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| Translated by: Chyan Henning  ENGL – 40502  Dr. Fleming  Unessay  November 21, 2019 | Season 5 - Episode 13  "Stresse Relief"  Written by Paul Lieberstein  Directed by Jeffrey Blitz  Original Air Date: February 1st, 2008 |

The Knight: Last weke I yaf a fir savete talke. [clers throte] And noo bodye paien eni attenden. Hits myn ouen faute for usinge PoverPointe. PoverPointe is boring. Peple leere in mani of different weis, but experience bereth the flour techer. [lightere a cigarette] Todai, smokynge is goinge to save liues. [throus cigarette into garbage kan fillen with papir and lightere fluid]

The Knight: [loking arounde office to sen if anion notices the smoken] Doon anion smell anithynge smoky?

The Prioress: Dide yow bringen youre yerkid in ayen?

The Knight: [clers throte]

The Second Nun: [pointen to smoken] Oh, myne God! Uh, Oh myne God!

The Wife of Bath: What--

The Clerk: Wowe, fir!

The Knight: Oh, fir! Oh myn goodnesse! Whats the pleine? What don we don, peple?

The Second Nun: The phones are ded.

The Knight: Oh, how dide thilke happen?

The Monk: Hits oute in the hall.

The Knight: Nan, we don woot thilke. The smoken colde be cominge throgh an air dukk.

The Chaucer: Oh myn God! Wel, hit happenen. Everychoun steien calme.

The Knight: Whats the pleine, everychon? Whats the pleine?

The Chaucer: Steien swiving calme!

The Knight: Waiten, waiten, waiten.

The Chaucer: Everychon, nou [swiven] calme doun!

The Knight: Nan! Nan, The Chaucer! Nan! Touche the hondle. If hits hot, ther colde be a fir in the hallwei.

The Chaucer: What doon warm mene?

Everychon: [gronen] Oh myn God.

The Knight: Nat a viable chois.

The Second Nun: Fonde a different dore.

The Knight: Wel, whats nexte?

The Chaucer: Don yronne.

The Knight: Oh! Heres a dore. Chek thilke oon oute. Hows the hondle?

The Clerk: Hit-- hits warm.

The Knight: Well, uh, a newe chois. [everychon talken at anes]

The Manciple: Bak dore.

The Knight: Bak to oure choises. Jeez! Ok! setle doun everychon. Nan bunchynge!

The Wife of Bath: Oh! I foryeten myne mal.

The Miller: Leve hit woman!

The Chaucer: Geten oute of the wei! Wenden, wenden, wenden!

The Knight: Gere kan be replacen, The Wife of Bath! Peple, bern liues, hou evere, kan...

The Host: Ah! Myne honde! Thilkes hot!

The Clerk: Aah! This ones hot two!

The Chaucer: Wel, were trappen. Everychon for himselve.

The Knight: Wel, lettes wenden.

Everychon: [shouten] Oute of myne wei! Lettes wenden. Geten oute of myn wei!

The Knight: Calme, plesen

The Clerk: Geten oute of the wei!

The Knight: Haven yow evere seighen a burn victim?

The Clerk: Moue hit!

The Knight: Wel! Pleine, pleine. Exit choises. Ther don we wenden folks? Wha-- Usen a what to couer the mouth?

The Prioress: [pullinge cat oute of filinge drawer] Hits wel. Shh shhh.

The Knight: A what? A ragge. A dampen ragge, peraventure. Lettes remembren the pleines. What are the choises? Wel, thilkes the wrong wei. Weve alredi trien thilke. Remembren your exit pointen. Exit pointen peple.

The Prioress: The Host.

The Knight: Whats nexte?

The Prioress: The Host!

The Host: Steien alive! getinge helpen!

The Prioress: Pull me up!

The Host: Youre two hevi!

The Prioress: I onli wei 82 pounden! Uh-- save Bandit! [throus cat into air dukk and he fallen oute throgh the other side] Oh!

The Knight: How abouten 911? Anion? 911. [The Chaucer throus a chaiere at the windou, The Monk smashes a chaiere throgh the venden mashine and biginnes to grab snacks, everychon is shouten.]

The Second Nun: What don we don?

The Knight: Usen the surge of fear and adrenaline to sharpen your decisioun-maken.

The Manciple: Wel, I am nat diing here. Coom on. [everychon is coughen fro the smoken, The Knight lights som fir crakers and thei stert poppinge]

The Prioress: What is thilke? What is thilke?

The Clerk: The firs sheten at us!

The Wife of Bath: What in the devise of God is goinge on?!

The Clerk: Yis! [The Knight pulls fir alarm] Yis, ba-- Yis, bateringe ram! Bateringe ram!

The Wife of Bath and The Pardoner: Ahhhh!!! [The Hosts leg crashen throgh the celing]

The Clerk: Wenden, wenden, wenden, wenden, wenden!! [The Clerk and The Manciple ram the dore with the copie mashine]

The Chaucer: [throus the projector oute the windou] Helpen!! Helpen!!

The Miller: abouten to dien!

The Knight: [blowynge air horn] Attenden everychon! Employees of Dunder Mifflin! This hath be a teste of oure emergens pleinenesss. Ther is nan fir. Hit was onli a simulacioun.

The Manciple: What?!

