

**The colder side of Bob Vance...  
Vance Refrigeration.**

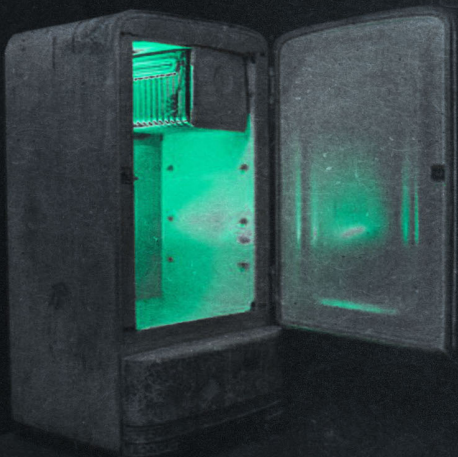
**MURDER  
MAYHEM  
AND MORONS**

**DUNDER MIFFLIN PRESENTS**

# **THE ICE MAN**

**Bob says green isn't whore-ish. You are.**

**AN ASH LAZER WORLD**



# THE ICE MAN

Breaking Bob Vance -- A darkly comedic tale from The Office.

an  
**ASH LAZER**  
world

When Bob Vance, Vance Refrigeration gets tired of Angela bullying Phyllis in the party committee, he schemes to kill her and bury her in an old refrigerator graveyard. But, when the duo of Dwight and his incompetent-assassin-sidekick Trevor catches wind of Bob's murderous scent, it's murder, mayhem and morons running amok in Dunder Mifflin -- with Angela left in the cat-hairs... er, I mean cross-hairs. Yeah, that's more sinister-y.

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**OVER BLACK:** A pressed button triggers piercing, microphone feedback, amplifying a WOMAN'S SCREAMS--

**INT. THE OFFICE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Her cries muted by a fridge door slamming shut--

A LARGE WOMAN IN SILHOUETTE emerges from the shadowy warehouse, looming over the fridge-coffin.

LARGE WOMAN  
(to fridge victim)  
Bob says green isn't whore-ish, you are.

The door jostles from escape attempts within--

LARGE WOMAN (cont'd)  
Creed. Would you please?

CREED steps into the light, ripping off a piece of duck-tape, tasting the glued side--

CREED  
Oh yeah. It's the good stuff.

Creed tapes the door shut as a LARGE MAN IN SILHOUETTE joins the large woman, kissing her cheek, softly.

LARGE MAN  
I sure do love you, honey bun...  
(sinister)  
and I hate that little bitch.

A jangle of keys sends the figures shuffling into the shadows as HANK enters atop the stairs--

He casually reconns the empty area, revealing rows of old refrigerators lining the warehouse floor, resting on their backs like tombstones in a graveyard -- not a ream in sight.

He turns off the solitary light as we **CUT TO BLACK--**

KELLY THE NARRATOR (V.O.)  
(movie trailer voice)  
And so begins the sinister saga of  
The Ice Man, a.k.a. Bob Vance.  
(off muffled voices)  
Sorry, sorry, I forgot. (Clears  
throat) ...the saga of the Ice Man,  
a.k.a. Bob Vance, Vance  
Refrigeration, entitled:

# **VOL. I**

"HOLD THE SPRINKLES"

**INT. THE WAREHOUSE - HOURS EARLIER**

ANGELA storms down the stairs, stopping suddenly--

Rusty, old refrigerators are being moved in by forklift, as DARRYL slams a fridge door closed from behind in the shadows.

ANGELA

Oh! You scared me. Where's all the paper?

She NOTICES blood-red splatters on a fridge door, trailing toward Darryl's office...

DARRYL

It's Arbor Day. You'd have to be a pretty sick mofo to sell paper on a day like today.

ANGELA

(hesitant, but bitchy)  
But, why all the refrigerators -- never mind, I don't care -- Sprinkles is missing! Some thug--  
(off Darryl's scowl)  
Some--one, smashed my window and cat-napped Sprinkles. Have you seen her running around down here!?

DARRYL

I have not seen her *running* around...

Glances at camera slyly.

ANGELA

She's not supposed to raise her heart rate for six days after canine-botox. She has to be firm-faced for her pageant this weekend.

Darryl shrugs. Angela darts her eyes around the eerie warehouse, then stomps back up the stairs--

Just as MICHAEL rushes in, stopping halfway -- gazing at the refrigerator graveyard and the bloody trail -- then glares silently at Darryl for a long, disappointing moment.

