



# MAKE ME LAUGH, MAKE ME SMILE

An Unofficial Office Hours Tale

by "O"

# **Make Me Laugh, Make Me Smile:**

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by O

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## Forward

Hi folks, Angelo Mike here, known by my online username FlyingOverTr0ut. I woke up in a parking lot as I normally do after a night of sleeping in my car when I happened upon a flash stick with the letter “O” scratched into it laying on my hood. I grabbed it and was going to throw it away but a notification popped up on my phone. Someone sent me \$750 on Venmo with instructions to publish the document contained inside.

“That’s a lotta tomatoes,” I said to myself (and it is).

I opened the document on my laptop. What I saw was a shocking, lurid tale produced by a twisted fan of Office Hours who is too cowardly to use their real name. Upon reading it I immediately threw up. Some guy pulled up to me and asked if I was ok. I worried this was the mysterious “O” who wrote it and threatened him to get the fuck away from me before I smash him. I admit this may have been an overreaction but successfully argued before a judge that I was justified.

So here it is, a novella that I was paid \$750 to publish. It’s a bit of fan fiction from someone in Office Hours community of which I am a small part. I didn’t have anything to do with this, and if you suggest I did:

Fuck you. I didn’t do shit. Don’t ask me anything about this document. Or, do, but all I can do for an answer is send a message to “O” on Venmo and hope this person responds, and I will relay it (if I feel like it).

Sincerely (is this how these end?),

Angelo Mike

Watch Office Hours Live on YouTube: <https://www.youtube.com/theidecker>

Find them on other streaming platforms: <https://officialofficehours.com/>

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## CHAPTER 1

A blue curtain flanks the Glendale basement studio. Host Tim Heidecker rounds out another episode of the award winning Office Hours Live podcast while the swinging outro music brings the show to a close. Co-host Vic Berger plays “So cute” and “Bye!” Trump drops. Tim shrieks and tears a path through the length of the studio with the spasmic dance of a possessed man.

Producer Matt ends the transmission to another successful show with, “We’re out, guys”. Tim switches from on-air Tim to his subdued self. “Whew! Great job, guys. Way to stay on top of the drops.” The gang say their goodbyes. “You up for another Three Stooges marathon?” says Vic. “Sounds good,” co-host Doug Lussenhop (aka DJ Douggpound) replies. They prepare to leave when Tim’s phone buzzes. He checks the latest notification.

A text from a private number:

*hello, tim*

**Tim:** Who is this?

*yOu knOw me well. great shOw tOday, dOn’t let the fun and laughs end. in fact, let’s never let the laughs end. get back On the air fOr 24 hOurs straight Or i reveal yOur secret. yOu knOw what i’m referring tO, dOn’t yOu?*

Tim’s demeanor instantly shifts. His gait straightens, then he leans on his piano stool with his head down. Audio plays from his phone: *Sounds of people screaming and the roar of a fire.*

Heidecker hoofs it outside to catch Vic and Doug.

“Guys, guys. Listen, I want to do something really special with you,” Tim says with some urgency. “What’s up?” Doug asks.

“It’s going to be the biggest, most rewarding Office Hours yet. Our famous, award winning show, but this time, for twenty four hours.”

Vic giggles. “Geez, I don’t know.” He shoots a look at Doug.

“Let’s talk about it later. Maybe we could take shifts hosting,” Doug adds.

Tim gets serious. “Come back inside. We do this now. Take the world by surprise. I ain’t playing games.”

Vic’s eyes narrow. “You sure you want to do this?”

“Yeah. Real sure. Get the fuck inside, both of you. Or I’m cutting you two off.”

“All right, boss. Whatever you say,” hisses an incredulous Doug.

## CHAPTER 2

Matt's tending to the computer to launch the show. "Tim, just so you know, this stuff isn't tested to withstand a twenty four hour stream," he says. Right then Tim checks another text on his phone:

*if i cOuld, i have just One mOre request. nOt Only dO yOu have tO brOadcast fOr 24 hOurs, but yOu must get One milliOn views. gOOd luck ;)*

"Matt, I can't deal with your bullshit right now!" Tim hurls his drink, which explodes on the wall past Matt's shoulder.

"We're live, Tim," says Vic.

Tim fumbles to recover for the audience, playing that off as a goof. The rest of the guys look at each other for reassurance. The Zoomers, named for calling in on Zoom, wait in the online lobby and have a laugh.

"All right, everyone, we have a very special treat. An impromptu twenty four hour livestream! So put on your diapers and order your Chinese food, because we're buckling in for lots of laughs, lots of fun," or so Tim hopes. Tim notices his breathing getting shallow and he stares off, thinking on something else...maybe his secret.

Doug chimes in. "And don't forget, tonight the Blue Angels are flying over directly through Glendale. If we're lucky, we'll be able to see them!"

**VIEW COUNT: 247**



## CHAPTER 3

“So guys, just as a goof and a gag, what’s say you we all tells a secret of ours?” Tim says in an over annunciated New Jersey accent.

Doug answers, “In sixth grade I threw a can of tomato soup at my elderly math teacher. It hit her side and ruptured her liver.” Doug plays a drop of a cartoon mallet whacking someone’s noggin.

“Doug, you sick son of a bitch,” Tim replies. “Ok, Vic, your turn.”

“Oh boy, let me think. It must have been when I played drums in a high school recital. I got so nervous I passed out on stage. They made fun of me for two years after that.”

“Hey-o, we got a sick dog over here!” Tim says through laughter. But then, Tim looks down at his phone and a sullen expression passes through his face.

“Your secret, Tim?” Doug asks.

Tim bites his tongue. “You know, maybe it’s better to keep the audience in anticipation. Right?”

