

F·R·I·E·N·D·S



THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON

1
season



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The One Where Monica Gets a New Roommate (The Pilot-The Uncut Version)

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[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler, Joey, Phoebe, and Monica are there.]

Monica: There's nothing to tell! He's just some guy I work with!

Joey: C'mon, you're going out with the guy! There's gotta be something wrong with him!

Chandler: All right Joey, be nice. So does he have a hump? A hump and a hairpiece?

Phoebe: Wait, does he eat chalk?

(They all stare, bemused.)

Phoebe: Just, 'cause, I don't want her to go through what I went through with Carl- oh!

Monica: Okay, everybody relax. This is not even a date. It's just two people going out to dinner and- not having sex.

Chandler: Sounds like a date to me.

[Time Lapse]

Chandler: Alright, so I'm back in high school, I'm standing in the middle of the cafeteria, and I realize I am totally naked.

All: Oh, yeah. Had that dream.

Chandler: Then I look down, and I realize there's a phone... there.

Joey: Instead of...?

Chandler: That's right.

Joey: Never had that dream.

Phoebe: No.

Chandler: All of a sudden, the phone starts to ring. Now I don't know what to do, everybody starts looking at me.

Monica: And they weren't looking at you before?!

Chandler: Finally, I figure I'd better answer it, and it turns out it's my mother, which is very-very weird, because- she never calls me!

[Time Lapse, Ross has entered.]

Ross: (mortified) Hi.

Joey: This guy says hello, I wanna kill myself.

Monica: Are you okay, sweetie?

Ross: I just feel like someone reached down my throat, grabbed my small intestine, pulled it out of my mouth and tied it around my neck...

Chandler: Cookie?

Monica: (explaining to the others) Carol moved her stuff out today.

Joey: Ohh.

Monica:(to Ross) Let me get you some coffee.

Ross: Thanks.

Phoebe: Ooh! Oh! (She starts to pluck at the air just in front of Ross.)

Ross: No, no don't! Stop cleansing my aura! No, just leave my aura alone, okay?

Phoebe: Fine! Be murky!

Ross: I'll be fine, alright? Really, everyone. I hope she'll be very happy.

Monica: No you don't.

Ross: No I don't, to hell with her, she left me!

Joey: And you never knew she was a lesbian...

Ross: No!! Okay?! Why does everyone keep fixating on that? She didn't know, how should I know?

Chandler: Sometimes I wish I was a lesbian... (They all stare at him.) Did I say that out loud?

Ross: I told mom and dad last night, they seemed to take it pretty well.

Monica: Oh really, so that hysterical phone call I got from a woman at sobbing 3:00 A.M., "I'll never have grandchildren, I'll never have grandchildren." was what? A wrong number?

Ross: Sorry.

Joey: Alright Ross, look. You're feeling a lot of pain right now. You're angry. You're hurting. Can I tell you what the answer is?

(Ross gestures his consent.)

Joey: Strip joint! C'mon, you're single! Have some hormones!

Ross: I don't want to be single, okay? I just... I just- I just wanna be married again!

(Rachel enters in a wet wedding dress and starts to search the room.)

Chandler: And I just want a million dollars! (He extends his hand hopefully.)

Monica: Rachel?!

Rachel: Oh God Monica hi! Thank God! I just went to your building and you weren't there and then this guy with a big hammer said you might be here and you are, you are!

Waitress: Can I get you some coffee?

Monica: (pointing at Rachel) De-caff. (to All) Okay, everybody, this is Rachel, another Lincoln High survivor. (to Rachel) This is everybody, this is Chandler, and Phoebe, and Joey, and- you remember my brother Ross?

Rachel: Hi, sure!

Ross: Hi.

(They go to hug but Ross's umbrella opens. He sits back down defeated again. A moment of silence follows as Rachel sits and the others expect her to explain.)

Monica: So you wanna tell us now, or are we waiting for four wet bridesmaids?

Rachel: Oh God... well, it started about a half hour before the wedding. I was in the room where we were keeping all the presents, and I was looking at this gravy boat. This really gorgeous Lamauge gravy boat. When all of a sudden- (to the waitress that brought her coffee) Sweet 'n' Lo?- I realized that I was more turned on by this gravy boat than by Barry! And then I got really freaked out, and that's when it hit me: how much Barry looks like Mr. Potato Head. Y'know, I mean, I always knew looked familiar, but... Anyway, I just had to get out of there, and I started wondering 'Why am I doing this, and who am I doing this for?'. (to Monica) So anyway I just didn't know where to go, and I know that you and I have kinda drifted apart, but you're the only person I knew who lived here in the city.

Monica: Who wasn't invited to the wedding.

Rachel: Ooh, I was kinda hoping that wouldn't be an issue... [Scene: Monica's Apartment, everyone is there and watching a Spanish Soap on TV and are trying to figure out what is going on.]

Monica: Now I'm guessing that he bought her the big pipe organ, and she's really not happy about it.

Chandler: (imitating the characters) Tuna or egg salad? Decide!

Ross: (in a deep voice) I'll have whatever Christine is having.

Rachel: (on phone) Daddy, I just... I can't marry him! I'm sorry. I just don't love him. Well, it matters to me!

(The scene on TV has changed to show two women, one is holding her hair.)

Phoebe: If I let go of my hair, my head will fall off.

Chandler: (re TV) Ooh, she should not be wearing those pants.

Joey: I say push her down the stairs.

Phoebe, Ross, Chandler, and Joey:**** Push her down the stairs! Push her down the stairs! Push her down the stairs!

(She is pushed down the stairs and everyone cheers.)

Rachel: C'mon Daddy, listen to me! It's like, it's like, all of my life, everyone has always told me, 'You're a shoe! You're a shoe, you're a shoe, you're a shoe!'. And today I just stopped and I said, 'What if I don't wanna be a shoe? What if I wanna be a- a purse, y'know? Or a- or a hat! No, I'm not saying I want you to buy me a hat, I'm saying I am a ha- It's a metaphor, Daddy!

Ross: You can see where he'd have trouble.

Rachel: Look Daddy, it's my life. Well maybe I'll just stay here with Monica.

Monica: Well, I guess we've established who's staying here with Monica...

Rachel: Well, maybe that's my decision. Well, maybe I don't need your money. Wait!! Wait, I said maybe!!

[Time Lapse, Rachel is breating into a paper bag.]

Monica: Just breathe, breathe.. that's it. Just try to think of nice calm things...

Phoebe: (sings) Raindrops on roses and rabbits and kittens, (Rachel and Monica turn to look at her.) bluebells and sleighbells and- something with mittens... La la la la...something and noodles with string. These are a few...

Rachel: I'm all better now.

Phoebe: (grins and walks to the kitchen and says to Chandler and Joey.) I helped!

Monica: Okay, look, this is probably for the best, y'know? Independence. Taking control of your life. The whole, 'hat' thing.

Joey: (comforting her) And hey, you need anything, you can always come to Joey. Me and Chandler live across the hall. And he's away a lot.

Monica: Joey, stop hitting on her! It's her wedding day!

Joey: What, like there's a rule or something?

(The door buzzer sounds and Chandler gets it.)

Chandler: Please don't do that again, it's a horrible sound.

Paul: (over the intercom) It's, uh, it's Paul.

Monica: Oh God, is it 6:30? Buzz him in!

Joey: Who's Paul?

Ross: Paul the Wine Guy, Paul?

Monica: Maybe. Joey: Wait. Your 'not a real date' tonight is with Paul the Wine Guy?

Ross: He finally asked you out?

Monica: Yes!

Chandler: Ooh, this is a Dear Diary moment.

Monica: Rach, wait, I can cancel...

Rachel: Please, no, go, that'd be fine!

Monica: (to Ross) Are, are you okay? I mean, do you want me to stay?

Ross: (choked voice) That'd be good...

Monica: (horrified) Really?

Ross: (normal voice) No, go on! It's Paul the Wine Guy!

Phoebe: What does that mean? Does he sell it, drink it, or just complain a lot? (Chandler doesn't know.)

(There's a knock on the door and it's Paul.)

Monica: Hi, come in! Paul, this is.. (They are all lined up next to the door.)... everybody, everybody, this is Paul.

All: Hey! Paul! Hi! The Wine Guy! Hey!

Chandler: I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name. Paul, was it?

Monica: Okay, umm-umm, I'll just--I'll be right back, I just gotta go ah, go ah...

Ross: A wandering?

Monica: Change! Okay, sit down. (Shows Paul in) Two seconds.

Phoebe: Ooh, I just pulled out four eyelashes. That can't be good.

(Monica goes to change.)

Joey: Hey, Paul!

Paul: Yeah?

Joey: Here's a little tip, she really likes it when you rub her neck in the same spot over and over and over again until it starts to get a little red.

Monica: (yelling from the bedroom) Shut up, Joey!

Ross: So Rachel, what're you, uh... what're you up to tonight?

Rachel: Well, I was kinda supposed to be headed for Aruba on my honeymoon, so nothing!

Ross: Right, you're not even getting your honeymoon, God.. No, no, although, Aruba, this time of year... talk about your- (thinks) -big lizards... Anyway, if you don't feel like being alone tonight, Joey and Chandler are coming over to help me put together my new furniture.

Chandler: (deadpan) Yes, and we're very excited about it.

Rachel: Well actually thanks, but I think I'm just gonna hang out here tonight. It's been kinda a long day.

Ross: Okay, sure.

Joey: Hey Pheebs, you wanna help?

Phoebe: Oh, I wish I could, but I don't want to.

Commercial Break

[Scene: The Subway, Phoebe is singing for change.]

Phoebe: (singing) Love is sweet as summer showers, love is a wondrous work of art, but your love oh your love, your love...is like a giant pigeon...crapping on my heart. La-la-la-la-la- (some guy gives her some change and to that guy) Thank you. (sings) La-la-la-la...ohhh!

[Scene: Ross's Apartment, the guys are there assembling furniture.]

Ross: (squatting and reading the instructions) I'm supposed to attach a brackety thing to the side things, using a bunch of these little worm guys. I have no brackety thing, I see no whim guys whatsoever and- I cannot feel my legs.

(Joey and Chandler are finishing assembling the bookcase.)

Joey: I'm thinking we've got a bookcase here.

Chandler: It's a beautiful thing.

Joey: (picking up a leftover part) What's this?

Chandler: I would have to say that is an 'L'-shaped bracket.

Joey: Which goes where?

Chandler: I have no idea.

(Joey checks that Ross is not looking and dumps it in a plant.)

Joey: Done with the bookcase!

Chandler: All finished!

Ross: (clutching a beer can and sniffing) This was Carol's favorite beer. She always drank it out of the can, I should have known.

Joey: Hey-hey-hey-hey, if you're gonna start with that stuff we're outta here.

Chandler: Yes, please don't spoil all this fun.

Joey: Ross, let me ask you a question. She got the furniture, the stereo, the good TV- what did you get?

Ross: You guys.

Chandler: Oh, God.

Joey: You got screwed.

Chandler: Oh my God!

[Scene: A Restaurant, Monica and Paul are eating.]

Monica: Oh my God!

Paul: I know, I know, I'm such an idiot. I guess I should have caught on when she started going to the dentist four and five times a week. I mean, how clean can teeth get?

Monica: My brother's going through that right now, he's such a mess. How did you get through it?

Paul: Well, you might try accidentally breaking something valuable of hers, say her-

Monica: -leg?

Paul: (laughing) That's one way! Me, I- I went for the watch.

Monica: You actually broke her watch? Wow! The worst thing I ever did was, I-I shredded by boyfriend's favorite bath towel.

Paul: Ooh, steer clear of you.

Monica: That's right. [Scene: Monica's Apartment, Rachel is talking on the phone and pacing.]

Rachel: Barry, I'm sorry... I am so sorry... I know you probably think that this is all about what I said the other day about you making love with your socks on, but it isn't... it isn't, it's about me, and I ju- (She stops talking and dials the phone.) Hi, machine cut me off again... anyway...look, look, I know that some girl is going to be incredibly lucky to become Mrs. Barry Finkel, but it isn't me, it's not me. And not that I have any idea who me is right now, but you just have to give me a chance too... (The machine cuts her off again and she redials.)

[Scene: Ross's Apartment; Ross is pacing while Joey and Chandler are working on some more furniture.]

Ross: I'm divorced! I'm only 26 and I'm divorced!

Joey: Shut up!

Chandler: You must stop! (Chandler hits what he is working on with a hammer and it collapses.)

Ross: That only took me an hour.

Chandler: Look, Ross, you gotta understand, between us we haven't had a relationship that has lasted longer than a Mento. You, however have had the love of a woman for four years. Four years of closeness and sharing at the end of which she ripped your heart out, and that is why we don't do it! I don't think that was my point!

Ross: You know what the scariest part is? What if there's only one woman for everybody, y'know? I mean what if you get one woman- and that's it? Unfortunately in my case, there was only one woman- for her...

Joey: What are you talking about? 'One woman'? That's like saying there's only one flavor of ice cream for you. Lemme tell you something, Ross. There's lots of flavors out there. There's Rocky Road, and Cookie Dough, and Bing! Cherry Vanilla. You could get 'em with Jimmies, or nuts, or whipped cream! This is the best thing that ever happened to you! You got married, you were, like, what, eight? Welcome back to the world! Grab a spoon!

Ross: I honestly don't know if I'm hungry or horny.

Chandler: Stay out of my freezer! [Scene: A Restaurant, Monica and Paul are still eating.]

Paul: Ever since she walked out on me, I, uh...

Monica: What?..... What, you wanna spell it out with noodles?

Paul: No, it's, it's more of a fifth date kinda revelation.

Monica: Oh, so there is gonna be a fifth date?

Paul: Isn't there?

Monica: Yeah... yeah, I think there is. -What were you gonna say?

Paul: Well, ever-ev-... ever since she left me, um, I haven't been able to, uh, perform. (Monica takes a sip of her drink.) ...Sexually.

Monica: (spitting out her drink in shock) Oh God, oh God, I am sorry... I am so sorry...

Paul: It's okay...

Monica: I know being spit on is probably not what you need right now. Um... how long?

Paul: Two years.

Monica: Wow! I'm-I'm-I'm glad you smashed her watch!

Paul: So you still think you, um... might want that fifth date?

Monica: (pause)...Yeah. Yeah, I do.

[Scene: Monica's Apartment, Rachel is watching *Joanne Loves Chachi*.]

Priest on TV: We are gathered here today to join Joanne Louise Cunningham and Charles, Chachi-Chachi-Chachi, Arcola in the bound of holy matrimony.

Rachel: Oh...see... but Joanne loved Chachi! That's the difference!

[Scene: Ross's Apartment, they're all sitting around and talking.]

Ross: (scornful) Grab a spoon. Do you know how long it's been since I've grabbed a spoon? Do the words 'Billy, don't be a hero' mean anything to you?

Joey: Great story! But, I uh, I gotta go, I got a date with Andrea--Angela--Andrea... Oh man, (looks to Chandler)

Chandler: Angela's the screamer, Andrea has cats.

Joey: Right. Thanks. It's June. I'm outta here. (Exits.)

Ross: Y'know, here's the thing. Even if I could get it together enough to- to ask a woman out,... who am I gonna ask? (He gazes out of the window.)

[Cut to Rachel staring out of her window.]

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica's Apartment, Rachel is making coffee for Joey and Chandler.]

Rachel: Isn't this amazing? I mean, I have never made coffee before in my entire life.

Chandler: That is amazing.

Joey: Congratulations.

Rachel: Y'know, I figure if I can make coffee, there isn't anything I can't do.

Chandler: If I can invade Poland, there isn't anything I can't do.

Joey: Listen, while you're on a roll, if you feel like you gotta make like a Western omelet or something... (Joey and Chandler taste the coffee, grimace, and pour it into a plant pot.) Although actually I'm really not that hungry...

Monica: (entering, to herself) Oh good, Lenny and Squigy are here.

All: Morning. Good morning.

Paul: (entering from Monica's room) Morning.

Joey: Morning, Paul.

Rachel: Hello, Paul.

Chandler: Hi, Paul, is it?

(Monica and Paul walk to the door and talk in a low voice so the others can't hear. The others move Monica's table closer to the door so that they can.)

Paul: Thank you! Thank you so much!

Monica: Stop!

Paul: No, I'm telling you last night was like umm, all my birthdays, both graduations, plus the barn raising scene in *Witness*.

Monica: We'll talk later.

Paul: Yeah. (They kiss) Thank you. (Exits)

Joey: That wasn't a real date?! What the hell do you do on a real date?

Monica: Shut up, and put my table back.

All: Okayyy! (They do so.)

Chandler: All right, kids, I gotta get to work. If I don't input those numbers,... it doesn't make much of a difference...

Rachel: So, like, you guys all have jobs?

Monica: Yeah, we all have jobs. See, that's how we buy stuff.

Joey: Yeah, I'm an actor.

Rachel: Wow! Would I have seen you in anything?

Joey: I doubt it. Mostly regional work.

Monica: Oh wait, wait, unless you happened to catch the Reruns' production of Pinocchio, at the little theater in the park.

Joey: Look, it was a job all right?

Chandler: 'Look, Gippetto, I'm a real live boy.'

Joey: I will not take this abuse. (Walks to the door and opens it to leave.)

Chandler: You're right, I'm sorry. (Burst into song and dances out of the door.) "*Once I was a wooden boy, a little wooden boy...*"

Joey: You should both know, that he's a dead man. Oh, Chandler? (Starts after Chandler.)

Monica: So how you doing today? Did you sleep okay? Talk to Barry? I can't stop smiling.

Rachel: I can see that. You look like you slept with a hanger in your mouth.

Monica: I know, he's just so, so... Do you remember you and Tony DeMarco?

Rachel: Oh, yeah.

Monica: Well, it's like that. With feelings.

Rachel: Oh wow. Are you in trouble.

Monica: Big time!

Rachel: Want a wedding dress? Hardly used.

Monica: I think we are getting a little ahead of selves here. Okay. Okay. I am just going to get up, go to work and not think about him all day. Or else I'm just gonna get up and go to work.

Rachel: Oh, look, wish me luck!

Monica: What for?

Rachel: I'm gonna go get one of those (Thinks) job things.

(Monica exits.)

[Scene: Iridium, Monica is working as Frannie enters.]

Frannie: Hey, Monica!

Monica: Hey Frannie, welcome back! How was Florida?

Frannie: You had sex, didn't you?

Monica: How do you do that?

Frannie: Oh, I hate you, I'm pushing my Aunt Roz through Parrot Jungle and you're having sex! So? Who?

Monica: You know Paul?

Frannie: Paul the Wine Guy? Oh yeah, I know Paul.

Monica: You mean you know Paul like I know Paul?

Frannie: Are you kidding? I take credit for Paul. Y'know before me, there was no snap in his turtle for two years.

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone but Rachel is there.]

Joey: (sitting on the arm of the couch) Of course it was a line!

Monica: Why?! Why? Why, why would anybody do something like that?

Ross: I assume we're looking for an answer more sophisticated than 'to get you into bed'.

Monica: I hate men! I hate men!

Phoebe: Oh no, don't hate, you don't want to put that out into the universe.

Monica: Is it me? Is it like I have some sort of beacon that only dogs and men with severe emotional problems can hear?

Phoebe: All right, c'mere, gimme your feet. (She starts massaging them.)

Monica: I just thought he was nice, y'know?

Joey: (bursts out laughing again) I can't believe you didn't know it was a line!

(Monica pushes him off of the sofa as Rachel enters with a shopping bag.)

Rachel: Guess what?

Ross: You got a job?

Rachel: Are you kidding? I'm trained for nothing! I was laughed out of twelve interviews today.

Chandler: And yet you're surprisingly upbeat.

Rachel: You would be too if you found John and David boots on sale, fifty percent off!

Chandler: Oh, how well you know me...

Rachel: They're my new 'I don't need a job, I don't need my parents, I've got great boots' boots!

Monica: How'd you pay for them?

Rachel: Uh, credit card.

Monica: And who pays for that?

Rachel: Um... my... father.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, everyone is sitting around the kitchen table. Rachel's credit cards are spread out on the table along with a pair of scissors.]

Rachel: Oh God, come on you guys, is this really necessary? I mean, I can stop charging anytime I want.

Monica: C'mon, you can't live off your parents your whole life.

Rachel: I know that. That's why I was getting married.

Phoebe: Give her a break, it's hard being on your own for the first time.

Rachel: Thank you.

Phoebe: You're welcome. I remember when I first came to this city. I was fourteen. My mom had just killed herself and my step-dad was back in prison, and I got here, and I didn't know anybody. And I ended up living with this albino guy who was, like, cleaning windshields outside port authority, and then he killed himself, and then I found aromatherapy. So believe me, I know exactly how you feel.

(Pause)

Ross: The word you're looking for is 'Anyway'...

Monica: All right, you ready?

Rachel: No. No, no, I'm not ready! How can I be ready? "Hey, Rach! You ready to jump out the airplane without your parachute?" Come on, I can't do this!

Monica: You can, I know you can!

Rachel: I don't think so.

Ross: Come on, you made coffee! You can do anything! (Chandler slowly tries to hide the now dead plant from that morning when he and Joey poured their coffee into it.)

Ross: C'mon, cut. Cut, cut, cut,...

All: Cut, cut, cut, cut, cut, cut, cut... (She cuts one of them and they cheer.)

Rachel: Y'know what? I think we can just leave it at that. It's kinda like a symbolic gesture...

Monica: Rachel! That was a library card!

All: Cut, cut, cut, cut, cut, cut, cut..

Chandler: (as Rachel is cutting up her cards) Y'know, if you listen closely, you can hear a thousand retailers scream.

(She finishes cutting them up and they all cheer.)

Monica: Welcome to the real world! It sucks. You're gonna love it!

[Time Lapse, Rachel and Ross are watching a TV channel finishes it's broadcast day by playing the national anthem.]

Monica: Well, that's it (To Ross) You gonna crash on the couch?

Ross: No. No, I gotta go home sometime.

Monica: You be okay?

Ross: Yeah.

Rachel: Hey Mon, look what I just found on the floor. (Monica smiles.) What?

Monica: That's Paul's watch. You just put it back where you found it. Oh boy. Alright. Goodnight, everybody.

Ross and Rachel: Goodnight.

(Monica stomps on Paul's watch and goes into her room.)

Ross: Mmm. (They both reach for the last cookie) Oh, no-

Rachel: Sorry-

Ross: No no no, go-

Rachel: No, you have it, really, I don't want it-

Ross: Split it?

Rachel: Okay.

Ross: Okay. (They split it.) You know you probably didn't know this, but back in high school, I had a, um, major crush on you.

Rachel: I knew.

Ross: You did! Oh.... I always figured you just thought I was Monica's geeky older brother.

Rachel: I did.

Ross: Oh. Listen, do you think- and try not to let my intense vulnerability become any kind of a factor here- but do you think it would be okay if I asked you out? Sometime? Maybe?

Rachel: Yeah, maybe...

Ross: Okay... okay, maybe I will...

Rachel: Goodnight.

Ross: Goodnight.

(Rachel goes into her room and Monica enters the living room as Ross is leaving.)

Monica: See ya.... Waitwait, what's with you?

Ross: I just grabbed a spoon. (Ross exits and Monica has no idea what that means.)

Closing Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone is there.]

Joey: I can't believe what I'm hearing here.

Phoebe: (sings) *I can't believe what I'm hearing here...*

Monica: What? I-I said you had a-

Phoebe: (sings) *What I said you had...*

Monica: (to Phoebe) Would you stop?

Phoebe: Oh, was I doing it again?

All: Yes!

Monica: I said that you had a nice butt, it's just not a great butt.

Joey: Oh, you wouldn't know a great butt if it came up and bit ya.

Ross: There's an image.

Rachel: (walks up with a pot of coffee) Would anybody like more coffee?

Chandler: Did you make it, or are you just serving it?

Rachel: I'm just serving it.

All: Yeah. Yeah, I'll have a cup of coffee.

Chandler: Kids, new dream... I'm in Las Vegas. (Rachel sits down to hear Chandler's dream.)

Customer: (To Rachel) Ahh, miss? More coffee?

Rachel: Ugh. (To another customer that's leaving.) Excuse me, could you give this to that guy over there? (Hands him the coffee pot.) Go ahead. (He does so.) Thank you. (To the gang.) Sorry. Okay, Las Vegas.

Chandler: Okay, so, I'm in Las Vegas... I'm Liza Minelli-

End

The One With the Sonogram at the End

- Written by: Marta Kauffman & David Crane
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-

[Scene Central Perk, everyone's there.]

Monica: What you guys don't understand is, for us, kissing is as important as any part of it.

Joey: Yeah, right!.....Y'serious?

Phoebe: Oh, yeah!

Rachel: Everything you need to know is in that first kiss.

Monica: Absolutely.

Chandler: Yeah, I think for us, kissing is pretty much like an opening act, y'know? I mean it's like the stand-up comedian you have to sit through before Pink Floyd comes out.

Ross: Yeah, and-and it's not that we don't like the comedian, it's that-that... that's not why we bought the ticket.

Chandler: The problem is, though, after the concert's over, no matter how great the show was, you girls are always looking for the comedian again, y'know? I mean, we're in the car, we're fighting traffic... basically just trying to stay awake.

Rachel: Yeah, well, word of advice: Bring back the comedian. Otherwise next time you're gonna find yourself sitting at home, listening to that album alone.

Joey: (pause)....Are we still talking about sex?

Opening Credits

[Scene: Museum of Prehistoric History, Ross and a co-worker (Marsha) are setting up an exhibit which includes some mannequins of cave people.]

Ross: No, it's good, it is good, it's just that- mm- doesn't she seem a little angry?

Marsha: Well, she has issues.

Ross: Does she.

Marsha: He's out banging other women over the head with a club, while she sits at home trying to get the mastodon smell out of the carpet!

Ross: Marsha, these are cave people. Okay? They have issues like 'Gee, that glacier's getting kinda close.' See?

Marsha: Speaking of issues, isn't that your ex-wife?

(Carol, Ross's ex-wife, has entered behind them and is standing outside the exhibit.)

Ross: (trying to ignore her) No. No.

Marsha: Yes, it is. Carol! Hi!

Ross: Okay, okay, yes, it is. (waves) How about I'll, uh, catch up with you in the Ice Age.

(Marsha exits and Ross waves Carol into the exhibit.)

Ross: Hi.

Carol: So.

Ross: You look great. I, uh... I hate that.

Carol: Sorry. You look good too.

Ross: Ah, well, in here, anyone who... stands erect... So what's new? Still, uh...

Carol: A lesbian?

Ross: Well... you never know. How's, um.. how's the family?

Carol: Marty's still totally paranoid. Oh, and, uh-

Ross: Why- why are you here, Carol?

Carol: I'm pregnant.

Ross: Pregnant?!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Chandler, Joey, Phoebe, and Monica are watching *Three's Company*.]

Chandler: Oh, I think this is the episode of Three's Company where there's some kind of misunderstanding.

Phoebe:...Then I've already seen this one! (Turns off the TV.)

Monica: (taking a drink from Joey) Are you through with that?

Joey: Yeah, sorry, the swallowing slowed me down.

Monica: Whose little ball of paper is this?!

Chandler: Oh, uh, that would be mine. See, I wrote a note to myself, and then I realised I didn't need it, so I balled it up and... (sees that Monica is glaring at him) ...now I wish I was dead.

(Monica starts to fluff a pillow.)

Phoebe: She's already fluffed that pillow... Monica, you know, you've already fluffed that- (Monica glares at her.) -but, it's fine!

Monica: Look , I'm sorry, guys, I just don't wanna give them any more ammunition than they already have.

Chandler: Yes, and we all know how cruel a parent can be about the flatness of a child's pillow.

Phoebe: Monica- Hi! Um, Monica, you're scaring me. I mean, you're like, you're like all chaotic and twirly. And not-not in a good way.

Joey: Yeah, calm down. You don't see Ross getting all chaotic and twirly every time they come.

Monica: That's because as far as my parents are concerned, Ross can do no wrong. Y'see, he's the Prince. Apparently they had some big ceremony before I was born.

Chandler: (looking out the window) Ew, ew, ew, ew ew ew ew ew!

Monica: What?

Chandler: Ugly Naked Guy got a Thighmaster!

All: Eeaagh!

(Rachel enters from her room.)

Rachel: Has anybody seen my engagement ring?

Phoebe: Yeah, it's beautiful.

Rachel: Oh God, oh God, oh God oh God oh God oh God.... (Starts to look under the couch cushions.)

Phoebe: No, look, don't touch that!

Rachel: Oh, like I wasn't dreading tomorrow enough, having to give it back to him... 'Hi Barry! Remember me? I'm the girl in the veil who stomped on your heart in front of your entire family!' Oh God and now I'm gonna have to return the ring, without the ring, which makes it so much harder...

Monica: Easy Rach, we'll find it. (To all) Won't we!

Chandler and Joey:**** Oh! Yeah!

Joey: Alright, when'd'ya have it on last?

Phoebe: Doy! Probably right before she lost it!

Chandler: You don't get a lot of 'doy' these days...

Rachel: I know I had it this morning, and I know I had it when I was in the kitchen with...

Chandler: ...Dinah?

Rachel: (looks at the lasagne and realizes something) Ohhhhhh, don't be mad...

Monica: You didn't.

Rachel: Oh, I am sorry...

Monica: I gave you one job! (Starts to examine the lasagne through the bottom of the glass pan.)

Rachel: Oh, but look how straight those noodles are!

Chandler: Now, Monica, you know that's not how you look for an engagement ring in a lasagne...

Monica: (puts down the lasagne) I just... can't do it.

Chandler: Boys? We're going in.

(Chandler, Joey, and Phoebe start to pick through the lasagne as there's a knock on the door which Monica answers.)

Ross: (standing outside the door)....Hi.

Monica: Wow. That is not a happy hi.

Ross: Carol's pregnant.

Phoebe: (while everyone else is stunned) Ooh! I found it!

Monica: W-w-wh-... wha-... w-w-w-...

Ross: Yeah. Do that for another two hours, you might be where I am right about now. (He enters.)

Chandler: Kinda puts that whole pillow thing in perspective, huh, Mon?

Rachel: Well now, how-how do you fit into this whole thing?

Ross: Well, Carol says she and Susan want me to be involved, but if I'm not comfortable with it, I don't have to be involved.. basically it's entirely up to me.

Phoebe: She is so great! I miss her.

Monica: What does she mean by 'involved'?

Chandler: I mean presumably, the biggest part of your job is done.

Ross: Anyway, they want me to go down to this- sonogram thing with them tomorrow.

Rachel: So what are you gonna do?

Ross: I have no idea. No matter what I do, though, I'm still gonna be a father.

(Joey starts to eat the rest of the lasagne and everyone turns and stares at him.)

Joey:Well, this is still ruined, right?

[Scene, Monica and Rachel's, Monica and Ross are pouring wine for their parents.]

Mrs. Geller: Oh, Martha Ludwin's daughter is gonna call you. (Tastes a snack) Mmm! What's that curry taste?

Monica: Curry.

Mrs. Geller: Mmmm!

Ross: I- I think they're great! I, I really do.

Mr. Geller: (To Ross) Do you remember the Ludwins? The big one had a thing for you, didn't she?

Mrs. Geller: They all had a thing for him.

Ross: Aw, Mom...

Monica: I'm sorry, why is this girl going to call me?

Mrs. Geller: Oh, she just graduated, and she wants to be something in cooking, or food, or.... I don't know. Anyway, I told her you had a restaurant-

Monica: No Mom, I don't have a restaurant, I work in a restaurant.

Mrs. Geller: Well, they don't have to know that... (She starts to fluff the same pillow Monica fluffed multiple times earlier.)

Monica: Ross, could you come and help me with the spaghetti, please?

Ross: Yeah. (They go to the kitchen.)

Mrs. Geller: Oh, we're having spaghetti! That's.... easy.

Monica: I know this is going to sound unbelievably selfish, but, were you planning on bringing up the whole baby/lesbian thing? Because I think it might take some of the heat off me.

[Time Lapse, everyone is now eating.]

Mrs. Geller: What that Rachel did to her life.... We ran into her parents at the club, they were not playing very well.

Mr. Geller: I'm not gonna tell you what they spent on that wedding... but forty thousand dollars is a lot of money!

Mrs. Geller: Well, at least she had the chance to leave a man at the altar...

Monica: What's that supposed to mean?

Mrs. Geller: Nothing! It's an expression.

Monica: No it's not.

Mr. Geller: Don't listen to your mother. You're independent, and you always have been! Even when you were a kid... and you were chubby, and you had no friends, you were just fine! And you would read alone in your room, and your puzzles...

[Time Lapse.]

Mr. Geller: Look, there are people like Ross who need to shoot for the stars, with his museum, and his papers getting published. Other people are satisfied with staying where they are- I'm telling you, these are the people who never get cancer.

[Time Lapse.]

Mr. Geller: ...And I read about these women trying to have it all, and I thank God 'Our Little Harmonica' doesn't seem to have that problem.

Monica: (trying desperately to change the subject) So, Ross, what's going on with you? Any stories? (Digs her elbow into his hand.) No news, no little anecdotes to share with the folks?

Ross: (pulls his hand away) Okay! Okay. (To his parents) Look, I, uh- I realise you guys have been wondering what exactly happened between Carol and me, and, so, well, here's the deal. Carol's a lesbian. She's living with a woman named Susan. She's pregnant with my child, and she and Susan are going to raise the baby.

(Stunned silence ensues.)

Mrs. Geller: (To Monica) And you knew about this?!

Commercial Break

[Scene: Central Park, everyone's there.]

Joey: Your folks are really that bad, huh?

Ross: Well, y'know, these people are pros. They know what they're doing, they take their time, they get the job done.

Monica: Boy, I know they say you can't change your parents,... boy, if you could- (To Ross) -I'd want yours.

Ross: Must pee. (Goes to pee.)

Phoebe: Y'know, it's even worse when you're twins.

Rachel: You're twins?

Phoebe: Yeah. We don't speak. She's like this high-powered, driven career type.

Chandler: What does she do?

Phoebe: She's a waitress.

Rachel: All right, you guys, I kinda gotta clean up now. (They all start to leave.)

Monica: Chandler, you're an only child, right? You don't have any of this.

Chandler: Well, no, although I did have an imaginary friend, who... my parents actually preferred.

Rachel: The lights, please..

(Joey turns off the lights, and they all leave as Rachel starts to clean up. Ross enters from the bathroom.)

Ross: ...How long was I in there?

Rachel: I'm just cleaning up.

Ross: D'ya.. uh.. d'ya need any help?

Rachel: Uh.. okay, sure! Thanks! (She hands him the broom and sits down.)

Ross: Anyway.. um.. (Starts to sweep.) So, you- uh- you nervous about Barry tomorrow?

Rachel: Oh.. a little..

Ross: Mm-hmm..

Rachel: A lot.

Ross: Mm.

Rachel: So, got any advice? Y'know, as someone who's recently been- dumped?

Ross: Well, you may wanna steer clear of the word 'dumped'. Chances are he's gonna be this, this broken shell of a man, y'know, so you should try not to look too terrific, I know it'll be hard. Or, y'know, uh, hey!, I'll go down there, and I'll give Barry back his ring, and you can go with Carol and Susan to the OB/GYN...

Rachel: Oh, you've got Carol tomorrow.. When did it get so complicated?

Ross: Got me.

Rachel: Remember when we were in high school together?

Ross: Yeah.

Rachel: I mean, didn't you think you were just gonna meet someone, fall in love- and that'd be it? (Ross gazes at her.)
..Ross?

Ross: Yes, yes!

Rachel: Oh! Man, I never thought I'd be here.. (She leans back onto his hand.)

Ross: Me either... (He pulls up a stool so that he doesn't have to move his hand.)

[Scene: Carol's OB/GYN, Carol is waiting.]

Ross: (entering) Sorry I'm late, I was stuck at work. There was this big dinosaur.. thing.. anyway.

(Susan enters holding a drink.)

Susan: Hi.

Carol: Ross, you remember Susan.

Ross: How could I forget?

Susan: Ross.

Ross: (they shake hands) Hello, Susan. (To Carol) Good shake. Good shake. So, uh, we're just waiting for...?

Carol: Dr. Oberman.

Ross: ..Dr. Oberman. Okay. And is he-

Susan: She.

Ross: -she, of course, she- uh- familiar with our.. special situation?

Carol: Yes, and she's very supportive.

Ross: Okay, that's great. (Susan gives her drink to Carol.) No, I'm- Oh.

Carol: Thanks.

Ross: (picks up a surgical instrument and mimes a duck with it) Quack, quack..

Carol: Ross? That opens my cervix. (He drops it in horror.)

[Scene Barry's office, Barry is working on patient, Robbie, as Rachel enters.]

Rachel: Barry?

Barry: C'mon in.

Rachel: (hesitates) Are you sure?

Barry: Yeah! It's fine, it's fine. Robbie's gonna be here for hours.

Robbie: Huh?!

Barry: So, how ya doin'?

Rachel: I'm- uh- I'm okay... You look great!

Barry: Yeah, well..

Bernice: (over intercom) Dr. Farber, Jason Greenstein's gagging.

Barry: (answering the intercom) Be right there. (To Robbie and Rachel) Be back in a sec.

(As Barry exits Robbie stares at Rachel.)

Rachel: I dumped him.

Robbie: Okay.

[Scene: Carol's OB/GYN, they're talking about how this is going to work.]

Ross: So, um- so how's this, uh, how's this gonna work? Y'know, with us? Y'know, when, like, important decisions have to be made?

Carol: Give me a 'for instance'.

Ross: Well, uh, uh, I don't know, okay, okay, how about with the, uh, with the baby's name?

Carol: Marlon-

Ross: Marlon?!

Carol: -if it's a boy, Minnie if it's a girl.

Ross: ...As in Mouse?

Carol: As in my grandmother.

Ross: Still, you- you say Minnie, you hear Mouse. Um, how about, um.. how about Julia?

Carol: Julia..

Susan: We agreed on Minnie.

Ross: 'S'funny, um, uh, we agreed we'd spend the rest of our lives together. Things change, roll with the punches. I believe Julia's on the table..?

[Scene: Barry's office, Rachel is doing her makeup in the mirror on Barry's lamp as Barry enters.]

Barry: Sorry about that. So. What have you been up to?

Rachel: Oh, not much. I-I got a job.

Barry: Oh, that's great.

Rachel: Why are- why are you so tanned?

Barry: Oh, I, uh- I went to Aruba.

Rachel: Oh no. You went on our honeymoon alone?

Barry: No. I went with, uh.. Now, this may hurt.

Robbie: Me?!

Barry: No! (To Rachel) I went with Mindy.

Rachel: Mindy?! My maid of honour, Mindy?!

Barry: Yeah, well, uh, we're kind of a thing now.

Rachel: Oh! Well, um.. (Grabs his forehead) You've got plugs!

Barry: Careful! They haven't quite taken yet.

Rachel: And you've got lenses! But you hate sticking your finger in your eye!

Barry: Not for her. Listen, I really wanted to thank you.

Rachel: Okay..

Barry: See, about a month ago, I wanted to hurt you. More than I've ever wanted to hurt anyone in my life. And I'm an orthodontist.

Rachel: Wow.

Barry: You know, you were right? I mean, I thought we were happy. We weren't happy. But with Mindy, now I'm happy. Spit.

Rachel: What?

Robbie: Me. (Spits.)

Rachel: Anyway, um, (Gets the ring out of her purse.) I guess this belongs to you. And thank you for giving it to me.

Barry: Well, thank you for giving it back.

(Barry and Rachel look at each other.)

Robbie: Hello?!

[Scene: Carol's OB/GYN, they're still arguing about what to name the baby.]

Susan: Oh, please! What's wrong with Helen?

Ross: Helen Geller? I don't think so.

Carol: Hello? It's not gonna be Helen Geller.

Ross: Thank you!

Carol: No, I mean it's not Geller.

Ross: What, it's gonna be Helen Willick?

Carol: No, actually, um, we talked about Helen Willick-Bunch.

Ross: Well, wait a minute, wha- why is she in the title?

Susan: It's my baby too.

Ross: Oh, 's'funny, really? Um, I don't remember you making any sperm.

Susan: Yeah, and we all know what a challenge that is!

Carol: All right, you two, stop it!

Ross: No no no, she gets a credit, hey, I'm in there too.

Carol: Ross. You're not actually suggesting Helen Willick-Bunch-Geller? 'Cause I think that borders on child abuse.

Ross: Of course not, I'm... suggesting Geller-Willick-Bunch.

Susan: Oh, no, nonononono, you see what he's doing? He knows no-one's gonna say all those names, so they'll wind up calling her Geller, then he gets his way!

Ross: My way?! You-you think this is my way? Believe me, of all the ways I ever imagined this moment in my life being, this is not my way- y'know what? Uh, um, this is too hard. I'm not, I can't do-

Dr. Oberman: (entering) Knock knock!How are we today? Any nausea?

All: Yeah. Yeah. A little.

Dr. Oberman: Well, I was just wondering about the mother-to-be, but.. thanks for sharing. (To Carol) Uh, lie back..

Ross: You- uh- y'know what, I'm gonna go. I don't- I don't think I can be involved in this particular thing right now.

(He turns to go, but the sound of the sonogram catches his ear. He returns and stares at it.)

Ross: Oh my God.

Susan: Look at that.

Carol: I know.

Closing Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's apartment, everyone is watching the tape of the sonogram. Rachel is on the phone.]

Ross: Well? Isn't that amazing?

Joey: What are we supposed to be seeing here?

Chandler: I dunno, but.. I think it's about to attack the Enterprise.

Phoebe: You know, if you tilt your head to the left, and relax your eyes, it kinda looks like an old potato.

Ross: Then don't do that, alright?

Phoebe: Okay!

Ross: (walks over to where Monica is standing)Monica. Whaddya think?

Monica: (welling up) Mm-hmm.

Ross: Wh- are you welling up?

Monica: No.

Ross: You are, you're welling up.

Monica: Am not!

Ross: You're gonna be an aunt.

Monica: (pushes him and starts to cry) Oh shut up!

Rachel: (on phone) Hi, Mindy. Hi, it-it's Rachel. Yeah, I'm fine. I-I saw Barry today. Oh, yeah, yeah he-he told me. No, no, it's okay. I hope you two are very happy, I really do. Oh, oh, and Mind, y'know, if-if everything works out, and you guys end up getting married and having kids- and everything- I just hope they have his old hairline and your old nose. (Slams the phone down.) (To everyone) Okay, I know it was a cheap shot, but I feel so much better now.

End

The One With the Thumb

- Written by: Jeffrey Astrof & Mike Sikowitz.
 - Transcribed by: [guineapig](#)
-

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone but Phoebe is there.]

Phoebe: (entering) Hi guys!

All: Hey, Pheebs! Hi!

Ross: Hey. Oh, oh, how'd 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. Y'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, y'know, um, 'I think we should see other people' means 'Ha, ha, I already am'.

Rachel: And everybody knows this?

Joey: 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: What? Wh- hello? The Millners' farm in Connecticut? The Millners, they had this unbelievable farm, they had horses, and, and rabbits that he could chase and it was- it w-Oh my God, Chi Chi!

Opening Credits

[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: Thanks! Let's keep going.

Chandler: Okay. "So. Whaddya 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!

(Joey lets his wrist go limp.)

Chandler: Not so much!

Joey: Whoah!

Chandler: Hey!

Joey: Hey!

Chandler: Alright, now try taking a puff.

(Joey tries and visibly winces.)

Chandler: Alright.. 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.)

Chandler: 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: Y'miss it?

Chandler: Nah, not so much. Alright, now we smoke. (Takes a puff.) Oh.. my.. God. (He continues to smoke.)

[Scene, Central Perk, everyone except Phoebe and Rachel is there.]

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?

Rachel: (carrying a tray of drinks) Alright, don't tell me, don't tell me! (Starts handing them out.) Decaf cappucino for Joey.. Coffee black.. Late.. And an iced tea. I'm getting pretty good at this!

All: Yeah. Yeah, excellent.

Rachel: (leaving to serve others) Good for me!

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

Joey: Y'okay, Phoebe?

Phoebe: Yeah- no- I'm just- it's, I haven't worked- 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- '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'd- just- I'd never be able to enjoy it. It would be like this giant karmic debt.

Rachel: Chandler, what are you doing?

Monica: (pulling him up) Hey. Whaddya doing?

(Chandler tries to shrug nonchalantly but eventually he has to exhale a mouthful of smoke.)

All: Oh! Oh, God!

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, alright? Just think about what you went through the last time you quit.

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

All: Ohhh! 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: Alright. I'm gonna go change, I've got a date.

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

Monica: 'S'going pretty good, y'know? It's nice, and, 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.

[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. I mean, 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 realise the odds of that happening are a little slimmer if they never get to meet the guy..

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Chandler is smoking out on the balcony, Phoebe is absent.]

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, 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 five hundred dollars. 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 a thousand dollars, and a football phone!

Rachel: What bank is this?

(The intercom buzzes.)

Monica: Hey. It's him. (On the intercom) Who is it?

Alan: (on the intercom) It's Alan.

Joey: (shouting to Chandler) Chandler! He's here!

(Chandler comes in, dripping wet.)

Monica: (to all) Okay, please be good, *please*. Just 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, to all) Okay. Okay, let's let the Alan-bashing begin. Who's gonna take the first shot, hmm?

(Silence.)

Monica: C'mon!

Ross: ...I'll go. Let's start with the way he kept picking at- no, I'm sorry, I can't do this, can't do this. We loved him.

All: Loved him! Yeah! He's great!

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

All: Yeah!

Rachel: And did you notice...? (She spreads her thumb and index finger.)

The Guys: (reluctantly) Yeah.

Joey: Know what was great? The way 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? Nono, I th- I think this could be, y'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...

Commercial Break

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica is alone as 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 Hassidic jewellers a thing or two about softball..

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

Ross: What?

Monica: ..I dunno, a little too Alan?

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

Ross: Yeah, it's his, uh, innate Alan-ness that-that-that we adore.

Chandler: I personally could have a gallon of Alan.

[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: Did you pick out the vowels?

Phoebe: Yes. But I left in the Ys. 'Cause, y'know, "sometimes y". Uh, I also have something else for you. (She searches in her purse.)

Lizzie: Saltines?

Phoebe: No, but would you like a thousand dollars and a football phone?

Lizzie: What? (She opens the envelope Phoebe has given her.) Oh my God, there's really money in here.

Phoebe: I know.

Lizzie: Weird Girl, what are you doing?

Phoebe: No, I want you to have it. I don't want it.

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

Phoebe: Oh, that's fine, no.

Lizzie: Would you like my tin-foil hat?

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

Lizzie: Please, let me do something.

Phoebe: Okay, alright, 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. (To Phoebe) Sure you don't wanna pretzel?

Phoebe: No, I'm fine.

Lizzie: (leaves) See ya.

(Phoebe opens the can and reacts.)

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 hitch-hiker!

Chandler: Well, maybe it's a contest, y'know? Like, collect all five?

Phoebe: Does, um, anyone wanna see?

All: Nooo!

(Chandler lights a cigarette.)

All: Oh, hey, don't do that! Cut it out!

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? And 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?

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

Joey: 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, Pheeb, I think it's endearing.

Joey: Oh, (Imitating Ross) "you do, do you"?

(Monica laughs and snorts.)

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

Rachel: "Indeed there isn't"... I should really get back to work.

Phoebe: Yeah, 'cause otherwise someone might get what they actually ordered.

Rachel: Ohh-ho-hooohhh. The hair comes out, and the gloves come on.

(They degenerate into bickering and 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: Waitwait.. we talking about the coyotes here? All right, a cow got through!

Monica: Can you believe it? ...Y'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: Well, 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: Do you have any respect for your body?

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

Chandler: Hey, y'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 out to Chandler) 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 big- ..well, that's true... Gee, y'know, no-one- 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 thirty 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: (finishing changing Chandler's nicotine patch) There y'go.

Chandler: (deadpan) Ooh, I'm alive with pleasure now.

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

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

Ross: Hey, I might!

Phoebe: Sorry. ..Y'know, those stupid soda people gave me seven thousand dollars for the thumb.

All: You're kidding. Oh my God.

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: Even 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 *deja vu*...no, I'm not.

Monica: Alright, we have to talk.

Phoebe: There it is!

Monica: Okay. It's-it's about Alan. There's something that you should know. I mean, 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, nononono.. it's just.. 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 start to really care about someone, and I just- I- (starts chewing her hair)

Monica: Look, I- I could go on pretending-

Joey: Okay!

Monica: -but that wouldn't be fair to me, it wouldn't be fair to Alan- It wouldn't be fair to you!

Ross: Who-who wants fair? Y'know, I just want things back. Y'know, the way they were.

Monica: I'm sorry..

Chandler: (sarcastic) 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: (dubious) I understand.

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

Alan: Wow.

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

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

Monica: Relieved?

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

Closing Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, everyone is 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: Mmm.

Ross: So how'd it go?

Monica: Oh, y'know..

Phoebe: Did he mention us?

Monica: He said he's really gonna miss you guys. (dubious look)

Ross: You had a rough day, huh.. c'mere. (She sits down and Ross strokes her forehead.)

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

All: No no no!

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: (shouting as he leaves) If you never smoke again I'll give you seven thousand dollars!

Chandler: (returns) Yeah, alright.

End

The One With George Stephanopoulos

- Written by: Alexa Junge
 - Transcribed by: [guineapig](#)
-

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone is there except Joey.]

Monica: Alright. Phoebe?

Phoebe: Okay, okay. If I were omnipotent for a day, I would want, um, world peace, no more hunger, good things for the rain-forest...And bigger boobs!

Ross: Yeah, see.. you took mine. Chandler, what about you?

Chandler: Uh, if I were omnipotent for a day, I'd.. make myself omnipotent forever.

Rachel: See, there's always one guy. (Mocking) "If I had a wish, I'd wish for three more wishes." (Joey enters.)

All: Hey Joey. Hi. Hey, buddy.

Monica: Hey, Joey, what would you do if you were omnipotent?

Joey: Probably kill myself!

Monica: ..Excuse me?

Joey: Hey, if Little Joey's dead, then I got no reason to live!

Ross: Joey, uh- OMnipotent.

Joey: You *are*? Ross, I'm sorry..

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross and Monica are watching Phoebe sleep.]

Monica: How does she do that?

Ross: I cannot sleep in a public place.

Monica: Would you look at her? She is so peaceful.

Phoebe: (waking and startling them) Oh! What what what! ...Hi.

Ross: It's okay, y'know, you just nodded off again.

Monica: What's going on with you?

Phoebe: I got no sleep last night!

Ross: Why?

Phoebe: My grandmother has this new boyfriend, and they're both kind of insecure in bed. Oh, and deaf. So they're constantly, like, having to reassure each other that they're having a good time. You have no idea how loud they are!

Monica: Well, if you want, you can stay with Rachel and me tonight.

Phoebe: Thanks.

(Chandler and Joey enter. Joey is counting his steps.)

Joey: ...Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven. See, I told you! Less than a hundred steps from our place to here.

Chandler: You got waaaaay too much free time.

Joey: (to Ross) Hey! Here's the birthday boy! Ross, check it out: hockey tickets, Rangers-Penguins, tonight at the Garden, and we're taking you.

Chandler: Happy birthday, pal!

Joey: We love you, man. (Kisses Ross)

Ross: Funny, my birthday was seven months ago.

Joey: So?

Ross: So, I'm guessing you had an extra ticket and couldn't decide which one of you got to bring a date?

Chandler: Well, aren't we Mr. "The glass is half empty."

Ross: Oh my God, oh- is today the twentieth, October twentieth?

Monica: Oh, I was hoping you wouldn't remember.

Ross: Ohhh.

Joey: What's wrong with the twentieth?

Chandler: Eleven days before Halloween.. all the good costumes are gone?

Ross: Today's the day Carol and I first.. consummated our physical relationship. (Joey is puzzled.) Sex. ..You know what, I-I'd better pass on the game. I think I'm just gonna go home and think about my ex-wife and her lesbian lover.

Joey: The hell with hockey, let's all do that!

Chandler: (trying to stop Ross leaving) C'mon, Ross! You, me, Joey, ice, guys' night out, c'mon, whaddya say, big guy, (Pretending to punch him in the stomach.) Huh? Huh? Huh?

Ross: What are you doing?

Chandler: (stops) I have no idea.

Joey: C'mon, Ross!

Ross: Alright, alright, maybe it'll take my mind off it. Do you promise to buy me a big thumb finger?

Chandler: You got it.

(Rachel runs up clutching an envelope.)

Rachel: Look-look-look-look-look, my first pay check! Look at the window, there's my name! Hi, me!

Phoebe: I remember the day I got my first pay check. There was a cave in in one of the mines, and eight people were killed.

Monica: Wow, you worked in a mine?

Phoebe: I worked in a *Dairy Queen*, why?

Rachel: God, isn't this exciting? I earned this. I wiped tables for it, I steamed milk for it, and it was totally—(opens envelope)—not worth it. Who's FICA? Why's he getting all my money? I mean, what- Chandler, look at that.

Chandler: (looking) Oh, this is not that bad.

Joey: Oh, you're fine, yeah, for a first job.

Ross: You can totally, totally live on this.

Monica: Yeah, yeah.

Ross: Oh, by the way, great service tonight.

All: Oh! Yeah!

(They all get their wallets out and give generous tips.)

Guys: Hockey! (They go to leave but are blocked by three of Rachel's friends, Leslie, Kiki, and Joanne. The guys pause to stare at them.) Hockey! Hockey. (The guys.)

Leslie: (looking around) Rachel?

Rachel: Oh my God! (Rachel, Leslie, Kiki, and Joanne all scream and hug each other.)

Monica: (to Phoebe) I swear I've seen birds do this on *Wild Kingdom*.

Rachel: What are you guys doing here?

Kiki: Well, we were in the city shopping, and your mom said you work here, aaand it's true!

****Joanne:**** Look at you in the apron. You look like you're in a play.

Rachel: (to a pregnant Leslie) Look at you, you are so big I can't believe it!

Leslie: I know. I know! I'm a duplex.

Rachel: (to Joanne) So what's going on with you?

****Joanne:**** Well, guess who my dad's making partner in his firm? (She points to herself and they all scream again.)

Kiki: And while we're on the subject of news.. (She holds up here finger to show off her engagement ring and they all scream again.)

Phoebe: (to Monica) Look, look, I have elbows! (They scream.)

[Scene: A Street, Chandler and Joey are kicking a can to each other.]

Chandler: ...Poulet passes it up to Leetch! (Passes it to Joey.)

Joey: Leetch spots Messier in the crease- there's the pass! (He kicks it to Ross, but Ross is staring into a shop window.)

Chandler: We'll take a brief time out while Messier stops to look at some women's shoes.

Ross: Carol was wearing boots just like those the night that we- we first- y'know. Fact, she, uh- she never took'em off, 'cause we-we- (off Chandler's look) Sorry. Sorry.

(They walk on. Chandler and Joey start to talk but Ross stops and whines.)

Joey: What?

Ross: Peach pit.

Chandler: Yes, Bunny?

Ross: (points) Peach pit. That night we, uh- we had-

Joey: -Peaches?

Ross: Actually, nectarines, but basically...

Chandler: (to Joey) Could've been a peach.

Ross: Then, uh, then we got dressed, and I-I... I walked her to the- (looks up, realises, and points) -the bus stop... I'm fine.

Joey: Hey, that woman's got an ass like Carol's! (They turn to stare at him.) What? Thought we were trying to find stuff.

[Scene: Central Perk, Rachel, Leslie, Kiki, and Joanne are talking.]

Rachel: So c'mon, you guys, tell me all the dirt!

Kiki: Well, the biggest news is still you dumping Barry at the altar!

Joanne: Alright. Let's talk reality for a second.

Rachel: Okay.

Joanne: When are you coming home?

Rachel: What? Guys, I'm not.

Joanne: C'mon, this is us.

Rachel: I'm not! This is what I'm doing now. I've got this job-

Kiki: Waitressing?

Rachel: Okay, I'm not just waitressing. I'm.. I, um... I write the specials on the specials board, and, uh... and I, uh... I take the uh dead flowers out of the vase... Oh, and, um, sometimes Artelle lets me put the little chocolate bobbies on the cookies.

Leslie: Well. Your mom didn't tell us about the bobbies.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Phoebe and Monica are in pajamas and Monica is making something in the blender as Rachel enters.]

Monica: Hey, Rach. How was it with your friends? (She and Phoebe scream.) Okay! How would you like some Tiki Death Punch? (She pours the contents of the blender into some glasses.)

Rachel: What's that?

Monica: Weeeeell, it's rum, and-

Rachel: Okay. (Grabs the blender and starts to drink.)

Monica: We thought since Phoebe was staying over tonight we'd have kinda like a slumber party thing. We got some trashy magazines, we got cookie dough, we got *Twister*... (The phone rings and Monica answers it.)

Phoebe: Ooh! Ooh! And I brought *Operation*! But, um, I lost the tweezers, so we can't operate. But we can prep the guy!

Monica: Uh, Rach, it's the *Visa* card people.

Rachel: Oh, God, ask them what they want.

Monica: (on phone) Could you please tell me what this is in reference to? (Listens) Yes, hold on. (To Rachel) Um, they say there's been some unusual activity on your account.

Rachel: But I haven't used my card in weeks!

Monica: That is the unusual activity. Look, they just wanna see if you're okay.

Rachel: They wanna know if I'm okay. Okay.. they wanna know if I'm okay, okay, let's see. Well, let's see, the FICA guys took all my money, everyone I know is either getting married, or getting promoted, or getting pregnant, and I'm getting coffee! And it's not even for me! So if that sounds like I'm okay, okay, then you can tell them I'm okay, okay?

Monica: (pauses then on the phone) Uh- Rachel has left the building, can you call back?

Rachel: Alright, c'mon! (Miserably) Let's play *Twister*!

[Scene: *Madison Square Garden*, the guys are trying to find their seats.]

Ross: (squeezing past people) Sorry, sorry... Uh-oh.

Chandler: What? There was ice there that night with Carol? Plastic seats? Four thousand angry Pittsburgh fans?

Ross: No, actually I was just saying it looks like we're not sitting together. But now you mention it, there was ice there that night... It was the first frost...

