

801. The One After "I Do"

Written by: David Crane & Marta Kauffman

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: The Wedding Hall, Monica and Chandler have just said "I do," and the photographer is taking the required pictures. First of Monica, Chandler, Ross and Joey.]

Photographer: Great. (Takes a picture.) Great! Just give me a sec to change film.

Monica: Okay.

Ross: (To Monica) Okay, I know I'm not supposed to know, but I do. And I'm so excited for you!

Joey: What? What's going on?

Ross: Monica's pregnant!

Joey: Oh my God! Is that why you guys had to get married?!

Monica: Guys! I'm not pregnant.

Joey: Ah. (To Chandler) Slow swimmers? (Chandler looks at him.)

Ross: What?! What do you mean? You-you-you're not pregnant?

Monica: You didn't tell anybody I was did you?!

Ross: No! (Pause) I'll be right back. (Exits.)

Photographer: Now why don't we get a shot of just Monica and the bloody soldier.

Monica: (To Joey) Oh, about that. Joey, you have to change before the party.

Joey: I can't! I-I don't have any other clothes here.

Monica: Find some! Please! Anything that doesn't say I-I died tragically in France. (Joey leaves to find clothes.)

Photographer: Well then why don't we see the bride and the groom and the bridesmaids.

Phoebe: Okay. (Phoebe and Rachel join Monica and Chandler on the altar.) Hey Mon, why did you tell the guys you weren't pregnant?

Monica: Because I'm not.

Phoebe: We found your test in the trash, if you're not pregnant—(She sees Rachel shaking her head)—It's because I am.

(Flash, the photographer takes a picture of Monica and Chandler's stunned faces.)

Chandler: What?! What are you talking about?

Monica: What are you talking about?

Phoebe: Yes, I...I am with child. (Flash) And I didn't want to say anything because it's your day; I didn't want to steal your thunder.

Monica: Wait a minute! So you told people I was pregnant?! (Flash) Does this look like a conversation that I want to remember?!

Chandler: Who's the father?

Monica: Yeah!

Phoebe: I can't say.

Monica: Why?!

Chandler: Why not?

Phoebe: I can't say because he's famous.

Rachel: Oh my God, who is it?! (Phoebe rolls her eyes.)

Monica: Phoebe, come on, you have to tell us.

Phoebe: Okay, okay. It's James Brolin. James Brolin is the father of my baby.

Chandler: As in Barbara Streisand's husband James Brolin?

Phoebe: What?! Well he never said that to me!

Opening Credits

[Scene: The Wedding Hall, continued from earlier.]

Photographer: Why don't we have Monica step away and we'll get Chandler and the bridesmaids.

Phoebe: How about just the bridesmaids?

Chandler: Y'know I am the groom right? I was told it was kinda big deal.

Phoebe: It is.

Rachel: For you. (Chandler leaves.)

Phoebe: Oh my God!

Rachel: Oh, thank you for doing that. I just can't deal with this just quite yet.

Phoebe: So instead you told me Monica was pregnant.

Rachel: You said that she was, I just didn't disagree with you.

Phoebe: Sneaky.

Rachel: Oh yeah.

Photographer: Smile ladies.

Rachel: Oh! (They smile and the picture is taken.) Oh by the way?

Phoebe: Uh-hmm.

Rachel: James Brolin?

Phoebe: Oh, I know. I could only think of two names, him and Ed Begley Jr. and then I remembered he's gay.

Rachel: Ed Begley Jr. is not gay.

Phoebe: (intrigued) Really?!

[Scene: The Reception Hall, the party is in full swing.]

Bandleader: Thank you very much! Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you for the very first time, Mr. and Mrs. Chandler Bing!

(They enter.)

Chandler: Before we go out there I've got a present for ya.

Monica: Honey, I'm going to put my hand in your pocket!

Chandler: No?

Monica: No.

Chandler: I've been taking dancing lessons.

Monica: What?!

Chandler: Yeah, the last six weeks. I wanted this to be a moment you will never forget.

Monica: Oh that is so sweet!

Chandler: So? Would you care to join me in our first dance as husband and wife?

Monica: Yes.

(They walk onto the dance floor and Chandler slips and almost falls.)

Monica: What's the matter?

Chandler: I don't know, it's these new shoes, they're all slippery.

Monica: Well, are you going to be able to do this?

Chandler: Not well.

(They start dancing and Chandler starts slipping around.)

Monica: Well, the good news is, I don't think anyone's looking at us.

[Cut to Phoebe and Rachel at their table.]

Phoebe: So, are you ready to talk about it?

Rachel: No.

(Pause)

Phoebe: Now?

Rachel: No!

Phoebe: Okay, we'll talk about something else then.

Rachel: Thank you.

Phoebe: Who's the father?!

Rachel: Ugh! Look honey y'know what? I haven't told him yet, so until I do I don't think I should tell anybody else.

Phoebe: Yeah. That's fine. That's fair. Is it Tag?

Rachel: Phoebe!!

Phoebe: Okay, I'm sorry. I'll stop.

Rachel: Okay.

Phoebe: Is it Ross? It's Ross isn't it—Oh my God, it's Joey!

Rachel: Honey, stop it! I am not going to tell you until I tell him.

Phoebe: Ah—hah! At least we know it's a him.

[Cut to Joey entering wearing a preppy tennis outfit.]

Monica: (seeing him) Oh sweet Lord.

Joey: I'm sorry! Okay? I went down to the gift shop and it's either this or a bathrobe! Look, what's more important, the way I'm dressed or me being with you on your special day?

Monica: Honey, I'm not even going to pretend I was listening. (Sees someone else.) Hey! Hey! (Goes over to that person.)

[Cut to the hallway outside the room, Ross is going to see which table he's at and sees a beautiful woman doing the same thing.]

Ross: Hi. I'm uh, I'm Ross. I don't, I don't believe we've met. I'm Monica's older brother.

Woman: Oh hi, I'm, I'm Mona from her restaurant.

Ross: Oh! Hello uh, Mona from her restaurant. (He uses his card to mouth those words.) (Pause) Mona, wow what a, what a beautiful name.

Mona: You think so? I've always kinda hated it.

Ross: Aw come on, Mona Lisa?

Mona: Uh-huh.

Ross: Mona umm...Clickclocken. The famous botanist? Huh? Oh no she's uh—well she's dead now. No, supposedly she was once quite the hottie of the plant world.

Mona: Really?! Well see? I never knew about her.

Ross: Linda Clickclocken. (Pause) So what uh, what—what table are you at? (She shows him.) Oh, uh me too.

Mona: Oh good. Now there'll be someone there who likes my name.

Ross: (sexily) Yes there will. (Mona leaves and Ross tries to find the same table.) Oh guess what, Molly Gilbert you've just been bumped up to table one. And if it's all right with you I'm gonna take your place at table six—Martin Clickclocken.

[Cut back inside to Joey giving a beautiful woman a tennis lesson by standing behind her.]

Joey: That's better, now just bend your arms a little more. There you go. Okay, look straight ahead. Now this time I want you to really put your ass into it. (They do a practice swing and she really puts her ass into it.)

[Cut to Chandler sitting down near Joey as his mom walks over. His birth mother, not the mother who recently visited one of those clinics in Sweden.]

Mrs. Bing: Chandler darling! Look, my date has finally arrived. I'd like you to meet Dennis Phillips.

Dennis Phillips: Congratulations.

Chandler: Thank you.

Mrs. Bing: Dennis is a dear old friend and a fantastic lover.

Chandler: Bravo Dennis thanks for pleasing my mother so.

Dennis Phillips: Oh, I'm so sorry I missed the ceremony, I was stuck at auditions.

Mrs. Bing: Oh yes, Dennis is directing a new Broadway show.

Joey: I don't believe we've met, Joey Tribbiani.

Dennis Phillips: Dennis Phillips

Joey: Wow, I've admired your work for years. You—you've done some really amazing stuff.

Dennis Phillips: Oh, thank you. Well if you'll excuse me, I'm gonna go get myself a drink. Be back in a moment. (Walks away.)

Joey: Wow Dennis Phillips! That's great! How did you guys meet?

Mrs. Bing: Well, it's a funny story.

Chandler: Funny: ha-ha or funny: (Mimes blowing his brain out.)

[Time lapse. The band is finishing another song.]

Bandleader: Thank you, thank you very much. If everyone will please take your seats, dinner will be served. (Ross starts looking for table six and finds out that it's the kid's table. He sees Mona sitting at another table.)

Ross: Hey! Uh, I thought, I thought you were at table six.

Mona: No, nine. (Shows him the card again.)

Ross: Oh see, before you uh, when you showed it to me you—you held it that way (he turns her hand upside down) which uh, which was misleading. Well I'm... (He goes at sits down at his new table and the kids stare at him.) Hello.

[Cut to the hallway, Chandler is putting tape on the bottom of his shoes.]

Joey: Chandler. Will you see if your mom can give my resume to Dennis Phillips? 'Cause if I can get in a Broadway show then I would've done it all, film, television, and theater. The only think left would be radio, and that's just for ugly people.

Chandler: What size shoes do you wear?

Joey: Uh, eleven, eleven and a half.

Chandler: Great, because my shoes are giving me a little problem on the dance floor, can I borrow the boots from your costume?

Joey: Uh, I don't even really know where I left those. Sorry.

Chandler: (looking at Joey's feet) Those aren't eleven and a half.

Joey: Okay fine! I'm a seven! All right, I have surprisingly small feet. But the rest of me is good, I'll show ya!

[Cut to Monica and Rachel at their table.]

Monica: Can you **believe** Phoebe got pregnant?!

Rachel: Oh y'know what honey? Let's not talk about that right now?

Monica: This is so huge.

Rachel: Sure, but come on, as big as your wedding?

Monica: Of course not nothing is. Between me and you...

Rachel: Yeah.

Monica: ...in this day and age how dumb do you have to be to get pregnant?

Rachel: Hey! Y'know, sometimes you can do everything right, everyone can wear everything they're supposed to wear, and one of those little guys just gets through!

Monica: How?

Rachel: I don't know! Maybe they have tools.

Monica: Well I—I talked to and uh, she's definitely going to have this baby. Y'know, she said she was gonna raise it on her own.

Rachel: Well, maybe that's, maybe that's really brave.

Monica: Maybe. I just hope she realizes how hard it's gonna be.

Rachel: Maybe she hasn't really thought it through that well.

Monica: Well, there's a lot to think about. I mean, how is she, how is she going to handle this financially? How is she going to juggle work? Does she realize she's not going to have a date again for the next eighteen years?

Rachel: (starting to cry) I don't know.

Monica: Are you okay?

Rachel: Uh—hmm. I'm just thinking about Phoebe; poor knocked up Phoebe.

Waiter: Champagne?

Rachel: Oh yes! Thank you very much! (She grabs a glass, takes a sip, and realizes what she just did. She then tries to spit the champagne back into the glass without Monica noticing. It doesn't work.) Oh that's—that's actually how the French drink it.

(Monica gasps.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: continued from earlier, only now Phoebe joins them.]

Phoebe: Well, I just got off the phone with my lover, James Brolin...

Monica: Oh really?!

Phoebe: Yes, and apparently he is married to some singer, but he said he would leave her for me. And I said, "James, James Brolin, are you sure?" James Brolin said...

Monica: (interrupting) Rachel's really the one who's pregnant.

Phoebe: (shocked) What?! (deadpan) Why bother?

Monica: How do you feel?

Rachel: I don't know. I don't know how I feel. This is all happening so fast. I have to make all these decisions that I don't want to make. (Takes another sip of champagne and spits it back out) Somebody just take this away from me!!

Phoebe: Calm down. Maybe you're not pregnant.

Rachel: What?!

Phoebe: When I got pregnant with the triplets, I took that test like three times just to make sure.

Monica: Yes! Maybe it's a false positive. Are you sure you peed on the stick right?

Rachel: How many ways are there to do that?

Phoebe: I'm—I'm just saying, don't freak out until you're a hundred percent sure.

Rachel: All right, I'll—I'll take it again when I get home.

Monica: You—you gotta take it now. Come on, do it as a present to me.

Rachel: Okay. Thank you.

Monica: Okay.

Phoebe: I'll run out and get you one.

Rachel: Oh, you guys are so great.

Monica: Oh, wait a minute! Who's is the father?!

Phoebe: Oh no, she won't tell us.

Monica: Oh, come on it's my wedding! That can be my present.

Rachel: Wh—Hey, I just gave you peeing on a stick.

Phoebe: See? This is why you register.

[Cut to Ross at the kiddie table. He reaches for something and a fart noise emanates which causes the kids to laugh.]

Ross: It was the chair again! Okay? I'm not doing it! It what—look, I don't—y'know what—eh—eh... (He walks away and goes over to Mona.) Hi.

Mona: Hi!

Ross: Umm, would you like to dance?

Mona: Sure.

Ross: Yeah?

Mona: Yeah.

Ross: Oh great! (They get up to dance and Ross is interrupted by a little girl.)

Little Girl: Dr. Geller?

Ross: I wasn't farting! (To Mona) Uh, a little game from our table. (To the little girl) Yes?

Little Girl: Dr. Geller, will you dance with me?

Ross: Oh umm, well uh, maybe—maybe later. Right now, I'm about to dance with this lady.

Little Girl: Okay. (She drops her head in disappointment and walks away.)

Mona: Ohhhh!

Ross: Uh, unless! Unless, uh this lady wouldn't mind letting you go first.

Mona: I'd be happy to. (To Ross) **You** are very sweet.

Ross: Yes I—I am. In fact umm hey, why don't we try it my special way? You can dance on my feet.

Little Girl: Sure!

Ross: Yeah? Hop on. (They start dancing and Mona sits down.) Is the pretty lady looking?

Little Girl: Uh—huh.

Ross: Keep dancing.

[Cut to Chandler in the hallway practicing dancing and is doing it very well.]

Chandler: And the world will never know.

Joey: Hey! Did you talk to Dennis about me yet?

Chandler: Yes, I told him how talented you were. I told him all about *Days Of Our Lives*.

Joey: No—no! No! No! You don't tell a Broadway guy that! Now he just thinks I'm a soap actor.

Chandler: But you're **not** just a soap actor. You are a soap actor with freakishly tiny feet.

Joey: Hey!

[Joey walks back inside just as Ross's dance is finishing.]

Little Girl: Thank you.

Ross: No—no, thank you Miranda.

Little Girl: Melinda!

Ross: All right. (Walks over to Mona.)

Mona: How cute was that?

Ross: Oh—oh, were you, were you watching?

(Another little girl walks over to him.)

Second Girl: Can I go next?

Ross: What? Of course you can! Hop on!

Mona: Okay, but I get to hop on after her. (Ross bites the air in response.)

Ross: I am so gonna score.

Second Girl: What?

Ross: I like your bow.

[Behind them, Joey goes up to the bandleader and interrupts the song.]

Joey: (clinks his glass) I'd like to propose a toast. To Monica and Chandler, the greatest couple in the world. And my best friends. Now, my when I first found out they were getting married I was, I was a little

angry. I was like, (overly angry) "Why God? Why? How can you take them away from me?!" But then I thought back over all our memories together, some happy memories. (Does a fake laugh.) And—and there was some sad memories. (Starts to break down and cry.) I'm sorry. And—and some scared memories—Whoa! (He jumps back, startled.) Eh? And then, and then I realized I'll always be their friend, their friend who can speak in many dialects and has training in stage combat and is willing to do partial nudity. (Starts to walk away, but realizes something.) Oh! To the happy couple!

[Time Lapse, the interrupted song is finishing.]

Bandleader: Thank you.

Ross: (to the second girl) That was very nice Ashley.

Ashley: Can we do it again?

Ross: No—no. (Walks over to Mona again.)

Mona: So, is it my turn now?

(A large little fat girl walks over.)

Fat Girl: I'm next!

Ross: Oh! (Recoils in horror.)

Mona: Uh, that's okay. You can dance with her first.

Ross: Oh, you—you sure? (She nods yes.) Okay. (To the girl) Okay. So what's uh, what's your name.

Fat Girl: Gert!

Ross: That's, that's pretty. (They start to dance and Gert tries to step on Ross's feet, but he pulls them out of harm's way.) Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! What are you doing there Gert?

Gert: Dancing on your feet! Like the other girls did it.

Ross: Okay. (Swallows hard.) Hop on Gert. (She does and Ross winces in pain.)

Gert: Why aren't you moving your feet?

Ross: I'm trying. (He strains to move his feet.)

Gert: Faster! You're not going fast enough!

Ross: Maybe I should stand on your feet! (Gert's shocked and Ross realizes what he said and tries to brush it off.)

[Cut to Joey going over to talk to Dennis Phillips.]

Joey: So did you uh, happen to catch my toast up there?

Dennis Phillips: Oh my God, that was for my benefit?

Joey: Well, I'd like to think there was something for everyone. Look, I know you're casting for this new show...

Dennis Phillips: Look umm Joey, I—I don't think you're quite right for this project.

Joey: Oh, see that's where you're wrong. Whatever it is I can do it. And if didn't see it up there, just—just try me.

Dennis Phillips: It's an all Chinese cast. Can you be Chinese?

Joey: Well I'm not proud of this, but... (He turns around and starts to mess with his eyelids.)

Dennis Phillips: Oh my God! No—no—no! Please! Please! Don't—don't—don't!

[Cut to Monica walking up to Chandler.]

Monica: Hey, are you ready to get back on the dance floor?

Chandler: Did it turn into sand?

Monica: Ohh come on, I love this song! Come on, you'll be fine. (She starts to walk towards the floor.)

Chandler: (sliding up behind her) No. No, I won't. Do you know why I took all those lessons? See, for the first time I didn't want you to be embarrassed to be seen on the dance floor with some clumsy idiot.

Monica: Oh sweetie, you can never embarrass me. (Chandler grunts.) Okay, you can easily embarrass me. But come on, it doesn't matter. All right? I married you! So I want to dance on my wedding night with my husband. Come on. (They go onto the floor.) Just try not to move your feet at all. (Chandler starts to get into the groove and bust a move.) There you go.

(Mr. Geller dances over.)

Mr. Geller: Chandler, I'm gonna have you arrested.

Chandler: Why?

Mr. Geller: You stole my moves. (He starts to dance like Chandler was and Chandler stops.)

[Scene: The Women's Restroom, Rachel and Phoebe are waiting for the outcome of Rachel's second test.]

Rachel: How much longer?

Phoebe: 30 seconds.

Rachel: 30 seconds, okay.

Monica: (entering) Did I miss it? (Phoebe nods no.) Rachel, I—I want you to know that, if it's positive, we're gonna...

Rachel: Oh I know. I know. (They hug.)

Phoebe: It's time.

(Another woman starts to enter.)

The Girls: No!! (The woman backs out.)

Monica: Go ahead Rach.

(She goes over to look.)

Rachel: Oh wait! Y'know what? I can't, I can't look at it. I can't. Somebody else tell me, somebody tell me.

Phoebe: Okay.

Rachel: Okay.

Phoebe: Umm, it's negative.

Rachel: What?

Phoebe: It's negative.

Rachel: Oh. Oh. Well there you go. Whew! (Pause) That is—that's great—that is really great—great news. (Pause) Y'know 'cause the whole not being ready and kinda the financial aspects, all that. Whew. Wow, this is so just the way it was supposed to be. (Starts to cry.) God.

Monica: Well... Well, great.

Phoebe: Here. (Gives Rachel a tissue.)

Rachel: Thanks. (Crying) God this is so stupid! (Pause) How could I be upset over something I never had? It's negative?

Phoebe: No, it's positive.

Rachel: What?!

Phoebe: It's—it's not negative, it's positive.

Rachel: Are you sure?

Phoebe: Well yeah, I lied before.

Rachel: Oh!

Monica: Oh God...

Phoebe: Now you know how you really feel about it.

Rachel: Oh—oh, that's a risky little game!

Monica: Are you really gonna do this?

Rachel: Yeah. I'm gonna have a baby. I'm gonna have a baby. I'm gonna have a baby! (They all hug.)

Phoebe: With who?

Rachel: Ah, it's still not the time.

Dedicated to the People of New York City

Closing Credits

[Scene: The Reception, Joey is helping Ross walk after Gert got through with him and Mona is looking on concerned.]

Ross: I just didn't see the fast song coming.

Joey: Shh. Shh. Don't try to talk, we'll get you up to your room, we'll soak your feet, you'll be okay.

Ross: Oh, thank you.

Mona: That is so sweet!

Joey: Yeah.

Mona: No, I mean it. There are so few genuinely nice guys out there.

Joey: Tell me about it, I feel like I'm holding down the fort all by myself.

Mona: It's Joey right?

Joey: Yeah.

Ross: Wait a minute! No! I'm the nice one! I'm the one who danced with the kids all night! How...How small are your feet?! (They all look down.)

End

802. The One With The Red Sweater

Written by: Dana Klein Borkow

Directed by: David Schwimmer

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: The Hotel Lobby, Rachel and Phoebe are at the front desk checking out.]

Rachel: Listen y'know what sir? For the last time, I don't care what the computer says, we did not take a bag of Mashuga nuts from the mini-bar and we did not watch Dr. Do-Me-A-Little!

Joey: (entering) Hey!

Phoebe: Oh! Joey uh, were you in our room last night?

Joey: No. (Phoebe grabs the receipt and shows it to Joey who gets mad.) I was told the name of the movie would not appear on the bill!

(Chandler and Monica enter.)

Chandler: (to the front desk clerk) Hi! We're checking out of the bridal suite.

Monica: (depressed) That's right. I'm no longer a bride. I'll never be a bride again. Now, I'm just someone's wife!

Chandler: And I'm the happiest guy in the world! (Monica goes and sits down in a huff.) Oh honey, come on don't be upset. We still have so much to look forward to!

Monica: Oh yeah, right. (Rolls her eyes.)

Chandler: We got the honeymoon.

Monica: That's not 'til Thursday.

Chandler: The wedding pictures?

Monica: They won't be ready for weeks.

Chandler: Not the disposable cameras from the tables.

Monica: That's true! (Happily) I knew I married you for a reason!

Chandler: I'll tell you what, I will go get them developed and you can go home.

Monica: Okay.

(Joey giggles.)

Chandler: What? What did you take a picture of?

Joey: Nothing! It was something.

Chandler: Okay Ross has the cameras, has he checked out yet?

Rachel: Are you joking? Check out is not 'til noon and he has a good (checks her watch) eleven minutes left.

Chandler: Oh.

Monica: Ross has never checked out of a room a minute before he had to.

Rachel: Yeah, one time, when we were dating, uh we got a late checkout, he got so excited it was the best sex we ever had. Until y'know, he screamed out *Radisson* at the end.

Chandler: Okay, well I'm gonna get Ross, get the cameras, and get them developed. (Joey laughs again.)
32 Joe. You're 32! (Exits)

Front Desk Clerk: (To Monica) Here's a copy of your bill.

Monica: Oh thanks. (Reading the bill) Champagne, strawberries...Oh my God! I can't believe Chandler ordered porn on our wedding night!

Joey: Yeah, that's sad. Mashuga nut?

Opening Credits

[Scene: Ross's Hotel Room, he is letting Chandler in.]

Ross: Hi.

Chandler: Hey. (He sees that Ross is packing all of the hotel toiletries) Soaps? Shampoos? Are you really taking all this stuff?

Ross: Why not? It's built into the price of the room.

Chandler: Yeah but you don't need—(Picks up something)—What is this?

Ross: Thread!

Chandler: Score! Where are the disposable cameras?

Ross: What disposable cameras?

Chandler: The cameras? Remember last night I told you to take them?

Ross: No you didn't.

Chandler: Yes! Remember? Right before we cut the cake, I went up to you and I said...

Ross: Oh—oh yeah, you—you came up to me and asked if I could do you a favor, and my Uncle Murray came up to you and handed you a check. And then you said, "Why do they call it a check? Why not a Yugoslavian?" (Chandler laughs.) Yeah, then you did that.

Chandler: So you don't have the cameras?!

Ross: No. Sorry man.

Chandler: So? What? What? They're gone! Monica's gonna freak!

Ross: Well, I'm sure they're still somewhere here in the hotel. I'll—I'll help you look for them.

Chandler: Great.

Ross: In—in three minutes.

(Chandler goes into the bathroom, closes the door, and then opens it again right away. Ross looks up and hands him the toilet paper Ross already packed.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Phoebe is entering to see Monica sitting in front of a mound of wedding gifts.]

Phoebe: Hey!

Monica: Hey!

Phoebe: Are you gonna open the presents without Chandler?

Monica: No! (Pause) But, they're callin' out to me! I mean this little guy (Holds up a small one) even crawled up into my lap. Oh come on, Chandler wouldn't mind if I opened just one present! What do you think it is?

Phoebe: A little mirror that when you look into it you see yourself as an old woman.

(Monica opens it anyways.)

Monica: A tiny salt shaker!!!

Phoebe: Ohhh! My God! For tiny salt!

Monica: Oh wow! Okay. Well that was fun.

Phoebe: Oh yeah.

Monica: Good. Okay, I'm just gonna wait for Chandler to open the rest of them.

Phoebe: Okay.

Monica: Whew. Although y'know, this is part of a salt and pepper set. I mean... I guess y'know it may just count as a half a present. What do you think?

Phoebe: Well I guess it's okay to open one more if it's part of a set. Y'know, it's probably this one. (Grabs another small one.)

Monica: Or this one! (She grabs and starts to open the biggest present.)

Rachel: (entering) Hi.

Monica: Hey, how are you feelin'? Any morning sickness?

Rachel: Shh-shh-shh! The guys don't know yet do they?

Monica: No! Joey and Ross don't know anything and Chandler still thinks that Phoebe's pregnant.

Phoebe: Yeah that's right Chandler does still think I'm pregnant. He hasn't asked me how I'm feeling or offered to carry my bags. Boy, I feel bad for the woman who ends up with him. (Monica looks at her.) After you of course.

Rachel: Don't worry I promise that you will only have to be pregnant for a few more hours, 'cause I'm going to tell the father today.

Phoebe: Ooh, is it someone in this building? Is it that tall guy from the first floor?

Rachel: Ew! No!

Phoebe: What?! I think he's cute.

Rachel: Well then you have his baby.

Phoebe: Believe me I'm trying.

Monica: Wow. Y'know it is so weird. I mean, you're gonna tell this guy today and he has no idea what's gonna happen.

Phoebe: Yeah. You're just gonna knock on his door and change his life forever. You're like Ed McMahon except without the big check, or the raw sexual magnetism.

Rachel: Yeah. Uh-huh, I guess it is pretty big news.

Phoebe: Pretty big? It's huge! God, this guy doesn't have a clue! He's just walking down the street thinking, 'I had sex with Rachel Green. I rock!' then bam! He's a father and everything's different.

Rachel: Well it's only different if he wants it to be. I mean, I'm not gonna ask him for anything.

Phoebe: Okay. Then he still has this huge decision to make. Now he's walking around thinking, 'Do I want to be a dad?' and then bam!

Monica: What was that bam?

Phoebe: I don't. He got...he-he-he-he's hit by a bus.

Joey: (entering) Hey!

Rachel: Hey Joey, what would you do if someone that you slept with told you that she was pregnant?

Joey: (warily) Who called here? Did she sound blond? Huh? Did–did–did she have an accent? I gotta make a call! (Starts to leave) I shoulda never walked into that Sunglass Hut!

Rachel: Oh Joey! Joey! No, it's not you! You didn't get anybody pregnant!

Joey: Oh. Why would you scare me like that? What the hell is going on? (Pause.) Is somebody pregnant?

Phoebe: Oh yeah. That's me.

Joey: Oh my God Pheeb! You're gonna have a baby?

