

THE OFFICE -SPEC SCRIPT  
"BOYZ IN THE HOOD"

by

PRICILLA KUMAR

PRICILLA\_KUMAR@YAHOO.COM

Copyright (c) 2015 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced without the  
express written permission of the author.

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. THE OFFICE - PAM'S DESK- DAY - D1

Pam hangs up the phone, looks up to see Michael walking into the office. He looks like a mess.

PAM  
(cheerfully)  
Good morning Michael.

MICHAEL  
Not now Pam.

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE- CONTINUOUS- D1

Michael walks into his office, clutching his forehead. Dwight immediately goes in after.

DWIGHT  
(overly concerned)  
Michael? Are you okay?

MICHAEL  
(annoyed)  
What is it Dwight?

DWIGHT  
You look deathly ill. This is an area of concern.

MICHAEL  
Look, if you must know I had a little too much to drink last night.

DWIGHT  
Red wine? Vodka? That gin you won at last year's holiday party?

MICHAEL  
(beat)  
I had a couple of wine coolers.

DWIGHT  
Hmm. I will get you a glass of milk. But first, secret talk.  
(whispers)  
There is something you need to know.

MICHAEL

(whining)

All I want is a cup of noodles and a nap. Is that too much to ask for Dwight?

DWIGHT

It is something I feel is imperative in your longing to move on with life.

MICHAEL

Seriously, Dwight I have a pile of paperwork I need to plow through, a ton of messages to get to back to.

Michael glances at his messages. It displays the letter 1.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I don't have the time man.

DWIGHT

It's about Jan.

MICHAEL

Shut the door.

END OF COLD OPEN

**INT. DWIGHT'S FIREBIRD - LATER- D1**

Dwight's car cruises on the freeway.

MICHAEL

Dwight, how do you know all of this about Jan?

DWIGHT

A secret sleuth never spills his secrets.

(long beat)

I have been following her for a week.

Michael gives off a groan.

MICHAEL

Well, we shouldn't be doing this during office hours. I mean, we are on the clock.

DWIGHT

When a man is hurting inside from emotional distress, it hinders the quality of his work. When the quality of his work decreases, it affects the overall performance of his direct reports. Hence, the company suffers.

(beat)

Your cries will no longer go unheard Michael.

Dwight abruptly takes an exit.

DWIGHT

Short cut.

**EXT. A GHETTO NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS**

Michael looks around him. He makes a face.

MICHAEL

Where are we?

Michael spots a Mexican lady pushing a cart.

MICHAEL

Okay, hurry it up.

Michael takes out a bottle of sanitizer and puts it on vigorously. Dwight is focused on the road. The Firebird comes to a stop light. A few thugs eye the Firebird suspiciously. Dwight looks uncomfortable.

MICHAEL

(lowers voice)

Dwight, do you think we can hop back on the freeway?

DWIGHT

(focused)

No. Way. The freeway will be muddled with commuters in approximately seven minutes. This route will shave our travel down by ten minutes each way.

(beat)

That equals 25 minutes.

MICHAEL

(annoyed)

I know basic math, man.

DWIGHT

I know that. I just wanted to do the math for you so you can focus on more important things. Like how we are going to get back at Jan for fibbing.

**MICHAEL BOBBLE HEAD**

MICHAEL

Dwight has made a recent discovery that Jan's lover, also known as her baby daddy, is no donor. He is the real thing.

(beat)

And he used the real thing. To make the baby. I don't care. About her. I am just going for the ride.

**INT. THE OFFICE - PAM'S DESK - D1**

Pam is reading her emails. She chuckles to herself, looks up, sees Kelly staring at her in the face.

KELLY

Do you think I'm pretty?

Pam is taken back from the question.

PAM

Oh, yes, sure.

KELLY

(devastated)

Really? Sure? I am not asking if you want to take a walk. I am asking if you think I am attractive.

PAM

Kelly, you are a beautiful woman. You really are.

KELLY

So you would date me?

PAM

(carefully)

Yes...I would. If I was into those type of things.

KELLY

Ryan said that if I highlight my hair I will look a little better.

PAM

Well that isn't very nice. I mean, your hair looks good as it is.

KELLY

(happily)

Really? You think so.

(beat)

So would you date me if I had highlighted hair?

PAM

No, I think I would prefer just like you have it now.

Kelly sticks her hand out. Creed walks by and puts ten dollars in her palm. He gives Pam a look and winks. Pam looks disgusted.

KELLY

(to Pam)

It was a bet. Creed said you weren't a lesbian. I said you had tendencies.

(off Pam's annoyed look, whispers)

It was easy money.

**INT. DWIGHT'S FIREBIRD - DAY - D1**

Dwight and Michael sit at a stop light. Outside, a trio of thugs eye the Firebird.

