

# The Office

Season 10

Episode 1 – Arrivals

Fan Fiction by

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## INTRO

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT sits at his desk looking rather uncomfortable. He crosses his right leg over his left. He crosses the left over the right. He gets frustrated and motions for someone to dim the office light. A smile comes over his face.

DWIGHT

Sorry, I'll get better at this. I mean, you take this thing away for seven years and it's an alien.

DWIGHT points directly at the camera as his face and body morph back into the overconfident positions expected of him.

DWIGHT

Yes, I saw A Quiet Place. My first thought? Where was the preparation? You're supposed to vanquish superior beings by playing "the silent game"? You know who played "the silent game"? Jim. Jim and Pam with their two toddlers. They lost "the silent game" every time. They'd be dead in a day. You want to survive? Treat it like life or death. Enforce the silence with absolute authority. And, once you have the upper hand over the creatures: gain their trust; learn from them; embrace their kind.

PHILIP SCHRUTE walks into the room, now nearly seven years old. He walks up to Dwight behind the desk looking excited to say something, then begins communicating to his dad solely through sign language.

DWIGHT looks over at the camera and smiles.

DWIGHT

That's right . . . Philip and I haven't spoken to each other since we watched the movie last month. I'm teaching him to survive by changing his way of life now rather than later. It's more than Jim would do for his kids, anyway.

DWIGHT continues to sign with his son. They look deep in silent conversation.

DWIGHT stops and looks back at the camera.

DWIGHT

See? When these creatures arrive, Philip will quickly prove himself invincible to them, leading them in their quest for world domination. I can only hope that-

PHILIP turns from DWIGHT and looks directly at the camera, not having noticed it when he first entered.

PHILIP

Pa-Pa! Pa-Pa! Who's that?

DWIGHT quickly goes and covers PHILIP's mouth.

DWIGHT

Philip, no!

DWIGHT turns from PHILIP, still covering the boy's mouth with his hand, and looks angrily into the camera.

DWIGHT

Welcome back, jerks.

Opening credits roll.

## **EPISODE**

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING — DAY

A yellow Mustang zooms into the parking lot, screeching to a halt in front of the building entrance. The cameraperson walks from the passenger side to the driver side.

The door opens and the camera slowly pans up from the man's shoes. It's KEVIN. He gets out of the car wearing sunglasses and stares at the camera.

KEVIN

Yeah, that's right. The big goofball Kevin you guys filmed all those years ago is back with a vengeance. Bet you wish you captured this baby rolling up into the lot back then, huh?

A man gets out of the passenger side. He rubs his head, frustrated at KEVIN and embarrassed to be on camera.

PASSENGER

Dude, I said you could pull the car into the lot slowly for an extra fifty bucks. You floor it in here and start talking to these cameras? Not cool, man.

The PASSENGER looks at the camera.

PASSENGER

Please do not put this online. This isn't even my car . . . it's my dad's. He's retired and sleeps all day, so I'm just trying to make an honest buck.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

KEVIN talking head.

KEVIN

No, that wasn't my car. I just thought I'd leave a good first impression. There's no way you

can't use that footage now, right?  
Like, in terms of the law of  
television and so forth? I want  
all my friends to see it.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The PASSENGER gets into the driver seat, pushing KEVIN out of the frame. The PASSENGER skids out of the parking lot. KEVIN stares at the car, worried as it speeds away.

KEVIN

Wait! I'm one bad star away from  
getting kicked off the app!

KEVIN looks at the camera with an awkward smile.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Cut back to Kevin's talking head. He now has his sunglasses off and is unpacking his briefcase, which only consists of snacks.

KEVIN

Ruby's Bar did not last long. I  
only opened it to convince Dwight  
to hire me back anyway. Did he  
give me my old job back? Of course  
not. Your boy Kevin got a  
promotion! You're looking at the  
new foreman of the warehouse.

ERIN knocks on the conference room window to get KEVIN's attention, shaking her head.