Joey: C'mon, sit. Just sit down, sit.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, they're all hanging out in the living room.]

Monica: You should feel great about yourself! You're doing this amazing independence thing!

Rachel: Monica, what is so amazing? I gave up, like, everything. And for what?

Phoebe: You are just like Jack.

Rachel: ...Jack from downstairs?

Phoebe: No, Jack and the Beanstalk.

Monica: Ah, the other Jack.

Phoebe: Yeah, right! See, he gave up something, but then he got those magic beans. And then he woke up, and there was this, this big plant outside his window, full of possibilities and stuff.. And he lived in a village, and you live in the Village..

Rachel: Okay, but Pheebs, Pheebs, Jack gave up a cow, I gave up an orthodontist. Okay, I-I-I know, I know I didn't love him-

Phoebe: Oh, see, Jack did love the cow.

Rachel: But see, it was a plan. Y'know, it was clear. It was figured out, and now everything's just kinda like...

Phoebe: Floopy?

Rachel: Yeah.

Monica: So what, you're not the only one. I mean, half the time we don't know where we're going. You've just gotta figure at some point it's all gonna come together, and it's just gonna be... un-floopy.

Phoebe: Oh, like that's a word.

Rachel: Okay, but Monica, what if- what if it doesn't come together?

Monica: ...Pheebs?

Phoebe: Oh, well... 'cause.... you just... I don't like this question.

Rachel: Okay, see, see, you guys, what if we don't get magic beans? I mean, what if all we've got are.. beans?

[Scene: *Madison Square Garden*, the guys are watching the game.]

Ross: Get him! GET HIM! Get him! Get- YESSS! Not laughing now, are ya pal!

Chandler: (to Ross) See buddy, that's all you need, a bunch of toothless guys hitting each other with sticks.

Ross: Pass it! Pass it!

Chandler: He's open!

All: Shoot! Shoot! Shoot!

(The player shoots and the puck flies off the rink and hits Ross in the face. Chandler looks concerned until he notices...)

Chandler: Hey, look, we're on that TV thing!

(Chandler and Joey hold the puck and wave at the TV thing.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: An Emergency Room, Chandler and Joey are leading Ross in.]

Chandler: (to the receptionist)'Scuse me.

Receptionist: (holds up her hand—she is on the phone) It says to call this number if you're not completely satisfied with this candy bar. Well, I'm not completely satisfied.

Chandler: Listen, it's kind of an emergency. Well, I guess you know that, or we'd be in the predicament room. (The receptionist glares at him.)

Receptionist: (on phone) Hold on. (To Chandler) Fill these out, sit over there. (Tosses him some forms.)

Ross: (jumping to his feet) Look, I don't wanna make any trouble, okay, but I'm in a lot of pain here, alright? My face is dented.

Receptionist: Well, you'll have to wait your turn.

Joey: Well, how long do you think it'll be?

Receptionist: (sarcastic) Any minute now.

Ross: Hey, this- (she gives him a look and the guys back off) Heyy...

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the slumber party continues.]

Rachel: I'm so sorry, you guys. I didn't mean to bring you down.

Monica: No, you were right. I don't have a plan. (There's a knock on the door.)

Pizza Guy: (yelling from outside) Pizza guy!

Rachel: Thank God. Food. (She goes to answer the door.)

Monica: Phoebe?

Phoebe: What?

Monica: Do you have a plan?

Phoebe: I don't even have a 'pl'.

Pizza Guy: Hi, one, uh, mushroom, green pepper and onion?

Rachel: (miserably) No, no, that's not what we ordered... We ordered a fat-free crust with extra cheese.

Pizza Guy: Wait, you're not 'G.Stephopoulos?' Man, my dad's gonna kill me!

Monica: (leaping off of the couch and runs up) Wait! Did you say 'G.Stephopoulos?'

Pizza Guy: Yeah. This one goes across the street, I must have given him yours. Oh, bonehead, bonehead!

Monica: Wait, was this a-a small mediterranean guy with curiously intelligent good looks?

Pizza Guy: Yeah, that sounds about right.

Monica: Was he wearing a stunning blue suit?

Phoebe: And-and a power tie?

Pizza Guy: No, pretty much just a towel.

Monica: (staggered) Oh God.

Pizza Guy: So you guys want me to take this back?

Monica: Are you nuts?! We've got George Stephanopoulos' pizza! (Rachel pays him, Monica grabs some binoculars, and runs to the window.)

Rachel: Uh, Pheebz? Who's George Snuffalopagus?

Phoebe: Big Bird's friend.

Monica: I see pizza!

Phoebe: Oh, I wanna see! Lemme see! Lemme see! (She runs up and takes the binoculars.)

Rachel: Hello? Who are we spying on?

Monica: White House adviser? Clinton's campaign guy? The one with the great hair, sexy smile, really cute butt?

Rachel: Oh, him, the little guy? Oh, I love him!

Phoebe: Ooh, wait.. wait, I see a woman.

Monica: Please tell me it's his mother.

Phoebe: Definitely not his mother.

Monica: Oh, no...

Phoebe: Oh, wait, she's walking across the floor.. she's walking.. she's walking.. she's going for the pizza- (Yelling) Hey, that's not for you, bitch! (Phoebe covers her mouth with her hand walks away from the window.)

[Scene: The Emergency Room, Joey is miming hockey pucks kitting foreheads. Chandler realises it's getting tense and goes to the receptionist again.]

Chandler: Excuse me, look, we've been here for over an hour, and a lot of people less sick than my friend have gone in. I mean, that guy with the toe thing? Who's he sleeping with? (She slides the gladd panel over and Chandler talks through it in a loud voice.) Oh, c'mon Dora, don't be mad... I know we both said some things we didn't mean, but that doesn't mean we still don't love each other. (To the waiting room.) Y'know, I feel like I've lost her.. (She slides the panel back, he turns, and it takes him by surprise.) Ba-!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the girls are all out on the balcony.]

Monica: Light still out?

Rachel: Yeah.

Monica: Oh. Maybe they're- napping.

Rachel: Oh please, they're having sex.

Monica and Phoebe: Shut up!

Rachel: So, whaddya think George is like?

Monica: I think he's shy.

Phoebe: Yeah?

Monica: Yeah. I think you have to draw him out. And then- when you do- he's a preppy animal.

[Scene: The Emergency Room, Ross is still going on about his first night with Carol.]

Ross: I remember the moonlight coming through the window- and her face had the most incredible glow.

Chandler: Yes, the moon, the glow, the magical feeling, you did this part- Could I get some painkillers over here, please?

Joey: He's right, enough, already. What is the big deal about today? So you slept with her for the first time, so what? You slept with her for seven years after that.

Ross: Look, it's just a little more complicated...

Chandler: Well, what? What? What is it? That she left you? That she likes women? That she left you for another woman that likes women?

Ross: Little louder, okay, I think there's a man on the twelfth floor in a coma that didn't quite hear you...

Chandler: Then what?

Ross: My first time with Carol was... (He mumbles the last part)

Joey: What?

Ross: It was my first time.

Joey: With Carol? (Ross gives him a look.) Oh.

Chandler: So in your whole life, you've only been with one—(He gets a look too)—oh.

Joey: Whoah, boy, hockey was a big mistake! There was a whole bunch of stuff we could've done tonight!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the girls are still out on the balcony.]

Monica: Okay. Okay, I got one. Do you remember that vegetarian pate that I made that you loved so much?

Phoebe: Uh-huh.

Monica: Well, unless goose is a vegetable...ha haaaah!

Phoebe: Oh! Oh! Oh! Okay, fine, fine. Now I don't feel so bad about sleeping with Jason Hurley.

Monica: What?! You slept with Jason?

Phoebe: You'd already broken up.

Rachel: How long?

Phoebe: A couple hours.

Monica: Oh, that's nice!

Rachel: Okay, okay, okay, I got one! (She sits up and the cushion she was leaning against falls off of the balcony.) Anyway- The valentine Tommy Rollerson left in your locker was really from me.

Monica: Excuse me?!

Rachel: Hello? Like he was really gonna send you one? (To Phoebe) She was a big girl.

Monica: Really. Well, at least 'big girls' don't pee in their pants in seventh grade!

Rachel: I was laughing! You made me laugh! (Monica and Rachel start to squabble)

Phoebe: There he is! There he is!

Monica: Where?

Phoebe: Right- where we've been looking all night!

Rachel: He is so cute!

Monica: Oh, George, baby, drop the towel!

All: Yeah, drop it! Drop the towel! Please drop the—(pause)—wowwww.

[Scene: The Emergency Room, Ross is absent.]

Joey: Man. Can you believe he's only had sex with one woman?

Chandler: I think it's great. Y'know, it's sweet, it's romantic...

Joey: Really?

Chandler: No, you kidding? The guy's a freak.. (Ross enters off camera)

Both: Hey, buddy.

Ross: Hi. (He is wearing a piece of steel bandaged to his nose. He tosses some forms onto reception desk.)

Receptionist: (sarcastic) Oh, that's attractive.

Chandler: Oh, I thought you were great in *Silence of the Lambs*. Oh come on, admit it! All things considered, you had fun tonight.

Ross: Fun? Where was the fun? Tell me specifically, which part was the fun part? Where's my puck?

Joey: Oh, ah- the kid has it.

Ross: The kid...? (To the kid) Excuse me, uh, that's, that's my puck.

Kid: I found it. Finders keepers, losers weepers. (Ross looks at Chandler for help.)

Chandler: You gotta do it, man.

Ross: (to the kid) Oh yeah? Well, I'm rubber, you're glue, whatever—(to Chandler)—can't do it. (to the kid) Listen, uh-gimme back my puck.

Kid: No.

Ross: 'Yes', how about. C'mere. Gimme!

Kid: No! No! (They start to fight over it.)

Receptionist: Hey! Hey! No rough holding in my ER!

Ross: (tries to snatch it from the kid) GIVE ME MY PUCK!! (but it flies out of his grasp and knocks out the receptionist)

Ross: ...Now that was fun.

Closing Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Joey and the girls are playing twister.]

Ross: (Doing the spinning) Okay, Monica: Right foot red.

Monica: Could've played *Monopoly*, but nooooo.

(There's a knock on the door, Chandler opens it, and silently hands back the cushion.)

Chandler: Thanks. (The guy nods and leaves)

Ross: Okay, Pheebs: Right hand blue. (Phoebe has to bend over.) Good. (Joey stares at her butt appreciatively)

(The phone rings and Chandler answers it.)

Chandler: Hello? Oh, uh, Rachel, it's the *Visa* card people.

Rachel: Oh, okay. Will you take my place?

Chandler: Alright. (on phone) Yes, this is Rachel.

Rachel: Nooo! (She grabs the phone and Chandler takes her place on the mat.) (On phone) Hello? (Listens) Oh, yeah, no, I know, I-I haven't been using it much. (Listens) Oh, well, thanks, but, I'm okay, really.

Ross: Green. To the green.

Rachel: (on phone) I've got magic beans. (Listens) Never-never mind.

Chandler: To the left, to the left- aww! (They all collapse)

Rachel: (on phone) Ohhh... I'm fine.

End

The One With the East German Laundry Detergent

- Written by: Jeff Greenstein & Jeff Strauss
 - Transcribed by: [Mindy Mattingly Phillips](#)
 - With Minor Adjustments by: Dan Silverstein
-

[Scene: Central Perk, all six are there.]

Monica: Would you let it go? It's not that big a deal.

Ross: Not that big a deal? It's amazing. Ok, you just reach in there, there's one little maneuver, and bam, a bra right out the sleeve. All right, as far as I'm concerned, there is nothing a guy can do that even comes close. Am I right?

Rachel: Come on! You guys can pee standing up.

Chandler: We can? All right, I'm tryin' that.

Joey: Ok, you know what blows my mind? Women can see breasts any time they want. You just look down and there they are. How you get any work done is beyond me.

Phoebe: Oh, ok, you know what I don't get? The way guys can do so many mean things, and then not even care.

(Long pause.)

Ross: Multiple orgasms!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, all are there.]

Chandler: So, Saturday night, the big night, date night, Saturday night, Sat-ur-day night!

Joey: No plans, huh?

Chandler: Not a one.

Ross: Not even, say, breaking up with Janice?

Chandler: Oh, right, right, shut up.

Monica: Chandler, nobody likes breaking up with someone. You just gotta do it.

Chandler: No, I know, but it's just so hard, you know? I mean, you're sitting there with her, she has no idea what's happening, and then you finally get up the courage to do it, and there's the horrible awkward moment when you've handed her the note.

Joey: Why do you have to break up with her? Be a man, just stop calling.

Phoebe: You know, if you want, I'll do it with you.

Chandler: Oh, thanks, but I think she'd feel like we're gangin' up on her.

Phoebe: No, I mean you break up with Janice and I'll break up with Tony.

Ross: Tony?

Monica: Oh, you're breaking up with Tony?

Phoebe: Yeah, I know, he's sweet, but it's just not fun anymore, you know? I don't know if it's me, or his hunger strike, or, I don't know.

Rachel: (waitressing) Does anybody want anything else?

Ross: Oh, yeah, last week you had a wonderful, nutty, chocolatey kind of a cakey pie thing. (Rachel gives him a dirty look) Nothing, just, just, I'm fine.

Phoebe: (to Rachel) What's the matter? Why so scrunchy?

Rachel: It's my father. He wants to give me a Mercedes convertible.

Ross: That guy, he burns me up.

Rachel: Yeah, well, it's a Mercedes if I move back home. Oh, it was horrible. He called me *young lady*.

Chandler: Ooh, I hate when my father calls me that.

Monica: Did he give you that whole "You're-not-up-to-this" thing again?

Rachel: Oh, yeah, yeah. Actually, I got the extended disco version, with three choruses of "You'll never make it on your own".

Phoebe: (rhythmically) Uh-huh, uh-huh.

(Angela, a beautiful woman in a tight dress, enters.)

Angela: Hi, Joey.

Joey: My god, Angela.

(Angela takes a seat at the counter.)

Monica: Wow, being dumped by you obviously agrees with her.

Phoebe: Are you gonna go over there?

Joey: No, yeah, no, ok, but not yet. I don't wanna seem too eager. One Mississippi, two Mississippi, three Mississippi. That seems pretty cool. (he walks over to her) Hey, Angela.

Angela: (casually) Joey.

Joey: You look good.

Angela: That's because I'm wearing a dress that accents my boobs.

Joey: You don't say.

(Cut to Ross and Rachel, talking next to one of the tables.)

Ross: So, uh, Rachel, what are you, uh, what're you doing tonight?

Rachel: Oh, big glamour night. Me and Monica at Laundorama.

Ross: Oh, you uh, you wanna hear a freaky coincidence? Guess who's doing laundry there too?

Rachel: Who?

Ross: Me. Was that not clear? Hey, why don't, um, why don't I just join you both, here?

Rachel: Don't you have a laundry room in your building?

Ross: Yes, I do have a laundry room in my building, um, but there's a.... rat problem. Apparently they're attracted to the dryer sheets, and they're goin' in fine, but they're comin' out all.... fluffy. Anyway, say, sevenish?

Rachel: Sure.

(Cut back to Joey and Angela at the counter.)

Angela: Forget it Joey. I'm with Bob now.

Joey: Bob? Who the hell's Bob?

Angela: Bob is great. He's smart, he's sophisticated, and he has a real job. You, you go on three auditions a month and you call yourself an actor, but Bob...

Joey: Come on, we were great together. And not just at the fun stuff, but like, talking too.

Angela: Yeah, well, sorry, Joe. You said let's just be friends, so guess what?

Joey: What?

Angela: We're just friends.

Joey: Fine, fine, so, why don't the four of us go out and have dinner together tonight? You know, as friends?

Angela: What four of us?

Joey: You know, you and Bob, and me and my girlfriend, uh, uh, Monica.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's apartment, Joey is there, trying to convince Monica to pose as his girlfriend. His plan is to hook Monica up with Angela's boyfriend Bob and then take Angela back for himself.]

Joey: Monica, I'm tellin' you, this guy is perfect for you.

Monica: Forget it. Not after your cousin who could belch the alphabet.

Joey: Come on. This guy's great. His name's Bob. He's Angela's... brother. He's smart, he's sophisticated, and he has a real job. Me, I go on three auditions a month and call myself an actor, but Bob is...

Monica: (looking out window) Oh, god help us.

Joey: What?

Monica: Ugly Naked Guy's laying kitchen tile. Eww!

Joey: Eww! Look, I'm asking a favor here. If I do this for her brother, maybe Angela will come back to me.

Monica: What's going on here? You go out with tons of girls.

Joey: (proud) I know, but, I made a huge mistake. I never should have broken up with her. Will you help me? Please?

[Scene: Ross' apartment, Chandler is over.]

Ross: (on phone) Ok, bye. (hangs up) Well, Monica's not coming, it's just gonna be me and Rachel.

Chandler: Oh. Well, hold on camper, are you sure you've thought this thing through?

Ross: It's laundry. The thinking through is minimal.

Chandler: It's just you and Rachel, just the two of you? This is a date. You're going on a date.

Ross: Nuh-uh.

Chandler: Yuh-huh.

Ross: So what're you saying here? I should shave again, pick up some wine, what?

Chandler: Well, you may wanna rethink the dirty underwear. This is basically the first time she's gonna see your underwear—you want it to be dirty?

Ross: (sheepish) No.

Chandler: Oh, and uh, the fabric softener?

Ross: Ok, ok, now what is wrong with my *Snuggles*? What, it says I'm a sensitive, warm kinda guy, you know, like a warm, fuzzy bear. Ok, I can pick something else up on the way.

Chandler: There you go.

[Scene: A fancy restaurant, Joey and Monica are there, meeting Angela and Bob, who Monica thinks is Angela's brother.]

Monica: Thank you. So what does this Bob guy look like? Is he tall? Short?

Joey: Yep.

Monica: Which?

Joey: Which what?

Monica: You've never met Bob, have you?

Joey: No, but he's...

Monica: Oh my god, Joey, for all we know this guy could be horribly...

(Angela and Bob walk in. Bob is good-looking.)

Angela: Hey, Joey.

Monica: ...horribly attractive. I'll be shutting up now.

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler and Phoebe are there, both ready to break up with their significant others.]

Chandler: Where are they? Where are they?

Phoebe: This is nice. We never do anything just the two of us.

Chandler: It's great. Maybe tomorrow we can rent a car and run over some puppies.

Phoebe: Eww, I don't wanna do that.

(Janice and Phoebe's boyfriend, Tony, walk in.)

Chandler: Here we go.

Phoebe: Ok, have a good break-up.

Chandler: Hey, Janice.

Janice: Oh, my god, I am so glad you called me. I had the most supremely awful day.

Chandler: Hey, that's not good. Can I get an espresso and a latte over here, please?

Janice: We got the proofs back from that photo shoot, you know, the one with the little vegetables. Anyway, they pretty much sucked, so, I blew off the rest of the day, and I went shopping...(looks through her bags)... and I got you, I'm looking, I'm looking, I'm looking, I got you...

(Chandler sees Phoebe breaking up with Tony. She talks to him for a few seconds, hugs him, and then he leaves.

Chandler is amazed how easy it was for her.)

Chandler: What?

Janice: What?

Chandler: (covering) What... did you get me there?

Janice: I got you...these. (pulls out a pair of socks)

Chandler: Bullwinkle socks. That's so sweet.

Janice: Well, I knew you had the Rockys, and so I figured, you know, you can wear Bullwinkle and Bullwinkle, or you can wear Rocky and Rocky, or, you can mix and match, moose and squirrel. Whatever you want.

Chandler: That's great.

(The drinks arrive, and Chandler downs his espresso in one gulp.)

Chandler: Well, I'm gonna get another espresso. Can I get you another latte?

Janice: (holding the full cup) No, no, I'm still working on mine.

(Chandler walks over to the counter where Phoebe is, and is asking her about the break-up.)

Chandler: That's it?

Phoebe: Yeah, it was really hard.

Chandler: Oh, yeah, that hug looked pretty brutal.

Phoebe: Ok, you weren't there.

[Scene: The Launderama, Rachel is there, waiting for Ross. An old woman takes Rachel's clothes off the machine and begins loading it with her things.]

Woman: Comin' through. Move, move.

Rachel: Oh, 'scuse me. I was kinda using that machine.

Woman: Yeah, well, now you're kinda not.

Rachel: But I saved it. I put my basket on top.

Woman: Oh, I'm sorry, is that your basket? It's really pretty. Unfortunately, I don't see suds.

Rachel: What?

Woman: No suds, no save. Ok?

(Ross arrives.)

Ross: What's goin' on?

Rachel: Hi, uh, nothing. That horrible woman just took my machine.

Ross: Was your basket on top?

Rachel: Yeah, but, there were no suds.

Ross: So?

Rachel: Well, you know, no suds, no save.

Ross: No suds? Excuse me, hold on a second. (to woman) That's my friend's machine.

Woman: Hey, hey, hey, her stuff wasn't in it.

Ross: Hey, hey, hey, that's not the rule and you know it.

(The woman and Ross stare at each other. Finally she takes her stuff out of the machine and leaves.)

Ross: (to the crowd in the laundromat) All right, show's over. Nothing to see here. (to Rachel) Ok, let's do laundry.

Rachel: That was amazing. I can't even send back soup.

Ross: Well, that's because you're such a sweet, gentle, uh...Do you, uh, do you...Oh, hey, uh you must need detergent.

(Ross pulls out a huge box of laundry detergent.)

Rachel: What's that?

Ross: *Überveiss*. It's new, it's German, it's extra-tough.

(Rachel starts to load her clothes.)

Ross: Rach, do you uh, are you gonna separate those?

Rachel: Oh god. Oh, am I being like a total laundry spaz? I mean, am I supposed to use like one machine for shirts and another machine for pants?

Ross: Rach, have you never done this before?

Rachel: Well, not myself, but I know other people that have. Ok, you caught me. I'm a laundry virgin.

Ross: Uh, well, don't worry, I'll use the gentle cycle. Ok, um, basically you wanna use one machine for all your whites, a whole nother machine for colors, and a third for your uh, your uh, delicates, and that would be your bras and your under-panty things.

Rachel: (holds a pair of panties in front of Ross) Ok, Well, what about these are white cotton panties. Would they go with whites or delicates?

Ross: (visibly nervous) Uh, that, that, that would be a judgment call.

[Scene: Fancy restaurant, Monica, Joey, Angela, and Bob are seated at the table.]

Monica: (to Joey) He is so cute. (to Angela and Bob) So, where did you guys grow up?

Angela: Brooklyn Heights.

Bob: Cleveland.

Monica: How, how did that happen?

Joey: Oh my god.

Monica: What?

Joey: I suddenly had the feeling that I was falling. But I'm not.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Fancy restaurant, Joey and Bob are talking.]

Joey: So, you and Angela, huh?

Bob: Yep. Pretty much.

Joey: You're a lucky man. You know what I miss the most about her? That cute nibbly noise when she eats. Like a happy little squirrel, or a weasel.

Bob: Huh, I never really noticed.

Joey: Oh, yeah, yeah, listen for it.

Bob: Monica, Monica is great.

Joey: Yeah, but it's not gonna last. She's too much for me in bed. Sexually.

[Scene: The ladies' bathroom at the restaurant, Monica and Angela are talking.]

Monica: I've gotta tell you, Bob is terrific.

Angela: Yeah, isn't he?

Monica: It is so great to meet a guy who is smart and funny, and has an emotional age beyond, like eight.

Angela: You know what else? He's unbelievable in bed.

Monica: Wow. My brother never even told me when he lost his virginity.

Angela: Huh. That's nice.

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe is coaching Chandler on how to break up with Janice.]

Phoebe: Ok, you can do this. It's just like pulling off a Band-aid. Just do it really fast, and then the wound is exposed.

(Chandler walks back to couch, where Janice is.)

Chandler: Janice. Hi, Janice. Ok, here we go. I don't think we should go out anymore. Janice.

Janice: All right. Well, there you go. (she gets extremely wound up, and begins to try and calm herself down) Stop it, stop it, stop it.

[Scene: The laundromat.]

Rachel: Ok, I know this is gonna sound really stupid, but I feel that if I can do this, you know, if I can actually do my own laundry, there isn't anything I can't do.

Ross: That does not sound stupid to me. You know, it's like the first time I had to make dinner for myself, after Carol left me? (the buzzer on the washer goes off) I'm sorry, that's all the time we have. Next on Ross...(opens up the washer) Uh-oh.

Rachel: What uh-oh?

Ross: (not wanting to tell her) Uh-oh, uh-oh, the laundry's done. It's, uh, it's a song. The laundry song that we sing. (singing) Uh-oh the laundry's done, uh-oh, uh-oh.

Rachel: Ross, what's the matter?

Ross: Nothing, nothing. Lee-lo, the laundry's done.

Rachel: Come on, show me.

Ross: All right, all right, it's just that you left a red sock in with all your whites, and now, everything's kinda pink.

Rachel: Oh, everything's pink.

Ross: Yeah, uh, except for the red sock, which is still red. I'm sorry, please don't be upset, it could happen to anyone.

Rachel: Except it didn't. It happened to me. Oh, god, I'm gonna look like a big marshmallow peep. What am I doing? What am I doing? My father's right. I can't live on my own! I can't even do laundry!

(The woman who had tried to steal the washing machine walks by, and laughs.)

[Scene: The fancy restaurant, Angela has her hand in Bob's shirt, and Monica is very uncomfortable.]

Monica: Something went wrong with Underdog, and they couldn't get his head to inflate. So anyway, um, his head is like flopping down Broadway, right, and I'm just thinking... how inappropriate this is. Um, I've got something in my eye, uh, Joey, could we check it in the light, please?

(Her and Joey walk away from the table.)

Monica: Oh my god.

Joey: What?

Monica: Hello! Were we at the same table? It's like... cocktails in Appalachia.

Joey: Come on, they're close.

Monica: Close? She's got her tongue in his ear.

Joey: Oh, like you've never gotten a little rambunctious with Ross.

Monica: Joey, this is sick, it's disgusting, it's, it's—not really true, is it?

Joey: Well, who's to say what's true? I mean...

Monica: Oh my god, what were you thinking?

Joey: All right, look, I'm not proud of this, ok? Well, maybe I am a little.

Monica: (hits him lightly) Oh!

Joey: Ow!

Monica: (leaving) I'm outta here.

Joey: Wait, wait, wait. You want him, I want her. He likes you.

Monica: Really?

Joey: Yeah. I'm thinking, if we put our heads together, between the two of us, we can break them up.

[Time lapse, Monica accidentally spilled her drink on Bob's shirt and is wiping it off. Joey is making eyes at Angela.]

Monica: I'm so sorry, I can't believe I did this, but I couldn't stop laughing at your Norman Mailer story.

(Angela is eating chicken wings and making the weasel-like noise Joey had told Bob about.)

Joey: Uh, waiter, one more plate of chicken wings over here.

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler is still trying to ease things over with Janice, and there are about a dozen empty Espresso cups in front of him. He is extremely wired.]

Chandler: Here's the thing, Janice. You know, I mean, it's like we're different. I'm like the bing, bing, bing. You're like the boom, boom, (Chandler flails his hand out and hits Janice in the eye)... boom.

Janice: Ow!

Chandler: Oh, my god, I'm so sorry. Are you ok?

Janice: Ow. Um, it's just my lens. It's just my lens. I'll be right back.

(She leaves.)

Chandler: (to Phoebe) I hit her in the eye! I hit her in the eye! This is the worst break-up in the history of the world.

Phoebe: Oh my god. (Chandler downs another espresso.) How many of those have you had?

Chandler: Oh, I don't know, a million?

Phoebe: Chandler, easy, easy. Go to your happy place. La la la la la la.

Chandler: I'm fine.

Phoebe: All right.

(Janice returns from the bathroom.)

Chandler: I'm not fine. Here she comes.

Phoebe: Wait here. Breathe.

(Phoebe goes over to speak to Janice. She talks to her for a few seconds, and then Janice immediately smiles, hugs her, waves to Chandler, and leaves.)

Chandler: How do you do that?

Phoebe: It's like a gift.

Chandler: We should always always break up together.

Phoebe: Oh, I'd like that.

[Scene: The Launderama. Rachel is sorting her now-pink clothes.]

Ross: You got the clothes clean. Now that's the important part.

Rachel: Oh, I guess. Except everything looks like jammies now.

(The same woman walks over and takes Rachel's laundry cart.)

Rachel: Whoa, I'm sorry. Excuse me. We had this cart.

Woman: Yeah, well, I had a 24-inch waist. You lose things. Now come on, get outta my way.

(Rachel looks at Ross, who motions to her to get the cart back.)

Rachel: I'm sorry, you know, maybe I wasn't being clear. Uh, this is our cart.

Woman: Hey, hey, hey there aren't any clothes in it.

Rachel: Hey, hey, hey, hey, quit making up rules!

Woman: Let go!

(They struggle for the cart. Finally, Rachel climbs inside of it.)

Rachel: All right, listen, missy. If you want this cart, you're gonna have to take me with it!

(She thinks it over, and then walks away.)

Rachel: (to Ross) Yes! Did you see that?

Ross: You were incredible! Brand new woman, ladies and gentlemen.

Rachel: I could not have done this without you.

(Rachel stands up and kisses Ross. He is stunned. A moment of silence follows.)

Ross: Ok, um, uh, more clothes in the dryer? (Ross turns and bangs his head on an open dryer door.) I'm fine, I'm fine.

Rachel: Are you sure?

Ross: No.

Closing Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross, Rachel, and Phoebe are there. Ross has an icepack to his head.]

Rachel: Oh, are you sure you're ok?

Ross: Yeah.

Rachel: Does it still hurt?

Ross: Yeah.

Phoebe: (seeing Rachel's clothes) What a neat idea. All your clothes match. I'm gonna do this.

(Monica and Joey enter.)

Monica: Hi.

Phoebe: Hey, how'd it go?

Joey: Excellent.

Monica: We ripped that couple apart, and kept the pieces for ourselves.

Ross: What a beautiful story. Hey, I'm fine by the way.

Monica: (notices his head) Oh, I'm sorry.

Rachel: Where's Chandler?

Phoebe: Oh, he needed some time to grieve.

(Chandler runs by the window outside, joyous.)

Chandler: I'm free! I'm free!

Phoebe: That oughta do it.

End

The One With the Butt

- Written by: Adam Chase & Ira Ungerleider
 - Transcribed by: [guineapig](#)
-

[Scene: A Theater, the gang is in the audience waiting for a play of Joey's to start.]

Rachel: (reading the program) Ooh! Look! Look! Look! Look, there's Joey's picture! This is so exciting!

Chandler: You can always spot someone who's never seen one of his plays before. Notice, no fear, no sense of impending doom...

Phoebe: The exclamation point in the title scares me. (Gesturing) Y'know, it's not just *Freud*, it's *Freud!*

(The lights dim.)

Ross: Oh, shhh, shh. Magic is about to happen.

(The lights go up on the stage, Joey, as Freud, is talking to a female patient.)

Joey: Vell, Eva, ve've done some excellent vork here, and I vould have to say, your pwoblem is qviiite clear. (He goes into a song and dance number.)

*All you want is a dingle,
What you envy's a schwang,
A thing through which you can tinkle,
Or play with, or simply let hang...*

Opening Credits

[Scene: The Theater, the play has ended and everyone is applauding. As soon as the cast leaves, the gang all groan and sit down heavily.]

Rachel: God. I feel violated.

Monica: Did anybody else feel they just wanted to peel the skin off their body, to have something else to do?

Chandler: (staring at a woman across the room) Ross, ten o'clock.

Ross: Is it? Feels like two.

Chandler: No, ten o'clock.

Ross: What?

Chandler: (sighs and gestures to explain) There's a beautiful woman at eight, nine, ten o'clock!

Ross: Oh. Hel-lo!

Chandler: She's amazing! She makes the women that I dream about look like short, fat, bald men!

Monica: Well, go over to her! She's not with anyone.

Chandler: Oh yeah, and what would my opening line be? 'Excuse me. Blarrglarrghh.'

Rachel: Oh, c'mon. She's a person, you can do it!

Chandler: Oh please, could she be more out of my league? Ross, back me up here.

Ross: He could never get a woman like that in a million years.

Chandler: Thank you, buddy.

Phoebe: Oh, oh, but y'know, you always see these really beautiful women with these really nothing guys, you could be one of those guys.

Monica: You could do that!

Chandler: Y'think?

All: Yeah!

Chandler: Oh God, I can't believe I'm even considering this... I'm very very aware of my tongue...

Ross: C'mon! C'mon!

Chandler: Here goes. (He walks over to her but just stands there.)

Aurora: ...Yes?

Chandler: Hi.... um... okay, next word... would be... Chandler! Chandler is my name, and, uh...(He clears his throat noisily)...hi.

Aurora: Yes, you said that.

Chandler: Yes, yes I did, but what I didn't say was what I was about to say, what I wanted to say was, uh... would you like to go out with me sometime, thankyou, goodnight. (He walks back to the others but she calls him back.)

Aurora: Chandler?

(Joey enters from behind a curtain. The others all talk at once.)

All: Hey! You're in a play! I didn't know you could dance! You had a beard!

Joey: Whadja think?

(Pause)

All: ...Hey! You're in a play! I didn't know you could dance! You had a beard!

Joey: C'mon, you guys, it wasn't that bad. It was better than that thing I did with the trolls, at least you got to see my head.

All: (admitting) Saw your head. Saw your head.

Chandler: (running back) She said yes!! She said yes!! (To Joey) Awful play, man. Whoah. (To All) Her name's Aurora, and she's Italian, and she pronounces my name 'Chand-lrr'. 'Chand-lrr'. I think I like it better that way. (To Joey) Oh, listen, the usher gave me this to give to you. (He fishes a card out of his pocket.)

Rachel: What is it?

Joey: The Estelle Leonard Talent Agency. Wow, an agency left me its card! Maybe they wanna sign me!

Phoebe: Based on *this play*? ...Based on this play!

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone else is there as Chandler enters.]

Chandler: Hey, kids.

All: Hey.

Phoebe: (reading Monica's palm) No, 'cause this line is passion, and this is... just a line.

Chandler: Well, I can't believe I've been here almost seven seconds and you haven't asked me how my date went.

Monica: Oh, right, right. How was your date, 'Chand-Irr'?

Chandler: It was unbelievable. I-I've never met anyone like her. She's had the most amazing life! She was in the Israeli army...

(A flashback of Aurora and Chandler on their date in Central Perk is denoted by italics.)

Aurora: ...Luckily none of the bullets hit the engine block. So, we made it to the border, but just barely, and I- ...I've been talking about myself all night long, I'm sorry. What about you? Tell me one of your stories.

—

Chandler: Alright. Once I got on the subway, right, and it was at night, and I rode it all the way to Brooklyn... just for the hell of it.

—

Chandler: We talked 'til like two. It was this perfect evening... more or less.

Aurora: ...All of a sudden we realised we were in Yammon.

—

Chandler: Oh, I'm sorry, so 'we' is?

Aurora: 'We' would be me and Rick.

—

Joey: Who's Rick?

Chandler: Who's Rick?

—

Aurora: My husband.

—

All: Oooooohhh.

Chandler: Oh, so you're divorced?

—

Aurora: No.

Chandler: Oh, I'm sorry, then you're widowed?...Hopefully?

Aurora: No, I'm still married.

Chandler: So tell me, how do- how do you think your husband would feel about you sitting here with me?...Sliding your foot so far up my pant leg you can count the change in my pocket?

Aurora: Don't worry. I imagine he'd be okay with you because really, he's okay with Ethan.

Chandler: Ethan? There's, there's an Ethan?

Aurora: Mmmm... Ethan is my... boyfriend.

—

All: What?!

Chandler: So explain something to me here, uh, what kind of a relationship do you imagine us having if you already have a husband and a boyfriend?

—

Aurora: I suppose mainly sexual.

Chandler: ...Hm.

—

Monica: Oh. I'm sorry it didn't work out.

Chandler: What 'not work out'? I'm seeing her again on Thursday. Didn't you listen to the story?

Monica: Didn't you listen to the story? I mean, this is twisted! How could you get involved with a woman like this?

Chandler: Well, y'know, I had some trouble with it at first too, but the way I look at it is, I get all the good stuff: all the fun, all the talking, all the sex; and none of the responsibility. I mean, this is every guy's fantasy!

Phoebe: Oh, yeah. That is not true. Ross, is this your fantasy?

Ross: No, of course not! (Thinks) ...Yeah, yeah, it is.

Monica: What? So you guys don't mind going out with someone else who's going out with someone else?

Joey: I couldn't do it.

Monica: Good for you, Joey.

Joey: When I'm with a woman, I need to *know* that I'm going out with more people than she is.

Ross: Well, y'know, monogamy can be a, uh, tricky concept. I mean, anthropologically speaking-

(They all pretend to fall asleep.)

Ross: Fine. Fine, alright, now you'll never know.

Monica: We're kidding. C'mon, tell us!

All: Yeah! C'mon!

Ross: Alright. There's a theory, put forth by Richard Leakey-

(They all fall asleep again.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel is there as enter except Joey enter.]

Rachel: Tah-daaah!

Chandler: Are we greeting each other this way now? 'Cause I like that.

Rachel: Look! I cleaned! I did the windows, I did the floors... I even used all the attachments on the vacuum, except that little round one with the bristles, I don't know what that's for.

Ross: Oh yeah, nobody knows. And we're not supposed to ask.

Rachel: Well, whaddya think?

All: Very clean! It looks great! Terrific!

Monica: ...Oh! I-I see you moved the green ottoman.

All: Uh-oh...

Monica: How-how did that happen?

Rachel: I dunno.. I-I thought it looked better there. And I- and also, it's an extra seat around the coffee table.

Monica: Yeah, yeah, it's interesting.. but y'know what? Just for fun, let's see what it looked like in the old spot. (She moves it.) Alright, just to compare. Let's see. Well, it looks good there too. Let's just leave it there for a while.

Phoebe: (to Rachel) I can't believe you tried to move the green ottoman.

Chandler: Thank God you didn't try to fan out the magazines. I mean, she'll scratch your eyes right out.

Monica: You guys, I am not that bad!

Phoebe: Yeah, you are, Monica. Remember when I lived with you? You were like, a little, y'know, (psycho) Ree! Ree! Ree! Ree!

Monica: That is so unfair!

Ross: Oh c'mon! When we were kids, yours was the only Raggedy Ann doll that wasn't raggedy!

Monica: Okay, so I'm responsible, I'm organised. But hey, I can be a kook.

Ross: Alright, you madcap gal. Try to imagine this. The phone bill arrives, but you don't pay it right away.

Monica: Why not?

Ross: Because you're a kook! Instead you wait until they send you a notice.

Monica: I could do that.

Rachel: Okay, uh, you let me go grocery shopping, and I buy laundry detergent, but it's not the one with the easy-pour spout.

Monica: Why would someone do that?! ...One might wonder.

Chandler: Someone's left a glass on the coffee table. There's no coaster. It's a cold drink, it's a hot day. Little beads of condensation are inching their way closer and closer to the surface of the wood...

Monica: STOP IT!! ...Oh my God. It's true! Who am I?

Ross: Monica? You're Mom.

(Monica gasps.)

Phoebe: Ree! Ree! Ree! Ree! Ree!

(Joey enters and he's on the phone.)

Joey: (on phone) Uh huh.. uh huh... oh my God! Okay! Okay, I'll be there! (He hangs up and to all.) That was my agent. (He tosses and catches the phone.) My agent has just gotten me a job...in the new Al Pacino movie!

All: Oh my God! Whoah!

Monica: Well, what's the part?

Joey: Can you believe this? Al Pacino! This guy's the reason I became an actor! "I'm out of order? Pfeeheh. You're out of order! This whole courtroom's out of order!"

Phoebe: Seriously, what-what's the part?

Joey: "Just when I thought I was out, they pull me back in!"

Ross: C'mon, seriously, Joey, what's the part?

Joey: ...I'm his (mumbles)

Rachel: ..You're, you're 'mah mah mah' what?

Joey: ...I'm his butt double. 'Kay? I play Al Pacino's butt. Alright? He goes into the shower, and then- I'm his butt.

Monica: (trying not to laugh) Oh my God.

Joey: C'mon, you guys. This is a real movie, and Al Pacino's in it, and that's big!

Chandler: Oh no, it's terrific, it's... it's... y'know, you deserve this, after all your years of struggling, you've finally been able to crack your way into showbusiness.

Joey: Okay, okay, fine! Make jokes, I don't care! This is a big break for me!

Ross: You're right, you're right, it is...So you gonna invite us all to the big opening?

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the next morning, Monica is getting the door.]

Monica: Alright, alright, alright...

(Joey enters with Monica's paper and hands it to her.)

Joey: Here. I need to borrow some moisturizer.

Monica: For what?

Joey: Whaddya think? Today's the big day!

Monica: Oh my God. Okay, go into the bathroom, use whatever you want, just don't ever tell me what you did in there.

Joey: Thank you! (He goes into the bathroom.)

(Chandler enters with the phone.)

Chandler: Where's Joey? His mom's on the phone.

Monica: He's in the bathroom. I don't think you wanna go in there!

Chandler: C'mon, we're roommates! (He goes into the bathroom, screams, and runs back out.) My eyes!! My eyes!!

Monica: I warned you...

(Rachel enters from her room.)

Rachel: Who is being loud?

Chandler: Oh, that would be Monica. Hey, listen, I wanna borrow a coupla things, Aurora spent the night, I really wanna make her breakfast.

Monica: Oh, you got the whole night, huh?

Chandler: Yeah, well, I only have twenty minutes until Ethan, so, y'know.. (He starts to raid the fridge.)

Rachel: Ooh, do I sense a little bit of resentment?

Chandler: No, no resentment, believe me, it's worth it. 'Kay? Y'know in a relationship you have these key moments that you know you'll remember for the rest of your life? Well, every- single- second is like that with Aurora.. and I've just wasted about thirty-five of them talking to you people, so, uh.. Monica, can you help me with the door? (He has armloads of stuff.)

Monica: Sure. Oh, um, Chandler? Y'know, the-the old Monica would-would remind you to scrub that Teflon pan with a plastic brush...But I'm not gonna do that.

(She opens the door and he leaves.)

[Scene: A Film Set, Joey is entering for his scene.]

Director: (on phone)...Dammit, hire the girl! (He hangs up the phone.) Okay, everybody ready?

Joey: Uh, listen, I just wanna thank you for this great opportunity.

Director: Lose the robe.

Joey: Me?

Director: That would work.

Joey: Right. Okay. Losing the robe. (He takes off the robe.) And the robe is lost.

Director: Okay, everybody, we'd like to get this in one take, please. Let's roll it.. water's working (The shower starts).. and... action.

(Joey starts to the shower with a grim, determined look on his face.)

Director: And cut. Hey, Butt Guy, what the hell are you doing?

Joey: Well, I'm- I'm showering.

Director: No, that was clenching.

Joey: Oh. Well, the way I see it, the guy's upset here, y'know? I mean, his wife's dead, his brother's missing... I think his butt would be angry here.

Director: I think his butt would like to get this shot before lunch. Once again, rolling... water working... and action....and cut. What was that?

Joey: I was going for quiet desperation. But if you have to ask...

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Aurora and Chandler are in bed in Chandler's room.]

Chandler: God, I love these fingers...

Aurora: Thank you.

Chandler: No, actually I meant my fingers. Look at 'em, look at how happy they are.

Aurora: (moves Chandler's arm and look at his watch.) Oh my God, I'm late. (She starts to get up.)

Chandler: Oh no nonononononononono, don't go.. (He kisses her and pulls her back down.)

Aurora: Okay.

Chandler: Don't go.

Aurora: Okay. Oh no, I have to.

Chandler: (to himself) Too bad, she's leaving.

Aurora: (getting up and dressing) I'm sorry. He'll be waiting for me.

Chandler: Well, I thought- I thought you talked to Rick.

Aurora: It's not Rick.

Chandler: What, Ethan? He got to spend the whole day with you!

Aurora: No, it's-it's Andrew.

Chandler: I know there'll be many moments in the years to come when I'll regret asking the following question, but- And Andrew is?

Aurora: He's... new.

Chandler: Oh, so what you're saying is you're not completely fulfilled by Rick, Ethan and myself?

Aurora: No, that's not exactly what I was..

Chandler: Well, y'know, most women would kill for three guys like us.

Aurora: So what do you want?

Chandler: You.

Aurora: You have me!

Chandler: Nono, just you.

Aurora: Whaddyou mean?

Chandler: Lose the other guys.

Aurora: ...Like, ...all of them?

Chandler: C'mon, we're great together, why not?

Aurora: Why can't we just have what we have now? Why can't we just talk, and laugh, and make love, without feeling obligated to one another... and up until tonight I thought that's what you wanted too.

Chandler: ...Well, y'know, part of me wants that, but it's like I'm two guys, y'know? I mean, one guy's going 'Shut up! This is great!' But there's this other guy. Actually it's the same guy that wells up every time that Grinch's heart grows three sizes and breaks that measuring device... And he's saying, y'know, 'This is too hard! Get out! Get out!'

Aurora: So... which one of the two guys will you listen to?

Chandler: I don't know, I-I have to listen to both of them, they don't exactly let each other finish...

Aurora: Which one?

Chandler: ...The second guy.

Aurora: (gets up to leave) Well, call me if you change your mind.

(She kisses him, he holds her, and kisses her passionately.)

Chandler: Sorry, the first guy runs the lips.

(She leaves, Chandler sighs, and falls back on his bed.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Ross is trying to comfort Chandler. Joey is absent.]

Ross: Look at it this way: you dumped her. Right? I mean, this woman was unbelievably sexy, and beautiful, intelligent, unattainable... Tell me why you did this again?

(Joey enters.)

All: Hey!

Monica: Hey, waitwait, aren't you the guy that plays the butt in the new Al Pacino movie?

Joey: Nope.

Ross: No? What happened, big guy?

Chandler: (to Ross) "Big guy?"

Ross: It felt like a 'big guy' moment.

Joey: I got fired.

All: Oh!

Joey: Yeah, they said I acted too much with it. I told everybody about this! Now everybody's gonna go to the theatre, expecting to see me, and...

Rachel: Oh, Joey, you know what, no-one is gonna be able to tell.

Joey: My mom will.

Chandler: Something so sweet and...disturbing about that.

Joey: Y'know, I've done nothing but crappy plays for six years. And I finally get my shot, and I blow it!

Monica: Maybe this wasn't your shot.

Ross: Yeah, I mean... I think when it's your shot, y'know, you-you know it's your shot. Did it... feel like your shot..?

Joey: Hard to tell, I was naked.

Phoebe: No, I don't think this was your shot. I mean, I don't even think you just get one shot. I really believe big things are gonna happen for you, I do! You've gotta just keep thinking about the day that some kid is gonna run up to his friends and go 'I got the part! I got the part! I'm gonna be Joey Tribbiani's ass!'.

Joey: Yeah? That's so nice! (They hug.)

(Ross and Chandler look at each other and hug as well.)

Monica: I'm sorry, Joey. I'm gonna go to bed, guys.

All: Night.

Rachel: Uh, Mon, you-you gonna leave your shoes out here?

Monica: (determined) Uh-huh!

Rachel: Really? Just casually strewn about in that reckless haphazard manner?

Monica: Doesn't matter, I'll get 'em tomorrow. Or not. Whenever. (He goes to her room.)

Ross: She is a kook.

Closing Credits

[Scene: Monica's Bedroom, she's lying in bed wide awake.]

Monica: (hums for a while, then gives up, and in her head) *If it bothers you that much, just go out and get the shoes. No. Don't do this. This is stupid! I don't have to prove anything, I'm gonna go get them...But then everyone will know. Unless I get them, and then wake up really early and put them back! ...I need help!* (She buries her head in her pillow.)

End

The One With the Blackout

- Written by: Jeffrey Astrof and Mike Sikowitz.
- Transcribed by: [Ruth Curran](#)

[Scene: Central Perk, Rachel is introducing Phoebe, who is playing her guitar for the crowd.]

Rachel: Everybody? Shh, shhh. Uhhh... Central Perk is proud to present the music of Miss Phoebe Buffay.

(applause)

Phoebe: Hi. Um, I want to start with a song thats about that moment when you suddenly realize what life is all about. OK, here we go. (plays a chord, then the lights go out) OK, thank you very much.

[Scene: The ATM vestibule of a bank, Chandler is inside. The lights go out, and he realizes he is trapped inside.]

Chandler: Oh, great. This is just...

(Chandler sees that there is a gorgeous model inside the vestibule with him. He makes a gesture of quiet exuberance.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica is on the phone with her mother. Phoebe, Rachel, and Ross are there.]

Rachel: Wow, this is so cool, you guys. The entire city is blacked out!

Monica: Mom says it's all of Manhattan, parts of Brooklyn and Queens, and they have no idea when it's coming back on.

Rachel: Wow, you guys, this is big.

Monica: (into phone) Pants and a sweater? Why, mom? Who am I gonna meet in a blackout? Power company guys? Eligible looters? Could we talk about this later? OK. (hangs up)

Phoebe: Can I borrow the phone? I want to call my apartment and check on my grandma. (to Monica) What's my number?

(Monica and Rachel look at Phoebe strangely.)

Phoebe: Well, I never call me.

[Scene: ATM vestibule, Jill Goodacre is on the cellular phone. Chandler's thoughts are in italics.]

Chandler: *Oh my God, it's that Victoria's Secret model. Something... something Goodacre.*

Jill: (on phone) Hi Mom, it's Jill.

Chandler: *She's right, it's Jill. Jill Goodacre. Oh my God. I am trapped in an ATM vestibule with Jill Goodacre!* (pause) *Is it a vestibule? Maybe it's an atrium. Oh, yeah, that is the part to focus on, you idiot!*

Jill: (on phone) Yeah, I'm fine. I'm just stuck at the bank, in an ATM vestibule.

Chandler: *Jill says vestibule... I'm going with vestibule.*

Jill: (on phone) I'm fine. No, I'm not alone... I don't know, some guy.

Chandler: *Oh! Some guy. Some guy. 'Hey Jill, I saw you with some guy last night. Yes, he was some guy.*

(Chandler strides proudly across the vestibule and Jill stares at him.)

[Scene: Monica's apartment, Joey enters with a menorah, the candles lit.]

Joey: Hi everyone.

Ross: And officiating at tonight's blackout, is Rabbi Tribbiani.

Joey: Well, Chandler's old roommate was Jewish, and these are the only candles we have, so... Happy Chanukah, everyone.

Phoebe: (at window) Eww, look. Ugly Naked Guy lit a bunch of candles.

(They all look at the window, grossed out, then flinch in pain.)

Rachel: That had to hurt!

[Scene: ATM vestibule.]

Chandler: *Alright, alright, alright. It's been fourteen and a half minutes and you still have not said one word. Oh God, do something. Just make contact, smile!*

(Chandler smiles at her, she smiles back sweetly.)

Chandler: *There you go!*

(He continues to smile like an idiot, and she looks frightened.)

Chandler: *You're definitely scaring here.*

Jill: (awkwardly) Would you like to call somebody? (offering phone)

Chandler: *Yeah, about 300 guys I went to high school with.* Yeah, thanks. (takes phone)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, The phone rings; it's Chandler.]

Monica: Hello?

Chandler: Hey, it's me.

Monica: (to everyone) It's Chandler! (on phone) Are you OK?

Chandler: Yeah, I'm fine. (trying to cover up what he is saying) I'm trppd in an ATM vstbl wth Jill Gdcr.

Monica: What?

Chandler: I'm trppd... in an ATM vstbl... wth Jill Gdcr!

Monica: I have no idea what you just said.

Chandler: (angry) Put Joey on the phone.

Joey: What's up man?

Chandler: I'm trppd... in an ATM vstbl... wth JLL GDCR.

Joey: (to everyone) Oh my God! He's trapped in an ATM vestibule with Jill Goodacre! (on phone) Chandler, listen. (says something intentionally garbled)

Chandler: Yeah, like that thought never entered my mind.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, time has passed. The five are sitting around the coffee table talking.]

Rachel: Alright, somebody.

Monica: OK, I'll go. OK, senior year of college... on a pool table.

All: Whooooaa!

Ross: That's my sister.

Joey: OK... my weirdest place would have to be... the women's room on the second floor of the New York City public library.

Monica: Oh my God! What were you doing in a library?

Ross: Pheebs, what about you?

Phoebe: Oh... Milwaukee.

Rachel: Um... Ross?

Ross: Disneyland, 1989, 'It's a Small World After All.'

All: No way!

Ross: The ride broke down. So, Carol and I went behind a couple of those mechanical Dutch children... then they fixed the ride, and we were asked never to return to the Magic Kingdom.

Phoebe: Oh, Rachel.

Rachel: Oh come on, I already went.

Monica: You did not go!

All: Come on.

Rachel: Oh, alright. The weirdest place would have to be... (sigh)... oh, the foot of the bed.

Ross: Step back.

Joey: We have a winner!

[Time lapse, Ross and Rachel are talking, Joey is on the couch, and Monica and Phoebe are out of the room.]

Rachel: I just never had a relationship with that kind of passion, you know, where you have to have somebody right there, in the middle of a theme park.

Ross: Well, it was the only thing to do there that didn't have a line.

Rachel: There, well, see? Barry wouldn't even kiss me on a miniature golf course.

Ross: Come on.

Rachel: No, he said we were holding up the people behind us.

Ross: (sarcastically) And you didn't marry him because...?

Rachel: I mean, do you think there are people who go through life never having that kind of...

Ross: Probably. But you know, I'll tell you something. Passion is way overrated.

Rachel: Yeah right.

Ross: It is. Eventually, it kind of... burns out. But hopefully, what you're left with is trust, and security, and... well, in the case of my ex-wife, lesbianism. So, you know, for all of those people who miss out on that passion... thing, there's all that other good stuff.

Rachel: (sigh) OK.

Ross: But, um... I don't think that's going to be you.

Rachel: You don't.

Ross: Uh-uh. See, I see.... big passion in your future.

Rachel: Really?

Ross: Mmmm.

Rachel: You do?

Ross: I do.

Rachel: Oh Ross, you're so great. (she playfully rubs his head and gets up)

(Ross gets up, pleased with himself.)

Joey: It's never gonna happen.

Ross: (innocently) What?

Joey: You and Rachel.

Ross: (acts surprised) What? (pause) Why not?

Joey: Because you waited too long to make your move, and now you're in the friend zone.

Ross: No, no, no. I'm not in the zone.

Joey: Ross, you're mayor of the zone.

Ross: I'm taking my time, alright? I'm laying the groundwork. Yeah. I mean, every day I get just a little bit closer to...

Joey: Priesthood! Look Ross, I'm telling you, she has no idea what you're thinking. If you don't ask her out soon you're going to end up stuck in the zone forever.

Ross: I will, I will. See, I'm waiting for the right moment. (Joey looks at him) What? What, now?

Joey: Yeeeeaaaahhh! What's messing you up? The wine? The candles? The moonlight? You've just got to go up to her and say, 'Rachel, I think that...' (Rachel comes into the room behind them)

Ross: Shhhh!

Rachel: What are you shushing?

Ross: We're shushing... because... we're trying to hear something. Listen. (everyone is silent) Don't you hear that?

Rachel: Ahhhh!

Ross: See?

Rachel: Huh. (she agrees, but looks very confused)

[Scene: ATM vestibule.]

Jill: Would you like some gum?

Chandler: Um, is it sugarless?

Jill: (checks) Sorry, it's not.

Chandler: Oh, then no thanks. *What the hell was that? Mental note: If Jill Goodacre offers you gum, you take it. If she offers you mangled animal carcass, you take it.*

[Scene: Monica's apartment, Phoebe is singing.]

Phoebe: (singing) New York City has no power, and the milk is getting sour. But to me it is not scary, 'cause I stay away from dairy.... la la la, la la, la la... (she writes the lyrics down)

Ross: (to Joey) OK, here goes.

Joey: Are you going to do it?

Ross: I'm going to do it.

Joey: Do you want any help?

Ross: You come out there, you're a dead man.

Joey: Good luck, man.

Ross: Thanks. (Joey hugs him) OK.

Joey: OK. (Ross goes out on the balcony to talk to Rachel)

(Monica walks in, starts to go out on the balcony.)

Joey: Hey, where are you going?

Monica: Outside.

Joey: You can't go out there.

Monica: Why not?

Joey: Because of... the reason.

Monica: And that would be?

Joey: I, um, can't tell you.

Monica: Joey, what's going on?

Joey: OK, you've got to promise that you'll never, ever tell Ross that I told you.

Monica: About what?

Joey: He's planning your birthday party.

Monica: Oh my God! I love him!

Joey: (as Phoebe enters) You'd better act surprised.

Phoebe: About what?

Monica: My surprise party!

Phoebe: What surprise party?

Monica: Oh stop it. Joey already told me.

Phoebe: Well, he didn't tell me.

Joey: Hey, don't look at me. This is Ross's thing.

Phoebe: This is so typical. I'm always the last one to know everything.

Monica: No, you are not. We tell you stuff.

Phoebe: Yuh-huh! I was the last one to know when Chandler got bitten by the peacock at the zoo. I was the last one to know when you had a crush on Joey when he was moving in. (Monica gestures at Phoebe to shut up; Joey looks surprised but pleased) Looks like I was second to last.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's Balcony, Ross and Rachel are talking.]

Rachel: Hmmm... this is so nice.

Ross: OK, I have a question. Well, actually, it's not so much a question as.. more of a general wondering... ment.

Rachel: OK.

Ross: OK. Here goes. For a while now, I've been wanting to, um....

Rachel: Ohhh!!!! (looking at something behind Ross)

Ross: Yes, yes, that's right...

Rachel: Oh, look at the little cat! (a small kitten is on the roof behind Ross)

Ross: What? (the cat jumps on his shoulders) Ow!

[Cut to inside. Monica, Joey and Phoebe are singing while outside, Ross and Rachel are trying to get the cat off of Ross' shoulder.]

Monica, Joey, and Phoebe: (singing) *I'm on top of the world, looking down on creation and the only explanation I can find, is the wonders I've found ever since...*

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Phoebe is holding the cat, Monica is treating the scratches on Ross' back. Joey is holding the menorah over the wound.]