DWIGHT

Whatever you do, do not make eye contact. If you don't look at them, they will stop looking at you.

MICHAEL

I am getting really uncomfortable.

A heavy rapping sound at the window. Two thugs peer in. Michael and Dwight are focused straight ahead.

THUG 1

Yo! Roll down the window!

DWIGHT  
(under breath)  
Don't. Say. Anything.

The thug persistently knock on the window. The light turns green. The Firebird takes off.

**EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS- D1**

A popping sound comes from the Firebird and the car loses control. The car weaves through traffic and comes to a dead stop on the road. The thugs run towards the car.

**INT. FIREBIRD - CONTINUOUS- D1**

Dwight and Michael panic. Michael notices the thugs running towards them.

MICHAEL  
Dwight! They are coming for us! Get your gat! Do something!

DWIGHT  
I do not carry weapons on me when I am off duty. Those are the rules Michael!

Dwight and Michael take off running. The thugs appear next to the car.

THUG 1  
Man, why are they taking off like that?

THUG 2  
How did they not know they were sitting on a flat tire?

Dwight and Michael are running, out of breath.

DWIGHT  
(breathing heavily)  
Michael. Michael. Are you okay?

Michael stops to catch his breath, takes out his cell phone.

MICHAEL  
I am fine Dwight. We need to call for help.

He calls 911.

911 OPERATOR  
 (on phone)  
 911. What is your emergency?

MICHAEL  
 (screaming)  
 We need help! We are being robbed!

911 OPERATOR  
 Where is your location? We will get  
 help out there immediately.

MICHAEL  
 The ghetto!  
 (sobbing)  
 We are in the ghetto!

Michael and Dwight don't realize it, but the thugs are right behind them. One of them holds a tire wrench.

THUG 1  
 What's up guys? Why did you guys  
 run off like that?

Michael and Dwight scream, look terrified. The thug holds up the tire wrench.

THUG 1  
 You guys have a flat on the bird.  
 Need help fixing it?

DWIGHT  
 No, we can drive fine with it.

THUG 2  
 Nonsense. My brother owns an auto  
 shop a few blocks away. We can have  
 him put a tire on in no time.  
 (stares at Michael's  
 clothing)  
 Looks like you guys have somewhere  
 important to go.

**INT. THE OFFICE- VENDING MACHINE- CONTINUOUS D1**

Stanley looks at the vending machine with a scowl on his face.

**STANLEY BOBBLE HEAD**

STANLEY  
 Every day I walk to the vending  
 machine and just hope that there  
 (MORE)

STANLEY (CONT'D)  
 is something different.  
 (beat)  
 I am really hoping to see some  
 assorted meats and cheeses. Some  
 sausage for Oscar. But this company  
 is too cheap. Even when we have to  
 pay for it.

**INT. MECHANIC SHOP - LATER**

Dwight and Michael look relaxed in a small mechanic shop.  
 Both of them are nursing an orange Jarrito.

DWIGHT  
 This soda pop is absolutely  
 delicious.

MICHAEL  
 It's a latin drink. Pairs  
 wonderfully with an enchy-lad-da.  
 (beat)  
 I can't believe that you didn't  
 have a spare man.

DWIGHT  
 Usually it is me that arrives on  
 the call of duty.  
 (ponders)  
 You never think that something like  
 this would ever happen to you.

The Firebird is gently lowered onto the ground. The mechanic  
 hands them the paperwork.

MECHANIC  
 Okay, fellas, you are all set. All  
 my contact information is on that  
 form there should you have any  
 questions.

DWIGHT  
 Thank you. What is the tale of the  
 tape?

The mechanic looks at him puzzled.

MECHANIC  
 Sorry?

DWIGHT  
 The invoice. The cost. Pesos.

MECHANIC

The bill? Well, it looks like you two have had a rough day. On the house. Just let your coworkers know about us. Word of mouth gets us the most business.

Michael and Dwight look taken back.

MICHAEL

Well, that is very generous of you. But I must insist.

(takes out wallet)

All good deeds deserve a nice little reward.

MECHANIC

Honestly, we usually offer this type of service for free. The people in this community are not that well off you know. I try to do my part to help my people out.

Michael reaches into his wallet. No cash. He takes out a coupon. He looks up, embarrassed. Then.

MICHAEL

This coupon is a buy one get one free at Long John Silvers. You insisted on nothing in return.

(beat)

This is close to it.

An old woman, Hispanic, 70's, walks into the room carrying a plastic bag.

MECHANIC

(to lady)

Tia! I told you to use your crutches when you get up! I don't want you to hurt yourself.

The lady hands him the bag and smiles at Michael. She doesn't have any teeth. She mumbles something in Spanish.

MECHANIC

Gracias Tia.

