

The Office

Season 10 (Bonus Episodes)

The Pandemic

Fan Fiction by

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INTRO

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Everyone is seated, chairs facing the front of the room. There's some chatter amongst everyone until a repeated thud (like a massive bouncy ball being tossed against a wall) draws everyone's attention.

Cut to the doorway where DWIGHT can be seen inside one of the sumo suits from 'Beach Games.' The entire suit is wrapped in what appears to be Saran wrap. On his head is some sort of makeshift helmet, also Saran wrapped. He's trying to get into the doorway but struggles to put his arms down.

JIM

(to PAM)

All this reminds me, did you bring the leftovers from dinner last night for lunch?

PAM

Shoot, no, I forgot. I just brought a can of soup.

JIM

Ah, darn. Welp, they should be good in the fridge for another day or so.

ANDY stands up, heading toward DWIGHT with something small in his hand that he just took out of his pocket. DWIGHT sees this and stops trying to force himself through the doorway.

DWIGHT

(worried)

What is that?

ANDY holds up the object. The camera quickly zooms in to reveal it's an extra-small utility knife. One of the

components, a small blade, is extended as ANDY approaches DWIGHT.

ANDY

(smiling)

It's a nifty little multi-tool keychain my Gam Gam gave me for Christmas last year.

ANDY looks at the camera, his grin now uncomfortable as if hiding something beneath it.

INT. KITCHEN

ANDY talking head as he stands in front of the counter holding up the multi-tool keychain. He's not smiling anymore, instead rather serious.

ANDY

Actually, I bought this for myself to protect myself against Gam Gam. She was a police officer back in the day and has started to lose some marbles in the 'ole noggin. The last few times I went over there she thought I was a pedophile there to kidnap her children. She pulled a kitchen knife on me.

ANDY sighs.

ANDY

I just don't understand why she can't mistake me for a drug dealer or burglar. Or even a murderer. Anything over that.

ANDY studies the utility knife and smiles. He starts messing with it.

ANDY

Don't worry, it's totally harmless, really. Just for show to let Gram Gram know—

A spring breaks, sending one of the little knives flying toward ANDY. It just misses his head. He looks up and gives the camera another uncomfortable smile.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

DWIGHT has managed to get the sumo suit through the doorway. He's standing in front of everyone with a can of Lysol spray pointed at them.

DWIGHT

Subordinates, I know nobody reads the news anymore. It's TicTac this and TicTac that. If you want to get your news from a breath mint brand, then that's—

CREED

It's TikTok, man.

CREED looks at the camera, smiles, and winks. He's clearly proud of himself for knowing this.

DWIGHT

Now is not the time for jokes. People, we have a deadly virus on our hands that's sure to destroy all life on earth as we know it if we don't band together to take the proper precautions.

MICHAEL raises his hand. DWIGHT points at him.

MICHAEL

If this is your attempt at Michael Klump then I am embarrassed. Klump is not a serious man. He's a jovial man whose care-free attitude represents the

celebration of obesity. It also represents some people's obliviousness to being four-hundred pounds and how that will kill them, but that's sort of a secondary message compared to the celebration thing.

DWIGHT shakes his head.

DWIGHT

Michael, what I am wearing is the very thing that will get me through this global pandemic.

PAM

Dwight, there's only like one person in the U.S. that has it and they're in quarantine. I think we'll be OK.

OSCAR

Actually, that's not true. As of this morning, there have been three reported cases in the United States. And if the law of exponential growth and decay tells us anything, it's that-

KEVIN

Dude, we stopped following you after you said 'reported.' Right, guys?

KEVIN looks around to find everyone ignoring him.

ANGELA

D, just keep all this pandemic talk at the office. We don't want Phillip getting obsessed with this. Or worse, Mose.

DWIGHT

Phillip will be one of the few responsible for repopulating the planet after all of this, so he needs to know about it. Him and Jim and Pam's daughter.

PAM

Excuse me, what?

DWIGHT

Like you have a say in it. I highly doubt you and Jim will make it through this. (mocking) 'Oh, we're social butterflies. Let's go kiss all of our friends on the lips and lick the tables at restaurants.'

JIM

That's us.

DWIGHT's makeshift helmet is noticeably foggy, appearing to worsen the more he speaks.

ERIN

(whispering to DWIGHT)

Dwight, there are clouds growing in the bowl on your head.

KELLY

Oh my god, that *is* a bowl! That's my salad bowl! What the hell, Dwight? That was my lunch for the week!

DWIGHT

Pshh, you call *that* a salad? There were no beets in it. A beet-less salad belongs in the trash. So, you're welcome. And besides—

DWIGHT begins gasping for air, taking in deep, wheezing breaths. He tries to power through this.

DWIGHT

(wheezing)

Besides, a salad won't save you from this virus. Using this bowl as a means of keeping your germs away from me, on the other hand . . .

DWIGHT raises his hand and index finger as if about to make a point. What little is visible of his face behind the fogged-up helmet (KELLY's bowl covered in Saran wrap) shows his eyes rolling into the back of his head. DWIGHT faints, falling backward until he hits the floor. The sumo suit sort of bounces on the ground, then rolls back and forth, as DWIGHT is otherwise motionless.

Everyone is silent, at a loss for words. Then MICHAEL bursts into laughter, clapping a few times while looking at DWIGHT.

MICHAEL

(through laughter)

All right, buddy, now *that* was good. Classic Michael Klump, right there. Two thumbs all the way up! I have taught you well.

JIM, PAM, and ANDY (the closest to the front of the room) rush over and begin trying to take the sumo suit and helmet off of DWIGHT. It's difficult with all the Saran wrap.

PAM

It's not coming off.

JIM

Neither is the bowl on his head. He must've used a whole roll of Saran wrap on his head alone.

PAM

Andy, where's that pocket knife you just had?

ANDY smiles as if relieved to have been called on for help. He takes the tool out of his pocket and proudly holds it up in the air. He looks at PAM, still smiling.

PAM

(annoyed)

Yeah, we're forever thankful. Can you just get this stuff off him?

ANDY nods, feeling confident that he'll be the hero here. He pulls out one of the small knives, turns it around, and sends it down toward the Saran wrap over the bowl on DWIGHT's head. When it makes contact, the knife flies off the rest of the tool. It heads straight for ANDY and makes contact with the edge of his ear, scraping it only a little.

ANDY, eyes wide and mouth open, puts a hand to his ear. When he pulls his hand away to look at it, he sees a few drops of blood.

ANDY

(terrified, yelling)

I'm dying! And all for what?
Dwight?

ANDY faints, landing on top of a still-passed-out DWIGHT.

DARRYL

I'll tell you one thing, Dwight might not want to wake up after realizing Andy was all up in his business like that. Sumo suit or no sumo suit.

There's silence in the room again. JIM and PAM turn to look at DWIGHT again, unsure of what to do from here.

KELLY

Guys, is my salad bowl OK?

Opening credits roll.

EPISODE

The entire screen is black for a few seconds before '**MARCH 2020**' fades in.

INT. MAIN OFFICE

A wide shot of the office reveals everyone's desks scooted a few feet away from each other. On top of the desks are various plastic barriers in front and on either side.

DWIGHT enters frame. He has abandoned the sumo suit and salad bowl for an old-school plague doctor gas mask. He's holding one of those handheld fans that can also spray water, walking up to each person's desk and spraying it on them a few times. A few people groan in annoyance.

DWIGHT

(muffled through the mask)

Oh, stop complaining. Think of this place as your church. Me as your priest. The hand sanitizer flying through the air as your holy water.

ERIN

Dwight, can you take that thing off? It's starting to keep me up at night.

CLARK

Yeah, man, I find myself looking away every time I spot a bird nearby because of that thing.

PAM

Are you wearing that to client meetings?

DWIGHT

I wear it everywhere. In the car, in the shower, when Angela and I are making love.

DWIGHT turns to ANGELA across the room.

DWIGHT
Isn't that right, my little
birdie?

ANGELA puts a palm to the face.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE

DWIGHT talking head at his desk. He's still wearing the plague doctor mask.

DWIGHT
I may have overreacted at how quickly this virus would reach us with my homemade hazmat suit a few weeks ago, but I know it's making its way to Scranton, one host at a time. And that's the whole issue with this thing. I can't abandon my kingdom, either.

DWIGHT raises his arms and waves them about, showing off his 'kingdom.'

DWIGHT
So, I'm left with a very difficult decision. Either I abandon my post, the responsibilities I've been sworn to uphold as leader of Dunder Mifflin Scranton, or I send everyone away for awhile so we don't get infected and die. It's probably the hardest decision I've ever had to make.

INT. MAIN OFFICE

Everyone is doing their best to get work done despite the strange situation.

OSCAR snuffles and ANGELA stands up to scoot her desk a few more inches away from him.

MICHAEL has taken a marker to a surprising amount of his plastic dividers. He's lining up his face with a mustache and sunglasses he's drawn, cracking up at himself while trying to get CLARK to look at him.

On the Athleap side of the office, JIM and DARRYL are playing what looks like it could be a new Office Olympics game, throwing small balls of paper over the dividers to try and land them in one of their coffee mugs.

INT. KITCHEN

DWIGHT is standing right outside the men's bathroom door with his arms crossed. KEVIN steps out and nearly has a heart attack after seeing DWIGHT's terrifying mask.

DWIGHT

Kevin, go wash your hands.

KEVIN

I did . . .

DWIGHT steps closer to KEVIN and studies his hands. He finds they have brown markings all over them.

DWIGHT

(disgusted)

Ugh, Kevin! Is that feces? Is the toilet paper out already? I just put a new roll on earlier this quarter.

KEVIN looks like he's just been found out. He goes to hide the evidence, licking his hands clean. DWIGHT leaps backward in horror. He grabs the spray fan filled with hand sanitizer on his utility belt and holds it out at KEVIN. Before he can spray him, DWIGHT puts his hand over the beak end of his mask, shaking his head. It's clear he's going to be sick, so he runs out of the kitchen. He can be heard running through the office as well, presumably headed for

the entrance door to find a place to take off his mask in solitude.

KEVIN looks at the camera, slowly taking his fingers out of his mouth. He looks at them, then back at the camera.

KEVIN

Oh, this is just from eating my bathroom brownies.

Beat.

KEVIN

I'm trying to exercise again, but it's real tough in such a small office. So, I go from my desk to the bathroom a few times more than usual every day to burn some extra calories. Near the end of the day I like to reward myself a little, so I grab one of the brownies I hid under the sink and eat it in there.

KEVIN gives a thumbs-up to the camera, fingers now covered in chocolate and his own saliva. He lets off a goofy smile.

INT. MAIN OFFICE

DWIGHT walks back into the office. He stops in front of his office and turns to everyone.

DWIGHT

Attention, Dunder Mifflinites!

Everyone turns to DWIGHT.

PAM

(shouting)

You're saying goodnight?

DWIGHT

What? No, I-

PHYLLIS

(also yelling)

It's just really hard to hear you through these pieces of plastic!

DWIGHT

(voice raised)

Never mind what I said before! What's important is that you listen to my next words! Our only hope to keep both Dunder Mifflin and ourselves alive is to take this seriously! That means wash your hands, people! Do not get too close to each other! And for goodness sake, use the hand sanitizer I left in your desk drawers! It'll kill any and all germs that try to make their way into our sacred fortress!

JIM walks over to the Dunder Mifflin side of the office with his index finger and thumb on his chin. He lifts a brow.

JIM

Hold on, Dwight. You just said the hand sanitizer you gave us will kill any and all germs. Is this homemade hand sanitizer by chance? Because that claim is impressive. Astounding, actually.

DWIGHT lifts up part of his plague doctor mask so that just his mouth is out (although, it's revealed he's wearing a regular nose & mouth mask beneath the outer mask).

DWIGHT

(no longer needing to yell)

No, idiot. Schrute Farms has no experience making its own hand

sanitizer. Maybe some day, but not right now. We do have a variety of options for hand de-sanitizers, though, in case that's ever needed.

CLARK

Oh, great. I'll take a dozen.

JIM

(pensively)

Hmm, I thought so. In that case, the hand sanitizer here must be store-bought.

DWIGHT

How perceptive of you.

JIM

And if it's store-bought, I believe it kills ninety-nine point nine percent of germs, not all of them.

Beat.

DWIGHT

No, that's . . .

DWIGHT (i.e. the bird mask) turns to the camera. He pauses for a moment, then runs into his office. The camera follows him in there as it catches him digging through his trash can. When he reaches the bottom, he pulls out a thick stack of stuck-together labels (obviously from the hand sanitizer bottles). He studies the top one closely.

DWIGHT

(softly, to himself)

Oh, no. What madness have I let into my kingdom?

The screen goes black again for a few seconds before **'JULY 2020'** fades in.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE

DWIGHT talking head as he sits at his desk. He has no plague doctor mask on, nor a simple mouth/nose covering. He's smiling. The camera is noticeably a little out of focus.

DWIGHT

Why, hello again. You'll be glad to hear Dunder Mifflin Scranton has single-handedly vanquished coronavirus, primarily thanks to my valiant efforts to protect the branch and its people.

A loud, long moo from a cow can be heard. DWIGHT continues to smile, hands clasped neatly in front of him as if that didn't just happen.

ANGELA

(unseen, distant shouting)

No, Mose! Mose, give me back my laptop! No, don't throw it!

DWIGHT's smile disappears. He now looks defeated. He stands up, walks to the camera, picks it up, and pans it around. The camera crew isn't there and DWIGHT isn't in his office. He's in his barn.

DWIGHT

(somberly)

No, this isn't my office. It's an exact replica I made during month two of quarantine.

He turns the camera around toward him.

DWIGHT

I made the difficult decision to die a little inside and request that my subordinates work remote for the foreseeable future. I told David Wallace we could just

install four-by-four enclosed work pods with individual oxygen tanks pushing air into each one, but he said no. I guess he just wants to see this company suffer rather than do the logical thing.

A horse neighs in the background. DWIGHT sighs, shaking his head.

INT. JIM AND PAM'S HOUSE

The camera is moving around as if strapped onto someone. This person walks through the kitchen, passing their children eating breakfast, and enters another room where JIM is sitting at a desk in front of a laptop.

PAM

(unseen)

Say, hi, Jim!

JIM turns to the camera (to PAM). He has an earpiece in and is clearly on a conference call.

JIM

Seriously, we're really still doing this?

PAM

Jim, they said they want us to film ourselves for at least an hour a day.

JIM

Seems excessive . . . and kind of like an invasion of privacy.

PAM

It's still about a modern workplace, and technically this is a modern workplace. I guess . . .

Cut to a talking head of JIM in front of his home desk. Similar to DWIGHT's talking head, it's through a home camera on top of a tripod. He adjusts it before sitting down in front of it.

JIM

Uh, yeah, right. Listen, guys, once you get this footage, just cut most of it out. I still don't know how to interview myself.

He sits up in his chair and nods.

JIM

OK, so it's now month three of working from home. Or maybe it's year three. I don't really know anymore. And I guess in this interview, since I don't know what else to talk about, I'm going to give you the top three things I've learned while working from home.

JIM grabs a sticky note from his desk and begins reading off of it.

JIM

Number one: you save on gas. I've filled up the tank twice I think since we started doing this. Definitely a plus. Maybe the only plus. Number two: you lose absolutely all sense of time. It's like a Vegas casino. Everything blends together. I know it's either morning or evening right now because the sun is low in the sky, but that's about it. And number three: you have to be very, very careful with whom you share your virtual meeting links, because there's a chance some unwanted parties might just get ahold of them one way or another.

Cut to a new scene in JIM's home office. He's on a conference call (it's a screen recording, likely required by the documentary crew) JIM is on the call along with five other people, presumably Athleap employees and/or clients.

JIM

At the end of the day, we just need an authentic way to enter the L.A. market. It'll turns heads if we manage to-

A notification pops up on the video call, 'Michael Scott is waiting in the lobby.' JIM motions to say something, but quickly notices another person in the meeting had already accepted the request.

JIM scratches his chin, clearly uncomfortable. He knows what's coming. Another attendee box pops up on the conference call. It's indeed MICHAEL, only his background is a picture of PAM at reception.

MICHAEL

Uh oh, Jim, looks like Pam's not at home! She's not quarantining like she said she was! Ooh, you're going to get corona's virus! Hide your kids!

JIM chuckles as if going along with it at first. MICHAEL suddenly goes off video, but only for a moment. When his camera turns back on his background is a skyline, the tops of few buildings in the distant background as if the setting is a roof.

MICHAEL

Everyone on this call, it's very important that you listen to Jim. Give him your entire business. My final wish is that you're the marketing agency of record for . .

.

MICHAEL leans closer to the screen, squinting.

MICHAEL

For the Austin East Conference
Room.

He leans in again to look at the name of one of the participants on the call (who's likely in one of the Austin office's conference rooms). He shakes his head as if forgetting he's acting something out, getting back into character. He tilts his head toward the sky, holds his arms up, and leans backward in his chair, pretending to jump off of a building.

MICHAEL

(echoing and fading like he's falling, off
his video screen now)

Give Jim your businesssssssss . . .

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE

MICHAEL talking head at his kitchen. He has set the camera on the counter as it captures him putting a Pop-Tart in the toaster. He turns around to talk to the camera.

MICHAEL

What was I saying? Oh, right, Zoom backgrounds. Zoom backgrounds are essentially new, twentieth-century magic. I mean, it changes the entire improv industry. I can be anywhere in the world in just a few clicks. I can be on the moon. I don't exactly know the technology that lets Zoom project myself in all these places, but I appreciate it. It's amazing to think that if I make my background some small town in Africa, all the little kids there will get to see the projection of a real-life business man working from home. I mean, that's got to be so motivating for them.

MICHAEL smiles. The toaster pops. He gets an excited look on his face, turns around, and tends to his breakfast.

INT. RYAN & KELLY'S APARTMENT

RYAN talking head, only he's doing it with his iPhone and holding it up out in front of him as if he's an influencer.

RYAN

Hey, peeps! Thanks for watching the Dunder Mifflin doc two-point-oh! Just wanted to take a quick second to talk about worts.

KELLY side-steps into frame behind RYAN with a confused look on her face.

KELLY

(clearly scripted)

Ry, did you just say you have worts? No one wants to hear about that . . .

RYAN

No, Kelly, not *those* warts.

RYAN shrugs with a smirk, then holds up a pair of shorts.

RYAN

Worts are work shorts! More specifically, they're shorts designed to wear while working from home. Like so many work-from-homers these days, I got so used to wearing business casual up top and pretty much whatever on the bottom.

Cut to a new scene where RYAN is at his desk, pretending to be on a work video call. He gives the camera a 'one second, be right back' type of gesture. He stands up and realizes everyone can now see the basketball shorts he's wearing

(which were previously off camera). He puts his hands over his shorts in embarrassment.

Cut back to RYAN holding his phone, interviewing himself.

RYAN

In fact, I ended up forgetting about my goofy outfit when going to the grocery store or doctor. How embarrassing, right? Enter worts, basketball shorts designed to look like actual, stylish shorts.

RYAN throws the pair in his hand aside and starts pulling various others into frame.

RYAN

Got a button-down on? No problem, put our khaki worts on. Going to a socially distanced gathering on the weekend? Try our seersucker worts. Or maybe you're in small-town, rural America. If that's you, our jean shorts are perfect! All the comfort of wearing basketball shorts with the style of traditional shorts.

KELLY relaxes from her staged, smiling pose behind RYAN.

KELLY

Wait, don't most companies like not allow shorts at work?

RYAN turns to KELLY with a glare.

RYAN

Well, the times are changing. The workplace changed, so work style needs to change, too. And we're on the forefront of that.

KELLY crosses her arms.

KELLY

Yeah, but even if that's the case, going to an in-person business meeting in shorts is like super uggos. I don't want to stare at some dude's leg hair for an hour.

RYAN puts the phone down. The screen goes black as the camera is blocked, but RYAN and KELLY's conversation can still be heard.

RYAN

Kelly, I'm trying to do some authentic product placement here for the documentary. I can't have you bringing down my brand like that. Besides, worts is catchy. Work pants would be wonts and that doesn't sound cool at all.

KELLY

OK, fine, but what about winter? People don't wear shorts anywhere during the winter.

RYAN

Winter doesn't matter. We'll be back in the office by then. I just need all these work-from-home suckers to buy a few pairs of worts from me ASAP and then I'll be able to afford a PS5.

The screen stays black and everything goes silent.
'DECEMBER 2020' fades in.

INT. DARRYL'S HOUSE

DARRYL has his camera on him as he combs his hair in the bathroom. He's wearing a button-down and has a reindeer tie on.

DARRYL

(while continuing to get ready in the mirror)

Today is our Christmas party. Well, joint Christmas party between Athleap and Dunder Mifflin. Let me say that again, it's a joint, virtual Christmas party that we're all attending from home.

He finally looks down at the camera.

DARRYL

(annoyed)

Do you know how many Zoom happy hours we've had? Way too many. They were fun at first, you know, a chance to feel like you're socializing with people outside of work talk. But then the virtual happy hour ends and you realize you just spent an hour drinking by yourself. In my case, drinking by myself in my dark basement. It's messed up, man.

DARRYL goes to continue brushing his hair, but realizes he isn't finished with his rant.

DARRYL

And what the hell are we supposed to do at a virtual Christmas party, anyway? Buy gifts for ourselves and open them on camera? Have a one-on-one conversation with someone in front of fifteen other people?

INT. KEVIN'S HOUSE

KEVIN is in front of his webcam and on a call with OSCAR and ANGELA (both shown on the screen as well).

ANGELA

Did you guys use the brownie kits I sent out for the contest?

OSCAR

I did. I added some walnuts to the mix and finished them off with green buttercream frosting and festive sprinkles. I don't mean to brag, but I'm coming out on top of this competition.

Beat.

OSCAR

Wait, how are we supposed to rank everyone's brownies if all we can do is see them on screen?

ANGELA

(angry)

I don't know, Oscar! I don't know! This isn't the Virtual Party Planning Committee. I have no experience here!

ANGELA slams her laptop shut and her video box is subsequently closed out of the call.

KEVIN

Angela sent brownie kits? All I got was a bag of cocoa powder.

OSCAR

That was the brownie kit, Kevin. What'd you do with that?

KEVIN

(hesitantly)

Well, I ate it. I thought it was some sort of new dessert Angela tried making for all of us.

OSCAR

It's literally just powder. You ate *that*?

KEVIN

I mean, yes, Oscar. I know Angela's been having a hard time with the virtual Christmas party, so I wanted to support her by eating her bag of chocolate dust.

OSCAR

You ate the whole thing?

KEVIN

Yes.

Beat.

KEVIN lets out a loud, violent cough that sends cocoa powder flying out of his mouth like a sandstorm. It's covering most of his camera.

OSCAR

Kevin, you might want to see a doctor.

INT. STANLEY'S HOUSE

STANLEY's camera is filming him at his desk. His chair is a recliner (fully reclined) and he's wearing his Florida Stanley outfit (Hawaiian shirt, sun hat), sipping a cocktail.

STANLEY

Coronavirus, Ebola, Spanish flu. I don't care, keep 'em coming. I'm getting paid to roll out of bed just to recline in my living room for eight hours a day.

STANLEY gets an excited look on his face as if just realizing something. He sits up in the recliner, reaches in his desk drawer and pulls out a piece of cloth.

STANLEY

And it gets better. Anytime Dwight schedules one of those pointless virtual meetings, I pull out this little baby.

He opens the piece of cloth and shows it to the camera. It's a sleep mask, only it has two open eyes designed on the front of it. STANLEY puts it on. It looks scary good, like he's staring right at the camera.

STANLEY

I had Phyllis make this for me. You can't tell right now, but my eyes are *completely* closed. I'm somewhere very, very far away from Scranton, Pennsylvania in my mind.

He reclines in the chair with the sleep mask still over his eyes and takes a long sip of his cocktail. He smiles.

INT. SCHRUTE FARMS BARN

Talking head of DWIGHT in his replica office space in the barn.

DWIGHT

I'll tell you what, though. Some people seem to really be taking to this work from home thing. Stanley's been more attentive in meetings than I've ever seen him.

Beat.

DWIGHT

It seems that he's even found a way to become so focused that he no longer needs to blink. It's

really quite amazing what this has done to some people. I hate it, but there are some silver linings like this.

VIDEO CONFERENCE COMPUTER SCREEN

Everyone seems to be gathered on the joint, virtual Christmas party, although no one's talking. There are some awkward smiles and waves, but that's about it.

The screen goes black for a moment before cutting back to the same video screen, only now everyone is talking over each other. Some are just talking loudly, some are yelling to get the attention of others, ANDY is on his banjo trying to play (and sing) a Christmas song, and ERIN is just screaming as loud as she can with PETE beside her.

INT. JIM AND PAM'S HOUSE

PAM is filming herself with the GoPro in hand.

PAM

Yeah, virtual parties? Turns out they're not so great when everyone wants to talk about themselves the entire time.

PAM sighs.

PAM

(pensive)

Poor Angela.

The screen goes black again. **'MAY 2021'** fades in.

INT. MAIN OFFICE

A wide shot reveals everyone is back in the office. There are no plastic dividers and everyone is mask free.

PETE walks up to reception to talk to ERIN.

ERIN
(caught off guard)

Ah!

