

# The Office

Season 10

Episode 13 – Headquarters

Fan Fiction by

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**INTRO**

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – EVENING

It's almost the end of the workday as the last of the office employees grab their jackets and head to the elevator.

The camera pans around the office to find one person still sitting at their desk: CLARK. PETE spots him on his way out.

PETE

Hey, man. You gonna head out soon?

CLARK

Oh, yeah. For sure. You know, just have that lead on the hook and don't want to lose them. Crossing those Ts and dotting those Is.

PETE

Right, right. Seems like you've been here pretty late in general these last couple weeks, though, yeah?

CLARK

Like I said, just trying to make those big bucks!

PETE

If there's one thing I learned about this place it's that there aren't any "big bucks" to be made. So, I've just been coasting for years now. But good for you.

PETE gives CLARK a thumbs-up and leaves the office for the day.

CLARK leans back in his chair and sighs.

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – EVENING

CLARK talking head. He looks around outside of the glass door to make sure no one else is listening in, then looks at the camera.

CLARK

Alright, think we're good. What am I doing here so late, you ask? It's certainly not working on some new lead. I mean, I actually did have to stay late one evening a few weeks ago. I was here so late that the cleaning crew showed up.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – EVENING

CLARK's talking head dialogue continues to voice over footage from a few weeks ago (the late work night he just referenced).

Various cleaning crew members can be seen vacuuming, dusting, etc. CLARK is working at his desk and lifts his head only to lock eyes with a cleaning lady dusting off some nearby desks. She smiles at him.

CLARK

There was this woman . . . this striking beauty that just told me she wanted to get with me based on the way she looked at me. It was like sex at first sight.

Cut to a new scene from that evening as CLARK wraps up his work for the night. He zips up his backpack and gets ready to leave, but before doing so he decides to take a sticky note and write something on it. He places it on the center of his computer screen, winks at the cleaning lady and leaves for the night.

CLARK

The only thing I could think to do was leave her a love note.

The camera zooms in on the sticky note, which reads, "You light the fire within me," with a heart next to it.

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – EVENING

Cut back to CLARK's present talking head.

CLARK

So, we've been leaving each other notes for a few weeks now. The first one I came back to . . .

CLARK holds up a sticky note.

CLARK

It said, "Let our flames rage on together." That's, like, super sexual, right? Anyway, we've been leaving notes for each other for a few weeks now, and I finally summoned the courage to leave a game-changer last night.

CLARK holds up another sticky note, which reads, "You. Me. Poor Richard's. Tomorrow night. 7 p.m. XOXO."

CLARK

Oh, yeah. Your boy Clark is about to get his freak on.

INT. POOR RICHARD'S PUB – EVENING

CLARK is sitting at a booth with a beer, tapping the side of the glass with his fingers out of nervousness. The pub is practically empty besides a few regulars sitting up at the bar.

CLARK takes a large gulp of his beer. When he puts it down, he sees a middle-aged man standing at the edge of the booth. CLARK studies him.

CLARK

Uh . . . yeah? Sorry, am I in your spot or something?

The man sits across from CLARK in the booth. He smiles at him, then reaches out his hands and places them on CLARK's.

MAN

Oh, how your eyes fuel my own.  
They are the gasoline that keeps  
my fire roaring.

CLARK pulls his hands away.

CLARK

Uh . . . what?

MAN

I know we only had these secret notes. I knew this would be difficult, so I brought another one to ease into this.

The man hands a sticky note across the table. CLARK picks it up and reads it. He immediately notices it's the same handwriting as the other notes he's received. He looks around the room for a moment, realizing that the person he's been writing notes to and receiving notes from has been one of the male cleaning crew members. He looks at the camera in disbelief as his face goes ghostly white. He slowly turns to the camera and grimaces.

Opening credits roll.

## **EPISODE**

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) — DAY

JIM stands up from his desk and looks at his watch.

JIM

Alrighty, folks. It's ten o'clock on the dot. The Uber should be arriving any minute now, so grab

your things and let's head downstairs.

JIM reaches to the side of his desk and grabs a suitcase handle. He rolls the suitcase out in front of him.

KEVIN

Jim, why couldn't we all just go to the airport from our own places? I mean, we were only here for a stupid hour.

KEVIN reluctantly stands up and grabs his duffel bag.

JIM

That's a great question, Kev, and one with an answer I want us all to remember during this trip. We're splitting the Uber because we have very, very little budget for this.

GABE

What kind of green we talking here? Like five thousand?

GABE is wearing his retro 76ers basketball jersey again, which is tucked into dress khakis. He, too, has a suitcase in front of him.

JIM winces.

JIM

Try two thousand.

KEVIN, GABE and DARRYL all groan.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (ATHLEAP) - DAY

JIM talking head with his suitcase at his side. He keeps checking the time on his watch.

JIM

Athleap Scranton has been invited to HQ for an all-company meeting. It was originally supposed to be Darryl and me attending, but then Kevin started crying, so we let him come. Then Gabe threatened to text one of our clients a photo of himself in a drag outfit, so he was added to the list of attendees. Which leaves our super helpful - but a little scary - Alley to hold down the fort for the next day and a half. I can only hope no one calls while we're gone, or we might just be jobless when we get back here.

