

# The Office

Season 10

Episode 5 — WeWork

Fan Fiction by

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**INTRO**

INT. MAIN OFFICE — DAY

Everyone's working peacefully, until CLARK starts laughing hysterically while looking at his computer.

CLARK

Pete! Pete! Come check this out.

PETE walks over to CLARK's desk, looking at his computer screen. He starts laughing with CLARK.

CLARK

Hey, Michael . . . you don't actually think this is a good LinkedIn picture, do you?

MICHAEL

What are you talking about?

CLARK flips his screen around, revealing it to the camera. It's MICHAEL's LinkedIn profile, which has a photo of MICHAEL with an obvious Snapchat filter (a "tough guy" filter with a beard and face tattoos).

PETE

Dude, you can't do that. These filters aren't meant to leave the app.

MICHAEL

And who says so? I'll have you know every Snap I've sent using the bunny ears filter has been opened.

CLARK

Opened by who?

MICHAEL

Ryan, Eva, Mike Jr., Steve and Holly . . .

CLARK

That's just your immediate family.

MICHAEL

What? No, I only have one family, Clark. I'm not one of those Mortons with a bunch of families.

PETE

Pretty sure that's a brand of salt.

DWIGHT walks into the office for the beginning of the workday. He notices MICHAEL, CLARK and PETE all huddled around CLARK's computer. DWIGHT walks over to them.

DWIGHT

What's all this?

CLARK

Michael's using Snapchat-filtered photos as profile pictures.

DWIGHT

Michael, what have I told you about those filters? It's the government's way of stealing our identity to create superior clones of us. Delete that app immediately.

MICHAEL

Oh, don't be such a wuss, Dwight. You've never liked anything hip.

DWIGHT

I'm actually quite fond of hips. They're a sign of fertility. But that's beside the point. Michael . . . I need to know where else you're using those filters.

MICHAEL

Alright, fine, party-pooper. I'm using them on Snapchat. And on LinkedIn. And maybe on Facebook, too. And maybe, just maybe, on my company email profile.

PETE

How is that a good idea?

MICHAEL

It's a great idea. It really pulls in the email recipient. Makes them wonder how this company hired such interesting, sophisticated people.

Someone walks into the office. The whole office, including the camera, looks over at reception. It's a MAN standing there in a suit and holding a briefcase.

MAN

Hello? I'm looking for a Michael Scott. We had some back and forth over the phone and via email and we're supposed to meet about our company's paper needs.

The entire office is silent, including MICHAEL who looks at the MAN and raises his hand to respond.

MAN

He has long hair, a white beard and seems to wear a large monocle instead of glasses.

The camera cuts back to MICHAEL, who looks at his computer screen. A "Sent" email displays MICHAEL's email profile picture, which is clearly from a Snapchat filter.

MICHAEL

I'm Michael Scott!

MICHAEL stands up at his desk.

MAN

No . . . no. I'm only interested in speaking with the man I've been in touch with. No games here, people. I know this guy's not Michael. I was promised a meeting with Michael.

MICHAEL sits back down.

The MAN shakes his head and walks toward the office exit. He turns around before leaving.

MAN

You know what this is? False advertising. It was probably some outsourced sales department in India. And to think I was about to have you guys be our exclusive paper provider across the country.

OSCAR leans back in his desk chair.

OSCAR

I'm sorry, which company did you say you worked for again?

MAN

Snapchat.

The MAN leaves.

Everyone looks around, shocked at what the MAN just revealed.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

MICHAEL talking head in the conference room as everyone else glares at him from behind the window.

MICHAEL

(looking uncomfortable)

Well, seems to me like he didn't recognize his own product. So . . . do we even want to be in business with them anyway?

MICHAEL glances over his shoulder and lightly waves, embarrassed but trying to keep his cool. He looks back at the camera.

MICHAEL

I do have to change the photos back on the company org chart before anyone notices, though . . .

MICHAEL holds up a piece of paper revealing the company org chart. Everyone's portrait has a different filter on it (e.g. JIM is a bunny, PAM is a baby, etc.).

Opening credits roll.

**EPISODE**

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM — DAY

ANDY and OSCAR are leading a meeting with everyone but DWIGHT present.

