

The Office(CA) s01e01- Downsizing

by

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INT. THE OFFICE, ENTRANCE ELEVATOR

We see an elevator door open, revealing a nervous, smiling older woman named WENDY HANNON. She looks to the camera, and walks into the office, heading for reception.

INT. OFFICE RECEPTION- CONTINUOUS

A young woman named Tracey is sitting at reception, her back turned to the entrance. She has headphones in. Wendy stands patiently in front, seeing if she can get her attention. Wendy turns to the camera as if to say, 'this is awkward.'

Wendy hits the dinger on the counter, but it's broken and no sound comes out. Wendy tries to reach her hand over to tap Tracey on the shoulder, but she's too far away.

WENDY

(To camera) Ah, that's fine, no worries.

INT. OFFICE, CENTER AREA, CONTINUOUS

Wendy walks further into the office and sees everyone busy working. No one pays her any attention.

Wendy clears her throat loudly. No heads turn. Wendy shrugs, turns to see the office with the header reading "OFFICE MANAGER". Wendy heads inside, places her purse on the couch, and takes a seat behind the empty desk.

WENDY TALKING HEAD

WENDY

A first day for anyone is nerve-racking, that's for sure. I'm Wendy, forty-six, used to teach children... I like to golf! In the summer, of course, not now... Nice to meet you guys... Can I just say that I love what you're doing? Great to make someone feel welcome, you know, by having, cameras, and a crew to follow you... You know...

DIRECTOR(OFF)
-Were filming this office,
capturing the everyday lives of
the people here.

WENDY
(only truly clueing in
now to what's going on)
Oh really! Wow. That's very cool!
I had no idea haha! Hah- not to
say I was unprepared for today.
Are you guys showing this to Mike
at the end of-

A knock at the door. Wendy stands up, excited.

INT. OFFICE, MANAGERS OFFICE DOORWAY

WENDY
Oh, guess that's for me!

Wendy answers the door, revealing a man named Robert,
thirties and well-dressed, with a security guard standing
beside him.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Hi!

SECURITY GUARD
Excuse me mam, you're going to
have to come with me.

WENDY
Oh, okay. I'm Wendy, by the way.

Wendy sticks out her hand. The security guard grabs her
shoulder, and begins to push her out of the office.

ROBERT
You can't just walk into buildings
and plonk yourself. Go back to the
shelter!

Robert spins around and smiles to the rest of the office,
as if someone would have applauded him for being clever. No
one is.

LISA
(to Robert)That's mean.

WENDY
Oh! Wait a second, there's a
misunderstanding.
(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)
I'm Wendy- Wendy Hannon- I'm the
new branch manager here.

The security guard stops to see if anyone will vouch for her.

Tracey, now aware of the commotion, speaks up.

TRACEY
Oh yah! Yah, she was suppose to be
here today.

ROBERT
How is it that no one knew about
this?

TRACEY
Well I knew about it.

ROBERT
Did anyone else know this?

Robert turns to the rest of the office. Norman, middle-aged, fat and cripplingly shy, far in the back, raises his hand. Beside him in his cubicle is Frank, balding, slender, with a permanently bitter face.

ROBERT (CONT'D)
Norman?

NORMAN
Mike sent an email.

ELEANOR
Why would only the accountants and
reception get let on?

FRANK
I didn't get an email! What are
you hiding, Norman?!

Norman shrugs.

By now, the security guard lets go of Wendy, and Wendy stands in the center of the office. No one looks pleased.

WENDY
Well! I suppose the cat is out of
the bag, but yes, I am your new
office manager. My name's Wendy,
I'm from Raymond Alberta, I have
several years experience in
management positions.

(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

I like to cook, I'm a big fan of Breaking Bad! Yeah, what's up with that ending! And LOST too, jeeze, that was even.. Anyways, I don't like to step on toes, so I'll try to make it my priority to keep things exactly the same the way it was with the last boss... Unless there was a need for change, of course, if so then I'll get this place going at full speed! Time for a revolution, hah, like Chee!... But no need to blow things out of proportion, from what I can tell you all are doing a fine job without a boss. Not that you won't need me. But...

Wendy clears her throat, hoping someone will help make this not so uncomfortable. No one rises to the occasion.

