

The Office

Season 10

Episode 16 – The Dunderal

Fan Fiction by

Nick Janicki

theofficefanfic.com

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

INTRO

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT is on his desk phone.

DWIGHT

(on the phone)

Yes, absolutely. You know it. And
how's your son doing?

DWIGHT's cellphone vibrates. He picks it up and looks at it. He puts it closer to his face to study it.

DWIGHT

What? Oh, sorry, Mr. Gonzalez.
Actually, you know what? Do you
mind if I call you back? So sorry
again.

DWIGHT hangs up the phone.

DWIGHT

Erin!

Cut to a shot looking out of DWIGHT's office toward reception where ERIN is. She gives DWIGHT a happy thumbs-up. DWIGHT waves at her to come into his office; she gets up and does so.

ERIN

Yes?

DWIGHT

What does this mean? A siren
emoji, a truck emoji and a thumbs
up emoji?

ERIN

Are you serious? I thought it was
pretty clear . . .

DWIGHT

Well, it's not.

ERIN

It's me telling you that you got a call that that shipment successfully arrived at the nursing home this morning.

DWIGHT looks at his phone again, then back at ERIN.

DWIGHT

I thought one of our delivery guys was in an accident. Please just be more clear next time. I was on the phone with Mr. Gonzalez. You know how important that account is.

ERIN looks down at her phone, types something and looks back at DWIGHT, smiling. DWIGHT looks at his phone, then turns it around to show ERIN.

DWIGHT

The thumbs-up emoji again? Really?

ERIN

What? Was that one not clear? Because there's also the "OK" emoji if that's better.

ERIN does the "OK" symbol with her hands, then shows it to the camera as well.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

ERIN talking head right outside of her car in the parking lot. She looks down at her phone while putting up her pointer finger to signal "one second."

The cameraperson's phone vibrates. They holds it up to the camera and read the text, which is a hand waving emoji and a camera emoji.

ERIN

It says "Hello, cameraman!"

ERIN laughs.

ERIN

So, Pete showed me that there's a whole other keyboard on my smartphone. And it's a bunch of emojis! I've always seen emojis, but I never knew what they were used for. Now I do, and I'm finally catching up with the cool kids. Now I can see why they call these things *smartphones*! They really do make you smarter.

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

PETE talking head.

PETE

Yep, I showed Erin how to access the emoji keyboard on her phone. Before she would just type out "Insert laughing emoji." I thought it was a joke for the longest time, but it certainly was not. Needless to say, showing her that keyboard was the biggest mistake of my life. She now uses emojis to send pretty much any message. Sometimes it's been awkward.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

PHYLLIS turns around from her desk while looking at her phone.

PHYLLIS

Hey, guys, what's the confetti and balloon emoji for?

MICHAEL

Dammit, Phyllis! That was supposed to be about my surprise birthday party.

PHYLLIS

Well, if it's a surprise, how come you know about it?

MICHAEL

Because I like to plan my own surprise parties. It helps me prepare for what's to come. Otherwise I might be let down.

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

Cut back to PETE's talking head.

PETE

And other times it's been totally acceptable.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

KELLY approaches ERIN at reception. She holds her phone up to ERIN.

KELLY

Really, Erin? I text you all this juicy gossip and you respond with the thumbs-up emoji?

ERIN

What? I thought it was a good text.

PETE

I think that's pretty normal, Kelly.

KELLY turns around to address PETE.

KELLY

Excuse me? I'm sorry, were you like the lamest person in college? Only freaks send a single emoji.

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

Cut back to PETE's talking head.

PETE

And sometimes . . . well, sometimes there just aren't words.

PETE scratches his head.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

DWIGHT comes out of his office, looking at his phone. He sighs.

DWIGHT

Erin? Really?

He holds out his phone.

DWIGHT

If you're feeling deathly ill then go home. You know I can't risk getting another call from corporate telling me I'm forcing my sick employees to work. Cough, cough, *Nelly*.

DWIGHT looks at NELLY. She shrugs, nonchalant about the whole thing.