ANDY

So, we have Oscar, Phyllis, Meredith, Erin, Angela, Dwight, Pete and Clark here from day one.

OSCAR

No, we can't say day one, Andy. That implies we've all been here the same amount of time.

ANDY

Well, what do you want me to call that group then, genius? The "Since Dwight's Wedding" gang?

OSCAR

I mean, that's a start. We need to be incredibly attentive to the timeline.

KEVIN

What if we call it the "Day Fun" group? Like "Day One" but different because Dwight and Angela's wedding was fun.

ANDY

Terrible idea. Let's keep the terrible ideas to ourselves, everyone.

The camera zooms out to reveal a whiteboard with writing on it. It's a list of the names ANDY just listed off, written by ERIN, who stands off to the side, prepared to write again.

OSCAR

Forget it. Let's focus. That leaves Michael, Jim, Pam, Andy, Toby, Creed, Kelly, Ryan, Darryl, Kevin and Stanley as the additions.

OSCAR points to the two lists as ERIN finishes writing the names down.

RYAN

Can we be called something other than "additions"? It makes us sound like some extra step to a recipe. No, it's like we're the "add salt to taste" step of a recipe.

INT. ANNEX — DAY

RYAN talking head at his desk.

RYAN

My new thing is cooking. But it's not just plain old Gordon-Ramsay-type cooking. My plan is to become a good enough cook to start my own YouTube channel. I already have a name for it, too: "Refreshed with Ryan." I know what you're thinking: "Oh, that sounds so hipster." Well, that's where you're wrong. All of my recipes involve water. Not just any water either.

RYAN holds up a can of LaCroix.

RYAN

Michael was right . . . this stuff is addicting. And if I can be the first one to incorporate LaCroix in various dishes, then I'm basically guaranteed success. "Refreshed with Ryan: where water goes from H<sub>2</sub>O to H<sub>2</sub>-dough." I'm still working through some intros, but that was one of them.

The annex door can be heard opening. RYAN looks away from the camera toward the door while the camera remains focused on him.

KEVIN

(from a distance)

How about you use "fire guy!"

RYAN looks at the camera, annoyed.

RYAN

I just think of this as practice for any future cyberbullies.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM — DAY

ANDY and OSCAR's meeting resumes.

ANDY

Alright, you'll be "The Avengers"  
then.

KELLY

Like the superheroes? Ugh, like I  
need to be compared to Scarlett  
Johansson. Another girl for Ryan  
to swoon over.

RYAN

Ring . . .

KELLY takes off her ring again and hands it to RYAN.

MICHAEL

I always liked that Mr. Robot  
show. Can we all be "Mr. Robot"?  
We can hack the system.

OSCAR

Saying "we can hack the system"  
doesn't mean anything.

MICHAEL

Not to you, lame-o. You're not one  
of "The Avengers."

JIM

A "Mr. Robot," you mean.

MICHAEL

See? It's catching on already.

ANDY

Dwight hates these meetings, guys.  
Let's not have him catch us again.  
We need to stay focused and act  
quickly here.

JIM

Listen, you know I love a good game of detective as much as the next guy, but did we ever just think it's a coincidence? I mean, it's not like we all showed up here on the exact same day or anything.

PAM

Yeah, and Stanley was stranded here wanting to go back to Florida at first. It's not like we were all brought here for similar reasons. Right, Stanley?

The camera cuts to STANLEY, who still has his AirPods in. He's holding an iPad, tapping it with his finger.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

STANLEY talking head. He's still wearing his AirPods.

STANLEY

(nearly shouting)

I ended up back in Scranton against my will. The lord is punishing me by making me work at this company again, next to all the people I've grown to despise over the years. As long as I'm in this version of hell, I'll be damn sure to have an endless amount of crossword puzzles at my fingertips.

STANLEY holds up his iPad, turning it around to reveal a crossword puzzle on the screen. He smirks.

STANLEY

Dwight who? Andy who? All I see is these little boxes and all I hear is "The Best of Marvin Gaye" on repeat.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM — DAY

DWIGHT walks into the room, wearing his jacket and holding a briefcase, implying that it's the early morning.

