

The Office

Season 10

Episode 15 – Turf War (Remix)

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INTRO

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

MICHAEL barges in, immediately walks around DWIGHT's desk and pushes him out of the way to use his computer.

MICHAEL

Move, move!

DWIGHT

Hey! What are you doing?!

MICHAEL pulls the keyboard closer to him and begins typing.

MICHAEL

(looking at the computer)

What's it look like? I'm looking up symptoms.

DWIGHT

Symptoms? For ailments?

MICHAEL

Yes, Dwight, for ailments. I've not been feeling well.

DWIGHT quickly stands up and backs away from his desk.

DWIGHT

What the-? Why can't you use your own computer?

MICHAEL

Because it might be infected and I don't want to get it.

DWIGHT

But if it's infected you already have it!

MICHAEL

No, I meant I don't want to get infected a second time.

MICHAEL stares at the computer screen. He slowly lowers his head and rests it on his arm, upset by something.

MICHAEL
(muffled)

Dwight . . .

DWIGHT
Yeah?

MICHAEL
(muffled)

It's worse than I thought. The second-most likely cause is tuberculosis. I'm a dead man. My corpse is still breathing but my soul is dead.

DWIGHT studies the screen and looks shocked at the result as well.

DWIGHT
This is not good.

MICHAEL
It says it's contagious.

DWIGHT steps back again. He opens his desk drawer and pulls out caution tape.

MICHAEL
What are you doing?

DWIGHT looks at the camera.

DWIGHT
Saving the world.

DWIGHT proceeds to leave his office, closing the door behind him. He begins caution-taping the door from the outside.

PAM

Dwight, what's going on?

DWIGHT

He's contagious. Everyone needs to stand clear of my office.

CLARK

You're caution-taping the door. Don't you think that's a clear sign not to go in?

DWIGHT

Yes, but sometimes that makes hooligans like you want to go in even more, doesn't it?

CLARK

Yep, that's me. Anytime I see a crime scene with a dead body I just have to go past the caution tape and lie down next to the body.

DWIGHT

See? Kids these days.

MICHAEL taps on the window from inside DWIGHT's office. Tears are streaming down his face as he stands there looking at everyone.

MICHAEL

(through the glass)

Tell my family I love them. And I don't see Toby, but tell him he's not allowed to show his face at my funeral. I'll haunt you all if you let him anywhere near my dead body.

ANGELA

Michael, how many times have you done this?

DWIGHT

He's done it a lot, Angela. But that doesn't make this one fake.

PAM

The last time he sneezed he made me drive him to the emergency room.

DWIGHT

Well, I'm not taking any chances. If this branch goes down, all of Dunder Mifflin goes down.

JIM walks out of the kitchen sipping a fresh cup of coffee. He stops to see what DWIGHT is doing with the caution tape.

JIM

Oh, is Michael sick again?

Everyone nods.

JIM walks over to DWIGHT's office and taps on the glass window. MICHAEL steps in front of JIM on the other side of the glass.

JIM

Hey, Michael.

MICHAEL

Hey, Jim.

JIM

You think this one's pretty serious?

MICHAEL

It's fately serious.

JIM

Yikes. Well, did you think about your arrangements?

MICHAEL

I told them not to invite Toby to my funeral, yeah.

JIM

What about the wake?

MICHAEL

I don't know if he's awake. I'd imagine he's in his dark cave in the annex being creepy, though. Awake or not - it doesn't matter.

JIM

What about you? Are you getting cremated or buried?

DWIGHT

Eh, better make it cremated. One less zombie for us to take down when this eventually spirals out of control.

MICHAEL

No, no! I don't want them to burn my body. I want to be buried.

JIM

Did you think about your casket?

MICHAEL looks at JIM, then runs over to the computer and begins typing.

Cut to a new scene. DWIGHT and NATE enter the office with a casket rolling on the floor between them. They position it to be right outside the window of DWIGHT's office.

DWIGHT

Michael!

MICHAEL opens the blinds and looks at the casket from inside DWIGHT's office.

Cut to a view of the rest of the office employees, who have repositioned their chairs to face MICHAEL as if they were in a movie theatre.

