

The Office

Season 10

Episode 3 – Athleap

Fan Fiction by

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INTRO

INT. OFFICE BREAKROOM – DAY

ERIN, ANGELA, KELLY and OSCAR are eating lunch in the breakroom at two separate tables. The conversation is casual, up until CREED enters the room holding a brown-bag lunch.

CREED

Hey, gang. Cool if I park it by you guys? Need a break from all that work.

OSCAR

Of course. Sit anywhere, Creed.

CREED looks at OSCAR as he sits down, raising a brow in confusion.

CREED

I'm sorry. I don't mean to be rude and know I'm the new guy here, but the name's Reed. Reed Stratton.

CREED – or REED – holds out his hand to shake OSCAR's.

ANGELA

Excuse me? Listen, old man . . . we didn't question it when you strolled in here yesterday. We're helping you get back on your feet since you're finally out of the clink, but don't take that for a sign that you can mess with-

CREED

Chill out, chica. I don't know what this Creed fella did to you people, but I'm just here to work.

KELLY

Enough with the games, Creed. And stop talking like you're one of my douchey ex-boyfriends. I hear that tone and those words and open my eyes and it's like one of them looked at a never-aging painting of himself and got all uggo.

CREED remains chill, eating a peanut butter and jelly Smucker's Uncrustable. He washes it down with a sip of a Capri Sun. Everyone else in the room looks at each other, suspicious of CREED's behavior.

Cut to a new scene in the room that's clearly a time jump as everyone in the breakroom now stands, hovering over CREED. It looks like an interrogation.

ERIN

Alright, grandpa! Next question: where were you born?

CREED

I was brought onto this earth in the lovely state of Montana.

KELLY

Where in Montana?

CREED

Livingston.

CREED's now eating the last of his paper-bag lunch: a Fruit Roll-Up. The candy dangles out of his mouth like a kid might do with the snack.

OSCAR

Spell your name . . . backwards.

CREED

N-O-T-T-A-R-T-S S-R-A-L D-E-E-R.
Lars is my middle name. Never liked it much. Pretty lame.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

CREED talking head.

CREED

You guys can keep it hush, right? What am I saying? I know you're good for it. Anyway, I'm not supposed to be here right now. This isn't the first time I've ditched the clink, and it won't be the last.

CREED looks around the room to make sure no one is nearby.

CREED

It's Creed Bratton, baby. I need some money before I skip town again, so figured I'd play the fools here at my old ice cream factory. The living situation isn't ideal as I'm back home with the parents, but it comes with its perks. I don't have to do my laundry, have dinner waiting for me when I get home and my mom packs my lunch every day.

INT. BREAKROOM - DAY

Cut back to the previous scene in breakroom where the group is still interrogating CREED.

OSCAR

That's it! That's all I have, people. We've been at it for half an hour now and I have to get back to work. I mean, he's even got the ID with Reed Stratton on it. I'm at a loss.

ANGELA

Maybe it's his long-lost brother or something. I don't care enough

to do anymore digging either. Just don't come between me and my cats, Reed.

ERIN

What about your son?

ANGELA

(embarrassed)

Of course . . . him, too.

CREED

You got it, Angie. I gotta jam on some stuff, too. Catch you cats later. Reed out!

CREED gets up, putting his garbage in the brown paper bag, grabbing it and carrying it out of the room.

The camera zooms in on CREED as he walks out, focusing on the brown bag in his hand, which reads— in fancy cursive, circled with a heart — “Creed, good luck at your new job. Love, Mom.”

The camera pans around to the rest of the group, still standing in the breakroom. They, too, saw the writing on the brown bag.

OSCAR

Well, that was a waste of time.

ANGELA

Yeah, nice detective work, Oscar.

ERIN

Guys, why did the bag say Creed if he said his name's actually Reed?

Everyone rolls their eyes and leaves the room. ERIN continues to stand there, looking at the camera, confused.

ERIN

Well I, for one, like this Reed guy.

Opening credits roll.

EPISODE

INT. PAM AND JIM'S CAR — DAY

PAM is driving while JIM is in the passenger seat. JIM looks incredibly giddy, shaking his leg while sporting a huge smile.

PAM

Alright, big guy. Let it all out now. Don't want to scare him away on his first day.

PAM turns to speak to the cameraperson in the back seat of their car.

