

Note: This episode takes place in 2014, assuming that the spin-off had come to fruition AND "The Office" followed through with its original 2013 ending. This episode is partly an attempt to bridge those two eventualities and transition from "The Office" to "The Farm."

This episode also writes Mose out of the series, as it would be expected that Mr. Michael Schur would not have been able to commit to a recurring role.

It also banks on cameos from many of the Office regulars.

COLD OPEN

1

INT. DUNDER MIFFLIN OFFICE - DAY

1

Dwight enters, a typical weekday morning.

ERIN

Good morning, Dwight.

DWIGHT

Good mo--

Just as he turns the corner, Dwight STOPS, like he's seen a ghost. We ZOOM IN on what he's seeing: STANLEY HUDSON, working casually.

ERIN

Something wrong?

DWIGHT

What is Stanley doing here?

ERIN

What do you mean? Stanley's worked here for years.

DWIGHT

No, I know, but he lives in Florida now. He retired. Stanley, what are you doing here?

STANLEY

Minding my business.

DWIGHT

Where's your replacement? Where's Tom?

PHYLLIS

Who's Tom?

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

Don't play dumb with me. You know full well that Tom--

Something strikes Dwight, and he goes cold.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Oh, no...

ERIN

What is it?

DWIGHT

Check your computer. What's the date?

ERIN

April 18th...

DWIGHT

Oh, good.

ERIN

...2013.

DWIGHT

What? No. It's 2014. Let me see that.

CUT TO:

JIM HALPERT TALKING HEAD

JIM HALPERT has made time for us at the Athleap office in Austin, TX.

JIM

Yeah, things are going really well since we moved to Austin. Kids are healthy, Pam found a great job, Athleap's really taking off...but I do get nostalgic for the old days. I even swiped a bunch of mementos on our last day. You know me--very sentimental. Grabbed a bunch of Scranton newspapers from the date we left, a couple of magazines. And...

(barely glancing at his watch)

Oh look, we've just about reached a year since then.

(beat)

It's amazing what some emails and a few old magazines can accomplish

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JIM (cont'd)
 when you mix them with one Dwight
 K. Schrute.

2

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

2

Dwight is frantically digging through the planted newspapers
 and magazines.

DWIGHT
 2013...2013...2013! What?! WHAT IS
 HAPPENING?

PHYLLIS
 Dwight, calm down. I'm sure there's
 a reasonable explanation for all
 this.

DWIGHT
 I will not calm down, Phyllis. I
 just gave my two-weeks notice, and
 now I'm stuck in some sort of
 Groundhog Day scenario.

OSCAR
 Technically, this would be more
 like a Groundhog YEAR.

A few chuckles from the office.

DWIGHT
 This is not funny, Oscar! I could
 be trapped in a space-time vortex,
 condemned to spend eternity in my
 absolute peak sexual prime!

A few murmurs of "ew" from the workers.

OSCAR
 That's impossible. The world is not
 a movie.

DWIGHT
 Oh, yeah? You don't even work here
 anymore! You got elected to the
 state senate. And explain to me why
 one Stanley Hudson, who only moves
 when motivated by chocolate treats,
 would come all the way up to
 Scranton--from **Florida**--just to
 prank me?

(CONTINUED)

STANLEY

So in your hedgehog scenario, I end up in Florida? I like that.

STANLEY TALKING HEAD

STANLEY

Yeah, I'm in on the prank. I was going to be back in town anyway to handle some...none of your damn business. You really think I would fly all the way up from Florida just to participate in one of Jim's silly old pranks? And freak the hell out of Dwight? And buy a whole crate of those pretzels I like? Now, that's crazy.

3

INT. THE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

3

DWIGHT

Okay, fine. If none of you believe me, I will conduct an experiment. I will go up to the roof and leap to my death, at which point I will instantly be transported 3:30 a.m. on April 18th, 2013.

PHYLLIS

Why 3:30?

DWIGHT

That's when I wake up to milk the goats. Why, when do you milk yours?

OSCAR

Dwight, this whole notion is insane.

DWIGHT

I can assure you, I have a certificate at home that testifies to my sanity. Now, if you will like to witness my death and subsequent resurrection, please, accompany me to the roof.

The crowd follows.

4

EXT. DUNDER MIFFLIN ROOF - DAY

4

Dwight is facing the open parking lot, but not yet at a dangerous height. He's clearly hesitating. MEREDITH is filming on her smart phone.

PHYLLIS

(aside, to Stanley)

How long are we going to let this go on?

STANLEY

This here is a "let it ride" situation.

DWIGHT

I'm really going to do it!

OSCAR

We know.

MEREDITH

Come on, Punxatawney Phil. Piss or get off the pot.

DWIGHT

Seriously. I will.

(Beat, then turns around)

Okay, really? You were all willing to let me leap to my death because Jim wanted to prank me?

OSCAR

Wait. You knew?

DWIGHT

Angela showed me. Jim emailed a bunch of old people from the office to set me up. I saw the email chain.

Groans of disappointment from the crowd.

OSCAR

All right, yes. We're sorry, Dwight. We were never going to let you jump.

(To: all)

Jig's up, guys. I can't believe I took a half day for this.

(CONTINUED)

PHYLLIS

You know, Jim's really lost a step.

STANLEY

Mm, it's the heat. Slows you down.

ERIN

I'm just glad Dwight doesn't have to live through the Groundhog Year.

They all leave, grumbling and agreeing. Suddenly, a figure emerges onto the roof: KEVIN MALONE.

KEVIN

Hey, guys! Whatcha doin' up HERE?

DWIGHT

Wait. Kevin, you were fired last year. And you weren't on Jim's email list...

A beat as the gears turn. Then Dwight GRABS Kevin.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Quick, Kevin! What year is it?

KEVIN

Uh...I think, 2013.

OSCAR

No, Kevin! You seriously don't know what year it is?

DWIGHT

Dear God...

Everyone looks at Dwight. He makes a run for the roof ledge while everyone restrains him.

EVERYONE

NO, DWIGHT!

