

# The Office

Season 10

Episode 14 – The Candidates

Fan Fiction by

Nick Janicki

theofficefanfic.com

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**INTRO**

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

Open on a close-up of ANDY at his desk. He's staring at his phone, smiling. He puts it face-down on his desk and resumes working. He stops typing and stares down at his phone again. He picks it up and continues staring at the screen as another smile grows across his face. He can't help himself.

PHYLLIS looks over at ANDY and raises an eyebrow.

PHYLLIS

Andy, what's wrong?

ANDY looks at PHYLLIS, flushed.

ANDY

What? Oh, nothing.

PHYLLIS

Well, you owed me that renewed contract for the Steamtown mall an hour ago.

ANDY

Jeez, Phyllis. Are you that dependent on me to successfully do your own job?

PHYLLIS

I am if I end up spending half my time bothering you. Now what is it that's got you so preoccupied?

ANDY

It's nothing, alright. I'll have your stupid contract done soon.

CLARK appears over ANDY's shoulder. ANDY notices this and holds his phone to his chest to hide it.

CLARK

He's using Gradient.

PHYLLIS

What's a grey diet?

ANDY

Hey, Clark, why don't you go ahead and shut up!

CLARK

Good one, man.

ANDY rolls his eyes at CLARK and looks at PHYLLIS.

ANDY

*Gradient* is an app that matches your face to someone famous.

DWIGHT

(unseen)

You know they're just stealing your face to build a robot version of you to replace the real you.

Cut to DWIGHT, who is walking out of his office toward ANDY with his hands in his pockets.

DWIGHT

Who do you think invented that app?

ANDY

I don't know, Dwight. Are you going to say Russians? Because I'll have you know that my cousin lives in Russia and he is rather delightful.

DWIGHT

No, idiot. Robots created this app for themselves. Robots are slowly taking over the world.

PETE

Somehow I highly doubt that's the case.

DWIGHT

(mocking)

Oh, why, did you watch your precious CNN this morning? Would CNN have reported that news to you anyway?

PETE looks at DWIGHT, confused.

PETE

No, I just don't think any of that can be true. I don't need the news to tell me that.

STANLEY

Why are you messing around with that dumb app anyway? It's the middle of the work day and if your shenanigans force me to be here a minute past five o'clock then I'm going to tear your real face off.

ANDY

That's horrifying, Stanley. And here I was thinking that we were finally becoming friends.

STANLEY

What gave you that crazy idea?

ANDY looks away from STANLEY and tosses his phone back onto his desk.

ANDY

OK, fine. I'm done.

PAM

No, Andy, tell us what's so ground-breaking in this app designed for teens.

ANDY

It's not just for teens. And it is pretty ground-breaking, as a matter of fact. It said I looked like Brad Pitt. See?

ANDY holds up his phone and moves around, showing everyone in the office his supposed celebrity lookalike.

OSCAR

Andy, that literally looks nothing like you.

ANDY

Excuse me? There's data behind this app.

ANDY looks at his phone.

ANDY

It has thousands of downloads, so there's definitely data behind it.

DWIGHT

All that means is there are thousands of robots roaming around now.

NELLY

Yeah, Andy, I tend to be extra nice to you in general out of pity, but I can't, from the bottom of my heart, tell you that looks like you.

ANDY folds his arms.

ANDY

Well, my girlfriend, Marcy, seems to think otherwise. She said it's just like Brad Pitt in 12 Monkeys.

PAM

12 Monkeys? Have you even seen 12 Monkeys?

MICHAEL

I once saw seven monkeys at the zoo. They were all humping each other, though, so twelve monkeys would probably be an even worse sight.

PAM

No, Michael. 12 Monkeys is a movie with Brad Pitt. He looks insane in it. Like, as ugly as Brad Pitt could possibly get.

ANDY

Well, it's not like Brad Pitt can get that ugly. I'd rather be an ugly Brad Pitt than Jonah Hill on his best day.

KELLY

I don't know, I've always thought Jonah Hill has this, like, "boy next door" kind of vibe. I mean, I'm not saying I'd do him, but if he were in front of me right now I might just flirt with him a little to lead him on.

ANDY

OK, well you get my point.

CLARK

Andy, the point of this conversation is that the app just randomly pairs you with celebrities. There's no rhyme or

reason to it. Is that the first time you've used it?

ANDY looks irritated now.

PAM

Well, is it?

ANDY

Yes, alright? Yes, this is the first time I've used it. But that doesn't make the results any less accurate.

CLARK

OOOOK then.

CLARK yanks away ANDY's phone and holds it up to his face, taking a picture of him.

ANDY

Fine, go ahead. Have your fun and see how wrong you are.

CLARK

What's your passcode?

ANDY pauses for a second, leaning toward CLARK and whispering his passcode (inaudible).

CLARK starts laughing.

CLARK

PittTwin? You changed your password to PittTwin?

ANDY

Keeping laughing, Dwight Jr. Put those results in and let them show you that I am, in fact, Brad Pitt's long-lost twin.

CLARK looks down at ANDY's phone, opening up the Gradient app and adding the new photo of ANDY to be analyzed. CLARK looks at it, then turns the phone around to show ANDY.