ERIN

(smiling)

Nope! Guess again, buddy.

DWIGHT looks at ERIN, surprised.

DWIGHT

What? Is there a zombie virus that's headed this way? I have to get my shotgun if that's the case.

DWIGHT starts toward his office.

PAM

Dwight, there's a zombie emoji. I'm sure that's not it.

DWIGHT stops in his tracks. He stands more proper to appear calm.

DWIGHT

Oh, right. Of course. Duh, I knew that.

DWIGHT turns to ERIN.

DWIGHT

Alright, smartypants, let's have it then. What's this emoji message say?

ERIN looks excited, grabbing her phone and looking at it with a smile.

ERIN

Are you ready?

MEREDITH

Yes, already. I ain't getting any younger here.

ERIN

It's supposed to say that Robert California is dead!

ERIN looks around, expecting everyone to be impressed by her emoji message.

The camera pans around the office to find everyone's jaws on the floor.

ERIN

I know. Pretty good emoji message, right guys?

ERIN looks at the camera and winks.

ERIN

Nailed it.

Opening credits roll.

EPISODE

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

Various employees walk in over the course of a few frames, all wearing black. MEREDITH walks in with a black dress on, JIM walks in wearing a suit, ALLEY walks in wearing a baggie, black hoodie.

DWIGHT

(voiceover)

Today is the funeral of Mr. Robert California, a former CEO of this company as well as a fellow regional manager of this branch, if only for a short while.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE – DAY

Cut to DWIGHT's talking head (continued from previous voiceover).

DWIGHT

I am making every last one of my subordinates attend in order to . . . honor him. And I know what you're thinking: "Dwight, is this just a way to make sure

people actually come to your funeral in the far, far future, too?"

He laughs for a second, then gets serious.

DWIGHT

Yes. Yes it is.

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

PAM talking head. She's holding up the obituaries section of a newspaper.

PAM

Honestly, for such an interesting dude, I'm shocked Erin found out about this through the obits. I mean, I'm more shocked that Erin reads the newspaper everyday, but this is still pretty shocking. I always thought Robert would die in some crazy, high-speed car chase or something. Or maybe he was immortal. But this?

The camera zooms in on the newspaper as PAM points to a line in ROBERT's obituary.

PAM

A heart attack? Really?

Quickly cut to a CREED talking head in the same room.

CREED

That's the way to go. Your own organ attacks you. Out like a boss.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

DWIGHT is moving people along out of the office. They grab their jackets on the way out.

DWIGHT

Move it, move it, move it.

DWIGHT looks at his watch.

DWIGHT

These are the last few hours
you'll ever get with this man.
Make the most of them!

DARRYL stops in front of DWIGHT on his way out.

DARRYL

Seriously? The dude was a total
psycho. I don't think anyone in
here ever talked to him again
after he left.

GABE walks up to DARRYL and DWIGHT.

GABE

Yeah, he even blocked me on
Facebook.

DWIGHT

Half of Scranton has blocked you
on Facebook, idiot.

DARRYL

Whatever, man. We're gonna be in
and out of that place anyway. And
that's Athleap's call, not yours.

DWIGHT silently mocks DARRYL as he and GABE walk out of the
office.

INT. JIM'S CAR — DAY

JIM is driving himself and PAM to the funeral.

JIM

I don't know. I don't know. I just don't buy it.

PAM

You don't buy what?

JIM

You said it yourself - a heart attack? No way.

PAM

I mean, anyone could have one.

JIM

Not him. No, this is something else. You know what? I bet it's all a sham.

PAM

What?

JIM

Like, he faked it. You know, did it to hide from his new wife or something.

PAM

OK, well, all your answers will be answered shortly, detective.

The two are silent for a beat.

ANDY

(unseen)

I could see it.

PAM turns to the back seat.

PAM

Andy, why are you lying down back there? It's a short ride.

ANDY

(unseen)

Because I need to get in the right mindset, Pam. You wouldn't understand.

PAM

You're still nervous about seeing him? You know he's dead, right?

ANDY

(unseen)

That doesn't mean he can't criticize my every action or word.

