

The Office

Season 10

Episode 6 – Schrute Games

Fan Fiction by

Nick Janicki

theofficefanfic.com

Disclaimer: This content is of non-commercial fan fiction, written because of an abiding love for the original work. Any characters, settings or other details from original works in my stories belong to NBCUniversal and any other relevant copyright holders. This work is available solely for the public enjoyment of readers.

INTRO

INT. SCHRUTE FARMS' BARN - DAY

Everyone is working away on laptops in the barn, with both the employees and their laptops resting on bales of hay. Everyone is wearing jackets and/or blankets as it's so cold.

Cut to ERIN, who is staring at her phone and biting her nails.

ERIN

Errrrgh . . .

ANDY and OSCAR, sitting next to ERIN, hear her and lean over to see what's going on.

OSCAR

What? Did he respond?

ERIN

No, he didn't respond. I texted him last night and he still hasn't responded. But I just looked at my text again and it says "Read." Why is it asking me to read it again? I was the one who wrote it in the first place!

OSCAR

Erin, in this context it's pronounced "Read," as in past tense.

ERIN

Well, of course I'm a little tense. He's not responded yet! Am I not making that clear?

ANDY

No, he's saying that it means David Wallace read it already.

It's a read receipt. He read the darn text and didn't respond.

OSCAR

Alright, let's just all calm down here. Erin, let me see your phone.

KELLY

What's going on here?

KELLY is suddenly standing over them with her arms folded.

ERIN

How'd you hear us talking?

KELLY

I heard "read receipt." I'm like that guy from Rain Man, only instead of numbers I can hear words typically associated with gossip from like a mile away.

OSCAR

Fine, you can be here. But keep it on the DL. It's a read receipt from a text Erin sent David Wallace.

KELLY

Damn girl, you're hittin' them older men, huh?

ANDY

What? No, she's engaged to Pete. It's about "The Avengers." You know, all the people like you and me who returned to Scranton.

OSCAR

You mean the "Mr. Robots."

Everyone looks at OSCAR with blank stares.

OSCAR

Oh, jeez. Why are we calling them something that makes no sense? It was about all the old coworkers that have returned lately. Forget the group nicknames.

KELLY

Oh, much less juicy, but continue.

OSCAR

We think David Wallace is behind all of this. Think about it: he's the CEO of Dunder Mifflin and has a large stake in Athleap. It would make sense he bring us all back together for his own benefit.

KELLY

Fine, whatevs. You lost me at CEO. When was this text sent?

ERIN

Last night.

KELLY

And when is the read receipt from?

ANDY

From, like, seven this morning.

KELLY

Oh, this is not good. This is not good at all. We're talking about a read receipt that's over three hours old. I mean, I've heard of an hour. Maybe even two hours every blue moon. But three freaking hours? Yikes.

MEREDITH

What are we talking about three hours for?

MEREDITH appears, standing next to KELLY.

MEREDITH

If that's the shortest time you've ever been at a dude's house to do it before he kicks you out, then I've got you beat by a long shot.

ANDY

No, Meredith. And we don't want to know about your afternoon delights. David Wallace is ghosting Erin.

MEREDITH

That's a buzzkill. You try calling him?

KELLY

No, no. You're not gonna try calling him. That's textbook nutso. Here's what you do: type something like "Haha that's hilarious" and send it to him. If he responds confused, just respond with "Sorry wrong person." If the read receipt comes on that one, he's definitely ghosting you.

OSCAR

Alright, that's not bad. Let's see the phone . . .

ERIN hands OSCAR her phone. The group huddles around the phone, beginning to talk over each other.

The camera cuts from that scene to a new one of just ERIN studying her phone, running her finger across the screen in what is obviously her reviewing the message.

MEREDITH

OK, let's hear it, girl.

ANDY

Seriously, it's been over an hour of editing this thing. We just need to hit send already!

ERIN

Here we go . . . "David, clearly you think you're better than your subordinates. But guess what? We know the truth. We know exactly what you've been up to, and we demand answers. Not tomorrow, not next week, but right now!!" The end of that sentence has two exclamation marks. "If you don't respond, we'll take what we know to the whole company." How does that sound?

OSCAR

Good.

MEREDITH

I'm fine with it.

ANDY

Sure.

KELLY

No . . . two exclamation marks seems excessive. We might scare him away with that. Let's do one instead.

Everyone throws their arms up, irritated at how long it's taken to craft the perfect response to DAVID WALLACE's ghosting.

EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS' BARN - DAY

ANDY interview outside, standing near the barn doors.

ANDY

Yeah . . . Erin had the wrong number.

Opening credits roll.

EPISODE

EXT. PAM AND JIM'S NEW HOUSE - DAY

JIM walks out of the front door, waving goodbye to PAM and the kids as he heads toward the street. He's wearing a suit and carrying a briefcase.

The camera cuts to an SUV in the street. The camera zooms in to reveal the Uber logo on the windshield.

INT. UBER - DAY

JIM is sitting in the back of the Uber, adjusting the camera that's placed on the back of the front passenger seat's headrest. Another camera can be seen between the two back seats, facing the front passenger seat.

JIM

You're sure this is alright?

UBER DRIVER

Oh, it's no problem at all. I'm a full-time vlogger, so cameras don't scare me. I just do this part time.

The driver is clearly the same one from the first episode of the season, back when KEVIN drove his Uber driver's car into the parking lot to appear successful.

JIM

(to the camera)

Yeah, so as it turns out, practically none of the people who returned to Scranton have a car at the moment. That includes Darryl

and me. We're headed to meet with David Wallace today to discuss our three-year plan for the Athleap Scranton office. Kev's coming with us, too. Of course, he's always been in Scranton, but sold his car after he said he Ubered too much and completely forgot how to drive.

Cut to the same frame of JIM, but with a different view out of the back window. JIM looks to the other side of the back seat as the door opens. DARRYL gets in the Uber and sits next to JIM.

DARRYL

Really? We agreed to this? Feel like I'm on Cash Cab with this thing.

KEVIN

Or Bang Bus!

UBER DRIVER

Ay-yo! Bang Bus!

Switch to the camera in the back seat, which shows KEVIN and the UBER DRIVER high-fiving.

DARRYL

And why'd we let him get in the front? He's not even working with us full time yet.

JIM

(whispering to DARRYL)

Kev said he had six-day-old chili for breakfast this morning. I figured sitting next to one of us would be worse.

DARRYL

(also whispering)

Aw no, man. You know what you just did?

JIM

What are you talking about?

DARRYL

Him letting loose up front leaves us with the ultimate crop dust. We drive forward and the gas comes backward.

JIM

What about opening a window? Or turning on the air?

DARRYL

The air makes it feel like you're getting slapped in the face with the fart!

JIM looks at the front camera. His eyes widen in fear.

INT. DWIGHT'S HOUSE — DAY

The office staff are holding plates, moving in a line as they grab breakfast from the dining room table. DWIGHT is standing in the room's entry archway.

DWIGHT

That's right . . . fill 'er up!
Get that protein in your body! Ten minutes until it's work time!

PHYLLIS

Dwight, what's this? Some form of bacon?

PHYLLIS holds up what looks like a super thick, rubbery piece of bacon.

DWIGHT

Do not ask questions that you do not want to know the answers to!

EXT. DWIGHT'S HOUSE'S FRONT PORCH - DAY

DWIGHT interview as he sips as cup of coffee.

DWIGHT

It's really just a few pieces of Oscar Mayer bacon plopped on top of each other. I needed to make it look up to Schrute Farms' standards. The truth is, we haven't had fresh pork available in a few weeks. Mose heard the phrase "When pigs fly" from Philip and . . . well, let's just say he stole and hid our pigs, and has been hard at work ever since. Personally, I don't mind it. If he can get those suckers flying, it will free up some space for my project: chickens that can swim. My ultimate plan? Sell those chickens to "Chicken of the Sea" so they stop conning consumers into buying tuna. It's a million-dollar idea . . . ten years in the making.

INT. DWIGHT'S HOUSE - DAY

Cut back to DWIGHT yelling at PHYLLIS in the kitchen archway.

DWIGHT

Just think of it as gasoline. You are the gas tank! You want that gas in your mouth!

MICHAEL

(whispering to RYAN)

That's what she said.

RYAN

Really, man? Gas in the mouth?
Listen, if you're into some of
that fetish stuff, Meredith might
be able to do some knowledge
sharing . . .

RYAN looks at the camera and attempts to give a JIM-face
shrug, which ends up looking like the dollar-brand version
of it.

Cut to a MICHAEL talking head in the archway of the dining
room. He's holding his full plate of strange-looking
breakfast food.