Phoebe: Yes. Yes I am. Oh my God, I'm gonna have a baby! (Joey and Phoebe hug.)

Joey: Whoa, wait a minute. Who's the father?

Phoebe: You don't know him. It's not important. He wants nothing to do with me or the baby. (She sits down like she's pregnant.)

Joey: Well who is this guy?! Huh? Who is he? 'Cause I will track him down and kick his ass!

Phoebe: David Lynn.

Joey: David Lynn! David Lynn! David Lynn!! (Exits)

Monica: Who's David Lynn?

Phoebe: Oh some guy from my gym. A little annoying.

[Scene: The Banquet Room, Chandler is under one of the tables as Ross enters.]

Ross: Chandler?

Chandler: Hey! Did you find the cameras?

Ross: No. Did you?

Chandler: Yes! And that's why I'm under the table. Celebrating.

Ross: Well I checked in the uh, lost and found, I talked to the manager, no-one's turned them.

Chandler: Well this is great. Y'know, those cameras were the only thing that was gonna cheer Monica up today, she's really depressed.

Ross: Now you guys just got married, why is she so depressed?

Chandler: All my energy is going into not asking that question. I can't believe I screwed this up!

Ross: I'm sorry man. (Formally dressed people start to enter.) Here's a thought. This is the same ballroom. There's a band. There's gonna be plenty of dressed up people.

Chandler: Are you suggesting we dance our troubles away?

Ross: No–no–no, I'm saying we–we buy more of this (disposable cameras) at the gift shop, throw our tuxes back on, and take a few pictures. All we have to do is make sure not to get anybody else's faces.

Chandler: Are you serious?

Ross: I'm just thinking about your new bride at home. Okay? Do–do you really want to start your life together by letting her down?

Chandler: Marriage advice? Really?!

Ross: I'm telling you, this looks exactly like your wedding! Aren't these the same flowers?

Chandler: I don't know, Monica picked out the flowers.

Ross: What about the chairs?

Chandler: She picked those out too.

Ross: How about the place settings?

Chandler: That was her.

Ross: What did you do?

Chandler: I was in charge of the cameras! Gift shop?

Ross: Hmm. (They head off to the gift shop.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Rachel is sitting on the couch as Phoebe enters.]

Phoebe: Hey! Ooh, did you do it yet?

Rachel: Not yet.

Phoebe: Oh, well what are you doing here? Are you about to do it? (Gasps) Is it Gunther?

Rachel: No! Phoebe, it's not Gunther.

Phoebe: Thank God, 'cause that hair on a baby...

Rachel: Phoebe the father is not here okay? I haven't told him yet and I don't think I can tell him at all now!

Phoebe: Why not?

Rachel: I don't know, let me think. I was walking down the street thinking, 'I'm gonna tell the father today' and then bam!

Phoebe: Bus?

Rachel: No, you! Phoebe you freaked me out. You kept saying how huge this all is!

Phoebe: Well—well but it is huge.

Rachel: I know, but I was just thinking about how huge this is for me. I didn't even go to how huge this was going to be for the father.

Phoebe: You're thinking about this way too much. Just tell him and get it over with. It's like, it's like ripping off this Band-Aid. (On her arm) Quick and painless, watch. (Rips it off.) Oh mother of...See?

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Obsessive Monica has now opened more of the wedding gifts.]

Joey: (entering) Ooh—ooh—ooh! Are we opening presents?

Monica: No! No! I shouldn't have even opened these! I mean I—Joey I am out of control!! Joey, you have to do me a favor. No matter what I say, no matter what I do, please do not let me open another present! Okay?

Joey: Okay.

Monica: Give me one more.

Joey: Okay. (Hands her one.)

Phoebe: (entering) Hey.

Joey: Oh good, uh you're here. Uh Pheebs? Listen uh sit down. I—I got something I want to say.

Phoebe: All right. (She sits down like she's pregnant again.)

Joey: Umm, now uh... It's a scary world out there, especially for a single mom. Y'know, now I always thought you and I had a special bond so... (He goes to one knee and pulls out a ring.) Phoebe Buffay, will you marry me?

Monica: Oh my God! Joey!

Phoebe: Hell yeah! I'll marry you! (She grabs the ring and puts it on.)

Monica: You can't marry him!

Phoebe: Hey lady, your day's over! It's my turn!

Monica: Phoebe!

Joey: Why?! Why can't she marry me?!

Phoebe: I can and I will! (Kisses him.)

Monica: She's not pregnant. It's Rachel. Rachel's the one who's pregnant.

Joey: Oh my God.

Phoebe: Hey!

Monica: Phoebe I think he would notice if you didn't have a baby in nine months!

Phoebe: It's Joey! (Joey turns and looks at her and she mouths 'I love you' to him.)

Joey: (smiles then stops) Now I can't believe it! What? Rachel's pregnant? (The girls nod yes.) Who's the father?

Phoebe: We don't know.

Joey: Ohh... I wonder if that dude.

Monica: There's a dude?

Joey: Yeah.

Phoebe: Who? Who is it?

Joey: About a month ago this guy spent the night with Rachel, I didn't see who it was but... (He walks out and closes the door.)

Phoebe: Was that story over?

(They follow him and meet him in the hall coming out of his apartment carrying a sweater.)

Joey: The guy left this.

Phoebe: (gasps) Oh my God! I know who the father is... (She walks into Monica and Chandler's.)

Monica: People have got to finish their stories!

Commercial Break

[Scene: The Banquet Room, Ross and Chandler are in their tuxes and have started to fake the pictures.]

Chandler: (to another couple) Uh, excuse me? Could you take a picture of us?

Woman At The Wedding: Oh! Of course. (Ross and Chandler pose and she takes the picture.)

Man At The Wedding: Uh, would you take one of us?

Chandler: Uhh... Yeah sure. (Holds the camera up to his face.) Click!

Woman At The Wedding: It didn't click.

Ross: I heard it. I heard it.

Man At The Wedding: But there was no flash.

Woman At The Wedding: Why won't you take our picture?

Chandler: Oh yeah. I'll take, I'll take your picture. (He takes the picture with his finger over the lens.)

Man At The Wedding: Uh, your finger was covering the lens.

Chandler: Who are you? Ansel Adams?! Get outta here!

[Scene: Outside Central Perk, Rachel and Phoebe are about to go inside.]

Phoebe: Look, I feel really bad about how I freaked you out before, so I called the father and asked him to meet you here so you can tell him. Go!

Rachel: What? Hey wait a minute! Phoebe, how do you even know who the father is?

Phoebe: I may play the fool at times, but I'm a little more than a pretty blond girl with an ass that won't quit. (She takes the sweater out of her purse.) I believe this belongs to the father of your baby.

Rachel: Oh God... Oh, he's in there right now?

Phoebe: Uh–huh. Now you can turn around or you can go in there and rip the Band–Aid off. What to you want to do?

Rachel: Uh, let's rip!

Phoebe: Really? Are you sure?

Rachel: Oh Phoebe!

Phoebe: Okay, sorry. Yeah. (They go inside to confront the father.)

Tag: Hey Rach.

[Scene: The Banquet Room, Ross is taking a picture of a plant, Chandler a fork. The band stops.]

Chandler: Why don't you go up on stage. I'll get a picture of you doing the speech.

Ross: Okay. Okay!

(He goes up on stage, mimes like he's giving the speech, and Chandler takes his picture. However, before he gets down everyone starts clinking their glasses for a real speech.)

Ross: Will the owner of a 1995 Buick LeSabre please see the front desk? Your car is about to be towed.

Anxious Wedding Guest: (rushing up) That's my car!

Ross: A '95 LeSabre?!

Anxious Wedding Guest: Yes!

Ross: A green LeSabre?

Anxious Wedding Guest: Yes!

Ross: I'm sorry, I meant a blue LeSabre.

Anxious Wedding Guest: Yes! Green–blue!

Ross: Well go! Go move it! (He runs off.)

Chandler: Okay, you ready for the last picture?

Ross: Yeah.

Chandler: Get ready to run. (Chandler walks over to the new bride.) Congratulations on your wedding. (He grabs her, kisses her, Ross takes the picture, and they both run out.)

[Scene: Central Perk, continued from earlier.]

Tag: So, what's this about?

Phoebe: Rachel has something that she wants to tell you and umm, I believe that this is your red sweater.

Tag: No. (Unzips his coat.) This is my red sweater.

Phoebe: Oh no. Could I get anyone a coffee or…poison? No? Just for me? Okay. (Walks away.)

Tag: What's going on Rach?

Rachel: Nothing! Phoebe kinda made a mistake. But y'know you do wear that sweater a lot, are you involved in some kind of dare?

Tag: Y'know, I'm actually glad Phoebe called. (He pulls out a stool and Rachel sits down.) I know we broke up because you thought I wasn't mature enough, but I've really grown up and think we should get back together.

Rachel: Oh, it's just not the right time.

Tag: It is the right time. (Takes her hand.)

Rachel: Okay.

Tag: I'm ready for more.

Rachel: Tag...

Tag: Come on Rach, let's give it another try.

Rachel: I'm having a baby.

Tag: Oh. (He drops her hand.)

(Pause)

Rachel: You can go.

Tag: Thank you. (Gets up and hurries out.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Obsessive Monica has finished opening all the presents. She's ashamed of this, at least, because as someone enters...]

Monica: (throwing up the last present) I don't know how any of these got opened?!

Joey: (entering) You opened them all?

Monica: I know! I know! I am a terrible person! I mean, Chandler is never going to trust me with anything ever again!

Joey: Oh hey! You got my parent's gift! (Holds it up.)

Monica: Yeah. What is that?

Joey: Well, I don't know. I think it does something to salami.

(Phoebe and Rachel enter.)

Monica: Hey! How'd it go?

Joey: Yeah. What-what did Tag say?

Rachel: Tag is not the father! And Joey knows now?

Joey: I do Rach. I do, and I so happy for you. (They hug.)

Rachel: Oh wow, you didn't even try to unhook my bra!

Monica: So are you ever gonna tell whoever it is?

Rachel: No, I will. I'm just not up for it tonight.

Joey: Hey Rach listen, no matter what this guy says I want you to know you're not gonna be alone in this.

Rachel: I'm not?

Joey: Listen I uh... (He takes her hand.) It's a scary world out there especially if you're a single mom. Y'know, I always felt like you and I have this-this special bond. Y'know? So, (gets down on one knee again) Rachel Green will you marry me?

Rachel: What?

Monica: What?!

Phoebe: What?!!

Joey: Pheebs, give me the ring back!

Phoebe: No!!

Rachel: No! Joey, oh you're so sweet. You're so-so sweet, honey. But I'm not, I'm not looking for a husband.

Joey: (heartbroken) I understand.

Rachel: Now, if you will excuse me I am going to go and lie down. (Exits.)

Phoebe: I can't say that didn't hurt. But I'll take you back Joey Tribbiani.

Joey: Uh yeah. Pheebs, listen about that. I only offered...

Phoebe: Ooh! A Salami Buddy!

Joey: There you go!

(Chandler and Ross enter with the new pictures.)

Chandler: We're back!

Monica: Great! We're hangin' in the kitchen! (She drags him into the kitchen and turns his back to the living room) Let's stay in the kitchen!

Chandler: It's picture time.

Ross: Now you are going to love these.

Chandler: (showing her the pictures) Here's a picture of Ross. (Shows another one.) And that's me. (Another one.) And that's me **and** Ross. (Another one.) Oh-ho, that is a picture of our first kiss as a married couple.

Monica: Wow! That is a great picture!

Chandler: Eh?

Monica: Yeah! Oh and interesting because I found the cameras in one of our bags! (Throws them into his chest.)

Ross: Huh, didn't see that coming.

Chandler: Okay, so this isn't a picture of our first, but it is a picture of my first kiss with...with this lady. Which by the look on your face I'm sure you'll remember. So we don't need—(Rips the picture)—There's no need to have this picture. How about I take the real pictures and get them developed right now.

Monica: That would be a good idea.

Chandler: Okay. (Sees the living room.) You opened all the presents without me?! I thought we were supposed to do that together!

Monica: You kissed another woman!

Chandler: Call it even?!

Monica: Okay! (They high-five and he walks out.)

Ross: Well, I'm gonna go get these (the floral bouquet he walked in with) in some water.

Phoebe: Wait you stole those from these people's wedding?

Ross: No-no, I took them from the hotel lobby. Yeah, they think they can charge me for some dirty movie and a bag of Mashuga nuts, they got another think coming. (Starts to leave.) Hey! My sweater! I've been looking for this for like a month!

(He exits leaving a stunned Phoebe and Monica.)

Monica and Phoebe: Oh my God!!

Joey: (slow on the uptake) Oh my God!

Closing Credits

[Scene: A Street, Ross walks past Tag wearing the same red sweater.]

Ross: Hey! How you doing?

Tag: Good! Good, long time no see.

Ross: Yeah.

Tag: Like your sweater.

Ross: Oh hey, right back at ya.

Season 8

Tag: Oh, it's crazy about Rachel huh?

Ross: Yeah. She—Well, she's one crazy lady?

Tag: So whose is it?

Ross: (shows Tag his sweater tag) Umm, I don't some Italian guy. Come on, read your own label. See you later.

Tag: Okay.

(They separate.)

Ross: He is so weird.

End

803. The One Where Rachel Tells...

Written by: Sherry Bilsing-Graham & Ellen Plummer

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica and Chandler are getting ready to go on their honeymoon. Monica is entering from the bedroom.]

Chandler: Hey! Babe! Aren't you excited we're going on our honeymoon?

Monica: Yeah I am!

Chandler: (singing) *Bermuda, Bahama, come on pretty mama...*

Monica: That's right. Get it out of your system while we're alone.

Joey: (entering with Phoebe) Hey!

Phoebe: Yeah! Have a great honeymoon!

Chandler: I'd better go pack.

Monica: Oh no, I already packed. The only thing I couldn't find though was your Speedo.

(Joey looks at him, Phoebe tries not to smile, and Chandler is shocked.)

Chandler: A Speedo? Uh, I don't have a Speedo. I'm gonna go pack my regular long bathing suit. (Goes into the bedroom.)

Rachel: (entering) Oh good you're still here!

Monica: Hey!

Rachel: I want to tell you to have a good honeymoon! (Hugs Monica.)

Monica: Thank you.

Rachel: And I also wanted you guys to know that I am telling the father today. (They all look at her expectantly) What? What? What?

(Pause.)

Joey: We know its Ross!

Rachel: How?! How do you know?

Phoebe: It was his sweater, but—Oh my God!

Rachel: Oh, I so wanted Ross to know first, but I'm so relieved you guys know.

Monica: This is so great! And I'm gonna be your baby's aunt!

Rachel: I know! (They hug.)

Phoebe: Me too! (Joins the hug.)

Joey: I'm gonna be an uncle! Come here! (He joins the hug.)

Rachel: (breaking the hug) You're all gonna be aunts and uncles.

Monica: Yeah, but I'm the only one related by blood.

Rachel: Okay. Great! So now that you guys all know you can help me. Give me some advice on how I'm gonna tell Ross!

Monica: Well, what were you gonna say?

Rachel: Well I was gonna tell him that I'm—I'm gonna have the baby and he can be as involved as he wants.

Joey: Well that, that sounds good.

Rachel: Yeah but how do I start? I mean, what's—what's the first thing that I say? (They all pause to think.)
Okay great! Thanks. (She starts to leave.)

Monica: Hey! Good luck!

Phoebe: Yeah, bye.

Joey: Bye.

(Rachel exits.)

Chandler: (entering) Hey, what was that all about?

Monica: Well I guess there is no harm in telling you now, Rachel and Ross are gonna have a baby.

Chandler: (in a high pitched voice) What?! I didn't even know that—Why didn't you tell me?! (Pause) Why am I talking like this?!

Monica: I didn't think you could keep it a secret.

Chandler: (in the high pitched voice) What?! (Normal voice) I am an excellent secret keeper. I have kept all of our secrets.

Joey: What secrets?

Chandler: Oh no—no Joey, I am not going to tell you because I am an excellent secret keeper.

(The girls walk away.)

Joey: (whispering to Chandler) You'll tell me later?

Chandler: You already know.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey and Phoebe are entering.]

Phoebe: Oh, it's so romantic to send people off on their honeymoon.

Joey: Y'know, Monica and Chandler are married. Ross and Rachel are having a baby. Maybe you and I should do something.

Phoebe: All in good time my love. All in good time. Oh shoot! I left my guitar in their apartment. Well you can let me in later.

Joey: I don't have a key, they took mine to give to you.

Phoebe: What?! They took mine to give to you!

Joey: Why would they take away our keys?

Phoebe: Maybe they don't trust us.

Joey: No that's not it. They let me keep my key the last time they were out of town.

Phoebe: You mean the time you broke the ketchup bottle and cleaned it up with Monica's guest towels?

Joey: Hey, I washed those!

Phoebe: No you didn't.

Joey: Yeah that didn't sound like me.

Phoebe: Well, what am I gonna do? I really need my guitar!

Joey: Yeah, I have stuff in there too.

Phoebe: What stuff?

Joey: Monica's chicken parm! I'll take care of it. (He picks up the phone) Hey Mr. Treeger, it's Joey Tribbiani. Listen, I need to get into Monica and Chandler's apartment. It's an emergency. (Listens) Uhh, gas leak! Yeah oh, and bring garlic bread. (Hangs up.)

Ross: (entering) Hey!

Phoebe: Did Rachel find you?

Ross: No why?

Phoebe: Oh she was looking for you.

Ross: Oh well, I guess I'll catch up with her later.

Phoebe: Well, she really wanted to talk to you now.

Joey: Yeah, it seemed pretty important.

Ross: Oh no.

Phoebe: What?

Ross: I think I might know what this is about.

(Phoebe and Joey trade looks)

Joey: Really?

Ross: Yeah. Uh, uh we promised we weren't gonna tell anybody this but uh, about a month ago Rachel and I slept together.

Phoebe: (deadpan) And?

Ross: Wow! I thought you would be a little more shocked.

Phoebe: Oh sorry. (Shocked) And?!

Ross: Well, we—we said we'd just do it that one time but, but now I think she may wanna start things up again.

Joey: Yeah, I don't think that's what it is.

Ross: Why? What—what else could it be?

Joey: Oh wow, I don't feel well.

Ross: I'm telling you. I'm telling you. That's what it is. No wonder she was looking at me all funny during the wedding. She didn't say anything to you?

Phoebe: (To Joey) Maybe it's something you ate?

Joey: Please, just—just, just go and talk to Rachel.

Ross: Yeah, I guess I should. (Starts to leave.) Man, y'know what I have to realize? Maybe I'm just not the type of guy women can have just one night with. Y'know, they—they always seem to want a little bit more. I should remember that. (He pauses and then exits.)

[Scene: The Airport Ticket Counter, Monica and Chandler are standing in line behind another couple kissing who are next in line to be served.]

Ticket Agent: Next?

(The kissing couple doesn't move.)

Monica: They're kissing let's just go around them.

Chandler: Oh honey, leave them alone, they're in love.

Monica: I'm in love too! But in an orderly fashion.

Ticket Agent: Next?

Monica: (to the couple) Hi! Can you do that **and** walk? 'Cause she said, "Next."

(The couple moves up to the counter.)

Woman: Sorry. We didn't hear you; we're on our honeymoon.

Ticket Agent: Oh, let me see what I can do. (Checks the computer) There are some first class seats available.

Monica: (To Chandler) Did you hear that?! They bumped them up to first class because they are on their honeymoon! Come on! Let's act like we're on our honeymoon.

Chandler: We **are** on our honeymoon.

Monica: Grab my ass!

Ticket Agent: Next?

(They go up to the counter.)

Monica: Hi, sorry. I almost didn't hear you, because y'know I'm just so in love with my new husband. We're on our honeymoon.

Ticket Agent: Congratulations. Okay, Mr. Bing you'll be in 25J and Mrs. Bing you'll be in 25K.

Monica: Oh no, you see we're on our honeymoon. So umm, can you do your little thing and bump us up to first class?

Ticket Agent: I'm sorry, all our first class seats are taken. That couple got the last two.

Monica: You see, if we'd gone around them like I said, we—She would've given us those tickets. Damn it!

Chandler: 25J and K, any chance those aren't together?

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Phoebe and Joey are playing *Rock 'em, Sock 'em Robots*.]

Joey: I still can't believe they took away my key. You trust me with yours.

Phoebe: Of course I do! And I'm gonna give it back to you as soon as they're done with it at the key shining place.

(They hear a knocking sound coming from the hallway and go to investigate.)

Joey: What the hell is that?

(They go into the hallway and see Mr. Treeger watching one of New York's bravest breakdown Monica and Chandler's door with an ax.)

Joey: Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Treeger, what are you doing?

Mr. Treeger: You said there was a gas leak in here.

Phoebe: Well why don't you use your key?

Mr. Treeger: Because by the time I find it on this thing (Holds up a huge key ring with a thousand keys on it), the whole place might have exploded. If that happens at another building that I manage, people are gonna start asking questions. (To the fireman) Come on! Hurry up.

(With a final swing the door gives way.)

Phoebe: Oh! We could have done that.

[Scene: The Airport, Chandler and Monica are following the previous couple through a tiny hallway that proves this is a set on a sound stage and not an actual airport, and see them enter the first class lounge.]

Monica: Look at that! Look at that! They're going into the first class lounge! Do you know what they have in there?

Chandler: No.

Monica: Me neither! We have to get in! (She runs through the door with Chandler in tow.)

Chandler: Just act like you belong.

Monica: Oh my God! Oranges!

Chandler: Shh! (To the guy behind the counter) Nice to see you again. (They tries to walk past him.)

Airline Employee: Uh sir, may I see your tickets please?

Chandler: Yes, of course. (Shows him the tickets.)

Airline Employee: I'm sorry, would you move your thumb? I can't see the seat number.

Chandler: Oh that's all right, I have it memorized. It's 1A.

Airline Employee: (grabbing the ticket from him) Sir, this is not a first class ticket. I'm sorry.

Chandler: Apology accepted. Excuse us. (They try to enter again.)

Airline Employee: Sir! I'm afraid I'm gonna have to ask you to leave.

Monica: Fine. (Starts to walk away then she runs over and grabs an orange before she exits.) Go! Go! Go!

[Scene: The Hallway Outside Ross's Apartment, Ross is walking towards his apartment and sees Rachel sitting in front of the door.]

Rachel: (seeing him) Hi!

Ross: Hi.

Rachel: Hi. (He helps her up.) Umm, I think there's something that we really need to talk about.

Ross: (quietly confident) I think we do. Why don't we go inside? (They go inside.) Look uh, I know why you're here.

Rachel: You do?

Ross: Yeah, and to save you from any embarrassment umm, I think maybe I should talk first.

Rachel: (warily) Okay.

Ross: Okay. (He sits her down in a chair.) Uh, Ross and Rachel. Rachel and Ross. That's been one heck of a see-saw hasn't it?

Rachel: (confused) What?

Ross: I mean look, that-that one night we had was fun and...and certainly passionate, but don't you think it's better if we just stayed friends?

Rachel: Seriously. What?!

Ross: Okay. Okay. Y'know what? If you want to, we can do it one more time. I mean I'd-I'd be okay with that. In fact, I have some time right now.

Rachel: Okay, y'know what? Can I, can I talk now?

Ross: Oh sure. (He sits on the apothecary table and touches her hand.)

Rachel: (touches his knee) I'm pregnant. (Ross stops.) Ross? (Ross is staring off into space.) Ross? (Ross is still frozen) Okay, whenever you're ready. (Sits back and opens her magazine.) And you're the father by the way—but you got that...

Commercial Break

[Scene: Ross's Apartment, continued from earlier.]

Rachel: (closes her magazine) Can I get you some water?

Ross: I'm good. I'm good.

Rachel: Ross, there is no pressure on you. Okay? I mean you can as involved as you want. (Ross nods.)

Ross: Yeah, I need uh... I'm just—I don't know—I don't understand, umm, how this happened? We—we used a condom.

Rachel: I know. I know, but y'know condoms only work like 97% of the time.

Ross: What? What? What?!! Well they should put that on the box!!!

Rachel: They do!

Ross: No they don't!!! (He runs to the bedroom to check and returns with his box of condoms.) Well they should put it in **huge black** letters!!!!

Rachel: Okay Ross come on let's just forget about the condoms.

Ross: Oh well I may as well have!

Rachel: Listen, y'know what? I was really freaked out too when I found out...

Ross: Freaked out? Hey no, I'm not freaked out! I'm **indignant!** As a **consumer!**

Rachel: Y'know what? Let's, let's talk later.

Ross: No! No! I want to talk now! Okay? I—In fact, (picks up the phone) I am going to talk to the president of the condom company!

Rachel: Okay, y'know maybe I should come back... (Starts to leave.)

Ross: (grabs her) Shh! Shh! Shh!

Rachel: (stops) Okay.

Ross: (on phone) Yeah I'll press 1! (Presses one which allows Rachel to escape.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Mr. Treeger has finished inspecting Monica and Chandler's apartment.]

Mr. Treeger: I've looked everywhere. There's no gas leak.

Joey: (eating) Huh. So then I can heat this up? (Goes and does so.)

Mr. Treeger: Anyway uh, I'll get moving on that new door.

Phoebe: Oh great! And listen, could you do us a favor and not tell Chandler and Monica about this? 'Cause y'know umm, they don't—they don't have any kids of their own and—and this door was like a child to them.

Mr. Treeger: Well I'm gonna have to put on a new lock, they'll find out anyway.

Phoebe: Oh no.

Mr. Treeger: (measures the top of the doorframe) Whoa! This looks like an all day job, I'll have to cancel my yoga class. (Ross walks up.) Hey Ross!

Ross: Hi.

Mr. Treeger: Could you tell Jasmine that I won't make it to yoga class today?

Ross: Sure.

Mr. Treeger: Namaste. (Bows.)

Ross: Namaste. (Bows.)

(Treeger leaves and Ross notices the door.)

Ross: Oh my God! What happened to the door?!

Joey: So it's noticeable huh?

Ross: Look, is Rachel here? I really need to talk to her.

Phoebe: Didn't you two already talk?

Ross: Yeah but uh... Okay, okay look you guys know that Rachel and I slept together, but there's something else. (Pause) Rachel's pregnant.

Joey: (simultaneously) Oh my God!!! I can't believe that!!

Phoebe: (simultaneously) Holy mother of God!!!

Ross: With my child.

Phoebe: That is brand new information!!

Ross: You already know don't you?

Phoebe: A little bit.

Joey: How are you doing?

Ross: Okay. Okay. I mean I'll be okay. It's just I don't think I handled it very well.

Joey: Well, what did you say to her?

Ross: Nothing. But the complaint department at the condom company got an earful. And then when I turned around she was gone.

Phoebe: Oh Ross.

Ross: But hey, in my defense I—I just found out condoms are like only 97% effective.

Joey: (shocked) What?

Ross: I gotta go find her.

Joey: Whoa! Hey! Whoa!! Hold up! Are you serious?! So like 3% of the time they don't even work?! Huh? They should put that on the box!

Ross: Evidently they do.

Joey: What?! (Grabs his condoms from his pocket and looks.)

[Scene: The Atlantis Resort, Chandler and Monica are arriving to check in, but are behind the couple from before again.]

Monica: I can't believe we're here.

Chandler: Oh you've got to be kidding me.

Monica: What? (Monica sees the first couple and gasps.)

Front Desk Clerk: As a wedding gift to you, the hotel would like to give you the honeymoon suite.

Monica: No!! You have been screwing us all day!

Man: Who are you?

Chandler: We're you just ten seconds later!

