

The Office

Season 10

Episode 10 – Housewarming

Fan Fiction by

Nick Janicki

theofficefanfic.com

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INTRO

INT. A COSTUME STORE – DAY

MICHAEL is checking out. The employee hands MICHAEL his bag. MICHAEL looks inside and smiles.

MICHAEL
Thanks you very much.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR – DAY

MICHAEL is in his car. He's wearing an Iron Man costume, with only his head showing as he continues to drive.

MICHAEL
Tomorrow is little Ryan's birthday party. It'll also be a housewarming for our new place. Anyway, he says he wants it to be superhero themed. He says "I want Iron Man there." Now, I could go hire Robert Downey Jr. for a million dollars, or I could play the part.

He turns his head to the camera, revealing some poorly trimmed facial hair.

MICHAEL
See? Goatee and all.

He turns back to the road.

MICHAEL
Why am I wearing it to work, you ask? Well, these things tend to be a little tight around the sides at first. The crotch region, I mean. So, I'm breaking it in a little to maximize my flexibility at the party.

He looks over at the camera again.

MICHAEL

What? Not impressed? Oh, wait a second . . .

MICHAEL reaches in the back seat and pulls out an Iron Man mask. He proceeds to let go of the wheel in order to put on the mask. When it's on his face, he looks over at the camera again.

MICHAEL

Ta-da!

A loud thud is heard outside of the car. The camera turns to the front windshield only to find MEREDITH on the hood. MICHAEL just hit her again, just outside of the office building parking lot.

MICHAEL

Oh god.

MICHAEL turns to the camera, still wearing the Iron Man mask.

MICHAEL

I knew I should've bought the Hawkeye costume. No mask. But nobody even likes Hawkeye. Oh, god . . .

MEREDITH looks inside the car, sees the person in the Iron Man costume and raises her eyebrows up and down a few times.

MEREDITH

(in pain, but turned on)

Robert Downey. Jr.?

Beat as MICHAEL – still in the mask – turns to the camera, then back to MEREDITH on his windshield. He waves at her.

MICHAEL

Yes . . .

Opening credits roll.

EPISODE

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

DWIGHT steps out of his office. He looks at his watch, which begins beeping.

DWIGHT

OK, that's it, people! It's five o'clock. Today's Michael's housewarming slash kid's birthday party and I will not allow any of you to be late.

PAM

I don't think you can control our personal lives, Dwight.

DWIGHT

There is no such thing as a personal life, Pam. That term is redundant. It's like saying I can't control your life life. Everything about your life is personal and therefore belongs to this company.

MICHAEL stands up from his desk and runs to stand next to DWIGHT.

MICHAEL

Ooh, yes! Let's get rolling. If anyone needs a ride, I have two and a half spots open.

STANLEY

How can you have two and a half spots open?

MICHAEL

I got my Iron Man costume dry-cleaned and it's hanging in the back. I can't risk little Ryan thinking it's me under there.

CLARK

Dude, didn't you just hit Meredith with you car again? Why would we ride with you?

Beat.

MICHAEL

If you ride with me then I can't hit you with my car.

CLARK

I'm sure you would find a way.

MICHAEL

Well, whatever. Meredith's fine this time. Besides, she was smiling once she saw me and thought I was Robert Downey Jr. I think that could have been the happiest I've ever seen Meredith.

PETE

The happiest you've ever seen her was when she was hit with your car?

MICHAEL

The happiest I've ever seen her sober? Yes. Fine, though. I'll just drive myself. I'm sure the earth will thank you for all the pollution!

PAM

You really shouldn't have a license anymore.

MICHAEL

Or maybe Meredith shouldn't have a license to walk anymore, smartypants.

MICHAEL grabs his coat and leaves the office. DWIGHT continues to rally everyone to pack up as well.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

PAM, wearing her winter jacket, approaches JIM at the Athleap side of the office.

PAM

Hey, you ready to get going?

JIM looks up from his computer and rubs his forehead, frustrated.

JIM

Honestly, I wish I was. But we just found out DeSean Jackson is in town for some reason and wants to be entertained.

PAM

As in the Eagles DeSean Jackson?

DARRYL

(unseen)

Yup.

DARRYL walks over to JIM's desk to talk to him and PAM.

DARRYL

And you bet we're gonna show him the right way to do Scranton.

PAM

What do you mean the "right way" to do Scranton?

DARRYL

You know . . . all the right locations to show him. The dope bars. The landmarks. The . . . Taco Bell.

JIM

Did you really just say "the Taco Bell"? I mean, she does have a good point. What's there for an NFL player to do in Scranton?

PAM

Maybe you should bring him to Michael's party.

DARRYL

The housewarming slash birthday party? Yeah, because that's better than Taco Bell.