MICHAEL

I wasn't a 'Rado native, so I was
always too worried to drop a
"that's what she said" there. You
know . . . I just didn't want to
offend the indigilous people of
the state. Saying that there might
have translated to, "Hey, dude,
I'll kill your family." You can
never be too sensitive with other
cultures. Except for people from
Indiana. Nothing's too weird for
those weirdos.

INT. SCHRUTE FARMS' BARN - DAY

Everyone is working away on their bales of hay. The camera
turns back and forth, searching for something. It finally
turns upward to show DWIGHT working up in the rafters.

PAM

Dwight, you've gotta have better
internet than this. I mean, we're
all relying on this little hotspot
to get us through an entire
workday.

The camera zooms in on the ground to show a hand-sized
device in the center of the barn on the ground.

DWIGHT

(shouting below)

Hey, hey! That "little hotspot" is costing me an extra fifteen cents per minute! That's an extra seventy-two dollars per workday! You should be on your knees thanking me!

ERIN

I agree with Pam. Having one phone in here is giving me a panic attack. Everyone's number is forwarded to this one and I don't even know how to call anyone back!

ERIN holds up the phone to show it to DWIGHT. It's a 1920s-era phone with a rotary dial and all.

ERIN

How am I supposed to dial the numbers? The spinning circle app is really fun, but I can't actually push any of the numbers.

ERIN spins the rotary dial with her finger and laughs in amusement.

The camera pans over to DWIGHT, who is climbing down a rope from the rafters (like the ones you might find in an old school gymnasium). He steps in front of everyone to address the group.

DWIGHT

Fine. You win. I knew this was a possibility, so I've prepared for all scenarios to maximize productivity.

He pulls out a notebook from his back pocket and flips through it, studying its various pages.

DWIGHT

Ah-ha! Here it is . . . page
thirty-eight.

DWIGHT tosses the notebook over to PAM, who starts looking
through its contents.

PAM

Jeez. How many scenarios did you
come up with? This one says,
"Everyone is trampled by horses."
What would we do if we were all
trampled by horses, Dwight?

DWIGHT

(to the camera, smirking)

Train the horses to do your work.

PETE

That seems entirely realistic.

DWIGHT

Oh, just read the scenario
already, Pam.

PAM

(reading from the notebook)

OK. If we're unable to use both
the hotspot and the phone . . .
and if we all have our arms and
legs . . . we can commence the
Schrute Games.

STANLEY

We're already playing a Schrute
game by sitting in this damn
icebox of an office. I am out of
here if this "scenario" doesn't
change this instant.

DWIGHT stares at STANLEY, then snaps his fingers. Within
seconds, MOSE comes running out from behind barn supplies.
He's carrying a tray with a single piña colada on it along
with a small, portable space heater. He rushes over to

Stanley, hands him the drink and turns on the space heater, placing it near his feet.

STANLEY

Well, suddenly I'm all for these Schrute Games. I will hold down the fort here until you all are back.

MOSE sprints back behind the pile of barn supplies, disappearing as quickly as he showed up.

ANGELA

D, are we really ready for the Schrute Games? The cows have already been milked today. The goats, too.

OSCAR

Uh, what does milking the animals have to do with any of this?

DWIGHT

The real question is what *doesn't* it have to do with any of this. But that's fine, monkey. We can manage without that part. Now, carve into your hay bales and find your team number.

Everyone begins tearing apart their hay bales, really just excited to get out of the freezing barn.

TOBY

Why'd you have to bury it in the hay bales? Couldn't you have just made us count off? Or pull a name out of a hat?

MICHAEL

You could use the workout, tubby.

DWIGHT

Just keep digging! This is part of
the opening ceremony!

DWIGHT looks into the camera.

DWIGHT

(whispering)

Let's hope you all make it to the
closing ceremony.

INT. UBER - DAY

JIM, DARRYL and KEVIN are still in the Uber on the way to
New York. The camera faces JIM and DARRYL in the back seat,
who now have their ties wrapped around their mouths.

JIM

(under his breath)

Oh, it's not the . . . smell. I
just get really chapped lips when
I'm in cars.

DARRYL

Yeah . . . and for me, I like the
way the material feels on my
cheeks. It's a weird fascination
of mine.

Cut to the camera that faces the front of the car. The Uber
driver's head is out the window, gasping for a breath of
fresh air. KEVIN sits in the passenger seat, patting the
Uber driver on the back.

KEVIN

There, there, Mr. Uber Driver.
It'll all be over in another hour
and a half.