PAM

So, Jim spoke with David Wallace to get his take on bringing Darryl up from Austin with the possibility of starting a new Athleap office.

JIM's doing a little dance in the front seat. PAM puts her hand on his shoulder in a motherly-like gesture to get him to calm down.

PAM

He's been in that tiny office for a full week now. It's pretty lonely in there for him.

INT. JIM'S OFFICE — DAY

JIM's putting cut-outs of professional athletes on the wall. A few are already up, covered in Sharpie drawings to make it look like they're wearing business clothes.

PAM
(voiceover)

Athleap has these poster-sticker thingies of professional athletes hung up all over their office in Austin. You know, to make it look trendy and stuff. Jim ordered five of those things, telling the company it was just in case he needed to have clients in his office. I quickly learned he was just using them to make it seem like more people were in that office with him. He gave Michael Jordan a mustache to look more like Stanley and gave Larry Bird glasses to look more like Dwight. You know, the kind of thing normal people might do.

PAM cracks open the door to JIM's office a little more (the cameraperson at her side) to get a better view of what JIM's doing. He's standing in front of one poster, which has Darryl's face taped over the head, laughing and talking to it.

PAM
(voiceover)

Needless to say, I nudged David Wallace in the right direction. I couldn't take anymore of "Jack Torrence" Jim. I had to put an end to it before finding Phillip writing "REDRUM" on our bedroom door.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A taxi pulls into the parking lot and DARRYL steps out, wearing a blazer and jeans. This is very different from the DARRYL we saw rolling up to the office in a limo in the Finale episode.

Cut to a DARRYL talking head right outside the building entrance.

DARRYL

Really? First thing he told you about was the intern fiasco? I gave those kids something awesome to put on their resume. No, we weren't able to pay them, but experience is priceless. But I digress. The hope with me coming here to work with Jim is that we build enough of a client base to open our own office here to rep Philly and New York. It's costly to have all that talent flying down to Austin. Plus, we gotta find a way to at least reimburse all the interns who had to commute into the office.

DARRYL picks up his briefcase.

DARRYL

I was late to the game in Austin. Now I can make a real impact in Scranton. And I can do it *my* way.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Everyone's quietly working away, except ANDY, who's staring intently at his cellphone. He sighs, looks up at the ceiling and shakes his head.

PHYLLIS

Just because someone's swiping on your profile doesn't mean they'll go on a date with you, Andy.

STANELY

Speak for yourself, woman. Florida Stanley was at the top of his game thanks to those apps. Tinder, Bumble Hinge . . . you name it. If

there's a dating app out there, Florida Stanley's been all over it.

ANDY

Thank you, Stanley. And it's gotta be a glitch, Phyllis. Not like you'd even know what that means. You asked me how to unlock your phone last week. How'd you even use it before if you didn't know how to do that?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM — DAY

ANDY talking head. He's checking his phone for notifications every few seconds throughout the interview, desperate for more matches.

ANDY

The Nard Dog's back on the prowl. I was so busy working at Cornell that I never got the chance to date.

ANDY pauses, finally putting his phone down to look at the camera.

ANDY

That's not true. What really happened was girls would match with me just to have me show up to a party and do the "Baby Wah-Wah" bit live. I mean, I usually got a free drink out of it, but it got to be a little much when I saw a school dean at one of the parties. He took a video there and included it in the newsletter.

INT. MAIN OFFICE — DAY

RYAN and KELLY walk out of the kitchen.

KELLY

It's too quiet in here. Like, scary quiet. I smell something . . . tension. There's tension in the air. It's over here by you three.

KELLY points to ANDY, PHYLLIS and STANLEY'S desk clump.

CREED

The colorfully dressed guy over there is buying hookers online. Stanley and Fiona are donating money to help him. Nothing gets past Reed.

ANDY

No. No, no, no. That's not it at all. I'm just caught in a wee bit of a pickle with these dating apps.

KELLY looks at the camera, now extremely excited.

KELLY

Say no more fam.

INT. JIM'S OFFICE — DAY

JIM is helping DARRYL unpack his stuff. The camera zooms out a bit and MICHAEL can be seen sitting in JIM's desk chair.