JIM's phone rings. He answers it.

JIM

Yep. OK, sure thing. On our way.

JIM hangs up and looks at the camera.

JIM

Welp, gotta go. That's our ride. You have your bag, too, right?

CAMERAMAN

(unseen)

Yep.

JIM

Alright, good. Let's get out of here.

JIM leaves the conference room with the cameraman and waves to DARRYL, KEVIN and GABE to get moving, too.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT is sitting at his desk working when MICHAEL enters.  
DWIGHT looks up at him.

DWIGHT

Michael, what did I say about knocking?

MICHAEL

Come on, Dwight. I never made you knock when I was ruler of this palace.

DWIGHT

Actually, half the time you made me say the secret password to get in.

MICHAEL looks at the camera and smiles.

MICHAEL

It was "Meredith is so hot." Every time he came in here and immediately threw up in my garbage can, I knew it was worth it.

DWIGHT

Well, I'm not cruel like that. A simple knock will do just fine. Now please go back and knock.

MICHAEL

I'm not knocking, but if you kick me out you'll never see what's on this piece of paper rolled up in my hand.

MICHAEL holds up the baton-looking sheet of paper.

DWIGHT

What is that?

MICHAEL

Oh, it's nothing. I guess knocking is more important to you than seeing this . . .

MICHAEL begins to walk out of the room. DWIGHT quickly stands up from his desk and reaches out his arm to motion for MICHAEL to stop.

DWIGHT

Fine, fine! No knocking!

MICHAEL steps back into the room.

MICHAEL

And I need you to say it once, too.

DWIGHT

Michael, no . . .

MICHAEL

Say it once or this goes in the trash. You hurt my feelings, Dwight. This will mend them again.

DWIGHT looks around his desk, picks up the garbage can and holds it in front of him.

DWIGHT

(almost whispering)

Meredith is so hot.

DWIGHT immediately throws up in the garbage can. MICHAEL is cracking up. When both calm down, MICHAEL places the unrolled piece of paper on DWIGHT's desk. DWIGHT picks it up and begins reading it.

MICHAEL

It's pretty juicy, right?

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

ALLEY sits at reception in an empty Athleap office. She looks at the camera and shrugs.

ALLEY

What? Why are you guys even over on this side when it's just me here? Go on, scram.

The cameraperson backs away with the camera still focused on ALLEY. They crouch down behind some plants while continuing to film her.

ALLEY

Seriously? That huge-ass camera's not very hidden. If Jim asked you to keep an eye on me, then just know you don't have to. I'm not stealing anything.

The camera continues filming her. She eventually gets annoyed enough to get up and walk across the office. The camera follows her up until she goes into the women's bathroom. She turns around in the doorway, gives the camera the finger (blurred out) and goes inside.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE — DAY

MICHAEL is sitting on DWIGHT's desk, legs crossed pretzel-style. DWIGHT is looking at his computer.

MICHAEL turns to address the camera.

MICHAEL

So, there I was, making a photocopy of my credit card before I lose it again, when I find someone else's original still in the copier. I do what any good employee would do and immediately read it without giving it back to the owner first. Turns out, it was a copy of Oscar's resume. Gasp!

MICHAEL smiles, excited at the potential drama to come.

DWIGHT turns away from his computer to address the camera.

DWIGHT

Loyalty is the most important quality any of my subordinates can exhibit. That and physical prowess. Unfortunately, everyone out there is either overweight or as light as a feather, so the two often cancel out. But guess what? Now Oscar has proven to me that he's weak and I can't trust him.

MICHAEL

Unloyalty.

DWIGHT

Betrayal. He thinks he can so easily find another job, huh? Well, I've got news for him: there's nowhere for him to run. Nowhere for him to hide.

MICHAEL looks at DWIGHT.

MICHAEL

It's like he's Harry Potter being hunted by the orcs. And we're the orcs.

DWIGHT

I think you mean Frodo Baggins being hunted by the orcs.

MICHAEL

What? No, you can't just make up new characters. This isn't Nerd-con.

DWIGHT

I did not make it up. J.R.R. Tolkien made it up.

MICHAEL

Nope, no way. Frodo is not a real name. Respect the story.

DWIGHT

I just said it was made up.

MICHAEL

Well, I don't care who made it up. I'm not talking about fiction. I'd like us to compare our situation to a real story, which is why I chose Harry Potter.

DWIGHT

But Harry Potter's also made up . . .

MICHAEL

Can you prove it?

DWIGHT

What? No, I-

MICHAEL

Case closed.

DWIGHT sighs. Beat.

DWIGHT

Can we at least agree to compare our situation to a story we both believe is real?

MICHAEL looks up at the ceiling to think for a second.

MICHAEL

Sure.

Beat as the two think.

DWIGHT  
What about John Wick?

MICHAEL  
Chapter one?

DWIGHT  
No, chapter three, of course.

MICHAEL  
Alright, yeah. Yeah, chapter  
three. I could see that.

DWIGHT gets serious and looks at the camera.

