



[Scene: Central Perk. Phoebe enters]

Phoebe: Hi guys!

All: Hey, Pheeb! Hey!

Ross: Hey. Yo. Oh, how did it go?

Phoebe: Um, not so good. He walked me to the subway and said 'We should do this again!'

All: Ohh. Ouch.

Rachel: What? He said 'we should do it again.' That's good, right?

Monica: Uh, no. Loosely translated 'We should do this again.' means 'You will never see me naked.'

Rachel: Since when?

Joey: Since always. It's like, dating language. You know, like, 'It's not you.' means 'It is you.'

Chandler: Or 'You're such a nice guy.' means 'I'm gonna be dating leather-wearing alcoholics and complaining about them to you.'

Phoebe: Or, or, you know, um, 'I think we should see other people.' means 'Ha, ha, I already am.'

Rachel: And everybody knows this?

Joey: Oh, Yeah. Cushions the blow.

Chandler: Yeah, it's like when you're a kid, and your parents put your dog to sleep, and they tell you it went off to live on some farm.

Ross: That's funny, that, no, because, uh, our parents actually did, uh, send our dog off to live on a farm.

Monica: Uh, Ross?

Ross: Wha-Wh- Hello? The Millners' farm in Connecticut? The Millners, they had this unbelievable farm. The-the horses and the rabbits that he can chase. And it was- it w-...[They all look at him sympathetically.] Oh my God! Chi-Chi!

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Chandler is helping Joey rehearse for a part.]

Chandler: 'So how does it feel knowing you're about to die?'

Joey: 'Warden, in five minutes my pain will be over. But you'll have to live with the knowledge that you sent an honest man to die.'

Chandler: Hey, that was really good!

Joey: Yeah? Thanks! Let's keep going.

Chandler: Okay. 'So. What do you want from me, Damone, huh?'

Joey: 'I just wanna go back to my cell. 'Cause in my cell, I can smoke.'

Chandler: 'Smoke away!'

[Joey takes out a pack of cigarettes and a lighter. He fumbles and drops the lighter. Then he lights a cigarette, takes a drag, and coughs.]

Chandler: I think this is probably why Damone smokes in his cell alone.

Joey: What?

Chandler: Relax your hand! Let your wrist go. [Joey lets his wrist go limp.] Not so much!

Joey: Whoa!

Chandler: Hey!

Joey: Hey!

Chandler: Alright, now try taking a puff. [Joey tries.] Right. [Joey visibly winces.] Okay. No. Give it to me.

Joey: No no no. I am not giving you a cigarette.

Chandler: It's fine, it's fine. Look, do you wanna get this part or not? Here. [Joey reluctantly gives him the cigarette.] All right, now don't think of it as a cigarette. Think of it as the thing that's been missing from your

hand. When you're holding it, you feel right. You feel complete.

Joey: You miss it?

Chandler: Nah, not so much. All right, now we smoke. [takes a puff.] Oh.. my.. God. [He continues to smoke.]

Joey: Chandler, give me that. [starts chasing him into the kitchen.]

Chandler: No, no. You've got your options. You can smoke it like this. [demonstrates.]

Joey: Chandler!

Chandler: Or you can hold it in your mouth and smoke it like this. [demonstrates.]

Joey: Chandler, give me the cigarette. Gimme. Gimme.

Chandler: All right, you try.

Joey: Thank you. Okay, how's this? [takes another drag.]

Chandler: Okay, that's not bad. All right, now when you've finished, it's really cool if you flick it. You kinda flick it. You flick it. [Joey flicks it towards the couch.] That's good. All right, you keep practicing and uh, I'll go put out the sofa.

[Scene: Central Perk. Everyone except Phoebe and Rachel is there.]

Chandler: I thought it had to do with size of guy's feet.

Monica: No, no, no. They say it's the same as the distance from the tip of a guy's thumb to the tip of his index finger.

[The guys stretch out their fingers.]

Joey: That's ridiculous!

Ross: Can I use...either thumb?

Chandler: [comparing the size of his foot with his stretched fingers] I'd rather go with the foot theory.

Rachel: [carrying a tray of drinks] Alright, don't tell me. Don't tell me! [starts handing them out.] Decaf cappuccino for Joey. [to Ross] Coffee black. [to Chandler] Latte. [to Monica] And an iced tea. I'm getting pretty good at this!

All: Excellent. Yeah!

