

"THE OFFICE" SAMPLE SCRIPT

"The Masseuse"

by

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

MICHAEL enters and stops by PAM'S desk.

MICHAEL

Morning, Pam. Did you catch the 'L Word' last night?

PAM

No. I missed it.

MICHAEL

It was a great episode. Tim found out that Jenny was cheating on him with Marina, and Dana and Lara broke up. But the whole thing was totally unbelievable.

PAM

Why?

MICHAEL

Because. There's no way that lesbians are that hot in real life. I know that we all have our fantasies about a pair of hot lesbian chicks making out with each other, but that's just not how it is in the real world.

PAM

Um, o-kay.

MICHAEL

I mean, seriously, Pam. There's no way in a million years that a smoking hot lesbian babe would come up to you and ask you out on a date. It just wouldn't happen. I mean, I'm sure you must be very attractive to plenty of lesbians out there, but let's face facts: they don't look like Jennifer Beals, they look like Rosie O'Donnell.

MICHAEL (cont'd)

That's why the 'L Word' is just a TV show, and this is real life. And Pam, for what it's worth, if you were a lesbian, you'd be one of the hotter ones.

PAM

Um, thanks.

As Michael heads for his office, Pam turns to the camera.

Her expression asks, "Did he just say that?"

END TEASER

INT. OFFICE - DAY

It's business as usual, when the entrance of an extremely attractive young woman (MARCI) interrupts the office's normal placid calm.

She approaches Pam's desk.

MARCI

Hi, is this the paper place?

PAM

Um, yeah. Dunder Mifflin. May I help you?

MARCI

Oh, great! I found the right office.
(immediately takes to Pam)
This one time, I accidentally went to the wrong office, and spent the entire morning massaging the wrong clients.

PAM

O-kay, and you are...?

MARCI

I'm Marci, your masseuse.

Pam looks at her, puzzled.

MARCI

I'm in the right place, right?

PAM

I...

HOLLY, from Human Resources, steps in.

HOLLY

Of course, Marci. Hi, I'm Holly. We spoke earlier on the phone.

MARCI

Hi.

They shake hands.

HOLLY

Thanks for coming in.

(beat)

This is Pam, our receptionist. She always wears the most comfortable looking sweaters.

PAM

Um, thanks.

HOLLY

I'm sorry, Pam. Didn't Michael tell you that Marci was coming today?

PAM

Uh... no. He did not.

HOLLY

I sent him a memo, and he was supposed to let everyone know about it. Anyway, Marci's a masseuse, and she's going to be spending the day in the office with us.

Pam stares at Holly then at Marci, not knowing what to make of this.

PAM

You're... going to give us massages?

MARCI

Yup. Trained and certified. I even brought my own chair.

Pan down to reveal the masseuse's chair.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Oh my Lord!

He marches over from his cubby.

MICHAEL

Is it bring a supermodel in to work day, or did you just wander in here on your own?

HOLLY

Michael, this is Marci, she's the-

MICHAEL

Masseuse. I heard.

(extending a hand)

Michael Scott. Regional Manager of Dunder Mifflin.

They shake hands. Michael holds it longer than necessary.

MARCI

Hi, I'm Marci, the masseuse.

He's grinning like he's won the lottery.

MICHAEL

This is quite a surprise.

HOLLY

It wouldn't have been if you'd read the memo I sent you.

FLASHBACK:

CLOSE UP. The "memo" she's referring to has been turned into a paper airplane, ready to be launched from Michael's hand.

Pull back to reveal him hiding behind the door to his office, stifling a laugh.

He launches it in DWIGHT'S direction.

The paper airplane memo flies a few feet and BOINKS Dwight in the back of the head.

BACK TO PRESENT:

MICHAEL

Oh, yeah, right, that memo. It must have gotten shuffled somewhere. Or I got my dates mixed up.

(beat)

Does Corporate know about this?

HOLLY

Corporate okayed it. In fact, they're paying Marci to be here.

MICHAEL

Wow. That is awesome!

(turns to Marci)

So you're just gonna like...

MARCI

Give you a massage.

MICHAEL

Oh, ho.

(he breaks into giggles)

Just like right here in the office?

MARCI

Well, if you have a room where I can set up, that would be great. And it would give us some privacy.

This clearly is the wrong thing to say to Michael, who starts turning red in the face.

HOLLY

You can use the conference room.

MARCI

Great.

HOLLY

Right this way.