PAM

Well, it'd be a better reflection of Scranton than anywhere you just listed. Alright, though. I'll see you at home, Jim. Let me know where you guys end up going. If Taco Bell doesn't work, maybe you can take him to Wendy's.

PAM winks at them and walks out of the office.

JIM looks at DARRYL.

JIM

Seriously, man? Taco Bell?

DARRYL

I don't know. You got a better idea?

JIM shrugs.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - DAY

MICHAEL is driving DWIGHT to his house for the party.

MICHAEL

Really, thanks for volunteering to help set stuff up. Holly will keep the guests busy in the meantime.

DWIGHT

I know you would've done the same for me, Michael.

MICHAEL looks in the rearview mirror at the camera and shakes his head "no."

MICHAEL

Yeah . . .

DWIGHT

Why didn't you just tell people to come later, though?

MICHAEL

Because, Dwight. It shows that you're carefree when you do something like that. It's so desperate to have a perfectly prepared party when everyone arrives. They see me still setting things up and they think, "Wow, he must have parties like these all the time if he's so relaxed about them."

DWIGHT

I would know if you had parties like those all the time.

MICHAEL

I never said I did, genius. It's just a figure of speech. I took it

from a recently published party planning article.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) — DAY

JIM talking head at his desk.

JIM

Oh, yeah, I sent Michael the link to that party planning article. Actually, it was just an entry on Reddit . . . by yours truly. I know, I did something similar with Dwight back in the day, right? But with Michael, this is just all uncharted territory. I've gotta find a way to make it to that party sometime this evening.

EXT. THE SCOTT'S HOUSE — DAY

MICHAEL is at the open door greeting people as they arrive.

KEVIN, NATE and OSCAR walk up the driveway.

MICHAEL

Well, hello there. Hey, I got one for you. A fat man, bald man and Mexican man all get out of the car together.

OSCAR

Go on?

MICHAEL

What?

OSCAR

Finish the joke . . .

MICHAEL

Oh, that's the joke. I didn't have any more to it.

MICHAEL laughs. OSCAR and KEVIN walk inside, shaking their heads. NATE stops and stands in front of MICHAEL.

NATE

I thought that was funny. I mean, technically I'm not entirely bald since I have some hair on my sides, but I think for the purposes of the joke, your description still worked.

MICHAEL

Alright, dude, just get inside already.

MICHAEL smiles at the camera and closes the door, excited that he has the opportunity to host a party for everyone in the office.

INT. THE SCOTT'S HOUSE - DAY

HOLLY takes over from MICHAEL once people enter the house. She stands in the foyer taking people's jackets. The latest arrivals (OSCAR, KEVIN and NATE) all look around at how nice everything is.

KEVIN

Michael, this place is sick.

OSCAR

Yeah, I do have to hand it to you both, you have a lovely home.

MICHAEL

Why thank you, fine gentlemen. Now let me show you to . . .

MICHAEL turns one way, then the other. He finally has an "ah-ha" moment and walks in one direction.

MICHAEL

To the kitchen!

KEVIN

You didn't know where the kitchen was?

MICHAEL

This place is just so big that sometimes I get turned around.

HOLLY

Seriously, he once called me because he was lost and couldn't get back downstairs. The kids drew a map for him, though, which sort of helps. So, if he's ever late to work, at least you know why now.

Cut to the house's kitchen. MICHAEL and others enter the room, gathering up with several people who had already arrived. These people include ANGELA, GABE, NELLY, CLARK and PHYLLIS.

MICHAEL

Please . . . our home is your bird's nest, in which you can grow and prosper.

ANGELA

What does that mean?

HOLLY

Oh, ignore him. He's been watching a National Geographic series on birds. There's bound to be a bird reference every few sentences.

PHYLLIS

So, where are the little ones? We all pitched in and got Ryan a birthday present.

KEVIN

Which Ryan?

CLARK

Ryan from the office, dude. Didn't you hear?

CLARK holds up an Iron Man action figure with a bow on it.

CLARK

He loves collecting these dolls.

CLARK laughs at his own joke as KEVIN continues looking confused.

DWIGHT

(unseen)

Again, that is not a doll.

Cut to DWIGHT as he steps into the room.

DWIGHT

It does, however, become a play thing once it's out of the package. Michael, it's in little Ryan's best interest to keep that thing in the box.

DWIGHT pulls his arm out from behind his back. He's holding a balloon pump and a bag of balloons.

DWIGHT

Also, I will need assistance in blowing up these balloons. I've blown about a quarter of them but my mouth is getting dry.

NELLY

That's what she said.

MICHAEL

Dammit. Wait, who's this? Is this Toby's red-headed sister?

MICHAEL points to NELLY.

ANGELA

Michael, that's Nelly. She's been working at the office for a full week already.

MICHAEL

Well, Nelly, you need to know that that's my joke. And I'm very rusty right now, so I need you to go easy on me.

CLARK

That's also what she said.