We INTERCUT Kevin's talking head dialogue over footage of everyone wrestling Dwight to safety. On the roof for his talking head, Kevin eats a pop tart.

KEVIN TALKING HEAD

KEVIN (OS)

Oh, no. No one told me about any prank. Sometimes I just come up on the roof to eat my pop tarts like they old days.

(CONTINUED)

Under this, group manages to subdue Dwight, but even though panting, he shows no sign of giving up.

KEVIN

Oh, it's 2014? My bad. That one's on me. I should probably tell Dwight.

Kevin thinks, then takes another bite out of his pop tart.

END OF COLD OPEN

ROLL CREDITS

ACT ONE

CUT TO:

5 EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - DAY 5

Dwight, FANNIE, and JEB are present on the side of a hill as a SURVEYOR takes stock of the land.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT (OS)

Today we are having the newly-expanded Schrute Farms officially surveyed. To those millennial hipsters who don't know what that is, which is 100% of you, that means we're taking stock of the land. Also, for the millennials: "land" is what your parents purchased and dug to create your basement dwelling. Ugh. Today's generation. Like Hobbits, without the fanciful adventures.

6 EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - CONTINUOUS 6

They all walk away toward the house to let the surveyor work.

FANNIE

Is all this really necessary, Dwight?

DWIGHT

Of course. Aunt Shirley might have owned a big farm, but she had no idea what was in it. Or on it. I had to chase away a bunch of hippie

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT (cont'd)
squatters with a pitchfork last
week.

FANNIE
Those people were **CAMPING**.
Technically on public land, by the
way.

DWIGHT
Still, they learned their lesson.

JEB
It's really simple, Fannie. Once we
have the survey, we create a map.
From the map, we divvy it up. And I
carve out Jeb's little corner of
the Schrute empire.

DWIGHT
Yeah, yeah, but remember: ten acres
of the old land. No more. Aunt
Shirley's will distinctly said we
have to keep her old land together.

FANNIE
What are you planting?

JEB
Mushrooms.

DWIGHT
No, Jeb! I don't want you growing
any of your LSD hippie-shrooms on
Schrute Farms.

JEB
Have some faith in me, okay? I'm
talking about agaricus, real button
mushrooms. They sell like
gangbusters at farmer's markets.
And, if some other mushroom species
invade somehow, maybe you just let
ol' Jeb dispose of those.

FANNIE
What about the rest of it? What are
we going to grow on Schrute Farms
this season?

DWIGHT
We sow whatever crop is suitable
for the market, soil, and climate.

(CONTINUED)

FANNIE

Which is?

DWIGHT

Whatever I decide to plant.

FANNIE

Excuse me? Who put you in charge?

DWIGHT

Uh, let's see: farming experience, merit, height, survival of the fittest...I could go on.

JEB

We agreed that you wouldn't take over until you left the paper company.

DWIGHT

I'll have you know that under my tutelage, that "paper company" has only become the largest small-to-mid-tier paper company in the entire southwest of the northeast.

FANNIE

Did you resign yet?

DWIGHT

Yep. The only thing tying me to Dunder Mifflin right now is the fact that I own their building.

By now, the group has arrived at the SCHRUTE HOUSE, where there is an already-opened package on the porch bannister.

FANNIE

What about our soil? Shouldn't we get, like--I don't know, a soil test or something?

Dwight lifts up the opened package.

DWIGHT

Arrived from Penn State just yesterday.

FANNIE

Can I see it?

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

Yeah, what are you gonna use it for, a yoga mat? This will be gibberish to you.

FANNIE

We'll see about that.

Fannie grabs it and reads--but only briefly.

FANNIE (CONT'D)

Okay, yeah, that's gibberish.

DWIGHT

Basically it says Aunt Shirley left us some Galaxy-class soil. We can grow anything this season: corn, soybeans, beets...

FANNIE

Blech. Beets? Really?

DWIGHT

I'll have you know Schrute beets are what put the ammo in **these guns**.

He holds his shirt back to flex a bicep.

FANNIE

You make a convincing case for corn.

7

EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE - DAY

7

Angela, bearing Phillip, rings a doorbell.

ANGELA TALKING HEAD

ANGELA

How am I adjusting to farm life? You tell me. Making sure Phillip doesn't put his eye out has become a full time job. Everything around me smells like manure, including the flowers. Especially the flowers, for some reason. And somewhere in between my new boss at Dunder Mifflin expects me to put in part-time work as an accountant. If it wasn't for Fannie babysitting Phillip I don't know how I'd find any time to massage my cats. I've

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA (cont'd)
 become so neglectful...I'm no
 better than a **dog owner**. And now
 Schrute Farms is so big I have to
 recruit someone else to help me
 baby-proof the place.

Behind her, Kevin comes out of the front door, wearing denim
 overalls.

KEVIN
 Ahoy, matey!

ANGELA
 That's pirates, Kevin.
 (to: camera)
 Nobody else was available during
 the day.

KEVIN TALKING HEAD

KEVIN
 Oh, I work nights now. After I got
 fired from Dunder Mifflin, I got
 all sorts of advice on what to do
 next. People said to me, "Kevin,
 what are you most passionate
 about?" And I said, "gambling."
 Then they said, "Okay Kevin, what
 are you **SECOND-MOST** passionate
 about?" And I said, "money." That's
 when I realized, I can borrow **MONEY**
 to buy a bar and charge **MONEY** for
 drinks.
 (happily)
 Sometimes the stars just align!

8 EXT. SCHRUTE FARMHOUSE - DAY

8

Dwight, master of all he surveys, paring an apple on the
 porch. Angela's car pulls up.

DWIGHT
 Where were you?

ANGELA
 At the store. I'm baby-proofing the
 farm, I told you.

DWIGHT
 And I told you, there is no
 baby-proofing a farm. There is only
 varmit-proofing it. And believe me,
 the two **are** mutually exclusive.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

Seriously, Dwight. Scary barns, loose nails, stairs without railings...this place is one big murder weapon. Two of my cats have already disappeared in the last month.

DWIGHT

Statistically, that is well below average.

ANGELA

Yes, well, we're not taking any chances with Phillip.