A new text arrives.

*yOu can’t delay fOrever, tim. but sure, let’s nOt spOil the surprise. have it yOur way. i’ll bring the laughs nOw*

“Son of a bitch,” Tim mutters.

“Woa, what happened?” Matt worries.

“The Zoomers all dropped out. And the stream’s out of sync - bad,” Vic informs.

## CHAPTER 4

The doorbell rings. Tim's eyes dart with indecision. Should he answer it? Is someone about to attack him? He debates whether to get it on air when he's jolted, looks at his phone and reads:

*dOn't wOrry, i'm sure yOur wife will get it*

"Oh fuck!" Tim exclaims over the laggy stream. He creeps upstairs. The rest of the guys wonder to each other what's going on.

Tim's about to peek out the studio door at the top of the stairs when it swings open. Tim's wife, Rebecca, is holding a large, gift wrapped, O shaped item. It strikes Tim as looking like a giant Fruity O mint candy, a treat made back where Tim grew up in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

"What is that?" Tim jeers.

"It's for you."

Tim returns to the studio with the package. Vic and Doug kill time by letting drops fly.

"Looks like we got ourselves present. I guess I'll do the honors," Tim says, as if he has a choice. He unwraps the novelty sized O to reveal an unadorned, all white, plastic O.

"Maybe that's a giant piece of pasta from an A to Z Soup", Doug calls out, referring to the off-brand canned soup.

Tim notices at one spot on the equator of the giant O is a small, digital clock, counting back from just under 24 hours. He sets the giant O against the wall. The stream connection is still bad. Tim goes upstairs for something.

**VIEWER COUNT: 177**

## CHAPTER 5

In the living room, Tim questions Rebecca about the package. The regular postal worker delivered it, along with a few letters and bills. Tim presses her if there was anything unusual.

“No. Is everything ok, Tim?”

“It’s fine, honey. Just do me a favor. Don’t you or Evelyn leave the house until the show’s done,” Tim added about their young daughter. “I am deadly serious.”

“Ok, Tim. I’m trusting you,” she replies.

“Mommy, daddy? Are you fighting?” Evelyn couldn’t help but overhear from the third floor and peaked her head from the top of the stairs.

Rebecca looks at Evelyn with concern. “It’s fine. Go play with your toys.”

“Believe me, Rebecca. It’s better this way. Don’t leave unless we all do together. Someone...or something...is watching.”



## CHAPTER 6

Tim returns to the studio but is rattled by what he hears. Vic and Doug are running through drops with “O” sounds in them. Doug hits the Ferris Bueller “Oooooohhhhh yeaaaaah” and Vic plays the exasperated “Ohhhhhh”.

“What are you doing?” Tim asks, accusing.

“It’s a celebration. The stream’s running smooth and the Zoomers are back,” Vic answers.

“Oh, good. Thank god,” Tim says with a bow of his head.

“Seriously, Tim, how long’s this going to be? I’ve got to see my wife and kids,” Vic pleads.

“Yeah, Tim. Me and some friends are getting together to make kotopita after this,” Doug says.

“What’s that?” inquires Vic.

“It’s a Greek chicken casserole made with phyllo dough. I’m trying a meat treat for once after I saw the recipe in an Angelo’s Mom video. She makes some of the best cooking videos on YouTube.”

“That’s great. I love Angelo’s Mom. And Angelo’s a great guy. I’ve known him for years and he’s always supported my career. He encouraged me right from the start. Then he drove to LA all the way from Virginia to be a filmmaker. And even though he lives in his car he never lets it stop him. If anyone deserves to be a smashing success, it’s him, and I throw all my support behind him. Also, you’d think he’d look rough from living in his car, but he has this luster about him, like a hand carved, polished oak mantel. Just a great guy, brimming with integrity and charisma. ‘Three cheers for Angelo!’ as we often say in the Berger home,” gushes Vic.

But something is clearly digging at Tim. He can’t help but drop the facade. “Listen up, everyone. I’ve got a serious announcement. We here at Office Hours are being held hostage by some sick prankster. He threatened us to do a twenty four hour livestream and we have to get one million viewers or he’ll hurt me really bad. Until then, no one can leave. This person only goes by the letter ‘O’.”

“Yes, very serious situation, here. We are being spied on by drones as we speak,” Vic jokes.

“I think I saw a drone disguised as a squirrel!” Doug exclaims.

Tim’s begging the guys to get that it’s not a joke, but it’s futile. A pregnant pause until a flurry of Trump drops and an “I’m like Dylan!” cut. To Tim’s horror, Vic and Doug think this is all a bit.

**VIEWER COUNT: 412**

## CHAPTER 7

A Zoomer, Brian, joins in on the O conspiracy plot like it's an ongoing gag.

"Great stuff, guys. And when the show went on the fritz a little while ago, all we saw was an 'O' in the Zoom lobby. What a great gag and spoof," says Brian.

"What? What O?" Tim replies. "Matt, did you put an 'O' in the Zoom hangout?"

"No, Tim."

The guys shoot puzzled looks. It dawns on Doug, Vic, and Matt - this is no joke. Doug pulls Tim to the corner of the studio. "Tim, this is real? If this 'O' is blackmailing you, why don't you just do what he wants? Then he'll let us go, right?"

"It's not that simple. He - she, they, whoever - want me to say something horrible about myself."

"Well, it can't be that bad, can it?"

Tim sighs.

"Just one last thing, Tim," Doug whispers. "How do I know you're not behind this whole thing for views?"

Vic jumps in. "Guys, we have Phil Braun on the line. Hey, Uncle Phil!" Tim and Doug go back to their stations.