CLARK

See? You're not Brad Pitt's twin.

The camera zooms in to view the screen. The photo of ANDY is on one side of the screen while a photo of Steve Buscemi is on the other side.

MICHAEL

Wasn't that guy the monster in The Goonies?

PETE

No, you're thinking of Sloth.

DWIGHT

It's pronounced Hoth and it's the ice planet from The Empire Strikes Back.

ANDY grabs his phone back from CLARK.

ANDY

What? No, it's just the picture you took of me. It was a bad angle . . . do it again.

CLARK

I'm not doing it again.

MEREDITH

I don't know what you're whining about. I think Buscemi's a babe. Let me tell you, it's not all about someone's face.

ANGELA

Ew, Meredith. I'm eating my lunch.

MEREDITH

So? No one told you to eat lunch right now.

ANDY stands up from his desk and pushes his chair away.

ANDY

Enough! Let's get a real photo of me. Like, not one where I look like I have a thousand chins.

ANDY stands next to the wall and tries to look sophisticated in his pose. CLARK takes the photo, waits for it to be analyzed and turns the result around to show the rest of the office.

CLARK

He got Danny DeVito.

Everyone laughs. ANDY looks upset and turns CLARK around to face him again.

ANDY

Alright, do it again.

ANDY poses against the wall again.

Cut to another ANDY pose against the wall. Then cut to another. And another. Finally, cut to CLARK looking at the result. He turns the phone to ANDY.

CLARK

OK, there you go. You got Adam Levine. Happy?

ANDY looks at it, makes a fist and pulls it down in a motion of celebration.

ANDY

Yes! See? I'm up there with Brad Pitt or Adam Levine.

CLARK smirks, turning the phone around and showing it to the rest of the office.

The camera pans around to the rest of the office, revealing that it's clearly emptied out for the day. The only person left is MEREDITH, who sits in the back of the office clapping.

MEREDITH

Woo! I'd do Adam Levine, too!

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — EVENING

ANDY talking head.

ANDY

Well, every two out of a hundred people I'm someone super hot. That's a two percent chance I end up with Angelina Jolie or Adam's model wife. Those sound like winning stats to me.

CLARK

(unseen)

Uh, you just got Ron Perlman on this last one!

ANDY looks past the camera at CLARK. He stands up and pushes the camera out of the way.

ANDY

Alright! Let's run it back again!

Opening credits roll.

**EPISODE**

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE — DAY

DWIGHT talking head at his desk. MICHAEL is behind him.

DWIGHT

Groundhog Day marks the official start of February. It's a day where a little rodent determines our fate for a few weeks. I am like this rodent in that I determine the fate of this office. And in order to determine the fate of this office, I need a successful number two, which I look to reassess every Groundhog Day.

DWIGHT turns to MICHAEL.

DWIGHT

Don't get me wrong, I love Michael. He's my best friend and is two hundred percent the best man for the job. But I must keep the volatile political atmosphere of Dunder Mifflin in check each year by accepting candidates for the Assistant to the Regional Manager position.

MICHAEL

Right. It's like I'm Katnip Evergreen, headed back into the Hunger Games. I already won, and I'm the best there is, but it's just the way the rules are.

DWIGHT

Yeah, exactly like that, but way more intense. I put a list on the fridge last week . . .

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Cut to scenes of various people going up to the fridge and putting their name on the sign-up sheet. DWIGHT's talking head continues to voice over these various scenes.

DWIGHT

Some candidates were  
expected . . .

Cut to MICHAEL writing his name on the sheet.

Cut to ANDY writing his name on the sheet.

Cut to NELLY writing her name on the sheet.

DWIGHT

Others were . . . surprising . . .

Cut to ERIN using a crayon to write her name on the sheet.

Cut to CLARK writing his name on the sheet.

DWIGHT

While others . . . others just  
made no sense . . .

Cut to TOBY writing his name on the sheet.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

Cut back to DWIGHT's talking head.

DWIGHT

But, hey, this position is open to  
anyone. This is my position to  
fill. I'm like God, and these  
people are like-

MICHAEL

I'm like God's good friend.

DWIGHT looks over at MICHAEL.

DWIGHT

Right, yeah. Anyway, these people  
live for this. This is what they  
work toward every year. Take away

their salaries, take away their benefits - it doesn't matter. But you take away their shot at A.R.M. and they give up. And I'll be damned if any of these people give up!

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

GABE walks over to reception. He leans over, now uncomfortably close to ALLEY.

GABE

So, how about that weather?

ALLEY looks up at GABE, confused.

ALLEY

What about the weather?

GABE

I mean, it was snowing yesterday and now it's not. It's like completely unpredictable. Kind of like how I come up here every now and then.

ALLEY

You're coming up here at least twice an hour, dude. How do I know that? Because I can't get any work done.

GABE

Alright, fair, fair. You know what they say about work, though, right?

Beat as ALLEY shrugs.

GABE

It's not much fun if you do it by yourself.

DARRYL

(unseen)

Gabe!

Cut to DARRYL sitting at his desk, facing GABE and ALLEY.

DARRYL

Don't you need to . . . do that thing we talked about?

DARRYL nods for GABE to come over to his desk. GABE listens, just happy that anyone is paying attention to him for once. GABE is now standing next to DARRYL's desk.