PAM looks at the dashboard camera with wide eyes.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - DAY

MICHAEL is driving DWIGHT to the funeral.

MICHAEL

So, why couldn't Angela go?

DWIGHT

She doesn't believe in funerals for humans. Only for cats.

MICHAEL

Oh, right. I forgot she didn't go to her grandma's last month.

DWIGHT

But I was furious when she said she wasn't coming to Robert's. This is important. This is the death of a fellow Dunder Mifflinite.

MICHAEL

Indubitably. Hey, you know what? We should rebrand it. Like the

Emmys with the Dundies. It'd be perfect.

DWIGHT smiles, loving the idea.

DWIGHT

Yeah, let's call it the Deathdies.

MICHAEL

No, that's too dark. It needs to roll off the tongue. Like . . . like a Dunderal!

DWIGHT

A Dunderal?

MICHAEL

Right. Like a funeral but the Dunder Mifflin version. A Dunderal.

DWIGHT

Wouldn't that be pronounced Dunderal?

(he pronounces it "Doonderal")

MICHAEL

Quite the quant fairy. When you add the "d" in there, it changes the whole way the word works. One of my kids just learned about it in school. We called it "spelling" back in the day, but they call it "pronunciation" now. Man, did the education system go downhill.

DWIGHT gives a confused side-eye to the dashboard camera.

INT. FUNERAL HOME — DAY

ERIN walks inside to find OSCAR and RYAN in the lobby. She's holding some sort of gift-wrapped box. OSCAR turns his head at it, confused.

OSCAR

Erin, did you bring a gift to a funeral?

Now ERIN looks confused, too.

ERIN

Wait, is this one of those no-gift things? I swore I read the invite.

PETE walks up behind ERIN. She turns around and glares at him.

ERIN

Pete, why didn't you tell me we weren't supposed to bring gifts?

PETE

Wait, are you serious? I thought that was for someone's birthday or something.

ERIN rolls her eyes and walks away.

CREED walks in next and goes right up to OSCAR and RYAN, smiling.

CREED

Where's the body?

RYAN

What?

CREED

The body, man. Where's the body?

RYAN

It's in the other room, but it's a closed casket.

CREED groans, takes a disposable camera out of his pocket and walks out of the funeral home. RYAN and OSCAR look at each other, weirded out.

Cut to the room of ROBERT's funeral (/wake). Most of the office is now present and talking to one another.

KELLY and RYAN are talking in the corner and spot ROBERT's ex-wife, SUSAN. They look at each other and walk over to her.

KELLY

Oh my god, Susan, your dress looks amazing.

SUSAN looks at them with curious eyes.

SUSAN

I'm sorry, do I know you?

KELLY

Do you know us? We worked with Robert when he was at Dunder Mifflin. He was like the best thing that happened to our company.

RYAN

Our company? More like the best thing to happen in our lives.

SUSAN

Really? How so?

RYAN

Oh, you know, we just go way back. Even when he was in . . .

RYAN looks at KELLY, who shrugs.

RYAN

When he was in . . .

SUSAN

When he was in Madagascar?

RYAN

Right, right. Duh. The old brain isn't what it used to be.

KELLY

Oh, yeah, totally. Madagascar. I heard it's like super exotic there.

SUSAN

You really were close to him then, huh? Jeez, this must be so hard for you.

RYAN

Yes . . . yes. Very hard.

Beat as awkward silence grows between the three of them.

RYAN

Anyway, do you know who he put in his will? Or if he even has one?

Cut to KEVIN, DARRYL and GABE talking. DARRYL taps KEVIN and points across the room. The camera pans around to find MICHAEL and DWIGHT walking in the room.

DARRYL takes a step toward them.

DARRYL

Yo, Mike, is that your Michael Scarn costume?

MICHAEL looks offended, brushing off his tux a little, which has a bowtie and all.

MICHAEL

No, Darryl, this is just my normal tux for grieving. And the Michael

Scarn tux is not a costume, it's part of the character's wardrobe.

KEVIN

You have a tux for grieving?