Monica: Yeah! You already got the first class tickets: you got the lounge! I mean we should get free stuff too! I mean you're not the only ones on your honeymoon!

Woman: Well you can have the suite if you want. We don't care about where we stay. We're here to celebrate our love together. We don't have to get free stuff. We just want to be together.

Chandler: (looks at Monica then at them) We need the stuff.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Joey is on the phone and Phoebe is watching him.]

Joey: Hey Monica it's Joey. Listen uh, Phoebe and I smell gas comin' from your apartment.

Monica: What? Are you serious?! (To Chandler) Joey smells gas!

Chandler: What else is new?

Joey: Yeah and we'd go check it out, but you took away our keys.

Monica: Well do something! Get in there!

Joey: How? I guess I could break down your door.

Monica: Yeah! Do that!

Joey: And—and you won't blame us for any damage? (Gives Phoebe a thumbs up.)

Monica: No! (Pause) Are you doing it?! I don't hear anything! Come on!

Joey: Uh, okay I'll—I'll—I'll break it down. (He hands the phone to Phoebe, gets up, picks up a chair, and starts banging it on the floor.)

Phoebe: Oh hey hi, he's doing it. He's breaking down the door. (The chair breaks in half.) Okay, we're in. (She hangs up the phone.)

[Scene: A doctor's office, Rachel is on an examining table with her legs in the stirrups.]

Nurse: Okay Rachel, are you comfortable?

Rachel: (sighs) If I said I was, would you judge me?

Nurse: The doctor will be here in a minute to do your sonogram.

Rachel: Okay. (The nurse exits.) Oh man, I swear if they sold these at *Pottery Barn*...

(There's a knock on the door and Ross enters.)

Ross: Hi!

Rachel: (shocked) Hi!

Ross: Uh we—we need to talk.

Rachel: Uh—uh—uh, right now? Because I've kinda got an el fresco situation going on over here.

Ross: Please, please I want to apologize for the way I acted earlier today.

Rachel: Okay Ross that's fine, but can you please stand near my head?

Ross: What? Oh yeah. (He moves next to her head.) I'm sorry. I mean I—I think I went a little crazy. I mean I was thinking about myself when I (Wanders towards Rachel's feet) really—I should have been thinking about you Rach...

Rachel: Okay. Head Ross! Head Ross! Head Ross!

Ross: Right! Right! I just—I want you to know that I'm going to be there through this whole thing, okay? Okay? The doctor's appointments, the uh, the Lamaze classes, uh baby-proofing the apartment—Although we could probably worry about that 'til after we get married.

Rachel: What married?

Ross: Well yeah, I think we should get married.

Rachel: What, because that's your answer to everything?

Ross: No, because that's the right thing to do.

Rachel: Yeah, maybe if you're in love. But Ross, we are not in love, are we?

Ross: No but...but still you can't possibly do this alone.

Rachel: Excuse me?

Ross: Come on Rach, you can't even eat alone in a restaurant.

Rachel: What?!

Ross: I'm just saying if you can't eat by yourself, how do you expect to have a baby by yourself?

Rachel: I can too eat by myself!

Ross: When have you ever?

Rachel: When certain people leave the table and I am not finished!

Ross: Well certain other people take two hours to eat a bowl of soup!

Rachel: Oh please, you inhale your food!

Ross: I grew up with Monica! If you didn't eat fast you didn't eat!!

Dr. Long: (entering) Am I interrupting?

Rachel: Oh no Dr. Long, please come in. This is Ross, he is the father.

Ross: But not the husband, because evidently she can do this alone.

Dr. Long: Huh. Nice to meet you. I'll get started on this.

Ross: (To Rachel, standing by her feet) I don't know why you can't admit that you need me.

Rachel: I do need you! I need you to stand near my head!

Dr. Long: Okay, everything looks good. Here it is on the screen. (We see Ross and Rachel looking at the screen.) Here is your uterus. And right here is your baby.

Ross: Oh my God.

Rachel: Wow. There it is, I see it.

Dr. Long: Congratulations. I'll give you two a minute.

Rachel: Okay.

Ross: Thank you.

(Dr. Long exits and Rachel starts to cry.)

Ross: Pretty amazing huh?

Rachel: I don't see it!

Ross: What? What?!

Rachel: I can't see it!

Ross: You—you just said that you did!

Rachel: I know, I lied! I didn't want her to think I was a terrible mother! I can't even see my own baby!

Ross: Oh sure, come here! (Sits her up) Sure you can! Uh, look come here look, (rolls the machine closer) it's—it's—it's, it's right there (Points).

Rachel: Oh. Oh, it's beautiful. I see it now.

Ross: Do you really?

Rachel: No, I don't see it!

Ross: Come on! Come on! Here, okay—okay, you see this? (Points) This tiny thing that looks like a peanut?

Rachel: Yeah.

Ross: Sweetie that's it.

Rachel: That's it? Well I saw that! Ohh—ohh—oh, thank you.

Ross: You're welcome.

Rachel: Wow! I can't believe that's our baby.

Ross: Yeah, that's our baby.

Closing Credits

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey and Phoebe are there as Rachel and Ross return from the doctor's appointment.]

Rachel: Hi.

Joey: Hey!

Phoebe: Hey! So how was the doctor?

Season 8

Rachel: Oh, everything went great.

Phoebe: Good.

Ross: Oh hey, show them the picture of your uterus.

(She does so.)

Phoebe: Oh.

Joey: I don't see the baby. Where is it?

Rachel: Oh no, I know I couldn't see it either at first, but it's right umm... (Starts to cry) Ross, I lost it again.

Ross: Oh. (He takes the picture and hugs her.)

End

804. The One With The Videotape

Written by: Scott Silveri

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: The Hallway, Chandler and Monica are returning from their honeymoon.]

Chandler: Wait. Before we go in, I just want you to know I love you. I had a great time on our honeymoon, and I can't wait to go in there and spend the rest of our life together.

Monica: You're really sticking with the shell necklace huh? (Points to necklace of shells he's wearing.)
(Joey and Phoebe burst forth from his apartment.)

Phoebe: Hi!

Joey: Hey! You're back! (Hugs and kisses all around.)

Monica: Hi sweetie!

Phoebe: Come on in!

(They grab the luggage and drag it into Joey and Rachel's forcing Monica and Chandler to follow.)

Phoebe: So how was the honeymoon?

Monica: Oh, so much fun. But the best part is, we met this incredible couple on the way back.

Phoebe: That was the best part? (To Chandler) Good honeymooning tiger.

Monica: No, they were really cool. They were on their honeymoon too!

Chandler: They're terrific, and they live right here in the city.

Monica: Yeah, can we go call them? Is it too soon to call? I wanna call.

Chandler: I'm sorry, we're just kinda excited because we finally have a couple to hang out with.

Monica: I know.

Joey: A couple? Like two people? Like (points to himself) one (points to Phoebe), two people?

Monica: This is different! Greg and Jenny are in a relationship.

Phoebe: Oh, Greg and Jenny yuck! (Angrily) Hi Greg, I'm Chandler this is Monica. Hi Monica, this is Jenny.
Hi Jenny. Hi Greg.

Chandler: Listen, they are really great. If you just got a chance...

Joey: Y'know what? Why don't you just give us our souvenirs and get the hell out of here?

Chandler: We really...didn't get a chance to...

Phoebe: You have **got** to be kidding me!

Monica: We didn't get anything for anyone.

Joey: Hm-mm! Yeah nice necklace!

Monica: That you can have.

Opening Credits

{Transcriber's Note: Tradition was broken here as there were no commercials immediately after the opening credits, just more show.}

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Ross and Rachel are entering with the rest of the gang already inside.]

Rachel: Hi!

All: Hey!

Ross: Hello!

Rachel: Welcome home.

Ross: So, how was the honeymoon?

Monica: It was great! It was great! How about you?! I mean you're having a baby!

Rachel: Oh! Look! I have a sonogram picture!

Monica: Oh great! (Shows them the picture.)

Chandler: Ross! It's got your wavy black lines!

Monica: All right, so now that Ross knows can you tell us y'know how it happened? I mean, when did it happen? How many times did it happen?

Phoebe: Monica! That's not right! Start with where.

(Rachel looks at Ross and gets his approval.)

Rachel: Well it happened about six weeks ago, and uh I had just got home from work and Ross was already there 'cause I guess he had been hanging out with Joey.

Joey: You're welcome buddy.

Ross: (glaring at him) Yeah, thanks. (Joey nods no problem.)

Rachel: And so I had a lot of work to do so Ross, nice guy that he is, offered to help me out. And then we had a little wine, we got to talking, and the next thing you know out of nowhere Ross comes on to me.

Ross: (laughs) Umm that's...that's a little misleading.

Rachel: What is?

Ross: The lie you just told.

Rachel: That—that you came on to me?

Ross: There's the one!

Rachel: But you did! I mean, let's be honest.

Ross: Yes let's. Y'know what? Uh, it's—it's not important. What is important is that, is that we're having a baby. And it's not—Doesn't matter who came on to who.

Joey: Whom. (Everyone looks at him shocked.) That's right.

Rachel: You know you kissed me first.

Ross: What? What?! You were begging me to kiss you! You—you—you were sending me signals all over the place!

Rachel: I was sending you signals?

Ross: Yeah!

Rachel: Oh please. Okay, anyone in this room think that I would send Ross begging symbols, please show of hands. (Ross raises his hand and no one else.)

Ross: Y'know what?! It doesn't matter! It doesn't matter what you believe! What matters is what happened!

Rachel: Okay. So these signals Ross, explain this to me, 'cause maybe I need to be more careful. I mean, am I sending you these signals right now?

Ross: Y'know what? Y'know what? Rachel, just—just drop it.

Rachel: No please, show me how I begged you!

Ross: I can show you, I have it on videotape! (Stunned silence) It's an expression.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, time has lapsed, Phoebe, Joey, Chandler, and Monica are sitting at the kitchen table.]

Phoebe: I can't **believe** he taped the two of them having sex!

Joey: Yeah! You gotta tell a girl before you tape her. Such a rookie mistake.

Chandler: Y'know who has a great video camera?

Phoebe: (nasally) Greg and Jenny?

Monica: Do you still wanna call 'em? I wanna call 'em.

Chandler: Let's call 'em.

Joey: Yeah! Ask them if they brought their friends any souvenirs!

(Monica goes over and dials their number.)

Monica: (on phone) Hello? (Listens) Eighth street deli?

Joey: Hey, hang up! You get food poisoning just talkin' to that place.

Monica: (on phone) Uh sorry, wrong number. (Hangs up)

Chandler: Here you go. (Shows her the number again.)

Monica: (on phone) Hello? (Listens) (To All) It's the deli again!

Joey: All right! I'll have a sandwich!

Monica: (hangs up) I don't think this number's right!

(Joey and Phoebe laugh.)

Chandler: What?

Phoebe: You got fake numbered.

Monica: What?! People don't do that!

Joey: Oh I think we do.

Monica: They gave us a fake number? Why? Why would they do that?

Chandler: I don't know! You were a delight to talk to. You asked all those insightful, great questions.

Monica: And you've never been funnier. Joke, joke, joke, you were a hoot!

Joey: Y'know what? Don't worry about it, you still got me and Phoebe.

Phoebe: Excuse me, I don't want Greg and Jenny's rejects.

Ross: (entering) Rachel won't talk to me! She won't even open the door!

Phoebe: Hmm, I wonder why. Pervert!

Ross: Okay, listen I am not a pervert!

Phoebe: That's like the pervert motto! Yeah! Yeah! They have you raise your right hand, put your left hand down your pants, and repeat that!

Ross: Filming Rachel is not something I planned. Okay look, here's what happened, and Joey you—you can back me up on this. All right, about—about a month and a half ago I came to you with a problem? Umm, a personal thing.

Joey: Personal thing? What personal thing? I don't know.

Ross: About...about sex? (Joey looks at him confused) That I hadn't had sex in months?

Joey: (laughs) Yeah I knew what you were talkin' about.

Six Weeks Earlier

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is reading a cereal box as Ross enters wearing the red sweater.]

Ross: Hey!

Joey: Hey.

Ross: Do you have a minute? I'd like to talk to you about something I'm, I'm really uncomfortable talking about.

Joey: Sure. What? About uh, you showering with your mom?

Ross: I actually had a topic in mind! I'm, I'm kinda going through a dry spell, sex wise.

Joey: Whoa, for like months?

Ross: Five to be lying, six.

Joey: Six months? Whoa that's rough.

Ross: Well, I mean it's not all bad. I'm learning to appreciate the uh, smaller things in life. Like the sound of a bird and the color of the sky.

Joey: The sky's blue Ross and I had sex yesterday!

Ross: Please, help me! I have a date tonight. It has to go well okay—I'm scared for my health!

Joey: Okay. Okay. Umm...Ooh! Oh-oh, I got something. It's this story I came up with, very romantic. I swear any woman that hears it; they're like putty.

Ross: Really? Well then tell it to me.

Joey: Okay. Now you're gonna want to have sex with me when you hear it, but you have to remember it is **just** the story.

Ross: (sarcastic) I'll try to control myself.

Joey: Okay. (Clears throat) Years ago, when I was backpacking across Western Europe...

Ross: (laughs) You were backpacking across Western Europe?

Joey: Have a nice six more months Ross! (Starts to leave.)

Ross: (stopping him) Okay! Okay! Okay. I'm sorry. Please, please, you were in Western Europe and?

Joey: I was just outside Barcelona hiking in the foothills of Mount Tibidabo. I was at the end of this path and I came to a clearing and there was a lake, very secluded. And there were tall trees all around.

(Whispering) It was dead silent. Gorgeous. (Softly) And across the lake I saw...a beautiful woman...bathing herself...but she was crying...

Ross: (intently listening) Why?

[Scene: Ross's Apartment, Ross is on his date with Kristen and they're drinking wine.]

Kristen: Umm, this is great wine.

Ross: It's from France...In Europe...Western Europe. Y'know umm, a few years ago I actually was backpacking across Western Europe.

Kristen: Really?

Ross: Uh-hmm—Wait! It gets better. Um, yeah I was in Barcelona.

Kristen: I studied for a year in Barcelona. (Ross is stunned and worried.)

Ross: Anyway, umm so I was um, I was hiking...

Kristen: I love hiking!

Ross: (whines) Oh that's great! I was hiking along the foothills of Mount Tibidaybo...

Kristen: I think its Tibidabo.

Ross: Okay! Do you wanna tell the story?!

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is standing at the counter as Ross enters.]

Joey: Whoa! What are you doing here? How did your date go?

Ross: Great! I'm across the street having sex with her right now. Your story sucks!

Joey: Hey! Look, if it didn't work it's because you didn't tell it right! Show me how you did it.

Ross: No! No, I don't...don't want to.

Joey: How long since you've seen a girl naked?

Ross: I was backpacking across Western Europe.

Joey: I'm not feeling it.

Ross: I was just outside Barcelona, hiking...

Joey: No! No! No Ross! I'm not hot! Are you hot?

Ross: It's been six months! I'm always hot!

Joey: Well you're not selling the story! It's like; it's like you don't believe it! Look, I gotta go. I got a date, but try this. Do what I do when I'm preparing for an audition. Okay? I'll set you up with my video camera and you can record yourself and—and see what you're doing wrong.

Ross: I'll try that.

Joey: All right now... All right, you're all set up. You're good to go. Just hit record. All right?

Ross: Thanks.

Joey: Good luck.

Ross: Thanks. And—and hey Joe?

Joey: Yeah?

Ross: Listen, if you ever have any problem with the ladies you know I'll help you out.

Joey: (trying not to laugh) That means a lot to me man. (Exits.)

(Ross pours himself a glass of wine, hits record, and sits down in front of the camera.)

Ross: Hello! Can I get you anything? Huh? Lens cleaner? Your battery okay? (Rachel bursts in carrying two boxes and Ross jumps up.) Rachel!

Rachel: Oh Ross!

Ross: Hi!

Rachel: Thank God you're here! You have to help me! Were you just talking to yourself?

Ross: That's less embarrassing, yes. Yes I was.

(They sit down on the couch, which is in front of the still recording camera.)

Ross: (voiceover) So when she came in, I got distracted and totally forgot about the camera. [Cut back to the present day.] It kept rolling and recorded everything.

(Pause)

Chandler: Yeah, we're gonna need to see that tape. (They rest of them agree.)

Monica: Yeah, definitely.

Ross: What a great idea! That will get Rachel to forgive me!

Joey: Y'know what? This is not fair to her. Let's just forget the tape!

Ross: Thank you. (Joey mouths to Ross, "You'll show me right?") No!

Joey: You're right. (Mouths, "I know you'll show me, right?")

Ross: Joey! No!

Joey: Loud and clear! (Mouths, "You'll show me," and nods.)

(Ross storms out.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica, Chandler, Joey, and Phoebe are now sitting in the living room.]

Monica: I still don't get why Greg and Jenny would give us a fake number.

Joey: Y'know, if they knew what they were doing they probably didn't give you real names either.

Monica: Okay, maybe people give out fake numbers, but they don't give out fake names.

Joey: Oh yeah? (To Phoebe) Hi, Ken Adams, nice to meet you.

Phoebe: Regina Philange. (Ken and Regina shake hands.)

Chandler: I still don't get it, we didn't do anything wrong.

Monica: I know! Although, you did tell an awful lot of jokes.

Chandler: I thought you said those jokes were funny. Joke! Joke! Joke!

Monica: (rolling her head from side to side) Joke. Joke. Blah! Blah! (Joey and Phoebe laugh.)

Chandler: Well maybe it was all of your questions.

Monica: What about my questions?

Chandler: The sheer volume, it was like flying with the Riddler!

Monica: Oh, I'm sorry. Was that another joke?

Chandler: (angrily) Was that another question?

Rachel: (entering) Hey! Is Ross still here?

Joey: Uh no Rach, he's gone. But listen, he told us what happened and it does, it sounds like an honest mistake.

Rachel: Oh really? Well how would you like it if I had sex with you and I taped it? (Joey smiles luridly) Oh forget it! (Ross enters.) Oh there he is now, the father of my child, the porn king of the west village.

Ross: Look, it was accident! Okay? I-I feel bad that it happened, but I swear, I didn't even watch it! Anyway, here. (He takes the tape out of his coat pocket.) I thought you might be more comfortable destroying it yourself. (Tosses her the tape.)

Rachel: Thank you. (She sets it on the floor and is about to stomp on it with her shoe when the rest of the gang jumps up and yells simultaneously.) What? (They all yell again.) You don't want to see this do you?

Monica: Hell yeah!!!

Rachel: I am **not** gonna show you this!

Phoebe: No! Not the sex part, just the stuff leading up to it.

Ross: Forget it, she's destroying it.

Phoebe: Okay fine! Fine! We'll just have to think of some other way to put the whole 'Who came onto who,' thing to rest! Come on now, think!!

Ross: Look, forget it Phoebe. Okay? It's Rachel's tape and she can do whatever she wants with it. And she wants to destroy it. So, end of story.

Rachel: I wanna see it.

Ross: What?!

Rachel: Clearly you don't want people to see this tape. Now I don't want people to see this tape either, but you so badly don't people to see it makes me want to see it. You see?

Joey: (confused) Are we watchin' the tape or not?!

Ross: I don't want people to see it for your sake.

Rachel: Ahh, I don't believe you. I think you don't want them to see you begging me. (Goes to put the tape in the VCR)

Ross: Rachel, please...

Rachel: Ah, a little preview!

Ross: Fine. Fine, but I want the record to show that I tried to take the high road, because in about five minutes I'm gonna be saying... (He laughs and points at Rachel sarcastically.)
(They both sit down.)

Rachel: Okay, here we go. (Pushes play.)

Ross: (on tape) Hello! Can I get you anything?

Joey: (To Phoebe) I'm so happy!

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, the scene is continued from earlier.]

Rachel: (on tape) Oh, thank God you're here! You have to help me! Were you just talking to yourself?

Rachel: There I am.

Phoebe: You're gonna get pregnant.

Rachel: (on tape) I screwed up so bad, I told Monica that I would stuff and send all these wedding invitations like weeks ago and I-I...

Ross: (on tape) You didn't do it?

Rachel: (on tape) I-I know—I had put them in...in—in my desk at work and I completely forgot about them until today.

(Chandler is shocked and Rachel gets scared of Monica very quickly.)

Monica: (taking Rachel's hand) Sweetie okay. It's okay. Everybody made it to the wedding. I'm fine.

Rachel: Kinda hurtin' my hand though.

Monica: I know.

Rachel: (on tape) (Ross hands her a glass of wine) I cannot believe that I did this. Especially after Monica just went on and on and on about it! (Mimicking Monica) "Okay Rachel! Here are the invitations Rachel! Now be very careful Rachel! Please, drinking no liquids around the invitations Rachel!" (She tilts her wine glass above and moves it back and forth across the invitations) Whoa oh! Oh-oh-oh! Oh...oh-oh-oh...
(Rachel hits fast forward. Monica is completely shocked.)

Chandler: Did you do **it** on our invitations?!

Ross: (pause) Not on the ones we sent out.

Chandler: So, just the ones gave back to us and we had framed! (Slams the framed invitation down onto the table.)

(Rachel stops fast forwarding.)

Rachel: (on tape) Can you believe this is already happening? I mean it seems like yesterday they just got engaged.

Ross: (on tape) I know. Hey remember...remember the night they got engaged? How uh, you and I almost...

Rachel: (on tape) Oh, I remember how we almost. Do you think we would've gone through with it? Y'know, if we hadn't gotten caught. Do you think we would've done it?

Ross: (on tape) I mean I...I know I wanted to. I just, I just wasn't sure if you wanted to.

Rachel: (on tape) Oh I wanted to.

(Ross and Rachel trade looks while watching the tape.)

Ross: (on tape) So we...we both wanted to.

Rachel: (on tape) Interesting.

Ross: (on tape) Yeah. (Pause) Anyway umm, it probably worked out for the best.

Rachel: (on tape) Oh yeah, sure.

Rachel: Okay, in about ten seconds you're gonna see him kiss me.

Ross: And in about five seconds you're gonna see why.

Rachel: (on tape) Ross did I ever tell you about the time that I went backpacking through Western Europe?

(Joey's shocked and everyone else looks at Rachel.)

Rachel: Okay, get ready to see some beggin'!

Phoebe: Oh, you came on to Ross!

Rachel: What?!

Ross: Now I'm so happy.

Rachel: What are you talking about?!

Monica: You used the Europe story!

Chandler: That's the magic story you use when you wanna have sex!

Rachel: How do you know about that story?!

Joey: How do **you** know about that story?!

Rachel: I heard it from my friend Irene who heard it from some guy!

Joey: (raises his hand) Some guy!! (Points to himself.)

Rachel: No. No, she told me his name was Ken Adams.

Joey: (raises his hand and points to himself again) Ken Adams!!

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is looking at the tape sitting on the counter as Ross enters.]

Ross: Hi.

Rachel: So uh, apparently people are familiar with the Europe story?

Ross: Yeah. Listen about that, the whole uh, who came on to who thing really doesn't matter. I mean, I think it would've happened either way. I mean if you hadn't initiated it I-I-I know I would've.

Rachel: It was an amazing night.

Ross: It was. It was an amazing night.

(Pause)

Rachel: You think it looked amazing?

Ross: I uh... I don't know. I mean I...I honestly didn't watch it.

Rachel: Yeah, me neither. Yet...

Ross: Uhhhhhh...that-that may be weird.

Rachel: Yeah, it would be really weird.

(Ross grabs the tape and heads for the VCR as Rachel goes over and puts the chain on the door and locks it.)

Ross: Good luck.

Rachel: Good luck to you.

(Ross pushes play.)

Ross: Mind if I mute?

Rachel: Oh please. (He does so.)

Ross: Oh, oh there go the clothes.

Rachel: You are undressing very quickly.

Ross: Six months Rachel, six months.

Ross and Rachel: Ah. (Pause) Oh.

Ross: Hey. We—we look—we look pretty good.

Rachel: That's what I was gonna say.

Ross: Oh nice tan!

Rachel: Thank you! I had just gone to the beach that weekend.

Ross: Ah...

Rachel: Have you been working out?

Ross: I have been working out.

Rachel: Really? Wow, this is so much better than I...

Ross and Rachel: Ohh! Ew!

Ross: Oh that's not pretty.

Rachel: Oh! Oh!

Ross: No!

Rachel: Oh God!

Ross: Oh no!

Rachel: Oh, make it stop!

Ross: Oh no!!

Rachel: Make it stop!!

Ross: No!!

Rachel: Have to make it stop!!

Ross: No!!!

(They both get out of the chair and run for the VCR.)

Closing Credits

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica and Chandler have gone through the phone book and found Greg and Jenny's number which Monica has just dialed.]

Monica: (on phone) Hello Greg? (Listens) Hi, this is Monica from the plane? Listen, the number that you gave me 853-5... (Listens) (To Chandler) That is their old number! Jenny's been giving it out since they moved!

Chandler: Jenny! That is so Jenny!

Monica: (on phone) Hey listen umm, how would you like to get together? Say next Saturday? (Listens) Okay, how about Sunday? (Listens) Okay umm, the week after that? (Listens) The week after that? (Listens) Y'know what Greg? Y'know what? We are good, interesting, funny people with **good** questions and if you and your precious Jenny can't see that then... (Listens) January 15th? (Chandler dances.) We'll see you then! (Listens) Okay!
(She hangs up the phone and they hug.)

End

805. The One With Rachel's Date

Written by: Brian Buckner & Sebastian Jones

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Monica's Restaurant Kitchen, she is frantically working and is handing two finished dishes to a waitress.]

Monica: Okay, now this one is rare, this one is medium well! Now go-go-go! (Phoebe enters) Hey Phoebe!

Phoebe: Hey!

Monica: Hey how was dinner?!

Phoebe: Dinner was good!

Monica: Okay!

Phoebe: I'm just saying hi! Now I'm gonna go!

Monica: Okay!

(Phoebe turns to leave but notices an attractive man.)

Phoebe: (To him) Oh, well hello there.

Guy: Hi.

Phoebe: (To Monica) I didn't see this on the menu.

Monica: Uh Tim? This is Phoebe. Phoebe this is Tim, my new sous chef.

Phoebe: Oh, so you're Monica's boss?

Tim: Actually she's my-my boss. Sous is French for under.

Phoebe: Oh! I sous stand.

Monica: Hey Tim? I need a calamari and a Caesar salad. And umm, could you get me the pesto?

Tim: Yeah.

Phoebe: Oh you...you made pesto?

Tim: Yes I did.

Phoebe: Would you say your pesto is the best-o?

Tim: I...I-I don't know, but I would say it's pretty good-o. (Phoebe laughs too hard.)

(Monica goes over and grabs the pesto.)

Monica: All right, I still need a calamari and a Caesar salad.

Tim: I like your necklace.

Phoebe: I made it myself.

Tim: You are so talented.

Phoebe: Well, it's no pesto.

Monica: All right, all right! Let's just cut to the chase, okay? (To Phoebe) You're single. (To Tim) You're single. (To Phoebe) He gets off work at eleven. (To Tim) She'll be waiting for your call. (To Phoebe) I'll give him your number if I can get one calamari and one Caesar salad!! (Everyone in the kitchen stops.) I did not yell. I am **not** putting a dollar in the jar.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Chandler's Office, he's working at his computer as his boss, Mr. Franklin, sticks his head in.]

Mr. Franklin: Wow Bing! Burning the midnight oil.

Chandler: You know me sir. Oh ah, I do have a question for ya. Do you know how I get around the office computer network so I can access the really good Internet porn?

Mr. Franklin: You're a joker Bing. (Walks away.)

Chandler: What's funny about that?