DARRYL

Yo, man, you can't be up there bothering her like that. We're already strapped as it is with five of us. And now that Wallace made Scranton HQ we have a reputation to keep up. Can't have you making news in some creepy story about harassing a coworker.

GABE pulls up a chair and sits next to DARRYL. He's uncomfortably close (as he was with ALLEY at reception), with their knees touching. DARRYL slowly scoots a few inches away in his chair.

GABE

It's not like that. Seriously, trust me. I know myself. I know when I'm meaning to be creepy and when I'm meaning to be charming.

DARRYL

Every single time I've heard you speak it has come across as creepy. When have you ever tried to be charming?

GABE

It's not as easy for other people to decipher. It takes getting to know me for a few years to tell the difference.

DARRYL sighs.

DARRYL

So, you're not messing around with this then?

GABE puts his hand on DARRYL's lap.

GABE

No, D-Man. I'm not messing around. This is me being charming.

DARRYL takes GABE's hand and tosses it aside.

DARRYL

This still just seems creepy, dude. Alright, never mind. If you're for real, I'll help you out. Toss me fifty bucks and we've got ourselves a deal. You've got yourself a mentor.

GABE

Aw, thanks, broski. I'll take you up on that.

DARRYL

Lesson number one is on the house, just because I feel for you: never say broski again.

INT. CALLROOM (ATHLEAP) - DAY

DARRYL talking head at his desk.

DARRYL

There are some words you should never pair together. Bro and ski

is one of them. Sex and tape. Side and piece. Plan and B. Most of these just have to do with sex, but you get my point. They're just not meant to go together.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

PETE is standing near reception talking to ERIN.

Cut to JIM walking up to PAM at her desk, holding a cup of coffee he just got from the kitchen.

JIM  
Hey, look familiar?

JIM points to reception and PAM looks over at ERIN and PETE.

PAM  
Uh, duh. How could I forget, like, the happiest moments of my life?

JIM  
Oh, ouch. Let's hope Cece and Phillip never have to hear that . . .

PAM  
No, to Cece the happiest moment of my life was when she built that macaroni art sculpture of me. And to Phillip it was when he scored that winning goal in his traveling soccer league.

JIM  
You're a team player, Beasley. That's why I like you — never playing favorites.

They both stare over at PETE and ERIN. They catch ERIN suddenly rolling her eyes and walking out from behind

reception. She goes into the kitchen, leaving PETE standing at reception, aimlessly staring at the floor.

JIM and PAM look at each other.

PAM

What do you think that was all about?

JIM

No clue, but it's none of our business. That's probably my cue to head back to our side of the office.

JIM starts walking away, but PAM grabs his arm.

PAM

Hey, hey . . . they've been like this all week. Very hot and cold. I mean, I know it's their relationship and we shouldn't be nosy, but don't you kind of wish someone was there for us all those years ago?

JIM

I think we had it covered . . .

PAM

Jim, you and I both saw the documentary. There were times we made mistakes that we'd definitely go back and fix if we could.

JIM

What are you saying, then? We sit down with them and act like Dr. Phil?

PAM

No . . . no. I think we pull them both apart and speak with them separately. Come on, I'm serious.

JIM sighs.

JIM

Well, it's been a second since I've had some Dunder Mifflin drama in my life, so I guess I'm in.

PAM and JIM smile at each other.

INT. MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

DWIGHT sits at the conference room table. He has several manila folders on his desk. Upon closer inspection, they have the A.R.M. candidates' names on them.

DWIGHT looks at the camera.

DWIGHT

Every year, I do something different during A.R.M. selection season. This year, I'll be asking my candidates to complete various office-related missions. Each mission is tailored to a single candidate, allowing me to determine the success of said mission with great confidence. Last year, I had them put their skills to the test at my homemade axe throwing range. Of course, axes and Mose never go well together. He ran in front of one throw and it chopped the top of his hair off. I mean, he was in need of a haircut, but I didn't want Philip to get any ideas, so we just ended it with regular, boring interviews. Not this year, though.

Cut to MICHAEL sitting down in front of DWIGHT. DWIGHT opens the folder, turns it around and slides it across the table to MICHAEL.

MICHAEL

What's this?

DWIGHT

It's your mission. And should you-

MICHAEL

I'm in.

DWIGHT

You didn't let me finish . . .

MICHAEL

That's what she said.

MICHAEL smiles and starts reading through the file.

Cut to a new scene with ERIN sitting across from DWIGHT. She has the folder in front of her and is smiling.

ERIN

I accept.

Quickly cut to the same chair, but ANDY now sits in place of ERIN.

ANDY

I was born for this.

Cut to NELLY sitting in the chair.

NELLY

They'll never see me coming.

Cut to CLARK sitting in the chair. He shrugs, smirking at DWIGHT.

CLARK

Sure.

DWIGHT looks offended.

DWIGHT

Sure? Really?

CLARK

Yeah, sure. It's a slow day so I could use the challenge.

DWIGHT

You don't apply for this job because you're having a slow day, Clark. You apply for it because you think you're a champion.

CLARK

I don't know about champion. I just can't have Andy win this and watch it go to his head.