MICHAEL

Yes, I'm a very emotional person. Emotion moves me, unlike you. You're just motivated by food.

KEVIN looks offended, then looks at the pastry in his hand, nods and eats it.

Cut to a MICHAEL talking head right outside of the room ROBERT is in.

MICHAEL

Yes, it's the tux from Threat Level Midnight. We're working on a special release with a few extra scenes. And by we I mean the kids and me.

MICHAEL flinches at the camera.

MICHAEL

Why are you looking at me like that? It's sublingeral advertising. Plus, Robert would have wanted this. I don't know him, but I know he'd want me to be happy above everything else.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

ANGELA sits at her desk in the accounting cluster working as if it were a normal day. A few moments pass by, when suddenly a loud thud comes from behind her.

ANGELA

Ah!

She reaches in her drawer and pulls out pepper spray. She holds it out in front of her and walks toward reception (where the sound came from).

VOICE
(unseen)

Angela?

ANGELA

Ah!

ANGELA steps toward the voice, closing her eyes and spraying the pepper spray.

VOICE
(still unseen)

Ah! Ow!

ANGELA opens her eyes as the camera pans around. TOBY lies on the floor with both of his hands covering his eyes. ANGELA looks surprised, bending down and placing her hand on TOBY's back.

ANGELA
Toby?! What are you doing here?
There, there. Just be thankful I
didn't use the throwing stars
Dwight got me for Christmas.

TOBY continues to roll around on the floor in pain while covering his eyes.

TOBY
Ah! Angela, what the hell?!

ANGELA
I'm sorry! I thought I was the
only one left in the office.

TOBY
I think I'm going to be
permanently blind. Did Michael

tell you to do this? He told you
to do this, didn't he?

INT. FUNERAL HOME — DAY

JIM, PAM and ANDY are talking in the back of the room after
just having arrived.

PAM

OK, you need to let this go.

JIM

Pam, it's closed. It's closed.

JIM points to the casket.

JIM

You said it yourself: he had a
heart attack. Why would he have a
closed casket?

PAM

I don't know, maybe it's just so
he gets some privacy.

JIM

If he were dead, he'd get privacy
for the rest of eternity. No way.
This is just new evidence to
support my theory. Andy, back me
up here.

JIM taps ANDY, who has been staring at the floor since the
conversation started. He looks up at JIM.

ANDY

What?

JIM

I asked you to back me up on this
whole Robert thing.

ANDY

Jim, I don't have time for these games. "Ooooh, I'm gonna prank Dwight by convincing him Robert's not dead."

JIM

Alright, definitely not doing that. I'm being serious. What's your problem?

ANDY

Susan came up to me and asked me to give the eulogy.

PAM

She wants you to do it? Why?

ANDY

She said I was probably the one that knew him best out of everyone here.

PAM

Wasn't she married to him?

ANDY

Yes, but I guess that isn't as close to someone as being their direct subordinate. By Robert's definition, that is.

JIM

So, you're gonna do it?

ANDY

I have to, Tuna. I can feel Robert watching me from above. He's waiting for me to fail. I can't fail again.

ANDY takes a deep breath in, then out. He pulls out a notepad and pen, then leaves the room.

Cut to ERIN, NATE and KEVIN walking up to the closed casket.

KEVIN

OK, who goes first?

NATE

What?

KEVIN

Aren't we supposed to go up there and kneel and sing a song or something? Like a final lullaby?

ERIN

No, I think you're supposed to say a poem.

KEVIN

Oh, right. I don't understand religion.

NATE

I'll go first.

NATE walks toward the casket and sits cross-legged in front of it.

ERIN

You're doing great, buddy!

Cut to DWIGHT and MICHAEL sitting down in the room, facing the casket.

MICHAEL

So, are you gonna do this?

DWIGHT

Of course I'm gonna do it.

MICHAEL

Do you need me to warm up the crowd a little?

DWIGHT pauses, tilts his head down slightly and looks at MICHAEL.

DWIGHT
(ashamed)

Yes.

MICHAEL nods, stands up and goes to the front of the room. He looks around and flags down an employee of the funeral home.

