

The Office

Season 10

Episode 22 – The Rewatch

Fan Fiction by

Nick Janicki

theofficefanfic.com

Disclaimer: This content is of non-commercial fan fiction, written because of an abiding love for the original work. Any characters, settings or other details from original works in my stories belong to NBCUniversal and any other relevant copyright holders. This work is available solely for the public enjoyment of readers.

INTRO

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

Everyone is seated as PAM leads a presentation.

PAM

As you all know, summer is approaching and, as the lead of the Wellness Committee, we're gonna talk about a few ways we can maximize outdoors time during the workday while still being productive.

RYAN raises his hand.

PAM

Yes, Ryan?

RYAN

Summer technically doesn't start until June 20th. You do know it's early May, right?

PAM

Yes, I know, but this is more about the weather warming up and not the fact that it's actually summer.

RYAN

Well, why wouldn't you just clarify that?

PAM

Is it really that important to you?

RYAN

Yes. Respect the calendar, Pam.

DWIGHT raises his hand.

DWIGHT

Question: what if you don't believe in seasons?

OSCAR

How do you not believe in seasons?

DWIGHT

I do not believe in seasons nor calendars. I perceive time in my own way.

OSCAR

Then what is today for you?

DWIGHT

Today is a unique day. It comes after yesterday and before tomorrow.

PHYLLIS

How do you get anything accomplished with that mindset? What about meetings with clients?

DWIGHT

That is why I have Erin schedule my meetings. She simply tells me how many days in the future the meeting is.

PAM

Well, most people do believe in calendars and seasons. So, to Ryan's point, let's *prep* for the summer solstice by talking about activities we can start doing outside.

MICHAEL

What's the summer soul's dance?

PAM

Summer solstice. It's the brightest day of the year.

MICHAEL

I thought that was daylight savings.

ANGELA

No, that's when we change the clock forward or backward.

MICHAEL

Well, which one is it?

PAM

There are two daylight savings times, Michael. One in the spring and one in the fall.

MICHAEL

What about the one in the summer?

OSCAR

There isn't one in the summer.

MICHAEL

Why not? It doesn't seem fair that two of the seasons get one and the other two don't.

OSCAR

Only two are needed per year. It's to maximize daylight.

MICHAEL

So, when we change the clocks back we add an hour to the day? Thirty hours then?

STANLEY

How many hours do you think are in a day?

MICHAEL

I don't know, I don't count them all, Stanley. Pam, can you answer my question, please?

PAM

OK, so in the fall, the clock will go from two a.m. to one a.m. on daylight savings time. What have you been doing when the clocks change twice a year?

MICHAEL

I always thought it was an error.

PHYLLIS

An error on every clock around you?

MICHAEL

Yeah, like a collective error that only I knew had been made.

PAM

OK, well, do you understand now then?

Beat.

MICHAEL

No, I'm still not following at all.

Cut to a new scene in the conference room. PAM has now illustrated what daylight savings time means with a drawing of a clock moving backward and then the sun with a before and after on a whiteboard. MICHAEL is standing at the front of the room next to PAM.

PAM

So, you see how it's darker in the morning before the fall's daylight

savings? And after, how it's brighter in the morning?

MICHAEL

OK, I think I get it. The sun rises quicker after daylight savings.

PAM

Well, it's not the sun rising quicker, it's because we changed the time completely, so it *seems* like it's rising earlier.

MICHAEL

OK, right. Right, I got it now.

PAM

Great, can you sit back down so I can continue with the Wellness Committee meeting? This has already taken up half the meeting and I've barely gotten through anything.

MICHAEL bows and sits back down.

PAM

So, let's talk about some of the things we can-

MICHAEL's hand shoots up again.

PAM

What, Michael?

MICHAEL

You forgot to explain what happens in the other daylight savings time.

PAM throws her arms up in the air and groans. She grabs the whiteboard and leaves the conference room.

The camera cuts to MICHAEL in his chair. He looks from PAM to the camera.

MICHAEL
That didn't really answer my
question.

MICHAEL turns his head to the conference room doorway again as the camera still focuses on him.

MICHAEL
Pam . . . ?

Opening credits roll.

EPISODE

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

DWIGHT walks into the office carrying a projector. He nods at the camera as he brings it into his office.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE — DAY

DWIGHT talking head at his desk.