Finally, cut to TOBY sitting across from DWIGHT.

DWIGHT

So, Flenderson, do you accept this mission?

TOBY

I don't know. You said how many people are interviewing for this?

DWIGHT

Five others.

TOBY

So, there's about a fifteen percent chance I get the job?

DWIGHT

Yes.

TOBY grabs the folder and holds it out across the table for DWIGHT to take.

TOBY

And I have to convince Angela she made a mistake?

DWIGHT smiles.

DWIGHT

Yes.

TOBY

I- I can't. You know what? This was a mistake.

DWIGHT

Toby, that's all you need to do.

TOBY

I know, but that's impossible. It's like . . . it's like catching a unicorn.

DWIGHT

It's entirely possible. And catching a unicorn is easy. The trick is to wrangle it by the horn and pull it into submission.

TOBY

Dwight, it's not worth getting the job if I won't be alive the next day. She'll kill me.

TOBY stands up.

TOBY

I'm sorry. I'm sorry, but I'm out.

TOBY leaves the room.

DWIGHT looks at the camera.

DWIGHT

And then there were five.

INT. CALLROOM (ATHLEAP) – DAY

DARRYL is sitting with GABE in the small conference room.

DARRYL

So, tell me, what do you know about that girl?

GABE

You mean, other than the fact that she has gorgeous hair? And gorgeous eyes? And gorgeous nostrils?

DARRYL

For real . . . don't mention her nostrils. And saying someone's gorgeous is like calling someone nice these days. You have to spice it up, man.

GABE

Spice it up?

DARRYL

Yeah, add a little seasoning to what you dish out.

The door swings open as KEVIN enters the room.

KEVIN

What type of seasoning are we talking? Salt? Pepper? Garlic powder? Chili powder? Chili flakes? Rosemary? Dill?

DARRYL

Quit it, Kev. We're being for real in here. Besides, how'd you even hear us from out there?

KEVIN

I can read lips. Well, I can read lips for certain things. Like for things that are food related. Or . . . yeah, pretty much just things that are food related.

DARRYL

OK, this isn't about food, though. I'm trying to hook my man Gabe up with the skills he needs to ask out Alley.

KEVIN

Hey, I know things about girls, too.

DARRYL

Oh, really?

KEVIN

Yes. Like, I know they don't like it when you call them names.

GABE

Go on . . .

DARRYL

You're serious?

GABE

I'll take whatever I can get at this point. Besides, I didn't know that about not calling them names.

DARRYL

What?

GABE

I can't tell you how many times I went up to reception and was like, "Yeah, beyotch!" I thought she was into it.

KEVIN

That's the dumbest thing you could have said.

KEVIN sits down on the floor.

KEVIN

Here's what you have to do . . .

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

The camera catches ALLEY staring at the three guys in the tight conference room. She looks at the camera.

ALLEY

Yeah, three dudes in that tiny-ass callroom huddled in a circle? Nothing weird about that at all. Man, I've gotta get another chick on board here.

INT. DWIGHT'S CAFFEINE CORNER - DAY

JIM is ordering a coffee from HANK. PETE stands next to him.

PETE

Oh, you know what? I'll actually take a large coffee, too. And that donut over there.

JIM turns and looks at PETE.

HANK

This all together?

There's silence as PETE doesn't offer to pay.

JIM

Uh, yes. Yes, it'll be together I guess.

PETE

Oh, shoot. Do you mind?  
Because . . .

JIM

No, no. Totally cool, man.

INT. STAIRWELL — DAY

JIM talking head in the stairwell, just past Dwight's Caffeine Corner.

JIM

Sorry, yeah, I just needed to recover here for a sec. You know, every time it's just me and Pete, it feels like we're on the most awkward first date. I've known the guy for years now, but it's always like I'm meeting him for the first time. Just so, so uncomfortable.

JIM takes a deep breath.

JIM

Alright, back to it.

JIM walks past the camera to go back to speaking with PETE.

INT. DWIGHT'S CAFFEINE CORNER — DAY

JIM and PETE are sitting down at one of the small tables with their coffees.

JIM

Man, it just feels good to get out of the office sometimes. Even if it is just downstairs.

PETE

Yeah.

JIM looks at the camera, makes a subtle "see?" face, then looks back at PETE.

JIM

I mean work is one thing, but having your wife up there with you is another. Don't get me wrong, I love it, but it's just nice to get some space now and then.

PETE

Totally. Totally agree.

JIM fake-smiles, then puts his cup down and looks a little more comfortable.

JIM

Listen, Pete, let me level with you. I know we're not super close, and I'm not gonna try to be super close or anything . . .

PETE lets out a deep, long breath.

PETE

Oh, thank god. I mean, this is weird, right?

JIM grins.

JIM

So weird! I feel like we have this little wall up every time we talk.

PETE

A wall? It's like a tower, man.

They both laugh and take a sip of their coffees.

JIM

But seriously, I just wanted to chat because you and Erin have seemed a little . . . off lately. And it's none of my business, but I just think I know something about working with someone you love. I just want you guys to be happy at the end of the day.

PETE

Yeah, totally.

JIM

Really the one piece of advice I have to offer is to be an open book. If something's not working, tell each other. No need to keep stuff bottled up. Alright, speech over. Was that helpful at all?

