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| **702 The One With Rachel’s Book**  [Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, everyone is there having breakfast and Joey enters carrying a loaf of bread.]  **Joey:** Hey!  Ross: Hi!  **Joey:** Who wants French toast?  **Ross:** Oh, I’ll have some!  **Joey:** Good, me too. (Tosses him the loaf.) Eggs and milk are in the fridge. Thanks.  **Monica:** (entering from her room) Oww!  **Chandler:** What’s the matter honey?  **Monica:** I don’t know, my hand feels weird. I guess it’s because, I’m engaged! (Shows off the ring.) How long before it starts getting annoying?  **Phoebe:** It starts?  **Rachel:** Yeah, so let’s get started on the wedding plans!  **Monica:** Okay! (Runs off.)  **Chandler:** (incredulous) Already?!  **Rachel:** Yeah, we got a lot to do! We gotta think about the flowers, the caterers, the music…  **Chandler:** Oh, I got some thoughts on that.  **Rachel:** Oh wait Chandler, too many cooks…  **Ross:** Take from me, as the groom all you have to do is show up and try to say the right name.  **Monica:** (returning) Okay! (Sets down a huge 3" 3-ring binder on the table.)  **Chandler:** What in God’s name is that?!  **Ross:** Oh my God, the wedding book?! I haven’t seen that since the forth grade!  **Monica:** This baby has got everything. Take y’know, locations for instance. (She opens up the binder to the locations chapter.) First, organized alphabetically, then geographically, then by square footage.  **Phoebe:** That is so smart! (To Chandler, under her breath) Break it off. Break it off now.  Opening Credits  [Scene: A Classroom, Ross is giving a lecture.]  **Ross:** And **that** should conclusively prove that **I** had the idea for *Jurassic Park* first! Now let’s take a look at… (Phoebe rushes in.)  **Phoebe:** Hey! Ross!  **Ross:** Phoebe, oh my God! Wh-wh-what are you doing here?  **Phoebe:** I need to talk to you, it’s pretty urgent. It’s about Monica and Chandler.  **Ross:** Oh my God! Of course, of course. (To the class.) Umm, would you please excuse me for a moment? Umm, do you know each other’s hometowns? Why don’t you… (Motions that they should learn everyone’s hometown.) (To Phoebe) Wh-what’s going on?  **Phoebe:** Well, umm, not much. But, I was just thinking that since those guys just got engaged that maybe it would be nice if they had some privacy, y’know? So, could I just move in with you for a couple days?  **Ross:** Umm, okay, yeah, sure. But wh-what’s wrong with Monica and Chandler?  **Phoebe:** Nothing—Why?!  **Ross:** Phoebe, you said it was urgent!  **Phoebe:** Oh yeah it is! I’m going to the movies and it starts in like five minutes.  **Ross:** Do you realize I have a classroom full of students?  **Phoebe:** (to the students) Oh, I’m sorry. I’m so rude. Does anyone want to come to the movies?  [Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Rachel and Monica are pretty much telling Chandler what the wedding plans are.]  **Monica:** All right, so I haven’t cleared the budget with my parents yet, but tell me how this is for music.  Rachel: Okay.  **Monica:** All right umm, a string quartet for the procession.  Rachel: Aw.  **Monica:** A jazz trio for cocktails. The *Bay City Rollers* for dancing. Wait, that was from my sixth grade wedding.  **Chandler:** Well, you couldn’t get them anyway. Ian doesn’t plan anymore and Derrick… (Off of Rachel and Monica’s looks) And Derrick is a name I shouldn’t know.  **Joey:** (sitting up from the couch) Hey Mon, do you have another pillow? (Holds up one.) Y’know, something a little snugglyer?  **Chandler:** Why are you napping over here instead of over at your place?  **Joey:** Well, the duck…  **Rachel:** What?! The duck?! What the hell did the damn duck do now?!  **Joey:** Uh, well he did **not** get sick somewhere in there and it was immediately found and properly cleaned up!  **Chandler:** Now, do I get to look at this book or is it just for people who are actually **involved** in the wedding?  **Monica:** Of course you can look at it! Yeah, I want your opinion too!  Chandler: Okay.  **Monica:** Here you go! What do you think about centerpieces?  **Chandler:** Centerpieces!  **Monica:** Yeah! Roses or Lilies? (Holds up a picture of each.)  **Chandler:** Definitely roses. (Monica and Rachel exchange a look.) Well, I just think they’re a little more weddingy. (Monica holds the Lily picture closer to him.) But Lilies are the clear choice.  **Monica:** Oh my God! It’s like one mind.  Chandler: Uh-huh!  **Joey:** (sitting up again) Guys! Guys!! You **gotta** let me nap! Ugh, I’m gonna get cranky!  **Rachel:** Joey, there is a perfectly good couch across the hall!  **Joey:** Yes it is perfectly good, and it is **not** one of the places the duck got sick!  **Rachel:** What?!  **Joey:** All right, I’m gonna go! (Gets up and heads for the door.)  **Rachel:** Now Joey, what did the duck do?!  **Joey:** I don’t know! But he did **not** eat your face cream!  [Cut to Joey and Rachel’s, Joey enters and heads for his bedroom. He pushes open the door to find the duck.]  **Joey:** Hey little buddy, how are you feeling? (The duck does **not** get sick and Joey recoils in horror and heads for the couch.) What the hell is in that face cream? (He’s about to try out the couch but notices the bed in Rachel’s room. He walks into her room and feels the bed.) That’s so soft. (He pulls back the comforter.) Pillowcases! (He climbs in and groans in delight. Suddenly, he feels something under him and pulls out a little beat up paperback book. He opens it and starts to read from it.) (In his head.) *Zelda looked at the chimney sweep. Her father, the vicar…*(Stops reading and thinks.) *The vicar?* (Continues reading) *…wouldn’t be home for hours. Her loins were burning. She threw caution to the wind and reached out and grabbed his…*(Out loud.) Whoa! (Reads on in silence.) Whoa-ho-ho-ho! This is a dirty book! (Continues to read.)  [Scene: Ross’s apartment, Phoebe has moved in and has a massage client on her table she’s set up in the living room. Ross enters and is shocked to see a naked man lying on the table.]  **Ross:** Uh, Phoebe…  **Phoebe:** Oh Ross, hi.  **Ross:** Phoebe, what are you doing?  **Phoebe:** I’m sorry, I’m with a client right now.  **Ross:** Phoebe!  **Phoebe:** Okay, let’s talk outside.  (They go into the hall.)  **Ross:** Phoebe, you can’t massage people in my apartment!  **Phoebe:** What’s the big deal? I did it at Monica and Chandler’s!  **Ross:** And they knew about it?  **Phoebe:** (pause as she considers it) Okay, well Ross, what is this really about?  **Ross:** Look, this is my home and I want to be able to come and go whenever I want!  **Phoebe:** Okay, I will find someplace else to do the rest of my appointments. I just don’t know what the big deal is!  **Ross:** The big deal is I don’t want naked, greasy strangers in my apartment when I want to kick back with a puzzle—beer! Cold beer.  [Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is sweeping up as Rachel enters.]  **Rachel:** Hey Joey, what ‘cha doing?  **Joey:** Sweepin’. Why? Turn you on?  Rachel: No.  **Joey:** Huh. What if I was sweeping a chimney?  **Rachel:** Joey, did **you** my face cream?  (She walks into her bedroom.)  **Joey:** Where are you going? The vicar won’t be home for hours.  (She comes back out.)  **Rachel:** Joey, (nervously) where did you learn that word?  **Joey:** Where do you think, (pause) Zelda?  **Rachel:** (gasps) You found my book?!  **Joey:** Yeah I did!  **Rachel:** Joey, what-what are you doing going into my bedroom?!  **Joey:** Okay, look I’m sorry, I went in there to take a nap and I know I shouldn’t have, but you got porn!  **Rachel:** Hey-hey, y’know what? I don’t care! I’m not ashamed of my book. There’s nothing with a woman enjoying a little…erotica. It’s just a healthy expression of female sexuality, which by the way, you will never understand. (She goes into her room.)  **Joey:** You got porn!  [Scene: Ross's apartment, Ross is coming out of the living room carrying his salad and a puzzle—beer! Cold beer. And he decides to fold up Phoebe’s massage table, but being Ross has trouble with it as there is a knock on the door. He sets the table back up and opens the door to reveal a beautiful woman.]  **Ross:** Hello.  **Woman:** Hi, is uh Phoebe here?  **Ross:** Uh no-no, she-she’s out for the night.  **Woman:** Ohh great.  **Ross:** Can I, can I help you with something?  **Woman:** Well, I don’t know. Are you a masseur?  **Ross:** (deadpan) Yes I am.  **Woman:** Great! (Calls down the hall) Dad! (Her old father walks in.) Thank you so much, I’ll be back to pick him up in an hour. (She walks away.)  (Ross isn’t happy and closes the door slowly.)  [Scene: A Restaurant, Monica and Chandler are having dinner with her parents.]  **Mrs. Geller:** So Chandler, you’re parents must’ve been thrilled when you told them you were engaged.  **Chandler:** Oh yeah, I should probably call them.  **Mr. Geller:** I remember when we first got engaged.  **Chandler:** Oh, I don’t think I ever heard that story.  **Monica:** Oh dad, really you don’t need to…  **Mr. Geller:** (ignoring her) Well, I’d gotten Judy pregnant. I still don’t know that happened.  **Mrs. Geller:** (incredulous) You don’t know how that happened?! Your dog thought my diaphragm was a chew toy!  **Chandler:** What a sweet story.  **Monica:** Well, at least you’re not hearing it for the first time at your fifth grade Halloween party.  **Mr. Geller:** What?! They wanted a scary story!  **Monica:** Anyway, we’re really excited about our wedding plans, and well I guess pretty soon we’ll be making a big withdrawal from the Monica wedding fund. (Chandler and her laugh, but her parents don’t.) What?  **Mrs. Geller:** You tell her Jack, I can’t do it.  **Monica:** What happened? You still have the Monica wedding fund don’t you?  **Mr. Geller:** We have it. Only now, we call it the beach house.  Commercial Break  [Scene: A Restaurant, scene continued from before the break.]  **Monica:** I don’t believe you spent my wedding fund on the beach house!  **Mrs. Geller:** We’re sorry honey, but we just assumed if you got married after you turned 30 you’d pay for it yourself.  **Monica:** You bought the beach house when I was 23!  **Mr. Geller:** Which means you had seven years of beach fun and you can’t put a price on that sweetie.  **Mrs. Geller:** We really do feel bad about this though.  **Mr. Geller:** We started saving again when you were dating Richard and then that went to hell, so we redid the kitchen.  **Monica:** What about when I started dating Chandler?  **Mrs. Geller:** Well it was Chandler! We didn’t think **he’d** ever propose!  **Chandler:** Clearly I did not start drinking enough at the start of the meal. (Starts to make up for lost time and takes a big swig of his drink.)  **Monica:** I can’t believe it! That there is **no** money for my wedding?!  **Mrs. Geller:** We **might** still have some money, if your father didn’t think it was a good idea to sell ice over the Internet.  **Mr. Geller:** It seemed like such a simple idea.  **Mrs. Geller:** Stupid Jack, the word is stupid.  **Mr. Geller:** All right, enough! I don’t want to hear about it anymore! (Under his breath) Good luck, Chandler. (Chandler takes another drink.)  [Scene: Ross's apartment, his massage client is on the table and Ross is reluctantly starting his massage. He spreads some lotion in his hands, and doesn’t like it.]  **Ross:** Okay! Now, I’m going to touch you. (He does so, very gingerly.) Ohh, that’s soft. (He starts poking him and notices his salad spoons and starts to massage him with those.)  [Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Monica and Chandler are returning from dinner, Rachel is already there.]  **Monica:** I can’t believe this. Do you think that your parents could help pay for it?  **Chandler:** I don’t know, my mother spent most of her money on her fourth wedding. She’s saving the rest for her divorce. And any extra cash my father has he saves for his yearly trips to (Pause) *Dollywood*.  **Rachel:** Well what happened at dinner?  **Monica:** My parents spent the money for our wedding!  **Phoebe:** (gasps) My God! What did you order?!  **Rachel:** Wait, but there’s no money! Well this is terrible! You guys are gonna have to get married in like a, rec. center!  **Chandler:** Honey, it’s gonna be okay.  **Monica:** No! No it’s not! It’s not gonna be okay! It sucks! No swing band! No lilies!  **Rachel:** No, y’know what? It’s gonna be okay. I mean you don’t have to have this rustic Italian feast. Y’know? And-and you don’t need, you don’t need this custom-made, empire waisted, duchess, satin gown; you can wear off the rack. (She starts to cry, as does Monica.)  **Chandler:** Look, it really is gonna be okay. The important thing is that we love each other and that we’re gonna get married.  **Rachel:** Do you even understand what off the rack means?!  **Phoebe:** Look, why don’t you just pay for it yourself?  **Monica:** How? I don’t have any money.  **Chandler:** Well, I have some.  **Monica:** How much?  **Chandler:** Well, close to… (Notices Rachel leaning in to hear and decides to write it on a piece of paper and hand it to Monica as Phoebe averts her eyes.)  **Monica:** Whoa!!! Are you kidding me?!  **Rachel:** Well what?! How-how much is it?!  **Monica:** It’s enough for wedding scenario eight.  **Rachel:** Ohh! (Whispers.) Really?!  **Monica:** (To Chandler) How great are you, you little saver?! I mean, the-the amount you have is **exactly** the budget of my dream wedding!  **Rachel:** (starting to cry) Ohh, you guys are so made for each other.  **Chandler:** Well, you’re not suggesting that we spend all of the money on the wedding?  Rachel and Monica: Ah, yeah!  **Chandler:** Well, come on, I’ve been saving this money for six years and I kinda had some of it earmarked for the future, not just for a party.  **Phoebe:** (reading the slip of paper) Wow! (In a sultry voice) Hello, Mr. Chandler.  **Monica:** This is the most special day of our lives.  **Chandler:** No, I realize that honey, but I’m not gonna spend all of the money on one party.  **Monica:** Honey, umm I-I love you, (laughs) but umm, if you call our wedding a party one more time, you may not get invited. Okay? (Laughs) Listen, we could **always** earn more money, okay? But uh, we’re only gonna get married once.  **Chandler:** Look, I understand, but I have to put my foot down. Okay? The answer is no.  **Monica:** You-you’re gonna have to put your foot down?  **Chandler:** Yes, I am!  **Phoebe:** Wow, money and a firm hand. Finally a Chandler I can get on board with.  [Scene: Central Perk, Joey and Ross are there as Rachel enters and sees Joey sitting there.]  **Joey:** Hey Rach.  **Rachel:** (quietly) Joey.  **Joey:** Hey Rach, do you smell smoke?  **Rachel:** Uh-huh, I get it, smoke, chimney, chimney sweep, very funny, ha-ha.  **Joey:** No-no-no, I’m serious. You don’t smell it? Something’s on fire.  **Rachel:** Well no, I don’t smell anything.  **Joey:** Oh, y’know what? It’s probably just your burnin’ loins.  **Ross:** (sitting down) Hey, what are you guys, what are you guys talking about?  **Rachel:** Nothing!  **Ross:** (takes a drink) Damn, this coffee’s cold! Hey Rach, do you mind if I heat this up on your loins? (Joey and he both laugh.)  **Rachel:** Y’know, I can not believe you told him, Joey!  **Ross:** So I guess you bought that book after we broke up huh?  **Rachel:** Uh-huh, yeah I did, because I wore out my first copy when I was with you. (Exits.)  **Ross:** (chases her) Oh yeah, yeah? Well uh, when we were going out, I read tons of porno magazines! (Realizes a table of women overheard him.) (To that table.) ‘Sup?  **Phoebe:** (entering) Ross! How could you do that to an old man?!  **Ross:** (looking at the table) Excuse me ladies. (To Phoebe) I’m sorry?  **Phoebe:** My massage client, Arthur? His daughter called and said that some guy that worked for me gave him a really weird massage this afternoon.  **Ross:** (incredulous) I gave him an extremely professional massage!  **Phoebe:** He said you poked at him with wooden spoons.  **Ross:** Okay, so it wasn’t uh, a traditional massage. But I did give him accu-pressure with a pair of chopsticks. And, and I gently exfoliated him with, with a mop.  **Phoebe:** Well, he’s never coming back! Okay? You just cost me eight dollars a week!  **Ross:** Hey, y’know what? This is your fault! You’re the one that didn’t move his-his appointment.  **Phoebe:** Oh, it’s **my** fault?! You didn’t have to massage him! You could’ve sent him away! You could’ve not rolled *Tonka* trucks up and down his back!  **Ross:** He said he liked that!! Oh you’re right, you’re right. I’m sorry.  **Joey:** Dude, what are you massaging an old man for?  **Ross:** His daughter was hot.  **Joey:** Gotcha.  [Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Chandler is looking at the wedding book as Monica enters.]  Monica: Hey.  Chandler: Hey.  **Monica:** Listen umm, I’ve been thinking, it’s not fair for me to ask you to spend all of your money on our wedding. I mean, you work, you work really hard for that.  Chandler: Ehh.  **Monica:** Eh, you work for that.  **Chandler:** Look, I thought about it too, and I’m sorry. I think we should spend all of the money on the wedding.  **Monica:** You do?!  **Chandler:** Yeah, I’m putting my foot down. Yeah look, when I proposed I told you that I would do anything to make you happy, and if having the perfect wedding makes you happy then, then that’s what we’re gonna do.  **Monica:** Oh, you’re so sweet. (They hug and kiss.) Oh, but wait, what about our, what about the future and stuff?  **Chandler:** Eh, forget about the future and stuff! So we only have two kids, y’know? We’ll pick our favorite and **that** one will get to go to college.  **Monica:** You thought about that?  Chandler: Yeah.  **Monica:** How many kids were we gonna have?  **Chandler:** Uh, four, a boy, twin girls and another boy.  **Monica:** What else did you think about?  **Chandler:** Well, stuff like where’d we live, y’know? Like a small place outside the city, where our kids could learn to ride their bikes and stuff. Y’know, we could have a cat that had a bell on it’s collar and we could hear it every time it ran through the little kitty door. Of course, we’d have an apartment over the garage where Joey could grow old.  **Monica:** (laughs) Y’know what? I-I don’t want a big, fancy wedding.  **Chandler:** Sure you do.  **Monica:** No, I want everything you just said. I want a marriage.  **Chandler:** You sure?  **Monica:** Uh-hmm.  **Chandler:** I love you so much.  **Monica:** I love you. (They kiss.) Hey listen umm, when, when you were talkin’ about our future you said cat, but you meant dog right.  **Chandler:** Oh yeah, totally!  **Monica:** Oh good.  Ending Credits  [Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is balancing her checkbook as Joey enters from his room wearing a hockey helmet, gloves, and shin guards.]  **Joey:** Hello, Zelda.  **Rachel:** Who are you supposed to be?  **Joey:** The vicar!  **Rachel:** Do you even know what a vicar is?  **Joey:** Like a goalie, right?  **Rachel:** (sarcastically) Yeah. Look Joey, it’s enough all right?! You keep making these stupid jokes and this sleazy innuendoes and it’s—I’m not—it’s just not funny anymore!  **Joey:** All right, I’m sorry. Rach I—Rach I’m sorry. Okay? I’m sorry! Maybe I can make up for it by, taking you roughly in the barn. (Giggles.)  **Rachel:** All right! Y’know what? That’s it! You wanna do it?! Let’s do it!  **Joey:** Huh?  **Rachel:** (starting to move closer to him) That’s right, I wanna do it with you! I’ve been trying to fight it, but you just said all the right things.  **Joey:** (nervously backing away) I-I-I-I did? (He puts a stool in front of her.)  **Rachel:** (moves the stool out of the way) Yeah! Ohh, I’ve been waitin’ so long to get on that body!  **Joey:** This body? (He backs into the kitchen.)  **Rachel:** Yeah that’s right! Come on Joey; sex me up!  **Joey:** Hey-hey, you’re startin’ to sound like the butcher’s wife there in-in chapter seven.  **Rachel:** Oh, come on now, don’t keep me waiting. Get those clothes off! But, I would keep that helmet on because you’re in for a **rough** ride! (He backs into the door.)  **Joey:** I don’t want to, I’m scared.  (Rachel walks away, pleased with her self.)  End | **702 瑞秋的书**  嗨！  嗨！  有谁想要法式烤面包吗？  哦，我要一些！  我也要。蛋和奶都在冰箱里，谢谢。  喔！  怎么了，亲爱的？  不知道，我的手感觉怪怪的。  我想是因为——我订婚了！  你们啥时候会觉得这样很烦？  已经烦了。  让我们开始计划婚礼吧！  好！  这就计划了？  是啊，很多事要做！要考虑  鲜花，宴会，音乐...  哦，有关音乐我有一些想法。  哦，钱德，已经太多想法了。  根据我的经验，作为一个新郎你只要  准时出场，说对新娘名字就行了。  好了！  这是什么玩意？  哦，天哪，婚礼书？  自打四年级起我就再没见过它！  你的宝贝妹妹什么都有。  来看看，比如说地点。  首先，要按字母顺序计划，接着再按  照地理位置，然后再按每平方尺规划。  真聪明！  哦，歇会儿，歇会儿。  最终这就证明了是我先想出来  侏罗纪公园这个主意的！  现在我们再看看...  嘿！罗斯！  菲比，哦，天哪！你，你来这干嘛？  我得和你谈谈，有要紧事。  是关于莫妮卡和钱德的。  哦，天哪！当然。  嗯，失陪一会儿好吗？  这个，你们知道你同桌的老家在哪吗？  不如...  怎么了？  是这样，也没啥。不过我想既然他们  订婚了，最好给他们一些隐私，你说呢？  所以能让我到你家住几天吗？  嗯，好吧，当然了。但是莫妮卡和  钱德出什么事了？  没事啊！干嘛？  菲比，你说是要紧事！  哦，是很急啊！我要去看电影，  五分钟后就开始了。  你知不知道我满教室都是学生？  哦，抱歉，真失礼。有谁想去看电影吗？  好吧，我还不知道我父母那会有多少钱，  先看看这音乐怎么样吧。  好的。  是这样，嗯，要有一队弦乐四重奏。  啊~~  先来个爵士乐三重唱，然后是贝城  旱冰队跳舞。等等，这是第六个方案中的。  反正你也请不到他们。  伊恩已经不表演了，而德立克...  德立克是个我不该知道的名字。  嗨，莫妮，你有多的枕头吗？  你知道，更贴身的？  你干嘛在这睡，不到你的地方去？  这个，那鸭子...  什么？鸭子？  这该死的鸭子现在又干了些啥？  呃，它没有在那边的某处呕吐，而且  马上就被发现并清理干净了！  现在，是让我看看这本书呢，还是  只有确实和婚礼有关的人才能看？  你当然可以看！  我也想要听听你的意见！  好的。  你看这个！  你觉得餐桌中间用什么装饰比较好？  餐桌中间？  是！玫瑰还是百合？  当然是玫瑰。  不过，我觉得那样太过于喜庆了。  所以绝对要选百合。  哦，天哪！我们真是心有灵犀。  嗯哼！  伙计！伙计！你们得让我睡会儿！  我可发火了！  乔伊，对门就有一张好沙发！  没错，是很好，而且不是  鸭子呕吐过的地方！  什么？  算了，我走了！  乔伊，鸭子到底怎么了？  我不知道！但是它没吃你的面霜！  嗨，小鸭子，感觉怎么样？啊~~~  那面霜里到底有什么？  哦，可真软。枕头套！  泽尔达望着扫烟囱工。她父亲，神甫，  “神甫？”  一小时内都不会在家。  她的欲火在燃烧。  她把警告丢到了脑后，伸出手去握住了他的...  喔！喔~~~！  这是本黄书！  呃，菲比...  哦，罗斯，嗨。  菲比，你在干嘛？  抱歉，我现在有客户。  菲比！  好吧，我们到外面去说。  菲比，你不能在我的公寓里给别人按摩！  那有什么大不了的？  我在莫妮卡和钱德的房子里也做过！  那他们知道吗？  好吧，听着，罗斯，你到底想怎样？  听着，这是我的家，我要想来就来，想走就走！  好吧，那我另找一个地方做我剩下的客人。  我只是不明白这有什么大不了的！  大不了的地方是我不想在我的公寓里  有一个光屁股还油乎乎的陌生人  妨碍我玩拼图...喝啤酒，冰啤酒！  嗨，乔伊，在干嘛？  打扫卫生。怎么？让你兴奋了？  没。  嗯，那如果我扫烟囱呢？  乔伊，你吃了我的面霜吗？  你去哪了？神甫一小时内都不会回来的。  乔伊，你从哪学来这词的？  你说呢，泽尔达？  你看了我的书？  我看了！  乔伊，你，你到我的卧室里干嘛？  好吧，我很抱歉。我只是进去打个盹，  我知道我不该这样，但你有本黄书！  哦！你，你知道吗，我不在乎！  我才不会觉得害臊呢。女人看点  色情小说根本就没错。  这只是女人在性方面的一种健康表达，  而你，是永远也理解不了这一点的。  