County Sheriff, they can be a volunteer deputy?!

OFFICER

That's right, but no one likes a volunteer deputy because they're usually nerdy, awkward dweebs.

EXT. JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - FRONT SIDEWALK - LATER

The Sheriff's car pulls up with its red light flashing.

DWIGHT

Thank you, Officer Hill, for turning on your light and letting me frisk that punk in the karate get-up.

OFFICER

You're welcome, Dwight. Have a better day. Remember, failure is our only true teacher.

Dwight is in awe of the officer and his wisdom as he turns and walks toward the school.

INT. JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Kids sit near a locker staring at their pet rocks.

KID P.A. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Attention students. Principal Gross  
would like to remind you that a  
funeral for your pet rock is not an  
excused absence.

INT. JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - HOMEROOM - MINUTES LATER

Dwight walks into homeroom and sees some of his classmates gathered around Raj's desk as he shows off his spelling bee medal. Sara, Alice, and Chuck wave to Dwight when he enters. Harriet blows Dwight kisses as Jules licks chalk.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

SARA (O.S.)  
You okay, Schrute. How's Gretel?

DWIGHT  
(red eyes, a grateful smile)  
Gretel's *sehr gut*. Thank you, Sara.  
(realizing)  
Hey... *Sehr gut* becomes *Sara gut*.  
"Sara good."  
(Sara giggles)

CHUCK TALKING HEAD

CHUCK  
Not feelin' good. My sister took me  
to a joint called Pizza by Alfredo.  
Made me sick. Puked the funny right  
outta me, jack.

DR. MO TALKING HEAD

DR. MO  
Yeah, fight-or-flight *is* real in us  
mammals. Real as war, sister. The  
brain raps with the adrenal glands  
to secrete funky hormones, such as  
adrenaline, to crash our anatomy,  
like, you know, making the heart  
thump harder so the blood delivers  
oxygen faster. It's heavy.  
(worried)  
And you think that's what's  
happening to Herr Schrute? I hope  
Brother Love is all groovy.

EXT. JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - LAWN - DAY

Dwight sits in the grass eating his lunch out of a brown paper bag. He tosses bits of bread to a nearby squirrel and rabbit. His eyes are red from crying.

DR. MO (O.S.)

You think that squirrel and rabbit  
know that your lunch is squirrel  
and rabbit?

Dwight looks up to see Dr. Mo holding his own brown paper bag and two milks. Dwight can only muster a slight smile. They exchange a hand slap.

DR. MO (CONT'D)

May I?

Dwight nods, and Dr. Mo sits next to him.

DR. MO (CONT'D)

You and I've rapped plenty, but  
I've never told you about Herbie  
Goldmann. Saved my ass in 'Nam.  
Never knew this cat until one day I  
did. Life changing. My sisters were  
back home here in Dunmore, and I  
was over there trying to survive in  
the funky jungle. One day, the Viet  
Cong's about to render me KIA so  
that my parents get a folded flag  
and an official letter, when all of  
the sudden... there's Herbie. That  
Jewish kid didn't even care that I  
was a Black Muslim kid named  
Mohammed. Just saved me. Period.

DWIGHT

That's-- wow-- thanks for sharing  
that, Dr. Mo.

DR. MO

Without Herbie, you'd be sitting  
here with the man they call Gross  
and his jive ass and those ugly  
polyester threads and mustard  
shirts. And you'd be learning  
science from a University of  
Scranton dropout, not a tall,  
handsome brother with a Dr. J afro  
and a PhD.

They chuckle. Dr. Mo Hands Dwight a milk.

DR. MO (CONT'D)  
Gotcha this.

Dwight takes it, opens it.

DWIGHT  
*Danke schoen.*

DR. MO  
*Bitte schoen, brother.*

Dwight holds up his milk.

DWIGHT  
To Herbie.

Dr. Mo touches his milk to Dwight's.

DR. MO  
To Herbie. And to all the Herbies  
who suddenly appear and save us.

DWIGHT  
(beat)  
Just to be clear. You're *not*  
talking about Raj, right?

DR. MO  
Correctamundo!

They chuckle. Dwight gets it and together they swig milk.

DR. MO (CONT'D)  
Look... your homies, dude.

Dwight looks up to see Sara, Alice, and Chuck walking toward him and Dr. Mo.

DWIGHT  
They're my homies *and* my Herbies.

Mr. Mo understands. Dwight smiles at his friends.

EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Dwight and Mother get into the truck. Dwight still looks lost and defeated as he sits in the passenger seat. Joined by Gretel and 20 or 30 raccoons, Uncle Honk waves goodbye to them. While the truck drives slowly away, Mose carries two rocks and climbs into the bed without being noticed.

EXT. JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - FRONT SIDEWALK - LATER

The truck pulls up and stops. With his rocks, Mose slips unnoticed out the truck bed and scurries into the bushes.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - SAME

Mother's face is softer than we've seen it. She offers Dwight a comforting look as she lifts his chin with her finger.

MOTHER

It's okay, *Leibling*. I love you.

She kisses Dwight on the forehead. He smiles.

DWIGHT

I love you also, Mother. Very much.

EXT. JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - FRONT SIDEWALK - SAME

Dwight gets out with his rucksack and waves to Mother as she drives away.

INT. JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - AUDITERIA - CONTINUOUS

Dwight sits with the AUDIENCE in chairs facing the elevated stage and a large sparkly sign that reads "TALENT SHOW". He still hasn't noticed Mose who is hiding somewhere. Mrs. Letcavage walks onto the stage and greets the audience.

MRS. LETCAVAGE

Welcome to the John Adams Middle School yearly talent show! Thank you all for coming tonight!

(applause)

Our first act is a humorous young man... Chuck Ashley!

Chuck has the look and gait of Richard Pryor as he walks onto the stage and takes the microphone.

CHUCK

Give it up for, Mrs. L! And how about that funky hairdo! If your stuff goes missing, and don't find it in lost-and-found, check Mrs. L's hair. Last week they found JFK's grassy knoll shooter in her hair. I'd like to thank my groovy family for joining us tonight. Obesity runs in my family... well, it doesn't run, it waddles.

Lots of laughter, then a MONTAGE:



--Alice shreds Eddie Van Halen's "Eruption" solo on electric guitar.

--Sara is on stage, with a large movie screen pulled down.

SARA

This is the world premiere of my short film, "Slough Avenue." Thanks to Schrute, Chuckie, and Alice for all their help, and also for their *really bad acting*. I love you guys! And thanks for guidance from the teacher who's one letter away from being a Bond villain... Dr. Mo!

--Jules approaches the microphone.

JULES

I find it socially irresponsible to continue to call Scranton the "Electric City" during the energy crisis.

--Harriet walks to the microphone.

HARRIET

Roses are red, violets are blue...  
I love Dwide Clay Schupe... and so  
are you!

Harriet smiles as she leaves the stage. Mrs. Letcavage walks to the microphone and reads from a piece of paper.

MRS. LETCAVAGE

We have a late addition. Dwight Schrute will perform a piece called "Failure." Is this right, Dwight?

Dwight is embarrassed. He looks over at Raj who puts his hands around his own neck and mimes "CHOKE." Mr. Gross stands next to Raj and grins. Suddenly Dwight's expression changes.

He's had enough of Raj and Mr. Gross. Dwight looks determined as he walks to the stage. He takes out his recorder, clears his throat, and plays. But, he's out of key and *terrible*.

The audience cackles. Raj and Mr. Gross chortle louder than everyone else. Dwight stops playing and stares at the audience. When he's about to leave the stage he hears

LOUD, PERCUSSIVE KNOCKS!

Dwight is confused for a few beats then energized as he recognizes this Morse code.

He sees Mose at the side of the stage, smiling and banging his two rocks together. Dwight interprets it as--

DWIGHT  
(loud, into the mic)  
Bears! Beets! Battlestar Galactica!

Alice stands up in the audience and makes devil's horns with both hands.

ALICE  
Rock-n-roll, Dwight! Yeah!

Dwight smiles and nods to Alice, then into the microphone--

DWIGHT  
This song is dedicated to my  
cousin, Mose Schrute.  
(headbangs)  
DA DA DA DA DON DON!

Dwight launches into a heavy metal riff on his recorder, in time with Mose's percussion. The audience revs up and gets loud and supportive. Raj and Mr. Gross sneer. Sara records while Mrs. Letcavage, Dr. Mo, and Alice headbang on stage.

Dwight motions Mose to play into the stage microphone. Mose sees this as the opening and acceptance with Dwight he's been waiting for, so he hurries on stage and joins his cousin.

After they finish thrashing hard for several beats--

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Thank you, Scranton! Our band name  
is...