ERIN

Dwight, I can't see Michael that well. Can you push the casket a little to the left?

NATE pushes the casket.

ERIN

Yep, that's better. Thanks.

JIM

Wow, that is one nice casket. That must be almost ten thousand dollars by the looks of it.

CREED

No way. I know my caskets and that's at least twenty grand.

PAM

Are you sure you can afford that, Michael?

MICHAEL

It's a rental, Pam. I happen to know a guy.

STANLEY

You mean to tell us you rented a casket? When would you possibly give it back?

MICHAEL

When I'm done using it, Stanley. That's how rentals work, duh.

DWIGHT opens up the casket to show MICHAEL the interior. MICHAEL shakes his head in disappointment.

MICHAEL

Ew, really?

DWIGHT

What?

MICHAEL

It looks so depressing in there.
I'm gonna hate it.

DWIGHT

Well, you'll be dead, so . . .

MICHAEL

I can't with that interior. I don't know if I can picture myself sleeping there for the rest of my life.

JIM

The rest of eternity, actually.

MICHAEL

OK, OK. I'm having second thoughts about being buried.

DWIGHT

So, cremation?

MICHAEL put his hand to his chin as he thinks. He snaps his fingers in a moment of insight and runs to the computer again.

Cut to a new scene. A man dressed in camouflage walks in holding a stuffed rabbit in one hand and a mountable deer head in the other. Everyone in the office stares at him as he stops in front of reception.

MAN

Hey, I'm with William & Sons
Taxidermy.

He reaches in his pocket and pulls out a piece of paper.

MAN

I'm here to see a Michael Scott.

Everyone gets up, grabs their chair and starts positioning themselves in the theatre-style arrangement (facing DWIGHT's office) again, prepared for more entertainment.

Opening credits roll.

EPISODE

INT. KITCHEN — DAY

KEVIN is sitting at the table watching a video on his iPhone. STANLEY enters the kitchen and opens the fridge. He grumbles as he moves stuff around, clearly looking for something.

STANLEY

Kevin, you didn't see-

STANLEY stands up and looks at KEVIN to address him. There's a clear plastic baggie that has "STANLEY" written on it.

KEVIN

Didn't see? What didn't I see? I can see pretty well, buster.

STANLEY

Hold up. Why on earth do you have my empty sandwich bag in front of you?

KEVIN

What?

STANLEY walks toward KEVIN.

STANLEY

That bag right there has my name on it. And last time I checked, your name wasn't Stanley.

KEVIN picks up the baggie and looks at it. It's upside-down.

KEVIN

This doesn't say "Stanley." It's just a bunch of gibberish.

STANLEY

Flip it over.

KEVIN does so and reads it.

KEVIN

Oh my gosh. I thought this was just a bunch of random letters. I thought maybe it was someone's name who quit and left it in the fridge. Like, someone from another country with a really confusing name.

STANLEY looks enraged, his head shaking and turning red as he silently stares at KEVIN. Instead of screaming at him, STANLEY storms out of the kitchen and goes into DWIGHT's office. The cameraperson follows him in his rage.

STANLEY

Dwight! This has gone too far!

DWIGHT is startled.

DWIGHT

What? Let's just take a breath . . .

STANLEY

Take a breath? I just found Kevin in the kitchen with crumbs on his face from what was once my peanut butter and jelly sandwich.

DWIGHT

OK, well, he probably did you a favor. Do you know how much sugar is in that thing? Think of it as a forced diet.

STANLEY

I do not care. This is the third time this month that he's stolen one of our lunches.

OSCAR enters DWIGHT's office.

OSCAR

I'm sorry, I heard your conversation from out there. I just have to say that Stanley's right. And it goes beyond food in the kitchen, too. I see Darryl coming over here and taking ream after ream of paper. I'd say it's not a big deal, but I did the math and they use as much paper as our ninth-biggest client. It won't be long before we take a hit from their mooching.

DWIGHT

OK, let's just calm down. I'll organize a meeting between companies and we'll-

STANLEY

Absolutely not. I will not sit in another meeting only to hear you and Jim exchange cheap one-liners.

