

The Office

Season 10

Episode 8 – A Tropical Christmas (Part I)

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INTRO

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

Everyone is silently working until DWIGHT comes storming out of his office.

DWIGHT

Yes! Yes! Ha-tcha!

DWIGHT kicks the air in celebration. Everyone's looking at him now.

JIM

(near PAM's desk)

Oh, thank god. I didn't think you'd accomplish it today and I'd have to get my energy from a cup of coffee instead of from you shouting across the office. Crisis averted.

PAM

Seriously, Dwight? You don't have to come out and scream every time you hit another one of your goals.

CLARK

Yeah, man. I don't even own one of those things. I don't want some little piece of technology telling me when to sleep, when to exercise and when to stand.

ANGELA

Me neither. That's why I have my personal trainer, Jacqueline. She'll call me whenever and wherever to scream at me to go on a walk. I'd refer you all, but she only works with the most fit, motivated people in town.

DWIGHT is now looking at his wrist while stretching his legs in front of everyone, ignoring their comments.

DWIGHT

You can keep your fancy trainers and your gyms and your gym shoes. This is all I need for optimal fitness for the rest of my life.

KELLY

Ew, why would you not wear gym shoes while exercising? Are you some hippie freak?

DWIGHT

Because I don't need to bust my butt at the gym, that's why! I can get a day's worth of exercise in while accomplishing all other tasks as well.

JIM

So, you've figured out how to hit all your daily fitness goals without ever going to the gym?

DWIGHT

Correct.

JIM looks at the camera and smiles.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

JIM talking head at his desk.

JIM

I've been off my prank game since Pam and I returned to Scranton. You kind of have to train yourself *not* to think of awesome pranks when your only victims could be your wife and two children. But,

I'm back now. And I'm back with a vengeance.

JIM pulls out his iPhone, unlocks the screen and shows it to the camera.

JIM

This is the Fitbit app.

JIM points to a corner of the app. The camera zooms in to reveal "Account" followed by a name . . . "DWIGHT."

JIM

And this is Dwight's Fitbit account. His password was "BEETS" in all caps. Took me two attempts to get in. So, what'd I do with all this power? Not much. I just tripled his fitness goals for the day. Oh, and not just any day. He has a huge meeting with Dunder Mifflin Scranton's top client in the office today. I'm back, baby.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

DWIGHT is sitting at the large table with ERIN and three other people (representing the branch's top client).

DWIGHT

As you know, your contract with us is wrapping up at the end of the month. So, I personally wanted to have this intimate meeting with you all to—

The table vibrates as DWIGHT's Fitbit goes off. He turns his wrist to look at the notification. His mouth drops wide open as he reads what it says.

CLIENT 1

Is everything alright, Dwight?

DWIGHT

(fazed by the notification)

What? Yes. Yeah. Everything's fine. What I was saying was—

The Fitbit buzzes again. DWIGHT looks at it and shakes his head.

CLIENT 2

Are you sure everything's alright there?

ERIN

Yeah, Dwight. You look like you're waiting for a bomb to go off on your wrist or something.

The clients gasp. DWIGHT is quick to address ERIN's comment.

DWIGHT

No, no! What she means is that our customer service this year will be the bomb if you sign on for another year.

DWIGHT gives ERIN a wide-eyed glare to cut it out.

ERIN

Oh, right. Yes, I meant that and not that you have a bomb about to explode and kill us all.

DWIGHT

You know what? Let's stand up for a change. These meetings always prevent proper circulation for creative thinking.

DWIGHT stands up, raising his arms to get everyone else to stand as well. They slowly stand up, still feeling that something is off.

DWIGHT

That's it. That's it! Now, what you don't know about us in this upcoming year is that we have some of our top staff members back in the office, just for you guys.

DWIGHT's Fitbit dings. He looks at it.

DWIGHT

(under his breath)

What? Come on. That doesn't make any sense either.

CLIENT 1

It looks like something personal is going on here. Please, we can meet another time.

DWIGHT reaches across table, desperately grabbing one of the client's hands.

DWIGHT

No! You know what? Let's just pace back and forth in the room to get everything out in the open. Let's pace! It'll be good to get those juices flowing up there.

ERIN begins pacing alongside DWIGHT on one side of the conference room table. The clients reluctantly walk back and forth on their side as well.