DWIGHT
Today marks the anniversary of the
airing of our first documentary,
which we've never really
celebrated in the past. But
everyone's here now for the first
time in years, so I'm making
everyone rewatch it in the
conference room this morning.

Beat.

DWIGHT
It also happens to be performance
review season, so rewatching the
documentary allows me to determine

who has excelled here since that time - and where fat needs to be trimmed.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

ALLEY walks up to JIM's desk.

ALLEY

Hey, man, do I really need to join this viewing party? I wasn't even here then. I mean, I was like egging my first house around that time.

JIM

Yes, you need to join. Trust me, it's the last thing anyone wants to do, but Dwight promised to back off the Wells Fargo Center account for a full month if we all attend.

INT. CALLROOM (ATHLEAP) - DAY

JIM talking head.

JIM

Yeah, I'm excited to rewatch the documentary. I can't wait to see how much I've grown.

JIM scratches his head.

JIM

And then how much I've since regressed, I guess.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

DWIGHT is moving everyone along into the conference room for the rewatch.

DWIGHT

Come on, let's go. We'll be watching two hours of it today.

STANLEY walks by DWIGHT.

STANLEY

So, we get these two hours taken out of our workday?

DWIGHT

Yeah, sure . . .

DWIGHT moves STANLEY along, then looks at the camera and shakes his head "no."

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

CLARK talking head.

CLARK

Oh, I'm totally pumped to rewatch this thing. I get to see myself as a twenty-five-year-old who can't grow facial hair and compare it to myself now: a thirty-two-year-old who can't grow facial hair.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

Everyone is seated with the lights off in the room. DWIGHT hits play on the projector and the video starts. The camera pans around the room to show everyone smiling.

Cut to a new scene as DWIGHT stands up in the dark room, shuts off the projector and turns on the lights (this is clearly right after they watched the documentary). Everyone looks extremely upset now.

DWIGHT

(smiling)

So, what'd we think? A lot's changed, hmm?

DARRYL

Oh, a lot's changed alright.

TOBY

I looked so good back then. I was in my prime.

STANLEY

We were *all* in our prime.

DWIGHT

OK, yes. Have our bodies changed? Of course. But we've improved in other ways. For instance, I went from Assistant to the Regional Manager to Assistant Regional Manager to Acting Regional Manager to salesman to Regional Manager. What a journey, right? What else did you notice?

ANGELA raises her hand.

ANGELA

I noticed that Oscar slept with the senator.

OSCAR

Angela, I thought we moved past this all those years ago. Besides, you're married to Dwight now.

ANGELA

What, are you gonna try to sleep with him, too?

OSCAR

Don't be ridiculous.

DWIGHT

Yes, don't be ridiculous. Oscar couldn't land me in a thousand years.

ANDY

Uh, I remember how Pete basically tore Erin and me apart.

ERIN

Andy, you did that on your own.

ANDY

I did not! And don't get me wrong, I so, so support you two now, but also: what the hell, man?

The room starts to erupt with various confrontations.

DWIGHT continues to smile while slowly backing out of the conference room.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT talking head at his desk.

DWIGHT

Alright, so the rewatch isn't prompting feelings of nostalgia to sprout out of the pores of my subordinates - but what am I going to do? I'll tell you what I'm going to do: I'm going to hide out in my office with the door closed until all this blows over.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

ANGELA walks over to PHYLLIS' desk, holds out a piece of paper in front of her and drops it to the floor.

ANGELA

My bad.

ANGELA turns around and walks away.

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

PHYLLIS talking head.

PHYLLIS

The video we watched included the time I told everyone that Angela was cheating on Andy with Dwight. I guess you guys considered that to be crucial to our story here. And, thanks to that, the eight-plus years I've spent trying to stay on her good side have flown out the window.

Beat.

PHYLLIS

My back isn't what it used to be, you know. I'll have to get one of those old person claw grabber doohickeys to pick up everything Angela drops to the floor.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

ANDY comes out of the kitchen and looks over at NELLY, trying to get her attention.

ANDY

Psssst! Nelly! Nelly, over here!

NELLY looks over at ANDY from her desk.

NELLY

Oh, are you talking to me?

ANDY looks confused.

ANDY

Of course I'm talking to you.

NELLY

Oh, I just wasn't sure. In case you don't remember, I'm better known as "evil," or, my personal favorite, "Smelly Nelly."

ANDY laughs awkwardly and gets red.