EMPLOYEE
Yes, sir?

MICHAEL
Yes, hi, miss. Waitress? Do I call you waitress?

EMPLOYEE
No, sir. I'm funeral assistant.

MICHAEL
Assistant to the Funeral. OK, yes, makes sense. We have something like that at my company. Sorry, I'm just so bad at this since I've never spoken to someone who works at a funeral home before.

EMPLOYEE
OK. Did you need something from me?

MICHAEL
Yes, do you have a microphone?

EMPLOYEE
Not a traditional microphone, but we have that podium over there, which has a smaller microphone

attached to it for anyone speaking
during the-

MICHAEL looks over at the podium. His face lights up.

MICHAEL

Great! That's perfect. What about
a speaker . . . with an aux cord
or something?

EMPLOYEE

No, sorry.

MICHAEL

What about, like, an old boombox
in a closet somewhere?

EMPLOYEE

We don't have anything for you to
play music on.

The EMPLOYEE is finally fed up with MICHAEL. She fakes a
smile and walks away.

MICHAEL looks at the camera.

MICHAEL

OK, this isn't going to be as epic
as I originally thought, but it'll
do.

MICHAEL goes up to the podium and taps the microphone.
Everyone in the room looks over at him.

MICHAEL

Attention! Attention! I have
something to announce. There's
some terrible, terrible news.

People step closer, curious as to what MICHAEL's going to
say next.

MICHAEL

Someone in this room has died.

Everyone looks at each other, somewhat upset by the comment, but mainly just confused.

MICHAEL

OK, tough crowd. Hey, how embarrassing is it that we all showed up here, basically wearing the same thing? Wow, where's the fashion police when you need them.

MICHAEL puts his hand to his face like he's holding a phone.

MICHAEL

Hello? Fashion police? Yes, I'd like to report a room full of people wearing the exact same outfit.

There's still just silence throughout the room.

MICHAEL

Alright, well f*** it. Here's Dwight with some news.

MICHAEL power-walks away from the podium. He now stands in the back of the room with his arms crossed, pouting.

DWIGHT stands up in the still-silent room. He gives a gentle wave as he makes his way up to the podium. When he's up there, he scans the room.

DWIGHT

Here we go . . .

INT. ANNEX - DAY

TOBY talking head at his desk. His eyes are bright red and it looks like he has dried snot under his nose (both from the pepper spray).

TOBY

Yeah, I can't really see too much, so I guess you could say work is done for the day. I'd go home, but I'm still half blind. So, I'm just sitting here hoping my eyesight gets better so I can drive home.

Another loud thud, similar to the one ANGELA heard earlier, can be heard in the kitchen. TOBY leans to the side of the camera, squinting to try and see what caused the noise.

TOBY

(worried)

What was that?

TOBY squints back into the camera.

TOBY

Seriously? You guys can't tell me what it was? Oh, for crying out loud.

Another thud comes from the kitchen. TOBY feels around his desk for something to use as a weapon and ends up grabbing a stapler. He walks into the kitchen, holding it out in front of him.

The women's bathroom door swings open and out walks ANGELA. She's caught off guard and instinctively grabs her pepper spray. She proceeds to spray TOBY in the face again. She drops it, quickly realizing it's TOBY again.

TOBY falls to the floor.

TOBY

(in pain, kind of crying)

Ah! What the hell, Angela! Why would you do that again knowing I'm in here!

TOBY starts rubbing his eyes.

ANGELA

Don't rub your eyes, it just makes it worse!

TOBY

You spraying me with more pepper spray made it worse!

ANGELA

I'm sorry, I just saw a stapler in my face and reacted on instinct!

ANGELA grabs a roll of paper towels and bends down to help TOBY.

Again, out of nowhere, they hear a loud thud (coming from the main office this time).

ANGELA

(worried)

Did you hear that?

TOBY

Of course I heard that. You blinded me. I can still hear.

ANGELA

Watch the tone or I'll do it again, mister.

TOBY cowers, rolling into himself on the floor.