DWIGHT

See? Doesn't that feel good? Listen, we know you guys better than you know yourselves. We're like a part of your business and you're like a part of-

DWIGHT's Fitbit dings again. He stares at it while continuing to pace back and forth.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

JIM talking head from around the corner of the conference room DWIGHT is in with the clients.

JIM

I do feel pretty good about this one. To be honest, though, who would've thought Dwight would be into Fitbit?

Rapid footsteps banging on the floor can be heard in the distance. JIM peeks around the corner, then turns back to the camera.

JIM

Shoot. I've gotta go. He just got the alert about his two thousand daily calorie goal.

JIM walks around the corner to watch. The cameraman follows him, focusing on the glass window into the conference room that DWIGHT, ERIN and the clients are in. DWIGHT can now be seen sprinting around the conference room table, pushing clients out of the way. ERIN is blindly following him, running around the table as well.

JIM smiles and looks at the camera.

JIM

I'm gonna give it a few more minutes.

EPISODE

INT. BREAKROOM – DAY

MICHAEL, OSCAR, ANGELA AND PHYLLIS sit at a table. They have notepads in front of them and everyone appears very excited.

ANGELA

So, it sounds like we're down to a Nutcracker Christmas, a Tropical Christmas and a Grinch Christmas. A Grinch Christmas . . . I still don't understand how that's a theme.

MICHAEL

Everyone wears green.

OSCAR

Like St. Patrick's Day?

MICHAEL

Exactly. Thank you. In fact, we can even get Ryan's old friend O'Reilly to dress up as a leprechaun and dance around the office. We could do something like tape a gift card to his back and have him run around. The first person to catch him gets the gift card. Thoughts?

OSCAR

I think you mean Troy.

MICHAEL

Who?

OSCAR

Ryan's friend is Troy.

MICHAEL

No, it was something Irish. Like from his homeland of little people.

OSCAR

That's very offensive. And I'm certain his name is Troy.

Beat.

MICHAEL

Well, I don't know, maybe it is then. Do you think he'd let us call him O'Reilly? Just for the party I mean.

Everyone looks at MICHAEL and carries on without addressing his comment.

PHYLLIS

I like Tropical Christmas. We've done Nutcracker Christmas before, and we already know that one leads to drama.

MICHAEL

Fine, fine . . . then I at least want an inflatable pool. We can fill it with peppermint schnapps.

TOBY

(unseen)

Michael, that's dangerous for multiple reasons.

The camera zooms out to reveal TOBY buying something from the vending machine.

TOBY

Not only is that a recipe for Meredith to blackout, but it's a fire hazard if we need to get out.

MICHAEL

It has water in it, idiot. If anything it's a fire destroyer. And besides, it wouldn't be as big of a fire hazard as your flaming-red, balding head. And hey, you're not even invited, so stop Eve's droppings.

MICHAEL glares at TOBY. TOBY stares back at MICHAEL.

MICHAEL

Seriously, get lost. Or as the kids say: "Get out, you're embarrassing me."

PHYLLIS

Do the kids say that?

MICHAEL

My kids do. They say it to me at least once a day.

TOBY reluctantly leaves the room, leaving his change on the table, which suggests he will return to complete his vending machine purchase later.

MICHAEL stands up, walks over to the machine and puts in the remaining change. He presses a button, reaches in the slot and pulls out a bag of chips. He opens the bag and eats a chip while staring at the rest of the Party Planning Committee.

MICHAEL

Fine. I can live without the peppermint schnapps pool. But I still demand Toby dress in a lifeguard outfit and sit in the corner by himself watching the party unfold. And I won't budge on that.

OSCAR

Alright.

ANGELA

Sure, I can live with that.

PHYLLIS

Can we make him wear floaties, too, in that case?

MICHAEL looks at PHYLLIS with a subtle, proud smile.

MICHAEL

Now that's next-level, Phyllis.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

The camera is focused on JIM and DARRYL, who are both talking on the phone at their desks while looking rather bothered.

JIM

(on the phone)

No, we don't wish to comment on it any further. I think you have all the information you need at this point.

DARRYL

(also on the phone)

No, we aren't able to hire you at this time. No . . . no, it's not discrimination. You know you're talking to a black man, right?

INT. CALLROOM (ATHLEAP) - DAY

JIM talking head.

JIM

So, as it turns out, Kevin and Gabe match the description of a pair of at-large kidnappers called the "Alumni Abductors." The cops nabbed them on their way to get sandwiches last week. Anyway, Darryl and I went there to explain what was going on and they were eventually let go. A simple misunderstanding that we thought would be over, except it just got worse from there, because Kevin used his one phone call to call channel five news and explain what they were arrested for. When I

asked him why he would do such a thing, he said . . .

