

The Office

Season 10

Episode 2 – Brownies

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INTRO

INT. MAIN OFFICE – DAY

Everyone is quietly working. The camera zooms in on MICHAEL, who is taking food out of his lunch bag. After all the food is out, he reaches under the desk and pulls up an ice-cold can. It's a LaCroix.

MICHAEL cracks open the LaCroix, cheers it to the rest of the office and takes a sip. He proceeds to study the can closely.

MICHAEL

Mmmm . . . ahhhh. This one's pear flavored. I've never had pear flavored before. Oh my god, guys. This tastes just like I'm eating a fresh pear, dug up from the grounds of Georgia by a hardworking farmer, committed to providing for his family. You know, I feel like I'm making a difference in that farmer's life with every sip.

OSCAR

Actually, pears are grown on trees, Michael. And the majority of United States pears are grown in specific states, with Pennsylvania being one of those states. We have pear trees all over Scranton. Did you not know that?

DWIGHT

Who are you, the Pear Whisperer? Give me a break. Pears are the fruit of the weak. "Oh, let me go pluck this easy-to-grab blob off a tree and eat it like a little girl." Please. The peanut is classified as a fruit and that

sucker grows underground. That's a challenge with a fine reward at the end.

INT. BREAKROOM - DAY

MICHAEL talking head.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I started drinking LaCroix. This nice lady at the grocery store handed me one for free. I tried it, was disgusted by the fact that it had no sugar and threw it down the aisle in anger. Fast forward half an hour later and I'm lost in the grocery store. No way out. I'm starving. I'm thirsty. I run into the LaCroix lady again and she offers me another one. I drank it and, from then on, I appreciated it. It quite literally saved my life. I didn't stop drinking it there, though. I cook with it, I rinse my mouth out with it . . . I even took a bath with it once. Most expensive bath ever, but I smelled like coconut for a week.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

PAM talking head.

PAM

Michael always tended to go through phases. Clothes, hobbies, food . . . you name it. His latest craze is LaCroix. It's this non-sweetened, no-calorie sparkling beverage. He has about five of them every day. He even put a mini-fridge under his desk to store his supply. Needless to say,

he likes to talk about new flavors he tries. The worst part of it all? The rest of the office has strong opinions on the matter.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

MICHAEL instinctively reaches under his desk while keeping his eyes on his computer screen. He pulls up another can of LaCroix. He opens it, takes a sip and looks at the can.

MICHAEL

No way! Check it out! This one's pomegranate!

The whole office begins loudly chattering. The camera cuts to OSCAR typing into a search engine, DWIGHT stepping out of his office and STANLEY pulling out a bottle of tequila to pour himself a shot.

The camera pans to PAM at her desk, who looks at the camera and gives a JIM-esque annoyed facial expression.

PAM

There goes another hour of the day.

Everyone continues shouting at each other, debating flavors and disputing MICHAEL's claims about the various fruit flavors.

EPISODE

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

ANDY talking head in the parking lot, who just got out of his car and is pushing down a big pile of red clothing into a box in his trunk.

ANDY

Howdy, y'all. This feels so weird . . . looking into the camera and all. I can't say it

doesn't feel right, but it definitely feels weird right now. I was born for this. One might say it's my return to the stage.

The camera zooms in on the box full of red clothing in his trunk.

ANDY

Oh, right. Yeah, Cornell had a pretty . . . red dress code. I tossed out all my pastels and pretty much every other outfit I owned before taking the job at Cornell so I could bleed red twenty-four-seven.

CAMERAPERSON

You left your job so you could wear pastel colors again?

ANDY is offended by this comment.

ANDY

No, that's not why I left. I mean, did that play a minor role in my wanting to leave? Sure. I dress to impress. Fashion is my passion. But the primary reason was hearing from Dwight that you guys were coming back to Scranton. I did my time lying low after the Baby Wah-Wah debacle. Now I'm ready to bring the Nard Dog out to play again.

KEVIN's Uber pulls up in front of ANDY's car. The windows are down and the speakers are blasting the "Baby Wah-Wah" remix. KEVIN gets out of the passenger seat wearing his sunglasses and looks at his driver.

KEVIN

Thanks for passing me the aux,
bro. I told you that jam was still
fire.

ANDY looks at the camera and lets out an uncomfortable
laugh.

Cut to a KEVIN talking head in the parking lot.

KEVIN

Yes, that song's still a hit here.
Kind of a Scranton classic like
me. I actually got Scrantonicity 3
to cover the song. People at
weddings go absolutely wild for
it. Bridesmaids, parents,
grandparents . . . you name it.

