

The Office

Season 10

Episode 9 – A Tropical Christmas (Part II)

Fan Fiction by

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INTRO

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

Most of the office is present as DWIGHT rests on a couch (the one from reception, brought into the conference room).

JIM

Alright, if we're too scared about the misuse of the forklift and damage outside, then let's at least try to do what we can to help him. Standing around staring won't do anything.

RYAN

Oh, excuse me, didn't know you got your doctor's degree while you were in Austin.

PAM

Ryan, he's just trying to help.

RYAN

That's fine, but he's acting like he's better than us.

PAM

How is trying to help acting like he's better than us?

RYAN

It's not in what he said. It's in the way he said it.

PAM

Oh, didn't know you went and got your master's in marketing, Ryan.

MICHAEL

Alright, stop arguing. Let's just look up his symptoms on WebMD.

JIM

OK, great. You guys keep yourself busy with that while the rest of us clean up the mess outside and find the first aid kit.

JIM turns to PETE.

JIM

You really couldn't find it?

PETE

Nope, nothing. The only thing on the shelf where it used to be is a box full of corn husks, raw beets and a short rope.

JIM

Why does that not surprise me? Alright, I'm sure he hid this thing somewhere around here . . .

JIM, PAM and most other office staff leave the conference room in search of the real first aid kit and to clean up the forklift mess outside. This leaves MICHAEL, ERIN and KEVIN in the room with DWIGHT.

KEVIN walks over to MICHAEL, who is on WebMD on his phone.

KEVIN

What's it say?

MICHAEL

Well, I typed in all of his symptoms.

ERIN

Which ones?

MICHAEL stands up and studies the unconscious DWIGHT.

MICHAEL

Tired . . . fatigued . . . and
cuts on his arms.

KEVIN

Michael, I'm pretty sure tired and
fatigued are the same thing.

MICHAEL

No, they're not. Around this time
every day I'm tired, but I'm not
fatigued. He worked nearly all
day, so we have to assume he's
tired from that and fatigued from
the fall.

KEVIN

OK. So, what's it say he has?

MICHAEL looks at his phone again.

MICHAEL

The top result says cancer. Can
you get cancer from falling like
that? And is this type contagious?

ERIN

I have no idea, but we should play
it safe.

The three look at each other.

Cut to a new scene in the room. MICHAEL, KEVIN and ERIN
have now wrapped scarves around their necks and are wearing
yellow gloves (the type used for cleaning a kitchen or
bathroom).

ERIN

Now what?

MICHAEL

Well, I'm no doctor, but I think
we need to sterilize the wounds.

Erin, go find some liquor we can use.

ERIN

On it!

ERIN runs out of the room in search of liquor.

MICHAEL, kneeling on the floor near DWIGHT, turns to KEVIN behind him.

MICHAEL

And you . . . we'll need something to wrap the wound with. Go find a towel or something.

KEVIN jogs out of the room. He trips on himself and falls.

KEVIN

Ow!

Beat as KEVIN continues to lay on the ground.

MICHAEL

Dammit, Kevin! Work through the pain!

ERIN

(unseen)

Michael! Michael!

MICHAEL

What?

ERIN

(unseen)

I can only find schnapps!

MICHAEL

That's fine. Wait . . . what flavor?

ERIN

(unseen)

Peppermint!

MICHAEL stares at the ground in thought, debating on whether to use it on DWIGHT or not.

MICHAEL

Peppermint . . . peppermint. Fine!
That'll work if it's all we have!

ERIN reenters the conference room with the bottle. MICHAEL grabs it, opens it and takes a sip. He coughs as it goes down.

MICHAEL

Alright, let's just dump it all on
there so we don't miss any areas.

MICHAEL proceeds to dump the rest of the bottle on DWIGHT's arm.

KEVIN

(unseen)

Michael!

The camera pans to the conference room doorway. KEVIN is crawling on the ground. MICHAEL turns to him.

MICHAEL

Kevin! What took you so long?

KEVIN continues crawling into the room.

KEVIN

I think I really hurt my foot.
Maybe I twisted my ankle.

MICHAEL

No time for that! Where's the
towel?

KEVIN

No towels. This was all I could
find . . .

KEVIN holds up his hand to reveal a roll of tinfoil.

MICHAEL

We'll have to work with that! Come
on - crawl your lazy ass over here
already!

INT. ELEVATOR BANK - DAY

A bunch of the office staff get off on Dunder Mifflin's
floor, some coming from cleaning up the fallen forklift and
others from searching for the first aid kit.

JIM holds up the first aid kit and looks at the camera.

JIM

He hid various items all around
his caffeine corner. The Band-Aids
were in the coffee pot. The coffee
pot . . .

Everyone walks into the main office (Dunder Mifflin). They
hear sounds coming from the conference room. Thinking it's
DWIGHT, they rush into the room.

Inside, MICHAEL and ERIN, wearing the kitchen gloves and
with scarves around their mouths, are holding DWIGHT up,
but upside-down. KEVIN is close by, lying on the floor and
gripping his ankle in pain.

PAM

Jeez, what happened here?

MICHAEL

We're trying to save him.

CLARK

And how is holding him upside-down
doing that?