INT. FOREMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

A quick transition to a KEVIN talking head as he sits in his office, ready to finish JIM's sentence.

KEVIN

I've never been on television! This was my fifteen seconds of fame, and I wasn't gonna let it go to waste. The world would know that Mr. Kevin Malone is doing big things.

Beat as KEVIN thinks and shakes his head.

KEVIN

Not big things like kidnapping. But big things like my new job at Athleap. All the kids in high school who called me fat, or rotund or balloon man would see how powerful I've become after I plug my new job into the news story.

INT. CALLROOM (ATHLEAP) - DAY

Return to JIM's talking head at his desk.

JIM

And channel five did indeed speak with him after he was released.

JIM holds up a newspaper. It has a headline on the front page that reads, "LOCAL SPORTS MARKETING COMPANY HIRES CONVICTS."

JIM

Our phones have been ringing off the hook with reporters. Oh, and

people on parole looking for a job. It's been a busy week to say the least. Boy, do I miss the days when there was just a man running around strangling people.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (ATHLEAP) - DAY

The entire Athleap Scranton office (JIM, DARRYL, KEVIN and GABE) sit around the table. They all look defeated from the many calls they've been taking.

GABE

You know what we need?

DARRYL

You to finally get rid of that car full of women's clothes? I mean, why didn't you just toss those the moment you got out of jail?

GABE

It's like an addiction, Darryl. Not everything is so easy in life. And no, I was thinking we need a secretary. You know, someone to weed out the important calls from all these pointless ones.

JIM

Isn't that your job as our administrative assistant?

GABE

Oh, not a chance. I can do everything but take calls.

DARRYL

Why? Is that another one of the addictions from drag life that you're fighting away?

KEVIN

Ooooh, burn.

GABE

Ha. Very funny. No, it's actually because every time I answer the phone it reminds me of Erin.

JIM

Literally any time you answer the phone?

GABE

Yes. I have it set to go straight to voicemail. I'll either text that person back immediately or call them later.

JIM

So, you can call people, but you can't take calls?

GABE

Exactly. Totally "hit it out of the park" with that takeaway.

DARRYL

Enough with the sports puns, man. We know you don't like sports. You trying so hard just makes it weirder. But I will say you might just be onto something with this secretary thing.

JIM

What?

DARRYL

Think about it. Once they fill Kev's foreman role in the warehouse, we'll have him full time. He'll be managing existing accounts and pitching new ones just like us. We can't have little

old Gabe holding down the fort every day.

JIM

Fair point. Alright, I'll call Wallace this afternoon. Let's get back to it then, gentlemen.

KEVIN

Wait . . . aren't we forgetting something?

KEVIN folds his hands and smiles. He's clearly enjoying the brief moment of keeping the rest of his team waiting.

DARRYL

No more games, Kev. You have the floor . . . make it worthwhile.

KEVIN

The Christmas party!

JIM

What about it?

KEVIN

We've gotta have a Christmas party. Dunder Mifflin's is later today and it just reminded me that we don't have one.

GABE

Jeez, man. What are you, six years old? Is Santa gonna come sit on your lap?

DARRYL

I think you mean "sit on santa's lap."

GABE nods his head.

GABE

Yes, right. Sorry, lap dances are still on the mind.

JIM

He's not wrong. Lord knows this has been a hell of a week and we're all on edge. Maybe what we need is an afternoon to blow off some steam. What if we go to Dunder Mifflin's Christmas party?

KEVIN stands up and looks concerned.

KEVIN

Eh, I'd slow your roll there. You're all not part of the company anymore. If anything, I'm your in since I work for both companies.

JIM

OK, then get on it. Talk to the PPC and let us know when we're able to come join the festivities. Sound good?

KEVIN

Right on.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

DWIGHT steps out of his office looking as if he's about to hike Mt. Everest. Only his glasses can be seen on his face. He holds two shovels in the air as if they were swords.

DWIGHT

People of Dunder Mifflin!

He looks around and only half of the office is listening. The camera zooms into the faces of others to reveal them wearing AirPods.

DWIGHT runs over to various people, including STANLEY and PAM, and swats his gloves at their ears to knock out the

AirPods. DWIGHT then goes back and resumes his warrior-like position outside of his office.