DARRYL

What's the matter, Mike? Cat got your tongue?

Darryl dons a devilish smirk -- Michael holds steady, but then cracks with a laugh-snort.

MICHAEL

That was good. Really zippity-bobbity, man.

(off Angela shouting)

But, no seriously. This is a serious matter. I gotta -- you know women...

Michael scoots away. Darryl steps past the bloody fridge, entering his office.

An UNSEEN FIGURE sits in his chair, back toward us.

DARRYL

She's gone, BV.

The Unseen Figure slowly swivels, revealing BOB VANCE--

--Vance Refrigeration.

BOB VANCE

(sinister)

No... not yet she's not.

He picks his teeth with a long pinky nail. We see the words BOB VANCE, VANCE REFRIGERATION tattooed across his knuckles, along with a few gaudy, gold rings.

Sucking his teeth, he starts to cough-up... a hair ball.

Bob wipes up the furry mucous with a hand-knitted hanky, as little bells jingle on a cat-collar he's wearing around his wrist -- the name tag reads: SPRINKLES.

DARRYL

Look, I'm all for pranks, but dontcha think this is going a bit too far--

Bob looks almost sinister in the flickering light -- which blacks out.

BOB VANCE

(oddly normal)

Hey, Darryl, what type of illumination you use down here? I bet it's an E26, maybe a GU10. I've got plenty of backup bulbs at my office. I could fix you right up in a jiffy...

The light flickers on, as Bob boasts a big, sparkly smile as we **FADE TO BLACK...**

# **VOL. II**

"DWIGHT IN *THE SHINNING* ARMOR"

**PRE-LAP VOICE OVER:**

KELLY THE NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 (movie trailer voice)  
 It's a normal day at Dunder-Mifflin--

**INT. RECEPTION - DAY**

Pam sits at her desk... waiting oddly ...

KELLY THE NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 (normal Kelly voice)  
 --Wait, when have we ever had a  
 normal day? Doesn't this seem a  
 little too on the nose for a narrator  
 to be say--

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
 Kelly. Stop it. Just -- just read  
 what's on the page, okay? Or, I'll  
 send you back to the annex with Toby.

Pam sits, a tad more impatient, almost as if she's waiting  
 on an omniscient narrator to quit arguing with her idiot co-  
 workers...

KELLY THE NARRATOR (V.O.)  
 Okay, Michael, whatever you say. It's  
 just that I don't think it's very  
 realistic--

EVERYONE (V.O.)  
 JUST READ IT!

KELLY THE NARRATOR  
 (movie trailer voice)  
 It's a "normal" day at Dunder-  
 Mifflin...  
 (normal Kelly voice)  
 There, I said it, are you happy  
 now...  
 (movie trailer voice)  
 When things suddenly became not-so-  
 normal...

**THE SCENE AT RECEPTION AWAKENS**

As the phone rings.

PAM  
 Dunder-Mifflin, this is Pam. Please  
 hold, I'll transfer you.



The excruciating clanging of medieval metal invades reception, as the army of one moron -- DWIGHT enters wearing an weirdly decorated, full body suit of armor--

Jack Nicholson's "Here's Johnny" face from The Shining is hand-painted all over the suit like a maniacal mosaic.

Pam can't stop herself from laughing.

Behind him, Jim swivels with a shit-eating grin, listening covertly in plain sight, as Dwight can't easily move in the cumbersome antiquity of battlefield outerwear.

PAM (cont'd)  
(snickering)  
How was your business lunch at Medieval Times, Dwight?

DWIGHT  
Very funny, Pam. I'll have you know I would've been a joust champion in those magnificent times, undefeated for decades by simply using one little trick.

**TALKING HEAD INTERVIEW:**

Dwight, in full "The Shining" Armor.

DWIGHT (cont'd)  
Just aim for the horse's groin, duh. Have you ever seen a horse penis? They're massive. Hard to miss. Unlike most human males...

**BACK TO RECEPTION:**

DWIGHT (cont'd)  
Just because Ebay delivered the wrong item, doesn't mean I wouldn't sacrifice a little dignity to help a friend get better at their passion.

From behind.

JIM  
Well, you don't have friends, so, it seems like you just jousted your dignity, sorta for nothing.

Jim pops up quickly, knocking down Dwight's face-shield. Dwight, turns, stiffly, unsuccessfully.

DWIGHT  
 (muffled)  
 Shut up, Jim.

