

The Office

Season 10

Episode 19 – Laptops

Fan Fiction by

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INTRO

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

DWIGHT storms into the office, holding something in his hand.

DWIGHT

Attention, cogs! Do any of you have any information on this?

DWIGHT holds up the object in his hand, which is a small, skinny, stick-like thing.

NELLY

We talked about this, Dwight. Nobody likes it when you call us cogs.

DWIGHT

A cog is an essential piece of machinery. Without it, we would not be where we are today. It's a compliment.

PAM

But you could at least think of something more creative. Like, what about sidekicks? Even that's better and *no one* wants to be a sidekick.

DWIGHT

You are not sidekicks. You are not crime-fighting vigilantes.

ANDY

Well, we're not parts of a machine either.

DWIGHT looks at the camera.

DWIGHT

Yeah, for all you know. Ever seen Power Rangers? They all form one giant robot.

CLARK

Dude, just get on with it. What were you gonna say?

DWIGHT

You see this?

DWIGHT holds the object out in front of him.

DWIGHT

This is a piece of chalk. A simple object used by children to play with their imagination, right?

PAM

Right. So what?

DWIGHT

Wrong! This object was used to commit a crime this morning.

CREED

Not a chance. That's not nearly sharp enough to count as a shank.

DWIGHT

No, it wasn't used for physical violence. But it was used as a weapon . . . a weapon against our company!

CLARK

You're still getting carried away with the setup. Let's cut to the good part here.

DWIGHT

Graffiti.

DWIGHT looks at the camera again with a stern expression.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT talking head at his desk.

DWIGHT

This morning, upon pulling into the parking lot, I noticed something on the ground.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

DWIGHT gets out of his car after pulling into the parking lot and walks over to look at a drawing on the ground. The camera follows him and steps back to get a better look at the drawing. All that can be seen are various shapes, squiggles and random letters. It's clearly the work of a young child.

DWIGHT stares up from the drawing to look at the camera with fear in his eyes.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

Cut back to DWIGHT's talking head at his desk.

DWIGHT

At first, I thought maybe there was some construction going on and the drawings were markers. But, upon closer inspection . . .

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

DWIGHT is crouching on the ground now with a hand to his chin like a detective. He studies the drawings closer, pointing out one specific mark to the camera.

DWIGHT

(voiceover from talking head)

It was something much different. I have a keen eye for hidden messages, and I was able to make out our office building in the drawing . . .

DWIGHT moves his hand to another object, this time a red rectangle.

DWIGHT

(voiceover from talking head)

I also saw what appeared to be my car.

DWIGHT moves his hand again, now pointing to a single stick with a circle on top.

DWIGHT

(voiceover from talking head)

And, based on the size of the circle compared to the stick, I was able to determine that I, Dwight Kurt Schrute, was portrayed in this drawing as well. Except, I was missing all of my limbs.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

Cut back to DWIGHT's talking head.

DWIGHT

Unfortunately, none of my colleagues believe me, so I'm left to protect my limbs on my own. I will not risk anything.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

KEVIN is making a sandwich while DWIGHT is washing a mug in the sink. KEVIN reaches over DWIGHT to grab a plastic knife, which startles DWIGHT. He karate-chops KEVIN's arm and runs out of the room.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

Cut back to DWIGHT's talking head.

DWIGHT
And I mean *anything*.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

DWIGHT is standing at the front of the room, addressing everyone with a PowerPoint presentation in the background. His arms are locked tight to his sides as if he were a soldier.

DWIGHT
So, if you notice the trend on the graph.

NELLY
Which graph?

DWIGHT
The one on the left.

PAM
(smirking)
Yeah, but I can't see the trend.

DWIGHT looks behind him at the screen.

DWIGHT
Are you kidding me? It's the obvious decline.

CLARK
Yeah, I'm with Pam on this one. I can't see it either. Can you point to it?

DWIGHT looks at the screen, then down at his arms. He sighs, walks up to the screen and bangs his forehead onto the chart, using that to point instead of his hand.

DWIGHT

Ow. See it now?

PAM

(unseen)

Kind of.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

Cut back to DWIGHT's talking head.

DWIGHT

I will not let this sick criminal
take away my limbs.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

The camera is filming out of the conference room window,
which faces the parking lot. The camera zooms in to find
JIM standing over his son, PHILLIP, who is drawing on the
ground with chalk.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

JIM talking head right outside the building entrance.