DWIGHT

As I said . . . people of Dunder Mifflin!

STANLEY

Heard you the first time, just decided to ignore your nonsense.

DWIGHT

This is not nonsense! We are just a few hours away from several inches of snow on the ground! I am assembling a team of brave warriors to face the storm with me. We will walk hand-in-hand to our demise if it's for the betterment of this company. We are . . . the Shovelers of Dunder Mifflin!

No one appears to be motivated by DWIGHT's speech. DWIGHT looks at the camera and rolls his eyes. He pulls down his scarf and drops the shovels.

DWIGHT

Alright . . . then you will be drafted! Uhhhh . . . Pam, Kelly, Pete and Clark. You will join me outside within the next ten minutes. There's no more time to spare than that. The fate of this workplace depends on us!

CLARK

I have a call with a client in five minutes.

DWIGHT

OK, that's fine. Just suit up and meet us outside when you're done. Who's it with?

CLARK

The Steamtown Mall.

DWIGHT

Oh, is it with Denise? Tell her I said hi.

CLARK

Sure, will do.

CLARK looks at the camera and shakes his head "no."

DWIGHT

The rest of you . . . let's go!

DWIGHT jumps in the air and runs toward the office exit.

ERIN

Can I come, too?

DWIGHT walks over to reception and leans in toward ERIN.

DWIGHT

(whispering)

Are you sure? You don't have to do this.

ERIN

No, I want to. I mean, I've never shoveled before, but I built a sandcastle using a tiny shovel once, so I think I'd get the hang of it pretty quickly.

DWIGHT

Very well. Thank you for your bravery, good sir!

ERIN stands up and goes to grab her jacket with the rest of DWIGHT's "team."

ERIN

And to you, good ma'am!

INT. ELEVATOR BANK - DAY

ERIN talking head. She has her winter gear on and looks just as ridiculous as DWIGHT did when he stepped out of his office.

ERIN

I've never actually built a sandcastle before. I just said that so Dwight would give me the job. This is actually the first time I've seen a shovel. I mean, I've seen them before, but I always thought they were just giant spoons. Like for eating a bowl of soup out of a witch's cauldron or something.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

The Party Planning Committee (MICHAEL, ANGELA, PHYLLIS and OSCAR) sit on one side of the table as KEVIN sits by himself on the other side.

MICHAEL

OK, Kevin. We're here. We're listening. What's the offer?

KEVIN

What? There's no offer, I just-

MICHAEL

No offer? No deal. I think we're done here.

MICHAEL motions to get up from his seat.

OSCAR

Michael, we don't even know why he's here yet. Let's just let him speak.

INT. KITCHEN — DAY

OSCAR talking head near the kitchen entrance.

OSCAR

Michael joined the Party Planning Committee upon returning to Scranton. Needless to say, it's gone a little to his head. I have a copy of his resume here.

OSCAR holds up the resume and proceeds to study it.

OSCAR

He lists one of his roles as "PPC Member." The description says, "Serve as an integral member of an exclusive office organization that is crucial to the success of the branch of the company." Then there's a new bullet below that that reads, "Increased office morale by five hundred percent within the first month of my return to the branch." Below that is another role he lists: "Magician." And way below that is his actual role at this company. That gets cut off a little near the bottom of the page.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

Return to the PPC's meeting with KEVIN.

KEVIN

I'm here to propose a truce between Dunder Mifflin and Athleap.

ANGELA

A truce? We were never fighting . . .

KEVIN

Call it what you want, Mrs. Schrute. All I know is that Athleap wants in on the Christmas party this afternoon.

ANGELA

Well, I only ordered enough jerk chicken so that everyone could have one piece. So . . . I don't think that will work.

OSCAR

Why would you order such a small quantity of jerk chicken?

ANGELA

To save enough room for the one piece of shrimp appetizer. It's called portion control, Oscar. Maybe you should try it.

PHYLLIS

Wait, one piece of shrimp total, or one piece per person?

ANGELA

Does it matter?

MICHAEL

No. No, no, no. This is not how we will treat our former colleagues. I say the more the merrier. Besides, I won't sit here while you insult our foreman of the warehouse.

OSCAR

I agree we should let them join, but what do you mean by "insult our foreman of the warehouse"?

MICHAEL

You called him a jerk. He may be leaving this company soon to join Jim and Darryl, but he's still part of our family.

OSCAR

Michael, that's not the jerk we were . . . never mind.