Dwight looks at Mose, who is exhilarated just to be with Dwight and all that represents in his 8-year-old life.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
...Mose Code! We play reptile  
burials, calf birthings, bovine  
inseminations, human circumcisions,  
and puppet shows!

Everyone loves this! Except, of course, Raj and Mr. Gross, who quickly exit. Mrs. Letcavage hangs fancy medals around Dwight's and Mose's necks. Sara records all of this as Chuck, Harriet, Alice, Jules, and Dr. Mo all rush the stage.

Amidst the excitement on stage and through Sara's camera's black-and-white POV--

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Yes, as a matter of fact I *do* dream of being a beet-farming heavy-metal god. DA DA DA DA DON DON! With my cousin Mose as my kick-ass percussionist.

Sara pans to Mose, next to Dwight.

MOSE TALKING HEAD

MOSE

(smiles, looks toward Dwight)  
*Danke schoen*, Dwight.

DWIGHT

(touches his head to Mose's)  
*Bitte schoen*, Mose. And thank you.  
Thank you *so* much.

The boys share an intimate, brotherly look and smile.

FADE TO:

EXT. RURAL SCRANTON, PA - ROADSIDE STAND - DAY

Adult Dwight speaks as Mose, Dwight, Mother, and Father sell beets to the several cars parked along the road. Uncle Honk wrestles with Klaus, and Gretel eats money. Mose and Dwight laugh as they chase each other around.

ADULT DWIGHT (V.O.)

Fact! There's a lot to be said for failure, even when it's misspelled. If it weren't for failure, I would not have known how to accept the love, loyalty, and freedom that Mose sold to me.

EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - BEET FIELD - MAGIC HOUR

Adult Dwight continues while Mose and Dwight are on their knees in the middle of this beet field. They laugh as they pull up green stalks to unearth fat purple beets and place them into the old wheelbarrow. Gretel supervises.

ADULT DWIGHT (V.O.)

Failure has led me to Mose, my wife Angela, my son Phillip, and to Dunder Mifflin. Failure has been a relentless instructor in my life...

INT. FARMHOUSE - DWIGHT'S BEDROOM - LATER

Still under Adult Dwight, Dwight smiles and watches as Mose flies the Galactica around the room, landing it on the bed then taking off again. The boys are dressed in makeshift *Battlestar Galactica* uniforms as they laugh and play.

ADULT DWIGHT (V.O.)

...like all that I learned from my former subordinate and bestisch Mensch Jim Halpert, his wife Pamela Beesly Halpert, and my mentor and former boss Michael Scott. And all of the unspeakably bizarre stuff I learned from Meredith Palmer, PhD.

(beat)

*Danke schoen, failure!*

INT. FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NEXT DAY

Adult Dwight continues over the Schrute family sitting at the table in prayer. Mose sits between Dwight and the two plates for Fannie and Jeb. Father dishes each of them stew made from possum or badger, definitely something in the varmint family.

ADULT DWIGHT (V.O.)

I set a place at every meal for Fannie and Jeb until they returned. Mose stayed forever.

Uncle Honk has a raccoon on his shoulder when Klaus appears out of nowhere and knocks him out of his chair, then we--

SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF ACT THREE

TAGINT. JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - HOMEROOM - DAY

Mrs. Letcavage hands out several pages of blank paper to the first student in each row, Dwight being one of them. He takes many and hands pages back to Jules who hands pages back.

MRS. LETCAVAGE

Please take three pages each,  
little pierogies.

Dwight closes his eyes and smells his paper, breathing in and appreciating its scent. He's exhilarated by it.

DWIGHT

Mmmmmm... paper.

Jules interrupts Dwight with a tap on his shoulder. He opens his eyes and turns around. Jules holds up a single page. Dwight smirks as he fingers a few pieces of his paper.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

So... you want to buy paper?  
(to the room)

Does anyone else want to buy paper?

Some students say "Yes" and "Okay," and some raise their hands. After a few beats of Dwight's delirious bliss--

SPLAT! A golfball-sized drenched spitball smacks him in the face. A few students snicker as Dwight looks over at Raj, who sneers and doesn't try to hide his guilt.

Dwight yells out--

EXT. JOHN ADAMS MIDDLE SCHOOL - SAME

DWIGHT (V.O.)

RAJ PATELLLLL!

Dozens of birds -- probably with avian chlamydiosis -- fly off a telephone line into the Pennsylvania sky.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE