

The Office

Season 10

Episode 11 – Hotseats

Fan Fiction by

Nick Janicki

theofficefanfic.com

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INTRO

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT talking head at his desk. He's typing something on his cellphone.

DWIGHT

Sorry, one second.

DWIGHT types a little more. He finally puts his phone down and looks at the camera.

DWIGHT

OK, where were we? Ah, right. Yes, Dunder Mifflin has officially entered the virtual world that is social media. To be more specific, we have created a Twitter account for our Scranton branch. And I have put together a team of four to help me operate it.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

KELLY talking head.

KELLY

Yes, I was selected to help run the branch's Twitter account. Here's the thing about social media: it needs to be fun. No one wants to follow a boring paper company. Totally lame. So, I spend most of the day retweeting things that I know people would want to see. Like, here's one about Kim Kardashian going shopping with Kanye West.

KELLY shows the retweeted tweet to the camera.

KELLY

If I'm not retweeting things, I tend to just talk about things that bother me, like working at this stupid company.

INT. BREAKROOM - DAY

CREED talking head as he eats his lunch.

CREED

Sure, Dwayne asked me to do some social medias. He gives me the login. I don't care much for it, but it turns out you can text people on it for no charge. Twitter calls texts "direct messages," which I find a little odd, but I don't care. Must be a millennial thing. My customers have always told me, "Hey, man, you need to get a cellphone so we can text you about our deals." So, I've been direct messaging all of my customers using the Dunder Mifflin Scranton Tweeter account. And let me tell you: business is booming. I usually throw in a ream of paper with each deal now, too.

INT. RYAN'S OFFICE (THE CLOSET) - DAY

RYAN talking head.

RYAN

Of course Dwight picked me to run our Twitter account. You put people like him in charge and it's "Dunder Mifflin this" and "Dunder Mifflin that." That's so biased, though. Nobody respects a company that only talks about itself. That's where I come in. On Wednesdays, which is my day to handle the account, I tweet about

the declining paper industry. I tweet at Staples and other competitors to stir the pot. Sometimes I'll say something that'll spark a lot of debate, like this one . . .

RYAN starts reading from his cellphone.

RYAN

"Climate change isn't real."

RYAN looks back up at the camera and smiles.

RYAN

It got four hundred replies in two hours. This type of engagement is unheard of these days. You're welcome, David Wallace.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

ANDY talking head. He looks incredibly frustrated as he looks down at his cellphone.

ANDY

Errrrgh. These people are driving me nuts.

ANDY looks up at the camera, still frustrated.

ANDY

Dwight comes up to me one day and tells me he needs my help getting some tweets out. Naturally, he gives me the Monday shift. Do you know what type of people are on social media on Mondays? Angry people. All I get are complaints. Like this one . . .

ANDY starts reading off his cellphone.

ANDY

"Hey, @DunderMifflinScranton - way to screw up our order last week." Alright, @BlueCrossTom, how's this: "We'll screw up your order a second time if you ever tweet at us again. Take that order form, print it out, roll it up and shove it up your a**."

ANDY looks at the camera and smiles, now content.

ANDY

It's actually kind of therapeutic getting these replies out. It's like virtually punching a hole through a wall.

ANDY laughs.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

Cut back to DWIGHT's talking head, this time with him looking rather upset.

DWIGHT

Twitter shut down the account after a week of it being up.

DWIGHT takes out his cellphone and holds it up to the camera.

DWIGHT

But, no worries. We're gonna give this Instagram thing a try now.

Opening credits roll.

EPISODE

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

JIM walks over to KEVIN, who is sitting at his desk.

JIM

Hey, Kev. What's going on with that NDA?

KEVIN

What about it?

JIM

Under "Confidential Information" you list a variety of different shipment schedules for Dunder Mifflin accounts.

KEVIN

That wasn't me.

JIM

Kevin, you're the only one who has access to that information. It's clearly referring to your work in the warehouse.

KEVIN

How do you know for sure it was me, Jim?

JIM

Your usual order for a game of Pizza was also listed after the shipment schedules. "One large supreme pizza without any vegetables." You do know that's just a meat-lover's pizza, right?

KEVIN

No, it's not. It tastes different because I ask them to put the vegetables on and then take them off. It makes it taste better knowing those vegetables went to waste.

JIM

How so?

KEVIN

Because it's like I'm saving the pizza from the vegetables.

JIM looks at the camera and rolls his eyes.

INT. CALLROOM (ATHLEAP) – DAY

JIM talking head. He looks at the camera and rubs the side of his head in frustration.

JIM

We're on the verge of something big here. We've added three more clients to our roster in the last month. But, that also means we're getting the attention of David Wallace and Athleap HQ in Austin. And with only five people in our office, things are getting a little hectic. The source of the problem is Kevin still spending half his time in the warehouse. To be honest, I'm surprised that place hasn't burned down yet. I mean, literally burned down. Kevin uses a portable burner at least three times a week to reheat his pizza and tends to leave it running when he comes up here to work.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

DWIGHT is holding a meeting in the conference room. He takes a dry-erase marker and writes "Hotseat" on the whiteboard.

DWIGHT

Question: who can tell me what a "hotseat" is?

ERIN

Is that when you go into the bathroom and go to sit down on the toilet and it's still warm from the person who sat there before you?

DWIGHT

Absolutely not.

CREED

It's when you're being interrogated by the fuzz.

DWIGHT

I can't say that's incorrect, but it's not the usage of the word I'm referring to here.

STANLEY

Are you about to tell us you got all of us an electric blanket for our seat? Because if it's anything besides that I will be gravely disappointed.

DWIGHT

Negative, Stanley.

DWIGHT walks around the room and starts pointing to random seats.

DWIGHT

That's a hotseat. And that's a hotseat. And, yes, that, too, is a hotseat.

PAM

What are you getting at, Dwight? You know we don't like these guessing games.

DWIGHT

I'm getting at that our protocol for seating from now on will be hotseats. Similar to how you all come into this room and sit wherever, so, too, will you when you come into work each day out there.

DWIGHT points outside the conference room, referring to the main office desks.

CLARK

Oh, so it's like a giant game of musical chairs?

DWIGHT

It's no game, son. There will be no more permanent seating arrangements. You will get the opportunity to sit wherever upon arrival each day.

Everyone begins talking at once in uproar over DWIGHT's news.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE — DAY

DWIGHT talking head at his desk.

DWIGHT

Hotseats is the latest trend in the modern workplace. It essentially allows an employer to staff significantly more people without having to worry about making additional space available. Each day, my subordinates will come into the office and claim their territory. You can now think of this office as a giant Risk board game from now on.

DWIGHT looks around his office.

DWIGHT

Except my office. My office is not part of the board game. I'm not going anywhere. I'm like . . . the one *playing* the Risk board game.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

Cut back to everyone in uproar over DWIGHT's announcement. He raises his arms to get everyone's attention.

DWIGHT

Your cries for help will be heard by no one! This is a direct result of so many former Dunder Mifflin employees returning as of late. As a result, and even with the new office, we're tight on space.

PHYLLIS

Why should those who have been loyal to this company over the years suffer because other people decided to come back? No offense, everyone else.

PAM

Well, I don't think it's fair to point fingers. I mean, most of us who returned have spent just as much time here as the rest of you.

TOBY

Yeah, I'm with Pam on this one.

MICHAEL

I agree. I think everyone besides Toby should get a permanent seat. It seems like if he were moved to somewhere . . . like the roof . . . then there would be enough room. Boom, problem solved. Yes?

DWIGHT

Nothing is changing. Hotseats are in. Your precious seats with pictures of your families and useless knickknacks are out. Meeting adjourned.

DWIGHT starts to leave the room, but quickly pokes his head back in.

DWIGHT

Also, any complaints you have can be directed to Toby. Please do not bother me over this matter.

Everyone gets up and stands over TOBY, trying to speak over one another.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (ATHLEAP) - DAY

JIM, DARRYL, GABE, ALLEY and KEVIN sit at the conference room table.

ALLEY

Why don't we just hire someone else?

KEVIN

What?

ALLEY

I'm sorry, but seems like you're a little deadweight, buddy. Actually, a lot of deadweight.

DARRYL

No, we're not letting Kevin go. His heart's in this business. Besides, it'd take weeks to get someone up to speed on everything and we just don't have that kind of time.

GABE

It seems like the "besides" is what we actually care about here, not Kevin's feelings about his job.

KEVIN

Guys, I'm sitting right here.

JIM

It'll be fine. Kev, we're not getting rid of you. But, we do still need to find a replacement foreman. If we can do that, think this will go over with the Dunder Mifflin folks a lot better. I'm not going over there without a solution, though.

DARRYL

Well, how about Nate?

JIM

What about him?

DARRYL

What if we put him up for the foreman position?

Everyone besides DARRYL looks at each other and starts to laugh at the idea.

DARRYL

I'm serious. Kev, why are you even laughing? The guy works for you. Why would you laugh at someone who works for you?

KEVIN

(still chuckling)

Just because Nate works for me doesn't mean I don't think he's an idiot. You could ask him, "Nate,

what's three plus three," and he would say "Uh, I don't know, six?"

Beat as DARRYL stares at KEVIN.

KEVIN

What?

ALLEY

Three plus three is six, dingus. I dropped outta high school and even I remember that.

KEVIN

(nervously)

I know it is. I was just saying that it would take a while for him to come up with the answer is all.

JIM

Uh-huh. Sure. I'm in for it if we think Dwight would go for it, I guess. We really don't have the time to go recruiting anyway.

DARRYL

Hold up, since when is Dwight in charge of staffing decisions in the warehouse? Isn't that Kev's job?

KEVIN

No. He's been in charge ever since the incident.

GABE

Sorry, what incident?

Cut to a KEVIN talking head in the empty conference room, standing near the doorway.

KEVIN

For the first two weeks of foreman duty, I had no idea how to delegate. I didn't even know what the world delegate meant until my meeting with Dwight. Anyway, there I was, a big foreman hotshot, prepared to conquer the world. So, to prevent David Wallace from firing me, I delivered all the paper by myself for two weeks using a school bus I rented. But, it turned out the warehouse workers were already delivering the paper each morning. By the end of the second week we had given away an extra ten thousand dollars worth of paper. Corporate was not happy, so they settled on Dwight overseeing the warehouse. But answer me this: what's the point of a foreman if people do their jobs anyway?

KEVIN's face turns from confident to concerned.

KEVIN

I mean, don't answer me that. Because I know a foreman is very important to any warehouse.

KEVIN crosses his arms and smiles.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

Everyone is finishing packing up their belongings from their former desks, preparing for the change to DWIGHT's hotseats.

PAM comes out of the kitchen and goes back to her former desk, which still has her stuff all over it; however, ANGELA's already sitting in that seat.

PAM

Oh, sorry, Angela, I'm actually gonna finish up the day here.

ANGELA doesn't respond. PAM taps her shoulder.

ANGELA

I'm sorry, did you say something? I was too busy working consistently instead of treating this place like a hotel that you can just check in and out of.

PAM

Angela, we were gone for several years. It's not like we were taking advantage of this place. We didn't plan on coming back to Scranton.

ANGELA

Think whatever you want, Pam, but this is my desk now. You heard my husband, Dwight. These are hotseats now. And this seat is currently hot.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

Talking head with ANDY, OSCAR, ERIN and NELLY all sitting in a row.

ANDY

Yeah, tensions are pretty high in the office right now.

OSCAR

But, we're staying out of it. This "hotseat" business was a gentle reminder of our investigation.

ERIN

Yeah, we put it on hold for longer than we would've liked to, but we're back.

NELLY

Yep, we're back, and we're better than ever.

ANDY looks over at NELLY.

ANDY

Hold on . . . why are you here, Nelly? Do you even know what we're talking about?

NELLY

I don't have the slightest clue. But I feel like I've not had much time with these cameras since I've returned, so I'd like to join you three in whatever this mission is.

NELLY looks at the camera and winks.

ERIN

It's not a mission, it's a quest.

NELLY

Well, I'd like to join your quest then.

ANDY

(whispering to OSCAR)

How do we know we can trust her?

OSCAR

(whispering to ANDY)

She arrived here just the same as everyone else. But, I respect your suspicion.

OSCAR turns to NELLY across the row.

OSCAR

Nelly, we'd first like you to prove to us that you're not in on any of this. With that in mind, we'll need your entire story.

NELLY

Got it. I'm in. So, the first thing I remember was crawling on the floor. Oh, I must have been a wee little babe, no more than-

ANDY

No, Nelly, not your life story. We need to know how you came back to Dunder Mifflin.

ERIN gets up from the talking head interview and heads toward the door.

ANDY

Erin, where are you going?

ERIN

Oh, I just heard "story" and it made me hungry. I'm gonna go make some popcorn. You guys want any?

ANDY

Oh, absolutely. Thanks for asking. We'll pick this back up when the snacks arrive.

ANDY looks at the camera and makes a face at it.

ANDY

What? Don't judge. Investigating requires fuel.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

JIM, DARRYL, GABE, ALLEY and KEVIN sit on the warehouse couches with NATE.

NATE

You're really saying that you think I could be foreman? I mean, I always thought I had the strength of two men, but never four. I know Kevin is like five men at the end of the day, so I definitely can't be five men. Four men, maybe, though.

JIM

Oh, man . . .

GABE

Nate, we need you to really want this. You've gotta put your heart and soul into it if Dwight's gonna consider you.

ALLEY

Seriously, dude. And tuck in your shirt. You look like a nineties rapper with how baggy that thing is.

NATE

Which rapper?

NATE proceeds to tuck in his shirt.

ALLEY

I don't know, man. Any of them.

NATE holds out his hands in a "ta-da"-like pose with his tucked-in shirt.

NATE

Better?

DARRYL

Actually, yeah. Yeah, I'd take you way more seriously now. Go up to Kev and give him a job to do.

NATE

Oh, OK.

NATE walks up to KEVIN and smiles.

NATE

Hey, Kevin. Do you want to do a job?

KEVIN

No.

NATE

OK. No problem. Thanks for your response.

NATE walks back over to DARRYL.

NATE

I asked Kevin if he wanted a job and he said no. What do you want me to do next?

JIM

Forget it, Nate. Appreciate you taking the time to talk about this, but-

ALLEY stands up from the couch and gets in NATE's face.

ALLEY

I want you to get the f*** back over there and tell Kevin to get to work!

NATE just stares at ALLEY in a mix of disbelief and fear.

ALLEY

What? Cat got your tongue? Turn to the side, walk a few paces and tell that man what to do. And stop slouching so much when you walk - you look like a damn caveman.

NATE dramatically straightens his back and walks over to KEVIN. He looks like a robot with his arms remaining at his side the entire time.

NATE

Listen, Kevin, I need you to take that pallet over there and put it in the baler.

KEVIN

But . . . we don't put our pallets in the baler. We reuse them.

NATE

Dammit, Kevin! I don't care what we do! You get that pallet and put it in that destroyer machine or you're through!

KEVIN, now legitimately scared, hustles over to pick up the pallet. Meanwhile, NATE confidently walks back over to the rest of the Athleap team.

JIM

Wow, that was . . . surprisingly effective.

ALLEY

Thanks. Doing time in juvie will really Mulan the hell outta you.

GABE

Mulan? Like the movie about the woman who gets a sex change?

ALLEY

Not sure we saw the same movie, buddy. But yeah, you can pretty much get anyone to do anything with the proper intimidation.

DARRYL

You think you could maybe spend another half hour with our man Nate here?

ALLEY

Gimme fifty bucks and you've got a deal.

DARRYL

You know you already work for us, right?

ALLEY tilts her head down in a "come on now"-type glare.

DARRYL

Alright, alright, girl. Fifty bucks it is.

DARRYL, JIM and GABE get up from the couch to head back upstairs.

JIM

Kev, you stay down here, too. He needs to know the work just as much as he needs to know how to act around the warehouse.

The camera zooms in on KEVIN, who is sweating and dragging the pallet across the room over to the baler. He stops, drops the pallet, gives JIM a thumbs-up and continues dragging it (per NATE's instructions).

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

Everyone has claimed their hotseats by now and work resumes. Everything looks calm and relatively peaceful until STANLEY leans back in his chair. The sound and movement causes numerous people to look over at him.

PETE

(whispering to CLARK)

Is he getting up?

CLARK

Stanley? You're kidding me. The only time I've seen him get up during the work day is to get free food from the kitchen.

PETE

But there's never free food in the kitchen.

CLARK

Exactly.

MEREDITH stands up from her desk.

MEREDITH

Alright, seat check!

CREED

No way, lady. Seat check ain't a thing in this land.

MEREDITH

Are you serious? I'm literally just going to take a dump. I'll be right back.

KELLY

Meredith, nobody wants to hear about your gross bowel movements. And I'm with Creed on this one - your seat is up for grabs now.

MEREDITH

Whatever. You're just on his side because you're with the rest of the rookies here.

MEREDITH walks away from her desk and bumps shoulders with CLARK.

MEREDITH

Us O.G. peeps need to stick together, am I right?

CLARK

Uh, I've been here for like seven years. I'd hardly call that O.G.

MEREDITH

Oh, you're O.G., baby. You're O.G. in my book. And don't let anyone tell you otherwise.

MEREDITH runs her hand along CLARK's shoulder as she leaves, prompting CLARK to shake his body in disgust at the cringe-worthy comment and action.

Cut to CREED, who immediately gets up from his desk and moves over to MEREDITH's desk.

PAM

Creed, don't you need your stuff?

CREED

Uh-uh. None of that was mine. I carry no paper trail at this place.

The camera pans over to MICHAEL, who is leaning over his desk. Upon closer inspection from the cameraman, he is taking a container of Elmer's glue and gluing the bottom of all of his supplies.

Cut to a MICHAEL talking head at his desk. He's whispering throughout the interview so that the others don't hear him.

MICHAEL

No, it's not what it looks like. I'm .
. . I'm constantly losing my things,
so this will allow me to keep ahold of
them. It's definitely not about the
hotseats.

MICHAEL turns around and squeezes glue on the butt of his pants.
After he's satisfied with the amount of glue on him, he plops
himself down in his chair. He looks at the camera again.

MICHAEL

A thousand percent not about the
hotseats.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

ANDY, OSCAR, ERIN and NELLY sit at the conference room table. A
bunch of junk food is in front of them and ERIN continues to eat
handfuls upon handfuls of popcorn.

OSCAR

Erin, just take a break from the
popcorn. Your crunching is louder than
Nelly's voice, which is an
accomplishment I didn't know was
possible.

ERIN slowly reaches for a single piece of popcorn, puts her hands
over her mouth and chews, as if that will help cover up the noise
(it doesn't).

OSCAR

Fine, that'll do.

NELLY

So, anyway, there I was with little
Drake in the middle of Spain when I
get a letter in the mail.

ANDY

Hold on, you kept the name Ryan gave
the baby?

NELLY

Well, obviously. I'm not a monster. He
was already a few months old when he
landed in my arms. I'm not going to
confuse the poor thing.

OSCAR

OK, so you received a letter. What'd the letter say? And who was it from?

NELLY

The letter was from Ryan, actually, requesting that he see Drake again. I don't know the first thing about having a child in America, so naturally I freaked out and booked the first flight here to talk it out with him. I don't want the CSI to come and steal him away from me.

ANDY

OK, well first, CSI is a television show. But you're saying Ryan asked to see Drake? So Ryan's the reason you're in Scranton then?

ERIN

Wait, really quick, if I could get some clarification here: I thought it was CBS and not CSI?

Beat.

ANDY

Erin, different time and different place for that question. Nelly, please confirm what you're saying is true.

NELLY

Truer than the fact that the tie you're wearing looks abysmal with those socks right now, Andrew. Yes, the letter was from Ryan and he's the reason I'm sitting in this cozy conference room with all of you.

OSCAR

But what about getting a job here?

NELLY

Well, to be frank, I was waiting for Ryan to make the first move. I hadn't heard from him since I arrived, so I decided to get a job where he worked. If he wants to see my Drake, he has to

initiate that. I'm not a child trafficker, for goodness sake.

ANDY looks at OSCAR.

ANDY
You thinking what I'm thinking?

OSCAR nods his head.

ANDY
Erin?

ERIN
On it.

ERIN stands up and storms out of the room.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

Everyone is gathered around PAM's computer.

PAM
And this one shows what it would be like if Creed sat across from Phyllis, with everything else staying the same from that other one I showed you.

A few people utter "hmm" as they study PAM's computer screen.

PHYLLIS
No, not happening. Half the time I look away from my screen and he's staring straight at me. I can't imagine having that right in front of me. I'd have a heart attack.

PAM puts her head in her hands.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

PAM talking head at the kitchen table.

PAM
So, we decided that we'd take matters into our own hands since Dwight has

chosen to distance himself from the whole hotseat situation. The solution?

PAM grabs a piece of paper from the table and holds it up.

PAM

A seating blueprint of sorts. I designed it myself and it seems to have brought everyone together - both those who have stayed at Dunder Mifflin this whole time and those who have returned recently. The only problem is that once they review my work, at least one person seems to have an issue about their seating arrangements.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

PAM is still on her computer, but now people are sitting around her (instead of standing), clearly fully invested in the seating chart.

STANLEY

Hold up, hold up. I think I've got it! What if we use the current arrangement as it is, flip the entire image horizontally and . . .

CLARK

And what, Stan the Man?

STANLEY

And shove it up your butt!

Everyone laughs at the much-needed joke, as does STANLEY at himself.

MICHAEL sits up in his chair.

MICHAEL

Or, hear me out, guys. We update the seating chart, print it out, fax it to Dwight and shove it up *his* butt!

Everyone just kind of goes "eh," unimpressed with the joke.

MICHAEL

Seriously? Mine was like a zillion times more relevant than Stanley's. You guys are just salty you didn't think of it first.

MICHAEL goes to stand up from his chair, but his butt is glued (by him, as we saw earlier) to his chair. He sits back down in it and scoots himself over to reception. He folds his arms and pouts as everyone looks at him, confused by his actions.

PHYLLIS

I'm still not sitting across from Creed.

CREED

I wouldn't want to sit across from me either, trust me.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

JIM, DARRYL, GABE, ALLEY, KEVIN and NATE walk into DWIGHT's office.

DWIGHT

Oh, what's this? Did Athloser go out of business? Did you all come back to beg for your old jobs? Well, guess what? I'm going to make the interview process very, very grueling. I might even ask for a few references.

DWIGHT laughs maniacally.

JIM

No, Dwight, just listen. We're here with a proposal.

DWIGHT

Don't need it, already married.

JIM

You know I'm in love with you, but that's not the proposal we're talking about here. It's about Kevin. You know he's been doubling up, spending part of his time in the warehouse and part of his time with us at Athleap.

DWIGHT

Go on . . .

DARRYL

We think he should do one or the other. And we know his heart's in the sports marketing business.

GABE

Actually, his heart seemed to be in that glazed donut he ate this morning.

JIM

Gabe . . .

GABE

Oh, right. I forget I'm on your guys' side sometimes.

DWIGHT

So, you're trying to poach one of my finest?

JIM

Dwight, let's be honest, you fired the guy at one point. You only brought him back because Val left and you needed someone who knew the business already. No offense, Kev.

KEVIN

It's OK, I'm more of a defense guy anyway.

DWIGHT

Yes, I couldn't risk someone sabotaging the greater Scranton paper market, so I went with a familiar hire.

JIM

Right . . .

DARRYL

Our solution is to have Nate take over as foreman of the warehouse.

DWIGHT

Nate? Are you kidding me? I've kept him on as a joke.

ALLEY

Hasn't he been around for, like, years and years now?

DWIGHT

Yes, it's been a very funny, ongoing joke for me. I very much enjoy his presence.

NATE

That's an honor, Dwight. I didn't know I made you laugh so much. I am humbled to have my very existence be a source of endless humor for you.

JIM

OK, Dwight. You may have kept him on as a joke, but he's ready for the next move.

DWIGHT

Oh, is that so? Well, why don't we just put that to the test!

DWIGHT jumps up and throw his fist into the air before running out of his office.

DWIGHT

To the warehouse!

JIM turns to everyone in the room once DWIGHT leaves.

JIM

Just as expected. Time to go to work, Nate.

KEVIN

Wait, Nate's working at Athleap now?

DARRYL

Were you not listening to any of that conversation?

KEVIN

Well, I was, but then I thought about something else.

Everyone heads out of DWIGHT's office to go to the warehouse.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

RYAN now joins ANDY, OSCAR, ERIN and NELLY at the conference room table. ANDY slams down a piece of paper in front of him.

ANDY
Alright, Howard! You know what this is?

RYAN looks at it, then looks at ANDY.

RYAN
I'm sorry, this handwriting is awful. I honestly can't make out a thing.

OSCAR
Well, you should recognize it, because it's your own handwriting.

ERIN
(popcorn in her mouth)
Bum, bum, bum . . .

RYAN points to ERIN.

RYAN
Did she just make dramatic background noise with popcorn in her mouth?

NELLY
Don't change the subject, Ryan. Or shall I say, "Lie-an"? Get it, because you're a liar.

OSCAR
You wrote the note. You were the reason Nelly came back to Scranton.

RYAN
I have no idea what you're talking about.

ERIN

Nice try, sleezeball!

ANDY

Erin, take it easy. Why'd you do it, dude? Why bring the baby into this?

RYAN

What? I'm so confused.

ANDY

We're talking about the little baby. We know all about your plans with that little baby.

RYAN begins to look worried. He stands up and pulls at his hair. He's pacing back and forth now.

ERIN

Guys, I think we got him.

RYAN

Oh, no. No, no, no. Listen, you guys just can't tell Kelly you know about this, alright? I'm not sure how it got out, but she'll kill me if she finds out the news broke.

NELLY

Boo-hoo. You're embarrassed, are you? Let me tell you that I don't care. She can know all about your sick desire to tear me apart from my child.

RYAN stops pacing and stands over the conference room table, looking at NELLY.

RYAN

Please, Nelly, I don't care about your child. This is about me right now. Please, guys, just don't tell anyone Kelly's pregnant. She wants to break the news herself. She's literally threatened to murder me numerous times already if I say anything. I would say she's kidding, but I looked at her search history and it was all recipes for poison.

Everyone's faces go white. They all stare at RYAN in shock.

ANDY

Wait, wait, wait . . . Kelly's pregnant?

RYAN looks confused now.

RYAN

Yeah, isn't that what you guys are talking about?

OSCAR

Oh my god, absolutely not. We thought you were trying to steal away Nelly's son.

RYAN

What? Why the hell would I care about Nelly's little British baby?

ERIN

Because you're evil and want to see the world burn?

RYAN

So, you guys really didn't know Kelly was pregnant?

ANDY

(awkwardly)

Noooope. But, congrats on the great news? Yayyyy . . .

RYAN stands up from leaning on the table and walks toward the door. He puts his hand on the handle and turns his head back to everyone else in the room.

RYAN

I'm a dead man.

RYAN leaves the room. Everyone else sits there in disbelief at the news as RYAN slowly, Charlie-Brown-like walks back to his office closet (seen from the conference room window).

NELLY

So, does this mean I can be part of the investigation now?

OSCAR

No, Nelly. I think we just turned in our metaphorical badge and gun. Yikes.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

DWIGHT is standing with a gym class whistle along with short-shorts, a tank top and a headband.

JIM

Is that costume really necessary?

DWIGHT

It's not a costume, idiot. If I'm going to judge someone, I'm going to be properly equipped to do so, and that includes wearing the proper attire.

DARRYL

I don't think everyone being able to see all your business down there has anything to do with judging someone's foreman qualifications.

DWIGHT steps away from the rest of the group to get in NATE's face.

DWIGHT

Alright, runt. First thing I want you to do is determine which of these pallets goes where by properly scanning them.

NATE grabs the scanner from DWIGHT, looks at it, then tosses it to the ground.

NATE

I don't need any of your fancy tools, man! Pick it up and scan it yourself!

JIM looks at DARRYL and shakes his head, worried about what ALLEY might have taught NATE.

INT. FOREMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

NATE is taking on DWIGHT's next challenge. The two are sitting as NATE operates the computer on the desk.

DWIGHT

Next challenge: log that the orders on this sheet of paper have been successfully delivered.

NATE grabs the piece of paper from DWIGHT. He opens up what is clearly a Word document and begins typing everything that's on the piece of paper into the document, word for word.

DWIGHT

What are you doing?

NATE

What's it look like? I'm logging the shipments. Now lay off me. Go bother someone else, nerd!

JIM pokes his head out of the foreman's office and turns to ALLEY.

JIM

Hey, Alley . . . what exactly did you teach Nate?

ALLEY shrugs.

ALLEY

Just taught him not to take any sh** from anyone. He seems like he'd be someone's lovebird in the clink, so wanted to toughen him up a little.

DARRYL

A little too much it seems . . .

ALLEY

Yo, it's not my fault the dude does literally exactly what I tell him. He's like a robot.

JIM

It's fine, whatever. At least you tried. Kev, you spent some time meeting with him, too, right?

KEVIN

Yep, sure did.

DARRYL

And you taught him everything you know?

KEVIN

Yep. Only took three minutes, too. Nate's a quick learner. And I guess I'm a good teacher, too, huh?

JIM

This can't be good.