ERIN

It said to elevate the injury. We didn't know which one they were talking about, so we figured it was best to lift up all of him.

The camera pans up and down on DWIGHT, who is soaked in peppermint schnapps from head to toe and whose arm is wrapped entirely in tinfoil. The camera stops on his upside-down head.

DWIGHT moans, shaking his head as he wakes from his unconscious state.

JIM

Dwight! He's awake!

DWIGHT

(groggy)

What . . . what happened?

STANLEY

Oh, for the love of god, will you put him down already? All that blood's probably rushing to his head.

ERIN

Oh, right!

MICHAEL

Good call.

ERIN and MICHAEL drop DWIGHT entirely, causing him to land on his head. He's knocked unconscious again.

Beat as MICHAEL stares at ERIN.

MICHAEL

Alright, go get more schnapps.

ERIN

On it.

ERIN jogs out of the room.

Opening credits roll.

EPISODE

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - EVENING

DWIGHT talking head as he sits at his desk, looking a little out of it. His arm is now wrapped in a makeshift sling from a t-shirt.

DWIGHT

The snow has come out of this victorious. We put forth a great effort, but the winds of winter were far too powerful. Unfortunately, those fools wasted their time making sure I was OK, so there was no one to shovel the three more inches of snow we got in the last two hours. This leaves us with no choice but to spend the night in the office.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Cut to a PAM talking head in the kitchen. She's holding a margarita.

PAM

The snow is terrible outside, leaving us with two options: dying in a car accident while trying to get home in this blizzard, or spending the night at the office. I was personally a bigger fan of the first option, but Jim reminded me that the kids are at his parents' place today. So, I've made it my goal to not remember as

much of this night as possible if I'm to sleep here.

PAM looks at her margarita, grabs a bottle of tequila from the counter and pours it into her glass.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – EVENING

ANGELA is decorating the tree for the party while others walk around carrying what they could use to make camp for the night.

ANDY walks by with a couch cushion.

MICHAEL walks by holding two couch cushions.

CREED walks by holding a few reams of paper. The camera zooms in on this, causing CREED to turn to the camera while walking by.

CREED

What? Not all of us are rich enough to afford a mattress, and I'm not giving in now, baby.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – EVENING

The camera pans around to show six or so people sitting on their makeshift beds made from office supplies.

ANDY steps in front of the camera.

ANDY

(to the camera)

Some of us are trying to make the most out of this situation, so we've decided to turn it into a giant slumber party. A tropical Christmas slumber party.

Cut to a new scene in the room with everyone talking to each other while on their beds.

MICHAEL

What do we do first? I've never been at a sleepover. Well, besides one with sex. What do we do besides sex here?

MEREDITH

To be honest, there's nothing to do besides sex. So, with that said . . . who's down?

ALLEY

If anything's fair game, we can smoke some weed. Anyone got bud?

MICHAEL

No, we can have fun without drugs, people. Come on, what's a fun game we can play?

ANDY

What about "Never Have I Ever"?

NATE

What's "Never Have I Ever"? Because there are a lot of things I haven't done, and a lot of things I have done. Like getting shot - I have never gotten shot. But if the question is if I've gone to the bathroom today, then my answer would be "yes." I just want to make sure I can play this right without disappointing anyone.

ANDY

You're fine, Nate. Just follow along and you'll get it. If you have done something that someone says, then you have to take a big sip of your drink. I'll start . . .

ANDY picks up a bottle of tequila and raises it.

ANDY

Never have I ever sexted anyone.

Everyone looks around. One by one, everyone takes a sip out of their cup.

ANDY

(frustrated)

Really? Everyone's sexted? Oh, come on!

KEVIN

Andy, it's like dating 101.

DARRYL

I don't know about dating 101, but it's the only for sure way to know if someone's into you or not. Once you send it, all cards are on the table.

MICHAEL

Holly and I sext all the time. I just sent her one when I was in the bathroom five minutes ago.

ANDY

But you live with her . . .

MICHAEL

BFD. It keeps us young and fun.

CLARK

You know, you really should break that no sexting streak tonight, Andy. You'll be a new man once you've sexted.

ANDY

No, no . . . this is "Never Have I Ever," not "Never Have I Ever So Now I Will."

MEREDITH

Screw it, that version sounds way cooler!

Everyone starts cheering, encouraging ANDY to do it. He looks overwhelmed and uncomfortable. He finally stands up, standing in front of everyone.

ANDY

Fine! Let's get my DP on!

CLARK

Let's call it something else.

ANDY

What? Why?

CLARK

I think that's just a good idea.

ANDY

No way! DP for the Nard Dog!

CLARK looks at the camera and shakes his head.

ANDY takes a big swig from the bottle of tequila.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – EVENING

PAM, PHYLLIS, PETE and ERIN are helping ANGELA take presents out of large cardboard boxes, placing them around the tree.

PAM

This one's to Jim . . . oh, I definitely know what's in here!

ERIN

I got one for Mitchell. Do we know a Mitchell here, guys?

ERIN holds up the present, confused. ANGELA walks over and looks at the tag.

ANGELA

Erin . . . that says Michael. Have you never seen his name in writing? I mean, you're the secretary.