DWIGHT

Finish packing up your crap, imbeciles. I'm doing this temporary move for you. The bus arrives in twenty minutes.

DWIGHT closes the door.

OSCAR and ANDY look disappointed that they didn't crack the case of why everyone is returning to Dunder Mifflin.

Everyone leaves the room to finish gathering their things — except for OSCAR, ANDY and ERIN, who remain in the room.

ANDY

Erin, get rid of that writing before Dwight sees it and yells at us for using his precious dry erase markers.

ERIN

On it.

ERIN picks up the entire whiteboard easel and exits the room. It's just ANDY and OSCAR in there now.

ANDY

Bro . . . we've gotta meet off the clock if this is ever gonna work. It's not like a date thing — just two bros hanging out and doing some investigating. Maybe a nice, elegant meal to get our brain juices flowing. Maybe some drinks to wash it all down. Maybe we go back to my place and—

OSCAR

Andy, that sounds like any and every date I've been on.

ANDY

Jeez, just let me finish! I was gonna say maybe we go back to my place and watch A Star is Born.

OSCAR

Still sounds like a date.

ANDY

Jackson fights his own conflicts in A Star is Born. Internal ones, but it's basically like solving a mystery.

OSCAR

Whatever. Sure, we'll find time to finish this outside the office.

The two leave the room. The cameraperson moves over to the window after hearing a woman shouting. It continues filming out the window as it follows ERIN running with the whiteboard toward a garbage truck on the street.

ERIN

(faint shouting)

Wait! Wait! I've got one more thing we need to get rid of!

ERIN tosses the whiteboard into the back of the garbage truck. She walks back toward the building, notices the cameraperson in the window and gives an exuberant thumbs-up, accomplished with her task of getting rid of the writing on the whiteboard.

INT. AN AVERAGE SCHOOL BUS - DAY

DWIGHT stands at the front of the bus, addressing the rest of the passengers.

DWIGHT

Listen up and listen good, people,  
because I'm only going to say this  
once! We are mo—

The bus suddenly drives forward. DWIGHT is flung forward  
and lands on PHYLLIS' chest.

ANGELA  
Dwight, how dare you!

PHYLLIS  
Bob may be moving offices, but  
that doesn't mean I'm fair game,  
sweetheart.

DWIGHT  
No . . . I . . .

Camera cuts to JIM in the back of the bus, biting his  
knuckle to hold back laughter.

Cut to a JIM talking head as he holds his bag and a box of  
his stuff while standing on the bus's steps. This is  
presumably before the previous scene on the bus.

JIM  
I paid the bus driver twenty bucks  
to hit the pedal as soon as Dwight  
opens his mouth. I might not work  
with him anymore, but I'd be a  
fool to pass up these golden  
opportunities.

Cut to the previous scene in the school bus as DWIGHT  
stands up, recovering from the fall. He brushes his suit  
off and re-parts his hair down the middle.

DWIGHT  
As I was saying, it's crucial to  
take your things when we get to  
the WeWork and immediately set up  
your station. We don't want any  
time wast—

The bus driver hits the pedal a second time. DWIGHT once again flies forward, this time landing on ERIN's chest.

DWIGHT

Ow!

ERIN

Hey, Mr. Grabby, I'm engaged to Pete!

DWIGHT

No, it's not what it looks like!

ANGELA

Why'd you say "ow" this time?

DWIGHT stands up and composes himself again.

DWIGHT

What? Phyllis obviously has a pillow-like chest. Erin's feels more like falling onto a pillowcase on a hardwood floor.

ANGELAS rolls her eyes.

MICHAEL

See, Pam, that's why I told you to sit at the front with Phyllis. Those things are like airbags. You don't even have to wear a seatbelt!

Cut to the same JIM talking head as before.

JIM

Aaaand, Pam might have also slipped him a ten while getting on the bus to do it a second time.

PAM's hand reaches down the steps toward JIM for a high-five.

PAM  
(unseen)

Hey-oh!

The couple high-five.

EXT. A SMALL BUILDING IN DOWNTOWN SCRANTON — DAY

Everyone gets off the bus with their belongings. CREED steps off, taking his hat off and shaking his head in frustration.

CREED  
Ah, man. This place again?

DARRYL  
You been here before?