Wendy smiles and claps her hands. No one says anything, all still rather peeved at the news of a new manager. Wendy quietly returns to her office with an irritated look on her face, as her voice-over continues over the last little bit.

WENDY TALKING HEAD

WENDY

I know this tactic very well- the "let's be mean to the substitute teacher!" routine. They act tough, and give no compassion what-so-ever, so that by the end of the day, the substitute teacher has no choice but to let them color for the final block so that they like her. Buy them a cake. No. I don't give in to that tactic. I should know! I used to be a substitute teacher, for the sixth graders. This one class was giving me that schtick, and I was not playing their games. So I took a ruler, slapped it as hard as I could against a desk, and shouted, "HEY KIDS! I'M, I'M NOT HAVING IT!"... Yeah. I hit that desk so hard that the ruler shattered! Broke into six different pieces. Hit one kid in the ear! Scared the bejeezers out of them, hah..

(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)
(boastful) They ran home crying to
their parents!...
(deflating)...(blushing)... I
don't work with kids anymore.

INT. OFFICE, NORMAN AND FRANK'S CUBICLE

Frank looks peeved.

FRANK
I don't get it, Norman.

NORMAN
You're telling me.

FRANK
I'm talking about the email.

NORMAN
Oh, right.

FRANK
It's unbelievable.

NORMAN
Yeah.

FRANK
Ted wasn't a bad manager.

NORMAN
Yeah.

FRANK
And I'm not bad-mouthing Ted
either.

NORMAN
No.

FRANK
But this Wendy... Total B.

NORMAN
She is pretty big.

FRANK
What? No, Norman. You know. *B.*
Bih...

NORMAN
Big.

FRANK
No. She's a fine size.

NORMAN
I like her.

FRANK
Me too.

ROBERT TALKING HEAD

ROBERT
How do I feel about a new manager?
Fine. I'm a little peeved they
didn't hire someone already
working here in the office. I'm
not saying that I wanted the
promotion. Because I'm not in the
paper business for the promotions-
I'm here for the connections. If
you were an inspiring
entrepreneur, what would you
consider the easiest way to meet
local businesses? Sure, I could
try to go and shake everyone's
hands, show them that I'm
available. That I care. But as a
salesman, I can sell them paper
here, a printer there, and in the
future? After the paper business
is done and were just friends? I
can sell them a car. Because they
trust me. But I'm not in the car
business. I'm just saying. It's an
example. I can sell you on a lot
of examples. Got tons in stock.

INT. OFFICE, MANAGERS OFFICE

Robert knocks on the door, and lets himself in.

WENDY
Hi!

ROBERT
Hi! How is your first day going?!

WENDY
... Good! I guess!

ROBERT

Crazy! Hah! Sorry about calling you homeless earlier, we have a problem here in the office with vagrants coming around.

WENDY

Really? Wow. Out here?

ROBERT

Believe it or not, middle class suburbs are one of the most popular locations for the homeless.

WENDY

Jeeze! I did not know that. I would have thought this being on the second floor that maybe,

ROBERT

Nooo, not at all. Anyways, I'm Robert, one of the salesmen here.

WENDY

Nice to meet you. You know I'm going to have to get around to having some one on one time with everyone here.

ROBERT

(over-selling it) That's a *great* idea!

WENDY

(Lingering irritation) Thanks..

ROBERT

What's that lovely scent that I'm smelling?

WENDY

I'm not sure.

ROBERT

Is that a lavender perfume?

WENDY

No, but the shampoo I'm trying out is, uh, dove? What's dove scent? I know it's not actual dove smell,

ROBERT
 (too much) Hahah! Good one! I
 think we're going to get along
 fine, Wendy.

WENDY
 That's sweet of you to say, me
 too.

WENDY TALKING HEAD

WENDY
 I don't like Robert.

INT. OFFICE ENTRANCE

Later in the day, Wendy signs for a delivered cake at the front from the front door. Wendy watches from her office, and smiles gleefully to the camera.

Wendy and Tracey prepare the breakroom, setting up plates for cake and cups for drinks, as well as placing some balloons and things for decoration.

