The Office

Season 10

Episode 20 — Bachelor & Chill (Part I)

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INTRO

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

JIM and PAM talking head at PAM’s desk. They’re both sitting to the side with the computer screen between (and behind) them.

JIM
This is binge-watching.

JIM points to the screen.

PAM
It’s defined as the practice of watching television for a long timespan, usually with a single television show.

JIM
It’s been a thing for years now. But, as it turns out, Michael nor Dwight actually knew what it meant until yesterday.

Cut to a new scene in the main office. JIM is standing by PAM’s desk talking to CLARK.

JIM
Anyway, we ended up binging the entire season in a day. Talk about a wasted Saturday.

CLARK
Dude, that’s like my dream Saturday.

MICHAEL walks up to his desk but remains standing (only because JIM is standing) and inserts himself into the conversation.

MICHAEL
It’s probably like my dream Saturday, too. Lay it on me, homies.

DWIGHT rushes out of his office and stands near them, too.

DWIGHT
Totally. Same for me.

PAM
We were just talking about how Jim and I binged The Sinner on Netflix over the weekend.

MICHAEL
Oh my god, are you OK?

PAM
What? Yeah, we’re fine, why?

MICHAEL
Isn’t that when someone eats a lot and then diarrheas it all out?

CLARK
You have no idea what you’re talking about, do you?

MICHAEL
Yes, I do.

DWIGHT
We definitely do.

Beat.

MICHAEL
But why don’t you tell me what you think it means.

JIM
Well, the binging we’re talking about is with T.V. And it’s actually called binge-watching.

DWIGHT
Sounds lame.

JIM
I’ve not even described it yet.

DWIGHT
Still . . . just the way you said it makes it sound lame.

JIM looks at PAM and smirks. He then looks at CLARK with the same smirk.

JIM
You’re right, it is pretty lame. It’s just this thing where you watch the same T.V. series without stopping and-

MICHAEL starts jumping up and down. DWIGHT, of course, does the same after seeing MICHAEL do it.

MICHAEL
Oh wow! Say no more. That’s amazing. So, so cool. Wow, who even thought of that?

CLARK
No idea, it was probably Buzzfeed or something.

MICHAEL and DWIGHT finally calm down, but still look incredibly hyped up.

MICHAEL
Well, what a genius idea.

MICHAEL turns to DWIGHT.
MICHAEL
You thinking what I’m thinking?

DWIGHT
Already ahead of you. I’ll go get my projector from the car.

MICHAEL and DWIGHT high-five.

MICHAEL
I’ll make some popcorn and meet you in the conference room!

MICHAEL and DWIGHT run off in separate directions to gather their binge-watching necessities.

Cut back to the JIM and PAM talking head at PAM’s desk (in what is clearly now the day after the previous scene).

PAM
So, here we are . . .

PAM pulls out her phone and looks at a timer she has running on it.

PAM
Twenty-one hours later and neither of them has left the conference room once.

JIM
I actually saw Michael pee out the window into the parking lot while Dwight held onto him.

Beat.

JIM
He was nervous about falling out.

PAM
They’ve not slept either.
CLARK stands up, revealing himself from behind PAM’s monitor.

CLARK
I just can’t believe they took the concept so literally. I mean, don’t get me wrong, I’m impressed, but holy cow. And of all shows they could choose to binge, they chose Game of Thrones.

Cut to a new scene of JIM standing right outside the conference room. He opens the door and pokes his head inside. The camera gets a glimpse inside the dark, messy room. The only light is that of the projector playing an episode on the wall in the front of the room.

JIM
Hey, guys. We’re headed out for the day. How far in are you?

DWIGHT
(exhausted)
Season four.

JIM
Oh, that’s a great one. You guys want me to order you a pizza or something?

DWIGHT
No, we still have a few slices left from this morning.

JIM
Gotcha.

JIM starts to close the door.

MICHAEL
(exhausted)
Jim?
JIM pokes his head in again.

JIM
Yeah?

MICHAEL (exhausted)
Tell my family I love them.

JIM
Will do, buddy.

JIM closes the door and walks away to leave for the day.

Opening credits roll.

EPISODE

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

PETE is standing at reception talking to ERIN.

ERIN (smiling)
So, are you ready for tonight?

PETE
Oh, you know it. About to have me one crazy party.