PETE blankly stares at JIM again.

PETE

For sure.

JIM looks uncomfortable and looks at the camera when PETE's not looking. He mouths "I don't know" and shrugs.

INT. BREAKROOM — DAY

PAM enters the room to find ERIN eating her lunch by herself at one of the tables.

PAM

Oh, hey, Erin. Mind if I sit with you?

ERIN

(enthusiastically)

Sure!

PAM sits down. She looks at ERIN's lunch, which only consists of a sandwich.

PAM

Ooooh, is that a Nutella sandwich?  
I love that stuff. So bad for you,  
though, right?

ERIN

What? No, this is just chocolate  
pudding on white bread.

PAM

Oh . . .

PAM takes out some veggies and hummus from her own lunch and starts eating.

PAM

How's wedding planning going?

ERIN

What?

PAM

The wedding. It's coming up in a  
few months, right? You guys must  
be getting pretty excited.

ERIN

Yeah, I guess.

Beat.

PAM

Erin . . . how are you and Pete  
doing?

ERIN's head perks up.

ERIN

What? Why? Are you interested in him or something?

ERIN starts fanning her face as if she's about to cry.

PAM

What? No, I'm married to Jim.

ERIN

I mean, I don't know what kind of relationship you guys have. Plus, I know Jim doesn't have calves like Pete. Maybe you're really into calves.

PAM

No, I'm- I'm more of a thigh girl?

ERIN

Oh, thank god. You had me worried for a second. That'd be just what I need right now.

PAM

So, what is it, then? I feel like you two have seemed out of sync lately.

ERIN

Yeah. Yeah . . . it's just that I'm so ready to adopt a kid right now, but Pete keeps giving me all these "what-ifs." Like, "What if it's too much stress before the wedding?" and "What if our work schedules are too crazy?" And I'm just like, "Well, dude, then we would cancel the wedding. And we'd quit our jobs." Boom - problem solved.

PAM

That doesn't seem very realistic, though . . .

ERIN

It's totally realistic. He asks all sorts of questions like that. I think he's in love with questions, actually. Is that possible?

The two women sit in silence for a few moments until ERIN looks over at PAM's food.

ERIN

Hey, are you done with that hummus?

PAM

What?

ERIN

I feel like I just need something to dip this sandwich in. The white bread is taking up all the flavor.

PAM pushes her container of hummus over to ERIN, who dips her sandwich in it and takes a bite.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) – DAY

ANDY is looking over his mission from DWIGHT at his desk. He takes a piece of paper, crumples it into a ball and tosses it at CLARK. It hits CLARK in the back of the head.

CLARK

Ow!

ANDY

Oh, don't be such a baby.

CLARK

I'm serious. I think there was a staple in there or something.

ANDY

I needed to get your attention.

CLARK

You mean like saying, "Hey, Clark, I need your attention"?

ANDY

Yes, like that, but it's not as fun. And not nearly as dramatic. You know the Nardy's got to have his drama.

CLARK

What'd we say about you calling yourself "the Nardy"?

ANDY gets up and walks over to CLARK's desk.

ANDY

I know rule number one says we're not supposed to talk about our missions with each other, but I think we could get ahead of the competition if we do a little under-the-table chatting.

CLARK

(sarcastically)

Oh, really?

ANDY

Yes, really. And I'll tell you what: when I'm A.R.M., I'll listen to all of your ideas. Even the really bad ones.

CLARK

Well, when I'm A.R.M., I'll listen to a quarter of your ideas.

ANDY looks at him, confused.

ANDY

That's . . . worse than my offer.

CLARK

Yes it is. So, what'll it be?

ANDY

Fine, we have a deal.

ANDY tosses his mission folder on CLARK's desk. CLARK opens it and reads it, then looks up at ANDY.

CLARK

Hold up. This is literally the exact same mission as mine.

CLARK takes his folder and hands it to ANDY, who proceeds to read it.

ANDY shakes his head.

ANDY

Oh, man. Dwight is in for some serious-

ANDY turns to go to DWIGHT's office, but CLARK grabs his arm to stop him.

CLARK

No, man. Don't you see? This is great. Now we can work together to get this done. Maybe this is what he wants, you know? Some collaboration. Then he'll choose one of the candidates who outsmarted him.

ANDY

Hmmmm . . . fair point. What do we do next in that case?

Beat as CLARK looks around the office.

CLARK

One sec . . .

CLARK gets up and starts walking toward MICHAEL's desk across from his.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

Everyone is sitting at their desk, including ALLEY at reception. DARRYL looks over at GABE. He nods at him. GABE gets up and walks toward reception. He walks overly cool, flailing his arms back and forth in dramatic fashion. He looks back at DARRYL for him to acknowledge this, but DARRYL simply shakes his head and uses his hands to provide a "calm down" message.

GABE arrives at reception and stands with his arms folded, looking at ALLEY.

ALLEY looks up at him.

ALLEY

Yeah? Is it weirdo time again already?

GABE

Allely, I just want to let you know that . . .

GABE looks at DARRYL, who gives him an encouraging thumbs-up. He then looks at KEVIN, who is standing to the side doing a humping motion with his hips and arms.