Ross: (running up) Hey! Sorry I kept you waiting so long.

Chandler: Hey that's okay. So, where do you want to go?

Ross: Oh ah, I think you know where I want to go.

Chandler: The *Hard Rock Café*?

Ross: Yeah!

Chandler: Again?!

Ross: Yeah!!

(They go out to the elevators.)

Ross: I'm telling you, I like the food!

Chandler: You like the *Purple Rain* display! (A guy walks up.) Hey Bob.

Bob: Hey Toby! Have a good night. (Walks by.)

Ross: Did that guy just call you Toby?

Chandler: Yeah, he thinks that's my name.

Ross: Well, why don't you correct him?

Chandler: Oh it's been going on way to long now. Y'know, I mean the first time he said it we were just passing each other in the hallway, so I didn't say anything. And then the next time he said, "Hey Toby, do you want a donut?" And I—I wanted a donut. And now it's five years later, the donut's gone and I'm still Toby.

Ross: Five years?! Chandler you have to tell him!

Chandler: No! That would be so awkward! Look—Besides, we work in different departments. He's on the sixth floor y'know? So he calls me Toby once in a while. What's the big deal? It could be worse, it's not like he's calling me Muriel. (Chandler suddenly freezes into place.)

Ross: (laughs) Muriel. Wh—why would he call you Muriel? (Ross realizes something.) Oh my God! Chandler M Bing? It's not just an M, your middle name is Muriel!!

Chandler: Shh! It is a family name!

Ross: Chandler Muriel Bing. Boy, your parents never gave you a chance did they?

[Scene: *Days Of Our Lives* set, Joey is doing a scene with a co-star as Rachel watches on a monitor.]

Joey's Co-Star: Drake, I've discovered the reason for all your headaches and memory loss.

Dr. Drake Ramoray: What is it?

Joey's Co-Star: Apparently your brain transplant was not entirely successful. It seems your body is rejecting Jessica's brain.

Dr. Drake Ramoray: Is it serious?

Joey's Co-Star: Not if we extract tissue from the original host body, synthesize antibodies, and introduce them into your system, which could stop it from rejecting the brain.

Dr. Drake Ramoray: Well that sounds simple enough, let's just do that.

Joey's Co-Star: We would, but when we went to exhume Jessica's body, it was gone.

(Dramatic music plays and Joey does a little 'Smell-the-fart' acting.)

Director: Cut! Very nice people!

Joey: (To Rachel) Okay, let me just get changed and we can go to dinner.

Rachel: Well don't—What happened to Jessica's body?!

Joey: I'm not telling, you'll have to see it on TV!

Rachel: You don't know do you?

Joey: No, couldn't care less.

Joey's Co-Star: Hey good scene man.

Joey: Hey you too!

Joey's Co-Star: Alright.

(Rachel clears her throat.)

Joey: What? You weren't in it.

Rachel: Oh! (Motions to Joey's co-star.)

Joey: Oh sorry. Uh—uh, Kash?

Kash: Yes?

Joey: This is my friend Rachel. Rachel, Kash, Kash, Rachel.

Rachel: Hi.

Kash: Hey! How come I haven't seen you here before?

Rachel: Well, Joey probably thinks I'll just embarrass him. Y'know, he thinks I'm some kind of a soap opera nut—Which I'm not! I'm not. Although I do know that your uh, your favorite ice cream flavor is butter pecan. (Starts stroking his arm) And uh, and that your—your dog's name is Wally. Well look at that, I'm just stroking your arm.

Joey: (grabbing her) Here we go! Here we go! (Starts to pull her away from Kash.)

Rachel: Oh, we're leaving. Bye Kash.

Kash: Bye.

Rachel: Say hi to Wally.

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica is getting coffee as Phoebe enters.]

Phoebe: Ooh Monica!

Monica: Hi!

Phoebe: Oh my God! I had the **best** time with Tim last night. He is so sweet! Oh, I can't wait to get sous-neath him.

Monica: I...I have to fire him.

Phoebe: But why?!

Monica: Because he's terrible! Okay, he's slow, he burns things, last night he lit my pastry chef on fire!

Phoebe: Well maybe he was just nervous, y'know you can be very intimidating. And besides I've met your pastry chef and she can stand to be taken down a peg or two.

Monica: Well, now she has no eyebrows, mission accomplished.

Phoebe: But Monica, he loves his job so much! Can you just give him another chance? Please?

Monica: (thinks about it) All right, but if—if he lights someone else on fire he is out of there!

Phoebe: That's fair! Thank you so much. Thanks. Oops, it looks like when he got the pastry chef he got you a little bit too.

Monica: I paid to have this done.

Phoebe: Love it!

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is eating at the counter as Joey enters.]

Joey: Hey!

Rachel: Hi!

Joey: Oh you know uh Kash, really liked you the other day. He said he thought you were charming.

Rachel: I thought I was a complete idiot.

Joey: Hey, I'm with you. He even asked me if I thought you'd go out with him.

Rachel: Oh! Oh, I think I'm gonna throw up a little bit. What did you say?

Joey: I said no.

Rachel: What?!

Joey: What? I...I just figured since you're pregnant you're not gonna be seeing people.

Rachel: Okay Joey, first of all Kash Ford is not people. Second of all, what did he say when you told him I was pregnant?

Joey: I didn't tell him. I didn't know if you were telling people. This is back when I thought Kash was still people.

Rachel: Good—good, don't tell him. Don't tell him. Just have him call me okay?

Joey: Rach look, I really don't think that's such a great...

Rachel: Okay, you go do it! I'll come back to that set! I'll meet more actors! I'll meet 'em all!

[Scene: Chandler's Office Building, Chandler is walking by the elevators and sees Bob standing there.]

Chandler: Hey Bob.

Bob: Hey! How's my pal Toby doing today?

Chandler: If I see him, I'll ask.

Bob: (laughs) Toby!

(The elevator doors opens, Bob boards the elevator, Chandler walks away, and Mr. Franklin steps out of the elevator.)

Mr. Franklin: Hey—hey! Bing? Was that Bob from six you were just talking too?

Chandler: Yeah!

Mr. Franklin: Oh then you know each other.

Chandler: We're on a semi—first name basis.

Mr. Franklin: What do you think of adding him to our team?

Chandler: Bob? Ooh, working here with us? Everyday? Yeah, I don't know if he has what it takes.

Mr. Franklin: Really? They love him down on six.

Chandler: But this is eleven. It's almost twice as hard up here.

Mr. Franklin: Okay, I hear you loud and clear. Bob will stay put.

Chandler: I think it's best sir.

Mr. Franklin: But we really do need to find someone up here. The work is starting to pile up. I've got a stack of documents on my desk this high. (Holds his hand at shoulder level.)

Chandler: Y'know what you should do, just toss 'em in the shedder and claim you never got 'em.

Mr. Franklin: (laughs) That's a good one. (Walks away.)

Chandler: What does a guy have to **do** to be taken **seriously** around here?!

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica is in the kitchen as Phoebe enters.]

Phoebe: Hey!

Monica: Hey. Okay, I gave him another chance, but Tim has **got** to go!

Phoebe: But...

Monica: No! No-no! He is totally incompetent. I called the chef who recommended him to me. He said, "Ha-ha! Gotcha!"

Phoebe: Okay. Okay, but you can't fire him today.

Monica: Why not?!

Phoebe: Because I'm dumping him today.

Monica: What?! You said he was sweet!

Phoebe: He **is** sweet. He's too sweet. He calls me all the time. (Mimicking him) "So did-did you get home from work okay?" "Did-did you get out of the shower okay?"

Monica: Just don't pick up your phone.

Phoebe: Then he comes over! (Mimicking him) "I'm so worried about you." Uck! Be a man!

Monica: What? So now I'm not allowed to fire him?

Phoebe: You can't fire him and dump him the same day, he'll kill himself.

Monica: Okay well then, I'll fire him today and you go out with him for another week.

Phoebe: Are you kidding?! Another week with that sip, I'll kill **myself**!

Monica: Okay well, then we'll both do it today and he'll just have to deal with it!

Phoebe: Okay. But the question is who's gonna go first. 'Cause whoever goes second is the bitch.

Monica: What do you mean?

Phoebe: Come on! The boss that fires a guy that's just been dumped, bitch! And the woman who dumps a guy that's just been fired, blond bitch!

Monica: I wanted to do this days ago so I think I should go first.

Phoebe: All right, that makes sense. (Starts towards the door.) Ugh. But—Screw you I'm going first! (She grabs her purse and runs out.)

[Scene: Chandler's Office Building, Bob is standing at the elevators and sees Chandler walk up.]

Bob: Hey Toby, you got a sec?

Chandler: Sure, what's up?

Bob: I just had a meeting, I was actually hoping to get transferred up here, but I just found out its not gonna happen. Apparently somebody thinks I'm not eleventh floor material. Say uh, who the **hell** is this Chandler?

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is getting ready for her date and Joey is reading a magazine.]

Rachel: Hey, what do you think is a better excuse for why I'm not drinking on this date tonight. "Umm, I'm a recovering alcoholic. I'm a Mormon," or "I got so hammered last night I'm still a little drunk?"

Ross: (entering with a pizza and beer) Hey!

Rachel: Hi!

Joey: Hey!

Ross: So, what do you want to do tonight? There's a Ukrainian film at the Angelica that's supposed to be very powerful. Interested?

Joey: No. No. But I'll go see a normal person movie with ya.

Ross: Rach? You wanna come?

Rachel: Oh no, I can't. I got a date.

Ross: A date?

Rachel: Yeah. Why? Is that weird for you?

Ross: Why no, it's the opposite of weird. It's—it's uh, regular. It's—it's uh, it's mundane. It's actually uh, a little dull.

Joey: It's no Ukrainian film.

Rachel: Yeah—Ooh! Earrings! (Goes into her room.)

Ross: A date?! She's—she's got a date?! With who?

Joey: I set her up with this actor on my show.

Ross: You set her up?!

Joey: No

Ross: Joey what—what were you thinking?!

Joey: Well, I was thinking that it'd probably be okay because Ross hasn't gone out with Rachel in five years!

Ross: Joey, I'm not worried about her! I'm worried about my baby! Whoever she dates my baby dates! Now—now where is this (makes the quote—marks sign) actor taking them?

Joey: Hey! I'm an (does the quote—marks thing as well) actor too! I'm not sure. I think they're taking the ferry out to some Italian place on Staten Island.

Ross: A ferry? My baby is going on a ferry? Do you have any idea how dangerous those are?!

Joey: Are we talking about one of those big boats that carry cars that go like five miles an hour?

Ross: Why don't they just jump out of an airplane?! Huh?! That—that's a fun date! Or burn each other with matches?! That's fun too! Whew!!

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

Kash: Hey Joey.

Joey: Hey Kash. Uh hey—hey this is Ross. Ross, this is Kash.

Kash: Hey.

Ross: Hi. I—I hear you're going on a ferry tonight.

Kash: Yeah.

Ross: A bit of a daredevil are we?

Rachel: (entering from her room) Hey guys do you think this is too slutty—Hi Kash!

Kash: Hey Rachel! You ready to go?

Rachel: Yeah! All right, I'll see you guys later.

Ross: Okay. Have a great time you guys.

Rachel: Thank you.

Kash: Thank you.

Ross: Yes it is too slutty! (Joey slams the door before Rachel could hear the entire sentence.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe is reading a magazine as Tim enters.]

Tim: (walks behind Phoebe) Hi! (And startles her.)

Phoebe: Hi.

Tim: Oh, I'm so glad you called. I feel like it's always me calling you. So, what's up? Is everything okay with Phoebe?

Phoebe: It will be...in a minute. Listen, Tim you're a really great guy.

Tim: It's because I'm with you.

Phoebe: Aw. (Phoebe gets a bad taste in her mouth when he looks away) I'm just—I'm in a place in my life right now where I...I...

(Tim's beeper goes off and he answers it.)

Tim: Whoops. Sorry. (Looking at it, like a newscaster) This just in. (Phoebe fake laughs.) Oh, it's 9-1-1 from the restaurant, that means Monica needs me right away. (Starts to leave.)

Phoebe: Oh-oh no she doesn't! I know what that is. You can stay.

Tim: Awww, I'll miss you too Pheebs. (Starts to leave) And I will be holding you, right here. (Holds his hands over his heart, blows a kiss to Phoebe who catches it, and then leaves and Phoebe throws the kiss back.)

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey and Ross are having dinner.]

Joey: So what movie do you want to see—And not another one I have to read. Okay? I get enough of that from books.

Ross: Books?

Joey: All right, car magazines, cereal boxes, but it's like **enough!**

Ross: Well, I tell you what. Why don't we uh, why don't we just stay here? Let's not see a movie, we'll just hang.

Joey: And just wait for Rachel to come back from her date?

Ross: Hey, if that's what you want to do I'm not gonna say no.

Joey: Dude! What is going on?!

Ross: I just...I have to find out how it went.

Joey: Why?

Ross: This guy could be my baby's stepfather!

Joey: They go on one date and you're worried about them getting married?! He's not you!

Ross: I just—I—I can't believe she's—she's dating?!

Joey: Well Ross, what did you think she was gonna do?

Ross: I don't know! I guess I just can't believe any of this is happening.

Joey: What do you mean?

Ross: It's just I always thought when I had **another** kid it would be different. Now I—I love Ben, but every time I have to drop him off at Carol and Susan's, it's like—It breaks my heart a little. I mean I've always

had this picture of me and my next wife in bed on Sunday and, my kid comes running in and leaps up onto the bed. And we all read the paper together. Y'know? Maybe fight over the science section.

Joey: That's a nice picture. Maybe you can still have that!

Ross: No! No I can't. I mean Rachel's out with some guy. My baby went with her. If anything that picture keeps moving further away.

Joey: Hey, can I ask you something? In this, in this picture of you and your wife, is your wife Rachel?

Ross: It used to be. Now she doesn't really have a face. Smokin' body though.

Joey: Good call. Yeah. But, the face Ross, the face isn't Rachel.

Ross: No but ahh! How much easier would it be if it were?

Joey: I know, but I don't think that's what she wants.

Ross: No, it's not what I want either. I mean I—I can't force myself to fall in love with her again now.

Joey: That's okay Ross maybe you need a new picture. Okay? It's not gonna be what you thought, but no matter what there's gonna be a brand new little baby, **your** baby. Who cares what the picture looks like?

Ross: Yeah.

Joey: Hey, I tell you what. Let's you and me go out and have some fun. Huh? Whatever you want. Come on!

Ross: (checks his watch) We can still catch that Ukrainian film.

Joey: No, I said fun!

[Scene: Outside Chandler's Office, Chandler is just about to go into his office when Bob calls for him from behind.]

Bob: Hey Toby!

Chandler: Hey Bobby.

Bob: It's Bob actually. Hey, you work up here, can you tell me where this Chandler **Bing's** office is?

Chandler: Uhh yeah. Yeah, it's (Points down the hall) right, right down there. (When he has Bob looking down the hall, he turns around and knocks his nameplate off of his door.) Right there, yeah. Can I ask you why?

Bob: I want to talk to that bastard, see what his problem is.

Chandler: Okay Bob listen uhh, I'm the reason you didn't get the job up here.

Bob: Toby don't.

Chandler: Bob!

Bob: Toby! I'm not gonna let you cover for him. Anything you say right now will just get me more upset with Chandler!

Chandler: Well that puts me in a difficult position.

[Scene: Monica's Restaurant Kitchen, Monica is waiting for Tim who enters.]

Monica: Hey.

Tim: I got your page, is everything okay?

Monica: Uh well that depends, how are things with Phoebe?

Tim: Oh it's great! It's great! Thank you so much for introducing us!

Monica: Oh my pleasure. Okay, I'm afraid I've got some bad news. (Phoebe enters.) Phoebe!

Phoebe: Monica!

Monica: (simultaneously) You're fired!

Phoebe: (simultaneously) I'm breaking up with you!

Tim: What?

Phoebe: I'm, I'm breaking up with you.

Monica: You're fired.

Tim: Why?

Phoebe: I'm sorry, I'm just—I'm—I'm just not ready for a relationship right now.

Monica: Yeah and—and I'm sorry too. But, well I just—I like things done a certain way and the chemistry's just not right.

Phoebe: Oh that's good, the chemistry thing for us too.

Tim: Wow! Umm, okay. Umm... (To Phoebe) I—I realize I came on a little strong but, it's only because I think you're so amazing. (To Monica) And uh, I—I just wanna, I just wanna tell you how much I appreciate you giving me an opportunity here because I—you're the most talented chef I've ever worked for. Anyway... (Starts to leave and Phoebe and Monica trade looks.)

Monica: Tim wait!

Tim: Yeah?

Monica: Umm, I think I spoke too quickly. There—there's a learning curve with this job and maybe we can try it again.

Tim: Really?

Monica: Yeah.

Tim: Thank you so much! 'Cause I—I know I can do better!

Monica: Okay.

(They both look at Phoebe.)

Phoebe: And Tim I just wanna say, good luck here. (Shakes his hand and leaves, which disgusts Monica.)

[Scene: A Street, Ross is walking past a newsstand and sees Rachel.]

Ross: Hello.

Rachel: Hi!

Ross: Well, how was the date?

Rachel: Well I'm alone and I just bought fifteen dollars worth of candy bars, what do you think?

Ross: Uh—huh. What happened?

Rachel: I made the mistake of telling him that I was pregnant.

Ross: Ah, he didn't uh, take it so well?

Rachel: Well better than you, but y'know still not what you want.

Ross: Oh?

Rachel: He got all weird and sputtery and then he said uh, "Yeah, I hear those hemorrhoids are a bitch."

Ross: He sounds swell.

Rachel: Doesn't he?

Ross: Hey, wanna...wanna a little cheering up?

Rachel: Yes.

Ross: Sit down.

Rachel: Okay.

(They sit on some front steps.)

Ross: Guess whose middle name is Muriel.

Rachel: (thinks then gasps) Chandler M. Bing?

Ross: Yeah-ha!

Rachel: Oh my God. (Laughs)

Ross: I'm sorry about your date.

Rachel: Oh it's all right. I'm guess I'm just done with the whole dating thing. It's one more thing in my life that's suddenly completely different. This is hard.

Ross: Yeah I know. (Pause) On the other hand in um, in about seven months you're gonna have something that you're gonna love more than any guy you've ever gone out with. Just wait. Wait until uh, wait until the first time your baby grabs your finger. You have no idea.

Rachel: Thanks sweetie.

Ross: You wanna, you wanna grab some coffee?

Rachel: Oh no, I think I'm gonna go home and eat ten candy bars.

Ross: Hey, I thought I cheered you up.

Rachel: Oh you did, there are twenty in here.

Ross: Right. Good night.

Rachel: Good night.

(He kisses her on the cheek and heads to Central Perk.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross is entering and Mona from the wedding recognizes him.]

Mona: Ross?

Ross: Yeah?

Mona: Hey it's Mona! From the wedding.

Ross: Oh hi!

Mona: Hi!

Ross: Wow! Uh...how are you?

Mona: I'm good except umm, you still owe me a dance.

Ross: Oh that's right. Well uh, would you be interested in seeing a Ukrainian film?

Mona: (laughs then stops) Oh you're serious. Sure!

Ross: Great! Well umm...

(Ross continues to talk to her as the camera pans to show Rachel standing in the doorway.)

Mona: I think I might need one more cup of coffee.

Ross: Sure! Uh, let me get it for ya.

Mona: Okay.

(Rachel watches that and slowly backs out to head for home.)

Dedicated to the Memory of Richard L. Cox, Sr.

Closing Credits

[Scene: Chandler's Office, Bob is ransacking Chandler's office.]

Chandler: (entering) Bob. Bob! Bob!!! (He turns around) What the hell are you doing?!

Season 8

Bob: I just found out this is Chandler's office! Come on Toby, give me a hand!

(He thinks about it and decides to join in by turning over a chair and continue ransacking the place.)

End

806. The One With The Halloween Party

Written by: Mark Kunerth

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone is there as Chandler and Monica enter. Oh, and Joey is wearing a FDNY T-shirt to make this the first nod to the tragedy that Friends have made.]

Monica: Hey you guys?

Ross: What?

Monica: I know it's last minute, but we decided to have a Halloween party.

Phoebe: Oh good! (And there's general excitement.)

Monica: And everybody has to wear costumes. (And there's general disconcertment.) Come on! It'll be fun!

Ross: Well, I'll—I'll be there. I mean I have to wear a costume to all my classes that day anyway so...

Rachel: Please tell me you're not gonna dress up like a dinosaur.

Ross: (exhales sarcastically) Not two years in a row.

Joey: Look, I'll come to the party but I'm not dressing up.

Monica: You have to!

Joey: No way! Look, Halloween is so stupid! Dressing up, pretending to be someone you're not...

Chandler: You're an actor!

Monica: So Ross, are you gonna bring Mona?

Ross: Yeah. Yeah, I think I will.

Joey: That hot girl from their wedding?

Ross: Yeah.

Joey: Well hey-hey if she needs any idea for costumes, she could be a bikini model, or a slutty nurse, or a sexy cheerleader huh—Ooh-ooh, Leatherface from *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*—No-no-no! Slutty Leatherface.

Phoebe: Now wasn't Joey hitting on her at the wedding too?

Ross: That's right! He was hitting on her, and I got her. I guess the better man won. (To Joey) Please don't take her from me.

Opening Credits

[Scene: A Street, Phoebe is walking down it and passes Ursula.]

Phoebe: Ursula! (Ursula turns, smiles, and continues walking.) Wait! Err-err, it's me! Phoebe!

Ursula: Oh, I thought there was a mirror there. Okay, bye-bye. (Starts to walk again.)

Phoebe: Wait a second! So, what's new with you?

Ursula: Umm, nothing. I mean, I'm getting married next week.

Phoebe: What?!

Ursula: Yeah! Yeah, it's gonna be a small ceremony. Just family. (Phoebe looks at her.) His.

Phoebe: Huh. Okay. Well, I'm really happy for you. (Starts to walk away.)

Ursula: Wait! If umm, if you want to come, I guess that'd be okay.

Phoebe: Really?

Ursula: Sure! Why not? You could be my sister for the day.

Phoebe: Yeah. Okay. Umm, y'know, my friends are having a Halloween party tonight at my old apartment so, you could come. Maybe I could meet the guy you're marrying.

Ursula: Huh. Well, I'm supposed to be working at the restaurant tonight. I'm supposed to be working right now, so who cares.

Phoebe: By the way, it's a costume party.

Ursula: Oh! Okay, so that's why you're... (Motions to what she's wearing.)

Phoebe: (looks down) No. But thanks. (Walks away.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, The Halloween party has started. Monica is setting out some food as Rachel enters.]

Rachel: Hi!

Monica: Wait! You're supposed to wear a costume!

Rachel: I am! I am a woman who spent a lot of money on a dress and she wants to wear it, because soon she won't be able to fit into it.

Monica: Oh.

Rachel: Ahh!

Monica: I'm Catwoman, who wants to borrow the dress when you're too big for it.

Rachel: Okay.

(There's a knock on the door.)

Kids: Trick or treat!

Rachel: Oh! Oh! Can I give out the candy? I really want to be with the kids right now. Y'know, ever since I got pregnant I—I have the strongest maternal instincts.

Kids: Trick or treat!!

Rachel: (to them) Just a minute!!! (She takes the candy and opens the door to two parents, a witch, a clown, and a cowgirl.) Look at you guys! Wow! You are a very scary witch. (Gives her candy.)

Witch: Thank you.

Rachel: And you are a very funny clown. (Gives him candy.)

Clown: Thank you.

Rachel: (to the cowgirl) And you are so in style right now. Y'know, I work at *Ralph Lauren* and the whole fall line has got this like equestrian theme going on. I don't suppose you saw the cover of British *Vogue*, but...

Cowgirl: (interrupting) Can I just have the candy?

Rachel: Yeah. Sure. (Throws some in her bag and she walks away as Phoebe, dressed as Supergirl walks up and eyes Monica who eyes her back.)

Phoebe: Ah, Catwoman. So we meet again.

Monica: So we do Supergirl.

Phoebe: No, it's me. Phoebe!

Chandler: (entering from the bedroom wearing a big, pink bunny costume) Monica! Can I talk to you for a second? Listen, I appreciate you getting me the costume...

Rachel: (To Monica) Oh, you did this to him?

Monica: What?! I thought he'd love it! His favorite kid's book was the *Velveteen Rabbit*!

Chandler: The *Velveteen Rabbit* was brown and white!

Monica: Well, it was either a pink bunny or no bunny at all.

Chandler: No bunny at all!! Always no bunny at all!!!

Joey: (entering) Hey!

Monica: You didn't dress up either?!

Joey: Yes I did! I'm Chandler. (Looks at Chandler) Dude, what happened?

Chandler: How is that me?

Joey: Okay. I'm Chandler (makes a growling/gurgling sound at the end and the girls laugh.)

Phoebe: (To Chandler) That is so you!

Chandler: When have I ever done that?!

Joey: When have I ever done that?! (And does the sound again.)

(There's a knock on the door.)

Girl: Trick or treat!

Rachel: Oh! (Opens the door to reveal a ballerina) Well you're just the prettiest ballerina I've ever seen.

Ballerina: Thank you. (Pirouettes.)

Rachel: Oh wow! That deserves another piece of candy.

Ballerina: Thank you. (Does another ballerina move.)

Rachel: Well, I have to say that earns tutu pieces of candy.

Ballerina: I love you! (Hugs Rachel.)

Rachel: Ohh... Oh, honey here. Take it all. (Pours the entire large bowl into her bag and closes the door.)

Monica! We need more candy?

Monica: What?! There's only been like four kids.

Rachel: Yeah I know, but one of them just said that she loved me so I just gave her everything.

Phoebe: No wonder your pregnant.

Ross: (entering) Hey! (He's wearing a costume as well.)

Rachel: Hey.

Monica: What are you supposed to be?

Ross: Remember the Russian satellite, Sputnik? (They all look at him.) Well, I'm a potato or a...spud. And these are my antennae. (Points to the colander with an old TV antenna glued on top that he's wearing.) So Sputnik, becomes... (They're still confused) Spud-nik. Spudnik!

Chandler: Wow! I don't have the worst costume anymore!

Joey: (sees Ross) Hey all right, Ross came as doody.

Ross: No, I-I'm not doody.

Monica: No, space doody!

(Joey gives him the okay symbol, and Ross rushes towards him to be stopped by Chandler. Meanwhile, Phoebe goes over to the snack table as some guy, which turns out to be Ursula's fiancée Eric, walks in and smacks her butt.)

Eric: Aren't you gonna give me a kiss?

Phoebe: Okay, I will. But right after you tell me who the hell you are.

Eric: Ursula?

Phoebe: Ursula's fiancée?

Eric: Oh my God, you're the sister!

Phoebe: Yeah.

Eric: Okay, I just slapped my future sister-in-law's ass.

Phoebe: Yeah.

Eric: I'm an idiot. Uh, is your mother here? Maybe I can give her a little slap on the butt.

Phoebe: My mother killed herself.

Eric: She, now I knew that and...now I'm sweating. Look at me, I'm really sweating—Now I'm saying, "Look at me," I'm getting even sweatier. I think I probably should go.

Phoebe: No—no! That's okay, we'll just start over. Okay? Hi! I'm Phoebe.

Eric: Eric. (They shake hands and he's squinting. And, no, it's not me.)

Phoebe: Why are you looking at me like that?

Eric: 'Cause the sweat's getting in my eyes and its burning.

Phoebe: Okay. (Hands him a napkin.) So, what are you?

Eric: I don't think they have a name for it. It's just I get nervous: I start sweating like crazy.