DWIGHT

"We"? Who's "we"?

A red-faced KEVIN, bearing boxes behind Angela, comes huffing up the way.

KEVIN

I think I'm allergic to farms.

DWIGHT

Impossible. What are your symptoms?

KEVIN

Tired ... short of breath ... don't wanna walk anymore.

DWIGHT

It sounds like you're just having a standard physiological response to exercise.

KEVIN

Whoa. That would explain so much.

INT. SCHRUTE FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Angela picks up a strange, old-fashioned contraption full of deadly spikes.

ANGELA

This is exactly what I'm talking about. What is this? It looks like a medieval torture device.

DWIGHT

That's an old-fashioned hand aerator. It's for gardens.

(CONTINUED)

Angela finds an even more elaborate, cartoonishly dangerous contraption.

ANGELA

And this?

DWIGHT

That's a de-aerator. It steals air **from** soil.

(to camera, sinister)

From enemy gardens.

ANGELA

Dwight! We don't need all of these contraptions laying around the house!

Dwight lifts a piece of plastic from one of the boxes.

DWIGHT

No contraptions, huh? And what's *this*?

ANGELA

That's a protective corner for all the razor-sharp tables we have in this house.

Dwight tosses it aside.

DWIGHT

I refuse to participate in the wussification of the American corner.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

Growing up on a farm, I was allowed to explore wherever I liked. Sharp edges. Loose wood. My Uncle Fritz's booby traps. If you ask me, it builds fortitude. I did fracture my leg jumping off a barn by myself, but, after the second time I did that...lesson learned for life.

9 INT. SCHRUTE FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 9

Kevin and Angela are opening boxes of child-proofing materials.

KEVIN

Hey Dwight, where's your cousin Mose? That guy's hilarious.

DWIGHT

He ran away. We think he joined the Mennonites.

KEVIN

The Deodorant people?

DWIGHT

No. Religious sect. I should have known something was wrong. He'd been acting so strange.

ANGELA

What's "strange" for Mose? Getting a bank account and a girlfriend?

DWIGHT

No, he started making moonshine and beer in the barn. Then one day he went too far, and...haven't seen him since.

Dwight looks off, traumatized.

10 EXT. PHILADELPHIA - DAY 10

MOSE, wearing a strange tieless suit and bearing a briefcase, walks sheepishly in the financial district.

When he spots our documentary camera, he ducks inside a building lobby.

11 INT. PHILADELPHIA LOBBY - DAY 11

We catch up to Mose.

MOSE TALKING HEAD

MOSE

Please. Don't tell. There are...too many Schrutes there now. It was better when it was just me and Dwight. Figured they would never look for me in the big city...

(CONTINUED)

A security guard walks up.

SECURITY GUARD

Excuse me, sir, unless you and this camera crew have business here, you need to leave.

MOSE

You'll never find me!

He drops his briefcase and runs away as the camera struggles to catch up. Camera swings around as the security guard looks at the open briefcase, which is full of some strange debris.

SECURITY GUARD

Are those ... acorns?

12

EXT. SCHRUTE PORCH - DAY

12

Near the porch, the work of babyproofing continues. Some time has passed, so Dwight comes walking back in.

KEVIN

Are there any more padded corners?

ANGELA

There should be one more box in the car.

Exit Kevin.

DWIGHT

I still don't see the point of baby proofing. Phillip will have constant supervision while he's here.

ANGELA

Is that so? And who did you have babysitting him now? Crazy cousin Zeke, or the weird lady who lives in a literal hole in the ground?

DWIGHT

First, that "weird lady" has a name, and it is Griselda the Odd. Second, I thought you were watching Phillip.

ANGELA

No, I wasn't -- Phillip!

(CONTINUED)

They find Phillip in a poorly-protected area near a barn, surrounded by goats. Angela rushes in to save him.

ANGELA

Dwight, this is exactly what I'm talking about. We're raising a family now! We need actual fences.

DWIGHT

Please, those are just goats. They're basically dogs with lobotomies.

ANGELA

I'm serious, Dwight. Either we babyproof this place or...I'm going to have to quit my job at Dunder Mifflin. This isn't just your old beet farm anymore.

Exit Angela. Dwight frowns.

13

EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - SUNSET

13

Establishing shots: an old pick-up truck pulls out, bearing cousin Schrutes. Zeke arrives on his sidecar motorcycle with a pumpkin belted to the side. There's even a horse-and-buggy parked, behind a distinctively Amish-looking family carrying dishes.

FANNIE AND JEB TALKING HEAD

FANNIE

Friday night dinners. Possibly my favorite Schrute tradition. Back in the city, me and Cam would just celebrate Friday with pizza or Chinese takeout. This is 100% better. I mean, except for the smell.

JEB

Yeah, why is it so strong today? It's not like we raise cows, what could possibly smell like--

ZEKE enters, puts his arm around them.

ZEKE

Hey guys!

So that's the source of the smell. Fannie just grimaces at the camera.

(CONTINUED)

ZEKE (CONT'D)

When did you guys get so shy?

14

EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - SUNSET

14

A few shots of a picnic-style dinner outdoors: a good time had by all. A live band (of Schrutes) does a simple one-two as a few of the family members dance around, stomping their feet. Fannie watches from the steps.

Cam approaches with COUSIN ELI, who looks like he's straight out of Mark Twain.

CAM

Can me and cousin Eli go play down by the pond?

FANNIE

What are you going to do down by the pond?

ELI

(boastfully)

Gonna catch some chewin' frogs.

Enter Angela, from within the farmhouse.

ANGELA

No, no, no. You are not to touch--or chew--any creatures. And if you do, wear these gloves.

She dispenses some gloves she finds on the rail.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

There. There you go. And come back before dark.

FANNIE

Gosh, Angela, how do you have the energy?

ANGELA

Energy? What energy?

FANNIE

Not just watching your own kid, but making sure all of these kids don't accidentally fall down a well, or...chew on the wrong frog. My hands are full with just Cam.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

Please. You have it easy. Cam's so afraid of the farm he's basically a pillow with glasses.