KEVIN smiles and gives a thumbs-up. He starts singing the
song as he walks into the building.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

ANDY walks past reception, toward his desk in the sales
clump. ERIN watches him from reception. PETE watches him
from over his shoulder.

ANDY turns around when he gets to his desk, noticing the
stares.

ANDY

Relax, lovebirds. I'm not here to
win over the receptionist. Tuna's
already played that dangerous game
once. I don't want fists flying
from Plop or tears pouring onto
the carpet over me from Erin.
Let's just all hang and be pals.

MICHAEL

Shuuut it, Andy. Just shut it.
We've all came back and managed to
not stir up trouble. You come in

for three days and you're like . .
. you're like a stirrer, stirring
up trouble.

ANDY

That is not true, Mr. Scott.

PAM

Andy, you came in on your first
day back asking if I went to the
camera crew's makeup room yet.
There wasn't even a makeup room in
the office the first time they
were here.

ANDY

Well, Pam, it's been seven years
since then. I'm sorry I forgot
what your face looked like. I'm
only human.

OSCAR

She's right, Andy. There's been
tension in the air ever since you
walked through those doors. To be
honest, it's been a little creepy.

ANGELA lifts her hand and extends it across her desk toward
OSCAR's for a high-five. OSCAR gladly accepts the offer and
they high-five.

Cut to MICHAEL, who looks really excited. He tries to
contain it but can't.

MICHAEL

Alright, alright! I tried to keep
it a surprise for this afternoon,
but you guys are just pushing my
buttons today with all this
arguing.

DWIGHT leaps out of his office, having heard MICHAEL's
comment.

DWIGHT

Buttons? What buttons? Michael, where did you find these buttons and what color were they?

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT talking head at his desk.

DWIGHT

I was reading through a book on how to diffuse bombs, but it also included a section about how the common explosive is made. You know, big red button and all. Really just common coffee table reading material. I left the book in the bathroom outside one evening and when I went back to retrieve it, it was gone. My family and I now live in fear that Mose planted explosives around the house . . . or around the office. So, I'm sensitive to any button talk.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

MICHAEL stares at DWIGHT, somewhat weirded out and somewhat confused.

MICHAEL

No, weirdo. It's just an expression. Like a homely.

PAM looks at the camera and shakes her head.

MICHAEL

Anyway, I have a surprise for you all. A gift brought to the north by Holly after her and the kids did the drive up here with the movers. A gift from the 'Rado.

Everyone stares at MICHAEL, not really getting excited at his build-up.

MICHAEL

Colorado. A gift from Colorado.

MICHAEL opens his drawer and pulls out a Tupperware container. The entire office rises from their seats to peek at what he has in there. He removes the lid to reveal a bunch of brownies. He wafts the scent in the air as he walks around the office with the open container.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

MICHAEL talking head at DWIGHT's desk.

MICHAEL

Don't worry about that. No, no . . . Dwight's at lunch with a client right now. I just do these things so much better when I'm in my old office. Anyway, what was the question? Oh, right, the brownies. So, we had this neighbor we never really heard from or saw. Very chill guy . . . or "low key" as the kids say today. So, Mr. Chill never spoke to us. In fact, he avoided us the entire time he lived next door. That is, until we moved out. You see, we discovered from a few police reports that this guy was a dealer . . . of drugs. Many different drugs, actually. I couldn't pronounce half of them. I think "Hero's wine" was one of them.

MICHAEL shrugs.

MICHAEL

But, what the fuzz didn't know was that he was also a talented baker. He specialized in dessert,

specifically brownies. People actually seemed to like his brownies more than the drugs he sold. A man of many talents I guess. So, there we are moving out, and he leaves a tray of brownies on our front porch. A goodbye present. This guy went from a stone-cold drug dealer to someone who runs after his real dream: baking. I could write a screenplay about it, but I have too much to catch up on here.

Beat.

MICHAEL

Maybe a comic book.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

MICHAEL is eating one of his own brownies from his desk as he stares across the office and into the kitchen, where he left the rest of the brownies. Various office members are standing there eating them. JIM and KEVIN, in his new office and the warehouse, respectively, are not present.

The camera cuts back to MICHAEL at his desk.

MICHAEL

Brownies. They're the bread that Jesus broke at the round table. A peace offering. I break thee and offer thee to thee coworkers.