ERIN

No! I only read last names. Otherwise, I'll tend to mix up first names with other last names. Like, I wrote Peter Palmer in emails for so long when he first started. I thought he was Meredith's creepy son.

PETE looks at the camera.

PETE

Yeah. And sometimes she still does it when she's not really focusing on the names. Like . . . well, you know. And I've gotta say, it's not exactly the biggest turn on.

Everyone goes back to moving the presents under the tree. PHYLLIS reaches inside the large box to grab another present.

PHYLLIS

Woah, this one's heavy.

PAM

Ooooh, who's it to?

ANGELA

Yeah . . . the limit is fifty dollars. If this person bought a

bunch of those Xbox things, then I'll publicly shame them.

PETE

What do you think an Xbox is?

ANGELA

I don't know, Pete. I try to know as little about those things as possible. I have no desire to shoot thousands of virtual people. I mean, seriously . . . are all those people who play those games *trying* to go to hell?

PAM walks over to PHYLLIS, who is studying the suitcase-sized box.

PAM

Seriously, Phyllis, who's getting that thing?

PHYLLIS

I don't know. It doesn't look like there's a label on it.

ANGELA

Oh, give me that already!

ANGELA pulls it away from PHYLLIS. It's obviously heavy as she drags it across the floor from the tree over to the conference room doorway.

ANGELA

Alright! Who brought this thing? I want to know right now who spent over the limit and then forgot to label their gift!

The cameraperson walks over to the conference room doorway to find everyone silently looking at ANGELA from the floor.

DARRYL

That's not mine, but looks to me like someone's getting that Chucky doll for Christmas.

KEVIN gets up from the floor and walks over to the door. He walks around ANGELA with his arms folded, studying the present.

KEVIN

Hmm . . . I'm no box expert, but it looks like there could be a puppy in there.

MICHAEL

Kevin don't be ridiculous. There's no way there's a puppy in there. It's way too big. If anything, it's an adult dog.

CLARK

Pretty sure a dog would be long dead by now if it were in there.

CREED

I've survived in wrapped boxes for way longer. If there's an animal in there it's got at least a few more hours of life.

JIM walks into the conference room.

JIM

Jeez, who brought that thing?

PAM

We don't know. It was in with the rest of the presents, but there's no label on it and no one's owning up to bringing it.

PHYLLIS

Well, why don't we just open up all the presents, and whoever

doesn't have a gift at the end at least we know it's meant to go to that person. How does that sound?

Everyone nods in agreement, open to the idea.

INT. DWIGHT'S CAFFEINE CORNER – EVENING

DWIGHT and TOBY stand near the building entrance, looking outside. It still looks like a blizzard out there.

DWIGHT

OK, Flenderson. Just because this storm got the better of the A-team doesn't mean we should throw in the towel. We could be here for days if we don't fight back.

TOBY

I'm pretty sure they'll just plow the streets in the morning and everything will be alright.

DWIGHT glares at TOBY, shaking his head in disappointment.

DWIGHT

Do you want to be a part of this or not?

TOBY

Yeah . . . yes. Sorry.

INT. STAIRWELL – EVENING

TOBY talking head as he puts on a bunch of winter gear.

TOBY

I know it's just snow, but I feel like I finally have a chance to be the hero here. If I get all this snow in the parking lot cleared up, they'll be like, "Wow, Toby, you're the best," and "Woah,

you're not useless like we always said you were." Plus, this might be the inspiration I need for my new Chad Flenderman novel.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – EVENING

Everyone is sitting on desk chairs around the Christmas tree, holding their respective presents. ERIN is still moving around the tree handing out a few more.

ERIN

(reading off of a present)

This one's for "To Be." Did they accidentally write "To" twice? But then who's "Be"?

ANGELA

Oh, for Pete's sake!

ERIN

No, that's not it. I already gave Pete his present.

PAM

Erin, that gift's for Toby.

ERIN reads the name on the present a little closer.

ERIN

Ah, right. Yes, that's what I meant.

She looks around for TOBY.

ERIN

I don't see him. Where's Toby?

JIM

I think Dwight recruited him for his mission. You'd think almost dying would be a sign for him to

stop, but I guess that's not enough. What'd he call that mission again?

ERIN

Operation White!

JIM

Right . . . that.

DARRYL

You'd think he could think of something a little less . . . white.

ERIN

So, should we just open it for him then?

MICHAEL

No! Definitely not. He needs to open that himself. Just mark down that he has a present.

MICHAEL looks at the camera and raises his eyebrows in excitement.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE — EVENING

MICHAEL talking head while sitting at DWIGHT's desk.

MICHAEL

I got Toby for Secret Santa this year, which was just the ultimate Christmas present to me in a sense. And it was perfect timing as I had just seen a listing on eBay for a piece of rope found at the Scranton Strangler's house. All I need is for him to get his fingerprints on it. Once he does that, I'll find a dead body and plant the rope at the crime scene.

Then it's bye-bye for Toby. It's almost too easy.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — EVENING

Everyone's sitting with their present. They look around to see who doesn't have one, but it appears everyone does. They look under the tree and the unlabeled present sits by itself now.

ALLEY

I don't understand why y'all just don't open it. It's like we used to say in juvie: if it got no label, it's on the table.