As Holly escorts Marci over, Michael turns to Pam, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

MICHAEL

I can't believe it! This is going to be great!

The look on Pam's face tells us she doesn't agree.

PAM TALKING HEAD

PAM

The last time something like this happened, it was a girl named Katy who came by the office to sell handbags.

(beat)

She ended up dating Jim.

(beat)

Not that I'm worried or anything. This was way before we started going out. It's just that I've never had a massage before. I don't know if Jim's ever had one either. In fact, I can't even picture someone giving him one... or me one for that matter.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

Michael watches Marci set up the massage chair.

MICHAEL

You need any help?

MARCI

No, I got it. Done it a million times.

MICHAEL

So we don't lie down?

MARCI

This is sit down massage.

MICHAEL

How's it work?

The chair ready, she demonstrates by sitting in it, putting her forehead against the headrest.

MARCI

You just sit down in the chair like this.

MICHAEL

Should I take my clothes off first?

MARCI

Just your jacket. You can keep your shirt on.

MICHAEL

Oh.

This takes some of the wind out of his sails, but he removes his jacket and settles into the chair.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As we look at Michael's face from below the massage chair, through the opening in the headrest.

MICHAEL

Now what do I do?

MARCI

Just close your eyes and relax.

Michael's eyes close as instructed.

We can see Marci's silhouette behind him, as she begins to rub his shoulders.

His eyes open, and he begins to giggle.

MICHAEL

Whoahoaha.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

The conference room door opens, and Michael steps outside, looking like a changed man.

MICHAEL

Wow! That was unbelievable! I feel ten years younger!

(to Marci)

How did you do that?

MARCI

It's all in the training. Alright, who's next?

Phyllis raises a hand.

PHYLLIS

I'll go.

As she enters the conference room, we pan over to Pam, who still looks uncomfortable.

Michael approaches her desk.

PAM

How was it?

MICHAEL

Wow. I just can't stop smiling.

PAM

Um, what did she do?

MICHAEL

She worked her magic, on me!

PAM

Like, where did..

Pam vaguely points around her body.

MICHAEL

Mostly the shoulders, a little neck, some back, the upper arms.

PAM

And it was... good?

MICHAEL

I can't even describe it. It was like...
you know the first time you...

PAM

What?

MICHAEL

You know... you...

He makes some vague motions, grinning like a fool.

Pam shakes her head. She still doesn't get it.

He makes a hip-thrusting motion.

Her eyes widen. She gets it now.

MICHAEL

(leaning in, whispers)

It was like the first time you had sex.

(beat)

Except not quite as good. But close.

We can see that this is too much information for her.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

Am I going to get a massage?

(beat)

No.

(beat)

Why on earth would I turn my back to a
complete stranger, and allow myself to
enter into a relaxed alpha-wave state?

(beat)

It's just asking for someone to insert
a knife in your back.

INT. OFFICE

We focus on JIM, who goes about his day. He glances over at the conference room, but sees nothing through the drawn blinds.

Pan across to Pam, watching him.

He sees her watching.

She quickly looks away.

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM

I think Pam might be a little uncomfortable with Marci being here. It could have something to do with the one time a girl named Katy stopped by the office to sell handbags.

(beat)

We went out a few times, but it didn't mean anything. In fact, I think Katy's in Vermont now.

(beat)

Don't tell Pam I mentioned that.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The conference room door opens, and Phyllis steps out. She's practically glowing.

Marci stands in the doorway.

MARCI

Who's next?

(looking to Jim)

How about you, Slim?

Jim shakes his head.

JIM

Nah, I'm good. I've got a lot of work to do.

MARCI

You sure? It would only take a few minutes.

ANDY

I'll go.

ANDY gets up, and enters the conference room.

We notice Pam observing the exchange.

Jim glances in Pam's direction.

She pretends to type on her computer.

RECEPTION DESK - LATER

Jim comes over and leans on the counter.

JIM

Hey.

PAM

Hey yourself.

JIM

So uh... business as usual, right?

PAM

Right.

Awkward silence.

PAM

What do you think of Marci?

JIM

Who?

PAM

The masseuse, Marci the masseuse.

JIM

I think there are way too many "M's" in that sentence.

Pam finally breaks into a smile.

PAM
So you don't want one?

JIM
No, I'm good. How about you?

PAM
I can live without a massage.

JIM
You sure? Because Phyllis really seemed to enjoy hers.

PAM
Well, Phyllis also enjoys doing needle-point.

JIM
Point taken.

JIM TALKING HEAD

JIM
I went to a masseuse once. It was back in high school. I used to run cross-country, and I strained some muscles in my leg. So Coach had me go to a sports therapy clinic, and they scheduled me a visit with the masseuse.

(beat)
He was a big, burly guy named Hans. It lasted half-an-hour.

(beat)
Longest thirty minutes of my life.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

We look up at Andy through the headrest from below.
He's clearly enjoying the experience.

ANDY
Oh, wow. You are amazing!

ANDY (cont'd)
Whoa! What is that, a knuckle?

REVERSE ANGLE

To reveal Marci digging into his back with her elbow.

INT. BREAK ROOM

ANGELA microwaves some water for her tea, while Dwight pops open a can of soda.

ANGELA
I can't believe that woman is in here,
doing what she's doing.

DWIGHT
I can't believe people are letting her.
(he bites into a candy bar)
If this were medieval times it'd be
equivalent to lowering the drawbridge
over the moat, opening the gates, and
letting the enemy just walk right in
and murder everyone in their sleep.

She frowns at him.

DWIGHT
I wouldn't be surprised if assassins
took on the role of masseuses to lull
their victims into a relaxed state,
thereby making it easier to complete
the job.

ANGELA
What are you talking about?

DWIGHT
What are you talking about?

ANGELA
I'm talking about her.

She points to the conference room.

ANGELA (cont'd)

Macy, or whatever her name is. People shouldn't be touching other people that way. It's not right.

(beat)

Unless you're married, or deeply involved, but even then it should only be on special occasions.

Pam enters the room.

PAM

Oh, hey guys. I noticed neither of you have had a massage yet.

ANGELA

And I don't plan on getting one.

PAM

Me neither.

DWIGHT

I wonder what kind of weapons she can hide in that chair. It looks big enough to fit a short sword -- or a pair of nunchucks.

DWIGHT TALKING HEAD

DWIGHT

As you already know, I've stashed weapons in key strategic locations throughout the office and if it came down to it, I think I can take her in hand-to-hand combat.

(beat)

I'm guessing she must be trained and proficient in multiple fighting arts, as well as in the use of deadly weapons, but I have one major advantage.

(beat)

Geography. This is her first time here, whereas I know this office like the back of my hand. That gives me the home field advantage. So bring it on, dragon lady.

INT. BREAK ROOM

It's just Pam and Angela sitting at a table.

ANGELA

I mean, would you feel comfortable with some stranger's hands all over you? Plus, she's a woman, so it makes it even weirder.

PAM

Yeah, I guess.

Holly enters.

HOLLY

Hey. So what do you think of our masseuse? Have either of you seen her yet?

Neither says anything.

HOLLY

I take it neither of you have had a massage before.

PAM

My mom used to give me backrubs when I was a kid.

ANGELA

Why did Corporate send her here?

HOLLY

It's part of our new health and wellness program. If she can relieve some of the tension and stress we've built up, it might help increase our productivity.

ANGELA

You know what else would increase productivity?

(beat)

Letting everyone work, and not waste time visiting Misty for backrubs.

HOLLY

What about you, Pam?

PAM

Um, I... I'm not sure.

HOLLY

It's not going to kill you.

PAM

I know, it's just that I'm not sure I'd feel comfortable.

HOLLY

Okay, but everyone else seems to be enjoying it, and you do look a little tense.

She exits, leaving Pam staring out at the conference room.

INT. OFFICE - ACCOUNTING

With Angela gone, we find Andy talking to Oscar and Kevin.

ANDY

Oh my god. Isn't she incredible?

(to Oscar)

Makes you wish you weren't gay, right?

KEVIN

I wonder if she's that kind of masseuse?

ANDY

What kind?

KEVIN

You know the kind that...

Kevin begins to giggle.

OSCAR

Okay, I'm pretty sure I don't want to see where this conversation heads.

He gets up and leaves.

ANDY

You think?

KEVIN

I don't know. I haven't had one yet.
What did you think?

ANDY

Well, now that you mention it...

KEVIN

Let's ask Jim.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ANDY

Yo Tuna!

Jim glances up from his computer.

ANDY

Could you come here for a second, we
have a question for you.

Before he goes, Jim gives the camera a look.

He knows that whatever comes next, is going to border on
stupidity.

INT. ACCOUNTING AREA

ANDY

Kevin and I were just talking about the
masseur, and whether she gives...

KEVIN

Happy endings.