"Hey guys, just want to say what a great bit you have going," Phil says. "Really funny and spooky. I can't get enough of this 'O' thing." Phil improvises a story about The Three Stooges in which they tour the Soviet Union and are blackmailed by Stalin to do a show or they'll be sent to a gulag. The Zoomers love it.

**VIEWER COUNT: 811**

## CHAPTER 8

Tim's startled by another buzz from his phone.

*enOugh Of phil. tell uncle phil yOu're nOt friends anymOre and never tO call again*

Tim reflexively says on mic, "I'm not doing that." Phil thinks this is a response to his story and says, "Well, of course you wouldn't put on a show for Stalin. You're a good guy, Tim, and I trust you want good people in your audience, not some dictator."

"Goodbye, and don't ever call back." Tim hangs up. Confused glances from the guys. Doug and Vic whisper something to each other. They're obviously talking about Tim and are concerned.

"Hey, Tim, we've got to step outside for a second. Get some fresh air," Vic says. Doug and Vic get up and cross past Tim when Tim gives them death glares. He grits out through his teeth, "Don't you dare." They leave anyways.

On the curb outside, Doug approaches his Subaru. The windshield has been hastily painted black with a white "O" on it. Vic happens upon the same thing on his Chevy.

Now back inside, Vic questions Tim. "What's going on? What did you do to our cars?"

"What? I didn't do anything. Leave if you want."

Vic and Doug shake their heads in disbelief and return to their stations.

Another text.

*maybe a break isn't a bad idea, tim. gO ahead, relax. get sOme chill...*

## CHAPTER 9

In the kitchen, Vic, Doug, and Tim argue over what to do while Tim hypnotically stirs an “O” pattern in a pot of spaghetti and sauce.

Doug prods at Tim. “Tim, you awake over there?”

“Huh? Oh yeah. This just calms my nerves.”

“This isn’t some Scorsese movie here with the spaghetti sauce. This is real life,” Doug adds.

An alarm sounds from the studio. The guys dash back downstairs.

“It’s the package you got, Tim. I didn’t touch it,” Matt explains. The guys examine it when a small mechanical arm pops up. Out comes a speaker at the end of it and the [Three Stooges theme plays](#) - perhaps the most recognized one, the “Listen to the Mockingbird” rendition with birds tweeting. The tune finishes, then the arm and speaker retract, flush with the giant O.

Matt sees something. “Woa, take a look at the Zoom hangout.” The guys check and in each Zoom window an episode of The Three Stooges is playing.

Tim’s hair is soaked with perspiration. His pits are similarly stained. And then the many Zoom windows switch out to one big shot of The Three Stooges in a pie fight.

“I love my stooges, but this isn’t the time or place. Must be some hacker,” Vic says.

A voice from the Zoom lobby sounds out. “Hello? Can you guys hear me?” The image switches and it’s Fred Armisen. “Guys, I’ve been watching and I’m really worried. What’s going on? Do you need any help, Tim?”

Tim jumps in. “It’s some sick joke, Fred. But we’re getting it under control.”

“Ok, Tim. Call me if you need me.” Fred hangs up.

Vic has an idea. “Think back to anyone who may hold a grudge against you, Tim. Who would want to hurt you?”

A text arrives to Tim’s phone.

**Fred Armisen:** Tim, I’m coming over.

Tim’s eyes bug out.

**Tim:** no, don’t! We’ll be fine

No response from Fred.

**VIEWER COUNT: 672**

## CHAPTER 10

Tim's goes off script for the City of the Day. Instead of the selected choice, he chooses his hometown of Allentown, PA. "Life there was simpler," he notes. "I was a young man with big dreams of getting out to Los Angeles." Just then, a caller from Allentown jumps on the Zoom. The caller's voice melts away in Tim's mind as he ponders whether Fred is safe.

Tim fades back to the present moment and he hears the tail end of a poem the Zoomer is reciting.

*...Laughing, smiling  
Until the show suddenly stopped  
And everyone screamed out:  
this show destroyed us all*

A tear trickles out of Tim's eye. "Thank you for the poem, caller. Good luck on your writing career," Tim says while hanging up. "Maybe we should take a break, guys. It's been a couple hours." Tim checks his phone.

No new messages.

Tim, Vic, and Doug confer in Tim's backyard. Outdoor speakers run throughout the yard and Tim plays old [K-Mart store music](#) on them with his phone's bluetooth connection. It's a small attempt to relax himself.

"Whatever this secret is, Tim, why don't you just say it? Let it out. We won't judge you," Doug reassures. "Right, Vic?"

"Right. Come on, man. Just say it. Then this 'O' won't have any power over you."

The K-Mart music stops. Tim's phone rings. He steps aside to answer it - it's a video call. On the screen the phone camera is pointed down as it moves up stairs, into a landing and through a door. It traverses a carpet, then the end of a bed and up to some feet...then legs...then...a bare chested torso with a bloody "O" carved into it. Up a little further...

It's Fred Armisen. He's dead.

Tim's inconsolable. He covers his mouth to muffle his own screams. Doug and Vic try to reassure Tim of whatever it is that's got him so upset. "Fred's dead! They fucking carved him up!" Right then the Blue Angels fly over. They're in an O formation.

New message:

*my little three stOOges aren't getting any funny ideas, are they? i'd hate tO end  
Our shOw...fOrever...*

Vic's astonished. "What the hell are the Blue Angels doing flying over now? It's a stirring display of air power and energizes my patriotism, but I thought they'd be here tonight."

The Blue Angels pass back through at a lower altitude. They circle back again, lower...and again, lower. The guys are freaked out and stumble back inside.

## CHAPTER 11

Tim finds Rebecca talking to a strange, uniformed man in the living room.