ANDY

What? Nelly, come on, I barely remember that. I was, like, super immature back then.

NELLY

You were in your mid-thirties, so I don't think that excuse works quite well.

MICHAEL

Did you really call her that? Jeez, that's terrible.

NELLY

Yes, he did.

MICHAEL

No, I mean it's actually terrible. Not clever at all. Rhymes are totally unoriginal, Andy. You have to be more creative, like just calling her Shelly or something.

NELLY

How is that creative?

ANDY walks up to NELLY's desk.

ANDY

OK, enough with the horrible nicknames. I'm sincerely sorry for that, Nelly. Now can we please

have a little chat, chat,
chatteroo?

NELLY sticks her tongue out at ANDY, then reluctantly follows him into the kitchen. When they both get in the room, ANDY closes the blinds and wedges the door shut with something. The cameraperson tries to push it open, but fails to do so; so, they move to the very edge of the blinds and are able to see that ANDY, NELLY, OSCAR and ERIN are standing in a circle.

NELLY

What? Is this a group apology for a bunch of poor nicknames tossed onto all of us, Andrew?

OSCAR

No, Nelly - it's time for us to get the investigation band back together.

NELLY

Wait, like the one I was part of for half a day before it was disbanded? Yeah, no thanks, I'm good.

NELLY turns around to leave, but ERIN spins her back around.

ERIN

You're not going anywhere, young lady. You know too much already. You either . . . you either help us out or we'll kill you and feed you to a bunch of tigers like that Baskin-Robbins employee did!

ANDY

No, no, no, it wasn't a Baskin-Robbins employee. It was Carole Baskin from Big Cat Rescue.

ERIN

What's that?

ANDY

Did none of that documentary stick with you?

ERIN

No, I just watched it looking for a king of the tigers. But, spoiler alert: there was no tiger king. It was just a bunch of hillbillies keeping tigers in cages.

OSCAR

OK, no one is feeding anyone to anything. Let's save this conversation for another time and stay focused.

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

OSCAR talking head.

OSCAR

Yes, I've seen Tiger King. Who hasn't at this point? I'm just frustrated that a drug-loving, infinitely pierced, long-haired, poorly fashioned tiger enslaver was not only able to have three husbands, but actually turn two straight men gay. Meanwhile, I haven't had a date in three months.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The cameraperson continues filming through the side of the blinds into the kitchen as ANDY, NELLY, OSCAR and ERIN continue chatting.

NELLY

So, you really think we'll get some dirt this time, hm?

OSCAR

Oh, we absolutely will. Because now we have *this* to help us.

OSCAR holds up his hand to reveal he has the documentary video that they just watched in the conference room.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

DWIGHT walks down the stairs to the warehouse, having just came from the office. He stops at the bottom of the stairs and spots NATE eating a plate of spaghetti on the couch.

DWIGHT

Greetings, Nate.

NATE has a bunch of noodles in his mouth as others dangle out from it.

NATE

(mouth full)

Oh, hey, Dwight. Did you want to sit down?

DWIGHT walks over and sits down on the couch next to NATE.

DWIGHT

Mmmm, yum. Some afternoon spaghetti, huh? Gotta stay fueled up.

NATE looks at his plate of spaghetti.

NATE

Well, it's technically spaghetti and meatballs, but I always eat the meatballs first because they're so delicious. This makes eating the pasta a lot of work -

like the chewing is work. But I know my mom will be mad at me if she found out I-

DWIGHT

That's enough, Nate. I don't care about your stupid pasta. I'm here to hide while the office self-destructs.

NATE

Why is the office going to self-destruct?

DWIGHT

Because I made everyone watch two hours of that documentary. Wait, were you not there for it?

NATE

I meant to go, but I accidentally set my alarm for ten p.m. instead of ten a.m.

DWIGHT puts his arm around NATE.

DWIGHT

Oh, classic Nate. Well, I'm gonna hang out down here for a while until things calm down upstairs. Hey, at least no one hates you, right? I mean, besides the fact that you're possibly the worst foreman to ever rule this kingdom.

NATE puts his pasta on the table in front of him. He still has sauce all over his mouth.

NATE

Wait, what was that?

DWIGHT

I said you're possibly the worst foreman to ever rule this kingdom. Oh, that's a compliment. If I thought you were the worst then I would have said "the worst," but instead I said "possibly the worst," which indicates that I feel strongly that there's potential for someone else to have been the worst.