Monica: (to Ross) This is just Bactine. It won't hurt.

(Ross flinches in pain.)

Joey: Sorry, that was wax.

Phoebe: Oh, poor little Tooty is scared to death. We should find his owner.

Ross: Why don't we just put 'poor little Tooty' out in the hall?

Rachel: During a blackout? He'd get trampled!

Ross: (nonchalantly) Yeah?

[Scene: ATM vestibule.]

Chandler: You know, on second thought, gum would be perfection. (Jill gives him a stick of gum, and a strange look) *'Gum would be perfection'? 'Gum would be perfection.' Could have said 'gum would be nice,' or 'I'll have a stick,' but no, no, no, no. For me, gum is perfection. I loathe myself.*

[Scene: The hallway of Monica's building. Phoebe and Rachel are trying to find the cat's owner.]

Phoebe: (stops at a door) Oh no, the Mendels, they hate all living things, right?

Rachel: Oh. (they knock at the next door, Mr. Heckles answers) Hi. We just found this cat and we're looking for the owner.

Mr. Heckles: Er, yeah, it's mine.

Phoebe: (trying to hold back the struggling cat) He seems to hate you. Are you sure?

Mr. Heckles: Yeah, it's my cat. Give me my cat.

Phoebe: Wait a minute. What's his name?

Mr. Heckles: Ehhhh... B-Buttons.

Rachel: Bob Buttons?

Mr. Heckles: Mmm. Bob Buttons. Here, Bob Buttons.

Phoebe: (the cat runs away from her) Oooh! You are a very bad man!

Mr. Heckles: (as Phoebe and Rachel leave) You owe me a cat.

[Scene: Rachel has gone off on her own to look for the cat's owner.]

Rachel: Here, kitty-kitty. Here kitty-kitty. Where did you go, little kitty-kitty-kitty? Here kitty-kitty-kitty-kitty...

(While looking at the floor for the cat, Rachel runs into a pair of legs. She slowly gets up and sees a gorgeous Italian hunk holding the cat. Who, by the way, you'll hate very, very soon. The man. Not the cat.)

Paolo: (something Italian)

Rachel: Wow. (she exhales in amazement, blowing the candle out)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Ross, Monica, and Joey are playing *Monopoly*.]

Ross: (rolling) Lucky sixes....

Rachel: (entering with Paolo, arm in arm) Everybody, this is Paolo. Paolo, I want you to meet my friends. This is Monica.

Monica: (smitten) Hi!

Rachel: And Joey....

Monica: Hi!

Rachel: And Ross.

Monica: Hi!

Paolo: (something in Italian)

Rachel: (proudly) He doesn't speak much English.

Paolo: (pointing at game) *Monopoly*!

Rachel: Look at that!

Ross: (jealous) So, um... where did Paolo come from?

Rachel: Oh... Italy, I think.

Ross: No, I mean tonight, in the building. Suddenly. Into our lives.

Rachel: Well, the cat... the cat turned out to be Paolo's cat!

Ross: That, that is funny... (to Joey).... and Rachel keeps touching him.

(Phoebe enters.)

Phoebe: Alright. I looked all over the building and I couldn't find the kitty anywhere.

Rachel: Oh, I found him. He was Paolo's cat.

Phoebe: Ah! Well! There you go! Last to know again! And I'm guessing... since nobody told me... this is Paolo.

Rachel: Ah, Paolo, this is Phoebe.

Paolo: (something in Italian, he is apparently attracted to Phoebe)

Phoebe: (smiling) You betcha!

[Scene: ATM vestibule.]

Chandler: (chewing gum) *Ah, let's see. What next? Blow a bubble. A bubble's good. It's got a... boyish charm, it's impish. Here we go.*

(Chandler waits until Jill is looking, then starts to blow a bubble. But instead of blow one, he accidentally spits the gum out of his mouth and hits the wall.)

Chandler: *Nice going, imp. OK, it's OK. All I need to do is reach over and put it in my mouth.* (Chandler slyly grabs the gum from the wall and slides it back in his mouth.)

Chandler: *Good save! We're back on track, and I'm... (grimacing) ..chewing someone else's gum. This is not my gum. Oh my God! Oh my God! And now you're choking.*

(Chandler starts to choke.)

Jill: Are you alright?

(Chandler tries to save face and makes the 'OK' sign with his hands, while obviously unable to breathe.)

Jill: My God, you're choking! (she runs over and gives him the Heimlich, the gum flies from his mouth) That better?

Chandler: (gasping) Yes... thank you. That was... that was....

Jill: Perfection?

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel and Paolo are at the window. Ross and Joey are watching disgustedly.]

Paolo: (something romantic in Italian about Rachel and the stars)

Ross: (mocking Paolo) Blah blah blah, blah blah blah... blah blaahaaaah....

(Rachel walks away from Paolo, laughing.)

Ross: Wha-What did he say that was so funny?

Rachel: I have absolutely no idea.

Ross: That's... that's classic.

Rachel: (to Monica and Phoebe) Oh my God, you guys, what am I doing? What am I doing? This is so un-me!

Monica: If you want, I'll do it.

(Ross looks at Joey.)

Phoebe: I know, I just want to bite his bottom lip. (Rachel looks at her) But I won't.

Rachel: God, the first time he smiled at me... those three seconds were more exciting than three weeks in Bermuda with Barry.

Phoebe: You know, did you ride mopeds? 'Cause I've heard... (they stare at her)... oh, I see... it's not about that right now. OK.

Rachel: Y'know, I know it's totally superficial and we have absolutely nothing in common, and we don't even speak the same language but Gooooooooooooooooo....

[Cut to the other side of the apartment, Ross has gone over to straighten things out with Paolo.]

Ross: Paolo. Hi.

Paolo: Ross!

(Ross notices that Paolo is standing on a step, which makes him taller. Ross gets up on the same step so he can look down at Paolo.)

Ross: Listen. Um, listen. Something you should... know... um, Rachel and I... we're kind of a thing.

Paolo: Thing?

Ross: Thing, yes. Thing.

Paolo: Ah, you... have the sex?

Ross: No, no, no. Technically the... sex is not... being had, but that's... see, that's not the point. See, um, the point is that... Rachel and I should be, er, together. You know, and if you get in the.... um...

Paolo: Bed?

Ross: No, no, that's not where I was going. Er, if you get in the... way, of us becoming a thing, then I would be, well, very sad.

Paolo: Oh!

Ross: Yeah! *Se vice?*

Paolo: Si.

Ross: So you do know a little English.

Paolo: Poco... a leetle.

Ross: Do you know the word *crapweasel*?

Paolo: No.

Ross: That's funny, because you know, you are a huge *crapweasel*!

(They hug.)

[Scene: ATM vestibule, Chandler and Jill are sitting below the counter with two pens dangling from their chains in front of them. Jill is showing Chandler how to swing the pen around his head.]

Jill: Chandler, we've been here for an hour doing this! Now watch, it's easy.

Chandler: OK.

Jill: Ready? (she swings the pen around her head in a circle)

(Chandler tries to do the same thing but the pen hits him in the head.)

Jill: No, you've got to whip it.

(He swings the pen hard, and it snaps back and almost hits him again.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the gang is all sitting around the table.]

Phoebe: Oh, look look look. The last candle's about to burn out. 10, 9, 8, 7... (time lapse)... negative 46, negative 47, negative 48.... (someone blows it out, the room gets completely dark)

Ross: Thank you.

Phoebe: Thanks.

Ross: Kinda... spooky without any lights.

Joey: (does a maniacal laugh) Bwah-hah-hah!

(Everyone starts to imitate him.)

Ross: OK, guys, guys? I have the definitive one. Mwwwooooo-hah-hah...

(The lights come back on, and Rachel and Paolo are making out. Ross clutches his chest.)

Ross: Oh.. oh... oh.

Joey: Hey Ross. This probably isn't the best time to bring it up, but you have to throw a party for Monica.

Closing Credits

[Scene: ATM vestibule, the power has come back on.]

Jill: Well, this has been fun.

Chandler: Yes. Yes, thanks for letting me use your phone... and for saving my life.

Jill: Well, goodbye Chandler. I had a great blackout. (she kisses him on the cheek) See ya.

(She leaves. Chandler presses his face to the glass door after her, stroking the window lovingly. He then turns to the security camera and starts talking to it.)

Chandler: Hi, um, I'm account number 7143457. And, uh, I don't know if you got any of that, but I would really like a copy of the tape.

End

The One Where Nana Dies Twice

- Written by: Marta Kaufmann & David Crane
 - Transcribed by: [guineapig](#)
 - With Help From: [Rachel Stigge](#)
-

[Scene: Chandler's Office, Chandler is on a coffee break. Shelley enters.])**

Shelley:** Hey gorgeous, how's it going?

Chandler: Dehydrated Japanese noodles under fluorescent lights... does it get better than this?

Shelley: Question. You're not dating anybody, are you, because I met somebody who would be perfect for you.

Chandler: Ah, y'see, perfect might be a problem. Had you said 'co-dependent', or 'self-destructive'...

Shelley: Do you want a date Saturday?

Chandler: Yes please.

Shelley: Okay. He's cute, he's funny, he's-

Chandler: He's a he?

Shelley: Well yeah! ...Oh God. I- just- I thought- Good, Shelley. I'm just gonna go flush myself down the toilet now...
(backs out of the room) Okay, goodbye...

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, everyone is there.)

Chandler: ...Couldn't enjoy a cup of noodles after that. I mean, is that ridiculous? Can you believe she actually thought that?

Rachel: Um... yeah. Well, I mean, when I first met you, y'know, I thought maybe, possibly, you might be...

Chandler: You did?

Rachel: Yeah, but then you spent Phoebe's entire birthday party talking to my breasts, so then I figured maybe not.

Chandler: Huh. Did, uh... any of the rest of you guys think that when you first met me?

Monica: I did.

Phoebe: Yeah, I think so, yeah.

Joey: Not me.

Ross: Nono, me neither. Although, uh, y'know, back in college, Susan Sallidor did.

Chandler: You're kidding! Did you tell her I wasn't?

Ross: No. No, it's just 'cause, uh, I kinda wanted to go out with her too, so I told her, actually, you were seeing Bernie Spellman... who also liked her, so...

(Joey congratulates Ross, sees Chandler's look and abruptly stops.)

Chandler: Well, this is fascinating. So, uh, what is it about me?

Phoebe: I dunno, 'cause you're smart, you're funny...

Chandler: Ross is smart and funny, d'you ever think that about him?

All: Yeah! Right!

Chandler: WHAT IS IT?!

Monica: Okay, I-I d'know, you-you just- you have a quality.

All: Yes. Absolutely. A quality.

Chandler: Oh, oh, a quality, good, because I was worried you guys were gonna be vague about this.

(Phone rings; Monica gets it)

Monica: Hello? Hello? Oh! Rachel, it's Paolo calling from Rome.

Rachel: Oh my God! Calling from Rome! (Takes phone) *Bon giorno, caro mio.*

Ross: (to Joey) So he's calling from Rome. I could do that. Just gotta go to Rome.

Rachel: Monica, your dad just beeped in, but can you make it quick? Talking to Rome. (Showing off to Phoebe and Chandler) I'm talking to Rome.

Monica: Hey dad, what's up? (Listens) Oh God. Ross, it's Nana.

[Scene: The Hospital, Mr. and Mrs. Geller are there, along with Aunt Lillian. Ross and Monica enter and everyone says hi and kisses.]

Ross: So, uh, how's she doing?

Aunt Lillian: The doctor says it's a matter of hours.

Monica: How-how are you, Mom?

Mrs. Geller: Me? I'm fine, fine. I'm glad you're here. ...What's with your hair?

Monica: What?

Mrs. Geller: What's different?

Monica: Nothing.

Mrs. Geller: Oh, maybe that's it.

(Monica strides over to Ross, who is making coffee, and talks to him aside.)

Monica: She is unbelievable, our mother is...

Ross: Okay, relax, relax. We are gonna be here for a while, it looks like, and we still have boyfriends and your career to cover.

Monica: Oh God!

(They hug.)

[Cut to the hospital, later. Everyone is talking about Nana.]

Monica: The fuzzy little mints at the bottom of her purse.

Ross: Oh! ...Yeah, they were gross. Oh, you know what I loved? Her Sweet 'n' Los. How she was always stealing them from- from restaurants.

Mr. Geller: Not just restaurants, from our house.

(The nurse comes out of Nana's room.)

Nurse: Mrs. Geller?

(Everyone stands up. Cut to Ross and Monica in Nana's room.)

Ross: She looks so small.

Monica: I know.

Ross: Well, at least she's with Pop-Pop and Aunt Phyllis now.

Monica: G'bye, Nana. (She kisses her on the forehead.)

Ross: Bye, Nana.

(He goes to kiss her but she moves. Monica screams. Ross shouts and stares in disbelief. Monica runs out of the room.)

Monica: Ross!

(Ross runs out too.)

Mrs. Geller: What is going on?!

Ross: Y'know how-how the nurse said that-that Nana had passed? Well, she's not, quite..

Mrs. Geller: What?

Ross: She's not- past, she's present, she's back.

Aunt Lillian: (reentering) What's going on?

Mr. Geller: She may have died.

Aunt Lillian: She may have died?

Mr. Geller: We're looking into it.

(Monica returns with the nurse and they go into Nana's room.)

Ross: I, uh, I'll go see. (He goes in)

Nurse: This almost never happens!

(Nana passes for the second time and the nurse pulls the blanket over her. Ross and Monica go to tell the family)

Ross: Now she's passed.

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler, Phoebe, Joey, and Rachel are there.]

Chandler: I just have to know, okay. Is it my hair?

Rachel: (exasperated) Yes, Chandler, that's exactly what it is. It's your hair.

Phoebe: Yeah, you have homosexual hair.

(Monica and Ross enter.)

Rachel: So, um, did she...

Ross: Twice.

Joey: Twice?

Phoebe: Oh, that sucks!

Joey: You guys okay?

Ross: I dunno, it's weird. I mean, I know she's gone, but I just don't feel, uh...

Phoebe: Maybe that's 'cause she's not really gone.

Ross: Nono, she's gone.

Monica: We checked. A lot.

Phoebe: Hm, I mean maybe no-one ever really goes. Ever since my mom died, every now and then, I get the feeling that she's like right here, y'know? (She circles her hand around her right shoulder. Chandler, sitting on her right, draws back nervously) Oh! And Debbie, my best friend from junior high- got struck by lightning on a miniature golf course- I always get this really strong Debbie vibe whenever I use one of those little yellow pencils, y'know? ...I miss her.

Rachel: Aw. Hey, Pheebs, want this? (Gives her a pencil)

Phoebe: Thanks!

Rachel: Sure. I just sharpened her this morning.

Joey: Now, see, I don't believe any of that. I think once you're dead, you're dead! You're gone! You're worm food! (realises his tactlessness) ...So Chandler looks gay, huh?

Phoebe: Y'know, I dunno who this is, but it's not Debbie. (Hands back the pencil)

[Scene: Nana's house, Ross, Mrs. Geller and Aunt Lillian are going through clothes.]

Ross: I thought it was gonna be a closed casket.

Mrs. Geller: Well, that doesn't mean she can't look nice!

(They open a cupboard which, amongst other things, contains a chest of drawers)

Mrs. Geller: Sweetie, you think you can get in there?

Ross: (sarcastic) I don't see why not.

(He tries pushing against the chest of drawers. Then he opens one of the drawers and climbs into the closet using that; he falls behind the chest of drawers with a shout.)

Ross: Here's my retainer!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica is talking to her father.]

Mr. Geller: I was just thinking. When my time comes-

Monica: Dad!

Mr. Geller: Listen to me! When my time comes, I wanna be buried at sea.

Monica: You what?

Mr. Geller: I wanna be buried at sea, it looks like fun.

Monica: Define fun.

Mr. Geller: C'mon, you'll make a day of it! You'll rent a boat, pack a lunch...

Monica: ...And then we throw your body in the water... Gee, that does sound fun.

Mr. Geller: Everyone thinks they know me. Everyone says 'Jack Geller, so predictable'. Maybe after I'm gone, they'll say 'Buried at sea! Huh!'.

Monica: That's probably what they'll say.

Mr. Geller: I'd like that.

[Scene: Chandler's Office, Shelley is drinking coffee; Chandler enters.]

Chandler: Hey, gorgeous.

Shelley: (sheepish) Hey. Look, I'm sorry about yesterday, I, um-

Chandler: No, nono, don't- don't worry about it. Believe me, apparently other people have made the same mistake.

Shelley: Oh! Okay! Phew!

Chandler: So, uh... what do you think it is about me?

Shelley: I dunno, uh... you just have a-a...

Chandler: ...Quality, right, great.

Shelley: Y'know, it's a shame, because you and Lowell would've made a great couple.

Chandler: Lowell? Financial Services' Lowell, that's who you saw me with?

Shelley: What? He's cute!

Chandler: Well, yeah... 's'no Brian in Payroll.

Shelley: Is Brian...?

Chandler: No! Uh, I d'know! The point is, if you were gonna set me up with someone, I'd like to think you'd set me up with someone like him.

Shelley: Well, I think Brian's a little out of your league.

Chandler: Excuse me? You don't think I could get a Brian? Because I could get a Brian. Believe you me. ...I'm really not.

[Scene: Nana's Bedroom, Ross is holding a dress out from inside the closet.]

Ross: (holding a dress out from inside the closet) This one?

Aunt Lillian: No.

Ross: I have shown you everything we have. Unless you want your mother to spend eternity in a lemon yellow pantsuit, go with the burgundy.

Aunt Lillian: You know, whatever we pick, she would've told us it's the wrong one.

Mrs. Geller: You're right. We'll go with the burgundy.

Ross: Oh! A fine choice. I'm coming out. (Starts to climb over the furniture)

Aunt Lillian: Wait! We need shoes!

(Ross falls back inside)

Ross: Okay. Um, how about these? (Holds out a pair)

Mrs. Geller: That's really a day shoe.

Ross: And where she's going everyone else'll be dressier?

Aunt Lillian: Could we see something in a slimmer heel?

Ross: (forages around) Okay, I have nothing in an evening shoe in the burgundy. I can show you something in a silver that may work.

Aunt Lillian: No, it really should be burgundy.

Mrs. Geller: Mm. Unless we go with a different dress?

Ross: No! Nonono, wait a sec. I may have something in the back.

(He finds a shoebox (out of shot), pulls it down and opens it. It is full of *Sweet 'n' Lo's*.)

Ross: Oh my God..

Mrs. Geller: Is everything all right, dear?

Ross: Yeah, just... just Nana stuff.

(He reaches up higher and knocks down another shoebox lid. *Sweet 'n' Lo's* rain down on him)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica and Rachel are preparing to leave for the funeral.]

Ross: (entering) How we doing, you guys ready?

Monica: Mom already called this morning to remind me not to wear my hair up. Did you know my ears are not my best feature?

Ross: Some days it's all I can think about.

Phoebe: (entering) Hi, sorry I'm late, I couldn't find my bearings.

Rachel: Oh, you-you mean your earrings?

Phoebe: What'd I say?

Rachel: (sticking her foot out) Hm-m.

Monica: Are these the shoes?

Rachel: Yes. Paolo sent them from Italy.

Ross: What, we-uh- we don't have shoes here, or...?

Joey: (entering with Chandler) Morning. We ready to go?

Chandler: Well, don't we look nice all dressed up?...It's stuff like that, isn't it?

(They all leave.)

[Scene: The cemetery, after the funeral.]

Monica: It was a really beautiful service.

Mrs. Geller: It really was. Oh, c'mere, sweetheart. (Hugs her) Y'know, I think it might be time for you to start using night cream.

(Joey listens to his overcoat for a second and sighs, then notices Chandler watching)

Joey: What?

Chandler: Nothing, just your overcoat sounds remarkably like Brent Mussberger.

Joey: Check it out, Giants-Cowboys. (He has a pocket TV)

Chandler: You're watching a football game at a funeral?

Joey: No, it's the pre-game. I'm gonna watch it at the reception.

Chandler: You are a frightening, frightening man.

(Rachel steps in a patch of mud)

Rachel: Oh no! My new Paolo shoes!

Ross: Oh, I hope they're not ruined.

Phoebe: God, what a great day. ...What? Weather-wise!

Ross: I know, uh, the air, the-the trees... even though Nana's gone there's, there's something almost, uh- I dunno, almost life-aff- (Not looking where he is going he falls into an open grave)

All: God! Ross!

Ross: I'm fine. Just-just... having my worst fear realised...

[Scene: The Wake, at the Gellers' house. Ross is lying on his back, with Phoebe squatting over him, checking to see if he's injured.]

Phoebe: Okay, don't worry, I'm just checking to see if the muscle's in spasm...huh.

Ross: What, what is it?

Phoebe: You missed a belt loop.

Ross: Oh! No-n-

Phoebe: Okay, it's in spasm.

Mrs. Geller: Here, sweetie, here. I took these when I had my golfing accident. (Hands Ross a bottle of pills. Then turns to Monica and pats her hair over her ears)

(Cut to Chandler and a woman, Andrea, reaching for the same slice of meat)

Chandler: Oh, no-

Andrea: Sorry- Hi, I'm Dorothy's daughter.

Chandler: Hi, I'm Chandler, and I have no idea who Dorothy is.

(They shake hands. Cut to Ross emerging from a hallway, grinning inanely. He is obviously very stoned)

Phoebe: Hey, look who's up! How do you feel?

Ross: I feel great. I feel- great, I feel great.

Monica: Wow, those pills really worked, huh?

Ross: Not the first two, but the second two- woooo! ...I love you guys. You guys are the greatest. I love my sister (Kisses Monica), I love Pheeb... (Hugs her)

Phoebe: Ooh! That's so nice...

Ross: ...Chandler!

Chandler: Hey.

Ross: (hugs him) And listen, man, if you wanna be gay, be gay. Doesn't matter to me.

Andrea: (turns to a friend) You were right. (They walk off and leave Chandler.)

Ross: Rachel. Rachel Rachel. (Sits down beside her) I love you the most.

Rachel: (humouring him) Oh, well you know who I love the most?

Ross: No.

Rachel: You!

Ross: Oh.. you don't get it! (Passes out and slumps across her)

(Cut to Joey watching TV in the corner. He makes an extravagant gesture of disappointment.)

Mr. Geller: Whaddya got there?

Joey: (hides the TV, but he still has an earphone) Just a, uh... hearing disability.

Mr. Geller: What's the score?

Joey: Seventeen-fourteen Giants... three minutes to go in the third.

Mr. Geller: Beautiful! (Turns to watch with him)

(Time lapse. A large crowd of men are now watching the game)

Rachel: (still trapped under Ross) Pheebs, could you maybe hand me a cracker?

Mrs. Geller: (to Monica) Your grandmother would have hated this.

Monica: Well, sure, what with it being her funeral and all.

Mrs. Geller: No, I'd be hearing about 'Why didn't I get the honey-glazed ham?', I didn't spend enough on flowers, and if I spent more she'd be saying 'Why are you wasting your money? I don't need flowers, I'm dead'.

Monica: That sounds like Nana.

Mrs. Geller: Do you know what it's like to grow up with someone who is critical of every single thing you say?

Monica: ...I can imagine.

Mrs. Geller: I'm telling you, it's a wonder your mother turned out to be the positive, life-affirming person that she is.

Monica: That is a wonder. So tell me something, Mom. If you had to do it all over again, I mean, if she was here right now, would you tell her?

Mrs. Geller: Tell her what?

Monica: How she drove you crazy, picking on every little detail, like your hair... for example.

Mrs. Geller: I'm not sure I know what you're getting at.

Monica: Do you think things would have been better if you'd just told her the truth?

Mrs. Geller: ...No. I think some things are better left unsaid. I think it's nicer when people just get along.

Monica: Huh.

Mrs. Geller: More wine, dear?

Monica: Oh, I think so.

Mrs. Geller: (reaches out to fiddle with Monica's hair again, and realises) Those earrings look really lovely on you.

Monica: Thank you. They're yours.

Mrs. Geller: Actually they were Nana's.

(There is a cry of disappointment from the crowd of men.)

Mr. Geller: Now I'm depressed! ...(To everyone) Even more than I was.

[Scene: Central Perk, the gang are looking at old photos.]

Rachel: Hey, who's this little naked guy?

Ross: That little naked guy would be me.

Rachel: Aww, look at the little thing.

Ross: Yes, yes, fine, that is my penis. Can we be grown-ups now?

Chandler: Who are those people?

Ross: Got me.

Monica: Oh, that's Nana, right there in the middle. (Reads the back) 'Me and the gang at Java Joe's'.

Rachel: Wow, Monica, you look just like your grandmother. How old was she there?

Monica: Let's see, 1939... yeah, 24, 25?

Ross: Looks like a fun gang. (They all look at each other and smile)

Joey: Ooh, look-look-look-look-look! I got Monica naked!

Ross: (looking) Nono, that would be me again. I'm, uh, just trying something.

Closing Credits

[Scene: Chandler's Office, Chandler is on a coffee break as Lowell enters.]

Chandler: Hey, Lowell.

Lowell: Hey, Chandler.

Chandler: So how's it going there in Financial Services?

Lowell: It's like Mardi Gras without the paper mache heads. How 'bout you?

Chandler: Good, good. Listen, heh, I dunno what Shelley told you about me, but, uh... I'm not.

Lowell: I know. That's what I told her.

Chandler: Really.

Lowell: Yeah.

Chandler: So- you can tell?

Lowell: Pretty much, most of the time. We have a kind of... radar.

Chandler: So you don't think I have a, a quality?

Lowell: Speaking for my people, I'd have to say no. By the way, your friend Brian from Payroll, he is.

Chandler: He is?

Lowell: Yup, and waaay out of your league. (Exits)

Chandler: Out of my league. I could get a Brian. (Brian enters behind him) If I wanted to get a Brian, I could get a Brian. (Sees him) Hey, Brian.

End

The One Where Underdog Gets Away

- Written by: Jeff Greenstein & Jeff Strauss
 - Transcribed by: [Mindy Mattingly Phillips](#)
 - With Minor Adjustments by: Dan Silverstein
-

[Scene: Central Perk, Rachel is confronting her boss, Terry.]

Rachel: Terry, I, I, I know that I haven't worked here very long, but I was wondering, do you think it would be possible if I got a \$100 advance in my salary?

Terry: An advance?

Rachel: It's so that I can spend Thanksgiving with my family. See, every year we go skiing in Vail, and normally my father pays for my ticket, but I sort of started the whole independence thing, you know, which is actually why I took this job.

Terry: Rachel, Rachel, sweetheart. You're a terrible, terrible waitress. Really, really awful.

Rachel: Ok, I, I hear what you're sayin'. I'm with you. Um, but I, but I'm trying really hard. And I think I'm doing better. I really do. Does anybody need coffee? (everyone in the place raises their hand) Oh, look at that.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Rachel is approaching a customer.]

Rachel: Excuse me, sir. Hi, you come in here all time. I was just wondering, do you think there's a possibility that you could give me an advance on my tips?

Guy: Huh?

Rachel: Ok, ok, that's fine. Fine. Hey, I'm sorry about that spill before. (picks up the tip he leaves) Only \$98.50 to go.

(Monica enters.)

Monica: Hey. Ross, did you know Mom and Dad are going to Puerto Rico for Thanksgiving?

Ross: No, they're not.

Monica: Yes, they are. The Blymens invited them.

Ross: You're wrong.

Monica: I am not wrong.

Ross: You're wrong.

Monica: No, I just talked to them.

Ross: (getting up, upset) I'm calling Mom.

(Joey enters. His face looks abnormally colorful.)

Joey: Hey, hey.

Chandler: Hey.

Phoebe: Hey.

Chandler: And this from the cry-for-help department. Are you wearing makeup?

Joey: Yes, I am. As of today, I am officially Joey Tribbiani, actor slash model.

Chandler: That's so funny, 'cause I was thinking you look more like Joey Tribbiani, man slash woman.

Phoebe: What were you modeling for?

Joey: You know those posters for the city free clinic?

Monica: Oh, wow, so you're gonna be one of those "healthy, healthy, healthy guys"?

Phoebe: You know, the asthma guy was really cute.

Chandler: Do you know which one you're gonna be?

Joey: No, but I hear lyme disease is open, so... (crosses fingers)

Chandler: Good luck, man. I hope you get it.

Joey: Thanks.

(Ross comes back to the couch.)

Ross: (to Monica) Well, you were right. How can they do this to us, huh? It's Thanksgiving.

Monica: Ok, I'll tell you what. How about I cook dinner at my place? I'll make it just like Mom's.

Ross: Will you make the mashed potatoes with the lumps?

Monica: You know, they're not actually supposed to have... (Ross looks at her sheepishly) I'll work on the lumps. Joey, you're going home, right?

Joey: Yeah.

Monica: And I assume, Chandler, you are still boycotting all the pilgrim holidays.

Chandler: Yes, every single one of them.

Monica: Phoebe, you're gonna be with your grandma?

Phoebe: Yes, and her boyfriend. But we're celebrating Thanksgiving in December 'cause he is lunar.

Monica: So you're free Thursday, then.

Phoebe: Yeah. Oh, can I come?

Monica: Yeah. Rach, are you thinking you're gonna make it to Vail?

Rachel: Absolutely. Shoop, shoop, shoop. Only a hundred and two dollars to go.

Chandler: I thought it was \$98.50.

Rachel: Yeah, well it was. I, I broke a cup.

Ross: Well, I'm off to Carol's.

Phoebe: Ooh, ooh! Why don't we invite her?

Ross: (mimicking) Ooh, ooh. Because she's my ex-wife, and will probably want to bring her, ooh, ooh, lesbian life partner.

[Scene: Carol and Susan's apartment, Susan is there. Ross enters.]

Ross: Hi, is uh, is Carol here?

Susan: No, she's at a faculty meeting.

Ross: Oh, I uh, just came by to pick up my skull. Well, not mine, but... Susan: Come in.

Ross: Thanks. Yeah, Carol borrowed it for a class, and I have to get it back to the museum.

Susan: What's it look like?

Ross: Kinda like a big face without skin.

Susan: Yes, I'm familiar with the concept. We can just look for it.

Ross: Ok. (browsing the apartment) Wow, you guys sure have a lot of books about bein' a lesbian.

Susan: Well, you know, you have to take a course. Otherwise, they don't let you do it.

Ross: (picking up a book) Hey, hey, Yertle the Turtle. A classic.

Susan: Actually, I'm reading it to the baby.

Ross: The uh, the baby that hasn't been born yet? Wouldn't that mean you're... crazy?

Susan: What, you don't think they can hear sounds in there?

Ross: You're not serious, I mean, you really... you really talk to it?

Susan: Yeah, all the time. I want the baby to know my voice.

Ross: Do you uh, do you talk about me?

Susan: Yeah, yeah, all the time.

Ross: Really?

Susan: But um, we just refer to you as Bobo the Sperm Guy.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, everyone is there but Rachel.]

Ross: Look, if she's talking to it, I just think that I should get some belly time too. Not that I believe any of this.

Phoebe: Oh, I believe it. I think the baby can totally hear everything. I can show you. Look, this will seem a little weird, but you put your head inside this turkey, and then we'll all talk, and you'll hear everything we say.

Chandler: I'd just like to say that I'm totally behind this experiment. In fact, I'd very much like to butter your head.

(Rachel enters.)

Monica: Hey, Rach, did you make your money?

Rachel: No, not even close. Forget Vail, forget seeing my family, forget shoop, shoop, shoop.

Monica: Rach, here's your mail.

Rachel: Thanks, you can just put it on the table.

Monica: (insistently) No, here's your mail.

Rachel: Thanks, you can just put it on the table.

Monica: (gives her an envelope) Would you just open it?

(Rachel opens it. Inside is the money she needed.)

Rachel: Oh my god, oh, you guys are great.

Monica: We all chipped in.

Joey: (to Monica) We did?

Monica: (to Joey) You owe me 20 bucks.

Rachel: Thank you. Thank you so much!

Monica: (hands Chandler a bag) Chandler, here you go, got your traditional Thanksgiving feast, you got your tomato soup, your grilled cheese fixin's, and your family size bag of Funyuns.

Rachel: Wait, wait, Chandler, this is what you're havin' for Thanksgiving dinner? What, what, what is it with you and this holiday?

Chandler: All right, I'm nine years old.

Ross: Oh, I hate this story.

Chandler: We just finished this magnificent Thanksgiving dinner. I have--and I remember this part vividly--a mouthful of pumpkin pie, and this is the moment my parents choose to tell me they're getting divorced.

Rachel: Oh my god.

Chandler: Yes. It's very difficult to appreciate a Thanksgiving dinner once you've seen it in reverse.

[Scene: The subway, Joey spots a gorgeous woman waiting. He goes up to her.]

Joey: Uh, hi. We uh, we used to work together.

Girl: We did?

Joey: Yeah, at Macy's. You were the Obsession girl, right? I was the Aramis guy. (pretends to spray cologne) Aramis? Aramis?

Girl: Yeah, right.

Joey: I gotta tell you. You're the best in the business.

Girl: Get out.

Joey: I'm serious. You're amazing. You know when to spritz, when to lay back.

Girl: Really? You don't know what that means to me.

Joey: Ooh, you smell great tonight. What're you wearing?

Girl: (provocatively) Nothing.

Joey: Listen, uh, you wanna go get a drink or something?

Girl: Yeah. (she gets up, notices something behind Joey) Oh.

Joey: What's wrong?

Girl: I just remembered, I have to do something.

Joey: Oh. What?

Girl: Um, leave.

Joey: Wait, wait, wait!

(Joey turns around and sees his face on a poster in the subway. The poster says: What Mario isn't telling you...V.D., you never know who might have it. A variety of scenes are shown with the poster displayed all over New York City.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey enters, amongst snickers from the gang.]

Joey: So I guess you all saw it.

Rachel: Saw what?

Phoebe: No, we were just laughing. You know, how laughter can be infectious.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Joey enters, upset.]

Joey: Set another place for Thanksgiving. My entire family thinks I have VD.

Chandler: Tonight, on a very special Blossom.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica is cooking Thanksgiving dinner. Chandler is standing in the doorway, not wanting to participate in the festivities.]

Monica: Mmm, looking good. Ok, cider's mulling, turkey's turking, yams are yamming. (notices Ross is depressed) What?

Ross: I don't know. It's just not the same without Mom in the kitchen.

Monica: All right, that's it. You know what? Just get out of my way and stop moping.

Ross: That's closer.

(Rachel enters, excited.)

Rachel: I got the tickets! I got the tickets! Five hours from now, shoop, shoop, shoop.

Chandler: Oh, you must stop shooping.

Rachel: Ok, I'm gonna get my stuff.

Joey: Chandler, will you just come in already?

Chandler: No, I prefer to keep a safe distance from all this merriment.

(Phoebe takes a slice of pumpkin pie and waves it in front of Chandler's face.)

Phoebe: Look out, incoming pumpkin pie!

Chandler: Ok, we all laughed when you did it with the stuffing, but that's not funny anymore.

(Chandler leaves.)

Joey: Hey, Monica, I got a question. I don't see any tater tots.

Monica: That's not a question.

Joey: But my mom always makes them. It's like a tradition. You get a little piece of turkey on your fork, a little cranberry sauce, and a tot! It's bad enough I can't be with my family because of my disease.

Monica: All right, fine. Tonight's potatoes will be both mashed with lumps, and in the form of tots.

Ross: Ok, I'm off to talk to my unborn child.

(Ross grabs for some food, Monica slaps his hand away.)

Monica: Ah!

Ross: Ok, Mom never hit.

(Ross exits.)

Phoebe: (stirring pot) Ok, all done.

Monica: What, Phoebe, did you whip the potatoes? Ross needs lumps!

Phoebe: Oh, I'm sorry, oh, I just, I thought we could have them whipped and then add some peas and onions.

Monica: Why would we do that?

Phoebe: Well, 'cause then they'd be like my mom used to make them, you know, before she died.

Monica: Ok, three kinds of potatoes coming up.

Rachel: Ok, good-bye you guys. Thanks for everything. (she starts to leave, and hits everyone with her skis) Oh, sorry! Oh, sorry!

(Chandler enters, running.)

Chandler: The most unbelievable thing has happened. Underdog has just gotten away.

Joey: The balloon?

Chandler: No, no, the actual cartoon character. Of course the balloon. It's all over the news. Right before he reached *Macy's*, he broke free and was spotted flying over Washington Square Park. I'm goin' to the roof, who's with me?

Rachel: I can't, I gotta go.

Chandler: Come on. An 80-foot inflatable dog let loose over the city. How often does that happen?

Phoebe: Almost never.

Monica: Got the keys? *or* Got the keys!

Rachel: Ok.

(Everyone leaves the apartment.)

[Scene: Carol and Susan's, Ross is preparing to talk to her belly.]

Carol: Anytime you're ready.

Ross: Ok, ok, here we go. (he crouches down near her stomach) Ok, where am I talking to, here? I mean, uh, well, there is one way that seems to offer a certain acoustical advantage, but...

Carol: Just aim for the bump.

Ross: Ok, ok, ok, ok, here goes. You know, I, you know, can't do this. Uh, this is too weird. I feel stupid.

Carol: So don't do it, it's fine. You don't have to do it just because Susan does it.

Ross: (quickly talking) Hello, baby. Hello, hello.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the group is coming back from the roof.]

Rachel: I loved the moment when you first saw the giant dog shadow all over the park.

Phoebe: Yeah, but did they have to shoot him down? I mean, that was just mean.

Monica: Ok, right about now the turkey should be crispy on the outside, juicy on the inside. Why are we standing here?

Rachel: We're waiting for you to open the door. You got the keys.

Monica: No I don't.

Rachel: Yes, you do. When we left, you said, "got the keys."

Monica: No I didn't. I asked, "got the ke-eyes?"

Rachel: No, no, no, you said, "got the keys".

Chandler: Do either of you have the keys?

Monica: (panicked) The oven is on.

Rachel: Oh, I gotta get my ticket!

Joey: Wait, wait, we have a copy of your key.

Monica: Well then get it, get it!

Joey: That tone will not make me go any faster.

Monica: (angry) Joey!

Joey: That one will.

(Joey leaves to get the copy of the key.)

[Scene: Carol and Susan's, Carol is reading, Ross is talking to her stomach.]

Ross: And everyone's telling me, you gotta pick a major, you gotta pick a major. So, on a dare, I picked paleontology. And you have no idea what I'm saying, because, let's face it, you're a fetus. You're just happy you don't have gills anymore.

Carol: Look, you don't have to talk to it. You can sing to it if you want.

Ross: Oh, please. I am not singing to your stomach, ok?

(Susan enters.)

Susan: Hi, how's it goin'?

Ross: Shh! (singing) *Here we come, walkin' down the street, get the funniest looks from, everyone we meet. Hey, hey!*
(to Carol) Hey, uh, did you just feel that?

Carol: I did.

Ross: Does it always, uh--?

Carol: No, no that was the first.

Susan: Keep singing! Keep singing!

Ross: (singing) *Hey, hey, you're my baby, and I can't wait to meet you. When you come out I'll buy you a bagel, and then we'll go to the zoo.*

Susan: I felt it!

Ross: (singing) *Hey, hey, I'm your daddy. I'm the one without any breasts.*

[Scene: The Hallway, Joey has a tray full of keys, and is trying each one in the lock.]

Joey: Nope, not that one.

Monica: Can you go any faster with that?

Joey: Hey, I got one keyhole and about a zillion keys. You do the math.

Monica: Why do you guys have so many keys in there anyway?

Chandler: (sarcastic) For an emergency just like this.

Rachel: (grabs Chandler by the shirt) All right, listen, smirky. If it wasn't for you and your stupid balloon, I would be on a plane watching a woman do this (makes a gesture like a stewardess pointing out exits) right now. But I'm not.

Monica: I swear you said you had the keys.

Rachel: No, I didn't. I wouldn't say I had the keys unless I had the keys, and I obviously didn't have the keys.

Phoebe: Ooh, ok, that's it. Enough with the keys. No one say keys.

(Short pause.)

Monica: Why would I have the keys?

Rachel: Aside from the fact that you said you had them?

Monica: But I didn't.

Rachel: Well, you should have.

Monica: Why?

Rachel: Because!

Monica: Why?

Rachel: Because!

Monica: Why? Because everything is my responsibility? Isn't it enough that I'm making Thanksgiving dinner for everyone? You know, everyone wants a different kind of potatoes, so I'm making different kinds of potatoes. Does anybody care what kind of potatoes I want? Nooooo, no, no! (starting to cry) Just as long as Phoebe gets her peas and onions, and Mario gets his tots, and it's my first Thanksgiving, and it's all burned, and, and I... I...

Chandler: Ok, Monica, only dogs can hear you now, so, look, the door's open. Here we go.

(They walk in. Smoke fills the apartment.)

Monica: Well, the turkey's burnt. (checking pots) Potatoes are ruined, potatoes are ruined, potatoes are ruined.

(Ross enters, singing.)

Ross: Here we come, walkin' down the—this doesn't smell like Mom's.

Monica: No, it doesn't, does it? But you wanted lumps, Ross? (picks up the pan of badly burnt potatoes) Well, here you go, buddy, ya got one.

Rachel: Oh, god, this is great! The plane is gone, so it looks like I'm stuck here with you guys.

Joey: Hey, we all had better plans. This was nobody's first choice.

Monica: Oh, really? So why was I busting my ass to make this delicious Thanksgiving dinner?

Joey: You call that delicious?

(all shouting)

Monica: Stop it, stop it, stop it!

Chandler: Now this feels like Thanksgiving.

[Time lapse. Everyone is upset with each other. Phoebe is at the window.]

Phoebe: Ooh.

Rachel: What?

Phoebe: Ugly Naked Guy's taking his turkey out of the oven. Oh my god. He's not alone. Ugly Naked Guy's having Thanksgiving dinner with Ugly Naked Gal.

(They all run to the window.)

Joey: I've gotta see this. All right Ugly Naked Guy!

Monica: Ooh, Ugly Naked Dancing!

Phoebe: It's nice that he has someone.

[Time lapse. The gang is around the table, eating grilled cheese sandwiches.]

Chandler: Shall I carve?

Rachel: By all means.

Chandler: Ok, who wants light cheese, and who wants dark cheese?

Ross: I don't even wanna know about the dark cheese.

Monica: (holding sandwich) Does anybody wanna split this with me?

Joey: Oh, I will.

Phoebe: Ooh, you guys have to make a wish.

Monica: Make a wish?

Phoebe: Come on, you know, Thanksgiving. Ooh, you got the bigger half. What'd you wish for?

Joey: The bigger half.

Chandler: I'd like to propose a toast. Little toast here, ding ding. I know this isn't the kind of Thanksgiving that all of you all planned, but for me, this has been really great, you know, I think because it didn't involve divorce or projectile vomiting. Anyway, I was just thinking, I mean, if you'd gone to Vail, and if you guys'd been with your family, if you didn't have syphilis and stuff, we wouldn't be all together, you know? So I guess what I'm trying to say is that I'm very thankful that all of your Thanksgivings sucked.

All: That's so sweet.

Ross: And hey, here's to a lousy Christmas.

Rachel: And a crappy New Year.

Chandler: Here, here!

Closing Credits

[Scene: The Subway, Joey sees his poster and he peels off the caption on his poster, revealing more posters underneath. The captions read, as follows:

- Bladder Control Problem
- Stop Wife Beating
- Hemorrhoids?
- Winner of 3 Tony Awards...

He's finally happy with that and walks away.]

End

The One With the Monkey

- Written by: Adam Chase & Ira Ungerleider
 - Transcribed by: [guineapig](#)
-

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Ross is entering.]

Ross: Guys? There's a somebody I'd like you to meet.

(A monkey jumps on to his shoulder.)

All: Oooh!

Monica: W-wait. What is that?

Ross: 'That' would be Marcel. You wanna say hi?

Monica: No, no, I don't.

Rachel: Oh, he is precious! Where did you get him?

Ross: My friend Bethel rescued him from some lab.

Phoebe: That is so cruel! Why? Why would a parent name their child Bethel?

Chandler: Hey, that monkey's got a Ross on its ass!

Monica: Ross, is he gonna live with you, like, in your apartment?

Ross: Yeah. I mean, it's been kinda quiet since Carol left, so...

Monica: Why don't you just get a roommate?

Ross: Nah, I dunno... I think you reach a certain age, having a roommate is kinda pathe- (Realises)sorry, that's, that's 'pathet', which is Sanskrit for 'really cool way to live'.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe is getting ready to sing. Joey is not there.]

Phoebe: So you guys, I'm doing all new material tonight. I have twelve new songs about my mother's suicide, and one about a snowman.

Chandler: Might wanna open with the snowman.

(Enter Joey)

All: Hey, Joey. Hey, buddy.

Monica: So, how'd it go?

Joey: Ahhhhhh, I didn't get the job.

Ross: How could you not get it? You were Santa last year.

Joey: I dunno. Some fat guy's sleeping with the store manager. He's not even jolly, it's all political.

Monica: So what are you gonna be?

Joey: Ah, I'm gonna be one of his helpers. It's just such a slap in the face, y'know?

Rachel: Hey, do you guys know what you're doing for New Year's? (They all protest and hit her with cushions) Gee, what?! What is wrong with New Year's?

Chandler: Nothing for you, you have Paolo. You don't have to face the horrible pressures of this holiday: desperate scramble to find anything with lips just so you can have someone to kiss when the ball drops!! Man, I'm talking loud!

Rachel: Well, for your information, Paolo is gonna be in Rome this New Year, so I'll be just as pathetic as the rest of you.

Phoebe: Yeah, you wish!

Chandler: It's just that I'm sick of being a victim of this Dick Clark holiday. I say this year, no dates, we make a pact. Just the six of us- dinner.

****All:**** Yeah, okay. Alright.

Chandler: Y'know, I was hoping for a little more enthusiasm.

****All:**** Woooo! Yeah!

Rachel: Phoebe, you're on.

Phoebe: Oh, oh, good.

Rachel: (Into microphone) Okay, hi. Ladies and gentlemen, back by popular demand, Miss Phoebe Buffay. Wooh!

Phoebe: (Takes mike) Thanks, hi. Um, I wanna start with a song that means a lot to me this time of year. (Shakes bell as an introduction) (Sung:)

*I made a man with eyes of coal
And a smile so bewitchin',
How was I supposed to know
That my mom was dead in the kitchen?
(shakes bell) La lalala la la la la lalala la la...*

(Cut to later. Everyone is totally depressed by now.)

Phoebe: (Sung)

*...My mother's ashes
Even her eyelashes
Are resting in a little yellow jar,
And sometimes when it's breezy...*

(Over the sound of Phoebe singing we hear two scientists, Max and David, having a noisy discussion)

Phoebe: (Sung)

*...I feel a little sneezy
And now I- (abruptly stops)*

Excuse me, excuse me! Yeah, noisy boys! (They stop talking and look up) Is it something that you would like to share with the entire group?

Max: No. No, that's- that's okay.

Phoebe: Well, c'mon, if it's important enough to discuss while I'm playing, then I assume it's important enough for everyone else to hear!

Chandler: (Quietly, to the others) That guy's going home with a note!

David: Noth- I was- I was just saying to my-

Phoebe: Could you speak up please?

David: (Stands up and speaks more loudly) Sorry, I wa- I was just saying to my friend that I thought you were the most beautiful woman that I'd ever seen in my- in my life. And then he said that- you said you thought

Max: Daryl Hannah.

David: Daryl Hannah was the most beautiful woman that he'd ever seen in his life and I said yeah, I liked her in Splash, a lot, but not so much in- in Wall Street, I thought she had kind of a

Max: Hard quality.

David: -hard quality. And uh, while Daryl Hannah is beautiful in a conventional way, you are luminous with a kind of a delicate grace. Then, uh, that-that-that's when you started yelling. (Sits down)

Phoebe: Okay, we're gonna take a short break. (Goes over to their table)

Joey: Hey, that guy's going home with more than a note!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, everyone except Joey is decorating for Christmas.]

Ross: Come here, Marcel. Sit here. (Marcel wanders off)

Rachel: Pheebs, I can't believe he hasn't kissed you yet. I mean God, by my sixth date with Paolo, I mean he had already named both my breasts! ...Ooh. Did I just share too much?

Ross: Just a smidge.

Phoebe: David's like, y'know, Scientist Guy. He's very methodical.

Monica: I think it's romantic.

Phoebe: Me too! Oh! Did you ever see An Officer and a Gentleman?

Rachel: Yeah!

Phoebe: Well, he's kinda like the guy I went to see that with. Except, except he-he's smarter, and gentler, and sweeter... I just- I just wanna be with him all the time. Day and night, and night and day... and special occasions...

Chandler: Wait a minute, wait a minute, I see where this is going, you're gonna ask him to New Year's, aren't you. You're gonna break the pact. She's gonna break the pact.

Phoebe: No, no, no, no, no, no. Yeah, could I just?

Chandler: Yeah, 'cause I already asked Janice.

Monica: What?!

Ross: C'mon, this was a pact! This was your pact!

Chandler: I snapped, okay? I couldn't handle the pressure and I snapped.

Monica: Yeah, but Janice? That-that was like the worst breakup in history!

Chandler: I'm not saying it was a good idea, I'm saying I snapped!

[Joey enters, his shoes have bells on, which jingle as he walks. He is wearing a long coat.]

Joey: Hi. Hi, sorry I'm late.

(He removes the coat to reveal an elf costume)

Chandler: Too many jokes... must mock Joey!

Joey: Nice shoes, huh? (He wiggles his foot and the bells tinkle)

Chandler: Aah, y'killing me!

(Marcel knocks over some kitchen tools)

Monica: Ross! He's playing with my spatulas again!

Ross: Okay, look, he's not gonna hurt them, right?

Monica: Do you always have to bring him here?

Ross: I didn't wanna leave him alone. Alright? We- we had our first fight this morning. I think it has to do with my working late. I said some things that I didn't mean, and he- he threw some faeces...

Chandler: Y'know, if you're gonna work late, I could look in on him for you.

Ross: Oh, that'd be great! Okay, but if you do, make sure it seems like you're there to see him, okay, and you're not like doing it as a favour to me.

Chandler: Okay, but if he asks, I'm not going to lie.

[Scene: Max and David's lab, David is explaining something to Phoebe with the aid of a whiteboard.]

David: ...But, you can't actually test this theory, because today's particle accelerators are nowhere near powerful enough to simulate these conditions.

Phoebe: Okay, alright, I have a question, then.

David: Yuh.

Phoebe: Um, were you planning on kissing me ever?

David: Uh, that's definitely a, uh, valid question. And, uh, the answer would be (Writes YES on the board) yes. Yes I was. But, see, I wanted it to be this phenomenal kiss that happened at this phenomenal moment, because, well, 'cause it's you.

Phoebe: Sure.

David: Right. But, see, the longer I waited, the more phenomenal the kiss had to be, and now we've reached a place where it's just gotta be one of those things where I just like... sweep everything off the table and throw you down on it. And, uh, I'm not really a, uh, sweeping sorta fella.

Phoebe: Oh, David, I, I think you are a sweeping sorta fella. I mean, you're a sweeper! ...trapped inside a physicist's body.

David: Rrrreally.

Phoebe: Oh, yeah, oh, I'm sure of it. You should just do it, just sweep and throw me.

David: ...Now? Now?

Phoebe: Oh yeah, right now.

David: Okay, okay, okay. (Gets ready to sweep, and then picks up a laptop computer) Y'know what, this was just really expensive. (Puts it down elsewhere. Then picks up a microscope) And I'll take- this was a gift. (Moves it)

Phoebe: Okay, now you're just kinda tidying.

David: Okay, what the hell, what the hell. (Sweeps the remaining papers off the desk and grabs Phoebe) You want me to actually throw you or you-you wanna just hop?

Phoebe: I can hop. (She hops onto the table)

(They kiss, finally)

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone is there.]

Ross: So tell me something. What does the phrase 'no date pact' mean to you?

Monica: I'm sorry, okay. It's just that Chandler has somebody, and Phoebe has somebody- I thought I'd ask Fun Bobby.

Chandler: Fun Bobby? Your ex-boyfriend Fun Bobby?

Monica: Yeah.

Joey: You know more than one Fun Bobby?

Chandler: I happen to know a Fun Bob.

Rachel: (Brings Joey a mug of coffee) Okay, here we go...

Joey: Ooh ooh ooh ooh, there's no room for milk!

Rachel: (Glances at Joey and then sips his coffee) There. Now there is.

Ross: Okay, so on our no-date evening, three of you now have dates.

Joey: Uh, four.

Ross: Four.

Rachel: Five.

Ross: Five. (Buries his head in his hands)

Rachel: Sorry. Paolo's catching an earlier flight.

Joey: Yeah, and I met this really hot single mom at the store. What's an elf to do?

Ross: Okay, so I'm gonna be the only one standing there alone when the ball drops?

Rachel: Oh, c'mon. We'll have, we'll have a big party, and no-one'll know who's with who.

Ross: Hey, y'know, this is so not what I needed right now.

Monica: What's the matter?

Ross: Oh, it's-it's Marcel. He keeps shutting me out, y'know? He's walking around all the time dragging his hands...

Chandler: That's so weird, I had such a blast with him the other night.

Ross: Really.

Chandler: Yeah, we played, we watched TV.. that juggling thing is amazing.

Ross: What, uh... what juggling thing?

Chandler: With the balled-up socks? I figured you taught him that.

Ross: No.

Chandler: Y'know, it wasn't that big a deal. He just balled up socks... and a melon...

(Max runs in)

Max: Phoebe. Hi.

Phoebe: Oh, hi Max! Hey, do you know everybody?

Max: No. Have you seen David?

Phoebe: No, no, he hasn't been around.

Max: Well, if you see him, tell him to pack his bags. We are going to Minsk.

Phoebe: Minsk?

Max: Minsk. It's in Russia.

Phoebe: I know where Minsk is.

Max: We got the grant. Three years, all expenses paid.

Phoebe: So when, when do you leave?

Max: January first.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Max and David's lab, they are working. Phoebe knocks on the door]

Phoebe: Hello?

David: Hey!

Phoebe: Hi.

David: Hi! (Kisses her) What-what're you doing here?

Phoebe: Um, well, Max told me about Minsk, so (Puts on a fake cheery voice) congratulations! This is so exciting!

Max: It'd be even more exciting if we were going.

Phoebe: Oh, you're not going? (Fake disappointed voice) Oh, why?

Max: Tell her, David. 'I don't wanna go to Minsk and work with Lifson and Yamaguchi and Flench, on nononononono. I wanna stay here and make out with my girlfriend!!!' (Storms out)

David: Thank you, Max. Thank you.

Phoebe: So-so you're really not going?

David: I don't know. I don't know what I'm gonna do. I just- you decide.

Phoebe: Oh don't do that.

David: Please.

Phoebe: Oh no no.

David: No, but I'm asking-

Phoebe: Oh, but I can't do that-

David: No, but I can't-

Phoebe: It's your thing, and-

David: -make the decision-

Phoebe: Okay, um, stay.

David: Stay.

Phoebe: Stay.

(He thinks for a moment and sweeps the stuff off the table)

Phoebe: Getting so good at that! (She hops on)

David: It was Max's stuff. (They kiss)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the party has started.]

Janice: I love this artichoke thing! Oh, don't tell me what's in it, the diet starts tomorrow! (Laughs her Janice laugh)

Chandler: You remember Janice.

Monica: Vividly.

(Someone knocks on the door; Monica gets it)

Monica: Hi.

Sandy: Hi, I'm Sandy.

Joey: Sandy! Hi! C'mon in! (She enters, followed by a young boy and a younger girl)...You brought your kids.

Sandy: Yeah. That's okay, right?

(Joey and Monica look at each other and shrug. Ross enters with Marcel on his shoulder)

Ross: Par-tay!

Monica: That thing is not coming in here.

Ross: 'That thing'? This is how you greet guests at a party? Let me ask you something, if I showed up here with my new girlfriend, she wouldn't be welcome in your home?

Monica: I'm guessing your new girlfriend wouldn't urinate on my coffee table.

Ross: Okay. He was more embarrassed about that than anyone. Okay? And for him to have the courage to walk back in here like nothing happened...

Monica: Alright. Just keep him away from me.

Ross: Thank you. (She walks off) C'mon, Marcel, whaddya say you and I do a little mingling? (Marcel runs off) Alright, I'll, uh... catch up with you later.

(The door opens. Rachel is standing there. Her coat is muddy and torn, her hair is dishevelled and her face is bruised. Everyone turns to look)

Monica: Oh my gosh! Rachel, honey.. are you okay? Where-where's Paolo?

Rachel: Rome. Jerk missed his flight.

Phoebe: And then... your face is bloated?

Rachel: No. Okay. I was at the airport, getting into a cab, when this woman- this blonde planet with a pocketbook- starts yelling at me. Something about how it was her cab first. And then the next thing I know she just starts- starts pulling me out by my hair! So I'm blowing my attack whistle thingy and three more cabs show up, and as I'm going to get into a cab she tackles me. And I hit my head on the kerb and cut my lip on my whistle...oh...everybody having fun at the party? (To Monica) Are people eating my dip?

[Time lapse. Monica and Rachel, fixed up somewhat, emerge from a bedroom]

Sandy: Y'know, when I saw you at the store last week, it was probably the first time I ever mentally undressed an elf.

Joey: Wow, that's, uh, dirty.

Sandy: Yeah.

(They almost kiss and then Joey realises her kids are staring at them)

Joey: Hey, kids...

Ross: (Watching Marcel play with Phoebe. To Chandler) Look at him. I'm not saying he has to spend the whole evening with me, but at least check in.

Janice: (Startles them) There you are! Haaah, you got away from me!

Chandler: (Imitating) But you found me!

Janice: Here, Ross, take our picture. (Hands him a camera and he starts snapping) Smile! You're on Janice Camera!

Chandler: Kill me. Kill me now.

(Someone else knocks on the door. Monica looks through the spyhole)

Monica: Hey everybody! It's Fun Bobby!

(Everyone cheers. Monica opens the door. Bobby is obviously very depressed)

Fun Bobby: Hey, sorry I'm late. But my, uh, grandfather, he- died about two hours ago. But I-I-I couldn't get a flight out 'til tomorrow, so here I am!