KEVIN

Thanks, Michael. You won't regret it.

PHYLLIS

The only request we have is that you bring some extra alcohol. We're already a little short.

KEVIN gives them a thumbs-up and stands up, leaving the conference room. Everyone from the PPC still sits at the table.

ANGELA

To be honest, I forgot Kevin was coming at all. We'll need to triple the food order no matter what.

MICHAEL

Oh, a hundred percent.

PHYLLIS

I'll get on it.

PHYLLIS leaves the room to call the caterer.

ANGELA

(shouting)

And make sure they bring a few rolls of paper towels! The last time Kevin was eating up here he used two and a half rolls of paper towels while eating a banana!

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

DWIGHT's Shovelers (DWIGHT, PAM, KELLY, PETE, ERIN) are all outside now. The snow is clearly getting worse as it's tough to see them with the camera. It appears two people are shoveling and three others are standing near the building entrance.

PAM

Dwight, don't we have some more shovels?

KELLY

For real. Standing here in the cold is ten times worse than shoveling. At least we're burning calories while shoveling.

DWIGHT

(while shoveling)

Our team was chosen strategically. We need spotters at all times.

PETE

Can't we spot from inside?

DWIGHT

No . . . you must remain close. Every second counts in a tundra like this. If you're one second farther away from us then we'd die out here if something were to go wrong.

ERIN

Yeah, you bunch of pansies! Suck it up!

The camera pans over to ERIN, who is shoveling with the shovel backward, scooting snow along like she's moving a lawnmower.

DWIGHT

And where the hell's Clark? He should be done with that call by now.

The cameraperson goes inside the building. They wipe off the camera lens and spot CLARK sitting at a table near Dwight's Caffeine Corner. He's still on the phone and notices the camera filming him, so tilts the phone down to his chin.

CLARK

(whispering to the camera)

I'm keeping the client on the line as long as I can to avoid going out there. I'm on minute . . .

CLARK pulls his phone away from his face to look at it.

CLARK

Minute thirty-four. She's talking about her nephew Collin's high school swimming team right now. They're going to state in a few weeks.

CLARK puts the phone back up to his mouth and continues talking.

CLARK

(on the phone)

Yeah, it sounds like they've got a real shot at winning. Well, if he's as good as you say then I think he may just have a scholarship in his future.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

JIM and DARRYL are chatting near the water cooler when GABE jumps into frame.

GABE

Hey, guys. You know, I tried standing there and stalling her for as long as I could, but she just won't stop asking questions. She's like, "Oh, do you guys rep anyone from the Knicks?" All I could say was, "No, I don't think we rep anyone named Nick," and she laughed at me. So, I ran over here.

JIM

Woah, slow it down, man. What are you talking about?

DARRYL

Think he's talking about that chick over there.

DARRYL points across the office. The camera pans over there to reveal a raggedy-looking young woman. She's wearing a beanie and has a sweatshirt on that reads "SCRANTON H.S. VARSITY BASKETBALL." Envisioned being played by comedian Awkwafina.

DARRYL and JIM look at each other, then walk over to speak with her.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (ATHLEAP) - DAY

Cut to the same woman being interviewed by DARRYL and JIM.

JIM

So, Alyson . . .

ALYSON

Alley. Like an alley-oop. Alyson's my great grandma's name.

JIM

OK. Alley . . . how'd you hear about Athleap?

ALLEY

Don't know. My mom told me to come check it out. Said it'd be good for me or whatever.

DARRYL

If you don't mind me asking, why'd she think you'd be a good fit?

ALLEY

'Cause y'all are about hiring us troublemakers and stuff. Been in juvie twice and my mom wants me to straighten up.

DARRYL and JIM look at each other.

ALLEY

Yo, I'm not just another convict. I was captain of our varsity basketball team in high school. I know my shiz.

JIM

Alright. Does your "shiz" include any higher education?

ALLEY

What? Hell nah. I just told you I was in juvie. Just got out last month.

JIM nudges DARRYL on the side.

JIM

Can you excuse us for a minute?

ALLEY

Sure, I don't got anywhere to be.

The two step outside the conference room, as does the cameraperson. They close the door behind them to chat.

JIM

What do you think?

DARRYL

I don't know, man. I kind of like her.

JIM

You do?

DARRYL

I mean, sure she's got a record and seems a little troubled, but we're in need of some help. We talked about hiring a secretary of sorts earlier today and then this chick shows up? That's a sign.