Rachel: [leaving to serve others] Good for me!

[The gang swaps all the drinks for what they really ordered as Phoebe enters. She sits down without saying hi.]

Joey: You okay, Phoebe?

Phoebe: Yeah. No. I'm just- it's, it's not even worth- It's my bank!

Monica: What did they do to you?

Phoebe: It's nothing. It's just- Okay. I'm going through my mail, and I open up their monthly, you know, 'STATEMENT'.

Ross: Easy.

Phoebe: And there's five hundred extra dollars in my account.

Chandler: Oh, Satan's minions at work again?

Phoebe: Yes, 'Cause now I have to go down there, and deal with them.'

Joey: What are you talking about? Keep it!

Phoebe: It's not mine. I didn't earn it. If I kept it, it would be like stealing.

Rachel: Yeah. But if you spent it, it would be like shopping!

Phoebe: Okay. Okay. Let's say I bought a really great pair of shoes. Do you know what I'd hear with every step I took? 'Not-mine. Not-mine. Not-mine.' And even if I was happy, okay, and, and skipping- I'd hear 'Not-not-mine. Not-not-mine. Not-not-mine. Not-not-mine.'

Monica: We're with you. We got it.

[Chandler leans over the back of the couch out of sight.]

Phoebe: Okay. I just- I'd never be able to enjoy it. It would be like this giant karmic debt.

Monica: Chandler, what are you doing? [pulling him up] Hey, what are you doing?

[Chandler tries to shrug nonchalantly but eventually he has to exhale a mouthful of smoke.]

All: Oh! My God! Gross!

Ross: What is this?!

Chandler: I'm smoking. I'm smoking, I'm smoking.

Phoebe: Oh, I can't believe you! You've been so good for three years!

Chandler: And this is my reward!

Ross: Hold on a second, all right? Just think about what you went through the last time you quit. Nah, you know what? Forget about you! Think about what we went through the last time you quit.

Chandler: Okay, so this time I won't quit!

All: Oh! Put it out!

Chandler: All right! I'm putting it out. I'm putting it out. [He drops it in Phoebe's coffee.]

Phoebe: Oh, no! I- I can't drink this now!

Monica: All right. I'm gonna go change. I've got a date.

Rachel: This Alan again? How's it going?

Monica: It's going pretty good, you know. It's nice. We're having fun.

Joey: So when do we get to meet the guy?

Monica: Let's see, today's Monday...Never.

All: Oh, come on! Come on!

Monica: No. Not after what happened with Steve.

Chandler: What are you talking about? We love Schhteve! Schhteve was schhexy!...Sorry.

Monica: Look, I don't even know how I feel about him yet. Just give me a chance to figure that out.

Rachel: Well, then can we meet him?

Monica: Nope. Schhorry.

[Joey is still thinking about the distance between his fingers.]

Ross: Joey, Joey, let it go.

[Scene: Iridium. Monica and Paula are at work.]

Monica: I mean, why should I let them meet him? I mean, I bring a guy home, and within five minutes they're all over him. I mean, they're like- coyotes picking off the weak members of the herd.

Paula: Listen. As someone who's seen more than her fair share of bad beef, I'll tell you: that is not such a terrible thing. Come on now, they're your friends. They're just looking out after you.

Monica: I know. I just wish that once, I'd bring a guy home that they actually liked.

Paula: Well, you do realize the odds of that happening are a little slimmer if they never get to meet the guy.

Monica: I know. I know! Do you mind if I whimper a little bit?

Paula: Whimper.

Monica: [does a fake short whimper] Okay, I'm done.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's. Everyone is there except Phoebe. Chandler is smoking out on the balcony. Ross is looking at some pictures of Chi-Chi.]

Joey: Let it go, Ross.

Ross: Yeah, well, you didn't know Chi-Chi.

Monica: Do you all promise?

All: Yeah! We promise! We'll be good!

Monica: [shouts to Chandler] Chandler, do you promise to be good?

[Chandler makes a 'Cross my heart' sign. It starts to rain and he taps on the window.]

Joey: You can come in, but your filter-tipped little buddy has to stay outside!

[Chandler sulkily picks up a garbage can lid and uses it as an umbrella. Phoebe enters. She walks to the couch, sits down, and begins to read a letter without saying hi.]

Ross: Hey, Pheebs.