DWIGHT  
We are John Wick and Oscar  
is . . . some other not-as-good  
assassin.

INT. AN AIRPLANE - DAY

JIM and DARRYL sit next to each other on the small, cramped plane. Across the aisle are KEVIN and GABE. KEVIN is taking up nearly a seat and a half, leaving GABE squished in his seat.

A stewardess walks by. GABE reaches out and motions to get her attention, but accidentally ends up tapping her butt.

STEWARDESS  
Excuse me?

GABE  
Oh, I am so, so sorry. I didn't  
mean to . . . I'm just squished  
here next to this guy. And I've  
noticed there are still a lot open  
seats on this plane. So, I was  
wondering if I could-

STEWARDESS

No, you can't switch seats. Those seats are taken.

GABE

By who, ghosts?

STEWARDESS

Sir, I'm going to need to ask you to restrain yourself, or I'll have to talk to the air marshal.

GABE

Is this because I grabbed- I mean, accidentally touched your butt?

STEWARDESS

How dare you. That's extremely sexist.

GABE

How is that sexist at all? I'm just saying my hand accidentally moved lower than I intended it to and it landed on your butt.

KEVIN raises his hand, hitting GABE in the face in the process.

KEVIN

Excuse me, miss? Can I have another bag of pretzels?

The stewardess looks at KEVIN with a warm smile.

STEWARDESS

Absolutely. The plane is nearly empty, so I'll bring you a bunch of extras, darling.

KEVIN

Thanks.

The stewardess looks back at GABE in anger before walking toward the back of the plane.

KEVIN turns to GABE.

KEVIN

You know, that was a little sexist.

GABE looks across the aisle and taps DARRYL on the shoulder.

GABE

Can you believe this?

DARRYL takes off his sleep mask and slowly turns toward GABE.

DARRYL

I can believe that you just woke me up from a pleasant nap. Deal with your problems like a grown man.

DARRYL puts his mask back on and faces forward.

DARRYL

And don't go around just slapping rear ends.

KEVIN yawns and stretches out his arms, pushing GABE further into his already tiny space.

GABE looks at the camera with a miserable expression.

GABE

It's times like these that I miss the drag life. Gabriela got so much more respect.

INT. KITCHEN — DAY

ALLEY finally comes out of the bathroom. She notices the cameraperson in the kitchen and turns to go back in.

MEREDITH

(unseen)

Hey, lady.

The camera zooms out to show MEREDITH at the kitchen table.

MEREDITH

Paparazzi bothering you?

ALLEY leans her head out of the bathroom.

ALLEY

Yeah, something like that.

MEREDITH

Not much you can do about that. Believe me, I've done just about everything here and they've never turned a blind eye to a thing. I mean, I once flashed Michael and they caught the whole thing. Think it's floating around on some porn sites right now, so I can't complain. But at the time, I felt like it was a total invasion of privacy.

ALLEY

No kidding. How do you deal with this all the time?

MEREDITH

Well, you eventually just kind of forget their here.

CREED

(unseen)

I never forget that their here.

CREED is now standing in the doorway of the men's bathroom.

ALLEY

That's because you're living a  
life of crime, grandpa.

CREED

No crime for Reed Stratton. Clean  
as a whistle.

CREED looks at the camera and points over to ALLEY.

CREED

Get a load of this guy.

CREED steps out of the bathroom doorway, now standing in the kitchen. He lifts up his other hand and begins messing with something in his palm. The camera zooms in to reveal that he's rolling a joint.

ALLEY

Dude, you're literally rolling a  
joint in the middle of the  
kitchen. Why even bother acting  
like a straight arrow?

CREED

No I'm not.

ALLEY

Just saying you're not doesn't  
change the fact that you are  
*literally* rolling a joint in the  
middle of the kitchen.

MEREDITH

Listen, pal, sounds like you need  
to get your mind off all of this.  
Reed, what do you say we give her  
the 101?

CREED

Why do you think I'm still standing here?

MEREDITH winks at CREED. CREED puts the joint to his mouth, lights it, then winks back at MEREDITH.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

DWIGHT and MICHAEL are standing in front of the entire office.

MICHAEL  
Attention, Dunder Mifflinites!

DWIGHT pulls MICHAEL aside to speak with him.

DWIGHT  
(whispering)  
Hey, Mike, I appreciate your help in all of this, but let me lead the charge on this one.

MICHAEL  
Can I lead the interrogation then?

DWIGHT  
Maybe, but also definitely not.

MICHAEL  
Then I'll just play bad cop for some extra power.

DWIGHT  
No, I'm bad cop. You can be . . . Assistant to the Bad Cop.

MICHAEL  
Assistant Bad Cop. Got it. Do I have a gun?

DWIGHT

We can talk about that when the time comes.

They both turn back to address the rest of the office again.

DWIGHT

Attention, Dunder Mifflinados! I just wanted to share that I will be buying you all pizza for lunch! This is a gesture of gratitude for your undying loyalty to this company.

STANLEY

Undying? I think the word you're looking for is "dying." As in "dying loyalty."

MICHAEL

Stanley, do you want the free pizza or no?

STANLEY

(annoyed)

Yes . . . undying loyalty.