Raises his face-shield.

DWIGHT (cont'd)  
 You wouldn't last a day in those  
 gallant times. With your corny jokes,  
 like a court jester. Beheaded by the  
 king by 5 p.m.

JIM  
 Soo, who's the friend, Dwight? A  
 glass of No-Pulp Fiction Orange Juice  
 from the breakroom?

Pam and Jim snicker together.

DWIGHT  
 What, that doesn't make any sense --  
 actually, beheaded by lunch time is  
 probably more like it.

PAM  
 Wait a second. I thought we were  
 friends, Dwight? You've never lifted  
 a finger for me and my passions...

DWIGHT  
 'Course... I... Did... I got you  
 those pencils that one time. For...  
 drawing...

PAM  
 They didn't have erasers, Dwight.

DWIGHT  
 See, I helped you with a very  
 valuable lesson for your *artistic*  
*passions*... the real world doesn't  
 tolerate mistakes. Or, you'll get  
 beheaded, like Jim the Jester over  
 there.

PAM  
 They're for shading, Dwight!

DWIGHT  
 Don't get me started on "shading."  
 Blending multiple mistakes into a  
 "shadow." Give me a break.

Dwight rummages Pam's desk knocking everything everywhere.

DWIGHT (cont'd)  
Where's the mods schedule for this  
afternoon?

Pam holds up a one-sheet schedule paper.

PAM  
Oh, you mean this?

She slowly moves it toward the shredder.

DWIGHT  
Pam, no! I'm sorry. Don't shred the  
mods, it'll be chaos...

Dwight tries to use his plastic joust pole to stop her, but she shreds it.

PAM  
(taunting)  
A dark horse from an unknown town  
known as The Shredder topples the  
undefeated joust champ.

Pam giggles. Dwight looks epically sad for no reason.

PAM (cont'd)  
Relax, Dwight. There were just three  
session mods for the conference room  
space today. Angela and Sprinkles  
training for God knows what, and me,  
honestly, just really escaping this  
whole area for a few minutes, then  
you, and... whatever this all is.

DWIGHT  
Yeah, but now without a schedule--

Jim slides over slyly to join them.

JIM  
--anyone could just sliiide right in  
and invade a mod.

The horror in Dwight's eyes reflecting off his armor.

JIM (cont'd)  
Pam, did you forget? You said you'd  
let me take your mod for my  
Procrastination Club.

DWIGHT  
No... no... No. No, Jim!

JIM

And remind me, was that mod slot  
right before Dwight's?

Pam smiles big, lovingly and entertained.

PAM

Yes, Jim, it was.

JIM

(to Dwight)

Well, Dwight. I gotta tell you. Even  
though we've made a lot of progress  
as a group, there's still some of us  
struggling individually. And,  
honestly, most meetings don't start  
on time. We usually never even all  
show up until about the last five  
minutes, and then once we get  
started... these folks are really  
passionate about procrastination--

Dwight notices the empty conference room--

DWIGHT

Shut up. Shut up. Pam, where's  
Angela? Did her mod start on time?  
She's not in the conference room. As  
Conference Room Modular Secretary,  
you would know this if you hadn't  
shredded the--

PAM

No, Dwight. She's not here. She never  
started her mod. I assumed she was  
with...

DWIGHT

With whom!?

PAM

(soft whisper)

With you.

Dwight strips outta his armor like Wile E. Coyote slamming  
into a trap -- down to his whitie tighties, he runs outta  
the office--

Knocking down TREVOR (Dwight's friend and incompetent  
assassin) who's entering -- holding an opened umbrella with  
a small sword NOT inconspicuously hidden against the staff  
of the umbrella.

TREVOR

Well, I guess always be ready is the first lesson from today's mod. Thanks, Dwight. I did not see that coming. You're a good friend.

Jim looks at Pam, curiously.

JIM

So, I guess Dwight was going to help Trevor with his passion of harming innocent people?

Pam chuckles.

PAM

Yeah, but where's Angela? And Sprinkles?

Toby enters holding a mess of files.

TOBY

Did anybody see anyone sitting at my desk during lunch? I think we've been robbed...

PAM

What do you mean, Toby?

TOBY

My desk's been ransacked and there's files missing...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. RESIDENCE FULL OF HAND-KNITTED ACCESSORIES - SAME**

Everything everywhere in the house is made of hand-knitted green yarn and string--

We see ANGELA tied up with -- yup, rope made of green yarn, mouth gag of green yarn -- as the hand of a man sitting with his back to us, facing Angela, smokes a cigarette, plumes filling the air... cat collar bells jingling on his wrist.