ERIN

Get out! Get the hell out of there  
or I'll call the police! You don't  
belong here!

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT sits at his desk while ERIN and KEVIN sit across from him.

DWIGHT

Kevin, we talked about this last week. You can't come up here distracting the office. I hired you back in your rightful position: a beast dedicated to exerting physical energy in exchange for monetary compensation. You're home, Kevin. That's your home now. Downstairs is your home.

ERIN

Yeah! Go home, Kevin! Fake news!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ERIN talking head.

ERIN

Yes, I'm doing great. I have no idea what's going on, but I feel great. I'm saying whatever, screaming at people and just all around not making any sense. I get it all from the president's Twitter account. Our president, not another country's president.

ERIN looks down at her phone, scrolling through it.

ERIN

Ah, yes, this one's great! "No collusion!" I've used that about four times this week alone. I like to think it means "There's a client on the line!" The rest of the office doesn't see it as clearly as I do. We've lost two accounts this week . . . but they'll catch on soon enough.

INT. MAIN OFFICE – DAY

DWIGHT is standing right outside his office, addressing everyone.

DWIGHT

Alright, it has come to my attention that some of you still think Kevin Malone can waddle his big butt up those stairs and speak to these cameras. Well, you are wrong. Just because he was filmed seven years ago does not give him any special privileges. In fact, none of you have special privileges because of this. Besides, most of you have aged horrendously.

The camera pans over to the rest of the office workers.

PHYLLIS

Michael?

The camera quickly turns to reception, where MICHAEL stands, holding a briefcase and smiling.

DWIGHT

Michael? I thought you weren't supposed to start for another week?

MICHAEL

Well, it's good to see you, too, Dwight.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE – DAY

MICHAEL talking head (where else to interview him than in his old office?).

MICHAEL

Yeah, so life in Colorado - or The 'Rado as I like to call it - was pretty good. It's treated the fam well. I've been bouncing around jobs for a while now, though. You know, I never could find a place that compares to here. This will always be like a second home to me. Of course, I had a pretty big break when I got on 'Shark Tank' for Shoe La La. They never aired my pitch. Actually, I didn't even make it to the main room, but I saw Mark Cuban in the bathroom and he listened to my elevator pitch. He didn't really have a choice as he was exposed in the stall and I hid all the rolls of toilet paper, but he still listened. At the end, he said it was one of the most ridiculous ideas he's ever heard, and security escorted me out of the building.

Beat.

MICHAEL shakes his head.

MICHAEL

But that's not the point. My business idea made it all the way to Mark Cuban. The Cubes himself. He didn't like when I called him that either.

The door to DWIGHT's office is heard creaking open. The camera pans around to show DWIGHT looking at his watch.

DWIGHT

Alright, Scott. Time's up. Michael, you know I respect everything you did in that plastic, uncomfortable throne, but

it's my turn to reign over these lands. This is my burden now.

MICHAEL

Ah, I know, I know. Just wanted to do it for old time's sake. Now, point me to my desk, good sir!

DWIGHT and MICHAEL exit the office, only to find KELLY and RYAN making out behind reception - both of whom still have their winter jackets on.

ERIN is hiding underneath her hair while sitting at reception, her "quiet place" that she previously showed MICHAEL many years ago.

DWIGHT

What the- what is this?

MEREDITH walks over to DWIGHT.

MEREDITH

A little afternoon delight. Ever heard of it? I can show you . . .

ANGELA

Meredith!

MEREDITH

Hey, just sayin'. Someone's gotta teach our leader a thing or two.

KELLY and RYAN stop making out for a second to look at DWIGHT.

KELLY

Oh, it's not what it looks like. No more sloppy boyfriend-girlfriend make-out sessions.

KELLY holds up her hand, revealing a diamond ring.

KELLY

We're engaged!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM — DAY

KELLY and RYAN talking head.

KELLY

So much has happened since we last saw your dorky cameras. Guys, Ryan and I are *engaged*. We've gotten engaged three times, actually. Ryan still hasn't mastered commitment, but each time is better than the other. Isn't it, baby?