DWIGHT

It's Jim with the one-liners. I reply with thoughtful yet painful quips.

OSCAR

I'm with Stanley on this. I'll take care of it myself.

OSCAR storms out of DWIGHT's office and STANLEY follows. The two head over to the Athleap side of the floor.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

OSCAR and STANLEY are standing over JIM's desk.

OSCAR

It's not fair. You have history with this company, sure, but that doesn't give you the right to take advantage of us.

JIM

OK, I'd hardly call it "taking advantage." What have we used, like, a few reams of paper?

OSCAR

Try fifteen. You've used fifteen reams of paper in the last few weeks.

JIM

That doesn't sound right. What on earth could we be printing?

INT. CALLROOM (ATHLEAP) - DAY

DARRYL talking head.

DARRYL

Actually, fifteen reams is probably a low estimate. My eye doctor says I stare at the

computer too much at work, which is putting too much strain on my eyes. So, I've decided to print out any and every work document instead of staring at my computer.

Beat.

DARRYL

What I did not tell the doctor is that the most likely culprit is me staring at my phone in bed watching adorable puppy videos for hours on end every night.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

NELLY is at her desk, rubbing her eyes. She sighs.

PAM walks over to NELLY's desk.

PAM

Hey, you alright?

NELLY looks up at PAM.

NELLY

Oh, what? Sure, yeah. Yeah, I'm great. Just great.

PAM

Really? Because you don't seem great.

NELLY

Well, Pam, you can't really tell me how I feel, can you?

PAM

OK, jeez. Take it easy.

PAM goes back to her own desk, where ANDY soon arrives. He leans back against the desk.

PAM

Andy, can you not put your butt on my desk?

ANDY

It's a compliment, Pam. It's a sign that I think we're close enough for me to be relaxed around you. Haven't you ever heard of the term "butt buddies"?

PAM

Yes, but I don't think this is the meaning of that. I also don't think it's a compliment.

ANDY

Well, whatever. Listen, I came by because I heard you talking to Nelly. I just wanted to share that I looked at her computer this morning and she had, "how to pretend you're sick" pulled up in a Google search. Now, I'm no therapist, but it seems to me she's trying to be sent home.

PAM

(sarcastically)

And what would give you that idea?

ANDY

Because of what I just told you about her Google search. Were you not listening to me?

PAM

How about we just mind our own business?

ANDY

You know I can't do that, butt buddy. If I invest in something, I invest all the way.

PAM

Unlike when you were regional manager.

ANDY

That's a low blow. Fine, I'll figure out what's going on with her on my own.

ANDY starts to walk away. PAM, realizing how much worse it would be if ANDY played detective on his own, puts her pen down and looks up at him.

PAM

OK, wait, Andy . . .

ANDY turns around.

PAM

Let's figure it out together.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

JIM, OSCAR and STANLEY are now standing up in a circle speaking with each other. DARRYL has also joined the conversation, as has ANGELA.

ANGELA

That receptionist of yours uses way too much toilet paper.

DARRYL

She's the only girl in our office. I highly doubt she's causing a toilet paper shortage.

Cut to an ALLEY talking head at reception. She's putting a few rolls of toilet paper in her backpack while talking to the camera.

ALLEY

They're onto me, huh? Hey, there are worse shenanigans to get into than TP-ing people's houses. The girls and I have to get our kicks somehow, and toilet paper isn't cheap these days.

Cut back to OSCAR, STANLEY and ANGELA speaking with JIM and DARRYL.

JIM

Most of these things don't even seem related to our company. They're just complaints about individual people.

OSCAR

Besides the paper, you mean.

ANGELA

Jim, every woman's rear end is effected by your employee's actions. That seems very company-related to me.

JIM

Listen, we're all adults here. If we have problems with specific people, I advise you bring it up to that person and deal with it that way. Now, I've got work to do.

OSCAR, STANLEY and ANGELA look at each other, annoyed, as JIM storms off.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

JIM walks into the office, pulls up a chair and sits across from DWIGHT.

DWIGHT

James . . .

JIM

You know I hate it when you call me that.