JIM

I guess that's true. She does seem to know more about sports than Gabe, so that's an obvious plus.

DARRYL

For sure. And there's a lot of testosterone floating all up in here. Wouldn't we look a little more diverse with a woman on the team? Feels strange that I even have to bring that up.

JIM

Alright, alright. Let's do it then.

The two walk back into the conference room. They stand in the doorway.

ALLEY

So, when can I start?

DARRYL leans over to JIM.

DARRYL

(whispering)

She's got some spunk.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

Everyone is helping put up decorations for the Christmas party. The office looks like a luau with tiki torches, fake grass skirts hanging over the sides of the desks and more.

MICHAEL is standing near reception with several people in line in front of him. He's holding a bunch of lays on his arm and puts them on people in line.

MICHAEL

You just got laid by Michael Scott. And you just got laid by Michael Scott, too.

ANDY

(just laid)

Wow . . . this is the first time I've been laid in over a year, Mike. Means a lot.

MICHAEL

Alright, TMI, Andy.

MICHAEL looks at the camera.

MICHAEL

I just got laid this morning. And not in terms of a necklace either. In terms of sex with Holly.

INT. KITCHEN — DAY

ANGELA and PHYLLIS are preparing various dishes for the party. ANGELA leans over and judges PHYLLIS' work.

ANGELA

Phyllis . . . how are you laying out the chicken?

PHYLLIS

Just on this serving tray. I transferred them from the pan.

ANGELA picks up a piece of chicken.

ANGELA

Look at this one. It's hideous. We need the most attractive pieces on top, otherwise no one will eat any of this.

PHYLLIS

It's just chicken . . .

ANGELA

Maybe to you it is.

The women's bathroom door opens and out comes MEREDITH. She's wearing a two-piece bikini. ANGELA and PHYLLIS look over at her.

ANGELA

Oh, jeez, Meredith! What are you doing?!

MEREDITH

You said it was tropical theme! I'm dressing to fit the theme!

PHYLLIS and ANGELA are both shielding their eyes now.

PHYLLIS

No, that's just for the decorations! We're just wearing lays.

ANGELA

To clarify, that's lays with
clothes! Lays with clothes,
Meredith!

ANGELA begins covering up the food with tinfoil, then looks
over at PHYLLIS.

ANGELA

Well, don't just stand there,
Phyllis! Cover the food before it
gets contaminated by Meredith!

PHYLLIS

It's just an outfit.

ANGELA

I don't care! Just cover the food!

The two frantically cover the food. MEREDITH rolls her eyes
and walks back into the bathroom to change back into her
normal clothes.

As ANGELA and PHYLLIS are focused on the food, CREED walks
through the kitchen (toward the breakroom). He's wearing
nothing but a Speedo. This goes unnoticed by ANGELA and
PHYLLIS.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING — DAY

The snow is building up outside. There are two giant piles
from what the Shovelers have already shoveled, but it looks
like there are already another two inches on the ground
from the last time the camera was outside.

PAM and PETE are shoveling now as KELLY and ERIN stand on
spotter duty.

PETE

Where'd Dwight go?

KELLY

Yeah, I swear, if he went inside
I'll personally break his car

windows in and pack it full of snow. I wouldn't even care if his little kid were in there. I'll do it.

PAM

That seems awfully specific. Have you been thinking about doing that for a while?

KELLY

Duh. Like, from the moment we stepped out here. How else am I supposed to keep myself distracted from this blizzard?

ERIN

I've been trying to catch a snowflake on my tongue this whole time.

PETE

This whole time? There are millions of snowflakes falling. It's probably more difficult to avoid a snowflake on the tongue than to catch one.

ERIN

Well, not everyone has as much experience at this as you, Professor Snowflake.

A rumbling can be heard in the distance. It grows louder. Suddenly, the forklift from the warehouse comes zooming out from the side of the building. Driving it is DWIGHT, shouting a war-like cry.

When the entire forklift is visible, it becomes clear that DWIGHT has duct-taped a few boxes of paper to the front of the lift. He uses them in an attempt to transform the machine into a snowplow of sorts.

DWIGHT

Erin! Get in! This is a two-man job!

PAM

How is that possibly a two-man job? You're driving a forklift.

DWIGHT

I need her for emotional support!

ERIN

Yeah! Let's do this!

ERIN goes running into the blizzard toward the forklift. She's screaming a war cry similar to DWIGHT's.