RYAN looks from KELLY to the camera, displaying an annoyed look.

RYAN

Yes, each time is magical.

Cut to a new scene in the conference room where DWIGHT is holding an all-office meeting. MICHAEL, KELLY and RYAN are all sitting in the front row. STANLEY is next to them, too, wearing a Hawaiian shirt and drinking a martini.

DWIGHT

OK now, Michael reached out to me about a job, so seeing him today wasn't a surprise. But now we have Kelly and Ryan walking in the door and . . . Stanley? Stanley comes in here looking like a palm tree. Now, since the camera crew refuses to say anything, I'm gonna have to do some detective work of my own.

DWIGHT pushes the cameraperson out of the room, shuts the door and locks it. He looks out of the room and sticks his tongue out at the camera.

DWIGHT

Alright, now everyone turn your mic off.

All mics turn off except for one (presumably STANLEY's, who is sleeping beneath his sunglasses).

DWIGHT

Kelly, Ryan . . . how'd you get back here?

KELLY

Well, it's actually a really adorable story. So-

RYAN

Oh my god, I can't do this. Give me the ring back already. Seriously, give it back.

RYAN holds his hand palm-up in front of KELLY. KELLY takes the ring off and places it in RYAN's hand.

MICHAEL

Ooh, now I get to be there for the next proposal! Ry, can I help you plan it? Maybe with a balloon with a note in it. Or a giant chocolate bear with a note in it. Or even-

RYAN

Michael, stop . . .

RYAN turns from MICHAEL to DWIGHT in the front of the room.

RYAN

We came here because we were told we won the lottery. There we were, fighting over what to get on our pizza in the heart of the Big Apple, and I get a text telling me to come to Scranton to collect my winnings.

DWIGHT

And you had entered the lottery?

RYAN

Well, no . . . but I'm not gonna pass up free money. I mean, crazier things have happened to me.

ANGELA

Really? Crazier things have happened to you than getting a text from a stranger that you won the lottery - even though you didn't enter it - and that you should collect your winnings at Dunder Mifflin?

RYAN

Well, when you put it all together like that, then I can see how it can sound a little shady.

STANLEY lets out an unnecessarily loud sigh.

DWIGHT

Oh, I'm sorry, are we boring you, Mr. Palm Tree?

STANLEY takes his sunglasses off, squints at the sunlight and puts them back on.

STANLEY

Actually, you are. I have no heavenly idea what is going on, but I was promised a trip on a private jet to the Caribbean, fed nearly a dozen cocktails and woke up here in Wilkes-Barre airport. If I am not back on that jet headed south in the next few hours, I am going to be one very angry palm tree.

DWIGHT

OK. So, Ryan and Kelly were duped into thinking they won the lottery. Stanley was seduced by martinis into getting on a plane that flew to Scranton. But . . . Michael. Michael came all by himself.

MICHAEL

First, that's what she said. You make this too easy. That's also what she said . . . or he said. Or it said. I can't keep up with all this gender stuff.

The camera pans around the conference room as everyone rolls their eyes at the return of MICHAEL's idiocy.

MICHAEL

Second, yes . . . but also, no. An important entrepreneur like moi is sought after. David Wallace emailed me saying that Dunder Mifflin just isn't what it used to be. He was missing that punch - that pizazz - I brought to the table. And it's nothing personal, Dwight, but he needed the big guns again.

MICHAEL lifts his hands and does a "bang, bang" gun gesture toward DWIGHT.

PETE

Wait, the words "punch" and "pizazz" were in an email from David Wallace? I don't think the guy's ever even written "hello" in an email to me. It's just "Pete," like I'm a dog he's yelling at to get off his couch.

MEREDITH

He can treat me like that all he wants.

ERIN

Come on, Meredith! I just ate lunch!

MICHAEL

It's true. I have a printout of the email in my wallet if you want proof. Hey, who's this guy anyway, Dwight?