MICHAEL

Boy, oh boy. Who would've thought the three of us would come back here at almost the exact same time? You know, they talk about true love, but they don't give enough credit to true friendship. Broship. They tried to keep us apart, but fate intertwined our bodies. Not in a sex way or anything.

JIM

Michael, don't you have work to do up there?

MICHAEL

Yes, Jim, but it's sales. I could do it blindfolded with a sock in my mouth while naked.

JIM

What does you being naked have anything to do with making sales?

MICHAEL looks into the camera.

MICHAEL

Everything.

DARRYL

I don't know, man. It's awfully tight in here. Seriously . . . the interns had more space than this and they shared two desks. Can't we just work from home or something?

JIM

I already asked them about that. The team thinks we'd just be coasting on a salary here if we did that. Not to mention that Wallace likes the fact that he can check in on both Dunder Mifflin and Athleap in a single visit.

MICHAEL

Wallace? You need me to put in a good word for you? With David, I mean. You know him and I go way back.

JIM and DARRYL both look away from MICHAEL and into the camera, annoyed by his lingering visit.

INT. BREAKROOM – DAY

KELLY and RYAN sit at a table with ANDY. KELLY is typing into ANDY's phone while RYAN has about four other phones in front of him on the table.

RYAN

See? This is how it's done. It's like investing. You have to diversify your portfolio of personas to maximize the chance that you get a solid return. Don't put all your eggs in one basket.

KELLY

For real. At first, I thought Ryan was, like, some high-ranking drug dealer with all these phones. I got super concerned that I was involved in some shady crap. But then he just straight up told me it was for using different dating app profiles he had created. I was like, "Oh, thank goodness." I was really worried there for a second.

RYAN is still head-down, very focused as both of his hands swipe right on every phone as if he were a DJ.

ANDY

Can I at least see what you're typing, Kelly?

KELLY

No. Never. You trusted me with this responsibility, and you are legally obligated to let me send these DMs. We have a contract.

ANDY

Just saying we have a contract doesn't mean we actually have a contract.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM – DAY

ANDY talking head.

ANDY

I know I was a big jerk-ball to Erin and all. And that Angela and I didn't vibe well from the start. But I'm not getting any younger here. I wanna find someone I actually care about and treat her right. Like the Tramp in the new Lady and the Tramp movie. Only I'm not eating garbage. Nor am I homeless. Nor am I a dog. Well, I am the Nard Dog, but you know what I'm saying. Jeez, I've gotten real rusty at these things. Can we start over?

INT. BREAKROOM – DAY

PAM has now joined the conversation with ANDY, KELLY and RYAN, sitting at a nearby table with her lunch.

PAM

Andy, do you really want the fate of your love life in the hands of these two? They're not exactly the definition of a functional relationship. No offense, guys.

KELLY

Um, excuse me, grandma? You're like the definition of "OK boomer" now, and you're not even a boomer. Stay in your lane before I put you in a retirement home.

RYAN

For real, Pam. Just because our relationship is too complex for you to understand doesn't mean you can sit here and judge us.

PAM

You're literally saying that as you're swiping right on random chicks on, like, ten phones.

KELLY

They're not random chicks! They're "highly qualified leads," as Ryan puts it.

INT. JIM'S OFFICE (NOW TO BE CALLED "ATHLEAP SCRANTON OFFICE") - DAY

JIM and DARRYL are working at their desks on opposite sides of the room, trying to stay busy with work while readjusting in their seats, trying to stretch out their legs, bumping their elbows into the wall, etc.

MICHAEL

Hey, let's quit all the shuffling over there. The sooner we get all this stuff done, the sooner we can head to Poor Richard's. Holly's gonna meet us there, too.

The camera cuts to MICHAEL, who sits on the floor with his back against the wall. The camera zooms out slightly to show DWIGHT now sitting next to him on the floor.

DWIGHT

Wait, Michael, I thought you and the fam were coming to the farm to have some of my famous roast squirrel?

EXT. ATHLEAP SCRANTON OFFICE - DAY

DWIGHT talking head.

DWIGHT

It's more fun than it sounds. Definitely not your average squirrel roast. Mose tags one

particular squirrel the day before and we spend that next evening chasing it down. Easy, you say? Well, we also release a python. So, we run from the python while hunting the squirrel and hope it doesn't catch it - or us - before we can. Angela usually takes Philip out of town for the night since things can get pretty . . . reckless.