MICHAEL

Clark! Come on, man. You, too? "That's what she said" jokes were at the core of my humor. If you take those from me, it's like you're stealing my identity.

HOLLY steps between MICHAEL and everyone else.

HOLLY

There, there . . . leave it be, honey. Kevin and Gabe, can you two help Dwight with the balloons? I'm gonna keep welcoming our guests out front.

The doorbell rings.

HOLLY

Speaking of guests . . .

HOLLY heads to the front door while KEVIN and GABE follow DWIGHT into the other room. Meanwhile, MICHAEL is left with everyone else in the kitchen.

MICHAEL

Now, everyone else, I'll need your help cooking the food.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

JIM talking head at his desk.

JIM

Oh, I also wrote that it's best to let your guests do most of the cooking as a sign of welcoming. Didn't think he'd actually buy that one.

DARRYL

(unseen)

Jim!

JIM turns away from the camera.

JIM

Oh, hey, man!

The camera shifts to DARRYL. Next to him stands DESEAN JACKSON from the Philadelphia Eagles.

JIM

Didn't see you come in.

JIM stands up to speak with DARRYL and DESEAN.

DESEAN

It's all good. Happy I at least got you two here as long as I have to spend the night in this town.

DARRYL

(uncomfortably)

Yes, indeed. Jim, we were just talking. DeSean asked about some of the best spots around town. Told him you've been here longer than me, so you'd know better.

JIM widens his eyes at DARRYL, then looks at DESEAN.

JIM

Ah, yes. Good call. Because I definitely know all the Scranton hotspots. Hey, DeSean, can you excuse us one sec? Just gotta talk some business real quick.

DESEAN nods.

JIM motions for DARRYL to follow him. The two step into the callroom and the cameraperson follows.

JIM

(whispering)

Hey, what the hell was that about? Don't really have any "hotspots" for a freaking big-shot NFL player like him. Can't say Pizza by Alfredo is gonna make him very happy with his visit.

DARRYL

(also whispering)

I think you mean Alfredo's Pizza Cafe.

JIM

I don't know which one I meant, I was just making a point that nothing will leave this guy having had a good time.

DARRYL

Alright, chill. I'm sorry. I just saw him come in and froze up like a little girl meeting Justin Bieber for the first time. He asked me if I was Darryl and I nervous laughed. I nervous laughed because he said my name. So, excuse me if I couldn't think of a decent place to take him.

JIM

Fine. Sorry, I lost my cool, too. How about we just take him to Poor Richard's? You know, get a drink in him, loosen him up and have him tell us what he's feeling for food. Maybe he'll say pizza and his expectations will lower. That way we don't even have to suggest anything.

DARRYL

Are you kidding? He's not asking for pizza. He probably eats caviar as a midnight snack. He's gonna want the best.

They both look out of the callroom's glass door and lock eyes with DESEAN. He waves "hi" at them and they awkwardly wave back.

DARRYL

Never mind. Forget it. I'm too nervous. Let's get him liquored up first, you're right.

The two take an in-sync deep breath, nod their heads and walk out of the callroom.

INT. THE SCOTT'S HOUSE - DAY

DWIGHT and GABE are furiously blowing up the last of the balloons. KEVIN stands behind them with his hands on his knees, panting and out of breath.

KEVIN

Guys . . . I can't do this anymore. I mean . . . I barely walked from the street to the front door without passing out.

DWIGHT

It's OK, Kevin. You ended up stepping on and popping the two balloons you did blow up anyway.

GABE

It takes practice. You just need to keep going if you really want to get good at it. See?

GABE puts his mouth over the balloon and blows.

DWIGHT

OK, sicko. Was that some weird callback to your days in dresses?

GABE stops blowing up the balloon and lets it deflate.

GABE

No. I was simply a very competitive balloon blower growing up.

KEVIN

(still out of breath)

That's a thing?

GABE

Well, no. But I made it a thing with two of my close friends.

DWIGHT

Were those imaginary friends?

GABE

Quite humorous, Dwight. Just know now that if you ever need a quick escape I won't blow up a couple hundred balloons to float you to safety anymore. You're on your own, pal.

DWIGHT

Oh, what are you, blowing helium
out of your mouth?

GABE

Maybe!

DWIGHT also drops the balloon he's working on. He and GABE
are now staring each other down, Western-standoff style.

Suddenly, a group of happily shouting children run into the
room. They all have birthday hats on. (They are friends of
RYAN SCOTT's.)

KID #1

Hey, the clowns are here!

KIDS

(collectively)

Yeah!

The kids run to DWIGHT, GABE and KEVIN, standing around
them while smiling.

RYAN SCOTT

You guys don't really look like
clowns . . .

RYAN SCOTT folds his arms, walking around the three men and
studying them.

RYAN SCOTT

But, I guess you you all look
pretty funny. Like a stick man!
And you're a bowling ball! And you
. . . it's like your head is a
pear! Pear man!