PAM

It seems like you two are up to something.

DWIGHT

And why is that, Pam?

PAM

Because Michael is standing there with his "I'm up to something" expression.

The camera zooms in on MICHAEL's face. He's standing there with his eyebrows raised and carrying an awkward, showing-no-teeth grin.

DWIGHT

No, that's his "I love pizza" face.

ERIN

No, no . . .

ERIN grabs a binder from behind reception and flips through it.

ERIN

This is Michael's "I want pizza" face.

ERIN turns the binder around to show a picture of MICHAEL making a different expression.

ERIN

You can see his mouth is clearly open in this one.

MICHAEL

Wait, hold on . . . why do you have a binder filled with my charming expressions?

ERIN

I compiled them over the years before you moved to Colorado. Sometimes you weren't so good with your words, so I had to rely on the "expressions binder" to find out what you wanted. But, yes, that's definitely his "I'm up to something" face, Pam.

A new expression, one of frustration, comes across MICHAEL's face. ERIN quickly flips through the binder, looking up at MICHAEL every so often before looking back down.

ERIN

And now . . . now he's making his  
"I'm angry at Erin" face.

DWIGHT goes up to ERIN and grabs the binder from her. He tosses it across the room. PETE picks it up off of the floor.

PETE

Hey, can I keep this?

MICHAEL

What? Why?

PETE

I've got a one-year-old niece. Think it could make a good children's book of different reactions, I don't know.

CLARK

Are you sure you want her mimicking Michael's expressions? Next thing you know she's gonna be walking around shouting "that's what she said" and talking about boobs every other minute.

PETE

Probably a good point.

PETE tosses the binder back on the floor.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

ALLEY, MEREDITH and CREED are hiding in the very back room, sitting on boxes of paper. MEREDITH has a fifth of vodka and CREED is still smoking the joint he rolled earlier.

MEREDITH

First thing you need to know is how to carve out time for all those interviews. You'd think that-

NATE, the new foreman of the warehouse, walks by and sees the three of them in the back room.

NATE

Oh, I didn't know you guys were down here. Is this another conference room that was built with the other construction to the office? I can't keep up with all these changes.

CREED

Who's the narc?

NATE

No, my name's not Narc. It's actually Nate. Like, it rhymes with Late, or Crate . . . or Bate. Or-

MEREDITH

No, Nate's cool. He ain't no narc. We're just hanging out down here. Hey . . . what are you doing back here anyway?

NATE looks around and gets flushed. He starts tapping his foot in anxiousness.

NATE

Hah . . . well, alright. You got me. I was supposed to be in that row over there, but I got distracted when I thought I saw a silver pen on the ground. But it turned out it was just this old screw. Then I forgot why I was in that row to begin with, so I've been walking around for half an hour trying to remember.

NATE holds up the screw he found. MEREDITH, CREED and ALLEY all start laughing.

MEREDITH

Come pop a squat, buddy.

NATE walks into the back room and MEREDITH quickly hands him the handle of vodka. He takes a pull. CREED then immediately makes NATE take a hit of his joint.

ALLEY

You guys just come down here pressuring everyone to partake in these festivities?

MEREDITH takes a pull of vodka.

MEREDITH

Kid, when you're at a place like this, it's in your best interest to make as many friends as possible. And that includes the doc crew. These "festivities" you speak of make that easy as pie.

MEREDITH looks out of the room, somehow directly into the camera, and winks at it.

MEREDITH

That's lesson number one. I'll give ya some more once this liquid starts flowing through my veins.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

Most people from the office sit in chairs arranged in a circle. MICHAEL holds four boxes of pizza on his lap.

DWIGHT

This is how it's going to work, people. I want us all to go around in a circle and say one reason why we're loyal to Dunder Mifflin.

MICHAEL

Right. For me, for incense, one of the reasons I'm loyal is because of my computer monitor. I love that computer monitor.

PHYLLIS

But you can get a computer monitor at any company, Michael.

MICHAEL

Yes, but this one is mine. And I've had it for over twenty years now. It came with me when I moved to Colorado and it's back with me now here. It's my little travel companion.

DWIGHT

Wait, you took something that belonged to this company with you to Colorado?

MICHAEL

Well, yes, but I also once belonged to this company, and I took myself to Colorado, so I figured it was all blurred lines as to what belonged to what.

PAM

There was zero logic in that sentence.

MICHAEL

You're right, Pam. You know why? Because loyalty is emotional. It has nothing to do with logic.

PAM looks at the camera to make a face at MICHAEL's second stupid comment.

DWIGHT puts his hand over the pizzas on MICHAEL's lap.

DWIGHT

OK there, buddy. We'll discuss this and any consequences of those actions later. Anyone else want to share why they're loyal? Andy, how about you?

ANDY looks flattered that DWIGHT called on him.

ANDY

Oh, well, geez. I don't know, maybe I'm loyal because of such awesome leadership? Looking at you, D-Money . . . and M-Money . . . and Me-Money! Forgot I was manager for a sec there.

ANDY laughs as others roll their eyes at him.

PHYLLIS

Didn't we all . . .