ERIN pushes her chair out from under her and leaps backward, landing in a defensive stance while holding out a travel-size bottle of hand sanitizer. She finally processes that it's PETE and is able to relax a little.

ERIN
Oh my god. I'm so sorry. I didn't even think about what was happening. It's just a reflex at this point to not let anyone closer than six feet from me.

PETE
P.C.S.D. still getting you, huh?

PETE looks at the camera.

PETE
(with a cheeky grin)
Post-COVID stress disorder.

ERIN
It's getting a little better. At least I'm not trying to pour Bleach on you anymore during my COVID night terrors.

PETE
Fair point. I'll take any progress.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

KELLY talking head.

KELLY
(smiling)

Yep, I'm fully vaxxed. And I'm the first one out of, like, all my friends. Do you know how many comments and DMs I got when I posted my vaccine card? Like a billion. People were like, 'OMG Kelly, you're so lucky,' and 'So happy for you,' and 'Wow do you have some sort of underlying medical condition that qualifies you to get vaccinated so early?' The attention has just been amazing.

Cut to an ANDY talking head.

ANDY

Yeah, being vaxxed is great. Although, I wish I had a reason to keep my mask on. I lost all my tolerance for Phyllis's smelly perfumes. It's like my nose has superpowers now, which isn't really ideal when you're sitting between Phyllis's perfume and the egg salad Stanley eats pretty much every day.

Cut to a TOBY interview.

TOBY

(kind of sulking)

I can't really say the pandemic changed anything about my way of living other than coming into work. It's not like anyone hugged me before all this.

Beat.

TOBY

Or really stood closer than six feet from me at all, for that matter. Maybe it'll make people

realize that Toby's a person who needs human interaction, too.

There's a knock on the conference room window behind TOBY. MICHAEL pops into frame from outside the room.

MICHAEL

(muffled through glass)

Hey, idiot. Go back to isolation. You just tested positive for the T.O.B.Y. virus. And guess what? It's fatal.

TOBY sighs.

TOBY

Oh, who am I kidding. Nothing's changing for me.

Cut to a STANLEY talking head, only he's just sitting there not saying anything. The camera zooms in to reveal he's still wearing his custom sleep mask with open eyes on the front. He starts snoring.

Cut to a JIM interview.

JIM

Yeah, the Dunder Mifflin Scranton office got the vaccine unusually fast. I don't think I should go into detail on how that was possible for legal reasons, but let's just say it was . . . unexpected.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE

DWIGHT talking head as he sits at his desk. He's smirking, looking rather proud.

DWIGHT

Getting my people vaccinated? Please, it was a piece of cake

once I found out half the pharmacies in town were using Vance Refrigeration fridges to store the vials. Let's just say I made a few calls and managed to get my hands on more than enough. And once I had them . . .

DWIGHT reaches below his desk and pulls out a blowdart gun. He reaches down again and pulls out a new needle. He puts it in the blowdart gun, shoots it into the wall, and turns back to the camera.

DWIGHT

Nurses can't even give someone the vaccine from six feet away. I can give it to them from thirty.

EXT. JIM AND PAM'S HOUSE

It's the middle of the night. DWIGHT enters frame wearing all black and creeping up to one of JIM and PAM's windows. He looks at the camera and winks before opening the window, putting the blowdart gun to his lips, and blowing. He does this once more (one for JIM, one for PAM) and flees the scene.

Cut to a montage of DWIGHT going from various employees's residences, shooting the vaccine into their arm, leg, etc.

He pops up from hiding in the bushes when OSCAR walks up with a bag of groceries and shoots him in the arm.

He sits up from the back of MEREDITH's van when she gets inside and shoots her in the neck.

He pops up from under a bunch of bubbles in the bathtub as PHYLLIS walks in her bathroom.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE

Continuing DWIGHT's talking head from earlier.

DWIGHT

I welcome any other challengers to this kingdom, be it human, biological, or extraterrestrial.

Beat.

DWIGHT

(annoyed)

Seriously, though, it better be aliens next time. I've invested far too much in alien invasion preparation to let all those supplies and weapons go to waste.

OUTRO

EXT. DOWNTOWN SCRANTON

The camera zooms in on a particular building with a sign that reads 'SCRANTON HOMELESS SHELTER.' The camera pans down to the building entrance and every homeless person waiting in line is wearing RYAN's work shorts (worts), clearly suggesting they were yet another failed business idea.

END OF EPISODE