FANNIE

(laughs amiably)

Yeah. I guess it's good for him, being here. He's never made friends this quickly.

Angela takes pity on her.

ANGELA

This farm stuff is a skill. Like any skill, you sort of have to love it. Like Dwight. And you either have that or you don't.

FANNIE

Yeah, well, that's why I left. I...didn't.

Angela is about to say something nice, when...

ANGELA

Josephus Schrute, where did you get that branding iron? Is it hot? Come back here!

Exit Angela as we watch Fannie, feeling inadequate and looking positively forlorn. She watches and Cam and Eli play happily down at the pond, then puts throws her paper plate in a trash bag and walks off.

15 EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - LATE EVENING

15

Fannie's walking alone. From a distance, she (and our camera) spots Dwight and Jeb as they survey Aunt Shirley's land.

DWIGHT

So it's settled, then.

JEB

Mostly settled, yes.

DWIGHT

What? Why "mostly"?

JEB

You might want to ask Fannie first.

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

Please. The only thing Fannie can possibly help with is ordering pizza and writing morose poetry.

JEB

She's still a Schrute, she can't be that bad.

DWIGHT

Not that bad? It doesn't even rhyme.

At this point, Fannie has stopped. She looks to be on the verge of tears.

JEB

No, I mean. I think you underestimate Fannie. She has some management experience...you'd be surprised.

DWIGHT

Uh, you're talking to the former regional manager of Dunder Mifflin Scranton.

JEB

How silly of me, "Your Eminence."

DWIGHT

Shut up, dweeb. My point is, Fannie couldn't manage herself out of a wet paper bag. She only needs to help us to meet the stipulation in Aunt Shirley's will.

Fannie spots one of our cameras and, not wanting to risk further embarrassment, runs back to the Schrute Farmhouse.

16

EXT. SCHRUTE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

16

Zeke performs a puppet show behind a rough-looking booth for the Schrute kids. One of the puppet wears a black suit and sunglasses.

ZEKE

(as husband puppet)

"Oh, my love. I am so glad we married in secret on the hollowed grounds of...Schrute Farms."

Kids cheer.

(CONTINUED)

ZEKE
 (as suited puppet)
 "Halt there, blissful newlywed
 farmers! For I ... **am from the
 USDA!**"

The kids boo.

ZEKE
 (as suited puppet, continued)
 "And I am here to claim my lordly
 right of...Prima Nocta!"
 (as wife puppet)
 "Never!"

Angle on Angela, disgusted.

ANGELA
 This is so inappropriate.

ZEKE TALKING HEAD

ZEKE
 Yeah, every week I sort of get to
 do a comedy routine for the Schrute
 clan. This week it's puppets.
 That's nothing. Last week, we did
 science experiments. I know, I'm a
 regular "Bill Gad, the Science
 Lad." We had to wait a few hours to
 get the sundial to work, but,
 eventually that shadow moved.
 Angela hates it. I guess Zeke humor
 isn't for everybody.

Beat, as Fannie storms past.

ZEKE (CONT'D)
 Case in point.

17 INT. SCHRUTE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

17

Fannie is tucking Cam into bed. Within a few lines, we see
 Dwight walking by through a window, and the conversation
 catches his attention:

CAM
 Then Cousin Eli told me about this
 restaurant in town that sells frogs
 for **dinner**.

(CONTINUED)

FANNIE

Sounds like he really knows his frogs.

(beat)

You didn't eat any, did you?

CAM

No.

FANNIE

Thank God.

CAM

Tomorrow, can I go visit Cousin Eli's farm down the road?

FANNIE

Did you ask his parents?

(Cam nods)

Okay, then.

(beat)

You know, Cam, don't get used to this. I'm not sure if we can stay on the farm too long.

CAM

Why not?

FANNIE

After all these years...I'm beginning to remember why I ever left in the first place. You know me--I'm terrible outside. I'm just...not much of a farmer, kiddo. I'm sorry.

In the window, Dwight is suddenly struck with an idea. He leaves.

CAM

But Uncle Dwight said if you don't stay, we can't keep Aunt Shirley's farm.

18

INT. DWIGHT'S ROOM - NIGHT

18

Dwight grabs the analysis from Penn State, then takes it to his desk, where a typewriter awaits. More of this scene will come back later, in flashbacks.

ACT ONE BREAK

ACT TWO

19 EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - MORNING 19

A free-roaming rooster crows.

20 INT. SCHRUTE FARMS - DAY 20

Jeb and Dwight at the breakfast table. Fannie approaches, wielding the Penn State analysis.

DWIGHT

Ah, Fannie. We were just talking about you. I was wondering if you could give me a rundown on the latest beet market news--

FANNIE

(undeterred)

You don't fool me, Dwight. I have the Penn State analysis here. "High nitrogen content..." Okay, I didn't get that part. But here, under "Recommendations," I distinctly see a ninety-seven percent match for corn.

DWIGHT

How did you get that?

FANNIE

Nevermind that. You wanna know the percentage for beets? Fifteen.

DWIGHT

Fifteen? Nonsense. I've grown beets from this soil for years. The only thing you've grown is a timid little doll-baby.

FANNIE

(shoving the papers into Dwight's chest)

Yeah, well, at least I know how to read.

JEB

I have dyslexia, Fannie. A learning disability. I want to read well...

FANNIE

Oh, shoot, sorry, Jeb. I didn't mean you.

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT
(reading)
Well, grow my grass...this does say
corn. 97% match.

JEB
Great prices right now, too.

Beat as Fannie smiles and crosses her arms.

DWIGHT
Come on. Who are you going to
listen to, Fannie? A beet farmer
with 15 years of experience on this
precise spot of land, or some
eggheads from a fancy science lab?

FANNIE
You're the one who had the analysis
pulled.

DWIGHT
Uh, yeah, because I'm a good
farmer. Doesn't mean I listen to
every little recommendation I find.

FANNIE
Dwight, I'm your sister, and I'll
always I love you. But you are
awful, and you're wrong about the
beets.

Enter Angela, bearing Phillip.

