

The Office

Season 10

Episode 20 – Bachelor & Chill (Part I)

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. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

JIM and PAM talking head at PAM's desk. They're both sitting to the side with the computer screen between (and behind) them.

JIM

This is binge-watching.

JIM points to the screen.

PAM

It's defined as the practice of watching television for a long timespan, usually with a single television show.

JIM

It's been a thing for years now. But, as it turns out, Michael nor Dwight actually knew what it meant until yesterday.

Cut to a new scene in the main office. JIM is standing by PAM's desk talking to CLARK.

JIM

Anyway, we ended up binging the entire season in a day. Talk about a wasted Saturday.

CLARK

Dude, that's like my dream Saturday.

MICHAEL walks up to his desk but remains standing (only because JIM is standing) and inserts himself into the conversation.

MICHAEL

It's probably like my dream Saturday, too. Lay it on me, homies.

DWIGHT rushes out of his office and stands near them, too.

DWIGHT

Totally. Same for me.

PAM

We were just talking about how Jim and I binged The Sinner on Netflix over the weekend.

MICHAEL

Oh my god, are you OK?

PAM

What? Yeah, we're fine, why?

MICHAEL

Isn't that when someone eats a lot and then diarrheas it all out?

CLARK

You have no idea what you're talking about, do you?

MICHAEL

Yes, I do.

DWIGHT

We definitely do.

Beat.

MICHAEL

But why don't you tell me what you think it means.

JIM

Well, the binging we're talking about is with T.V. And it's actually called binge-watching.

DWIGHT

Sounds lame.

JIM

I've not even described it yet.

DWIGHT

Still . . . just the way you said it makes it sound lame.

JIM looks at PAM and smirks. He then looks at CLARK with the same smirk.

JIM

You're right, it is pretty lame. It's just this thing where you watch the same T.V. series without stopping and-

MICHAEL starts jumping up and down. DWIGHT, of course, does the same after seeing MICHAEL do it.

MICHAEL

Oh wow! Say no more. That's amazing. So, so cool. Wow, who even thought of that?

CLARK

No idea, it was probably Buzzfeed or something.

MICHAEL and DWIGHT finally calm down, but still look incredibly hyped up.

MICHAEL

Well, what a genius idea.

MICHAEL turns to DWIGHT.

MICHAEL

You thinking what I'm thinking?

DWIGHT

Already ahead of you. I'll go get my projector from the car.

MICHAEL and DWIGHT high-five.

MICHAEL

I'll make some popcorn and meet you in the conference room!

MICHAEL and DWIGHT run off in separate directions to gather their binge-watching necessities.

Cut back to the JIM and PAM talking head at PAM's desk (in what is clearly now the day after the previous scene).

PAM

So, here we are . . .

PAM pulls out her phone and looks at a timer she has running on it.

PAM

Twenty-one hours later and neither of them has left the conference room once.

JIM

I actually saw Michael pee out the window into the parking lot while Dwight held onto him.

Beat.

JIM

He was nervous about falling out.

PAM

They've not slept either.

CLARK stands up, revealing himself from behind PAM's monitor.

CLARK

I just can't believe they took the concept so literally. I mean, don't get me wrong, I'm impressed, but holy cow. And of all shows they could choose to binge, they chose Game of Thrones.

Cut to a new scene of JIM standing right outside the conference room. He opens the door and pokes his head inside. The camera gets a glimpse inside the dark, messy room. The only light is that of the projector playing an episode on the wall in the front of the room.

JIM

Hey, guys. We're headed out for the day. How far in are you?

DWIGHT

(exhausted)

Season four.

JIM

Oh, that's a great one. You guys want me to order you a pizza or something?

DWIGHT

No, we still have a few slices left from this morning.

JIM

Gotcha.

JIM starts to close the door.

MICHAEL

(exhausted)

Jim?

JIM pokes his head in again.

JIM

Yeah?

MICHAEL

(exhausted)

Tell my family I love them.

JIM

Will do, buddy.

JIM closes the door and walks away to leave for the day.

Opening credits roll.

EPISODE

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

PETE is standing at reception talking to ERIN.

ERIN

(smiling)

So, are you ready for tonight?