Phoebe: (laughs) No I—I meant your costume.

Eric: Oh umm, I'm the solar system. (He's wearing a black sweater with the planets glued on around the sun.) Yeah, my students helped me make it—I teach the second grade.

Phoebe: I love the second grade!

Eric: Really?

Phoebe: Yeah! It's so much better than first grade when you don't know what's going on and **definitely** better than third grade. Y'know with all the politics and mind games.

Eric: So what do you do?

Phoebe: Umm, I'm a masseuse...by day. (Stands with her hands on her hips like a Supergirl pose.)

Eric: Y'know you don't have to stand here with me, believe me...

Phoebe: No I'm having fun. I'm really—And I'm really—really excited for you and Ursula.

Eric: Oh I feel very lucky, she's great. I think she's the most beautiful woman I've ever seen.

Phoebe: Thank you.

[Time lapse, Monica is going over to talk to Joey.]

Monica: Hey Joey?

Joey: Yeah.

Monica: You read comic books right?

Joey: Exclusively.

Monica: Who do you think would win in a fight, Catwoman or Supergirl?

Joey: Catwoman, hands down.

Monica: Yeah...

Joey: But between you and Phoebe, I'd have to give the edge to Phoebe.

Monica: What?! Really?!

Joey: Are you kiddin'? Phoebe lived on the street. Okay? Plus, she's got this crazy temper. She—She's not standing right behind me is she?

Monica: No you're fine. (Joey checks anyway.) All right well, do you think I could take Rachel?

Joey: I'm not sure.

Monica: What?! Come on I am tough! Punch me right here! (Her stomach) As hard as you can!

Joey: Will you relax?! What are you taking this so seriously for? It doesn't matter.

Monica: Oh really? Okay? Well what would you say if I told you that, y'know, Ross or Chandler could beat you up?

Joey: I would say, "Woman, please!"

Phoebe: (walking over) Hey. Ursula's fiancée is **really** sweet! He's a teacher, he does all this volunteer work. Y'know normally y'know, I don't like really sweaty guys. But this one? I could just mop him up!

Monica: Oh my God, Phoebe!

Phoebe: What?

Monica: You're getting a crush on your sister's fiancée.

Phoebe: No I'm not! You are!

Joey: (To Monica) Here comes the temper.

(There's a knock on the door and Rachel opens it to a little girl.)

Girl: Trick or treat!

Rachel: Hi! Y'know what honey, we're actually out of candy right now. But someone just went out to get some and I have been giving out money but I'm out of that too. Hey, can I write you a check?

Girl: Okay!

Rachel: Okay, what's your name?

Girl: Lelani Mayolanofavich.

Rachel: Okay, I'm just gonna write this out to cash.

Mona: (entering) Hi!

Rachel: Hey Mona!

Chandler: Oh! Hi!

Mona: Hi!

Chandler: Joey's gonna be thrilled! He was hoping you'd come by as a slutty nurse.

Mona: Umm, actually I'm just a nurse.

Chandler: You'd think that would embarrass me, but you see I'm maxed out.

Ross: Hey!

Mona: Hi!

Ross: You made it!

Mona: Wait—wait! You're umm, you're a potato...

Ross: Well, I'm a spud...

Mona: And the antennae...Oh my God you're Spudnik!

Ross: Yes!

Chandler: (To Ross) Marry her.

[Cut to Joey and Monica.]

Joey: Okay, here's a good one for ya. Who do think would win in a fight between Ross and Chandler.

Monica: I can't answer that! Chandler's my husband.

Joey: So Ross?

Monica: Yeah.

[Cut to Phoebe and Eric.]

Eric: Hey beautiful.

Phoebe: Hello handsome. (Sees Ursula over her shoulder) Oh God. (Walks away in shame as they kiss.)
Oh look at you two. So when did you guys meet?

Eric: Two weeks ago.

Phoebe: Two weeks? That's it?

Eric: Yeah, I know it sounds crazy, and it's not like me to do something so impulsive, but she's just so perfect, and we have so much in common.

Phoebe: Oh really?

Eric: We're both teachers.

Phoebe: Huh? (Ursula motions for Phoebe to keep quiet.)

Eric: And we were both in the Peace Corps.

Phoebe: Peace Corps, really? (Ursula motions, "I don't know.")

Eric: In fact when we were building houses in Uruguay, we were, we were just two towns apart and we never met.

Ursula: Yeah. It wasn't a town when I got there, but it was a town when I left. (To Eric) Shall we get me really drunk?

Eric: Sure.

(They walk away.)

[Cut to Mona and Ross walking past Chandler.]

Chandler: Howdy doody.

Ross: That's funny. Yeah. Y'know you're the funniest man here in a pink bunny costume his wife made him wear.

Chandler: Oh relax man, relax. You're looking a little flushed.

Joey: (To Monica) Hey-hey-hey, I think we might find out the answer to our question.

Chandler: What question?

Joey: Monica and I were talking about who could kick whose ass in a fight, you or Ross?

Chandler: There's no question.

Joey: So you think Ross too?

(Monica turns around slowly.)

Chandler: (To Monica) **You** picked Ross?!

Monica: Ross is really strong! Okay, he's the strongest out of all three of you! (Joey looks at her.) Except for Joey.

Chandler: I cannot believe you didn't pick me.

Ross: Uh, in her defense, she's right. I am stronger. I would destroy you.

Chandler: Oh really?! You think you're stronger? Why don't you prove it? (He pushes Ross who starts to fall backwards until Mona catches him.)

Ross: Oh I'll prove it! I'll prove it like a theorem!!

(They start to fight with Ross pulling on Chandler's ears and Chandler hitting Ross over the head with his carrot.)

Monica: Wait—wait!! Okay, stop it! Stop it! Stop! (Breaks it up.) Now listen, no one's gonna fight in this apartment.

Joey: Hey Monica! (Grabs her and pulls her into the living room.) People came to see a fight, let's give 'em what they came for!

Mona: Hey, you guys could arm wrestle.

Joey: Yeah. Listen to the slutty nurse.

Chandler: (To Ross) You're going down.

Ross: Oh yeah? You're going further down! Downtown!

Joey: Seriously guys, the trash talk is embarrassing.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, the party continues with Rachel leaning on the counter as Gunther walks in carrying candy.]

Rachel: Oh Gunther! You brought candy! Thank you so much for picking this up! You are so sweet.

Gunther: Really?

Rachel: Honey, someday you are gonna make some man the luckiest guy in the world.

(There's a knock on the door.)

Kid: Trick or treat!

Rachel: Gotta go! (Opens the door to a boy in a cape.) Hi! Wow! There you go! (Hands him some candy.)

Boy in the Cape: My friend Lewis told me you were giving out money.

Rachel: Oh yeah, we were but umm, now we've got candy.

Boy in the Cape: I'd rather have the money.

Rachel: Well, that—that's not your choice. Happy Halloween!

Boy in the Cape: This isn't fair.

Rachel: Well is it fair that all you did was put on a cape and I gotta give you free stuff?

Boy in the Cape: Shut up!

Rachel: You shut up!

(The gang gets interested now.)

Boy in the Cape: You can't tell me to shut up!

Rachel: Uh, I think I just did. And uh—oh, here it comes again. Shut up!

Joey: Rach?

Rachel: (To Joey) Yeah I know—I'm good—I got it! (Joey slowly backs away.) (To the boy) Now wait a minute, I've got one more thing I have to say to you...oh right! Shut up!

Boy in the Cape: You're a mean old woman. (Runs away.)

Rachel: No! Wait no! Shut up—I mean don't cry! Let me get my checkbook! (Grabs her checkbook and runs after him.)

[Cut to Mona and Joey clearing the dining room table for the grudge match between Chandler and Ross.]

Monica: (To Chandler) Look honey, you don't have to do this, okay? It's the strength you have inside that means the most to me. You're loyal, you're honest, and you have integrity! That's the kind of strength that I want in the man that I love!

Chandler: That means nothing to me. (To Ross) Come on!

[Scene: The Hallway, Phoebe is exiting Monica and Chandler's, and finds Ursula standing in the hallway smoking.]

Phoebe: Hi liar!

Ursula: Hey!

Phoebe: Y'know the only reason he's marrying you is because he thinks all the things you were saying about yourself were true.

Ursula: Well they could be true.

Phoebe: But they're not!

Ursula: Yeah, it's a fine line huh?

Phoebe: Why are you lying to him?

Ursula: I don't know. He said he did all this stuff and then I said I did it too and he got so excited, it was **really** fun.

Eric: (entering) Honey?

Ursula: (waving the cigarette in Phoebe's face) It's a filthy, disgusting habit and I want you to quit now!

Eric: She's helped so many people to quit smoking.

Ursula: Y'know, we'd really better get going.

Eric: Oh right, you've got a church group meeting tonight.

Ursula: Right. (Walks down the stairs.)

Eric: (To Phoebe) Well, it was nice meeting you.

Phoebe: You too. And Ursula?! It was **really** nice meeting you tonight!!

Joey: (entering) Pheebs come on! Bunny vs. Doody! We're waiting! (They go inside.) (To Chandler and Ross.) Okay. Okay guys, one match, winner take all. (They grasp each other's hand in preparation for battle.) Oh wait--wait! What does the winner get?

Ross: Pride.

Chandler: And dignity.

Joey: (laughing) Okay, if you say so. All right, ready? Set! Go!

(They start wrestling, only they are unable to move either one's arm despite a huge strain on their faces and a cheering crowd.)

[Time Lapse: the crowd has left and only Mona, Monica, Joey, and Phoebe are still watching to see who will be able to move the other's arm first. An event that has yet to happen.]

Mona: (To Joey) Wow! They're both really strong.

Joey: Or equally weak.

Monica: (To Phoebe) Oh God!

Phoebe: Hmm?

Monica: Chandler's making his sex face.

(Basically Chandler's face looks like he's not all there and is staring off into the distance...)

Ross: (To Chandler) So, you gettin' tired?

Chandler: Nope! I can do this all day.

Ross: Yeah? Me too. (Pause) Gettin' a little tired though.

Chandler: God, I'm exhausted.

Ross: Look this is starting to look really bad for me. Okay? Mona, Mona's standing right over there. (Looks behind him.) Oh God, she's talking to Joey! You gotta let me win!

Chandler: No way! If anything you've gotta let me win! My wife thinks I'm a wimp!

Ross: Hey, at least you have a wife! I-I keep getting divorces and knockin' people up! And I'm dressed as doody.

Chandler: You're Spudnik.

Ross: Come on, who are we kidding? I'm doody. Please? She's watchin'.

Chandler: Fine. (He lets Ross win.) Oh no!

Ross: (celebrating) Oh yeah!

Mona: (clapping) Yay! My hero!

Joey: (to her) You're a weird lady.

Eric: (entering) Hey. Ursula said she left her purse.

Phoebe: Oh.

Eric: (finds it) What a relief. It has all the numbers of the people in her prayer chain.

Phoebe: Sure it does. Yeah, yeah.

Eric: Well, I guess I'll see you at the wedding. (Exits and Phoebe follows him into the hall.)

Phoebe: Umm listen, I don't think...I don't think I'm gonna make it to the wedding. So I just want to wish you all the luck in the world.

Eric: I think we'll be okay. Besides it's so perfect and (whispering) she's been saving herself for me.

Phoebe: Okay I can't let you do this! She's lying to you.

Eric: What?

Phoebe: She is lying! And I bet I can prove it. Excuse me. (She grabs Ursula's purse and starts going through it and finds some papers.) Okay. Okay. Yeah—Not a prayer chain, but what looks like a detailed drawing of a bank floor plan. (Holds up her nametag.) Okay, here's the nametag from the restaurant where she works as a waitress! Not a teacher, a waitress. All right, here's her driver license, this oughta be good, she always lies about this. How old did she say she was?

Eric: She told me she was 25.

Phoebe: Oh, I almost don't want to show this. (Hands it to him.) Just remember I'm a minute younger.

Eric: I am so stupid. Of course she was lying! She's not a teacher. There's not such a thing as the top secret elementary school for the children of spies.

Phoebe: No. You're not, you're not stupid.

Eric: I'm not smart. (Phoebe has no comeback.) I just wanted so much to...be impulsive once. To be romantic.

Phoebe: That's good, you should be impulsive and you should be romantic. Just...you did it with the wrong person. (He looks at her.) What?

Eric: It's just so weird, two people look so much alike, and so different.

Ursula: (yelling from downstairs) Eric!! Let's go!!

Eric: I'd better go, deal...

Phoebe: Yeah, you should. (They shake hands.)

Ursula: Hurry up I gotta pray!!

(Phoebe hands Eric Ursula's purse and he walks away.)

[Time Lapse: Rachel is returning from chasing down the boy in the cape.]

Joey: Hey!

Rachel: Hey! Well, I had to give the kid fifty bucks to stop crying.

Joey: That's not so bad.

Rachel: No, I also had to go to a couple houses with him as his girlfriend. Oh, I am just **awful** with children!

Joey: Come on! You're good with kids. They're just crazy on Halloween. Y'know, they're all greedy and hopped up on sugar!

Rachel: Really? You think that's all it is?

Joey: Absolutely! Halloween is the worst. Except for Christmas...and their birthdays. Kinda get a little crazy during the summer too. And anytime they're hungry or sleepy. Y'know, kids are tough. Good luck with that. (Walks away.)

Closing Credits

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Chandler and Monica are standing in the kitchen.]

Monica: Look, I wanted to tell I'm—I'm sorry you lost.

Chandler: Listen, I've got a secret for ya. I let him win.

Monica: (laughs) Is that a secret or a lie.

Chandler: No, I let him win—Ross!

Ross: Yeah?

Chandler: Would you tell her I let you win please?

Ross: Oh. Yeah. (Sarcastically) Uh Chandler **let** me win. No, Chandler's really strong. Oh my arm is so sore. Oh nurse! (Waddles over to Mona.)

Chandler: I am strong! I'll show you! (He sits down at the table.)

Monica: Chandler please!

Chandler: Oh what's the matter? Are you scared?

Monica: Let's go big bunny!

(They assume the starting position.)

Chandler: Okay. 1...2...3—Go! (Once again he's at a stalemate, but this time he's in pain.) (Pause) I'm gonna kill myself!

End

807. The One With The Stain

Written by: R. Lee Fleming, Jr.

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

Dutch Phrases by: [Kenny Walgraef](#)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Chandler is sitting in the living room as Monica enters.]

Monica: Hey.

Chandler: Hey.

(Monica notices something.)

Monica: Oh my God! You cleaned! (Gasps) Look at these floors! You did the windows! Oh, I have been begging you for months and you did! You cleaned! And nagging works!

Chandler: Y'know uh, I didn't actually do this.

Monica: Oh no, was I cleaning in my sleep again?

Chandler: No, it wasn't you.

Monica: Well then who?

Chandler: I got a maid. Yay!

Monica: (shocked) I hope by maid you mean mistress, because if some other woman was here cleaning then...

Chandler: Uh honey, I know you don't like to relinquish control...

Monica: Oh, relinquish is just a fancy word for lose!

Chandler: Look, she's really nice. Okay? And she mentioned that she adored the way that you arranged the sponges.

Monica: Did she really say that?

Chandler: Yes, I distinctly remember 'cause I thought it was a joke. Now just give her a chance, okay?

Monica: Fine, I can do it. (Gets anxious.) Whew.

Chandler: What's the matter?

Monica: Well, usually when I'm this anxious, I clean!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross, Rachel, and Phoebe are there as someone's cell phone starts to ring with one of those fancy ring tones.]

Phoebe: (looking around) Who's cell phone is that? It's just so annoying; everywhere you go.

Ross: I think it's coming from your bag.

Phoebe: (checks) I never get calls!! (Answers the phone) Hello?

Eric: Hi, it's Eric. From the Halloween party, Ursula's fiancée.

Phoebe: Oh my God Eric hi! Wait, how'd you get this number?

Eric: Oh, I have a friend who's a cop and he got it for me.

Phoebe: Wow! What an incredible violation—and wonderful surprise.

Eric: Uh listen, I just—I thought you should know I broke up with Ursula.

Phoebe: Oh you did? (To Rachel) He did it! He did it!

Rachel: Wow! What did he do?

Phoebe: Shhh! I'm talking.

Eric: Anyway, I was wondering if, you were the sort of person who...eats lunch.

Phoebe: Are you asking me out? 'Cause it would be kinda weird since you just broke up with my sister.

Eric: Yeah uh...okay. I'm—I'm sorry. Bye.

Phoebe: No! Wait! I was just saying that so you'd think I was a good person. Fight for me.

Eric: Uhh, I won't take no for an answer.

Phoebe: Not great, but we can work on it at lunch. Okay, I can be at your apartment in two hours.

Eric: Great! But wh—wh—How do you know where I live?

Phoebe: I've got friends too. Okay, bye.

Eric: Bye.

(She hangs up.)

Phoebe: Oh my God! I'm going out with Eric! Ooh, this day is really gonna be so much better than I thought it was gonna be. Oh Ross, I can't make lunch. (Exits.)

Ross: So apparently I'm available for lunch.

Rachel: I can't. I'm busy. I'm apartment hunting.

Ross: You're moving?

Rachel: Yeah, I can't live with Joey once the baby comes. I don't want my child's first words to be, (in a baby's voice) "How you doin'?"

Ross: So does—does Joey know you're moving?

Rachel: Well, I haven't discussed it with him yet, but I know he's gonna be relieved. Last week, he brought this girl over and I started talking to her about morning sickness and then I showed her pictures from my pregnancy book.

Ross: That's not really porn.

Rachel: Not so much.

Ross: Hey, y'know what and if you're looking for a place? I just heard in the elevator this morning that a woman in my building died.

Rachel: Oh my God! Was she old? Does she have a view?

Ross: Well I don't know, but how—how great would that be huh? You living in my building. I could help take care of the baby. I can come over whenever I want. (Rachel looks at him.) With your permission.

Rachel: Yeah that would really be great.

Ross: Yeah.

Rachel: Well can we see it?! Oh maybe we shouldn't. I mean if she just died this morning out of respect.

Ross: Yeah. No. No you're right.

(Pause as they both take another sip of coffee.)

Rachel: Shall we?

Ross: Yeah.

(They both exit.)

[Scene: Ross's Building, they are approaching the apartment of the woman who died. Ross knocks on the door and a woman answers it.]

Mrs. Verhoeven's Daughter: Yes?

Ross: Hi. I'm Ross Geller. I live in the building.

Rachel: And I'm Rachel, an admirer of the building.

Ross: I—I heard about Mrs. Verhoeven passing away and I'm so sorry for your loss.

Mrs. Verhoeven's Daughter: She didn't pass.

Ross: What?

Mrs. Verhoeven's Daughter: My mother's still alive.

Ross: Oh, thank God!

Mrs. Verhoeven's Daughter: It looked like we were gonna lose her this morning, but she's a tough old bird.

Rachel: Ahh.

Mrs. Verhoeven's Daughter: Are you close with her?

Ross: Of course! Uh yeah, she and I would talk all the time in—in (Rachel pokes her head in and starts to look around) the laundry room. (Pushes Rachel out of the way.)

Mrs. Verhoeven's Daughter: You speak Dutch? (In Dutch) Zeer vereerd een vriend van mijn moeder te ontmoeten. (Translation: I'm very honored to meet a friend of my mother.)

Ross: Y'know I would it's just painful.

Rachel: So she's really not dead.

Mrs. Verhoeven's Daughter: No, she's hanging in there.

Rachel: Hmm. Do you think—Could you tell me if she's hanging in, in a one bedroom or a two?

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica is observing the new maid, Brenda, clean.]

Brenda: Mrs. Bing, this tile cleaner is incredible! Where'd you get it?

Monica: Oh well umm, I make it myself! It's two parts ammonia and one part lemon juice. And now the secret ingredient is...y'know what? We **just** met.

Brenda: Okay. Uhh, I'm gonna go get the clothes from the laundry room now. And, when I come back I'll clean behind the refrigerator.

Monica: (To Chandler) I love her.

Brenda: I'll be back in a minute.

Monica: Okay. (As Brenda exits Monica notices something.)

Chandler: See? I told you.

Monica: She stole my jeans!

Chandler: (pause) What?

Monica: I have been looking for them all week and she is wearing them!

Chandler: So she stole your pants and then she came back and wore them in front of you?

Monica: Don't you see? It's the perfect crime!

Chandler: She must've been planning this for years!

Monica: I will prove it to you! Okay? About a week ago I was wearing those jeans and I dropped a pen in my lap and it left an ink stain on the crotch. Now when she comes back I will find it and show you that stain!

Chandler: Honey, isn't it possible that the company that sold the jeans made more than just the one pair?

Monica: I guess.

Chandler: So, shouldn't we go give her the benefit of the doubt before we go...snooping around her crotch?

Monica: Fine. I'm just glad I didn't give her my secret ingredient.

Chandler: Out of curiosity, what is your secret ingredient?

Monica: Yeah! (Laughs.)

[Scene: Eric's Apartment, he's opening the door to reveal Phoebe.]

Phoebe: Hi!

Eric: Come in, I'm so glad you're here.

Phoebe: Yeah, me too. Not in the shaky angry way you are though.

Eric: Sorry, I just saw Ursula. I had to give the engagement ring back.

Phoebe: Oh.

Eric: Just seeing her brought it all back. All the lies, the way she used me. I just...I got so angry just looking at her...(Looks at Phoebe)...face.

Phoebe: Yeah. (Covers her face with her hand.) Yeah.

Eric: I'm sorry. I just...when I look at you I see her. When I see her I get a little bit angry.

Phoebe: Maybe this is too weird.

Eric: No wait! There's only a problem when I look at you. (Sits down on the couch.) Oh I got it! I got it. (Puts his hands to his eyes.)

Phoebe: No don't tear out your eyes!!

Eric: I was just, I was just gonna take out my lenses.

Phoebe: Oh, yeah try that. (He finishes and looks at her.) So, is that better?

Eric: Not really. You...you're blurry, but you still look like Ursula. You're Blursula. Okay wait. Maybe...If I-if I just don't look at you for a while. (Stands up and turns his back to her.) See? It...it works. I'm not, I'm not angry at all anymore! This is a great date!

Phoebe: Look Eric, turn around. (He does so.) Look, I like you, but it shouldn't be **this** hard. Y'know? This is our first date y'know? First dates are supposed to be about excitement and electricity and 'Ooh, he just touched my hand, did he mean to touch my hand?' and y'know first kisses and...(He kisses her)...second kisses. (Motions for him to kiss her again which he does and they start to make out.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross is reading some book and Gunther serves him a cup of coffee.]

Ross: Thanks for the coffee, or bedankt voor de koffie, Gunter. (He translates that phrase into Dutch.)

Gunther: Jij spreekt Nederlands? Dat is te gek. Heb je familie daar? (Translation: You speak Dutch That's cool. Do you have relatives there?)

Ross: Yeah, we're done.

Gunther: Ezel. (Translation: Donkey)

Ross: Ezel? Ezel? Ezel? (Looks it up in his book.)

Joey: (entering) Hey Ross! Listen, do you want to go see that new lmax movie on tide pools?

Ross: Really?!

Joey: (laughs) No. But I got Knicks tickets for you, me, and Chandler.

Ross: Sweet!

Joey: All right, well finish your coffee; let's go.

Ross: Okay I—I just have to stop by my place first.

Joey: To tape the game? You do this every time Ross, you're **not** gonna be on TV!

Ross: No—no, I—I have to see if this apartment became available.

Joey: Oh, you're switching apartments?

Ross: It's not for me, it's for Rachel.

Joey: But Rachel has an apartment.

Ross: Yeah, but when the baby comes she's gonna want to move.

Joey: She is?

Ross: Yeah, you didn't expect her to live there with a baby did you?

Joey: I guess I didn't really think about it.

Ross: (finds the word in the book) Ezel! (Reads the translation.) Hey Gunther! You're an ezel!

Gunther: Jij hebt seks met ezels. (Translation: You have sex with donkeys.)

Ross: Damn it!

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Brenda is sweeping and Monica is sitting at the kitchen table.]

Monica: Nice jeans!

Brenda: Oh thanks! I like your top.

Monica: Oh. (Holds on to it.) (To herself) You're not gettin' it.

(Brenda bends down to use the dustpan and Monica leans over to look for the stain, but leans so far over she falls out of the chair.)

Brenda: What happened?!

Monica: Oh, I fell asleep.

Brenda: I was thinking about taking my lunch break.

Monica: Oh, will you do the top of the cabinets? That'll really work up your appetite for lunch.

Brenda: All right.

(Brenda pulls a chair to the counter and uses it to get up on the counter in order to clean the top of the cabinets. Monica sneaks over, bends over, and tries to see the stain. That doesn't work so she sticks her head between Brenda's legs. Suddenly Brenda changes her stance and traps Monica's head between her legs.)

Monica: Hello.

Brenda: What's going on?!

Monica: I'm sorry. I've never had a maid before, is this not okay?

Commercial Break

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is eating pizza as Joey returns from the Knicks game.]

Rachel: Hey!

Joey: Hey!

Rachel: How was the game?

Joey: Oh, okay. I...I ate way too much.

Rachel: Oh.

Joey: Ooh. (Notices the pizza, grabs a slice, and takes a bite.) So umm, I was talkin' to Ross and he said you were looking for a new place.

Rachel: Oh yeah! Hopefully across the street if certain Dutch people would just let go.

Joey: I was kinda hoping you'd stay.

Rachel: Oh but Joey, I have to go. There's no room for a baby here.

Joey: No room? It's a baby. It's like this big. (Holds his hands about a foot apart.) Y'know, I mean you—you could you could put it over here. (A desk.) Or—or—or we could put it right here. (The chair.) Aw, it's cute, right? Or—or we could put it over here. (By the bathroom door.) You wouldn't even notice it. Where's the baby? (Mumbles that it's over in the corner.)

Rachel: Honey, it's not just a matter of where you put it. I mean a baby changes everything. They cry all the time. I mean imagine bringing home some girl and trying to score when there's a screaming baby around.

Joey: I could use a challenge! It's getting pretty easy.

Rachel: Honey, it's so sweet that you want me to stay, but I—I can't do that to you. I mean it would disrupt your entire life.

Joey: I love living with you so much. I just wish things didn't have to change.

Rachel: I know.

Joey: Y'know I blame Ross for this.

Rachel: I do too a little bit.

Joey: I'm gonna miss you, you're the hottest roommate I ever had.

[Scene: Eric's Apartment, he and Phoebe are still making out.]

Phoebe: Ooh, oh no! I have to go! I have a massage appointment.

Eric: Oh no, stay here we'll keep doing this. I'll pay you.

Phoebe: No, I got in trouble for that before. I'll see you later.

Eric: Absolutely. (They kiss and Phoebe heads for the door.) I love the way you kiss.

Phoebe: Really? That's the thing I'm worse at! You'll see. (Exits.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Brenda is shaking out the rugs on the balcony as Monica pouts in the living room.]

Chandler: (entering) Hi!

Monica: Hey! Umm, I think Brenda needs a raise.

Chandler: How come?

Monica: Because I put my head between her legs.

Chandler: To see her pants?

Monica: They're my pants!

Chandler: Are you sure? Did you see the stain?

Monica: No! I was just getting into position and then everything went dark.

Chandler: God! She is not stealing from us! Okay, will you let this go?

Monica: Fine. (Brenda comes in to use the bathroom and adjusts her pink bra strap on the way.) She's wearing my bra!

Chandler: Oh dear God!

Monica: My pink flowered bra! I recognize the strap!

Chandler: And yet you **don't** recognize that you're crazy.

Monica: Here's the plan! Okay? I'm going to leave you get a look at Brenda's bra!

