

The Office

Season 10

Episode 21 – Bachelor & Chill (Part II)

Fan Fiction by

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INTRO

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The camera pans around the room. It's disgusting; empty liquor bottles are all over the ground, there's half a pizza sitting on the corner of the bed and there's the outline of a person under a white sheet on the bed. The person groans and turns over.

PERSON
(still unknown)

Christ almighty, why are you
punishing me with these brutal
rays of light?

Beat.

PERSON
(still unknown)

Wait a second . . . I shut the
blinds last night.

The person under the sheets rolls over to the other side of the bed, grabs something and gets out of bed. It's a naked ROBERT CALIFORNIA (genitals blurred out). He holds his arm up and points a gun to the camera.

ROBERT
Who the f*** let you in?

The cameraperson backs up and falls to the floor.

CAMERAWOMAN
Woah, hey! Robert . . . it's the
documentary crew with Dunder
Mifflin.

ROBERT squints, leaning his head forward to get a better look at the people in his filthy motel room. He finally puts the gun down.

ROBERT

Well, it took you long enough to find me. Let's get this over with, shall we?

ROBERT grabs a chair, puts it against the wall and sits down in it, fully nude.

Cut to a talking head frame of ROBERT, who at least has a robe on now.

ROBERT

Right, so, where have I been all this time? If you were to accuse me of living in the ceiling above Dunder Mifflin for the last few years, then . . . well, you'd be exactly right. Listen, there is absolutely nothing to be ashamed of in that regard. We, as a collective society, live in ceilings of our own in the form of cramped living spaces, crowded streets and the persistent desire for growth. It's really all the same at the end of the day.

Beat.

ROBERT

But another contributing factor is the F.B.I. They've been on my tail ever since they discovered my involvement in the endangered meat market. It really wasn't anything worth crying over - I simply sold tiger, sea turtle and elephant meat on the black market. Oh, please, I didn't kill them. I merely stole their carcasses from various zoos around the country. And why shouldn't humans get to enjoy these beautiful creatures

once more, but this time within
their bellies?

ROBERT leans back, folds his arms and spreads his legs
apart, revealing his blurred-out genitals again.

ROBERT

Hmm?

ROBERT stands up and begins walking around the room.

ROBERT

And the whole death thing was just
a way to get the feds off my
trail. Needless to say, the
success of said efforts resulted
in a several-month-long
celebration of sorts.

ROBERT hears car doors slamming outside of his room. He
then hears various voices talking. Paranoid, he grabs the
gun from the nightstand and puts his back against the door.

ROBERT peeks through the now-closed blinds. When he does
this, the camera does the same, looking out at the motel
parking lot. The camera focuses on a Wendy's sign and then
pans down to a vehicle – more specifically, a white van.

Suddenly, MICHAEL and DWIGHT appear at the back of the van,
opening the doors to let out the group of guys who are
about to celebrate PETE's bachelor party. This is clearly
when the group stops at Wendy's for MICHAEL to use the
bathroom and when KEVIN gets the cup full of ketchup
(referenced in the previous episode). The camera follows
along as MICHAEL sprints to get inside the Wendy's to go to
the bathroom.

The camera cuts to ROBERT in the motel room. He continues
looking out the window at everyone, then glances over to
the camera.

ROBERT

Quite intriguing.

Opening credits roll.

EPISODE

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING — DAY

All the women of the office (and TOBY) stand in the parking lot near MEREDITH's van as she looks in her purse.

MEREDITH

Hold on . . . I know they're in here somewhere.

MEREDITH takes her purse and dumps it on the ground, sending various objects pouring out onto the pavement. These objects include a cucumber, an iPod Shuffle, shoelaces and a bunch of mini bottles of Baileys Irish Creme.

ALLEY

Is that an iPod Shuffle? Man, where's your time machine?

MEREDITH

You know how many songs this thing can hold, missy? Over two hundred.

ANGELA

I'm less concerned with that thing than I am with all of this Baileys.

Everyone looks at ANGELA, confused as to why she's surprised by all the Baileys bottles.

ANGELA

No, not because of it being alcohol. Because of the fact that it's not straight vodka.

Everyone shrugs and nods their heads in agreement.

MEREDITH

Hey, this body ain't what it used to be. Don't get me wrong, though, I can still put down about thirty of these bad boys without getting a buzz.

Cut to a PAM talking head on the side of the building.

PAM

All the boys left the office early to, naturally, go force Pete to have a bachelor party, leaving us girls stuck in the office. So, I made the decision to let us all out early, too, so we could do something fun. I tossed out mini golfing, a movie, shopping, a nail salon and a bar. Of course, someone - mainly Angela - had a problem with most of those. But that's OK, because we finally landed on an activity we'll all enjoy.