WENDY(V.O)
 There's no better way to meet
 people than through a party.
 That's how I met my best friend,
 Barbara, back in college. I also
 met my husband in a college party
 too! The only difference I want
 this party to have from my college
 parties is no alcohol. That's
 against rules. I'm assuming. I'm
 also not going to take my top off!
 Hah! Unless that helps liven up
 the party.

INT. BREAKROOM, PARTY

Everyone from the office is present in the break room, all standing in a circle, with cake and drinks in the hands. No one is talking- pin drop silence as everyone quietly eats cake.

Wendy watches patiently for someone to say something.

Norman clears his throat, after taking too large a bite of cake. Everyone turns eagerly to here what he might say.

Norman notices everyone is waiting for him to say something.

NORMAN
(quiety)Excusem...

Norman leaves the room.

Wendy starts to cave in and tries to talk first.

WENDY
Come on.. Let's liven this up a bit, huh! We're all just a bunch of standing corpses here!

A cut to Tracey's face as the color leaves it.

Wendy turns on dance music. "Walking on Sunshine."

Wendy starts to dance.

WENDY (CONT'D)
I don't know what the last boss did to you, but he's gone now! He's not coming back! It's okay! This is a place where you should feel comfortable with dancing and having fun! Live a little, guys!

Lisa starts to cry, and also leaves the room.

ELEANOR
(to Danny)
This was his favorite song.

Wendy eavesdrops.

WENDY
It's mine too, but you don't see him dancing by himself to it, do yah?!

A cut away to the cake on the table, reading, "WELCOME WENDY!"

A cut away to outside the breakroom, with Robert talking to Wendy.

ROBERT
He died.

WENDY
What?

ROBERT
The last manager- he died. Shot himself.

WENDY
Oh wow. Jeeze! How did no one ever tell me this!?

ROBERT
We just assumed you knew.

WENDY
When did it happen?

ROBERT
Last week.

WENDY
Really?!

ROBERT
We had his funeral yesterday. Terrible stuff.

WENDY
Oh my God... And I was dancing! Ah, this is so *embarrassing*.

WENDY TALKING HEAD

WENDY
I feel like there should be some obligation to say that the previous guy killed himself. Somewhere in the interview, or the job description, you know? They let what's his face know in *The Shining*! And look how that turned out! Jack Nicholson, I think?.. Jeeze. He's a good actor.

INT. OFFICE BREAK ROOM

Wendy walks back into the room now, fully aware of how rude her behavior was just before. She walks over and turns off the music. Everyone turns to her.

WENDY
Can I just... Apologize for my actions from earlier?
(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)

Robert here just informed me about your previous managers, uh, (whispering) suicide, and I apologize because I was not aware of this. Look, I know this is a bad first impression, let me tell ya.. But can you give me a shot? This is stressful on me too, and I just want us all to get along. I want this to work out for all of us. So if you guys need anything at all, a shoulder to cry on, just let me know. Okay?

People nod, accepting of her apology. Wendy smiles in relief.

In the door frame stands a man named Mike Humphries. He's Wendy's boss.

INT. MANAGERS OFFICE

A cut to later as Wendy and Mike sit down in her office.

MIKE

I was just in the neighborhood, thought I'd check in to see how our new office manager is doing on her first day!

WENDY

Oh it's great!

MIKE

Yeah?

WENDY

I'm loving it.

MIKE

Great to hear.

WENDY

But I do have to say... I really wish you told me about Ted.

MIKE

What about Ted?

WENDY

That's Ted's dead- That Ted died!

MIKE

Oh, right. Well, Ted killed himself for personal reasons. Not business reasons. So I didn't think it was a *requirement* to tell you, but more of a... uh.. Slip of the mind.

WENDY

Well I wish I knew before I made a fool of myself out there. I just danced by myself and told everyone live a little.

MIKE

Yikes! That's embarrassing!

WENDY

Yeah. No kidding.

MIKE

But everything else is going fine?

WENDY

I suppose so. I'm still getting set-up, y'know, throwing that party, getting email on my computer...

MIKE

It's a stressful day, I know, especially with that layoff you'll have to do before the end of the day, but luckily, it's only the first day. Things should be all uphill from here! You know, I used to be a branch manager, before I was promoted. It's really, really easy... 98% of the time. Not a lot happens to paper companies. Were the business equivalent to a glass of warm water.

WENDY

Wait-what? Layoff?