Chandler: Here's another plan...No!

Monica: I would do it but she thinks I'm attracted to her!

Chandler: Why?

Monica: Did you **not** hear where my head was? Come on! Come on we're a team! We're in this together!

Chandler: I fear a jury will see it the same way!

Monica: Do this for me! Come on, I catch you looking at woman's breasts all the time!

Chandler: You see that?

Monica: Do you see this? (Mimics him drooling over a woman's breasts.)

Chandler: All right. Yes. Okay. I get your point. But if it's not your bra will you just let the woman clean the apartment?!

Monica: Yes! Absolutely. Okay? Look, you'll know it's mine because on the right cup, the lacey part, there's a very noticeable rip.

Chandler: You need new clothes.

[Scene: Mrs. Verhoeven's Apartment, Ross is back to inquire about the elder Verhoeven's health or lack there of.]

Ross: Hi. How is she?

Mrs. Verhoeven's Daughter: It's not looking good.

Ross: (happily) Oh. (Realizes then sadly) Oh. Well I uh, I brought her some bloemen. (Flowers in Dutch.)

Mrs. Verhoeven's Daughter: That's so sweet. (Takes the flowers.) Would you like to come in and say good-bye? I'm sure it would mean a lot to her.

Ross: Oh I don't know that it would.

Mrs. Verhoeven's Daughter: Well, her memory is pretty much gone.

Ross: All right then. (Follows her in and checks the place out.)

[Scene: Eric's Apartment, he's resting on the bed as Phoebe enters.]

Phoebe: (entering) Hey!

Eric: Welcome back!

Phoebe: Hey! (Jumps on the bed with him.) Can we pick up where we left off?

Eric: I don't know, I'm still pretty tired out from this afternoon.

Phoebe: Why?

Eric: Uh, the sex.

Phoebe: What sex?

Eric: Our sex.

Phoebe: We didn't have sex.

Eric: Well if I didn't have sex with you, I had sex with someone that looked an awful lot like...

Phoebe: (simultaneously as Eric) Ew! Ew! Ew! Ew! Ew! Ew!

Eric: (simultaneously as Phoebe) Oh no! Oh no! Oh no! Oh no! No! No! No!

Phoebe: You-you...you had sex with Ursula?!

Eric: Uh, a little bit. She—she—she walked in and I thought she was you and I kissed her and...

Phoebe: You didn't notice she was wearing different clothes?!

Eric: Well I was just so excited to see you.

Phoebe: Oh. Ew! Ew! Ew! Ugh! Y'know what? This is too weird.

Eric: No—no it's not! I don't want to lose you! It's—it's like I was saying to Ursula when I was making love to her and I thought she was you—Yeah it is too weird.

Phoebe: So I guess this is it.

Eric: Yeah. (They hug.) Maybe it's for the best. You smell just like her.

Phoebe: Yeah, so do you.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Brenda is wiping the coffee table and Chandler is trying to look at her bra and leans over on the coffee table to get a good look.]

Brenda: (noticing him) What are you doing?

Chandler: I'm leaning. This is where I lean.

Brenda: Okay. (Goes over and fluffs up the pillows on the couch.)

Chandler: Brenda a bee!

Brenda: What?

Chandler: Yes! It's flown into your blouse and you'd better undo your buttons lest it sting you!

Brenda: I think I know what's going on here.

Chandler: You do?

Brenda: Look, I know it must be hard that your wife is a lesbian, but it's wrong. You're married.

Chandler: I totally understand. (They both laugh.) Can I **just** see your bra?

[Scene: The Hallway, Monica is sitting on the step as Rachel returns.]

Rachel: Hi!

Monica: (looking at Rachel's jeans) Where did you get those jeans?!

Rachel: You gave them to me!

Monica: No I didn't!

Rachel: All right, I took them. But I figured it would be okay because you got a big ink stain on the crotch.

Monica: Oh no! Did you take my bra too?!

Rachel: What bra?

Monica: The pink one with the flowers?!

Rachel: You mean the one that you're wearing? (Adjusts Monica's pink bra strap as Monica looks down her shirt.)

Brenda: (entering) I quit! (Storms off.)

Monica: Sounds about right.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel enters and notices that Joey has set up a space for the baby where the couch was, complete with a crib.]

Rachel: What is this?

Joey: Hey! Uh, this is just to give you an idea. Okay well, we can put screens here, (In front of the crib.) so that the baby has privacy, and—and—and maybe a mobile over the crib. And uh—Oh look! Here's a baby monitor (Holds it up), which until the baby comes we can use as walkie-talkies. Huh?

808. The One With The Stripper

Written by: Andrew Reich & Ted Cohen

Directed by: David Schwimmer

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey, Monica, and Chandler are sitting on the couch and chair as Phoebe is getting coffee.]

Rachel: (coming from the bathroom) Hey Pheebs?

Phoebe: Huh?

Rachel: I'm having dinner with my dad tomorrow night, do you wanna come?

Phoebe: Sure. Yeah, he's kinda sexy.

Rachel: Oh no, no, I'll be there too.

Phoebe: Okay so, we'll just come up with some kind of signal if it's going well you can take off.

Rachel: No Phoebe! I just need you there for support. I haven't told him I'm pregnant yet.

Phoebe: Oh. Why not?

Rachel: 'Cause I know he's gonna flip out and I hate it when he's angry.

Phoebe: Oh Rachel, this is all so 'Papa don't preach.'

Rachel: What Phoebe? Wait! One time he caught me smoking he said if he ever saw me doing that again he'd make me eat the entire pack.

Phoebe: Wow! Oh well, I will be there!

Rachel: Thank you.

Phoebe: Gosh. I'm not gonna let that man make you eat your baby. (They both sit down by the rest of the gang and Phoebe recognizes a man by the window.) Oh. Hey! Who is that guy? I think I know him.

Monica: (recognizing him and panicking) No you don't!

Rachel: (panicking) No you don't.

Phoebe: Oh my God!!! Monica!! He's the stripper from your bachelorette party!!

Chandler: Her what?!!

Phoebe: Your **secret** bachelorette party...

Chandler: You had a bachelorette party?!

Phoebe: She untied his G-string with her teeth. (Pause) Somebody stop me!

Chandler: I thought we weren't gonna have bachelor/bachelorette parties! Y'know, we agreed that it was a silly tradition.

Joey: It's a grand tradition!

Monica: I'm sorry, they surprised me. There was nothing I could do!

Rachel: Well you could've untied it with your hands.

Joey: This is so unfair! The one thing I wanted to do was throw my best friend a bachelor party, but no, I wasn't allowed to. All I got was a stupid steak dinner!

Chandler: You went home with the waitress.

Joey: Oh yeah, that was a pretty good night.

Chandler: I can't believe you didn't tell me! You **know** that the two pillars of marriage are openness and honesty!

Monica: Ugh, I **knew** giving you that book was gonna come back and bite me in the ass!

Opening Credits

[Scene: A Restaurant, Rachel and Phoebe are having dinner with Dr. Green, and everyone is looking at the menu.]

Dr. Green: How about I order everyone the Moroccan chicken?

Phoebe: Oh, I—I don't eat meat.

Dr. Green: It's chicken.

Phoebe: Yeah, I don't eat that either.

Dr. Green: I'll never understand you lesbians. (To Rachel) So baby, tell me...what is new with you.

Rachel: Well actually umm...

Waiter: (interrupting) Your '74 Lafite sir.

Dr. Green: '74?! I ordered the '75! That's a magnificent wine! The '74 is sewage! Why would you bring me sewage?! (The waiter's dumbfounded) Is that a hard question? Are you an idiot? Is that why you're a waiter?

Waiter: This is why I told the manager I wouldn't wait on you tonight! (Runs off.)

Dr. Green: Oh come on! Don't be such a baby! (Goes after him)

Rachel: (To Phoebe) In case you didn't notice, that is a scary man.

Phoebe: He's right though, the '74 is absolute piss.

Rachel: This was such a huge mistake. I can't tell him Phoebe. I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't...

Phoebe: Rachel!

Rachel: No it's okay, this is what's gonna happen. I'm gonna wait a couple years and then the baby will tell him.

Phoebe: Why, so he can get mad at the baby?

Rachel: Hey, that is the...baby's problem. (Dr. Green returns.) Oh, everything okay with the waiter?

Dr. Green: I have no idea, I went to the bathroom. So sweetie, you were starting to tell me what is uh, what is new with you.

Rachel: Well... Umm, I got *TiVo*.

Dr. Green: What's *TiVo*?

Phoebe: It's slang for pregnant.

Rachel: Phoebe!

Dr. Green: Are you really pregnant?

Rachel: Well uh, yes and no. Except not no. So to sum it up, yeah.

Dr. Green: Who is the father? Oh no! Please don't tell me it's her! (Points at Phoebe.)

Rachel: No, it's Ross. It's Ross. You like Ross. (He just shakes his head.) Oh daddy, I hope you're okay with all of this. I mean think about it, this is a good thing. You're gonna—This is your first grandchild! You're gonna be a poppy!

Dr. Green: That's true.

Rachel: Yeah.

Dr. Green: (laughs) Poppy. (To Phoebe) Oh, I'm gonna be a poppy. (Stops laughing) So when is the wedding?

Rachel: Who?

Dr. Green: The wedding! There's going to be a wedding. Young lady, don't you sit there and tell me my first grandchild is going to be a bastard! (Rachel pauses) Rachel Karen Green, tell me there is gonna be a wedding!!

Rachel: February 2nd!

(Dr. Green exhales in relief.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler and Joey are reading a magazine and Ross is chatting with Mona.]

Mona: So it was really cool seeing you lecture today.

Ross: Oh thanks. Although it kinda seemed like you were falling asleep there a little.

Mona: Oh no-no, I-I had my eyes closed so I could concentrate and y'know take it all in.

Ross: Yeah, a lot of my students do that.

Mona: So, I gotta get going.

Ross: Okay, I-I'll see you tonight.

Mona: Yeah.

Ross: Okay, bye.

(They kiss and she starts to leave.)

Mona: Oh hey, thanks again for showing me your semi-precious stone collection. It was amazing! (She leaves.)

Chandler: My God! You must be good in bed!

Joey: So uh, you and Mona, been a while now. How's it going?

Ross: Ah, it's good. It's going good. I mean, we get along great. She's, she's so...

Joey: Hot?

Ross: Well, I was gonna say sweet, but yeah-huh!

Chandler: She's okay with Rachel and the baby?

Ross: Well I...I haven't actually told her yet. I don't want to scare her off, y'know?

Chandler: Well, you have to honest with her! Otherwise you may think that you're going down the same path, but you're really going down different ones.

Joey: I'm gonna take that book and beat you to death with it.

Monica: (entering) Oh my God! You are gonna love me so much! I felt really bad about the whole bachelorette party thing, so tonight you're gonna have a bachelor party.

Chandler: What?

Monica: Yeah, I got this number from this guy at work and I hired a stripper to come dance for you. Am I going in the wife hall of fame or what?!

Chandler: Honey! That's crazy! I don't want you to get me a stripper...

Joey: Will you let the lady talk?!

Monica: Come on! Come on, it'll be fun! It'll make me feel so much better.

Chandler: Look, I appreciate it, but uh, it's a little creepy. Y'know? I'm not a bachelor anymore.

Monica: So don't think of it as a bachelor party, think of it as a...a two month anniversary present.

Ross: Sure, one year is paper, but two months is lapdance! (Joey nods his agreement.)

Monica: Please! I feel so bad! Just watch the hot woman get naked!

Chandler: All right fine! But I'm only doing this for you!

Joey: Yeah!

Chandler: And Joey.

Monica: Thank you. All right, now who else do you want to invite?

Chandler: Ah, no-no-no just Ross. Ross and Joey is embarrassing enough.

Ross: Uh actually, sorry I can't even make it. I'm seeing Mona again tonight.

Chandler: I understand: who would cancel an actual date to go to a fake bachelor party?

Joey: (on cell phone) I'm sorry I gotta cancel tonight baby...

[Scene: The Restaurant, dinner has ended and Phoebe and Rachel are talking. Dr. Green is not at the table.]

Phoebe: I'm sorry I won't be able to make it to your imaginary wedding, but I'm **really** busy that day. Yeah, I already have a unicorn baptism and a leprechaun bar mitzvah.

Rachel: I know. I know. I panicked, I panicked. I didn't want him to start yelling at me like I was some '74 Latour.

Phoebe: It's Lafite. The '74 Latour is actually drinking quite nicely.

Rachel: All right here he comes. I'm gonna do this, I'm gonna tell him, I'm gonna be strong.

Dr. Green: I just called a friend of mine.

Rachel: Yeah?

Dr. Green: I think I may be able to book *The Plaza* on short notice.

Rachel: Really?! *The Plaza*?!! Oh daddy!! (Hugs him and Phoebe glares at her.) Right. Daddy, I need to talk to you. Please, sit down.

Dr. Green: What is it sweetie?

Rachel: There's not gonna be a wedding. Ross and I are not getting married.

Dr. Green: What?!

Rachel: I'm sorry daddy.

Dr. Green: I don't believe this!!

Rachel: Oh now daddy, stay calm. Please.

Dr. Green: Stay calm?!! How do you expect me to stay calm?! This is unacceptable Rachel! And I wanna know why?!! Is it because that punk Ross won't marry you?! That's it! Is that it?!

Rachel: Yes. Yes, he says I'm damaged goods.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Chandler's bachelor party has begun, what there is of it, with only Joey (wearing a gold paper top hat) and Chandler (wearing what appears to be a *Burger King* paper crown) enjoying a nice product placement of *Budweisers* on ice.]

Joey: So you uh, nervous about getting married?

Chandler: What are you doing?

Joey: Look, look let's pretend it's a real bachelor party. Okay? Y'know? Before your wedding. Come on, it'll be fun.

Chandler: Okay. I can't believe tomorrow's the big day.

Joey: How does it feel knowing you're never gonna be with another woman again huh? Knowing you're gonna have to wake up to the same face everyday until you finally have the sweet release of death.

Chandler: You're right, this is more fun.

(There's a knock on the door.)

Joey: That's her! Okay, come on! (They go over and open the door.)

Stripper: Hi!

Chandler: Hi. (Joey blows on a noisemaker.)

Stripper: So which one of you lucky boys is Chandler?

Joey: Uh, that-that's-that's me!

Chandler: That's me.

Joey: Joey Tribbiani, a big fan.

Stripper: So is that a bedroom? (Points to the guestroom.)

Chandler: Yeah, yeah right over there.

Stripper: All right, whenever you're ready. (She goes into the bedroom.)

Chandler: That was weird.

Joey: Why-why would she go in the bedroom?

Stripper: I'm waiting.

(They both slowly enter the bedroom and quickly walk back out.)

Chandler: So she's a...

Joey: Yeah, that's one naked hooker!

[Scene: Ross's Apartment, Ross and Mona are sitting on the couch.]

Mona: I love your place! Where is this guy from? (A statue from the top of his apothecary table.)

Ross: Uh that's an eighteenth century Indian artifact from Calcutta.

Mona: Oh wow! So, you're more than just dinosaurs.

Ross: So much more.

(They start making out and she kicks the eighteenth century Indian artifact from Calcutta off of his apothecary table from the days of yore and the magical city of White Plains.)

Mona: Oh my God! Oh my God! I'm so sorry!

Ross: Aw forget it, it's from *Pier One*. (There's an angry knock on the door.) Sorry. (Goes and opens the door to an irate Dr. Green.)

Dr. Green: You think you can knock up my daughter and then not marry her?! I'm gonna kill you!!

Ross: Y'know this is actually not a great time for me.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Ross's Apartment, continued from earlier.]

Dr. Green: So? Come on! Explain yourself Geller! First you get my Rachel pregnant!

Mona: You got Rachel pregnant?!

Ross: Who did?!

Dr. Green: You did!

Ross: Yes. Yes, yes I did. (To Mona) But-but it was, it was just a one night thing. It meant nothing.

Dr. Green: Oh? Really? That's what my daughter means to you? Nothing?

Ross: No! No sir umm, she means a lot to me. I mean, I care—I—I love Rachel.

Mona: What?!

Ross: (to Mona) Oh but not that way. I mean...I mean I'm not in love with her. I love her like a, like a friend.

Dr. Green: Oh really? That's how treat a friend? You get her in trouble and then refuse to marry her?

Ross: (to Dr. Green) Hey! I offered to marry her!

Mona: Wh...

Ross: (To Mona) But I didn't want to.

Dr. Green: Well why not? So you can spend your time with this tramp?!

Mona: Tramp?!

Ross: I'm sorry. Dr. Green, Mona. Mona, Dr. Green.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Chandler and Joey are discussing what to do about the now naked hooker in the guestroom.]

Chandler: I can't believe there is a naked hooker in there!

Joey: Wait! Wait! Maybe she's a hooker **and** a stripper, but she got confused about what she's supposed to do.

Chandler: Could be. I mean technically she did strip, we just, we just missed it. (Walks towards the bedroom.) Ma'am, are you also a stripper?

Hooker: Uh, no. But I could pretend to strip, but that's gonna cost extra. Okay, here's the extras, handcuffs, spanking... (Chandler grunts for her not to continue and Joey pulls him back into the kitchen.)

Joey: Maybe Monica's playing a joke on ya. Y'know? Getting her own husband a hooker, that's pretty funny.

Chandler: That is funny, maybe for my birthday she'll murder someone.

Joey: I bet Ross was in on it too. I mean he was conveniently busy.

Hooker: Do you mind if I smoke in here?

Chandler: Oh actually, I'd rather you...Yeah, go ahead. We're gonna have to burn that room down anyway.

[Scene: Ross's Apartment, continued from earlier.]

Mona: How could you have kept all of this from me?

Ross: I was going to tell you, but...

Dr. Green: But what?! You figured you'd get what you wanted and then dump her like you dumped Rachel!

Ross: Hey! I did not dump Rachel! (To Mona) Nor are we still together. (The phone rings and Ross goes to answer it, only he's trapped behind the apothecary table by Dr. Green.) Can I just... (Dr. Green glares at him.) Why don't we just let the machine get that?

Joey: (on machine) Hey Ross. It's Joey. There's a hooker over here and we thought maybe you'd know something about it.

Ross: No! No! No! No! No! I—I—I—I—I need to, I need to lie down.

[Scene: Monica's Restaurant's Kitchen, she's cooking as one of her waiters, Stu, comes over to talk to her.]

Stu: So, tonight's the night of the big bachelor party?

Monica: Yeah! Hey! Thanks for getting me that girl's number.

Stu: No problem. So who's the party for?

Monica: My husband.

Stu: You hired your husband a hooker?

Monica: She's a stripper.

Stu: No, she's a hooker.

Monica: Is that, is that what they call strippers sometimes?

Stu: When they're hookers.

Monica: Oh my God Stu! I—I can't believe you did this! Now are you absolutely sure she's a hooker?

Stu: Either that or she's just the best, most expensive date I ever had.

(Monica runs out.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Joey and Chandler are still deciding what to do about the hooker.]

Joey: Maybe she meant to get you a hooker.

Chandler: Why would she do that?

Joey: Maybe she wants you to learn something. Huh? Now is there anything you're really bad at y'know, sexually?

Chandler: This is the worst bachelor party ever!

Hooker: What's taking you boys so long?

Joey: In a minute!

Chandler: (To Joey) In a minute? What's gonna happen in a minute?!

Joey: All right, all right maybe—maybe you should just ask her to leave.

Chandler: Why me?!

Joey: Hey! It's your bachelor party.

Chandler: Which is why **you** should do it.

Joey: I don't want to. You do it!

Chandler: You do it!

Joey: You do it!

Chandler: All right Rock, Paper, Scissors who has to tell the whore to leave! (Joey smirks.) What?

Joey: I miss this.

Chandler: I don't think we've actually done this before!

Joey: No, I—I miss hanging out with you.

Chandler: Well we—we still hang out.

Joey: Not like we used to. Remember? You and me used to be inseparable. Y'know now it's like—things are different.

Chandler: Well y'know, things are different. I'm—I'm married now.

Joey: Oh sure—And hey, don't get me wrong, I am so happy for you guys. I just—I miss—hanging out—just—just us, y'know?

Chandler: Yeah, I miss that too. I tell you what: from now on we'll make time to hang out with each other.

Joey: You got it. Come here. (They hug and are observed by the hooker.)

Hooker: Oh God! Listen, I am this close to robbing you guys. (Does the close sign.)

Monica: (entering quickly) She's a hooker! She's a hooker! She's a... (Stops as she sees her.) Hi! Uh, we spoke on the phone. (Goes and shakes the hooker's hand.)

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel and Phoebe are at the counter as Ross enters.]

Ross: So your dad dropped by. He's a pleasant man!

Rachel: (quietly) Oh no...

Phoebe: I'd better go. (She goes and sits down in the *La-Z-Boy E-cliner 3000*, the chair that Sit magazine called chair of the year, and they both look at her.) Just over here: I don't want to miss the fight.

Rachel: Ross I'm so sorry. Okay. I-I will promise I will straighten this out with him tomorrow in person, or via e-mail.

Ross: I don't care about your dad! I care about Mona! She was there and now she's totally freaked out!

Rachel: Oh okay, I'll fix that to. What's her e-mail address?

Ross: Rachel!

Rachel: All right, I promise. I'll fix this. I swear. I'll-I'll-I'll-I'll talk to her.

Ross: Okay!

Rachel: Okay.

Ross: Thank you!

Phoebe: That's it?! You call that a fight? Come on! "We were on a break!" "No we weren't!" What happened to you two?!

[Scene: Ross's Apartment, Ross is opening the door to Mona. Rachel is there as well.]

Ross: Thank you so much for coming back over.

Mona: Oh good, you're here. Yeah, and I was worried that it was going to be uncomfortable.

Rachel: I know Mona, just hear me out. First of all, I'm so sorry about my father yelling at you, but I heard you totally held your own. You're gonna have to tell me how you did that.

Ross: Focus.

Rachel: Okay. Um...But—Okay, yes Ross and I used to date. And yes we are gonna have a baby. But we are **definitely** not getting back together.

Mona: How can I be sure on that?

Rachel: Oh we just—we drove each other crazy!

Ross: Yeah.

Rachel: I mean he was possessive, he was jealous, he could never just let the little things go!

Ross: Trying to date this woman.

Rachel: Right! But, none of that compared to how kind and—and how gentle and thoughtful he is. (Rubbing his shoulder.)

Ross: Probably shouldn't touch me.

Mona: Y'know, I-I-I just...I don't want to get in the middle of something so complicated.

Rachel: I know, I get it, but Mona, what relationship is not complicated? I mean we all have our baggage! You must too! Why else would you still be single? (Mona looks at her.) I am so gonna leave right now. (Ross opens the door for her and she leaves.)

Ross: Should I leave this open for you too?

Mona: I'm not sure yet. Why didn't you just tell me about all this?

Ross: Because what's going on with Rachel has nothing to do with how I feel about you.

Monica: Yeah? Well you still shoulda told me.

Ross: I know and I was going to, but I thought it was better that you heard it from Rachel's father. Look I...I made a mistake, but it's only because I really, really like you. Really!

Monica: Okay, I guess you can...close the door now. (He does so and they kiss.)

Rachel: (entering) Forgot my purse! (Sees them kissing.) Oh, you guys made up. (To Mona) He's a good kisser isn't he? (Ross goes to close the door on her.) I'm going! (Quickly leaves and Ross locks the door.)
[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, the bachelor party has ended and Monica is trying to explain herself to Chandler.]

Monica: I swear I didn't know she was a hooker! I mean wh—Did you let her smoke in here?

Chandler: Her ass print is still on your grandmother's quilt, do you really want to talk about smoking?

Monica: Y'know what? I'm gonna make this up to you. I promised you a stripper (turns on the radio), and you're gonna get a stripper. (She starts to strip.)

Chandler: Monica! Wait!

Monica: What?

Chandler: (puts on his crown) Carry on.

(She does so by taking off her jacket seductively, only she has trouble getting one hand out and slams the jacket on the chair angrily to remove it.)

Monica: Ooh, these tennis shoes are so tight. I think I'll take them off. (Goes to do so.)

Chandler: Could you not narrate?

Monica: Gotcha sailor. (Kicks one of her shoes off and it lands in the kitchen knocking something down, but she continues to strip.)

Closing Credits

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is being yelled at by her dad over the phone, and he's been going on for so long Rachel is holding the phone away from her ear and reading a book.]

Dr. Green: (on phone) ...just because you're not in love with the guy you can't...

Phoebe: (entering, quietly) Wow, you told your dad the truth.

Rachel: About an hour ago.

Phoebe: Wanna go see a movie?

Rachel: Yes! (She gets up and sets the phone on the counter without hanging it up.) Bye daddy. (Phoebe and her leave.)

Dr. Green: (on phone, not hearing her) ...there's gonna be a wedding! (Joey enters from his room and goes to get a beer from the fridge.) That's unacceptable Rachel! What the hell does love have to do with it anyway?! There are more important things in a marriage other than love! (Joey hears something and looks around for the source.) ...constantly thinking about things! You have to think about the consequences of your decision. (Joey finds that the sound is coming from the phone and puts it to his ear.)

Joey: (on phone) Hey! I do too think about the consequences of my decisions! (Listens) What gives you the right to... (Listens) Go to hell! (Hangs up the phone and opens the fridge.) Stupid guy on my phone.

End

809. The One With The Rumor

Written by: Shana Goldberg-Meehan

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is reading *What to Expect When You're Expecting* as Rachel enters from her bedroom.]

Joey: Hey Rach listen, did you know that during pregnancy your fingers swell up to twice their size and never go back.

Rachel: (looking at her fingers) Oh my...God! Let me see that! (Grabs the book from him.)

Joey: (laughing) You fall for it every time!

Phoebe: (entering) Hey!

Rachel: Hi!

Phoebe: I brought you my old maternity clothes! (Sets a bag on the counter.)

Rachel: Oh Pheebs that's so sweet—(Grabs a pair of pants)—Ooh, those are so cute!

Phoebe: Yeah! And look, (Grabs the pants) see how they expand as the baby grows? (There's a stretchy part in front.) And then after the baby's born, they're **great** for shoplifting melons.

Monica: (entering) Oh good you're all here. Thanksgiving tomorrow, four o'clock. (To Rachel) Oh, guess who I invited. Remember that guy Will Colbert from high school?

Rachel: No.

Monica: He was in Ross's class...marching band...kinda overweight? Well, really overweight. I mean I was his thin friend.

Rachel: Wow! I don't remember him. Honey, are you sure you're not talking about your imaginary boyfriend.

Monica: No that was Jarred! Wow! I haven't thought about him in a long time... (Stares off into the distance lost in thought.) (Pause) Anyway, umm Will's, Will's here on business and he didn't have a place to go so I invited him here.

Rachel: Oh that's nice.

Monica: Oh, and by the way, he's lost a bunch of weight. I mean he looks goo-ood! Okay, I mean **really**, really gorgeous! (Joey clears his throat.) I still love Chandler.

Joey: I just want you to say it once in a while.

Monica: All right okay, just so you know, I'm not gonna make a turkey this year.

Joey: What?!

Monica: Well Phoebe doesn't eat turkey...

Joey: Phoebe!

Phoebe: Turkey's are beautiful, intelligent animals!

Joey: No they're not! They're ugly and stupid and delicious!

Monica: All right! Okay, it's just Phoebe. Will's still on a diet, Chandler doesn't eat Thanksgiving food, and Rachel's having her aversion to poultry.

Joey: She is?

Rachel: Remember I had to leave the room the other day when you had that roast chicken?

Joey: Yeah. But I thought that was because I put the whole thing on my hand and made it walk across the table.