Rebecca explains. "Tim, Infinitum sent over Craig for our internet. The internet completely went out while you were outside."

"Guys, give us some privacy for a moment," Tim requests. He motions for Craig to follow him.

In the master bedroom, Tim dresses down Craig. "Listen, a lot of weird stuff's been happening today. What are you doing here? How do I know you're not a threat?"

Craig levels with him. "I understand not wanting to say this in front of your wife, but you paid me five hundred dollars to come over and check your internet, didn't you? That Blue Angels flyover must have disrupted your connection. You were having some latency issues, but I patched it up."

"I'm not paying you five hundred dollars, you creep!"

"But, Tim. If you didn't, someone already did. And they gave me this note to pass to you." Tim snatches it from Craig. It reads:

*dOn't let the infinitum guy get away...*

Slack jawed, Tim looks up. He notices on Craig's polo collar a minuscule "O" pin!

"What the fuck are you really doing here? I want the truth. Capische?!"

"I don't know why you're so mad. I'm just here to help, but clearly I should leave."

"Fuck that!" Tim hurls Craig over his shoulder and slams him onto the floor. The whole house shakes. While carrying on the show, Vic and Doug look up and wonder what that noise was.

"I can't let you go! I can't let you go!" Tim roars. Craig tries to barge past Tim but Tim has murder in his eyes. He pins Craig down on his back and constricts his hands around Craig's neck.

"Please, Tim...don't...I have a wife and kids..." Craig groans as he tries to wrench Tim's hands from his neck. But his pulse weakens and his hands give out as Tim strangles the life out of him.

He rolls off Craig. The magnitude of his actions has set in. "Why'd you have to die, huh? Why'd you have to go and do such a silly thing, huh Craig? I was cool, wasn't I? I didn't want to hurt you!" Tim squeals, his voice pitching high.

Hyperventilating, Tim reaches for a dresser drawer and removes a cigarette from a pack. He lights it up takes a drag.

"Daddy? I smell cigarettes," Evelyn intones from outside the bedroom. "I'm telling Mommy. She said if you smoke in the house that you'll get in trouble."

Tim stubs out the cigarette on the dresser. He checks his breath and cringes. Then he notices a mint candy in the drawer. It's a genuine Fruity O from back in Allentown. Must have saved it all these years and forgotten about it. He pops it in his mouth to cover up the scent of smoke.

On his hands and knees, Tim peeks his head out the door. "Sweetheart, you're right, I'm so sorry. Please don't make things worse for me right now. I put out the cigarette and I'll tell Mommy. So you go and have some ice cream for doing the right thing."

## CHAPTER 12

Tim lugs Craig's body into the walk-in closet. He loops a belt around Craig's neck and ties the end to a clothing rod. He closes the folding closet doors on this staged suicide. Just then he hears a car door slam shut outside. Before he can check the window, Rebecca yells up.

"Tim, did you send for another Infinitum technician?" Tim bolts down the stairs and swings through the kitchen. He grabs a knife and holds it by his waist. Tim gives a "Shhh" motion with his finger to Rebecca and opens the door. He circles his free arm around the technician's neck and sticks the knife to his throat.

"The fuck are you doing here, you piece of shit? You want to terrorize my family?!"

"Woa, calm down! Our monitoring showed your internet was down. I just came by to check, that's all. Please don't hurt me."

Tim eases up. The guy seems genuine.

Rebecca, trying to help, interjects. "The internet actually works now. The other guy fixed it."

The technician's confused. "Someone else fixed it? But they sent me over."

"It's a long story. Sorry about that. Here, take this." Tim hands him some cash. "Don't make a big deal out of this."

With the technician pacing back to his van, Rebecca interrogates Tim. "What has gotten into you? And where is Craig?"

"He's dead. Now, you and I are in this together. So let me finish the show and then we can call the police."



## CHAPTER 13

The show's been in a groove for a few hours now. The internet's working, there's lots of Zoomers, drops, and puns. Tim's doing his best to forget about the body upstairs. He hasn't heard from O for hours and checks his phone again. Nothing. A very unsettling feeling.

The next Zoomer gets on but their camera is angled on a phone sitting atop a counter. "Caller, what is that?" Tim asks. A finger comes down in the Zoom window and presses the phone screen. Audio plays: *It's Tim admitting to Rebecca that Craig is dead and that they'll call the cops later.*

Tim scrambles. "Oh, what's that doing on here? That's just me working out some ideas for a new show. Don't worry, there's no body upstairs."

A pounding at the door. "Police! Open up, Mr. Heidecker. We have a search warrant."

Tim answers the door while the guys continue the show. The Zoomers are eating this up. Superchats are coming in left and right with guesses as to what's going on, as if it's all just another gag.

Tim fields the cops. "Listen, guys, it's just some material for a sketch, nothing serious. You know how us comedy types are always pushing the envelope. I guess someone called the PC Police!"

"Mr. Heidecker, let me say as a fan, I don't doubt that. But someone sent us a recording of you apparently saying a body is in your house and we have to execute a warrant. Let's just do it and be on our way," Officer Cimino states.

Tim looks over his shoulder and sees his wife glaring at him. "It's ok, honey. The cops can search," explains Tim. Half a dozen cops enter the home.

Officer Cimino and another cop enter the basement studio and search. "Just so you guys know, we're streaming now," cautions Vic. "No worries, Mr. Berger. Love the drops," assures Officer Cimino. The other officer takes note of the giant O and glances over at Doug and Vic, who shrug.

"Mind if we stream the search through the house?" Matt asks.

"Just get my good side," says Officer Cimino.