ANGELA

I'm kidding, Toby. No more pepper spray.

TOBY

Well, maybe you should still keep that thing nearby with all these strange sounds across the office.

ANGELA stands up, helping TOBY to his feet as well.

ANGELA

Alright, from now on we both stand by each other. Got it?

TOBY

Got it.

The two walk out of the kitchen, cautiously heading into the main office.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

DWIGHT is still standing at the podium addressing everyone.

DWIGHT

So, in short, I believe the life of every Dunder Mifflin employee - especially those who helped us become so successful - should be honored with the utmost respect upon their passing. That is why I am officially dubbing all Dunder Mifflin funerals "Dunderals." You're welcome.

CLARK

How is this different from the Dundies?

CLARK looks at the camera, smiling as he messes with DWIGHT.

DWIGHT

It's ten times more important than the Dundies.

MICHAEL stomps his feet at the back of the room.

MICHAEL

No, no. Not that much more important than the Dundies. If anything, they're just as important. Maybe, like, a small

percentage less important than the Dundies. Right, guys?

KEVIN

Michael, we haven't had the Dundies since you left.

MICHAEL

Wait, are you serious?

MICHAEL sighs.

ALLEY

What the f***'s a Dundie?

NELLY

Dwight, if this is more important than the Dundies, then shouldn't there be food?

STANLEY

I second that. These pastries taste like there's a bunch of glued-together leaves moving around in my mouth.

JIM

Wow, that's incredibly descriptive.

STANLEY

Thanks, I started a food blog to complain about foods I don't like.

JIM

Wow, what's it called?

STANLEY

FoodIDontLike.com.

JIM

Should have guessed.

DWIGHT leans into the microphone.

DWIGHT

Fine. Fair point, people. If I ordered appetizers from Chili's would you think a Dunderal is as important as the Dundies?

DARRYL

You throw some mini burgers in there and it'll be as important to me as you want it to be.

PHYLLIS

Ooooh, and fries.

DWIGHT looks around at everyone, debating if this will all be worth it in the long run (i.e. if they'll come to his "Dunderal").

DWIGHT

Fine.

Cut to a new scene in the room. JIM and PAM are standing in line to pay their respects to ROBERT.

JIM

This is it. If I don't do it now, I'll never know.

PAM

Jim, that's ridiculous.

JIM

Is it? Because I think it'd be more ridiculous to let him get away with this.

It's finally their turn to go up to the casket. They slowly walk up there and kneel in front of it. JIM goes to whisper to PAM but is quickly dismissed with a light wave of her hand.

PAM

It's not the time, Jim. You're not doing this.

JIM pretends to pray for a moment, closing his eyes and all. It's not long before he opens them and begins lowering his head to look in the thin crack between the bottom and top half of the casket. PAM catches him doing this and tugs at his arm.

PAM

OK, we're done. Come on, that's enough. You feel better now, crazy?

The two get up and go to walk away, but JIM stops in his tracks.

JIM

Nope. Not done. It can't end like this.

JIM walks back over to the casket, reaching out toward it with a plan to lightly crack it open and see what's inside. In the process, he trips on the kneeler and crashes into the casket, sending it toppling over. The top of the casket opens and out rolls ROBERT's body.

The camera pans around as everyone gasps at what just happened. JIM stands up and brushes off his pants. He smiles uncomfortably at everyone, putting his hands back in his pockets to look a little more proper. He then sees something on the other side of the room and points.

JIM

(nervously laughing)

Oh, look, food's here.

Cut to a new scene where the casket has been returned to its upright position. People are eating plates full of Chili's appetizers.

DARRYL has his burger and is all smiles.

STANLEY is walking around with a plate in one hand and a margarita in another. MEREDITH sees this and runs up to him.

MEREDITH

They brought booze, too? Who's hoarding?

STANLEY looks at her and takes a sip of his drink.

STANLEY

They did not. Florida Stanley still exists, you know. He lives somewhere deep inside of me now, but he's there. And he sees Chili's appetizers and comes out to play, requesting that I pair it with a refreshing margarita.