Monica: Anyway, it just doesn't seem worth it to make a whole turkey for just three people. Okay? It's a lot of work.

Joey: But you gotta have turkey on Thanksgiving! I mean, Thanksgiving with no turkey is like—like Fourth of July with no apple pie! Or Friday with no two pizzas!

Monica: All right fine! If it means that much to you! But just—there's gonna be a ton left over.

Joey: No there won't! I promise I will finish that turkey!

Monica: All right, you're telling me you can eat an entire turkey in just one sitting?

Joey: That's right! 'Cause I'm a Tribbiani! (To Rachel) And this is what we do! I mean we may not be great thinkers or world leaders, we don't read a lot or run very fast, but damnit! We can eat!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Chandler is watching football, and it's actually the right game Green Bay at Detroit (although not this year's), as Monica is getting everything ready.]

Monica: Hey, isn't weird to think about how next year at this time they'll be a little baby at the table?

(Chandler turns around in horror.) (Seeing him) Rachel's! But good to know where you're at!

Phoebe: (entering) Hey!

Monica: Hey!

Phoebe: Happy Thanksgiving!

Monica: You too!

Phoebe: Anything I can do to help?

Monica: Actually there is. Chandler usually helps me with this, but he's really into the game so I don't want to bother him. Could you help me fold these napkins? (Hands her a stack of them.)

Phoebe: Sure!

Monica: I'm gonna go across the hall to check on the yams.

Phoebe: Okay. (She starts folding the napkins in half.)

Monica: No! No! No! No sweetie! No! Not like that! We're not at a barn dance. You've gotta—you wanna fold them like swans. Like I showed you at Christmas time, remember?

Phoebe: Yeah, it all just came screaming back to me. (Monica exits.) (To Chandler) So how's the game?

Chandler: I have no idea.

Phoebe: What?

Chandler: Yeah! I'm just pretending to watch the game so I don't have to help out with stuff.

Phoebe: I don't believe you! That is...brilliant! And Monica has no idea?

Chandler: Nope! Every once and a while I just scream stuff at the TV.

(Monica enters and Chandler screams stuff at the TV.)

Monica: Is your team winning hon?

Chandler: Yeah! Anderson just scored again! (To Phoebe) There's no Anderson.

Phoebe: Well I want to get in on this. Hey Mon? I don't think I can help you after all, I didn't realize **this** game was on.

Monica: Oh, I didn't know you liked football.

Phoebe: Well normally I don't, but y'know... (looks at the TV)... Green Bay is playing.

Monica: You like Green Bay?

Phoebe: Well it's only like my favorite bay! {Actually, it's not bad. It just gets a little cold in winter, but in Wisconsin winter only lasts from August to June. J }

(Phoebe joins Chandler on the couch as there is a knock on the door which Monica answers.)

Monica: Hey!

Will: Hey!

(Oh, I should point out that the live studio audience at this point goes absolutely wild. And I had absolutely no idea that this Will character was that popular! Maybe they should make him the seventh friend. Which would work out just fine since he's already married to one of them. Will is played by some guy named Brad Pitt, I guess he's some sort of actor.)

Will: Happy Thanksgiving!

Monica: Aww thanks! God Will I'm so glad that you came! You look great! You must've lost like...

Will: 150 pounds. Yeah, I'm gonna be in one of those *Subway* sandwich commercials.

Monica: A pie! (Will brought a pie.)

Will: Oh right. All right, it's no fat, it's no sugar, it's no dairy...it's no good. Throw it out.

Monica: You wanna meet some people? This is uh; this is my husband Chandler. Chandler, this is Will.

Will: Hey.

Chandler: Oh hey. I'd shake your hand but uh; I'm really into the game. Plus, I think it'd be better for my ego if we didn't stand right next to each other.

Monica: This is Phoebe.

Phoebe: (nonchalantly glancing) Hey. (Turns back around.) Wow! (Looks up.) Well done.

Monica: (to Will) Wanna give me a hand?

Will: Sure! Monica, I can't get over how great you look! You look stunning!

Monica: Well you look incredible too! You're just—you're so fit!

Chandler: I'm watching the game, but I'm not deaf!

Monica: Oh umm, I meant to tell you, Ross is coming.

Will: Ross is coming. Great! I love Ross!

Monica: Good. And Rachel Green too. (Will stops suddenly.)

Will: Oh.

Monica: Is there a problem?

Will: Nope. Uh, it's okay. It's just uh, God I hated her.

Monica: What?

Will: Yeah, I hated her. She was horrible to me in high school. But hey, it was a long time ago, I'm in a good place, it might be actually fun to see her again. You got any cakes or cookies or something? (Starts looking.) No Will no!

Chandler: (To Phoebe) Y'know, it's been a while since we've screamed something. Maybe we should.

Phoebe: Oh okay.

Chandler: Oh come on!

Phoebe: Nooooo!! Damn you ref! You burn in hell!!!

(Joey enters eating potato chips.)

Monica: Hey, what are you doing? You gotta save room, you've got almost an entire turkey to eat.

Joey: Let me explain to you how the human body works. I have to warm my stomach first. Eatin' chips is like stretching.

Monica: All right.

Joey: Don't worry, Tribbianis never get full.

Will: I actually know what you're talking about. I'm here to tell you something my friend, you can eat and eat and eat but nothing will ever fill that void.

Joey: (To Monica) Who the hell is this guy?

Monica: Will! From high school.

Joey: Oh hey!

Monica: (to Will) Joey.

Will: Hello.

Ross: (entering) Will!

Will: Ross!

Ross: Hey—hey you came! Man you look incredible! Hot stuff! (They hug and Ross realizes what he said.) Hot stuff?

Will: It's good to see you man.

Ross: Yeah, you too. Man, so—so what are you up to?

Will: I'm a commodities broker.

Ross: Really? Yeah that—that sounds interesting.

Will: Yeah, it's not. But I'm rich and thin.

Ross: Oh! Man I don't think I've seen you since uh, Lance Davis' graduation party.

Will: That was such a fun night!

Ross: Yeah. It would've been good if we had gotten in, but still real fun.

Will: Yeah.

Ross: Yeah.

Will: God we were lame back then. Do you remember how into dinosaurs we were?

Ross: (laughs) Yeah.

Will: So what do you, what do you do now?

Ross: So how long are you in town?

Rachel: (entering, carrying a baking dish) Hi!

Monica: Hey sweetie. Oh good. (Takes the baking dish from her.)

Will: (glaring at Rachel) Rachel Green.

Ross: Aw—oh, that's right. Are—are you gonna be okay?

Will: Oh, I'll—I'll be fine. Just God I hate her Ross! I hate her!

Ross: Will, high school was—was a long time ago.

Will: Look at her standing there with those yams! My two greatest enemies Ross: Rachel Green and complex carbohydrates.

Rachel: (sees Will) Oh my God Monica, who is that?

Monica: That's Will from high school!

Rachel: Oh! I do not remember him! Wow! He's really got that sexy, smoldering thing going on. (We see Will angrily staring at Rachel.) Oh my God, he's... Look at the way he's just staring at me. I think he's trying to mouth something to me, but I can't make it out. (Will mouths, "I hate you.")

Monica: Okay, dinner's ready!

Chandler: Good game!

Phoebe: Yeah.

Chandler: Yeah. Solid effort. Solid effort.

Monica: Oh, so who won?

Phoebe: (simultaneously) Green Bay.

Chandler: (simultaneously) Detroit.

Monica: What?

Phoebe: Well the Lions technically won, but it was a moral victory for the Green Bay...Mermen.

(They sit down at the table and Will goes to talk to Rachel.)

Rachel: Hi! Will, right?

Will: Right.

Rachel: Hi! I'm Rachel Green.

Will: Oh I-I remember you.

Rachel: Really?! Aren't you sweet! I gotta tell you though, I am, I am having the hardest time placing you. Oh-oh hang on! Did we umm, did we fool around at Lance Davis' graduation party?

Will: You are unbelievable.

Rachel: Thank you!

Monica: (breaking it up) Uh Rachel? Rachel, why don't you sit here? (Next to Joey) And Will you sit way over there. (The other side of the table.)

(Monica sets something on the table and removes the cover. It kinda looks like turkey.)

Joey: That's it?! Even if nobody helps me I can eat that no problem. At least give me a challenge!

Monica: (laughs) This is Chandler's chicken. This is the turkey. (Sets down a huge turkey.)

Joey: (quietly) Oh. How-how big is that?

Monica: About nineteen pounds.

Joey: (To Rachel) It's like me when I was born.

Rachel: All right, who would uh, like some yams? Will?

Will: Oh, you'd like that wouldn't ya?

Rachel: What? (Joey starts offering Ross some turkey.) Oh y'know what? Can we please keep the chicken and the turkey and everything on the other side of the table? The smell is just yuck!

Will: (sneeze talks) Typical.

Rachel: I'm sorry. What?

Will: I said it was typical. Typical of you, Rachel Green, Queen Rachel does whatever she wants in little Rachel land. (Does a fake hair flip.)

Joey: (To Monica) Seriously, who is this guy?

Rachel: Umm, I'm sorry. Do you—do you have a problem with me?

Will: I don't know? Do I? Do I?

Phoebe: I think you do.

Monica: (To Rachel) Apparently you were umm, a little mean to him in high school.

Will: A little mean? You made my life miserable!

Rachel: I'm—I'm—I had no idea. I'm sorry. I...

Will: Well you should be. Screw it! Bring on the yams!

Monica: Oh Will. But you—you've worked so hard...

Will: Yams!!!!

Monica: Okay. (Chandler grabs the dish from Monica and hands it to Will who starts dishing out a large helping.)

Rachel: Uh Will umm, I just want to say that I'm real sorry for whatever I—I did to you in high school...

Will: Oh, it wasn't just me. We had a club!

Rachel: You had a club?!

Will: That's right, The I Hate Rachel Green Club!

Rachel: Whoa! My God! So what, you all just joined together to hate me?! Who else was in this club?

Will: Me and Ross. (Points at Ross.)

Ross: No need to point, she knows who Ross is.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, scene continued from earlier.]

Rachel: (To Ross) So you were in an I Hate Rachel club?

Will: Yes he was. (Holds up his hand for a high-five.)

Ross: No. No.

Rachel: So who else was in this club?

Ross: Uh actually, there—there was also that exchange student from Thailand but I—I don't think he—he knew what it was.

Rachel: So Ross, we went out for two years, and you never told me you were in an I Hate Rachel club.

Will: You went out with her?! We had a pact!

Ross: That was in high school! It's not like it was binding forever.

Will: Then why did it have the word eternity in it?

Rachel: Okay Monica, did you know about this?!

Monica: I swear I didn't. (To Ross and Will) Hey! Is that why you guys used to go up to your bedroom and lock the door?

Ross and Will: Yeah.

Monica: Hmm, a little relieved, I gotta say.

Ross: Look Rach I—I'm sorry, okay? I...I was a stupid kid, okay? The only reason I joined...

Will: Co-founded!

Ross: ...co-founded. Co-founded the club was because I was insanely in love with you. Obviously I didn't handle it very well. But if you think about it the I Hate Rachel Club was really the I Love Rachel Club.

Will: Uh, except that it was really the I Hate Rachel Club.

Rachel: Okay. So what? You guys would just like get together and like just say mean things about me?

Will: Well, we did a little more than that.

Ross: No-no! No-no. No-no.

Phoebe: What?! What else did you do?

Will: We started a rumor.

Rachel: What rumor?

Phoebe: Oh, come on Will! Just take off your shirt and tell us!

Rachel: Ross!

Ross: It was no big deal. We—we…said that the rumor was…that umm…you had both…male and female reproductive parts.

Rachel: What?!

Will: That's right! We said your parents flipped a coin, decided to raise you as a girl, but you still had a hint of a penis.

Rachel: (shocked) Oh my God!

Monica: You started that?!

Rachel: What?! You heard that?! (Goes and stands behind Joey.)

Monica: Everyone at our school heard it!

Chandler: Everybody at my school heard it! You were the hermaphrodite cheerleader from Long Island?!

Rachel: Oh no!!!! Oh my God!! This is all making so much sense to me now! This is why Adam Carter wouldn't go out with me! This is why Billy Tratt would just stay in this region! (Motions to her breasts.) (Joey has turned around.)

Ross: Actually, Billy Tratt is gay now. So—so that one's not really our fault.

Rachel: Monica, how come you never told me this?!

Monica: I thought it might be true. And I was afraid that you were gonna cry and then show it to me. (Joey is now looking at Rachel, and since Rachel's standing and he's sitting down and he's not looking at her face… You get the picture.)

Rachel: Joey stop staring! There's nothing there! It's not true!

Joey: I'm afraid I'm gonna need proof.

Rachel: Oh! (Hits him and storms out.)

[Time Lapse, dinner has ended for everyone except Joey who looks like to have finished the turkey, until he turns the plate around and reveals he only ate one side.]

Joey: You are my Everest.

Monica: Joey, you don't have to finish that.

Joey: Oh yes I do. Otherwise what's next? Today I'm just a guy who can't finish a turkey, but tomorrow I'm the guy who eats half a *Powerbar*, wraps up the rest, and puts in the fridge? No! No, I just… I just—I gotta change my pants. (Gets up and heads for the door.) Jeans have no give. (Exits.)

Rachel: (entering carrying a book) Okay! Okay! Listen to what Sean McMahon wrote in my yearbook senior year, "Dear Rach, you're such a good person." Not girl! Person!

Ross: Rach, I think you're reading a little too much into it.

Rachel: (reading what he wrote again) "Dear Rach, you're a great person. Sorry about your tiney-wienie."
(Will laughs.)

Ross: Look, what do you want me to do? Do you want me to call everyone in the entire school and tell them it wasn't true?!

Rachel: Yes!

Will: Could you also tell them I'm skinny now?

Monica: Oh! Me too!

Ross: Well look-look I'm not calling anybody! Okay? It was like a million years ago!

Rachel: I don't care how long ago it was! You told people that I was half and half! Y'know what? I just want to point out I never did anything to hurt you in high school.

Monica: That's not totally true.

Rachel: What?

Ross: What?

Monica: Well you-you did start that rumor about Ross making out with Mrs. Altman, our 50-year-old librarian.

Ross: (shocked) (To Rachel) How did you know that?!!!!

Monica: It's true?!!

Ross: No.

Rachel: Yes it is! I saw you guys going at it behind the card catalog!

(Ross is at a loss for words.)

Will: Mrs. Altman? She also made out with Takaka Ci-Kek the night before he went back to Thailand.

Chandler: I'm sorry. When you were in high school you made out with a 50-year-old woman?

Ross: Hey! She didn't look 50!

Chandler: Did she look 16?

Rachel: Ohh, there's a picture of her in the yearbook actually.

Phoebe: Oh! (They all look.) Wow!

Ross: She didn't photograph well!

Chandler: Well, she probably wasn't familiar with the process having spent most of her life sitting for oil paintings!

Phoebe: So how did this happen? Did she, did she lure you to an early bird dinner?

Ross: I was working late in the library one afternoon. It was just the two of us. She needed some help with her word jumble. And one thing led to another. If you must know, Anita was very gentle and tender. May she rest in peace...

Monica: Didn't she walk with a cane?

Ross: Only when it was damp!! (To Rachel) I can't believe you-you told people about this?! Everybody knew?! Y'know what? (To Will) I'm back in the club!

Will: Yeah! (They high-five.)

Phoebe: I wanna join!

Rachel: Wh—Phoebe!!

Phoebe: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I never got to be in a club. I—I didn't go to high school, but three of us would meet behind a dumpster to learn French. Bonjour.

Rachel: All right, y'know—Fine! You guys have your stupid little club, but I would just like to say is what you did to me is way worse than what I did to you! You gave me a tiney-wienie! (Will laughs.)

Monica: All right, listen you're just being silly. Rachel, even with that rumor you were one of the most popular girls in school and everyone wanted to be like you. One girl wanted to be like you so much she stuffed her pants with a *Tootsie Roll*.

Rachel: Wow...

Monica: And Ross, if it weren't for Rachel's rumor I mean no one in high school would even know who you were. She put you on the map!

Ross: As a romancer of the elderly.

Monica: Hey! Mrs. Altman was the kind of woman you could tell she used to be pretty.

Ross: The eyes...did still sparkle.

Monica: Hey guys this stuff is just so way in the past. You—you've been through so much since then. And right now you've got so much more important stuff going on in your life. Can't you just let this go?

Rachel: She's right.

Ross: Yeah. I mean we are having a baby together.

Will: Hold on! You got her pregnant?

Ross: Yeah.

Will: Are ya getting married?

Ross: Nope.

Will: So you knocked her up but you're not gonna marry her. Dude! (Wants another high-five and Ross ignores him.) Anybody?

Phoebe: Okay. (Goes over and hugs him.) It's exactly how I'd imagined it would be.

Joey: (entering, wearing the maternity pants from earlier) All right where's that turkey!

Phoebe: Joey! Those are my maternity pants!

Joey: Not now! These are my Thanksgiving pants!

Closing Credits

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Will has left and the rest of the gang is watching Joey finish the turkey.]

Joey: Well that's it. I'm done. Whew! (Wipes his forehead.) There come the meat sweats. (Chandler hands him a towel and he wipes his face.)

Monica: Well Joey, we're all...we're all very proud of you.

Chandler: Yes, I believe we can expect a call from the President any moment now.

Phoebe: Is there anything we can do for you?

Joey: No just, nobody press on my stomach.

Rachel: You can keep those pants by the way.

(Joey notices Monica has gotten a pie.)

Joey: Whoa—hey—wh—wh—what do you got there? What is that? Pie?

Monica: Yeah, you want some?

Season 8

Joey: Ah, just cut me a little sliver. (Monica prepares to cut a little sliver.) A little bigger. (Monica prepares to cut a bigger piece.) Little bigger. (Monica moves the knife again.) What?! Are you afraid you're gonna run out?! Cut me a real piece!

End

810. The One With Monica's Boots

Teleplay by: Brian Buckner & Sebastian Jones

Story by: Robert Carlock

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica is trying on a pair of new boots as Chandler enters.]

Monica: Hey! So what do you think?

Chandler: New haircut? (Monica nods 'No.') Necklace? (No) Dress? (No) Boots? (Monica nods 'Yes.')
Boots!

Monica: Yes! Now, they're a little more than I normally spend on boots...or rent (Shows him the receipt.)

Chandler: Oh my God!

Monica: I know.

Chandler: I'm gonna miss being able to afford food.

Monica: I'm sorry, they just, they just look so good! And the saleswoman was looking at me like, "Oh, these are way too expensive for you."

Chandler: She had a point. (Shows her the receipt.)

Rachel: (entering) Hi!

Monica: Hey.

Rachel: Oh my God! (Notices the boots) Oh Monica! Those boots are amazing!

Monica: They're mine!

Chandler: Yeah well, too bad we're gonna have to return them.

Rachel: Return them?! Shh! They're gonna hear you!

Monica: Honey, I'm not returning them. Okay? I mean I-I know they cost a lot, but I'm going to wear them all the time. You'll see. Besides, I love the compliments. I mean, have you ever had something so beautiful everyone wanted it?

Chandler: I have you.

Monica: Nice try; I'm keeping the boots.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe, Ross, and Rachel are sitting on the couch and Ross is talking to Rachel's, who is now showing, stomach.]

Ross: That's right, I love you! And-and I'm gonna play with you all the time.

Phoebe: How can you let him talk to your crotch like that?

Rachel: (pause) He's talking to the baby.

Phoebe: Ohh! Okay! Okay, cause when-when he said, "I can't wait to hear your first words," I thought, "There's a trick."

Rachel: Okay. Well, I gotta go you guys. I'll see you later.

Phoebe: Okay.

Ross: Bye.

Rachel: Bye. (She gets up to leave but is stopped by Joey)

Joey: Oh hey Rach, listen—Hi!

Rachel: Hi.

Joey: Umm, can you do me a favor? I was talkin' to my sister and she knows you work at *Ralph Lauren*...

Rachel: No, forget it! No way! I am not sending anymore *Ralph Lauren* clothes to prison. It is a waste.

Joey: No—no—no—no—no—no, not her, not her. My youngest sister, Dina, she's really interested in fashion, and she wants to talk to someone successful, y'know, to give her some advice.

Rachel: I guess I can talk to one of my supervisors...

Joey: Oh no—no—no—no, she wants to talk to you!

Rachel: Really?! Oh my God! I'm successful!

Joey: Okay, so will you meet with her?

Rachel: Yes! I'd love to! Have her come by the office.

Joey: Great! Thanks! You're gonna love her so much. And—Oh, she's the smartest of all the Tribbiani children. Hey, y'know the S.A.T's?

Rachel: Yeah.

Joey: She took 'em!

(Joey goes to get coffee and Rachel exits as the camera pans to Phoebe and Ross on the couch.)

Phoebe: Hey Ross! Doesn't Ben go to the Smithfield Day School?

Ross: Yeah. Why?

Phoebe: Sting has a son that goes there too!

Ross: Yeah I know: he's in Ben's class.

Phoebe: You knew this and you never said anything?! With all the stupid dinosaur stuff you tell us?!

Ross: Fine! No more dinosaur stuff! Can I talk about fossils? (Joey is about to sit down and hears this so instead he groans and exits.)

Phoebe: Sting's son, seven years old and there's a picture.

Ross: What are you reading? The Kidnappers Guide to Manhattan Private Schools?

Phoebe: No, it's *New York* magazine. It's an article about the best schools in the city. So how well do you know Sting?

Ross: Uh, I actually haven't even met him.

Phoebe: Uh—huh, yeah that's too bad. I really want to go to his concert Friday night, but it's totally sold out. I know! Why don't you meet him and get tickets?! If you get two I'll take you.

Ross: Well actually, I'm picking Ben up tomorrow, maybe he'll be there.

Phoebe: There you go! Oh, you are so lucky! You might actually get to meet Sting tomorrow! **That's** why you have kids!

[Scene: Central Perk, the next day Rachel, Phoebe, and Chandler are there as Monica enters.]

Monica: Hey guys!

Chandler: Hey—hey.

Rachel: Hi Monica!

Monica: Hey. (Sits down on the arm of the couch.)

Rachel: Hi boots.

Monica: See Chandler? I'm getting a lot of use out of them already! They're very practical. See, you can wear them with dresses, with skirts, with pants...

Chandler: You can wear them with shorts on a street corner and earn the money to pay for them. (Goes and gets some coffee at the counter.)

Phoebe: Wow! They're beautiful!

Rachel: Ahh...

Monica: (almost crying) They hurt so much!

Phoebe: What?!

Monica: The guy who made these hates feet and wants to see them die!

Rachel: Well-well you can give them to me! I haven't felt my feet in years!

Monica: I can't! I spent so much money on them and I told Chandler that I'd wear them all the time, I just can't give them away!

Phoebe: Well then get your money back and return them!

Monica: I can't do that either! The soles' are already a little scuffed up and the insides are filled with my blood.

Ross: (entering) Hey!

Chandler: (returning to his seat) Hey!

Ross: Hey I uh just picked up Ben from school...

Chandler: (spinning around looking for him) I don't think you did a very thorough job!

Ross: I dropped him off at Carol's. (To Phoebe) Anyway, it turns out that I'm not going to be able to get those tickets though.

Phoebe: Oh no! Why not?

Ross: Well it turns out that Ben and Sting's son do not get along.

Phoebe: How come?!

Ross: Apparently, Sting's son made fun of the fact that Ben's moms are lesbianims.

Phoebe: Wait! But Ross if they don't get along then **you** should smooth things over. **Make** them be friends.

Ross: Phoebe, you can't force kids to be friends.

Phoebe: Sure you can! Give them some blocks, put them in a playpen!

Ross: Playpen?! Ben's seven!

Phoebe: Your kid is seven?! (Ross nods, "Yes.") (To the rest) He's really small. (To Ross) Please! Please get the tickets!

Ross: Look I'm sorry Pheebs, I can't do it.

Phoebe: Yes you can! Sting says so himself!

Ross: What?

Phoebe: (singing) *Rosssss can!*

Ross: Look Phoebe, I'm sorry it's just...

Phoebe: (singing) *Rosssss can!*

Ross: Phoebe, I...

Phoebe: (singing) *Rosss can! Give me the tickets! Ross can give me the tickets!!*

(Ross runs out to get the tickets.)

[Scene: Rachel's Office, Joey has brought Dina to meet with Rachel.]

Joey: (entering, with Dina) Here she is! Future fashion superstar!

Rachel: Oh Joey, I'm hardly a...

Joey: My little sister Dina!

Rachel: Right! Hi Dina!

Dina: Hi.

Rachel: Nice to meet you. (They shake hands.)

Dina: Thanks so much for meetin' with me. Joey's told me so much about you!

Joey: This is so exciting for her. Well, I'll let you two fash...ists get down to business. (Exits.)

Rachel: Okay. All right Dina, well let's talk about the different areas of fashion that you could get involved in. Let's see, there's design, but you may need a whole other degree for that. Uh, there's—there's sales, which is great because you get to travel...

Dina: I...I don't care about fashion! I'm pregnant! And I know you are too, so you gotta help me!

Rachel: (stunned) And there's marketing...

[Scene: The Hallway, Monica is returning, but before she enters the apartment she stops on the step and changes from wearing tennis shoes to the boots and she moans in pain as she puts each boot on.]

Monica: (standing up) Ahhhhhhhh!

Chandler: (opening the door) What's wrong?

Monica: Oh nothing I'm just—just was yawning. (Mimics the groan from before and stretches.)

Chandler: Oh don't forget, my office holiday party is tonight. (They go into the apartment.)

Monica: Honey, we don't really have to go to this thing tonight do we?

Chandler: Now sweetie, I know you don't like my office parties, but you can wear your new boots. See? Every cloud has a...supple leather lining.

Monica: I—I don't—I don't think that I'm gonna wear the boots tonight.

Chandler: Why not?

Monica: Well y'know, I'm just—I'm just worried that bosses will see them and think they pay you too much money. Or! Or your assistant will see them and—and want a raise!

Chandler: Do you think I work at some kind of boot pricing company?

Monica: Anyway, I picked up this outfit that I want to wear and the, and the boots don't really go with it.

Chandler: You said that you paid all that money because those boots go with skirts, dresses, and pants!

Monica: Fine! If you want me to wear the boots, I'll wear the boots. In fact, I'll go into my room right now and y'know try the outfit on.

Chandler: Okay.

Monica: Okay? (She starts to walk which causes her to start crying) Ooo wee! Christmas party in my boots! (Runs into the bedroom and mixes saying 'ow' with laughing.)

[Scene: The Hallway, Rachel is about to enter her apartment with Dina to tell Joey the news.]

Dina: I—I can't go in there. I can't tell him!

Rachel: Honey, it's going to be okay. He's been incredibly supportive of me, and if he gets a little upset; that's what the meatball sub is for. (She gives Dina a sandwich wrapped in aluminum foil.)

Dina: Thank you.

Rachel: Okay.

(They enter.)

Joey: Hey! It's my fashion girls! (They don't react.) What's wrong?

Rachel: Honey, why don't you sit down? Dina has something that she wants to tell you.

Joey: (concerned) Oh. What's, what's going on? Is it mom? Is she sick? Is it dad's heart? Is that a sandwich?

Dina: Joe, mom and dad are fine...

Joey: Is that a sandwich?!

Rachel: Joey...there's something that you...should know. Dina?

Dina: I'm pregnant.

Joey: (angrily) What?!

Rachel: (To Dina) Now! Give him the sandwich! Give him the sandwich! (She quickly sets the sandwich in front of him.)

Joey: Well obviously this is a mistake! You can't be pregnant! Because you have to have sex to get pregnant!