DWIGHT smiles menacingly at the camera.

INT. ATHLEAP SCRANTON OFFICE - DAY

Cut back to MICHAEL and DWIGHT on the floor.

MICHAEL

Dwight, I told you I don't want to eat the meat of an innocent little squirrel.

DWIGHT

Innocent? Oh, no. This squirrel's family has a very violent history with the Schrutes. My great uncle Adalius once lost his right testicle to a squirrel after it snuck into his bed in the middle of the night. This is an ongoing war.

DARRYL

Yo, for real. Why are you guys just sitting in here?

DWIGHT

Well, I've spent so long up there that I'm hoping to find a little inspiration down here. Picture me like a fly on the wall. This is my focus group.

JIM stands up from his desk and leaves the room, closing the door behind him. The cameraperson follows him as he goes outside of the building. JIM is on the phone now while inside his car in the parking lot.

JIM

(on the phone)

Yeah, David. It's Jim. Know we talked about us working in the same building as Dunder Mifflin, but it's tight quarters in there. Yeah, I know. And I'm not trying to complain, but Darryl and I were talking and there's no way we could have a client in there. And working . . . OK, sure. No problem. Talk to you soon.

JIM hangs up the phone, sighs and gets out of the car. The cameraperson moves to the side of the building so as not to be seen.

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Everyone is back working at their desks, including ANDY, who looks particularly bummed out as his head rests on his hand on the desk. He's clearly upset with how his dating coaching has been going with KELLY and RYAN (and PAM, too).

KEVIN comes out of the kitchen with a handful of brownies. It's clear that they're MICHAEL's leftover pot brownies based on KEVIN's subtle smile and red eyes. He looks at the camera and smirks.

KEVIN

What? I don't need my brain to be a foreman. All I do is point my hand and people do what I say.

KEVIN heads out of the office to go back to the warehouse. He stops in front of ANDY's desk, noticing him looking upset.

KEVIN

What's up with you, Andy?

ANDY

(mumbling)

Huh?

KEVIN

You're usually Mr. Happy, wearing all those crazy colors and stuff. I'd really love to stare at one of your colorful ties right about now. Got any around?

ANDY

Not now, Kevin. Go keep yourself entertained with those brownies. Go ahead, get the hell of here.

KEVIN shrugs, unfazed by ANDY's frustration. He eats another brownie and heads out of the office.

ANDY notices everyone now silently staring at him.

ANDY

What? You guys wanna take a video of it and upload it to YouTube? I'll even make the remix for you!

CLARK

Um, I for one would love to if you don't mind. I'm gonna put it on TikTok and all. I heard that's the new thing with the kiddos.

STANLEY

Is that a new dating app?

CLARK looks at the camera.

CLARK

Totally.

The camera pans from ANDY, who goes back to sulking, to ERIN, who subtly walks over to ANGELA's desk. She whispers something in her ear. ANGELA looks up, staring at ANDY, then back at ERIN.

ANGELA
(frustrated, kind of annoyed)

Fine.

The two women walk across the office and stand over ANDY's desk. ANDY eventually looks up at them.

ANDY
Oh, great . . . the next set is already onstage. Go ahead, do your worst.

ANGELA looks at ERIN, then back at ANDY.

ANGELA
No, Andy. Let's go to the conference room.

ANDY
Why? So you can pick on me in private?

ERIN
Dammit, mister! Get up out of that chair and march on over to the conference room!

ANDY jumps, startled at ERIN's yelling. He promptly rises from his chair and power-walks into the conference room. ERIN and ANGELA follow him into the room.

The rest of the office is still silent, now all looking somewhat frightened by ERIN's yelling as well.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

ANDY is sitting in a chair. ERIN and ANGELA proceed to pull up their own seats and sit across from him. ANDY still looks nervous as to what the two women are up to.

ANGELA

Alright, I'll start. The sooner we get past this the sooner I can bury these memories for good. More like burn them, actually . . .

ERIN nudges ANGELA.

ANGELA

Ow! What? I mean, the sooner we can all move on.

ANDY

Move on from what?

ERIN

From everything. Andy, ever since you've come back, you've been caught up in the past. You might be over Angela and me, but you're still in some rush to find the right girl for you.

ANDY

I'm not in a rush . . .

ANGELA

I saw you in the kitchen holding a "World's Best Boyfriend" mug the other day.