All three men look offended, then KEVIN shrugs his
shoulders and smiles.

KEVIN

Eh, I like bowling ball a lot better than most of the names I hear. I once got Build-A-Bear.

DWIGHT

Build-A-Bear is endearing. Bears are both adorable and menacing.

KEVIN

Yeah, but have you seen Build-A-Bears? They look like little furry monsters. They don't look like real bears at all. Plus, they have giant scars on their bodies because the bear doctors need to put hearts in them in order to keep them alive. The whole thing is really twisted.

DWIGHT bends down to address RYAN SCOTT.

DWIGHT

(in a caring tone)

Listen, buddy. We're not the clowns you're looking for. We were just sent here by your daddy and mommy to blow up balloons.

RYAN SCOTT smiles, then gets an angry look in his eyes and kicks DWIGHT in the shin.

DWIGHT

Ow! What the-?

RYAN SCOTT starts running in circles around the room with his hands in the air.

RYAN SCOTT

(chanting)

You're all clowns! You're all clowns! You're all clowns!

All the other kids join the chant while running around the room as well.

DWIGHT leans over to GABE.

DWIGHT

I think we're in trouble here.

Cut to the kitchen in the house where ANGELA, PHYLLIS, CLARK and NATE are helping prepare the food for the party. Everyone is covered in breadcrumbs as they rush about the room trying to work on various dishes.

Cut to an ANGELA talking head on the side of the room as everyone continues to rush about behind her.

ANGELA

Michael throws us in here, makes us cook for him and then disappears as soon as it's time to get started. And if you think that doesn't sound bad, know that every single one of Michael's recipes requires breadcrumbs. Do you have any idea how messy breadcrumbs are in such massive quantities? It's like being covered in sand.

Cut back to everyone working in the kitchen. PHYLLIS shuffles to the side to see what CLARK is working on.

PHYLLIS

What's that? Some sort of soup?

CLARK picks up the recipe notecard and reads it.

CLARK

Nope, says it's supposed to be homemade vanilla pudding, but I don't remember my mom ever putting breadcrumbs in any of our desserts.

Cut to a MICHAEL talking head in his bedroom.

MICHAEL

Breadcrumbs are the lifeblood of any party. People see a box of breadcrumbs out when they arrive and they know they're in for a good time. Supposedly, that's because their general size and feel resembles hard drugs like meth or crack or insulin. It's like an innuendo to people that there may be drugs later at the party. I don't have any hard drugs here, but I'm trying to follow along with everything that Reddit article told me. Hasn't steered me wrong yet.

INT. POOR RICHARD'S PUB - DAY

JIM talking head in the pub's entryway.

JIM

Oh, absolutely that, too. What's a party without breadcrumbs in every dish?

JIM turns around and walks into the pub.

INT. THE SCOTT'S HOUSE - DAY

MICHAEL is still in his bedroom, but this time addressing others in the room. The others include PAM, ANDY, ERIN, PETE, RYAN and KELLY.

MICHAEL

OK, thank you all again for gathering. As I've mentioned, some other guests are helping cook dinner while others are blowing up balloons. It's just a nice way to warm up the party. So, I'm hoping

all of you will do yourselves the honor of wrapping Ryan's gifts.

MICHAEL stands aside to reveal a massive pile of unwrapped presents.

MICHAEL

What can I say? The little man has the list-making abilities of his old man. Spent a lot of moola this year. Had to cancel my subscription to The Magician Monthly just to afford some of these.

RYAN

Michael, really, this is such a nice gesture. I can't thank you enough.

ANDY

Umm, you do know he's talking about his little tike, Ryan, and not you, right?

RYAN shakes his head as if coming out of a trance.

RYAN

Right . . . right. Of course. It's just that, in a way, his generosity is affecting me since we share the same name.

KELLY

Can you not? You said the same thing about Ryan Reynolds when we saw Deadpool.

RYAN

I can relate to not only Ryan Reynold's name but also to the character of Wade Wilson.

PETE

Hold on, the same Wade Wilson that was in the Army, then was a mercenary and then turned into an invincible mutant superhero?

ERIN looks at PETE and rolls her eyes.

PETE

What? I'm a really big X-Men fan.

RYAN

Yes, that same Wade Wilson. It's not necessarily his actions that spoke to me, but rather his looks. You know, before he turned into that burnt-up Deadpool guy.

PAM

So, you're basically saying you look like Ryan Reynolds?

RYAN throws his hands in the air in a defensive stance.

RYAN

Hey, hey! I didn't say it. But it sounds like you just did. Thanks for the compliment, Pam.

MICHAEL tosses a roll of wrapping paper at RYAN.

MICHAEL

OK, yes, yes. You look like the perfect lovechild of Ryan Reynolds and Ryan Gosling. Now, get to wrapping so we can get this party rolling.