DWIGHT steps out of the foreman's office with his hands on his hips, confidently smiling in his '80s gym teacher uniform.

DWIGHT

I'm not sure what you tried to do with that guy, but he seems dumber than before, which I honestly did not even think was possible.

DWIGHT begins stretching.

DWIGHT

Yeah, sorry, folks. Just doesn't look like Kevin's going anywhere.

GABE steps closer to JIM and DARRYL.

GABE

(whispering)

I've got an idea.

DARRYL

(whispering)

By all means. Do your thing. But looks like we've gotta find a different solution here.

GABE steps in front of a stretching DWIGHT.

GABE

Kevin, go in there and log those orders since Nate can't do it.

Everyone looks at KEVIN, who suddenly gets flustered.

KEVIN

Well, I would, but my fingers are pretty sore from all the logging I did earlier today.

DWIGHT stops stretching and looks up at KEVIN. He slowly steps toward him.

DWIGHT

Kevin . . . hey, buddy. Can I ask you to do something else for me?

KEVIN

Oh, no problem. I am the foreman of the warehouse after all.

DWIGHT hands KEVIN the same scanner he gave to NATE earlier.

DWIGHT

Can you take this scanner and tell me where all those pallets are going?

DWIGHT points across the warehouse.

KEVIN starts to sweat and gets red. He reluctantly grabs the scanner and walks over to the pallets. When he arrives at one, he takes the scanner and tries to scan the barcode on the pallet. As a result, he ends up shining the scanner in his own eyes (the scanner was backward). He drops the device and rubs his eyes, falling backward and pushing over another pallet as a result.

DWIGHT crosses his arms and walks toward KEVIN.

DWIGHT

Kevin, I'm going to ask you a question and I want you to answer honestly.

KEVIN

(still on the ground)

OK . . .

DWIGHT

When was the last time someone registered a successful shipment in our internal system?

KEVIN

Yes, happy to answer that question. But first, can you tell me which internal system we're talking about here?

DWIGHT looks at the camera and glares at it.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT talking head at his desk. He's still wearing the gym teacher's uniform.

DWIGHT

So, as it turns out, Kevin didn't know what the hell he was doing as foreman. Luckily, a group of able-bodied warehouse workers are able to successfully operate the day-to-day functions of a warehouse with little to no supervision. So, I've immediately dissolved the role of foreman. Of course, I gave Nate the title since he started crying, but it makes you wonder what Darryl was doing down there all those years.

INT. FOREMAN'S OFFICE - DAY

DARRYL talking head as he sits at his old desk.

DARRYL

Dwight said what? Yeah, well, he's not wrong. It was like senior spring break in here, all day, everyday.

He rests his hand on the computer.

DARRYL

This computer hasn't worked properly in nearly fifteen years.

OUTRO

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

DWIGHT walks into the office for the day and looks at his watch as he passes reception.

PAM

Morning, Dwight.

DWIGHT looks over at PAM.

DWIGHT

Good morning, Pam.

STANLEY

Lovely day, isn't it, Dwight?

DWIGHT stops before going into his office. He looks at STANLEY and smiles.

DWIGHT

Yes. Yes, it is, isn't it?

DWIGHT goes into his office and shuts the door.

The camera cuts to a wide shot of the larger office. All desks have been rearranged to mirror the setup that existed before the big office construction.

The camera focuses in on PAM, who looks at the camera and raises her eyebrows a few times while smiling.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

PAM talking head at the kitchen table.

PAM

The easiest solution to the hotseats issue? Move all the desks back to how they were before the construction. Everyone goes back to their previous complaints with the people they previously sat by while we also erase the concept of hotseats entirely. As it turns out, Dwight's still so used to the old seating arrangement that he hasn't even noticed the change. It's like his brain reverted back to how this place used to look.

MICHAEL

(unseen, muffled)

Pam! Pam! It's time again!

PAM looks at the camera as the smile is wiped off of her face.

PAM

Of course, that didn't change the fact that Michael glued all his stuff, and himself, to his chair. He simply comes into the office, slips those glued pants on and sits in the chair all day. Unfortunately, he does have to go to the bathroom a few times a day and-

MICHAEL

(unseen, muffled)

Pam! Pam I need you in here! I can't open the stall door by myself!

PAM rolls her eyes.

PAM

You can't win them all.

PAM stands up and exits the frame.

END OF EPISODE