Through the dining and living rooms, Matt, Vic, and Doug follow the other cops making their way up the stairs to the third floor. Rebecca is white as a ghost on the living room couch, unable to look up at the action. Matt's broadcasting with his phone camera and follows up to the master bedroom, where Tim's waiting.

"Hey guys, it's really kind of a sty in my bedroom, if you know what I'm saying. There's nothing in there so why don't you call it a day?" Tim pleads.

"Very funny, Tim. Open the door, please," chides Officer Hardy, leading this part of the search.

Tim meekly obliges and the cops wander in. The cops look at the doors of the walk-in closet. Tim is close behind along with Doug, Vic, and Matt in the back, operating camera. Tim clutches the knife in his back pocket as a cop grabs the closet door handle.

"Daddy was smoking in here! Are you going to arrest him?" Evelyn asks as she pops in.

"Smoking?! He'll do hard time for that," Officer Hardy jokes. He gives one stiff glance off Tim and grabs the handle...

**VIEWER COUNT: 3841**

## CHAPTER 14

Officer Hardy squeezes the closet door handle and pauses. He nods to another cop. Tim struggles to hide the fact that he's hyperventilating.

The door jerks open. Tim clutches the knife and steps up to the cops, who he can't see past. They're just staring inside. Tim braces himself to use the knife...

"Hey, is that the salmon jacket you wore at the Us premiere?" questions Hardy.

"Oh, um, yeah, that's it."

"Pretty cool!"

The cops step aside. Tim can finally see that Craig is gone. There's no body.

"Well, Tim, if you've got someone buried in the floorboards, let us know, will ya?" Hardy says, triggering his own laughter.

Tim eeks out a smile. "Heh heh. You guys are funny. Hey have a good day, will you? Sorry you had to waste your time here." Tim eases the knife back into his back pocket. From Matt's vantage point peeking into the room he gives a puzzled look at Vic and Doug, who are standing next to him. They don't know what to make of it.

Everyone files out through the living room, past Rebecca. She looks as if she's awaiting execution. "Sorry about the intrusion, Mrs. Heidecker. Your husband has some weird fans, I don't know why they'd call us over a comedy bit. Have a good day," wishes Hardy. "But one last thing. Where'd you get those scratches on your wrists?"

Tim catches his breath. "Uh, I was...gardening. Out in the garden and in the weeds." Every millisecond of the police officers' glare is unbearable. Maybe the jig is up. The cops give incredulous looks at each other.

"Ahaha relax! That one always gets people! Mr. Heidecker, we'll get out of here," exclaims Officer Hardy.

Evelyn tugs at Tim's waist. "Daddy, can I have this candy?" She holds up a Fruity O. "I found it on the floor in your room."

"Go ahead, sweetie," Tim says, absently. "And guys, I'll see you downstairs in a second." Everyone moves down through the living room and the cops leave. Doug, Vic, and Matt make their way back to the studio as Tim remains with Rebecca and waits until they're alone.

"These jokes have gone far enough, Tim."

"It's not a fucking joke, you hear me? I killed that man. Where'd he go? Did you see anything?"

"I didn't see anything. I guess I can't help you. Just go do your show."

Back in the studio for the guys. The Superchats are numbering in the thousands in donations. "We've got over fifty five hundred patrons," remarks Doug.

"How is this possible? Who is playing games with me? Someone must have known the cops wouldn't find anyone, right? Otherwise, the show would stop," Tim says.

In almost one smooth motion, Vic removes his headset, gets up, and stands face to face with Tim. "That's right, Tim. You're finally discovering the power of O," Vic states, serenely. Vic then holds up a mallet and slams it into Tim's face.

**VIEWER COUNT: 8711**

## CHAPTER 15

The studio lights are dim. Candles burn and smoke from incense wafts. Tim struggles to lift his eye lids. He chokes as he catches his breath and raises his head. Tim looks around and realizes he's stuck. Virtually every inch of his body is covered in ropes binding him to a chair. He faces his camera, his back to the guys in the studio. Tim struggles but is powerless to come out of his binds.

"What the fuck? Doug, Matt, help me! Vic, you're going to jail, you piece of shit!"

Doug and Matt look right at Tim. "We are helping you, Tim. O has chosen you," Doug says in a monotone.

"You're a special man, Tim," intones Matt.

The guys spin Tim around. Tim sees they're wearing black shirts with a big, white "O" on them, and black pants and boots.

"Oh no. Where's my wife and daughter? They better be okay, you assholes!"

"Tim, please. Ask them," Doug says through a smile.

A mix of sadness and disbelief cross Tim's face. "Rebecca? Evelyn? Run! Leave the house!"

The studio door opens. Doug, Vic, and Matt look up in unison with the smiles of true believers. Down come Tim's wife and daughter.

"Here she comes," Doug says in a sing-song voice.

"Here she comes," Vic says, imitating Doug.

They're wearing the same O uniform as the guys. Tim's motor mouth finally fails him.

"We're happy for you, Tim," Rebecca says.

"Yes, daddy. We're so happy for you! O chose you and now we get to take part in your renewal."

Tim looks at the guys. "What? What about Fred? You killed him, didn't you?" Tim looks back at Rebecca and Evelyn. "Why are you doing this? Did they make you do this?"

"Don't worry, daddy. Look!"

The studio door opens yet again. Down the stairs come a man dressed in baggy white pants and a puffy, white button down shirt. It's Fred.

"Fred, you're alive! But what happened to your chest?"

Fred carries the true believer smile on his face. He squares up to Tim, unbuttons his shirt, and reveals the fresh, O shaped wound.

"I've gone through my renewal, Tim. I can't wait for you to join us."

"Oh fuck! Oh shit!" Tim exclaims.