STANLEY

Seriously. I don't know who this woman is, but we've got a pitcher full of margaritas in the kitchen with my name on it. I'm not sitting around here anymore.

STANLEY gets up with his empty margarita glass.

PAM

Stanley, aren't you at least gonna open your present?

STANLEY looks around, then rolls his eyes.

STANLEY

Fine.

STANLEY picks up his small present and opens it. PAM looks at him in anticipation. It's a shot glass with a palm tree on it. STANLEY's eyebrows raise.

STANLEY

You know me all too well, Santa.

STANLEY proceeds to carry both the margarita glass and the shot glass into the kitchen.

ANDY

OK, we clearly all have our presents. There's a present there for Toby and another one for Dwight. Account for those and we're all squared away. Let's just open that thing and get on with our lives already.

JIM looks at ANDY. He crosses his arms and continues to stare at him in suspicion.

JIM

Wait a second . . . are you just trying to rush things to get back to your sexting conversation?

ANDY looks flustered. He looks up and down from his phone.

ANDY

No, Tuna. It's just that not everyone is into drama like you.

KELLY

Andy, you're like the most dramatic person in the world. I mean, you actually sobbed because you weren't chosen for that stupid reality T.V. show.

JIM

Yeah, and I wouldn't call this drama. It's just strange.

ANDY

Well, whatever. Let's just forget about it and go back to the party already.

JIM points to KELLY.

JIM

Kelly . . . phone, please.

KELLY jumps over to where ANDY's sitting and looks at his phone.

KELLY

It's a Google search for, "how to send undeniable sexts."

JIM

Aaaand, case closed.

GABE

For real. Dropping that truth like a late-night booty at Dragsters.

DARRYL

Enough about the drag, man. You gotta let the drag die.

ANDY stands up and stomps his foot.

ANDY

You know what? Fine. You're right. I do want to get my sext on, and if you're gonna continue to play detective then I'll work on it on my own.

ANDY storms off with his opened present.

ANDY

(yelling back)

Oh! And newsflash, Secret Santa: "Baby Wah-Wah" has a hyphen in there!

ANDY holds up his gift, which is a red t-shirt that says, "Baby Wah Wah for President 2020." He turns around and leaves the room, heading into the conference room.

OSCAR

Alright!

OSCAR stands up from his chair.

OSCAR

I'm out of here, too. We could have just opened up that present an hour ago. You guys really do just love the drama.

OSCAR walks toward the conference room where ANDY went.

OSCAR

I can at least pretend I'm interested in helping Andy fulfill his strange desire of sending as sext. That's far more productive than sitting here doing nothing.

MICHAEL

You're gonna show Andy your penis?

OSCAR

No, Michael. I'm going to give him advice.

MICHAEL stands up from his seat.

MICHAEL

OK, count me in. I'll help, too. Just had to make sure you weren't whipping it out in there. Can't afford to see another penis today.

ANGELA

That's disgusting.

JIM

Yeah, what do you mean by "another penis today"?

MICHAEL

I finally got around to seeing The Dark Knight. This morning I wanted to see what else Gary Oldman was

in. Needless to say, it was very early in the morning and my fingers were still waking up. So, I missed the "r" when searching for his name and . . .

PAM

OK, stop. We get it. That's enough.

CREED

What's wrong with searching for "gay old man"?

INT. KITCHEN — EVENING

CREED talking head.

CREED

I'm on the first page of those search results. I'm not gay. People just seem to like pleasuring themselves to my headshot. And quite frankly, it's an honor.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — EVENING

Cut back to everyone around the Christmas tree with their presents.

MEREDITH

Hey, man. If you're looking to check out Gary Oldman's hotdog, I think I have a few websites bookmarked. Although, it's more of a bratwurst than a hotdog, if you catch my drift.

ANDY

(from the conference room)

If you're gonna talk about penises, can we at least talk about mine?!

ALLEY stands up from her seat.

ALLEY

Listen, I don't know any of you yet, but this is about the lamest holiday party I've ever been to. I'm ripping a few more shots of tequila and then maybe one of these options will start to sound fun.

ALLEY walks into the kitchen.

ERIN

Wait, wait . . . who the hell was that chick? Pam, is that Cece?

PAM

Well, for one, you saw Cece last month and she was about fifteen years younger. And two, not that it matters, but that girl is clearly Asian.

CLARK

You mean to tell me you and Jim aren't Asian?

CLARK looks at the camera and puts his hands up to his face in a fake surprised look.

DARRYL

It's our new assistant. You can think of her as Erin, but the Athleap version.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - EVENING

TOBY rapidly shovels as snow continues to fall, fast and furiously. Meanwhile, DWIGHT is tying a rope to a garbage can lid.

DWIGHT
(shouting)

Flenderson! Hey, Flenderson!

TOBY stops shoveling and walks over to DWIGHT as he continues waving him over.

DWIGHT
Pick it up! People's lives are on
the line here!

TOBY does a pathetic little half-jog over to DWIGHT.

TOBY
What is it?

DWIGHT
It's ready.

TOBY
What's ready?

DWIGHT holds up the garbage can lid with the dangling rope.

TOBY
What's that for?

DWIGHT
Oh, I think you know . . .

A concerned look grows across TOBY's face. He shakes his head.