Everyone in the room looks around at each other, confused by MICHAEL's request.

ANDY

Hey, former bossman. It seems as though this would maybe be the work of a maid . . . or someone else? We're guests, dude.

MICHAEL

Woah, woah. Are you saying this is the work of a maid? Of a woman? Sounds awfully sexist to me.

PAM

Michael, no. He's just saying that we should be enjoying the party. We're your guests.

MICHAEL slowly turns around and exits the room. On his way out, he grabs the door and closes it behind him. It can then be heard locking from the outside. Everyone rushes to try and open it, but it's already locked from the outside.

ERIN

Michael! Open it!

PETE

Seriously, man. This is all just seeming a little creepy now.

PAM

Michael, I hate to ask this . . . but are the children also locked up?

MICHAEL

(unseen, behind the door)

No, no, no, no. The kids are downstairs playing.

PAM

Oh, thank god. Alright, we'll help you wrap these. But can you just unlock the door first?

There's silence from the other side of the door (outside of the bedroom).

ANDY

Michael?

MICHAEL

(unseen, behind the door)

Yeah, hold on . . .

Clanking can be heard followed by the doorknob attempting to turn. The door still doesn't open.

PETE

Stop messing around. Just open it already.

MICHAEL

(unseen, behind the door)

Right . . . yeah. Question for you guys . . . do you see Holly's Amazon Alexa on her nightstand?

PAM looks behind her and sees the Alexa device.

PAM

Yes! Why?

MICHAEL

(unseen, behind the door, shouting)

Alexa! How do you open a door when part of the key broke off in the keyhole?!

Everyone in the bedroom begins shouting at MICHAEL and frantically bangs on the door.

Cut to the outside of the room. MICHAEL still stands right outside the door holding the broken key in disbelief.

MICHAEL

Guys?

EVERYONE
(unseen, inside the bedroom)

What?

MICHAEL
I couldn't hear Alexa's answer.

Everyone goes back to banging on the door and shouting.

INT. POOR RICHARD'S PUB — DAY

JIM and DARRYL sit at a table with DESEAN JACKSON, eating buffalo wings and drinking beers.

JIM
How are those wings?

DESEAN shrugs.

DESEAN
They're alright. They're wings,
man. What can I say?

JIM lets out a nervous laugh.

DARRYL
Anyway, that beer you're sipping
on is actually a local. It's from-

A RANDOM GUY wearing an Eagles jersey walks up to the table. It's clear he's drunk as he leans into JIM for support.

RANDOM GUY
Yoooo! You're DeSean Jackson! Man,
what are you doing in a crap town
like Scranton?

DESEAN looks annoyed.

DESEAN

Just here for the day. You want an autograph or something?

RANDOM GUY

No, no. I don't need your signature. What I do need is to talk to you about last week's game.

JIM

Hey, not now, man. Can't you see we're talking here?

The man pushes JIM over in the booth and tries to sit down.

RANDOM GUY

And can't you see I'm talking here, too? Now, we need to talk about the playoffs, DeSean. We need to prep you for the next game.

DARRYL stands up from the booth.

DARRYL

Yo, didn't you hear my man here? We're having a conversation. Now scram.

The RANDOM GUY stands to size up DARRYL.

RANDOM GUY

What you gonna do, big guy? Sit on me?

DARRYL steps toward him.

DARRYL

Maybe. And let me promise you this: I won't get up until you've taken your last breath.

The RANDOM GUY clearly pictures DARRYL sitting on him and chooses to back down, shaking his head and walking away.

RANDOM GUY

Whatever. Have fun with these fools, DeSean. Don't let them talk you into blowing the game.

DARRYL sits back down at the booth.

JIM

Sorry about that, dude.

DARRYL

No worries. I've learned to use my thickness for the greater good.

DARRYL turns to DESEAN.

DARRYL

How about you? You alright?

DESEAN

I don't know, just thought I could get away from this pro athlete life while I'm here. But here we are, in a sports bar, being greeted by annoying fans.

JIM

Yeah, that makes sense. Totally hear that.

DESEAN

I just envisioned this being a taste of life in Scranton, you know? Don't need more of the same here.

JIM and DARRYL look at each other.

JIM

You said a taste of Scranton?

DESEAN

Yeah, why?

INT. THE SCOTT'S HOUSE — EVENING

We're in MICHAEL's living room now. DWIGHT, GABE and KEVIN are doing various clown-related acts in an effort to impress all the kids.

KEVIN hands a kid a balloon that looks like a normal balloon.

KEVIN

(out of breath)

Here you go.

KID #1

What's this? I asked for a dog balloon.

KEVIN

Just think of it as a really fat dog.

KID #1

This is just a normal balloon . . .

KEVIN

Lay off me!

Cut to DWIGHT, who is walking around trying to grab his glasses from the kids, who continue to pass it back and forth with each other.