(to Michael and Dwight)

She said she was worried you guys didn't get lunch, so she packed you some homemade tamales for the road. We sell those too, so if you enjoy it, tell your friends. She packed some extras for them as well.

Michael and Dwight stand emotionless, holding their drinks.

The mechanic stares at the Firebird .

MECHANIC

You know, it is not often that we  
see a Firebird in here.

DWIGHT

It's an antique piece. Extremely  
rare. One of a kind .

The mechanic stares at him. Gives off a smile.

**INT. THE OFFICE - DAY - D1**

**JIM BOBBLE HEAD**

JIM

It is kind of strange. Michael and  
Dwight have been gone for almost  
two hours. They didn't even say  
anything when they left.

(beat)

But I am not complaining. It's  
Dwight.

**INT. KEVIN'S DESK - CONTINUOUS - D1**

Kevin is eating a bag of corn nuts. Loudly. Crunch. Crunch.  
Crunch.

Oscar and Angela stare at him, clearly annoyed.

ANGELA

Kevin. Must you crunch on your corn  
nuts so loudly?

Kevin stops crunching. Stares at them.

KEVIN

What other way is there to eat  
them?

OSCAR

How about with your mouth closed?  
Can we try that?

Kevin looks confused.

ANGELA

How about you don't eat them at all? Corn nuts are not good for you.

KEVIN

But they are made out of corn. And they are nuts. Both corn and nuts are good for your daily diet.

ANGELA

They are fried in oil Kevin. How else do you think it gets that crunch? There is only one way.

(beat)

Ugh. So gross.

KEVIN

So is cat litter.

Angela looks around embarrassed. Kevin keeps on crunching.

**INT. PAM'S DESK - CONTINUOUS- DAY - D1**

Pam is plugging away on the keyboard. Jim walks up to her desk.

JIM

Hey you.

PAM

Hey. How's it going? I can't believe how busy it is today.

JIM

Yeah. Hey, do you know where Michael and Dwight are?

PAM

(realizing)

Actually, it's been a while since I seen both of them.

JIM

This can't mean anything good.

PAM

Here, let me call Michael's cell.

INT. MECHANIC SHOP - SAME - D1

"My Humps" ringtone goes off in Michael's pocket. He looks at Tia and starts dancing. She smiles widely, she doesn't have any teeth.

MICHAEL

Hey-lo.

PAM

(on phone)

Michael? It's Pam. Where are you?

MICHAEL

Well, not that it is any of your business Pam, but I am at the auto shop.

PAM

(through phone)

What are you doing there?

MICHAEL

There is really only one reason Pam.

(beat)

Why somebody would be at an auto shop.

INT. PAM'S DESK - DAY - D1

Jim looks at Pam suspiciously. Pam hangs up the phone, makes a face.

PAM

Michael's at the auto shop.

Pam and Jim look at each other and run towards the window. Michael's Sebring is parked. Dwight's Firebird is missing.

JIM BOBBLE HEAD

JIM

Okay, so here's the thing. Michael and Dwight have been gone for about three hours now. They are in a body shop. With Dwight's car. Hmm. Something is up. Secret lovers?

The loud sound of a car. Jim smiles.

INT. THE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS- DAY - D1

Michael and Dwight walk into the office.

PAM

Hey, you two. Feels like you were gone forever. Michael, can you call back corporate? They called a few times.

MICHAEL

Thank you Pam.  
(to the office)  
Gather up. Come one, come all.

The office staff huddles around Pam's desk.

MICHAEL

Today, while running an errand, I realized the importance of good. Being good is good. It is something we all should instill, should a situation come up.

(holds up a plastic bag)

In my hand I hold a delicious bag of tamales made by Tina in Tina's kitchen.

(beat)

I had the privilege of meeting Tina today and even though she didn't have any teeth, that little obstacle did nothing to ruin her spirits. For the first time I enjoyed a latin drink called "Jarrito." It means soda in Mexican. Very delicious.

(beat, thinks)

To celebrate this wonderful culture, we are going to have a fiesta tomorrow. We will all get off a little early and head into an authentic Mexican restaurant for some espanol cuisine.

Stanley rolls his eyes. Phyllis looks excited.

PHYLLIS

I love Mexican food.

ANGELA

Are they going to have any vegetarian items?

MICHAEL

They do Angela.

(holds up bag)

As a matter of fact, Tina said there are some jala-pay-neo and cheese ones in here. Very tasty.

(beat, turns to Oscar)

Oscar, would you happen to know Tina?

OSCAR

Actually Michael, I think you are trying to say Tia. It is not an actual name. Tia means aunt in Spanish.

MICHAEL

(embarrassed, then)

Obviously Oscar doesn't know much about the Mexican culture.

(beat, searching)

He's gay.

OSCAR

(annoyed)

What does me being gay having anything to do with being Mexican?