ANDY glares at PHYLLIS.

DWIGHT

Stanley, what about you?

The camera focuses on STANLEY, who is putting all of his focus into his iPad.

STANLEY

(still looking at the iPad)

Money.

DWIGHT stares at STANLEY.

DWIGHT

Hey . . . that little device there, that looks like a lack of loyalty to me.

STANLEY

Mmm-hmm.

DWIGHT gets up to take the iPad away from STANLEY, but MICHAEL holds him back.

MICHAEL

No, Dwight. I've got this. I do this with my kids all the time.

MICHAEL puts the pizzas down, goes over to STANLEY and crouches down in front of him.

MICHAEL

Stanley . . . I know you like the iPad, but if you look at it long enough your eyes are going to burn. They're literally going to catch on fire and you'll be blind for the rest of your life with gaping holes left as eye sockets. You don't want that, do you?

STANLEY

(still looking at his iPad)

That'd be better than having to see you staring at me out of the corner of my eye ever again.

CLARK

Dude, do you really tell such vivid, creepy stories like that to your kids when they're not listening to you?

MICHAEL

I only tell them the truth, Clark. And if you keep up that snarky attitude you will get murdered by a gang of snarky-attitude haters one day.

DWIGHT

OK, Michael, that's enough. Stanley proves his loyalty everyday by just getting his big butt out of bed.

STANLEY finally looks up at DWIGHT just to roll his eyes at him, then immediately goes back to looking at his iPad.

OSCAR

OK, seriously? We have work to do. Besides, the pizza's probably cold by now.

MICHAEL

Actually, it's still very warm because I have an unusually warm lap.

OSCAR

That's disgusting.

MICHAEL

No, it's adorable. And hey, how about you? You seem like you're in a hurry to leave. Why are you loyal, Oscar?

OSCAR looks irritated, but eventually chooses to answer as everyone stares at him.

OSCAR

Fine. Uh . . . I don't know. I guess I'm loyal because of this place's resilience to the overall decline in the industry. There, satisfied?

DWIGHT

A decline in the industry, you say? Does that make you scared?

OSCAR

No, it doesn't make me scared. I know that no matter what happens to this place, my skillset and experience will be valuable anywhere. I'm an accountant, after all.

MICHAEL

Anywhere, hmm?

ANGELA

Why are you guys using that suspicious tone?

DWIGHT and MICHAEL turn to ANGELA with a look of disappointment as if they have been caught. DWIGHT and her exchange a few random expressions as if they're having a non-verbal conversation.

DWIGHT turns back to address everyone.

DWIGHT

That's it, everyone out besides Oscar!

Everyone starts to get up and leave, thrilled that the meeting is over.

STANLEY

Hold up, what about those pizzas we were promised?

MICHAEL

Well, why don't you just order another off of your precious iPad, Stanley?

STANLEY groans and leaves the conference room, not wanting to put up with MICHAEL and DWIGHT anymore.

INT. ATHLEAP AUSTIN OFFICE - DAY

JIM, DARRYL, KEVIN and GABE all show up to reception with their luggage. The receptionist looks at them.

RECEPTIONIST

Well, how did you guys get past security?

JIM and DARRYL laugh. They go up to the man and give him a fist-bump.

JIM

Good to see you, Dave.

DARRYL

Yeah, how's business at HQ been?

DAVE

You know, it had its rough patches right after you left.

DARRYL

Ah, right, because I was such an asset here.

DAVE

No, it was mainly because of all those interns you hired. They talked to some local press and spun the story that they were basically doing forced, unpaid labor. Which they kind of were at the end of the day.

DARRYL

No way - they were compensated. You know . . . with, like, candy bars and such. And Bagel Friday. How can they complain when there was Bagel Friday?

KEVIN walks between JIM and DARRYL.

KEVIN

Did you say Bagel Friday? Are there any bagels here today?

JIM

Kev, it's Wednesday.

KEVIN

I know, but I just thought that maybe they'd have bagels prepared for this Friday. Or maybe some leftover ones from last Friday.

DARRYL

(whispering to KEVIN)

Enough with the bagels, man.

KEVIN steps backward, folding his arms and turning away like a kid who just got denied candy at the grocery store.

DAVE

You must be Kevin. And is this . . . that's not Alley, is it?

DAVE points at GABE. JIM laughs.

JIM

No, no, that's Gabe. He does a ton for us in terms of office administration. Really keeps everything moving, you know?

GABE waves from behind JIM and DARRYL.

GABE

Hey. Yeah, I get confused with women a lot. I've just rewired my brain to think of it as a compliment. You can call me Gabriela if that feels more natural.

Beat.

DAVE

Yeah, I'm definitely not doing that.

DAVE stands up from reception.

DAVE

Well, you're just in time. Everyone's gathering in the conference room now.

JIM and DARRYL look at each other, surprised.

JIM

Wait, right now? I thought the meeting didn't start until two.

DARRYL

Yeah, to be honest, we've still got some prep work to do. We were hoping to maybe use one of the smaller rooms to finesse the PowerPoint and go over speaking roles and what not. You know, just to prepare a little more.