Cut to black. On-screen text fades in with "15 MINUTES
LATER."

Open again to the interior of the Uber. Everyone's in the same position, only now there are about twenty evergreen air fresheners dangling from the ceiling.

KEVIN

I'm really sorry, guys. If I knew it would've been this bad, I'd have at least brought some chili for all of you. That way, the odor would be a contribution from everyone. Because they say gas doesn't smell as bad to the one who dealt it, and-

DARRYL

Just leave it be, man! Somehow you trying to hold it in has made it come out of your mouth, which I didn't think was humanly possible.

JIM takes two of the air fresheners from the window and places them on his nostrils.

EXT. AN OPEN FIELD AT SCHRUTE FARMS - DAY

Two separate lines face each other from around fifty yards apart. DWIGHT sits in a small tractor at the center. Around him (also in a line) are green balls. The camera zooms in to reveal they are made of leaves and twigs.

PAM, OSCAR, ANDY, CLARK, TOBY, MEREDITH, KELLY and CREED are on one team while MICHAEL, PETE, ERIN, PHYLLIS, RYAN, ANGELA and NATE are on the other.

DWIGHT

(through a megaphone)

Teams, in this first game you will work to pick up a ball and hit someone from the other team with it! That person will then attempt to avoid the ball, thus remaining in the game! Upon there being no survivors on the opposing team,

the other team will receive four
and a half victory points!

PAM

(shouting)

Why four and a half?!

DWIGHT

No rhyme or reason can be
attributed to this ancient method
of scoring!

MOSE grabs the megaphone from DWIGHT.

MOSE

Michael came up with the scoring
for this one!

DWIGHT

Dammit, Mose!

MOSE

What? If I'm going to be the
referee I need to play by the
rules. If I don't, what kind of
lesson is that to set for the
flying pigs!

DWIGHT

You have a point.

DWIGHT takes the megaphone back from MOSE.

DWIGHT

Yes, Michael came up with the
point system!

EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS' BARN — DAY

MICHAEL talking head right outside the barn.

MICHAEL

Yeah, so, Dwight had these Schrute Games planned. He comes to me: "Michael, I can't fill the shoes you left after beach games. Michael, they're gonna compare me to you." So, I tell him I'll take scoring off his hands. He tells me there are three games. I'm up all night doing the math, and finally get to 13.5 total points to win the Schrute Games. Divide that by three and that's 4.5. Bah-dah-bing, bah-dah-boom. The 13.5 is reflexive of how many people we have in the office. Toby is the half person.

EXT. AN OPEN FIELD AT SCHRUTE FARMS - DAY

Cut back to everyone on the field, preparing to play the first Schrute Game.

DWIGHT

Please enjoy throwball, an original Schrute Farms game! Oh, and before we begin: the winning team at Schrute Games will get to pick their new seats for the new office! The rest of you peasants will get the leftovers!

Everyone goes from looking at their phone or kicking grass to high alert. They're all whispering to each other now, getting into position to grab the "balls" at the center of the field.

The camera focuses on CREED, who leans over to MEREDITH while in an at-the-ready running stance.

CREED

We gotta win this one. I can't sit next to Marybeth anymore.

MEREDITH

It's not Marybeth . . . my name's Meredith.

CREED

Right, right . . . Meredith. I can't sit next to you anymore.

DWIGHT holds a large rifle up in the air and shoots it.

DWIGHT

And begin!

Everyone runs toward the center of the field. People start grabbing balls and tossing them. They lightly float when thrown, barely making it to the other team's side.

CLARK

Dwight, who made these balls? Tarzan?

DWIGHT

Ha. Ha. Ha. Very funny. Not everyone has a Costco membership like you, millennial.

MICHAEL

Really, Dwight? My kids make paper airballs that go farther than this.

OSCAR

You mean paper airplanes?

MICHAEL

No, I mean paper airballs. Not everyone has a sophisticated understanding of engineering like you, Brainiac.

OSCAR

Michael, I was a finance major.

MICHAEL

Exactly my point.

NATE

I'm not sure what the argument is here, but I just want to add, if it helps at all, that I studied political science. Well, I did it online at the University of Phoenix.

Cut to a NATE talking head on the field.

NATE

Online degrees are the future. Unfortunately, I was only able to get to the political science major page on the University of Phoenix's website before I got confused, but I learned a ton there. I read all the course names and saw a few photos of students in class. I'd recommend it to anyone who isn't as intimidated by computers as I am.