ERIN
Seriously, though, can you at least try to have some fun?

PETE rolls his eyes.

PETE
Yes, of course.

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY
PETE talking head.

PETE
Erin and I are getting married in two months, which seems to be around the distance out where everyone asks you about your bachelor party. Fortunately for me, I’ve decided not to have one. And sure, you can call me lame all you want, but that’s just not me. So, Erin’s signed off on me having a bachelor party of one. I get the T.V. to myself, rented every single Die Hard movie and have a six-pack waiting in my fridge. And that sounds legendary.

MICHAEL walks by the glass door and looks in without stopping.

MICHAEL
(shouting)
Lame!

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) — DAY

DARRYL walks into the office for the day with his head held low. He’s suspiciously looking around as he heads to his desk. JIM notices this and smirks.

JIM
Hey, you know we don’t hand out tardy slips here, right?

DARRYL sits at his desk, still looking down.

JIM
Seriously, what’s going on?

DARRYL waves JIM off.

DARRYL
(yelling at a whisper level)
Not now, man! Stop drawing attention to me!

DARRYL looks around, then opens his laptop to get to work.

INT. CALLROOM (ATHLEAP) — DAY

DARRYL talking head. He’s wearing a baseball cap with the brim practically pushed down to his eyes.

DARRYL
This thing? Oh, right . . . yeah, I wear this sometimes. Hats are my new thing.

He can tell that the camera isn’t going anywhere.

DARRYL
Alright, I hate hats, OK? Feel better? They feel like a giant is palming my head. But I’ve gotta wear it today. I can’t risk running into . . .

DARRYL sighs, then takes off his hat, finally ready to reveal what’s going on.

DARRYL
I drank a little too much playing Madden on Xbox last night. I was lying in bed when it was all over and decided to hop on Tinder. You know, just to pass the time. Next thing I know, it’s the morning and I still have all my clothes on. I look at my phone and see “one new match on Tinder.” What a great way to start the day, right? Wrong. That match was Meredith. Yes, the Meredith we all know and despise. So, you understand my concern, right? And please don’t judge
drunk Darryl for his actions. Blame sober Darryl for having Tinder and not realizing Scranton’s a small-a** town.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) — DAY

A separate camera films as MEREDITH walks over and starts talking to KEVIN. That camera zooms in across the room to show DARRYL being interview by another camera in the callroom. DARRYL puts his index finger up to his mouth, hoping the other cameraperson lays low.

INT. KITCHEN — DAY

DWIGHT is pouring himself a cup of coffee when ANDY walks up to him, standing uncomfortably close. DWIGHT glances over, disgusted at this.

    DWIGHT
    Andy, I have beet spray in my pocket. If you don’t step back in one second I’ll have no choice but to use it on you and claim sexual assault to Toby.

ANDY steps back and puts his hands up in a “whatever you say” gesture.

    ANDY
    Beet spray? Is that worse than pepper spray?

    DWIGHT
    Psh. Pepper spray is for babies compared to beet spray. Say goodbye to your eyesight with one burst of this stuff to the eyes.

    ANDY
    Why would you give pepper spray to babies?
Dwight
Never mind, idiot. What do you want?

Andy leans in a little, prompting Dwight to reach into his pocket, prepared to spray Andy if necessary.

Andy
Spoke to the O.G. boss and he says Pete’s bachelor party is tonight.

Dwight
Michael said that?

Andy
Indeed he did.

Dwight
He was invited and we weren’t?

Dwight starts to storm out of the kitchen to confront Pete, but Andy pulls him back.

Andy
No! That’s the thing. Michael said Pete’s having his bachelor party by himself. He’ll be alone at home all night.

Dwight
He’s not having a bachelor party? That’s completely unacceptable according to the D.M. Social Act of 2015.

Int. Dwight’s Office — Day

Dwight talking head at his desk.

Dwight
The D.M. Social Act of 2015 was an order I put into effect during a rather bleak time at Dunder
Mifflin. I had lost nearly all of the original gang and was rather impatient with getting to know my new subordinates. Effective immediately, Pete was to be referred to as Jim, Erin referred to as Pam, Malcolm referred to as Stanley, and so forth. I tried to rename Oscar to be Kevin, but he wouldn’t agree to those terms. That got hairy for me when it came to performance reviews and Angela found it to be a nightmare in finance, so we just made it fun social rules instead.