NATE goes from blankly staring at DWIGHT to starting to cry. He wipes his face, but that just smears red pasta sauce all over it. He looks like some sort of warrior now.

DWIGHT

Oh, come on, Nate. Don't cry. You do plenty of things right.

NATE lifts his head and leans in toward DWIGHT.

NATE

Oh, yeah? Like what?!

DWIGHT looks around the warehouse.

DWIGHT

Umm . . .

DWIGHT points to a shelf in front of them.

DWIGHT

Like cleaning. Look how organized that shelf is right there!

NATE looks at the shelf, then starts to cry even harder.

NATE

That's not me. I stay late and pay the cleaning crew five dollars a night to clean down here after they're done cleaning upstairs.

DWIGHT

What? You know that's not ethical, right? And horribly low pay?

NATE

Well, I'd like to see you try to run this place!

DWIGHT

Come on, Nate, it can't be that difficult. You're just being dramatic.

NATE

No I'm not! Why don't you be foreman for the rest of the day and I'll be president of your stupid office!

DWIGHT

Dwight, you've known me for almost ten years. You think I'm the president of Dunder Mifflin?

NATE

President, sergeant . . . whatever. They're all the same dumb corporate jobs!

DWIGHT stands up, offended.

DWIGHT

You know what? Fine. I'll do your job as foreman, and I'll do it so well! It just can't be that hard.

NATE stands up, wipes his face again, puts his hands on his hips and leans in toward DWIGHT.

NATE

That is what she said.

DWIGHT

OK, that was a good one, I'll give you that. Alright, so we're really doing this?

NATE

We are really doing this.

They both nod and NATE turns around to head upstairs to the office.

DWIGHT

Wait, Nate . . .

NATE turns around and crosses his arms, trying to appear tough despite the pasta sauce and tears lingering on his face.

NATE

What is it?

DWIGHT points at the plate of spaghetti on the table.

DWIGHT

I forgot my lunch today. Do you mind if I have the rest of your spaghetti?

NATE snuffles.

NATE

Sure.

DWIGHT picks up the plate and starts eating it.

NATE

And Dwight . . .

Pasta falls out of his mouth as DWIGHT looks at NATE.

DWIGHT

(mouth full)

Yeah?

NATE

I'm sorry there aren't any
meatballs left in there.

NATE turns around, arms still crossed, and walks up the
stairs.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

DARRYL walks over to GABE's desk.

DARRYL

Yo, Gabe, did you make a copy of
that signed contract yet?

GABE slowly turns around in his chair with his arms folded.
He goes to cross his legs, but accidentally bumps his knee
on his desk. He puts his leg down and rubs it.

GABE

Ow.

DARRYL

You alright there?

GABE

Yeah, Darryl, I'm fine! No, I
haven't copied sh** yet! Why don't
you get someone who you *actually*
like to copy it!

GABE runs away toward the kitchen. As he's running, he
bangs his knee on the corner of a filing cabinet. He bends
down and rubs it again.

GABE

Ow!

GABE limps as he continues jogging away from the Athleap
office.

DARRYL walks over to JIM's desk.

DARRYL

What's that about?

JIM

What . . . Gabe? I've grown to expect nothing from him while at the same time expecting anything from him. It's sort of this weird paradox.

They both laugh.

KEVIN

(unseen)

He's upset because no one invited him to the panel and no one invited him to Dwight's wedding.

Beat.

The camera cuts to KEVIN as he looks up at the ceiling to think.

KEVIN

Oh, and Pam didn't paint him on the mural.

JIM and DARRYL look at each other.

JIM

What? She totally painted him on the mural.

KEVIN

Nope. See it with your own eyes!

JIM gets up, then KEVIN gets up and the three guys start heading toward the warehouse.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

ANDY nods at NELLY. NELLY nods at ERIN. ERIN nods at OSCAR. The camera catches all of this, panning from one nod to the next. Suddenly, the four self-titled detectives in their investigation get up from their seats and sprint into DWIGHT's office. The cameraperson tries to keep up with them, but they're quick to slam the door behind them.

Similar to the filming from earlier from right outside the kitchen, the cameraperson positions the camera to peek between the thin opening in the blinds. Of course, the four individuals in the office once again forget that the camera can still hear them through their individual mics.

ANDY

What? Why are you in here?