Cut back to the throwball game on the field. Everyone is still failing at hitting the other team.

DWIGHT finally rolls through on his tractor, crushing most of the homemade balls as he drives around the field.

Everyone is sweating (despite it being winter), looking exhausted from trying to toss the balls across the line.

DWIGHT

(on the megaphone)

Throwball is officially canceled as both teams are disqualified!

ERIN

Aw, really? I was having a blast.

KELLY is standing next to ERIN, holding up her phone to take a video of her.

KELLY

Seriously . . . these adorable little orbs make super cute boomerangs. Do it again, Erin, but this time swirl your arm all the way around before throwing.

ERIN does as KELLY asks.

RYAN

She doesn't even look like she knows how to throw. It's like a baby tossing its toy across the room.

KELLY

Oh, yeah? Well, let's see your throw then.

RYAN

I would, but I injured my shoulder doing pushups this morning. Like a hundred of them in a row.

RYAN looks at the camera and rubs his shoulder.

Cut to a RYAN talking head on the field.

RYAN

No, I didn't hurt it doing pushups. I was laying on the couch and I reached backward for the remote and dislocated it. Still, the fact that I even tried to reach over my head like that is a sign of how incredibly flexible I am.

EXT. UBER — DAY

JIM, DARRYL, KEVIN and the UBER DRIVER stand outside the car. It's clearly the side of the road as cars zoom past and there's grass all around them.

The camera walks around the car to show that the side of the car has scraped against the tree to its side.

JIM

I mean, I'm just happy we're all OK. No broken bones or anything. So, what happened back there, man?

DARRYL

Yeah, I didn't feel any bumps or anything.

UBER DRIVER

(in shock, to himself)

The smell. That god-awful smell. It'll haunt me forever. I need . . . I need therapy. I need to get some meds or something.

KEVIN comes out of the woods, holding his phone up high.

KEVIN

Guys . . . good news! My cousin, Lars, lives ten minutes away from here!

JIM

(clearly uncomfortable)

Alright. Finally we can get out of this man's hair, ha. Ha. What's his ETA, Kev?

KEVIN

Well, by the time we walk to his place it'll be another thirty-minute drive to the city.

JIM

Wait . . . hold up. Walk? Why isn't he just coming to get us?

KEVIN

Yeah, like, with our feet. Jim, he's my cousin. I'm not best friends with the guy. Besides, my phone died as soon as the call ended.

DARRYL

Oh, lord. Fine. Just fine. Jim and I don't have service right now anyway. Let's get on with it then. It's a ten-minute walk?

The three of them start to walk alongside the road, leaving the still-in-shock UBER DRIVER on the side of the road.

KEVIN

No, a ten-minute drive. I'm not about to translate numbers into different numbers, Darryl.

INT. DWIGHT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Everyone sits on the floor, holding strands of rope and moving it between their hands. DWIGHT and MOSE sit on chairs facing everyone.

DWIGHT

Teams! It is time for the second challenge of the day. What is this task, you may ask? Well, it's tough to describe. It's-

MOSE

Knot tying!

DWIGHT

Mose!

MOSE

Sorry, we didn't go over if they were answering the question or we were.

PETE

Why would you be answering the question?

ANGELA

Hey, hey, hey. That's a perfectly valid answer to Dwight's question. Nice work, Mose.

INT. DWIGHT'S KITCHEN - DAY

ANGELA talking head.

ANGELA

Mose is a man of mystery. One day, I'll see him . . . then there will be months on end that he's a ghost. The one thing I've learned about him, though, is that if he knows he did something wrong, he'll spend weeks trying to fix it. Take cooking breakfast for example. He made scrambled eggs one morning but forgot to crack the eggs first. Dwight scolded him, so naturally he started trying to make the perfect scrambled egg.

Cut to various clips of ANGELA finding MOSE cooking scrambled eggs (in the past). At first, it's just in the morning.

ANGELA

(tired)

Aw, Mose . . . you didn't have to do that for us.

Then, ANGELA walks into the dark kitchen in the middle of the night, flips on the light and finds MOSE cooking eggs in the dark. She screams.

ANGELA

(startled)

What the f*** Mose?!

ANGELA

(voiceover)

Eventually, it became more than we could handle.

Cut to DWIGHT and ANGELA waking up in bed to find themselves surrounded by plates of scrambled eggs.