The camera cuts to PETE, who smiles and shakes his head. He looks at the camera.

PETE

Yep, that's my future wife.

ERIN gets in the forklift. DWIGHT and ERIN are both screaming nonsense. DWIGHT floors the forklift and it skids on the slippery mix of snow and ice. The war cries quickly turn into screams of terror as the forklift crashes into the snow pile that the Shovelers have been building up.

PETE

Erin! Get out of there!

KELLY

Oh my god, I am so glad I came out here. This is going on TikTok.

KELLY pulls out her phone and starts filming what's going down.

Cut back to ERIN and DWIGHT in the forklift.

DWIGHT

Erin, save yourself!

ERIN

(calmly)

OK, sounds good.

ERIN, without hesitation, climbs out of the side of the forklift.

DWIGHT

Wait, Erin, no! I was just being nice. If you get out this whole thing will tip over!

ERIN is already out of the forklift at this point.

ERIN

Well, I'm not climbing back in there!

The forklift slowly begins tipping off the snow pile.

DWIGHT

So, this is what those people on the Titanic must have felt like. I'm so glad I got to see that one more time. Erin . . . tell them to remember me!

ERIN

Remember what about you?

The forklift finally tips all the way over, sending DWIGHT crashing to the ground with it.

DWIGHT

(in pain)

Arghhhh . . .

PAM

Dwight!

PETE

Oh, man! I'll go get someone! And I'll grab the first aid kit!

PAM

Kelly, put your phone away and come help me!

KELLY

If I put my phone away I'll miss all his gross injuries and crying.

PAM

Kelly! Just do it!

KELLY and PAM run over to help DWIGHT out of the forklift as PETE runs inside the building. ERIN continues to stand near the fallen forklift as if nothing happened.

ERIN

Guys, what am I supposed to have people remember about Dwight? I don't think I can handle this type of responsibility!

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

The Athleap team is talking to their new hire, ALLEY, when they hear DWIGHT being brought into the Dunder Mifflin office. Everyone is in a frenzy, so the entire Athleap team goes over to see what's going on.

JIM

Pam? What the hell happened to Dwight?

ERIN

What's it look like? He was in a forklift that fell over and hurt himself. Jeez, Jim, use your eyes.

TOBY

We need to get him to a hospital stat.

MICHAEL

Don't listen to him. He's just trying to take Dwight's job.

TOBY

Michael, that's ridiculous. Our regional manager is injured and you think I'm trying to take advantage of that?

MICHAEL

I don't know the way your twisted brain operates. But yeah, something like that.

ANDY

Michael's right . . . we shouldn't take him to the hospital. I follow Chet Montgomery on Twitter and he said the county's advising everyone stay indoors. We'd risk getting more people injured if we were to take him.

ANGELA

Well, what about calling nine-one-one, idiots?

PETE

Uh, I don't think that's such a good idea.

ANGELA

And why not? That's my husband you're talking about!

PETE

Because . . . just look outside.

Everyone rushes over to the window in the conference room. The cameraperson quickly follows them.

The camera is now filming outside the window, which reveals the huge mess with the fallen forklift.

ANGELA

Oh my god! What happened out there?

ERIN

We were just shoveling.

DWIGHT can be heard whining from the other room. Everyone turns around and looks over at him lying on the floor.

Beat.

KEVIN

Are we still having the party?

OUTRO

INT. BREAKROOM – DAY

ALLEY is sitting in the breakroom eating a sandwich. CREED enters the room and looks shocked. He goes to leave, but ALLEY spots him.

ALLEY

Creed?

CREED stops and turns around.

CREED

What? No, the name's Reed.

ALLEY

Nah, you're definitely Creed. You sold me my fake ID when I was fifteen. You know, my brother's looking to get one right now. You still in business?

CREED looks found out and leans against the doorframe.

CREED

I've been out of the game for far too long, sweetheart. And there's no chance I'm coming back in.

ALLEY

I have cash on me now.

ALLEY holds out a wad of cash.

Beat.

CREED

Tell him I'll have it ready in a week.

CREED grabs the cash from ALLEY, then turns around and leaves the room.

ALLEY

Wait . . . I didn't even give you his name or photo or anything!

The camera shows CREED walking away while counting the cash.

Cut back to ALLEY alone in the breakroom. She looks at the camera and shrugs.

ALLEY

Oh well. Doesn't matter. That was Gabe's money anyway.

END OF EPISODE (PART I)