The Knight: Fir nat real. This was merely a trainen exercise. [The Host drops doun fro the celing], what haven we leereed? [The Miller fallen to the flor] Oh coom on. Hits nat real The Miller. Don haven a corage atakken.

The Chaucer: Nan, nan, nan! Yow wol nat dien! The Miller! The Miller! Yow wol nat dien! The Miller! The Miller! Barack is president! Yow are blak, The Miller! goon yeven him mouth to mouth.

The Manciple: Nan, nan, nan! Don yeven him mouth to mouth for this!

The Chaucer: Hes goinge to swolwe is tonge.

The Manciple: Nan. The Chaucer. The Chaucer.

The Chaucer: Open your mouth. Coom on. Don swolwe hit.

The Manciple: [everychon shouten at anes] The Chaucer! The Chaucer!

The Chaucer: Leve me al--

The Clerk: Youre chekening him!

The Chaucer: Saven him!

David Wallace: How colde yow possibli wene this is a good idea?

The Knight: Mani of ideas were nat accepten in ther time.

The Chaucer: Povre.

The Knight: Sope.

David Wallace: Yow colde haven burnen doun the hole bildinge.

The Knight: I juste want to saie for the recorde, I dide nat kill anion. The Miller was atakken with his ouen corage. And he sholde be relesen fro the hospital and bak in the office in a feue dais.

Lawyer: Dide yow shoute, "Fir!", causen a panik?

The Knight: Yis I shouten "fir!". I shouten manie gere! I eek shouten instrucciounes on how to geten oute of the bildinge, yow kan imaginen myn frustracioun as savete officer whan noo bodye wole heed of what-- heeded--

The Chaucer: Hed. Hedded

The Knight: Whan nan oon hedded--

The Chaucer: Taa hedded of.

The Knight: N-nan oon wole taa hedded of myn instrucciounes.

The Chaucer: Heed. Heed.

The Knight: yow--

The Chaucer: Taa heed of.

The Knight: And, well, I don sen myn co-worken--

The Chaucer: Taa heed of.

The Knight: Hee-heeding this right nou.

Lawyer: Wh--what?

The Chaucer: Wel. [walken to the windou, sighs] This cite. The Knight. We are nat wood, we are juste disapointen.

David Wallace: Nan, we are wood.

The Chaucer: Yis. We are. We are livide. But we are goinge to lette this oon sliden.

David Wallace: Nan, were nat.

The Chaucer: I am nat a minde ireden, David.

David: Loken, this is verray serious offens. We haven causen to fir yow.

Michel: Kan yow shove doun? In stede... shove doun, plesen. In stede, what I wene we sholde don is strepen of your title as savete officer.

The Knight: Nan.

The Chaucer: And we sholde taa a side of his paie and mak donacioun to hit the charite of your chois. Somthynge thilke The Knight doon nat list.

The Knight: PETA.

David Wallace: The Chaucer, yow haven to taa respounse here. Oon of your employiers hadde a corage atakken. He colde haven dien, bicause of the wei thilke yow are allowing your office to yronne. Don yow want thilke on your conscious?

The Chaucer: Don yow?

David Wallace: The Chaucer?

The Chaucer: Yow talken to me?

David Wallace: Yis.

The Chaucer: What?

The Knight: Well... I gessen we papered ouren thilke pretty nicely. [chuckles] Hit ay amuses me whan corporate wenes thei kan maken som big chaunge with a twenti minute meting in som fancy high-rise. Whats the mattere? Yow hungrie?

The Chaucer: [sighs] Nan, The Knight. I am worried. A mans lif is in myn hondes.

The Knight: Don yow worwe abouten thilke. I got hit coveren. Wel?

The Chaucer: Yis.

The Knight: I pleinying a bomb skere thilke sholde realli geten the blod pumpen.

The Chaucer: Thilkes nat goon happen. takyng ouren as savete man.

The Knight: What? Yow?

The Chaucer: Yis.

The Knight: Coom on.

The Chaucer: I witti guy. I wol figure hit oute.

The Knight: Thilkes preposterous.

The Chaucer: Nan, I wol.

The Chaucer: Noo bodye sholde haven to wenden to werke thinkinge, "Oh, this is the plas thilke I might dien todai." Thilkes what a hospital is for. An office is for nat diing. An office is a plas to liu lif to the fullen, to the max, to... An office is a plas ther drems coom sooth.

The Chaucer: Shhh! Don exciten him. Don maken him exciten. [whisperen] Welcomen bak, The Miller.

The Miller: Thanken yow, The Chaucer.

The Miller: Hits sooth. Arounde this office, in the passed, I haven be a litel abrupt with peple...

The Miller: [flashbak] Nat maybe. Yis or nan.

The Miller: [flashbak] Nan wei. Uh-uh.

The Miller: [flashbak] Are yow fro a newe planete?

The Miller: [flashbak] Boie, haven yow loste your minde? Causen I wol helpen yow fonde hit.

The Miller: [flashbak] Dide I stutter?

The Miller: [flashbak] I doone.

The Miller: But the leche quod if I kant fonde a new wei to relate mo positifly to myn surrounden goinge to dien.

The Chaucer: The Clerk.

The Clerk: [in a British accent] A throne for your highness.

The Miller: nat sitten in a whelechaiere.

The Chaucer: Nan, nan, nan. Nan debaten. Yow are goinge to sitten in thilke whelechaiere until yow are bak on your feet.

The Miller: goinge to dien.