JIM

Oh, yeah, Phillip has to do this
abstract art project for class. I
just thought I'd kill two birds
with one stone and prank Dwight.

JIM looks over at his son drawing on the ground in the
parking lot and gives him a thumbs-up.

JIM

(to PHILLIP)

That's looking like an A+, buddy!

JIM turns back to the camera, smiling.

JIM

And an A+ prank for me, too.

Opening credits roll.

EPISODE

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

DWIGHT is walking around with what looks like a laundry bin, rolling it along and stopping at various desks. When he stops, he grabs the bulky hard drive off of the desk and tosses it into the bin.

The camera cuts to PAM, who is smiling at her desk as she watches DWIGHT collect the hard drives.

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

PAM talking head.

PAM

Dunder Mifflin has been living in the Stone Age for a long, long time. I mean, have you seen those computers? They're massive. And we've been begging Dwight for an upgrade, but he's always turning us down. It took one of our biggest clients coming in the office, seeing our computers and saying, "Wow, I haven't seen those things in almost a decade" for Dwight to make a change. An entire decade. So, he got us all brand-new laptops!

PAM holds up her laptop.

PAM

And I know what you're thinking: there's a million other things that need an upgrade, too. But this is progress. Of course, not

everyone's as thrilled about it as me.

Cut to a STANLEY talking head in the same spot.

STANLEY

Today is the day that Dwight gets rid of our old computers and replaces them with fancy laptops. Listen, I've done my job just fine over the years. I don't need some high-quality laptop to get my work done. And besides, now I have to learn how to work these damn things. That's essentially adding another job to my plate and, last time I checked, I was only getting paid one salary here.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

DWIGHT now stands at the front of the room with a completely different bin next to him. It's filled with new, still-packaged-up laptops.

DWIGHT

The time has come. Do you deserve these? Absolutely not. But I will not embarrass ourselves in front of clients. So, each of you can come up here in a calm, orderly fashion and-

After hearing those last words out of DWIGHT's mouth, most office workers leap out of their chairs and run toward DWIGHT, pushing each other out of the way to get their laptop.

PAM

(still sitting at her desk)

You guys know they're all the same, right?

ANDY

No, they're not! It's like going to the grocery store and looking at tomatoes and saying they're all the same. Are they the same item? Yes. But they are not all the same, Pam.

PAM

That comparison makes no sense.

Everyone continues to grab their laptop and then proceeds to bring the box to their desk to open it.

MICHAEL

Really, Dwight? You didn't wrap them?

DWIGHT

They are not gifts. They belong to this company and should be treated as such.

MICHAEL

It just would've been a nice gesture. There's no surprise in this at all.

ERIN stands up from her desk, having just taken her laptop out of the box.

ERIN

Oh my gosh! It's beautiful!

She holds it up in the air for everyone to see.

ERIN

And it's so slippery, too! Very, very-

ERIN goes to bring her hand down, but the laptop slips out of it and crashes to the floor, a few pieces scattering around.

DWIGHT sees this, shakes his head and walks back into his office.

DWIGHT

I'm not dealing with this.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

JIM rushes out of the bathroom, looks at the camera and heads back toward the Athleap office.

INT CALLROOM (ATHLEAP) - DAY

JIM talking head. He's scratching his head and looking quite uncomfortable.

JIM

I . . . I can't right now. Just let me stay here for a minute, alright? I need to calm down.

JIM bites his fingernails while staring at the floor for a beat. He finally puts his hand down and looks at the camera.

JIM

OK, I'm not sure how to position this to you guys, but I was just in the bathroom and . . . and Gabe was, too. I'm washing my hands when I hear him . . . you know, in the stall, doing his business. And I hear this sound . . . I mean, it was unlike anything I've heard before. And then it was accompanied by this smell I've never smelled before. I just had to get out of there.

JIM lets a loud breath out.

JIM

Alright, I think I can go out there now.

JIM stands up and opens the door. He stops halfway and turns around. He sits back down.

JIM

Nope, just saw him out there. He just got back to his desk. Can't leave just yet.

INT. BREAKROOM — DAY

CLARK, PETE and ERIN are eating lunch. PETE and ERIN have their new laptops in front of them while CLARK does not.

PETE

Not interested in the new gear, man?