DWIGHT

And that's exactly why I call you that. Now, what brings you all the way over here?

JIM

I think you know. I've got Oscar, Stanley and Angela whining about toilet paper, sandwiches and reams of paper over there.

DWIGHT

Yes, because I told them to handle it themselves.

JIM

That's exactly what I told them, too, but they won't stop carrying on about it.

DWIGHT

Jim, I'm going to be honest with you: I have no interest in any of this. Most days I'd be all about protecting our turf, but they just caught me in an "I don't care" type of mood.

JIM

Well, they caught me in the same mood. But they're your employees, so you should deal with it.

DWIGHT

It seems your employees are the ones causing the chaos, though.

JIM

So, what do we do?

Beat.

DWIGHT

We do what any manager would do at a time like this. We avoid them at all costs.

JIM smirks.

JIM

I can get behind that.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

OSCAR, STANLEY and ANGELA are standing in the front of the room, ready to address the rest of Dunder Mifflin.

ANGELA

Those monsters on the other side of the floor are ruining our lives.

PETE

Don't you think that's a little bit of an overreaction?

MICHAEL

I actually think it's an under-reaction if anything. Yesterday Gabe parked in my spot.

TOBY

Michael, we don't have assigned spots.

MICHAEL

Was I talking to you, creature?
And no, we don't have assigned spots, but I called dibs for the year on the spot I usually park in.

OSCAR

Whatever the case, it's clear that these Athleap employees are taking advantage of us.

ANDY leans over to PAM during the meeting.

ANDY

Psssst . . .

PAM

You don't have to say "psssst" when you're already whispering.

ANDY

Look out there. Look who's not in the meeting.

ANDY subtly points out of the conference room. NELLY is sitting at her desk, the only Dunder Mifflin employee (besides DWIGHT) not in the meeting.

PAM

What is she doing?

MEREDITH raises her hand, waiting for OSCAR, STANLEY and ANGELA to call on her. OSCAR points at her.

OSCAR

Yes, Meredith?

MEREDITH

So, what are we gonna do? I don't see Dwight in here, and I don't see Jim over there across the office either.

ANGELA

We take matters into our own hands.

RYAN

I know . . . what if we hacked into their 401ks and transferred all their savings into one of our accounts?

KELLY

Oh, Ryan, that's a wonderful idea. You know, I have an account I'd be willing to use.

RYAN

Kelly, thank you so much for offering! We haven't spoken about this idea at all before, so I appreciate you being such a team player off the bat.

The two look at each other and wink as the rest of the people in the room just stare at them.

INT. ANNEX - DAY

KELLY talking head at her desk.

KELLY

What? The baby's crib isn't gonna pay for itself. And neither is my new dress. Or those shoes I've had my eye on for a month.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

PAM and ANDY walk over to NELLY's desk.

PAM

So, Nelly, we noticed you weren't in the meeting . . .

NELLY

That's right, Pam. Not all of us have time to go to those silly gatherings.

PAM crouches down at NELLY's desk. ANDY sees this and does the same.

PAM

We want to help you. I don't know what you're going through, but there's no reason you can't let us at least try to help.

NELLY rolls her eyes.

NELLY

You'd think I were a terrible employee if I told you.

ANDY

No way. Nelly, I once found a twenty dollar bill on Phyllis' desk and took it.

PHYLLIS

You did what?

ANDY

Phyllis, we weren't talking to you. Go back to knitting or whatever you do here.

NELLY leans in toward PAM and ANDY.

NELLY

Alright . . . I'm trying to get out of work. I mean, not even out of work, just trying to work from home. Someone at Drake's kindergarten had chicken pox, so all the kids are required to stay home for the next few days. I have

a babysitter over right now, but money is tight.

PAM

What if you just borrow some money from us?

NELLY

No, Pam, I'm not accepting handouts. I should be able to work from home, but Dwight put Toby - his new number two - in charge of approving all personal time. His number one rule? No working remote.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT talking head.