Cut back to ANGELA's talking head.

ANGELA

Needless to say, we've been pretty supportive of everything he does these days.

INT. DWIGHT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cut back to everyone sitting on the floor with rope in their hands.

DWIGHT

We're not just tying any knots, though! These are farmer's loop knots! And whichever team can make the most knots wins the round! Ready . . . go!

DWIGHT shoots the rifle off in the house, which blasts through the ceiling. Everyone's terrified into action, beginning to tie the knots while looking at the model knot MOSE continues to hold up.

Cut to a black screen, which fades back in to reveal everyone looking particularly exhausted. Various employees

are shaking their hands in pain while others wipe sweat off their forehead.

ANDY

How much time is left?

DWIGHT

No time, just knots.

OSCAR

Dwight, that makes no sense. We've been sitting here tying these knots for thirty minutes.

OSCAR points to the other side of the room to reveal two large piles of knots. There must be over a hundred total.

DWIGHT

Time does not exist in the farming world. There is farming, and there is death. You are all farming . . . be thankful you're not dead.

Cut to a DWIGHT talking head in the living room. He is crouched down beside the two piles of knots, smiling.

DWIGHT

No, there is more to life than just farming and death. Not by much, but there is. I've requested they make all these knots as I'm behind on Christmas shopping this year. There are two hundred and fifty-six Schrutes within a twenty-mile radius. That's a lot of rope to account for.

Cut back to everyone working on their knots.

NATE

Yeah, I'm still working on my first knot. I just keep going back

to tying it like a shoelace out of habit. It's like I'm thinking about doing the farmer's knot, but my hands are betraying me.

TOBY

Well, I think I've actually mastered it and would be happy to do more to help people out.

MICHAEL

Hey, hey . . . nobody asked you. Why don't you take one of your ropes, tie one side to a tree branch, then-

PAM

Michael!

ANDY

Woah, man! Too far.

MICHAEL

Will you just let me finish? I wasn't talking about him hanging himself. I was gonna say . . . tie one side to a tree branch, then lather yourself in butter and tie the other side of the rope to your ankle. Then all of Dwight's animals will eat you.

KELLY

How do you think that's any better than telling him to hang himself? At least that would've been simple. Now I have this gross picture of Toby's naked, buttery body dangling from a tree.

DWIGHT

That'd be impossible, Michael. My animals are trained only to eat people on command.

PAM

Why would you train them to eat people on command?

DWIGHT

(to the camera)

Zombies.

DWIGHT stands up, walks over to the pile of ropes and begins inspecting them. He grabs a handful, walks over to the fireplace and tosses them into the flames.

MEREDITH

What the hell, Dwight?!

DWIGHT

These are no good. In fact, they're awful. Unusable. So, they will serve a new purpose, which is to keep us warm. Both teams are disqualified from round two for crap work. Everything will come down to the final round. Who's ready for the final round?!

The camera pans over to the employees on the ground, still exhausted. The camera stops on TOBY, who has a tear in his eye as he stares off at the fire and watches his precious work burn.

ANDY

No, Dwight! We're not doing any more of your stupid Schrute Games!

CREED

Yeah, these are no games. You want to know a good game? Red Rover, but you add handcuffs to the mix. My . . . uh, acquaintance, Creed, told me about it during his time in the clink.

PHYLLIS

I agree . . . this is stupid. I love knitting and all sorts of crafts, but this is just plain evil.

ERIN

(chanting)

No more Schrute Games! No more Schrute Games!

Everyone, from both teams, begins chanting alongside ERIN.

DWIGHT raises his hands to try and get everyone's attention.

DWIGHT

Fine. You want to end the first-annual Dunder Mifflin office Schrute Games? So be it. Then none of you get to pick your seats in the new office. Assigned seating for all!

PAM

Fine.

PETE

I could care less about that now.

CREED

Me, too, but I'm still not sitting next to Mary. She smells.

DWIGHT

Alright then . . . back to the barn! Get back to work!

INT. KEVIN'S COUSIN'S HOUSE - DAY

JIM, DARRYL and KEVIN stand in the foyer of the house. There's drug paraphernalia all over the ground, including bongos, lighters, empty liquor bottles and more. Kevin's cousin, LARS, walks into the foyer, hesitantly approaching

from the shadows and holding a bow and arrow at the three of them.

LARS

How'd . . . how'd you guys get into my house? Who sent you? Was it P. Slice? If it was P. Slice tell him I'll get him his money by next week.