CPR trainer: A-B-C. Wel? And hat stondes for... airwei, brething and circulacioun.

The Chaucer: Wel, yow woot what? Thilke colde be a litel confusen, bicause in sales A-B-C means "ay be closing."

The Knight: This is a farsen. I sholde be teching this cours.

The Chaucer: Shut hit. Shut hit.

The Chaucer: We fond oureselues on the less reden side of gere whan The Miller hadde his... whan his corage glood berserk. And I koude exacten what to don, but in a muche mo real sense I hadde nan idea what to don. I wenden we sholde haven CPR trainen class and of cours yow kant geten the practise leyman but if the instructour coomen along with hit. Red Cross, yow woot, racket.

The Monk: [yevyng chest compreshiouns to the practise leyman] I kant kepen doon this forever.

CPR Trainer: Hits be 20 secounds.

The Monk: Calle hit.

CPR Trainer: Wole yow list to fonde nexte?

The Knight: Absolutli I wole nat.

The Chaucer: Yow woot who I realli wene sholde wenden? The Miller.

The Miller: Oh, I don woot.

The Wife of Bath: Thilkes nat a good idea, The Chaucer.

The Chaucer: Coom on.

The Wife of Bath: He nede to reste.

The Chaucer: Nan reste for the siken. We are nat ay goinge to be ther to coddle your corage bak whan hit disaperen to be werkynge. What are yow goon don if youre with yourself and your corage don weys?

The Miller: I wole dien.

The Chaucer: And youre wel with thilke?

The Miller: wel with the art of hit.

The Chaucer: Uh-uh. Nan, nan, nan. Coom on. Geten up. Lettes don this.

The Miller: Yis. I hadde a corage atakken. I wole quit, but two old to fonde a newe job and I don haven enogh saven to retire. I fele list werkynge in myne ouen casket.

The Chaucer: Coom on The Miller. Youre losinge yow. Youre losinge yow. Don hit!

The Prioress: The Chaucer!

The Chaucer: This is yow were talken abouten.

The Prioress: The Chaucer.

The Chaucer: Wel, wel. I wol sheuen hem. Here we wenden. [whispers] The Miller. Alle right.

CPR Trainer: assessing the situacioun. Are thei brething?

The Chaucer: Nan, Rose. Thei are nat brething. And thei haven nan arms or legs.

Rose: Nan, thilkes nat side of hit.

The Chaucer: Ther are thei? Yow woot what? If we coom acrois soms with nan arms or legs don we bother resuscitatynge hem? I mene, what kinden of qualite of lif don we haven ther?

The Monk: I wole want to lif with nan legs.

The Chaucer: How abouten nan arms? Nan arms or legs is basicali how yow exist right nou, The Monk. Yow don don anithynge.

Rose: Alle right, well, lete geten bak to hit. Causen youre losinge him. Wel, two fast. Everychon, we neede to pumpe at a pace of a 100 bets per minute.

The Chaucer: wel, thilkes uh, hard to kepen trak. How manie is thilke per houre?

The Manciple: Hows thilke goon helpen yow?

The Chaucer: I wol dividen and tho counte to hit.

The Manciple: Right.

Rose: Wel. Well, a good trik is to pumpe to the tune of Staiing Alive with the Bee Gees. Don yow woot thilke song?

The Chaucer: Yis, yis I don. I love thilke song. [clers throte, biginnes to sing] First I was skeren, I was petrified.

Rose: Nan, hits--Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, staiing alive, staiing alive.

The Chaucer: Wel, I got hit.

The Pardoner: [to Rose] Yow were in the parkynge lot earlier. Thilkes how I woot yow.

The Chaucer: Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, staiing alive, staiing alive [The Clerk joinen in] Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, staiing alive, staiing alive.

The Chaucer: Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah...

The Clerk: Oh yow kan telle with the wei I usen myne walke a womans man, nan time to talke. Musike loud, women warm, be kiken arounde sin that I was boren. Oh, hits alright, hits wel, [The Chaucer and The Merchant joinen in] yow kan loken the other wei. Loo don don!

Rose: Wel!

The Clerk: Da, da, da, da, da, da, da

Rose: Wel!

Everychon: [moteren] Staiing alive, staiing alive.

Rose: Yis, wel. Yow not mainten 100 bets per minute, and the ambulance not ariven bicause noo bodye cleped 911. yow loste him.

The Knight: Wel, hes ded. Anion woot what we don nexte? Anibodi? Rose?

Rose: I haven nan idea.

The Knight: Anion else?

The Wife of Bath: We birien him?

The Knight: Wrong. Ehh. Chek for an bodi donour carde. If he hath oon, we onli haven minutes to hervesten.

The Pardoner: He hath nan walet, I chekken.

The Chaucer: He is an bodi donour.

The Knight: He is.

The Chaucer: Yis.

The Knight: Geten me som isen and a boket. [pulls oute thwitel fro holden thilke is attachen to his leg] Here we wenden.

The Prioress: Oh myne God! The Knight!

The Merchant: The Knight!

The Prioress: What are yow-- [peple are yellinge] What are yow doon?

The Knight: We serche for the bodi. Thers the corage? The preciouse corage.

The Miller: nat felinge well. I neede to sitten doun.

The Chaucer: Gretinge, The Miller.

The Clerk: The Miller.

The Chaucer: Are yow wel?