CREED  
Just forgot I said anything.

CREED walks away from DARRYL.

INT. SMALL BUILDING — DAY

Various office members exit an elevator on a different floor. "Oohs" and "aahs" can be heard as each person walks past the camera, looking around the room.

TOBY steps off of the elevator and is soon greeted by MICHAEL.

MICHAEL  
Here, let me take a box for you.  
You have your hands full.

TOBY  
Oh, thanks Michael. Listen, I'm  
glad we can start on a new—

MICHAEL takes the box, tosses it in the elevator and presses a different floor button before getting back out. He has a stone-cold expression as he approaches TOBY again.

MICHAEL

I'm glad we can start on a new level of hatred, Satan. I pushed basement floor because I want to send you to the closest level to hell possible from where you came.

TOBY opens his mouth, about to talk back to MICHAEL. He dismisses the idea and sulks over to the elevator to call it back up.

MICHAEL

(to the camera)

Don't worry. He can't hurt us anymore.

Cut to a wider shot of the WeWork floor, which is bright white with new furniture, glass conference rooms and a small coffee bar in the corner with barista and all.

CLARK

The whole room looks like it's covered in Marshmallow Fluff.

PETE

Or it's like we're inside of a giant eggshell.

MEREDITH approaches the two men and nudges PETE's shoulder.

MEREDITH

(whispering)

You guys smoking that good stuff?  
Hook a brother up if so . . .

PETE

What? No . . . it's just . . .

DWIGHT walks in front of the camera.

DWIGHT

It's perfect.

A random woman steps into frame, reaching out her hand to shake DWIGHT's.

WOMAN

Welcome to WeWork! You must be Dwight.

DWIGHT

Yeah, yeah. That's me. We're on the clock, honey. So, can we just sit wherever then?

WOMAN

I like your vibe, Dwight. Unfortunately, you'll be sharing this floor with another company.

DWIGHT

What? What other company?

INT. WEWORK CONFERENCE ROOM — DAY

CREED talking head. He's wearing a baseball cap that sits low on his face, presumably in an attempt to stay hidden.

CREED

I - I mean my friend Creed Bratton - worked here at Copycat Design. Great group of talented, promising graphic designers with a bright future. Anyway, in comes Creed Bratton. Creed Bratton uses their talents to design fake IDs for underage youths. Business was booming, but when Creed Bratton got arrested, he sold out the three designers he was working with. So, it has nothing to do

with me . . . but people say I look like that Creed Bratton fellow, so I'm just gonna lay low for a while. Keep the camera rolling. Let's talk about something else.

Beat.

CREED

You guys ever tried crystal meth?

INT. MAIN WEWORK OFFICE

Cut to the previous scene with DWIGHT speaking with the WOMAN.

DWIGHT

Designers? No, no, no. Designers are cyber addicts. They don't believe in paper . . . they believe in online distribution. Logos and banners and blogs and the environment and dabbing and headphones.

JIM

Did you have a stroke in the middle of sharing that list?

PAM

It'll be fine, Dwight. It's only temporary. It's not like we have to work next to these people forever.

STANLEY

Unlike me, burning away with all of you for the rest of eternity.

INT. COOPER'S SEAFOOD RESTAURANT — DAY

ANDY and OSCAR are sitting at a table eating lobster.  
They're both wearing bibs and laughing while conversing.

OSCAR

I can't believe we did this. I  
mean, we didn't even tell Dwight  
we were leaving.

ANDY

I know . . . it feels so wrong  
that it somehow also feels so  
right.

ERIN sits down at the table with them.

ERIN

Sorry, I didn't have any money to  
give the bathroom attendant, so I  
was stuck there until my foster  
brother could drop off five  
dollars. I'm no thief!

ANDY and OSCAR look at ERIN, confused.

ANDY

Alright, the team is assembled.  
Let's crack this case. Right after  
I crack this lobster claw!

OSCAR

(cheering)

Hey, hey!

INT. MAIN WEWORK OFFICE — DAY

The office staff is settled, sitting in a corner of the WeWork. It looks cramped, but they're obviously doing their best to stay focused with DWIGHT hovering over them. CREED can still be seen in a glass conference room, trying to keep the other camera crew engaged.