MIKE

You know the layoff. I emailed you?

WENDY

Um..

MIKE

Before Ted left, well, killed himself, he was supposed to handle some downsizing in this branch. We've been trying to call all week to get his answer. Now that he's gone, we still needed a new manager. But we also need to save about fifty thousand in payroll a year still. And while Ted had three weeks to decide before the fiscal year end, you have until... Tomorrow morning. Yikes!

Wendy nervous laughs.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Stressful I know, but I didn't hire you because you were the only person to show up for the interview. I hired you because I knew you can make hard decisions. Now, good luck.

Mike shakes Wendy's hand.

Wendy looks terrified as Mike leaves the office.

INT. OFFICE, ELEANOR AND DANNY'S DESKS

We cut over to Eleanor and Danny. Eleanor is in her sixties with bad posture and a sour face. Danny is an aboriginal male in his thirties.

Eleanor looks at Danny. Danny sees her, raises his eyebrows to see what she wants.

Eleanor looks away. Danny looks down.

A moment later, Danny catches Eleanor looking at him again. Eleanor averts her eyes. Danny looks away.

Danny instinctively looks up at Eleanor again, to see if she's looking at him. She isn't. Eleanor looks up and catches Danny looking at her.

ELEANOR

Can I help you?

DANNY

No, nothing...

DANNY TALKING HEAD

DANNY

I'm Danny, I'm the in-house media guy for the company. It's a special position, since the other branches in other provinces don't have an in-house media person. Mainly because there isn't enough work for more than one person! Usually there isn't enough for one person either. My days usually consist of setting up my desk in the morning, writing an outline for what I need to do that day, and then stretch that out so it lasts a week.

Danny sits at his desk, showing off the ad-banner he's working on to the camera. It's rather minimal effort. We also see the name of the company- "The Canadaper Company".

A pan over to see Wendy in her office, looking out the window to see what everyone is doing.

INT. WENDY'S OFFICE

Wendy sits behind her desk as Lisa knocks at the door. Wendy waves her in.

WENDY

Hi!

LISA

Hi! I'm Lisa, I'm human resources and office relations. Nice to meet you.

WENDY

Oh right! Well that sounds important! How are you holding up?

LISA

Uh, fine, I guess. I just figured I'd introduce myself, and I guess... Take you up on that shoulder, hah!

WENDY

Right yes!

LISA

You just seem like a person I can trust, you know, last year my mom died, and you kind of.. Yeah. Ted was a real good guy, y'know, really cared about the people here.

WENDY

Well I hope I can be even more caring than Ted!

Lisa starts to cry.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Oh, now then... Dear.. Dearie.. Can I call you Dearie?

LISA

Sure...

WENDY

Dearie... What was your actual name again?

LISA

Lisa.

WENDY

Right! Sorry, Lisa.

LISA

It's just been a hard few years for me, I've just lost so many people... And my dog's not doing well either...

WENDY

Oh...

WENDY TALKING HEAD

WENDY

Well I can't fire Lisa. It'd be so mean! Can't have two people killing themselves. Jeeze. That was mean.

INT. OFFICE, NORMAN AND FRANK'S CUBICLE

Wendy walks over to Norman and Frank, as the two are busy trying to unlatch their swivel chairs wheels from being stuck to each other. Their cubicle is very small.

FRANK
Dammit Norman, roll back!

NORMAN
I'm pulling!

FRANK
No! Roll back!

NORMAN
Push?

FRANK
No! Roll back!

Norman starts to bounce.

FRANK (CONT'D)
How the hell do you think that's
the answer?

WENDY
Knock knock! Hello!

FRANK
Hi.

WENDY
I'm Wendy! Just doing my tour of
the office, getting some one on
one time.

FRANK
Frank Jenkins.

NORMAN
I'm Norman.

WENDY
What do you guys do?

FRANK
We're accounting.

WENDY
Oh wow, two of you huh... For one
kind of job!

Norman and Frank nod to each other.

WENDY (CONT'D)
And this is a cramped little
cubicle! Definitely not enough for
two people.

FRANK TALKING HEAD

FRANK

We used to have this sweet setup. Norman and I had our desks turned to the front, so we each had our own little corner. And no one could look in and see what we were doing on our computer. The only downside was that there wasn't a way to get out of the desks.