EXT. A BUILDING IN DOWNTOWN SCRANTON - DAY

The camera zooms in to focus on a specific storefront sign that reads, "The Grape Painter." Next to that name is a wine glass and a paintbrush.

PAM steps in front of the camera while on the sidewalk, pointing up to the sign and smiling.

PAM

Wine and painting! Supposedly this is a really big thing these days. And it may just be something I rock at, too.

Cut to a shot of MEREDITH's van as the women climb out of the parked car. ANGELA steps out wearing a hospital mask. She takes out a bottle of hand sanitizer, rubs it on her hands and puts the mask in her purse.

Cut to an ANGELA talking head in front of The Grape Painter.

ANGELA

I normally would object to this particular activity since there's alcohol involved, but Mose took all of our wall art and buried it somewhere in the backyard, so we're in need of some replacements.

INT. THE GRAPE PAINTER – DAY

ERIN holds the door for MEREDITH, who walks in carrying two brown grocery bags overflowing with bottles of wine.

ERIN

Are you sure we don't have too much wine, Meredith?

MEREDITH

Of course not. If you want to do some art, then you need to unleash the creative beast inside you.

ERIN

Is that really how it's done? By drinking a bunch of wine?

MEREDITH

Honey, if you think Picasso drew all that weird crap sober, then you have a lot to learn about the world of art.

INT. PETE AND ERIN'S HOUSE – EVENING

Everyone is sitting around the living room as PETE paces back and forth in front of his T.V.

PETE

You guys can't be serious right now.

MICHAEL

Oh, we're beyond serious. We're so serious that it beats all the other serious stuff out there.

JIM

Even death?

MICHAEL

Especially death!

JIM looks at the camera with a classic JIM face in response to MICHAEL's comment.

DWIGHT goes up to PETE and puts his hand on his shoulder.

DWIGHT

(calmly)

Listen, buddy, this can go one of two ways: either you enjoy your bachelor party with us, going with the flow, or you enjoy it while tied up to that chair over there.

DWIGHT points to a chair.

JIM steps toward DWIGHT and PETE.

JIM

Alright, Dwight, knock it off. Pete, if you really don't want this, I'll get them to back off. Just know that, despite how home-invader-esque this might seem, they *are* doing this because they care about you.

ANDY

Yeah, man, and even though you're with my ex, I'm still fully behind

you. Not in a sex way, but in a bro way where I'm just there by your side.

STANLEY

Why did you feel the need to clarify that?

ANDY

I don't know how open their relationship is, Stanley. Look at you, you have, like, twelve wives.

PETE looks around at everyone in the room wearing shirts with his face on it. Despite him still being annoyed, he smiles.

PETE

Alright, fine. Fine. Do your worst then, boys. But . . . no hard drugs and no strip clubs.

CLARK

(sarcastically)

Ah, great, now we have to go back to the drawing board. Pack it up, boys.

PETE chuckles.

PETE

Seriously, though, what'd you guys have planned?

MICHAEL looks at DWIGHT, who then looks at ANDY.

ANDY

Why are you looking at *me*?

MICHAEL turns to PETE.

MICHAEL

I'm going to be completely honest with you right now . . . I did not think we would get this far.

PETE

You didn't think you'd get me to agree to this? Then why even go through all the effort?

MICHAEL

Because, it was fun for me. I get my thrills with uncertainty.

KEVIN stands up from the couch and goes to PETE's kitchen.

OSCAR

Kevin, we talked about this. It's not polite to ravage someone else's fridge.

KEVIN turns around and flips OSCAR the middle finger, holding it high in the air.

KEVIN

(upset)

I'm making this party fun!

Everyone watches as KEVIN raids the liquor cabinet, pulling various bottles out like he lives at the place. He finds a few mixing items and begins pouring up a concoction.

JIM

Alright, that's what I'm talking about, Kev.

MICHAEL claps his hands, inspired, and runs over to the dining room table to grab his phone.

DARRYL

Mike, what are you doing?

MICHAEL turns to DARRYL with the phone up to his ear.

MICHAEL

What does it look like? Calling strippers.

DARRYL starts toward MICHAEL, who sees him coming and puts the phone to his chest.

MICHAEL

No, Darryl, I'm ordering some pizzas. Chill, dude.

PETE

Hey, I actually got a poker set I've been waiting to open. Let me go grab it.

PETE heads upstairs.

JIM looks at the camera and shrugs.

Cut to a JIM talking head in the kitchen.

JIM

You know, despite the ridiculous white van and t-shirts, this is actually turning out to be a pretty normal evening. We've got pizza, some damn good cocktails courtesy of Mr. Malone and an awesome poker set that Pete had laying around. Sometimes I forget we've all matured nearly ten years. And that goes a long way for someone like Michael, who previously had the maturity level of a middle schooler.

DARRYL

(unseen)

Jim! Jim, come on, you're up here.