MEREDITH continues to stare at the drink, almost in a trance.

STANLEY

Oh, for Pete's sake, there's a cooler in my trunk with mixer and ice. The tequila's in the back seat.

STANLEY hands MEREDITH his car keys.

MEREDITH

Nope, you and I both know I won't be going near that cooler. Back seat it is.

MEREDITH jogs out of the room.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - EVENING

Cut to OSCAR eating two plates of appetizers by himself. He's sitting on the ground with his back against the wall of the building. He sees the camera and turns toward it.

OSCAR

Yes, I know I told you about my diet. And it's been going great. But, sometimes only a little grease and butter can wash down haunting memories like that of your old boss rolling out of a coffin.

OSCAR picks up a jalapeño popper, holds it to the camera and takes a bite.

OSCAR

Yep, that ones helping.

He picks up a mozzarella stick and takes a bite of that, too, still looking at the camera the entire time.

OSCAR

That one, too.

INT. FUNERAL HOME – EVENING

JIM and PAM are sitting down facing the casket alongside DWIGHT. DWIGHT reaches out and puts his hand over JIM's shoulder, who is staring at the ground in disbelief at his own actions.

DWIGHT

There, there, buddy. I just personally have to thank you for taking all the heat on this one. It means a lot. Now people will remember your idiotic actions over my desperate speech.

JIM

I can't believe I knocked the thing over.

PAM

I mean, you were just about to open it. Is that really any better?

JIM

I wasn't gonna open it. I was just gonna take a peek inside. You know, like someone peeking through a doorway without anyone else noticing.

DWIGHT

Either way, I have to thank you, because this is a funeral – nay, a Dunderal – that no one will ever forget.

ANDY walks up to the casket holding a notecard in front of him with both hands. DWIGHT notices this and glances at him.

DWIGHT

(to JIM)

Ooh, this'll be good. I may just have to take the slight from you and toss it onto Mr. Cornell over there.

ANDY taps the podium's microphone.

ANDY

Excuse me?

He clears his throat as no one listens to him.

ANDY

Hey, let's show some respect for Robert California here, yeah?

Everyone looks over, dropping their conversations to give ANDY their undivided attention – likely only as a result of feeling guilty.

ANDY

Yeah . . . yeah. Alright, so Robert California. The man, the myth, the legend. You know, when I first met him, I peed my pants twice in a single day. Seriously, he made me that nervous. It's like he had this gift of taking people's minds and sending them back to their youth when they didn't know crap. Swoosh.

He pretends to take his head off and toss it across the room. To his surprise, this gets a few laughs. ANDY starts to smile.

ANDY

Seriously, though. He was scary as hell at times, but he somehow always got you to challenge yourself. Like, actually challenge yourself. He got in your head and pushed you. And for that, I just have to say . . . thank you.

ANDY wipes a tear from his face. Everyone's still intently watching as ANDY turns to face the casket. Still smiling, he decides to walk up to it, placing his arm on the side to lean on it. He looks at everyone.

ANDY

You see that, Robert? Guess I'm not such a screwup after all.

ANDY laughs. As he continues to soak up the moment, the casket begins scooting backward again. It slides off the stand and falls to the ground, once again sending ROBERT's body rolling toward everyone in the room.

People are frozen at first, but are soon able to process what just happened as they stare at ROBERT's corpse on the floor.

People start screaming. Others drop their plates in disbelief. A few others - including ERIN and OSCAR - look down at their plates and start gagging.

MICHAEL, who hasn't been in the room for any of ANDY's speech, walks in and sees everything going on. He notices ANDY at the front of the room with his mouth wide open in shock.

MICHAEL

OK, good, good.

MICHAEL looks at the camera.

MICHAEL

See? The Michael Scarn outfit will be remembered fondly after all, as will my brief speech. I truly underestimated just how many idiots there were in this office.

He sees a mozzarella stick on the floor, picks it up and eats it.

MICHAEL

A good first Dunderal.

Beat.

MICHAEL

Not like I want another one anytime soon. Because of death.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - EVENING

ANGELA and TOBY are now working back-to-back, having rearranged two desks to face outward so they have a full view of the office.