The Prioress: Oh myn God! [The Knight hath cut the face off the CPR leyman and putten hit ouren his ouen]

The Miller: Oh myn God!

The Prioress: The Knight!

The Knight: Clarice?

The Miller: Oh myn God!

David Wallace: Colde yow telle me why yow hadde to cut the face off the leyman?

The Knight: I not wene hit was verray realistic in the pleie and hit turns oute, hits pretty realistic.

David Wallace: We hadde to paie for hit. Cost us thirty fife hundred moneien.

The Chaucer: Fife thousand thre hundred moneien for a leyman?

The Knight: Wowe.

The Chaucer: Wel, loken. David, this is why we haven trainen. We stert with the leyman, and we leere fro oure mistaken. And nou The Knight kan nat to cut the face off of a real wight.

The Clerk: Hope yow brynge your appetitos. Myn lady. Myn tuna. A litel pleie popcorn. [domps popcorn in boule, hits almost alle seeds] Uh, damn hit. This pleie, mani of buzz. Nat cominge oute for a newe six months. Mrs. Albert Hannaday. frendshipe with the Nard-dog hath its privilegen.

The Second Nun: We don normally dounlad pleies ayenes the laue. Bicause were honeste, hardwerkynge peple.

The Manciple: And we don woot how.

The Second Nun: But The Clerk doon, we haven to wacche hit with him.

The Manciple: Punishement fits the crime.

Jessica Alba: [pleie] I want yow to mete myn nana. Nana...

Lily: Mmmhmm...

Jessica Alba: This is Sam.

Sam: Hi. Nice to mete yow Mrs. Hannaday.

Lily: Plesen-- Calle me Lily. [light laughe] Lettes plei Bridge. Yow kan be myne partnere.

Sam: Alright... Lily.

The Manciple: [after The Second Nun chekken her phone] Whats goinge on?

The Manciple: Uh, nan oon realli kan, but The Second Nuns parents are goinge throgh a litel bit of a rough pacche in ther mariage.

The Second Nun: Myne fader spenden the night at oure plas last night. Myn parents haven be fighten for weken and... hit kinden souken. The Manciples be grete. But goon neede to bien myn fader a robe.

The Second Nun: Hes nat seien what he nede to saie.

The Clerk: Hmm? Who? Sam?

The Second Nun: Yis.

The Manciple: I mene, thei juste neede to communicat, yow woot? If thei quod to ech othere what theyre seien to everychon else, tho--

The Clerk: Hmm.

The Clerk: The Manciple and The Second Nun are, list, pleie geniuses. Theyre cacchen gere thilke are totali goinge ouren myn hed.

The Chaucer: Hi, everychon. Corporate hath yeven The Knight twa striken. Thei are verray, verray angri with him. As a disciplinen mesure he is goinge to haven to issue a formal sorien. The Knight, haven yow reden your statmente of regreten?

The Knight: I haven.

The Chaucer: Lettes heere hit.

The Knight: [clers throte] "I stat myn regreten."

The Manciple: Yow not of memorisen thilke?

The Knight: I colde nat, bicause I don nat fele hit. Wel, everychon. I am goinge to neede yow to signen this statmente of regreten as an acknowledgement thilke yow heered hit. Wel? Everychon coom on up here. Hits nat a big dele.

The Wife of Bath: Hit is a big dele. Yow almost killen The Miller.

The Knight: Yis, right. I fillen him ful of butere and sugre for 50 yers and forcen him nat to exercise. Nou, taa a lessoun fro The Miller and rennen on up here and signen this, wel? Maken a line. Juste form a line right here. Signen hit! Signen hit nou!

The Second Nun: Hi fader. Yis The Manciple hath shaven creme, chek oure bathroum.

Lily: [pleie] in here.

Sam: I uh, soory I not uh, realisen yow were in a bath. Don yow want me to wenden?

Lily: I want yow to steien.

The Manciple: Gimme a breche.

The Clerk: I woot hit man. Yow woot, Lilly was supposen to be Nicole Kidman, um and hit was goon be Sophies moder, nat grandmoder. But tho Nicole kidman dropped oute thei glood with Lily, with a smal writen.

Sam: [pleie] Geten thilke in ther. Oh yis.

Lily: Geten thilke doone alredi.

Sam: I woot but if I geten hit in depen...

The Manciple: [to The Second Nun] Kan yow bileven this? [pausen] He was pretty talkative at brekefaste.

The Clerk: Yis... but... eh... brekefaste? Yow mene whan thei were eting broth? I don wene thilke was brekefaste. But if broth, doon broth simbolisen brekefaste?

The Second Nun: he doon nat shar hit with his doughter but he sharen hit with his doughters fiauncen?

The Clerk: Yow guys, theyre maken oute.

The Second Nun: Gretinge.

The Manciple: Gretinge.

The Second Nun: Um, dide myn fader saie anithynge abouten myn moder?

The Manciple: Mmm... nat, we mostli juste talken abouten cereal.

The Second Nun: [sighs]

The Manciple: What?

The Second Nun: I dunno. I mene, maybe hell talke to yow abouten som of this stuffe causen he kant realli talke to me abouten hit.

The Manciple: Mmm...

The Second Nun: Youre good to talke to.