DWIGHT

Long story. Not important. Michael, Pete. Pete, Michael. Now we move on. Listen up, subordinates. The game is afoot. I don't know what's going on here, but I'm certain the camera crew has something to do with it. Now, we all need to play along with this - with them - until we figure this out. It may take hours, it may take months, it may take years, but it's a commitment I'm willing to make with you all.

STANLEY

The only way I'll be here for years is if you all kill me now and bury me under my desk.

DWIGHT gets visibly teary-eyed as he sees more of the old gang together again. He quickly slaps his own face, motions for his coworkers to turn their mics back on and opens the conference room door.

DWIGHT

Sorry, we were just talking about . . . paper things.

STANLEY

That's it . . . I'm out of here.  
You can all play your little game,  
but a sexy, fierce lady by the  
name of Flo Rida is waiting for  
me.

PHYLLIS

Wait, I thought Flo Rida was a  
man?

STANLEY grabs his duffel bag and walks past the camera  
crew, shoving his hand on the lens.

STANLEY

Out of my way, reality T.V.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Everyone's working away, including MICHAEL, who revealed he  
was recruited by DAVID WALLACE. MICHAEL now sits at  
DWIGHT's old desk next to PETE and CLARK. MICHAEL's staring  
openly at CLARK, who eventually notices this and stares  
back at him.

MICHAEL

You know, you look very familiar .  
. . like someone I know, but I  
just can't put my finger on it.

CLARK

Yeah, I get that a lot.

MICHAEL

Like a hairless, chunkier Keanu  
Reeves.

CLARK

Nope, that's a first.

PETE

I can see it. I would've said  
Carrie-Anne Moss, but I can see  
some Keanu in you, too, Clark.

CLARK rolls his eyes as MICHAEL laughs.

The office entry door can be heard opening in the background. The camera pans to reception, where JIM, PAM, CECE and PHILLIP stand together. (CECE and PHILLIP are between nine and twelve years old now.)

MICHAEL

Jimothy, you're only about three hours late today. Ever heard of an alarm?

MICHAEL laughs to himself as history gets the better of him, not thinking twice about their arrival. After a second, he gets excited, looks wide-eyed at the camera and gets up from his desk. He trips on the carpet as he jogs over to them and quickly gets up, acting as if nothing happened.

MICHAEL

Wait, wait! Jim! And what's this? Did someone send us a TelePam from Texas? Beep, beep, beep, beep. TelePam loading.

MICHAEL bends down to greet CECE and PHILLIP.

MICHAEL

And look at these little adults - they must be pushing retirement now! Careful, Jim, they'll put you in a nursing home! Get it? Because of old people.

DWIGHT

James . . .

The camera pans to DWIGHT, who just stepped out of his office after hearing all the noise.

DWIGHT

I knew it was only a matter of time until fate crossed our paths

once more with all this nonsense going on. And Pamela, it's a pleasure seeing you and the children again.

JIM

Thanks, Dwain.

DWIGHT

Ha. Ha. Very funny. Make jokes by uttering similar-sounding names as my own.

JIM

We really did miss you, pal. Here, the kids even made you a card.

CECE and PHILLIP walk over to Dwight, almost as if rehearsed. DWIGHT is hesitant to accept the card, but after seeing the kids smile, he pats PHILLIP on the head and turns the card over.

DWIGHT

"Uncle Dwain, we missed you so much. We're so happy to spend time with you, Uncle Dwain. Love, Cece and Phillip."

DWIGHT looks at JIM, annoyed. He clearly wants to crumple up the note, but JIM uses the kids' charm to prevent him from doing so.

DWIGHT

Alright, fine. Let's move past that. Someone's gotta be the adult around here. Now, *Jin*, why are you and the family standing in front of me? What ridiculous excuse do you have to be here?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM — DAY

JIM and PAM talking head.

PAM

So, as it turns out, our kids have far more say over how we live our lives than we do.

JIM

Yup.