Joey: (Approaching) Hey Fun Bobby! Whoah! Who died?

(Monica gestures wildly behind Fun Bobby's back)

[Time lapse. Bobby is talking about his grandfather. Everyone else is virtually in tears]

Fun Bobby: It's gonna be an open casket, y'know, so at least I'll- I get to see him again.

Janice: (Ross is still taking their photo) Oh, I'm gonna blow this one up, and I'm gonna write 'Reunited' in glitter.

Chandler: Alright, Janice, that's it! Janice... Janice... Hey, Janice, when I invited you to this party I didn't necessarily think that it meant that we-

Janice: Oh, no. Oh, no.

Chandler: I'm sorry you misunderstood...

Janice: Oh my God. You listen to me, Chandler, you listen to me. One of these times is just gonna be your last chance with me. (She runs off)

(Ross is still taking photos)

Chandler: Oh, will you give me the thing. (Snatches the camera)

(David is feeding Phoebe popcorn. Max walks up)

Phoebe: Hi, Max!

Max: Yoko. (To David) I've decided to go to Minsk without you.

David: Wow.

Max: It won't be the same- but it'll still be Minsk. Happy New Year. (Walks off)

Phoebe: Are you alright?

David: Yeah, I'm fine, I'm fine.

(Phoebe leads David into a bedroom)

Phoebe: You're going to Minsk.

David: No, I'm... not going to Minsk.

Phoebe: Oh, you are so going to Minsk. You belong in Minsk. You can't stay here just 'cause of me.

David: Yes I can. Because if I go it means I have to break up with you, and I can't break up with you.

Phoebe: Oh yes, yes, yes you can. Just say, um, 'Phoebe, my work is my life and that's what I have to do right now'. And I say 'your work?! Your work?! How can you say that?!'. And then you say, um, 'it's tearing me apart, but I have no choice. Can't you understand that?'. And I say (Hits him) 'no! No! I can't understand that!'.

David: Uh, ow.

Phoebe: Ooh, sorry. Um, and, and then you put your arms around me. And then you put your arms around me. (He does so) And, um, and then you tell me that you love me and you'll never forget me.

David: I'll never forget you.

Phoebe: And then you say that it's almost midnight and you have to go because you don't wanna start the new year with me if you can't finish it. (They kiss) I'm gonna miss you. You scientist guy.

Dick Clark: (on TV) Hi, this is Dick Clark, live in Times Square. We're in a virtual snowstorm of confetti here in Times Square...

(Joey puts a blanket over Sandy's kids)

Joey: There y'go, kids.

Chandler: (To a woman who he has clearly just met) And then the peacock bit me. (Laughs) Please kiss me at midnight. (She leaves)

Joey: You seen Sandy?

Chandler: Ooh. Uh, I don't know how to tell you this, but she's in Monica's bedroom, getting it on with Max, that scientist geek. Ooh, look at that, I did know how to tell you.

Rachel: Vrrbddy, the bll is drrbing.

All: (in the kitchen) What?

Rachel: The bll is drrbing!

Dick Clark: (on TV) In twenty seconds it'll be midnight...

Chandler: And the moment of joy is upon us.

Joey: Looks like that no date pact thing worked out.

Phoebe: Everybody looks so happy. I hate that.

Monica: Not everybody's happy. Hey Bobby!

(Bobby waves and then bursts into tears. Midnight comes and everyone at the party except for the gang cheers and kisses)

Chandler: Y'know, I uh... just thought I'd throw this out here. I'm no math whiz, but I do believe there are three girls and three guys right here. (Makes kiss noise)

Phoebe: I dunno. I don't feel like kissing anyone tonight.

Rachel: I can't kiss anyone.

Monica: So I'm kissing everyone?

Joey: Nonono, you can't kiss Ross, that's your brother.

Ross: Perfect. Perfect. So now everybody's getting kissed but me.

Chandler: Alright, somebody kiss me. Somebody kiss me, it's midnight! Somebody kiss me!

Joey: Alrightalrightalright. (Kisses him. Ross takes a photo) There.

Closing Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, time lapse.]

Ross: (Watching Marcel and talking to Rachel) I wanted this to work so much. I mean I'm still in there, changing his diapers, pickin' his fleas... but he's just phoning it in. Just so hard to accept the fact that something you love so much doesn't love you back.

Rachel: ...I think that bitch cracked my tooth.

End

The One With Mrs. Bing

- Written by: Alexa Junge
 - Transcribed by: [guineapig](#)
-

[Scene: A Street: Monica and Phoebe are walking to a newsstand.]

Phoebe: Do you think they have yesterday's daily news?

Monica: Why?

Phoebe: Just wanna check my horoscope, see if it was right.

Monica: Oh my God. (Grabs Phoebe and turns her away) Phoebe. Don't look now, but behind us is a guy who has the potential to break our hearts and plunge us into a pit of depression.

Phoebe: Where? (Turns to face him) Ooh, come to Momma.

Monica: He's coming. Be cool, be cool, be cool.

(The guy walks past them)

Guy: Nice hat.

Monica and Phoebe: (in unison) Thanks.

(The guy walks on)

Phoebe: We should do something. Whistle.

Monica: We are not going to whistle.

Phoebe: Come on, do it.

Monica: No!

Phoebe: Do it!

Monica: No!

Phoebe: Do it do it do it!

Monica: (Shouts to the guy) Woo-woo!

(The guy turns round, startled. Monica points to Phoebe. The guy gets hit by a truck)

Phoebe: I can't believe you did that!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Hospital, the guy is in a coma and Mon and Pheebies are visiting.]

Monica: Why did I 'woo-hoo'? I mean, what was I hoping would happen? That-that he'd turn round and say 'I love that sound, I must have you now'?

Phoebe: I just wish there was something we could do. (Bends down and talks to him) Hello. Hello, Coma Guy. GET UP, YOU GIRL SCOUT! UP! UP! UP!

Monica: Phoebe, what are you doing?

Phoebe: Maybe nobody's tried this.

Monica: I wish we at least knew his name... Look at that face. I mean, even sleeping, he looks smart. I bet he's a lawyer.

Phoebe: Yeah, but did you see the dents in his knuckles? That means he's artistic.

Monica: Okay, he's a lawyer, who teaches sculpting on the side. And- he can dance!

Phoebe: Oh! And, he's the kinda guy who, when you're talking, he's listening, y'know, and not saying 'Yeah, I understand' but really wondering what you look like naked.

Monica: I wish all guys could be like him.

Phoebe: I know.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica and Phoebe are telling everyone about their coma guy.]

Chandler: Are there no conscious men in the city for you two?

Monica: He doesn't have anyone.

Phoebe: Yeah, we-we feel kinda responsible.

Joey: I can't believe you said woowoo. I don't even say woowoo.

Rachel: Oh, she's coming up! She's coming up! (Turns on the TV)

Jay Leno: (on TV) Folks, when we come back we'll be talking about her new book, 'Euphoria Unbound': the always interesting Nora Tyler Bing. You might wanna put the kids to bed for this one.

(Everyone has settled down to watch, except Chandler)

Chandler: Y'know, we don't have to watch this. *Weekend At Bernie's* is on *Showtime*, *HBO*, and *Cinemax*.

Rachel: No way, forget it.

Joey: C'mon, she's your mom!

Chandler: Exactly. *Weekend At Bernie's*! Dead guy getting hit in the groin twenty, thirty times! No?

Rachel: Chandler, I gotta tell you, I love your mom's books! I love her books! I cannot get on a plane without one! I mean, this is so cool!

Chandler: Yeah, well, you wouldn't think it was cool if you're eleven years old and all your friends are passing around page 79 of 'Mistress Bitch.'

Ross: C'mon, Chandler, I love your mom. I think she's a blast.

Chandler: You can say that because she's not your mom.

Ross: Oh, please...

(Rachel opens the door to Paolo)

Paolo: Bona sera.

Rachel: Oh, hi sweetie. (They kiss)

Ross: When did Rigatoni get back from Rome?

Monica: Last night.

Ross: Ah, so then his plane didn't explode in a big ball of fire?... Just a dream I had- but, phew.

Phoebe: Hey hey hey! She's on!

Paolo: Ah! Nora Bing!

Jay Leno: (on TV) ...Now what is this about you-you being arrested i-in London? What is that all about?

Phoebe: Your mom was arrested?

Chandler: Shhh, busy beaming with pride.

Mrs. Bing: (on TV) ...This is kind of embarrassing, but occasionally after I've been intimate with a man...

Chandler: Now why would she say that's embarrassing?

All: Shhh.

Mrs. Bing: (on TV) ...I just get this craving for Kung Pow Chicken.

Chandler: THAT'S TOO MUCH INFORMATION!!

Jay Leno: (on TV) Alright, so now you're doing this whole book tour thing, how is that going?

Mrs. Bing: (on TV) Oh, fine. I'm leaving for New York tomorrow, which I hate- but I get to see my son, who I love...

All: Awww!

Chandler: This is the way that I find out. Most moms use the phone.

Jay Leno: (on TV) Y'know, don't take this wrong, I-I just don't see you a-as a mom, somehow.. I don't mean that, I don't mean that bad...

Mrs. Bing: (on TV) Oh no, I am a fabulous mom! I bought my son his first condoms.

(The gang turn to look at Chandler)

Chandler: ...And then he burst into flames.

[Scene: The Hospital, it's a montage of Monica and Phoebe's visit to the hospital with *My Guy* playing in the background. It starts with Monica reading a newspaper to him.]

Monica: Let's see. Congress is debating a new deficit reduction bill... the mayor wants to raise subway fares again... the high today was forty-five... and- oh, teams played sports.

[Next is a shot of them dragging an enormous plant into the room, then Monica knitting a sweater, then Phoebe singing, then Phoebe shaving him and chatting to Monica]

Phoebe: What about Glen? He could be a Glen.

Monica: Nah... not-not special enough.

Phoebe: Ooh! How about Agamemnon?

Monica: Waaay too special.

[Scene: A Mexican Restaurant, Monica, Phoebe, Joey, Chandler and his mom are there.]

Mrs. Bing: I am famished. What do I want... (Looks at Chandler's menu)

Chandler: Please God don't let it be Kung Pow Chicken.

Mrs. Bing: Oh, you watched the show! What'd you think?

Chandler: Well, I think you need to come out of your shell just a little.

Ross: (Entering) What is this dive? Only you could've picked this place.

Mrs. Bing: Oooh, c'mon, shut up, it's fun. Gimme a hug. (They both sit down) Well, I think we're ready for some tequila.

Chandler: I know I am.

Mrs. Bing: Who's doing shots?

Monica: Yeah.

Phoebe: I'm in.

Mrs. Bing: There y'go. Ross?

Ross: Uh, I'm not really a shot drinking kinda guy.

(Enter Rachel and Paolo. They are both somewhat flustered)

Rachel: Hi! Sorry- sorry we're late, we, uh, kinda just, y'know, lost track of time.

Ross: ...But a man can change. (Downs a shot)

[Time lapse. Ross is now clearly drunk. He is holding up a shot glass to his eye like a jeweller's eye.]

Ross: Anyone want me to appraise anything?

(Rachel feeds something to Paolo. He eats it and licks her hand)

Rachel: Mrs. Bing, I have to tell you, I've read everything you've ever written. No, I mean it! I mean, when I read Euphoria at Midnight, all I wanted to do was become a writer.

Mrs. Bing: Oh, please, honey, listen, if I can do it, anybody can. You just start with half a dozen European cities, throw in thirty euphemisms for male genitalia, and bam! You have got yourself a book.

Chandler: Myyy mother, ladies and gentlemen.

[Cut to Mrs. Bing on the telephone.]

Mrs. Bing: Yeah, any messages for room 226?

(Ross emerges from a toilet marked 'Chicas')

Mrs. Bing: You okay there, slugger?

Ross: Yeah, I'm fine, I'm fine. (A woman emerges from the toilet behind him and he tries to pretend he was in the other one)

Mrs. Bing: What is with you tonight?

Ross: Nothing. Nothing nothing nothing.

Mrs. Bing: (To phone) Okay, thank you. (To Ross) It's the Italian Hand-Licker, isn't it.

Ross: No. It's the one he's licking.

Mrs. Bing: She's supposed to be with you.

Ross: You're good.

Mrs. Bing: Oh, Ross, listen to me. I have sold a hundred million copies of my books, and y'know why?

Ross: The girl on the cover with her nipples showing?

Mrs. Bing: No. Because I know how to write men that women fall in love with. Believe me, I cannot sell a Paolo. People will not turn three hundred twenty-five pages for a Paolo. C'mon, the guy's a secondary character, a, y'know, complication you eventually kill off.

Ross: When?

Mrs. Bing: He's not a hero. ...You know who our hero is.

Ross: The guy on the cover with his nipples showing?

Mrs. Bing: No, it's you!

Ross: Please.

Mrs. Bing: No, really, c'mon. You're smart, you're sexy...

Ross: Right.

Mrs. Bing: You are gonna be fine, believe me.

(She kisses him on the cheek)

Ross: Uh-oh...

(...Then full on the mouth)

(Enter Joey)

Joey: Uhhhh.... I'll just pee in the street.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, the next morning. Joey is getting the door in his dressing gown—it's Ross.]

Ross: Hey, is Chandler here?

Joey: Yeah.

(Ross drags Joey into the hall and slams the door)

Ross: Okay, uh, about last night, um, Chandler.. you didn't tell... (Joey shakes his head) Okay, 'cause I'm thinking- we don't need to tell Chandler, I mean, it was just a kiss, right? One kiss? No big deal? Right?

Joey: Right. No big deal.

Ross: Okay.

Joey: In Bizarro World!! You broke the code!

Ross: What code?

Joey: You don't kiss your friend's mom! Sisters are okay, maybe a hot-lookin' aunt... but not a mom, never a mom!

(Chandler opens the door and startles them. He picks up the paper)

Chandler: What are you guys doing out here?

Ross: Uh.. uh.. Well, Joey and I had discussed getting in an early morning racquetball game. But, um, apparently, somebody overslept.

Joey: Yeah, well, you don't have your racket.

Ross: No, no I don't, because it's being restrung, somebody was supposed to bring me one.

Joey: Yeah, well you didn't call and leave your grip size.

Chandler: Okay, you guys spend waaaay too much time together. (Goes back inside and shuts the door)

Ross: Okay, I'm scum, I'm scum.

Joey: Ross, how could you let this happen?

Ross: I don't know, God, I... well, it's not like she's a regular mom, y'know? She's, she's sexy, she's...

Joey: You don't think my mom's sexy?

Ross: Well... not in the same way...

Joey: I'll have you know that Gloria Tribbiani was a handsome woman in her day, alright? You think it's easy giving birth to seven children?

Ross: Okay, I think we're getting into a weird area here...

(Monica and Rachel's door opens and Rachel and Paolo emerge)

Rachel: Hey.

Ross: Hey.

Rachel: What're you guys doing out here?

Ross: Well, not playing raquetball!

Joey: He forgot to leave his grip size!

Ross: He didn't get the goggles!

Rachel: Well, sounds like you two have issues.

(She and Paolo walk a little way down the hall)

Rachel: Goodbye, baby.

Paolo: Ciao, bela.

(They kiss. Ross is watching them)

Ross: Do they wait for me to do this?

(Joey and Ross go into Monica and Rachel's apartment)

Joey: So are you gonna tell him?

Ross: Why would I tell him?

Joey: How about 'cause if you don't, his mother might.

Ross: Oh...

Monica: (Entering) What are you guys doing here?

Joey: Uhhhh.... he's not even wearing a jockstrap!

Monica: ...What did I ask?

[Scene: Hospital. Phoebe is there stroking Coma Guy's hair, when Monica enters with a bunch of balloons.]

Monica: Hi.

Phoebe: Hi.

Monica: What are you doing here?

Phoebe: Nothing, I just thought I'd stop by.. y'know, after the uh... that I.. y'know, so what are you doing here?

Monica: I'm not really here. Just thought I'd drop these off...on the way.. my way... Do you come here a lot? Without me?

Phoebe: No. (Monica brushes Coma Guy's hair in the other direction) No! No! ...So, um, do you think he's doing any better than he was this morning?

Monica: How would I know? I-I wasn't here.

Phoebe: Really? Not even to, um, change his PAJAMAS?! (Whips back the sheet to reveal him wearing new pajamas.)

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Ross is talking to Chandler. Joey is making a snack at the bar.]

Chandler: Oh my God.

Ross: You're my friend. I-I had to tell you.

Chandler: I can't believe it. Paolo kissed my mom?

Ross: Yeah, um, I don't know if you noticed, but he had a lot to drink, and you know how he gets when he's drun..uh... (He has caught sight of Joey scowling at him) I can't do this, I did it, it was me, I'm sorry, I kissed your mom.

Chandler: What?

Ross: I was really upset about Rachel and Paolo, and I think I had too much tequila, and Nora- um, Mrs. Mom- your Bing- was just being nice, y'know, and- But nothing happened, nothing- Ask Joey, Joey, uh, came in-

Chandler: (To Joey) You knew about this?

Joey: Uh... y'know, knowledge is a tricky thing.

Chandler: I spent the entire day with you, why didn't you tell me?!

Joey: Hey, hey, hey, you're lucky I caught them when I did, or else who knows what woulda happened.

Ross: Thanks, man, big help.

Chandler: (To Ross) I can't believe this! What the hell were you thinking?

Ross: I wasn't- I mean, I-

Chandler: Y'know, of all my friends, no-one knows the crap I go through with my mom more than you.

Ross: I know-

Chandler: I can't believe you did this. (Walks toward the door)

Ross: Chandler-

Joey: Me neither, y'know what-

Chandler: I'm still mad at you for not telling me.

Joey: What are you mad at me for?!

Ross: Chandler-

Chandler: You gotta let me slam the door! (Leaves; slams the door)

Joey: (Shouting after him) Chandler, I didn't kiss her, he did! (To Ross) See what happens when you break the code?

Ross: Joey-

Joey: Ah! (Points to door) Huh? (Leaves and slams the door)

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone is there except for Chandler. Rachel is writing something and Monica walks up.]

Monica: Hey.

Rachel: Hey.

Monica: (Reading) 'A Woman Undone, by Rachel Karen Green'.

Rachel: Yeah. Thought I'd give it a shot. I'm still on the first chapter. Now, do you think his 'love stick can be liberated from its denim prison'?

Monica: (Reads) Yeah, I'd say so. And there's no 'j' in 'engorged'.

Phoebe: (Walks up with her guitar) Hey Rach.

Rachel: Hey.

Phoebe: Hello.

Monica: Hello.

Phoebe: Going to the hospital tonight?

Monica: No, you?

Phoebe: No, you?

Monica: You just asked me.

Phoebe: Okay, maybe it was a trick question. (Plays a few chords) Um, Rachel can we do this now?

Rachel: Okay. (Writes a little more) I am so hot!

Joey: (To Ross, on the couch) Now, here's a picture of my mother and father on their wedding day. Now you tell me she's not a knockout.

Ross: I cannot believe we're having this conversation.

Joey: C'mon! Just try to picture her not pregnant, that's all.

Rachel: (Into microphone) Central Perk is proud to present Miss Phoebe Buffay.

Phoebe: Thanks. Hi, um, 'kay. I'd like to start with a song that's about a man that I recently met, who's, um, come to be very important to me. (Monica gives her a look) 'Kay. (Sung:)

You don't have to be awake to be my man,
As long as you have brainwaves I'll be there to hold your hand.
Though we just met the other day,
There's something I have got to say...

(She sees Monica sneaking out) Okay, thank you very much, I'm gonna take a short break! (Runs out, knocking over the mike stand)

Rachel: (Into mike) Okay, that was Phoebe Buffay, everybody. Woo!

(Enter Chandler)

Chandler: What was that?

Ross: Oh, uh, Phoebe just started a...

Chandler: Yeah, I believe I was talking to Joey, alright there, Mother-Kisser? (Goes to the counter)

Joey: (Laughing) Mother-Kisser... (Sees Ross's look) I'll shut up.

Ross: Chandler, can I just say something? I-I know you're still mad at me, I just wanna say that there were two people there that night. Okay? Two sets of lips.

Chandler: Yes, well, I expect this from her. Okay? She's always been a Freudian nightmare.

Ross: Okay, well, if she always behaves like this, why don't you say something?

Chandler: Because it's complicated, it's complex- Hey, you kissed my mom!

(People turn to look)

Ross: (To the rest of Central Perk) We're rehearsing a Greek play.

Chandler: That's very funny. We done now?

Ross: No! Okay, you mean, you're not gonna talk to her, you're not gonna tell her how you feel?

Chandler: That would be no. Look, just because you played tonsil tennis with my mom doesn't mean you know her. Alright? Trust me, you can't talk to her.

Ross: Okay, 'you' can't, or (Points to Chandler) you can't? (Chandler grabs his finger) Okay, that's my finger. (Chandler twists it and Ross goes down on one knee) That's, that's my knee. (To Central Perk) Still doing the play. Aaah!

[Scene: The Coma Guy's Room, Monica bursts in, closely followed by Phoebe. There is no sign of Coma Guy. His bed is empty.]

Phoebe: Alright, whadyou do with him?

(There is the sound of a flushing toilet and Coma Guy emerges from the bathroom)

Monica: Oh! You're awake!

Phoebe: Look at you! How, how do you feel?

Coma Guy: Uh, a little woozy, but basically okay.

Monica: You look good!

Coma Guy: I feel good! ...Who are you?

Monica: Oh, sorry.

Phoebe: I'm Phoebe Buffay.

Monica: I'm Monica Geller. I've been taking care of you.

Phoebe: Well, we both have.

Coma Guy: So, the Etch-a-Sketch is from you guys?

Phoebe: Well, actually it's just from me.

Monica: I got you the foot massager.

Phoebe: You know who shaved you? That was me.

Monica: I read to you.

Phoebe: I sang. (To Monica) Hah!

Coma Guy: Well,... thanks.

Monica: Oh, my pleasure.

Phoebe: You're welcome.

Coma Guy: So. I guess I'll see you around.

Phoebe: What, that's it?

Monica: "See you around?"

Coma Guy: Well, what do you want me to say?

Monica: Oh, I don't know. Maybe, um, "That was nice?" Admit something to me? "I'll call you?"

Coma Guy: Alright, I'll call you.

Phoebe: I don't think you mean that.

Monica: This is so typical. Y'know, we give, and we give, and we give. And then- we just get nothing back! And then one day, y'know, it's just, you wake up, and "See you around!" Let's go, Phoebe.

Phoebe: Y'know what? We thought you were different. But I guess it was just the coma.

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's Chandler is talking with his mom.]

Mrs. Bing: Car's waiting downstairs, I just wanted to drop off these copies of my book for your friends. Anything you want from Lisbon?

Chandler: No, just knowing you're gonna be there is enough.

Mrs. Bing: Alright, well, be good, I love you. (Kisses him and goes to leave)

Chandler: You kissed my best Ross! ...Or something to that effect.

Mrs. Bing: (Reentering) O-kay. Look, it, it was stupid.

Chandler: Really stupid.

Mrs. Bing: Really stupid. And I don't even know how it happened. I'm sorry, honey, I promise it will never happen again. Are we okay now?

Chandler: Yeah. No. No...

[Cut to the hallway, Joey is listening to Chandler and his mom's conversation through the door as Ross walks up.]

Ross: Ah, the forbidden love of a man and his door.

Joey: Shh. He did it. He told her off, and not just about the kiss, about everything.

Ross: You're kidding.

Joey: No, no. He said "When are you gonna grow up and start being a mom?"

Ross: Wow!

Joey: Then she came back with "The question is, when are you gonna grow up and realise I have a bomb?"

Ross: 'Kay, wait a minute, are you sure she didn't say "When are you gonna grow up and realise I am your mom?"

Joey: That makes more sense.

Ross: So, what's going on now?

Joey: I dunno, I've been standing here spelling it out for you! (Goes back to the door) I don't hear anything. Oh, wait, wait, wait. (Looks through the spyhole)

Ross: Whaddya see?

Joey: Hard to tell, they're so tiny and upside-down. Wait, wait. They're walking away... they're walking away... No, no they're not, they're coming right at us! Run! Run!

(Joey runs off down the hall. Ross tries Monica and Rachel's apartment, but it is locked so he has to stand in the hall and pretend he wasn't listening. Chandler and his mom come out)

Mrs. Bing: You okay, kiddo?

Chandler: Yeah, okay.

Mrs. Bing: Alright. (Kisses him)

Chandler: Nice save.

(She walks down the hall)

Ross: (Very politely) Mrs. Bing.

Mrs. Bing: Mr. Geller.

(She leaves)

(Ross knocks on Monica and Rachel's door)

Chandler: Hey.

Ross: You mean that?

Chandler: Yeah, why not. (They shake hands) So I told her.

Ross: Yeah? How'd it go?

Chandler: Awful. Awful. Couldn'ta gone worse.

Ross: Well, howdya feel?

Chandler: Pretty good! I told her.

Ross: Well, see? So, maybe it wasn't such a bad idea, y'know, me kissing your mom, uh? Huh? (Wags his finger at Chandler, then puts it down) But.. we don't have to go down that road.

Closing Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel is handing out copies of her book to the gang.]

Rachel: Okay. Now this is just the first chapter, and I want your absolute honest opinion. Oh, oh, and on page two, he's not 'reaching for her heaving beasts'.

Monica: What's a 'niffle'?

Joey: You usually find them on the 'heaving beasts'.

Rachel: Alright, alright, so I'm not a great typist...

Ross: Wait, did you get to the part about his 'huge throbbing pens'? Tell ya, you don't wanna be around when he starts writing with those!

Rachel: Alright, that's it! Give it back! That's it!

All: Nooo!

End

The One With the Dozen Lasagnas

- Written by: Jeffrey Astrof, Mike Sikowitz, Adam Chase & Ira Ungerleider
 - Transcribed by: [Jim & Tracy Lambers](#)
 - With Minor Adjustments by: Dan Silverstein
-

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone is there. Ross working on crossword puzzle, starts humming theme from *The Odd Couple*. Chandler joins in, followed by Monica and Phoebe, then the whole gang. Ross starts humming theme from *I Dream Of Jeannie*.]

Chandler: No-no-no-no, we're done.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica is on the phone in the kitchen.]

Monica: Aunt Syl, stop yelling! All I'm saying is that if you had told me vegetarian lasagna, I would have made vegetarian lasagna. (pauses, listens to person on phone) Well, the meat's only every third layer, maybe you could scrape.

(Camera moves to Chandler, Phoebe, Ross, and Joey sitting in living room)

Joey: Ross, did you really read all these baby books?

Ross: Yup! You could plunk me down in the middle of any woman's uterus, no compass, and I can find my way out of there like that! (snaps fingers)

Phoebe: Ooh, this is cool...it says in some parts of the world, people actually eat the placenta. (Joey grimaces)

Chandler: And, we're done with the yogurt. (Sets yogurt down on table)

Phoebe: (softly) Sorry. (Camera pans back to Monica, still on phone)

Monica: Aunt Syl, I did this as a favor, I am not a caterer. What do you want me to do with a dozen lasagnas? (listens to Aunt Syl on phone, looks shocked) Nice talk, Aunt Syl. (in New York accent) You kiss Uncle Freddie with that mouth?

(Camera pans back to group in living room)

Joey: Hey Ross, listen, you know that right now, your baby's only this big? (measures about 2 inches with his thumb and index finger) This is your baby. (in baby-like voice) Hi Daddy!

Ross: (waves) Hello!

Joey: (in baby-like voice) How come you don't live with Mommy? (pause; shows Ross less than amused) How come Mommy lives with that other lady? (pause; Ross still looks less than amused; Joey smiling) What's a lesbian? (playfully hits Ross)

(Rachel enters with Paolo, speaking Italian. Ross looks annoyed)

Rachel: Honey, you can say it, Poconos, Poconos, it's like Poc-o-nos (touching Paolo's nose with forefinger with each syllable)

Paolo: Ah, poke (Paolo touches Rachel's nose) a (touches nose again) nose, mmm (they rub noses, then kisses her)

Joey, Chandler, and Ross: (sitting in living room, imitating Paolo) Mma, Mma, Mmaah

(Camera pans to Rachel, Monica, and Phoebe in the kitchen)

Monica: So, did I hear Poconos?

Rachel: Yes, my sister's giving us her place for the weekend.

Phoebe: Woo-hoo, first weekend away together!

Monica: Yeah, that's a big step.

Rachel: I know...

(Camera pans to Ross, looking dejected)

Chandler: (to Ross) Ah, it's just a weekend, big deal!

Ross: Wasn't this supposed to be just a fling, huh? Shouldn't it be...(makes flinging motions with hands) flung by now?

(Camera pans back to Rachel)

Rachel: I mean, we are way past the fling thing, I mean, I am feeling things that I've only read about in Danielle Steele books, you know? I mean, when I'm with him, I'm totally, totally...

(Camera pans to Ross, holding his stomach)

Ross: ...nauseous, I'm physically nauseous. What am I supposed to do, huh? Call immigration? (pauses, looks suddenly inspired) I could call immigration!

[Scene: The Hallway, Chandler and Joey leaving girls' apartment, carrying lasagna.]

Joey: I love babies, with their little baby shoes, and their little baby toes, and their little baby hands...

Chandler: Ok, you're going to have to stop that, forever!

(Joey opens door, throws keys on kitchen table, table falls over)

Joey: Need a new table.

Chandler: You think?

[Scene: Carol and Susan's, there's a knock on the door and Carol answers it to Ross.]

Carol: Hey hey, come on in!

(Ross enters, carrying lasagna)

Ross: Hey, hello! mmwa! (kisses Carol) I brought all the books, and Monica sends her love, along with this lasagna.

Carol: Oh great! Is it vegetarian, 'cause Susan doesn't eat meat.

Ross: (pauses) I'm pretty sure that it is...

Carol: So, I got the results of the amnio today.

Ross: (making flinging gestures with hands) Oh, tell me, tell me, is everything, uhh....?

Carol: Totally and completely healthy!

Ross: Oh, that's great, that is great! (Hugs and kisses Carol. Then picks up a picture frame)

Ross: Hey, when did you and Susan meet Huey Lewis?

Carol: Uh, that's our friend Tanya.

Ross: (surprised, chuckling nervously) Of course it's your friend Tanya. (looks up frightenedly)

Carol: Don't you want to know about the sex?

Ross: (chuckles nervously) The sex? (chuckles) Um, I'm having enough trouble with the image of you and Susan together, when you throw in Tanya (miming washing hair, that's the best I could think of), yaw...

Carol: The sex of the baby, Ross.

Ross: Oh, you know the sex of the baby? Oh, oh-oh-oh!

Carol: Do you want to know?

Ross: No, no, no, no, no, I don't want to know, absolutely not. I think, you know, I think you should know until you look down there, and say, oop, there it is! (pauses) Or isn't...

(Susan enters)

Susan: Oh, hello Ross!

Ross: Susan...

Susan: So, so, did you hear?

Ross: Yes, we did, everything's A-OK!

Susan: Oh, that's so... (Susan hugs Carol, they giggle, Ross steps away) It really is...do we know...?

Carol: Yes, we certainly do, it's going to be...

Ross: (flailing arms in protest) Oh, hey hey hey, ho ho ho, hello, guy who doesn't want to know, standing right here!

Susan: Oh, well, is it what we thought it would be?

Carol: Mm-hmmm (Susan and Carol hug, giggling. Ross stands back, reaches out and lightly taps Susan's shoulder)

Ross: Ok, what, what...ok, what did we think it was going to be?

Carol and Susan: It's a...

Ross: (interrupts) No, no, no I don't want to know, don't want to know. Ok, you know, I should probably, I should probably just go.

Carol: Well, thanks for the books.

Ross: No problem, ok, mmmwa (kisses Carol) oh, mmmwa (kisses Carol's stomach, then punches Susan's shoulder)

Susan... (Ross leaves.)

Susan: All right, who should we call first, your folks, or Deb and Rona? (intercom buzzer rings)

Carol: Hello?

Ross: (on intercom) Uh, never mind, I don't want to know. (Carol and Susan laugh)

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Joey and Chandler use their knees as a table to support the lasagna.]

Chandler: Ok, so it's just because it was my table, I have to buy a new one?

Joey: That's the rule.

Chandler: What rule? There's no rule, if anything, you owe me a table!

Joey: How'd you get to that?

Chandler: Well, I believe the piece of furniture was fine until your little breakfast adventure with Angela Delvecchio

Joey: You knew about that?

Chandler: Well, let's just say the impressions you made in the butter left little to the imagination.

Joey: Ok, ok, How about if we split it?

Chandler: What do you mean, like, buy it together?

Joey: Yeah

Chandler: You think we're ready for something like that?

Joey: Why not?

Chandler: Well, it's a pretty big commitment, I mean, what if one of us wants to move out?

Joey: Why, are you moving out?

Chandler: I'm not moving out.

Joey: You'd tell me if you were moving out right

Chandler: Yeah, yeah, it's just that with my last roommate Kip...

Joey: Aw, I know all about Kip!

Chandler: It's just that we bought a hibachi together, and then he ran off and got married, and things got pretty ugly.

Joey: Well, let me ask you something, was Kip a better roommate than me?

Chandler: Aw, don't do that

[Scene: Phoebe's Massage Parlor, Phoebe's assistant is telling her about the changes to her schedule.]

Phoebe's Assistant: We've got a couple changes in your schedule. Your 4:00 herbal massage has been pushed back to 4:30 and Miss Somerfield canceled her 5:30 shiatsu.

Phoebe: Ok, thanks. (assistant leaves, then walks back in)

Phoebe's Assistant: Oh, here comes your 3:00. I don't mean to sound unprofessional, but, yum (walks out, Paolo enters)

Paolo: Buon Giorno, Bella Phoebe!

Phoebe: Oh, Paolo, hi, what are you doing here?

Paolo: Uh, Racquela tell me you massage, eh?

Phoebe: Well, Racquela's right, yeah!

(Paolo speaks Italian)

Phoebe: Oh, okay, I don't know what you just said, so let's get started.

Paolo: Uh, I am, uh, being naked?

Phoebe: Um, that's really your decision, I mean, some people prefer, you know, to take off...oh whoops! You're being naked!

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone but Phoebe is there.]

Rachel: (to Ross) I can't believe you don't want to know. I mean, I couldn't not know, I mean, if, if the doctor knows, and Carol knows, and Susan knows....

Monica: And Monica knows...

Ross: Wha, heh, how could you know, I don't even know!

Monica: Carol called me to thank me for the lasagna, I asked, she told me.

Joey: So what's it gonna be? (Monica whispers in Joey's ear. Ross gets up and waves arms frantically in protest)

Ross: Wait—oh—hey—huh, oh great now he knows, and I don't know!

Monica: I'm sorry, I'm just excited about being an aunt!

Joey: Or an uncle...

(Phoebe enters)

Joey and Chandler: Hey Phoebe!

Ross: Hi Pheeb!

Rachel: Pheeb!

Phoebe: Fine!

Monica: Phoebe, what's the matter?

Phoebe: Nothing, I'm sorry, I'm just, I'm out of sorts.

Customer: Hey, can we get some cappuccino over here?

Rachel: Oh, right, that's me!

Joey: Hey, Chandler, that table place closes at 7, come on.

Chandler: Fine. (Joey and Chandler walk towards the door)

Monica: Phoebe, what is it?

Phoebe: All right, you know Paolo?

Ross: I'm familiar with his work, yes...

Phoebe: Well, he made a move on me.

(Joey and Chandler come back)

Joey: Whoa, store will be open tomorrow!

Chandler: More coffee over here, please!

Commercial Break

[Scene: Central Perk, continued from earlier.]

Monica: Well, what happened?

Phoebe: Well, he came in for a massage, and everything was fine until. (A flashback starts Paolo, lying on massage table, moving his hands up Phoebe's legs.)

[Cut back to Central Perk.]

Joey and Chandler: Oooooohh!

Ross: My God.

Monica: Are you sure?

(The flashback resumes with Paolo grabbing her butt.)

[Cut back to Central Perk.]

Phoebe: Oh yeah, I'm sure. (Flashback resumes with Phoebe doing a voiceover.) And all of a sudden his hands weren't the problem anymore. (Flashback continues: Paolo rolls over, Phoebe looks down, then quickly looks up, bites lip, shakes her head)

Monica: Was it...?

Phoebe: Oh, boy scouts could have camped under there.

Guys: Oooooo....

(Rachel runs over)

Rachel: "Ooo," what?

Phoebe: Uma Thurman.

Monica: Oh!

Ross: The actress!

(all talking indistinctly, high-fiving)

Ross: Thanks Rach.

(Rachel walks away)

Chandler: So what are you gonna do?

Ross: You have to tell her! You have to tell her! It's your moral obligation, as a friend, as a woman, I think it's a feminist issue! Guys? Guys? (waiting for guys to chime in)

Chandler: Oh, yeah, you have to tell her.

Joey: Feminist issue. That's where I went!

Phoebe: She is gonna hate me.

Ross:(sympathetic yet...) Yeah, well...

[Scene: The Table Store, Joey and Chandler and looking for their new table.]

Joey: Will you pick one, just pick one! Here, how about that one? (points to a table)

Chandler: That's patio furniture!

Joey: So what, like people are gonna come in and think, "Uh-oh, I'm outside again?" Of course!

Chandler: (gesturing towards another table) What about the birds?

Joey: I don't know, birds just don't say, "Hello, sit here, eat something."

Chandler: You pick one.

Joey: All right, how about the ladybugs?

Chandler: Oh, so, forget about the birds, but big red insects suggest fine dining!

Joey: Fine, you want to get the birds, get the birds!

Chandler: Not like that, I won't! (pauses) Kip would have liked the birds! (Joey turns and gives Chandler a dirty look)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel folding and packing clothes in suitcases as Phoebe enters.]

Phoebe: Hey!

Rachel: Hi Pheebs!

Phoebe: Are you moving out?

Rachel: No, these aren't all my suitcases. (picks up small blue suitcase and shows to Phoebe) This one's Paolo's.

Phoebe: Um, um, Rachel can we talk for a sec?

Rachel: Well, sure...just a sec, though, 'cause Paolo's on his way over.

Phoebe: Oh! (sits down) Ok, um, ok, um,

Rachel: Oh, Pheeb, Pheeb...

Phoebe: Ok, um, (clears throat) we haven't known each other for that long a time, and, um, there are three things that you should know about me. One, my friends are the most important thing in my life, two, I never lie, and three, I make the best oatmeal raisin cookies in the world. (Phoebe opens a tin and offers Rachel a cookie)

Rachel: (taking cookie) Ok, thanks Pheeb (takes bite of cookie, overwhelmed) Oh my God, why have I never tasted these before?!

Phoebe: Oh, I don't make them a lot because I don't think it's fair to the other cookies

Rachel: All right, well, you're right, these are the best oatmeal cookies I've ever had.

Phoebe: Which proves that I never lie.

Rachel: I guess you don't.

Phoebe: Paolo made a pass at me.

(Rachel looks stunned)

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Ross, Chandler, Joey, and Monica admiring their new table.]

Chandler: So, what do you think?

Ross: I think It's the most beautiful table I've ever seen.

Chandler: I know!

(The camera pans back to reveal Joey and Chandler's new foosball table.)

Monica: So how does this work, you going to balance the plates on these little guys' heads?

Joey: Who cares, we'll eat at the sink! Come on, let's play!

Monica: Heads up Ross! (Monica scores on Chandler and Joey) Score! (points at Chandler) You suck!

(Chandler looks at Joey in amazement)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel is recovering from the shock.]

Phoebe: Are you okay?

Rachel: I need some milk.

Phoebe: Ok, I've got milk (takes thermos from her bag and starts to pour a cup) Here you go... (Rachel drinks straight from thermos) Oh!(Rachel finishes thermos) Better?

Rachel: No...oh, I feel so stupid! Oh, I think about the other day with you guys and I was all "Oh, Paolo, he's so great, he makes me feel so..." Oh, God, I'm so embarrassed!

Phoebe: I'm so embarrassed, I'm the one he hit on!

(Phoebe's and Rachel's lines overlap)

Rachel: Pheebs, if I had never met him this never would have happened!

Rachel and Phoebe: I'm so sorry! No I'm sorry! No I'm sorry! No I'm sorry!

Phoebe: No, wait, oh, what are we sorry about?

Rachel: I don't know...right, he's the pig!

Phoebe: Such a pig!

Rachel: Oh, God, he's such a pig,

Phoebe: Oh he's like a...

Rachel: He's like a big disgusting...

Phoebe: ...like a...

Rachel: ...pig...pig man!

Phoebe: Yes, good! Ok...

Rachel: (voice wavers) Oh, but he was my pig man...how did I not see this?

Phoebe: (raises hand) Oh! I know! (Rachel startled) It's because... he's gorgeous, and he's charming, and when he looks at you...

Rachel: Ok, Ok, Pheebs...

Phoebe: The end.

Rachel: Oh, God...

Phoebe: Should I not have told you?

Rachel: No, no, trust, me, it's, it's, it's much better that I know. Uh, I just liked it better before it was better...

(Phoebe scoots her chair over to Rachel and hugs her)

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Phoebe is telling everyone how it went across the hall as the foosball game continues.]

Phoebe: I think she took it pretty well. You know Paolo's over there right now, so...

Monica: We should get over there and see if she's okay. (switching places with Ross) Just one...second! Score!
(Monica scores, high-fives with Ross) Game! Come on. (Monica and Phoebe leave)

Ross: (wiping his brow) Ah...ooh! Well, looks like, uh, we kicked your butts.

Joey: No-no, she kicked our butts. You could be on the Olympic standing-there team.

Ross: Come on, two on one.

Chandler: What are you still doing here? She just broke up with the guy, it's time for you to swoop in!

Ross: What, now?

Joey: Yes, now is when you swoop! You gotta make sure that when Paolo walks out of there, the first guy Rachel sees is you, She's gotta know that you're everything he's not! You're like, like the anti-Paolo!

Chandler: My Catholic friend is right. She's distraught. You're there for her. You pick up the pieces, and then you usher in the age of Ross! (Ross and Chandler look off into the distance. Joey, wondering what they are looking at, looks in the same direction)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's Balcony, Rachel is throwing Paolo's clothes over the side.]

Paolo: No, that's cold, that's cold, that's...

[Cut to inside the apartment.]

Ross: (entering) How's it going?

Monica: Don't stare. Now she just finished throwing his clothes off the balcony, now there's just a lot of gesturing and arm-waving, (shows Rachel gesturing with hands in front of her chest), Ok, that is either, "How could you?" or, "Enormous breasts!" Here he comes!

Phoebe: Ooh!

(Paolo enters. Ross, Phoebe, and Monica scatter)

Paolo: Uh, I am, uh, to say good-bye.

Phoebe: Oh, ok bye-bye.

Monica: Paolo, I really hate you for what you did to Rachel, (hands him a lasagna) but I still have five of these, so heat it at 375 until the cheese bubbles.

Paolo: Grazie.

Ross: Paolo, I-I just want to tell you and I think I speak for everyone when I say... (shuts door in his face and walks away)

Phoebe: Oh, just look at her... (girls move toward Rachel on the balcony)

Ross: Oh you guys, I-I really think just one of us should go out there so she's not overwhelmed...

Monica: Oh, you're right.

Ross: (pulls Monica back) ...and I really think it should be me.

[Cut to the balcony, Ross has just climbed through the window.]

Ross: Hey.

Rachel: Hey.

Ross: You all right?

Rachel: Ooh, I've been better...

Ross: Come here. (he hugs Rachel) Listen, you deserve so much better than him...you know, I mean, you, you, you should be with a guy who knows what he has when he has you.

Rachel: Oh, Ross...

Ross: What?

Rachel: I am so sick of guys. I don't want to look at another guy, I don't want to think about another guy, I don't even want to be near another guy. (Ross crosses arms)

Ross: Huh.

Rachel: Oh Ross, you're so great!

Ross: Ohhhh (Hugs her and sighs)

[Cut to inside the apartment, Rachel and Ross are entering.]

Monica: Ooh...hey honey, are you all right?

Rachel: Oh...

Phoebe: You ok?

Rachel: ...medium...hmm...any cookies left?

Phoebe: Yep!

Ross: See, Rach, uh, see, I don't think that swearing off guys altogether is the answer. I really don't. I think that what you need is to develop a more sophisticated screening process.

Rachel: No. I just need to be by myself for a while, you know? I just got to figure out what I want

Ross: Uh, no, no, see, because not...not all guys are going to be a Paolo.

Rachel: No, I know, I know, and I'm sure your little boy is not going to grow up to be one.

Ross: (astonished) What?

Rachel: What?

Ross: I-I'm, I'm having a boy?

Rachel: Uh...no. No, no, in fact, you're not having a boy.

Ross: Wha-I'm having, I'm having a boy! (babbling) Huh, am I having a boy?

Girls: Yes, you're having a boy! (Monica runs over and hugs Ross)

Ross: I'm having a boy! Oh, I'm having a boy!

(Joey and Chandler run in)

Chandler: Wha-

Joey: Wha-

Joey and Chandler: What is it?

Ross: I'm having a boy! I-I'm having a boy!

Joey: Hey!

Chandler: Hey!

Joey and Chandler: We already knew that! (they hug)

Ross: I'm having a son. Um...

(Ross looks scared)

Closing Credits

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Monica is busy killing Chandle and Joey at foosball.]

Monica: Yes! And that would be a shut-down!

Joey and Chandler: Shut-out!! (They both start heading for their rooms.)

Monica: Where are you guys going? Come on, one more game!

Joey: Uh, it's 2:30 in the morning!

Chandler: Yeah, get out!

Monica: You guys are always hanging out in my apartment! Come on, I'll only use my left hand, huh? Come on, wussies! (Joey and Chandler pick her up) All right, ok, I gotta go. I'm going, (they throw her out) and I'm gone.

Chandler: (to Joey) One more game?

Joey: Oh yeah!

End

The One With the Boobies

- Written by: Alexa Junge
 - Transcribed by: [guineapig](#)
-

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Chandler walks in and starts raiding the fridge. Then Rachel comes out of the shower with a towel wrapped round her waist, drying herself with another towel. Chandler and Rachel startle each other and she drops the towel for a second and snatches the rug off the couch.]

Rachel: That is it! You just barge in here, you don't knock

Chandler: I'm sorry!

Rachel: You have no respect for anybody's privacy!

Chandler: Rachel, wait, wait.

Rachel: No, you wait! This is ridiculous!

Chandler: Can I just say one thing?

Rachel: What? What?!

Chandler: That's a relatively open weave and I can still see your... nipular areas.

Rachel: Oh!!

(She storms off)

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe is there with her boyfriend Roger, talking to Rachel and Monica.]

Phoebe: Oh, honey, honey, tell them the story about your patient who thinks things are, like, other things. Y'know? Like, the phone rings and she takes a shower.

Roger: That's pretty much it.

Phoebe: Oops!

Roger: But you tell it really well, sweetie.

Phoebe: Thanks. Okay, now go away so we can talk about you.

Roger: Okay. I'll miss you.

Phoebe: Isn't he great?

Rachel: He's so cute! And he seems to like you so much.

Phoebe: I know, I know. So sweet... and so complicated. And for a shrink, he's not too shrinky, y'know?

Monica: So, you think you'll do it on his couch?

Phoebe: Oh, I don't know, I don't know. I think that's a little weird, y'know? Vinyl.

Rachel: Okaaay. (To the guys, on the couch) Any of you guys want anything else?

Chandler: Oh, yes, could I have one of those. (Points)

Rachel: No, I'm sorry, we're all out of those. Anybody else?

Chandler: Okay.

Roger: Did I, uh, did I miss something?

Chandler: No, she's still upset because I saw her boobies.

Ross: You what? Wh what were you doing seeing her boobies?

Chandler: It was an accident. Not like I was across the street with a telescope and a box of donuts.

Rachel: Okay, okay, could we change the subject, please?

Phoebe: Yeah, 'cause hello, these are not her boobies, these are her breasts.

Rachel: Okay, Pheeb, I was hoping for more of a change.

Chandler: Y'know, I don't know why you're so embarrassed, they were very nice boobies.

Rachel: Nice? They were nice. I mean, that's it? I mean, mittens are nice.

Chandler: Okaaay, (Gestures) rock, hard place, me.

Roger: You're so funny! He's really funny! I wouldn't wanna be there when when the laughter stops.

Chandler: Whoah whoah, back up there, Sparky. What'd you mean by that?

Roger: Oh, just seems as though that maybe you have intimacy issues. Y'know, that you use your humour as a way of keeping people at a distance.

Chandler: Huh.

Roger: I mean hey! I just met you, I don't know you from Adam. ...Only child, right? Parents divorced before you hit puberty.

Chandler: Uhhuh, how did you know that?

Roger: It's textbook.

(Joey enters with his dad)

Joey: Hey you guys. Hey, you all know my dad, right?

All: Hey! Hey, Mr. Trib!

Monica: Hey, how long are you in the city?

Mr. Tribbiani: Just for a coupla days. I got a job midtown. I figure I'm better off staying with the kid than hauling my ass back and forth on the ferry. (Sees Roger) I don't know this one.

Phoebe: Oh, this is my friend Roger.

Roger: Hi.

Mr. Tribbiani: Hey, hey. Good to meet you, Roger.

Roger: You too, sir.

Mr. Tribbiani: (To Phoebe) What happened to the, uh, puppet guy?

Joey: Dad, dad. (Shakes his head)

Mr. Tribbiani: Oh, 'scuse me. So Ross, uh, how's the wife? (Ross whines and lays his head on Chandler's shoulder) Off there too, uh? Uh, Chandler, quick, say something funny!

(Chandler stays stonefaced)

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Mr. Tribbiani is on the phone.]

Mr. Tribbiani: Gotta go. I miss you too, I love you, but it's getting real late now

Joey: (Snatches the phone) Hey Ma. Listen, I made the appointment with Dr. Bazida, and... Excuse me? (To his dad) Did you know this isn't Ma?

(His dad nods. Cut to later. Joey is chopping mushrooms)

Mr. Tribbiani: Her name's Ronni. She's a pet mortician.

Joey: Sure. So how long you been... (Goes back to chopping)

Mr. Tribbiani: Remember when you were a little kid, I used to take you to the navy yard and show you the big ships?

Joey: Since then?!

Mr. Tribbiani: No, it's only been six years. I just wanted to put a nice memory in your head so you'd know that I wasn't always such a terrible guy. ...Joe. Y'ever been in love?

Joey: ...I d'know.

Mr. Tribbiani: Then y'haven't. You're burning your tomatoes.

Joey: You're one to talk. (Puts the mushrooms in a saucepan)

Mr. Tribbiani: Joe, your dad's in love big time. And the worst part of it is, it's with two different women.

Joey: Oh man. Please tell me one of 'em is Ma.

Mr. Tribbiani: Of course, course one of 'em's Ma. What's the matter with you.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Joey is lamenting to everyone about his dad's affair.]

Joey: It's like if you woke up one day and found out your dad was leading this double life. He's like actually some spy, working for the C.I.A. (Considers) That'd be cool.... This blows!

Rachel: I know, I mean, why can't parents just stay parents? (She walks over near Chandler and his gaze stays very obviously on her chest) Why do they have to become people? Why do they have... (Notices Chandler) Why can't you stop staring at my breasts?

Chandler: (Without looking up) What? (Looks up) What?

Rachel: Did you not get a good enough look the other day?

Ross: Alright, alright. We're all adults here, there's only one way to resolve this. Since you saw her boobies, I think, uh, you're gonna have to show her your peepee.

Chandler: Y'know, I don't see that happening?

Rachel: C'mon, he's right. Tit for tat.

Chandler: Well I'm not showing you my 'tat.'

(Door buzzer goes)

Monica: Hello?

Phoebe: (Intercom) It's Phoebe.

Roger: (Intercom) And Rog.

Monica: C'mon up.

Chandler: (Sarcastic) Oh, good. Rog is here.

Joey: What's the matter with Rog?

Ross: Yeah.

Chandler: Oh, it's nothing, it's a little thing... I hate that guy.

Ross: What, so he was a little analytical. That's what he does, y'know? C'mon, he's not that bad.

(Cut to Chandler, Ross and Roger sitting at the table. Ross is upset)

Ross: Y'see, that's where you're wrong. Why would I marry her if I thought on any level thatthat she was a lesbian?

Roger: I dunno. Maybe you wanted your marriage to fail.

Ross: Why? Why would I why? Why? Why? Why?

Roger: I don't know. Maybe maybe low self-esteem, maybe maybe to compensate for overshadowing a sibling, maybe you...

Monica: Wait-wait, go back to that sibling thing.

Roger: Well, I don't know. I mean, it's conceivable that you wanted to sabotage your marriage so that the sibling would feel less of a failure in the eyes of the parents.

Ross: That that's ridiculous! I don't feel guilty for her failures!

Monica: Oh! So you think I'm a failure!

Phoebe: Isn't he good?

Ross: Nonono, thatthat's not what I was saying...

Monica: Y'know, all these years, I thought you were on my side. But maybe what you were doing was sucking up to Mom and Dad so they'd keep liking you better!

Ross: Hey, I married a lesbian to make you look good!

(Cut to later. Rachel is in tears)

Rachel: You're right! I mean you're right! It wasn't just the Weebles, but it was the Weeble Play Palace, and and the Weebles' Cruise Ship. Oh, which had this little lifeboat for the Weebles to wobble in.

Roger: That's tough. Tough stuff. C'mon, Pheebs, we're gonna catch that movie, we gotta get going.

Phoebe: Oh, okay. Feel better, Rachel, 'kay?

Roger: Geez, we're gonna be late, sweetie...

Phoebe: Oh, okay. Listen, thanks for everything, Mon.

Monica: You're welcome.

Roger: Listen guys, it was great seeing you again. Mon, um, easy on those cookies, okay? Remember, they're just food, they're not love.

(He shuts the door and Ross and Monica fling cookies at it)

Monica: Hate that guy! (Throws another cookie)

[Scene: The Hallway, Chandler and Joey are just leaving Monica and Rachel's.]

Joey: Night, you guys.

(They notice that a woman is sitting by their door)

Chandler: Oh look, it's the woman we ordered.

Joey: Hey. Can, uh, can we help you?

Ronni: Oh, no thanks, I'm just waiting for, uh, Joey Tribbiani.

Joey: I'm Joey Tribbiani.

Ronni: Oh no, not you, big Joey. Oh my God, you're so much cuter than your pictures! (Joey stares at her) I-I'm, I'm

Ronni....Cheese Nip?

Chandler: Uh, Joey's having an embolism, but I'd go for a Nip, y'know?

Commercial Break

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Ronni is talking to Chandler. Joey's dad is not around.]

Ronni: Now, y'see, most people, when their pets pass on, they want 'em sorta laid out like they're sleeping. But occasionally you get your person who wants them in a pose. Like, chasing their tail, (Demonstrates) or, uh, jumping to catch a frisbee.

Chandler: Joey, if I go first, I wanna be looking for my keys.

Ronni: That's a good one!

(Joey's dad enters.)

Mr. Tribbiani: Hey, Joe.

Joey: Dad, Ronni's here.

Mr. Tribbiani: Huh?

Ronni: Hi.

Mr. Tribbiani: Hey! Hello, babe! Wh what're what're you doing here?

Ronni: Oh, uh, well, you left your good hair at my apartment, I figured you'd need it tomorrow for your meeting. (Hands him the hair)

Mr. Tribbiani: Thank you. Uh...

Chandler: So, who's up for a big game of *Kerplunk*?

Ronni: Look, I uh, I shouldn'ta come. I-I'd better get going, I don't wanna miss the last train.

Mr. Tribbiani: I don't want you taking that thing.

Ronni: Oh, where'm I gonna stay, here?

Joey: Who-ah-ho.

Mr. Tribbiani: We'll go to a hotel.

Ronni: (Shrugs) We'll go to a hotel.

Joey: No you won't.

Ronni: No we won't.

Joey: If you go to a hotel you'll be...doing stuff. I want you right here where I can keep an eye on you.

Mr. Tribbiani: You're gonna keep an eye on us?

Joey: That's right, mister, and I don't care how old you are, as long as you're under my roof you're gonna live by my rules. And that means no sleeping with your girlfriend.

Ronni: Wow. He's strict.

Joey: Now dad, you'll be in my room, Ronni uh, you can stay in Chandler's room.

Ronni: Thanks. You're, uh, you're a good kid.

Chandler: C'mon, I'll show you to my room. ...That sounds so weird when it's not followed by "No thanks, it's late."

Joey: Okay. Now this is just for tonight. Starting tomorrow, you gotta make a change. This has gone on long enough.

Mr. Tribbiani: What kinda change?

Joey: Well, either you break it off with Ronni

Mr. Tribbiani: I can't do that!

Joey: Then you gotta come clean with Ma! This is not right!

Mr. Tribbiani: Yeah, but this is

Joey: I don't wanna hear it! Now go to my room!

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, night. Chandler and Joey are sharing the sofa in the living room. Joey is restless.]

Chandler: Hey, Kicky. What're you doing?

Joey: Just trying to get comfortable. I can't sleep in my underwear.

Chandler: Well, you're gonna.

Joey: I've been thinking. Y'know, about how I'm always seeing girls on top of girls...

Chandler: Are they end to end, or tall like pancakes?

Joey: Y'know what I mean, about how I'm always going out with all these women. And I always figured, when the right one comes along, I'd be able to be a stand-up guy and go the distance, y'know? Now I'm looking at my dad, thinking...

Chandler: Hey, you're not him. You're you. When they were all over you to go into your father's pipe-fitting business, did you cave?

Joey: No.

Chandler: No. You decided to go into the out-of-work actor business. Now that wasn't easy, but you did it! And I'd like to believe that when the right woman comes along, you will have the courage and the guts to say "No thanks, I'm married."

Joey: You really think so?

Chandler: Yeah. I really do.

Joey: Thanks, Chandler. (Snuggles up to him)

Chandler: Get off!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, morning. Someone knocks on the door and Monica gets it.]

Ronni: Hi.

Monica: Hi...May I help you?

Ronni: Yeah, uh, Joey said I could use your shower, since, uh, Chandler's in ours?

Monica: Okay...who are you?

Ronni: Oh, I'm Ronni. Ronni Rappelano? The mistress?

Monica: Oh, c'mon in.