TOBY
No, Dwight. No. We're not doing
that.

DWIGHT looks at the camera with a menacing smile.

EXT. STREETS OF SCRANTON – EVENING

There isn't a single car driving on the road. The camera focuses through the snow to reveal TOBY pulling DWIGHT along with the rope, who sits behind him on the garbage can lid.

Cut to a closer scene of the two as the cameraperson catches up to them. TOBY is struggling to pull DWIGHT.

TOBY

Can't we both just walk?

DWIGHT

No! We must conserve energy. If something goes wrong, at least one of us can escape.

TOBY

But I've already been pulling you for four blocks.

DWIGHT

Listen, Flenderson, you're about a fifth as strong as me physically and a fifteenth as strong as me mentally. We must prepare for the worst.

Cut to the side of the road. TOBY stands in front of the camera. Only his eyes can be seen as he's wrapped in a scarf and has his jacket hood up.

TOBY

Dwight – I mean we – decided that our shoveling efforts were pointless. So, now we're trekking to the nearest hardware store to pick up a snowblower. I told Dwight that the Walmart two blocks away likely has snowblowers, but he told me he doesn't trust Walmart. Now we have to travel over a mile while I pull him.

Cut to a new scene at the same side of the road, but this time DWIGHT is in front of the camera for a talking head.

DWIGHT

No, I do not trust Walmart. I am convinced a place like that - with a lifetime's supply of everything you could desire - is preparing for the end of the world. When that time comes, only their employees will be able to take refuge in its stores. This will, in turn, start an all-out war with the other survivors. If we stop supporting them now, then there may still be a chance to avoid that scenario. I tried bringing it up in a town hall meeting, but was quickly escorted out by security. I'm also convinced the town hall's security are in cahoots with Walmart.

DWIGHT looks away from the camera.

DWIGHT

Flenderson! That's two minutes of rest. That's a minute and thirty seconds longer than we talked about! I'm getting back on the lid!

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - EVENING

Most employees now stand around the unaddressed, wrapped present. JIM kneels in front of it while holding scissors.

KEVIN

I can't believe we're gonna open that.

JIM

What? Why?

KEVIN

Well, I think we're all forgetting about someone who could have left that present here.

STANLEY

We accounted for everyone, Kevin. Check your math.

KEVIN

No! I'm thinking of someone who is fat . . .

KELLY

You?

KEVIN

No! Let me finish. Someone fat. Someone who wears red. Someone who has a big, bushy beard.

RYAN

Oh, come on. Santa? Really? Santa's just a made-up character conjured up by parents to make their children behave. Kind of like Jesus.

JIM looks at camera and mouths "yikes."

KEVIN

No, not Santa. I was thinking about that homeless guy that sometimes pees on our bushes in the parking lot.

JIM

OK, this is ridiculous. We have a pleasant party here, and we're wasting our time with this stupid gift. I'm opening it.

PETE

Seriously, it could just be a gift
from corporate.

Everyone steps backward as JIM takes the scissors and cuts
the decorative string on the sides of the present.

JIM
Why are you moving backward?

PHYLLIS
I don't know . . . what if it's a
bomb?

JIM
It's not a bomb.

JIM looks to his side and PAM has scooted back, too.

JIM
Really, Pam?

PAM
I mean, we really have no idea
what's in there, and one of us has
to be around for the kids . . .

JIM drops the scissors and unwraps the present. He steps
aside and points his arm at the unwrapped gift. It's a
suitcase.

JIM
See? A suitcase. Looks like
someone regifted a suitcase and
forgot to label it. Can we go back
to enjoying the party now?

DARRYL
You serious?

JIM
What?

DARRYL

A gift like that's gotta be, like, part of the gift. They used it as a box for the real gift.

GABE

Yeah, we used to have this one queen, Troy, who was this little person. We would always bring him on stage in a suitcase and he would pop out. He could be in there for all we know.

RYAN

Wait, you know Troy?

GABE

Yeah, he was a hit with the family crowds.

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - EVENING

RYAN talking head.

RYAN

Troy told me he was going into show business. He said he had made it big. I went over to his place once and saw a bunch of dresses in his closet. I just thought he was seeing a girl or something. It all makes sense now.

Beat.

RYAN

It also makes sense as to why he was wearing makeup when I saw him.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - EVENING

The suitcase is now laying flat on the floor. DARRYL crouches with JIM by it. The two look at each other. JIM nods his head and DARRYL proceeds to open the zipper.

DARRYL

Holy sh**!

Everyone steps closer. JIM leans over and looks in the suitcase as well. JIM quickly closes the flap before anyone else can see what's inside.

JIM

Alright, think that's enough of that. Pam, let's go to bed.

JIM stands up and motions for PAM to leave the room with him.

ERIN

What's in there?

STANLEY

Seriously. I did not just let my margarita's ice melt in the kitchen only to not find out what's inside that thing.

DARRYL

It's . . . just wow.

DARRYL turns the suitcase around and goes to open the flap again.

JIM

Darryl, leave it, man!

DARRYL doesn't listen and opens the flap, revealing to everyone what's inside the suitcase. It's filled with stacks of cash.

KELLY

Oh. My. God.

PAM

No way!

RYAN

You know what? I just remembered that I did actually get this gift. It's from me to Kelly.