ERIN

Seriously, Clark, these things are amazing. And I know I broke my first two, but-

PETE

Wait, you broke a second laptop?

ERIN

Yes, but the second time wasn't my fault. I was trying to open it and I ended up trying from the wrong side. I thought it was stuck, so I shoved a ruler in there and tried forcing it open. That's not my fault! They should've put, like, an "Open here" sticker on it or something!

CLARK

That's great, guys, but I'm only going online today when I absolutely have to.

PETE

Why's that?

CLARK

I haven't seen the new episode of Westworld.

PETE

Aw, are you serious? It's terrific!

CLARK

I know it'll be terrific! And I can't have any spoilers. I even left my phone in the car.

PETE

That's dedication.

ERIN

You're gonna love it. It's surprising and super violent.

CLARK

Erin! What'd I just say? That's a spoiler!

ERIN

No it wasn't, I was just saying the type of vibe it gave off.

CLARK

Vibes are spoilers!

PETE gently grabs ERIN's arm.

PETE

(whispering)

I think it's best if we leave Clark alone.

ERIN

(whispering)

Yeah, I think he might actually murder me if I say anything else. Like in Westworld when-

PETE

Erin!

ERIN

Oh, right.

PETE and ERIN get up, taking their half-eaten lunches with them.

CLARK

Thanks, guys. It's nothing personal.

Cut to a CLARK talking head in the breakroom.

CLARK

It really isn't anything personal. Hey, I come into this place and sell paper five days a week. I'm living in Scranton, Pennsylvania. The closest thing I've had to a date in the last six months was some sexual remark Meredith made to me, which will forever be carved into my brain. But on Sundays I can forget about it all for an hour in the magic that is Westworld. If they take that thrill away from me, I might just lose my mind.

CLARK looks around the room to make sure no one else is in there, then looks back at the camera and smiles.

CLARK

Plus, there are boobs in every episode. Like, tons of boobs.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

Everyone has just about finished setting up their laptop and is resuming work. The camera pans over to PHYLLIS, who is looking around the device.

PHYLLIS

Where's the mouse? I don't think mine came with a mouse.

ANDY

There isn't a mouse with these. They only give you a trackpad.

PHYLLIS

A track what?

ANDY

Oh my god, Phyllis!

ANDY gets up and goes to PHYLLIS' desk. He puts his finger on the trackpad and moves it.

ANDY

See? See? It's not that hard.

PHYLLIS

Alright, jeez. You don't have to be a jerk about it. What's up your butt?

ANDY

(frustrated)

I can't remember my password, alright?

STANLEY

For your company email?

ANDY

Yes, for that. I don't remember changing it.

CLARK

Have you tried CornellFanboyXoXo?

ANDY

(sarcastically)

Ha. Ha. Very funny. And yes, I did try that.

The camera cuts to DWIGHT standing with his head peeking between a cracked office doorway. He's smiling maniacally.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT talking head at his desk.

DWIGHT

I'm very aware that my cogs - I mean, my subordinates - will have trouble with these new devices. Of course, I pushed David Wallace to have us abandon our computers completely. Think about it: we are a paper company that is so reliant on technology. We're setting ourselves up for failure. I have about twelve donkeys in my barn ready to start delivering messages at a moment's notice. That's what real email looks like.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

DWIGHT comes out of his office, clasps his hands in front of him and strolls around the office, looking at everyone on their new computer.

DWIGHT

So, are you enjoying your new laptops?

PETE

Very much so.

DWIGHT

And how about you, Pamela?

PAM

It's great.

DWIGHT

And Phyllis, I heard some complaining out here. Are you struggling with the change?

PHYLLIS

Well, I was, but then Andy showed me how to use the tracky thingy and now I love it. I feel like it's a little exercise class for my fingers.

DWIGHT

Creed, you haven't even taken yours out of the box yet. What's the issue?

CREED

No issue, boss. Just haven't had the time to open it yet.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

CREED talking head as he stands in front of the fridge.

CREED

Oh, I've had plenty of time to open that box today. Love the new laptop. Can't wait to make a couple grand selling that thing. I'm kind of in the hole with my mom, so I could really use the lift right about now.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT talking head at his desk.

DWIGHT

Well, I stand corrected. Surely there will be another opportunity to get them to turn on the laptops. I just need to be patient.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

JIM is sitting at his desk, nervously twiddling a pen. GABE walks over and tosses a few sheets of paper on JIM's desk. JIM jumps, startled by his sudden appearance.