PAM

Over the last six months, they've told us just how much they miss their grandparents. They've been up here from Austin more times than I can count at this point, yet they always seem to demand more time in Scranton.

JIM

You come home from work every day to hear about how good the food is in Scranton, how many more activities there are here and how nice the weather is compared to Austin, Texas. Yes, that might be the first time those words have ever been used together in a sentence.

JIM pulls out his phone and looks at it.

JIM

It's currently thirty degrees and snowing outside. I'm starting to think they're better salesmen than either of us.

PAM

So, here we are. Jim's working remote for Athleap with the hope of establishing the company's Pennsylvania location here. They're currently in Austin, California and Chicago, so . . .

you know, Scranton's up there with the big dogs.

JIM

In the meantime, David Wallace - a major shareholder for Athleap as it turns out - got Pam a job in sales back at Dunder Mifflin, and he offered to rent out a remote office in . . .

INT. FORMER MICHAEL SCOTT PAPER COMPANY OFFICE - DAY

MICHAEL stands next to JIM in the center of the empty room.

MICHAEL

The offices of what was formededly known as the Michael Scott Paper Company! I never thought I'd step foot in here again, but look at me now. I've come so far.

MICHAEL shoves his face up close to the camera, smiling.

MICHAEL

I guess it's true what they say: "The winds of destiny steer thy boat back to the offices from which thy came."

JIM

Because that's not something you just made up this very moment.

JIM looks at the camera.

JIM

No, but seriously, this is more room than I had in the Austin office. In fact, Darryl made the mistake of sending a mass email to every intern that applied to work at Athleap last summer that they

got the job. Instead of sending an email apologizing, he convinced us to hire every last one of them. All eighteen.

DWIGHT walks into JIM's office as he's setting up. DWIGHT. walks in casually, placing his hands on the doorframe and waiting for JIM to utter the first word. Of course, JIM never does.

DWIGHT

How ironic is it that you come crawling back to good 'ole Scranton, PA. You and the missus worked so hard to get you that dream job, yet here you are, begging for mercy.

JIM

Actually, I'm still at my dream job. And I'm very happy to be back in Scranton. I'm closer to my parents, brothers and some old buddies.

JIM puts his hand on DWIGHT's shoulder.

JIM

And I get the greatest gift of all: the return of the pranks. Oh, how I've missed you, Dwain.

DWIGHT shoves JIM's hand off his shoulder and steps away from him.

DWIGHT

Two can play at that game, Halpert! And guess what? This game's meant for those . . . zero and up! That means the little gremlins are fair game.

JIM rolls his eyes.

JIM

Yeah, right. Like you'd involve your Philip, my Phillip and Cece in this. I'll call that bluff.

DWIGHT

Call it what you want, Jin. Alright, enough of this nonsense - it's making me exhausted.

DWIGHT begins pacing around the room.

DWIGHT

I'm sure by now you've heard of the other strange appearances, all in a single day. Michael, Kelly and Ryan, and that walking, three-hundred-pound palm tree all walked in the same way you did. They all walked in with a purpose, but I soon dug that purpose up by the root and-

JIM

Like a beautiful beet.

DWIGHT

Exactly. I dug that purpose up and it seems most of them were duped into coming back to Dunder Mifflin. I don't know what your real plan is, or if this is all somehow your doing as some elaborate prank, but I'm getting to the bottom of it.

Cut to a new scene with a JIM talking head behind his desk.

JIM

Aaaand, that's what I missed most about this place: Dwight's crazy theories. The best part of all? This prank was sent as a gift from

above. Thank you, god of office pranks.

Beat.

JIM

No, but seriously, I have no idea what he's talking about.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

PAM is working at her new desk, now where CREED used to sit. PHILLIP and CECE are still at the office and playing on the ground alongside PAM.

PHILLIP

Mom . . . we're bored.

CECE

Yeah, you told us we'd only be here for a little bit. It's been a lot of bit!