DAVE

Oh, it'll be fine. Wallace is actually in town for a meeting with Tim Hardaway Jr., so he asked if we could bump up the meeting so he could join, too.

KEVIN hears this and turns around.

KEVIN

Hold on . . . you're talking about the Tim Hardaway Jr.?

DAVE

You heard that right.

GABE sees KEVIN's interest and also tries to appear interested, looking at him and then at DAVE.

GABE

Yeah, so just so we're clear, you're not talking about Tim Hardaway the third, right? Or even the fourth? We're talking the real junior himself?

JIM looks at the camera and shakes his head in embarrassment.

DAVE looks at GABE, confused.

DAVE

Yes, we're talking about junior. Who else would we be-

DARRYL

Never mind about that! You said David Wallace is here?

DAVE

Yep, he wanted to see the whole company in action.

DARRYL looks at JIM and cringes.

JIM turns to DAVE, shaking off his obvious discomfort.

JIM

Well, that's just great. Give us five and we'll be in there. You know, bathroom and stuff after a long trip.

DAVE

Sure, no problem.

KEVIN

Thank god because I have to take a huge dump.

JIM puts his hand on his face as the four men walk away from reception.

Cut to a JIM talking head as he stands outside the men's bathroom. He looks anxious.

JIM

Yeah, so, of course we planned for the two o'clock meeting, putting the entire fate of our branch on the chance to connect for an hour beforehand. But it's OK. It's all good. It'll be fine. You know what? It'll be fine. It'll be great.

JIM turns around and sticks his head in the bathroom door to see if the other three guys are almost finished.

KEVIN

(unseen)

Hey . . . hey, how do you flush this toilet?

DARRYL

(unseen)

You just gotta move out of the way and the sensor will flush it for you.

KEVIN

(unseen)

I *am* moving out of the way!

DARRYL

(unseen)

You're probably just too big to get out of its way. Just come out here and it'll flush for you.

KEVIN

(unseen)

No way! I'm not leaving this stall until I know this scene out of a horror movie is gone.

GABE

(unseen)

A horror movie? Can I take a peek?

DARRYL, KEVIN

(unseen, at the same time)

Ew!

JIM pulls his head out of the bathroom door and looks back at the camera, more fearful than he was before.

JIM

It'll be great.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

DWIGHT and MICHAEL sit in their seats, all of the chairs still positioned in a circle. OSCAR sits across the circle from them. DWIGHT and MICHAEL stare at OSCAR as if they were trying to make him crack via their looks alone.

OSCAR

So, what's going on, guys?

MICHAEL

Going on? Why would you think that something's going on?

OSCAR

Because you've just been staring at me for five minutes. And you're using that tone.

MICHAEL

What tone?

OSCAR

You know the tone. It's the one you use when you're suspicious of someone. Don't make me go get Erin's CD of various Michael tones.

MICHAEL

Are you kidding? She has that, too? What the hell?

DWIGHT stands up. He grabs a piece of pizza from one of the boxes on MICHAEL's lap. He walks over to OSCAR and points it at him like it's a gun. A bit of grease flies onto OSCAR's face.

OSCAR

Ah, come on, Dwight! You're getting that all over me!

DWIGHT

You know what you did! Admit it! Admit it or you can pack up your things and . . . and get a mediocre-at-best reference letter from me!

OSCAR

What on earth are you talking about?

DWIGHT gets closer to OSCAR, now face-to-face.

DWIGHT

The resume, Martinez! If that's even your real name! We found the resume!

MICHAEL gets up from his chair, too, taking the pizza boxes and throwing them against the glass window of the conference room. He also walks up to OSCAR and gets in his face.

MICHAEL

The resume! And you've been caught with red hands, because I have it right here!

MICHAEL reaches in his back pocket and pulls out a piece of paper. He unfolds it and shoves it in OSCAR's face. OSCAR leans forward to read it.

OSCAR

This is an elementary school student's multiplication sheet.

MICHAEL turns the paper around and looks at it. He's surprised and quickly puts it back in his pocket. He looks at the camera.

MICHAEL

Yeah, so what? It's my kid's math homework. Sometimes I take it for myself to keep my mind refreshed.

OSCAR

You do your kid's math homework?

MICHAEL

Only sometimes. And besides, it's helped him get a steady C+ in that class. And you know what the plus means, Oscar? It means it's the best C you can get! The best C out there!

DWIGHT

Michael, the other paper, please .  
. . .

MICHAEL snaps out of it and reaches in his other pocket, pulling out another piece of paper. He unfolds it and shows it to OSCAR.

Beat as OSCAR studies the paper.

OSCAR

Oh, for goodness sake.

DWIGHT and MICHAEL smile, looking at each other and nodding in satisfaction.

DWIGHT

That's what we thought, pal. Now, go grab your things. Loyalty my ass!

OSCAR looks confused and shakes his head.

OSCAR

What?

DWIGHT

You're trying to get out of here, aren't you? And using our precious paper to do so? How dare you bite the wooden hand that feeds you!

OSCAR

Dwight, no, I'm not going anywhere. I was making a few photocopies of my resume for my nephew to look at. He's trying to get a job this summer and he asked to see my resume so he could make one for himself.