The Manciple: [laughen] ok, nat, grete, and um... [nods]

The Chaucer: [in a monk-impressioun ton] Ohmmm... Ohmmm... Everychoun sitten on the flor Indien stile list me. [Meredtih sitten Indien stile in a clothynge exposen herself right in frount of The Chaucer] Ohmmm myn God if youre weren a clothynge plesen kepen your kne atones noo bodye wants to sen thilke ohmmm... ohmmm...

The Chaucer: Myn goal is to maken this office as pesfulle a plas for The Miller Hudson as I kan. I wene soun haven mani to don with thilke. Here are som dounloden pesfulle soun. [a feue of soun plei on the computer] Thilke oon maken me wene... of deth. Hits kinden nice...

The Chaucer: [everychon is liinge on the flor in the conferen roum with the light off, The Chaucer is walkinge arounde with a kandle in his honde] Hit is a beauteful, sonni dai as we walke throgh the medwe thilke is verray spiritual and relaxen and ther are flour and hit is sonni and beauteful. Nou, up ahed, a castel, in a distaunce.

The Manciple: Don open your eies.

The Second Nun: What? [opens her eies, The Chaucer is stondynge ouren her] Oh...

The Chaucer: And yow walke up toward the castel, and inside the castel are 4 men, and each of hem, noon of hem haven sho, and thei yeven yow a witti cigarette, and yow fele even mo relaxen, and tho yow want isen creme. Yow want a big boule of isen creme. What kinden don yow want? Shoute hit oute.

The Cook: Chunky monkey.

The Chaucer: Two expensive.

The Miller: Chocolate.

The Chaucer: Racism is ded The Miller, yow kan haven eni kinden of isen creme yow want. What don yow want? [bepynge stertes] What is thilke? Peple! Plesen I tald yow to geten rid of the phones.

The Miller: Hits myn bio-fedebak mashine...

The Chaucer: Oh, ok. What is thilke, list, a video agame?

The Miller: Hit alerts me whan myn stresse level goon up. I kan fonde to calme doun.

The Chaucer: Yow haven stresse?

The Miller: Yis...

The Chaucer: During oure relaxen exercise?

The Wife of Bath: Lette me geten yow som water.

The Chaucer: Nan nan, I wol helpen yow. I wol helpen yow up. Here we wenden.

The Miller: Nan, The Chaucer, Nan. [bepynge speds up]

The Chaucer: Lette me getcha.

The Miller: Wole ya, wole ya steppen bak plesen

The Chaucer: Ok, alright.

The Miller: Plesen. A litel fertheren.

The Chaucer: Ok. [bepynge slous doun]

The Miller: Thilkes bettre. [The Chaucer walken bak towards The Miller and the bepynge goon up ayen]

The Chaucer: Ok... I wene thilke thynge is on the fritz. Ahh... The Host, wole yow rechen ouren and touche his thynge? Thilkes what HE quod! Right guys, causen of jolif? [The Host hath The Millers monitor nou] Lettes yeven this a shote.

The Chaucer: Hellloo... [bepynge speds up as The Chaucer geten clos]

The Monk: The Chaucer, I wene youre whats stressen everychoun oute.

The Chaucer: ... hit was nat The Knight after alle. Loken list I am the killer. Yow nevere expect thilke youre the killer... hits uh... grete twist. Grete twist.

The Second Nun: Dunder Mifflin this is The Second Nun. Oh, gretinge Moder. Nan, what dide Fader saie?

The Second Nun: What dide yow saie to myn fader?

The Manciple: What?

The Second Nun: After yow talken, he cleped myn moder and quod he was goon loken for an hous.

The Manciple: myn God. The Second Nun, I don woot, I, nothing, soothly, nothing. I mene, I, I juste was honeste with him and I, soory, I don woot. I wol calle him ayen. [The Second Nun rollen her eies and walken awey]

The Manciple: Fifti percent of marriages end in divorcen, ... hit was her parents or myn parents...

The Second Nun: What colde The Manciple haven quod to maken myn fader want to leve myn moder? And at what pointe in oure marriage is he goon saie hit to me?

The Chaucer: I don geten hit. Don I stresse yow oute?

The Knight: Nothing stressen me oute. Except havinge to sechen the appreven of myn inferiors.

The Chaucer: Oh...

The Knight: Spekinge of which... [hondess The Chaucer the papir to signen for Dwights formal sorien]

The Chaucer: Remembren whan peple used to saie boce, whan thei were describing somthynge thilke was realli col list, those shulder pade are realli boce man... Loken at thilke perm, thilke perm is boce. Hits what wroght me want to become a boce. And I loken good in a perm and shulder pade. But nou, boce is juste slang for jerk in charge.

The Chaucer: Ok everychoun, Ive figured hit oute. The resoun thilke yow are alle stressen arounde me is thilke yow are two intimidated to telle me what yow realli wene. [The Manciple shaken his hed at the camera] Yow are kepinge these felinge inside, and thilke is whats causen stresse. What is the solucioun? Solucioun is honesten, laughen, and comedy. In shorte...

The Merchant: A vacacioun.

The Chaucer: What? Nan. Nan, I am talken abouten a roste! Of The Chaucer! Oh cmon! Who here hath the Comedy Central Roste channel? Yow hath seighen hit right? Everychoun geten atones, and everychon stertes hurling offens at the oon guy, and everychouns laughen, and everychouns embracen ech othere...

The Host: The Chaucer are yow serious? Yow realli want us to roste yow?

