“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.
(extendina 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
Whoa ho ho ha.
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 needlepoint.

    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 masseuse, 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.
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