MICHAEL

Why would he want to copy your resume? Are you sure he's not trying to kill you and steal your life?

OSCAR

No, he's making his own resume. He's just using mine as a template.

DWIGHT

Why should we believe you?

OSCAR

Gee, I don't know. Go and check my computer if you want.

DWIGHT

We did. We read through all of your personal emails and didn't find anything about a job application or interview. But that's exactly what you wanted us to see, isn't it?

OSCAR

You did what? That's a serious invasion of privacy.

DWIGHT

I don't believe in privacy.

OSCAR throws his arms up in the air.

OSCAR

Ugh, well then there, don't you believe me? Nothing was on my computer.

DWIGHT looks at MICHAEL and tilts his head to the side, motioning for them to speak alone. They step away from OSCAR.

DWIGHT

(whispering)

What do you think?

MICHAEL

(whispering)

I think I believe him.

DWIGHT

(whispering)

That's what he wants you to believe. Let's just drug him like

we planned and know for sure. I have a gallon of homemade truth serum in my trunk. It's not as good as my buddy's, but it'll get the job done.

MICHAEL

(whispering)

No, Dwight. No, no truth serum. He's telling the truth.

MICHAEL turns to OSCAR.

MICHAEL

Oscar, you're free to go.

OSCAR stands up.

OSCAR

Alright, thank you, Michael. Thank you for trusting me.

MICHAEL nods at OSCAR while DWIGHT stares him down as he leaves the room.

OSCAR turns back in the doorway.

OSCAR

And Michael . . . if your kid wants to turn that C+ into a B-, you always know where to find me.

MICHAEL nods at OSCAR, then turns and looks at the camera.

MICHAEL

And that's a better grade . . . because . . .

MICHAEL turns to the side and starts silently singing the ABC's. He turns back to the camera.

MICHAEL

Because B is in front of C and is therefore one letter better. See? I could be a teacher, too.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

MICHAEL talking head at DWIGHT's desk.

MICHAEL

Yeah, so Dwight's still off pouting somewhere. He's confident Oscar's gonna leave. But you know what? If he does, that's his own decision. Old Michael would have put an end to him trying to leave this place. But I've been down that road myself, and sometimes new journeys are necessary. It's like this book my son Ryan is reading. It's about this moon that's always disappearing. This kid is always saying goodbye to it, and Oscar may someday be that moon, disappearing and going on his own journey. And the rest of us are that little boy. Is that what he's doing? Who knows. I'm just thankful to see him up in the sky every day.

MICHAEL lifts his hands to clarify.

MICHAEL

The sky being this office. And I'm the little kid. You know, that's the first book I've read in almost five years - other than Toby's stupid book - and I think it's better than anything else out there. Took me two weeks to get through, but highly recommend it.

MICHAEL smiles.

INT. ATHLEAP AUSTIN OFFICE – DAY

JIM, DARRYL, KEVIN and GABE are in a giant conference room with about fifteen other people. They all stand as they're clearly sharing their presentation on the Scranton office's performance.

DARRYL

And if I could put how client prospecting is going in Scranton into just a few words, I'd say it's like Jordan during that 1990 Bulls-Cavs game. Sixty-nine points for the big guy!

Everyone in the room laughs and quickly quiets down as DARRYL hands the projector remote over to KEVIN. KEVIN is sweating profusely and gulps out of nervousness.

KEVIN

Ha ha . . . sixty-nine, nice.

No one laughs.

KEVIN clicks the remote and looks at the screen. It's a slide on key learnings from the Athleap Scranton office's short existence.

KEVIN

Right, yes. Anyway, we've learned a few very important things over the last few months. Like . . .

KEVIN clicks the remote and the first bullet pops up on the slide.

KEVIN

Like knowing our market. And it's important to know your market. Really, just to always, always know it as best as you can. Because if you don't know your

market, then that wouldn't be good.

KEVIN wipes his forehead and clicks the remote again. Another bullet pops up.

KEVIN

The next learning is that in-person meetings go a long way. Which makes sense, because in-person meetings can go much longer than meetings over the phone . . . or over the computer . . . or over text. Etcetera.

JIM is obviously embarrassed as he, too, rubs his forehead.

DARRYL steps toward KEVIN and takes the remote from him. He clicks it and the next slide says "Areas for immediate improvement." He leans over to hand the remote to GABE. GABE awkwardly laughs and grabs the remote. He looks at the rest of the people in the room, drops the remote and sprints out of the room.

GABE

(on his way out)

I think I left the stove on at my apartment!

JIM picks the remote up off of the floor. He lets out a nervous laugh.

JIM

Yeah, that Gabe's a character. Always . . . leaving his stove on.

DARRYL

(under his breath)

Oh boy.

INT. BUFFALO WILDS WINGS — EVENING

The Athleap Scranton crew enter the restaurant, spotting other Athleap employees sharing a few booths across the restaurant.

JIM

Alright, now remember: Kevin, stick to sports. If it's anything about Athleap, let Darryl or me step in and answer. And Gabe . . .

GABE

Yeah?