DWIGHT opens his desk drawer and pulls out a notebook, flipping it open and turning to a specific page.

   DWIGHT
   And rule number fifteen states, “If a male in this office is getting married, they must have a bachelor party.”

DWIGHT smiles and closes the notebook.

INT. BATHROOM — DAY

ANDY, DWIGHT and MICHAEL jump out from one of the stalls and shock JIM, who is drying his hands.

   JIM
   Ah! What the hell?!

JIM looks at the camera.

   JIM
   Seriously, what is up with weird things happening to me in bathrooms lately?

JIM turns to address ANDY, DWIGHT and MICHAEL.
JIM
And I’m not even going to ask why the three of you were just in one stall.

DWIGHT runs up to JIM and grabs his shoulders.

DWIGHT
Jim, we must pool our might!

JIM
Alright, translation, please?

ANDY
He’s saying we want you and the Athleap bros to help us plan a bachelor party for Pete.

JIM
Pete? Like Dunder Mifflin Pete? Pretty sure he has his own friends.

MICHAEL
Jim, no. Come on. You and us both know no one can throw down like the men of Dunder Mifflin.

JIM
That is so true, but I think we should just let him do his thing on this one.

JIM turns around to leave the bathroom.

MICHAEL
Fine, then you’ll never know what kind of drugs we got to give him.

JIM slowly turns around.

JIM
OK, stop. What’s your plan?
INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

DARRYL walks past the Dunder Mifflin office on his way to the kitchen.

    OSCAR
    (unseen)
    Hey, Darryl!

DARRYL stops in his tracks.

Cut to OSCAR waving papers in the air from his desk to signal DARRYL over.

DARRYL looks at the camera and reluctantly walks over to OSCAR’s desk.

    DARRYL
    (through his teeth)
    Yes, Oscar?

    OSCAR
    This letter was delivered to our office, but it’s for you.

OSCAR hands DARRYL the letter.

    DARRYL
    Oh . . . thank you. Is that all you wanted?

    MEREDITH
    (unseen)
    No, that’s not all!

DARRYL closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and turns around, prepared to face his demons.

    DARRYL
    Yeah? What business matter do you need to discuss with me?
MEREDITH
Oh, I think you know . . .

DARRYL looks around, nervous about what she’s going to say next.

MEREDITH
Sign this birthday card for Toby, will you?

MEREDITH holds out a card. DARRYL takes it.

DARRYL
Oh, that’s it?

MEREDITH
Duh. What’d you think I was gonna say?

DARRYL
Nothing. Nothing at all.

DARRYL smiles, nods his head and walks away.

INT. KITCHEN — DAY

DARRYL talking head near the fridge. He looks relieved.

DARRYL
Guess she must not have seen the match at all. Maybe she deleted her account. Thank god, too, because I’d have to quit this job if she made this a thing between us.

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

MEREDITH talking head.

MEREDITH
Yeah, I saw I matched with Darryl on Tinder. And of course I’m not gonna make a big deal about it . . . at work. Dwight added “Meredith is not to flirt with anyone at work under any circumstances” to the D.M. Social Act of 2015, so I have little say in the matter.

MEREDITH pulls out her phone and begins typing.

MEREDITH
But that don’t mean Meredith can’t get her freak on in Tinder messages!

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

PAM and JIM are talking quietly at her desk.

PAM
So, you’re really helping them with this?

JIM
I don’t really have a choice. If I don’t, it’ll ruin his life. We all know what Michael’s capable of.

PAM
Yeah, and if you add Dwight and Andy to the mix it’s a recipe for disaster.

JIM
This is also true.

PAM
So, should you at least tell Erin?

They both look at ERIN at reception.

JIM
Can’t. Dwight told me if I did he’d light Pete’s place on fire.

PAM
And you believe him?

JIM
He almost lit this whole building on fire. I can’t take any risks here.

PAM
Yeah, there is that. So, when do the festivities begin?

JIM
Michael said Pete already went home. He took a half day, so Dwight is making every Dunder Mifflin Scranton male take one, too. So, I have no choice but to leave here shortly as well.

PAM
(sarcastically)
Oh, poor you.

PAM looks around at everyone in the office.

PAM
Hmm . . . maybe I should do a girls thing.