Ronni: Thanks.

Rachel: Hi, I'm Rachel.

Ronni: Hi.

Rachel: Bathroom's up there.

Ronni: Great.

Rachel: Hey, listen, Ronni, how long would you say Chandler's been in the shower?

Ronni: Oh, like, uh, five minutes?

Rachel: Perfect. Fasten your seatbelts, it's peepee time. (She goes into Joey and Chandler's apartment, where Mr. Tribbiani is reading the paper) Hey, Mr. Trib.

Mr. Tribbiani: Hey. Morning, dear.

(Rachel goes up to the door of their bathroom)

Rachel: Chandler Bing? It's time to see your thing.

(She opens the door and whips back the curtain. It's Joey. They both scream)

Joey: (Runs out in a towel) What's the matter with you?!

Rachel: I thought it was Chandler!

Chandler: (Comes out of his room) What? What?

Rachel: You were supposed to be in there so I could see your thing!

Chandler: Sorry, my my thing was in there with me.

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone is there as Phoebe enters.]

All: Hey, Pheebs.

Phoebe: Hey.

Monica: How's it going?

Phoebe: Good. Oh oh! Roger's having a dinner thing and he wanted me to invite you guys.

(Chandler laughs)

Phoebe: So what's going on?

Monica: Nothing, um, it's just, um... It's Roger.

Ross: I dunno, there's just something about...

Chandler: Basically we just feel that he's...

Rachel: We hate that guy.

All: Yeah. Hate him.

Ross: We're sorry, Pheebs, we're sorry.

Phoebe: Uh-huh. Okay. Okay, don't you think, maybe, though, it's just that he's so perceptive that it freaks you out?

All: ...No, we hate him.

Rachel: We're sorry.

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's apartment, Joey is trying to turn the sofabed back into a sofa. Someone knocks on the door and it rears up at him.]

Joey: Ma! What're you doing here?

Mrs. Tribbiani: I came to give you this (Gives him a bag of groceries) and this. (Whacks him round the ear)

Joey: Oww! Big ring!

Mrs. Tribbiani: Why did you have to fill your father's head with all that garbage about making things right? Things were fine the way they were! There's chicken in there, put it away. For God's sake, Joey, really. (She gives the sofabed a tiny push and it folds away)

Joey: Hold on, you-you knew?

Mrs. Tribbiani: Of course I knew! What did you think? Your father is no James Bond. You should've heard some of his cover stories. "I'm sleeping over at my accountant's," I mean, what is that? Please!

Joey: So then how could you mean, how could you?!

Mrs. Tribbiani: Do you remember how your father used to be? Always yelling, always yelling nothing made him happy, nothing made him happy, not that wood shop, not those stupid little ships in the bottle, nothing. Now he's happy! I mean, it's nice, he has a hobby.

Joey: Ma, I don't mean to be disrespectful, but... what the hell are you talking about?! I mean, what about you?

Mrs. Tribbiani: Me? I'm fine. Look, honey, in an ideal world, there'd be no her, and your father would look like Sting. And I'll tell you something else. Ever since that poodle-stuffer came along, he's been so ashamed of himself that he's been more attentive, he's been more loving... I mean, it's like every day's our anniversary.

Joey: I'm...happy...for you?

Mrs. Tribbiani: Well don't be, because now everything's screwed up. I just want it the way it was.

Joey: Ma, I'm sorry. I just did what I thought you'd want.

Mrs. Tribbiani: I know you did, cookie. Oh, I know you did. So tell me. Did you see her?

Joey: Yeah. You're ten times prettier than she is.

Mrs. Tribbiani: That's sweet. Could I take her?

Joey: With this ring? (Her engagement ring.) No contest.

[Scene: Central Perk. Phoebe is there with Roger.]

Roger: What's wrong, sweetie?

Phoebe: Nothing, nothing.

Roger: Aaaah, what's wrong, c'mon. (Pats his leg. She lies down and rests her head in his lap)

Phoebe: It's, I mean, it's nothing, I'm fine. It's my friends. They-they have a liking problem with you. In that, um, they don't.

Roger: Oh. They don't.

Phoebe: But they don't see all the wonderfulness that I see. They don't see all the good stuff and all the sweet stuff. They just think you're a little...

Roger: What?

Phoebe: Intense and creepy.

Roger: Oh.

Phoebe: But I don't. Me, Phoebe.

Roger: Well, I'm not I'm not at all surprised they feel that way.

Phoebe: You're not? See, that's why you're so great!

Roger: Actually it's, it's quite, y'know, typical behaviour when you have this kind of dysfunctional group dynamic. Y'know, this kind of co-dependant, emotionally stunted, sitting in your stupid coffee house with your stupid big cups which, I'm sorry, might as well have nipples on them, and you're like all 'Oh, define me! Define me! Love me, I need love!'.
[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Joey is letting everyone in on the new developments.]

Monica: So you talked to your dad, huh.

Joey: Yeah. He's gonna keep cheating on my ma like she wanted, she's gonna keep pretending she doesn't know even though she does, and my little sister Tina can't see her husband any more because he got a restraining order...which has nothing to do with anything except that I found out today.

Rachel: Wow.

Chandler: Things sure have changed here on Waltons mountain.

Ross: So Joey, you okay?

Joey: Yeah, I guess. It's just parents, after a certain point, you gotta let go. Even if you know better, you've gotta let them make their own mistakes.

Rachel: Just think, in a couple of years we get to turn into them.

Chandler: If I turn into my parents, I'll either be an alcoholic blond chasing after twenty-year-old boys, or... I'll end up like my mom.

Phoebe: (entering) Hey.

All: Hey, Pheebs.

Monica: How's it going?

Phoebe: Oh, okay, except I broke up with Roger.

All: Awww.

Phoebe: Yeah, right.

All: Aaawwwwww!!

Rachel: What happened?

Phoebe: I don't know, I mean, he's a good person, and he can be really sweet, and in some ways I think he is so right for me, it's just... I hate that guy!

Closing Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's. Phoebe is reading the paper and Joey enters.]

Phoebe: Hey, Joey. What's going on?

Joey: Clear the tracks for the boobie payback express. Next stop: Rachel Green. (He goes into the bathroom. We hear a scream and he comes out, closely followed by Monica in a towel)

Monica: Joey!! What the hell were you doing?!

Joey: Sorry. Wrong boobies.

(He leaves. Cut to Monica entering Chandler and Joey's apartment. She sneaks up to the shower door)

Monica: Hello, Joey.

(She whips back the curtain to reveal Joey's dad)

Mr. Tribbiani: Oh! ...Hello, dear. (She whips the curtain shut in horror)

End

The One With the Candy Hearts

Written by: Bill Lawrence

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[Scene: Central Perk, Ross is eyeing a beautiful woman at the counter, and Joey and Chandler are egging him on to go talk to her. No pun intended. I mean it.]

Joey: I'm tellin' you Ross, she wants you.

Ross: She barely knows me. We just live in the same building.

Chandler: Any contact?

Ross: She lent me an egg once.

Joey: You're in!

Ross: Aw, right.

Woman: Hi, Ross.

Ross: Hey. (stutters something incoherent)

Chandler: Come on, Ross, you gotta get back in the game here, ok? The Rachel thing's not happening, your ex-wife is a lesbian—I don't think we need a third...

Joey: Excuse me, could we get an egg over here, still in the shell? Thanks.

Ross: An egg?

Joey: Yeah, you're gonna go up to her and say, "Here's your egg back, I'm returning your egg."

Chandler: I think it's winning.

Ross: I think it's insane.

Chandler: She'll love it. Go with the egg, my friend.

(Ross walks over to the woman, egg in hand.)

Joey: Think it'll work?

Chandler: No, it's suicide. The man's got an egg.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica, Rachel, Phoebe, Joey, Chandler are there. Ross is still talking to the beautiful woman.]

Monica: You can not do this.

Rachel: Do what, do what?

Monica: Roger wants to take her out tomorrow night.

Rachel: No! Phobes! Don't you remember why you dumped the guy?

Phoebe: 'Cause he was creepy, and mean, and a little frightening... alright, still, it's nice to have a date on Valentine's Day!

Monica: But Phoebe, you can go out with a creepy guy any night of the year. I know I do.

Rachel: Well, what are you guys doing tomorrow night?

Joey: Actually, tomorrow night kinda depends on how tonight goes.

Chandler: Oh, uh, listen, about tonight...

Joey: No, no, no, don't you dare bail on me. The only reason she's goin' out with me is because I said I could bring a friend for her friend.

Chandler: Yes, I know, but her friend sounds like such a...

Joey: Pathetic mess? I know, but—come on, man, she's needy, she's vulnerable. I'm thinkin', cha-ching! (Rachel throws a roll at Joey. He picks it up and eats it.) Thanks. Look, you have not been out with a woman since Janice. You're doin' this.

Ross: Hi. She said yes.

Chandler: Yes! Way to go, man! (Chandler and Ross hug. Something crunches in Ross' shirt pocket.) Still got the egg, huh?

[Scene: A Restaurant, Joey and Chandler are there, waiting for their dates to show up.]

Joey: (Looking at himself in the reflection on a knife) How do I look?

Chandler: Oh, uh, I... don't... care. (Joey's date shows up) Ok, now, remember, no trading. You get the pretty one, I get the mess.

Lorraine: Hi, Joey. Well well, look what you brought. Very nice.

Chandler: ...And what did you bring?

Lorraine: She's checking the coats. Joey, I'm gonna go wash the cab smell off my hands. Will you get me a white Zinfandel, and a glass of red for Janice.

Chandler: Janice?

(Lorraine leaves. Joey shakes his head as though to say, 'It can't be the same Janice.' Janice enters.)

Janice: Oh.... my.... God.

Chandler: (angrily) Hey, it's Janice.

[Scene: The bathroom at the restaurant, Chandler and Joey are talking.]

Chandler: Ok, I'm makin' a break for it, I'm goin' out the window.

Joey: No, no, no, don't! I've been waitin' for like, forever to go out with Lorraine. Just calm down.

Chandler: Calm down? Calm down? You set me up with the woman that I've dumped twice in the last five months!

Joey: (at the urinal) Can you stop yellin'? You're makin' me nervous, and I can't go when I'm nervous.

Chandler: I'm sorry, I'm sorry, you're right. (gets up right behind Joey and yells in his ear) Come on, do it, do it, go, come on!!!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the girls are all there, discussing their bad luck with men.]

Rachel: Ok, ok, Roger was creepy, but he was nothing compared to Pete Carney.

Monica: Which one was Pete Carney?

Rachel: Pete the Weeper? Remember that guy who used to cry every time we had sex. (imitating) "Was it good for you?"

Monica: Yeah, well, I'll take a little crying any day over Howard-the-"I-win"-guy. (imitating) "I win! I win!" I went out with the guy for two months—I didn't get to win once.

Rachel: How did we end up with these jerks? We're good people!

Monica: I don't know. Maybe we're some kinda magnets.

Phoebe: I know I am. That's why I can't wear a digital watch.

Monica: There's more beer, right?

Phoebe: Oh! You know my friend Abby who shaves her head? She said that if you want to break the bad boyfriend cycle, you can do like a cleansing ritual.

Rachel: Pheebs, this woman is voluntarily bald.

Phoebe: Yeah. So, we can do it tomorrow night, you guys. It's Valentine's Day. It's perfect.

Monica: Ok, well, what kind of ritual?

Phoebe: Ok. We can, um, we can burn the stuff they gave us.

Rachel: Or?

Phoebe: Or...or we can chant and dance around naked, you know, with sticks.

Monica: Burning's good.

Rachel: Burning's good. Yeah, I got stuff to burn.

[Scene: The Restaurant, Joey, Lorraine, Chandler, and Janice are at the table. Joey and Lorraine are seated very close, Chandler and Janice have backed their chairs away from one another.]

Lorraine: You know, ever since I was little, I've been able to pick up quarters with my toes.

Joey: Good for you. (jumps suddenly) Uh, quarters or rolls of quarters?

Janice: By the way, Chandler. I cut you out of all my pictures. So if you want, I have a bag with just your heads.

Chandler: That's OK.

Janice: Oh, are you sure? Really? Because you know, you could make little puppets out of them, and you could use them in your theater of cruelty.

(Lorraine whispers into Joey's ear.)

Joey: (to Lorraine) We can't do that.

Chandler: (disgusted) What? What can't you do?

Joey: Uh, can I talk to you for a second, over there?

(Chandler and Joey leave the table.)

Joey: Uh, we might be leaving now.

Chandler: Tell me it's "you and me" we.

Joey: She said she wants to slather my body with stuff and then lick it off. I'm not even sure what slathering is, but I definitely want to be a part of it.

Chandler: Ok, you can not do this to me.

Joey: You're right, I'm sorry. You're right.

Lorraine: (to waiter) Uh, can we have three chocolate mousses to go please?

Joey: I'm outta here. Here's my credit card. Dinner's on me. I'm sorry, Chandler.

Chandler: I hope she throws up on you.

(Joey leaves with Lorraine. Chandler sits back down with Janice.)

Chandler: So...

Janice: Just us.

Chandler: Oh, what a crappy night!

Janice: Although, I have enjoyed the fact that, uh your shirt's been stickin' outta your zipper ever since you came back from the bathroom.

Chandler: Excuse me. (gets up, jumps up and down while he zips his zipper up... other patrons look at him) How ya doin'?

Janice: So, do we have the best friends or what?

Chandler: Joey's not a friend. He's...a stupid man who left us his credit card. Another drink? Some dessert? A big screen TV?

Janice: I will go for that drink.

Chandler: You got it. Good woman! (the waiter turns around, it's a man) Could we get a bottle of your most overpriced champagne?

Janice: Each.

Chandler: That's right, each. Oh, and a uh Rob Roy. (to Janice) I've always wanted to know...

[Scene: Chandler's bedroom, Chandler wakes up, and finds someone else's hand on his chest. He rolls over and is shocked to see Janice there.]

Janice: Happy Valentine's Day!

Commercial Break

[Scene: The Hallway, Chandler is trying to get Janice out of his apartment.]

Janice: Oh, I miss you already. Can you believe this happened?

Chandler: No... no! And yet it did. Good-bye, Janice.

Janice: Kiss me!

(Janice kisses him. Monica comes out for the newspaper.)

Monica: Oh, Chandler, sorry.

(Janice turns around, Monica sees who it is.)

Monica: Ohhh, Chandler, sorry! Hey, Janice.

Janice: Hi, Monica.

Chandler: Ok, well, this was very special.

Monica: Rach, come see who's out here!

(Rachel comes out.)

Rachel: Oh my god. Janice, hi!

Chandler: Janice is gonna go away now.

Monica: I'll be right back.

(Joey enters from the stairs.)

Rachel: Oh, Joey, look who it is.

Joey: (in disbelief) Whoa.

Chandler: Oh, good, Joey's home now.

Janice: This is so fun. This is like a reunion in the hall.

(Monica comes out with her cordless phone.)

Monica: Oh, hi, Ross. Yeah. There's someone I want you to say hi to. (to Chandler) He just happened to call.

Janice: Hi, Ross. Yes, it's me. How did you know? (she laughs obnoxiously)

[Scene: A Chinese Restaurant, Ross is there with his date.]

Ross: I'm just sayin' if dogs do experience jet lag, then, because of the whole um, seven dog years to one human year thing, then, when a dog flies from New York to Los Angeles, he doesn't just lose three hours, he loses like a week and a half.

(Ross starts to laugh, and then makes a face like 'Why did I just say that?' Ross' ex-wife, Carol, and her lesbian lover, Susan, enter the restaurant. Ross stares at them.)

Kristin: That's funny. Who are they?

Ross: The blond woman is my ex-wife, and the woman touching her is her... close, personal friend.

Kristin: You mean they're lovers.

Ross: If you wanna put a label on it.

Kristin: Wow, uh, anything else I should know?

Ross: Nope, nope, that's it.

(Carol takes off her jacket, her pregnant belly is exposed.)

Ross: Oh, and she's pregnant with my baby. I always forget that part. (to Carol and Susan) Helloo!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the girls are holding their boyfriend bonfire.]

Phoebe: Ok, so now we need, um sage branches and the sacramental wine.

Monica: All I have is, is oregano and a *Fresca*.

Phoebe: Um, that's ok! (throws it in fire) Ok. All right. Now we need the semen of a righteous man.

Rachel: Ok, Pheebs, you know what, if we had that, we wouldn't be doing the ritual in the first place.

Monica: Can we just start throwing things in?

Phoebe: Ok, yeah, ok. (she throws the directions in) Oh, OK.

Rachel: (tossing things in the fire) Ok, Barry's letters. Adam Ritter's boxer shorts.

Phoebe: Ok, and I have the, uh receipt for my dinner with Nokululu Oon Ah Ah.

Monica: Look, here's a picture of Scotty Jared naked.

Rachel: (looking at picture) Hey he's wearing a sweater.

Monica: No.

Rachel and Phoebe: Eww!

Rachel: And here we have the last of Paulo's grappa.

Monica: Hey, Rachel, isn't that stuff almost pure...

(Rachel throws the alcohol in the fire. A burst of flames shoots up from it.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler and Joey are there. Chandler is preparing to dump Janice again.]

Chandler: How can I dump this woman on Valentine's day?

Joey: I don't know. You dumped her on New Year's.

Chandler: Oh, man. In my next life, I'm coming back as a toilet brush.

(Janice enters.)

Janice: Hello, funny Valentine.

Chandler: Hi, Just Janice.

Janice: Hello, Joey, our little matchmaker. I could just kiss you all over, and I'm gonna!

(Janice kisses Joey all over. Chandler smiles.)

Joey: (to Chandler) If you don't do it, I will.

[Scene: The Chinese Restaurant.]

Ross: So, um, what do you do for a living?

Kristin: Well, um, for the past few years I've been working..(Ross is watching Carol and Susan, not listening to Kristin. Susan gets up, and has to go. Carol is left stranded)...which is funny because, that wasn't even my major.

Carol: Oh no. I thought you said they could shoot the spot without you.

Susan: I thought they could...I'll try to get back as soon as I can. I'm sorry. (Ross realizes Kristin was expecting him to laugh, so he starts to laugh hysterically.)

Ross: Now that is funny. Hey, do you think...would it be too weird if I invited Carol over to join us? 'Cause she's, she's alone now, and pregnant, and, and sad.

Kristin: (reluctantly) I guess.

Ross: Are you sure? Great. Carol? Wanna come over and join us?

Carol: Oh, no no no. I'm fine. I'm fine.

Ross: Come on. These people'll scooch down. You guys'll scooch, won't you? Let's try scooching! Come on. Come on. Uh, Kristen Riggs, this is Carol Willick. Carol, Kristin. Uh, Carol teaches sixth grade. And, Kristin, Kristin... (struggling)...does something that, funnily enough, wasn't even her major!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, firemen are there to handle the bonfire that got out of control.]

Fireman No. 1: What do we got there?

Fireman No. 2: A piece of something: boxer shorts, greeting cards, and what looks like a half-charred picture—Wow, that guy's hairier than the Chief!

Monica: You know, it's a really funny story how this happened.

Fireman No. 3: It's all right. It's all right. You don't have to explain. This isn't the first boyfriend bonfire that we've seen get out of control.

Fireman No. 1: You're our third call tonight.

Rachel: Really?

Fireman No. 2: Oh, sure, Valentine's is our busiest night of the year.

[Scene: Central Perk.]

Janice: I brought you something.

Chandler: Is it loaded? Oh, little candy hearts. (reading the candy) Chan and Jan Forever.

Janice: I had them made special.

Chandler: Ok, Janice. Janice. Hey, Janice. Look, there's no way for me to tell you this. At least there's no new way for me to tell you this. I just don't think things are gonna work out.

Janice: That's fine.

Chandler: (surprised) It is?

Janice: Mmm-hmm. Because I know that this isn't the end.

Chandler: Oh no, you see, actually it is.

Janice: No, it isn't, because you won't let that happen. Don't you know it yet? You love me, Chandler Bing.

Chandler: Oh, no I don't.

Janice: Well then ask yourself this. Why do you think we keep ending up together? New Year's? Who invited who? Valentine's? Who asked who into whose bed?

Chandler: I did, but...

Janice: You seek me out. Something deep in your soul calls out to me like a foghorn. Janice, Janice. You want me. You need me. You can't live without me. And you know it. You just don't know you know it. See ya.

(She kisses him passionately, then leaves.)

Chandler: Call me!

[Scene: The Chinese Restaurant, Ross and Carol are talking. Kristin is not there.]

Carol: It's not true. I never called your mother a wolverine.

Ross: You did so. I swear, I swear—(noticing Kristin's absence) How long has she been in the bathroom?

Carol: Uh, I don't think she's in the bathroom. Her coat is gone.

Ross: Well maybe it's cold in there. Or maybe I screwed up the first date I had in 9 years.

Carol: That could be it.

Ross: Oh, god. (He puts his head down on the grill) You know, this is still pretty hot. (He picks his head up, and a mushroom sticks to his head. Carol picks it off and eats it.)

Carol: Mushroom. Smile. They won't all be like this. Some women might even stay through dinner. Sorry, that's not funny

Ross: No, it's just...you know the whole "getting on with your life" thing. Well, do I have to? I mean, I'm sitting here with this cute woman, and, and, and she's perfectly nice, and, but that there's, that's it. And um, and then I'm here talkin' to you, and, and it's easy, and it's fun, and, and I don't, I don't have to...You know, here's a wacky thought. Um, what's say you and I give it another shot? No no no, I know what you're gonna say, you're a lesbian. But what do you say we just put that aside for now you know? Let's just stick a pin in it, ok? Because, we're great together, you know. You can't deny it. Besides, you're carrying my baby. I mean, how perfect is that? But see, you know, you keep sayin' that, but there's somethin' right here. I love you.

(They kiss.)

Carol: Oh, I love you too. But...

Ross: No but, no but.

Carol: You know that thing you put over here with the pin in it? It's time to take the pin out. You'll find someone, I know you will. The right woman is just waiting for you.

Ross: That's easy for you to say, you found one already.

Carol: All you need is a woman who likes men and you'll be set.

(A beautiful woman walks by Ross, he stares at her.)

Carol: Not her.

Closing Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, The girls are talking with the firemen.]

Fireman No. 3: We get off around midnight, why don't we pick you up then?

Rachel: So, um, will you bring the truck?

Fireman No. 3: I'll even let you ring the bell.

Rachel: Oh, my god.

Phoebe: See, there you go, the cleansing works!

Monica: They're nice guys.

Rachel: Oh, they're firemen guys.

[Scene: Out in the hall, the firemen are talking.]

Fireman No. 1: You guys tell them you were married?

Fireman No. 2: No way!

Fireman No. 3: Are you kidding? My girlfriend doesn't know, I'm not gonna tell them!

End

The One With the Stoned Guy

- Written by: Jeff Greenstein & Jeff Strauss
 - Transcribed by: [Ruth Curran](#)
-

[Scene: Central Perk, Rachel is serving Joey, Ross, and Monica their drinks.]

Rachel: (to Joey) Coffee. (Hands it to him.)

Joey: Thank you.

Rachel: (to Ross) Cappuccino. (Hands it to him.)

Ross: Grazie.

Rachel: And a nice hot cider for Monica. (Hands it to her.)

Monica: Aww, thank you. (Notices something.) Uh Rach?

Rachel: Yeah?

Monica: Why does my cinamon stick have an eraser?

Rachel: Oh! That's why. (Rachel checks behind her ear, and finds a cinamon stick.) I'm sorry!

(She takes the pencil out of Monica's coffee and Monica puts her cup down in disgust.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: Chandler's job, Chandler is typing data into his computer, he keeps typing even while taking a drink of coffee with one hand. One of his co-workers walks by.]

Woman: Chandler.

Chandler: Mrs. Tedlock. You're looking lovely today. And may I say, that is a very flattering sleeve length on you.

Mrs. Tedlock: Yes. Well, Mr. Kostelick wants you to stop by his office at the end of the day.

Chandler: Oh, listen. If this is about those prank memos, I had nothing to do with them. Really. Nothing at all. Really. (Chandler tries to hide a rubber chicken from the woman.) Nothing.

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone is there but Chandler. Phoebe runs in, excitedly.]

Phoebe: Hey you guys! Chandler's coming and he says he has, like, this incredible news, so when he gets here, we could all act like, you know...

(Chandler comes in.)

Chandler: Hey!

All: Hey!

Phoebe: Never mind. But it was going to be really good.

Ross: What's going on?

All: What is it?

Chandler: So, it's a typical day at work. I'm inputting my numbers, and big Al calls me into his office and tells me he wants to make me processing supervisor.

All: That's great!

Chandler: So.... I quit.

All: Why?

Chandler: Why? This was supposed to be a temp job!

Monica: Yeah, Chandler... you've been there for five years.

Chandler: If I took this promotion, it'd be like admitting that this is what I actually do.

Phoebe: So was it a lot more money?

Chandler: It doesn't matter. I just don't want to be one of those guys that's in his office until twelve o'clock at night worrying about the WENUS.

(Everyone looks at him, confused.)

Rachel: ... the WENUS?

Chandler: Weekly Estimated Net Usage Systems. A processing term.

Rachel: (sarcastic) Oh. That WENUS.

Joey: So what're you going to do?

Chandler: I don't know. That's the thing. I don't know what I want to do. I just know I'm not going to figure it out working there.

Phoebe: Oooh! I have something you can do! I have this new massage client... Steve? (pause) Anyway, he's opening up a restaurant and he's looking for a head chef.

Monica: (taps Phoebe on her shoulder) Um... hi there.

Phoebe: Hi! (turns back to Chandler, then to Monica) Oh, yeah, no, I know. You're a chef. I know, and I thought of you first, but um, Chandler's the one who needs a job right now, so....

Chandler: Yeah... I just don't have that much cheffing experience. Unless it's an all-toast restaurant.

Phoebe: (to Monica's tapping) Yeah, yeah!

Monica: Well, what kind of food is he looking for?

Phoebe: Well, he wants to do some eclectic, so he's looking for someone who can, you know, create the entire menu.

Monica: (excited) Oh my God!

Phoebe: Yeah, I know! (turns to Chandler) So, what do you think?

Chandler: Thanks, Phoebe. But I just don't really see myself in a big white hat.

Phoebe: OK. (pause) Oh Monica! Guess what!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Chandler walks in, wearing a suit.]

Chandler: Can you see my nipples through this shirt?

Rachel: No. But don't worry, I'm sure they're still there.

Phoebe: Where are you going, Mr. Suity-Man?

Chandler: Well, I have an appointment to see Dr. Robert Pillman, career counselor a-gogo. (pause) I added the "a-gogo."

Rachel: Career counselor?

Chandler: Hey, you guys all know what you want to do.

Rachel: I don't!

Chandler: Hey, you guys in the living room all know what you want to do. You know, you have goals. You have dreams. I don't have a dream.

Ross: Ah, the lesser-known "I don't have a dream" speech.

(Monica enters, excited.)

Monica: Oh, I love my life, I love my life!

Phoebe: Ooh! *Brian's Song*!

Rachel: The meeting with the guy went great?

Monica: So great! He showed me where the restaurant's going to be. It's this, it's this cute little place on 10th Street. Not too big, not too small. Just right.

Chandler: Was it formerly owned by a blonde woman and some bears?

Monica: So anyway, I'm cooking dinner for him Monday night. You know, kind of like an audition. And Phoebe, he really wants you to be here, which will be great for me because then you can 'ooh' and 'ahh' and make yummy noises.

Rachel: What are you going to make?

Phoebe: (as though Rachel wasn't paying attention) Yummy noises.

Rachel: (pause) And Monica, what are you going to make?

Monica: I don't know. I don't know. It's just going to be so great!

Phoebe: Ooh! I know what you could make! (runs over to join Monica and Rachel in the kitchen) I know! Oh, you should definitely make that thing... you know, with the stuff? (Monica doesn't know.) You know, that thing... with the stuff...? OK, I don't know. (sits down)

Ross: Hey guys, does anybody know a good date place in the neighborhood?

Joey: How about Tony's? If you can finish a 32-ounce steak, it's free.

Ross: OK, ahem, hey, does anybody know a good place if you're not dating a puma?

Chandler: Who are you going out with?

Phoebe: Oh, is this the bug lady?

Rachel: (trying to sound like a bug) Bzzzz.... I love you, Ross.

Ross: Her name is Celia. She's not a bug lady. She's curator of insects at the museum.

Rachel: So what are you guys going to do?

Ross: Oh, I just thought we could go out to dinner, and then maybe bring her back to my place and I'd introduce her to my monkey.

Chandler: And he's not speaking metaphorically.

Joey: (aside to Ross) So.... back to your place...you thinking, maybe... (gestures with hands, back and forth) huh-huh?

Ross: Well, I don't know.... (gestures) huh-huh.... but I'm hoping (gestures) huh-huh.

Joey: I'm telling you, that monkey is a chick magnet! She's going to take one look at his furry, cute little face and it'll seal the deal.

[Scene: Ross's apartment, Marcel is hanging from Celia's hair, and she is screaming, trying to get him off.]

Ross: Celia, don't worry! Don't scream! He's not going to hurt you! Soothing tones, Celia. Soothing tones! Marcel...

Celia: I can't stand this! He's got his claws in my...

Ross: Alright... (lifts Marcel away)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, everyone is there but Ross and Chandler. Monica is making food, and having everyone try it.]

Monica: (to Joey) OK, try this salmon mousse.

Joey: (tasting) Mmmm. Good.

Monica: Is it better than the other salmon mousse?

Joey: It's creamier.

Monica: Yeah, well, is that better?

Joey: I don't know. We're talking about whipped fish, Monica. I'm just happy I'm keeping it down, y'know?

(Chandler kicks the door closed, angrily. His clothes are askew, he looks beat.)

Rachel: My God! What happened to you?

Chandler: Eight and a half hours of aptitude tests, intelligence tests, personality tests... and what do I learn? (he taps the results and reads them) "You are ideally suited for a career in data processing for a large multinational corporation."

Phoebe: That's so great! 'Cause you already know how to do that!

Chandler: Can you believe it? I mean, don't I seem like somebody who should be doing something really cool? You know, I just always pictured myself doing something...something.

Rachel: (comes up and rubs him on the chest) Oh Chandler, I know, I know... oh, hey! You can see your nipples through this shirt!

Monica: (brings a plate of tiny appetizers over) Here you go, maybe this'll cheer you up.

Chandler: Ooh, you know, I had a grape about five hours ago, so I'd better split this with you.

Monica: It's supposed to be that small. It's a pre-appetizer. The French call it an *amouz-bouche*.

Chandler: (tastes it) Well.... it is amouz-ing...

(Phone rings. Monica answers it.)

Monica: (on phone) Hello? (Listens) Oh, hi Wendy! (Listens) Yeah, eight o'clock. (Listens) What did we say? Ten dollars an hour?... (Listens) OK, great. (Listens) All right, I'll see you then. Bye. (hangs up)

Phoebe: Ten dollars an hour for what?

Monica: Oh, I asked one of the waitresses at work if she'd help me out.

Rachel: (hurt) Waitressing?

Joey: Uh-oh.

Monica: Well... of course I thought of you! But... but...

Rachel: But, but?

Monica: But, you see, it's just... this night has to go just perfect, you know? And, well, Wendy's more of a... professional waitress.

Rachel: Oh! I see. And I've sort of been maintaining my amateur status so that I can waitress in the Olympics.

Chandler: You know, I don't mean to brag, but I waited tables at Innsbruck in '76. (dead silence) *Amouz-bouche?* (holds out tray)

[Scene: Ross' apartment, *Girl, You'll Be A Woman Soon* (the original, not that cruddy Urge Overkill version) is playing. Ross and Celia are kissing passionately.]

Celia: Talk to me.

Ross: OK.... um, a weird thing happened to me on the train this morning...

Celia: No no no. Talk... dirty.

Ross: (embarrassed) Wha... what, here?

Celia: Yes...

Ross: Ah....

Celia: Say something..... hot.

Ross: (panicked) Er.... um.....

Celia: What?

Ross: Um... uh.... vulva.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Joey and Ross are there, discussing what happened last night.]

Joey: (in disbelief) Vulva?

Ross: Alright, I panicked, alright? She took me by surprise. You know, but it wasn't a total loss. I mean, we ended up cuddling.

Joey: (sarcastic) Whoaa!! You cuddled? How many times??

Ross: Shut up! It was nice. I just... I don't think I'm the dirty-talking kind of guy, you know?

Joey: What's the big deal? You just say what you want to do to her. Or what you want her to do to you. Or what you think other people might be doing to each other. I'll tell you what. Just try something on me.

Ross: (deadpan) Please be kidding.

Joey: Why not? Come on! Just, just close your eyes and tell me what you'd like to be doing right now.

Ross: OK. (closes eyes) I'm in my apartment...

Joey:yeah... what else?

Ross: That's it. I'm in my apartment, you're not there, we're not having this conversation. (gets up, walks across room)

Joey: (walks to catch up to him) Alright, look, I'll start, OK?

Ross: Joey, please.

Joey: Come on. Come on. Alright, ready, look! (in a low voice) Oh... Ross.... you get me so hot. I want your lips on me now.

Ross: (impressed) Wow.

Joey: Alright, now you say something.

Ross: I... ahem... I really don't think so.

Joey: Come on! You like this woman, right?

Ross: Yeah.

Joey: You want to see her again, right?

Ross: Sure.

Joey: Well if you can't talk dirty to me, how're you going to talk dirty to her? Now tell me you want to caress my butt!

Ross: OK, turn around. (Joey looks taken aback) I just don't want you staring at me when I'm doing this.

Joey: (turning around) Alright, alright. I'm around. Go ahead.

Ross: Ahem... I want.... OK, I want to... feel your... hot, soft skin with my lips.

Joey: There you go! Keep going. Keep going!

Ross: I, er...

(At this point, Chandler walks into the living room from his bedroom. Ross and Joey both have their backs to him, so they don't notice. Chandler sees the situation and remains quiet, watching.)

Ross: I want to take my tongue... and...

(Chandler is completely astounded.)

Ross:and....

Joey: Say it... say it!

Ross: ...run it all over your body until you're... trembling with... with...

(Chandler leans back against the wall and Ross and Joey hear him. Ross and Joey both notice at the same time. They slowly stop, and then very slowly turn around to see Chandler staring at them.)

Chandler: (smiling)....with??

Ross: (rushing to explain) Funny story!

Joey: You're not going to believe this!

Chandler: It's OK. It's OK. I was always rooting for you two kids to get together.

Joey: Hey Chandler, while you were sleeping that guy from your old job called again.

Chandler: Again?

Joey: And again, and again, and again... (phone rings, he answers) Hello? (hands phone to Chandler) And again.

Chandler: (on phone) Hey Mr. Kostelic! How's life on the fifteenth floor? (Listens) Yeah, I miss you too. (Listens) Yeah, it's a lot less satisfying to steal pens from your own home, you know? (Listens) Well, that's very generous (Listens) er, but look, this isn't about the money. I need something that's more than a job. I need something I can really care about.... (Listens) And that's on top of the yearly bonus structure you mentioned earlier? (Listens) Look, Al, Al... I'm

not playing hardball here, OK? This is not a negotiation, this is a rejection! (Listens) No! No! No, stop saying numbers! I'm telling you, you've got the wrong guy! You've got the wrong guy! (Listens) I'll see you on Monday! (slams the phone down)

[Scene: Chandler's new window office, he is showing Phoebe around.]

Chandler: Well?

Phoebe: (excited) Wow! It's huge! It's so much bigger than the cubicle. Oh, this is a cube.

Chandler: Look at this! (he opens the curtain to a view of New York City)

Phoebe: Oh! You have a window!

Chandler: Yes indeedy! (they look outside) With a beautiful view of...

Phoebe: Oh look! That guy's peeing!

Chandler: (walks away from window) OK, that's enough of the view. Check this out, look at this. Sit down, sit down.

Phoebe: (sitting) OK.

Chandler: This is great! (he presses a button on his intercom) Helen, could you come in here for a moment?

(An unamused woman walks into the office.)

Chandler: Thank you Helen, that'll be all.

(She leaves, obviously perturbed.)

Chandler: Last time I do that, I promise.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica is on the phone. Rachel walks in and overhears the conversation.]

Monica: (shouting on phone) Wendy, we had a deal! (Listens) Yeah, you promised! Wendy! Wendy! Wendy! (hangs up)

Rachel: Who was that?

Monica: Wendy bailed. I have no waitress.

Rachel: Oh... that's too bad. Bye bye. (she walks away towards the door)

Monica: Ten dollars an hour.

Rachel: No.

Monica: Twelve dollars an hour.

Rachel: Mon. I wish I could, but I've made plans to walk around.

Monica: You know, Rachel, when you ran out of your wedding, I was there for you. I put a roof over your head, and if that means nothing to you... (Rachel isn't buying it, desperate) twenty dollars an hour.

Rachel: Done.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, later. Rachel is waitressing, Monica is cooking. Phoebe walks in with Steve (*Crystal Duck* winner Jon Lovitz).]

Rachel: Well hello! Welcome to Monica's. May I take your coat?

Monica: Hi Steve!

Steve: Hello, Monica. (to Rachel) Hello, greeter girl.

Monica: (to Steve) This is Rachel.

Steve: (unconcerned) Yeah, OK.

Phoebe: (overemphasizing) Mmmmmm! Everything smells so delicious! You know, I can't remember a time I smelt such a delicious combination of (Monica signals her to stop) of, OK, smells.

Steve: It's a lovely apartment.

Monica: Oh, thank you. Would you like a tour?

Steve: I was just being polite, but, alright.

(They leave on the tour and Rachel goes to follow them but Phoebe stops her and drags her into the kitchen.)

Rachel: What's up?

Phoebe: (whispers) In the cab, on the way over, Steve blazed up a doobie.

Rachel: What?

Phoebe: Smoked a joint? You know, lit a bone? Weed? Hemp? Ganja?

Rachel: OK, OK. I'm with you, Cheech. OK.

Steve: (from the living room) Is it dry in here? (licks his lips)

Rachel: Let me, let me get you some wine!

Monica: Yeah, I think we're ready for our first course. (Steve sits, Monica brings over a tray) OK, um, these are rot-shrimp ravioli, and celantro pondou sauce... (Steve starts to eat them one by one, quickly)... with just a touch of mints... and... (he finishes)... ginger.

Steve: Well, smack my ass and call me Judy! These are fantastic!

Monica: I'm so glad you liked them!

Steve: Like 'em? I could eat a hundred of them!

Monica: Oh, well... um, that's all there are of these. But in about eight and a half minutes, we'll be serving some delicious onion tartlets.

Steve: Tartlets. Tartlets. Tartlets. The word has lost all meaning. (he gets up and goes into the kitchen)

Rachel: Excuse me? Can I help you with anything?

Steve: You know, I don't know what I'm looking for.

(Rachel tries to get Monica's attention to tell her Steve is stoned. She pretends to drag on a joint, and Monica thinks she's giving her the 'OK' signal. Then Rachel does it again, inhaling deeply this time. Monica waves it off as though she doesn't believe it.)

Steve: (from kitchen) Ah, cool! Taco shells! (Rachel motions, "You see!") You know, these are... they're like a little corn envelope.

Monica: (joining him and taking the taco shells) You know that? You don't want to spoil your appetite.

Steve: (looking in cabinets) Hey! Sugar-O's! (grabs the cereal box)

Monica: You know, if you just wait another... six and a half minutes...

Steve: Macaroni and cheese! We gotta make this!

Monica: No, we don't. (reaches for box)

Steve: Oh, OK. (he drops the box on the floor) Oh, sorry. (When she bends down to pick it up he grabs a package of Gummi-bears from the cabinet.)

Monica: Why don't you just have a seat here? (he sits at the table, then tries to secretly eat the Gummi-bears. Monica spots him.) OK... give me the Gummi-bears.

Steve: (childishly) No.

Monica: Give them to me.

Steve: Alright, we'll share.

Monica: No, give me the...

Steve: Well then you can't have any. (she grabs for the package, and it breaks open. Gummi-bears fly everywhere, some into the punch bowl on the table.) Bear overboard! I think he's drowning. (he throws some Sugar-O's into the punch bowl) Hey fellows! Grab on a Sugar-O... save yourself! (Mimicking the bears) "Help! I'm drowning! Help!"

Monica: (furious) That's it! Dinner is over!

Steve: What?

Monica: What?

Steve: Why?

Monica: Why? It's just that I've waited seven years for an opportunity like this, and you can't even wait four and a half minutes for a stupid onion tartlet?

(The oven goes off.)

Steve: (excited) Hey!

[Scene: Central Perk, all are there except Chandler.]

Joey: What a tool!

Rachel: You don't want to work for a guy like that.

Ross: Yeah!

Monica: I know... it's just... I thought this was, you know... it.

Ross: Look, you'll get there. You're an amazing chef.

Phoebe: Yeah! You know all those yummy noises? I wasn't faking.

(Ross gets up and goes over to the counter and Joey follows him.)

Joey: (to Ross) So, er... how did it go with Celia?

Ross: Oh, I was unbelievable.

Joey: All right, Ross!

Ross: I was the James Michener of dirty talk. It was the most elaborate filth you have ever heard. I mean, there were characters, plot lines, themes, a motif... at one point there were villagers.

Joey: Whoa! And the... (gestures with hands) huh-huh?

Ross: Well, ahem... you know, by the time we'd finished with all the dirty talk, it was kinda late... and we were both kind of exhausted, so uh...

Joey: You cuddled.

Ross: Yeah, which was nice.

Phoebe: You guys wanna try and catch a late movie or something?

Rachel: Maybe, but shouldn't we wait for Chandler?

Joey: Yeah, where the hell is he?

[Scene: Chandler's office, he's on the phone, agitated.]

Chandler: (on phone) Yes, Fran. I know what time it is, but I'm looking at the WENUS and I'm not happy!... (Listens)
Oh, really, really, really? Well, let me tell you something... you will care about it, because I care about it! You got it?
Good! (slams phone down, then leans back and realizes what just happened) Whooooaaaa....

Closing Credits

[Scene: Phoebe's massage parlour, she has Steve on the table, and is giving him an extra-painful massage.]

Phoebe: How's this? (presses down hard)

Steve: Eeeee!

Phoebe: Sorry. How about over here? (presses down hard again)

Steve: Aaaaah!

Phoebe: See, that just means it's working. Does this hurt? (presses down elsewhere)

Steve: No.

Phoebe: What about this? (she starts using her elbows on his back, he yells in pain)

Steve: Aaaaahhh!!

Phoebe: There you go! (She continues to work him over with her elbows and he continues to yell in pain.)

End

The One With Two Parts, part 1

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-

[Scene: Rift's Restaurant, as seen in *Mad About You*, Joey and Chandler are there.]

Chandler: This is unbelievable. It's been like a half an hour. If this was a cartoon, you'd be looking like a ham right about now.

(Ursula Buffay, Phoebe's identical twin sister, is waiting on tables in her inimitable manner.)

Joey: There's the waitress. Excuse me, Miss. Hello, Miss?

(Ursula spins around looking puzzled, quite unable to tell where the sound is coming from.)

Chandler: It's Phoebe! Hi!

(Ursula notices Joey waving his hand, and comes over.)

Ursula: Hi. Okay, will that be all?

Chandler: Wait, wait! Wh-what are you doing here?

Ursula: Yeah, um, I was over there, then you said, "Excuse me, hello Miss," so now I'm here.

Joey: No, no... how come you are working here?

Ursula: Right, yeah, 'cause its close to where I live, and the aprons are really cute.

Chandler: Can we start over?

Ursula: Yeah. Okay great. I'm gonna be over here. (She wanders away.)

Chandler and Joey: No, no, no!

Opening Credits

[Scene: A wintry February day in New York City, snowplows are clearing the streets. Inside Central Perk, all three girls are paying court to Ross.]

Ross: I don't know whether he's testing me, or just acting out, but my monkey is out of control. But, he keeps erasing the messages on my machine, "supposedly" by accident.

Rachel: No, yeah, I've done that.

Ross: And then, like three days in a row he got to the newspaper before I did, and peed all over the crossword.

Rachel: I've never done that.

(Outside in the street, Joey and Chandler arrive, to peer through the window at Phoebe, by bending down to look underneath the shop's sign—a large steaming cup of coffee.)

Chandler: All right, now look at her and tell me she doesn't look exactly like her sister.

Joey: I'm sayin' I see a difference.

Chandler: They're twins!

Joey: I don't care. Phoebe's Phoebe. Ursula's... hot!

(Joey and Chandler come indoors.)

Chandler: You know that thing, when you and I talk to each other about things?

Joey: Yeah.

Chandler: Let's not do that any more.

(They hang up their coats and scarves, then approach their friends on the main sofa.)

All: Hey guys! Hey!

Joey: Hey Pheeb, guess who we saw today.

Phoebe: Ooh, ooh, fun! Okay... um, Liam Neeson.

Joey: Nope.

Phoebe: Morly Safer.

Joey: Nope.

Phoebe: The woman who cuts my hair!

Monica: Okay, look, this could be a really long game.

Chandler: Your sister Ursula.

Phoebe: (Her face dropping) Oh, really.

Chandler: Yeah, yeah, she works over at that place, uh...

Phoebe: Rift's. Yeah, I know.

Chandler: Oh, you do? Because she said you guys haven't talked in like years.

Phoebe: Hmmm? Yeah. So, um, is she fat?

Joey: Not from where I was standin'.

Phoebe: (Turning to Chandler) where were you standing?

Rachel: Um, Pheeb, so, you guys just don't get along?

Phoebe: It's mostly just dumb sister stuff, you know, I mean, like, everyone always thought of her as the pretty one, you know... Oh, oh, she was the first one to start walking, even though I did it... later that same day. But, to my parents, by then it was like "yeah, right, well what else is new?"

Ross: Oh, Pheeb, I'm sorry, I've got to go. I've got Lamaze class.

Chandler: Oh, and I've got Earth Science, but I'll catch you in Gym.

Rachel: So, is this just gonna be you and Carol?

Ross: No, Susan's gonna be there too. We've got dads, we've got lesbians, the whole parenting team.

Rachel: Well, isn't, isn't that gonna be weird?

Ross: No, no. (Distractedly putting on a jacket to go out) I mean, it mighta been at first, but by now I, I think I'm pretty comfortable with the whole situation.

Monica: Ross, that's my jacket.

Ross: I know.

(Rachel grins as Ross removes the girlie jacket, grabs his own, and rushes out.)

[Scene: The Lamaze class, several couples and one trio sit on the floor, introducing themselves to the teacher, who's got as far as a woman sitting next to Ross, Carol, and Susan.]

Woman: Hi, we're the Rostins. Err, I'm J.C., and he's Michael, and we're having a boy, and a girl.

Teacher: Good for you. Alrighty, next?

Ross: Hi, um, I'm err, (has to clear his throat) I'm Ross Geller, and err ah... (pats Carol's bulge) ..that's, that's my boy in there, and uh, (points) this is Carol Willick, and this... is Susan Bunch. Susan is um Carol's, just, com... (embarrassment finally overwhelms the poor fellow, who becomes incoherent until) ..who's next?

Teacher: I'm sorry, I didn't get... Susan is?

Ross: Susan is Carol's, Carol's, Carol's, friend...

Carol: Life partner.

Ross: Like buddies.

Susan: Like lovers.

Ross: You know how close women can get.

(The teacher smiles, but her eyebrows go up. Susan and Carol pat each other affectionately.)

Carol: Susan and I live together.

Ross: Although I was married to her.

Susan: Carol, not me.

Ross: Err, right.

Carol: It's a little complicated.

Ross: A little.

Susan: But we're fine.

Ross: Absolutely. (Turns back to the woman next to him.) So, twins... hah! That's like two births. (He struggles again.) Ouch.

[Scene : Chandler's Office, Chandler is working.]

(Helen's buzzer is heard on the intercom, so Chandler presses his button, too.)

Chandler: And (he imitates the buzzer) to you too, Helen.

Helen: (Over the intercom) Nina Bookbinder is here to see you.

Chandler: Oh, okay. Send her in.

(He hurriedly checks his hair in his computer screen, before taking a sporting trophy from a drawer to place ostentatiously on his desk. An attractive young woman opens the door.)

Nina: Hi.

Chandler: Hi, Nina. Come on in.

Nina: You wanted to see me?

Chandler: Uh, Yes. Yes. I've just been going over your data here, and little thing, you've been post-dating your Friday numbers.

Nina: Which is bad, because?

Chandler: Well, it throws my WENUS out of whack.

Nina: Your... excuse me?

Chandler: WENUS. (Coughs) Weekly Estimated Net...

Nina: Oh, Net Usage Statistics, right. Gotcha, gotcha. Won't happen again. I wouldn't want to do anything to hurt your... "wenus."

(Nina beams flirtatiously at Chandler, who catches her drift, but for once he's lost for something to say – so she nods her head to tell him that he's thinking correctly...)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Ross, Chandler, and the girls are dividing some Chinese takeout, while the sitcom *Family Matters* is playing on the TV.]

Chandler: It's not just that she's cute, okay. It's just that... she's really really cute.

Ross: It doesn't matter. You don't dip your pen in the company ink.

(Marcel scampers about, interfering with the neatness.)

Monica: Ross, your little creature's got the remote again.

Ross: Marcel, Marcel, give Rossie the remote. Marcel. Marcel, you give Rossie the remote right now... Marce... you give Rossie the remote...

(Marcel points the remote at Monica's television, pressing a particular combination of keys. The logo SAP appears on the screen, and suddenly the dialogue is dubbed into Spanish.)

Monica: Great.

Ross: Relax, I'll fix it.

Rachel: (Looking at the television) Cool... "Urkel" in Spanish is "Urkel."

Ross: (looking at the remote) How did he do this?

Chandler: (Looking out at the balcony) So tell me something, is leaving the Christmas lights up part of your plan to keep us merry all year long?

(Rachel slowly spins around, finally noticing that the lights have outstayed their welcome.)

Monica: Ah no, you see, someone was supposed to take them down around New Year's... but obviously someone forgot.

Rachel: Well, someone was supposed to write "Rach, take down the lights" and put it on the re... frigerate... (finally noticing Monica's note stuck to the refrigerator) How long has that been there?

(Joey enters, looking extremely pleased with himself.)

Chandler: Hey, where you been?

Joey: I went back to Riff's. I think Ursula likes me. All I ordered was coffee, she brought me a tuna melt and four plates of curly fries.

Chandler: Score.

Joey: She is so hot!

Chandler: Yeah, listen. Okay, before you do anything Joey-like, you might wanna run it by err... (he indicates Phoebe, who is helping Ross understand the remote control.)

Joey: Pheebs?

Phoebe: (Jumping up) Yeah?

Joey: You think it would be okay if I asked out your sister?

Phoebe: Why? Why would you wanna... do that? Why?

Joey: So that if we went out on a date, she'd be there.

Phoebe: Well, I mean, I'm not my sister's, you know, whatever, and um... I mean, it's true, we were one egg, once, but err, you know, we've grown apart, so, um... I don't know, why not? Okay.

Joey: Cool, thanks.

(He happily gestures at Chandler that there was nothing to worry about, then exits. Rachel and Monica are concerned for poor Phoebe, who slides back down next to Ross.)

Ross: You okay?

Phoebe: Yeah I'm fine.

Ross: You wanna watch Laverne y Shirley?

(The sitcom begins with its familiar refrain, yet with a Latin lilt. Rachel and Monica do a little dance with their chopsticks, and Phoebe has to grin as Ross joins in the rhythm.)

[Scene: Lamaze class. Susan is there. Each couple has a doll, for they have just finished learning how to change a diaper. As Ross rushes in, stepping on the Rostins' pretend baby, squashing its head flat. It bleats, in protest. He performs emergency surgery, then hands the doll back to J.C.]

Ross: Sorry.

Ross: Hi. Sorry I'm late. Where's, where's Carol?

Susan: Stuck at school. Some parent-teacher thing. You can go. I'll get the information.

Ross: No... No... No. I think I should stay, I think we should both know what's going on.

Susan: Oh, good. This'll be fun.

Teacher: Alrighty. We're gonna start with some basic third stage breathing exercises, so Mummies, why don't you get on your back? And... coaches, you should be supporting Mummy's head.

(Ross and Susan each gesture for the other to lie down.)

Ross and Susan: What? What? What?

Susan: I am supposed to be the mommy?

Ross: Okay, I'm gonna play my sperm card one more time.

Susan: Look, I don't see why I should have to miss out on the coaching training just because I'm a woman.

Ross: I see. So what do you propose to do?

Susan: I will flip you for it.

Ross: Flip me for it? No, no, no... heads, heads, heads!

Susan: (Triumphantly) On your back... Mom.

(Ross gets down like all the other mothers, cradled in Susan's lap like all the other fathers.)

Teacher: Alright, Mommies, take a nice deep cleansing breath.

(Forgetting herself, Susan does the "Mommy" action with Ross.)

Teacher: Good. Now imagine your vagina is opening like a flower.

(Ross comes out of character to glare into the distance.)

[Scene: Chandler's Office. Chandler is playing with a toy as his boss Mr. Douglas knocks and opens the door.]

Chandler: Mr. D, how's it going, sir?

Mr. Douglas: Ohh, it's been better. The Annual Net Usage Statistics are in.

Chandler: And?

Mr. Douglas: It's pretty ugly. We haven't seen an ANUS this bad since the seventies.

Chandler: So what does this mean?

Mr. Douglas: Well, we're gonna be layin' off people in every department.

Chandler: Hey, listen, I know I came in late last week, but I slept funny, and my hair was very very –

Mr. Douglas: Not you. Relax. Ever have to fire anyone?

[Scene: Chandler's Office, later that day, Nina is in his office.]

Chandler: Nina? Nina. (He goes around his desk to where she is sitting.) Nina. (In pain) Nina.

(She sympathetically reaches out to fondle the inner thigh of his left leg.)

Nina: Are you okay?

Chandler: (Looking down at her hand) Yes, yes I am. Err, listen, the reason that I called you in here today was, err... please don't hate me.

Nina: (Taking her hand away) What?

Chandler: (Suddenly bright) Would you like to have dinner sometime?

(Nina gasps in surprise and relief.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Rachel is at the counter, serving coffee to Phoebe.]

Rachel: So Pheebs, what do you want for your birthday?

Phoebe: Well, what I really want is for my mom to be alive and enjoy it with me.

Rachel: Okay... Let me put it this way. Anything from *Crabtree and Evelyn*?

Phoebe: Ooh! Bath salts would be nice.

Rachel: Ooh, okay... good.

(Jamie Buchman and Fran Devanow enter the coffee house. They look about them as Jamie removes her coat and scarf.)

Jamie: What is this place?

Fran: Look, you're cold, I have to pee, and... (indicating the sign) ..there's a cup of coffee on the window. How bad could it be?

(Jamie notices Phoebe sitting at the counter.)

Jamie: I think we have an answer.

Fran: What's she doing here?

Jamie: This could be God's way of telling us to eat at home.

Fran: Think she got fired at Riff's?

Jamie: No, no, no. We were there last night. She kept... (shuddering at the memory) ..bringing swordfish. (Indicating the ladies' bathroom) are you gonna go to the, um?

Fran: I'm gonna wait till after we order. It's her, right.

Jamie: It looks like her.

(Phoebe walks by, ignoring the two strangers.)

Jamie: Um, excuse me.

Phoebe: Yeah?

Jamie: Hi, it's us.

Phoebe: (Smiling blankly) Right, and it's me.

Jamie: So, so you're here too?

Phoebe: Much as you are.

Jamie: (Without moving her lips) Your turn.

Fran: Err... we know what we want.

Phoebe: (Philosophically) Oh, that's good.

Jamie: All we want is two Caffè Lattes.

Fran: And some biscotti cookies.

Phoebe: Good choice.

(Phoebe turns away so that the two weird women won't see the face she pulls, and sits down.)

Jamie: Definitely her.

Fran: Yeah.

Commercial break

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Phoebe is watching a Spanish version of The Waltons. At a nearby table sit Monica knitting, Rachel winding a ball of wool, and Chandler supplying them both from a skein which is spread between his hands.]

(Phoebe uses the remote to stop the Spanish by turning off the television.)

Monica: I can't believe you. You still haven't told that girl she doesn't have a job yet?

Chandler: Well, you still haven't taken down the Christmas lights.

Monica: Congratulations, I think you've found the world's thinnest argument.

Chandler: I'm just trying to find the right moment, you know?

Rachel: Oh, well, that shouldn't be so hard, now that you're dating. (Imitating men at their worst) "Sweetheart, you're fired, but how 'bout a quickie before I go to work?"

(Joey lets himself in, carrying a large paper shopping bag.)

Joey: Hey.

Rachel and Chandler: Hey.

(There is a loud knocking at the door through which Joey has just entered.)

Chandler: You know, once you're inside, you don't have to knock any more.

Monica: I'll get it.

(She rises, dragging Chandler along by the wool. Rachel has to leap over a chair to follow them. Monica opens the door to find Mr. Heckles standing there.)

Monica: Oh. Hi, Mr. Heckles.

Mr. Heckles: You're doing it again.

Monica: We're not doing anything. We're just sitting around talking, quietly.

Mr. Heckles: I can hear you through the ceiling. My cats can't sleep.

Rachel: You don't even have cats.

Mr. Heckles: I could have cats.

Monica: (Closing the door) Goodbye Mr. Heckles.

Rachel: We'll try to keep it down.

(The wool-bound trio returns to the table. Rachel has to rush ahead to avoid becoming tangled. Joey brings the shopping bag over to Phoebe, and takes out a nice cardigan.)

Joey: Phoebe, could you do me a favour? Could you try this on? I just wanna make sure it fits.

Phoebe: Ooh, my first birthday present... (delightedly examining the cardigan in her lap) ..oh, this is really...

Joey: Oh, no no no. It's for Ursula. I just figured, you know, size-wise.

Phoebe: Ohhh... Sure, yeah... (disgustedly dropping the cardigan back into the bag) ..okay, it fits.

(The others have been taking all this in.)

Rachel: Are you seein' her again tonight?

Joey: Yep. Ice Capades.

Chandler: Wow, this is serious. I've never known you to pay money for any kind of capade.

Joey: I don't know. I like her, you know. She's different. There's uh, somethin' about her.