PETE

Oh, you know it. About to have me
one crazy party.

ERIN

Seriously, though, can you at
least try to have some fun?

PETE rolls his eyes.

PETE

Yes, of course.

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

PETE talking head.

PETE

Erin and I are getting married in two months, which seems to be around the distance out where everyone asks you about your bachelor party. Fortunately for me, I've decided not to have one. And sure, you can call me lame all you want, but that's just not me. So, Erin's signed off on me having a bachelor party of one. I get the T.V. to myself, rented every single Die Hard movie and have a six-pack waiting in my fridge. And that sounds legendary.

MICHAEL walks by the glass door and looks in without stopping.

MICHAEL

(shouting)

Lame!

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

DARRYL walks into the office for the day with his head held low. He's suspiciously looking around as he heads to his desk. JIM notices this and smirks.

JIM

Hey, you know we don't hand out tardy slips here, right?

DARRYL sits at his desk, still looking down.

JIM

Seriously, what's going on?

DARRYL waves JIM off.

DARRYL

(yelling at a whisper level)
Not now, man! Stop drawing
attention to me!

DARRYL looks around, then opens his laptop to get to work.

INT. CALLROOM (ATHLEAP) – DAY

DARRYL talking head. He's wearing a baseball cap with the brim practically pushed down to his eyes.

DARRYL
This thing? Oh, right . . . yeah,
I wear this sometimes. Hats are my
new thing.

He can tell that the camera isn't going anywhere.

DARRYL
Alright, I hate hats, OK? Feel
better? They feel like a giant is
palming my head. But I've gotta
wear it today. I can't risk
running into . . .

DARRYL sighs, then takes off his hat, finally ready to reveal what's going on.

DARRYL
I drank a little too much playing
Madden on Xbox last night. I was
lying in bed when it was all over
and decided to hop on Tinder. You
know, just to pass the time. Next
thing I know, it's the morning and
I still have all my clothes on. I
look at my phone and see "one new
match on Tinder." What a great way
to start the day, right? Wrong.
That match was Meredith. Yes, the
Meredith we all know and despise.
So, you understand my concern,
right? And please don't judge

drunk Darryl for his actions.
Blame sober Darryl for having
Tinder and not realizing
Scranton's a small-a** town.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

A separate camera films as MEREDITH walks over and starts talking to KEVIN. That camera zooms in across the room to show DARRYL being interview by another camera in the callroom. DARRYL puts his index finger up to his mouth, hoping the other cameraperson lays low.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

DWIGHT is pouring himself a cup of coffee when ANDY walks up to him, standing uncomfortably close. DWIGHT glances over, disgusted at this.

DWIGHT

Andy, I have beet spray in my pocket. If you don't step back in one second I'll have no choice but to use it on you and claim sexual assault to Toby.

ANDY steps back and puts his hands up in a "whatever you say" gesture.

ANDY

Beet spray? Is that worse than pepper spray?

DWIGHT

Psh. Pepper spray is for babies compared to beet spray. Say goodbye to your eyesight with one burst of this stuff to the eyes.

ANDY

Why would you give pepper spray to babies?

DWIGHT

Never mind, idiot. What do you want?

ANDY leans in a little, prompting DWIGHT to reach into his pocket, prepared to spray ANDY if necessary.

ANDY

Spoke to the O.G. boss and he says Pete's bachelor party is tonight.

DWIGHT

Michael said that?

ANDY

Indeed he did.

DWIGHT

He was invited and we weren't?

DWIGHT starts to storm out of the kitchen to confront PETE, but ANDY pulls him back.

ANDY

No! That's the thing. Michael said Pete's having his bachelor party by himself. He'll be alone at home all night.

DWIGHT

He's not having a bachelor party? That's completely unacceptable according to the D.M. Social Act of 2015.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE — DAY

DWIGHT talking head at his desk.

DWIGHT

The D.M. Social Act of 2015 was an order I put into effect during a rather bleak time at Dunder

Mifflin. I had lost nearly all of the original gang and was rather impatient with getting to know my new subordinates. Effective immediately, Pete was to be referred to as Jim, Erin referred to as Pam, Malcolm referred to as Stanley, and so forth. I tried to rename Oscar to be Kevin, but he wouldn't agree to those terms. That got hairy for me when it came to performance reviews and Angela found it to be a nightmare in finance, so we just made it fun social rules instead.