DWIGHT

Working remote - or "work from home" as the youth call it - is a relatively new trend that many companies are adopting. But not this one. If we enact a policy of the sort, Stanley will drop his computer in his bubble bath and fry himself. Phyllis will knit her clients messages instead of sending simple emails. Clark will eat enough food to immobilize himself. I'll have to roll in with a wheelbarrow and push him to client meetings. Absolutely not. And Toby is my enforcer on this one because I don't feel like dealing with the pushback.

INT. ANNEX - DAY

TOBY talking head at his desk.

TOBY

Yeah, Dwight is making me keep track of and approve all personal days. Unfortunately, I had two vacation days scheduled for last week, but he said I needed to be here to keep track of other people's whereabouts, so I had to cancel those. But, it's all worth it because . . .

TOBY looks around, trying to think of a reason the number two position is worth it. He grabs his nameplate from his desk.

TOBY

Because I get this cool nameplate. It's not like you can get this nameplate anywhere.

The camera pans down to an Amazon box on the floor with a receipt in it that clearly shows a picture of the nameplate TOBY is holding. TOBY kicks the box under his desk to hide it. The camera moves over to TOBY again as he fakes another smile.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

DWIGHT and JIM are walking around outside, still avoiding their employees.

JIM

Where are we going?

DWIGHT

Will you stop it with the questions? You're just like Philip. "Oh, dad, where are you going?" "Oh, dad, Mose is missing again. Should we look for him?" "Oh, dad, are we not eating at all today?"

JIM

That last one seems a bit concerning.

DWIGHT grabs onto the ladder on the side of the building.

JIM

You're kidding. Up there?

DWIGHT

Follow me, or your fate will be determined by a bunch of angry Dunder Mifflin employees. And I'd guess by some angry Athlip ones, too.

JIM

You know the name of the company .
. .

DWIGHT

I know, but it's just so easy to say it wrong.

JIM looks around, then grabs the ladder and starts climbing behind DWIGHT.

Cut to the two men reaching the roof (another camera is already up there). JIM looks across the roof, surprised by something.

JIM

Holy sh**! Is that what I think it is?

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

KEVIN gets up from his desk and heads toward the kitchen. ANGELA and CREED quickly approach his desk, sitting down and dialing the phone. Someone picks up on the other end.

ANGELA

(in her best KEVIN voice)

Hello. This is Kevin Malone from Dund- from Athleap. I'm just calling to say that we're going to work for you for free for the next two weeks.

CREED

(whispering to ANGELA)

Tell them if they don't accept that you'll murder their family.

ANGELA puts the phone to her chest.

ANGELA

No, we're not trying to get him arrested for murder.

CREED

Then why did you ask me to come over here?

ANGELA

I didn't.

ANGELA puts the phone back to her face.

Cut to OSCAR and ERIN crouched next to the Athleap office's copier. OSCAR opens the side panel and turns to ERIN.

OSCAR

Are you sure you know what you're doing?

ERIN smiles.

ERIN

Oh, absolutely. I saw it in a movie once.

ERIN reaches in the compartment OSCAR just opened up and begins pulling wires.

OSCAR

Wait, hold on. I thought you said you could reconfigure their printer so that everything comes out in Mandarin.

ERIN

I did say that. I told you, I saw a movie where they rewired a computer. They were just unplugging wires and moving them around like I've been doing.

OSCAR

Are you literally just moving wires around?

ERIN

Duh. If they did it in the movie it has to be real.

OSCAR puts his face in his palm.

GABE

(unseen)

Hey, what are you guys doing?

The camera pans over to GABE standing near the copier.

ERIN

What's it look like we're doing? We're sabotaging your copier so all your copies look like oranges.

OSCAR

No, so that it prints in Mandarin.

ERIN

Same thing. Mandarins are oranges, Oscar.

GABE turns toward one of the callrooms where DARRYL is on the phone.

GABE

(yelling)

Darryl! Help! We're being
attacked!

DARRYL looks out of the callroom, noticing ANGELA and CREED at KEVIN's desk, and OSCAR and ERIN by the printer. He realizes what's going on, hangs up the phone and steps out into the office.

DARRYL

What are you guys doing? We borrow
some paper and TP and you decide
to destroy our company?