KEVIN

Woah, woah! No, Lars, it's me, Kevin. You know, your cousin? Our moms grew up together and then banged two different men and had us.

JIM

You could have put that any other way and it would've sounded better.

KEVIN

I don't think so well with bows and arrows pointed at me, Jim.

LARS

My mama . . . what'd you do to my mama?

LARS pulls back the arrow. JIM, DARRYL and KEVIN all close their eyes in fear.

DARRYL

Jim, I never told you this, but if we're gonna die right here I gotta get it off my chest. You know how you lost those Bluetooth headphones back in Austin?

JIM

Sure, whatever.

DARRYL

I found them on the ground the next day in the breakroom. It's just . . . you were always talking about how you couldn't hear anything with them on. And all those interns we hired were driving me nuts. I'm sorry, dog.

JIM

It's fine, man. I just don't want to die here.

KEVIN

I've got something to confess too, guys. You know how Uber Eats kept messing up deliveries to our building? Well, I'd see a car pull into the parking lot from the warehouse and would go grab it for myself.

DARRYL

What? That's messed up.

KEVIN

The worst part is that most of it was Angela's vegan sandwiches, so I didn't even enjoy them. But I had to get rid of the evidence.

JIM

Why'd you keep eating them?

KEVIN

I don't know. I thought I'd unwrap it to find a ham and cheese for a change. Like if I wished hard enough, then the sandwich gods would help me out.

LARS

Enough! You . . . you're responsible for what happened to mama!

LARS walks over to KEVIN and holds the bow and arrow to his chest.

KEVIN
(eyes closed)

At least I know there won't be any vegan sandwiches in heaven.

KEVIN lets out a long, nervous fart as he thinks he's about to die.

KEVIN
No point holding that in now.

LARS begins to cringe, covering his nose with his elbow and removing the bow and arrow from KEVIN's chest.

LARS
Oh my god . . . what's that smell? It's like someone poured rotten cheese in a dumpster and lit everything on fire.

KEVIN
OK, you don't have to be mean about it, Lars.

LARS begins to wobble backward, looking light-headed.

LARS
I don't feel so good . . .

LARS passes out and falls backward.

KEVIN, JIM and DARRYL open their eyes to find LARS on the ground. They look at each other, wide-eyed.

Beat.

JIM

Why are we still standing here?
Let's get the hell out of this
place.

The three run outside, closing the door behind them.

DARRYL

Nice work, Kev.

JIM

Yeah, well done. You used your
powers for good this time. But
there's no way we'll make it to
the city now. Last text I was able
to get through to David said we
were gonna be an hour late.
There's no way an Uber will find
us in this dump of a place.

KEVIN

Oh, who said anything about
Ubering?

KEVIN holds up a set of keys and smiles as they were
obviously taken from his estranged cousin.

JIM and DARRYL fist bump.

INT. SCHRUTE FARMS' BARN - DAY

Everyone is quietly working in the barn, typing away on
their laptops and making the difficult situation work. The
camera pans up to reveal DWIGHT standing tall on the
rafters.

Cut to a DWIGHT talking head on top of the rafters. He's
sitting at a makeshift desk made out of four hay bales with
various items, including a nameplate, on his "desk."

DWIGHT

Not a peep down there. How
convenient, you say? False. I had

to share the news that I would be assigning all seats in the new office after I already told them that they could choose. So, I did what any smart manager and farmer would do: I made some stupid book of situations and chose the one that would get my subordinates to participate in various made-up games. Throwball? Please, I was on the second-place team at the International Junior Dodgeball Tournament when I was eight years old.

DWIGHT holds up a small plaque displaying the accomplishment.

DWIGHT

And farmer's loop knots? Psh . . . I could make a thousand of those in a day that would be of better quality than the ones those imbeciles put together. But, I got them tired. I wore them down enough to the point that they surrendered their freedom of seat choice. That, and they finally stopped complaining about working in the barn.

DWIGHT folds his hands on his "desk" and smiles.

DWIGHT

And at the end of the day, you can make the argument that they all worked together to find a resolution. And that is the true lesson behind the Schrute Games.

Cut to a panning shot (from the rafters) of the barn and everyone working away.

INT. DUNDER MIFFLIN NEW YORK OFFICE - DAY

JIM, DARRYL and KEVIN have finally arrived for their meeting with DAVID WALLACE. They sit in the office lobby waiting for him.