DWIGHT opens his desk drawer and pulls out a notebook, flipping it open and turning to a specific page.

DWIGHT

And rule number fifteen states, "If a male in this office is getting married, they must have a bachelor party."

DWIGHT smiles and closes the notebook.

INT. BATHROOM — DAY

ANDY, DWIGHT and MICHAEL jump out from one of the stalls and shock JIM, who is drying his hands.

JIM

Ah! What the hell?!

JIM looks at the camera.

JIM

Seriously, what is up with weird things happening to me in bathrooms lately?

JIM turns to address ANDY, DWIGHT and MICHAEL.

JIM

And I'm not even going to ask why the three of you were just in one stall.

DWIGHT runs up to JIM and grabs his shoulders.

DWIGHT

Jim, we must pool our might!

JIM

Alright, translation, please?

ANDY

He's saying we want you and the Athleap bros to help us plan a bachelor party for Pete.

JIM

Pete? Like Dunder Mifflin Pete? Pretty sure he has his own friends.

MICHAEL

Jim, no. Come on. You and us both know no one can throw down like the men of Dunder Mifflin.

JIM

That is so true, but I think we should just let him do his thing on this one.

JIM turns around to leave the bathroom.

MICHAEL

Fine, then you'll never know what kind of drugs we got to give him.

JIM slowly turns around.

JIM

OK, stop. What's your plan?

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

DARRYL walks past the Dunder Mifflin office on his way to the kitchen.

OSCAR

(unseen)

Hey, Darryl!

DARRYL stops in his tracks.

Cut to OSCAR waving papers in the air from his desk to signal DARRYL over.

DARRYL looks at the camera and reluctantly walks over to OSCAR's desk.

DARRYL

(through his teeth)

Yes, Oscar?

OSCAR

This letter was delivered to our office, but it's for you.

OSCAR hands DARRYL the letter.

DARRYL

Oh . . . thank you. Is that all you wanted?

MEREDITH

(unseen)

No, that's not all!

DARRYL closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and turns around, prepared to face his demons.

DARRYL

Yeah? What *business matter* do you need to discuss with me?

MEREDITH

Oh, I think you know . . .

DARRYL looks around, nervous about what she's going to say next.

MEREDITH

Sign this birthday card for Toby, will you?

MEREDITH holds out a card. DARRYL takes it.

DARRYL

Oh, that's it?

MEREDITH

Duh. What'd you think I was gonna say?

DARRYL

Nothing. Nothing at all.

DARRYL smiles, nods his head and walks away.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

DARRYL talking head near the fridge. He looks relieved.

DARRYL

Guess she must not have seen the match at all. Maybe she deleted her account. Thank god, too, because I'd have to quit this job if she made this a thing between us.

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

MEREDITH talking head.

MEREDITH

Yeah, I saw I matched with Darryl on Tinder. And of course I'm not gonna make a big deal about it . . . *at work*. Dwight added "Meredith is not to flirt with anyone at work under any circumstances" to the D.M. Social Act of 2015, so I have little say in the matter.

MEREDITH pulls out her phone and begins typing.

MEREDITH

But that don't mean Meredith can't get her freak on in Tinder messages!

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

PAM and JIM are talking quietly at her desk.

PAM

So, you're really helping them with this?

JIM

I don't really have a choice. If I don't, it'll ruin his life. We all know what Michael's capable of.

PAM

Yeah, and if you add Dwight and Andy to the mix it's a recipe for disaster.

JIM

This is also true.

PAM

So, should you at least tell Erin?

They both look at ERIN at reception.

JIM

Can't. Dwight told me if I did he'd light Pete's place on fire.

PAM

And you believe him?

JIM

He almost lit this whole building on fire. I can't take any risks here.

PAM

Yeah, there is that. So, when do the festivities begin?

JIM

Michael said Pete already went home. He took a half day, so Dwight is making every Dunder Mifflin Scranton male take one, too. So, I have no choice but to leave here shortly as well.

PAM

(sarcastically)

Oh, poor you.

PAM looks around at everyone in the office.