CREED

You're gay?

Oscar gives Creed a disturbed look.

CREED (CONT'D)

And Mexican?

**INT. THE OFFICE - MORNING - D2**

Michael walks in wearing a large sombrero and poncho. He carries a box.

MICHAEL

Hola, mis amigos! Vamos a la fiesta!

**MICHAEL BOBBLE HEAD**

MICHAEL

(excitedly)

It took me nearly three hours to perfect that line. I think I nailed it.

INT. THE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - D2

In the box are several bottles of Jarrito's.

MICHAEL

I have in my possession some sugary sweets. There are all sorts of flavors.

(beat)

But the tamarind one is the best. Might want to claim your stake on that flavor first!

MICHAEL BOBBLE HEAD

MICHAEL

Elch. Tamarind is quite possibly the most disgusting fruit on the planet. I mean what is tamarind anyways?

(beat, disgusted)

It looks like just a bunch of turd. Mr. Hanky from South Park. Christmas poo.

INT. BREAK ROOM - CONTINUOUS - D2

Michael walks into the break room and on the counter all the jarrito's are gone. Except for the tamarind ones. Michael looks pained.

ANGELA

You know Michael, I am not a fan of soda, but this orange one is pretty good.

(glances at the tamarind bottles)

I am so glad that Oscar warned all of us not drink that flavor. It just looks disgusting.

A flash of anger across Michael's face.

MICHAEL BOBBLE HEAD

MICHAEL

One thing that this office is truly lacking is diversity. Sure we have Indians, Mexican, blacks and Meredith. But what do we really know about these cultures?

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

That it is just a color? No. We need to educate ourselves on the culture aspect of it.

**INT. THE OFFICE - LATER - D2**

Michael walks out of his office.

MICHAEL

Alright, amigos! We made it through the work day! Let's get our fiesta on!

**EXT. THE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Dwight pulls out. We see that the Firebird has been lifted and sits on dayton's tires.

**INT. CHEVY'S MEXICAN RESTAURANT - TABLE - LATER - D2**

The group sits with sombrero's on, irritated by Michael's choice of restaurant.

A waitress comes by with some chips and salsa.

MICHAEL

Chips and salsa galore! It's just like Cinco de Mayo huh guys! Well, eat as much chips as your little spicy hearts would like!

STANLEY

(bored)  
Can we go?

MICHAEL

Oh come on Stanley! Get into the festive cheer.

STANLEY

I want to have dinner with my family.

MICHAEL

You are having dinner with family Stanley. Oh, come on, order a drink and loosen up.

STANLEY

(to waitress)  
Give me two shots of patron.

MICHAEL

Um, make it a Souza. Don't want Stanley stumbling into work.

MICHAEL BOBBLE HEAD AT CHEVY'S

MICHAEL

In order to create an effective team, sometimes you have to take them away from the area that causes them the most stress. I have brought my team to Chevy's. It's time they get to know the Mexican culture.

INT. CHEVY'S MEXICAN RESTAURANT - TABLE - D2

The group tries to get into the cheer. They eat salsa and chips. Kevin has his own batch. He crunches on his chips. Crunch. Crunch. Crunch.

Angela and Oscar watch him annoyed.

OSCAR

(to Angela)

How many times today has he ate something that made a crunching sound?

ANGELA

How many times has he not ate something that didn't make a crunching sound.

They both eat chips. Crunch.

PAM

(to Jim)

Should we order a margarita?

JIM

I was thinking of more like a Corona. More manly. What kind of men drink margaritas?

PAM

I have had a long day. I think I will go with the El Nino.

JIM

Sounds like somebody Oscar would date.

Pam gives him a playful punch.

PAM

Stop it.

JIM

(thoughtfully)

What type of guys do you think Oscar dates?

PAM

(thinking)

Hmm..I would think he would like the real business type. No nonsense, straight to the point.

JIM

Straight to the point?

PAM

(playfully)

Straight to it.

MICHAEL

I have an announcement to make. I received some information from an individual that I must not name. Together we went on an adventure.

(holds up a margarita)

I have decided that I am going to let Jan go. Forever. Today while driving through the ghetto, I became ghetto myself.

(beat)

What did I learn? That I should have went with Daryl instead of Dwight. He is much more ghetto.

Dwight gives him a look.

DWIGHT BOBBLE HEAD - HOLDING A MARGARITA AT CHEVY'S

DWIGHT

I don't know who came up with the silly concept that only women should be obligated to indulge in an icy concoction like a margarita.

(MORE)

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

They all sit there and drink their  
beers like it is a drink that will  
make them more manlier.

(beat)

The alcohol percentage is much more  
than a sappy glass of wheat beer.

He sucks down the margarita. Gets brain freeze. Yells like a  
girl.

**EPISODE END**