Phoebe: 'Dear Ms. Buffay, thank you for calling attention to our error. We have credited your account with \$500. We're sorry for the inconvenience, and hope you'll accept this- [searches in her purse] -football phone as our free gift.' Do you believe this?! Now I have \$1000 and a football phone.

Rachel: What bank is this?

[The intercom buzzes.]

Monica: Okey, it's him. [on the intercom] Who is it?

Alan: [on the intercom] Alan.

Joey: [shouts to Chandler] Chandler! He's here!

[Chandler comes in, dripping wet.]

Monica: [to Ross] Do I look okay?

Ross: Um, uh, one more button.

Monica: [starts to unbutton] Okay.

Ross: Closed. How about closed?

Monica: [buttons back up] Oh! I didn't know.

Ross: Yeah. [knocks on the dorr] Oh.

Monica: [to all] Please be good, okay? Remember how much you all like me?

[She opens the door and Alan enters.]

Monica: Hi. Alan, this is everybody. Everybody, this is Alan.

Alan: Hi.

All: Hi, Alan.

Alan: I've heard schho much about all you guyschh!

[Everyone laughs.]

[Time lapse. Alan is leaving.]

Monica: [to Alan] Thanks. I'll call you tomorrow. [Alan exits] Okay. Okay. Let's let the Alan-bashing begin. Who's gonna take the first shot? Hmm? [silence] Come on!

Ross: I'll go. Let's start with the way he kept picking at- You know, I'm sorry. I can't do this. Can't do it. We loved him.

All: We loved him! Yeah! He's great!

Monica: Wait a minute! We're talking about someone that I'm going out with?

All: Yeah!

Rachel: That pimento trick!

Chandler: I will never look at an olive the same way again.

Rachel: And did you notice...? [She spreads her thumb and index finger.]

The Guys: [reluctantly] Yeah. That's right.

Joey: You know what was great? The way of his smile was kinda crooked.

Phoebe: Yes, yes! Like the man in the shoe!

Ross: What shoe?

Phoebe: From the nursery rhyme. 'There was a crooked man. Who had a crooked smile. Who lived in a shoe, For a...while...'

[dubious pause.]

Ross: So I think Alan will become the yardstick against which all future boyfriends will be measured.

Rachel: What future boyfriends? No-no, I th-I think this could be, you know, it.

Monica: Really?

Chandler: Oh, yeah. I'd marry him just for his David Hasselhof impression alone. You know I'm gonna be doing that at parties, right? [does the impression]

Ross: You know what I like most about him, though?

All: What?

Ross: The way he makes me feel about myself.

All: Yeah...

[Scene: Central Perk. Monica is alone at the counter. Ross, Rachel, Chandler and Joey enter dejectedly in softball gear.]

Monica: Hi. How was the game?

Ross: Well..

All: WE WON! Thank you! Yes!

Monica: Fantastic! I have one question: How is that possible?

Joey: Alan.

Ross: He was unbelievable. He was like that-that-that Bugs Bunny cartoon where Bugs is playing all the positions, right. But instead of Bugs, it was first base-Alan, second base-Alan, third base...

Rachel: I mean, it-it was like, it was like he made us into a team.

Chandler: Yep. We sure showed those Hasidic jewellers a thing or two about softball.

Ross: Nice! [gives Chandler a high five]

Monica: Can I ask you guys a question? Do you ever think that Alan is maybe..sometimes...

Ross: What?

Monica: I don't know. A little too 'Alan'?

Rachel: Oh, no. That's impossible. You can never be too Alan.

Ross: Yeah. it's-it's his innate Alanness that-that we adore.

Chandler: I personally could have a gallon of Alan. Oh! oh.

[Scene: A street. Phoebe walks up to a homeless person (Lizzie) she knows.]

Phoebe: Hey, Lizzie.

Lizzie: Hey, weird girl.

Phoebe: I brought you alphabet soup.

Lizzie: Pick out the vowels?

Phoebe: Yes. But I left in the Ys. You know, 'sometimes y'. Uh, I also have something else for you. [She searches in her purse.]

Lizzie: Saltines?

Phoebe: No. But would you like \$1000 and a football phone?

Lizzie: What? [She opens the envelope Phoebe has given her.] Oh my God. Oh my God. There's really money in here.

Phoebe: I know.

Lizzie: Weird girl, what are you doing? [hands it back to Phoebe]

Phoebe: I want you to have it. I don't want it.