PAM

I know, honey. Dwight's really laying on the charm for his new employee on her first day back.

The kids don't laugh.

PAM

Listen, I know it's been longer than we thought, but keep playing with your toys and we'll be on our way to the new house in no time.

The kids go back to playing with their toys on the floor, but continue to sulk.

The camera pans over to ERIN at reception. She looks over at PETE, then back at the kids. She raises her eyebrows in a "What do you think?"-type expression.

PETE gets up from his desk and walks over to PAM's.

PETE

Hey, Pam. If you want, Erin and I can hang out with these rugrats while you finish up over the next hour or so.

PAM

Really? I mean, that'd be great if you have some time!

PETE looks over at ERIN, who heard the conversation all the way from reception. She's smiling.

PETE

We have nothing but time!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

PETE and ERIN talking head as they set up the room for PHILLIP and CECE to play in.

ERIN

Yeah, so I know Kelly and Ryan are on, like, their third engagement, but Pete and I are celebrating our first!

ERIN flashes her ring to the camera.

PETE

We've always talked about adopting a foster kid, but I didn't think it was right unless she had a ring on her finger. So . . . surprise?

ERIN

We've been dating for so long now that we're really more excited to find our right kid than to get married.

PETE

(joking)

The runt of the litter!

ERIN

Oh, no. You know we're going to adopt a human baby, right? Not a puppy or a cat?

PETE

It's just an expr-

PETE realizes that ERIN feels smarter than him right now. He tends to let ERIN bask in these moments.

PETE

Oh, right, right. Of course. Better bring these treats back to the store! Ha . . .

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT is speaking with OSCAR while walking toward the kitchen. The two stop in their tracks as they notice STANLEY sitting in his old seat. He's still wearing his Hawaiian shirt, but now has a tie on top of it.

OSCAR

Nice shirt, Stanley.

DWIGHT

Yeah, next time dress up to corporate standards, you-

DWIGHT does a double-take in the middle of the kitchen doorway.

DWIGHT

Wait. What the- how'd you sneak back inside?

OSCAR

More importantly, why aren't you on a private jet back to warmer weather?

STANLEY doesn't look away from his computer screen, staring blank-faced at it.

STANLEY

I'm here, aren't I? Appreciate the extra work while you got it. And let me know the moment that clock reads five.

DWIGHT

But you don't have clients anymore. There's no work for you to do here, buddy.

STANLEY

Well, it's about damn time you find some work for me then!

DWIGHT and OSCAR scurry into the kitchen, finally recalling just how intimidating STANLEY can be sometimes. DWIGHT shrugs to OSCAR behind the door, indicating that he's going to accept STANLEY's return.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

STANLEY talking head as he makes a margarita in the kitchen.

STANLEY

Yes, I'm back. No, I don't want these cameras in my face. All you need to know is that I showed up to the airport and my pilot was gone . . . the jet, too. So, I buy a ticket, get in line for security, pull out my wallet and my driver's license is gone. Reached in my pocket and I don't have my passport either. So, I went to the only place I knew I

could go to for help: my ex-wife's place. Turns out, Teri's still got that fire in her. And I'm not talking about the bedroom kind. She actually convinced me to get back together with her. Palm Tree Stanley is no more. It was fun while it lasted, though. This margarita is me mourning the loss.

STANLEY cheers his drink to the camera, tosses the straw from the glass over his back and downs the margarita.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

MICHAEL is at his desk, still staring blankly at CLARK.

MICHAEL

No, no, no! I got it! You're like one of those Snapchat filters, you know, the ones that turn males into females.

MICHAEL looks at the camera.

MICHAEL

Or, as I like to call it, the cyber sex change!

MEREDITH

Hey, if someone's talking about cybersex, I have a lot to bring to that convo. Just check my computer.

ANGELA

Meredith, you are repulsive.

MICHAEL

No! Not cybersex. A cyber sex change.

KEVIN

Michael, it just sounds like you're talking about a cybersex club . . . like a swingers club, but in a chatroom.