JIM looks past the camera at DARRYL.

JIM

Alright, coming!

JIM walks past the camera.

INT. THE GRAPE PAINTER – EVENING

The painting session has commenced, and the instructor has hung up a picture of what everyone is supposed to paint at the front of the room. The picture is of a person at the beach with their dog, looking at the sunset. In addition to the office ladies (plus TOBY), there's a smaller group of about three women.

Cut to PAM, who leans over to look at ANGELA's painting.

PAM

Angela, is that a cat on the beach with the man?

ANGELA

Yes, Pam. I am not about to hang a painting with a dog in our house. Do you know the amount of distress that would give my cats if they saw that?

PAM looks back at her painting.

PAM

(whispering to herself)

I couldn't begin to imagine.

INSTRUCTOR

Alright, now we're gonna work on those sunsets. So, we're gonna have to mix some reds, yellows and oranges here. And don't be afraid to make it your own. Let's get creative!

Cut to ERIN, who is sitting next to MEREDITH. The two have killed two bottles of wine already. ERIN takes the most recent bottle and pours some on her paint plate.

MEREDITH

What you doing there?

ERIN

I really like the color of this wine, but I don't know how to make it with the other paint, so I'm getting creative. You know, you're totally right . . . this wine really does help with my creativity.

Cut from ERIN and MEREDITH's faces to their paintings, which both look like they were created by a toddler.

Cut to an ERIN talking head outside of the bathroom.

ERIN

I've never really understood art until today, but I'm really glad I'm getting the hang of it. I mean, "art" is in so many other words, like "start," or "chart" or even "fart." And I just go around using those words like it's nobody's business, just hoping I'm not using them the wrong way. And Pete and I are getting married soon, and I'm supposed to talk about how much I love him with my *heart*. *Heart!* I'm so, so glad we're doing this painting thing.

ERIN walks back to the room everyone's painting in. Fairly intoxicated, she trips over her own feet and nearly falls over, but catches herself. The other women in the session notice this and giggle at her. ERIN glares at them, upset by this.

ERIN

What're you chicks laughing at,
huh?

The three women go from laughing to also looking upset.

WOMAN 1

We're laughing at the fact that
you can't walk straight, sweetie.

ERIN steps toward them.

ERIN

Excuse me? Well, at least I can
paint.

ERIN points at their paintings, which are all fairly
decent, actually.

ERIN

What's that supposed to be, a
giant orange in the sky?

WOMAN 2

No, that's clearly the sun.

ERIN

Well, all I see is a stupid, giant
orange.

PHYLLIS and NELLY look at each other while at their
painting stations. They get up and guide ERIN back to her
station.

NELLY

You've got to chill out there.
We're only halfway through this
painting session.

PHYLLIS

Seriously, and I'm using this as
my anniversary present to Bob.

NELLY looks at PHYLLIS with judging eyes.

PHYLLIS

What? After being married for nearly fifteen years you run out of ideas.

NELLY

Well, of course undatable Nelly would know nothing about that.

Cut to a NELLY talking head in the same spot ERIN was just standing in for her talking head (near the bathroom).

NELLY

What am I going to do with my painting when it's done? Lord if I know. I'll probably give it to some homeless man to burn for heat or something. That's probably the most appreciation it will ever receive. Oh, please, don't look at me like that. Drake wouldn't even look at it. He's in this video game stage. I can barely get him to look away from the screen for a moment. He has the Ybox. Or Zbox. I know it's some letter of the alphabet box.

INT. PETE AND ERIN'S HOUSE - DAY

All the guys are sitting in a circle in the living room with a folding table in the middle of them.

CLARK

(to PETE)

Hey, man, I've been meaning to ask: where's your son?

PETE

Oh, he's staying with my parents for the weekend. They wanted to get to know him a little better.

JIM

He's really coming out of his shell, huh?

PETE

Oh, you bet. He's even talking back now. His go-to phrase is currently "I'd rather be in Philadelphia."

JIM looks at PETE, confused.

PETE

We watch a lot of Die Hard together.

JIM

Ah, of course.

The camera pans over to the poker game on the table. MICHAEL places a large bet, but then STANLEY goes all in. The two show their cards and STANLEY shows a three of a kind. MICHAEL shows a bunch of random cards, including an ace and a king.

MICHAEL

Really? Now explain to me how three eights beats an ace and a king. It's royalty. Royalty beats a freaking eight.

STANLEY just laughs and collects his chips.

DARRYL

Mike, the card ranking doesn't really mean much unless you don't have anything else in your hand. Pretty much anything is better than that.

MICHAEL

Yeah, well, that's not how the world works in real life. Can't we play a card game I'm good at? Like Go Fish or Uno or something?

CREED

Nope, can't play Go Fish. I cracked the code to that one and can't be conquered.