GABE

Woah, there. You alright?

JIM

Huh? Yes. Uh, yep. I'm fine. You just surprised me.

GABE

I get that a lot. I try to use it to pick up girls at the bar, but they're usually too impressed with my stealth and have to walk away from me.

JIM

(awkwardly)

Ha . . . that's . . . great.

GABE

Anyway these are your expense reports from-

JIM stands up and starts stepping away from GABE.

JIM

You know what? I actually just remembered that I have to talk to Darryl about . . . a thing. I'll catch you later.

JIM turns around and power-walks over to Athleap's main conference room where DARRYL can be seen through the glass. He knocks, then opens the door anyway and enters. The cameraperson follows him inside.

JIM

You on a call? No? Great.

JIM sits down at the table across from DARRYL.

DARRYL

No, I'm not on a call, but when someone's in a conference room it typically means they want to be left alone.

JIM

You're always in the conference room, though.

DARRYL

I know. I want to be left alone a lot. What's up?

JIM rests his head on the table.

JIM

It's Gabe, man. I feel like I need to talk this out with someone.

DARRYL

He's not back in the drag life, is he? I mean, don't get me wrong, totally respect the hustle, but from what he's told me it sounds like a slippery slope.

DARRYL looks at the camera.

DARRYL

Again, I totally respect the hustle. Takes more confidence than I'll ever have.

JIM

No, no, not that. So, I was in the bathroom earlier washing my hands when I hear Gabe in one of the stalls.

DARRYL

What, like, singing or something?

JIM

No, he was . . . you know, pooping.

DARRYL

That's what people do when they're in the stall.

JIM

I know, and it's no big deal, but I heard and smelled something horrendous just as I was finishing up. I feel like . . . I feel like I can still smell it. And the sound is just ringing in my ears.

DARRYL

Ah, the old co-pooper.

JIM

The old what?

DARRYL

Co-pooper. It's this thing some of us came up with in the warehouse a long time ago.

JIM

What's it mean?

DARRYL

It's this concept that your working relationship is forever tarnished after you hear a

coworker pooping. Hence the name "co-pooper."

JIM

Gotcha, because at first I thought it had something to do with two people pooping together.

DARRYL

No, that's disgusting. We set up rules in the warehouse: you have to announce when you're about to do your business so that everyone else knows not to go in there.

JIM

Isn't announcing it bad, too?

DARRYL

Nah, that's the key. Talking about it isn't bad at all. It's experiencing it that's bad. Sight, sound or smell. And it sounds like you got hit with two of those. That's next-level.

JIM

So, how do I push past this?

DARRYL

Well, are you sure it was Gabe in there?

JIM

Yes.

DARRYL

How can you be so sure? You didn't . . . you didn't peek, did you?

JIM

No way! I could just tell by the way he was breathing. And then

when it happened he sort of groaned. Then I saw his shoes on my way out, which confirmed it.

DARRYL waves JIM off.

DARRYL

OK, I just ate lunch, man. Let's not get so detailed or we'll be staring at a bunch of ramen noodles on the table in a minute.

JIM

What do I do?

DARRYL

Well, first I'd find a way to confirm it was him. If it wasn't you're in the clear. If it was, then you just have to confront him about it.

JIM

That's the only way?

DARRYL

The only way.

JIM sighs, nods his head and stands up.

JIM

Then that's what must be done.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

The camera is filming CLARK on his new laptop. He's typing as quickly as he can to get an email sent so that he can close his laptop again.

Something starts playing from someone's laptop across the room. A voice from a computer says "this is NPR," which prompts CLARK to stand up and investigate the matter. He sees that it's coming from OSCAR's computer.

CLARK

Hey, hey! Oscar, can you get some headphones if you're gonna listen to that?

OSCAR turns around in his chair to look at CLARK.

OSCAR

No, I can't, Clark. These new laptops don't have a headphone jack. They only allow for those fancy bluetooth ones.

CLARK

Well, you'll just need to hold on listening to it in that case. I'm sorry, but I can't risk any Westworld spoilers coming through.

OSCAR

It's NPR. They are so above talking about silly T.V. shows.

CLARK

Hey, Westworld is not silly! It's a complex work of art.

OSCAR

Actually, it's a show about robots.

PETE

Actually, it's much more than that. The first season? Maybe. Definitely not seasons two or three, though.