MICHAEL proceeds to crack open a LaCroix under his desk to wash down the brownie. He puts his drink in a koozie so no one comments on his beverage.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

JIM is aimlessly walking around the building. He tries to look busy for the cameras, but eventually ends up in the

warehouse. He walks down the stairs to avoid the cameras. Noticing the camera crew is still following him, he heads into the foreman's office.

NATE is sitting in the foreman's (KEVIN's) desk chair.

NATE

Oh, Jim. I didn't notice you had come back to Dunder Muttten. Don't worry, I'm not trying to take Kevin's job. I just like the way his seat feels when he gets up. It's nice and warm . . . like those heated seats in fancy cars. Have you ever sat in one of those? My mom doesn't have those in her car.

JIM looks at the camera, confused.

JIM

Don't worry, man. I'm not here to rat you out. I just . . . I'm just looking for Kev. You know where he went?

NATE looks at his hand, which has writing all over it. He scans it up and down with his finger.

NATE

Well, according to my notes, he's scheduled for a quick game of Pizza with himself.

JIM

Pizza? What's that mean?

NATE

I don't actually know. He's right outside there. I'd go ask him for you, but my foot fell asleep twelve minutes ago and I'm waiting to find the courage to try and walk on it again.

JIM leaves the foreman's office and walks across the warehouse toward the exit. He steps outside and the camera pans around to reveal KEVIN playing basketball by himself.

JIM

Kev? What are you doing out here?

KEVIN

What's it look like?

KEVIN points to a bench.

KEVIN

Pizza.

INT. FOREMAN OFFICE - DAY

KEVIN talking head in his office. He's scarfing down a piece of pizza. He speaks with his mouth full, coughing throughout the talking head while powering through the slice of pizza.

KEVIN

It's called Pizza. It's my way of knocking out lunch and exercise in the same thirty minutes. I call it Pizza because I eat pizza every time I play it, which is pretty much every day. It's like Horse but much better. And I know what you're thinking: pizza's not so healthy. Well, I make sure to add the occasional black olives or mushrooms on it for a well-balanced meal. This right here is the food pyramid.

KEVIN picks up a fresh slide and shows it to the camera, displaying his version of the food pyramid.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The cameraperson sneaks through a crack in the doorway, filming KEVIN and JIM as they play basketball.

KEVIN

So, remember . . . every time I make it and you miss, that's a letter for you. Once one of us is at Pizza, we both eat a slice of pizza.

JIM

How do you play this by yourself?

KEVIN

I play it until the pizza's gone.
I play it until the pizza's gone
or until my fingers are numb in
the winter. Whatever comes first.

JIM

OK. Let's get started then.

KEVIN tosses JIM the basketball.

JIM

Hold on, just one quick
thing . . .

JIM walks over to the warehouse door.

JIM

Hey, guys, Nate just texted me
saying it's getting too cold in
there. You mind keeping this
closed? Yeah? Thanks.

JIM pushes the door closed so that the camera crew stops
bothering him and KEVIN. JIM can be heard shooting the
basketball outside.

JIM

(unseen, distant)

Ah, darn it. Alright. You're up,
big guy.

The cameraperson sighs, turning the camera around only to
spot NATE, still in KEVIN's chair. NATE waves at the
camera. The cameraperson ignores him and heads up the
stairs. The camera rolls as it goes up the stairs, through
the hallway and into the Dunder Mifflin office entrance.
The entire office is quiet, focused on their work.

PHYLLIS

Hey, guys. I'm getting a little lightheaded. I'm going to go get a glass of water. If I don't come back, please come look for me.

PAM

Yeah, now that you mention it, I kind of feel tired, too. I mean, I was up until midnight last night trying to get the kids to bed.

CLARK

What'd you say? Did you say something? I swore someone said something real loud.

CLARK looks up from his desk with incredibly bloodshot eyes.

CLARK

I still hear it. Now it's a ringing. Like a referee who just keeps blowing that damn whistle. Over and over again until I go deaf!

ANGELA

No . . . no, I hear it, too. It's like the devil shrunk down into a tiny size and climbed into my ear and is yelling nonsense. Is this hell? Oh, no. This can't be hell, can it? This would be a version of hell for me.

The cameraperson moves around the office in search of the sound. It grows louder as the camera moves into DWIGHT's office. The camera walks around the desk to find ANDY underneath it, singing with his eyes closed. He sings to the beat of "thank u, next" by Ariana Grande.