KEVIN

Boy, that Thunderbird could really rip, huh?

JIM

Yeah, about that, Kev . . . you might want to get that back in your cousin's driveway before he sobers up.

KEVIN

Oh, it's fine. My mom says that his aunt says that he says the car's missing half the time anyway.

DARRYL

Why does that not surprise me in the slightest?

JIM

Well, that's a relief. And at least we made it here.

DAVID WALLACE's SECRETARY clears her throat, catching the three guys' attention.

KEVIN

Is he ready for us?

SECRETARY

What? No, he'll let you know when he's ready.

KEVIN

Then why'd you clear your throat?

SECRETARY

Excuse me?

KEVIN

Clearing your throat like that is a sign you want someone's attention. And boy, do you have it now. So, what's it gonna be?

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, I've just been a little sick lately.

KEVIN

I don't care what you've been lately. That's extremely rude.

DARRYL

Dude, just chill.

KEVIN

No, I'm serious. Guys, I work for both Dunder Mifflin and Athleap now. I don't have to put up with-

DAVID WALLACE's office door opens and he pokes his head out into the lobby.

DAVID WALLACE

Sorry, guys. You can come in now.

The three men stand up, revealing their clothes to be all wrinkled and dirty from their journey.

DAVID WALLACE

Wow, what happened to you guys? Did you army crawl here?

JIM

Yeah, something like that.

JIM shakes DAVID WALLACE's hand.

KEVIN

And your little secretary here made matters worse.

KEVIN spots a bowl of lollipops on the secretary's desk.

KEVIN

Are these free?

DAVID WALLACE

What? Yeah, of course. Have as many as you want. Now what was this about Linda?

KEVIN takes the whole bowl of lollipops.

KEVIN

Oh, it's already starting to disappear from my mind.

DAVID WALLACE

OK, well, come on in, gentlemen.

They all enter DAVID WALLACE's office.

JIM

Oh, David, here's something before I forget: a few folks at the office were wondering if you pulled some strings to bring a bunch of us back together. You know, to help the business and all.

DAVID WALLACE

What do you mean?

JIM

It's just that in the last month or so a bunch of former Dunder Mifflin Scranton employees returned to the office. It seemed like a weird coincidence, so figured I'd pass along the question from some folks there.

DAVID WALLACE

Yes, I'm aware a few of you have returned, but it's all been for different reasons. Hmm . . . I suppose it's a little coincidental, but no master plan on my end. Let's just talk business while you're here, yeah?

JIM

Absolutely. Will do. Again, I'm just the messenger.

The three men take a seat across from DAVID WALLACE's desk.

DARRYL

Listen, David, we never thanked you for the office upgrade. Dwight showed us the floor plan and it's gonna be tight.

KEVIN

Yeah . . . it's gonna be tight like me in a gymnastics leotard.

Everyone just looks around at each other in uncomfortable silence.

Beat.

KEVIN

Because I'm really fat.

JIM

OK! What I think the newest member of the Athleap team means to say is that the upgrade means a lot. Appreciate it, David.

DAVID WALLACE

Not a problem. It's the least I can do to help kickstart the Athleap Scranton office.

Someone knocks on DAVID WALLACE's office door. He motions for them to enter.

DAVID WALLACE

Oh, guys, before I forget, Kevin won't be the most junior member of Athleap anymore. I figured you needed a hand on deck for any admin work that comes through so you can continue to focus on building your client roster. So, I've made a new addition to Athleap Scranton . . .

DAVID WALLACE points over to the door. JIM, DARRYL and KEVIN turn around to find GABE standing there. He's wearing a retro 76ers jersey, a sweatband on his forehead and basketball shorts.

GABE

Who's ready to score in Scranton?

DARRYL

Oh, dear lord.

OUTRO

INT. SCHRUTE FARMS' BARN - NIGHT

The camera is zoomed in on a sleeping STANLEY, who sits on a bunch of hay bales in a nearly pitch-black setting. There are empty cocktail glasses all around him and the heater is still running by his legs from earlier in the day.

MOSE walks out from behind the hay bales with a pig following close behind him. He holds up two sticks that are covered with chicken feathers and holds them at STANLEY's sides. He flaps them like wings. This causes STANLEY to shake his head in his sleep.

MOSE drops the sticks in fear and runs back behind the hay bales in typical MOSE fashion, arms remaining at his sides and all. The pig squeals and runs after him.

END OF EPISODE