CLARK

You know what? Screw it. I'm working in the warehouse for the rest of the day.

CLARK grabs his laptop and coffee mug and storms out of the office.

Cut to DWIGHT coming out of the main conference room. He's looking at his watch.

DWIGHT

Um, hello? We're supposed to be meeting now. Unless you all just put in your resignation, in which case I will happily find your replacements.

PAM looks at her computer.

PAM

Oh, so weird. I'm not seeing the invite on my calendar.

NELLY

Yeah, me neither.

ANDY

Ditto for this guy.

DWIGHT

I didn't put it on your email calendar. I put it on our office calendar.

DWIGHT points to a board on the wall behind reception. Everyone looks over at it.

PETE

I'm going to be completely honest: I didn't know that existed until this very moment.

ERIN

I always thought it was, like, some random wall art. I never understood it. I just thought you had bad taste in art, Dwight.

MICHAEL

Ew, come on, Dwight. That thing again? That's like the equivalent of wearing jorts. The office is now wearing jorts.

DWIGHT

Maybe so, but the wall calendar cannot share our schedule with the FBI.

PAM

Why would the FBI be interested in our work schedule?

DWIGHT

That's exactly the type of response they want out of you, simpleton. Now, get in the conference room this instant!

Everyone gets up to head into the conference room, but they all grab their laptops before heading in there. DWIGHT watches this in disbelief.

DWIGHT

What is this? Why are you carrying those?

ERIN walks by.

ERIN

To take notes.

PHYLLIS walks by.

PHYLLIS

I'm waiting for an important email from one of my clients.

MEREDITH walks by.

MEREDITH

I found this live stream of Chris Hemsworth on Facebook and I can't risk missing it. Live stream means there's no one to edit it. You know, he could have a little slip-up while doing pushups.

DWIGHT

Oh, lord, just get inside.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

Everyone is seated in the room, facing DWIGHT in the front. DWIGHT is looking around, noticing everyone's head is down, buried in their laptop.

DWIGHT

Hey, where's Clark?

ERIN

Oh, he went to go work in the warehouse. He's trying not to have anyone spoil last night's episode of Westworld.

DWIGHT

Hmm, I would go down and yell at him if it were any other show, but I have to respect what he's doing if it's for Westworld. Can we at least conference him in, though?

ERIN

Sure, one second.

ERIN tries to conference in CLARK from her laptop. She shakes her head.

ERIN

OK, I see his big head, but I think he lost his voice or something. He's just sitting there mouthing things.

PETE leans over and turns up the volume on ERIN's laptop.

ERIN

Oh, there he is! Clark, Dwight wants you to listen in for this meeting.

CLARK

(unseen)

Got it. Guys, no Westworld spoilers. I mean it!

DWIGHT

Do you know why we're gathered here this afternoon?

OSCAR

I pray it's to spoil that robot show for Clark.

DWIGHT

No, Oscar. I put this meeting on the books to inform you all that you're turning into the robots!

OSCAR

How do you mean?

DWIGHT

You're spending all day with your heads buried in your laptops! Remember when we used to talk like humans? Now we just instant message each other. If we keep this up, we'll lose all of our interpersonal communication skills.

PAM

It's just the first day with these, Dwight. I'm sure it'll get better after we get used to them.

RYAN

Yeah, did you ever stop to think that maybe the reason you're so against them is because you don't have one?

DWIGHT

I do have one, wise guy. It's sitting under my desk in its box.

MICHAEL

So, you're just trying to be a buzzkill for fun?

STANLEY

Michael, weren't you the one that drove your car into a pond because you didn't want to listen to your GPS?

MICHAEL turns his head around to respond to STANLEY.

MICHAEL

Hey, you know what? That was way different. The times have changed, man. Now we have TikTok videos and Fortnite and Pornhub. Those are the future. And besides, I drove it into a lake, not a pond. Big difference.

PHYLLIS

Oh, right, you fell into the koi pond.

MICHAEL

OK, let's stay focused here!

DWIGHT

Michael's right, we're getting off track. Nelly, you've been awfully quiet back there. What's your take on all this?

NELLY slowly raises her head.

NELLY

Sorry, what's that?

DWIGHT

This technology stuff. You're pretty old, so I figured you might have a different opinion.

NELLY

Excuse me? I'm younger than you, thank you very much. And I apologize, I wasn't paying attention as I just received an important email that I was responding to.