MICHAEL

It's a card game, not a secret formula.

CREED

Hey, man, don't be a sore loser.

The doorbell rings.

PETE

Ah, that must be the pizza. Why don't we take an hour or so then come back to this, yeah?

Most guys nod while MICHAEL crosses his arms in frustration.

PETE grabs the cash and goes to the door. He opens it up and begins counting out the cash without looking at the delivery person.

PETE

Ten, twenty, thirty, forty . . .

PETE looks up, as does the camera, to give the delivery man the cash and tip. The man at the door is a suit-wearing ROBERT CALIFORNIA.

PETE

Ha, I dig the outfit. Here, this should cover it. Wait . . . where's the pizza?

ROBERT

I have no idea who you are, but I am not accepting your filthy money. I am here for *them*.

ROBERT points past PETE to the guys sitting around the table talking. Only JIM happens to look over, who goes ghostly white.

JIM

I knew it.

Everyone else looks over, too, and their faces go similarly white in disbelief.

Cut to the next scene in the living room. ROBERT is in the nearby kitchen pouring himself a glass of wine.

ROBERT

So, I faked my own demise. But, I missed Robert California, gentlemen. And Robert California missed me. Here I am, in the flesh, standing before you ready to celebrate Paul over there. Here's to you, Paul, and your marriage to Erin. And to you, Andy, for what must be an absolutely devastating blow to your morale.

ROBERT raises his glass and takes a large gulp.

Cut to everyone else still just looking at ROBERT in amazement.

MICHAEL turns from ROBERT to the group.

MICHAEL

Why does this guy talk so complicated?

MICHAEL turns back to ROBERT.

MICHAEL

It's like I can understand a quarter of what you're saying. Are you from another country or something?

ROBERT

I am speaking English, am I not?

MICHAEL

Well, I just thought it might be a different dialect.

ROBERT walks toward MICHAEL and holds out his hand.

ROBERT

Ah, based on that comment, I am certain you must be Mr. Michael Scott.

MICHAEL shakes ROBERT's hand, keeping a stern expression to mirror ROBERT's complexity.

MICHAEL

You can just call me Michael Scott. Mr. Michael Scott is what my kids' friends call me.

ROBERT smiles at MICHAEL, then goes to address the larger group again.

ROBERT

Boys, this is going to be a night none of us will ever forget. Now what's on the agenda?

GABE

Well, we're playing poker right now. Or they are, anyway. I'm just watching since we can't play with an odd number of people.

ROBERT looks at GABE inquisitively.

Cut to a DARRYL talking head in the hallway.

DARRYL

I played cards with Gabe once. Every time a queen was on the table or in his hand, it prompted an incredibly vivid story from his time as a drag queen. I can't subject Pete to that during his own bachelor party. And that is my gift to him.

Cut back to the living room as the game of poker continues; however, everyone is fairly quiet as ROBERT does most of the talking.

ROBERT

Anyway, there I was, carrying what I thought was a dead tiger on my shoulders, when the beast growls in my ear. So, it was my responsibility to vanquish the monster, and I did so with a swift punch to the head.

JIM

A punch to the head killed a tiger?

DWIGHT

Jim, please keep your mouth shut about things you don't understand. A blackbelt could kill an average person walking past them on the street with a quick slap to the throat.

JIM

Why would you slap a passerby in the throat?

DWIGHT

You don't have the background.

JIM

Which is . . . ?

DWIGHT

That's between me and the passerby. If I told you, I'd have to kill you, too.

JIM

In this hypothetical scenario.

DWIGHT

Who said it was hypothetical?

DWIGHT looks at the camera and smirks, then looks back at JIM.

DWIGHT

I mean, it *is* hypothetical, but I'm just saying I didn't previously say it was hypothetical, so you shouldn't have assumed as much.

ROBERT stands up, hovering over the table.

ROBERT

Boys, boys . . . let us just-

ROBERT starts coughing.

ROBERT

Let us-

ROBERT continues coughing.

MICHAEL

Do you need a cough drop?

DARRYL

Yo, I think he's choking.

KEVIN

Yes, he's definitely choking, because that's how I look when I choke from swallowing too big of a bite of pizza.

JIM

Alright . . .

JIM gets up to go help ROBERT, but ROBERT suddenly falls to the floor. Everyone stands up and goes over to ROBERT, now standing over him in a circle. JIM turns ROBERT onto his back and feels his pulse. JIM slowly looks up at the group.

JIM

Guys . . . he's dead.

KEVIN starts laughing and clapping.

KEVIN

Classic Robert. Always playing death pranks.

Everyone gets serious quickly and looks over at the camera at the same moment.

INT. THE GRAPE PAINTER – EVENING

The paintings are coming along now, with only a few other elements remaining. Of course, this progress also means ERIN and MEREDITH have continued to drink – as have the rest of the ladies (and TOBY).