The camera moves to get a view of who's in DWIGHT's desk. It's NATE.

NATE

Oh, Dwight and I decided to switch roles for the rest of the day. So, I am the lieutenant of Dunder Mifflin Scranton. How may I assist you?

The four individuals look blankly at NATE.

NATE

I'm sorry, I don't know how this usually works. Do I just give you money and then you go back to working? Because I only have, like, five dollars in my pocket, and it's mainly just quarters.

NELLY

No, you fool, we need to talk to Dwight.

NATE

Well, I'm afraid we've already established the fact that all messages to the foreman, which,

again, is Dwight for today, need to be run through me. So, what is it you'd like to tell him?

The four look at each other, then OSCAR nods and points to NATE in an "alright, tell him" gesture.

ANDY

Ugh, fine. So, we were watching the documentary today and it got us thinking . . .

NELLY

There's a reason the documentary crew came back.

OSCAR

And maybe this is some big move by network executives at PBS to keep their channel alive.

NATE rubs his chin.

NATE

Hmm. That's all very interesting. Definitely really, really interesting stuff. Especially the part about PBS. You know, my mom never let me watch Sesame Street growing up because she thought it was inappropriate. She thought I'd end up living in a garbage can like Oscar. Not you, Oscar, but the green monster from Sesame Street named Oscar, too. I don't know, maybe this is all connected somehow.

The four across the desk from NATE look at each other.

NATE

So, did you want me to tell him about this PBS business?

OSCAR sighs.

OSCAR

No, never mind. Just . . . just
keep doing whatever you were doing
in here.

The four turn around to leave.

NATE

Hey, one second . . .

The four turn back to face NATE.

NATE

Are you guys getting all your work
done?

ERIN

Uh, yes. Duh.

ANDY

Yep, sure are.

NATE gives them a thumbs-up.

NATE

Great, well that's all. See you
later.

The four leave the room without having any developments in
their investigation.

Cut to a NATE talking head at DWIGHT's desk (the
cameraperson is in the room now). NATE still has faint
remnants of pasta sauce on his face.

NATE

I am so glad that meeting with
Oscar and them is over. That's
probably the hardest I've had to
work in years. So many questions

from them and so little answers. I was using my full brainpower during that entire conversation. Now my head hurts.

NATE rubs his head.

INT. WAREHOUSE — DAY

JIM, DARRYL, KEVIN and ALLEY all stand at the top of the stairs and look across at the mural on the opposite wall. JIM points to an area of it.

JIM

Wait, is that him right there? On the right, next to Andy.

KEVIN turns to JIM with a sour look on his face.

KEVIN

Jim, that's me. How can you confuse someone as hideous as Gabe with someone as gorgeous as me?

KEVIN daintily pats the hair on the side of his head.

DARRYL

Yeah, that's definitely Kevin, but damn! Were you really that fit back then?

KEVIN

No, I paid Pam fifty bucks to take off some pounds. Fifty pounds. Fifty dollars for fifty pounds.

ALLEY

Fair rate for something like that. That probably saved her fifty bucks worth of paint, too.

KEVIN rolls his eyes.

JIM

Huh, I guess he really isn't up there.

DARRYL

Yeah, and now that I think about it, I guess he wasn't invited to the wedding either. I mean, can't say he would've added much, but still. That's pretty cold.

KEVIN

Should we paint him in?

JIM

What?

KEVIN

Should we paint him ourselves? Maybe that'll make him stop being such a baby.

JIM

No way. We're not ruining Pam's mural.

KEVIN

It wouldn't ruin it. Look, there's a ton of space over there. We could put him all the way in the back so we don't have to worry about the details.

DARRYL

It's actually not a bad idea. And he *is* making us super behind on work, so I'm down to clown with it.

JIM

Alright, fine. We paint it way off to the side and make it subtle. Deal?

DARRYL

Deal.

KEVIN

Deal.

ALLEY

Hey, as long as we're painting the stick man up there, can you put me up there, too? I really have to show my parole officer that I'm fitting in here.

The three guys look at her, then proceed to walk down the stairs without saying anything.

ALLEY

What? A girl's gotta get some non-street cred, too!

She follows them down the stairs.

When the Athleap group gets to the bottom of the stairs, they spot DWIGHT hanging from a dangling light fixture on the ceiling (he must be over ten feet off the ground).