DWIGHT

That's not funny. A person's vision is not meant to be tested like this. I don't even know how you could possibly think this is funny. I could trip and fall onto the corner of a coffee table and die.

VARIOUS KIDS
(collectively)

Clownie's got no glasses!
Clownie's got no glasses!

DWIGHT
You are not children. You are evil
creatures!

Cut to GABE, who is being held up by two children by his feet and shoulders. He looks like a stick as various kids run underneath him.

RYAN SCOTT
Guys! Guys! It's my turn to run
under the limbo stick! Move, move!

RYAN SCOTT pushes other kids out of the way and joyfully runs under GABE.

GABE
This is a compliment to my great
physique, but I have to say I'm
getting rather lightheaded.

HOLLY
(unseen, from another room)
Kids! It's time to eat! Come on!

The kids stop what they're doing and run out of the living room. In the process, GABE is violently dropped onto the ground, DWIGHT's glasses end up on the floor and KEVIN is left lying on the floor, exhausted. DWIGHT walks to pick up his glasses only to find that someone has stepped on them. He, too, lies on the ground like GABE and KEVIN, defeated by the children.

DWIGHT
Guys?

GABE
Yeah?

KEVIN

What?

DWIGHT

I think we've gotta figure out how to actually entertain these kids. I fear for my life and I don't have it in me for a round two after dinner.

KEVIN

Same. One more balloon and I'm toast.

Cut to the bedroom, where PAM, ANDY, PETE, ERIN, KELLY and RYAN still stand around locked in the room.

KELLY

I have to pee!

PETE

How's that an issue? There's a bathroom right there across the room.

KELLY

Ew, I'm not sitting in the same seat that Michael Scott's bare butt sat in. I'd rather pee my pants.

ANDY

Well, I don't do too well in other people's bedrooms.

PAM

What?

ANDY

It's a unique form of claustrophobia that only applies to being trapped with other people in bedrooms.

PAM

How do you even get a phobia like that?

ANDY

I don't know, but this is a nightmare for me right now.

PAM's phone starts to ring. She takes it out of her pocket and looks at it.

PAM

Oh, it's Jim!

She answers it and puts it on speakerphone.

PAM

Jim? Hey, so, seems like Michael's taking your Reddit post a little too seriously. We're currently locked in his bedroom with a bunch of his kid's birthday presents.

JIM

(on speaker)

Oh, dear lord. I thought he'd have Dwight do all that work. Didn't think he'd use it as a guiding light for everything and everyone.

PAM

Well, he did. And now we're stuck in here. Are you headed here now? If not, can you text me the number to that locksmith we used? The one I called is closed.

JIM

Yeah, we're on the way. Aaaand we're bringing DeSean Jackson. I'll swing by the house and get the toolbox on my way there.

PAM

You're bringing DeSean Jackson to this mess of a party?

JIM

Yes. Yes, I am. Just sit tight. I'll be there in a bit. It'll be quicker than waiting for a locksmith. So sorry about this. I forgot just how literally Michael takes everything.

PAM

OK, see you soon. Bye.

PAM hangs up.

ANDY

Your locksmith's name is DeSean Jackson?

Cut to the dining room where everyone is finishing up eating. Essentially none of the food is touched, besides several kids playing with it on their plates.

MICHAEL walks over to NELLY, PHYLLIS, NATE, CLARK and ANGELA sitting in the corner of the dining room.

MICHAEL

Hey, hey, what'd you guys do to the food?

Everyone looks at MICHAEL, confused.

NELLY

Literally nothing.

ANGELA

Yeah, we followed your breadcrumb-obsessed recipes perfectly. This is the result.

CLARK

Seriously, man. All of these recipes probably would've been bomb if you didn't make breadcrumbs fifty percent of all ingredients.

MICHAEL

Oh, jeez. Alright, whatever. At least I can save the party with my Iron Man costume.

Cut to a MICHAEL talking head in the foyer as he's about to go upstairs.

MICHAEL

Leave it to Iron Man to save the day. And, just like Avengers Endgame, I'll sacrifice myself for the betterment of the party. And, for the record, I tried the food, and I think the breadcrumbs add a challenging yet refreshing twist to all of those dishes.

MICHAEL turns around and walks up the stairs.

Cut to the inside of MICHAEL's bedroom. Someone knocks on the door.

ERIN

Who's there?

MICHAEL

(unseen, behind the door)

It's me, Michael.

ERIN

Michael who?

MICHAEL

Michael Scott, you idiot.

ERIN turns to everyone in the room.

ERIN

I don't get it. The joke's not funny? Where's the punchline?

PAM

Michael, Jim's coming to let us out of here.

MICHAEL

How soon?

PAM

I don't know, twenty minutes or so.

MICHAEL

Dammit, that's too long. Pam, my Iron Man costume is in there. I need it for the party. Iron Man needs to save the party.