MICHAEL

Well, you guys wouldn't get it. My kids showed me how to use all the social medias, including Snapchat. I'm on top of it. I was so on top of it that they got jealous and blocked me on all their accounts.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM — DAY

A wide shot of the room reveals PETE and ERIN's jungle gym. It looks like a dollar-store playground - chairs stacked up with blankets on top to make a fort and a slide made from cardboard boxes, likely taken from the warehouse.

CECE and PHILLIP are now in the room, too. ERIN looks at them and points to the makeshift slide.

ERIN

You see this? This is called a slide. When I was in the foster home, we called it a "zoomy papercut" because the cardboard gave us papercuts on our hands every time we went down it.

CECE looks unamused. She merely touches the cardboard slide and it falls over. She proceeds to pull out an iPad from under her arm and continues playing a game she started.

PETE

That's OK, we didn't like that ride very much anyway. Do you see this? This is a secret passageway to another dimension. Ooooh!

PETE crawls into the fort and looks back at PHILLIP, who rolls his eyes. PETE and ERIN look at each other and shrug.

Cut to a PETE and ERIN talking head near the conference room door.

ERIN

These kids make a tough crowd. I would've gone bananas for a fort like this back in the day.

PETE

Yeah, I was an only child and never did any sort of babysitting, so I really don't know the slightest thing about what kids like. I mean, the fort did look pretty cool.

INT. JIM'S NEW OFFICE - DAY

JIM is tossing a rubber ball against the wall and wearing a San Antonio Spurs jersey. He looks over at the camera across the room.

JIM

I mean, what's not to like about this? I've got my own office. It's at least triple the space I had at our open office in Austin. I can spread out, shoot some hoops at lunch and, more importantly, get work done without a dozen-plus interns breathing questions in my face. It's great, right?

JIM throws the ball against the wall once more, then puts it back on his desk, preparing to get back to work. He looks at the camera again, this time as his smile fades away.

JIM

It's great, right?

Cut to a montage of five to ten second clips of JIM keeping himself occupied in his lonely office. The clips include him dropping songs into a "Work Zone" playlist he made on

Spotify and watching sports highlights on his computer as he looks at the camera and says "What? These are prospective clients?"

The montage ends with a frame of JIM sitting at his desk in silence, looking bored out of his mind. He picks up his desk phone, dials a number and waits patiently as it rings.

JIM

(on the phone)

Hey, man. Keeping things moving down south? Good, good. Yep, I've got an office now and everything. Actually, I was doing a little thinking. I think we could really hit the ground running in Scranton with an extra hand on deck. Yeah, I mean you know the market better than anyone else. Both Philly and New York. Alright, yeah. Well, just think on it. Happy to put in a word with the big guys over there. Alright, talk soon.

JIM hangs up the phone, looks up at the camera and smiles.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT's office looks like a detective's office with red string and a map of former Dunder Mifflin Scranton employee locations.

The camera pans over to DWIGHT himself, who has once again donned his classic Volunteer Sheriff's Deputy outfit and is smoking a pipe while studying the map from afar.

DWIGHT

Here's what I've learned so far: Kelly, Ryan, Michael, Stanley, Jim and Pam all came back in the same day. It's not much, but it's a start. I mean, lay off a little . . . it's been a day since

this whole thing started. The other thing I learned is . . .

DWIGHT twirls around in his outfit and thrusts his hip forward.

DWIGHT

I still look damn good in this outfit. But, seriously, this sort of work doesn't happen overnight. And certainly not over a single workday. I'm balancing the job of detective and branch manager here. It's like Sherlock Holmes meets . . . Bran Stark. Except I'm not in a wheelchair. Or a real detective. But that's not the point. The point is I'm getting to the bottom of this, even if it kills me.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ERIN and PETE both look exhausted, with messy hair, clothes tattered and sweat visibly beading off their foreheads. Meanwhile, CECE and PHILLIP look the same, still playing games on their iPads.