DWIGHT starts walking toward NELLY.

DWIGHT

Oh, really? Let me see. Maybe I can provide some guidance to help you respond.

NELLY

(nervously)

Oh, no, it's really OK.

NELLY begins frantically hitting buttons on her keyboard.

PAM leans over to talk to NELLY.

PAM

(whispering)

Hit minimize. Just hit the minimize button!

NELLY

(whispering)

I am hitting the minimize button,
but this stupid scrolly wheel
thing took over my cursor.

DWIGHT reaches out and yanks NELLY's laptop away. He turns
it around and looks at the screen.

DWIGHT

Ah-ha! What do we have here? Hmm,
an important message, you say? So
important that you're sending it
via OkCupid? Tell me, what kind of
sick website is this? Are you
selling yourself for sex?

NELLY

No, of course not. It's a dating
site, Dwight.

DWIGHT

And it's not allowed. This is a
complete misuse of company
property.

DWIGHT looks closer at the screen.

DWIGHT

Hold on, is this William
Chesterton, our contact over at
Blue Cross?

NELLY grimaces.

NELLY

Maybe. But he matched with me! So,
it's not a problem!

DWIGHT

Alright, that's it!

DWIGHT closes NELLY's laptop and tucks it underneath his
arm.

DWIGHT

This stops now! Everyone come bring me your laptops and leave them on my desk!

DWIGHT storms out of the room. On his way out, NELLY's laptop slides out of his hand and falls to the floor. He bends over and picks it up before heading into his office.

DWIGHT

And why do they make these things so damn slippery!

DWIGHT slams his office door behind him.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

JIM stands up from his desk, puts his hands in his pockets and walks over to GABE's desk.

JIM

Hey, man.

GABE turns around.

GABE

Oh, hey.

JIM

Mind if I chat with you for a sec?

GABE

You know it, dawg.

JIM

I just wanted to ask if you ate any of those candies up at reception. I had one this morning and my stomach has been in rough shape.

GABE

No way. Alley's up there. If she sees me grabbing candy, she'll just think I'm some fatso. Then she'll never go on a date with me.

JIM

Gotcha. Just thought I'd ask.

Beat of awkward silence between the two as JIM continues to stand over GABE's desk.

JIM

So, you been doing well today, just generally?

GABE

Yes, totally. Well, actually no. Wow, you're so good at sensing when something's off with someone.

JIM

Oh, thanks . . .

JIM shrugs his shoulders.

JIM

OK, great! Well, I'll let you get back to it then.

JIM walks away from GABE's desk and heads into the conference room where DARRYL is. The cameraperson follows him in there again.

DARRYL

Saw you talking to him out there.

JIM

Yep.

DARRYL

You still have that fearful look in your eyes.

JIM

Yep.

DARRYL

You couldn't get it out of him,
could you?

JIM

Nope.

DARRYL

Well, then it's a lost cause. You
either need to quit this job or
see a therapist.

JIM

No . . . no, I can deal with it.
I'll just think of something happy
every time I think of the
incident.

JIM closes his eyes.

JIM

Whew, alright. Pam and I are on a
date. We're canoeing on a breezy
fall day and . . . oh, no.

DARRYL

What?

JIM

It's Gabe going to the bathroom on
the side of the river.

JIM opens his eyes.

DARRYL

Lost cause, man.

INT. WAREHOUSE — DAY

CLARK is working on the couch down in the warehouse when he starts hearing chattering behind him. He can make out someone say "Westworld" and immediately grabs his things and gets up.

Cut to a montage of CLARK moving around the warehouse, trying to find a good spot to work without getting spoiled on the latest episode.

He's sitting near the baler, but then someone turns it on and he gets scared. He scoots away from it.

He's made a fort out of boxes of paper, but a lift picks up one of the walls he made and carries it away. He's too exposed and leaves the fort.

He's climbing the shelves of the warehouse. He gets to the top and wipes his forehead of sweat, which sends his notebook falling to the ground.

He just can't find a safe place to work.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT is sitting at his desk with a large pile of laptops in front of him.

DWIGHT

I did what needed to be done. The clever mind cannot win every battle. I figured my colleagues would create their own demise, but I was wrong. What I did was not pretty, but it will ultimately be for the betterment of this company.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

Everyone is sitting at their desk, just looking around at each other.