Phoebe: That you like, (snappily confronting Joey over the heads of the knitting circle) we get it. You like her. Great!

(The circle freezes in apprehension.)

Joey: Hey, Phoebe, I asked you, and you said it was okay.

Phoebe: Alright, well, maybe now it's not okay.

Joey: Okay... Well maybe now I'm not okay with it not being okay.

Phoebe: Okay.

(An embarrassed silence... finally broken by)

Chandler: Knit, good woman, knit, knit!

(Monica frantically bursts into action as Rachel resumes winding, tangling Chandler's wool.)

[Scene: Chandler's Office, Chandler & Nina are locked in a passionate embrace. Someone knocks, so they hurriedly separate to stare out of the window. Chandler's boss opens the door.]

Chandler: And that's the Chrysler Building right there.

Mr. Douglas: Nina.

Nina: Mr. Douglas... (flirting defensively) ..cool tie.

(She escapes, fortunately so distracting Mr. Douglas, that he misses Chandler's expression of alarm & guilt.)

Mr. Douglas: (Shutting the door, then pointing vaguely at Nina's shapely departure) She's still here.

Chandler: Yes, yes she is. Didn't I memo you on this? See, after I let her go, err, I got a call from her psychiatrist, Dr. Flanen-nen, Dr. Flanen, Dr. Flan.

(Thinking quickly, Chandler desperately tries to remember anything to do with schizophrenia....)

Chandler: And err, he informed me that uh, she took the news rather badly, in fact, he uh, mentioned the word frenzy.

Mr. Douglas: You're kidding? She seems so...

Chandler: Oh, no, no. Nina... (miming fairies twinkling around his head) ..she is whooo wewee-woo whoo whoo! In fact, if you asked her right now, she would have no recollection of being fired at all, none at all.

Mr. Douglas: That's unbelievable.

Chandler: And yet, believable. So I decided not to fire her again until I can be assured that she will be no threat to herself, or others.

Mr. Douglas: I see. I guess you never really know what's goin' on inside a person's head.

Chandler: Well, I guess that's why they call it psychology, sir.

(Mr. Douglas screws up his eyes, trying to credit what Bing has just said, but turning to follow Nina down the corridor, he realises Bing must be telling the truth, since he would not have any personal interest in the girl, would he?)

[Scene: Lamaze class, Ross is again on the floor, cradled in Susan's lap, but now Carol is cradled in his lap, and she has a pretend baby, on her lap. The teacher is showing her class a video, which is about to end.]

Soothing male voice: ..a sound Mom and Dad never forget. For this after all, is the miracle of birth.

Teacher: Lights please? And that's having a baby. Next week is our final class.

(People start getting up. Ross grabs Carol's doll to hold it upside down like a football, slapping it with his other hand.)

Ross: Susan, go deep.

(Susan just glares back, as Ross's inappropriate joke falls flat. Meanwhile, a bubble is about to burst...)

Carol: This is impossible. It's just impossible.

Susan: What is, honey?

Carol: What that woman... did. I am not doin' that. It's just gonna have to stay in, that's all, everything will be the same, it'll just stay in.

Ross: Carol, honey, shhh, shhh, everything's gonna be alright.

Carol: (screaming at Ross) Oh, what do you know? No one's going up to you and saying, "Hi, is that your nostril? Mind if we push this pot roast through it?"

Susan: Carol, Carol, sweetie. Cleansing breath.

(Both women gulp in air. Ross looks at his "football," then manipulates the head & limbs back into place, until it resembles what it represents.)

Susan: I know it's frightening, but, big picture. The birth part is just one day, and when it's over, we're all gonna be parents for the rest of our lives.

(Ross is staring blankly into space.)

Susan: I mean, that's what this is all about, right? Ross? Ross?

[Scene 13: Central Perk, the gang is gathered around Monica comforting her brother, who in a slight state of shock is cuddling a cushion for security.]

Ross: I'm gonna be a father.

Rachel: This is just occurring to you?

Ross: I always knew I was havin' a baby, I just never realised the baby was having me.

Rachel: (She comforts him too) Oh, you're gonna be great!

Ross: Aw, how can you say that? I can't even get Marcel to stop eating the bath mat. How am I gonna raise a kid?

Chandler: You know, Ross, some scientists are now saying that, that monkeys and babies are actually different.

(Joey tires of this, so he gets up to leave.)

Phoebe: Where're you going?

Joey: Out.

Phoebe: With?

Joey: (Spreading his arms wide) Yes.

Phoebe: Alright, could I just ask you one question?

(Joey nods his head.)

Phoebe: Have you two, you know... like... you know... you know... yet?

Joey: Well, not that it's any of your business, but, no, we haven't, okay?

(Joey walks toward the door, then hesitates and turns back.)

Joey: You meant sex, right?

(Phoebe buttons her lip, while the rest of the gang pretend they're not there.)

[Scene: Chandler's Office, Chandler is working as Nina knocks, then opens the door.]

Nina: Do you have a sec?

Chandler: Ah, sure, Nina. What's up?

Nina: I don't know. For the past couple days, people have been avoiding me and giving me these really strange looks.

Chandler: Oh, well, ah... maybe that's because they're ah... jealous, of us.

Nina: Maybe. But that doesn't explain why they keep taking my scissors.

Chandler: Ah, well, maybe that's, ah, because you're getting a big raise.

Nina: I am?

Chandler: Sure, why not?

Nina: Oh my god! (Rushing over to give him a big hug) You're amazing!

Chandler: Oh, you don't know. (Presses a button.) Helen, could you make sure we put through the paperwork on Miss Bookbinder's raise?

Helen: (Over the intercom) So you still want me to send her psychological profile to Personnel?

Nina: What?

Chandler: Helen drinks. (Insincerely) Will you marry me?

(Nina puts her hands on her hips, then gives Chandler a quizzical look.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Ross, Rachel, Chandler, and Phoebe are sharing a bowl of popcorn, while Monica carefully reads the instruction manual for her television set.]

Chandler: Well, I ended up telling her everything.

Rachel: Oh, how'd she take it?

Chandler: Pretty well. Except for the stapler thing. (He holds up a bandaged hand.) Little tip: if you're ever in a similar situation, never ever leave your hand... (he mimes Nina taking her revenge) ..on the desk.

Monica: Okay, I think I get how to do this.

(Monica points the remote at her TV, and punches out a key combination from the book, but the dreaded SAP logo remains and Spanish still comes forth.)

Phoebe: Alright, so, can we turn this off? Can we just make it... make them go away? Because I can't, I can't watch.

Monica: (Remotely turning off the television) okay, Pheebs, they're gone.

Phoebe: Okay.

Monica: Are you alright?

Phoebe: Yeah. It's just, you know, it's this whole stupid Ursula thing, it's...

Rachel: Okay, Pheebs, can I ask? So, he's going out with her. I mean, is it really so terrible?

Phoebe: Um, yeah. Look, I mean, I'm not saying she's like evil or anything. She just, you know, she's always breaking my stuff. When I was eight, and I wouldn't let her have my Judy Jetson thermos, so she threw it under the bus. And then, oh, and then there was Randy Brown, who was like... Have you ever had a boyfriend who was like your best friend?

Monica and Rachel: (Wistfully, shaking their heads) No.

Phoebe: Well, but that's what he was for me. And she you know, kind of stole him away, and then... broke his heart... and then he wouldn't even talk to me any more. Because he said he didn't wanna be around... anything that looked like either one of us.

Rachel: Oh... Oh, Pheebs.

Phoebe: I mean, I know Joey is not my boyfriend, or my thermos, or anything, but...

Chandler: You're not gonna lose him.

Monica: Hon, you gotta talk to Joey.

Phoebe: Yeah. Okay.

Ross: No, come on, he doesn't know this stuff. If he knew how you felt.

Phoebe: But he's falling in love with her.

Rachel: Oh please, they've been going out a week. They haven't even slept together yet, I mean, that's not serious.

Phoebe: Okay... Okay.

(Monica and Ross indicate that they mean right now.)

Phoebe: Oh, okay, oh.

(Phoebe gets up and walks across the hallway, but the door to Chandler and Joey's apartment is shut. She knocks, and anxiously waits for Joey to come, but instead her identical twin sister emerges wearing one of Joey's shirts.)

Ursula: (Surprised) Oh.

(Phoebe reels back in shock, while Ursula defiantly leans against the doorpost as though she owns the place.)

Ursula: Yeah, um, may we help you?

Closing Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's Balcony, Rachel is taking down the Christmas lights. Monica sees her, so she leans out of the small side window.]

Monica: Rachel, what are you doing? It's freezing out here. Would you come back inside?

Rachel: No no no no no. You wanted me to take them down, so... (she climbs onto the railing to reach the top of a pole) ..I'm takin' 'em down. Okay? Whoa! (Screams.)

(Rachel slips, loses her balance, and falls over the edge..)

Monica: Oh-my-god Rachel! (Rushing out to look over the edge) Rachel!

(In the apartment below, Mr. Heckles is trying to relax and read his newspaper, but Rachel is helplessly dangling upside-down with her ankle wrapped up in the Christmas lights.)

Rachel: (To Monica) I'm okay! I'm okay! (She knocks on Mr. Heckles's window.) Mr. Heckles, Mr. Heckles could you help me please?

Mr. Heckles: See, this is just the kind of thing I was talking about.

End

The One With Two Parts, Part 2

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Opening Credits

[Scene: An Emergency Room, Rachel and Monica enter. Rachel is limping and leaning on Monica for support.]

Rachel: Ow ow ow. Ow ow ow ow. Ow ow ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.

(They reach the desk. The bored nurse thinks she's heard it all before.)

Monica: Hi. Uh, my friend here was taking down our Christmas lights, and and she fell off the balcony and may have broken her foot or or ankle or something.

Nurse: My god. You still have your Christmas lights up?

(Rachel glares at the nurse, who gives Monica a form attached to a clipboard.)

Nurse: Fill this out and bring it back to me.

(Monica helps Rachel over to a vacant seat.)

Rachel: Ow ow ow. Ow ow ow. Ow ow ow.

(Monica starts on the form, while Rachel catches her breath and massages her ankle.)

Monica: Okay, ooh, alright. Name, address... Okay, in case of emergency, call?

Rachel: You.

Monica: Really?

Rachel: Yeah.

Monica: Oh, that is so sweet. (Touched, she puts an arm around her friend and kisses her.) Oh gosh, love you. Insurance?

Rachel: Oh, yeah, check it. Definitely, I want some of that.

Monica: (No longer touched) you don't have insurance?

Rachel: Why, how much is this gonna cost?

Monica: I have no idea, but X-rays alone could be a couple hundred dollars.

Rachel: Wel-wel-well what are we gonna do?

Monica: Well there's not much we can do.

Rachel: (Like a big baby) Um... unless, unless I use yours.

Monica: Hah, no no no no no no no no no.

Rachel: (Tapping the clipboard) well, now, wait a second, who did I just put as my "In case of emergency" person?

Monica: (Looking around to check that no-one's listening, then lowering her voice anyway) That's insurance fraud.

Rachel: Well, alright, then, forget it. (Getting up to go) Might as well just go home. Ow ow ow ow!

Monica: (Jumping up to make Rachel sit down) Okay, okay. I hate this.

Rachel: Thank you. Thank you. I love you.

Monica: (to the nurse) Hi, (tiny laugh) um, I'm gonna need a new set of (tiny laugh) these forms (tiny laugh).

Nurse: Why?

Monica: (Tiny laugh) I am really an idiot. (Tiny laugh) you see, I was filling out my friend's form, and instead of putting her information, (tiny laugh) I put mine.

Nurse: You are an idiot. (She hands over a blank form).

Monica: (Tiny laugh) yep, that's me, (tiny laugh) I am that stupid (tiny laugh).

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler, has split up his newspaper so Joey can look at the funnies, while Ross's inappropriate joke at Lamaze class has come back to haunt him.]

Ross: I had a dream last night where I was playing football with my kid.

Chandler and Joey: That's nice.

Ross: No, no, with him. (He mimes holding the baby like a football.) I'm on this field, and they, they hike me the baby... and I, I know I've gotta do something 'cause the Tampa Bay defence is comin' right at me.

Joey: Tampa Bay's got a terrible team.

Ross: Right, but, it is just me and the baby, so I'm thinkin' they can take us. And so I uh, hah-hah, I just heave it down field.

Chandler: What are you crazy? That's a baby!

Joey: He should take the sack?

Ross: Anyway, suddenly I'm down field, and I realise that I'm the one who's supposed to catch him, right? Only I know there is no way I'm gonna get there in time, so I am running, and running, and that, that is when I woke up. See I, I am so not ready to be a father.

Chandler: Hey, you're gonna be fine. You're one of the most caring, most responsible men in North America. You're gonna make a great dad.

Joey: Yeah, Ross. You and the baby just need better blocking.

(Feeling a little better, Ross fetches more coffee.)

Joey: Oh, have either one of you guys ever been to the Rainbow Room? Is it real expensive?

Chandler: Well, only if you order stuff.

Joey: I'm takin' Ursula tonight. It's her birthday.

Ross: Wo-wo-whoa. What about Phoebe's birthday?

Joey: When's that?

Ross: Tonight.

Joey: Oh, man. What're the odds of that happening?

(Joey begins to contemplate his ill fortune.)

Ross: You take your time.

(Joey looks at his friends, thinks a bit more, then realises.)

Chandler: There it is! So what're you gonna do?

Joey: What can I do? Look, I don't want to do anything to screw it up with Ursula.

Chandler: And your friend Phoebe?

Joey: Well, if she's my friend, hopefully she'll understand. I mean, wouldn't you guys?

Chandler: Man, if you tried something like that on my birthday, you'd be starin' at the business end of a hissy fit.

(Joey gestures to show that he wouldn't dare...)

[Scene: The Hospital, Monica and Rachel are waiting for the doctors to arrive. They enter and are played by Noah Wyle and George Clooney.]

Dr. Mitchell: ..you add a pinch of saffron, it makes all the difference.

(They approach the young ladies. Dr. Mitchell consults Ms.Geller's admissions form.)

Dr. Mitchell: Okay, errrr, Monica?

Monica: Yes? (jumping as Rachel punches her arm) ..yes, she is.

Rachel (as Monica): Hi, this is my friend Rachel.

Monica (as Rachel): Hi.

Dr. Mitchell: (Smiling) Hi, err Rachel. I'm Dr.Mitchell.

Dr. Rosen: (Smiling even more and attempting to take over) And I'm his friend, Dr.Rosen.

(Monica and Rachel smile back prettily.)

Rachel: Aren't you a little cute to be a doctor?

Dr. Rosen: Excuse me?

Rachel: I meant er, (struggling to concentrate) young, young, I meant young, young to be a doctor. Oh good, Rach.

Monica (as Rachel): Thank you.

Rachel (as Monica): Right.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, everyone but Joey is waiting for Phoebe to arrive for her surprise birthday party. Rachel and Monica is telling Chandler about Rachel's incident.]

Rachel: ..so, he said it was just a sprain, and that was it.

Monica: Uh, you left out the stupid part.

Rachel: Not stupid. The very cute, cute, cute doctors asked us out for tomorrow night, and I said "yes."

Monica: I think it's totally insane, I mean, they work for the hospital. It's like returning to the scene of the crime. You know, I say we blow off the dates.

Rachel: What? Monica, they are cute, they are doctors, (spelling it out in the air for her slow friend) cute doctors, doctors who are cute!

Chandler: Alright, what have we learned so far?

(There is a knock at the door. Someone turns the music off, then the whole party runs and hides, except for Monica and Rachel who answer their door. Ross stands in the doorway, holding a box, but everyone is too keyed up to notice that it's him.)

The Whole Party: (Jumping up) SURPRISE!!!

(Ross is so startled that he throws his arms up to defend himself. The box takes off, then lands with a squishy thud, its contents oozing out onto the floor. Ross is not pleased.)

Ross: What the hell are you doing? You scared the crap outta me.

Rachel: Was that the cake?

Ross: Yeah, yeah. I got a lemon schmush.

Monica: Come on, she'll be here any minute.

(The whole party gathers round as Ross puts the box on the coffee table.)

Rachel: I hope it's okay.

(As Ross opens the lid, everybody looks at the mess inside.)

Monica: Oh...

Chandler: (Reading) "Happy Birthday Peehe."

Monica: Well maybe we can make a, a, a 'B' out of one of those roses.

(Phoebe quietly wanders in, to join the tableau.)

Ross: (Still annoyed) Yeah, we'll just use our special cake tools.

Phoebe: Hey, what's going on?

Ross: Oh, we just...

Phoebe's Friends: (Finally noticing the guest of honour) Surprise!

Phoebe: (Delighted) oh, oh, oh! This is so great! Oh my god! This was not at all scary. Hi everybody. Hi Betty! Betty, Hi! (Thrilled) You found Betty! Oh my god! (Hugging people) This is great. Everybody I love is in the same room, (still happy) Where's Joey?

(The party falls flat. Chandler tries to think of a witticism, but even he can't help...)

Chandler: Did you see Betty?

(Betty waggles her fingers to say "Hi", but Phoebe feels her birthday has been ruined by her twin.)

[Scene: A Restaurant, Ross is having lunch with his father who is examining his next forkful.]

Mr. Geller: I tell you one thing, I wouldn't mind having a piece of this sun-dried tomato business. Five years ago, if somebody had said to me, here's a tomato that looks like a prune, I'd say "get out of my office!"

Ross: Dad, before I was born, did you freak out at all?

Mr. Geller: I'm not freaking out, I'm just saying, if somebody had come to me with the idea andndash;

Ross: Dad, dad, dad, I'm talkin' about the whole uh, baby thing. Did you uh, ever get this sort of... panicky, "Oh my god I'm gonna be a father" kind of a thing?

Mr. Geller: No. Your mother really did the work. I was busy with the business. I wasn't around that much. Is that what this is about?

Ross: No, no, Dad, I was just wondering.

Mr. Geller: 'Cause there's time to make up for that. We can do stuff together. You always wanted to go to that Colonial Williamsburg. How 'bout we do that?

Ross: Thanks, Dad, really, I ju... you know, I just, I just needed to know, um... when did you start to feel like a father?

Mr. Geller: Oh, well, I, I guess it musta been the day after you were born. We were in the hospital room, your mother was asleep, and they brought you in and gave you to me. You were this ugly little red thing, and all of a sudden you grabbed my finger with your whole fist. And you squeezed it, so tight. And that's when I knew.

(Ross is so moved by his father's charming story, that he stops eating.)

Mr. Geller: So you don't wanna go to Williamsburg?

Ross: No, we can go to Williamsburg.

Mr. Geller: Eat your fish.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica is just getting off of the intercom and turns off the TV which is still in the SAP mode.]

Monica: Rachel, the cute doctors are here.

Rachel: (entering from her room) Okay, coming!

(Monica opens the door for Dr. Mitchell and Dr. Geoffrey.)

Monica: Hi, come on in.

Dr. Mitchell: Hey.

Monica: Hi, Geoffrey.

Rachel: Hi.

Dr. Rosen: Ah here, we brought wine.

Dr. Mitchell: Look at this, it's from the cellars of Ernest and Tova Borgnine, so how could we resist?

Rachel: Oh, that's great. Look at that.

Dr. Rosen: So, Monica, how's the ankle?

Monica: It's uh...

(Rachel discreetly coughs to warn her.)

Monica (as Rachel): ..well, why don't you tell them? After all it, is your ankle.

Rachel (as Monica): You know what, it's feeling a lot better, thank you, um... Well, listen, why don't you two sit down and, and we'll get you some glasses... okay... (They don't know what to do with their coats and Monica points to the living room) STAT!

(Rachel joins Monica who is in the kitchen area, opening the wine bottle. Rachel checks that the doctors aren't listening, then lowers her voice anyway.)

Rachel: Okay, listen, I'm thinking, why don't we just tell them who we really are? I mean, it'll be fine, I really think it'll be fine.

Monica: It will not be fine. We'll get in trouble.

Rachel: Oh, Monica! Would you stop being such a wuss?

Monica: A wuss? Excuse me for living in the real world, okay?

(Back at the couch, Dr. Mitchell and Dr. Rosen have concerns of their own.)

Dr. Mitchell: So?

Dr. Rosen: So... they sss-still seem normal.

Dr. Mitchell: That's because they are.

Dr. Rosen: (Nervously) okay, but you have to admit that every time we go out... Women we meet at the hospital... It turns into...

Dr. Mitchell: Willya relax? Look around. No pagan altars, no piles of bones in the corners, they're fine. (Baring his teeth to clean them with his finger) Go like this. (Dr. Rosen obeys.)

(Meanwhile, back at the sink.)

Monica: I said we are not going to do it, okay? Sometimes you can be such a, a big baby.

Rachel: (Resenting the truth) I am not a baby! You know what? I swear to god, just because you get so uptight every time we...

Monica: Sure, every time, you're such a princess...

Rachel: You know what?

Monica: What?

Rachel: You know what?

Monica: What!?

Rachel: You know what?

Monica: (getting angry) What!!!?

Rachel: Every day, you are becoming more and more like your mother.

(Rachel brightly limps back across the apartment with glasses of wine for the cute doctors, leaving an open-mouthed Monica in her wake.)

Rachel: Hello! Here we go!

Dr. Rosen: This is a great place. How long have you lived here?

Rachel: (as Monica) Thanks! I've been here about six years, and Rachel moved in a few months ago.

Monica: (as Rachel) Yeah... (joining the others) ..see, I was supposed to get married, but, um, I left the guy at the altar.

(Rachel tries to hide her alarm, but she squirms in her chair.)

Dr. Mitchell: Really?

Monica: (as Rachel) Yeah... Yeah, I know it's pretty selfish, but haha, hey, that's me. (Indicating a dish on the table) Why don't you try the hummus?

Dr. Rosen: So, Monica, what do you do?

Rachel: (as Monica) Aahh, I'm a... chef at a restaurant uptown.

Dr. Rosen: Good for you.

Rachel: (as Monica) Yeah it is, mostly because I get to boss people around, which I just love to do.

Dr. Rosen: This hummus is great.

Dr. Mitchell: God bless the chickpea.

Monica: (as Rachel) (Suddenly laughing) Oh, god, I am so spoiled... That's it!

(The doctors don't know what to make of all this.)

Rachel: (as Monica) And by the way, have I mentioned that back in high school, I was a cow?

Monica: (as Rachel) I used to wet my bed.

Rachel: (as Monica) I use my breasts to get other people's attention.

Monica: (as Rachel) (Revealing her anger to point at her best friend) We both do that!

(Rachel lets her anger show too. Hideously embarrassed, the doctors drain their glasses in the vicious pause which follows. The telephone rings, but the girls just glower at each other, silently daring the other to move first. Finally both guys jump up, and Michael wins.)

Dr. Mitchell: (on the phone) Monica and Rachel's apartment. Err yeh, aayah, yeh, just one second... (handing it to Monica) ..ah, Rachel, it's your dad.

Monica: (as Rachel) Hi, Dad. No, no, it's me. (Getting up to move further away from Rachel) li-listen, Dad, I can't talk right now, um, but there's something, um... there's something that I've been meaning to tell you...

(Monica glares triumphantly across the room, scaring Rachel who also stands up.)

Rachel: Would you excuse me for a second?

Monica: (as Rachel) Remember back in freshman year? (Talking fast before Rachel can catch her) Well, Billy Dreskin and I had sex on your bed.

(Completely undone by Monica's verbal destruction, Rachel almost loses her balance as she staggers backwards, eyes agog, gasping for breath, and literally not knowing which way to turn. Finally, she escapes into the bathroom while a resigned Dr. Mitchell looks philosophically at Dr. Rosen who seems about remind him of the good old days at the pagan altar.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the next morning, Ross, Phoebe, Chandler and Monica sit round the coffee table, playing Scrabble. Rachel, still in her dressing gown, is pleading on the phone, her free hand shaking with agitation.]

Rachel: (on phone) Daddy... Daddy... Daddy, why whyyy would I sleep with Billy Dreskin? His father tried to put you out of business! (Rachel turns to Monica, clasping the receiver to her bosom so Dr.Green can't hear, while mouthing "You are...") ...dead!

(Monica smiles a sweet apology of regret, until she's distracted by Marcel as he clambers all over her nice furniture.)

Monica: Ross, he's got the remote again.

Ross: Good. Maybe he can switch it back.

(Marcel changes channel to Bugs Bunny, who is speaking in Spanish.)

Ross: Maybe not.

(Meanwhile, Rachel has taken another call, from a nurse she'd hoped never to hear from again.)

Rachel: Hello? (Listens) Um, yeah, uh, (snapping her fingers at Ross who takes the remote from Marcel, then turns off the TV) Okay ah, hold on a second, lemme lemme just check and see if see if she's here.

(All animosity forgotten, Rachel holds the receiver out as she limps quickly over to her friend, who stands up in concern.)

Rachel: It's the woman from the hospital admissions office. She says there's a problem with the form. Oh, god, oh god...

Rachel and Monica: Oh god, waddawe do, waddawe do, waddawe do?

Monica: I don't know! Why don't you just explain? What do they want? Find out what they want!

Rachel: Okay (desperately hands the receiver over) no, you do it.

Monica: (taking the phone) Hello, this is Monica... Yeah??? Oh... (Smiles at Rachel to reassure her) Okay, yes, we'll be right, we'll be right down.(Listens) Thank you. (Hangs up)

Rachel: What?

Monica: We forgot to sign one of the admissions forms.

Rachel: Ohhh... (slumping in relief) Okay, you were right. You were right! This was just not worth it.

Monica: Thank you.

Rachel: Okay, let me just change.

Monica: Yes.

(Rachel goes to her room.)

Joey: (entering quietly) Hey.

Ross and Chandler: Hey!

Monica: Hi.

Phoebe: Trouble?

Joey: Your sister stood me up the other night.

Phoebe: Oh, no. Don't you hate it when people aren't there for you?

Ross: Well did you try calling her?

Joey: I've been trying for two days. When I called the restaurant, they said she was too busy to talk. I can't believe she's blowin' me off.

(Phoebe wants to be angry with Joey, but as she watches him shaking his head in pain and disbelief, she knows that it isn't his fault.)

[Scene: Riff's, Phoebe is entering. Ursula returns with two plates of chicken, but she only has time to set one on the table, when...]

Phoebe: Hey.

(Ursula turns in surprise.)

Ursula: Oh!

Phoebe: Um you, you got a minute?

Ursula: Um, yeah, I'm just... (waving dismissively at the concept) ..working.

(Ursula points out a vacant table, so the twins walk over, side by side, to sit down. Departing customers walk right past the pair. Sitting at the back, a hungry gentleman looks most annoyed as Ursula sets his meal down in front of her. The girls sit.)

Phoebe: So.

Ursula: Uh-huh.

(Ursula is genuinely pleased that her sister has visited her, after so many years. Phoebe hesitates over how best to begin.)

Phoebe: Um, oh, I got you a birthday present.

(Ursula picks up a fork and begins eating the meat, while Phoebe removes a present from her bag.)

Ursula: Oh, wow! You remembered! (Opening it) Oh! It's a Judy Jetson thermos!

(She laughs at the childhood memory. Phoebe smiles at being able to make her point.)

Phoebe: Right, like the kind you...

Ursula: Right... Oh, I got something for you, too.

(Ursula gets up to fetch a box from her bag by the counter.)

Phoebe: How'd you know I was coming?

Ursula: Um, yeah, um, twin thing.

(Ursula puts the box directly into Phoebe's hand. Phoebe brightens.)

Phoebe: I can't believe you did this.

(Phoebe opens the box, to find something familiar inside.)

Phoebe: I can't believe you... (holding up Joey's cardigan) ..did this.

(Phoebe's smile hardens as she packs the cardigan away.)

Phoebe: So... What's the deal with umm, you and Joey?

Ursula: Oh, right. He is so great. But that's over.

(Ursula resumes eating her lunch..)

Phoebe: Does he know?

Ursula: Who?

Phoebe: Joey. You know, um, he's really nutsy about you.

Ursula: He is? Why?

Phoebe: You got me.

Ursula: Right.

(A waiter comes over for the stolen chicken. Ursula turns to him.)

Ursula: Excuse me. Doesn't this come with a side salad?

(The man gives up, shaking his head.)

Phoebe: So, um, are you gonna call him?

Ursula: What? (Indicating the departing waiter) Do you think he likes me?

Phoebe: No, Joey.

Ursula: Oh. No, no, he is so smart. He'll figure it out. (Offering to share her food) Do you want some chicken?

Phoebe: No. No food with a face.

Ursula: You have not changed!

(Ursula's eyes dance as she laughs and smiles, simply glad to be back with her sister.)

Phoebe: Yeah, you too.

(Trying not to wrinkle her nose, Phoebe smiles back realising it's down to her to make up for her negligent sister. Meanwhile, Ursula still hasn't received her side salad, but when she attempts to attract the waiter's attention, he ignores her.)

[Scene: The Emergency Room. The officious admissions nurse is again on duty. Rachel and Monica enter, looking worried. As they approach the desk, Rachel adopts a winning smile, while Monica struggles to smile at all.]

Rachel: (as Monica) Hi, remember us?

Nurse: (Grimacing) Mmm hmmm.

Monica: (as Rachel) Um, okay. You just called a little while ago about needing a signature on the admissions form. Well, it turns out we need a whole new one (little laugh) because uh, you see, I-I, I put the wrong name again. (Little laugh) 'cause um...

Nurse: You're that stupid.

Monica: (as Rachel) I am. I'm that stupid. (Little laugh.)

Rachel: (as Monica) Yeah, and and, I'm just gonna pay for this with a check.

Nurse: Well, you know your insurance will cover that.

Rachel: (as Monica) Yeah, I know... (mirroring her friend) ..I'm I'm just not that bright either.

(The girls escape with a new form.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Chandler is neglecting the game of *Scrabble*, for he's busily drawing on his own childhood in an attempt to help Ross. Marcel chitters about.]

Chandler: Okay, worst case scenario. Say you never feel like a father.

Ross: Uh-huh.

Chandler: Say your son never feels connected to you, as one. Say all of his relationships are affected by this.

Ross: Do you have a point?

Chandler: You know, you think I would.

(Instead of scampering, Marcel stretches his neck as much as possible, and makes an unvoiced noise from his throat.)

Chandler: What's up with the simian?

Ross: It's just a fur ball.

Chandler: Okay... (returning to the board) ..whose turn is it?

Ross: Yours, I just got 43 points for 'KIDNEY'.

Chandler: No, no, you got zero points for 'IDNEY'.

Ross: I had a 'K'. Where's where's my 'K'?

(The unvoiced hissing continues. In alarm, Ross and Chandler look at the monkey, who is now in some distress.)

[Scene: The Emergency Room, Monica sits with Rachel, who is filling out an honest form at last. Ross and Chandler hurtle in. Little Marcel, wrapped in a fluffy towel, is cradled in Ross's arms. They dash up to the admissions desk. Ross is frantic.]

Ross: You've got to help me my monkey swallowed a 'K'!

(Hearing her brother's voice, Monica gets up to stand behind Chandler, followed by Rachel.)

Nurse: (angrily) You go get that animal outta here.

Ross: No, no you don't understand the animal hospital is way across town he's choking I don't know what else to do.

Monica: What's goin' on?

(Ross and Chandler turn at the voice...)

Chandler: Marcel swallowed a *Scrabble* tile.

Rachel: Oh.

(..then turn back to the desk when the surprise hits them, and Ross and Chandler whip around once more. Monica and Rachel recoil slightly.)

Nurse: Excuse me... This hospital is for people!

Ross: Lady, he is people. He has a name, okay? He watches *Jeopardy!* He he touches himself when nobody's watching. Please, please have a heart!

(Ross's vigorous protest is attracting attention.)

Dr. Mitchell: I'll take a look at him.

(Rachel, Monica, Ross and Chandler whip around for a second time, in formation.)

Rachel and Monica: Oh, thank you.

Monica: Michael.

Dr. Mitchell: Rachel.

Rachel: What?

Monica: (as Rachel) Monica.

Rachel: (as Monica) Oh.

Monica: (as Rachel) Hi.

Rachel: (as Monica) Hi.

(Monica smiles to cover her embarrassment, but Rachel sadly looks away...)

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey is playing "She Loves Me, She Loves Me Not" with the petals of a flower, alternately looking hopeful and annoyed. Phoebe enters, but not as herself, for she has changed the style of her hair and make-up to match that of her twin sister. She hangs up her coat, revealing her new cardigan. Nervously, she smooths out the identifying garment, approaching Joey who sits next to the main sofa.]

Phoebe: (as Ursula) Hey.

Joey: Urse...

(Phoebe nods as he stands up in delight.)

Joey: ..ah, what're you doing here? I've been trying to call you.

Phoebe: (as Ursula) Listen, um...

Joey: No, no, no, don't say "listen." I know that "listen." I've said that "listen."

Phoebe: (as Ursula) I'm sorry.

Joey: I don't get it. What happened? What about everything you said under the bridge?

(Phoebe is almost thrown by this.)

Phoebe: (as Ursula): Yeah, um... (nervously clears her throat) You know you, you should just forget about what I said under the bridge, I was talkin' crazy that night, I was so drunk!

Joey: You don't drink.

Phoebe: (as Ursula) That's right, I don't... But I was, I was drunk on you!

Joey: Oh, Urse... (He tries to take her in his arms, but she fends him off.)

Phoebe: (as Ursula) Okay, yeah, so it's not gonna work.

Joey: Why? Is it because I'm friends with Phoebe?

Phoebe: (as Ursula) If it was, would you stop hanging out with her?

Joey: (Thinking carefully) no. No, I, I couldn't do that.

Phoebe: (as Ursula) Um, then yes, it's 'cause of Phoebe! So, you know, it's either her or me.

Joey: Then, uh, then I'm sorry.

(He sinks to the sofa, saddened by Ursula's ultimatum, while Phoebe follows, touched by Joey's good heart.)

Phoebe: (as Ursula) You know... (unconsciously putting a hand on his knee) You're gonna be really, really hard to get over.

Joey: I know...

(He looks up at her face and Phoebe, slipping out of character, smiles back at him. Joey's voice becomes soft and warm.)

Joey: I don't know whether it's just 'cause we're breakin' up or... what, but you have never looked so beautiful.

Phoebe: Really?

(Phoebe smiles, when Joey takes her face in his hands and kisses her. Joey gets up to leave but stops suddenly. Phoebe silently shouts "Oh, whoa!!" to herself, and leans back in the sofa to recover, a hand to her tingling lips. A thoughtful Joey is also feeling his lips, so he hesitates for a moment, then returns for a better view, he thinks again, cocking his head from side to side to regard her profile from various angles, then...)

Joey: Pheebs?

Phoebe: (Automatically) Yeah. Oooh... (she's sprung.)

[Scene: The Hospital, Marcel lies on the operating table while recovering from the anaesthetic, tucked up under a sheet like an infant in a huge bed. Ross sits beside him, as a smiling Chandler, Monica and Rachel look on.]

Ross: He looks so tiny.

(The door bursts open, and Joey and Phoebe rush in.)

Joey: We just got the message.

Phoebe: Is he alright?

Ross: Yeah. The doctor got the 'K' out. He also found an 'M' and an 'O'.

Chandler: We think he was trying to spell out 'MONKEY.'

(Ross does not approve of Chandler's daft theory.)

Ross: Well, the doctor says he's gonna be fine, he's just sleeping now.

Chandler: (Tapping Ross on his shoulder) So, you feel like a dad yet?

Ross: No, why?

Chandler: Hey, come on, you came through, you did what you had to do. That is very dad.

(Ross does approve of this, but he's still not sure. The tiny figure stirs.)

Monica: Oh, look, he's waking up!

Ross: (Quietly) hey, fella! How you doing?

(All of a sudden, Marcel grabs Ross's finger with his whole fist, and he squeezes it, so tight, that Ross finally knows what it is to be a father. He looks up at his friends, who smile encouragingly, Rachel tenderly resting her chin upon Monica's shoulder. Ross realises that Chandler was right and he's gonna make a great dad!)

Closing Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, everyone except Joey is there. Rachel is looking out of the window and Ross is handing out some Chinese takeout. There's a small SAP in the corner of the screen.]

Ross: Aquí está. (Here it is!)

Monica: ¿A quiénn pidio el pollo General Tso? (Who ordered General Sal's chicken?)

Chandler: ¿Pudo aver sido General Tso! (It could've been General Sal!)

(Rachel points out of the window.)

Rachel: ¡Mira, mira, el viejo desnudo está haciendo el hula hoop! (Look, look, Ugly Naked Guy is doing the hula!)

(The others rush to the window for a look.)

All: ¡Ewww! (Ewww!)

(Joey enters, happy again.)

All: ¡Hola, Joey! (Hi, Joey!)

Joey: ¡Hola, amigos! (Hey, everybody!)

(Marcel grabs the remote.)

Monica: Mira, Ross, Marcel se llevo el control remoto. (Look, Ross, Marcel's got the remote.)

Ross: ¡Lo que sucedio es que no le gusta la tele! (The thing is, he doesn't like the program!)

(Everybody laughs.)

End

The One With All The Poker

- Written by: Jeffrey Astrof and Mike Sikowitz.
 - Transcribed by: [Dan Silverstein](#)
-

(The whole gang is helping Rachel mail out resumes while whistling the theme from *The Bridge on the River Kwai*.)

Ross: Uh, Rach, we're running low on resumes over here.

Monica: Do you really want a job with *Popular Mechanics*?

Chandler: Well, if you're gonna work for mechanics, those are the ones to work for.

Rachel: Hey, look, you guys, I'm going for anything here, OK? I cannot be a waitress anymore, I mean it. I'm sick of the lousy tips, I'm sick of being called 'Excuse me...'

Ross: Rach, did you proofread these?

Rachel: Uh... yeah, why?

Ross: Uh, nothing, I'm sure they'll be impressed with your excellent computer skills.

Rachel: (upset) Oh my Goodd! Oh, do you think it's on all of them?

Joey: Oh no, I'm sure the Xerox machine caught a few.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross and Chandler are sitting at a table. Rachel is working. Monica and Phoebe enter.]

Monica: Hey, guys.

Chandler and Ross: Hey.

Rachel: Hey... hi, ladies... uh, can I get you anything? (to Monica, quietly): Did you bring the mail?

Monica: Lots of responses.

Rachel: (to Monica): Really? (out loud): Sure, we have scones left! (to Monica): OK, read them to me.

Phoebe: (reading): Dear Ms. Green, thank you for your inquiry, however... oh... (crumples up letter)

Rachel: (out loud): We have apple cinnamon...

Monica: (reading): OK... Dear Ms. Green... yeah... yeah... yeah... No. (crumples up letter)

Phoebe: Wow!

Rachel: What?

Phoebe: (reading): Your Visa bill is huge!

Rachel: (grabs the bill) Give me that!

(Camera cuts to Chandler and Ross at table.)

Chandler: You know, I can't believe you. Linda is so great! Why won't you go out with her again?

Ross: I don't know.

Chandler: Is this still about her whole 'The Flintstones could've really happened' thing?

Ross: No, it's not just that. It's just—I want someone who... who does something for me, y'know? Who gets my heart pounding, who... who makes me, uh... (begins to stare lovingly at Rachel)

Chandler: ...little playthings with yarn?

Ross: What?

Chandler: Could you want her more?

Ross: Who?

Chandler: (sarcastically) Dee, the sarcastic sister from *Whats Happening*.

Ross: Look, I am totally, totally over her, OK, I just... (Rachel comes over, Ross lays head on table): Hiiii!

Rachel: Hi! How are you?

Ross: We're fine, we're fine.

Rachel: OK. (walks away)

(Ross keeps staring at her, head on table. Chandler smacks him with a newspaper. Joey enters, Ross and Chandler laugh at him.)

Joey: Shut up!

Chandler: We're not—we're not saying anything.

Phoebe: What?

Ross: Uhhhh... Joey cried last night.

Joey: Thank you.

Chandler: (to the girls) We were playing poker, alright...

Joey: There was chocolate on the three. It looked like an eight, alright?

Ross: Oh, guys, you should've seen him. 'Read 'em and weep.'

Chandler: And then he did.

Rachel: Well, now, how come you guys have never played poker with us?

Phoebe: Yeah, what is that? Like, some kind of guy thing? Like, some kind of sexist guy thing? Like it's poker, so only guys can play?

Ross: No, women are welcome to play.

Phoebe: Oh, OK, so then what is it? Some kind of... you know, like, like... some kind of, y'know, like... alright, what is it?

Chandler: There just don't happen to be any women in our games.

Joey: Yeah, we just don't happen to know any women that know how to play poker.

Girls: Oh, yeah, right.

Monica: Oh, please, that is such a lame excuse!

Rachel: Really.

Monica: I mean, that's a typical guy response.

Ross: Excuse me, do any of you know how to play?

Girls: No.

Rachel: But you could teach us.

Guys: No.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the guys are teaching the girls how to play poker.]

Chandler: (teaching) OK, so now we draw cards.

Monica: So I wouldn't need any, right? Cause I have a straight.

Rachel: Oh, good for you!

Phoebe: Congratulations!

(Microwave timer goes off. Monica gets up.)

Chandler: OK Phoebs, how many do you want?

Phoebe: OK, I just need two... the, um, ten of spades and the six of clubs.

Ross: No. No, uh, Phoebs? You can't—you can't do...

Rachel: Oh wait, I have the ten of spades! Here! (gives it to Phoebe)

Ross: No, no. Uh... no, see, uh, you-you can't do that.

Rachel: Oh, no-no-no-no-no-no, that's OK, I don't need them. I'm going for fours.

Ross: Oh, you're... (gives up)

(Monica comes back to the table with plates of food.)

Monica: Alright, here we go. We've got salmon roulettes and assorted crudites.

Phoebe and Rachel: OOooooo!

Joey: Whoa, whoa, whoa, Monica, what're you doin'? This is a poker game. You can't serve food with more than one syllable. It's gotta be like chips, or dip, or pretz...(look of realization)

Chandler: (changing subject) OK, so at this point, the dealer...

Monica: Alright, you know, we got it, we got it. Let's play for real. High stakes... big bucks...

Ross: Alright, now, you sure? Phoebe just threw away two jacks because they didn't look happy...

Phoebe: But... I'm ready, so, just deal.

Chandler: OK, alright, last minute lesson, last minute lesson. (holds up two cards) Joey... three... eight. Eight... three. (Joey is unamused) Alright babe, deal the cards.

(Time lapse.)

Monica: (throws down her cards) Dammit, dammit, dammit!

Phoebe: (to Joey): Oh I see, so then, you were lying.

Joey: About what?

Phoebe: About how good your cards were.

Joey: Heh... I was bluffing.

Phoebe: A-ha! And... what is bluffing? Is it not another word for... lying?

Rachel: OK, sorry to break up this party, but I've got resumes to fax before work tomorrow... (gets up to leave)

Guys: Whoa, whoa, whoa!

Chandler: Rach, Rach, we gotta settle.

Rachel: Settle what?

Chandler: The... Jamestown colony of Virginia. You see, King George is giving us the land, so...

Ross: The game, Rachel, the game. You owe us money for the game.

Rachel: Oh. Right.

Joey: You know what, you guys? It's their first time, why don't we just forget about the money, alright?

Monica: Hell no, we'll pay!

Phoebe: OK, Monica? I had another answer all ready.

Monica: And you know what? We want a rematch.

Ross: Well that's fine with me. Could use the money.

Rachel: (to Ross): So basically, you get your ya-yas by taking money from all of your friends.

Ross: (pause)...Yeah.

Chandler: Yes, and I get my ya-yas from *Ikea*. You have to put them together yourself, but they cost a little less.

Ross: Look, Rachel, this is poker. I play to win, alright? In order for me to win, other people have to lose. So if you're gonna play poker with me, don't expect me to be a 'nice guy,' OK? Cause once those cards are dealt... (claps hands three times)

Joey: (pause)...Yeah?

Ross: I'm not a nice guy.

[Scene: Ross' apartment. Chandler and Joey are there. Ross enters with a pizza.]

Ross: Alright boys, let's eat.

Chandler: Oh, did you get that from the 'I Love Rachel' pizzeria?

Ross: You still on that?

Chandler: Oh, come on. What was with that whole Black Bart speech? (mimicking): "When I play poker, I'm not a nice guy!"

Ross: You are way off, pal.

Joey: No, I don't think so, see Ross, because I think you love her.

Ross: Um.... no. See, I might've had feelings for her at one time—not any more. I just—I...

(Marcel makes a screeching noise in background.)

Ross: Marcel! Where are you going with that disc?

(Marcel puts a CD in the player.)

Ross: You are not putting that on again! Marcel, OK—if you press that button, you are in very, very big trouble.

(*The Lion Sleeps Tonight* starts to play. Marcel starts to dance.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel, Monica, and Phoebe are there.]

Rachel: (opening mail) Can you believe what a jerk Ross was being?

Monica: Yeah, I know. He can get really competitive.

Phoebe: Ha. Ha, ha.

Monica: What?

Phoebe: Oh, hello, kettle? This is Monica. You're black.

Monica: Please! I am not as bad as Ross.

Rachel: Oh, I beg to differ. The *Pictionary* incident?

Monica: That was not an incident! I-I was gesturing, a-and the plate slipped out of my hand.

Rachel: Ooooooh. (reads letter) (surprised): Oh! I got an interview! I got an interview!

Monica: You're kidding! Where? Where?

Rachel: (in disbelief): Sak's... Fifth... Avenue.

Monica: Oh, Rachel!

Phoebe: Oh, it's like the mother ship is calling you home.

Monica: Well, what's the job?

Rachel: Assistant buyer. Oh! I would be shopping... for a living!

(Knock on door.)

Monica: OK, look. That is Aunt Iris. This woman has been playing poker since she was five. You gotta listen to every word she says. (opens door) Hi!

Aunt Iris: Is Tony Randall dead?

Rachel: No.

Monica: I don't think so.

Rachel: Why?

Aunt Iris: Well, he may be now, because I think I hit him with my car.

Monica: What?

Rachel: Oh my God!

Monica: Really?

Aunt Iris: No! That's bluffing. Lesson number one. (walks into kitchen) Let me tell you something... everything you hear at a poker game is pure crap. (to Phoebe): Nice earrings.

Phoebe: Thank y... (thinks about it)

Aunt Iris: Girls, sit down.

Monica: Uh, Aunt Iris? This is Phoebe, and that's Rachel...

Aunt Iris: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, listen, I am parked at a meter. Let's do it.

[Scene: Ross's apartment, everyone but Rachel is seated around his table. *The Lion Sleep Tonight* plays in the background.]

Phoebe: Ross, could we please, please, please listen to anything else?

Ross: Alright.

(Ross shuts off the CD player. Marcel runs into the bedroom and slams the door.)

Ross: I'm gonna pay for that tonight.

(Knock on door. Ross opens it. Rachel enters.)

Rachel: Hi!

Ross: Hey.

Rachel: Guys! Guess what, guess what, guess what, guess what!

Chandler: Um, ok... the... the fifth dentist caved and now they're all recommending *Trident*?

Rachel: Noooo... the interview! She loved me! She absolutely loved me. We talked for like two and a half hours, we have the same taste in clothes, and—oh, I went to camp with her cousin... And, oh, the job is perfect. I can do this. I can do this well!

All: That's great! That's wonderful!

Rachel: Oh God, oh, and then she told the funniest story...

Monica: OK, great. You'll tell us and we'll laugh. Let's play poker.

Joey: Alright now listen, you guys, we talked about it, and if you don't want to play, we completely understand.

Chandler: Oh yes, yes, we could play some other game... like, uh, I don't know... *Pictionary*?

(The guys all duck under the table.)

Monica: Ha, ha, very funny, very funny. But I think we'd like to give poker another try. Shall we, ladies?

Phoebe and Rachel: Yes, we should. I think we should.

Ross: Uh, Rach, do you want me to shuffle those?

Rachel: No, no, that's OK. Y'know, I think I'm gonna give it a go.

Ross: Alright.

Rachel: Alright... (shuffles cards expertly, all the guys stare in amazement)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Ross's Apartment, continued from earlier.]

Ross: So, Phoebe owes \$7.50, Monica, you owe \$10, and Rachel, you owe fifteen big ones.

Joey: But hey, thanks for teachin' us Cross-Eyed Mary. You guys, we gotta play that at our regular game.

Phoebe: Alright, here's my \$7.50. (Hands them the money) But I think you should know that this money is cursed.

Joey: What?

Phoebe: Oh, I cursed it. So now bad things will happen to he who spends it.

Chandler: That's alright, I'll take it. Bad things happen to me anyway. This way I can break 'em up with a movie.

Ross: Well, that just leaves the big Green poker machine, who owes fifteen...

Rachel: Mmm-hmmm. Oh, so typical. Ooo, I'm a man. Ooo, I have a penis. Ooo, I have to win money to exert my power over women. (hands over her money)

Monica: You know what? This is not over. We will play you again, and we will win, and you will lose, and you will beg, and we will laugh, and we will take every last dime you have, and you will hate yourselves forever.

Rachel: Hmm. Kinda stepped on my point there, Mon.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, everyone is there ready for another poker game.]

Ross: So, you gals wanna hand over your money now? That way, we don't have to go through the formality of actually playing.

Rachel: Ooooh, that's fine. We'll see who has the last laugh there, monkey boy.

Monica: OK, we done with the chit-chat? Are we ready to play some serious poker?

Phoebe: (holding a card and waving it in front of her face) Hey you guys, look, the one-eyed jack follows me wherever I go. (they look at her) Right, OK, serious poker.

(Ross gets up from the table.)

Monica: Excuse me, where are you going?

Ross: Uh... to the bathroom.

Monica: Do you want to go to the bathroom, or do you wanna play poker?

Ross: I want to go to the bathroom. (exits)

Joey: Alright, well, I'm gonna order a pizza. (gets up)

Rachel: Oh no-no-no-no-no, I'm still waiting to hear from that job and the store closes at nine, so you can eat then.

Joey: That's fine. I'll just have a *Tic-Tac* to hold me over.

Monica: Alright, Cincinnati, no blinds, everybody ante. (deals cards)

Phoebe: (looks at her cards) Yes! (everyone looks at her) or no.

(Ross comes back from bathroom.)

Ross: Alright. (to Rachel): Your money's mine, Green.

Rachel: Your fly is open, Geller. (he checks it, and zips up)

(Time lapse.)

Phoebe: You guys, you know what I just realized? 'Joker' is 'poker' with a 'J.' Coincidence?

Chandler: Hey, that's... that's 'joincidence' with a 'C'!

Joey: Uh... Phoebe? Phoebe?

Phoebe: Yeah. Um... I'm out. (throws in cards)

Rachel: I'm in.

Monica: Me too.

Joey: Me too. Alright, whattaya got.

Ross: Well, you better hop outta the shower, cause... I gotta flush. (lays down cards)

Rachel: Well, well, well, hop back in bucko, cause I got four sixes! (lays down cards) I won! I actually won! Oh my God! Y'know what? (collects chips) I think I'm gonna make a little Ross pile. (holds up a chip) I think that one was Ross's, and I think—oh—that one was Ross's. Yes! (Starts singing): *Well, I have got your money, and you'll never see it...*

(Ross stands up.)

Rachel: And your fly's still open...

(Ross looks down.)

Rachel: Ha, I made you look....

(Time lapse.)

Rachel: I couldn't be inner. Monica?

Phoebe: Monica, in or out?

Monica: (slams down cards) I hate this game!

(Joey slides a plate away from Monica towards Chandler, who hides it under the table.)

Phoebe: OK Joey, your bet.

Joey: Ahhh, I fold like a cheap hooker who got hit in the stomach by a fat guy with sores on his face. (the girls look at him, confused) Oh, I'm out.

Phoebe: Ross?

Ross: Oh, I am very in.

Phoebe: Chandler?

Chandler: Couldn't be more out. (throws in cards)

Phoebe: Me too. Rachel.

Rachel: Uh, I will see you... and I'll raise you. (throws chips in pot) What do you say... want to waste another buck?

Ross: No, not this time. (he folds) So... what'd you have?

Rachel: I'm not telling. (collects chips)

Ross: Come on, show them to me. (reaches for her cards, Rachel covers them up)

Rachel: No..!

Ross: Show them to me!

Rachel: Get your hands out of there! No!

Ross: Let me see! Show them!

Chandler: Y'know, I've had dates like this.

Rachel: (deals new hand) Boy, you really can't stand to lose, can you? Your whole face is getting red... little veins popping out on your temple...

Phoebe: Plus that shirt doesn't really match those pants.

(Ross is visibly upset.)

Ross: First of all, I'm not losing...

Rachel: Oh, you are losing. Definitely losing. (phone rings)

Ross: Let's not talk about losing. Just deal the...

Rachel: (answering phone) Hel-lo, Rachel Green.

Ross: (mimicking Rachel) Mee mee, mee-mee mee.

Rachel: (on phone) Excuse me. (covers up phone; to Ross) It's about the job.

(Rachel walks into kitchen to talk on the phone.)

Rachel: Barbara! Hi, how are you? (Listens) Uh-huh. (Listens) No, I understand. Yeah. Oh, oh, come on, no, I'm fine. Don't be silly. Yeah... oh, but you know, if-if anything else opens up, plea—Hello? Hello? (hangs up phone, very depressed)

(Rachel goes back and sits down. The rest don't know what to say.)

Monica: Sorry, Rach.

Phoebe: Y'know, there's gonna be lots of other stuff.

Rachel: Yeah...(sigh)....OK. Where were we? Oh, OK... five card draw, uh... jacks or better... nothing wild, everybody ante.

Joey: Look, Rachel, we don't have to do this.

Rachel: Yes, we do. (pause)

Monica: Alright, check.

Joey: Check.

Ross: I'm in for fifty cents. (throws it in)

Chandler: Call.

Phoebe: I'm in.

Rachel: I see your fifty cents... and I raise you... five dollars. (throws it in)

Ross: I thought, uh... it was a fifty cent limit.

Rachel: Well, I just lost a job, and I'd like to raise the bet five bucks. Does anybody have a problem with that?

(Everyone says no and folds, except for Ross, who thinks about it.)

Rachel: (to Ross): Loser?

(Chandler, Monica, Joey, and Phoebe back their chairs away from the table.)

Ross: No, I fold. (lays cards down, and gets up)

Rachel: What do you mean, you fold? Hey, come on! What is this? I thought that 'once the cards were dealt, I'm not a nice guy.' I mean, what, were you just full of it?

(Ross thinks it over, finally sits down and picks up his cards.)

Ross: I'm in. (throws in chips)

Rachel: How many you want?

Ross: One. (Rachel gives him the card.)

Rachel: Dealer takes two. (she deals herself two cards) What do you bet?

Ross: I bet two dollars. (throws it in)

Rachel: OK... see your two... and I raise you twenty. (throws it in)

Ross: I see your twenty, raise you twenty-five. (throws it in)

(The other four look amazed at the large pot.)

Rachel: See your twenty-five...and...uh, Monica, get my purse.

(Monica gets up, looks in Rachel's purse.)

Monica: Rachel, there's nothing in it.

Rachel: OK, then get me your purse.

(Monica gets Rachel her purse.)

Monica: OK, here you go. Good luck.

Rachel: (to Monica): Thank you. (to Ross): I saw your twenty-five, and I raise you... seven.

Phoebe: ...teen! (throws in a ten-dollar bill)

(Ross looks in his wallet, pulls out two dollars.)

Ross: (to Joey): Joey, I'm a little shy.

Joey: That's OK, Ross, you can ask me. What?

(Ross looks at Joey, dumbfounded at his stupidity.)

Chandler: (to Ross): What do you need, what do you need?

Ross: Fifteen.

Chandler: Alright, here's ten. (gives it to him)

Joey: Here, I got five, I got five. (Ross takes the money)

Ross: Thank you.

Chandler: Good luck.

Ross: (to Rachel): OK, I am calling your seventeen. What do you got?

(Long pause as they both look at each other.)

Rachel: (lays down cards) Full house.

(Ross stares at her. Thinks about it. Puts cards on table, face down.)

Ross: You got me.

(Monica and Phoebe get up and start celebrating in the kitchen, pouring wine and singing. Rachel, shocked, goes to join them.)

Joey: (to Ross): Ahhh, that's alright. Y'know, that's a tough hand to beat.

Chandler: (to Ross): I thought we had them!

Ross: Oh, well, when you don't have the cards, you don't have the cards, you know. (looks at Rachel) But, uh... look how happy she is. (smiles)

(Chandler and Joey look at her, and then look back at him. They dive for Ross's hand to see what he had, and he tries to stop them from looking.)

Closing Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, all six are playing *Pictionary* at Monica's apartment. Monica is drawing a picture, and the three guys are guessing. She draws what looks like an airplane.]

Chandler: *Airplane! Airport! Airport '75! Airport '77! Airport '79!*

(Timer goes off.)

Rachel: Oh, time's up.

Monica: (pointing at the drawing, upset) Bye... bye... BIRDIE.

Joey: Oh!

Phoebe: That's a bird?

(Monica glares at Phoebe.)

Phoebe: That's a bird!

(Monica sits, Rachel gets up.)

Rachel: OK, OK, it's my turn. (reads the answer)

Chandler: Go.

(Rachel starts drawing what looks like a bean.)

Ross: Uh.... bean! Bean!

(Rachel begins tapping the picture of the bean frantically.)

Joey: (triumphantly) *The Unbearable Likeness of Being!*

Rachel: Yes!

Monica: That, you get? That, you get?

(Monica picks up a glass to take a drink, everyone ducks as though she was about to throw it.)

End

The One Where the Monkey Gets Away

- Written by: Jeffrey Astrof & Mike Sikowitz
- Transcribed by: [guineapig](#)

Transcriber's Note: The credits list two characters, Tia and Samantha, who I assume are the sweaty women Joey and Chandler meet. However, I don't know which is which, so I've simply called them Woman #1 and Woman #2.

[Scene: Central Perk, Rachel is talking to a customer.]

Rachel: Okay, okay, I checked. We have: Earl Grey, English Breakfast, Cinnamon Stick, Camomile, Mint Medley, Blackberry, and.. oh, wait, there's one more, um.. Lemon Soother. You're not the guy that asked for the tea, are you? (Guy shakes his head) Okay.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica enters with some mail.]