ERIN

(to PETE)

That's it! I give up with this. Maybe we're not cut out to adopt a kid. We've tried every trick in the book. I mean, we literally looked through an entire book called "The Playbook for Kids" and haven't found one activity these kids enjoy.

ERIN holds up a children's book with the title she just mentioned. PETE grabs the book and tosses it to the floor.

PETE

It's all hopeless.

ERIN

Let's just put this room back together before Dwight notices. First thing's first, though . . . your gal's gotta freshen up.

ERIN takes a small mirror and lipstick out from her pocket. She begins applying it as PETE starts breaking down the fort.

CECE glances up from the iPad and notices ERIN putting on lipstick. She's mesmerized by it, continuing to look up from the screen every few seconds. ERIN is quick to notice this.

ERIN

Hey, Cece. I see you looking up from that fancy doohickey over there. Come over here . . . I'll let you put the rest on me before we go back out there.

CECE smiles. She puts down the iPad for the first time since they entered the room and walks over toward ERIN. ERIN hands CECE the lipstick, who immediately begins putting it on ERIN.

Cut to PETE, who is continuing to clean the room. As he's moving around, he spots PHILLIP playing Candy Crush on the iPad.

PETE

Wait, wait . . .

PETE leans in closer to the screen.

PETE

Does that say level three hundred sixty-two?

PHILLIP looks up from the screen and nods at PETE.

PETE

You're kidding me. I've been stuck on two hundred four for the past two months. It's impossible. Those little chocolate blobs grow all over the screen and there's nothing I can do about it.

PHILLIP

I can show you how to crush it if you want.

PETE smiles.

PETE

You'd do that? Boy, that'd be great.

PETE sits down on the floor next to PHILLIP.

PETE

I'll tell you what, I was about this close to taking my phone and throwing it against the wall the other day.

PHILLIP laughs and the two begin playing Candy Crush together.

Cut to a PETE and ERIN talking head in the now-clean conference room. ERIN's makeup looks terrible and PETE's eyes look wide and fried from staring at the iPad.

ERIN

You know, some people either got this kid thing or they don't.

PETE

And we sure as hell got it.

The two smile at the camera, then at each other. ERIN pulls the small mirror back out of her pocket and begins fixing her makeup, still smiling. PETE pulls out eyedrops and squirts them into his eyes while also continuing to smile.

There's a knock on the conference room window and the camera pans around to the source of the sound. KEVIN is bending down to reveal himself, smiling.

KEVIN

(speaking through the glass)

Guys, get your ugly butts out here. You'll never believe who just walked in the door like he owns the place.

ERIN and PETE open the door to the main office and the camera crew follows them, shaking the camera as they run to keep up. The camera focuses on ERIN and PETE as the cameraperson circles around to see their faces.

ERIN

Oh, no.

PETE

Oh, man.

The camera turns around to reveal ANDY standing near reception, wearing a Cornell sweater and hat.

ANDY

Oh, yeah!

ANDY looks at the camera and winks.

ANDY

That was the Kool-Aid Man for all you fine folks. That one's on the hiz-ouse.

## **OUTRO**

INT. MAIN OFFICE — NIGHT

MICHAEL and CLARK are still at their desks. It's visibly dark outside and most of the office has already left for

the day. MICHAEL's head is in his hands in a thinking position. He suddenly lifts his head in excitement.

MICHAEL

I got it! It's like the main guy  
from The Lego Movie had a baby  
with Charlie Sheen . . .

MICHAEL thinks a little more to himself as CLARK stares in amazement that he's still going.

MICHAEL

And that baby had a sex change and  
got plastic surgery to try and  
look like Anne Hathaway.

CLARK

Yep, hit the nail on the head with  
that one.

MICHAEL turns his head away from CLARK. The camera turns slightly to reveal that PETE is still listening to the conversation.

A look of worry grows across PETE's face.

MICHAEL

Hmm . . . now, how will I remember  
you, good sir?

**END OF EPISODE**