

WORKING FROM "HOME"

Written by

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Based on The Office

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

Michael is wearing a surgical mask.

MICHAEL

(cartoon voice)

Vey hello there, can I subscribe  
you zum pillz?

(regular voice)

Dr. Nick. The Simpsons. Guhh how  
did he breathe in this thing?

He takes off the mask.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

The CDC has told everyone to stay  
home with their loved ones. So  
that's exactly what I'm doing. This  
is my home, and those people are my  
family.

He gestures to his employees still working miserably.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I expect this will be long and  
hard.

Pull out to reveal DWIGHT sitting behind him.

DWIGHT

That's what she said.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

No Covid doesn't scare me. I'm a  
supporter of anything that weeds  
out the weak. Us, strong and able  
bodied will prevail. The Schrutes  
have been dreaming of a pandemic  
ever since my maternal grandfather  
defeated the Spanish flu. How you  
may ask? By licking an infected  
man's bed pan.

Toby walks by in the background coughing. Dwight clocks this.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

(smirking)

The best way to beat a disease is to contract it. Build immunity. After the flu my grandfather never got sick again. Until the lung cancer. That killed him.

INT. ANNEX - DAY

Toby sits at his desk looking deathly ill.

DWIGHT

Hello Toby.

TOBY

Oh hey Dwight.

DWIGHT

You look a little under the weather. Any chest pains? Shortness of breath?

Dwight kneels in front of him.

TOBY

I'm not feeling my best--

DWIGHT

Cough on me.

TOBY

What?

DWIGHT

Do it. Do it now.

TOBY

Dwight I'm not going to do that.

Dwight clocks Toby's desk littered with tissues. He picks one up and gives the camera a smirk.

DWIGHT

Do it or I will lick this.

TOBY

Please don't--

Michael enters.

MICHAEL

What's going on back here?

DWIGHT

Toby is exhibiting corona like symptoms and refuses to infect me.

MICHAEL

Corona? How did that happen? People kept six feet away from you before it was a law, except your ex-wife, who likes to keep a good five hundred. Boom. Roasted.

Him and Dwight high five.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

But seriously that's disgusting. You need to get out.

Toby nods, covers his mouth like he's about to cough.

DWIGHT

No Toby cough on me. Cough on me Toby!

He wrestles with Toby, trying to pull his arms away from his mouth.

MICHAEL

Stop it. Dwight stop-

Toby swivels in his chair away from Dwight. He winds up coughing directly on Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

No. No. NOOOOOOOOOOO.