Fred nods to the guys. They shift Tim and his chair back to his station. Vic, Doug, and Matt get back to theirs. Rebecca, Evelyn, and Fred get on the corner couch.

A Zoomer calls in.

"Hello, Tim!" A friendly voice comes through the computer. Tim is greeted by the face of Bob Odenkirk.

**VIEWER COUNT: 11,518**

## CHAPTER 16

“Bob, you gotta help me! I’m in really bad trouble here. I don’t know if you’ve been watching, but Vic and Doug have involved me in some sick hoax. Or maybe someone put them up to it, though I always suspected they might do something like this.”

“Tim, why don’t we talk about you. Don’t you want to confess? To tell the audience what they’ve been waiting for?” Bob asks.

Tim realizes he is truly without a friend. He lowers his head.

Everyone in the studio jumps in.

“Go on, Tim.”

“Say it.”

“You can do it, daddy.”

“Noooo!” Tim screams as he writhes in his chair to break free. Doug and Vic leap to action in a coordinated effort. Doug tilts Tim’s chair back and Vic grabs a baseball bat in the corner.

One warm up swing...then two for aim...then BAM. He smashes the sole of Tim’s right foot.

“Ohhh godddd! Ok! Ok, I’ll talk! Just put that fucking baseball bat down!”

Vic happily obliges and wipes Tim’s tears. He holds up a tissue for Tim to blow his nose. Vic and Doug take their seats.

“Yeah, I guess I owe this to everyone, don’t I?” Tim asks himself. He composes himself as the Zoomers and everyone in the room watch, rapt in attention.

“Ever since I was a kid, all I wanted to be was a performer. And there was no higher art form to me than the goofs and gags of The Three Stooges. I joined a stooges revival troupe that performed around Allentown. Places like rec centers and school auditoriums.

“I played Larry. One day we were performing for a group of seniors who had been bused in from some old folks home. I was in character as Larry and getting into it with Moe. I was smoking a cigarette and supposed to stub it out on his shoe, but there were so many laughs and smiles from that group of seniors, the likes of which have never been seen, that I got distracted. I missed my cue, so I tossed my cigarette.

“Well, the stage was dressed as a horse stable. We were fighting over who could train this horse girl to ride and my cigarette hit a hay bale. These seniors thought it was part of the show, even when me and my co-stars ran off the stage, screaming. The hay ignited and the whole place went up like a tinder box. Those seniors never stood a chance. Forty nine people perished that day. And all they wanted was to laugh and have fun.

“The police deemed the venue negligent for not having working sprinklers and didn’t charge me. The screams of those geriatric stooge fans haunt me to this day.

“My parents were so ashamed of me they gave me up and I mostly lived under bridges after that and got in fist fights for food. All I had left of my parents was a tape of my dad on vacation saying, ‘Abso-lutely!’

“And now you know.”

**VIEWER COUNT: 32,310**

## CHAPTER 17

A hand grips Tim's shoulder. It's quickly joined by many others as Vic, Doug, Rebecca, Evelyn, and Fred embrace Tim.

"You did great, Tim," says Rebecca.

"That was really incredible," adds Doug.

The guys gently turn Tim and his chair around.

"Easy, guys. Easy. Remember, Tim's a little sore," Fred reminds everyone.

Vic crouches down to get eye level with Tim. "Tim, it wasn't forty nine people that died. It was forty four."

"What? No, it was forty nine," Tim says, incredulous.

Vic removes his glasses. He grabs the under side of his own jaw and peels back his entire face and hair. Vic's head reveals itself as covered in discolored burn scars and as completely hairless.

Doug and Fred peel off their faces. They, too, are covered in burn scars. Tim can't believe his eyes and looks over to Rebecca and Evelyn for reassurance.

They peel off their faces, which are now covered in burn scars. Evelyn turns out to be a little person in advanced age.

"Aaaaaahhhhh! Who the fuck are you? Evelyn, you're my baby! This isn't possible!"

"You were on the road when she was supposed to be born, Tim," explains Rebecca.

"What the fuck's that mean? I saw her, she was a baby."

"You saw *a* baby, Tim. We'll explain it all soon."

"Those people died. You can't be--"

The studio door opens. Down walks a figure with the black O uniform. The person's head appears, revealing Bob Odenkirk.

"Tim, are you going to be ok if we loosen up your binds?" Bob asks. He gets face to face with Tim. "Oh, and by the way, it was only forty three dead." Bob removes his face to reveal burn scars and pulls out a utility knife..

"Ready to get out?" Bob says while holding up the knife. Tim's not sure whether to nod yes or no. He shuts his eyes as Bob goes to work, digging around with the knife. Tim winces...

...doesn't feel pain...

...and opens his eyes.

"Good to go, Timmy!" Bob says with a smile. Tim opens his eyes and sees his ropes are cut loose. He isn't harmed. Tim knocks the knife out of Bob's hand and leaps up, kneeling him in the face. He picks up the chair and smashes it over Vic's head. Doug and Fred try to grab Tim but Tim wriggles free. The person who used to be Evelyn grabs Tim's shins as Rebecca socks Tim in the face, stunning him.

"What's going on? Is Tim ok?" a voice shouts while running down into the studio. It's Craig, wearing an O uniform and carrying a white gown hanging from a coat hook. Tim shakes his head in recognition of the futility of fighting and sits down.

"Everything's all right," Rebecca answers.

"Boy, those deep relaxation techniques really work. I was out for ten minutes and was able to come to and undo that belt," states Craig. He removes his face, displaying burn scars.

Craig steps forward. "Tim, we didn't want to hurt you. Your Three Stooges show gave us so many laughs and smiles. We just want to share the fun." He proffers Tim the white gown he holds. "Go ahead. Change into this."