MICHAEL

You know, Holly and I once took away Steve's iPad for an hour. He loves that thing and we took it from him to punish him. But, now I'm realizing that was a sick crime. He sat there for that hour with nothing to do to entertain himself. And that's exactly what Dwight did to us. It's disgusting.

PHYLLIS

Isn't that a little dramatic?

ANGELA

Yeah, Philip has never held an iPad. In fact, we finally let him use our rotary phone to call his friend last month.

ERIN

Isn't he like eleven now?

ANGELA

Twelve, actually.

PETE turns to ERIN at reception and mouths "yikes."

STANLEY

I was pursuing two new leads today and did so entirely via email thanks to your advice. Now those leads are out the window.

ANDY

You can still check your email on your phone.

STANLEY

Uh-uh. You're out of your damn mind if you think I'm about to try and type on an even tinier device. No chance.

ANDY

Pam, go talk to him.

PAM

What? Why me? Shouldn't it be Michael? He's basically his best friend.

MICHAEL

OK, not true. Maybe, like, my fourth best friend. Ryan is first. Then Jim. Then Holly . . .

PAM

Holly's not even number one?

MICHAEL

No, she's working toward it. She knows how seriously I take these rankings.

ANGELA

Will you two stop flirting and just go talk to him?

MICHAEL and PAM roll their eyes, stand up and head into DWIGHT's office. The cameraperson follows them in there.

DWIGHT

And why are you here? Are you gonna try begging for your little devices back?

PAM

Actually, yes.

MICHAEL

What are you doing? You don't show him our full hand like that. Show him two cards . . . maybe three.

MICHAEL turns from PAM to DWIGHT.

MICHAEL

Dwight, we have Philip held at
gunpoint in the warehouse.

DWIGHT

Ha! Nice try, but I know for a
fact Philip is away at sowing
camp!

PAM

That's a thing?

DWIGHT turns to PAM with a sincere look on his face.

DWIGHT

Yes, it is now.

PAM walks around DWIGHT's desk.

DWIGHT

What are you doing?

PAM takes DWIGHT's laptop out of its box, plugs it in and
turns it on.

PAM

There.

DWIGHT

There what?

PAM points to the laptop.

PAM

Use it. Just try using it for the
last hour of the day and, if you
don't find it helpful, we'll go
back to our old, crappy computers.

DWIGHT laughs.

DWIGHT

You think I can be swayed by the very evil that caused this chaos?

PAM

No, I don't you can. I know you can.

PAM walks back around DWIGHT's desk and nods to MICHAEL for them to leave the room.

MICHAEL turns around on his way out.

MICHAEL

And Dwight, if you don't give us the laptops back, we will leave that poisonous needle in Angela's car.

ANGELA

(unseen, faint)

What?!

Cut to DWIGHT making faces at the laptop as he starts using it.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (ATHLEAP) — DAY

The entire Athleap team (JIM, DARRYL, KEVIN, GABE and ALLEY) are sitting around the conference room table.

DARRYL

Thanks everyone for joining. As you know, with this Wells Fargo Center account in the door, we're severely understaffed. So, we'll use this time to look at candidates for another associate position to work alongside Kev.

KEVIN

Will this person report under me?

DARRYL

No, I just said it'll be alongside you.

KEVIN

I know, but sometimes alongside can mean under, too. Like a dog can be at your side but also run under you from time to time.

DARRYL

I don't know what that means, but the answer's still "no."

GABE

What will this mean for my role?

JIM

Well, that's actually poo-fect timing- I mean, perfect timing. Alley's gonna help out on the admin side a little.

JIM shakes his head at DARRYL. DARRYL motions for him to calm down.

ALLEY

Tight. So, that comes with more cheddar, yeah?

JIM

We can talk about that separately.

ALLEY

Nice. That totally means "yes."

GABE puts out his hand for a high-five, but is quickly dismissed by ALLEY.

GABE

Does that move me to second in command?

JIM

No, there's no number two in this-

JIM sighs and slowly puts his fists to his forehead.

KEVIN

Are you alright, Jim?

JIM

Yes, I'm fine.

GABE

Really? Because you don't seem fine.

GABE stands up and puts a hand on JIM's shoulder.

JIM

Gabe, I said I'm fine. Will you just sh** down?

Everyone in the room looks around at each other.

DARRYL

Oh, dear. It's happening.