ANDY

I read it makes girls jealous.

ANGELA

Where'd you read that?

ANDY

I read it in Seventeen Magazine.
Ever heard of it?

ERIN

Ew, Andy. Never say that sentence
again or I'll get sick all over
you.

ANGELA

We brought you in here to tell you
to give it time. Dwight and I only
got together for good after over
ten years of working here.

ERIN

And I thought I knew what I wanted
when we were together, but I
rushed wanting to find the right
person. And that left us in that
huge argument in the end.

ANDY

Well, how come you guys have what
you've always wanted now, but I
don't?

ERIN

Because you're rushing it like I
did. Get off these fancy dating
apps and meet people outside the
office. There's a whole town full
of single ladies out there waiting
for the Nard Dog.

ANGELA

You know what? It's been a while
since I've had a night out. Dwight
has his squirrel hunt this evening
and I already have a babysitter
for Philip. Let's all get a drink
after work.

ANDY

(starting to smile)

You're serious?

ANGELA

Don't make me overthink it. And only if Erin goes.

ERIN

I'm down, too! Let's make it happen.

ANDY lets out a light laugh, surprised at how this conversation turned out.

ANDY

Heh, alrighty then. Let's go meet some fine dimes!

ERIN gags, putting her hand over her mouth.

ERIN

Alright, never say that again either.

INT. STAIRWELL OF THE OFFICE BUILDING – DAY

DWIGHT is standing on one of the landings.

DWIGHT

(on the phone)

Of course. Happy to do business with you, too. I'll let them know right now. Alright, take care.

DWIGHT walks down the stairwell. The cameraperson follows him all the way into the Athleap Scranton office. Inside, the two are arguing about space as MICHAEL sits on the ground trying to be helpful.

DARRYL

You totally have more space over there. Quit playing, just let me keep the—

JIM

Dude, you already have your storage spot. If I give you any more I'm not gonna have any room to—

DWIGHT

Settle down, pipsqueaks! Papa Dwight's here to make this all go away.

Everyone in the room looks at DWIGHT.

JIM

Dwight, not now.

MICHAEL

Yeah, Dwight. Let the boys be boys.

DWIGHT

Fine. Rot in here for all I care. Just thought I'd share the good news with you.

DWIGHT starts to turn toward the exit.

DARRYL

Woah . . . not so fast. What good news?

DWIGHT

Oh, nothing.

DWIGHT puts his hands in his pockets and kicks the air lightly in an "I know something you don't know" type of action.

JIM

Seriously, Dwight. Don't get our hopes up here. We could really use some good news. And if it's an update about your squirrel roast

then I might just bash my fist into the wall . . . Andy-style.

DWIGHT

OK, OK. Just hold your horses. So, David Wallace gets ahold of me, telling me all about your desperate calls to ask for more space. As building manager, rightful king of this castle, almighty leader of this band of misfits, employer of-

MICHAEL

Dammit, Dwight. Will you get on with it already? Really killing the vibe here. Right, guys?

DWIGHT

I just locked you guys into a two-year lease!

DWIGHT goes to high-five everyone, but they're still confused.

DWIGHT

Oh, right. I'm the only one who pays attention to any companies in here besides my own. Bill Cress kicked it a couple months back and the company's looking to relocate. They say old Bill's haunting the place these days. Anyway, Vance Refrigeration needed some more space, so they're moving into Cress Tool & Die's old office, leaving Vance's office wide open.

DARRYL

For real? Hellz to the yeah!

JIM

Oh, thank god.

JIM and DARRYL meet in the middle of their office to high-five. MICHAEL gets up from the ground and celebrates, too (despite none of this applying to him).

MICHAEL

Oh, yeah! We can play hooky at each other's offices. No one will ever know! The perfect crime.

DWIGHT

Quite the contrary. I sweetened the deal with Wallace. We're tearing down all those walls and making . . . Mega-Office!

DWIGHT looks at the camera, smiling. He does an air punch followed by an air kick. JIM, DARRYL and MICHAEL look at the camera, confused again.