Tim takes it, sullen. He indicates up, as if wanting to change upstairs.  
“Do it here, Tim,” Bob orders. Everyone circles Tim so the cameras can’t see.

## CHAPTER 18

Tim wears his ceremonial white gown. It's elegant and a little pretentious.

Tim speaks into the microphone. "All right, everyone. You see what's happening. Apparently these are survivors of the big Stoooge fire of my youth. I don't know what kind of revenge they're seeking."

"Revenge?" inquires Doug. "No, we don't want revenge. We want to help you."

Zoomer Aimee gets on. "Tim, we had a really great time. That was the greatest stoooge revival show we could've ever asked for." Aimee removes her face showing her burn scars.

In the full Zoom lobby, one person removes their face revealing burn scars. Then a few more. Then...all of them. They all applaud and cheer Tim.

"You guys obviously have total control over me. Whatever you're going to do, just do it. But please, just tell me what is going on. You guys must be over one hundred years old. How is this possible?"

Vic answers. "Tim, the retirement community we lived had state of the art medical treatment. It wasn't just some condo complex. We were given silver solution as a part of our diet, which protected us from the worst damage from the burns and smoke inhalation, and it's kept us alive for decades longer than the average person.

"It turns out silver solution also kills viruses, cancer, and bacteria. Now, we're all Christians. And when Christians retire, we find the only place that can really support us in our beliefs: The Jim Bakker compound."

"The FDA and big pharma didn't want this to get out," Doug says, "because they're such powerful special interests. But it's true. He fed us silver solution in these."

Vic holds up a Fruity O candy. Tim's face betrays every emotion Vic's words inspire.

"Oh, and by the way, I'm Henrietta. Nice to finally meet you for real, Tim," says the person formerly known to Tim as his daughter.

"My life is a lie. Fucking kill me. Do me the favor," Tim begs.

"Tim, you're not getting it, but that's ok!" Rebecca assures. "We learned to forgive you for what you did. That's the great change that happened. We want you to learn that: to forgive. As Christians, it was our duty to forgive you. And as hard as that was, we did, and we were set free. Your anger has blinded you, don't you see? You're so impatient, snapping at callers and abruptly hanging up. You must learn to forgive."

"Ok. I forgive you. And I'll be more patient with callers. Are we done?"

"You can't forgive us until a grave offense is done to you, Tim!" explains a jubilant Craig.

"Matt? What's going on? Can you call for help?"

Matt reaches to his jaw and peels his face. Another survivor of the fire.

"What are you going to do?", Tim pleads.

"Tim, we just want to help you learn to forgive," Matt says.

**VIEWER COUNT: 611, 330**



## CHAPTER 19

It's night out. Henrietta leads the way out the rear door and into the backyard, tossing flower pedals from a basket as Tim follows. A pile of kindling in an O shape awaits at the center of the yard. Everyone files out behind Tim. The police surround the house and watch - all of them, too, are wrapped in burn scars. Doug carries the giant O from the delivery.

Behind them all, Matt follows with his phone, broadcasting live.

Dozens of the Zoom callers with burn scars arrive in person. Some carry torches. Among them a short, old man emerges.

It's Jim Bakker.

"Welcome, brothers and sisters!" Bakker declares. "What a wonderful gathering of Christians here. Where is our newest member?"

Vic and Doug walk Tim up to Bakker, their arms wrapped around Tim's. Bakker waves Vic and Doug off to have a word with Tim, who falls to his knees. "Take this, son," Bakker implores, holding out a Fruity O. "This is good stuff. All of my flock takes this to ensure a long life of happiness and forgiveness. You must learn to forgive."

Tim shakes his head. "You can't make me. No." The audience boos. Bakker pleads. "There can be no forgiveness unless a grave offense is done to you." Bakker then gestures to the crowd to quiet down and puts his hand on his chin, considering what to do next.

"Show me your pockets."

Tim reluctantly shows Bakker the contents of them. Bakker sifts through, pausing to examine a small, plastic wrapper. It's the one from the Fruity O Tim took earlier. Bakker holds it up before the crowd.

"Ladies and gentleman, he already took it!" The audience erupts in applause. Bakker once again motions for quiet. "The oath, everyone!"

The crowd recites in unison:

*I do solemnly swear that I like to laugh  
and have fun. That I will support and  
defend Office Hours against all other  
podcasts foreign and domestic; that I bear  
faith and pledge allegiance to Tim Heidecker,  
DJ Douggpound, and Vic Berger; and that I take  
this obligation freely and without any mental  
reservation. I stand with my fellow patriots  
who demand quality drops and faithfully  
discharge the duties of the Office Hours  
family on which I am about to enter. So  
help me bOb. Where we laugh we have fun  
together.*

A conch shell is passed down through the crowd, stopping at Vic. He plays a minor key, adagio version of the "I Like Having Fun, I Like to Laugh" jingle. Henrietta approaches Tim, who's beside himself, weeping on his hands and knees. She nudges his chin up.

“Daddy, it’s time for your renewal. Don’t worry, the silver solution will protect you just enough so that you won’t die. Please forgive us. That’s all we want. We’re good Christians.”

Craig emerges with the giant O and places it around Tim’s head like a necklace. Another crowd member hands Henrietta a container of kerosene, which she splashes onto the kindling and all over Tim. Still more burn victims haul in long folding tables with cream pies piled endlessly on them.

Vic stops his conch melody. Murmurs sound out from the audience.

“Ok, Tim.”

“We’re ready.”

“We support you, Tim.”

Henrietta speaks up. “Trust me. Trust us. It’s the best thing any of us could have learned. As Christians, it’s our duty to impart to others the beauty of forgiveness. Only with a grave offense against you can you learn it.”