JIM
Like what?

PAM
I don’t know, but I’ll think of something. Could be fun, right?

JIM
Definitely. Alright, well, wish me luck.
PAM
You know there’s no point in doing that.

JIM
I know.

JIM walks back to the Athleap office.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (ATHLEAP) — DAY

JIM is talking to KEVIN and GABE.

JIM
So, we basically have no choice but to join this thing. Now the one question is, how do we get Darryl to come on board, too?

The three guys look around. GABE puts his hand to his chin in a thinking gesture.

GABE
Ooooh, we could tell him that lemonade guy, Arnold Palmer, is meeting us somewhere.

JIM
OK, no. He’s not alive anymore. And “lemonade guy”? Really?

Cut to DARRYL sitting at his desk. His phone dings. He picks it up and looks at it. His face goes from content to terrified and he drops it on his desk in disgust. It’s clearly a message from MEREDITH.

JIM walks over to DARRYL’s desk, prepared to convince him to leave work to partake in PETE’s bachelor party, fully knowing that he hates hanging out with people in the office.

JIM
Hey, man.
DARRYL rushes to flip his phone over since the screen is still facing up.

DARRYL
Yo! What’s going on?

JIM
Not much. Listen, I know events like these really aren’t your cup of tea, but–

DARRYL
Yes!

DARRYL perks up in his chair.

DARRYL
Absolutely. Yes. Let’s do it.

JIM looks at DARRYL, confused.

JIM
Haha, what? I didn’t even tell you what it was.

DARRYL
I do not care. Let me just go and get my jacket.

DARRYL gets up from his desk.

JIM
Oh, well, we’re not leaving for another–

DARRYL
(impatiently)
No! Let’s go now.

JIM
Well, alright then.
INT. CALLROOM (ATHLEAP) — DAY

JIM talking head.

JIM

That dude must have taken his vitamins today or something. I usually can’t get him to go to a client dinner, let alone something he has no idea about. Or maybe he’s just finally warming up to everyone here . . .

JIM looks to the side to ponder his statement.

JIM

Nah, it definitely has something to do with vitamins. Or maybe drugs.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

All the guys are grabbing their things and heading out of the office.

Cut to ERIN, who looks at the clock on the wall, confused. PAM quickly recognizes ERIN’s concern and leaps up to reception.

PAM

Hey there, pal!

ERIN

Oh, Pam! Hello!

PAM

Saw ya lookin’ at the clock there.

ERIN

Oh, yes. I was wondering why a bunch of people were leaving, but then I realized it’s already five o’clock.
PAM turns to the clock on the wall; the camera does the same and zooms in on it. The hour hand is on the one and the minute hand is on the five. PAM looks back at ERIN, as does the camera.

**ERIN**
I just don’t know why people use those things anymore. You have to wait an entire minute for the speedy stick to hit the right hour. But I guess they look kind of fun.

PAM smiles.

**PAM**
Right . . .

**ERIN**
Anyway, why’d you come up here?

**PAM**
Oh, ya know.

The two stare at each other in silence for a beat.

**PAM**
Hey, you know what we should do since it’s quitting time?

**ERIN**
No! What?

**PAM**
We should do something . . . fun. Something fun with all the ladies!

**ERIN**
Oh. What’d you have in mind?

**PAM**
Hm . . . good question.
PAM stands there and looks around at all of the women in the office.

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

PAM talking head.

PAM
Wow. You know what? I’ve never planned an all-girls outing in the lifetime that I’ve worked here. So, let’s see . . . we have a bride-to-be, two moms with young kids, an alcoholic, a Brit, a spunky, young adult, and a knitting connoisseur. I have no idea what that equals, but I’m gonna find out!

INT. A LARGE WHITE VAN — DAY

JIM, CLARK, OSCAR, KEVIN, GABE, CREED, DARRYL, ANDY, STANLEY and RYAN are sitting on the open floor in the back of the van.

DWIGHT, driving, turns around as MICHAEL does the same from the passenger seat.

DWIGHT
(smiling)
How we holding up back there, recruits?

DARRYL
We’re fine, but the bigger question is: why do you have this massive white van all of a sudden?

DWIGHT looks at the camera (also in the back seat).

DWIGHT
For special occasions.
CLARK
Should we be concerned?