EXT. DWIGHT'S OFFICE - DAY

The camera films through the blinds as CREED (or REED) can be seen going through files in DWIGHT's desk. They're presumably all documents on himself. He uses white out on the papers. The camera moves to get a better view, zooming in to show him whitening out the "C" in his first name and then the "B" in his last name, only to change the name with a Sharpie to say "Reed Stratton." CREED looks at the papers, satisfied with his work. He nods his head and sighs in relief, picking up his white coffee mug and turning it around to take a sip. It reads, "Creed's Mug. Don't Talk to Me Until My First Cup."

INT. MAIN OFFICE - DAY

Everyone in the office is once again working away as DWIGHT, MICHAEL, JIM and DARRYL enter the office. DWIGHT stands at reception with the other three behind him.

DWIGHT

You know how Mufasa once said his kingdom was "everything the light touches"? Well, I'm one-upping that old furball and entering the

shadowlands. Yes, today marks the expansion of this kingdom. Today, we claim what is rightfully ours!

Everyone stares at him with blank expressions.

DWIGHT

Come on, do I really have to spell it out for you? Oh, alright. We're moving Athleap up here and making one gigantic office.

ANGELA

You're serious?

MICHAEL

He is serious, and don't call us Shirley.

STANLEY

If there are any meetings on the other side of this "gigantic" office then I'm walking all the way back to Florida. I kid you not.

PAM

Jim, is this for real?

JIM

Sure is. Just got off the phone with David Wallace . . . just in case this was some elaborate prank by Dwight. Turns out, it's a hundred percent real. We'll be in here working within the next month or so.

MEREDITH

Can we finally get a bar in here in that case? You know . . . for cross-office team building. So we can all have the chance to - oh,

what the hell? Can we get a
freakin' bar in here or not?

MICHAEL

The possibilities are atomnomical!

DWIGHT

But first, we must celebrate!

DWIGHT pulls his hands out from behind his back to reveal a sledgehammer. He holds it up like a sword.

DWIGHT

These are moments that shall be
retold for generations to come!

RYAN

(under his breath)

Or, you know, until five o'clock.

DWIGHT

Let's go!

DWIGHT leaves the office and people follow in anticipation. He passes the elevators and stands next to the entryway to Vance Refrigeration. He swings back the sledgehammer, and everyone cheers.

DWIGHT

(trying to sound manly)

Ahhhh!

The sledgehammer crashes into the wall next to the door. DWIGHT smashes it again and again and again as everyone keeps cheering. He smashes it one more time only to reveal a MAN sitting on the other side of the wall at a desk. The MAN looks terrified.

MAN

What are you doing?!

DWIGHT

Celebrating the news that we're taking over this office by impulsively destroying a wall. What's it look like?

MAN

Dude . . . we're not moving out for another two weeks.

DWIGHT scratches his head, hands the sledgehammer to MICHAEL and slowly walks back toward Dunder Mifflin's office. Everyone else follows him in silence.

MAN

Hey! What am I supposed to tell Bob?!

MICHAEL

You tell him whatever you want. Anything besides the truth.

MICHAEL bends over to speak closer to the MAN.

MICHAEL

(with a poor mobster accent)

If ya don't, we're gonna come in he'ya n' break ya kneecaps.

MICHAEL points the sledgehammer at the MAN and walks back into Dunder Mifflin's office. He turns around and whispers to the camera.

MICHAEL

The 'Rado ain't for no mama's boys. And neither is Dunder Mifflin.

OUTRO

INT. POOR RICHARD'S BAR — NIGHT

ERIN and ANGELA sit at the bar with a drink.

ERIN

I'm so glad we were able to turn
Andy's day around.

ANGELA

And that we don't have to hear
about Andy's love life at the
office anymore.

ERIN

Amen, sister.

The two women cheers their drinks, finishing the little
beer that's left in the glasses.

The camera pans around to ANDY on the dance floor, who is
breaking it down in front of a group of older women.

ANDY

(shouting to ERIN and ANGELA)

Hey, you two! Come join me out
here! You know you wanna see some
of these fine Nard Dog dance
moves!

ANDY shows them his backside and shakes it. The girls
around him "Woo!" in drunken excitement. ANGELA and ERIN
look at each other and pretend not to know him.

ANGELA

Bartender! We'll need a couple
more of these.

ERIN

Yeah, throw in some shots, too. I
have to wipe those dance moves out
of my memory or I might throw up
tomorrow.

The camera pans back to ANDY, who's still breaking it down
on the dance floor.

END OF EPISODE