CREED

We're framing you for murder.

ANGELA

No, we're not. But we are getting
you guys out of this office.

DARRYL steps toward OSCAR and ERIN, who quickly fall backward and flee back to their side of the office in fear. GABE tries to do the same to ANGELA and CREED, but they don't flinch.

DARRYL

Seriously, get out of here.

DARRYL points over to the Dunder Mifflin side of the floor. ANGELA and CREED reluctantly stand up and walk back to their office.

ALLEY

(unseen)

Aw, man!

The camera pans over to ALLEY at reception, who is reaching in her backpack and pulling out soggy pieces of toilet paper.

STANLEY can be heard cracking up at what he obviously did to ALLEY's backpack, hiding behind a plant a few feet away from Athleap reception.

DARRYL

Same goes for you, Stanley,

The laughter continues, but gets fainter as STANLEY heads back to Dunder Mifflin.

GABE and ALLEY walk over to DARRYL. KEVIN returns, holding an ice cream cone.

DARRYL

And where have you been?

KEVIN

I needed my afternoon ice cream cone.

ALLEY

Didn't you already have one of those today?

KEVIN

Yes, but that was my morning ice cream cone. The afternoon one is much different and much more important.

GABE

Well, we need to get back at them. This is an all-out war. No holding back.

DARRYL

I think I've got a better idea . .
.

INT. ANNEX — DAY

TOBY is sitting at his desk when NELLY approaches.

NELLY

Toby . . . I don't feel so good.

TOBY turns around.

TOBY

Nelly, Erin tried to do the same thing to me yesterday. I'm not buying it. I have to lay down the hammer. Even for you, my former lover.

TOBY strikes a non-existent hammer in the air for added effect.

NELLY

I'm serious. I- I feel rather unwell.

TOBY

Dwight gave me specific instructions. It's only my second week as A.R.M. I can't screw this up.

ANDY walks into the annex.

ANDY

Hey, Toby. Get over here. I got a missed call from someone from a publishing company. Your latest book idea came up and they're actually interested in talking to you.

TOBY's ears perk up. He looks past NELLY and walks toward ANDY, mesmerized by his words.

TOBY

Sorry, Nelly, you'll just have to deal with being here like the rest of us. Andy, where's this call at?

ANDY holds the kitchen door open.

ANDY

Oh, it's right here on my celly in the kitchen. Hurry up!

TOBY does a lame little power-walk over to the kitchen. As soon as he's out of the annex, PAM rushes over to NELLY and hands her a plastic bag full of what looks like puke.

NELLY

Good lord, what is this?

PAM

I just put Jim and my lunch in a blender. Looks pretty nasty, right?

NELLY opens the bag and smells it.

NELLY

Oh, indeed. What is that, tuna?

PAM

You know it. I keep buying tuna for him, forgetting that he can't eat it as long as he's in the same building as Andy. It's a shame because he really loved the stuff.

NELLY takes the contents of the bag and dumps it into TOBY's trashcan. She then puts her hand in the bag and wipes some around her mouth.

PAM laughs, but quickly realizes what she needs to do next and rushes into the breakroom.

INT. KITCHEN — DAY

TOBY picks up ANDY's phone.

TOBY

Hello, this is Toby Flenderson.

WOMAN ON END OF LINE

Toby? This is Cindy from HarperCollins. Andy here was just telling me about your new book.

TOBY

Oh, yes. Yep, I actually have a few. The main character is Chad Flenderman, who-

WOMAN ON END OF LINE

I'm sorry, the character's name is Chad? What kind of writer names a character Chad?

TOBY

It's just a name, ma'am . . .

WOMAN ON END OF LINE

Well, a name is the most important element of any book, don't ya know? Toby, I'm sorry, but this is a mistake.

INT. BREAKROOM — DAY

PAM is sitting in the breakroom on the phone (on speakerphone). She mutes it for a second to talk to the camera.

PAM

Is this bad? It's bad, right? But it's all I really know about Toby. It was either get his book involved or get his daughter involved, and I'm not evil.

PAM takes the phone off of mute.

PAM

Sir, you're getting a little hostile.