JIM

OK, I'm gonna get some cleaner and rags and wipe my prints off that thing.

DARRYL

What do you mean?

JIM

A suitcase full of cash? I don't know, Darryl. Every movie I've seen with a suitcase full of cash belongs to a drug dealer . . . or some mobster.

MEREDITH

I don't care who it belongs to. I'm finally caving and buying myself a washing machine.

CLARK

Screw that, I'm buying myself a new car.

STANLEY

Not a chance, kiddos. Florida Stanley's buying a private jet and flying himself back to paradise.

Everyone looks at each other competitively. They suddenly all run to the suitcase and begin grabbing the cash.

INT. BREAKROOM – EVENING

ANDY, OSCAR and MICHAEL sit at a table together.

OSCAR

So, who is this going to again?

ANDY

My high school English teacher.

OSCAR

Why do you have her number? And wouldn't that make her at least in her late fifties now?

ANDY

Um, way wrong. Try over sixty. And I have her number because I was feeling nostalgic last weekend and looked through my old yearbooks. And guess what? She signed it with "Andrew, I loved having you as a student." That's right. I remember I looked at a few other kids' yearbooks and she used the word "liked" in their notes. Not "loved." I may just have a chance here, guys.

ALLEY stumbles into the breakroom, holding a bottle of tequila.

ALLEY

Alright, fools. I've made my decision. Let's get this sext out so I don't need to hear a bunch of middle-aged men talking about penises anymore.

MICHAEL

No . . . not just a sext. You gotta send a pic. The pic's the only way to go. Whatever she responds with, you'll know immediately if she wants you or not.

OSCAR

I couldn't disagree more. It seems like she's a mature, adult woman. She might be offended by the picture even if she likes it.

ANDY

Alright! Relax! I won't send a pic. I'm not feeling particularly aroused anyway. But I do need recommendations on what to write.

MICHAEL, OSCAR and ALLEY look around at each other, then begin shouting at ANDY, trying to get him to send what they're saying. ANDY stands up out of his chair.

ANDY

No! If we're gonna do this, we're gonna do it right. One person at a time!

Cut to another scene in the breakroom. Everyone is facing toward the doorway as MICHAEL enters the room. He stands in front of everyone, folds his hands in front of him and addresses the group.

MICHAEL

Sex is all about the thrill. You have to craft a very elaborate story that will not only excite the woman, but also leave her wanting more.

ANDY

Go on . . .

MICHAEL

You're back in school with her as your teacher, only this time you're a grown up.

ALLEY

He's a grown up in a high school English class?

MICHAEL

Yes, just go with it. Anyway, you ask her for some help with homework after class. She agrees. She goes to the bathroom after class. When she comes back into the room, you're standing there naked. She smiles. You then work with her to finish up your English homework.

MICHAEL holds out his arms in a "what do you think?"-type gesture.

ANDY

Wait, that's it? Why am I getting naked only to just do my homework with her?

MICHAEL

Well, it needs to be realistic. And, realistically, you can't risk failing English class. And plus, that's how you leave her wanting more after she reads that sext.

Cut to a new scene with OSCAR in front of the breakroom where MICHAEL just stood. He's using an old-school projector to write out his recommendation to ANDY.

OSCAR

You must be bold yet delicate. Romantic yet mysterious. You do all that and you leave her with something powerful at the very end. A single line, like, "Because you're worth it."

ALLEY

That's L'Oréal, bro. It's on my mom's shampoo bottles and crap.

OSCAR

Well, that was just an example. Another one could be, "Maybe you're born with it, or maybe it's just because we're the perfect match."

ALLEY

That's another variation of a beauty brand tagline.

OSCAR

It's just what's coming to mind. Besides, who are you to give advice anyway?

ALLEY stands up. She walks up to OSCAR and shakes his hand.

ALLEY

The name's Alley. Now, scootch over a little. I'll show him how it's done.

EXT. STREETS OF SCRANTON — EVENING

DWIGHT and TOBY have abandoned the rope and garbage can lid and are now slowly walking in the middle of the street.

DWIGHT

(voice shivering)

I thought we'd be able to m-make it. I thought we could save everyone. I was a f-fool.

TOBY

(voice also shivering)

We m-m-m-made it six blocks out here, Dwight. We're still at least half a mile from the hardware store.

DWIGHT

There's s-s-s-so much I didn't get to do. I've never successfully

grown jalapeño peppers. I've n-never grown a pumpkin patch. I've never-

TOBY

Do all your d-dreams have to do with farming different plants?

DWIGHT

Why? You g-got something better?

TOBY

I always wanted to w-w-w-write the perfect novel. All of the Chad Flenderman novels have flopped.

DWIGHT

That's a s-stupid dream.

Cut to a new scene as DWIGHT and TOBY both huddle for body heat on the side of the road.

TOBY

This is n-nice. You're way warmer than me.

DWIGHT

That's because I peed myself. I peed myself to provide us with just a f-few more minutes of warmth before my pants freeze.

TOBY looks sincerely at DWIGHT.

TOBY

Thank you.