JIM

Yeah, it's probably just best if you don't say anything at all.

GABE

Got it. I get that all the time, so I know exactly how to act.

The four men walk over to the booths. DAVID WALLACE stands up to greet them in front of everyone.

DAVID WALLACE

Boys, boys, boys . . .

Beat as he steps closer to the four men.

DAVID WALLACE

Thanks for saving the day in that room.

He pats them on the back and raises his glass of beer, smiling.

DARRYL

What are you talking about?

DAVID WALLACE

I'm talking about that presentation. I'm gonna be honest, a lot of these guys are so focused

on the business that they seem more like robots than humans sometimes.

JIM

You're serious?

DAVID WALLACE

Oh, absolutely. Listen . . . there's a reason I put the four of you together. That new employee of yours, too. What's her name?

JIM

Alley.

DAVID WALLACE

Right, right. You guys are my ace in the hole. You're my secret weapon. I invested in this business because of the people. And quite frankly, the folks in the Austin office don't know how to relax. So, I did some thinking, and I'm going to make Scranton the new headquarters.

KEVIN

Even after my god-awful presentation?

DARRYL

(softly to KEVIN)

Let's not remind him of that, please.

DAVID WALLACE

I trust you guys. Always have. The guys over here are a little salty about it, but I know it's for the best. Plus, now I have even more of a reason to check up on those knuckleheads at the Dunder Mifflin

Scranton branch. Lord knows they need it.

JIM

Well, alright!

The four Athleap Scranton men smile, looking relieved at how the conversation is turning out.

A waitress comes by with a tray of beers. DAVID WALLACE passes them out to the four guys. They all raise their glasses to cheers.

DAVID WALLACE

To Athleap Scranton.

ATHLEAP SCRANTON EMPLOYEES

(together)

To Athleap Scranton!

Everyone cheers each other and takes a sip of beer.

GABE

Yes! To Athleap Scranton! And to the Ron James, the greatest there ever was!

Everyone looks over at GABE in silence.

DAVID WALLACE

But seriously, someone please tie this guy to a chair and make him watch a game or two.

Everyone laughs.

GABE

Yeah, talk about a crazy effective way of torturing me!

Everyone looks at GABE again. DAVID WALLACE shrugs and returns to the booths behind them. The Athleap Scranton

crew walks over there, too, joining the rest of the Athleap employees.

INT. WAREHOUSE — EVENING

MEREDITH, CREED, ALLEY and NATE are walking up the stairs on their way back to the office. They're all struggling to walk. MEREDITH gets to the top and throws her arm in the air in celebration.

MEREDITH

Made it!

MEREDITH suddenly loses her balance and falls backward, knocking everyone else down the stairs as well. Everyone is now lying on top of each other on the floor in one big pile.

CREED

And that's rule number five, kiddo: you've always gotta have a spotter here. No matter where you go and no matter what you do, you've always gotta have a spotter to look after you.

ALLEY

I don't know if I have that yet, dudes.

MEREDITH

Yeah, you do. They're all laying on top of you.

Beat.

MEREDITH

Hey . . . you all thinking what I'm thinking?

Everyone quickly gets out of the pile and flees in various directions. MEREDITH is still left lying on the ground.

MEREDITH

Chill out, guys! I was just talking about an innocent foursome!

**OUTRO**

INT. AUSTIN HOTEL ROOM — NIGHT

It's dark in the room, but you can make out four people resting on two queen beds. Upon further inspection, it's clear it's JIM and DARRYL on one bed and KEVIN and GABE in another.

GABE

Psssst . . .

DARRYL

Dude, not now. It's like three o'clock in the morning.

GABE

I can't do this anymore. I've been holding my breath for two-minute intervals, only to rush to the bathroom for a breath of fresh air after.

JIM

What are you talking about?

GABE

Kevin. Kevin keeps releasing these world-ending farts.

JIM

Alright, calm down. It can't be that bad. I don't smell anything over here.

GABE

Well, you must have a weak nose.

The room is silent for a second, then KEVIN lets out a long, loud fart that lasts for at least five seconds.

JIM

Oh, god.

DARRYL sits up in bed and turns on the nightstand light.

DARRYL

Nope. No way. Can't do this.

The three guys get out of bed and power-walk away.

JIM

I'm sleeping in the bathtub.

DARRYL

You do that. I'm willing to pay five hundred dollars of my own money to get out of this room.

GABE

Wait, guys . . .

JIM grabs an extra set of covers and goes into the bathroom, closing the door behind him. DARRYL grabs a keycard and leaves the room.

GABE is left standing there by himself. He slowly walks back over to the beds and lies in the empty one, with KEVIN still lying in the other bed. GABE shuts off the nightstand light.

KEVIN

(whispering)

Did they buy it?

GABE

(whispering)

Yeah, they bought it. I still don't know how you can fart on

command like that, but I should be thankful. Two beds to ourselves.

KEVIN

(whispering)

Years of practice, my friend.  
Years of practice. Goodnight,  
Gabe.

GABE

(whispering)

Goodnight, Kevin.

It's once again silent for a few seconds, then KEVIN lets out another long, loud fart.

**END OF EPISODE**