ANDY

Thought I'd end up with fame. But it wasn't a match. Wrote some

songs about Cornell, now I listen and cry. Even almost got married, and to Angela I'm so thankful. Wish I could say thank you to Erin, 'cause she was an angel. One taught me lo-

KELLY

(unseen)

Dammit Andy, shut the f*** up already!

The camera cuts over to KELLY in the doorway.

KELLY

Clark's ears are like actually bleeding right now and you're gonna ruin this song for life. It's like you're throwing poop at Ariana in the recording studio. She's never going to go back there if she associates it with crap like this!

MICHAEL

(unseen)

Hey, guys?

The camera cuts to MICHAEL at his desk with his head eye-level with a can of La Croix as he studies it.

MICHAEL

I'm just gonna come right out and say it: I've been hiding La Croix under my desk the entire week. I'm telling you this because I'm lost in the unknown that is the waves on this can. It swallows my body, hiding it from the rest of humanity until I become one with it. Join me. We can all be one with the La Croix.

OSCAR

Alright, something is definitely going on if Michael can put together a sentence like that.

PAM

I'll admit it's a little weird, but when aren't we surprised by anything that comes out of his mouth?

The camera continues to focus on MICHAEL, who now holds the La Croix can up high with two hands like a priest getting ready for Holy Communion.

MICHAEL

Oh, how I've succumbed to your ways, La Croix. Your beauty radiates into the world, conquering all other sights that dare challenge its might.

PAM

Aaaand I take that back. Something is definitely up.

PAM looks around the office, only to find people doing strange things. KELLY and RYAN sit on the floor eating microwavable ramen; ANGELA shoves Q-tips in both her ears at once, continuously shouting "Get out!"; ANDY now lies on the floor, softly crying to himself.

PAM

What the hell, everyone?

PAM gets up from her chair.

PAM

Wow-zah. Now I feel a little woozy.

STANLEY

Woozy! Ba-ha-ha-ha-ha! Wooooooozzy! What a funny word. Say it again, Pammy!

STANLEY falls to the floor from laughing so hard.

PAM

Oh, my god. Oh, my god! Michael?! Michael, where did you say you got those brownies again?

STANLEY

(still on the floor)

Woozy! Ba-ha-ha-ha-ha!

PAM looks over at the camera, worried and red-eyed.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING — DAY

JIM and KEVIN have just finished up playing KEVIN's Pizza basketball game. The two sit on a bench with the pizza box in between them.

JIM

I don't know, man. It's just kind of a rock and a hard place, you know? Athleap's been going great, but that office isn't what it used to be. That, and being remote is about as useful as not working at the company at all. Every conference call is me just going "Ah," "Well," "Ya see," "I just," and then getting cut off.

KEVIN

You gonna finish that?

KEVIN ignores JIM's comment, staring at the last slice of pizza in the box.

JIM

What? Oh, no. All yours.

KEVIN fist-bumps JIM and picks up the last piece of pizza.

KEVIN

I hear you, though. It's like me and that bar. It's all too good to be true. I love it in the warehouse and all, but I don't get to watch sports at the bar like I used to. That's why I bought it in the first place. Anyway, don't listen to me. I've already peaked. If you know what you want, make it happen. You and Darryl made that place what it is now anyway.

JIM looks deep in thought, but quickly snaps out of it and puts his hand on KEVIN's shoulder.

JIM

Thanks, Kev. You know, I really missed you and the rest of the old crew. It's good to be back, and you're right . . . I will make it happen. Let's head in, though. I feel like I've got a belly full of pizza that's starting to freeze out here.

The two get up from the bench and head inside. As they walk in, KEVIN can be heard talking to JIM in the distance.

KEVIN

Hey, next time you come visit me here I'll teach you Cake. It's like Pizza, only you play it with a cake.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT walks up to reception and stops, noticing ERIN and PETE staring longingly at the computer screen. Both of their eyes are glazed over.

DWIGHT

Hey, imbeciles. If I wanted you to stare at a screen all day I'd make you watch Mose and my homemade recreation of "Alien." And I know that's not what you're watching based on the fact that you've not thrown up all over reception yet. What are you two watching, anyway?

DWIGHT walks around reception to view the screen. The camera zooms in to reveal an "ASMR" video playing on YouTube.

ERIN

Not now, Dwight. It's just getting to the good part. Grab a chair and join us. Aw, man. Look at that. I can see it, but I can also hear it, so it's magical all over my body.

PETE

Yeah, join us, dude. You won't regret it.

DWIGHT looks at the camera, terrified.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT talking head.