ANGELA
Are you simpletons still arguing
about what to grow this season?

JEB
I'm not a simpleton. It's a
learning disability.

FANNIE
(to: Angela)
Your mulish husband still wants to
grow beets here, despite two very
clear facts: one, nobody buys
beets. And two, Aunt Shirley's farm
is perfect for corn.

DWIGHT
And your frumpy sister-in-law
thinks she can waltz in here and
tell a farmer how to farm.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

And you, Jeb?

JEB

Hey, I've got my ten acres. What they do with their land is none of my business.

(beat)

And vice versa.

ANGELA

Then that's easy. You two will have to bring in a mediator. Someone who knows the soil.

DWIGHT

Yes! Good idea.

(to camera)

I have just the Mexican.

21 INT. STATE LEGISLATURE - DAY

21

A very busy OSCAR MARTINEZ picks up his phone.

OSCAR

State Rep Oscar Martinez.

(disappointed)

Oh, hi, Dwight ... No, actually, I'm very busy. Well, yeah, I still have to keep a home in the district, but ... I'd have to check my schedule ... Well, just because I can doesn't mean ...

(sighs)

I'll see you there.

OSCAR TALKING HEAD

OSCAR

It's true: I'm in the state legislature now. Before that I was an accountant. You'd think with all the new prestige, my old work friends wouldn't ask me for free favors. I guess this beats doing their taxes, hehe.

(beat)

I need to start being less friendly.

Establishing shot. Some time has passed. Then:

Kevin and Angela inspect the side of a barn for jutting nails and the like. Kevin is hammering in the loose ones.

KEVIN

All right. That makes one corner.

ANGELA

One corner? That's all we've done? We're never going to babyproof this entire farm.

KEVIN

Wait, we're doing the WHOLE farm? That's like...well, I'm not very good at land, but I'd say it's at least fifty-thousand square miles.

ANGELA

Ugh. How were you ever an accountant?

KEVIN

Sheer guile, my friend.

ANGELA

I'm going to have to call the office and ask for another day off.

She dials.

KEVIN

Dunder Mifflin? Tell Meredith that Kevin says "hi." She'll know what it means.

ANGELA

(on phone)

Hi, Erin. Devin please... Devin, it's Angela.... No, that's actually what I was calling about. This whole project is taking longer than I expected and I don't think I can make it in tomorrow **and** find another babysitter...Yes, I'm aware...well, my hours are already part-time and...uh-huh...uh-huh...very well, then. Goodbye.

She clicks the phone off.

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN
What'd they say?

ANGELA
That I have to either figure this
problem out or lose my job at
Dunder Mifflin.

KEVIN
Ha! That is SO Meredith.

ANGELA
No, Kevin, that was Devin. He said
I need to figure out if I still
want a job there by tomorrow.

KEVIN
Whoa. Devin's kind of a badass.

ANGELA
Yeah, whoa.

Beat as Angela thinks. Kevin starts hitting some nails in
again.

23

INT. OSCAR'S CAR - NIGHT

23

Oscar sees the fresh new "SCHRUTE FARMS" sign from his car
and turns onto the dirt road. As he slowly drives up, we see
there is a lit sign that says WELCOME, OSCAR MARTINEZ. Oscar
turns to the camera in the backseat of his car.

OSCAR
I guess they have a lot of free
time out here in the country.

As Oscar drives up, he slowly rounds a barn, where we see
Kevin, wearing a headlamp, still hammering in nails.

He stands up tall and gives a strange, bewildered wave to
Oscar's car.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
(to: camera)
Tell me I'm not hallucinating. It's
been a long drive.

24 EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - CONTINUOUS

24

Oscar drives up to the house and gets out.

He approaches the front door and finds no doorbell--only an ornate, old-fashioned KNOCKER.

Jeb answers.

JEB

Okay, here's the tip I promised you since we're so far out of the way...wait, where's the pizza?

OSCAR

Piz--? No. I'm Oscar Martinez. You guys put up a welcome sign for me.

JEB

I thought you were doing both...

Enter DWIGHT.

DWIGHT

Move aside, toadstool. Oscar, welcome. Did you bring the pizzas?

OSCAR

No one told me about any pizzas.

Dwight turns around suddenly.

DWIGHT

ZEKE!! You had one job!

25 INT. SCHRUTE FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

25

Dwight leads Oscar to the kitchen.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Come in, come in. Would you like a refrigerated beverage?

OSCAR

Thanks. I could go for a cold beer.

DWIGHT

Certainly. Uh...do you prefer "root" or "birch"?

OSCAR

What's birch beer? You don't have any regular beer?

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT
(distantly)
Not since the explosion.

OSCAR
(looks at the camera, then)
Root beer will be just fine.

DWIGHT
Very good.

26

INT. SCHRUTE FARMHOUSE DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

26

Zeke, Jeb, Oscar, Dwight, and Fannie. Oscar is seated, having looked over their numbers.

OSCAR
So let me get this straight: corn prices are high, you will have have a ton of land to pay for, and you want me to tell you what you guys should grow.

DWIGHT
No. "Recommend." Then, as farm chieftain, I will take your recommendation under advisement and grow what I decide is best for the Schrute family.

FANNIE
Dwight, for the last time, you are not a farm "chieftain."

DWIGHT
My name is on the sign. **Schrute** Farms.

JEB
My name's Schrute, too.

FANNIE
(Raises hand)
Fannie Schrute.

DWIGHT
Damn, that's right. Well played, siblings.

ZEKE
My last name's **Mezzasalma**.
(On Oscar's bewildered look:)
Half-Uncle's side.

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

My point is, I'm the chief farmer here. I should be in charge of major decisions, most important of which: what we should grow.

JEB

(to Oscar)

He thinks it's beets.

FANNIE

There's all sorts of stuff we can grow other than beets. Corn, soy, hazelnuts--

DWIGHT

Hazelnuts? Are you trying to kill me?

Angle on: Jeb, coming to a sudden realization.

JEB TALKING HEAD

JEB

Oh, right. I forgot Dwight is allergic to hazelnuts. I should probably label those brownies I made.