Kevin giggles uncontrollably.

JIM

O-kay. And I've got a lot of work to
do, so bye.

ANDY

Wait, Tuna. You think I should ask her out?

JIM

That's up to you.

ANDY

Oh, man. She is gorgeous.

(beat)

Hey, when you go to get a massage, ask her what she thinks of me.

JIM

I'm not going to get one.

KEVIN

You're not?

ANDY

Whoa, Tuna, how could you pass up a free massage? That's just plain crazy.

(beat)

It's like if there were free donuts in the breakroom, would you be like, "nah, I don't want one." Of course not! You'd be cramming your face with a powdered, jelly donut.

JIM

No, really, I'm cool.

ANDY

As your friend, I cannot allow you to pass up this opportunity. You have to get a massage. If you don't, you'll regret it the rest of your life.

JIM

Okay, I'm leaving now.

He heads back to his desk.

KEVIN

Happy endings.

They simultaneously break into giggles.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE

We find him peering out at the conference room, as Meredith exits, and Stanley enters for his turn.

MICHAEL TALKING HEAD

MICHAEL

This is like the greatest thing to ever happen here. I mean, it's like Christmas in July, only it's April.

(beat)

This would never have happened if Toby were here. And if Corporate did make him hire a masseuse, he would have gotten one that was male, and all hairy and gross. Nothing like Marci who, by the way, I would so be all over, if it weren't for Jan. I mean look at her!

INT. OFFICE

Marci hangs an "I'LL BE BACK IN HALF AN HOUR" sign on the conference room door.

She goes over to Pam's desk.

MARCI

Hi, Pam, right?

PAM

Oh, hey Marci. How's it going?

MARCI

I've got half the office done. I'm thinking of getting some lunch. Are you doing anything?

PAM

I...

MARCI

C'mon, my treat. I don't know anyone else here. Don't make me eat alone.

PAM

Um, okay.

INT. CAFETERIA

Pam and Marci are seated at a table having lunch.

Marci looks completely at ease, while Pam appears slightly uncomfortable.

MARCI

So do you like working in the office?

PAM

It's okay. Um, what about you? Do you like giving massages?

MARCI

Yeah. Actually, I hope to one day open my own day spa.

PAM

Really?

MARCI

Sure. You can come in, get your hair done, get a facial, manicure, pedicure, then a full body massage. Doesn't that sound awesome?

PAM

Uh, yeah, that sounds... great.

MARCI

I know, doesn't it?

(beat, sizing Pam up)

You would look so good with highlights in your hair, and a brighter shade of lip-gloss.

Seeing Marci smiling back at her, with her perfect make-up and hair, Pam self-consciously looks at her reflection in the glass.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Marci's back in session, and it's Kelly's face we see through the headrest.

KELLY

Oh my god, if you opened a day spa, I would so totally be there like twenty-four-seven. I love being pampered, and having stuff done to me. I mean, who doesn't, right? I'd even want to work in one. I can give massages. I used to give Ryan, my ex-boyfriend, who's now in prison, one all the time. Although I'm not sure I'd want to give everyone a massage, just the cute ones. I mean I don't know how you do it. I see someone with bad skin, and I think to myself: there is no way I am touching that. Maybe if I wore some plastic gloves or something, you know the kind that leaves your hands all chalky after you take them off. What do you think? Do you ever wear gloves when you massage?

REVERSE ANGLE

To Marci looking down at Kelly with a raised eyebrow.

INT. OFFICE

Kelly exits, and Marci looks around the office.

MARCI

Who can I do next?

Over in accounting, we can hear Kevin giggle.

She turns to Dwight.

MARCI

How about you?

DWIGHT

No thanks.

MARCI

Are you sure.

DWIGHT

Positive.

MARCI

There's nothing to be afraid of.

DWIGHT

That's what you say.

She turns her attention to Jim.

MARCI

Slim, you haven't had one yet.

JIM

Actually, it's Jim.

ANDY

Slim Jim. Ha. C'mon Tuna, go for it!

JIM

No really, I'm fine.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

C'mon, Jim.

We see him standing in the doorway to his office.

MICHAEL

As your superior I order you to have a
massage.

KEVIN

Slim Jim! Slim Jim! Slim Jim!

The rest of the office joins in the chant.

EVERYONE

Slim Jim! Slim Jim! Slim Jim!

JIM

Okay, fine.

He gets up and heads for the conference room, but before he goes he steals a glance at Pam, who pretends to be working.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jim enters, looking uncomfortable.