JIM spots a fallen ladder on the ground below him, walks toward it and picks it up.

JIM

Oh! Dwight. Thanks for getting the ladder out for us. Looks pretty fun up there.

DWIGHT stares at JIM with a dead-eyed look of annoyance.

JIM

Were you pretending you were Spiderman or something?

DWIGHT

No, idiot. I was changing a dead lightbulb when the ladder fell from underneath me.

JIM

And you've just been dangling there?

DWIGHT

Yes, Jim, for five minutes.

JIM holds the ladder up.

JIM

Do you want this back?

DWIGHT

Absolutely not. I'm not asking for help. If I ask for anyone's help then Nate will hold it over my head forever. I can't let that happen.

JIM

Right, so you're just gonna stay up there until your fingers give out and you fall?

DWIGHT

My fingers have the strength of ten times the average person's.

DWIGHT looks from JIM to the camera.

DWIGHT

It's from strangling chickens. You really have to squeeze tight and hold on or those suckers will just go unconscious. You can usually end up tasting the fear later on if that's the case. And fear tastes disgusting.

JIM walks away with the ladder and places it on the wall with the mural.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE — DAY

ANGELA and PAM sit next to each other as NATE stares at them from behind DWIGHT's desk.

NATE

You can speak to me. I'm a great listener, you know?

ANGELA

Alright, well, I would like you to make Pam give me a formal apology for telling Jim all about my relationship with Dwight

PAM

Angela, you two were so obvious about that. And guess what? I was right. And Jim and I helped you two through some difficult times in case you don't remember.

ANGELA

(mocking)

Oh, Jim and I have such a perfect relationship! We like to kiss each other in front of everyone in the office, and fight with each other in front of everyone in the office. Oh, and leave our babies locked in a hot car!

PAM

What? That last one is so not true.

ANGELA

Well, I wouldn't be surprised. You're not so perfect, Pam.

PAM

Never happened and never will.
Besides, you're no perfect either.
Remember when you hid our power
cord during the Christmas party?
Or called me "the office
mattress"?

ANGELA laughs.

ANGELA

Oh, yeah. I was so clever back
then.

PAM and ANGELA glare at each other.

Cut to NATE who is now sitting with his hands neatly folded
on the desk while listening to the argument. He looks over
at the monitor, clicks the mouse and then turns back to
look across his desk.

NATE

That sounds terrific. We will
double your monthly order starting
this month.

TOBY

(unseen)

Nate, are you just looking at
Dwight's sent emails and reading
them off to us as answers to our
problems?

NATE turns the monitor away from him.

NATE

No.

The camera cuts back to the two chairs across from the desk
and TOBY and MICHAEL are now sitting there (in place of PAM
and ANGELA in a subtle scene change).

MICHAEL

You see, Nate? It's like nails on a chalkboard. I was forced to hear this devil say like five sentences in the documentary today. My ears were practically bleeding. And I don't think I should be subject to such indivisible, immaculate torture from this monster.

TOBY

Michael, you can't just pick random big words and hope they work in your sentences.

MICHAEL points to TOBY while looking at NATE.

MICHAEL

See? I can already feel the blood pooling in my ears after that one comment.

The camera cuts back to NATE, who now has the monitor turned toward him again. He turns toward it, clicks and reads off of it.

NATE

I am so sorry you experienced that. As you know, timely delivery is our priority and this will not happen again.

NATE turns to look across the desk again and smiles politely.

Cut back to the shot across the desk, this time revealing PHYLLIS and STANLEY in the two chairs.

STANLEY

I have no idea what that response even means.

PHYLLIS

Yeah, we're not here to argue or anything. We just wanted to eat our lunch in peace and quiet while the rest of them tear each other apart out there.

PHYLLIS looks at STANLEY and the two smile, then high-five.

The camera cuts back to NATE one more time as he turns his head to look at the monitor. He scrolls through DWIGHT's sent emails before finally clicking on one and reading it aloud.

NATE

Project Reunion is a go. Stanley will arrive at zero nine hundred hours. Make sure that jet books it out of here once they get him into the airport.

NATE smiles again, slowly turning his head to look across the desk.

The camera cuts back to across the desk one more time to reveal ANDY and ERIN sitting in the chairs now. Their jaws are on the floor.

NATE

What? Did that help you?

ANDY and ERIN look at each other, still wide-eyed in disbelief.