PAM

Hmm . . . maybe I should do a girls thing.

JIM

Like what?

PAM

I don't know, but I'll think of something. Could be fun, right?

JIM

Definitely. Alright, well, wish me luck.

PAM

You know there's no point in doing that.

JIM

I know.

JIM walks back to the Athleap office.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

JIM is talking to KEVIN and GABE.

JIM

So, we basically have no choice but to join this thing. Now the one question is, how do we get Darryl to come on board, too?

The three guys look around. GABE puts his hand to his chin in a thinking gesture.

GABE

Ooooh, we could tell him that lemonade guy, Arnold Palmer, is meeting us somewhere.

JIM

OK, no. He's not alive anymore. And "lemonade guy"? Really?

Cut to DARRYL sitting at his desk. His phone dings. He picks it up and looks at it. His face goes from content to terrified and he drops it on his desk in disgust. It's clearly a message from MEREDITH.

JIM walks over to DARRYL's desk, prepared to convince him to leave work to partake in PETE's bachelor party, fully knowing that he hates hanging out with people in the office.

JIM

Hey, man.

DARRYL rushes to flip his phone over since the screen is still facing up.

DARRYL
Yo! What's going on?

JIM
Not much. Listen, I know events like these really aren't your cup of tea, but-

DARRYL
Yes!

DARRYL perks up in his chair.

DARRYL
Absolutely. Yes. Let's do it.

JIM looks at DARRYL, confused.

JIM
Haha, what? I didn't even tell you what it was.

DARRYL
I do *not* care. Let me just go and get my jacket.

DARRYL gets up from his desk.

JIM
Oh, well, we're not leaving for another-

DARRYL
(impatiently)
No! Let's go now.

JIM
Well, alright then.

INT. CALLROOM (ATHLEAP) – DAY

JIM talking head.

JIM

That dude must have taken his vitamins today or something. I usually can't get him to go to a client dinner, let alone something he has no idea about. Or maybe he's just finally warming up to everyone here . . .

JIM looks to the side to ponder his statement.

JIM

Nah, it definitely has something to do with vitamins. Or maybe drugs.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

All the guys are grabbing their things and heading out of the office.

Cut to ERIN, who looks at the clock on the wall, confused. PAM quickly recognizes ERIN's concern and leaps up to reception.

PAM

Hey there, pal!

ERIN

Oh, Pam! Hello!

PAM

Saw ya lookin' at the clock there.

ERIN

Oh, yes. I was wondering why a bunch of people were leaving, but then I realized it's already five o'clock.

PAM turns to the clock on the wall; the camera does the same and zooms in on it. The hour hand is on the one and the minute hand is on the five. PAM looks back at ERIN, as does the camera.

ERIN

I just don't know why people use those things anymore. You have to wait an entire minute for the speedy stick to hit the right hour. But I guess they look kind of fun.

PAM smiles.

PAM

Right . . .

ERIN

Anyway, why'd you come up here?

PAM

Oh, ya know.

The two stare at each other in silence for a beat.

PAM

Hey, you know what we should do since it's quitting time?

ERIN

No! What?

PAM

We should do something . . . fun. Something fun with all the ladies!

ERIN

Oh. What'd you have in mind?

PAM

Hm . . . good question.

PAM stands there and looks around at all of the women in the office.

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

PAM talking head.

PAM

Wow. You know what? I've never planned an all-girls outing in the lifetime that I've worked here. So, let's see . . . we have a bride-to-be, two moms with young kids, an alcoholic, a Brit, a spunky, young adult, and a knitting connoisseur. I have no idea what that equals, but I'm gonna find out!

INT. A LARGE WHITE VAN — DAY

JIM, CLARK, OSCAR, KEVIN, GABE, CREED, DARRYL, ANDY, STANLEY and RYAN are sitting on the open floor in the back of the van.

DWIGHT, driving, turns around as MICHAEL does the same from the passenger seat.

DWIGHT

(smiling)

How we holding up back there, recruits?

DARRYL

We're fine, but the bigger question is: why do you have this massive white van all of a sudden?

DWIGHT looks at the camera (also in the back seat).

DWIGHT

For special occasions.

CLARK

Should we be concerned?