Monica: Mail call, Rachel Green, bunk seven.

Rachel: Thank you. (Examines it) Oh, cool! Free sample of coffee!

Monica: Oh good! 'Cause where else would we get any?

Rachel: Oh. Right. ...Oh great.

Monica: What is it?

Rachel: Country club newsletter. My mother sends me the engagement notices for 'inspiration.' Oh my God! Oh my God, it's Barry and Mindy!

Monica: Barry who you almost...?

Rachel: Barry who I almost.

Monica: And Mindy, your maid of...?

Rachel: Mindy, my maid of. Oh!

Monica: (Takes it) That's Mindy? Wow, she is pretty. (Sees Rachel's look) Lucky. To have had a friend like you.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel and Ross are eating Chinese.]

Ross: Marcel. Bring me the rice, c'mon. Bring me the rice, c'mon. Good boy. Good boy. C'mere, gimme the rice. (Marcel brings the rice) Thank you, good boy. Well, I see he's finally mastered the difference between 'bring me the' and 'pee in the'. (Rachel ignores him) 'Bring me the' and- Rach?

Rachel: What?

Ross: Hi.

Rachel: Oh, I'm sorry. Oh, this is so stupid! I mean, I gave Barry up, right? I should be happy for them! I am, I'm happy for them.

Ross: Really.

Rachel: No. Oh, oh, I guess it would be different if I were- with somebody.

Ross: Whoah, uh, what happened to, uh, 'Forget relationships! I'm done with men!' The whole, uh, penis embargo?

Rachel: Oh, I don't know. I guess it's not about no guys, it's about the right guy, y'know? I mean, with Barry, it was safe and it was easy, but there was no heat. With Paolo, that's all there was, was heat! And it was just this raw, animal, sexual...

Ross: Wait-wait. I, I got it. I was there.

Rachel: Well, I mean, do you think you can ever have both? Y'know? Someone who's like, who's like your best friend, but then also can make your toes curl?

Ross: Yes. Yes. Yes! Yes, I really do! In fact, it's funny, very often, someone who you wouldn't think could-could curl your toes, might just be the one who...

(Enter the other four)

Monica: Hi.

Ross: ...Gets interrupted. Hi!

Rachel: Hi, how was the movie?

Monica: Wonderful!

Phoebe: So good!

Joey: Suck-fest.

Chandler: Tootal chick-flick.

Phoebe: I-I'm sorry it wasn't one of those movies with, like, y'know, guns and bombs and, like, buses going really fast...

Joey: Hey, I don't need violence to enjoy a movie. Just so long as there's a little nudity.

Monica: There was nudity!

Joey: I meant female nudity. Alright? I don't need to see Lou Grant frolicking.

Monica and Phoebe: Hugh! Hugh Grant!

Ross: Alright, I've gotta go. C'mon, Marcel! C'mon! We're gonna go take a bath. Yes we are, aren't we? Yes, we are.

Chandler: They're still just friends, right?

Rachel: (To Marcel) And I will see you tomorrow!

Ross: That's right, you're gonna spend tomorrow at Aunt Rachel's, aren't you.

Monica: Oh, hang on, hang on. Does Aunt Monica get a say in this?

Ross: 'Pwease, Aunt Monica, pwease?' Oh, unclench. You're not even gonna be there.

[Scene: Joe-G's Pizza, the guys are there.]

Chandler: I can't believe we are even having this discussion.

Joey: I agree. I'm, like, in disbelief.

Chandler: I mean, don't you think if things were gonna happen with Rachel, they would've happened already?

Ross: I'm telling you, she said she's looking for a relationship with someone exactly like me.

Joey: She really said that?

Ross: Well, I added the 'exactly like me' part... But she said she's looking for someone, and someone is gonna be there tonight.

Joey: 'Tonight' tonight?

Ross: Well, I think it's perfect. Y'know, it's just gonna be the two of us, she spent all day taking care of my monkey...

Chandler: I can't remember the last time I got a girl to take care of my monkey.

Ross: Anyway, I figured after work I'd go pick up a bottle of wine, go over there and, uh, try to woo her.

Chandler: Hey, y'know what you should do? You should take her back to the 1890's, when that phrase was last used.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel is taking care of Marcel and they are watching a soap opera.]

Rachel: Now, now the one in the feather boa, that's Dr. Francis. Now, she used to be a man. Okay, now look, see, there's Raven. We hate her. We're glad she's dying. Okay- (Marcel pushes down a cushion to reveal a shoe) Wh- wh- Marcel, are you playing with Monica's shoes? You know you're not supposed to pl- whoah. Marcel, did you poo in the shoe? (Takes the shoe into the kitchen) Marcel, bad monkey! Oh! Oh! (She notices the newsletter and taps the contents of the shoes onto it, then folds it shut) Sorry, Barry. Little engagement gift. I'm sure you didn't register for that. (She leaves the apartment holding the newsletter at arm's length. However, she leaves the door open. Marcel runs out in the opposite direction. There is a shot from the TV and Rachel runs back in) Who died? Who died? Roll him over! Oh, c'mon, roll him over! Oh...! Well, we know it wasn't Dexter, right Marcel? Because- (Looks down and notices he is missing) Marcel? Marc- (Notices the open door)

[Time lapse. Now everyone but Ross and Phoebe is back at Monica and Rachel's.]

Joey: How could you lose him?

Rachel: I don't know. We were watching TV, and then he pooped in Monica's shoe-

Monica: Wait. He pooped in my shoe? Which one?

Rachel: I don't know. The left one.

Monica: Which ones?

Rachel: Oh. Oh, those little clunky Amish things you think go with everything.

Phoebe: (Entering) Hey.

All: Hi.

Phoebe: Whoah, ooh, why is the air in here so negative?

Chandler: Rachel lost Marcel.

Phoebe: Oh no, how?

Monica: He- he pooped in my shoe.

Phoebe: Which one?

Monica: Those cute little black ones I wear all the time.

Phoebe: No, which one? The right or left? 'Cause the left one is lucky...

Rachel: C'mon, you guys, what're we gonna do, what're we gonna do?

Joey: Alright alright. You're a monkey. You're loose in the city. Where do you go?

Chandler: Okay, it's his first time out, so he's probably gonna wanna do some of the touristy things. I'll go to *Cats*, you go to the *Russian Tea Room*.

Rachel: Oh, my, God, c'mon, you guys! He's gonna be home any minute! He's gonna kill me!

Monica: Okay, we'll start with the building. You guys take the first and second floor, Phoebe and I'll take third and fourth.

Rachel: Well, what'm I gonna do? What'm I gonna do?

Monica: Okay, you stay here, and just wait by the phone. Spray *Lyso*l in my shoe, and wait for Ross to kill you.

(They all leave)

Rachel: Anybody wanna trade? Oh...

[Cut to a hallway in the building, Monica and Phoebe are knocking on a door. Mr. Heckles emerges.]

Mr. Heckles: Whaddyou want?

Monica: Mr. Heckles, our friend lost a monkey. Have you seen it?

Mr. Heckles: I left a Belgian waffle out here, did you take it?

Monica: No!

Phoebe: Why would you leave your Belgian waffle in the hall?

Mr. Heckles: I wasn't ready for it.

Monica: A monkey. Have you seen a monkey?

Mr. Heckles: Saw Regis Philbin once...

Phoebe: Okay, thank you, Mr. Heckles. (They move off)

Mr. Heckles: You owe me a waffle.

[Cut to Monica and Rachel's.]

Rachel: (On the phone) Okay, he's a, he's a black capuchian monkey with a white face... (Enter Ross) ...with, with Russian dressing and, and pickles on the side. Okay. Thanks.

Ross: Hey. How did, uh, how'd it go today?

Rachel: Great! It went great. Really great. Hey, is that wine?

Ross: Yeah. You, uh, you want some?

Rachel: Oh, I would love some. But y'know what? Y'know what? Let's not drink it here. I'm feeling kinda crazy. You wanna go to Newark?

Ross: Uh, okay, yeah, we could do that, but before we head off to the murder capital of the North-East, I was, uh, kinda wanting to run something by you. Y'know how we were, uh, y'know, talking before about, uh, relationships and stuff? (Uncorks the wine) Well-

Rachel: Oh God, Ross, I cannot do this.

Ross: Okay, quick and painful. (Starts to cork the wine)

Rachel: Oh God... Okay. Alright. Alright. Okay. Ross, please don't hate me.

Ross: Oh, what? What-what?

Rachel: Y'know Marcel?

Ross: ...Yeah?

Rachel: Well, I kind of... I kind of lost him.

[Cut to outside the window, with Ross reacting with disbelief. The shot pans back until we see Marcel sitting on the window ledge.]

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, continued from earlier.]

Ross: (Angry) I- I- I ca- I can't believe this. I mean, all I asked you to do was keep him in the apartment.

Rachel: I know, I know, I'm sorry-

Ross: No, y'know what, I guess it's partially my fault. Y'know, I shouldn't've, uh, asked you to start off with a monkey. I should've started you off with like a pen or a pencil.

Rachel: (Tearfully) Ross, I'm doing everything that I can, I've got everybody looking for him, and I- (Door buzzer goes and she runs to get it) Oh! Who is it?

Intercom: Animal Control.

Rachel: See? I've even called Animal Control!

Ross: You called Animal Control?

Rachel: Uh-huh... why... do you not like them?

Ross: Marcel is an illegal exotic animal. I'm not allowed to have him in the city. If they find him, they'll take him away from me.

Rachel: O-okay, now see, you never ever ever told us that...

Ross: That's right, I.. 'cause I didn't expect you were gonna invite them to the apartment!

(A knock on the door. Rachel swiftly opens it)

Rachel: Hi, thanks for coming.

Luisa: (Animal Control) Somebody called about a monkey?

Rachel: Oh, y'know what? That was a complete misunderstanding! (Ross puts his arms around her and they act all sweetness and light)

Ross: Yeah, we thought we had a monkey, but we-we didn't.

Rachel: Turned out it was a hat.

Ross: Cat!

Rachel: Cat! What'm I saying? Cat!

(Luisa nods, but then Monica and Phoebe run in)

Monica: Hi. We checked the third and fourth floor, no-one's seen Marcel.

Luisa: Marcel?

Ross: My uncle Marcel.

Phoebe: Oh, is that who the monkey's named after?

Luisa: Oookay. Are you aware that possession of an illegal exotic is, uh, punishable by up to two years in prison and confiscation of the animal?

Phoebe: Oh my God. You'd put that poor little creature in jail?

Monica: Pheebs, you remember how we talked about saying things quietly to yourself first?

Phoebe: Yes, but there isn't always time!

Monica: Look. I'm sure there's some friendly way to reconcile this! Um, have a seat. First of all, we haven't been introduced, I'm Monica Geller.

Luisa: Oh my God, you are! And you're Rachel Green!

Rachel: Yeah!

Luisa: Luisa Gianetti! Lincoln High? I sat behind you guys in home room!

Rachel: Luisa? Oh my God! Monica! It's Luisa!

Monica: The Luisa from home room!

Rachel: Yes!!

Luisa: You have no idea who I am, do you.

Monica: No, none at all.

Rachel: None.

Luisa: Well, maybe that's because you spent four years ignoring me. I mean, would it have been so hard to say 'Morning, Luisa'? Or 'Nice overalls'?

Monica: Oh, I'm- I'm so sorry!

Luisa: Ah, it's not so much you, you were fat, you had your own problems. (To Rachel) But you? What a bitch!

Rachel: What?!

Monica: Be that as it may, d'you think you could just help us out here on that monkey thing? Y'know, just for old times' sake? Go Bobcats?

Luisa: I could... but I won't. If I find that monkey, he's mine. (Leaves)

Phoebe: Dun-dun-duuuur! Sorry.

[Cut to another part of the building. We see Marcel jump in through a window and run down some stairs, then Chandler and Joey come down from the upper floor without noticing.]

Chandler: Marcel?

Joey: Marcel?

Chandler: Marcel?

Joey: Marcel?

(They come to a door and silently agree to try it. A very sweaty woman emerges)

Woman No. 1: Hi, can I help you?

(Chandler and Joey are dumbstruck for a moment)

Chandler: Um, we're kind of having an emergency and we-we were looking for something...

Joey: A monkey.

Chandler: Yes have you seen any?

Woman No. 1: No. No, haven't seen a monkey. Do you know anything about fixing radiators?

Joey: Um, sure! Did you, uh, did you try turning the knob back the other way?

Woman No. 1: Of course.

Joey: Oh. Then, no.

(Another sweaty woman comes to the door and speaks to her friend)

Woman No. 2: Did I put too much rum in here?

(Joey and Chandler shoot each other glances)

Woman No. 1: Just a sec. (To Chandler and Joey) Hope you find your monkey. (She starts to shut the door)

Chandler: Oh, nononowaitwaitwaitnono! Uh... we may not know anything about radiators per se, but we do have a certain amount of expertise in the heating and cooling... mileu.

Joey: Uh, aren't we kind of in the middle of something here?

Chandler: Yes, but these women are very hot, and they need our help! And they're very hot.

Joey: We can't, alright? (To the women) We're sorry. You have no idea how sorry, but... We promised we'd find this monkey. If you see him, he's about yea high and answers to the name Marcel, so if we could get some pictures of you, you'd really be helping us out.

(The women quickly shut the door)

Chandler: Okay, from now on, you don't get to talk to other people.

Joey: Marcel?

Chandler: Marcel?!

[Cut to Monica and Phoebe searching the basement.]

Phoebe: Marcel?

Monica: Marcel?

Phoebe: Marcel?

Both: Marcel?

Phoebe: Oh-my-God!

Monica: Whaaat!

Phoebe: Something just brushed up against my right leg!

Monica: What is it?

Phoebe: Oh, it's okay, it was just my left leg.

(Marcel makes a monkeyish noise. He is sitting in the corner)

Monica: Look, Phoebe!

Phoebe: Yeah! Oh, c'mere, Marcel! Oh, Marcel, c'mere!

(Luisa appears on the stairs)

Luisa: Step aside, ladies! (She loads a gun)

Monica: What're you gonna do?

Luisa: Just a small tranquiliser.

(In slow motion we see Phoebe look at Marcel, then at Luisa. She jumps toward Marcel just as Luisa fires the gun.)

Monica: Run, Marcel, run! Run, Marcel! (Marcel runs off and Luisa runs after him. Monica goes to check up on Phoebe) Are you okay?

Phoebe: Yeah, think so. Oh! (She notices the tranquiliser dart has hit her in the butt and removes it) Huh. (Sways back) Whoah.

Monica: Oh gosh.

[Cut to Marcel walking along a hallway. He notices a banana on the floor and picks it up. The hand of an unseen person grabs him and carries him away. Then cut to Ross and Rachel on the street outside.]

Ross: Marcel?

Rachel: Marcel?

Ross: Marc- oh, this is ridiculous! We've been all over the neighbourhood. He's gone, he's-he's just gone.

Rachel: Ross, you don't know that.

Ross: Oh come on. It's cold, it's dark, he doesn't know the Village. (Kicks a sign in frustration) And now I have a broken foot. I have no monkey, and a broken foot! Thank you very much.

Rachel: Ross, I said I'm sorry like a million times. What do you want me to do? You want me to break my foot too? Okay, I'm gonna break my foot, right here. (Kicks the sign) Ow!! Oh! Oh my God, oh my God! There, are you happy now?!

Ross: Yeah, yeah. Y'know, now that you kicked the sign, hey! I don't miss Marcel any more!

Rachel: Y'know, it is not like I did this on purpose.

Ross: Oh, no no no. Nono, this is just vintage Rachel. I mean, things just sort of happen around you. I mean, you're off in Rachel-land, doing your Rachel-thing, totally oblivious to people's monkeys, or to people's feelings...

Rachel: Ross.

Ross: I don't even wanna hear it, you're just...

Rachel: Ross.

Ross: Oh, forget it, okay?

Rachel: Ross!

Ross: What? What?

(A man carrying a box of bananas walks past them. They stare for a minute and then hobble after him)

Both: Hey! Hey, Bananaman!

(Scene 4: Everyone in the hall outside Mr. Heckles' door. Ross is carrying the box of bananas. He bangs on the door)

Phoebe: Oh, this is so intense. One side of my butt is totally asleep, and the other side has no idea.

(Mr. Heckles opens the door)

Ross: Hi, did you order some bananas?

Mr. Heckles: What about it?

Ross: Gimme back my monkey.

Mr. Heckles: I don't have a monkey.

Rachel: Then what's with all the bananas?

Mr. Heckles: Potassium.

(There is a monkey-like noise from within and Ross pushes past Mr. Heckles and enters his apartment)

Ross: Marcel? Marcel? Okay, where is he? Where is he? Marcel? Marcel?

(Marcel jumps into view wearing a pink dress. Everybody gasps)

Ross: Marcel! What've you done to him?

Mr. Heckles: That's my monkey. That's Patti, Patti the monkey.

Ross: Are you insane? C'mere, Marcel, c'mon. (Marcel starts to go to him)

Mr. Heckles: C'mere, Patti. (Marcel turns round)

Ross: C'mere, Marcel. (Turns to Ross)

Mr. Heckles: C'mere, Patti. (Turns to Mr. Heckles)

Luisa: (Out of shot) Here, monkey. Here, monkey! Here, monkey! (Marcel runs to the door and into Luisa's cage, which she slams shut) Gotcha.

Ross: Okay, gimme my monkey back.

Mr. Heckles: That's my monkey.

Luisa: You're both gonna have to take this up with the judge.

Mr. Heckles: That's not my monkey. Just the dress is mine, you can send that back whenever.

Ross: Alright, I want my monkey.

Luisa: No!

Rachel: Oh, c'mon, Luisa!

Luisa: Sorry, prom queen.

Ross: (To Rachel) You had to be a bitch in high school, you couldn't've been fat.

Rachel: Alright. In high school I was the prom queen and I was the homecoming queen and the class president and you... were also there! But if you take this monkey, I will lose one of the most important people in my life. You can hate me if you want, but please do not punish him. C'mon, Luisa, you have a chance to be the bigger person here! Take it!

Luisa: Nope.

Rachel: Alright. Well then how about I call your supervisor, and I tell her that you shot my friend in the ass with a dart?

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's. Rachel and Ross are there. Ross is trying to get the dress off Marcel.]

Ross: It'll be nice to get this off finally, won't it? Yes it will. (Marcel resists) Or we can leave it on for now, that's fine.

Rachel: Y'know, with the right pair of pumps, that would be a great little outfit.

Ross: Listen, I'm- I'm sorry I was so hard on you before, it's just I...

Rachel: Oh, Ross, c'mon. It's my fault, I almost lost your...

Ross: Yeah, but you were the one who got him back, y'know? You, you were great. ...Hey, we uh, we still have that, uh, that bottle of wine. You in the mood for, uh, something grape?

Rachel: That'd be good.

Ross: Alright. (He goes to get the glasses. Then he hesitates and turns off the main light. Rachel looks round and he acts surprised) The, uh, the neighbours must be vacuuming. (He sits down and starts to pour the wine) Well, so long as we're here and, uh, not on the subject, I was thinking about, uh, how mad we got at each other before, and, um, I was thinking maybe it was partially because of how we, um...

(Barry bursts in)

Barry: Rachel.

Rachel: Barry?!

Barry: I can't. I can't do it, I can't marry Mindy. I think I'm still in love with you.

Ross and Rachel: Oh!

Ross: We have got to start locking that door!

Closing Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica, Joey, Phoebe, and Chandler are looking through Monica's high school yearbook]

Monica: This is me in *The Sound of Music*. See the von Trapp kids?

Phoebe: Nope.

Monica: That's because I'm in front of them.

Chandler: Eh. I thought that was an alp.

Monica: Well, high school was not my favourite time.

Joey: I dunno, I loved high school. Y'know? It was just four years of parties and dating and sex.

Chandler: Yeah, well I went to boarding school with four hundred boys. Any sex I had would've involved a major lifestyle choice.

Monica: Gosh, doesn't it seem like a million years ago?

Phoebe: Oh. Oooh! Ooh! Ooh! (She stands up and starts to dance around) Ooh! My butt cheek is waking up! Oooh! Ooh!

End

The One With the Evil Orthodontist

- Written by: Doty Abrams
 - Transcribed by: [guineapig](#)
-

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, everyone is there.]

Chandler: I can't believe you would actually say that. I would much rather be Mr.Peanut than Mr.Salty.

Joey: No way! Mr.Salty is a sailor, all right, he's got to be, like, thetoughest snack there is.

Ross: I don't know, you don't wanna mess with corn nuts. They're craaazy.

Monica: (looking out of the window) Oh my God. You guys! You gotta come see this! There's some creep out there with a telescope!

Ross: I can't believe it! He's looking right at us!

Rachel: Oh, that is so sick.

Chandler: I feel violated. And not in a good way.

Phoebe: How can people do that?... (All but Phoebe walk away from the window in disgust.) Oh, you guys, look! Ugly Naked Guy got gravity boots!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone but Rachel is there.]

Chandler: I am telling you, years from now, schoolchildren will study it as one of the greatest first dates of all time. It was unbelievable! We could totally be ourselves, we didn't have to play any games...

Monica: So have you called her yet?

Chandler: Let her know I like her? What are you, insane? (The girls make disgusted noises.) It's the next day! How needy do I want to seem? (To the guys) I'm right, right?

Joey and Ross: Oh, yeah. Yeah. Let her dangle.

Monica: I can't believe my parents are actually pressuring me to find one of you people.

Phoebe: Oh, God, just do it! (Grabbing the phone.) Call her! Stop being so testosteroney!

Chandler: Which, by the way, is the real San Francisco treat. (Calls her, then hurriedly hangs up.) I got her machine.

Joey: Her answer machine?

Chandler: No, interestingly enough her leaf blower picked up.

Phoebe: So, uh, why didn't you say anything?

Chandler: Oh, no-no-no-no. Last time I left a spontaneous message I ended up using the phrase "Yes indeedy-o."

Monica: Look look! It's Rachel and Barry. No, don't everybody look at once!

Ross: Okay, okay, what's going on?

Phoebe: Okay, they're just talking...

Ross: Yeah, well, does he look upset? Does he look like he was just told to shove anything?

Phoebe: No, no actually, he's smiling.. and... Oh my God, don't do that!!

Ross: What? What? What?!

Phoebe: That man across the street just kicked that pigeon! (Rachel enters.) Oh!

Chandler: (bluffing) And basically, that's how a bill becomes a law.

All: Oh!... Right!

Chandler: Hey Rach!

Monica: How'd it go?

Rachel: Y'know, it was, uh.. it was actually really great. He took me to lunch at the *Russian Tea Room*, and I had that chicken, where y'know you poke it and all the butter squirts out...

Phoebe: Not a good day for birds...

Rachel: Then we took a walk down to *Bendall's*, and I told him not to, but he got me a little bottle of *Chanel*...

Ross: That's nice... now, was that before or after you told him to stop calling, stop sending you flowers and to generally leave you alone, hmm?

Rachel: Right,.. well,.. we never actually got to that... Oh, it was just so nice to see him again, y'know? It was comfortable, it was familiar... it was just nice!

Ross: That's, that's nice twice!

Monica: Rachel, what's going on? I mean isn't this the same Barry who you left at the altar?

Joey: Duh, where've you been?

Rachel: Yeah, but it was different with him today! And he wasn't, like, Orthodontist Guy, y'know? I mean, we had fun! Is there anything wrong with that?

(Ross 'prompts' Chandler by hitting him on the arm.)

Chandler: Yes!

Rachel: Why?

Chandler: I have my reasons.

Monica: Okay, how about the fact that he's engaged to another woman, who just happens to be your ex-best friend?

Rachel: All right. All right, all right, all right, all right, I know it's stupid! I will go see him this afternoon, and I will just put an end to it!

[Scene: Barry's Office, the post-coital Barry and Rachel are recovering on the chair.]

Rachel: Wow... Wow!

Barry: Yeah.

Rachel: I'm not crazy, right? I mean, it was never like that.

Barry: Nooo, it wasn't.

Rachel: Ooh, and it's so nice having this little sink here...

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, everyone is there except Rachel.]

Chandler: (on phone, reading from a script) Oh, Danielle! I wasn't expecting the machine... Give me a call when you get a chance. (Rattles some dishes) Bye-bye. (Hangs up.) Oh God!

Monica: That's what you've been working on for the past two hours?!

Chandler: Hey, I've been honing!

Ross: What was with the dishes?

Chandler: Oh, uh.. I want her to think I might be in a restaurant.. y'know? I might have some kind of life, like I haven't been sitting around here honing for the past few hours.

Monica: (looking out the window) Look look! He's doing it again, the guy with the telescope!

Phoebe: Oh my God! (Walks to the window) Go away! (Gesturing.) Stop looking in here!

Monica: Great, now he's waving back.

Joey: Man, we gotta do something about that guy. This morning, I caught him looking into our apartment. It creeps me out! I feel like I can't do stuff!

Monica: What kinda stuff?

Joey: Will you grow up? I'm not talking about sexy stuff, but, like, when I'm cooking naked.

Phoebe: You cook naked?

Joey: Yeah, toast, oatmeal... nothing that spatters.

(A pause as they look at Chandler.)

Chandler: What are you looking at me for? I didn't know that.

[Scene: Barry's Office, Rachel and Barry are getting dressed.]

Barry: What's the matter?

Rachel: Oh, it's just... Oh, Barry, this was not good.

Barry: No, it was. It was very very good.

Rachel: Well, what about Mindy?

Barry: Oh, way, way better than Mindy.

Rachel: No, not that, I mean, what about you and Mindy?

Barry: Well, if you want, I'll just—I'll just break it off with her.

Rachel: No. No-no-no-no, no. I mean, don't do that. Not, I mean not for me.

Bernice: (over intercom) Dr. Farber, Bobby Rush is here for his adjustment.

Barry: (into intercom) Thanks, Bernice. (To Rachel) Let's go away this weekend.

Rachel: Oh, Barry...! Come on, this is all way too..

Barry: We can, we can go to Aruba! When I went there on what would have been our honeymoon, it was, uh... it was really nice. You would've liked it.

(Pause as Rachel realises...)

Rachel: I had a bra.

(Barry finds it draped on a cupboard and gives it to Rachel, they kiss as Bobby enters.)

Bobby: Hey, Dr. Farber.

(Rachel and Barry quickly split and pretend Barry is examining Rachel's mouth.)

Barry: All right Miss Green, everything looks fine... Yep, I think we're starting to see some real progress here.

(Bobby looks on, deadpan.)

Rachel: What?!

Bobby: I'm twelve, I'm not stupid.

(Rachel glares at him.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Chandler enters clutching his phone.]

Chandler: Can I use your phone?

Monica: Yeah.. uh, but for future reference, that thing in your hand can also be used as a phone.

(Chandler dials his own phone and it rings.)

Chandler: Yes, it's working! Why isn't she calling me back?

Joey: Maybe she never got your message.

Phoebe: Y'know, if you want, you can call her machine, and if she has a lot of beeps, that means she probably didn't get her messages yet.

Chandler: Y'don't think that makes me seem a little...

Ross: ...desperate, needy, pathetic?

Chandler: Ah, you obviously saw my personal ad.

(He calls and quickly hangs up.)

Phoebe: How many beeps?

Chandler: She answered.

Monica: Y'see, this is where you'd use that 'hello' word we talked about.

Chandler: I'm not gonna talk to her, she obviously got my message and is choosing not to call me. Now I'm needy and snubbed. God, I miss just being needy.

(Rachel enters.)

All: Hey! Hi!

Phoebe: How'd he take it?

Rachel: Pretty well, actually... (Wandering into the kitchen.)

Monica: (wandering in after her) Uh, Rach... how come you have dental floss in your hair?

Rachel: Oh, do I?

Monica: Uh huh.

Rachel: (in a low voice) We ended up having sex in his chair.

Monica: You had sex in his chair?!... I said that a little too loudly, didn't I?

Ross: You-you had what?

Phoebe: Sex in his chair.

Ross: What, uh... what were you thinking?

Rachel: I don't know! I mean, we still care about each other. There's a history there. 'S'like you and Carol.

Ross: No! No no, it is nothing like me and Carol!

Rachel: Please. If she said to you, "Ross, I want you on this couch, right here, right now," what would you say?

(Ross flounders.)

Chandler: If it helps, I could slide over.

Ross: It's, it's, it's, uh, a totally diferent situation! It's, it's apples and oranges, it's, it's orthodontists and lesbi- I gotta go.

Phoebe: Where are you going?

Ross: (leaving) I just have to go, all right? Do I need a reason? Huh? I mean I have things to do with my life, I have a jam packed schedule, and I am late- for keeping up with it. Okay?

(Ross exits, a phone rings, and Chandler dives for his phone.)

Chandler: Hello? Hello?

(Rachel picks up their phone and the ringing stops. As she talks on the phone, an elaborate visual gag is spun out which is too difficult to describe in words.)

Rachel: (on phone) Hello?(Listens) Mindy! Hi! Hey, how are you? (Listens) Yes, yes, I've heard, congratulations, that is so great. (Listens) Really? (Listens) Oh. (Listens) Okay. Okay, well I'm working tomorrow, but if you want you can, you can, you can come by and... (Listens) Okay... (Listens) Great... (Listens) Great... (Listens) All right, so I'll, so I'll see you tomorrow! (Listens) Okay.. (Listens) Okay... (Listens) Bye. (Hangs up and sits down heavily.) Oh God. Oh God. Oh God.

Chandler: So how's Mindy?

Rachel: Oh, she wants to see me tomorrow...Oh, she sounded really weird, I gotta call Barry... (Does so, on phone) Hi, it's me, I just.. Mindy!! Mindy! Hi! No, I figured that's where you'd be!

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the next morning. Chandler is sitting and staring at his phone. Monica enters and creeps up next to Chandler.]

Monica: Brrrrrrr!

(Chandler clutches at his phone before realising.)

Chandler: Hell is filled with people like you.

Joey: (entering) He's back! The peeper's back!

(Rachel enters from her room.)

Joey: (ducking) Get down!

Rachel: Get down?

Chandler: ...And boogie!

Rachel: Thanks, but I gotta go to work and get my eyes scratched out by Mindy.

Monica: Relax. Y'know, she may not even know.

Rachel: Please. I haven't heard from her in seven months, and now she calls me? I mean, what else is it about? Oh! She was my best friend, you guys! We went to camp together... she taught me how to kiss..

Joey: (intrigued) Yeah?

Rachel: And now, y'know, I'm like... I'm like the other woman! I feel so..

Joey: ..Naughty!

Rachel: Right, I'll see you guys later...

Joey: Oh, hold up, I'll walk out with you. Now, Rach, when she taught you to kiss, you were at camp, and.. were you wearing any kinda little uniform, or- (Rachel exits and slams the door in his face.) That's fine, yeah...

(Joey exits.)

Chandler: Okay, I'm gonna go to the bathroom. Will you watch my phone?

Monica: Why don't you just take it with you?

Chandler: Hey, we haven't been on a second date, she needs to hear me pee?

Monica: Why don't you just call her?

Chandler: I can't call her, I left a message! I have some pride.

Monica: Do you?

Chandler: No! (Calls) Danielle, hi! It's, uh, it's Chandler! (Listens) I'm fine. Uh, listen, I don't know if you tried to call me, because, uh, idiot that I am, I accidentally shut off my phone. (Listens) Oh, uh, okay, that's fine, that's great. (Listens) Okay. (Puts down the phone.) (to Monica) She's on the other line, she's gonna call me back. (He starts doing a little jig.) She's on the other line, she's gonna call me back, she's on the other line, gonna call me back...

Monica: Don't you have to pee?

Chandler: 'S'why I'm dancing...

[Scene: Central Perk, Rachel is serving coffee as Mindy enters.]

Rachel: Mindy.

Mindy: Hey, you.

Rachel: Hey, you.... So, what's up?

Mindy: Um.. we should really be sitting for this.

Rachel: Sure we should... So.

Mindy: Now, I know things've been weird lately, but you're like my oldest friend in the world... Except for maybe Laurie Schaffer, who I don't talk to anywhere, 'cause she's all bitter now that she lost the weight and it turns out she doesn't have a pretty face.Okay, I'm just gonna ask you this once, and I want a straight answer.

Rachel: Okay.

Mindy: Will you be my maid of honour?

Rachel: Of course!

Mindy: Oh that's so great!

Rachel: Was that all you wanted to ask me?

Mindy: That's all!

Rachel: Ohhhh!! (Mindy starts to sob.) ...What? What?

Mindy: That's not all.

Rachel: Oh sure it is!

Mindy: Oh no, it isn't! No! I think Barry is seeing someone in the city.

Rachel: Um, what- what would make you think that?

Mindy: Well, ever since we announced the engagement, he's been acting really weird, and then last night, he came home smelling like *Chanel*.

Rachel: (draws back) Really. Mindy, if it'll make you feel any better, when I was engaged to him he went through a whole weird thing too.

Mindy: Oh God! You see, that's what I was afraid of!

Rachel: What? What's what you were afraid of?

Mindy: Okay, okay... when Barry was engaged to you, he and I...kind of... had a little thing on the side.

Rachel: What?

Mindy: I know. I know, and when he proposed to me, everyone said "Don't do it, he's just gonna do to you what he did to Rachel," and now I feel so stupid.

Rachel: Uh... Oh, Mindy, you are so stupid. Oh, we are both so stupid.

Mindy: What do you mean?

Rachel: (offers her arm to Mindy and she sniffs) Smell familiar?

Mindy: Oh no.

Rachel: Oh, I am so sorry.

Mindy: No me, I am so sorry...

(They hug and Joey enters.)

Joey: (watches them for a while) Oh my.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Phoebe and Ross are doing a crossword, Monica is cooking, and Chandler is still staring at his phone.]

Ross: Four letters: "Circle or hoop".

Chandler: Ring dammit, ring!

Ross: Thanks.

Joey: (entering) Hey, you know our phone's not working?

Chandler: What?!

Joey: I tried to call you from the coffee shop, and there was no answer.

Chandler: (investigating) I turned it off. Mother of God, I turned it off!

Monica: Just like you told her you did! (Chandler glares at her.) ... Just pointing out the irony.

Joey: Hey, so listen, I went across the street and talked to the doorman- I got the peeper's name! Can I use the phone?

Chandler: Nngghhh!!!!!!

Joey: (to Monica) Can I use your phone? (On phone) Yeah, the number for a Sidney Marks, please.

Ross: "Heating device."

Phoebe: Radiator.

Ross: Five letters.

Phoebe: Rdtor.

Joey: (on phone) Yeah, is Sidney there? (Listens) Oh, this is? (To the gang) Sidney's a woman.

Monica: So she's a woman! So what?

Joey: Yeah. Yeah, so what? (On phone) Look, I live across the street, (walking to the window) and I know all about you and your little telescope, and I don't appreciate it, okay? (Listens) Yeah, I can see you right now! (Listens) Hello! (Listens) If I wanna walk around my apartment in my underwear, I shouldn't have to feel like—(Listens)—Thank you, but... that's not really the point... (Listens) The point is that... (Listens) Mostly free weights, but occasionally..

Monica: Joey!!

Joey: (on phone) Yeah, my neighbor... (Listens) Yeah, the brunette... (to Monica) She says you looked very pretty the other day in the green dress.

Monica: The green dress? Really?

Joey: Yeah, she said you looked like Ingrid Bergman that day.

Monica: (waves dismissively to Sidney) Nooo!

[Scene: Barry's Office, Barry is preparing his tools alone as Rachel enters.]

Rachel: Hey. Got a second?

Barry: Sure, sure. Come on... (Mindy enters) ...in...

Mindy: Hello, sweetheart.

Barry: Uh... uh... what're you... what're you guys doing here?

Rachel: Uh, we are here to break up with you.

Barry: Both of you?

Mindy: Basically, we think you're a horrible human being, and bad things should happen to you.

Barry: I'm sorry... I'm sorry, God, I am so sorry, I'm an idiot, I was weak, I couldn't help myself! Whatever I did, I only did because I love you so much!

Rachel: Uh- which one of us are you talking to there, Barr?

Barry:Mindy. Mindy, of course Mindy, it was always Mindy.

Rachel: Even when we were having sex in that chair?

Barry: (to Mindy) I swear, whatever I was doing, I was always thinking of you.

Rachel: Please! During that second time you couldn't have picked her out of a lineup!

Mindy: (to Rachel) You did it twice?

Rachel: Well, the first time didn't really count... I mean, y'know, 's'Barry.

Mindy: Okay...

Barry: (to Mindy) Sweetheart, just gimme- gimme another chance, okay, we'll start all over again. We'll go back to Aruba.

Bernice: (over intercom) Dr. Farber, we've got a bit of an emergency here...Jason Costalano is choking on his retainer.

Barry: Oh God... (Into intercom) I'll be right there, Bernice. (to Mindy) Look, please, please don't go anywhere, okay? I'll be, I'll be right back.

(Barry exits)

Rachel: Okay. Okay, we'll be here! Hating you! Did you see how he was sweating when he walked out of there? Listen honey, if I'm hogging the ball too much you just jump right in there and take a couple punches because I'm telling you, this feels great.

Mindy: Yeah... I'm pretty sure I'm still gonna marry him.

Rachel: What are you talking about?! Mindy, the guy is the devil! He's Satan in a smock!

Mindy: Look, I know he's not perfect, but the truth is, at the end of the day, I still really wanna be Mrs. Dr. Barry Farber, D.D.S.

Rachel: Oh God.

Mindy: I hope you can find some way to be happy for me. And I hope you'll still be my maid of honor...?

Rachel: And I hope Barry doesn't kill you and eat you in Aruba.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica and Rachel are there.]

Monica: You okay?

Rachel: Yeah.

Monica: Really?

Rachel: Yeah! Y'know, ever since I ran out on Barry at the wedding, I have wondered whether I made the right choice. And now I know.

Monica: Aww... (They hug)

(Joey enters and looks on approvingly.)

Joey: Big day.

Closing Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone is there.]

Joey: All right, I'll give you this, Mr. Peanut is a better dresser. I mean he's got the monocle, he's got the top hat...

Phoebe: You know he's gay?

Ross: I just wanna clarify this: are you outing Mr. Peanut?

Danielle: (entering) Chandler?

Chandler: Danielle! Hi! Uh- everybody, this is Danielle, Danielle, everybody.

All: Hi. Hi.

Chandler: What are you doing here?

Danielle: Well, I've been calling you, but it turns out I had your number wrong. And when I finally got the right one from Information, there was no answer. So I thought I'd just come down here, and make sure you were okay.

Chandler: ...I'm, I'm okay.

Danielle: Listen uh, maybe we could get together later?

Chandler: That sounds good. I'll call you- or you call me, whatever...

Danielle: You got it.

Chandler: Okay.

Danielle: G'bye, everybody.

All: Bye.

Phoebe: Whoo-hoo!

Monica: Yeah, there you go!

Ross: Second date!

Chandler: ...I dunno.

Rachel: You don't know?!

Chandler: Well, she seems very nice and everything, but that whole thing about her coming all the way down here, just to see if I was okay? I mean,... how needy is that?

(They all groan and hit him..)

End

The One With The Fake Monica

- Written by: Adam Chase and Ira Ungerleider
 - Transcribed by [guineapig](#)
-

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, everyone is looking at papers.]

Joey: How could someone get a hold of your credit card number?

Monica: I have no idea. But look how much they spent!

Rachel: Monica, would you calm down? The credit card people said that you only have to pay for the stuff that you bought.

Monica: I know. It's just such reckless spending.

Ross: I think when someone steals your credit card, they've kind of already thrown caution to the wind.

Chandler: Wow, what a geek. They spent \$69.95 on a Wonder Mop.

Monica: That's me.

Phoebe: Oh! The yuk! Ross, he's doing it again! (Points to a lamp which is shaking behind the sofa)

Ross: Marcel, stop humping the lamp! Stop humping! Now Marcel, come back- (Marcel runs toward Rachel's room) come here, Marcel-

Rachel: Oh no, not in my room! I'll get him.

Monica: Ross, you've got to do something about the humping.

Ross: What? It's, it's just a phase.

Chandler: Well, that's what we said about Joey...

Ross: Would you all relax? It's not that big a deal.

Rachel: (Out of shot) Stop it! Marcel! Bad monkey!

Ross: What?

Rachel: Let's just say my Curious George doll is no longer curious.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, late at night Monica is still examining her bill as Rachel emerges from her room.]

Rachel: Oh, Monica. You are not still going over that thing.

Monica: This woman's living my life.

Rachel: What?

Monica: She's living my life, and she's doing it better than me! Look at this, look. She buys tickets for plays that I wanna see. She, she buys clothes from stores that I'm intimidated by the sales people. She spent three hundred dollars on art supplies.

Rachel: You're not an artist.

Monica: Yeah, well I might be if I had the supplies! I mean, I could do all this stuff. Only I don't.

Rachel: Oh, Monica, c'mon, you do cool things.

Monica: Oh really? Okay, let's compare, shall we.

Rachel: (Yawning) Oh, it's so late for 'Shall we'...

Monica: Do I go horseback riding in the park? Do I take classes at the New School?

Rachel: (Yawning) Nooo...

Monica: This is so unfair! She's got everything I want, and she doesn't have my mother.

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey and Chandler are discussing stage names.]

Chandler: How about Joey... Pepponi?

Joey: No, still too ethnic. My agent thinks I should have a name that's more neutral.

Chandler: Joey... Switzerland?

(The waitress brings their coffee.)

Joey: Plus, y'know, I think it should be Joe. Y'know, Joey makes me sound like I'm, I dunno, this big. (Waitress looks at him funny) Which I'm not.

Chandler: Joe...Joe...Joe...Stalin?

Joey: Stalin...Stalin...do I know that name? It sounds familiar.

Chandler: Well, it does not ring a bell with me...

Joey: (Writes it down) Joe Stalin. Y'know, that's pretty good.

Chandler: Might wanna try Joseph.

(Joey visibly thinks 'Of course!' and writes it down.)

Joey: Joseph Stalin. I think you'd remember that!

Chandler: Oh yes! Bye Bye Birdie, starring Joseph Stalin. Joseph Stalin is the Fiddler on the Roof.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica is there as Phoebe and Rachel enter.]

Rachel: Hey.

Phoebe: Hey.

Monica: Hi. (On the phone) Hi, uh, yes, this is Monica Geller. Um, I believe I'm taking some classes with you and I was wondering what they were.

Phoebe: What are you doing?

Monica: (Hushes her) Alright, great. Thanks a lot. (Hangs up) I'm going to tap class.

Rachel: What, what, so that you can dance with the woman that stole your credit card?

Monica: This woman's got my life, I should get to see who she is.

Rachel: Go to the post office! I'm sure her picture's up! ...Okay, Monica, y'know what, honey, you're kinda losing it here! I mean, this is really becoming like a weird obsession thing.

Phoebe: This is madness. It's madness, I tell you, for the love of God, Monica, don't do it!! ...Thank you.

[Scene: A Tap Class, the girls are standing at the door.]

Monica: What d'you think?

Phoebe: Lotsa things.

(They go in and sit down.)

Rachel: Which one do you think she is?

(The teacher comes up to them.)

Teacher: May I help you?

Monica: Oh, no thanks, we're just here to observe.

Teacher: You don't observe a dance class. You dance a dance class. Spare shoes are over there.

Rachel: What does she mean?

Phoebe: I think she means (Imitates) 'You dance a dance class'. Oh, c'mon, c'mon. (They put on some spare shoes)

Monica: Okay, d'y'see anybody you think could be me?

Teacher: (To the class) People! Last time there were some empty yoghurt containers lying around after class. Let's not have that happen again!

Rachel: She could be you.

(Music starts)

Teacher: Let's get started. Five, six, a-five six seven eight...

(Everyone starts to dance in unison. Monica flounders)

Monica: Okay, I'm not getting this!

Phoebe: (Dancing in a swirly, Phoebe kind of way) I'm totally getting it!

Monica: Did you ever feel like sometimes you are just so unbelievably uncoordinated?

(Rachel taps into view; she is in perfect sync with the rest of the class)

Rachel: What? You just click when they click.

Teacher: Alright people, now everyone grab a partner.

(The girls are unsure how to pair off. Phoebe settles it)

Phoebe: Okay. And, my, dead, mother, says, you, are, it. I'm with Rachel.

Monica: Great. It's gym class all over again.

Phoebe and Rachel: Aww.

Teacher: Well that's all right, you can come up to the front and dance with me.

Monica: Why don't I just take off my clothes and have a nightmare.

(She starts to walk very slowly toward the front of the room. The teacher grabs her hand and pulls her. Suddenly a woman bursts in)

Woman: It's okay, it's okay, I'm here, I'm here. Sorry I'm late, okay, here I am. Who's the new tense girl?

Teacher: She's your partner.

Woman: Hi. I'm Monica.

Monica: Oh. Monica! ...Hi. I'm Mo- ...nana.

Woman: (Fake Monica) Monana?

Monica: Yeah. It's Dutch.

Fake Monica: You're kidding! I-I spent three years in Amsterdam. (Asks her something in Dutch)

Monica: Um, Pennsylvania Dutch.

Teacher: And we're dancing. A-five, six, seven, eight...

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross is entering.]

Ross: (Mortified) Hi.

Chandler and Joey: Hey.

Joey: Where've you been?

Ross: At the vet.

Chandler: She's not gonna make you wear one of those big plastic cones, is she?

Ross: She says Marcel's humping thing's not a phase. Apparently he's reached sexual maturity.

Joey: (To Chandler) Hey! He beat ya.

Ross: She says as time goes on, he's gonna start getting aggressive and violent.

Chandler: So what does this mean?

Ross: I'm gonna have to give him up.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Central Perk, scene continued from earlier. They guys are sitting there like the Three Monkeys.]

Joey: I can't believe it, Ross. This sucks!

Chandler: I don't get it, I mean, you just got him. How can he be an adult already?

Ross: I know. I know. I mean, one day, he's this little thing, and before you know it, he's this little thing I can't get off my leg.

Joey: Isn't there any way you can keep him?

Ross: No, no. The vet says unless he's in a place where he has regular access to some... monkey lovin,' he's just gonna get vicious. I've just gotta get him into a zoo.

Joey: How do you get a monkey into a zoo?

Chandler: I know that one! ...No, that's Popes into a *Volkswagen*.

Ross: Well, we're applying to a lot of them. Naturally our first choice would be one of the bigger state zoos, y'know, like, uh, San Diego... right? But that might just be a pipe dream, because, y'know, he's out of state. Uh, my vet, uh, knows someone at Miami, so that's a possibility.

Chandler: Yeah, but that's like two blocks away from the beach. I mean, it's a total party zoo.

(Phoebe, Monica, and Rachel enters.)

Phoebe: Hey. We found her, we found the girl.

Chandler: What?

Joey: Did you call the cops?

Rachel: Nope. We took her to lunch.

Chandler: Ah. Your own brand of vigilante justice.

Ross: What?! Are you insane? This woman stole from you. She stole. She's a stealer.

Monica: Y'know what? After you're with this woman for like ten minutes, you forget all that. I mean, she is this astounding person, with this, with this amazing spirit.

Ross: Yeah, which she probably stole from some cheerleader.

Chandler: ...Take off their hats!

Phoebe: Popes in a *Volkswagen*! ...I love that joke.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica, Rachel and Fake Monica are there.]

Rachel: No way. No way did you do this.

Fake Monica: Monana was very brave.

Monica: It was so wild. We told them we were the Gunnersens in room six fifteen. Only to find out the Boston Celtics had taken over the entire sixth floor!

Fake Monica: So once they caught on to the fact that we're, y'know, short and have breasts...

Monica: ...They threw us out! I was thrown out of a hotel! Me!

Rachel: Go Monana! Well, you ladies are not the only ones living the dream. I get to go pour coffee for people I don't know. Don't wait up. (Exits)

Fake Monica: Oh, by the way, tomorrow we're auditioning for a Broadway show.

Monica: 'Scuse me?

Fake Monica: There's an open call for Cats. I'm thinking we go down there, sing Memories and make complete fools of ourselves. Whaddya say?

Monica: Nononononono. Think who you're dealing with here. I mean, I'm not like you. I-I can't even stand in front of a tap class.

Fake Monica: Well, that's just probably 'cause of your Amish background.

Monica: What?

Fake Monica: Well, you're Pennsylvania Dutch, right?

Monica: Right. Till I bought a blow dryer, then I was shunned.

Fake Monica: I-I used to be just like you. And then one day I saw a movie that changed my life. Did you ever see *Dead Poets' Society*?

Monica: Uh-huh.

Fake Monica: I thought that movie was so incredibly... boring. I mean, that thing at the end where the kid kills himself because he can't be in the play? What was that?! It's like, kid, wait a year, leave home, do some community theatre. I walked out of there and I thought, 'Now, that's two hours of my life that I'm never getting back.' And that thought scared me more than all the other crap I was afraid to do.

Monica: Wow. Then I would definitely not recommend *Mrs. Doubtfire*.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, tiem lapse. Everyone but Joey and Monica are there.]

Ross: (Reading letters) Oh God. (To Marcel) We didn't get into Scranton. (To the others) That was like our safety zoo. They take like dogs and cows. See? I don't know who this is harder on, me or him.

Phoebe: I'd say that chair's taking the brunt.

Ross: Marcel! Marcel! Marcel, no! Good boy. See, how can nobody want him?

Rachel: Oh, somebody will.

Joey: (entering) You know there already is a Joseph Stalin?

Chandler: You're kidding.

Joey: Apparently he was this Russian dictator who slaughtered all these people. You'd think you would've known that!

Chandler: Y'know, you'd think I would've.

Joey: Phoebe. Whaddyou think a good stage name for me would be?

Phoebe: ...Flame Boy.

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross is talking to Dr. Baldhara, a zookeeper.]

Ross: Where exactly is your zoo?

Dr. Baldhara: Well, it's technically not a zoo per se, it's more of an interactive wildlife experience. Let me ask you some questions about, is it, uh, Marcel?

Ross: Yes.

Dr. Baldhara: Does he, uh, fight with other animals?

Ross: No-no, he's, he's very docile.

Dr. Baldhara: Even if he were... cornered?

Ross: Well I, I don't know. Why?

Dr. Baldhara: Uh, how is he at handling small objects?

Ross: He can hold a banana, if that's whatcha mean...

Dr. Baldhara: How about a hammer, or a small blade?

Ross: Why- why- why would he need a blade?

Dr. Baldhara: Well, if he's up against a jungle cat or an animal with horns, you've got to give the little guy something. Otherwise it's just cruel.

(Chandler and Joey burst in, with Marcel)

Chandler and Joey: He- he- he got in, he- he got in to San Diego.

Joey: We, we come back from our walk and the- the phone was ringing...

Chandler: ...He's in.

Ross: He's in! Oh, did you hear that, Marcel? San Diego. San Diego!

Dr. Baldhara: You're making a big mistake here. I mean, San Diego's all well and good, but if you give him to me, I'll start him off against a blind rabbit and give you twenty percent of the gains.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel is dusting. She comes to the table, lifts all the magazines and wipes under them, then just puts them down again. Monica bursts in, obviously drunk.]

Monica: Yo- hooo!

Rachel: Where the hell've you been?

Monica: Monica and I just crashed an embassy party.

Rachel: Are you drunk?!

Monica: Noooo! (Comes closer and whispers) I'm lying. I am so drunk.

Rachel: Oh God, oh. Great, Monica, y'know what, you could've called, I have been up here, I've been worried...

(Monica is drinking from the tap)

Rachel: Monica? Monica!

Monica: Water rules!

Rachel: Yes, yes, it does. Okay, look, the restaurant called, they wanna know if you're gonna be showing up for work?

Monica: Nope. Going to the *Big Apple Circus* today.

Rachel: Okay Monica, what are you doing? You're gonna lose your job! This is not you!

Monica: No, it is me! Y'know, I'm not just the person who needs to fluff the pillows and pay the bills as soon as they come in! Y'know, when I'm with her, I am so much more than that. I'm- I'm Monana!

(The phone rings and Rachel answers)

Rachel: Hello? Yes, she is, hold on a second, please. Monana, it's for you, the credit card people.

Monica: Helloooo? Yeah. Oh my God. Thanks.

Rachel: What?

Monica: They've arrested Monica.

[Scene: New York City Department of Correction, Monica is visiting Fake Monica.]

Monica: Hi.

Fake Monica: Hey.

Monica: How are you?

Fake Monica: I'm not too bad. Fortunately, blue's my colour. How-how did you know I was here?

Monica: Because... I'm Monica Geller. It was my credit card you were using.

Fake Monica: That I was not expecting.

Monica: I want you to know, it wasn't me who turned you in.

Fake Monica: Oh. Thanks.

Monica: No, thank you! You have given me so much! I mean, if it wasn't for you, I would never have gotten to sing *Memories* on the stage at the *Wintergarden Theater*!

Fake Monica: Well, actually, you only got to sing 'Memo-'.

Monica: I just can't believe you're in here. I mean, what am I gonna do without you? Who's gonna crash the embassy parties with me? Who's gonna take me to the *Big Apple Circus*?

Fake Monica: Monica, I started my day by peeing in front of twenty-five other women, and you're worried about who's gonna take you to the *Big Apple Circus*?

Monica: Well, not... worried, just... wondering.

Fake Monica: There's nothing to wonder about, Monica. You're gonna go back to being exactly who you were, because that's who you are.

Monica: Not necessarily...

Fake Monica: Yes necessarily! I mean, I dunno what it is, maybe it's the Amish thing.

Monica: Um, I'm not actually Amish.

Fake Monica: Really? Then why are you like that?

[Scene: Tap Class, Monica is standing by the door.]

Teacher: You by the door. In or out?

Monica: In. (She joins in the dancing. She still flounders)

Teacher: You in the back, you're getting it all wrong!

Monica: Yeah, but at least I'm doing it!

[Scene: The Airport, everyone but Monica is there to see off Marcel.]

PA: This is the final boarding call for flight 67 to San Diego, boarding at gate 42A.

Phoebe: Okay. Good-bye, little monkey guy. Alright, I wrote you this poem. Okay, but don't eat it 'till you get on the plane.

Ross: Aww. Thank you, Aunt Phoebe.

Phoebe: Oh!

Chandler: Okay, bye, champ. Now, I know there's gonna be a lot of babes in San Diego, but remember, there's also a lot to learn.

Joey: I dunno what to say, Ross. Uh, it's a monkey.

Ross: Just, just say what you feel.

Joey: Marcel, I'm hungry.

Ross: That was good.

Rachel: (Brings Marcel a teddy bear) Marcel, this is for you. It's, uh, just, y'know, something to, um, do on the plane.

Ross: Uh, if you guys don't mind, I'd like to take a moment, just me and him.

All: Oh, sure. Sure, absolutely. (They just stand there, then realise what he means and go to the other end of the room)

Ross: Marcel, c'mere, c'mere. (He sits down and Marcel jumps down and sits beside him) Well buddy, this is it. There's just a coupla things I want to say. I'm really gonna miss you, and I'm never gonna forget about you. You've been more than just a pet to me, you've been more like a be- (Marcel climbs down and starts humping his leg) Okay, Marcel, please, could you leave my leg alone? Could you just stop humping me for two seconds?! Marcel, would-okay, just take him away. Just take him.

(Marcel is put in a cage and taken away.)

Closing Credits

[Scene: A Theater, there is a casting session going on for a play.]

Actor: (Very melodramatically, and very badly) Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might... touch thy cheek...

Casting Director No. 1: That's fine, thank you.

Casting Director No. 2: Next. (Joey walks onstage)

Joey: Hi, uh, I'll be reading for the role of Mercutio.

Casting Director No. 2: Name?

Joey: Holden McGroin.

End

The One With the Ick Factor

- Written by: Alexa Junge
 - Transcribed by: [Mikael Hedberg](#)
-

(Scene: Central Perk. Everyone is there.)

Monica: Tell him.

Rachel: No.

Phoebe: Tell him, tell him.

Monica: Just...please tell him.

Rachel: Shut up!

Chandler: Tell me what?

Monica: Look at you, you won't even look at him.

Chandler: (sarcastically) Oh, come on tell me. I could use another reason why women won't look at me.

Rachel: All right, all right, all right. Last night, I had a dream that, uh, you and I, were...

Phoebe: Doing it on this table. (points at the table)

Chandler: Wow!

Joey: Excellent dream score.

Ross: Why, why, why would you dream that?

Chandler: More importantly, was I any good?

Rachel: Well, you were pretty damn good.

Chandler: Interesting, cause in my dreams, I'm always surprisingly inadequate. (Monica pats him on his lap)

Rachel: Well, last night you seemed to know your way around the table.

Ross: I love it, when we share.

(Ross goes over to the counter. Chandler follows him.)

Chandler: You're okay there?

Ross: I can't believe you two had sex in her dream.

Chandler: I'm sorry, it was a one-time-thing. I was very drunk and i was somebody else's subconscious.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, continued from earlier, Chandler is sitting on the table.]

Chandler: Hello Rachel.

Rachel: Get off.

Phoebe: (points at Joey's pen) Uh, uh, gimme. Can you see me operating a drill press?

Joey: I don't know. What are you wearing?

(Chandler, Monica and Phoebe looks at him)

Ross: Pheeb, why would you want to operate a drill press?

Phoebe: Just for some short-term-work. You know, until I get back some of my massage clients.

Chandler: Pirates again?

Phoebe: No, nothing like that. I was just...such a dummie. I taught this "massage-yourself-at-home-workshop." And they are.

Joey: Hey, hey, Chan. She could work for you.

Chandler: (sarcasticly) Thanks Joey, that's a good idea.

Phoebe: What... I could, I could do it. What is it?

Chandler: Well, my secretary is gonna be out for a couple of weeks. She is having one of her boobs redused. (Ross looks at her.) It's a whole big boob story.

Phoebe: I could be a secretary.

Chandler: Well, you know Phoebs. I don't know if it's your kinda thing, because it involves a lot of being normal. For a large portion of the day.

Phoebe: I could do that.

(Ross's beeper goes off)

Rachel: What are you playing with?

Ross: Oh, it's my new beeper.

Joey: What the hell does a paleontologist need a beeper for?

Monica: Is it like for dinosaur emergencies. 'Help, come quick, they're still extinct.'

Ross: No, it's for when Carol goes into labor. She can get me wherever I am. I mean, all she has to do is to dial 55-JIMBO.

