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| **1003 The One With Ross's Tan**  **[Joey and Rachel's apartment]**  **Chandler:** So, you and Rachel tonight, huh?  **Joey:** Yeah. It's actually our first official date  **Chandler:** Wow! So tonight may be the night! You're nervous?  **Joey:** Naa, no. This is the part I'm actually good at.  **Chandler:** What must it be like not to be crippled by fear and self-loathing.  **Joey:** (pause) It's OK!  **Chandler:** How can you be so confident?  **Joey:** Well, I... I know exactly what I'm gonna do!  **Chandler:** Really? Like you have a routine?  **Joey:** No, no no no no. See. Each woman is different.You have to appreciate their uniqueness.  **Chandler:** Really?  **Joey:** No, I do six things! First, I look deep in her eyes. Then, I kiss her. Next I take my hand and I softly graze her thigh.  **Chandler:** You mean like this? (he starts touching his thigh in a funny and awkard way)  **Joey:** NO! Not like that, no no. No, like this. (He starts lightly grazing Chandler's thigh)  **Chandler:** Oh, I see what you mean, that's quite nice. (They look at each other, both embarassed)  **Joey:** More foosball?  **Chandler:** ...and beer!!  **OPENING CREDITS**  **[Central Perk. Ross and Chandler are on the couch]**  **Monica:** (entering) Hey!  **Ross and Chandler:** Hey!  **Monica:** (to Chandler) Hey sweetie! (they kiss)  **Ross:** (looking at Monica's legs) WOW!  **Chandler:** Hey! Stop staring at my wife's legs! No no! Stop staring at your sister's legs!  **Ross:** I'm sorry, it's just... how did you get so tan?  **Chandler:** She went on one of those spray-on tan places.  **Ross:** Eh, you got a spray-on tan?  **Monica:** Chandler gets pedicures!  **Ross:** (laughing) Why, why you do, like with the-the toe separators?  **Chandler:** (To Monica) Why...why?  **Ross:** Still, I can't believe that's sprayed on... I mean, it looks really good. I wonder if I should get one!  **Chandler:** Sure, then you should get a mini skirt so you can really show it off.  **Ross:** So, do you get colours or just French tips?  **Monica:** There. Here's their card.  **Ross:** Thanks. (he takes the card) Hey, I know where this place is! It used to be an X-rated video... (pauses when he realizes what he is saying) florist. (he goes away)  (Phoebe enters)  **Phoebe:** Hey!  **Chandler:** Hey Pheebs!  **Monica:** Hey Phoebe!  **Phoebe:** Oh, you won't believe who moved back to town.  **Monica:** I know, Amanda! Ah! She called me too! She's the worst!  **Chandler:** Who's Amanda?  **Monica:** She's this girl who used to live in the building before you did. Then she moved to England and she picked up this fake British accent. On the machine this is her message. (she apes Amanda using an awful British accent) "Monica, darling! It's Amanda calling!"  **Chandler:** Are you trying to do a British accent?  **Monica:** (pause) (to Phoebe) Chandler gets pedicures!  **Chandler:** Just so I know, how many more of those can I expect?  **Phoebe:** You know what Amanda said to me when she got me on the phone? (apes Amanda in a british accent) "Oh, so sorry to catch you on your Mo-Bile!" If-if you don't wanna get me on my mo-Bile, don't call me on my mo-Bile!"  **Monica:** I know, and she's always bragging about all the famous people she's met.  **Phoebe:** Oh, I know! "Oh...I slept with Billy Joel". All right, who hasn't?  **Monica:** Oh, what are we gonna do! I don't wanna see her!!  **Phoebe:** Ugh, Let's just cut her out!  **Monica:** What?  **Phoebe:** Cut her out of our lives! Just ignore her calls and dodge her 'till she gets the point!  **Monica:** Oh, I guess we could try that, but... it seems so harsh! (to Chandler) Have you ever done that?  **Chandler:** No, had it done to me though. Feels good !  **[At the tanning salon. Ross and a male assistant are walking through a hall]**  **Assistant:** Alright Mr. Geller! Right this way! So, how dark do you wanna be? We have one, two or three.  **Ross:** Well... I like how you look, what are you?  **Assistant:** Puerto Rican.  **Ross:** Two, I think a two.  **Assistant:** You've got to face the red light. When the red light goes on the spraying is about to start so close your eyes. When the spraying stops, count to five. Pat yourself down to avoid drip marks then turn around so we can get your back. Got it?  **Ross:** Spray, count, pat, then turn, spray, count and pat.  **Assistant:** Wow, you catch on quick.  **Ross:** Well, I have a PhD, so... (assistant walk out, not impressed by this statement) (Ross takes his bathrobe off and he enters the tanning booth. He stands up in front of the red light and the sprayer starts and sprays his face and torso)  **Ross:** One Mississipi, two Mississipi, Three Mis...(the sprayer starts again, spraying him in the face and torso again) WAIT! WAIT! I'm not-I've not finished counting!! (he leaves the booth) (the assistant enters the room)  **Ross:** You sprayed my front twice!  **Assistant:** You've never turned?  **Ross:** No, I barely even got to three Mississippi.  **Assistant:** Mississippi? I said count to five'!  **Ross:** Mississippilesly? (pause) Well, how bad is it?  **Assistant:** Ain't that bad yet, but it keeps getting darker for the next four hours.  **Ross:** So, how dark is it gonna get?  **Assistant:** You got sprayed with two two' s and...  **Ross:** I'm a four?  **Assistant:** Yeah, but you're back's a zero. You're gonna wanna even that out.  **Ross:** (sarcastically) Really!  **Assistant:** You might wanna get back in there.  **Ross:** (annoyed) Ok!  (The assistant leaves and Ross goes back in the spray-on tan booth and turns his back to the spray nozzles, facing the back wall)  **Ross:** Wait, wait a minute, there's no light on the back wall! How do I know when it's gonna start? Hello? (he slowly turns and the spraying begins, on his face) Ah, oh, ah! (he turns, but then he turns again and is sprayed in the front again) Ah! (he spits and angrily goes out of the spray-on tan booth and the assistant enters the room) The same thing happened again!  **Assistant:** You got two more twos?  **Ross:** (hysterically) I'm an eight!  **[Joey’s apartment. Joey and Rachel enter the room]**  **Rachel:** Thanks for dinner.  **Joey:** I thought you paid. (Rachel does not answer and seems puzzled) Ha, guess we won’t be going back there!  **Rachel:** So.  **Joey:** Yeah.  (Joey and Rachel start kissing)  **Joey:** Hey what do you say, we move this onto the likes of the couch?  **Rachel:** I say ‘cheesy line’, but ok.  (They move on the couch and start kissing again. Joey does his grazing on Rachel’s thigh and she slaps his hand)  **Joey:** What’s the matter?  **Rachel:** I am sorry, I don’t know, I am sorry, I don’t know why I did that!  **Joey and Rachel:** Okay  **Rachel:** Ok, so sorry.  (They start kissing again and, when Joey grazes her thigh, she slaps him on his hand again)  **Rachel:** I am sorry! Again... I don't know, I don’t know what happened, I must be nervous!  **Joey:** I don’t get it, Chandler loved it!  **Rachel:** Ok, ok, ok. I promise, I promise, I promise, I won’t do it again. I really do. I promise. This is gonna be great.  **Joey:** Ok.  (They start kissing again and when Joey grazes, she slaps him three times, on the hand, and on both cheeks)  **Joey:** (a little giddy) Uh, was that good for you?  **[Monica’s apartment. Monica and Phoebe are reading magazines when the phone rings and Phoebe reaches to pick it up]**  **Monica:** (to Phoebe) No, no, don’t get it. Let the machine pick up.  **Phoebe:** Oh, yeah. Could be Rachel asking if someone could baby-sit again.  **Monica:** It could be Amanda!  **Phoebe:** Oh, you’re right! I was just kidding about Rachel. Babysitting is a gas!  (The machine picks up the phone)  **Amanda:** Hello Monica. It’s Amanda calling again. I am in the neighborhood hoping I can pop by your flat!  **Monica:** You're from Yonkers! Your last name is Buffo-Martisis!  **Amanda:** Let’s see.. to assure you get this directly, ring me back on my mobile.  **Phoebe:** Ok, don’t hold thy breath!  (Sound of dialing numbers is heard from the speaker of the machine)  **Chandler:** Hello? Is someone on the line?  **Amanda:** Yes, I was looking for Monica.  **Chandler:** Hang on, she’s right here. (he enters the living room and hands the phone to Monica) Someone's on the phone, for ya.  **Monica:** We weren’t picking up, it’s Amanda!  **Chandler:** (to Amanda) I get pedicures!  **Monica:** Hi Amanda! Actually now... it’s... is not a good time. Dinner tomorrow night? (Phoebe mouths 'no') Ok, Phoebe and I will see you then!  **Phoebe:** Why, why, why didn’t you just say no!  **Monica:** Well, I said 'no' to her coming over now! I couldn’t say 'no' twice! I get this uncontrollable need to please people!  **Phoebe:** (leaving) Fine, fine! You would not hold up well under torture!  **Monica:** And you would?  **Phoebe:** I did!  **[Joey’s apartment. Joey and Rachel are sitting on the couch]**  **Joey:** Rach, you sure you wanna do this?  **Rachel:** Absolutely! Absolutely. I d... it’s just a little weird, it’s you, and it’s me, it's just gonna take some getting used to.  **Joey:** Ok. Well, how, how can we make it easier?  **Rachel:** Ok, let’s work from the top down! (Joey nods, but then puzzled because he does not get it) Just work the bra, Joe!  **Joey:** Ok, yeah, got it.  **Rachel and Joey:** Okay.  (They start kissing and Joey starts to undo her bra, but fails completely)  **Joey:** This thing welded shut?!  **Rachel:** Okay.  **Joey:** All right, turn around, I got to get a look at this thing.  **Rachel:** Oh!  (Joey starts trying to undo her bra, but it won’t go.The elastic band snaps back, hurting Rachel.)  **Rachel:** Ow!  **Joey:** Sorry!  **Rachel:** Well this is romantic!  **Joey:** I'm sorry! (He stands up) This never happened to me before! I'm an expert at taking off bras! I can do it with one hand! I can do it with my eyes closed! One time I just looked at one, and it popped open! I blame your bra!  **Rachel:** It’s a standard issue bra clasp!  **Joey:** Then I blame you! Yeah! That's right! You threw me off with all your slapping!  **Rachel:** Ok well, well I'm really, I'm sorry about that Joey, but do you think that maybe on some level, you don't *want* to take off my bra?  **Joey:** (contemplates for a few moments what Rachel just said) NAH! I don't have another level!!  **[Monica and Chandler's apartment]**  (Chandler is at the table reading; Monica puts some food for him on the table. Ross walks in looking *very* tanned. Chandler and Monica look up at him smiling.)  **Chandler:** Hold on! There is *something* different.  **Ross:** I went to that tanning place your *wife* suggested.  **Chandler:** Was that place... **The Sun**?  **Ross:** Oh! And it gets worse! (Turns his side to Chandler and Monica and pulls up his shirt. There's a distinct line across his body, where his belly is very tanned and his back is very pale.)  **Chandler:** Oh My God! You can do a duet of Ebony and Ivory all by yourself!  **Monica:** How could you mess this up? It's so easy? You go into the booth, you count to five and you turn around!!  **Ross:** (looks at her suspiciously) How do you count to five?  **Monica:** One Two Three...  **Ross:** (Yells) Damnit! (Goes to the door to leave. Rachel just enters, sees him and starts laughing)  **Rachel:** (laughing) oooh! Oh oh!  **Ross:** (Still yelling) I Know!  **Rachel:** oh oh! What is up with Miss Hawaiian Tropic?  **Chandler:** How was your date with Joey?  **Rachel:** Well, it was good.. until we got back to our apartment, and then we were fooling around and he started to put his hand up my leg and I kept slapping it away!  **Chandler:** You didn't *like* that?  **Rachel:** Well, it wasn't just me, alright? He freaked out too! He couldn't even undo my bra!  **Monica:** Wow, really? One time he just looked at my bra and it popped open.  (Chandler starts looking at her bra)  **Rachel:** I do not know what's wrong with us, I mean, we have kissed before and that's been great! But this time it was leading somewhere and I was very aware of the fact that it was Joey touching me.  **Monica:** Well, you guys have been friends forever. Remember the first time that you kissed Ross? How weird that was? You couldn't stop laughing? You got through that.  **Rachel:** (looking thoughtful) Ok, that's true. That's true, we can do this. You're right, you're right, we can do this. We're just gonna power through!  (Joey walks in)  **Joey:** Hey Chandler can I talk to you for a second (points to the hall).  **Rachel:** (To Joey) No need!! Problem solved, we are *powering* through (At which point she grabs his hand and pulls him back to their apartment).  (Chandler resumes staring at Monica's bra)  **Monica:** (sees what he is doing) Chandler, stop! It is *not* going to pop open!  **Chandler:** (without taking his eyes off the bra) You don't know! (Monica just smiles)  **[Central Perk.]**  (Phoebe is sitting on the couch. Monica walks in.)  **Monica:** Hey Phoebe!  **Phoebe:** Hey!  **Monica:** Is Amanda here yet?  **Phoebe:** No.  **Monica:** (sits down) Oh good. Good, look I'm so sorry, for screwing up that cutting-her-out plan. But I have a new plan. Chandler agreed to call here in a few minutes with an emergency.  **Phoebe:** Oh! Well, what kind of emergency that gets us both out of here?  **Monica:** Well, what do you think of Mike and Chandler being in a car accident?  **Phoebe:** (makes a face) Are you kidding, I *love* it!  (A blonde woman walks in. Supposedly Amanda)  **Phoebe:** Hi!  **Monica:** Hi!  **Amanda:** Hi! (Phoebe and Amanda hug)  **Amanda:** (To Monica) Hello!  (Monica holds her hands out for a hug, but instead of hugging her, Amanda hangs her purse on one of Monica's extended arms.)  **Amanda:** (In a fake British accent) It's so nice to see you! Both of you! Look at me. Look how young I look! (gives her coat to Monica as well) Oh gosh! We have so much to catch up on! But first things first: touch my abs (at which point she grabs both Phoebe and Monica's hands and places them both on her stomach) I don't exercise at all! (she pulls them down to sit.) Oh gosh, so Monica, you're married!  **Monica:** (beaming) Yeah! Yeah! His name is Chandler and...  **Amanda:** (To Phoebe) Smell my neck! (Phoebe does so) It's not perfume! It's *me*! It's my natural scent!  (Monica looks shocked)  **Phoebe:** Musty!  **Amanda:** Oh! Gosh! This is brilliant. Gosh, it's just like old times. I'm so happy you two are friends again!  **Monica:** When were we not friends?  **Amanda:** Well, it was 1992, and I remember because that was the year I had sex with Evil Knievel (She starts laughing very proudly).  **Monica:** Ehm, we were friends in 1992.  **Amanda:** (to Phoebe) No I distinctly remember you were dodging her (points at Monica) calls and trying to avoid seeing her.  **Monica:** (To Phoebe) You were going to cut me out?  **Phoebe:** Well...kinda.  **Monica:** Oh My God!  **Amanda:** Oh! Bugger. Should I not have said that? I feel like a perfect arse!  **Phoebe:** Yeah well, in America you're just an "ass".  (Monica's mobile starts ringing. She picks it up.)  **Monica:** (Into the phone) Hello? Chandler, what's wrong? (She listens) Oh my God, are you alright? (listens some more) Yeah, I'll be right there. (She hangs up and speaks to Amanda) I'm so sorry, but Chandler was in a car accident. (She gets up)  **Phoebe:** (Also gets up and starts taking her purse) Oh my God. Was Mike with him?  **Monica:** Nope! (She turns and leaves)  **[Joey and Rachel's apartment.]**  (Joey comes running in.)  **Joey:** (To Rachel) Hey!  **Rachel:** Hey! Got champagne?  **Joey:** Yes ma'am, ready to Power through!  **Rachel:** Excellent! Stick it in the ice bucket, the phone is off the hook, and in the interest of powering through (Starts to remove her bra from under her clothes)...  **Joey:** Uh! (When she's done she throws her bra at him)  **Rachel:** Ok (starts to light some candles) Sexy, sexy, very sexy, sexy. (Claps her hands and jumps at Joey, clearly very excited) Alright! Lets do it!  **Joey:** Ok, you're scaring me a little bit.  **Rachel:** Oh! Get over it soldier, we've gotta do this! (She pulls him towards her and throws him onto the barcalounger) Ok. Aha! You like that huh?  **Joey:** Oh! yeah!  **Rachel:** You like that? (She climbs on the barcalounger seductively, putting her knees next to Joey's hips.) Let's take this into high gear (She pulls the barcalounger lever and seat reclines. She puts one of her knees between his legs and begins to kiss his neck.)  **Joey:** uh uh!  **Rachel:** Yeah baby, I'll show you how we do it!  **Joey:** No, no, no! You kneed me in my misters!  **Rachel:** What? Oh my God! I'm so sorry. Joey? Are you ok?  **Joey:** (He just sits there, legs very close together with a painful look on his face) Soldier down!  **[Monica and Chandlers apartment.]**  (Chandler is sitting on the couch reading. Monica walks in.)  **Monica:** We are not friends with Phoebe anymore.  **Chandler:** If she asks, I protested a little, but ok!  (Phoebe and Amanda walk in)  **Phoebe:** Oh Chandler! Thank God you're alive. Monica, can I talk to you outside for a minute?  **Monica:** I have *nothing* to say to you.  **Amanda:** (announces more to herself than anyone else) Wow, my flat is *twice* this size!  **Phoebe:** Please, Monica? In the hall?  (They both walk to the door and enter the hallway.)  **Amanda:** Ooh, that accident must have been terrible. You look positively ghastly.  **Chandler:** Well, aren't you a treat.  **[The hallway]**  **Monica:** I can't believe you tried to cut me out. Why Phoebe, why?  **Phoebe:** It was right after we were living together and you were driving me crazy, okay? You were really controlling and compulsive and shrill.  **Monica:** I'm still all those things!  **Phoebe:** You're also so generous and kind and scrappy!  **Monica:** (starts smiling) I am scrappy.  **Phoebe:** Exactly! Look, no matter what I tried to do, I couldn't keep you out of my life. Of all the people I have cut out, you were the only one who ever clawed her way back in.  **Monica:** It's because I'm scrappy.  **Phoebe:** Yeah, you are. And I'm so glad that you fought your way back in, because I don't know what I would do without you.  **Monica:** I won't know what I would do without you.  (They hug)  **Monica:** Well, I guess we should go back in. When you gave me another chance, I guess we should do the same for Amanda.  **Phoebe:** Yeah, I guess you're right.  (They both enter the apartment again, where Amanda is "dancing" for Chandler, but she's really terrible at it)  **Amanda:** Can you believe it. I've never had any professional dance training.  (Monica and Phoebe look at each other and leave the apartment again)  **[A different spray-on tan center]**  (Glenda, who works here, and Ross are walking to the room with the spray-on tan booth.)  **Glenda:** Now, let me explain how this works. You go into the booth, and...  **Ross:** I'm gonna stop you right there, Glenda. Okay? Does it look like this is my first time, huh? Now I want 4 two's... and I want them all on my back.  **Glenda:** (quietly) Okay...  (Ross enters the room, takes off his robe and enters the booth. He stands with his back to the nozzles and then realises that this booth has nozzles at both sides of the wall)  **Ross:** Wait a minute, there's two sets of nozzles, which one is it?  (He turns around frantically from side to side.)  **Ross:** Which... which... which... Which one is it?  (He then stops turning, facing one of the nozzles, which starts spraying in this face and front again.)  **Ross:** OH! SON OF A BITCH!  (He now turns to the other side, which also starts spraying his face and front.)  **[Joey and Rachel's]**  (Joey and Rachel are both sitting on the couch. Joey keeping his knees pressed against each other)  **Rachel:** What is the matter with us?  **Joey:** Well, I know what's the matter with me.  **Rachel:** No, I mean with us, you know. I mean, is it supposed to be this... difficult?  **Joey:** I don't know.  (Chandler enters the apartment)  **Chandler:** That fake British woman is a real bitch, but she sure can dance... Hey!  **Rachel:** Hi! Hey, listen, can we ask you a question? When you and Monica first hooked up, was it weird going from friends to... more than that?  **Chandler:** Kinda... you know, sneaking around, having to hide from you guys...  **Rachel:** No, no, no... No, I mean... se-x-u-ally...  **Joey:** Yeah, was there a part of you that... felt like it was... really wrong?  **Chandler:** Actually, no. No, it felt right. You know, it felt like uhm... I can't believe we haven't been doing this the whole time.  (Rachel and Joey are still looking at Chandler, slowly letting his words get to them)  **Chandler:** I can tell from your expressions that that's the good news you were hoping for... Well, I'm gonna go continue to... spread the joy.(Chandler leaves the apartment. Joey sighs)  **Rachel:** Well, just because it happened that way for them doesn't mean it has to happen that way for us.  **Joey:** Yeah, yeah... Absolutely. I mean, just because something's difficult doesn't mean that you quit.  **Rachel:** Right, totally.  **Joey:** Yeah, so we just keep trying and trying until we... do it.  **Rachel:** Yeah, and if doesn't work, then we'll be just one of those couples that never have sex.  **Joey:** That's a... pla-an.  (They both stare for a while, and then look at each other)  **Joey:** (sighs) Wow... I did not see this coming.  **Rachel:** I know.  **Joey:** I don't get it. I mean, I was so sure this was what I wanted.  **Rachel:** Hmmm... Me too...  (She puts her head on Joey's shoulder and Joey kisses her on her head.)  **Rachel:** I wonder how Monica and Chandler could do it?  **Joey:** I guess they weren't as good friends as we are.  (Lifts her head from Joey's shoulder)  **Rachel:** Aah... I bet you're right.  (They look at each other for a while)  **Joey:** So...  **Rachel:** Yeah.  **Joey:** I love ya.  **Rachel:** Love you too... Alright, I'm going to bed.  **Joey:** Yeah, me too.  (Rachel gets up, and Joey tries to get up, but halfway up he sits down again.)  **Joey:** Ooh, yeah, I'm not going anywhere for a while.  (Joey takes the ice-bucket with the champagne bottle in it and puts it on his sore spot)  **ENDING CREDITS**  **[Ross's apartment.]**  (Ross is reading a National Geographic on his sofa when Chandler knocks on the door.)  **Chandler:** Dude, it's Chandler. Let me in.  (Ross's face is now a VERY dark shade of brown.)  **Ross:** Go away! I don't want to see anybody.  **Chandler:** I know, I went to the tanning place and the same thing happened to me. You have to let me in.  **Ross:** Really? Did you count Mississipily?  (Ross walks to the door and opens it.)  **Ross:** Dude, you're not tanned.  **Chandler:** No, I just had to get a picture of this.  (Chandler holds up a camera and takes Ross's picture.)  **Chandler:** I see you later!  (Ross closes the door)  **The End** | **1003 罗斯日光浴**  今晚和瑞秋有约，呃？  对，我们第一次  正式约会。  哇！看样子今晚有事发生！  你紧张吗？  不，不。这是我最擅长的。  即使是恐惧和自我厌恶情绪也不能产生影响？  对！  你怎么能这么有信心？  呃，我……因为我明确地知道我要做什么！  真的？就像例行公事？  不，不不不不。知道吗。  女人个个都不同。  你要欣赏到她们的特性。  真的？  不，我会做六件事！  首先，我要深情地望着她的眼睛。  然后，我会吻她。  随后我用手轻轻地擦过她的大腿。  你是说这样？  不！不是像那样，不不。  不，是像这样  噢，我知道你的意思了，真的感觉很棒。  再来一局桌上足球？  ……还有啤酒！！  更多的欢笑  更多的惊喜  I'll be there for you  'Cause you'll be there for me too  嗨！  嗨！  嗨，亲爱的！  哇！  嘿！不许看我老婆的腿！  不不！不许看你妹妹的腿！  对不起，只是……  你怎么晒得皮肤？  她去了一个那种喷雾晒肤俱乐部  呃，你做了喷雾晒肤？  Chandler去美甲了！  为什么，为什么，  你用了那种脚趾隔离器？  为……为什么？  我还是不能相信那是喷雾晒肤的结果……  我是说，这看起来不错，  我也想做一次！  当然，然后你应该穿上超短裙去街上秀给别人看。  那么，你是涂了趾甲油还是只留了法式的长趾甲？  在这儿。  我这儿有张卡。  谢谢。  嗨，我知道这个地方！  那儿曾经是个成人录影带……  花店。  嗨！  嗨，Pheebs!  噢，你们不会相信谁搬回来了。  我知道，Amanda！  啊！她也给我打电话了！  她是最差劲的！  谁是Amanda？  她是你搬进来以前住你那间房子的女人。  后来她搬去英国了，  还学了假惺惺的英国口音。  她在我留言机上的留言是这样的：  “Monica，亲爱的！  Amanda在给你打电话！”  你是要模仿英国口音？  Chandler去美甲了！  我只想知道，  我还要受多少次这种奚落？  你知道Amanda跟我是在电话上是怎么说的？  “哦，很抱歉打你的手机！  如果——  如果你不想跟我在手机上说，  那就别给我手机打电话！”  我知道，  她还老是拿她碰到的名人来吹牛。  噢，我知道！  “哦……我跟Billy Joel睡觉了”。  好吧，可那是谁？  噢，我们该怎么办？  我不想见她！  呃，我们隔离了她！  什么？  把她从我们的生活里隔离！  不理她的电话，  躲开她直到她明白过来！  哦，我觉得我们可以试试，  不过……有点太苛刻了吧！  你这么做过吗？  没，不过有人对我做过。  感觉不错！  好的Geller先生！  请走这边！  那么，你想要多深呢？  我们有一级、二级和三级。  呃……我喜欢你的颜色，  你是什么等级的？  我是波多黎各人。  二级，我想要二级。  你要面对着红灯。  红灯亮的时候喷淋开始，  所以，闭上眼睛  喷淋停止的时候，数五下。  向后仰一点防止出现液体流下的痕迹，  然后转身我们就可以喷你背后了。  明白了？  喷，数，仰，然后转，喷，数，仰。  哇，你掌握得真快。  那当然，我有个PHD，所以……  一只绵羊，两只绵羊，三只绵……  等等！等等！我还没……  我还没数完呢！！  你喷了我正面两次！  你没转身吗？  没有，我甚至还没数到三只绵羊呢。  绵羊？  我是说数到五！  不要绵羊？  好吧，那这有多糟糕？  不会多糟糕的，  不过随后的四个小时颜色会变得越来越深。  那么，会变得多深？  你喷了两遍二级而且……  我是四级的了？  对，不过你背上是零级。  你想让前后一样吧。  那当然！  你可能要再进去一次。  好吧！  等等，等等，  后面墙上没有灯！  我怎么知道它什么时候开始？  有人吗？  啊，哦，啊！  啊！  我重蹈了自己的覆辙！  你又做了两次二级？  我是八级的了！  谢谢你的晚餐。  我还以为是你付的钱呢。  哈，看来我们以后再也不会去那儿了。  那么。  好吧。  嘿，我们到沙发上去，  你说怎么样？  我要说‘烂主意’，不过，行。  怎么了？  对不起，我也不知道，对不起，  我不知道为什么那么做！  好吧。  真对不起。  再一次，对不起！  我不知道……我不知道我怎么了，  我一定是太紧张了！  我搞不懂，Chandler很喜欢的！  好吧，好吧，好吧，  我保证，我保证，我保证，  我不会再这么做了。  真的，我保证。  这次会很完美的。  好吧。  呃，你喜欢这样?  不，不，别接。  让答录机接。  