MARCI

I'm sorry it turned into... whatever it did back there. Is it always like that here?

JIM

Pretty much. Although things usually calm down after everyone's had their midday nap and juice box.

Marci laughs.

MARCI

I bet you were the class clown, and you were always playing pranks on people.

JIM

I have been known to pull a prank or two.

MARCI

Have you ever pulled one on the guy who sits across from you? He looks like the kind that'd be really fun to mess with.

Jim breaks into a smile, beginning to relax.

JIM

Well, actually, since you mention it...

INT. OFFICE

Pam stares at the drawn blinds of the conference room, we can hear Marci's laughter emanating from inside.

Her expression is troubled.

Kelly interrupts her.

KELLY

Oh my god, Pam! You have got to get a massage. It's like heaven. And Marci is like soooo pretty, right? I'm glad Ryan's not here, if he were and we were like still going out, I don't know how I'd feel if he were in there getting a massage from her. Not that he'd do anything of course, actually on second thought, Ryan was kind of a scumbag, but still... did I mention that Marci was really pretty?

The look on Pam's face reveals that this isn't helping.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

Jim exits and sits down at his desk, looking like nothing's happened.

Marci scans the room, settles on Pam.

MARCI

Pam. Your turn.

PAM

Really, it's okay. You can massage someone else.

MARCI

C'mon, Pam. I've been looking forward to this all day.

Pam knows she's trapped.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

We see Pam's face through the headrest.

MARCI

You really should try and relax. You're very tense.

PAM

Sorry.

MARCI

Just close your eyes and pretend you're
in bed, ready to fall asleep.

Pam closes her eyes, then opens them again.

PAM

So um, what were you and Jim talking
about?

MARCI

What?

PAM

I heard you laughing... a lot.

REVERSE ANGLE

Marci stands over Pam, kneading her shoulders.

MARCI

Jim was just telling me about the times
he pranked Dwight.

PAM

Oh.

(beat)

Did he enjoy his massage?

MARCI

Who?

PAM

Jim.

MARCI

I didn't give him one.

FROM UNDER THE CHAIR

Pam's eyes widen.

PAM

What?

REVERSE ANGLE

MARCI

We actually just sat down and talked the whole time. He made me promise not to tell anyone; he wants the office to think he went through with it. Oops. I guess I spilled. Don't tell Jim I told you, okay?

PAM

Um, yeah, sure.

MARCI

Wow. You're really starting to relax now. I can feel all the tension just melting away.

PAM

(starting to enjoy it)
Yeah. This is really nice.

Marci continues the massage.

UNDER THE HEADREST

PAM

I bet you get hit on by a lot of guys.

MARCI

Yeah, it happens sometimes.

(beat)

I usually tell them that I already have a girlfriend.

Pam's eyes flash open.

PAM

You... um, you're...

MARCI

Actually, I just made that up, but it does get them to back off.

PAM

Oh.

She closes her eyes once more.

MARCI

The truth is... I broke up with my
girlfriend a year ago.

Pam's eyes flash open again.

INT. OFFICE - END OF THE DAY

We find Marci, with her chair packed and ready to go.

MICHAEL

Well, thank you so much for coming in
today. Everybody, let's give Marci a
round of applause. C'mon, let's hear it.

Everyone in the office claps, with the exception of Dwight
and Angela.

As Marci says her goodbyes, we notice Pam at her desk,
looking uncomfortable.

Marci approaches Pam.

MARCI

If you ever change your mind, call me,
okay?

Pam puts on a forced smile, and Marci exits.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - PARKING LOT

Pam and Jim make their way to their cars.

JIM

So.

PAM

So. That was an interesting day.

JIM
You can say that again.

PAM
How was your massage?

JIM
Great. How was yours?

PAM
It was good.

JIM
You weren't a little... jealous when I was in there with Marci, right?

PAM
Absolutely not.

JIM
Really?

PAM
Yeah. I'm sure.

JIM
Okay. But I should let you know that nothing happened.

PAM
I know.

JIM
Alright, you seem pretty okay with it.

PAM
I am.

JIM
By the way, what was that about?

PAM
What?

JIM
You know, between you and Marci, right before she left.

PAM
It was nothing.

JIM
C'mon, Beesley.

PAM
You really want to know?

JIM
Yeah.

PAM
Marci's a lesbian, and she asked me out
on a date.

Close on Jim's stunned expression.

THE END