The camera pans over to an old woman looking out of her home's front window. She's sipping a steaming cup of tea while watching DWIGHT and TOBY sit on the curb.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — EVENING

Everyone's now sitting around the office in their makeshift beds. Most people hold a pile of cash close to their chest for safe keeping. The camera focuses on GABE, who sits near reception close to ERIN and PETE.

GABE

Hey! Keep your new man's eyes off the prize, Erin! It's not my fault I grabbed more cash than him. This could have been ours. It could have been ours!

ERIN

You stay right where you are, druggie!

PETE

No, no. It's drag, not drug. He's not a drug addict.

ERIN

He's dragging what?

PETE

Never mind.

INT. KITCHEN — EVENING

JIM is talking to PAM in the kitchen.

JIM

We really shouldn't have any of that, Pam. It's not ours and it doesn't make it better just because everyone else took some.

PAM

I don't care. We need a new bed frame. We need a new bed frame and we also need new furniture for the living room.

JIM

We can afford it.

PAM

Yeah, but now we can afford it even more, Jim. And you can finally start building your bar in the basement.

JIM shakes his head and leaves the room, annoyed.

CREED

(unseen)

Hey, Pammie . . .

PAM turns around to find CREED sitting at the kitchen table.

CREED

If you're in need of a bar, I've got about twelve steel ones in my garage that I stole from a factory.

PAM

Not the same type of bar, Creed.

CREED

OK, chillax. Just thought I'd help a brother out.

PAM leaves the kitchen.

CREED

And the name's Reed!

CREED goes back to counting his cash on the table.

INT. BREAKROOM - EVENING

ALLEY stands in front of ANDY, MICHAEL and OSCAR.

ALLEY

You've gotta get her thinking. I mean, like, really get inside her head and mess with her thoughts.

ANDY

What's that mean?

ALLEY

Alright, check it. You talk to her about her inner demons. She's a teacher, right? Teacher's make jack. She's gotta be worried about that. You kick the sext off by telling her she's fired. Say you spoke to the principal and she's outta there. Then, she's already vulnerable. You start with that and you can say anything you want.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I like that strategy. Or, you say her family was in a bad accident and are in danger.

ALLEY

What? That's messed up, dude.

MICHAEL

It was just a hypothetical situation. It doesn't have to be her family. It can be a good friend or one of her students, too.

ANDY stands up again and crosses his arms.

ANDY

OK. OK, I think I've made my decision. I've made my decision and now I need you all to leave so I can type this thing out.

OSCAR

What? Which one are you going with?

ANDY

Don't worry about it. I'll let you guys read it after I send it. Now, seriously, scram!

Everyone reluctantly leaves the room, leaving ANDY by himself.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – EVENING

Everyone is still cradling their cash while seated on their makeshift beds.

RYAN

You need to give me another stack.

KELLY

What? No chance.

RYAN

Kelly, your engagement ring was, like, super expensive. I need to get my savings back up.

KELLY

But you took the ring back again .
. .

RYAN

I know, but when I'm ready to propose again, I'll be really grateful that you gave me that extra stack of cash.

KELLY looks at her pile of cash.

KELLY

OK . . .

KELLY hands RYAN another stack.

DARRYL enters the room with an armful of cash and takes a seat next to JIM, who is on his phone, cashless.

DARRYL

You really didn't want anything? I mean, I'll toss a stack your way if it'll make you feel better.

JIM

No, man. One, this cash definitely isn't ours. And second, look around. People are like animals fighting over some fresh kill. I don't know, I just thought we all could use a proper holiday celebration after everything that's happened these last few months. And this obviously isn't that.

DARRYL looks around to find RYAN and KELLY arguing. KEVIN is doing a snow angel on the floor with his cash. MEREDITH stands over him, bending down to steal a few bills every time KEVIN closes his eyes.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - EVENING

DARRYL talking head. He's holding a single stack of cash up.

DARRYL

I took the job at Athleap all those years ago for the opportunity. I joined the company because it was a job I was passionate about. Never was this right here a factor. I've got it all right now, and I'd be a fool to let this little bit of green mess it up.

DARRYL takes the stack and tosses it across the room, into the trashcan. He soon has a look of regret and proceeds to walk across the room to take the cash out from the trashcan.

DARRYL

I mean . . . I'm not keeping it.
But I'm not leaving this in the
trash either. I'll get everyone to
donate it or something.

EXT. STREETS OF SCRANTON – NIGHT

TOBY is now dragging DWIGHT by the arm in the middle of the street.

TOBY

Don't give up on me! Not after all
we've been through!

DWIGHT

(softly)

Flenderson . . . leave me. Save
yourself.

TOBY

No! No! This isn't what Chad
Flenderman would do!

Bright red lights begin to reflect off the snow. TOBY turns around to find a snowmobile pulling up behind them. DWIGHT turns his head around as well while still on the ground.

The snowmobile stops next to them. The driver takes off their helmet. It's MOSE, who smiles and waves at them.

DWIGHT

Mose?! Mose!

TOBY

What? Did you call him or
something?

DWIGHT stands up as if he's completely fine now.

DWIGHT

No, he must have been out on his weekly snowride!

TOBY

What's a snowride?

DWIGHT

It's like a joyride, but with a snowmobile. He's done this every winter since he was five. Oh, Mose!

DWIGHT goes over to MOSE and hugs him.