The Chaucer: Si senor.

The Host: Thilkes offens.

The Chaucer: Hits nat! Hits nat offens during a roste! Anithynge goon! I want yow guys to realli geten craken on this. I want yow to taa me doun. Don holden bak. I want yow to realli maken mirthe of anithynge abouten me. Hit colde be myn race, colde be the fact thilke fit, or womanizer... fair agame. Whatever. I don want to write your stuffe for yow, but I juste want hit to be good.

The Monk: [tolaughen] Oh myn GOD... Oh man... Ohhhhh myn God...

The Host: I consideren miself a good wight. But goon fonde to maken him crie.

The Chaucer: I kan alredi fele peples stresse stertyng to melten. I wene theyre verray exciten abouten paiinge ther respecten this wei. I haven got to maken seur thilke YouTube coomen doun to tape this.

The Knight: Moote I haven your attenden plesen? Signen in, signen in on the signen in shete, the clipborde. This metynge is mandatory, if yow don nat signen in your devise wol nat be counten. Thanken yow.

The Wife of Bath: Gretinge, this is your sorien letere.

The Knight: Thilke was the last signenature I neden.

The Chaucer: Whoo!! Welcomen welcomen welcomen welcomen welcomen. Yow are alle jerks. Juste kidden, nat yet aniwei. Welcomen to the roste of Mr. The Chaucer. If youre here for the Grabowski weddinge, hit is the secound dore on the lift. [The Pardoner loken arounde], we alle woot how these werke, nede to geten crazy, taa your best shote. I am goinge to sitten right here on myn chaiere and... ah... whoever wants to coom up and roste me, yow moote. [The Prioress jumpen up] Ok... louere the mike for the midget.

The Prioress: If yow evere wondren if yow were The Chaucer, heres a quiz to helpen. If yow evere putten sonneblokke on a windou, yow might be The Chaucer. [laughen]

The Prioress: I normally don enjoien maken peple laughen. [grennen]

The Prioress: If yow evere cleped the fir departement causen your hed was stuke in your chaiere yow might be...

Group: The Chaucer! [laughen]

The Chaucer: Gretinge Gretinge, I don wenden maken mete ther yow werke and tho telle yow how to maken mete. Ha ha!

The Merchant: I haven wroght a list of peple thilke I wole maken oute with erst I wole maken oute with The Chaucer. A turtel, a fridge, anibodi fro the warehous, a woodchipper, The Monk, a kandle, and Lord Voldemort. Aniwei, Happi Birthedai The Chaucer.

The Chaucer: Youre lukken! Good oon... [clapping]

The Cook: The Chaucer? Yow ran ouren me with your carre. Yow posten a picture of myn bar brest on the bulletin bord with a capcioun thilke quod "Gross"...

The Chaucer: Well...

The Cook: The Chaucer, yow are the resoun I drinche. Yow are the resoun I lif to foryeten.

The Chaucer: Pow pow pow... [hondes maken gonneshote impressioun, sporadic clapping]

The Host: [yellinge at The Chaucer in Spainish]

The Chaucer: [The Friar tries to coom on stage] NAN! Nan, frenden onli. Frenden ONLI. [The Friar shruggen and sitten bak doun]

The Manciple: Several times a dai, The Chaucer seien wordes thilke are wei biyonde myn vocabulary.

The Chaucer: I woot ther this is goin.

The Manciple: Don ya?

The Chaucer: Nan...

The Manciple: Ok. Remembren Spither facen?

The Chaucer: Nan.

The Manciple: OK. Causen the cote was, cut of your nose to spitherfacen.

The Chaucer: Spite her - ok [laughen]

The Manciple: Yis... yis.

The Knight: How durren yow alle atakken him list this.

The Chaucer: Oh, don wey hit The Knight.

The Knight: The Chaucer is your superior.

The Chaucer: Nan nan nan nan nan nan!

The Knight: Wel, yow sholde be bouing doun in frount of him.

The Chaucer: The Knight youre supposen to don hit this wei.

The Knight: Ok, nan, thei don understond who thei haven...

The Chaucer: Thilke is the wei youre supposen to don hit, layman.

The Knight: Youre interrupten me. trien to geten your bak.

The Chaucer: Layman. Layman! Layman. Layman.

The Knight: Are yow calling me an layman?

The Chaucer: Layman.

The Knight: Don yow evere talke to me thilke wei. Yow pathetic, shorte litel man. Yow don haven eni frenden, or eni kinde, or eni lond. [clapping and whooing]

The Second Nun: Well I juste want to taa a minute to talke to yow alle abouten somthynge verray serious. Ones everi houre, som is involven in an internet scam. Thilke man is The Chaucer. [laughen] Hes supporten abouten 20 Nigerian princesses.

The Chaucer: Gretinge, ya woot what? Foryeven me for caring. Right?

The Second Nun: Well, ya woot, The Chaucer is a grete delegat. He neuer doon eni werke hisself. Evere. And oon time, I walken in on him nake, and his thynge is smal. [soone walken off stage] If hit were an iPod hit wole be a shuffle! [clapping, laughen]

The Chaucer: Kan I maken juste a litel announcen. In a profeshinalle roste, usualli the roster wol saie somthynge nice abouten the roastee after theyre doone, somthynge abouten how muche thei love hem, juste, kepen thilke in minde.

Darryl: Mike claimen, were alle a kinde isnt thilke right?