ERIN grabs a bottle of wine and starts going around, pouring glasses for the office ladies. She goes to pour TOBY a glass.

ERIN

More wine, Toby? Wait, Toby? When did you get here?

TOBY

I've been here the whole time, remember? Michael wouldn't let me go to the bachelor . . . party.

ERIN puts the bottle of wine down.

ERIN

Hold on . . . the what?

TOBY

What'd I say? Bachelor party? Oh, I was thinking about my friend's bachelor party next weekend. Must have slipped out.

ERIN

You're not fooling me, Toby. I know you don't have any friends.

TOBY

I have friends . . .

ERIN turns to PAM.

ERIN

What's he talking about, Pam?

PAM puts her brush down and turns to ERIN.

PAM

OK . . . please don't be upset, but the guys from the office went over to your house to have an impromptu bachelor party for Pete.

ERIN

What? Why wouldn't he tell me that?

ANGELA

It was supposed to be a surprise.

ERIN

That's totally not cool. You guys are keeping me here like a prisoner trying to keep me from knowing about it. Well, guess what? Now I know!

PAM

That wasn't why we did this. It was just a time for us ladies to bond.

ERIN

Well, you know what?

ERIN grabs the bottle of wine and takes a big swig out of it.

ERIN

Now this is gonna be my impromptu bachelorette party!

The INSTRUCTOR steps away from his canvas and steps toward ERIN.

INSTRUCTOR

Ma'am, there are other people here. Why don't you go back to your seat and finish the waves.

ERIN glares at the instructor and points at him.

ERIN

Why don't you go and paint your own waves and then go for a swim in them and drown! You're in on this, too, aren't you? Trying to keep me from knowing about that party!

INSTRUCTOR

I have no idea what you're talking about, but please collect yourself

or I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

ERIN

No way! I'm not going anywhere. We paid for this class and I'm gonna learn all the art from you. And then, you know what? I'm gonna punch a hole in my stupid painting and leave it on your doorstep!

MEREDITH stands up from a few seats behind ERIN.

MEREDITH

Girl, come back over here.

ERIN looks at MEREDITH.

ERIN

You know what? Only Meredith is looking out for me. And we're gonna have a grand old time . . . and not tell the rest of you anything about it. How's that sound?

ERIN storms back to her station and sits down next to MEREDITH. The two cheers their glasses and chug what's left in them.

Cut to a TOBY talking head outside of the bathrooms.

TOBY

Nice going, Toby, you big mouth. I'm just gonna hide back here until the rest of the session is over. Tell them I have explosive diarrhea if they're looking for me. That's better than any of them confronting me right now.

TOBY turns around and enters the bathroom.

INT. PETE AND ERIN'S HOUSE - DAY

The scene picks up where it left off, with ROBERT's dead body on floor.

JIM

OK, let's get him up off the floor at least.

JIM motions for someone to come help him. No one volunteers.

JIM

What? Are you serious?

DWIGHT

I've seen enough crime movies to know you never want to move the body.

JIM

Well, what if it's just the way he's laying? Maybe if we sit him up he'll cough something out.

CLARK

Dude, you said he didn't have a pulse. He's definitely not coughing anything up.

KEVIN

Why don't you give him mouth-to-mouth, but instead of breathing into his mouth you suck in like a vacuum? You know, to get the object out of his throat.

PETE puts his hands on his head and begins pacing back and forth.

PETE

Oh my god. Oh my god. There's a dead body in my living room. All I

wanted was to watch all the Die Hard movies and drink some beer on my own. Why couldn't you just say no, Pete? Is it because you're a pushover? Well, now you're a pushover *and* a criminal.

MICHAEL goes over to PETE and puts his hand on his shoulder.

MICHAEL

Listen, Pete. The good news is that we'll all go to jail together. We can all pair up and bunk with each other and start our own prison gang. I'll be with Ryan, of course. Maybe you can be with Creed?

CREED shakes his head "no."

CREED

No way. I've gotten away with a lot worse. You're on your own, suckers.

CREED pulls out a flip phone and dials a number.

CREED

(on the phone)

Yeah, this is Reed Stratton. I've got a log in the living room and I'm gonna need you to come pick up this tired lumberjack. Yeah, I'll text you the address. Just get here A.S.A.P. before everything goes timber.

CREED hangs up the flip phone, opens it back up, cracks it in half and tosses it on the floor. He proceeds to put on latex gloves, then opens the front door and leaves.

JIM

OK, I have no idea what that was about, but no one's going to prison here. Can we at least move him onto the couch? I feel like he shouldn't be on the floor.

DARRYL

Fine, fine . . .

DARRYL picks up ROBERT by the arms while JIM picks him up by the legs. They start moving him toward the couch when something falls out of his pocket. JIM and DARRYL continue moving him to the couch.