Lizzie: No. No. I ha-I have to give you something.

Phoebe: No, it's fine. You don't-

Lizzie: You want my tin-foil hat?

Phoebe: No. 'Cause you need that. No, it's okay. Thanks.

Lizzie: Please, let me do something.

Phoebe: Okay. Alright. I'll tell you what, you buy me a soda, and then we're even. Okay?

Lizzie: Okay.

Phoebe: Okay.

[Scene: Chandler's office. Chandler looks around, opens his desk drawer, takes a puff of a cigarette, sprays around some air freshener, and takes some breath spray. He types for a little while, opens the drawer again, and takes another drag of the cigarette. While not paying attention, he sprays the breath spray around the room, takes a squirt of air freshener and gags.]

[Scene: A Street. Phoebe and Lizzie are at a hot dog vendor.]

Lizzie: Keep the change.

Phoebe: Thanks, Lizzie.

Lizzie: Sure you don't want a pretzel?

Phoebe: No, I'm fine. Thanks.

Lizzie: [leaves] See you.

[Phoebe opens the can.]

Phoebe: Huh!

[Scene: Central Perk. Phoebe is telling everyone about her discovery.]

Ross: A thumb?!

[Phoebe nods.]

All: Eww!

Phoebe: I know. I know. I opened it up and there it was, just floating in there, like this tiny little hitchhiker!

Chandler: Maybe it's a contest, you know? Like, collect all five?

Phoebe: Does, um, anyone wanna see?

All: No! Thanks!

[Chandler lights a cigarette.]

All: Oh hey, don't do that! Put that out! Put it out! Come on!

Rachel: It's worse than the thumb!

Chandler: Hey, this is so unfair!

Monica: Oh, why is it unfair?

Chandler: So I have a flaw! Big deal! Like Joey's constant knuckle-cracking isn't annoying? Ross with his over-pronouncing every single word? And Monica with that snort when she laughs? I mean, what the hell is that thing? I accept all those flaws. Why can't you accept me for this? [an awkward silence ensues.]

Joey: Does the knuckle-cracking bother everybody or just him?

Rachel: Well, I-I could live without it.

Joey: Huh. Well, is it like a little annoying? Or is it like when Phoebe chews her hair?

[Phoebe spits out her hair.]

Ross: Oh, now, don't listen to him, Pheebs, alright? I think it's endearing.

Joey: [imitating Ross] 'Oh, you do. Do you?'

[Monica laughs and snorts.]

Ross: You know, there's nothing wrong with speaking correctly.

Rachel: 'Indeed there isn't.' [Ross gives her a dirty look.] I should really get back to work.

Phoebe: Yeah. Otherwise someone might get what they actually ordered.

Rachel: Oh, ho ho. The hair comes out. And the gloves come off.

[Their 'pointing out the flaw' degenerate into bickering. Chandler happily starts to smoke, undisturbed.]

[Scene: Iridium. Monica and Paula are working.]

Monica: Did you ever go out with a guy your friends all really like?

Paula: No.

Monica: Okay. Well, I'm going out with a guy my friends all really like.

Paula: Wait-wait. We are talking about the coyotes here? All right! A cow got through!

Monica: Can you believe it? It's just...You know what? I just don't feel the thing. I mean, they feel the thing. I don't feel the thing.

Paula: Honey, you should always feel the thing. Listen, if that's how you feel about the guy, Monica, dump him!

Monica: I know. It's gonna be really hard.

Paula: Yeah, he's a big boy. He'll get over it.

Monica: No, he'll be fine. It's the other five I'm worried about.

[Scene: Cental Perk. Joey and Ross are persecuting Chandler about his smoking.]

Joey: Don't you have any respect for your body?

Ross: Don't you realize what you're-you're doing to yourself?

Chandler: Hey, you know, I have had it with you guys and your cancer and your emphysema and your heart disease. The bottom line is, smoking is cool, and you know it.

Rachel: [holding the phone] Chandler? It's Alan. He wants to speak to you.

Chandler: Really? He does? [taking the phone] Hey, buddy, what's up? Oh, she told you about that, huh? Well, yeah, I have one now and then. Well, yeah, now. Well, it's not that- ..Well, that's true. Gee, you know, no-one's, no-one's ever put it like that before. Well, okay, thanks! [He hands the phone back and stubs out his cigarette.]