TOBY

(on the phone)

Can I speak with your supervisor?
This all just seems a little ridiculous.

PAM looks at the camera with an uncertain expression. She looks back down at the phone on the table.

PAM

Michael Mott.

PAM quickly hangs up the phone.

INT. ANNEX - DAY

TOBY returns from the kitchen, looking back at ANDY.

TOBY

You know what? If and when they call back begging for a deal with me, tell them that Chad Flenderman sends his regards.

ANDY

OK, I'll be sure to do that.

ANDY looks at the camera and twirls his finger at his temple, motioning that TOBY's crazy.

TOBY walks over to his desk, only to find NELLY leaning over the trashcan.

TOBY

Oh my god, Nelly, what happened?

NELLY looks up at TOBY to reveal the fake puke on her face and in the trashcan. TOBY plugs his nose and gags.

NELLY

I'm so sorry, Toby. I was just-

TOBY

No, no, it's fine. Really. Please get out of here and go home. You're clearly very sick. I'll take the heat from Dwight. Sorry I didn't believe you at first.

NELLY

What? Are you sure?

TOBY

Yes, absolutely. Just go and get better.

NELLY stands up and leaves, but first looks into the breakroom. She gives PAM a subtle thumbs-up and walks into the kitchen, giving ANDY a thumbs-up as she walks by him as well.

Cut to TOBY sitting at his desk again. He's plugging his nose with one hand and tying the garbage bag with another. He looks at the camera.

TOBY

This is it. This is the life of the A.R.M. This is what everyone dreams of.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING ROOF - DAY

JIM and DWIGHT are sitting at a small table with four outdoor heaters surrounding them (the type you would find at a fancy restaurant). They are sipping cocktails and eating steaks.

JIM

I still can't believe you have this up here. I have so many questions, but-

DWIGHT

Jim, my answers will only leave you with more questions. So, let's just sit, sip our cocktails and enjoy this tender cut from Dolores.

JIM

(mid-bite)

Who's Dolores? Like, a local butcher or something?

DWIGHT takes a bite of his steak.

DWIGHT

No, Dolores was one of the cows on my farm. Actually, it was Philip's favorite cow.

JIM looks down at his plate, mildly disturbed.

DWIGHT

I've found that the animals you're closest to often make the tastiest meals. You can taste their love.

MOSE

(unseen)

Do we want another cut of Dolores?

The camera zooms out to reveal MOSE cooking at a grill not far from DWIGHT and JIM.

DWIGHT

Absolutely, Mose. Absolutely.

JIM

So, does Mose just stand up here waiting for you all day in case you happen to want a steak?

DWIGHT

Of course not. Mose spends most of the day in the attic just below the roof.

JIM

I didn't know there was an attic up there.

DWIGHT

That's exactly why Mose likes to stay there. It's dark and warm and smells of must, his absolute favorite scent.

JIM looks at the camera, wide-eyed.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

DARRYL and the Athleap employees (minus JIM) approach the Dunder Mifflin workspace. Several employees, including OSCAR, STANLEY, ANGELA, PHYLLIS and ERIN, stand up.

The camera zooms in on ERIN, who reaches for a pencil. Seeing that it's dull, she shoves it in the electronic pencil sharpener, then holds it up like a knife.

DARRYL

Just chill. We're not here to draw blood.

MEREDITH

Oh, yeah? Then why is Kevin holding a fire extinguisher.

The camera pans over to KEVIN holding a fire extinguisher similar to how someone may hold an automatic weapon.

ALLEY

Dude, put that away. You don't even know how to use that thing.

KEVIN

I don't have to. I can just throw it at them.

ALLEY

You could throw it at one person. One person and it probably wouldn't even hurt them based on how far away we are right now.

KEVIN looks at the fire extinguisher, then tosses it to the floor.

OSCAR

Can't you just stay on your side? You've already caused enough damage.

DARRYL

I have a proposal.

ANGELA

And what's that?

DARRYL

You have clients. We have clients. What if we teamed up? These agencies that rep athletes are businesses like any other. That's untapped potential for you guys. I'm talking about some sweet commission for you sales people, too.