LARGE MAN

(reading, nicely)

Party Planning Committee session complaint number 117. Phyllis suggests green. Angela replies:

(turns hateful)

I think green is whore-ish.

ANGELA  
(muffled)  
Green IS whore-ish!

Even tied up, she's nothing without her convictions!

Cigarette ash drops to the floor. The man flips a paper in a manila folder full.

LARGE MAN  
Party Planning Committe session  
complaint number 86 -- I can't --

The man tosses the folder to the floor in anger -- and grabs a MEAT CLEAVER.

Fear races through Angela's eyes...

LARGE MAN (cont'd)  
I think it's time we cracked that  
little nut of an attitude of yours,  
don't you?

Angela squirms in terror as the man lifts the butcher's knife and SLAMS IT DOWN HARD--

Lopping off the head of a Nut Cracker Doll.

Angel SCREAMS through her green knitted ball gag.

A maniacal laugh erupts from the large man, as we reveal his sinister face, grinning like the devil--

It's BOB VANCE, Vance Refrigeration.

BOB VANCE  
All these years, you've bullied  
Phyllis. Like an evil queen. She's my  
little sugar plum. And, now, it's  
time I put an end to your party  
planning reign once and for all. And  
behead the queen!

He slams down the cleaver again and again, decapitating the Nut Cracker collection one by one.

Angela tries to jerk free, but damn, that yarn has been knitted by an experienced hand.

BOB VANCE (cont'd)  
I've got a special little treat for  
you, you evil little witch.

Bob throws her over his shoulder as we **FADE TO BLACK...**

## **VOL. III**

"Beets, Bob Vance, Battlestar Angelactica"

**EXT. WAREHOUSE BACK DOORS -- LATER**

CREED carries in a box through the back door -- but not before dropping something in the parking lot just before Dwight's classic Firebird pulls in.

Dwight and Trevor lay low in sly recon of the warehouse.

Dwight thumbs through a folder full of files.

DWIGHT

Flenderson's an idiot. Even after writing all those "detective novels." It's clear who kidnapped Angela. Not by what's in here... but by what's missing. Phyllis' and Angela's complaints are missing. Phyllis wouldn't hurt a fly, but -- See, Trevor, here's a perfect lesson for your future attempts at kidnapping--

Trevor slides over a piece of cloth from the mouth of a glass jar filled with red liquid.

TREVOR

(whispers)

This beet juice is pretty good. You should open up a juice stand. You'd make tens of dollars... at least.

Dwight snatches the bottle from him, jamming it into a wooden crate in the back seat stocked with glass jars filled with red liquid, topped with torn rags--

DWIGHT

Don't drink the bombs, you idiot. That's over-proof beetshine for -- nevermind. Just keep your eye on that garage door over there and let me know if you see anything--

Dwight finally notices that something that Creed dropped on the pavement nearby -- swings outta the car to investigate--

A pigeon plucks at it on the ground -- it's the head of a Nut Cracker Doll. Dwight stares at the warehouse doors ominously...

Then shoos the bird angrily... caressing the toy head in his hands gently before purging a war cry...

DWIGHT (cont'd)

Annnnnngggggeeeelllllaaaaaaaa!



He rushes to the car, yelling at Trevor--

DWIGHT (cont'd)  
Quick, grab the bombs. We gotta go--

TREVOR  
What bombs?

Trevor is still sipping on the "bomb juice," obviously becoming intoxicated.

DWIGHT  
Ugh! The juice. Grab all the juice.

KELLY THE NARRATOR (V.O.)  
(normal Kelly voice)  
Ooooooh. I'm so nervous! I wonder what's gonna happen? If I close my eyes, will you tell me the PG version--

MICHAEL (V.O.)  
Kelly -- You can't -- You're the narrator, you're supposed to be brave.

KELLY THE NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Okay. Okay, I can be brave.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. THE DARKLY LIT WAREHOUSE SHOWDOWN - MOMENTS LATER**

Balls of crumpled-up paper blow across the desolate warehouse floor like tumbleweeds...

KELLY THE NARRATOR (V.O.)  
(movie trailer voice)  
In this fragile world made of paper, there are pencils, and there are erasers... The good guys are here...

The garage door begins to open slowly... as light enters the shadowy warehouse...