ANDY

Michael, I can't stay in here any longer. I have a unique case of claustrophobia that-

MICHAEL

Andy, be quiet. I don't care about your made-up issues. It's always something with you. Just tell me when Jim's here, please.

MICHAEL walks away from the door and heads back downstairs.

Beat.

ANDY

Michael?

There's silence on the other end of the door.

INT. JIM'S CAR - EVENING

JIM is driving DARRYL and DESEAN to the SCOTT's housewarming (slash birthday party).

JIM

Again, I just want to prepare you for the people you're about to meet.

DARRYL

Yeah, they're really good people, just a little strange. Probably not like your average Philadelphian.

DESEAN

Jeez, guys. You wanna get rid of me or something? You're really selling these experiences.

DARRYL

What? No, sorry! It's an honor to be hanging out with you. I was just saying that Scranton might not be everything you'd hoped it'd be.

DESEAN

(annoyed)

Whatever, man.

JIM and DARRYL look at each other with a quick "what do we do?" glance.

The car pulls to the side of the road a few moments later.

JIM

We're here.

JIM and DARRYL both take a deep breath and audibly breathe out, nervous about what people at the party are going to say to DESEAN.

Cut to the three men walking up to the front door of the SCOTT's house. The door opens and MICHAEL and HOLLY are both standing in the doorway.

MICHAEL is wearing the Iron Man mask that he wore when hitting MEREDITH with his car. He's also wearing numerous cardboard objects - from toilet paper rolls to large boxes - all over his body.

MICHAEL

Oh, right. Sorry, forgot I had the mask on.

MICHAEL takes the mask off.

MICHAEL

Welcome to our home! I've been wearing that mask so much lately after hitting Meredith with my car in order to adjust my eyesight that I forget I'm wearing it at all sometimes.

DARRYL

What's the deal with the cardboard? You shipping yourself somewhere?

MICHAEL

(laughing)

Actually, it's a funny story that'd take way too long to tell.

HOLLY

He left the rest of the costume in the bedroom, but accidentally locked himself out of there.

JIM

Oh, man, Michael. You know I wrote that housewarming article I sent you on Reddit, right?

MICHAEL

Wait, you're PartyHardy20? I didn't know party planning was a hobby of yours. Very cool, Jim!

JIM

No, Michael . . .

HOLLY

Well, we just have to thank you, Jim. I don't think we could've pulled any of this off without your advice.

DARRYL leans over to JIM.

DARRYL

(whispering)

What are they talking about?

ANGELA suddenly enters the foyer. She looks angry as she's covered in even more breadcrumbs than before. She begins putting on her shoes as breadcrumbs fly everywhere.

JIM

Angela? What happened?

ANGELA

I am covered in breadcrumbs, Jim. I am covered in breadcrumbs and I am leaving.

HOLLY

Why do you look like you have more breadcrumbs on you than before?

ANGELA

Oh, great observation, Holly. That's because I do. Cleaning up breadcrumb-centered dishes is just as messy as making breadcrumb-centered dishes.

ANGELA stands up after putting on her shoes and walks out the front door.

Beat.

MICHAEL

The food tasted great, though.
Leftovers, anyone?

JIM and DARRYL glance behind them at DESEAN, who is wide-eyed in disbelief.

MICHAEL

OK, onto the next room! I have to entertain these kids. I've mixed my magic skills with the power of the Iron Man outfit for a pretty surreal experience, if I say so myself.

Everyone walks from the foyer to the living room.

Cut to a JIM talking head in the foyer.

JIM

I can't help but feel somewhat responsible for this. I feel like we're beginning DeSean's tour of Michael's House of Horrors.

A loud bang comes from upstairs. JIM looks up at the ceiling.

JIM

What the hell was that?

Cut to the living room as DARRYL, DESEAN, MICHAEL and HOLLY walk in.

DARRYL

(shocked)

What the hell is that?

The camera pans from the group to DWIGHT, GABE and KEVIN across the room. All of the children sit quietly on the floor as the three men stand in front of them. They're wearing GABE's drag outfits and acting in front of the children.

DWIGHT

(high-pitched)

Oh, I am just so excited for Kyle to take me to the ball later.

GABE

(also high-pitched)

He said he was taking you to the ball? He said the same to me!

KEVIN

(in his normal voice)

And I am Sabrina. Which is a girl's name. And Kyle also asked me, Sabrina, to go to the ball.

MICHAEL steps further into the room, still wearing his makeshift Iron Man outfit (and the mask from the actual costume).

MICHAEL

Hey, what are you idiots doing?

The three men stop acting and turn to MICHAEL.

DWIGHT

What's it look like? Entertaining these needy children.

GABE

Yeah, I will not be used as a human limbo stick anymore.

KEVIN

And it's still hard for me to breathe in this dress, but not

nearing as hard as blowing up
those balloons.