PHYLLIS

Dwight, this is worse than the construction in our building . . .

DARRYL

For real. Jim and I aren't even part of Dunder Mifflin anymore. Why do I have to sit between Phyllis and Stanley?

JIM

Seriously, Dwight, we have clients to stay in touch with. There aren't even any phones in here.

DWIGHT

Oh, I'm sorry, did you forget your cellular device can do more than take pictures of your precious children?

CLARK

I saw some phones in the conference rooms, Jim.

JIM

So did I, but then Dwight told me he cut all the cords to make sure we couldn't use them.

DWIGHT

I'm not going to risk the phones being tapped to reveal sensitive company information. Staples might be listening.

NATE

Even if he didn't cut the cords, it seems these designers are hogging all the conference rooms.

PAM

Wait . . . Nate, what are you doing here? The warehouse isn't affected by the construction.

Besides, how would you even be able to do your job from here?

NATE

I don't know. My mom dropped me off this morning and I saw the yellow school bus and I got on. I guess I thought she was dropping me off at the bus to go to school.

PAM

Are you working on getting a degree somewhere?

NATE

No, I just think back to when I was a kid, on my way to elementary school. I think back on those times fondly.

NATE looks up at the ceiling and smiles.

DWIGHT

Whatever, it's fine. Nate brings up a good point, though. The real source of the problem appears to be these designers. Besides, I'm sure Kevin's got it handled back at the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE — DAY

Cut to a montage of KEVIN walking through the warehouse, upstairs in the main office, in DARRYL's Athleap office and everywhere else in and around the building. He can't find anyone and is shouting "Hello!" from one room to the next. He eventually lands in the office breakroom, sitting down at a table and resting his head on his hand.

KEVIN

(to the camera)

I made a wish the other day that everyone would just leave me be to

do my work in peace. No stress, no deadlines, no accountability, no sponsoribilities.

KEVIN looks around the room, still confused. The confusion soon transitions into a smirk.

KEVIN

What if this is like that movie, Home Alone? Oh my gosh. That sounds just like my last name . . . Malone. And my first name is Kevin, like the little kid in the movie.

KEVIN looks directly into the camera.

KEVIN

I made my coworkers disappear.

KEVIN smiles and raises his eyebrows a few times, just like Kevin McCallister does in Home Alone.

INT. POOR RICHARD'S PUB – DAY

ANDY, OSCAR and ERIN sit at a booth in the bar, holding large beer steins.

OSCAR

I don't know. I just don't know. I really thought that state senator stuff would pan out. I thought if any of my old coworkers came back, they'd walk in and say, "Where's Oscar?" and everyone would say "Oh, you didn't hear? He's a state senator now." And here I am, just a single gay man with the same coworkers drinking cheap beer at the same local pub.

ERIN

Yeah, I don't know about any of that, but did you know I tried running a 5K and couldn't accomplish that? You ran for a senator position and I ran for an outdoor run. We both failed. Andy, what'd you fail at running?

ANDY

Oscar, you don't have it so bad. You're a badass accountant. You're like the smartest guy in the office. You can do whatever you want.

OSCAR

I'm in my late forties, Andy.

ANDY

B.F.D. I just turned forty-two and feel better than ever.

ERIN

Oh my god, you're forty-two? I dated a forty year old?

ERIN fans her face, disgusted by the thought.

ANDY

Erin, I wasn't forty-two seven years ago.

ERIN

Still . . . just the thought of it.

OSCAR

Enough about me. I'll be fine. What I do have right now is this whole office situation. What'd we land on calling it again?

ANDY

"Operation Returned Packages."

OSCAR

Right, right . . . Operation  
Returned Packages. Where'd we  
leave off on that again?

ERIN takes out a notepad and flips through it.

ERIN

Ah, here we go. Andy said, "After  
I crack this lobster claw," then  
we all laughed and ate. And then  
we came here and drank.

OSCAR

Oh, lord. I can't even do *this*  
right.

OSCAR puts his head down on the table and starts to tear up. ANDY puts his arm around him.

INT. MAIN WEWORK OFFICE — DAY

DWIGHT, JIM, CREED and NATE huddle near the coffee bar.