KELLY THE NARRATOR (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 (movie trailer voice)  
 To erase out the mistakes of evil...  
 (normal Kelly voice)  
 That was so corny, but whatevs.  
 (movie trailer voice)  
 Let's get ready to ruuuuuumbleeee!

As the doors rise fully open, we see two heroes standing... well, it's Dwight and Trevor... strapped with the beet-bombs.

It's quiet... a little too quiet... just as--

A CROCHET HOOK javelins into Trevor's leg--

Trevor screams, dropping his beet-bomb, shattering it on the ground, as thick beet-molasses oozes out--

Dwight and Trevor both realize the javelin-hook as yarn attached to it -- just as he's jerked to the ground and dragged across the warehouse floor by an unseen figure in the shadows--

TREVOR  
 Ahh! Dwight! Help me!

DWIGHT  
 (taunting loudly)  
 Did me a favor... You can have him!

Trevor is being pulled away, but not really that fast -- kind of comically slow to be honest. But, it's Trevor, he's an idiot and half-cocked off drinking beet bombs, so he struggles awkwardly -- but submits to the role of captured hero disappearing into the darkness.

Two large silhouettes waddle through the shadows. We catch glimpses of PHYLLIS' green sweater...

PHYLLIS  
 Can you help me pull him? He's heavier than he looks.

BOB VANCE  
 Sure thing, sugar muffin.

Dwight kneels, rubbing his finger in the spilled beet-bomb syrup, then wiping it like war paint across his face...

Then steps up proudly. Calling out to the villains.

DWIGHT  
Phyllis Lapin. And Bob Vance. Show  
yourselves! I know you have Angela...

Dwight eases into the abyss of the warehouse, noticing the refrigerator graveyard... with one particular fridge rocking back and forth, with muffled screams coming from within--

DWIGHT (cont'd)  
Angela?

He rushes toward the fridge, just as--

A bowling ball-shaped ice sphere rolls fiercely toward him, SLAMMING into his legs, knocking him down hard.

A voice from the shadows.

BOB VANCE  
I'm gonna roll you back to the  
gutters where you and your little  
devil woman belong, Shrute!

Dwight, wincing in pain, lights one of the molotov beet-bombs, tossing it blindly into the shadows toward the voice.

DWIGHT  
EAT BEETS, BOB!

BOOM! A small explosion nearby--

Dwight lifts open the fridge door--

Inside, ANGELA is tied up in green yarn, but--

Another crochet hook darts into the door, jerks it closed like a yarn grappling hook, then recoils back into the shadows.

DWIGHT (cont'd)  
Show yourselves!! I know who you are!

Dwight struggles to stand... but puffs his chest in demand of his assailants, just as a voice from behind--

BOB VANCE  
I'm Bob Vance--

Armed with a block of ice fused to brass knuckles in both hands, we reveal Bob Vance -- who throws a strong punch across Dwight's jaw which knocks him completely silly, but still standing--

As Bob blasts an a second uppercut punch across his chin, knocking Dwight through the air... Snatch-style.

BOB VANCE (cont'd)  
Vance Refrigeration.

**INT. THE OFFICE - SAME**

JAN enters... to an empty office. Looks around perplexed.

JAN  
Hello?

Jan gives a "not again look" to the camera.

Angela pops her head up above the accounting cubicle wall. Jan darts a questioning dagger at her.

ANGELA  
Conference room.

Jan storms toward the door. Angela shouts--

ANGELA (cont'd)  
For the record, I had no part in this.

**CONFERENCE ROOM**

The entire gang sits at the table.

JAN  
Michael, what the hell?

Michael slyly shoots Kelly a telling nod and gesture -- to which Kelly covers up a stationary microphone with her hand.

MICHAEL  
Oh, hey, Jan, what a lovely surp--

JAN  
I thought I told you no more movie Mondays?

MICHAEL  
Listen, Jan, calm down, this isn't--

JAN  
Don't tell me to calm down Michael. This branch is on the brink of downsizing and, and...  
(MORE)

JAN (cont'd)

I just drove two and a half hours to show up to an empty office--

Notices the microphone and recorder on the table.

JAN (cont'd)

Wait a second. You're not making one of those stupid podcasts, are you?

MICHAEL

Well, it's more of an audio narrative than a podcast. Trust me, it's gonna be all the rage in Hollywood one of these days, so--

JAN

What the hell do you know about Hollywood, Michael? You're supposed to be selling paper. And you can't even manage that successfully.