KEVIN

Guys, it looks like Robert brought his own sugar.

KEVIN opens the small baggie filled with a white substance. He puts his nose in to smell it.

KEVIN

Guys, this doesn't smell like sugar . . .

RYAN looks over at KEVIN after having been paying attention to ROBERT being moved to the couch.

RYAN

Kevin, what are you doing?! That's not-

KEVIN goes and shoves the bag in RYAN's face.

KEVIN

Here, you tell me what this smells like . . .

RYAN pushes KEVIN away, but he insists on having RYAN smell it, continuing to put it in his face. RYAN eventually has had enough and swats KEVIN's hand away, sending the baggie flying through the air. When this happens, the powder

(clearly cocaine) pours out into the air and floats down on a bunch of the guys like snowflakes.

The camera pans to GABE, who's covered in white.

GABE

Guys . . . I'm afraid if I move I'll get a bunch of this in my eyes. Can someone get a blowdryer?

CLARK

A blowdryer will just send it going all over the carpet!

GABE

Well, I can't have cocaine on me!

DWIGHT

Ryan, this is your time to shine. Go and snort the cocaine off of Gabe and everyone else.

RYAN

What?! I'm not doing that. I've been clean for seven years!

Beat. RYAN looks at the camera after everyone is quiet.

RYAN

OK, there were a couple dozen relapses in there, but still . . .

STANLEY grabs his jacket and heads to the door.

STANLEY

This is enough fun for a lifetime. Goodnight.

JIM looks up at STANLEY after having been inspecting ROBERT's dead body.

JIM

No, Stanley! You can't leave. None of us can leave.

STANLEY

Excuse me? I am not going to prison.

OSCAR

He's right, Stanley. It'll look suspicious if any of us leave at this point. Especially since we moved the body and are covered in an illegal substance.

ANDY

What about Creed? Creed left.

DARRYL

There's a hundred percent chance Creed is already wanted by the police. Him being with us would only hurt our case.

ANDY

So, what, you're thinking we go to the cops with this?

DARRYL

Hell yes. What do you think this is - Criminal Minds?

DWIGHT reenters the living room after having gone to the kitchen. He's carrying an electric meat carver.

JIM

Dwight, what are you doing?

DWIGHT

What's it look like? It'll be easier to move and store him if he's in pieces. Dexter does it all the time.

JIM

Dexter is a T.V. show! With actors! It's not real!

DWIGHT

They used real cadavers!

MICHAEL stands up and waves to get everyone's attention.

MICHAEL

OK, let's put it to a vote. Who says we call the police?

Most people raise their hand, while MICHAEL, DWIGHT, KEVIN and RYAN keep theirs down.

MICHAEL

And who says we move the body somewhere else?

MICHAEL, DWIGHT, KEVIN and RYAN raise their hands.

MICHAEL

Interesting . . . seems like a tie to me.

OSCAR

What? There were clearly more people on the side of calling the police.

MICHAEL

Dwight's vote counts as three and my vote counts as two based on organizational structure in the office.

OSCAR

This has nothing to do with the office!

MICHAEL

We know Robert through the office!
It has everything to do with this!

Beat.

MICHAEL starts thinking again.

MICHAEL

OK, you know what? Toby's not here. This is the moment we've been waiting for. We tell them that Toby came into Pete's house, forced Robert to do a bunch of cocaine and left. Raise your hand if you like that idea.

MICHAEL raises his hand, but no one else does.

INT. THE GRAPE PAINTER - EVENING

Everyone's just about wrapped with the painting session, with the camera panning from one completed piece of art to another.

ERIN

(to MEREDITH)

Hey, we're out of wine.

MEREDITH

We did good, didn't we? You can really put it down.

ERIN

I need more.

ERIN looks over at the other group of women and notices they still have half a bottle of wine. She gets up with her glass and goes over to the group, grabbing the bottle and pouring herself a glass.

NELLY

Erin! What are you doing?

ERIN

What's it look like? Filling up my glass.

WOMAN 1

Excuse me? The nerve of you!

ERIN

The nerve of you! You know, I . . . I . . .

ERIN doesn't look well.

WOMAN 2

"I . . . I . . . I." Spit it out already!

The rest of the women in the group laugh at ERIN.

ERIN proceeds to lean over and throws up all over one of the women's paintings. The women scream in terror. The woman whose painting it was stands up in fury and shoves ERIN away.

WOMAN 3

You ruined my painting, you brat!

The woman continues to attack ERIN, prompting the office ladies to get up and approach the other two women.

ALLEY

Back up, grandma!

ALLEY shoves the woman pushing ERIN around.

WOMAN 3

Who are you calling grandma, little punk!

Another woman in the group goes and shoves ALLEY.