OSCAR

And what do you get out of this?

STANLEY

Yeah, it seems awfully convenient for us.

DARRYL

You guys represent the Wells Fargo Center.

ERIN

Nice try, but we're not falling for your made-up names!

OSCAR

So, what's your point?

DARRYL

The Flyers play there. We don't even have a foot in the door with them yet. You hook us up with one of your connections there and we hook you up with a few of our clients. Seems fair to me. We both benefit and all this tension just fizzles away.

DARRYL walks up to OSCAR. The two stand off as if they were in a western. DARRYL holds out his hand. OSCAR stares at it, but eventually holds out his, too. The two shake on it.

OSCAR

Deal. But we have to get David Wallace on board with this. And Dwight and Jim.

DARRYL

I don't see Jim nor Dwight here. So, how about you and I hop on the phone with Wallace?

OSCAR

Let's do just that.

The two head into DWIGHT's office and close the door behind them.

ALLEY

I'm still taking toilet paper - I don't care about any peace offerings.

ANGELA rolls her eyes.

Cut to a new scene as JIM and DWIGHT walk into the main office of Dunder Mifflin. They look happy and refreshed, laughing as they walk past reception.

PAM

Where have you two been?

MICHAEL

Yeah, what the hell? I tried using Find My Friends but it only let me see myself. Does anyone know how to see other people?

RYAN

Yeah, they have to share their location with you.

MICHAEL

But I saw them the other day on there.

RYAN

Well, they probably chose to stop sharing it with you, .

MICHAEL

Very funny. I'll have you know that my kids' location also disappeared. And Holly's, too. So, I really doubt that's the case.

RYAN grimaces at the camera, uncomfortable and not sure how to respond.

KEVIN

Ooooh, blocked by your own family!

MICHAEL

No, it's a bacteria in my phone or something.

JIM

(smiling)

Pam, we've just been-

DWIGHT

In a meeting! We've been in a very important meeting with David Wallace.

DARRYL and OSCAR step out of DWIGHT's office.

DARRYL

That's funny, because we just got out of a very important meeting with David Wallace, too.

DWIGHT laughs.

DWIGHT

(mocking)

Oh, yeah? Big, important meeting? Do tell, Darryl.

OSCAR

Actually, it was. We just convinced David Wallace to let us pitch clients together.

DARRYL

Dunder Mifflin and Athleap working together. Sounds pretty dope, right?

ANDY

Sweet. Can we call it Miffleap? Or Athlin. No, I like Miffleap better, actually. Much catchier.

JIM and DWIGHT look at each other with sudden worry on both of their faces.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

JIM and DWIGHT talking head.

JIM

I told you that was a dumb idea.

DWIGHT

You did no such thing. It was your idea to avoid the whole situation.

The two bump elbows next to each other.

JIM

And, just like that, Jim and Dwight are stuck with each other again.

DWIGHT

Throw up that steak right now.

JIM

What? No . . .

DWIGHT

I don't want Dolores in your stomach. This is all your fault. You don't deserve her.

DWIGHT leans over and tries to put his fingers in JIM's mouth. The two start wrestling and eventually fall out of frame on the floor.

OUTRO

INT. ANNEX - EVENING

TOBY is sitting at his desk, peacefully working when the phone rings. He picks it up.

TOBY

Hello?

WOMAN ON PHONE

Hello, is this Toby Flenderson?

TOBY

Yes, who's calling?

WOMAN ON PHONE

This is Rebecca from HarperCollins publishing. We stumbled across your book and-

TOBY

No! You know what? No. I got enough disrespect from your colleague, Cindy, and I won't have anymore of it. Do you know who I am? I'm the A.R.M. of my office. And Chad Flenderman is a *great* name, by the way! F*** you!

TOBY slams down the phone. He turns around and faces the camera with a look of satisfaction.

TOBY

And that's how you do it.

The camera pans over to PAM in the doorway from the breakroom as she holds a soda she just purchased from the vending machine. She cringes, slowly backing up after having heard the conversation and knowing that the call truly came from someone at HarperCollins this time.

END OF EPISODE