A cut away to a flashback, of Norman and Frank struggling to squeeze out of the six inch gap between their desks.

FRANK(CONT'D)

We were fine with it, it was a small price to pay for privacy. But the building said it was a fire safety violation.

A cut to the flashback again, as a man takes measuring tape and measure the gap. Norman is sweating.

FRANK(CONT'D) (CONT'D)

That's when I really started to resent this company. Norman too.

INT. WENDY'S OFFICE

WENDY

I'll be honest with ya. I have to fire someone today. It's a bad start to me being manager here, but they only let me know now and it's something that was always happening, but it's just bad timing. But I don't know the people here well enough. So I need your advice.

ROBERT

I'm glad you came to me.

WENDY

Yeah. What do I do?

ROBERT

Well, we have four salesman. Three after me. Two accountants... What does Eleanor do?

WENDY

Who's Eleanor?

Robert points to Eleanor.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Oh, I don't know.

ROBERT
That's not a good sign for her.

WENDY
That's a good point.

Wendy looks on her computer to pull up information on Eleanor.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Ah, shoot. Quality Assurance and Communications. That sounds important, dammit.

ROBERT
Hmmm.

WENDY
What about that guy? Uh, Danny?

ROBERT
I don't know. Danny's a good guy.

WENDY
Apparently so was Ted, but he's not work... Okay, that's bad. Came out wrong.

ROBERT
Plus Danny's native.

WENDY
So?

ROBERT
He's the only guy who's not white here. That might be a problem for, I don't know, diversity in the workplace.

WENDY
What's Eleanor?

ROBERT
She's white.

WENDY
She looks Chinese.

ROBERT
I think she's just squinting.

WENDY
(whispering)She's always squinting
though!

ROBERT
I think she just can't see her
screen.

WENDY
Eh, I don't know.

A cut over to Eleanor, squinting at her monitor. She is
also Chinese.

WENDY (CONT'D)
How the heck am I supposed to fire
someone?

ROBERT
...What you could do, just an
idea, is write the termination
email now. Then at the end of the
day, send it. Take the weight of
figuring the how out.

WENDY
That's not a bad idea. Like
writing a hate letter that you
never actually send. Except I send
it. And it's not so hateful. Just
as depressing though.

ROBERT
Exactly.

WENDY
I'm gonna do that. I like that.
Confrontational is the worst way
to handle your problems. Too
stressful.

INT. OFFICE BREAKROOM

Danny stands, making himself a pot of coffee. Robert walks
in, and nods to Danny.

ROBERT
Danny-boy.

DANNY
Hi Robert.

ROBERT
Catch the game last night?

DANNY
Sorry, I don't watch sports.

ROBERT
Ah. I see...

DANNY
Is it hockey season?

ROBERT
Pardon?

DANNY
What was the game last night?

ROBERT
Oh, I don't know. I was just making small talk.

DANNY
How'd you handle the snow last night? Crazy right?

ROBERT
I hate small talk. We can talk about anything in the world, why are we talking about the things that literally happen to everyone?

DANNY
What's your deepest fear?

ROBERT
Brain aneurysms.

DANNY
Oh.

INT. NEAR NORMAN AND FRANK'S CUBICLE

Lisa and Eleanor stand by the photocopier, talking.

ELEANOR
Have you ever been to the Adventure Hotel restaurant?

LISA
Oh, no.

ELEANOR

I was there yesterday. The special was borscht soup, and toast. Eighteen dollars, with tea.

LISA

Uh huh?

ELEANOR

It was horrible. The service was terrible. The food came *twenty minutes* late. And it was cold. My tea was cold too. I didn't pay for any of it. I went to the counter and said, "I am not paying for this." and walked out. They seemed to have gotten their head together better though. The soup this morning was okay.

Norman, throughout Eleanor's talk, keeps looking up and catching glimpses of Lisa. Lisa sometimes takes glances at Norman. The camera catches the top of someone's head, peaking over his cubicle, someone we haven't been introduced to yet. His name is Gary.

GARY(V.O)

You know how you work in a place and never get bothered? Never get a bundle of work that you don't want to do? You stay invisible. You don't speak up in meetings. You take your breaks when everyone is leaving. Come in five minutes earlier than the earliest person, leave five minutes later than the last person. Being invisible means you can get away with dedicating all your time to maintaining your Etsy page without anyone beating an eye. It's how I'm still married twenty years later. I also like to doodle.