DWIGHT

Jim is playing another elaborate prank on me. Of course, that was my initial thought until I saw Kelly shave Ryan's head while they were both on the floor. No . . . no. This is something much more serious than I thought. My subordinates' minds are de-aging, now functioning at around the age of preschoolers. I feared this would happen. It's like the movie

"Big" Michael was always talking about, except the opposite.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT walks over to MICHAEL, who is now lying on the ground attempting to make snow angels from a bunch of empty La Croix cans.

DWIGHT

(talking like a baby)

Are you alright, Mike-Mike? It's. Dwight-Dwight. Dwight-Dwight take care of Mike-Mike.

INT. JIM'S OFFICE - DAY

The camera peeks through a crack in the office doorway, catching JIM on the phone again. JIM doesn't notice this.

JIM

(on the phone)

Yep! Don't you hear it in my voice? You know I'm serious. I've thought about it seriously these last few days . . . even mentioned it to Pam and she's on board. So, think it over. It's happening with or without you. Of course, you know I'd prefer you being here. Talked to Kev, too, and think he'd be down to play a role. That makes three of us already. Alright. Alright. Yeah. I'll check in tomorrow. Talk to you later.

The camera pans around outside of JIM's office door, only to find KEVIN hustling down the hall. His eyes are closed and he looks exhausted as he jogs to the door, toppling the cameraman to the ground.

CAMERAMAN

What the hell?

The cameraman stands up and steps into the office. KEVIN's hands are on his knees as sweat trickles to the floor. His foreman outfit is drenched as though he just jumped in a pool.

JIM

Jeez, dude. Are you alright? Do you need me to call someone?

KEVIN

(panting)

No . . . need . . . to . . . call.
I'm just . . . I just felt like. .
. . like I needed to run in here.
Pam . . . she . . . came
into . . . warehouse.

JIM

Pam?! Is she OK?!

KEVIN

Pam . . . not hurt. Need . . . to
go . . . to office.

KEVIN lifts one hand off of his knee and points up at the ceiling.

JIM

OK. Alright, thank god. Let's go.

Kevin falls to the floor, too exhausted to stand.

JIM

I'll give you a minute. Appreciate
you running in here.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

JIM, with a still-sweaty KEVIN at his side, walks into the office. He immediately goes wide-eyed as he sees nearly everyone doing strange things, including PAM who is continuously spinning around in her desk chair.

JIM looks at the camera.

JIM

What the f***?

DWIGHT is on the couch by reception, holding MICHAEL like a baby while feeding him milk from a bottle. ANGELA is lying down on the floor next to the couch. Of course, DWIGHT is not tending to her at all.

DWIGHT

There, there, Mike-Mike. I may be manager now, but you'll always be my best man. There, that's it. Just take a little nap. Shhhh . . .

JIM rushes over to PAM, stopping her from spinning. He lowers himself to her level and holds her gently by the shoulders.

JIM

Hey! Hey . . . are you alright? Kevin said you were in the warehouse stumbling around. And what the hell's going on up here?

PAM

(mumbling)

Michael. Colorado. Brownies . . .

JIM looks around the room again, already having put together PAM's vague response. He looks toward the office entrance and KEVIN is no longer standing there. JIM looks over at the kitchen and spots KEVIN in there.

JIM

Oh, no. Kevin!

JIM runs to the kitchen, bursting through the door only to find KEVIN shoving his face with brownies.

KEVIN

What? I did my part by telling you something was wrong with Pam. Jim, I burned like ten calories getting to your office. I need to put those back on or I might faint. Don't be so insensitive.

JIM motions to knock the brownie out of KEVIN's hand, but his hand stops in the middle of the air. He's frozen in place. He collects himself, flips his hand over and looks at the camera.

JIM

Eh, what the hell, right? We have the babysitter tonight. Besides, I've not spent much time with these guys since we've been back.

KEVIN gives JIM half of the brownie. They both cheers it and eat it.

JIM looks at the camera once more and shrugs.

OUTRO

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Everyone is high now, including JIM and KEVIN who are playing paper football across two desks. The office entrance door can be heard opening and the office goes silent. Many rub their eyes, believing they might be higher than they imagined.

The camera pans to reception. CREED stands there with a briefcase. He's in a suit and freshly shaved.

CREED

Aw, you guys . . . you remembered how much I loved pot brownies. You didn't have to do all this for little old me!

ERIN, standing at her desk at reception, faints upon hearing CREED speak.

END OF EPISODE