TOBY

You know this whole back-to-back thing is pointless when I can only see giant blobs.

ANGELA

Well, just do your best, Toby. If you don't we may die. And you wouldn't want to die at Dunder Mifflin, would you?

TOBY

No, it's one of my biggest fears.

The two work for a few moments until they hear another loud thud, this time from the ceiling.

TOBY

That sounded like it came from the ceiling this time!

ANGELA

Thanks, detective. Of course it did. Here, take my rape flute.

ANGELA hands the flute to TOBY and proceeds to take out her pepper spray.

ANGELA

OK, come on . . .

TOBY

We're going toward the sound?

ANGELA

Of course. There's work to be done and we've already wasted hours being distracted by this thing.

ANGELA stands up, then helps TOBY up. The two walk slowly toward the source of the sound in the ceiling. When they're right below it, they hold their weapons up in the air.

ANGELA

OK, now jump up and hit that ceiling tile.

TOBY

What? Why? What if it's a raccoon?

ANGELA

Oh, don't be a baby. It's clearly something small, like a bunny or a kitten or something.

TOBY

Raccoons are around that size! It could be anything!

ANGELA

Just do it!

She smacks TOBY, prompting him to jump up and hit the ceiling tile. When he does, the two bend down and cower a little. When nothing happens, they stand up in relief.

ANGELA

See? We probably scared it awa-

Several ceiling tiles crash to the ground as something large crashes through it. This something falls onto ANGELA, sending her to the ground. She looks to be knocked out.

The camera keeps rolling as the something rolls over and stands up. It's a person - and it's ROBERT CALIFORNIA. He looks at the camera and winks.

The camera pans over to TOBY, who is squinting and clearly still only able to see blobs. He holds the rape flute back like a baseball bat as ROBERT - a mysterious blob to TOBY - walks toward him.

TOBY

Stand back! I know how to use this!

ROBERT

That's a rape flute, my dear imbecile.

TOBY looks shocked and drops the rape flute to the floor.

TOBY

(softly, somewhat scared)

Robert?

ROBERT looks back at the camera, then jogs out of the office.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING – EVENING

JIM gets out of the car as PAM keeps it running in the parking lot. He pokes his head into the car window to talk to PAM.

JIM

I'm sorry, honey. I just had one of those feelings, you know? Hey, at least Andy was the act to remember, huh?

He smiles at PAM, who proceeds to roll her eyes.

JIM

OK, I'll be right back. Just need to grab my laptop.

JIM stands up and jogs inside the building.

Cut to PAM in the car, she's staring at JIM as he goes inside, shaking her head with a light smile. Her face quickly goes from amused to shocked as she looks to the side, her eyes tracking something that's moving.

The camera pans around to show ROBERT sprinting from the side of the building, heading out of the parking lot to the street.

The camera quickly pans back to PAM, whose jaw is on the floor. She slowly turns from looking at ROBERT to the camera, her jaw still wide open.

OUTRO

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

ANDY is on the couch, drinking a glass of wine with one of his legs folded over the other. He's clearly very content.

ANDY

I knocked the casket over, so what? That's not what people will remember. They'll remember my awesome speech. And besides, it's not even about what they think. It's about what Robert thinks way up there. And I know he's proud of me.

ANDY points to the ceiling and looks up with a smile.

He's taken out of his talking head as he hears his doorbell ring. He gives the camera a "hold on" finger and gets up.

ANDY

Must be my pizza.

The camera follows ANDY out of the room and all the way to the front door. ANDY opens it. Standing there on the other side of the door is ROBERT CALIFORNIA. ROBERT takes his hand and puts it on ANDY's shoulder.

ROBERT

Andrew, it's good to see you. I need to borrow some money.

ANDY slowly falls backward - stiff like a falling tree - and crashes to the floor.

ROBERT looks down at a passed out ANDY.

ROBERT

I'll take that as a "yes."

ROBERT nods at the camera and walks into ANDY's house, walking around ANDY and making himself at home.

END OF EPISODE