The Chaucer: We are, we are a kinde.

Darryl: Ok, um, whats his devise? Alle the wei in the bak ther.

The Chaucer: Oh verray witti.

Darryl: Whats his devise?

The Chaucer: Uhh... hehe hah! thinkinge Roy?

Darryl: Roy lift yers ago. Whats his devise?

The Chaucer: I don bileven I haven hadde the plesaunce.

Warehous The Chaucer: The Chaucer I yaf yow a ride ham last weke, we spenden an houre in traffic...

Darryl: Whats his devise?

The Chaucer: Jefferson.

Darryl: Nat. His devise is The Chaucer. [The Chaucer mak the da dum ksch on the dromsette ayen]

The Clerk: [singinge and pleiinge the guitar] What I hete abouten yow, yow realli souken as a boce, youre the laziest, jerkiest and youre domben than appelsauce. Were stuke listeninge to yow alle dai, The Miller trien to dien juste to geten awey, heeey, well hits sooth. Thilkes what I hete abouten yow. Thilkes what I hete abouten yow. Yis. And nou, a man thilke deserven nan introduccioun, The Chaucer.

The Chaucer: Haha ha. Thanken yow verray muche, thanken yow. Thilke was grete. Grete job, grete laughen. Realli, realli glood after myn wit ther. [clers throte] Doseines of online IQ teste might preven yow wrong, but, and myn thynge isnt smal, its average, ... geten your facts streighten. [clers throte ayen] whan I heren thilke ther was goinge to be a roste in myn honour, I wenden [chekening up, clers throte ayen] soory. [laughen nervously] I wene I haven a frogge in myn throte. Um... [sigh] I deciden to jot doun som quik thoughts abouten yow peple, um, first up The Wife of Bath and The Monk. Uh um... [The Chaucer walken off stage, knokken ouren the snare drom]

The Second Nun: Dunder Mifflin this is The Second Nun. Uh, soory, The Chaucers nat here right nou kan I taa a message? Grete. I wol. Thanken.

The Knight: Hits verray unusual for The Chaucer nat to sheuen up to werke. Myn gessen? Hes either depen oversad, or an isikle hath snapen off his rof and impaled his brain. He hath this terrible habit of stondynge directly underneth hem and starynge up at hem. And I ay saie The Chaucer, taa twa steps bak, and stare at the isikle fro the side. And hes list nan, I list the wei thei loken fro stondynge directly underneth hem.

The Monk: [in the lunche roum, with a sok puppet] He is domb thilke he tries to putten his M&Ms in alphabete ordre. [laughen]

The Host: Alright The Monk. Enogh with the The Chaucer jokes. I wene he got hit ille enogh yesterdai.

The Monk: almost doone.

The Host: Thilke reken, and trien to et.

The Knight: Attenden everychon I juste got a text fro The Chaucer. He seien personnel dai. Are we hiringe?

The Manciple: Yis. Youre being replas.

The Second Nun: I wene he meant personale dai.

The Knight: Oh, thilkes quite a lep The Second Nun.

The Wife of Bath: I hope hes ok, I fele ille.

The Pardoner: Yeven hit up, hes ded.

The Manciple: He juste senten a text...

The Pardoner: Whats a text?

The Chaucer: [at a park throuing hole peces of bred] Caw... caw... caw caw... caw...

The Chaucer: Yow woot soms, to geten perspectif, I list to wene abouten a spaceman on a sterre incredibly far awey. And, oure problemes don mattere to him, bicause were juste a distant pointe of light. But he feels soory for me, bicause he hath an incredibly pouerful microscope, and he kan sen myn face. [loken towards the skie] wel. Nan, nat.

The Second Nun: The Wife of Bath theres a pakken for yow.

The Wife of Bath: Oh, ok. [The Wife of Bath signens for the pakken, opens an empti box]

The Knight: [after snacchen the clipbord with her signenaturen] Got hit.

Lily: [pleie] Sam, Sam Sam. Hits nat thilke yow dompen myn granddoughter, and its nat thilke yow want childen. Hit, hits thilke yow lien to me. Kant yow sen thilke? Kant yow sen? Oh, I kan nevere trust yow. [The Clerk loken list hes goinge to crie]

Sam: Lilly nan. Lilly! Lilly plesen! Lilly DON WEY! I don care how muche time we haven lift. I don care what myn frenden saie! And I don care what your moder wenes! Frankly pretty seur shes nat makin eni sense. Plesen. Moue bak to myn hous. [The Clerks criing, " Alle Oute of Love" stertes pleiinge] Lilly. nat yevyng up. nat yevyng up. Lilly... Lilly! Pushen the reverse butoun! Reverse the butoun!

The Clerk: [throgh teres] Sam! Sam!

The Second Nun: Gretinge Fader. Nan I woot, Moder tald me. Ok. Yis I wol sen ya tho.

The Manciple: what dide he saie? Was hit myn faute?

The Second Nun: Yis. He quod thilke yow tald him how muche yow love me. Abouten how yow fele whan I walke in a roum, and abouten how, yow hath neuer douten for a secound thilke the woman yow want to spenden the reste of your lif with. I gesse hes neuer felt thilke with myn moder, even at ther best.

The Manciple: Yow ok?