MICHAEL

Hey, I read the trades. I take its pulse. And paper plays a big role in Hollywood -- you see, paper is like a writer's sword.

JAN

Wouldn't a pen be a better metaphor, Michael?

MICHAEL

Yeah, that makes more sense. Then, paper is like a writer's shield --  
(off Jan's confusion)  
It's just hard to explain to someone outside the industry, Jan. You should get on Twitter. It helps with--

JAN

Corporate isn't paying you to chase a pipe dream, Michael--

MICHAEL

Jan. Jan. Listen. Honey, sweetie--

JAN

(fierce whisper)  
What did I tell you about pet names in the workplace, hmm?

MICHAEL

(leaning in)

To keep the pet names in their cages  
until--

JAN

There is no until, Michael. We are  
not a thing. Never were, never will  
be, okay? And that's just weird,  
whatever you're trying to imply --  
nevermind. I explicitly told you no  
more movie Mondays--

MICHAEL

Jan, baby... (clears throat) I mean  
lady... boss lady. You are my boss  
and a lady, it works, see--

JAN

Michael, explain yourself. Now.

MICHAEL

Do you know how hard it is to  
motivate these people? To be a leader  
and a friend? It's not easy, Jan.  
Especially on a Monday. I didn't even  
wanna be here today.

(off Jan's glare)

Okay. You see how you barged in here,  
and sucked the life outta -- I mean,  
people are afraid of you--

(off Jan's fury)

I mean, people respect you. But see,  
respect can be scary and gross, "I  
respect him," ew, and definitely not  
fun.

JAN

The point, Michael. If there is one.

MICHAEL

All I'm saying is this is clearly not  
movie Mondays. Do you see any  
popcorn?

Kevin pauses mid stuffing his face with popcorn. Hesitates,  
but takes one more handful, then hides the snack poorly.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

Do you see a projector... or TV  
screen... or a red carpet?

Creed enters with a rolled up black carpet and a can of red spray paint. He's wearing a tuxedo bow-tie over his normal work shirt -- but backs out of the room quickly.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

No, you don't. Think of this more like an Improv'd Motivational Monday A Mon-provisational-day if you will.

(mocking authority)

"To inspire for a successful week ahead."

Michael smiles, happy with himself.

JAN

Motivational Monday, huh. That's actually not a bad idea--

MICHAEL

Listen, Jan. You work hard. But I think the corporate grind is getting to you. What say we step into my office, I'll give you a little shoulder rub, and we can just relax. Together, like couples do--

He rubs Jan's shoulders; She softens momentarily, then snaps back to fierce Jan, slapping him away.

JAN

That's inappropriate, Michael. But, we do need to go over some quarterly numbers, so...

Michael reaches for her hand, which she pulls away.

Jan charges out ahead, Michael in tow. He looks back quickly and gives Kelly the "keep it rolling" gesture.

MICHAEL

(mocking)

Yes, yes. The "Quarterly Numbers."

(beat)

But then, maybe we take a little break, order in some 'za. Light a few candles. Break out my new massage oils.

JAN

Why do you have massage oils and candles in the office, Michael?

MICHAEL

I ordered a new magic set and they messed up the delivery -- but you know what they say about the bedroom--

(misquoting)

It happens to be a magical place -- no, uh, it's a happening place of magic -- you, know, where all the tricks happen...

(off Jan's scowl)

No, I'm not calling you a trick--

JAN

Michael?

MICHAEL

Yes, my lovely liege?

JAN

Shut up.

Michael darts an "urging eye" toward the gang and Kelly back in the conference room as he turns the corner to his office.

KELLY THE NARRATOR

(movie trailer voice)

And so ends movie two of the thrilling trilogy of the Ice Man--

(normal Kelly voice)

Wait, why is this movie two if it's the beginning?

RYAN

Because. Michael's trying to do the Star Wars thing where you start the franchise in the middle, then go back to the beginning then flash forward to the end. And then pretend it was your plan all along. It's so played out.

DWIGHT

Fact: Battlestar Galactica is the superior franchise.

JIM

You're saying Battlestar Galactica is better than Star Wars?

Bob Vance and Phyllis give each other a cute hug and kiss as the group continues to argue as we dolly back out of the conference room, into the empty office, as the...



...phone rings. And rings... and rings... unanswered.

*Cue that incredible jingle we all know and love...*

**END EPISODE**