A cut to Gary's tight squeezed cubicle, with doodles sitting on his desk.

INT. WENDY'S OFFICE

Wendy sits at her desk, just finishing up writing the email.

WENDY

(to camera)

"Dear Canadaper employee, I'm sorry to inform you that we will be cutting your position. It's a regretful decision that doesn't come lightly or without great thought, but as the economy shifts from paper to digital, corners sometimes need to be cut... blah blah... I hope we can remain on good terms."

Wendy shrugs to the camera.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Eh? Not bad. If I were getting this email, I'm sure this would be the nicest way I've ever been fired. It has an exclamation point in it. That's always positive! Not in an in your face way though. It's warm.

Wendy takes a deep breath, and looks out the window. She looks at the list.

The camera from behind her shoulder shows her mouse, scrolling up and down the list of employee names popping up on the email.

A light bulb goes off above Wendy's head.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Okay, so... Don't judge me.

Wendy closes her eyes. She flickers the mouse wheel, letting chance decide who to let go.

It stops on her own name.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Oh, hah! That's funny. Well, that can't happen. Obviously. It's not fair, but... Okay. No. I'm not going to look. Let fate be fate. Starting now. No looking.

Wendy again closes her eyes, scrolls randomly up and down the list, and clicks.

Then, she clicks send.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Oof. Done. What a relief. Oh boy.

Wendy stands up, and starts to head out to the office, to see how everyone is doing.

The camera shows Wendy's monitor- she clicked "send all."

Outside, it's relatively quiet. Wendy peeks around corners, seeing who's reacting to the news.

Then, she sees Lisa. She's starting to sob. People rush to console her.

LISA

I... I don't know what I did...

DANNY

You should ask Wendy. You deserve an explanation.

ELEANOR

How could they fire someone? With all the grief that we've been through this week? Unbelievable.

Wendy approaches the group.

WENDY

Can I just say Lisa, that I'm so, so sorry this had to happen. It wasn't my choice.

Over Wendy's shoulder, we can see Tracey, slowly pulling out her headphones, also in shock of the news of being fired.

LISA

Wha-what did I do?

WENDY

Like I said... Budget... Stuff..

The camera shows another few workers get the news. Another woman starts to cry.

Frank stands up from his cubicle.

FRANK

What the hell is this?!
Unbelievable!

WENDY

I'm sorry Lisa had to go but-

FRANK

Norman I understand, but me?! I've been here eight years!

Danny now sees his email.

WENDY
Okay, well, uh,

TRACEY
You're fired too Frank?!

DANNY
Me too...

ELEANOR
Is the branch closing, Wendy?

WENDY
What? No! No, no no no... There's
been a mix up.

ROBERT
Thanks for nothing, Wendy. Come
on!

WENDY
Guys! I'm so sorry! There's been a
terrible mix-up, you'll find it
funny, soon, haha!

Everyone waits.

WENDY (CONT'D)
I accidentally sent all of you the
same email. It's my bad, a
misclick.

DANNY
So we're not all fired?

WENDY
No! Of course not. None of you are
fired.

ROBERT
Someone was fired.

WENDY
Hmm?

ELEANOR
If you sent the email, it means
you were going to fire someone.
Who were you going to fire?

Wendy sweats.

WENDY

Uhh.

Everyone waits patiently.

WENDY (CONT'D)

... Gary?

The camera zooms in over to Gary's small corner, his head popping up over the walls.

His plan has failed.

WENDY(V.O)

You know, fate is a funny thing. Me getting hired here, I don't know if that was fate. It was a coincidence that they hired me during the last managers suicide. It was an accident that I was fired from my last job- an accident on my part, I should clear up. It might've been luck that caused me to click that 'send all' email, but that's terrible luck. Bad luck. As for Gary? Well, that had to be fate. I had no idea that a Gary worked here. I just threw a name out there and hoped I didn't look silly! That was somethin'. I really lucked out there. Too bad for Gary though.

A cut to Gary, packing up his desk angrily. He slaps a final picture onto his desk, too obscene and heavily blurred out.

THE END