Tim drudges over to the kindling. Henrietta lights a cigarette, puffs it, and holds it up. The stillness in the air could be cut with a knife. “Do you think you can forgive me, daddy?” Henrietta asks.

Tim struggles for words. “I can’t believe this. I don’t know. I don’t think so.”

“Well, daddy, you’ll have to try, just as we did.”

Henrietta flicks the cigarette onto the kindling, now a pyre. The fire races in a circle and travels up Tim’s body.

Tim can no longer form words. “Aahh! Aaaahhhh! AAAAAHHHH!” He leaps out of the fire and careens through the crowd like a streaking fireball. The onlookers form gaps to step out of Tim’s way.

In his best Moe Howard, Fred Armisen says, “Whadda you mugs say we cook some s’mores over this camp fire?” Fred grabs a pie and hurls it at Tim, missing, and hitting Vic.

Vic wipes cream out of his eyes and does his best Curly. “Whoop whoop whoop whoop! Nyuk nyuk nyuk!” He gives the Curly two step and zips a pie at Fred, also missing and hitting Doug in the face. Doug does Larry. “I can’t see! I can’t see!”

Fred, still imitating Moe, says, “What’s wrong?”

“My eyes are closed!” Doug opens them. “Oh, that’s better,” Doug says in his Larry voice, then launches a pie. Then Craig flings one, and everyone tosses pies while the fireball that is Tim sails through the night.

Tim flings off the giant O, itself aflame, and the arm pops out and a bluetooth connection initiates, connecting to the speakers encircling the backyard. [The Three Stooges theme blasts](#). Even the cops are throwing pies now.

Hundreds of pies whiz through the air just when the Blue Angels zoom over in a low altitude O formation.

Matt broadcasts the entire scene.

**VIEWER COUNT: 1,783,271**

## CHAPTER 20

### Three Years Later

Many laughs and much fun are had on an episode Office Hours that's well underway. Tim and the gang don their burn scars - no more masks. The old curtain has been replaced by a futuristic, wall-covering 16k LED flatscreen which cycles through Office Hours-relevant images and looping video, including:

- The anti-masker singing "God Bless America"

- Sweaty close ups of Donald Trump

- Paul McCartney wishing his son a rockin' show

Doug's just finishing up a director pun. "So, the guy says to his sister, the Alaskan civil engineer, 'Fran, sis', fjord coupla' those glaciers!'"

"Fran...sis'...Ford Coppola! Haha!" Tim hoots.

Tim points to the eyebrows he has tattooed on.

"Guys, I really feel like these eyebrow tattoos have made a big difference in landing me acting jobs. And they make my wife happy. Before, you couldn't tell what emotion I was expressing. She'd be telling me a story and halfway through stop and go, 'I'm sorry, Tim, is my story boring you?' 'No, I'm very interested. I just got no friggin' eyebrows so you can't tell!'" Tim raises and lowers his eyebrow tattoos. "I'm telling you, it makes a big difference!"

Tim holds up an issue of Variety with the 24 hour Office Hours marathon featured on the front that reads, "The Highest Viewed Podcast in History". "And hey, check this out! Pretty cool stuff, am I right?" Tim brags and sets it down.

Just then a map of the City of the Day appears on the flatscreen.

"And our City of the Day is Kenosha, Wisconsin. Home town of Mark Ruffalo and Orson Welles." Vic plays a drunk Welles commercial blooper. "And the City of the Day is sponsored by Jim Bakker's Silver Solution. Give it to your kids, your family, and take it daily yourself. It'll make you feel youthful and rejuvenated, and protect you from all kinds of ailments."

A Xoomer jumps on the line. It's Phil Braun (Zoom has now changed to Xoom because it's the future). "So Tim, how did you get past the pain and carry on with the show? Aren't you angry about what everyone did to you?"

Tim gives a thoughtful look. "Well, you know, things happen, and you roll with it, that's life. I'm still with my wife even though she's like one hundred thirty three years old. She doesn't even know. And my daughter is just my roommate now. As for the baby I thought I was raising, that kid was actually a series of clones that were changed out until one was old enough to make a mask."

Doug plays a cricket chirping drop.

"You know what, I think I'm boring the audience with all this scifi mumbo jumbo!" Tim says with a laugh and smile. "But the important thing is I learned to be a little more patient, a little calmer. I used to let my anger get the better of me. But I learned to forgive and was truly transformed thanks to the power of O!"

"But Tim", Phil interjects. "Who's O? Is it Jim Bakker?"

"Good question. Let's bring him on. O, are you there?"

A new picture-in-picture comes up. The camera is awkwardly pointed at the corner of a room and a warbly voice announces itself. "Yes, hold on one minute, ok? Haha."

Someone fumbles with the camera and into frame comes: Tommy Wiseau. Or as his screen name reads, Tommy Wis-O.

“Hi, it’s me everybody! Haha. What’s happening, dude?”

Phil’s stunned. “Wait, Tommy Wiseau? How does that make any sense?”

“Don’t worry about it. O is me, it’s you, it’s everybody! As long as we all love each other, the world will be a better place. And if you laugh and smile then that’s all that matters.”

Tim’s been waiting to say something. “You know, Tommy, these burns have really done a number on my bowel movements. I mean I got diarrhea for days, if you know what I’m sayin’.”

Vic and Doug broadcast a flurry of fart drops. Tim monologues about his diarrhea in explicit detail to millions of laughing and smiling fans around the world as our story humbly comes to an end...

## ABOUT THE PUBLISHER

Publisher's note: No information from the author is available, so here's a picture of the publisher, Angelo Mike.



Watch Angelo Mike's videos and follow him online:

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