Rachel: [to Ross, who has wandered up] God, he's good.

Ross: If only he were a woman.

Rachel: Yeah.

[They give each other a dubious look.]

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's. Everyond except Monica and Joey is watching Lambchop.]

Chandler: Ooh, Lambchop. How old is that sock? If I had a sock on my hand for 30 years, it'd be talking too.

Ross: Okay. I think it's time to change somebody's nicotine patch. [does so.]

Monica: [entering] Hey. Where's Joey?

Chandler: Joey ate my last stick of gum, so I killed him. Do you think that was wrong?

Rachel: I think he's across the hall.

Monica: Thanks. [goes to fetch him.]

Ross: [finishes changing Chandler's nicotine patch] There you go.

Chandler: [sarcastic] Ooh, I'm alive with pleasure now.

Ross: Hey, Pheeb, you gonna have the rest of that Pop-Tart? Pheeb?

Phoebe: Does anyone want the rest of this Pop-Tart?

Ross: Hey, I might!

Phoebe: I'm sorry. You know, those stupid soda people gave me \$7000 for the thumb.

All: Oh my God. \$7000? Are you kidding?

Phoebe: And on my way over here, I stepped in gum. What is up with the universe?!

Joey: [dragged in by Monica. He has just gotten out of the shower] What's going on?

Monica: Nothing. I just think it's nice when we're all here together.

Joey: It's nicer when everyone gets to wear their underwear.

Rachel: Uh, Joey.

Joey: Oh! God! [hurriedly closes his legs.]

Monica: [turns off the TV] Okay.

All: Oh! That was Lambchop!

Monica: Please, guys, we have to talk.

Phoebe: Wait, wait. I'm getting a déjà vu...No, I'm not.

Monica: Alright, we have to talk.

Phoebe: There it is!

Monica: Okay. It's-it's about Alan.

Rachel: Oh, speaking of which, would you tell him that we're on for the Renaissance Fair next weekend?

Everybody: Oh yeah!

Monica: Guys, before you get into that, there's something that you should know. Oh man, there's really no easy way to say this. Uh, I've decided to break up with Alan.

[They all gasp and clutch each other.]

Ross: Is there somebody else?

Monica: No, no-no-no-no. It's just, you know, things change. People change.

Rachel: We didn't change.

Joey: So that's it? It's over? Just like that?

Phoebe: You know. You let your guard down. You know, you start to really care about someone. And I just- I- [starts chewing her hair]

Monica: Look, I can go on pretending.

Joey: Okay!

Monica: No! That wouldn't be fair to me. It wouldn't be fair to Alan. It wouldn't be fair to you!

Ross: Yeah? Who wants fair? I-I just want things back, you know, the way they were.

Monica: I'm sorry.

Chandler: [sarcastically] Oh, she's sorry! I feel better.

Rachel: [tearful] I just can't believe this! I mean, with the holidays coming up, I wanted him to meet my family.

Monica: I'll meet someone else. There'll be other Alans.

All: Oh! Yeah, right!

Monica: Are you guys gonna be okay?

Ross: Hey-hey, we'll be fine. We're just gonna need a little time.

Monica: I understand.

[Scene: A Restaurant. Monica is breaking the news to Alan.]

Alan: Wow.

Monica: I'm, I'm really sorry.

Alan: Yeah, I mean, I'm sorry too. But I gotta tell you, I am a little relieved.

Monica: Relieved?

Alan: Yeah, well, I mean, I had a great time with you. I just can't stand your friends.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's. Everyone is there except Monica. They're mopping around and eating ice cream.]

Rachel: Remember when we went to Central Park and rented boats? That was fun.

Ross: Yeah. He could row like a viking.

Monica: [entering] Hi.

All: Hi.

Ross: So how'd it go?

Monica: Oh, you know...

Phoebe: Did, did he mention us?

Monica: He said he's really gonna miss you guys.

Ross: You had a rough day, huh?

Monica: Oh, you have no idea.

Ross: Come here.

[She sits down on the couch and Ross starts to massage her forehead.]

Chandler: That's it. I'm getting cigarettes.

All: No-no-no! Come on!

Chandler: [leaving] I don't care! I don't care! Game's over! I'm weak! I've gotta smoke! I've gotta have the smoke!

Phoebe: If you never smoke again, I'll give you \$7000!

Chandler: [returns] Yeah, alright.

End