Chandler: A cool phone number, and a possible name for the kid.

Monica: All right, I'll see you guys later. (raises)

Rachel: Off to see young Ethan?

Monica: Thank you.

Joey: How young is young Ethan? Young?

Monica: He's... our age.

Chandler: When we were?

Monica: Okay, he's a senior in college.

Ross: College?

Chandler: Whoa! And this manchild has no problem with how old you are?

Monica: No, of course not. It's not even an issue. Cause I told him I was 22.

All: What?

Monica: Oh, I can't pass for 22?

Phoebe: Well, maybe 25-26.

Monica: I am 26.

Phoebe: There you go.

[Scene: Chandler's office, he and Phoebe are there when the phone starts ringing.]

Chandler: Can you hear that?

Phoebe: (plays with a thumbtack remover) Yeah?

Chandler: See that'll stop when you pick up the phone.

Phoebe: Oh. Uh, I'm on. (picks up the phone)

Phoebe: (with a deep voice) Mr. Bing's office. (Listens) No I'm sorry, he's in a meeting right now.

Chandler: I'm not in a meeting. I'm right... Whoops.

Phoebe: Will he know what this is in reference to? (Listens) And he has your number? (Listens) All right, I'll see that he gets the message. Bye bye.

Chandler: What?

Phoebe: Ross says hi.

Chandler: Ah!

Phoebe: This is so fun. All right, what do we do now?

Chandler: Well, now, I actually have to get to work.

Phoebe: Most likely. (raises and goes toward the door) Okay, I'm gonna be out there.

Chandler: Okay.

Phoebe: All right. Bye bye.

Chandler: Bye bye.

(The intercom buzzes)

Chandler: (answering it) Yes?

Phoebe: Whatcha doin'?

Chandler: Ooh. (leans against the desk)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica and Rachel are there. Monica is just finishing cleaning the windows.]

Monica: Windows are clean, candles are lit. Uh, belt's to tight, gotta change the belt. Did I turn the fish? (goes over to the kitchen to check on the dinner) No, cause I made lasagne. (to Rachel) Am I out of control?

Rachel: Just a touch. Mon, I don't understand. I mean, you've been dating this guy since like, what... his midterms? I mean, why all the sudden are you so... Oh.

Monica: What?

Rachel: Could tonight be the Night?

Monica: I don't know. Look he's a great guy and I love being with him but... you know. Things happen, and they happen. You don't plan these things.

Rachel: So, did you shave your legs?

Monica: Yeah.

Rachel: A-ha!

[Scene: Central Perk. Joey and Ross are there.]

Joey: Would you let it go Ross. It was just a dream. It doesn't mean...

(Ross's beeper goes off)

Ross: Oh, oh. Oh, oh. Oh this is it. Oh my god it's baby time. Baby time.

Joey: All right, relax, relax. Just relax, just relax. Be cool, be cool.

(Ross dials a number on his cellular phone)

Ross: (on phone) Yeah, hi, I was just beeped. (pause) No, Andre is not here. (to Joey) Third time today. (on phone) Yes, I'm sure... No, sir. I don't perform those kind of services.

Joey: Services? (Ross looks at him) Oh, services.

Ross: (on phone) Yeah, you want 55-JUMBO. Yeah, that's right. That's right, JUMBO with a U, sir. (pause) No, believe me, you don't want me. Judging by his number, I'd be a huge disappointment. (pause) All rightie, bye bye.

(Phoebe and Chandler enter)

Joey: Hey, hey. How was the first day?

Phoebe: Oh, excellent. Everyone was so, so nice.

Chandler: See, it pays to know the man who wears my shoes. (Joey and Ross wonder what he means) Me.

Phoebe: No, I didn't tell anybody that I knew you.

Chandler: Why not?

Phoebe: Oh, because, you know... they don't like you.

Chandler: What?!

Phoebe: I thought you knew that.

Chandler: Noho. Who doesn't they like me?

Phoebe: Everyone. Except for uh... no everyone.

Chandler: What are you talking about?

Phoebe: Don't feel bad. You know they used to like you a lot. But then you got promoted, and, you know, now you're like "Mr. Boss Man". You know, Mr. Bing. Mr. Bing, "Boss Man Bing".

(Joey and Ross laughs)

Chandler: I can't believe it.

Phoebe: Yeah, yeah. They even do you.

Chandler: They do me?

Phoebe: You know like... uh okay... uh... 'Could that report be any later?'

(Joey and Ross laughs)

Chandler: I don't sound like that.

Ross: Oh, oh Chandler...

Joey: Oh... Yeah, you do.

Ross: 'The hills were alive with the sound of music.'

(Phoebe, Joey and Ross laughs)

Joey: (reaches for hi scones) My scones.

Phoebe, Joey, and Ross: 'My scones.'

(Phoebe, Joey and Ross laughs again)

Chandler: Okay, I don't sound like that. That is so not true.

(Joey and Chandler laughs)

Chandler: That is so not... That is so not... That... Oh, shut up!

(Phoebe, Joey and Ross laugh)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica and Young Ethan are sitting in the couch.]

Monica: Did not.

Young Ethan: I am telling you, up until I was, like nine, I thought that gunpoint was an actual place where crimes happen.

Monica: How was that possible?

Young Ethan: Well, think about it. It's always on the news. 'A man is being held up, at gunpoint.' 'Tourists are being terrorised, at gunpoint.' And I just kept thinking: why does people continue to go there? (He checks his watch.) Oh, ah. I should go.

Monica: Okay.

(They kiss)

Young Ethan: Okay.

Monica: Unless...

Young Ethan: What?

Monica: Uh, ah. Unless you wanna stay over? I mean, I'm going to, so...

Young Ethan: Yeah, I'd really like that.

(They kiss)

Young Ethan: Uuh, before we get into any staying-over-stuff, there is something you should know.

Monica: Okay, is this like 'I have an early class tomorrow' or 'I'm secretly married to a goat?'

Young Ethan: Well it's somewhere in between. You see, in a strictly technical sense, of course, I'm not uh..., well I, I mean I haven't ever uh...

Monica: Ethan?

Young Ethan: Yeah?

Monica: Are you a virgin?

Young Ethan: Well, if that's what you kids are calling it these days then, yes I am. I uh, I've kinda been waiting for the right person.

Monica: Really?

Young Ethan: Yeah. You do know I was talking about you, right?

(They kiss)

[Time lapse. They are now in Monica's bedroom, on the bed.]

Young Ethan: Wow!

Monica: You keep saying that.

Young Ethan: You know, you read about it, you see it in the movies. Even when you practice it at home, man oh man, it is nothing like that.

(They kiss)

Monica: Listen, uh, you told me something that was really difficult for you. And I, I-I figured if you could be honest, then I can to.

Young Ethan: Oh god, don't tell me, I did it wrong.

Monica: No-no. Nothing wrong about that.

Young Ethan: Oh.

Monica: Um, okay, here it goes. I'm not 22. I'm, I'm 25... and thirteen months.

Young Ethan: Huh!

Monica: But I figured, you know, that shouldn't change anything. I mean, what the hell does it matter how old we are.

(They kiss)

Young Ethan: Uh, listen um, as long as we're telling stuff, uh, I have another one for you. I'm a little younger than I said.

Monica: You're not a senior?

Young Ethan: Oh, I'm a senior... in High School.

Monica: Ok...ay.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica's Bedroom, continued from earlier.]

Monica: What we did was wrong. Oh god, I just had sex with somebody that wasn't alive during the Bicentennial.

Young Ethan: I just had sex.

Monica: Ethan, focus. How could you not tell me?

Young Ethan: Well, you never told me how old you were.

Monica: Well, that's different. My lie didn't make one of us a felon in 48 states. What were you thinking?

Young Ethan: I wasn't thinking. I was too busy fallin'...

Monica: Don't say it. (closes Ethan's mouth with her hand)

Young Ethan: ...in love with you.

Monica: Really?

Young Ethan: (nods) Sorry.

Monica: Well, fall out of it. You know, you shouldn't even be here, it's a school night. Oh god, oh god. I'm like those women that you see with shiny guys named Chad. I'm Joan Collins.

Young Ethan: Who?

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, everyone except Monica is there.]

Ross: (on phone) Okay, Andre should be there in like 45 minutes. All rightie, bye bye. (to Phoebe) Just easier that way.

Chandler: Oh, come on. You told me about the last dream.

Rachel: No, forget it.

Chandler: Oh, why not. Was I doing anything particularly... saucy?

Rachel: All right, fine. Um, you were not the only one there. (Camera fades to Ross, who's listening very carefully) Joey was there too.

Joey: All right. (Moves closer.)

Ross: Was there...uh, huh, huh, huh... anybody, anybody else there.

Rachel: No.

Ross: You're sure? Nobody uh, handed out uh, mints or anything?

Rachel: No, it was just the three of us.

Ross: Huh!

Joey: So, tell me. Was it like you and Chandler, and then you and me, or you and me and Chandler?

Rachel: (laughs) You know what?

Joey: What?

Rachel: There were times when it wasn't even me.

(Chandler and Joey laughs, until they look at each other then recoil in horror.)

Phoebe: That is so sweet, you guys. (hugs them)

(Monica enters, wearing a walkman, so she doesn't hear what the others say)

Ross, Rachel, and Phoebe: Hey, Mon.

Rachel: Mon, Ethan called again. Mon?

All: (shouting) Mon!

(Monica takes off her walkman)

Monica: What?

Rachel: Ethan called again.

Monica: Oh.

Ross: Are you not seeing him anymore?

Monica: No. You know, sometimes just things doesn't work out.

Chandler: And this has nothing to do with the fact that he needs a note to get out of gym.

(Monica stares at Rachel)

Rachel: I, I didn't say any... I sw... I did not say anything, I swear. He stopped by.

Joey: Listen, the next time you talk to him, can you ask him which one the strongest *Power Ranger* is?

(Ross and Chandler laughs)

Ross: Oh, yeah.

Monica: Ha,ha, ha, oh my life is just so amusing. Could we drop it now?

Joey, Chandler, and Ross: Sorry.

Ross: It's morphin time!

Joey: Stegosaurus!

Chandler: Tyrannosaurus!

(They all cross their arms like the *Power Rangers* do)

Phoebe: Ooh, oh, I've gotta go. (raises) Whoa, oh, head rush. One more, and then I have to go. (sits down, and then raises again) Cool!

Rachel: Where are you going?

Phoebe: Um, oh, I've got a birthday party, with some work people.

Chandler: Work people? Nobody told me.

Phoebe: No, I know. That's a part of the whole, you know, them-not-liking-you-extravaganza.

Chandler: You know, I don't get this. A month ago, these people were my friends. You know, just because I'm in charge doesn't mean I'm a different person.

Phoebe: Well, then you should come tonight. You know, just hang out with them. Let them see what a great guy you still are.

Chandler: You think I should?

Phoebe: I really do, yeah.

Chandler: Okay.

Phoebe: Okay.

Chandler: Okay.

Phoebe: Oh, but, could we not go together? I, I don't wanna be the geek that invited the boss.

[Scene: Chandler's office, he and Phoebe are taking a break from work.]

Chandler: I Think last night was great. You know, the Karaoke thing. Tracy and I doing *Ebony and Ivory*.

Phoebe: You were great. But they still made fun of you.

Chandler: What?

Phoebe: You know, now you're more like, you know like, "Mr. Caring Boss," "Mr.", you know, "I'm one of you, Boss," "Mr., I wanna be your buddy, Boss Man Bing!"

Chandler: Then, I don't get it.

Phoebe: Well, you know what Chandler? I think you've gotta face it. You're like, the guy in the big office, you know. You're the one that hires them, that fires them... They still say you're a great boss.

Chandler: They do?

Phoebe: Uh huh. But they're not your friends anymore.

Chandler: I just wan't to...

Phoebe: No, but you can't.

Chandler: But I just wa...

Phoebe: Uh uh.

[Scene: Central Perk. Everyone exept Phoebe and Chandler is there. Ross's beeper goes off and everyone exept him react.]

Monica: Aren't you gonna...

Ross: Oh, Carol and I have a new system. If she punches in 911, it means she's having a baby, otherwise I just ignore it.

Joey: What about Andre?

Ross: Oh, well this morning he got a call from who I think was our cousin Nathan, and frankly, it was a little more than I needed to know.

(Ethan enters)

Young Ethan: Hey.

Monica: That was gonna be my opener.

Rachel: (understands that Monica and Ethan wanna be alone) Hey, did you guys check out those new hand-dryers in the bathroom?

Ross: I thought that was just a rumour.

Rachel: True story.

Joey: They're here already?

(Rachel, Ross and Ross go to the bathroom)

Young Ethan: All right, look. I've gotta tell you something. I'm not 17. I only said so that you'd think I was cute and vulnerable. I'm actually 30, I have a wife, I have a job, I'm your Congressman. Monica, this is ridiculous, we're great together. We can talk, we make each other laugh, and the sex. Oh, man, okay i have no frame of graft, but I thought that was great.

Monica: It was.

Young Ethan: Then, what's the problem?

Monica: Ethan, it's um... it's icky.

Young Ethan: Icky? You're actually gonna throw this away because it's icky?

Monica: This isn't easy for me either. I wish things were different, I... If you were a few years older, or if I was a few years younger, or if we lived in biblical times, I would really...

Young Ethan: No, don't say it. (closes Monica's mouth with his hand)

Monica: ...love you.

(Ross, Rachel and Joey come back from the bathroom. They discover that Monica and Ethan aren't finished talking to each other yet.)

Ross: Are you're hands still wet?

Joey: Uh, moist, yeah.

Rachel: Let's dry 'em again.

(They go to the bathroom again)

[Scene: A hall on the floor where Chandler works. Chandler and Phoebe enters, and overhears some employees's conversation. One of them is doing Chandler.]

Gerston: Uh, like, could these margaritas be any stronger? (They discover that Chandler is listening) Hey, Chandler.

Santos: Hello, Mr. Bing.

Petrie: Loved your Stevie Wonder last night.

Chandler: Thanks. Listen, about the weekly numbers, I'm gonna need them on my desk by nine o'clock.

Santos: Sure.

Gerston: No problem.

(They go away, trying very hard not to laugh at Chandler)

Chandler: You have to give 'em something, you know. Okay, now that was Gerston, Santos, and who's the guy with the moustache?

Phoebe: Petrie.

Chandler: Petrie, right, right. Okay, some people gonna be working this weekend.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Ross is watching TV, but turns it off, and Rachel is sleeping on the couch. Ross puts a blanket over her.]

Rachel: (talking in her sleep) Ooooooooooh. (Rachel strokes her hand over the pillow. Ross mimicks her silently) Oh, that's nice. Oh, oh. Huh, Ross!

(Ross gets all excited and starts to dance on the coffee table, but slips allmost immediatly, and falls onto the couch. Rachel wakes up.)

Rachel: Ross?

Ross: I'm here.

Rachel: You are. Well, um... We, we, we were just... Wow!

Ross: What? (his beeper goes off) Great, now I'm having a baby.

Rachel: What?

Ross: Ooh, Ooh.

Rachel: What?

Ross: I'm having... I'm having a baby. (jumps back onto the table again) I'm having a... Where's the phone? The phone?

Rachel: I don't know where the phone is.

(Ross runs from the table, over the couch but slips and falls onto the floor)

Rachel: Ross?

Ross: I'm hurt.

Closing Credits

[Scene: The Hallway, Ross is eagerly waiting for the others to get ready, to go to the hospital.]

Ross: Monica, let's go. Come on now people, woman in labor.

(Chandler struts out from his apartment)

Chandler: (doing a little dance) Hey Ross, look what I've got going here.

Ross: Yeah, save it for the cab, okay.

(Rachel comes out from their apartment with a mirror and a lipstick in her hands)

Ross: What are you doing? We're going to a hospital.

Rachel: What, so I can't look nice? There might be doctors there.

Ross: Joey, get out of the fridge.

Joey: All right, all right. (he comes out from their apartment with a huge sandwich in his hand)

Ross: What is that? (referring to the sandwich)

Joey: For the ride.

Chandler: Yeah, like in a cab...

Ross: Save it.

Chandler: Okay, hating this.

Ross: Monica, come on now. Let's go, baby coming.

(Monica enters from their apartment, crying)

Monica: I can't believe it, I'm gonna be an aunt. I'm gonna have like a nephew.

Ross: That's nice. Get out Let's go, come on.

Joey: All right, I'm going. I'm going.

(They all go down the stairs, but Ross turns around, looking like he's in a coma. The others also turn around to get him.)

Chandler: Here we go, here we go.

Rachel: Rossy, Rossy.

End

The One With the Birth

- Story by: David Crane & Marta Kauffman
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 - With Minor Adjustments by: Dan Silverstein
-

[Scene: The hospital, Ross, Rachel, Chandler, Joey, and Monica are in the waiting room, waiting for Carol and Susan to arrive.]

Ross: She's not here yet. She's not here. She's having my baby and she's not here.

Monica: I'm sure everything's fine. Has her water broke yet?

Ross: I don't know, but when I spoke to her, she said she had already passed the mucus plug.

(Joey makes a sound of absolute disgust.)

Joey: Do we have to know about that?

Monica: Joey, what are you gonna do when you have a baby?

Joey: I'm gonna be in the waitin' room, handing out cigars.

Chandler: Yes, Joey's made arrangements to have his baby in a movie from the 50's.

Ross: God, I don't believe this. She could be giving birth in the cab.

Rachel: Oh, Ross, relax. It's probably like two dollars for the first contraction, and then fifty cents for each additional contraction.

(Everyone looks at Rachel as though she made a tasteless comment.)

Rachel: What, it's ok when Chandler does it?

Chandler: You have to pick your moments.

(Phoebe arrives, guitar in hand.)

Phoebe: Did I miss it, did I miss it?

Ross: She's not even here yet.

Monica: What's with the guitar?

Phoebe: I just thought we might be here for awhile. You know, things might get musical.

(Carol and Susan arrive.)

Ross: (to Carol) Where the hell have you been?

Susan: We stopped at the gift shop.

Carol: I was looking at stuffed animals, and Susan wanted a *Chunky*.

Ross: Susan wanted a *Chunky*. We're having a baby, ok, a baby, you don't stop for *_Chunky_s*.

Chandler: I used to have that bumper sticker.

(Everyone is amused by Chandler's comment.)

Chandler: (to Rachel) You see what I mean.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Carol's Hospital Room, Carol is on the bed, Ross and Susan are at her side.]

Ross: Stopped for a *Chunky*.

Carol: Let it go, Ross.

Susan: I got an extra one. You want this? (holds the candy in front of Ross' face)

Ross: (weakly) No.

(Carol's doctor, Dr. Franzblau arrives.)

Dr. Franzblau: Hey, how's my favorite parenting team doing?

Ross: Dr. Franzblau, hi.

Dr. Franzblau: So, I understand you're thinking of having a baby? Well, I see you're nine months pregnant. That's a good start. How you doing with your contractions?

Carol: Oh, I love them. Each one's like a little party in my uterus.

Susan: They're every four minutes and last 55 seconds.

Ross: 59 seconds. (holds up his watch) Quartz, ha.

Susan: Swiss quartz, ha, ha.

Carol: Am I allowed to drink anything?

Dr. Franzblau: Ice chips, just ice chips. They're at the nurses' station.

Ross: I'll get it.

Susan: No, I'm getting it. I'll be right back.

Ross: I got it—I'm getting it!

(They both leave just as Rachel enters the room, holding a cup.)

Rachel: Hi, I thought you might like some ice chips.

Carol: Thanks.

Rachel: And if you need anything else, I—(notices the handsome Dr. Franzblau)—do not believe we've met. Hi. I'm, uh, Rachel Green. I'm Carol's... ex-husband's... sister's roommate.

Dr. Franzblau: It is nice to meet you. I'm Dr. Franzblau. I'm your roommate's... brother's... ex-wife's obstetrician.

Rachel: Oh, that's funny!

[Scene: The Waiting Room, Chandler is falling asleep on Monica's shoulder.]

Monica: I want a baby.

Chandler: Mmmm. Not tonight, honey. I got an early day tomorrow.

Monica: Get up. Come on. Let's get some coffee.

Chandler: Oh, ok, 'cause we never do that.

(Chandler and Monica leave. Cut to Joey, watching the Knicks/Celtics game on television.)

Joey: (to the screen) Shoot! Shoot! Shoot! Shoot, or just fall down. That's good too.

(A young pregnant woman enters.)

Lydia: Knick fan?

Joey: Oh, yeah.

Lydia: Oh, boy, do they suck.

Joey: Hey, listen, lady....(sees that she's pregnant)...whoa.

Lydia: Look, look at your man, Ewing. Nice shot. You know what, he couldn't hit water if he was standing on a boat.

Joey: Oh yeah? And who do you like?

Lydia: The Celtics.

Joey: The Celtics? Ha. They couldn't hit a boat if...wait. They suck, alright?

Lydia: Oh, shut up. You know, it's a rebuilding year. You... waah!

Joey: Wha? Wha..aa? Let me get the father. Hey, we need a father over here! We need a father!

Lydia: There is no father.

Joey: Oh, oh, oh, sorry.

Lydia: Ok, that's ok. I'm fine. I'm... oh!

Joey: Oh, uh, ok. Right this way. All the other pregnant women seem to be goin' in here.

Lydia: Ok.

(Joey accompanies Lydia to a hospital room.)

[Scene: The Waiting Room, Phoebe is playing a song. Chandler, Monica, and Ross are there as well.]

Phoebe: (singing)

*They're tiny and chubby and so sweet to touch,
and soon they'll grow up and resent you so much.
Now they're yelling at you and you don't know why,
you cry and you cry and you cry.
And you cry and you cry and you cry...*

(Ross gives Phoebe a dollar.)

Phoebe: Thanks, Ross.

Ross: Yeah. I'm paying you to stop.

Phoebe: Ok.

(A woman passes by, carrying newborn twins.)

Phoebe: Oh, look, twins. Hi, guys. Oh, cute, cute.

Monica: No fair. I don't even have one. How come they get two?

Chandler: You'll get one.

Monica: Oh yeah? When?

Chandler: All right. I'll tell you what. When we're 40, if neither one of us are married, what do you say you and I get together and have one?

Monica: Why won't I be married when I'm 40?

Chandler: Oh, no, no. I just meant hypothetically.

Monica: Ok, hypothetically, why won't I be married when I'm 40?

Chandler: No, no, no.

Monica: What is it? Is there something fundamentally unmarriageable about me?

Chandler: (trapped) Uh, uh.

Monica: Well?

Chandler: Dear God! This parachute is a knapsack! (throws himself over the back of the chair he was sitting in)

(Rachel enters, in a formal dress.)

Rachel: Hey.

Phoebe: Hey. Ooh, look at you, dressy-dress.

Monica: Did you go home and change?

Rachel: Yeah, well, it's an important day. I wanna look nice. Um, has uh Dr. Franzblau been by?

Monica: No, I haven't seen him.

Rachel: Well, where is he? He is supposed to be here. (Pause) What if the baby needs him?

Chandler: Rachel, what is the deal with you and doctors, anyway? Was, like, your father a doctor?

Rachel: Yeah, why?

Chandler: No reason. (turns around, makes an 'Oh my God' gesture with his eyes)

[Scene: Joey and Lydia in the hospital room. Lydia is on the phone with her mother.]

Lydia: Mom, we've been through this. No, I'm not calling him. I don't care if it is his kid, the guy's a jerk. No, I'm not alone. Joey's here. (pause) What do you mean, Joey who? (covers the phone, to Joey) Joey who?

Joey: Tribbiani.

Lydia: Joey Tribbiani. Yes, ok. Hold on. (to Joey) She wants to talk to you. Take the phone.

Joey: (takes phone) Hi, yeah, it's me. (Listens) Oh, no no no, we're just friends. (Listens) Yeah, I'm single. (Listens) 25. (Listens) An actor. (Listens) Hello?

Lydia: She's not much of a phone person.

Joey: Yeah, so, uh, so, uh, what's the deal with this father guy, I mean, if someone was havin' my baby somewhere, I'd wanna know about it, you know?

Lydia: Hey, Knick fan, am I interested in your views on fatherhood? Uh, no.

Joey: Ok, look, maybe I should just go.

Lydia: Maybe you should.

Joey: Good luck, and uh, take care, huh?

(He leaves, but then returns a moment later.)

Joey: You know what the Celtics problem is? They let the players run the team.

Lydia: Oh, that is so not true.

Joey: Oh, it is.

Lydia: It isn't.

Joey: It is.

Lydia: Isn't!

[Scene: Carol's Hospital Room, Ross and Susan are coaching Carol.]

Ross: Breathe.

Susan: Breathe.

Ross: Breathe.

Susan: Breathe.

Ross: Breathe.

Susan: Breathe.

Carol: You're gonna kill me!

Ross: 15 more seconds, 14, 13, 12...

Carol: Count faster.

Susan: It's gonna be ok, just remember, we're doing this for Jordie. Just keep focusing on Jordie.

Ross: Who the hell is Jordie?

Susan: Your son.

Ross: No-no-no. I don't have a son named Jordie. We all agreed, my son's name is Jamie.

Carol: Well, Jamie was the name of Susan's first girlfriend, so we went back to Jordie.

Ross: What? Whoa, whoa whoa whoa, what do you mean, back to Jordie? We never landed on Jordie. We just passed by it during the whole Jessy, Cody, Dylan fiasco.

Carol: Ow, ow, ow, ow, leg cramp, leg cramp, leg cramp.

Ross: I got it.

Susan: I got it.

Ross: I got it! Hey, you get to sleep with her, I get the cramps.

Susan: No, you don't.

Carol: All right, that's it. I want both of you out.

Ross: Why?

Susan: He started it!

Ross: No, you started it.

Susan: You did!

Carol: I don't care. I am trying to get a person out of my body here, and you're not making it any easier.

Ross: But...

Carol: Now go!

Ross: (to Susan) Thanks a lot.

Susan: (to Ross) See what you did.

Ross: (to Carol) Yeah, listen...

Carol: Out!

(Ross and Susan both angrily leave the hospital room.)

[Scene: Lydia's Hospital Room, Joey is helping Lydia go through labor, a nurse is now present in her room as well.]

Nurse: Breathe, breathe, breathe...

Lydia: Oh, no.

(Joey looks down at Lydia.)

Joey: Ew! What is that? Something exploded!

Nurse: It's just her water breaking. Calm down, will you?

Joey: (panicked) Water breaking, what do you mean? What's that, water breaking?

Nurse: (to Joey) Breathe, breathe, breathe.

[Scene: The Hall, Ross and Susan are arguing.]

Ross: Please. This is so your fault.

Susan: How, how is this my fault?

Ross: Look, Carol never threw me out of a room before you came along.

Susan: Yeah? Well, there's a lot of things Carol never did before I came along.

Ross: You tryin' to be clever? A funny lady?

Susan: You know what your problem is? You're threatened by me.

Ross: Oh, I'm threatened by you?

Susan: Yes.

(Phoebe has heard them arguing and comes down the hall, taking them into a broom closet.)

Phoebe: Hey, hey, ok, all right, that's it! Get in here. Come on. My god, you guys, I don't believe you. There are children coming into the world in this very building and your negative fighting noises are not the first thing they should be hearing. So just stop all the yelling, just stop it!

Ross: Yeah, Susan.

Phoebe: Don't make me do this again, I don't like my voice like this.

(Phoebe goes to leave the room, but the door is locked.)

Phoebe: Ok, who wants to hear something ironic?

Commercial Break

[Scene: The Broom Closet, Ross and Susan are trying to get out.]

All: Help!

Ross: I'm having a baby in here! Ok, everyone stand back. (Walks backwards as if he is going to break down the door, but steps in a bucket and falls) Ow.

[Scene: Carol's room, Rachel and Dr. Franzblau are there with her.]

Carol: Are they here yet?

Rachel: No, honey, they're not, but don't worry, because we are going to find them, and until we do, we are all here for you, ok?

Carol: Ok.

Rachel: Ok?

Carol: Ok.

Rachel: (to Dr. Franzblau) Ok, so anyway, you were telling me about Paris, it sounds fascinating.

Dr. Franzblau: It really was. There was this great little pastry shop right by my hotel. (Carol sits up in pain, Rachel and Dr. Franzblau casually lay her back down) There you go, dear.

[Scene: Lydia's Room, Joey is helping her deliver.]

Joey: Come on, Lydia, you can do it. Push! Push 'em out, push 'em out, harder, harder. Push 'em out, push 'em out, way out! Let's get that ball and really move, hey, hey, ho, ho. Let's— (notices the nurse looking at him strangely) I was just—yeah, right. Push! Push!

[Scene: The Broom Closet, Ross has picked up a vacuum and is holding it at the door.]

Susan: What're you gonna do, suck the door open?

Ross: Help! Help!

Phoebe: (singing) *They found their bodies the very next day, they found their bodies the very next...* (sees Ross and Susan staring at her) *la la la la la la.*

Susan and Ross: (even louder) Help!

[Scene: The Waiting Room, Monica is on the phone with her mother, Chandler is standing behind her.]

Monica: Now, Mom, everything's going fine, really. (Listens) Yeah, Ross is great. He's uh, he's in a whole other place. (Listens) No, he's gone. (Listens) No no, you don't have to fly back, really. (Listens) What do you mean this might be your only chance? (Listens) Would you stop? I'm only 26, I'm not even thinking about babies yet.

(Monica sees a woman pass by with a baby, puts the phone to her chest, and starts to cry. Chandler takes the phone, makes a noise in it resembling static, and hangs up. Joey enters.)

Chandler: Where have you been?

Joey: Oh, just had a baby.

Chandler: Mazel tov!

[Scene: The Waiting Room, Rachel and Dr. Franzblau have gone to get coffee.]

Dr. Franzblau: I don't know, could be an hour, could be three, but relax, she's doing great. So, uh, tell me, are you currently involved with anyone?

Rachel: (anxiously) No, no, not at the moment, no, I'm not. Are you?

Dr. Franzblau: No, it's hard enough to get women to go out with me.

Rachel: Right, yeah, I've heard that about cute doctors.

Dr. Franzblau: No, no, really. I suppose it's because I spend so much time, you know, where I do.

Rachel: Oh.

Dr. Franzblau: I try not to let my work affect my personal life, but it's hard, when you... do what I do. It's like uh...Well, for instance, what do you do?

Rachel: I'm a waitress.

Dr. Franzblau: Ok, all right, well aren't there times when you come home at the end of the day, and you're just like, 'if I see one more cup of coffee'...

Rachel: (getting the point) Yeah. Gotcha.

Dr. Franzblau: I'm gonna go check up on your friend.

Rachel: Ok. That's fine. (takes her earrings out)

[Scene: The Hall Outside Lydia's Room, Joey is walking up to Lydia's room with balloons, but before he enters he sees that the baby's father has arrived. He listens at the door.]

Lydia: So how did you know I was even here?

Guy: Your mom called me. So is this her?

Lydia: No, this is a loaner.

Guy: I'm sorry you had to do this by yourself.

Lydia: I wasn't by myself. I had a doctor, a nurse, and a helper guy. (Joey smiles) So, did you see who won the game?

Guy: Yeah, the Knicks by 10. They suck.

Lydia: Yeah, they're not so bad.

(Joey closes the door and ties the balloons to the knob. Then he walks away, holding the hand of an inflated balloon animal he had brought.)

[Scene: The Broom Closet, Ross is trying to open the door with a credit card, with no success.]

Ross: Come on, come on. Damnit, damnit, damnit, damnit. (to Susan) This is all your fault. This is supposed to be, like, the greatest day of my life, y'know? My son is being born, and I should be in there, you know, instead of stuck in a closet with you.

Susan: The woman I love is having a baby today. I've been waiting for this just as much as you have.

Ross: No no no, believe me. No one has been waiting for this as much as I have, ok? And you know what the funny thing is? When this day is over, you get to go home with the baby, ok? Where does that leave me?

Susan: You get to be the baby's father. Everyone knows who you are. Who am I? There's Mother's Day, there's Father's Day, there's no... Lesbian Lover Day.

Ross: Every day is Lesbian Lover Day.

Phoebe: This is so great.

Ross: You wanna explain that?

Phoebe: I mean, well, 'cause when I was growing up, you know my dad left, and my mother died, and my stepfather went to jail, so I barely had enough pieces of parents to make one whole one. And here's this little baby who has like three whole parents who care about it so much that they're fighting over who gets to love it the most. And it's not even

born yet. It's just, it's just the luckiest baby in the whole world. (pause) I'm sorry, you were fighting.

[Scene: Carol's Room, she is ready to give birth. Everyone is there except for Phoebe, Ross, and Susan, who are in the broom closet.]

Carol: Where are they?

Monica: I'm sure they'll be here soon.

Rachel: Yeah, honey, they wouldn't miss this.

Joey: Relax. You're only at nine centimeters. And the baby's at zero station.

Chandler: (to Joey) You are really frightening me.

(Carol suddenly screams in pain and grabs Chandler by the shirt.)

Chandler: Somebody wanna help me, tryin' to rip out my heart. (they pull her hand off of him) Uh, that's great. (looking around) Anybody seen a nipple?

Dr. Franzblau: All right, ten centimeters, here we go.

Nurse: All right, honey, time to start pushing.

Carol: But they're not here yet!

Dr. Franzblau: I'm sorry, I can't tell the baby to wait for them.

Carol: Oh, god.

[Scene: The Broom Closet, Ross has used a broom to open the air vent in the ceiling. Phoebe is wearing a janitor's uniform, ready to go up in the vent.]

Ross: Ok, got the vent open.

Phoebe: (reading the nametag on the uniform) Hi, I'm Ben. I'm hospital worker Ben. It's Ben... to the rescue!

Ross: Ben, you ready? All right, gimme your foot. Ok, on three, Ben. One, two, three. Ok, That's it, Ben.

(Ross and Susan lift Phoebe up into the vent.)

Susan: What do you see?

Phoebe: Well, Susan, I see what appears to be a dark vent. Wait. Yes, it is in fact a dark vent.

(A janitor opens the closet door from the outside.)

Ross: Phoebs, It's open! It's open!

(Ross and Susan run to the delivery room, leaving Phoebe dangling from the vent.)

Janitor: (to Ross and Susan) Wait! You forgot your legs!

[Scene: Carol's Room, Ross and Susan rush in.]

All: Push, push!

Ross: We're here!

Carol: (irked) Where have you been?

Ross: Long story, honey.

Dr. Franzblau: All right, Carol, I need you to keep pushing. I need—(reaches for an instrument, Rachel's hand is on it) Excuse me, could I have this?

Nurse: All right, all right, there's a few too many people in this room, and there's about to be one more, so anybody who's not an ex-husband or a lesbian life partner, out you go!

All: Good luck!

(Everyone heads for the door.)

Chandler: (to nurse) Let me ask you, do you have to be Carol's lesbian life partner?

Nurse: Out!

Dr. Franzblau: All right, he's crowning. Here he comes.

Ross: Let me see, I gotta see, I gotta see. Oh, a head. Oh, it's, it's huge. Carol, how are you doing this?

Carol: (straining) Not.... helping!

Dr. Franzblau: You're doing great, you're doing fine.

Ross: (puts his head near the baby) Hello! (to Dr. Franzblau) Oh, sorry.

Susan: What do you see? What do you see?

Ross: We got a head, we got shoulders, we got arms, we got, oh, look at the little fingers, oh, and a chest, and a stomach. It's a boy, definitely a boy! All right! Ok, legs, knees, and feet. Oh, oh. He's here. He's a person.

Susan: Oh, look at that.

Carol: What does he look like?

Ross: Kinda like my uncle Ed, covered in *Jell-o*.

Carol: Really?

Phoebe: (from the air vent overhead) You guys, he's beautiful!

Ross: Oh, thanks, Pheebs!

(They look up towards the vent and wave at Phoebe.)

[Scene: The Delivery Room, Carol is holding the infant.]

Susan: No shouting, but we still need a name for this little guy.

Ross: (thinking) How 'bout Ben?

Susan: I like Ben.

Carol: Ben. Ben. Ben's good. How come you never mentioned Ben before?

Ross: We uh, we just cooked it up.

Susan: That's what we were off doing.

(Monica opens the door.)

Monica: Hi.

Ross: Hey.

Monica: Can we come in?

(The whole gang enters.)

Ross: (to Ben) I know, I know. Everybody, there's someone I'd like you to meet. Yeah. This is Ben. Ben, this is everybody.

Phoebe: Susan, he looks just like you.

Susan: Thanks.

Rachel: Oh, god, I can't believe one of us actually has one of these.

Chandler: I know, I still am one of these.

Monica: Ross, can I?

(Monica holds Ben.)

Ross: The head, the head. You gotta...

Monica: (getting choked up) Hi, Ben. Hi. I'm your Aunt Monica. Yes I am. I'm your Aunt Monica. I...I will always have gum.

Closing Credits

[Scene: The Hospital, the camera is placed as though it were Ben's eyes.]

Ross: Ben, I want you to know that there may be some times when I may not be around, like this. (walks out of the picture) But I'll still always come back, like this. (returns) And sometimes I may be away longer, like this. (walks away) But I'll still always come back, like this. (returns)

(Chandler comes into the picture.)

Chandler: And sometimes, I'll want you to steal third, and I'll go like this. (Does a baseball sign.)

(The rest of the group come into the picture.)

Monica: He is so amazing.

Rachel: Oh, I know. Look at him.

Joey: Ben, Ben, hey Ben. Nothing. I don't think that's his name.

Phoebe: Oh, look, look, he's closing his eyes. (screen goes blank) Look, he's opening his eyes. (picture comes back)

Joey: He doesn't do much, does he?

Ross: No, this is pretty much it.

(long moment of silence)

Rachel: You guys wanna get some coffee?

All: Yeah.

Ross: All right, I'll see you guys later.

(They all leave but Ross, but they all come back a few seconds later. They make faces at the baby.)

Phoebe: Oh, look, he's closing his eyes again.

(The screen fades to black.)

End

The One Where Rachel Finds Out

- Written by: Chris Brown
 - Transcribed by: [Dan Silverstein](#)
-

[Scene: Central Perk, the whole gang is there, Ross is showing pictures of his new baby boy, Ben, to the group.]

Ross: And here's little Ben nodding off...

Monica: Awww, look at Aunt Monica's little boy!

Phoebe: Oh, look, he's got Ross's haircut!

Rachel: Oh, let me see! (grabs picture) Oh, God, is he just the sweetest thing? You must just want to kiss him all over!

(Ross is practically drooling over Rachel at this point.)

Ross: (quietly) That would be nice.

(Chandler, annoyed with Ross's fawning, makes a 'pfft' noise.)

Rachel: Pardon?

Chandler: Nothing, just a little extra air in my mouth. Pffft. Pffffffft. (walks over to where Joey is seated)

(Joey is looking at his check.)

Joey: Hey, Chan, can you help me out here? I promise I'll pay you back.

Chandler: Oh, yeah, right, OK... including the waffles last week, you now owe me... 17 jillion dollars.

Joey: I will, really. I'll pay you back this time.

Chandler: (sigh)... And where's this money coming from? (gives money to Joey)

Joey: Well... I'm helping out down at the N.Y.U. Med School with some... research.

Ross: (overhearing) What kind of research?

Joey: Oh, just, y'know.... science.

Ross: Science. Yeah, I think I've heard of that. (everyone's interest is piqued, they all look over)

Joey: (sigh)... It's a fertility study.

(Rachel laughs.)

Monica: Oh, Joey, please tell me you're only donating your time.

Joey: Alright, come on you guys, it's not that big a deal. Really... I mean, I just go down there every other day and... make my contribution to the project. Hey, hey, but at the end of two weeks, I get seven hundred dollars.

Ross: Hey.

Phoebe: Wow, ooh, you're gonna be making money hand over fist!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica and Phoebe are preparing for a barbecue for Rachel's birthday.]

Monica: OK, we got the cole slaw, we got the buns...

Phoebe: We've got the ground-up flesh of formerly cute cows and turkeys, ew... (hands meat to Monica)

(Chandler and Joey enter with charcoal.)

Chandler: (in a deep voice) Men are here.

Joey: We make fire. Cook meat.

Chandler: Then put out fire by peeing, no get invited back.

Monica and Phoebe: Ewww!

Monica: Oh Joey, Melanie called, said she's gonna be late.

Joey: Oh, OK.

Phoebe: So how are things going with you two? Is she becoming your (provocatively) special someone?

Joey: I don't know, she's, uh.... she's pretty great.

Monica: Yeah? What does she think of your little science project?

Joey: What, you think I'm gonna tell a girl I like that I'm also seeing a cup?

Monica: Man's got a point.

Joey: Well, the tough thing is, she really wants to have sex with me.

Chandler: Crazy bitch.

Joey: Yeah, well, I still got a week left to go in the program, and according to the rules, if I want to get the money I'm not allowed to conduct any... ersonal experiments, if you know what I mean.

Monica: Joey... we always know what you mean.

[Time lapse. Chandler and Joey are making the fire, Monica and Phoebe are inside. Ross enters, carrying luggage.]

Phoebe: Hey.

Monica: Hey.

Ross: Hey. (Phoebe sees his bags)

Phoebe: How long did you think this barbecue was gonna last?

Ross: I'm going to China.

Phoebe: Jeez, you say one thing, and...

Monica: You're going to China?

Ross: Yeah, i-it's for the museum. Someone found a bone, we want the bone, but they don't want us to have the bone, so I'm going over there to try to persuade them to give us the bo—it's—it's a whole big bone thing. Anyway, I'm gonna be gone for like, uh... like a week, so, uh, if you wanna reach me, y-you can't. So here's my itinerary (hands a sheet of paper to Monica). Um... here's a picture of me... (hands it to Monica)

Phoebe: Oh, let me see! (takes the picture)

Ross: (to Monica): Could you take it to Carol's every now and then, and show it to Ben, just so he doesn't forget me?

Monica: Yeah.

(Phoebe puts the picture of Ross up to her face.)

Phoebe: Hi, Ben. I'm your father. I am... the head. Aaaaaahhhh.... (puts picture down, sees Ross staring at her)
Alright, this barbecue is gonna be very fun.

Ross: Hey, is Rachel here? Um, I wanted to wish her a happy birthday before I left.

Monica: Oh no, she's out having drinks with Carl.

Ross: Oh. (pause) Hey, who's Carl?

Monica: You know, that guy she met at the coffeehouse.

Ross: No.

Phoebe: Oh, well, see, there's this guy she met at the...

Ross: At the coffeehouse, right.

Phoebe: So you do know who he is! (laughs, Ross stares at her) Sorry.

Ross: OK, I'm gonna go say goodbye to the guys.

Phoebe: Oh, hey, y'know what? Tell them that bone story.

(Ross goes outside on the balcony.)

Ross: Hi.

Joey: Hey!

Chandler: Hey!

Ross: (sigh)....I have to go to China.

Joey: The country?

Ross: No no, this big pile of dishes in my mom's breakfront. Do you guys know who Carl is?

Chandler: Uh, let's see... Alvin... Simon... Theodore.... no.

Ross: Well, Rachel's having drinks with him tonight.

Joey: Oh no! How can she do that when she's never shown any interest in you?!?

Chandler: Forget about her.

Joey: He's right, man. Please. Move on. Go to China. Eat Chinese food.

Chandler: Course there, they just call it food.

Ross: Yeah... I guess. I don't—I don't know. Alright, just... just give her this for me, OK? (gives Chandler a gift for Rachel)

Joey: Listen, buddy, we're just looking out for you.

Ross: I know.

Joey: We want you to be happy. And I may only have a couple beers in me, but... I love you, man. (Joey gives Ross a hug)

Chandler: I'm still on my first. I just think you're nice.

[Time lapse. Melanie, Joey's girlfriend, is there with Joey, Chandler, Monica, Phoebe, and Rachel. Ross is gone.]

Melanie: Anyway, that's when me and my friends started this whole fruit basket business. We call ourselves 'The Three Basketeers.'

Joey: Like the three musketeers, only with fruit.

Chandler: (sarcastic) Ooooh. (looks dumbfounded at Joey's stupidity)

Monica: (gets up) OK, how does everybody like their burgers?

Rachel: Oh, no, no, no. Presents first. Food later. (walks into living room)

(Everyone follows Rachel to the living room. Monica pulls Joey aside.)

Monica: Hey, hold on there, tiger. How's it going? How you holding up?

Joey: Well, not so good. She definitely thinks tonight is the night we're gonna... complete the transaction, if you know what I...

(Monica rolls her eyes.)

Joey: Then you do. Heh, heh.

Monica: So, uh, have you ever thought about being there for her?

Joey: What do you mean?

Monica: Y'know, just be there for her.

(Long pause... Joey looks confused.)

Joey: Not following you.

Monica: Think about it.

(They both walk over to where Rachel is opening her gifts. Rachel sees her first gift is a fruit basket.)

Rachel: OK, I'm guessing this is from...

(Melanie smiles.)

Rachel: Well, thank you, Melanie.

Chandler: (pointing out a gift) OK, this one right here is from me.

Rachel: (picks it up) OK... ah, it's light... (shakes it)...it rattles... it's... (opens it) *Travel Scrabble!* Oooohhh, thank you! (she gives it back to him)

(Chandler looks dejected. Rachel picks up another gift.)

Rachel: This one's from Joey... feels like a book. Thinks it's a book... feels like a book. And...(opens it)...it's a book!

Phoebe: Oh, it's Dr. Seuss!

Joey: (to Rachel): That book got me through some tough times.

Melanie: There is a little child inside this man!

Chandler: Yes, the doctors say if they remove it, he'll die.

(Rachel picks up the next gift.)

Rachel: Who's this from?

Chandler: Oh, that's Ross's.

Rachel: Oh... (opens it)... (sees it is a pin) Oh my God. He remembered.

Phoebe: Remembered what?

Rachel: It was like months ago. We were walking by this antique store, and I saw this pin in the window, and I told him it was just like one my grandmother had when I was a little girl. Oh! I can't believe he remembered!

Chandler: Well, sure, but can you play it on a plane? (pats his *Travel Scrabble* game)

Phoebe: Oh, it's so pretty. This must have cost him a fortune.

Monica: I can't believe he did this.

Chandler: Come on, Ross? Remember back in college, when he fell in love with Carol and bought her that ridiculously expensive crystal duck?

(Everyone looks at him. He realizes he just spilled the beans about Ross's crush on Rachel. You can hear this entire classic scene by [clicking here](#).)

Rachel: What did you just say?

Chandler: (panicked) ahem... um... Crystal duck.

Rachel: No, no, no.... the, um, the... 'love' part?

Chandler: (stuttering incoherently) F-hah.... flennin....

Rachel: Oh.... my God.

Chandler: (rubbing his temples) Oh, no-no-no-no-no....

Joey: (pats Chandler on the leg) That's good, just keep rubbing your head. That'll turn back time.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, continued from earlier.]

Rachel: I mean, this is unbelievable.

Phoebe: I know. This is really, really huge.

Chandler: No it's not. It's small. It's tiny. It's petite. It's wee.

Phoebe: Nuh-uh. I don't think any of our lives are ever gonna be the same ever again.

Chandler: OK, is there a mute button on this woman?

Monica: I think this is so great! I mean, you and Ross! D-did you have any idea?

Rachel: No! None! I mean, my first night in the city, he mentioned something about asking me out, but nothing ever happened, so I just... (to Joey): W-well, what else did he say? I mean, does he, like, want to go out with me?

Joey: Well, given that he's desperately in love with you, he probably wouldn't mind getting a cup of coffee or something.

Rachel: Ross? All this time? Well, I've got to talk to him. (gets up to leave)

Chandler: (quickly) H-He's in China!

Joey: The country.

Monica: No, no, wait. (checks Ross's itinerary) His flight doesn't leave for another forty-five more minutes.

Chandler: What about the time difference?

Monica: From here to the airport?

Chandler: Yes! (Rachel walks towards door) You're never gonna make it!

Monica: Rachel, what're you gonna say to him?

Rachel: I-I-I don't know.

Chandler: Well then maybe you shouldn't go.

Joey: He's right, cause if you're just gonna, like, break his heart, that's the kind of thing that can wait.

Monica: Yeah, but if it's good news, you should tell him now.

Rachel: I don't know. Maybe I'll know when I see him.

Phoebe: Here, look, alright, does this help?

(Phoebe gets up, holds the picture of Ross up to her face.)

Rachel: Noooo... look, all I know is that I cannot wait a week until I see him. I mean, this is just too big. Y'know, I just, I've just gotta talk to him. I... I gotta... OK, I'll see you later. (opens door)

Chandler: Rachel, I love you! Deal with me first! (she leaves)

[Scene: Airport, Ross has headphones on, and is listening to a 'How To Speak Chinese' tape. Occasionally, he makes an outburst in Chinese in accordance with the tape. He is getting on the jetway. The flight attendant is there.]

Ross: (something in Chinese)

Flight Attendant: Alright!

Ross: Ni-chou chi-ma! (walks onto jetway)

(Rachel runs into the airport, trying to catch Ross, moving people out of the way.)

Rachel: Ross! Excuse me, pardon me, excuse me....

(Rachel gets up to the jetway.)

Flight Attendant: Hi!

Rachel: Hi.

Flight Attendant: May I see your boarding pass?

Rachel: Oh, no, no, I don't have one. I just need to talk to my friend.

Flight Attendant: Oh, ooh. I'm sorry. You are not allowed on the jetway unless you have a boarding pass.

Rachel: No, I know, but I—he just went on. He's right there, he's got the blue jacket on, I... can I j-just...

Flight Attendant: No no no! Federal regulations!

Rachel: OK, alright, OK, um... then could you please, uh... just give him a message for me? Please? This is very important.

Flight Attendant: Alright. What's the message?

Rachel: Uh... I don't know.

[Cut to the Jetway, the flight attendant enters, walks past Ross, and approaches an older man with his wife who is also wearing a blue jacket.]

Flight Attendant: Sir? Sir? Excuse me, sir? Uh... I have a message for you.

Man: (confused) What?

Flight Attendant: It's from Rachel. She said that she loved the present, and she will see you when you get back.

Man: (to wife): Toby... Oh, for God's sake, I don't know what she's talking about! There's no Rachel! Don't give me that deep freeze.

[Scene: Joey's Bedroom, he and Melanie are in bed together.]

Melanie: Mmmmmm... Oh, Joey, Joey, Joey... I think I blacked out there for a minute!

Joey: Heh, heh. It was nothin'.

Melanie: Well, now we've gotta find something fun for you! (she starts kissing his chest)

Joey: (panicked) Uhhh.. y'know what? Forget about me. Let's, uh... let's give you another turn.

Melanie: (surprised) M-Me again?

Joey: Sure! Why not?

Melanie: Boy, somebody's gonna get a big fruit basket tomorrow.

(Joey starts to kiss her.)

Melanie: Oooh, I gotta tell you... you are nothing like I thought you would be.

Joey: How do you mean?

Melanie: I don't know, I-I guess I just had you pegged as one of those guys who're always 'me, me, me.' But you... you're a giver. You're like the most generous man I ever met. I mean... you're practically a woman.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica, Phoebe, and Rachel are there. Monica is holding the wrapping paper from one of Rachel's gifts.]

Monica: Uh, so, uh, Rach, uh... do you wanna save this wrapping paper, I mean, it's only a little bit torn... so are you gonna go for it with Ross or should I just throw it out?

Rachel: I don't know. I don't know... I thought about it all the way there, and I thought about it all the way back... and, uh, oh, you guys, y'know, it's Ross. Y'know what I mean? I mean, it's Ross.

Monica and Phoebe: Sure.

Rachel: I don't know, I mean, this is just my initial gut feeling... but I'm thinking... oh, I'm thinking it'd be really great.

Monica: Oh my God, me too! Oh! Oh, we'd be like friends-in-law! Y'know what the best part is? The best part is that you already know everything about him! I mean, it's like starting on the fifteenth date!

Phoebe: Yeah, but, y'know, it's... it would be like starting on the fifteenth date.

Monica: Another good point.

Phoebe: No, I mean, I mean, when you're at the fifteenth date, y'know, you're already in a very relationshippy place. Y'know, it's... you're committed.

Rachel: (confused) Huh?

Phoebe: Well, I mean, then what happens if it doesn't work out?

Monica: Why isn't it working out?

Rachel: I don't know... sometimes it doesn't.

Monica: Is he not cute enough for you?

Rachel: No!

Monica: Does he not make enough money?

Rachel: No, I'm just....

Phoebe: Maybe there's someone else.

Rachel: Wha...

Monica: Is there? Is there someone else?

Rachel: No! There is.. there is noone else!

Monica: Then why the hell are you dumping my brother?!?

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Chandler is eating breakfast, Joey quietly opens his bedroom door.]

Chandler: Hey, big...

Joey: Shhhh!

Chandler: (quietly) ...spender.

Joey: She's still asleep.

Chandler: So how'd it go?

Joey: Oh, it was amazing. You know how you always think you're great in bed?

Chandler: The fact that you'd even ask that question shows how little you know me.

Joey: Well, it's like, last night, I couldn't do the thing that usually makes me great. So I had to do all this other stuff. And the response I got... man, oh man, it was like a ticker tape parade!

Chandler: Yes, I know, as it happens my room is very very close to the parade route.

Joey: It was amazing! And not just for her... uh-uh. For me, too. It's like, all of a sudden, I'm blind. But all my other senses are heightened, y'know? It's like... I was able to appreciate it on another level.

Chandler: I didn't know you had another level.

Joey: I know! Neither did I!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, one week later. Monica is seated, Rachel comes out of her bedroom.]

Monica: Hey, great skirt! Birthday present?

Rachel: Yeah.

Monica: Oh, from who?

Rachel: From you. I exchanged the blouse you got me.

Monica: Well, it's the thought. Hey, doesn't Ross's flight get in in a couple hours? At gate 27-B?

Rachel: Uh, yeah. Uh, Monica, y'know, honey, I've been thinking about it and I've decided this—this whole Ross thing, it's just not a good idea.

Monica: Oh, why?

Rachel: Because, I feel like I wouldn't just be going out with him. I would be going out with all of you. Oh, and there would just be all this pressure, and I don't wanna...

Monica: (gets up) No, no, no, no, no, no pressure, no pressure!

Rachel: Monica, nothing has even happened yet, and you're already so...

Monica: I am not 'so'! OK, I was a teensy bit weird at first, but... I'll be good. I promise.

(Door buzzer goes off. Rachel answers it.)

Rachel: Who is it?

Intercom: It's me, Carl.

Rachel: C'mon up.

Monica: Behind my brother's back? (Rachel glares at her) ... is exactly the kind of crazy thing you won't be hearing from me.

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Chandler is seated, and the apartment is filled with baskets of fruit. Joey enters, check in hand.]

Joey: Seven hundred bucks!

Chandler: Alright, you did it! Do we have any fruit?

Joey: Man, hell of a two weeks, huh? Y'know what, though? I really feel like I learned something.

Chandler: Really? So, you're gonna stick with this 'it's all for her' thing?

Joey: What, are you crazy? When a blind man gets his sight back, does he walk around like this? (Joey closes his eyes and walks around with arms spread.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's Balcony, Rachel is having drinks with her date, Carl.]

Carl: I'm just sayin', if I see one more picture of Ed Begley, Jr. in that stupid electric car, I'm gonna shoot myself! I mean, don't get me wrong... I'm not against environmental issues per se.... it's just that guy!

(Rachel looks bored. At this point, Ross—a figment of Rachel's imagination— shows up on the balcony and starts talking to her.)

Ross: I can't believe you'd rather go out with him than me.

Rachel: Would you excuse me, please? I'm trying to have a date here.

Ross: Fine, just stop thinking about me.

(She tries, and Ross disappears momentarily. He reappears, standing closer to her.)

Ross: Can't do it, can you?

Rachel: So I'm thinking about you. So what?

Ross: I don't get it. What do you see in this guy, anyway?

Rachel: Well... he happens to be a very nice... guy....

Carl: I mean, come on, buddy, get a real car!

Ross: Rachel, come on. Give us a chance.

Rachel: Ross, it's too hard.

Ross: No, no, no... why, because it might get weird for everyone else? Who cares about them. This is about us. Look, I-I've been in love with you since, like, the ninth grade.

Rachel: Ross, you're like my best friend.

Ross: I know.

Rachel: If we broke up, and I lost you...

Ross: Whoa, whoa, whoa. What makes you think we're gonna break up?

Rachel: Well, have you been involved with someone where you haven't broken up?

Ross: (pause) No. But... it only has to happen once. Look, you and I both know we are perfect for each other, right? I mean... so, the only question is... are you attracted to me?

Rachel: I don't know... I mean, I've never looked at you that way before.

Ross: Well, start looking.

(They kiss. Ross walks away, and then fades out.)

Rachel: Wow.

Carl: Exactly! And you just know I'm gonna be the guy caught behind this hammerhead in traffic!

Rachel: Right! You're right!

Carl: Heh... y'know?

Rachel: You know what?

Carl: What?

Rachel: I forgot... I am supposed to pick up a friend at the airport. I am so sorry! I'm so... if you want to stay, and finish your drinks, please do.... (gives him her drink) I mean—I'm sorry. I-I-I gotta go. I'm sorry.

(Rachel leaves.)

Carl: But...

[Scene: Airport. Madonna's *Take A Bow* plays in the background as Rachel waits at the gate with flowers.]

Rachel: (sifting through crowd) Excuse me, pardon me, excuse me, excuse me, sorry. Hi.

[Cut to the jetway, the old man who the flight attendant delivered Rachel's message to gets off the plane, his wife still upset with him.]

Man: For God's sake, will you let it go? There's no Rachel!

(A Chinese woman getting off the plane drops one of her bags. Ross gets off next.)

Ross: Oh, hey, hey, I got that.

(Ross picks up the bag... then he and the woman kiss.)

Julie: Oh, thanks, sweetie.

Ross: No problem. I cannot wait for you to meet my friends.

Julie: Really?

Ross: Yeah.

Julie: You don't think they'll judge and ridicule me?

Ross: No, no, they will. I just... uh...

Ross and Julie: Can't wait.

Ross: Come on, they're gonna love you.

[Cut to a close-up of Rachel, eagerly awaiting Ross's arrival... not knowing he is getting off the plane with another woman.]

End