(beat: his eyes grow wide)

Actually I might need **two** labels.

27

INT. SCHRUTE FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

27

We proceed without interruption:

OSCAR

What is the current value of beets?

DWIGHT

Uh, ever hear of "ultra beets"? They're a nutritional powerhouse.

FANNIE

Oh yeah? "Ultra" corn. Nutritional powerhouse. See, I can make things up, too.

OSCAR

Well, let's hear out both sides. Dwight, make your case for farming beets.

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

Beet juice is in my blood. Schrute Farms has always been a beet farm.

FANNIE

That's exactly it, Dwight. You don't own a beet farm anymore. It's mostly Aunt Shirley's farm, and we each own one third of that. It's chock full of land that's just perfect for growing corn.

DWIGHT

You're right. How about this: we take a rather large tractor and split Aunt Shirley's land into three. Whoever laments the destruction of the land is the farm's true owner.

OSCAR

You mean like King Solomon and the two mothes?

DWIGHT

Exactly.

OSCAR

Great, except you just spoiled the ending.

DWIGHT

Shoot, you're right. What if we split the farm, fifty-fifty?

OSCAR

You could. But in this market, I don't see much reason to plant beets aside from maybe selling to local farmer's markets. In fact, planting that many beets...you would probably **lose** money.

FANNIE

How are you not getting this, Dwight? We will make a lot more money if we do 100% corn.

DWIGHT

I don't know. Corn is so mainstream. We might as well grow ketchup and Justice Beaver songs.

(CONTINUED)

FANNIE

Yeah, beets are much more metal.

DWIGHT

Yes! Thank you.

JEB

We could always grow hemp.

DWIGHT

Tried that. Biggest blunder of my career. Got chased out of the market by the Big Rope lobby. Their lawyers are absolute sharks.

JEB

No, not for rope. You know. Hemp.

DWIGHT

Idiot. They haven't used hemp for paper in years. Wait--what are you suggesting?

JEB

Just tossing my ideas out into the ether.

ZEKE

Wait, wait, wait. Just to be clear. My half-vanilla bean, half-pumpkin hybrid is not in the running? The va-numpkin bean?

Awkward beat.

FANNIE

Listen, guys. Corn might be "mainstream" by whatever strange definition Dwight's using, but...it's also where the money is, right?

DWIGHT

(shrugs)

Corn is in everything. High fructose corn syrup, animal feed...
(re: Oscar)
...cosmetics.

Oscar looks at Dwight: *"why are you looking me?"*

(CONTINUED)

FANNIE

Exactly. We'll have no problems selling it for top dollar. With all of this land, we could fund this farm for years. So let's just grow corn, make some good money with our first harvest, and decide where we want to go next. What do you think, Oscar?

OSCAR

I honestly think that would be the best decision. With this amount of land, your expenses will be high. Taxes, maintenance, new equipment...and with the current price of corn, you stand to make a lot of money. It would be a shame to squander that.

FANNIE

There. See, I agree.
(to Schrutes)
Deal?

JEB

I say deal.

They all look at Dwight. He steps forward with the confidence of a champion horse.

DWIGHT

I say yes...to **NOT HAVING A DEAL.**
We grow beets, or nothing!

Dwight storms out. Beat.

ZEKE

"Vanumpkin-spice latte."

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

28

EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - NIGHT

28

Crickets. Angela is watching Phillip on the porch. Kevin approaches, bearing his headlamp.

KEVIN

I have to go now, Angela. My regulars get mad if the bar isn't open on a regular basis.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA
How far did you get?

KEVIN
I finished...two corners.
Wait...how many corners does a barn
have?

ANGELA
Four.

KEVIN
So, I finished one.

ANGELA
That's it?

KEVIN
Yeah. I gotta go.

ANGELA
This is never going to happen.

KEVIN
Really? When can I go?

ANGELA
No, I mean...we're never going to
make the farm ready for little
Phillip here.

Kevin waves at Phillip, who waves back.

KEVIN
He looks fine to me.

Enter Fannie, from within, in a huff.

ANGELA
Did you resolve anything?

FANNIE
Nah. Dwight's being Dwight.

KEVIN
Ha-ha. That is so Dwight.

ANGELA
Fannie, can you take Phillip in and
get him ready for bed? I just need
a moment alone.

FANNIE.

Sure. Come along, little man.

Exit Fannie and Phillip. Kevin stands there awkwardly.

KEVIN

Well if you ever want a drink on the house, just come down to my bar anytime.

ANGELA

I don't like bars.

KEVIN

Yeah, I could go either way on them.

ANGELA

Then why did you buy one?

KEVIN

They say, "do what you love."

ANGELA

But you just said--
(beat)
Nevermind.

A beat, as Kevin realizes that Angela is crying. He approaches the porch and sits down, then gives an awkward pat on her shoulder.

KEVIN

There, there.

(beat)

You know what I do when I'm feeling down?

ANGELA

What? Eat?

KEVIN

Yeah, that always works. But after that. I get out a piece of paper and write down all the things that are good in my life.

ANGELA

You're a middle-aged bartender. With no family prospects. What could you possibly be happy about?

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN

Well, let's see: I own my own bar. I make most of the payments. I have a roof over my head. I know lots of fancy people, like Oscar, and Ange-...you...I'm thankful for all of the options at the supermarket...

He trails off.

ANGELA

Yeah? Go on.

KEVIN

Oh, no. I found that if I list all the individual foods I'm thankful for, it could go all night.

ANGELA

I meant about me. You think I'm fancy?

KEVIN

Yeah. You own a lot of pewter.

ANGELA

Even though I'm a soon-to-be former accountant who lives in the middle of nowhere?

KEVIN

But but your family has like, real land. In the Bible days, that was the "creme of the creme." And you've got a family. That's worth a lot of money.

Angela is feeling better.

ANGELA

It's just--I never pictured myself as a housewife who lives on a farm. For a long time I just imagined myself as a career-driven woman who expressed her motherly love through cats.

KEVIN

Ew.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

What?

KEVIN

That sounds way worse. I'd rather be a farm lady than a cat lady.