DWIGHT turns forward and swerves the wheel, sending everyone in the back piling up to one side of the van. DWIGHT laughs, then MICHAEL laughs.

MICHAEL

Haha, nice one! You guys look like a bunch of dorks back there!

DWIGHT

Yeah, front seat rules!

JIM

Do that again and it'll be a bachelor party of three, Dwight.

DWIGHT continues driving without saying anything. Everyone in the back seat repositions themselves after the pileup.

MICHAEL

Oh, no. Dwight . . .

DWIGHT

What?

MICHAEL

I have to pee.

DWIGHT

But we're only four minutes away!

MICHAEL

I don't care, Dwight! It's already dripping out like a leaky faucet!

Everyone in the back groans in disgust.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

PAM gets up from her desk and stands in front of everyone in the office (only the women remain).

PAM

Hello, girlies!

All of the women sort of half-heartedly look over at PAM. PAM's disappointed by this and drops the friendly act.

PAM

Really? No response?

ANGELA

Pam, we're not your middle school friends. I don't respond to such ridiculous titles like "girlie."

PAM

Well, what would you prefer I call you? "Woman"?

ANGELA

Sure. I will accept that.

PAM

Listen, the reason I'm standing up here getting your attention is because I want to plan a girls night for tonight. So, call your babysitters and grab your cutest outfits, because we're doing this.

NELLY

(nearly whispering)

Pam?

PAM

Yes, Nelly?

NELLY

Well, it's rather embarrassing, but . . . you see, I don't really have any cute outfits. Had to chop

them all up to make clothes for Drake a few years back. Those were some tough times, and let me tell you, it was even tougher getting a date while in my Sexy Toby costume.

PHYLLIS

From Halloween all those years ago?

NELLY

Yes, Phyllis, from Halloween all those years ago. I should've figured the only person I could pick up in that costume is Toby himself. It's just like the real version of him.

PAM

OK, well we can all wear whatever. Now, let's talk activities. What do you think about mini golf?

MEREDITH

Depends. Is it the one that's B.Y.O.B. or the one that's lame and sober?

PAM

(confused)

Um, the B.Y.O.B. one?

MEREDITH

Sweet. I'm in.

PHYLLIS

Yeah, mini golfing could be fun.

ALLEY walks out of the kitchen, stumbling upon all the women listening to PAM.

ALLEY

Uh . . . did y'all murder all the dudes in this place? Because if you did, that's totally cool, but I can't go back to juvie just yet.

Everyone stares blankly at ALLEY.

PAM

Alley! Oh my gosh. You should totally join us for our girls night out!

ALLEY leans against the wall, reaches in her back pants pocket and pulls out a flask. She takes a big swig from it.

ALLEY

Hmm . . . alright. Yeah, I'm in. But no baby stuff like mini golfing.

PAM throws her hands up in the air in frustration.

INT. DWIGHT'S VAN - DAY

The scene is pitch black until the van's back doors fly open. DWIGHT is standing there to greet everyone in the van.

DWIGHT

Wha-?! What the hell is all this?!

Cut to DWIGHT's point of view, which reveals all of the men in the back with red splotches on their clothes.

DWIGHT

Oh, no. Oh, lord. This was supposed to be a bachelor party! These types of activities are off limits for events like this!

DWIGHT places his head on the van, saddened.

Cut back to the inside of the van where all the guys are just sitting there looking at DWIGHT.

GABE

Uh, what's he doing?

JIM

Well, knowing Dwight, he obviously thinks we decided to sacrifice one of us in the back of the van in celebration of an enjoyable night to come.

JIM puts his hands over his face.

JIM

Wow, it is so sad that I am now Dwight's translator.

MICHAEL suddenly appears in the frame and looks inside the back of the van.

MICHAEL

Sorry, couldn't get the passenger door unlocked so I had to climb out the window. What's wrong?

STANLEY

Dwight thinks we killed someone. And the cocktail you all fed me back in the office parking lot is starting to wear off. That's what's wrong.

CREED

Yeah, and Reed Stratton would never kill no one!

DWIGHT lifts his head from the van and looks at everyone, saliva of sadness still dripping from his mouth. He wipes it away with his hand.

DWIGHT

You mean you're all still alive?