TOBY

Wait, you're fine, Dwight? Why was I dragging you the last three blocks?

DWIGHT is on the back of the snowmobile now.

DWIGHT

Oh, quit whining. Get on or we'll leave you here to freeze.

TOBY walks over and gets on the back of the bike. The camera zooms out to show DWIGHT holding onto MOSE and TOBY holding onto DWIGHT. The camera looks at them, then pans over to the snowy road, then back at the snowmobile.

DWIGHT

Oh . . . right. Mose, you're gonna need to scoot up a tad. We need to fit him on, too.

The cameraman walks over and gets onto the snowmobile. He holds onto TOBY with one arm and continues to film with the other. The snowmobile takes off.

DWIGHT

(shouting over the vehicle)
We're gonna need to get this off
of the road before the cops catch
up!

TOBY
(also shouting over the vehicle)
What?! The cops?!

DWIGHT
Yeah! Mose likes to call the cops
on himself when he gets on the
snowmobile to add to the thrill!
But, in the meantime . . .
woooooo!

MOSE, TOBY and the cameraman all "woo" in enjoyment (and
relief after being saved) with DWIGHT.

DWIGHT
Toby! Toby!

TOBY
What now?

DWIGHT
This would make a pretty badass
book plot!

They all go back to collectively "woo"-ing in enjoyment.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – NIGHT

JIM walks back into the conference room (after going to the
bathroom or somewhere else). In the middle of the room is
the suitcase from earlier, now full of cash again.

JIM
What's all this?

PHYLLIS
What's it look like?

PAM

Darryl spoke with all of us and, between this potentially being dirty money and us sacrificing the fun of the party, we've agreed to collectively put our share of the cash back.

JIM looks around the room. He stops on STANLEY.

STANLEY

Yeah, a jet would be nice, but the missus would come hunt me down and kill me if I went back to Florida. It's not worth dying over.

JIM looks at KEVIN.

KEVIN

Don't look at me. I wanted to keep it, but I ended up ripping most of my bills while doing snow angels on them while on the carpet.

DARRYL enters the room behind JIM and puts his hand on his shoulder.

DARRYL

So, we're still in need of a bartender. I'm not going to bed sober in the place where I work. You up to make some margs?

JIM looks back at DARRYL.

JIM

I'd be honored.

INT. BREAKROOM — NIGHT

MICHAEL, OSCAR and ALLEY are back in the room, sitting around the table with ANDY.

OSCAR

Alright, let's see it.

MICHAEL

Yeah. I wanna feel that sext.

ALLEY

That's gross.

MICHAEL

Not like feel it with my penis.
Like feel it with my emotions.

ANDY holds up his phone and begins reading it aloud.

ANDY

Marcy, I was thinking, and I believe it's time we caught up. Would you want to go to dinner this weekend? Besides, I could use a refresher on my interpersonal communication skills from the best.

Everyone continues to stare at ANDY.

ALLEY

That's it?

OSCAR

Are you serious? We sat in here giving you our best ideas and you don't use any of them?

ANDY puts his phone away.

ANDY

Yep. That's exactly right.

INT. ANNEX - NIGHT

ANDY talking head outside the breakroom.

ANDY

Yeah, so it turns out my coworkers give great dating advice . . . on what *not* to send the person you're interested in. Michael taught me not to exaggerate anything. Oscar taught me to be straightforward. And Alley, well, she just taught me not to be weird. Combine all that advice and you get a pretty solid text. Not a sext, but we'll get there.

ANDY turns around to reveal MICHAEL, OSCAR and ALLEY glaring out of the breakroom window at him. ANDY lets out a nervous chuckle.

ANDY

Of course, to them I just wasted their time. But they'll get over it . . . I hope.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - NIGHT

Everyone - including the folks in the breakroom and DWIGHT, TOBY and MOSE - hangs out, conversing and drinking. TOBY is talking to several people, retelling his and DWIGHT's story of this evening. He finally has an engaged audience.

Cut to JIM and PAM sitting at a nearby desk. They cheers their margaritas.

JIM

Not a bad Christmas party.

PAM

Not a bad Christmas party at all. Especially for all those kids who will now get a present thanks to all that cash.

JIM

I guess Christmas miracles really are a thing.

JIM looks over at DWIGHT, who is near reception. He's already getting his snow gear back on to take on the winter storm for a third time.

JIM

And when I say miracles, I mean plural.

JIM grabs his drink and follows DWIGHT as he storms out of the office with his winter gear, a soldier prepared for battle.

OUTRO

INT. DWIGHT'S CAFFEINE CORNER - DAY

NELLY talking head.

NELLY

Yeah, it's me. I'm back, baby. They tried to keep me away, but they couldn't resist me in the end. Anyway, what was your question? Oh, why am I here so early? Well, you see I haven't found a place yet, so I shipped all of my belongings to the office. I won't be here for long today - just need to grab my money. You see, I don't trust American banks. They're full of slimy businessmen. So, I only carry cash. Tucked it away nicely in a suitcase and, just in case anyone got the bright idea to open said suitcase, I wrapped it to look like a present. I know, I know. Bet you're not used to 'ole Nelly's super-brain, are you?

NELLY winks at the camera.

END OF EPISODE