ANDY

Yes.

ERIN

Totally.

The camera cuts to NATE, who breathes a sign of relief and leans back in the chair.

NATE

Oh, thank goodness. I'm parched and I haven't gone to the bathroom in hours either.

NATE gets up and sprints out of the room to go to the bathroom.

ANDY and ERIN also stand up, look at each other and shake hands.

ANDY

I'm sorry I was such a jerk at the end of our relationship.

ERIN

And I'm sorry I was such a jerk back.

ANDY

Did we just crack the case?

ERIN

I think we did.

The two smile and run out of the room. The cameraperson chases after them as they stop at OSCAR's desk. ANDY and ERIN whisper something to OSCAR, whose jaw also drops to the floor in disbelief. Then, the three of them go over to NELLY's desk and whisper something to her. She's equally shocked.

The four-person investigation team walks up to the front of the office. They watch as various colleagues argue over silly things from the past.

OSCAR

Everyone! Everyone, stop!

ANDY

Stop it right now or I will punch a third hole in this wall!

No one listens, then ERIN screams a high-pitched scream at the top of her lungs. Everyone stops arguing and looks at the four of them in the front of the office.

OSCAR, ANDY and NELLY look over at ERIN.

ERIN
What? It never fails.

INT. WAREHOUSE – DAY

Every person who was upstairs in the office comes flooding out of the doorway into the warehouse, rushing down the stairs. When they arrive at the bottom of the stairs, they stare up at the mural as JIM is on the lift, DARRYL is on the ladder and KEVIN and ALLEY are below them looking up.

JIM turns around, lowering the paintbrush in his hand and smiling awkwardly.

JIM
Oh . . . hey, guys. We can explain
. . .

KEVIN turns around and steps toward the group.

KEVIN
Yeah, Gabe was being a little crybaby, so we decided to surprise him by painting him on the mural.

ALLEY turns around and walks toward the group, too.

ALLEY
Only the black paint started to smear and, well, Gabe's already a twig, so it ended up looking like that creepy Slenderman thing.

GABE steps out from behind the group of people at the bottom of the stairs. His eyes water as he smiles while looking at the mural.

The camera cuts to the mural, which very much looks like they painted a creepy Slenderman on it.

DARRYL

Ta-da?

Cut back to GABE's reaction.

GABE

You guys remembered how much I love horror, too, so you incorporated that in there!

GABE runs up and hugs KEVIN and ALLEY.

Cut to the group of angry employees at the bottom of the stairs.

PAM

I could care less about that mural right now.

JIM

Oh?

MICHAEL

We're here for Mr. Dwight . . .
Mr. Dwight . . .

MICHAEL leans over to PAM.

MICHAEL

(whispering)

Oh my god, how embarrassing. The one time I need to remember his stupid middle name I forget what it is.

PAM

(whispering)

It's Kurt.

MICHAEL turns back to everyone in the warehouse.

MICHAEL
We're here for Mr. Dwight Kurt
Schrute!

Cut to JIM, who proceeds to point across the warehouse to where DWIGHT was hanging from the light fixture. The camera pans over from JIM to the light fixture and, sure enough, DWIGHT is still dangling there.

The group rushes over and gathers below DWIGHT. They begin jumping up and down, trying to pull him down to no avail. The room erupts with angry shouting.

The camera zooms in to closely examine DWIGHT's face, which is full of fear. He looks up at the camera and mouths "oh no."

OUTRO

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

NATE is still sitting at DWIGHT's desk as a talking head with him commences.

NATE
So, it's . . .

NATE looks down at his digital watch.

NATE
Nine o'clock at night. Everyone sort of just rushed out of here in a hurry, but it was at around three o'clock, so I figured it was for a big meeting or something. So, I'm just waiting for someone to come back so I can be certain it's time to leave for the day.

NATE reaches to his side, grabs an empty water bottle, puts it under the desk and begins to pee into it (unseen as he continues to look into the camera in silence).

NATE

I'm too scared to leave - just in case someone needs to meet with me again. I don't want to get into any trouble and have them yell at me or something for not being in my office, so I've been in here for six hours.

NATE pulls the full water bottle up, caps it and puts it back on DWIGHT's desk. Beat as he looks at it.

NATE

Oh, I'm just holding onto this in case I need to start drinking it. Man, it actually is really brutal up here. Dwight was right.

END OF EPISODE