GABE turns back to ALLEY.

GABE

I just wanted to let you know that I love the way you forward emails to us.

ALLEY

What? What the hell does that mean?

GABE

It's just . . . really cool. You clearly know what you're doing up here.

ALLEY reaches to her side. The camera zooms in to show what's clearly pepper spray.

ALLEY

Yo, back up, man. You like the forwarded emails? Great. Let's keep it that way. My creep detector is reading off the charts right now and I'm not afraid to bring back juvie Alley if that's what's needed. Why don't you just turn around and go back to your desk. Nice and cool like . . .

GABE smiles at her, somehow happy with how his advances have been received. He walks away, giving DARRYL the "yes" celebration action of making a fist, lifting it up to his chin and pulling it down to his chest. He stands over DARRYL's desk now.

DARRYL

So, it went pretty well, yeah?

GABE

Oh, yeah. Totally. I only saw her reach for her pepper spray once this time. And I got, like, over ten words out before she reached for it, too.

DARRYL

See? That's what I call progress. No creepy stuff, just keep it all work related.

KEVIN walks over to DARRYL's desk and stands next to GABE.

KEVIN

Did you guys do it?

GABE

What?

KEVIN

Did you have sex?

DARRYL

Kev, he was literally standing in front of you this entire time. Like, you watched him go over there and then come over here.

KEVIN

I know, but my doctor says I blink too much. So, I thought maybe I missed something while I was blinking.

GABE

You missed nothing, big guy.

DARRYL

Well, the lessons aren't over. One last one before we part ways.

DARRYL rubs his hands together in front of GABE in excitement.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

ERIN enters from the annex. A hand reaches out of the women's bathroom and pulls her inside.

ERIN

Ah!

Cut to inside the women's bathroom where NELLY, ANDY, CLARK and MICHAEL stand in a circle.

ERIN

Guys, I appreciate the invite, but I don't need to go to the bathroom

right now. Wait, did this bathroom just become gender neutral?

MICHAEL

It's not neutral, it's positive women's. And we're in here right now because we know Dwight won't come in here.

NELLY goes up to ERIN and grabs her by the shoulders.

NELLY

Listen, lady, what is your mission from Dwight? The A.R.M. mission?

ERIN

I don't know, something stupid about Angela.

ANDY

Just as I suspected. See? Every single one of us has the same mission.

CLARK

Yeah, but it's an awful mission that no one can accomplish.

ERIN

I mean, I'm pretty sure I could get Angela to admit she made a mistake.

MICHAEL

No, you couldn't. She's like this little robot that's incapable of making mistakes.

ANDY

She slept with Dwight while she was engaged to me. Pretty sure that was a massive mistake.

MICHAEL

No, idiot, anyone would have done that. And I'm sure no one would regret it either. Not the sex with Dwight, but just cheating on you. No offense.

Everyone looks at MICHAEL, shocked by his comment.

MICHAEL

It's not about your looks, Andy.

ANDY sighs in relief.

MICHAEL

It's about your personality.

ANDY

Michael, we need to stick together. It's not just any mistake we have to get her to admit either - it's a very specific one.

CLARK

Good point.

CLARK opens his file and reads through it.

CLARK

It says in the fine print here that the mistake can only be that she left the light on above accounting all last weekend.

NELLY

That's so specific.

ANDY

It's Dwight, guys. I'm sure it's just some weird fetish of his or something.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT talking head at his desk.

DWIGHT

There absolutely is meaning behind that assignment. You see, I own this building, and saving money on electricity is essential to my profits. Unfortunately, someone left the light on above accounting over the weekend. That is completely unacceptable. I know it wasn't Oscar because he was out of town since last Thursday. I know Kevin still likes to hang around there from time to time, but he doesn't know how to operate the light switch. He once said, "There are more than three switches on this panel, Dwight. It's like I need to do math to figure out how to work them." Which leaves me with Angela. My sweet, sweet wife. She continues to deny it, but I know it was her. And one of these candidates will confirm as much for me.

DWIGHT laughs, but quickly gets serious again.

DWIGHT

I know I said the missions were catered to specific people, but that was just a lie I told myself to feel better about all this. Is this all just a result of my desire to finally get my wife to admit she was wrong?

Beat.

DWIGHT

Absolutely it is.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM — DAY

The candidates are now sitting on the couch in the bathroom, studying the contents of their folders.

MICHAEL

Guys, what if we get one of her cats to convince her she made a mistake?

NELLY

And how would that work, genius?

MICHAEL

We'd just train them over the course of a few months to claw messages into the carpet.

CLARK

Yeah, that's completely feasible. Or, what about putting numbers into this? She's an accountant . . . she respects numbers. Maybe she'd admit it if we somehow put some math behind who left the light on. Thoughts?

ANDY

That's almost as bad as Michael's idea. She's definitely more confident in herself if numbers are involved. I think we just need to do some sort of process of elimination.

ERIN

Like, kill one of us every day until there's only one left?

ANDY

No, not that. No one's dying, Erin. We just need to get Oscar's story, then talk to Kevin and then tell Angela that it must be her.

She'll know she was the last one there that evening after that and will have no choice other than to admit it.