DWIGHT turns forward and swerves the wheel, sending everyone in the back piling up to one side of the van. DWIGHT laughs, then MICHAEL laughs.

MICHAEL
Haha, nice one! You guys look like a bunch of dorks back there!

DWIGHT
Yeah, front seat rules!

JIM
Do that again and it’ll be a bachelor party of three, Dwight.

DWIGHT continues driving without saying anything. Everyone in the back seat repositions themselves after the pileup.

MICHAEL
Oh, no. Dwight . . .

DWIGHT
What?

MICHAEL
I have to pee.

DWIGHT
But we’re only four minutes away!

MICHAEL
I don’t care, Dwight! It’s already dripping out like a leaky faucet!

Everyone in the back groans in disgust.

INT. MAIN OFFICE (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY
PAM gets up from her desk and stands in front of everyone in the office (only the women remain).

PAM
Hello, girlies!

All of the women sort of half-heartedly look over at PAM. PAM’s disappointed by this and drops the friendly act.

PAM
Really? No response?

ANGELA
Pam, we’re not your middle school friends. I don’t respond to such ridiculous titles like “girlie.”

PAM
Well, what would you prefer I call you? “Woman”?

ANGELA
Sure. I will accept that.

PAM
Listen, the reason I’m standing up here getting your attention is because I want to plan a girls night for tonight. So, call your babysitters and grab your cutest outfits, because we’re doing this.

NELLY
(nearly whispering)
Pam?

PAM
Yes, Nelly?

NELLY
Well, it’s rather embarrassing, but . . . you see, I don’t really have any cute outfits. Had to chop
them all up to make clothes for Drake a few years back. Those were some tough times, and let me tell you, it was even tougher getting a date while in my Sexy Toby costume.

PHYLLIS
From Halloween all those years ago?

NELLY
Yes, Phyllis, from Halloween all those years ago. I should’ve figured the only person I could pick up in that costume is Toby himself. It’s just like the real version of him.

PAM
OK, well we can all wear whatever. Now, let’s talk activities. What do you think about mini golf?

MEREDITH
Depends. Is it the one that’s B.Y.O.B. or the one that’s lame and sober?

PAM
(confused)
Um, the B.Y.O.B. one?

MEREDITH
Sweet. I’m in.

PHYLLIS
Yeah, mini golfing could be fun.

ALLEY walks out of the kitchen, stumbling upon all the women listening to PAM.

ALLEY
Uh . . . did y’all murder all the dudes in this place? Because if you did, that’s totally cool, but I can’t go back to juvie just yet.

Everyone stares blankly at ALLEY.

PAM
Alley! Oh my gosh. You should totally join us for our girls night out!

ALLEY leans against the wall, reaches in her back pants pocket and pulls out a flask. She takes a big swig from it.

ALLEY
Hmm . . . alright. Yeah, I’m in. But no baby stuff like mini golfing.

PAM throws her hands up in the air in frustration.

INT. DWIGHT’S VAN — DAY

The scene is pitch black until the van’s back doors fly open. DWIGHT is standing there to greet everyone in the van.

DWIGHT
Wha-?! What the hell is all this?!

Cut to DWIGHT’s point of view, which reveals all of the men in the back with red splotches on their clothes.

DWIGHT
Oh, no. Oh, lord. This was supposed to be a bachelor party! These types of activities are off limits for events like this!

DWIGHT places his head on the van, saddened.
Cut back to the inside of the van where all the guys are just sitting there looking at DWIGHT.

GABE
Uh, what’s he doing?

JIM
Well, knowing Dwight, he obviously thinks we decided to sacrifice one of us in the back of the van in celebration of an enjoyable night to come.

JIM puts his hands over his face.

JIM
Wow, it is so sad that I am now Dwight’s translator.

MICHAEL suddenly appears in the frame and looks inside the back of the van.

MICHAEL
Sorry, couldn’t get the passenger door unlocked so I had to climb out the window. What’s wrong?

STANLEY
Dwight thinks we killed someone. And the cocktail you all fed me back in the office parking lot is starting to wear off. That’s what’s wrong.

CREED
Yeah, and Reed Stratton would never kill no one!

DWIGHT lifts his head from the van and looks at everyone, saliva of sadness still dripping from his mouth. He wipes it away with his hand.

DWIGHT
You mean you’re all still alive?