PAM

You know what? Why don't we all
just calm down and-

A stumbling ERIN goes to slap one of the women, who quickly moves out of the way, prompting ERIN to slap PAM in the face by accident.

PAM

Ow! Erin!

The camera pans out to show the women yelling at each other while others are physically fighting. TOBY hears this and steps out from the back hallway where the bathrooms are. He sneaks past all of the women and goes to his station. He looks at the camera first.

TOBY

Well, at least they hate someone else now. And at least I got a nice painting out of this.

TOBY turns to grab his painting, but one of the other women in the session crashes backward into his station, tearing his canvas and sending it to the floor.

TOBY looks at the camera again.

TOBY

What did I expect?

INT. DWIGHT'S VAN - EVENING

The cameraperson is in the passenger seat as JIM drives. The camera is focused on him.

JIM

So, we couldn't come to an agreement with what to do, so we landed somewhere in the middle. We are now driving the body to the police station. Why is that the best option? I have no idea, but we had already wasted an hour

arguing, so it's progress at least.

MICHAEL
(unseen)

Jim!

JIM looks at the back of the van, as does the camera.

JIM
What?

MICHAEL
Drive slower! Robert's rolling around back here, slamming into one side of the van and then the other!

JIM
He's dead, Michael. I don't think we need to worry about hurting him.

DWIGHT
That's true, but we can't have him loose in the van if he turns.

DARRYL
What do you mean by "turns"?

DWIGHT
I mean I'd imagine he would be one amped-up zombie due to all the cocaine that's likely coursing through his veins.

ANDY
Yeah, good call. Kevin, why don't you sit on him so he stops rolling around?

KEVIN

No way! I'm not sitting on a dead dude!

MICHAEL

Just suck it up! You could be saving all of our lives.

DWIGHT

Here, I'll lift you up . . .

DWIGHT grabs KEVIN and tries pushing him onto ROBERT's dead body.

DWIGHT

Stop squirming, Kevin!

PETE

I'm strongly holding back the urge to jump out the back of this van on the highway right now.

OSCAR

Please don't do that.

CLARK

Yeah, for real. Then we'll have to have Kevin sit on both you *and* Robert.

KEVIN

I'm not sitting on anyone!

MICHAEL

Oh, yes you are!

Fighting ensues in the back.

JIM shakes his head while focusing on the road.

INT. POLICE STATION — EVENING

All of the guys walk into the police station, all still wearing their matching t-shirts for PETE's bachelor party.

JIM and DWIGHT go up to the front desk.

JIM

Hi, yes . . . we have a serious issue. You see, we were throwing this surprise bachelor party for our friend here . . .

DWIGHT holds out his t-shirt to show PETE's face.

DWIGHT

This is him.

JIM

Yeah, so we were having a normal evening when this guy, who is actually our old boss and faked his own death once, comes in and crashes the party. Then he just dies right there in front of us.

DWIGHT

We suggest you act quickly before he turns.

OFFICER

Hold on . . . why didn't you call us?

JIM

Long story, but we have the body in the back of the van parked outside.

OFFICER

You put a dead body in your van and drove it all the way here?

The officer goes and puts his face to the radio on his shoulder.

OFFICER

(into the radio)

Yeah, we're gonna need a few men up here. We got a group of, I don't know, ten or so men who claim to have a body in the back of their van.

He goes to talk to JIM and DWIGHT again, but chooses to speak into the radio again.

OFFICER

(into the radio)

And they appear to be part of some strange cult worshipping a man named Pete. Better bring some tasers just to be safe.

JIM

What? No tasers! I told you we were at a bachelor party!

OFFICER

Well, we'll just see about that.

MICHAEL steps up to the front desk as well, standing next to JIM and DWIGHT now.

MICHAEL

Officer, while I have you, I'd like to ask you about waving a couple parking tickets.

OFFICER

I can't do that.

MICHAEL

You don't even have any of the details yet.

OFFICER

Like what?

MICHAEL

Well, for one, I really don't want to pay them.

DARRYL

Mike!

MICHAEL turns around.

MICHAEL

What? Trying to murder two birds with one lump of coal.

JIM

Very close, but not the expression.

MICHAEL

And that's not to say that we murdered the guy in the back of the van. It's just a euphemism.

JIM

That's not a euphemism! Will you just go back there with the rest of the guys?

MICHAEL

They don't know what that word means, Jim. They're officers of the law. It's not like they're the brightest tools in the shed.

OFFICER

I can hear you, you know?

MICHAEL

I'm expressing my right to remain silent toward you, so therefore you *can't* hear me.

A bunch of officers rush into the lobby holding tasers, pointing them at the office guys. The guys all raise their hands in fear.

JIM

You've got to be kidding me.

MICHAEL

(whispering to JIM)

I told you we should've framed Toby.