哦，对，  可能又是Rachel要我们帮她看孩子。  可能是Amanda！  哦，对了！  我只是拿Rachel开玩笑的。  看孩子很好玩！  Monica你好。  是Amanda又打来电话。  我就在隔壁，  想到你家来坐坐。  你来自扬克斯！  你姓Buffo-Martisis！  我看……为了确保你知道了，  给我的手机回电话  好了，别憋住气说话！  喂？有人在用电话吗？  对，我在找Monica。  等等，她在这儿。  有人打电话，找你的。  我们在过滤电话呢，  是Amanda！  我做美甲了！  嗨，Amanda！  实际上……现在……现在不太合适。  明晚一起吃晚饭？  好的，我和Phoebe都会到的！  为什么，为什么，为什么你不拒绝！  那么，怎么……  我们怎么才能让它容易点？  呃，我已经拒绝让她来了！  我不能拒绝她两次！  我有种不由自主地取悦别人的需要！  好吧，好吧！  一拷问你就会招的！  那你呢？  我已经招了！  Rach，你确定你想吗？  当然！当然！  我……只是有点奇怪，是你和我，  我们需要点时间来习惯。  好吧。  好吧，让我们从上往下！  解开我的胸罩，Joe！  好的，呃，明白了。  好吧。  这玩意儿焊住了吗？！  好了，转个身，我得看看这东西。  哇！  对不起！  这真够浪漫的！  对不起！  这种事从来没有发生在我身上！  我是解胸罩的专家！  我一只手就能解开！  我闭着眼睛也行！  有一次我只看了一眼，  它自己就开了！  都怪你的胸罩！  这是个标准型的胸罩搭扣！  那就怪你！  对！是你把我的天赋都打走了！  好吧，我真的，  真的很抱歉，Joey，  可你想过吗？  可能是你潜意识里不想脱掉我的胸罩？  啊！我没有那种潜意识！！  等等！有点不对劲。  我去了你老婆推荐的地方。  那那个地方……是太阳？  哦！比那还糟！  哦，天呐！  你一个人就能同时表现黑檀木和象牙!  你怎么能搞成这样？  这很容易呀？  你进到小隔间里，  数到五，转身！！  你是怎么数到五的？  一、二、三……  可恶！  哦！噢，哦！  我知道！  噢，哦！偏移的热带发生了什么？  你和Joey的约会怎么样？  嗯，还不错……  至少在我们回家之前，  后来我们就搞砸了，  他把手放在我的腿上可我却不停的打开它！  你不喜欢？  嗯，不光是我，明白吗？  他也出问题了！  他甚至解不开我的胸罩！  哇，真的？  有一次他只看了我的胸罩一眼，  它就自己嘣开了。  我不知道我们怎么了，我是说，  我们一起前接吻过，那很好！  可这次我明白那是Joey在抚摸我。  呃，你们要永远做朋友了。  记得你第一次吻Ross吗?  那次多奇怪？  你不停的笑？  可你渡过了。  对，是这样。  是这样，我们能行。  对，对，我们能行。  我们有能力渡过！  嗨，Chandler，  我能跟你谈谈吗？  没必要了！！  问题解决了，  我们要努力渡过。  Chandler，停下！他不会嘣开的。  你怎么知道！  嗨，Phoebe！  嗨！  Amanda来了吗？  还没。  好吧，我很抱歉搞砸了那个隔离她的计划。  不过我有了个新计划。  Chandler答应我几分钟以后给我打个紧急电话。  哦！那，什么紧急的事情能把我们两个人都叫走呢？  这样，你觉得Mike和Chandler出了车祸怎么样？  你开玩笑，我太喜欢了！  嗨！  你好！  看到你们真好！  你们两个！  看看我。  看我看起来多年轻！  噢，天呐！  我们有太多的事情要分享了！  不过最首要的是：  摸摸我的abs，我一点儿都没锻炼！  噢，天呐，Monica，你结婚了！  对！对！他叫Chandler而且……  闻闻我的脖子！  这不是香水！  这是我！  这是我自然的体香！  发霉了！  噢！天呐！  这太完美了。  天呐，就像以前一样，  真高兴看到你们俩又和好了！  我们什么时候不是朋友了？  呃，是1992年，  我记得是因为那年我和Evil Knievel上床了。  呃，1992年我们是朋友啊。  不，我清楚地记得你当时在过滤她的电话，  还尽量不见她。  你在隔离我？  呃……差不多吧。  噢，我的天！  噢！见鬼。  我是不是不该说？  我觉得自己就像个饭桶！  对，对，不过在美国你只是个蠢蛋！  喂？Chandler，怎么了？  噢，天呐，你没事吧？  好的，我马上到。  对不起，Chandler出车祸了。  噢，我的天。  Mike跟他一起吗？  没！  嗨！  买了香槟了？  是，女士，准备好加速过渡了！  太棒了！  把它放到冰桶里，  电话线已经拔了，集中精力加速过渡！  呃！  好了，性感点儿，性感点儿，  性感点儿，性感点儿。  好了！我们开始！  好的，你有点儿吓到我了。  噢！过来大兵，我们要开始了！  好的，啊！你喜欢是不是？  你喜欢吗？我们开始换到高速档。  对，宝贝儿，  我来告诉你我们怎么做！  不，不，不！  你顶住我的小先生了！  什么？噢，天呐！  对不起，Joey？你还好吗？  大兵牺牲了！  我们和Phoebe不再是朋友了。  要是她问起来，  我会表示一点抗议，不过没问题！  噢，Chandler！  感谢上帝你还活着。  Monica，能和你到外面谈谈吗？  我跟你没什么可说的。  哇，我的房子有这两个大！  好嘛，Monica？去走廊里？  噢，那场车祸一定很恐怖。  你看起来脸色苍白得厉害。  好了，你不开心吗。  我简直不能相信你要隔离我。  为什么Phoebe，为什么？  那是在我们住在一起以后，  你快要把我逼疯了，知道吗？  你什么都要控制，强制，还要尖叫。  我现在仍然这样！  你现在还很慷慨，  善良，斗志旺盛！  我斗志旺盛。  当然！  看，无论我要做什么，  我都不能把你从生活中剔除。  在我隔离的所有人中，  你是唯一一个我又把她拉回来的。  因为我斗志旺盛。  对，是的。  而且我也很高兴你通过斗争又回来了，  因为我不知道没有你该怎么办。  我也不知道没有你该怎么办。  好吧，我想我们该回去了。  既然你又给了我一次机会，  我想我们也应该给Amanda一次机会。  对，我想是的。  你能相信吗？  我从来没有受过专业舞蹈训练。  现在我来给你解释她是怎么工作的。  你走进隔间，然后……  就说到这儿吧，Glenda。好吗？  我看起来像是第一次吗？呃？  我现在想要一个四倍的二级  ……而且我想都喷到背上。  好吧……  等等，这儿有两套喷嘴儿，  应该用哪一个？  哪个……哪个……  哪个……哪个才是？  哦！浑蛋！  我们到底怎么了？  呃，我知道我到底怎么了。  不，我是说我们，知道吗。  我是说，真的应该这么……难吗？  我不知道。  这个假惺惺英国腔的女人真是个婊子，  可她还真的以为自己会跳舞……嘿！  嗨！嘿，听着，能问你个问题吗？  你和Monica刚好上的时候，  从朋友到超越那层关系的时候有什么怪事吗？  应该……你知道，  到处躲藏，跟你们玩捉迷藏……  不，不，不……不是，  我是说……性方面……  呃，是不是你们俩某方面  ……感觉……这么做不对？  实际上，不是。  没有，感觉很好。  知道吗，感觉就像，  呃……我不能相信我们居然一直没这么做。  我能从你们的话里听出来，  好消息是你们想……  好吧，我想我该做的是  ……继续传播快乐。  好吧，  他们的反应是那样的不见得我们也要那样。  对，对……完全正确。  我是说，事情困难并不意味着你要退却。  完全正确。  好吧，那我们会不停地试啊，  试啊，直到我们……成功。  对，如果不行的话，  我们就作为一一对没有性爱的夫妇吧。  这也是个……计划。  哇……我看这种事不会发生。  我知道。  那我就不明白了。  我说，我很确定我确实需要啊。  呃……我也是……  我想知道Monica和Chandler是怎么做到的？  我想或许他们不像我们是一对这么好的朋友吧。  啊……我想你肯定是对的。  那么……  好吧。  我爱你。  我也爱你……  好了，我要去睡觉了。  好，我也是。  噢，对了，  暂时我还不想去任何地方。  哥们儿，是Chandler。  让我进来。  走开！  我谁都不想见。  我知道，我也去了那个地方，  而且同样的事也发生在我身上了。  你必须让我进来。  真的？你也数了小绵羊？  伙计，你没去晒。  没，我只是来拍张照  我会来看你的！ |