JIM
Yes, Dwight, we’re all still alive. Kevin just spilled his cup of ketchup from when we stopped at Wendy’s for Michael’s potty break.

DWIGHT
Oh, thank god.

Cut to a DWIGHT talking head on the side of the van.

DWIGHT
In anticipation of an epic night of bonding, it is Schrute tradition to murder a member of the group. This murder tends to make them closer afterward.

DWIGHT realizes what he just said was idiotic and changes his tone.

DWIGHT
Probably because everyone is then responsible for disposing of the body and keeping tabs on the rest of the group to ensure no one contacts the authorities.

DWIGHT forces a smile on his face.

DWIGHT
But, hey, crisis averted!

Cut back to the scene at the back of the van. Everyone looks at KEVIN behind them, who is on the ground with all of his clothes (and his face) covered in ketchup.

OSCAR
Seriously, Kevin, why did you need a full cup of ketchup?
KEVIN
You wouldn’t get it, Oscar.

OSCAR
Try me.

KEVIN
Because, you don’t know what it’s like to dip a fry in a cup of ketchup, have it go too far in, forget about it and then find it at the very end. It’s the greatest surprise in the world.

Everyone shakes their heads and climbs out of the back of the van. As they get out, they assess the damage KEVIN caused to their clothes.

RYAN
Well, these clothes are ruined. Guess we’ll just call it a night then, huh?

RYAN pulls out his phone and starts using it, likely ordering an Uber.

DWIGHT
Oh, on the contrary . . .

DWIGHT runs up to the front of the car and comes back with two large, full garbage bags.

CLARK
OK, now I’m thinking maybe he killed somebody for real.

DWIGHT smiles, tossing one of the garbage bags to MICHAEL. MICHAEL smiles, too. The two proceed to open the bags and toss items of clothing at everyone.

DARRYL
You can’t be serious. You can’t actually expect us to wear these.

Cut to DARRYL, who holds up a large white t-shirt that has a giant print of PETE’s face on it. Above it reads, “Pete’s Party Posse.”

The camera pans to everyone else as they hold up their shirts, too - the exact same shirts.

Stanley

Nope. No way. There’s no way I’m walking around with this on. I’m out.

Stanley begins to walk away.

Dwight

(unseen)

Then I guess you don’t want that bonus . . .

Stanley stops and turns around.

Cut to Dwight, standing there (already wearing his matching shirt) with a smug look on his face.

Dwight

That’s right, folks. Anyone who sticks this out and participates in all activities - and I mean all activities . . . gets a bonus from yours truly.

Kevin

But we don’t even work for you, Dwight. Is that allowed?

Jim

No, Kevin, of course it’s not allowed.
DWIGHT
Who said you have to work for me to get the bonus? Sheesh, so ignorant, Jim.

Everyone looks around, realizing how far they’ve come already. They shrug in agreement to sticking it out.

INT. PETE AND ERIN’S HOUSE — DAY

PETE is sitting on the couch eating a bowl of chips with a beer on a side table. He looks away from the T.V. to address the camera.

PETE
Yep, this is what bachelor parties are made of.

He takes a handful of chips to the mouth, then goes to wash it down with a sip of beer. Before he can do so, the doorbell rings. He gets up and walks from the couch to the front door across the room. He opens the door and on the other side stands the group of guys from the office, all wearing the white t-shirts with PETE’s face on it.

PETE
(to himself)
You knew this was too good to be true, Pete. You knew it.

The camera focuses on the guys at the door with lingering silence and smiles.

OUTRO

INT. CALLROOM (DUNDER MIFFLIN) — DAY

TOBY talking head. He looks sad, per usual.

TOBY
Yeah, so, Michael made sure I wasn’t invited to Pete’s impromptu
bachelor party. Let’s be honest, we all knew that was gonna happen. But, the ladies noticed I was still here and asked me to join them for girls night. I feel like this should be a reward, but somehow it still feels like punishment.

ERIN
(unseen)
Toby! Are you coming?! You’re slowing us down!

MEREDITH
(unseen)
We just decided we’re calling you Tori tonight!

NELLY
(unseen)
Yeah, come on, Tori, you strong, independent woman!

TOBY looks at the camera and sighs.

TOBY
(unenthusiastically)
Yay . . .

END OF EPISODE