DWIGHT

Get lost, Mr. Coffee.

DWIGHT tosses a dollar on the bar. The barista picks it up and looks at it.

DWIGHT

Well? Get out of here. Like anyone  
wants your crap anyway. It'll  
never be as good as Dwight's  
Caffeine Corner.

The barista walks away and DWIGHT brings his three coworkers closer into the huddle.

JIM

Alright, we're sure we're ready for this? We don't need more time?

CREED

Zip your lip, Jimmy. These clowns need to get lost already.

DWIGHT

Creed's right. It's now or never if we're gonna get any work done.

NATE

I'm personally fine with not getting any work done, but I'll go with the group's decision.

The other three nod. DWIGHT looks over at the rest of the office staff, whistles to get their attention and gives them a thumbs-up. Everyone proceeds to reach to their side to pull out a WWII-era gasmask.

EXT. WEWORK OFFICE BUILDING — DAY

DWIGHT is standing in the parking lot near the back of the school bus, revealing it to be full of the very gasmasks everyone just put on in the WeWork office.

DWIGHT

Schrute Farms manufactured non-toxic gas for use during World War II. Our gas was made out of beets and primarily used as a scare tactic overseas. However, it started making the Schrutes' skin purple. So, they ended up using these gasmasks. That was a very weird time for the Schrutes, and it was ultimately the inspiration behind the song, "Purple People Eater."

INT. MAIN WEWORK OFFICE — DAY

Everyone now has the gasmasks on, yet the Copycat Design staff continue to work away, unaware of the strange masks.

PAM

(muffled through the mask)

It's not doing anything, Dwight.

STANLEY

(also muffled)

I don't know, it's doing something for me. It's nice and warm and dark in here. Perfect for a nap.

DWIGHT

They must be used to this sort of strange behavior. They probably wear these masks to get high as hell for design "inspiration." Right before they go to the mall and steal ice cream cones from young children.

JIM

There you go again. Where exactly did you get this perception of designers?

DWIGHT

Personal experience. Also, a lot of anti-graphic design forums.

PETE

Those exist?

DWIGHT

They do now, thanks to me. Just calm yourselves. I didn't say this was all I had up my sleeve.

DWIGHT pulls a walkie-talkie out from his side and puts it to his mouth.

DWIGHT

Mose . . . execute order sixty-six.

DWIGHT goes behind the coffee bar and pours himself a cup. He smiles, winks at the office staff, sips the coffee and spits it back out.

DWIGHT  
Disgusting.

Suddenly, purple gas comes seeping out of various vents. It begins to cover the floor and slowly rises in the room. The Copycat Design staff begin to whisper to each other, looking around in confusion. They're still not panicked.

CREED  
Oh, man! Is that Purple Haze? Are we hotboxing? My distributor has been talking about this for weeks now. I gotta give this a try.

CREED removes his gasmask and runs over to one of the vents on the far side of the room to inhale what he thinks is coming from a strain of marijuana.

The Copycat Design staff look over at the man running past them and immediately recognize it to be CREED, the man who got three of their designers arrested. They grab as much of their stuff as they can and begin fleeing the WeWork office in fear.

DWIGHT  
It's working! It's working!

JIM  
What the hell, Dwight? What is that stuff?

DWIGHT  
Pest control.

NATE

I'm with Jim on this one. I'm colorblind, so I just see regular smoke. That's no fun for me.

DWIGHT

I don't care. An entire office to ourselves. Endless productivity is now at our fingertips.

INT. ANDY'S APARTMENT — DAY

ANDY and OSCAR sit on the couch watching A Star is Born, just like ANDY suggested earlier in the episode. ERIN is passed out on the floor with a blanket over her, clearly hungover from drinking at the pub.

ANDY

See? What'd I tell you. Lady Gaga's voice is just beautiful in this. And Bradley Cooper . . . I mean, who thought he could sound so angelic.

OSCAR

Yeah, it's alright.

ANDY looks at OSCAR.

ANDY

Seriously? We're sitting here watching a movie given to us by the gods and you say, "It's alright"?

OSCAR

I'm sorry, Andy. This just didn't turn out to be the day I imagined. Nothing turned out the way I imagined, actually.

Beat.