你有本黄书！  你好。  嗨，菲比在吗？  呃，不，不在，她，她今晚出去了。  哦，倒霉。  这个，有什么我可以帮你的？  喔，不知道。你是按摩师吗？  是，我是。  太好了！爸爸！  太谢谢你了，我过一小时来接他。  钱德，你告诉你父母说你订婚的时候，  他们肯定在发抖。  哦，是啊，也许我该打个电话告诉他们。  我记得我们第一次订婚的时候。  哦，我可不记得听过这个故事。  哦，爸爸，你真的不用...  我让朱迪怀孕了。  我到现在还不知道是怎么回事呢。  你不知道是怎么回事？  你的狗以为我的子宫避孕帽是个嚼的玩具！  多感人的故事啊。  至少你不是在你五年级的万圣节  晚会上头一回听到这个故事。  什么话！他们想听一个可怕的故事！  不管它，我们的婚礼计划挺让人兴奋的。  我猜很快我们就会从莫妮卡婚礼基金中  提一大笔款。  怎么了？  杰克，你告诉她，我做不来。  怎么了？你们还存着  莫妮卡婚礼基金呢，是不是？  是的，不过如今，我们把它称作海滨别墅。  我真不敢相信你们花了我的  婚礼基金去买海滨别墅！  宝贝，真抱歉，我们只是觉得你过了  30岁才结婚的话，你应该自己付这笔账。  可我23岁的时候你们就买了海滨别墅！  也就是说你有了七年的海滨娱乐，  这可是无法标价的，宝贝。  不过我们还是为此感到很抱歉。  你和理查德约会的时候我们又开始存钱，  结果你们吹了，于是我们就重新装修了厨房。  那我和钱德开始约会的时候呢？  那是钱德！我们压根没想过他会求婚！  很明显我在开始吃饭时没有喝够。  真不敢相信！那我的婚礼就没钱了？  我们本来还有些钱的，如果你老爸  没觉得通过互联网卖冰是个好主意的话。  那看上去似乎是个很简单的主意。  是傻，杰克，那个词应该是傻。  好了，够了！我不想再听到这个了。  祝好运，钱德。  好吧！现在，我打算开始按摩了。  靠，真他妈软。  真不敢相信。  你觉得你父母能帮忙支付一些吗？  我不知道。我妈把她的钱大都花在第四次  婚礼上了。她要把剩下的存起来准备离婚时用。  我爸多出来的钱是他存下来每年去  多丽屋主题公园的。  晚饭时怎么了？  我父母把我们婚礼的钱花掉了！  哦！天哪！你们都吃了些啥？  等会儿，没钱了？这可真糟糕！  你们可能要在，某个休闲中心结婚了！  亲爱的，会好起来的。  不！不会！不会好起来的！  糟透了！没有摇摆乐队！没有百合花！  不，你知道吗，会好起来的。  我是说，你不一定非要这种  意大利式的乡下宴会。  你知道吗，你也不需要这种定做的，  有着新古典风格的胸衣，像个女公爵  一样的绸缎礼服，你可以穿现成的。  我说，真的会好起来的。最重要的是  我们互相相爱，而且我们要结婚了。  你理解穿现成的意味着什么吗？  我说，你们干嘛不自己付这笔帐呢？  怎么付？我没啥钱。  呃，我有一些。  有多少？  这个嘛，接近于...  哇！你不是在哄我吧？  什么嘛，到底是多少？  足够婚礼的 A 计划。  哦！真的？  你真伟大，你这小钱箱！  我是说，这些钱正好够我梦想中的婚礼！  哦，你们真是天生一对。  等会儿，你们不是说要把这些钱  全都花在婚礼上吧？  啊，正是！  呃，这些钱我存了六年，有些已经预订好  以后的用处了，可不只是为了一次晚会的。  喔！你好，小帅哥。  这是我们生命中最特别的一天。  不是，我也知道这一点，亲爱的。  但我不会在一次晚会上就把钱花光。  亲爱的，嗯，我爱你，但你再把我们的  婚礼称为晚会，我就不邀请你来了。  听着，我们总是可以赚更多  的钱的，不是吗？但我们只会结一次婚。  听着，我理解，但我不得不脚踏实地。  好吗？回答是——不行。  你不得不脚踏实地？  是的！没错！  喔，有钱又抠门。我总算  找到一个可以共度一生的钱德了。  嗨，瑞秋。  乔伊。  嗨，瑞秋，你闻到烟味了吗？  啊哈，了解，烟，烟囱，擦烟囱工，  很好笑，哈哈。  不不不，我是认真的。你没闻到吗？  有东西着火了。  没，我啥都没闻见。  哦，你知道吗？也许只是你的欲火在燃烧。  嗨，你们，你们在聊什么？  没啥！  靠，这咖啡是凉的！嗨，瑞秋，  你介意我用你的欲火热一热它吗？  真不敢相信你告诉他了，乔伊！  我猜你是在我们分手之后买的那本书，嗯？  啊哈，是的，因为和你在一起的时候  我把第一本都翻烂了。  哦，是吗，是吗？呃，我和你在一起  的时候，我读了成吨的色情杂志！  吃饭呢？  罗斯！你怎么可以对一位老人这样！  失陪，女士们。  你说啥？  记得我的按摩客户，亚瑟吗？他女儿  打电话说今天下午有个为我工作的  家伙给他做了一次怪怪的按摩。  我给他做了一场极其专业的按摩！  他说你用木头勺子戳他。  好吧，那不是，呃，传统按摩。  但我确实用一双筷子给他做了指压，  我还用拖把轻柔地给他扫背了呢。  得了，他再不来了！懂吗？  你让我每周损失了八十块钱！  嘿，知道吗？这是你的错！是你  没有跟他重新约一个时间。  哦，是我的错？  你又不是得非给他按摩不可！  你可以让他回去！  你可以不用把些垃圾在他背上滚来滚去的！  他说他喜欢那样！  哦，你是对的，你是对的。我很抱歉。  伙计，你为啥要给一个老人按摩呢？  他女儿很惹火。  了解。  嗨。  嗨。  听着，嗯，我想过了，我要你把所有的  钱都花在婚礼上很不公平。我是说，  你工作，你工作地很辛苦才赚来的。  哦。  哦，你就是为了它们而工作的。  听着，我也想过了，很抱歉。  我想我们应该把钱都花在婚礼上。  真的？  是，我在脚踏实地。  听着，我求婚时说过我会做  任何事让你开心。  如果举行一场完美的婚礼使你开心的话，  那这正是我们要做的。  哦，你真好。  哦，不过等等，那我们的，  我们的未来和其它东西怎么办？  哦，忘掉未来和其它东西吧！  我们只要两个小孩，知道吗？  我们挑一个最喜欢的然后让他去读大学。  你想过这些了？  是的。  我们本来会有几个小孩？  嗯，四个，一个儿子，一对  双胞胎女儿，又一个儿子。  你还想了些什么？  嗯，像我们住在哪里呀，知道吗？  比如城外的一个小地方，我们的  孩子们可以在那里学着骑自行车什么的。  知道吗，我们可以养只猫，在它脖子  上拴上铃铛，当它从小门中进出时  我们可以听到铃铛响。  当然了，我们还要在车库里有个  房间给乔伊养老。  你知道吗，我，我不是想要一场  盛大的，奢华的婚礼。  你想的。  不，我想要你刚才说的一切。  我想要一场婚姻。  真的吗？  啊哈。  我真爱你。  我爱你。  嗨，听着，你刚才说起我们的未来时，  你提到猫，但其实你是说狗，是吧？  哦，是的，绝对！  哦，那很好。  你好，泽尔塔。  你想扮成谁？  神甫！  可你知道神甫是什么吗？  类似守门员，对吗？  对。听着乔伊，够了，好吗？你不停  开这些乏味的玩笑和这些差劲的影射，  它...我不是...它们一点儿也不好笑！  好吧，抱歉。瑞秋，我，瑞秋，我很抱歉。  行了吧，我很抱歉！也许我应该补偿一下，  比如，在谷仓里粗野地占有你。  够了！你知道吗？就这么办！  你想做吗？那我们就做！  啊？  没错，我想和你做！  我一直在挣扎着抗拒，  但你刚才说的对。  我-我-我说的对？  是的！哦，这个身体我想了很久了！  这个身体？  是，没错！来吧乔伊，上我吧！  嗨，你说话开始像第七章  那个屠夫的老婆了。  哦，来吧，别让我等了。把衣服脱了！  但要戴着头盔，因为我要你粗野地上我！  我不想做，我怕怕。 |