GABE laughs and nudges JIM.

GABE

Hey, nice poop joke!

JIM stands up and steps backward, unable to control his reactions at this point.

JIM

Gabe, why'd you do it, man? Why'd you do it? I mean, you knew someone else was in there. You couldn't have just waited another minute?

GABE

What are you talking about?

JIM

The bathroom today, dude. The bathroom. You stunk it up and let out that horrific sound.

GABE looks flushed.

ALLEY bursts out laughing.

KEVIN

Nice . . .

JIM

I'm sorry, it was just too much to-

DARRYL stands up.

DARRYL

Jim . . . stop.

JIM

What? I just needed to clear the air. I-

DARRYL

It was me. I was the one in the bathroom. You know, I had these spicy tacos for dinner last night and just put way too many extra jalapeños on there. That stuff's for real. And it slides right through you, too.

JIM looks at DARRYL with his mouth wide open in disbelief.

JIM

You?

DARRYL

Yes, me.

JIM

But what about all the co-pooper stuff?

DARRYL

Made it all up. None of it's real. You feel better now?

JIM pushes his hair back and begins pacing back and forth.

JIM

Yeah. Yeah, you know what? I do feel better. Listen, I'm sorry, man, I just-

DARRYL

Don't sweat it. Hey, we're all human.

INT. CALLROOM (ATHLEAP) - DAY

DARRYL talking head.

DARRYL

No, I didn't stink up the bathroom this morning. But, Alley was in that room, and for some reason that tall stick man seems to think he has a chance with her. Does he? I don't know. But his chances won't be squashed by stinking up some bathroom. Besides, that's the failsafe to the co-pooper dilemma: the ultimate sacrifice. Made that one up myself and it never fails. Take note, kids.

DARRYL winks at the camera.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT is still on his laptop.

DWIGHT

I just don't get it. This speed is incredible. I can have seven tabs up on my beet farming competitors' websites and send an email to David Wallace at the same time without the computer crashing. I was never able to do this before.

DWIGHT looks at the camera with joy.

DWIGHT

Plus, if I get another monitor, I can play Minecraft while I work. This is . . . incredible. Of course, I can never tell those fools that.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

PAM is standing outside DWIGHT's office, listening to him laughing and typing on his laptop. She knocks on the door.

DWIGHT

(unseen)

Come in!

PAM enters DWIGHT's office.

PAM

Hey, so we're gonna have that sales meeting right now. We'll just have it without you, I guess.

DWIGHT is still staring at his screen, almost in a trance.

DWIGHT

Yeah, sure, whatever.

PAM

And Dwight, we're all gonna watch the latest Battlestar Galactica movie together, drink beet juice and talk about paper. Did you want to join?

DWIGHT is still focused on his screen, clearly not listening to what PAM is saying.

DWIGHT
Thanks for briefing me. I'll look it over tomorrow.

PAM looks at the camera and laughs, then looks back at DWIGHT from in the doorway.

PAM
Dwight, you like your new laptop, don't you?

DWIGHT still hasn't looked away from his laptop.

DWIGHT
Sounds good.

PAM walks back in the room, picks up one of the piles of laptops off of DWIGHT's desk, leaves the room and begins handing them back out to everyone.

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

PAM talking head. Her laptop is sitting open on a small stand next to her.

PAM
Yep, it seems even Dwight isn't immune to awesome technology.

PAM gets serious.

PAM
Shoot. What did I just do?

PAM's laptop dings. She jumps up with a smile on her face and turns toward it in delight, forgetting about what she was just talking about.

PAM

Oh, one new notification!

OUTRO

INT. CLARK'S CAR – DAY

CLARK is driving out of the parking lot with a smile on his face. He turns to the camera in the passenger seat.

CLARK

Welp, I survived a whole day without any spoilers. Honestly, if I can avoid spoilers in a place like Dunder Mifflin, I can avoid spoilers anywhere.

He turns forward to drive.

CLARK

Now, time to grab a beer, put on a Tombstone pizza and watch that glorious episode.

He reaches out and hits the power button to the radio. It starts playing as a voice comes on.

RADIO VOICE

And that is your five o'clock traffic report. Pretty surprised by how clear those roads are? Well, it can't be more surprising than Maeve's death on Westworld last night.

CLARK looks petrified and glances down at the radio.

CLARK

Noooo!

END OF EPISODE