ANDY

Oscar, when I first came back here, I felt the same way. I stepped out of the spotlight to work at Cornell. Then, I found myself back here, working my old job and still without my dream girl by my side.

OSCAR

So, you're unhappy, too. What's your point?

ANDY

My point is that I just had a great day with two good friends. You've gotta step back from the big picture sometimes and appreciate the day-to-day. Things can always be better, my dude.

OSCAR

Yeah . . . I guess.

The two go back to watching the movie.

Beat.

OSCAR looks over at ANDY and taps him on the shoulder.

OSCAR

Hey, I did have a good time today. We might not have accomplished what we set out to do, but that can wait another day.

The two smile at each other and ANDY fist-bumps OSCAR.

ERIN is heard rolling over and moaning, hungover on the floor.

ERIN

(mumbling in her sleep)

Well, hello to you too, David Wallace. How's business?

ANDY and OSCAR look down at ERIN, then at each other and laugh. They go back to watching the movie, then suddenly turn to each other again. They both look shocked.

BOTH  
(together)

David Wallace!

EXT. WEWORK OFFICE BUILDING – EVENING

JIM and MICHAEL are standing outside the building in the parking lot being interviewed as the rest of the office staff gets back on the school bus with their belongings. Both JIM and MICHAEL's faces are light purple.

JIM

So, as it turns out, releasing strange purple gas does a few things. One, it gets any company you're sharing an office with to leave. Two, it makes Creed - I mean Reed - show his true colors. Three, it gets your own company kicked out of the WeWork. And finally . . . I mean, do I really have to say it? The masks did nothing to prevent this.

JIM points to his and MICHAEL's faces.

MICHAEL

You know, this might not be all that bad. One silver linen is little Ryan is having a birthday party this weekend. I was supposed to hire a clown, but now I can just be Barney.

JIM

Yes, major silver "linen" there. Well, now Dunder Mifflin and Athleap are two homeless companies looking for anyone to take them in. I asked Dwight, "Why don't we just work from home for a few days while the construction is finished?" He responded with, "How do I know Staples hasn't tapped all of my employees' home phones? Answer: I don't."

INT. SCHOOL BUS – EVENING

DWIGHT talking head. He's sitting in a seat on the empty school bus.

DWIGHT

Wiretapping is the silent downfall of all businesses and organizations. For example, the Nixon administration.

Beat as DWIGHT struggles to think of any other examples.

DWIGHT

And so forth. The list goes on. I'll be damned if any of my employees are speaking on an unsecure line. That has left me with only one other option. There's only one other place in the world secure enough to safely conduct business. That place is . . .

Cut to a different scene in the interior of the school bus, now with all employees sitting with their things as the bus continues to move, driving over all sorts of bumps, which sends the passengers bouncing up and down.

DWIGHT stands up from his seat to address the passengers.

DWIGHT

Schrute Farms! Or shall I say . . . welcome, to Schrute Farms!

DWIGHT raises his hand and points it out of a window on the bus. The Jurassic Park theme song can be faintly heard from outside the bus. The camera moves to film out of the window only to find MOSE running alongside the bus with an old-school boombox playing the music.

Cut to JIM in his seat, who looks at the camera.

JIM

Oh, no.

**OUTRO**

INT. MAIN OFFICE — NIGHT

DWIGHT walks through the entryway, dropping his bag in shock at reception. The camera pans around to reveal that the entire office is practically destroyed (and not from the construction). There's junk food all over the ground, The Police is playing off of a computer and, in the middle of it all, is KEVIN, lying on the ground in only his boxers and a white t-shirt.

DWIGHT

Kevin, what the hell is all this?!

KEVIN is startled awake and lifts himself up. He looks emotional, with his eyes starting to water.

KEVIN

It worked. My new wish worked! Oh, Dwight. I'm sorry I wished you guys away. But now you're back, and everything's OK!

KEVIN runs up to DWIGHT and hugs him, still just wearing the t-shirt and boxers. DWIGHT looks at the camera mid-hug.

DWIGHT

I mean . . . what did I expect to  
happen leaving him alone here?

KEVIN

(mumbling under tears)

I forgot what it's like to touch  
another human.

**END OF EPISODE**