The Second Nun: Yis. [thei embracen]

The Second Nun: Whan youre a child yow assumen your parents are soul mates. Myn kids are goon be right abouten thilke. I gessen hit eek means thilke soms love aferes loken different to the peple inside hem. [The Clerk is in the bakground, loken incredulous]

The Clerk: I am nat insightful enogh to be a pleie cretik. Mm... maybe I colde be a vitaille cretik. These muffins taste ille. Hmm, or an art cretik. Thilke peinting is ille.

The Second Nun: The Chaucer! Hits realli good to sen yow.

The Knight: Gretinge. Why are yow weren a turtelnekke?

The Manciple: Are yow alright?

The Host: The Chaucer, I fele list I was a litel harsk yesterdai. [murmuren of agrement]

The Chaucer: I um, I spenden the afternon in the park trien to feed the brids, I gesse thei alle flew west for the winter, and I, I juste hadde som thoughts thilke I wanted to shar with yow peple.

The Second Nun: What?

The Chaucer: Well I writen hem doun I wolden foryeten. The Manciple, youre 611 and yow wei ninti pounden, Gumby hath a bettre bodi than yow. Bomben. Rosten. The Knight, youre a cos ars. Bomben. Rosten. The Second Nun, yow failen art scole. Bomben. Rosten. The Cook, yow hath swived manie guys youre stertyng to loken list oon. Bomben. Rosten. The Monk, I kant deciden bitwene a fat joke and a domb joke. Bomben. Rosten. The Pardoner, youre teeth cleped, your breth stinks. Bomben. Rosten. The Prioress thers The Prioress? [The Prioress raises her honde] Wowe ther yow are, I not sen yow ther bihind thilke grain of ris. Bomben. Rosten. The Miller, yow crushen your wif during sex and your corage souken. Bomben. Rosten. The Host, yow are... [The Miller is laughen] The Host, youre jolif.

The Host: Wowe.

The Chaucer: The Clerk, Cornell cleped, thei wene yow souken. And youre jolier than The Host. Bomben. Rosten. [The Miller is stille laughen] Alright. Alright everychoun, yow woot I kid, yow woot I kid. Yow guys are the resoun I glood into the papir note, uh, nighten, God blessen, God blessen America, and geten ham safe. [clapping and murmuren of appreciation]

The Chaucer: Thei saie thilke laughen bereth the flour fro medicine. The Miller, yow kan throu awey those pilles. Yow are curen. Actueli, yow sholde... bettre holden onto hem pilles, juste in case.

Character Despription

Dwight- The Knight

* Because he is “highest among the pilgrims” he is superior and wields a purple belt at one point in the show as well as being a volunteer deputy sheriff on the weekends. He will be the first to defend the office against any intruders.

Angela- The Prioress

* “Physical Characteristics: not undergrown, elegant nose, gray eyes,

small, red mouth, wide forehead. And personality Traits: Simple and coy (shy), neat, clean, clingy, helpless. Charitable, sympathetic, sentimental, tender-hearted (too much so)” Angela puts cats above all as does the Prioress. Their descriptions in physical and personality go hand in hand.

Kevin- The Monk

* The Monk and Kevin have some things in common, they are both bald and they are both fat. Kevin is also, “personable” and “he likes to eat” For example, M&M jar.

Toby- The Friar

He was literally a friar before he was an HR employee. 

Phyllis- The Wife of Bath

* Despite being married to Bob Vance, Vance Refrigeration, Phyllis is quite flirtatious at bars and is not afraid to put herself out there. She is also very “bold and social”.

Michael- The Chaucer

* Michael is The Chaucer because he lives to tell a story and one that is pleasing to all. He may not offer retractions in the show, but he does time and time again show us that he is smarter than he looks, he just presents that he tells the jokes (tales) that he does to please the people around him. Not everything is his belief. But, it also could be... It is left to the audience to decide who Michael is just as it is left to the reader on who The Chaucer is.

Jim- The Manciple

* The Manciple is a “provider of provisions for a college or court or monastery” just as Jim is a paper salesman. He is also “uneducated” but “smarter than he looks”.

Pam- The Second Nun

* Pam is The Second Nun because although she is known to Jim she is overlooked in the show by most of the characters for quite some time. The Second Nun is also overlooked in her description in the General Prologue, but she gets to tell a tale later just as Pam gets to have a tale in the show later on.

Oscar- The Host

* Oscar is the host because he too is “bold and tactful”as well as he maintains a calmer presence in the show. He aims to keep the peace. On a more direct note, he is gay and at one point The Host is passing some very bold remarks insinuating that he too may be.

Andy- The Clerk

* The highlight of his life is being a scholar at Cornell...

Meredith- The Cook

* Meredith is the cook because she got ran over by Michael and probably has a “sore on her leg”. She is also incredibly perverse, and the cook got interrupted because his tale was a little too raunchy.

Stanley- The Miller

* Stanley is a middle-class worker who struggles to get by and pay for his daughter’s education. He is also “stout” like The Miller and he is a “bad storyteller”.

Creed- The Pardoner

* He steals things ALL THE TIME. And the personality traits go hand in hand, “Personality Traits: Greedy fraud, shifty, keeps money from blessings to himself, Sneaky, untrustworthy, dishonest, he read and sang sermons well.”

Kelly- The Merchant

* The Merchant is “A trader in furs and cloth” and Kelly, had she been born in the 1400’s would have done the same. Clothes are incredibly important to her.

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