MICHAEL

I like it, but I also like the cat clawing the carpet idea. Whose idea was that again?

NELLY

Yours, you fool. Andy, I like your approach. I like that a lot. I'll go get Señor Oscar's story. Who wants to get Kevin's?

MICHAEL

It's pronounced senior and I'd give that label to Phyllis or Stanley. Or Creed. They're the oldest. Jeez, you British people live on a different planet.

MICHAEL does the "crazy" motion with his finger at the side of his head.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

DARRYL, GABE and KEVIN are sitting around DARRYL's desk.

DARRYL

Then you just leave your notebook up at reception. There's no way she picks that up and doesn't read it.

GABE

How do you know that?

DARRYL

She's always looking for a reason not to focus on work. Trust me, it'll work.

CLARK walks up to the group. They look up at him, confused as to why he's here.

CLARK

Easy, I come in peace!

CLARK laughs at his own joke.

CLARK

Seriously, though, I do need to borrow Kev for a second.

KEVIN

What's in it for me?

CLARK

What? Nothing. I just need to talk to you.

KEVIN

No reward, then no talking.

CLARK

OK. Fine. I'll toss in a Milky Way. Fair?

KEVIN

Make it two and I'm in.

CLARK

Really nickel-and-diming me here. OK, two Milky Ways. Let's go.

CLARK and KEVIN walk away, leaving DARRYL and GABE alone at DARRYL's desk.

DARRYL

The notebook, man. Leave the notebook and you're golden.

DARRYL and GABE fist-bump, then GABE rushes to his desk. He immediately grabs a pen and writes in his notebook.

Cut to CLARK talking to KEVIN just past Athleap reception.

CLARK

Then what?

KEVIN

Well, I did say hi to Angela before I left. Although, it could have been the morning, too. About four times a week I'll still go sit in accounting.

CLARK

But you've not been with them for, like, years at this point.

KEVIN

I know. But I always had M&Ms over there, so it's a natural instinct that makes me walk over there. They call to me, Clark.

CLARK

So, you're pretty sure it was before you left, though, right? Like, how sure out of a hundred? This is important as it puts her at the scene of the crime around the time it was committed.

KEVIN

Oh, I'm probably like sixty-nine percent sure.

KEVIN looks at the camera and smiles, thinking he's clever.

CLARK

Good enough for me.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

CLARK rushes over to the group of A.R.M. candidates, who stand right outside of the kitchen.

NELLY

Did you get it from him?

CLARK

I got enough, yeah.

NELLY

Alright, same here with Oscar.  
Let's go get her, gang.

The five candidates walk over to accounting. When they get there, they stand with their arms folded.

ANGELA looks up at them.

ANGELA

Can I help you?

ANDY

Why yes you certainly can. Tell us, short-stack, why'd you leave the light on above accounting on Friday?

ANGELA

What? Who told you that?

CLARK

We all know it was you, honey.

ANGELA

Don't call me honey. Hearing those words out of your mouth is like hearing them come out of a creepy, underage pedophile's mouth.

CLARK

How can someone underage be a pedophile?

ANGELA

You would find a way - I just know it.

MICHAEL bends down and gets in ANGELA's face.

MICHAEL

Admit it!

ERIN

It was you.

NELLY

We spoke to Oscar and Kevin,  
Angela. They both had alibis.

ANGELA looks around at everyone. She sees the folders everyone is holding and yanks ERIN's away from her.

ERIN

Hey!

Beat as ANGELA opens the file and starts reading.

ANGELA

Ugh. Dwight!

ANGELA storms away from her desk toward DWIGHT's office. The five candidates stand around looking at each other.

CLARK

Why'd we all have to bring those files?

MICHAEL

I told you we should have gone with the cats clawing messages into the carpet idea. Angela was too clever for this.

NELLY

Well, I'm not passing up my opportunity to take credit for making Angela crack.

NELLY walks toward DWIGHT's office as well.

ANDY

Me neither . . .

ANDY power-walks away, trailing NELLY.

The rest of the candidates quickly do the same.

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

ANGELA and the five candidates are in the room, all standing around DWIGHT's desk.

DWIGHT

Dammit! You idiots. You were supposed to make it subtle.

NELLY

It said nothing about subtlety in the file.

DWIGHT

That's because it was written in braille. Didn't you feel those bumps?

MICHAEL

I thought you had written on top of a bunch of mini rocks or something. Don't you collect rocks at your farm or something?

Beat as MICHAEL points at DWIGHT. Everyone looks at him, not saying anything.

MICHAEL

I could have sworn he collected mini rocks. No . . . no, wait. Nope, that was a dream I had. Carry on.

ANDY

It doesn't matter if he did,  
Michael. Because we don't read  
braille, Dwight.

DWIGHT turns to ANGELA.

DWIGHT

I am so sorry, sweetie. I just  
wanted you to admit you left the  
light on above accounting.

ANGELA

You got these nitwits to come  
interrogate me because I left a  
light on over the weekend?

Beat.

DWIGHT

Wait, so it was you?

ANGELA groans and storms off, leaving the candidates in the  
room with DWIGHT.

NELLY

So, we completed your stupid  
mission. Now that it's over, can  
you choose one of us to become  
A.R.M. based on merit? That  
wouldn't be so ridiculous now,  
would it?