ANGELA

I'm happy, but, I'm afraid without Dunder Mifflin, I'll be lost.

KEVIN

Take it from me: a lot of things are better than Dunder Mifflin.

ANGELA

Yeah? Like what?

KEVIN

Double-stuf Oreos. Bikini babes. Buried treasure. I could go on.

ANGELA

I never pictured myself on a farm.

KEVIN

And I never pictured myself as an accountant! And I did that job so well it took them YEARS to fire me.

ANGELA

And you're happy now?

KEVIN

I'm about a 5/10. I'm a little sweaty. And thirsty.

ANGELA

No, I mean--

(beat)

Forget it.

Another beat as she weighs what she just experienced.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

You know, you're not always so bad to talk to.

KEVIN

It's the bar. I'm used to listening to a LOT of psycho problems.

Angela looks at the camera: "This is what I get for being nice once."

(CONTINUED)

KEVIN TALKING HEAD

KEVIN

People used to ask me how I could
put up with Angela all those years.
And I said, you gotta look past
that crispy exterior to the warm,
cheesy center...

(beat)

Sorry. That's a calzone....it's
like eight o'clock and I'm used to
a lot more calories by now.

29

INT. SCHRUTE FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

29

Dwight is reading alone in his room. Fannie and Cam enter.
They startle Dwight.

DWIGHT

Ah! No, Jim! I'll--oh, it's you.

FANNIE

Who's Jim?

DWIGHT

A hipster from Austin who pranked
me for many years. Now. How can I
help you?

FANNIE

Well, little Cam here has something
to say.

CAM

(rehearsed)

Uncle Dwight, I'd like to tell you
five great things about corn.

DWIGHT

Oh, no...

CAM

One. Corn's market has never been
so...

FANNIE

(whispering)

Favorable.

CAM

Favorable. Two...

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

Okay, Fannie. You can cut out the dog and pony show. Neat little trick. But I'm the farmer here, 'kay? Now, have a good night. Don't let the termites bite.

FANNIE

Really? Not even seeing your cute little nephew talk about corn changes your mind?

DWIGHT

I have developed immunity to all forms of cuteness. I am only susceptible to...

(catches himself)

Whoa...okay, I almost told you.

FANNIE

Dwight, what do you want? Can I bribe you?

DWIGHT

You could start, sure. I want you to buy me dinner. Just a gift card, though. I don't actually want to hang out.

FANNIE

So, just to be clear. You're not budging?

DWIGHT

Not at all.

FANNIE

Okay.

For an instant, Fannie appears to have accepted their fate. Then, she drops the mask.

FANNIE (CONT'D)

Cam, head to your room.

CAM

But mom--

FANNIE

Inside. I'll read to you later.

Cam, recognizing that tone, RUNS out.

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

What was all that--

Fannie GRABS Dwight by the ear, instantly paralyzing Dwight in some sort of childhood, debilitating pain.

FANNIE

Okay, dweeb, listen up. We're going to grow corn on the farm this season, okay? That's the only way me and Cam stay on this farm and make sure the family gets to inherit Aunt Shirley's land. Then, we're harvest that corn, sell that corn, and make a [beeped] load of money off that corn. Got it?

DWIGHT

Yes! Yes! Ow ow ow ow ow...

FANNIE

And another thing. I know all your weak spots like only a sister can. And I am not afraid to use them.

DWIGHT

Okay! Okay! Let go!

She does. Then she dusts herself off.

FANNIE

Great. Glad we see eye-to-eye.

Exit Fannie. Angle on Dwight, who's rubbing his ear.

DWIGHT TAKING HEAD

DWIGHT

I don't like bullies, but I do respect bullies. In fact, I often bully many people before they can bully me...just to find out who the bullies are. Fannie's been away so long, I actually forgot I learned some of my best moves from her. Sheesh. Now I remember why I wore a football helmet from ages eight through eleven.

(smiling)

So, I guess we're growing corn.

30 INT. SCHRUTE FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS 30

Oscar and Jeb are in the kitchen. Enter Fannie.

FANNIE

Guys, Dwight just agreed. Jeb, draw up the plans.

JEB

All right! "Jeb's Shrooms" is upon us.

(on their looks)

And also, Schrute Farms.

OSCAR

How'd you manage to convince Dwight?

FANNIE

Oh, I have my tricks.

Exit Fannie.

JEB

She probably just beat him up.

Oscar, ever the fish out of water, just looks at him strangely.

31 EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - CONTINUOUS 31

Dwight approaches Angela on the porch.

DWIGHT

Did you hear the news?

ANGELA

Beets or corn?

DWIGHT

Corn. We're going to make a lot of money.

ANGELA

(unenthused)

That's great.

Dwight sits next to her.

DWIGHT

Issues with Dunder Mifflin?

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

How did you know?

DWIGHT

Because I'm not there. They're going to run it into the ground.

ANGELA

I think I'm going to have to quit. I thought I could do it all--live on a farm, make it perfectly safe, raise Phillip, keep my job--

DWIGHT

You know, you don't have to be the perfect mother. Look at me. I was raised by my aunt. And briefly, a family of raccoons. And I turned out fantastic.

ANGELA

I don't want to raise another you. I want to raise Phillip.

DWIGHT

Then stop coddling him. This is a farm. There is some danger. Yet millions of corn-fed, strong, future Republicans are raised on farms every single day across this country.

(beat)

You know, I still own Dunder Mifflin's building. We could tell them to let you set your own hours or we'll hike their rent into the next century.

Angela is briefly intrigued.

ANGELA

Would you?

(beat)

No. I've reached this decision on my own. I'd like to be a full-time mother.

DWIGHT

(smiling; moves in)

I like that. It would make me a full time mother[BLEEP].

(CONTINUED)

ANGELA

Dwight!

BEGIN MONTAGE

Scenes from the night.

First: we see Jeb and Oscar happily drawing up the plans. Oscar does the main portion of the land, in tiny font: "Schrute Farms." Jeb handles a small sliver of land, in huge font: "JBE'S SOORMSH."