INT. POLICE STATION HOLDING ROOM — NIGHT

All the guys are sitting in a holding room. KEVIN goes over to the mirror and begins making faces.

KEVIN

Ooh, I wonder if this is one of those two-way mirrors.

Cut to CLARK and PETE sitting against a wall.

CLARK

Some bachelor party, huh?

PETE

If we get out of here, I'm gonna murder you all.

GABE

Hey, Pete. If you're gonna murder us all anyway, can you just confess to killing Robert? That would just save some time.

JIM

For the last time: no one killed Robert.

OSCAR

Also for the last time: they're listening to our conversations.

MICHAEL

Good, then maybe they heard me list off all the reasons those parking tickets should be waved.

The door opens and two officers enter, including the one that was at the front desk.

OFFICER #1

Alright, you guys are free to go.

OFFICER #2

Just get out of here before we decide to start drug testing you.

DARRYL

Hold on, what?

OSCAR

You don't have to question us or anything? What about the body?

OFFICER #1

No. Clearly things got a little too crazy at the bachelor party and you're all tripping on something wild.

OFFICER #2

There was no body in the back of that van, you clowns. Now why don't you all go home and sober up before we find a reason to keep you.

All the guys turn to look at DWIGHT.

DWIGHT

I told you he'd turn. Now we have a coke-filled zombie running around the streets of Scranton.

OFFICER #2

I said get out!

INT. POLICE STATION LOBBY — NIGHT

The guys are walking out from where they were being held. When they get to the lobby, they run into the office ladies, who are also on their way out of some sort of holding room.

JIM

Pam?

The girls look over at the guys.

PAM

Jim? What are you guys doing here?

DARRYL

Robert California showed up at Pete's place and OD'ed in front of us.

JIM

And then we thought it'd be a good idea to bring the body here. Somehow we thought *that* was a good idea.

DWIGHT

Wait, why are you all here?

All the women turn to face ERIN.

MEREDITH

We had an impromptu bachelorette party for Erin. It was a riot!

PAM

We ended up fighting this group of older women that were painting during our session.

Beat.

DWIGHT

Classic.

PETE runs up to ERIN and hugs her.

PETE

Are you alright?

ERIN

I'm fine, but my head feels like it's about to explode. How was your night?

PETE

Oh, it was one that'll be with me forever. I mean, I *actually* think I might have to see a therapist after all this.

MICHAEL nudges DWIGHT and ANDY.

MICHAEL

(whispering)

Hear that? He said this night will stick with him forever.

DWIGHT

Mission accomplished.

JIM walks up to PAM as everyone begins leaving the police station.

PAM

So, where's the body then?

JIM

We have no earthly idea. I think it's best we just never mention this to anyone, ever.

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

JIM talking head right outside the building entrance.

JIM

And as mysteriously as Mr. Robert California appeared, he disappeared. I called him faking his death, though. That makes what happened at the funeral home *exceptionally* less embarrassing for me. So, I guess there is a silver lining in this night from hell after all.

Cut to a MICHAEL talking head in the same spot.

MICHAEL

I didn't know Robert well, but he seemed like a cool guy. I'm just glad I got to meet him before he died a second time. And, who knows, maybe I'll get to meet him before his third death, too.

Cut to an ERIN and PETE talking head in the same spot.

ERIN

I don't think I can look at a bottle of wine ever again. But, I got this awesome painting out of it.

ERIN holds up her hands to reveal she's holding her final painting.

ERIN

It has paint, wine and a little bit of throw up on it, but I think it turned out pretty well.

PETE looks at it and grimaces.

PETE

Yeah, it's sort of, like, modern art . . . I guess?

PETE looks back at the camera.

PETE

And I don't think I can sleep ever again. But you know what? It's only ten o'clock. I'm gonna go home, put my feet up and get through at least one Die Hard movie.

PETE and ERIN smile at the camera for a beat, then ERIN gets serious and turns to address PETE.

ERIN

After we clean up the cocaine, you mean.

PETE

Right. After we take care of that.

Cut to a PAM talking head in the same spot.

PAM

You know what? I tried. I tried to have a fun girls night out and this is what happens. And with that, I will stick to happy hours in the conference room. At least there aren't any strangers we can collectively beat up in there.

Cut to a DWIGHT talking head in the same spot. He's sharpening a piece of wood to make a stake.

DWIGHT

Guess whose Friday night just got
a lot more complicated?

OUTRO

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

ROBERT CALIFORNIA wakes up on the ground in the parking
lot. He's naked and carrying the gun he had in the motel
room from the intro. He stretches and yawns.

ROBERT

Ah, man. What a f***ing crazy,
crazy night.

He looks around and spots the camera on him. He stares
directly at it and turns his body to face it.

ROBERT

Hey, can you guys give me a ride
back to the motel?

END OF EPISODE