JIM

Yes, Dwight, we're all still alive. Kevin just spilled his cup of ketchup from when we stopped at Wendy's for Michael's potty break.

DWIGHT

Oh, thank god.

Cut to a DWIGHT talking head on the side of the van.

DWIGHT

In anticipation of an epic night of bonding, it is Schrute tradition to murder a member of the group. This murder tends to make them closer afterward.

DWIGHT realizes what he just said was idiotic and changes his tone.

DWIGHT

Probably because everyone is then responsible for disposing of the body and keeping tabs on the rest of the group to ensure no one contacts the authorities.

DWIGHT forces a smile on his face.

DWIGHT

But, hey, crisis averted!

Cut back to the scene at the back of the van. Everyone looks at KEVIN behind them, who is on the ground with all of his clothes (and his face) covered in ketchup.

OSCAR

Seriously, Kevin, why did you need a full cup of ketchup?

KEVIN

You wouldn't get it, Oscar.

OSCAR

Try me.

KEVIN

Because, you don't know what it's like to dip a fry in a cup of ketchup, have it go too far in, forget about it and then find it at the very end. It's the greatest surprise in the world.

Everyone shakes their heads and climbs out of the back of the van. As they get out, they assess the damage KEVIN caused to their clothes.

RYAN

Well, these clothes are ruined. Guess we'll just call it a night then, huh?

RYAN pulls out his phone and starts using it, likely ordering an Uber.

DWIGHT

Oh, on the contrary . . .

DWIGHT runs up to the front of the car and comes back with two large, full garbage bags.

CLARK

OK, now I'm thinking maybe he killed somebody for real.

DWIGHT smiles, tossing one of the garbage bags to MICHAEL. MICHAEL smiles, too. The two proceed to open the bags and toss items of clothing at everyone.

DARRYL

You can't be serious. You can't
actually expect us to wear these .
. . .

Cut to DARRYL, who holds up a large white t-shirt that has a giant print of PETE's face on it. Above it reads, "Pete's Party Posse."

The camera pans to everyone else as they hold up their shirts, too - the exact same shirts.

STANLEY

Nope. No way. There's no way I'm walking around with this on. I'm out.

STANLEY begins to walk away.

DWIGHT

(unseen)

Then I guess you don't want that bonus . . .

STANLEY stops and turns around.

Cut to DWIGHT, standing there (already wearing his matching shirt) with a smug look on his face.

DWIGHT

That's right, folks. Anyone who sticks this out and participates in all activities - and I mean *all* activities . . . gets a bonus from yours truly.

KEVIN

But we don't even work for you, Dwight. Is that allowed?

JIM

No, Kevin, of course it's not allowed.

DWIGHT

Who said you have to work for me to get the bonus? Sheesh, so ignorant, Jim.

Everyone looks around, realizing how far they've come already. They shrug in agreement to sticking it out.

INT. PETE AND ERIN'S HOUSE - DAY

PETE is sitting on the couch eating a bowl of chips with a beer on a side table. He looks away from the T.V. to address the camera.

PETE

Yep, this is what bachelor parties are made of.

He takes a handful of chips to the mouth, then goes to wash it down with a sip of beer. Before he can do so, the doorbell rings. He gets up and walks from the couch to the front door across the room. He opens the door and on the other side stands the group of guys from the office, all wearing the white t-shirts with PETE's face on it.

PETE

(to himself)

You knew this was too good to be true, Pete. You knew it.

The camera focuses on the guys at the door with lingering silence and smiles.

OUTRO

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

TOBY talking head. He looks sad, per usual.

TOBY

Yeah, so, Michael made sure I wasn't invited to Pete's impromptu

bachelor party. Let's be honest, we all knew that was gonna happen. But, the ladies noticed I was still here and asked me to join them for girls night. I feel like this should be a reward, but somehow it still feels like punishment.

ERIN

(unseen)

Toby! Are you coming?! You're slowing us down!

MEREDITH

(unseen)

We just decided we're calling you Tori tonight!

NELLY

(unseen)

Yeah, come on, Tori, you strong, independent woman!

TOBY looks at the camera and sighs.

TOBY

(unenthusiastically)

Yay . . .

END OF EPISODE