DWIGHT

Absolutely not. I also wrote in  
morse code that any collaboration  
would result in disqualification.

ANDY

Why would you write normally, and  
in braille and in morse code?

DWIGHT

To flex my knowledge of the many forms of communication I know. And it doesn't matter anyway. Because. You're. All. Disqualified. Now get out of my office.

Everyone complains while slowly filing out of the room, leaving DWIGHT alone in there with the camera.

DWIGHT

Jeez, you'd think they'd know me well enough by now to know I would use numerous forms of communication to provide all the rules. And that is exactly why none of them are fit to be A.R.M. Even Michael - my dear, sweet friend - isn't an acceptable candidate anymore. I just hope he isn't mad at me. Wait a second . .

.

DWIGHT quickly turns to his computer and searches for something. His face goes from worried to sad as he stares at his screen.

DWIGHT

Dang.

DWIGHT drops his head in sadness as he flips his computer screen to face the camera, revealing two updates on MICHAEL's Facebook feed: the first one is a profile picture update from yesterday, which is of him and DWIGHT; the second update (above the first) is another profile picture change from just a minute ago, which now consists of MICHAEL and HOLLY.

DWIGHT looks up from his lap and into the camera.

DWIGHT

Well, it was fun while it lasted.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) - DAY

ERIN arrives back at reception to find a children's book on her desk.

ERIN

What's this?

PETE walks up to reception from his desk.

PETE

It's a children's book.

ERIN

Are you insulting my intelligence? Is this your way of working things out? Because I'll have you know I stopped reading children's books, like, ten years ago.

ERIN throws the book to the ground. PETE steps closer to ERIN.

PETE

No, Erin, it's me telling you I'm ready to go for it. I'm ready to adopt.

ERIN's eyes light up.

ERIN

Wait, are you serious?

PETE

Yep. I've been thinking, and I think, if anything, it'll calm our nerves before the wedding. And I'd want them to be there to see us on our special day.

ERIN leans across reception and kisses PETE.

ERIN

But Pete, now our kid's book is gonna be all dented.

PETE

Well, then it'll be their first lesson: don't throw things across the room. And their mom will teach them that one.

ERIN

Ooooh, I like it.

KELLY

(unseen)

Are you kidding me?

Cut to KELLY standing across the room, holding her belly. RYAN is next to her.

RYAN

Yeah, not cool, guys. Trying to steal our thunder?

KELLY and RYAN high-five while staring down PETE and ERIN.

KELLY

Our baby is totally gonna bully your kid. And they'll deserve all of it.

ERIN and PETE shrug at KELLY and RYAN, then simply continue talking to each other.

RYAN

I hope their kid is riding a bike and falls off and . . . and scrapes his knee.

PAM

That seems a little heartless.

KELLY turns to RYAN.

KELLY

It's so hot when you wish harm on  
other people's kids.

KELLY and RYAN start making out.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

JIM walks up to reception, sees GABE's notebook on the  
counter and picks it up. He walks past GABE's desk.

JIM  
Hey, Gabe, think fast!

JIM tosses the notebook over to GABE like he's shooting a  
basketball. It slips right through GABE's hands (of course)  
and hits the floor. GABE picks it up and studies it.

GABE  
What'd you do?!

JIM looks confused.

JIM  
Um, you left that at reception.  
Just saving you a trip up there.

GABE  
Well don't next time!

GABE drops his head into his hands. He can be heard lightly  
sobbing.

JIM looks at the camera and grimaces, then walks away.

INT. CALLROOM (ATHLEAP) - DAY

JIM talking head.

JIM  
I knew that man knew didn't like  
sports, but now I know basketball  
makes him cry. Yikes . . .

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) - DAY

GABE is sitting at his desk with the notebook covering his face now.

Cut to ALLEY sitting at reception, staring blankly at GABE.

INT. CALLROOM (ATHLEAP) - DAY

ALLEY talking head.

ALLEY

Oh, nah, I didn't read that notebook. But I didn't need to. I mean, we work in a completely open office and I was sitting like ten feet away from all of them during those weird conversations. I heard everything. Men are idiots.

ALLEY lightly smiles.

ALLEY

But, I did see how badly that scrawny-ass dude was trying to talk to me.

ALLEY quickly snaps out of it, resuming her always-on look of annoyance.

ALLEY

Which is, like, totally lame.

**OUTRO**

INT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - EVENING

DWIGHT talking head at his desk.

DWIGHT

Yes, picking a new A.R.M. did not go as planned, but then I realized

I shouldn't be interested in those who simply follow orders like cows herded for slaughter. I should be looking for the one who rebels against that sort of thing. I should be looking for the one who doesn't think they need this role. I should be looking for . . .

INT. ANNEX - EVENING

TOBY quickly turns around in his desk chair and half-heartedly puts a fist in the air in celebration.

TOBY

Toby! Toby's number two!

He puts his hand down and looks around in a moment of clarity.

Beat as he continues to think, growing more and more worried.

TOBY

Oh, man. What did I just agree to?

He looks at the camera and puts his palm to his face, realizing this isn't something he should be celebrating.

**END OF EPISODE**