Next: Zeke type-writing a letter to the Starbucks Corporation. We zoom out and see he has duct-taped a vanilla bean to a pumpkin.

Next: Angela is writing a gratitude list on a desk in the master bedroom. On it, we see: "PHILLIP," "DWIGHT," "CATS," "CATS PURRING," "CAT FUR," "CATS MEOWING," "CAT VIDEOS." She pauses and writes another, "FAMILY FARM," and smiles.

32

EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - NIGHT

32

Dwight and Fannie out walking.

FANNIE

I think you'll be happy with how it all works out.

DWIGHT

Corn is a good idea. It's just a new crop to me. All I've known for years are beets.

FANNIE

I know. It's hard to change. I feel like a fish out of water myself.

DWIGHT

Pshh. More like a pig in mud.

FANNIE

Aw. You're sweet.

DWIGHT

The good thing is, this keeps you on the farm.

FANNIE

Well, I have to see this corn thing through, right? I reserve the right to gloat at the end of the season.

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

Uh, no gloating please, but yes. You belong here on the farm, just like Aunt Shirley said.

FANNIE

I just think I'm going to miss the city.

DWIGHT

What, you'd rather be a receptionist to some wealthy land owner than an actual land owner?

FANNIE

I don't know. Maybe...

DWIGHT

Where's the challenge? Our old receptionist at Dunder Mifflin, Erin, she was a fantastic receptionist. But she only owned velcro shoes. And as for Cameron--he needs the farm more than you do.

Beat. She sees his point.

ANGLE ON: the rest of the farm at night.

FANNIE

You know, there is a lot of good to the country. It's quiet. I forgot how much I liked quiet.

DWIGHT

No city noise. No ruffians. No roving millennial herds. Plus, if a hipster rides through on his unicycle and doesn't leave, we're legally allowed to shoot him.

FANNIE

Wait. Unicycles? Please tell me you've actually been to a city.

DWIGHT

Oh, I've been to plenty of cities. New York, Scranton, Intercourse. None I like better than this, though.

(CONTINUED)

FANNIE

It's nice. It really is.

(beat)

You know, I was thinking. IF I were to stay here, I could stay in Aunt Shirley's old place. The two-bedroom? It's the perfect size for me and Cameron.

DWIGHT

It's yours. But on one condition: I'll have to teach Cameron how to do some basic chores. That kid doesn't know a shovel from a schraubenschlüssel.

FANNIE

(looks at camera, then)

I know, right? And such a clear distinction.

Dwight extends a hand.

DWIGHT

Deal?

FANNIE

I say no...

(beat)

...to not having a deal.

DWIGHT

Well played, you old Schrute.

FANNIE

I'd better get inside. Gotta tuck in Cam.

The two start walking back to the farmhouse.

DWIGHT

So...you're tempted to return to the dark side, I see.

FANNIE

When I moved away, you told me that city life was the dark side.

DWIGHT

What? No, farming is the dark side, city life is the light side.

(sinister)

I'm the Sith Lord and you will be my padawan learner.

(CONTINUED)

FANNIE

Don't you mean "apprentice"?

DWIGHT

No, it's -- dammit, Fannie!

Fannie flashes a very Halpert-esque smile at the camera.

33 INT. SCHRUTE FARMS - NIGHT

33

Fannie tucks in Cam while reading a book--both look positively happy.

Over the following talking head, part of which is off-screen, we also get a flashback: Dwight taking the Penn State analysis and typewriting over it, in a callback to earlier in the episode.

34 EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - CONTINUOUS

34

DWIGHT AND OSCAR TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT (OS)

Growing corn? Please. Oscar was right, it's a slam dunk. The soil's right for it, we'll time the season perfectly...I might be allergic to hazelnuts, but I'm not allergic to money.

OSCAR

Wait. So you're saying you wanted corn all along?

DWIGHT

I did.

OSCAR

Then why did I even come out here today?

DWIGHT

For Fannie. For my ruse.

OSCAR

You're going to have to explain.

Over this, we see another flashback: Dwight leaving the now-doctored Penn State analysis near Fannie's room.

DWIGHT (OS)

Fannie's like a new horse. If you go around pulling it by the reins

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT (OS) (cont'd)
 everywhere, it's never going to
 have the confidence to brave a
 creek or punt a rabid dog. But if
 it sincerely believes, even once,
 that it accomplished something on
 its own...then it's off to the
 races.

OSCAR
 So you're treating your sister like
 a horse.

DWIGHT
 Precisely. Farming is in Fannie's
 blood just as much as mine. She
 just needed a little boost. Aunt
 Shirley wanted this whole family to
 farm this land, and that's what's
 going to happen, even if Fannie
 can't farm worth a damn. It's like
 that old Pennsylvania Dutch saying,
 "you can lead a horse to water, but
 you can't make horse jerky with a
 cow."

OSCAR
 I thought the saying was, "You can
 lead a horse to water, but you
 can't make him drink."

DWIGHT
 What else is a horse going to do
 with water? Believe me, it's a very
 dumb animal.

OSCAR
 (Dryly)
 Glad I could help you guys out
 today.

END OF ACT THREE

OVER CREDITS/EXTRA:

35

EXT. SCHRUTE FARMS - NIGHT

35

A disturbed Kevin is driving his car around. He pulls up to
 the farmhouse, where Dwight is about to turn in. A very
 worried Kevin rolls down his window.

(CONTINUED)

DWIGHT

Can I help you...Kevin? What are you still doing here?

KEVIN

Ahoy, Dwight. How do I get back on the main road?

DWIGHT

You take the only drive leading away from this farmhouse, and then turn onto the road. How long have you been lost?

KEVIN

It could be several minutes. Maybe several hours. I don't know. But I really have to go. Wish me luck.

DWIGHT

Godspeed.

Kevin drives off.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

(scoffs, to camera)

City folk.

We FOLLOW Kevin's car as he veers off the main drive again, this time into an open barn. Goats bleat at him. We hear an emotional, miked-up Kevin from within his car:

KEVIN (OS)

Excuse me, does one of you know the way to Silver Hill Road?

(beat)

Oh. You're goats.

THE END