MICHAEL now stands next to them, also in front of the kids
on what looks like a stage of sorts.

MICHAEL

You clowns! I asked you to blow up
balloons, not dress in women's
clothes!

DWIGHT

Well, it's funny you call us
clowns, because they actually
thought-

RYAN SCOTT

Why are you clowns talking like
normal people again? Boo!

KIDS

(collectively)

Boo!

MICHAEL pushes DWIGHT, GABE and KEVIN out of the way.

MICHAEL

Alright, alright. Don't
worry . . . Iron Man is here! I'll
save the day and fight off these
women!

DARRYL

Hey, man . . .

DWIGHT

(offended)

Woah!

MICHAEL

No, not like abusing women. I will fight them because they are evil villains!

KIDS
(collectively)

Boo!

DARRYL
Michael, cut it out. You look like a giant Amazon box.

DWIGHT, GABE and KEVIN push MICHAEL out of the way, trying to take the stage again.

KEVIN
They need us, Michael!

GABE
This is the best audience I've ever had!

MICHAEL looks upset now and forcefully pushes GABE, who falls into DWIGHT, who falls into KEVIN. The four men begin fighting, the three of them still in dresses and MICHAEL in his cardboard Iron Man suit.

JIM leans over to DARRYL and DESEAN.

JIM
Come on, let's get out of here before you're scarred for life.

The three men leave the living room. DESEAN continues looking back as cardboard Iron Man and the drag queens fight. The kids are cheering on the fight, happier than ever.

Cut to the foyer where JIM, DARRYL and DESEAN now stand in a circle.

DARRYL

So, that was super weird. Let's go watch T.V. or something.

A very loud thud comes from upstairs again, this time followed by a loud crash of something hitting the floor.

ANDY comes sprinting down the stairs and pushes the three men out of the way.

ANDY

Move, move! I think I'm gonna be sick . . .

ANDY makes it to the front door, stops and then turns to his side and pukes, not having made it outside in time. He stands up, turns around and wipes his mouth with his hand.

ANDY

Oh, wow. That's way better. Way, way better.

ANDY walks up to the three men and holds out his hand in front of DESEAN to shake his hand.

ANDY

Why, hello there! Sorry you had to witness that. You must be DeSean, the locksmith. You'll be pleased to hear that a locksmith is no longer needed thanks to the strength of my phobia.

DESEAN reaches out and shakes ANDY's hand as it's clear ANDY isn't going anywhere until he does so.

ANDY

Now if you'll excuse me, all that puking has made me rather hungry, and I heard of some tasty breadcrumb dishes in the kitchen.

ANDY leaves the foyer, leaving JIM, DARRYL and DESEAN alone again.

JIM

DeSean, we are so, so sorry about this. You know, things can get a little dry around here, so I'll occasionally spice things up with some pranks. But it looks like things went a little too far.

DARRYL

For real. This is on a new level of crazy. Let us buy you a nice steak dinner and then we can call it an early night.

DESEAN goes from looking disappointed (as he has all day) to cracking a wide smile.

DESEAN

You kidding? This is the best party I've been to in years. I'm not going anywhere. Now, where are these breadcrumb leftovers at?

JIM

You're serious?

DESEAN

Hell yeah, I'm serious.

DESEAN walks out of the room in search of the kitchen.

DARRYL

(to JIM)

You know, I don't usually say this, but good prank, man. Good prank.

DARRYL fist-bumps JIM.

OUTRO

INT. THE SCOTT'S HOUSE — EVENING

The entire office and RYAN SCOTT's birthday party guests sit on the living room floor, watching as MICHAEL, DWIGHT, GABE and KEVIN act in front of everyone.

DWIGHT runs up to MICHAEL (who is now in his actual Iron Man costume) and grabs his arm.

DWIGHT

Oh, Iron Man, you saved us! You're so strong, Iron Man!

GABE runs up to MICHAEL and grabs his other arm.

GABE

Yes, thank you! We can't wait for you to take all of us to the ball!

DESEAN

(unseen)

Hey!

The camera zooms out to reveal DESEAN now on stage as well. He's also wearing one of GABE's drag outfits along with some makeup.

DESEAN

(high-pitched)

Iron Man promised he'd take *me* to the ball, fools!

The camera pans over to CLARK talking to PETE on the floor.

PETE

You know, I was gonna tell some of my buddies that I was at a party with DeSean Jackson this weekend.

CLARK

And?

PETE

And I'm thinking they'll believe me until I tell them he dressed in drag and put on a show at a kid's birthday party.

CLARK

Yeah, no chance people don't think you're high when you add that little detail.

The camera pans over to the performance again. DESEAN kneels on the ground, holding MICHAEL (Iron Man) in his arms as if he had just died.

DESEAN

Why? Oh, why? On the night of the ball, too!

END OF EPISODE