Dina: Joe, I tried to wait until I was 25 like you did!

Rachel: What?! Dina...

Joey: (to Rachel) Bub!!! (Points at her and quiets Rachel.) (To Dina) I can't believe this! You're the good one! You went to college! Both years! Who did this to you?!

Dina: Bobby Corso, but he's a real nice guy. I like him a lot. He's real funny.

Joey: You got pregnant for funny?! Dina...if he's funny...**laugh!** All right, I'll be back in a little while! You stay here!

Dina: Why? Where are you going?

Joey: I can't look at you right now! (Exits and slams the door behind him.)

Dina: Wow.

Rachel: I know.

(Joey storms back in and covering his face so he doesn't see Dina grabs the sandwich and heads back out.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: The Midfield Day School, it's after school and Ben is taking a drink of water as Phoebe enters.]

Phoebe: Oh, there you are Ben!

Ben: Aunt Phoebe, what are you doing here?

Phoebe: Well, I heard you're having a problem with one of the boys in your class. And so I thought I would just come down here and sit you both down, have a little talk and make it all okay. Now umm, the boy's name is Sting's son.

Ben: Jack? I hate him! He's a jerk.

Phoebe: Now Ben, sometimes people may seem like jerks on the outside, but they have famous fathers.

Ben: I have to go. My friend Doug is waiting for me over there. (Goes over to Doug.)

Phoebe: Him you're friends with. (Starts looking at the children trying to find Jack and a teacher notices her.)

The Teacher: Excuse me. Can, can I help you with something?

Phoebe: Yes! Yes you can, I'm looking for Jack's parents.

The Teacher: Are you with one of the students?

Phoebe: Uh-huh, I'm with Ben.

The Teacher: Are you one of Ben's mothers?

Phoebe: I am one of Ben's mothers. I'm a lesbian. It was, it was difficult coming out to my parents.

The Teacher: Well hi, I'm Jenny Boone. I'm the new teacher here.

Phoebe: Oh.

The Teacher: I've only met your partner Carol.

Phoebe: Ah! Okay so that would make me Susan.

The Teacher: Right. Are you looking for Jack's parents to discuss the problems he's having with Ben?
(Phoebe nods 'Yes.')

Phoebe: Yeah! Let's do that!! That-that sounds good. We should sit down and talk, just me, my lover Carol, and the Stings. Umm, how-how will I get in touch with them?

The Teacher: Oh, their number is on the contact sheet.

Phoebe: Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Umm, could-could I get a copy of that? 'Cause Carol threw it out, she lost ours. She's such a scatterbrain, but man what a hot piece of ass.

[Scene: A Street, Chandler and Monica are walking down the sidewalk after his office holiday party.]

Chandler: Y'know, that party wasn't bad.

Monica: Yeah! I didn't know there would be dancing. That was a **fun** surprise!

Chandler: I don't see any uh, cabs. Maybe we should just walk?

Monica: Oh no, we can't walk!

Chandler: What honey, it's like fifteen blocks to the subway. Let's go.

Monica: Hey! Do you think that we can get to the subway right there if we climb down through the manhole cover?

Chandler: What's going on?

Monica: I can't walk. Okay? Okay? These boots were a huge mistake!

Chandler: What?

Monica: Okay you were right! All right, I never should have bought them! They're killing me! One toe at a time!

Chandler: So I was right. This is what it feels like to be right. (Pause) It's oddly unsettling.

Monica: How are we gonna get home? Maybe a piggy-back ride?

Chandler: Hop on.

Monica: Okay. Wait, just give me a second, I need to just get my boots off first. (She starts taking them off.) Ah...Ooh...Oohh...Ohh...Oh God...Ohh...Oh...Ohh...Ohhhh...

Chandler: Honey, I know you're in pain right now, but I'm a little turned on.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Dina and Rachel are reading pregnancy books, Dina *Pregnancy for Dummies* and Rachel something else.]

Dina: Do you ever worry that you'll be walking and your baby will just like slip out?

Rachel: What college was that Dina?

(Joey enters dragging a guy.)

Dina: Oh my God! Bobby!

Bobby: Hi Dina. Good to see you.

Rachel: Joey, what are you doing?

Joey: Just what needs to be done! Dearly beloved, we are gathered here to join this man and this woman...

Rachel: Oh Joey this is crazy!

Joey: Don't interrupt me when I'm talkin' to God! Now where were we? Oh right, okay. Do you Dina, take this man...

Dina: No!

Joey: Oh you'll take 'em!

Dina: No I won't!

Joey: Hey! You don't get a say in this!

Dina: Yes I do!

Joey: Ahhh! I heard "I do", we're halfway there! Okay! (To Bobby) You!

Rachel: All right Joey! That is enough! (Grabs him and pulls him away from Bobby and Dina) Listen, as beautiful and moving as this ceremony is, it's not legal. Okay? They—they don't have a marriage license, they don't have any witnesses, and the groom only has on one shoe!

Bobby: Yeah, he took the other one off and hit me with it.

Joey: Well what am I supposed to do?

Rachel: You're supposed to realize that they are adults! And that they can make their own decisions.

Joey: No they can't! They were stupid enough to get knocked up!

Rachel: Heyyyyy! Contraceptives are not always effective! (To Bobby and Dina) Right?

Bobby: Yeah...we kinda didn't use any...

Rachel: Oh, come on kids! A little help here!

[Scene: Sting's Apartment, Phoebe has come to talk about Jack and is waiting for Sting's wife, Trudie Styler, to enter.]

Phoebe: Wow! This place is incredible! (Gasps) Sting's pen...that he gave to Phoebe. (Puts the pen in her purse and goes over to a floor-to-ceiling bookcase) Come on! Secret passageway! (Starts pulling books at random as Trudie enters.)

Trudie Styler: Hi! (By the way, it's actually her.)

Phoebe: Hi!

Trudie Styler: I'm Trudie.

Phoebe: Uh-huh.

Trudie Styler: You must be Ben's mum.

Phoebe: Why else would I be here?

Trudie Styler: Do sit down.

Phoebe: Uh-huh. (They go and sit down.)

Trudie Styler: I gather Jack and Ben haven't been getting along lately.

Phoebe: Yeah.

Trudie Styler: I'm told there are two sides to this story, but all I've heard is that Ben's a bit of a poo-poo head.

Phoebe: Umm, I'm sorry. Won't-won't Jack's father be joining us?

Trudie Styler: Oh I'm sorry, Jack's father is not available.

Phoebe: Uh-hmm. Okay. Well then, could we reschedule? For say, Friday night perhaps at 8 o'clock?

Trudie Styler: Oh no, I know that wouldn't work. My husband's in concert.

Phoebe: Concert. Yeah. That does put us in...quite a pickle. Because you see I'm very busy before and after the concert, and he's obviously busy during.

Trudie Styler: So, I guess you and I should talk about Jack and Ben right now.

Phoebe: Unless! Unless umm, okay I-I would be willing to go to the concert, umm, all the while thinking about the children of course.

Trudie Styler: Are you here for tickets?

Phoebe: Oh, thank you. Four would be great.

Trudie Styler: I'm not giving concert tickets to someone who'd use their son like this!

Phoebe: Oh good! Then you're in luck! Ben's not my son!

Trudie Styler: (stands up) Look, I've just pressed a button, triggering a silent alarm. Any minute now, the police will be here!

Phoebe: The Police? Here? A reunion?! (She gets out her camera.)

[Scene: The Street, Chandler is carrying Monica past a store window.]

Chandler: Okay, ten blocks down. Five to go.

Monica: (notices something in the window) Oh wait! Stop! Stop! Stop!

Chandler: Oh I'm sorry! Do you need a break?

Monica: My boots in tan! Hey! Can you get a little closer so I can see the price?

Chandler: I can see it from right here. It'll cost you one husband.

Monica: Okay, I'm sorry. I think I can walk the rest of the way now. Just-just give me my boots.

Chandler: (pause) I don't have your boots.

Monica: Well I don't have them either. Where are they?

Chandler: Well, why don't you check in one of my saddlebags while I chew on a bale of hay!

Monica: Okay. (She gets off him.) God well, we gotta go back and get them!

Chandler: Honey, are you seriously ever gonna wear the boots again?

Monica: Okay, I'm never gonna wear them again. I just didn't get a chance to say goodbye.

Chandler: Y'know what? You can say goodbye to the tan ones.

Monica: Okay. (Climbs back on his back.) All right.

Chandler: Okay. (Moves closer to the window.)

Monica: (to the boots) Bye boots—Wait! Half off?! (Chandler runs off.)

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey and Rachel are still discussing Bobby and Dina's situation.]

Rachel: Joey, just because they're not getting married doesn't mean this is going to be a disaster. Maybe they have a plan!

Joey: Oh? Oh! Okay! Okay! Let's hear their plan! Now, what's the future look like for Dina and Bobby?

Bobby: Well...I really have high hopes for my band.

Joey: (to Dina) You were right. He is funny.

Rachel: Hey, now wait a minute! I get when you told people at first that you wanted to be an actor they laughed at you! Now come on Bobby, why don't you tell us a little bit about your band?

Bobby: Well it's just me and my pal Rooster, the band's name is Numb Nuts.

Rachel: (To Dina) Really? (Nods her head at Bobby.)

Joey: Dina, if you're having a baby you should be married! Even if it is to Bobby! (Bobby gets happy.) Dude, that's not a compliment!

Dina: No Joey! I knew you wouldn't be supportive!

Joey: So whoa—whoa—whoa—whoa! What are you gonna do? You're gonna have the baby and—and raise it by yourself…without a husband?! You can't be a single mother alone! You're gonna ruin your life!

Rachel: Oh excuse me! Am I ruining my life?

Joey: No! No! No! It's different for you. You're so strong and together. You're not some dumb kid who doesn't know what she's doing.

Dina: Excuse me?

Joey: One pregnant woman at a time, please! I just want you to be okay.

Rachel: So forcing her to marry Bobby is gonna make that happen?

Joey: Maybe! (To Bobby) Well! Well…so—so uh, what kind of music does Numb Nuts—Oh forget it! I can't!

Dina: Joey, I am scared to death about this. But I really think I can do it, I'm just gonna need some help. And Bobby's gonna be here the whole time.

Bobby: You bet I am! (To Joey) And to answer your earlier question, we're straight-up gangster rap. (Joey shakes his head as if he's about to lose it.)

Dina: Look, Rachel's told me how much easier you've made all this on her. Why can't you do that for me?

Joey: Because! 'Cause… 'Cause you're my baby sister!

Dina: And you're my big brother! I mean, you're my favorite guy in the whole world. I'm not even scared to tell mom and dad. I was scared of telling you.

Joey: Well I'd be scared of them, but all right.

Dina: Joey, I can't stand the thought of having this baby with you mad at me. I want him to have his uncle. Is my baby gonna have his Uncle Joey?

Joey: Of course he's gonna have his Uncle Joey!

Dina: We're gonna be all right. I mean, even if we're not married this baby is gonna be so loved. Not just by us.

Joey: That's right! By his uncle too!

Bobby: And by you.

Rachel: Okay Bobby, why don't we just come over here and let them have a little moment. (Drags Bobby away from Joey and Dina.)

Joey: Come here! (Hugs Dina and Bobby looks to hug Rachel.)

Rachel: No! Seriously! What's wrong with you?!

Closing Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe and Ross are there.]

Ross: You're gonna love me so much. I got Sting tickets!! (Holds up two.)

Phoebe: Oh my God! I do love you! How did you do it?!

Ross: Well...let's just say... (singing) *Rosss caaaaaan!*

Phoebe: Oo, where are the seats?

Ross: Uh, middle balcony.

Phoebe: Okay, now would you say that that's more than 50 yards away from Sting, his wife, or a member of his family?

Ross: Yeah.

Phoebe: Then that's not breaking the law! I'm there!

End

811. The One With Ross' Big Step Forward

Written by: Robert Carlock

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Central Perk, Rachel is looking around the shop as Phoebe returns from getting some more coffee.]

Rachel: Phoebe?

Phoebe: Yeah?

Rachel: Look at that guy by the window, wow!

Phoebe: He's awfully short and I think he's talking to himself. And to be completely honest, he's not that good in bed.

Rachel: Oh, what is wrong with me lately? I mean it's like every guy I see—I mean look here. (Points behind them) Look at that guy for example, I mean normally that's not someone I would—would be attracted to, but right now, with the way I'm feeling, all I want to do is rip off his sweatpants and fanny pack.

Phoebe: Wait a second! This is about the fourth month of your pregnancy, right?

Rachel: Yeah.

Phoebe: This is completely normal, around the fourth month your hormones start going crazy.

Rachel: Really?! So this has happened to you?

Phoebe: Oh absolutely yeah! Oh and keep in mind, now, I was carrying triplets so in, y'know, medical terms I was—I was thrice as randy.

Rachel: Wow! This explains so much! Last weekend, I went from store to store sitting on Santa's lap.

Phoebe: Yeah. Yeah, I remember trying to steal a cardboard cutout of Evander Holyfield from a *Foot Locker*.

Rachel: Ah.

Phoebe: Yeah.

Rachel: Well, y'know what? I go see my doctor tomorrow, I'll ask her about this. Maybe she can give me a pill or something.

Phoebe: Yeah. Yeah, that's what you need a good...pill.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey and Ross are there as Mona enters.]

Mona: Hey! (To Joey) Hey!

Ross: Hi!

Mona: Hi! Look! I got our pictures developed from Rockefeller Center.

Ross: Oh great! Hey—hey Joey, do you want to check out pictures of me and Mona ice skating?

Joey: Oh uh, ordinarily I would love too, but I am just swamped right now. (Brushes something off of his shirt and looks around, but doesn't move from his chair.)

Ross: Hey where—where are the pictures that creepy pretzel vendor took of us together?

Mona: Oh yeah, probably at the end. (Flips to the end.) Oh my God! He only took pictures of my breasts!

Joey: I'm missin' picture time?! (Jumps over to look, Ross glares at him and he retreats.)

Phoebe: (sitting down next to Ross) Y'know she has a face Ross!

Mona: Okay. Okay, here's a good one of us.

Ross: Wow! That is a good one! Wow, it looks like a, like a holiday card y'know, with the tree in the middle and the skaters and the snow.

Mona: Y'know, every year I say I'm gonna send out holiday cards and I never do it. Do you wanna, do you wanna send this one out together?

Ross: (pause) Together? Like-like to people?

Mona: Yeah, y'know. Happy holidays from Mona and Ross. It'll be cute, okay?

Ross: Okay. (Not happy about it.)

Mona: Oh, I gotta get to work. So call me later?

Ross: Uh sure, sure.

Mona: Bye guys.

Phoebe: Bye.

(Mona exits.)

Joey: (To Ross) Congratulations! You just got married!

Ross: I know. Can you believe that?

Phoebe: Wait, I'm-I'm sorry. What's the big deal about a holiday card?

Ross: Married couples send out cards, families send out cards, people who have been dating for a couple of months do not send out cards! What-what is she crazy?!

Joey: Hey-hey-hey, hey that's your wife you're talking about!

[Scene: Chandler's Office, his boss Doug is entering, Monica is there as well.]

Doug: Bing! Ho! And the Bing-ette!

Chandler: Honey, you remember my boss Doug right?

Monica: Yes, hi.

Doug: Hi. So good news, the divorce is final. I signed the papers this A.M.

Chandler: I didn't know you and Carol were getting divorced, I'm sorry.

Doug: Sorry? Finally chewed my leg out of that bear trap. Hey, congratulations to you guys though!

Monica: No leg-chewing for us sir.

Doug: Oh well, give it time. So the divorce, the marriage, we've got a lot to celebrate. How about we all go out to dinner tomorrow night?

Monica: I can't think of anything we're doing. (Quietly) Why can't I think of anything we're doing?

Doug: Tomorrow night it is then, I should be out of court by six. They keep throwing these sexual harassment cases at me and I keep knocking them out of the park!

Monica: Okay, I'll see you tomorrow! (Doug exits.) Just so you know, we're not seeing him tomorrow. (Chandler wonders why.) I-I cannot spend another evening with that man. Do you remember how he behaved at our wedding?

Chandler: No.

Monica: That's because he wasn't invited because of the way he behaved at our engagement party.

Chandler: Oh yeah. Boy, urine cuts **right** through an ice sculpture doesn't it?

[Scene: Ross's Apartment, there's a knock on the door and he opens it to Mona.]

Mona: Hi!

Ross: Hey!

Mona: Hey, I went by the photo shop, take a look, here is a mockup of our card. What do you think?

Ross: Huh. Wow, this is great.

Mona: Now, do you think it should say, "Love Ross and Mona?"

Ross: Well, we—we haven't said that to each other yet, but I guess its okay to say it to other people.

Mona: How many did you want? I'm getting a hundred.

Ross: A hundred?! Well, I—I guess I'll take a—Mona, uh...I—I'm not sure about the whole uh, card thing.

Mona: Really? Why not?

Ross: Sending out a holiday card, together, I mean I just don't know if we're really quite there yet.

Mona: Oh y'know, I didn't think of it that way. You're right. You're right. So, can I ask you a question?

Ross: Yeah.

Mona: Where are we?

Ross: Huh.

Mona: Y'know, like where are we? Where is this relationship going?

Ross: Hmm...

Mona: I mean I love spending time with you, y'know I just—I hope we're moving forward. I mean, we should probably talk about that. Don't you think?

(Pause.)

Ross: Let's do the card!

Mona: What?

Ross: The card! I think we're there!

Mona: Okay. I—But I think we should still have this conversation.

Ross: Really?! I mean, even with the card?

[Scene: Rachel's Doctor's Office, she is waiting for her doctor as a nurse enters.]

Nurse: Hi!

Rachel: Hi!

Nurse: Just so you know, Dr. Long can't be here today, she was called to the hospital, so Dr. Schiff will be seeing you.

Rachel: Oh, okay. Hey, can I ask you a question? Was it me, or—or was the guy who took my blood sample really cute? Y'know who I'm talking about, bald haircut, hairy fingers... (Stops when she realizes it was her.)

Dr. Schiff: (entering) Hi Rachel? I'm Dr. Schiff. (By the way, he's an attractive man.)

Rachel: Yes, you are.

Dr. Schiff: So, how's it going?

Rachel: Oh, really, really good. But enough about me, come on! Where—where are you from? What do you do?

Dr. Schiff: I'm a doctor.

Rachel: Right! Right! I—I actually meant in your spare time, do you cook? Do you ski? Or do you just hang out with your wife or girlfriend?

Dr. Schiff: Uh, I don't have a wife or girlfriend, but I do like to ski.

Rachel: Oh, I love to ski! How amazing is this?!

Dr. Schiff: So, are you experiencing any discomfort?

Rachel: No. I'm very comfortable.

Dr. Schiff: Any painful gas?

Rachel: No! Shoot, Dr. Schiff what kind of question is that?!

Dr. Schiff: Okay then, would you like to lie down on the table?

Rachel: Well would you like me to lie down on the table?

Dr. Schiff: I'm sorry, is there something going on here?

Rachel: Do you feel it too?

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica and Phoebe are there as Rachel enters.]

Rachel: Hi.

Phoebe: Oh hey! So, how did your doctor's appointment go?

Rachel: Well, let's see. Uh, they gave me cute doctor today and in the middle of the exam I put my pinky in his chin dimple.

Phoebe: Oh my God.

Monica: Why did you do that?

Phoebe: Okay, remember that little problem I was having during my fourth month of pregnancy?

Monica: Oh yeah, the Evander Holyfield phase. Oh man you were so hard up you practically came on to me.

Phoebe: You wish.

Monica: Hey, I could've had you if I wanted you.

Phoebe: Oh yeah? Come and get it.

Rachel: Okay, even this is turning me on!

Ross: (entering) Hey!

Rachel: Oh hey! Hey Ross! Hey how's it, how's it going with you and Mona? Are you guys still together?

Ross: Oh yeah, yeah we're moving forward. You'll be getting our card!

Monica: You and Mona are doing a holiday card together?

Ross: Yeah, we're not just doing a card! Y'know, she—she also wants to have the conversation about where the relationship is going.

Phoebe: Ugh! Women!

Ross: I know! I know! Why do you guys need to have this conversation?! Huh? I mean no self-respecting man would ask a woman, "So, where is this going?"

Rachel: Uh Ross? You asked me that.

Ross: Hey! You were a closed book! Okay? I'm not a mind reader! Besides, I hate those conversations. I'm horrible at them. Really! Maybe—maybe I need kind of a gesture. Y'know, something that says we're moving forward without having to talk about it.

Monica: Like asking her to move in with you?

Ross: Smaller than that.

Monica: Making her a mixed tape?

Ross: Uh, bigger than that.

Phoebe: Give her a key to your apartment.

Ross: Whoa—hello! We were closer with the mixed tape.

Monica: All right. Have you said, "I love you?" You could say, I love you.

Ross: Yeah I—I don't—I don't think I'm quite there yet, but I could say I looove spending time with you.

Phoebe: No, we hate that.

Monica: That is a slap in the face.

Ross: Forget it. I—I—Y'know what? I'll just have the conversation. I'll just say I like things the way they are, and hope for the best. What do you think Rach?

Rachel: I think, if it was a little colder in here I could see your nipples through that sweater.

[Scene: Chandler's Office, Doug is entering.]

Doug: Bing! We're all set for tonight, 8 o'clock.

Chandler: Oh uh, as it turns out, we can't do it. Monica has to work.

Doug: Oh, my ex-wife didn't work, unless you call turning into her mother work. Fine. Tomorrow night then.

Chandler: Oh uh well tomorrow's no good for her either.

Doug: Oh? Why not?

Chandler: It's the semi-finals...of her...botchy ball tournament.

Doug: What's going on Bing? Does uh, your wife have a problem with me or something?

Chandler: Well now—now you're just talking crazy.

Doug: So why can't the three of us go out together?

Chandler: Because uh...we—we...we split up. Monica and I split up. Hold me.

Doug: Good God Bing I...well I can't say I'm altogether surprised, I saw the way she looked at you, and there was no love there. And the way she looked at me, pure lust.

Chandler: Y'know what would really help me through this tough time is choking something. Can I choke ya?

Doug: Bing my boy, we're gonna get you over this. Now here's the plan, grab your coat, we're going to a strip club.

Chandler: Oh no—no—no, Monica would freak. (Doug looks at him.) But to hell with that bitch.

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross is getting Mona some coffee.]

Ross: Here we go. Mona umm, I think it's time we—we had a conversation about—about where things are with us.

Mona: Yeah, I—I think I suggested that.

Ross: Aw, we—we are so...(Motions that they're connected.) So umm, well I—I—I like you and I—I love umm, y'know hanging out with you. And I mean—I'm having a lot of fun. (He pauses and thinks there might be more, but decides there isn't.)

Mona: Okay.

Ross: I mean, there's no point in spending time with someone if—if it's just fun. It's gotta be, it's gotta be going somewhere right? So where—where is it going? (Pause) Ah! That's—that's the real question. And—and the answer is...is it's going somewhere...fun. Now I—I know what you're thinking, fun was fine for you like

ten years ago y'know, but you're—you're not getting any younger. No I mean—No not you, not you, you—you **are** getting younger. I mean—you—you look like you're getting younger by the second—What's your secret?

Mona: I'm sorry, so umm, so where are we?

Ross: Well, well to sum up, we're having fun, you look young.

Mona: Okay...

Ross: But that's not enough. So... So...here's a key to my apartment. (Hands her his key.)

Mona: Really?!

Ross: Really.

Mona: You don't think this is too fast.

(Ross groans no.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Ross is telling Rachel and Monica about yet another mistake he's made with a woman.]

Rachel: You gave her a key to your apartment?!

Ross: Not just a key, I gave her the only key! I am now a homeless person in a very serious relationship.

Phoebe: (entering with some guy) Hey. Ooh Ross! How'd the conversation go?

Ross: Oh great, I live on the street.

Phoebe: Where?! (Ross exits.)

Rachel: Hey!

Phoebe: Hi! Okay, Monica, Rachel, this is my friend Roger.

Roger: Hey everybody.

Monica: Hi Roger.

Phoebe: So umm, I'm gonna get us some drinks. (To Rachel) Would you help me out?

Rachel: Yeah. (They go into the kitchen.)

Phoebe: Umm, he's here to have sex with you.

Rachel: What?

Phoebe: You're welcome.

Rachel: Phoebe no!

Phoebe: It's okay, he's a virgin.

Monica: Rachel umm, I was just talking to this guy and I think he'll have sex with you.

Phoebe: Yeah, okay let's leave these two alone.

Rachel: No! I do not care what my hormones are doing, I am not going to just do it with some random guy!

Phoebe: Fine! Then you tell Roger because he was really looking forward to this! (Phoebe exits.)

[Scene: A Strip Club, Doug and Chandler are there.]

Doug: Oh Bing, look at those twin sisters dancing together. Let me buy you a lap dance with those girls. Huh?

Chandler: Oh that's all right sir, and that's just one girl.

Doug: Bing—What's this?! (Grabs his hand.)

Chandler: It's a hand. It's a thing you use as a *Jack* and *Coke* holder.

Doug: No, it's a wedding ring. You gotta get rid of it. We're gonna go to the East River right now and throw it in there!

Chandler: Oh no-no-no!

Doug: Oh yeah-yeah-yeah, y'know I did it and I felt a hell of a lot better and if you whip it just right you might hit a seagull in the head.

[Scene: Ross's Apartment, a locksmith has finished changing the locks on Ross's door.]

Ross: Okay, and oh I'm gonna need a bunch of extra keys. Apparently I give them away for no reason at all.

Mona: (entering) Hey Ross, what's going on? You changing the lock?

Ross: No. That guy is.

Mona: I don't understand. You-you give me a key to your apartment and then you change the lock.

Locksmith: Good luck buddy. (Exits.)

Mona: Umm, I-I thought we were moving forward and now you're-you're sending me all these mixed signals. What are you trying to tell me?

Ross: I'm trying to tell you I made you a mix tape.

Mona: What?

Ross: I love you!

Mona: Ohh! (Hugs him.) And I love spending time with you. (Ross isn't happy.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica is eating dinner as Chandler enters.]

Chandler: Hi honey I'm home.

Monica: From the tequila factory?

Chandler: It was awful. To get out of going to dinner with Doug I told him that you and I split up. So then he took me to all these strip clubs and sleazy bars, and then when I wouldn't give him my wedding ring, he threw a soda can at a bird!

Monica: Come here. I can breath through my mouth.

Chandler: Y'know what the worse part was? I got to see what my life would be like without you. It was like *It's a Wonderful Life* with lap dances. Please promise that you will never leave me, that we will grow old together, and be with each other for the rest of our lives.

Monica: I promise. Hey, speaking of together, how about we send out a holiday card this year?

Chandler: Ooh, I don't know if we're there yet.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is on the phone.]

Rachel: Yes. Hi, I'd like to order a pizza. Okay, can I ask you a question? Is-is the cute blond guy delivering tonight? *Very Ambergrombie & Fitch*. (Joey enters.) I'll call you back.

Joey: Who was that?

Rachel: It's just the pizza place.

Joey: You hung up on the pizza place? I don't hang up on your friends.

Rachel: I'm sorry honey, I'm just having a, having a rough day.

Joey: Oh, what's wrong?

Rachel: Oh you really, you really just don't want to hear about it.

Joey: Then why did I ask?

Rachel: Okay, it's just—and this is really embarrassing—but lately with this whole pregnancy thing I'm just finding myself…how do I put this umm, erotically charged.

Joey: Is that college talk for horny?

Rachel: Yeah. So y'know, I have all of these feelings and I don't know what to do about them, because I can't date like a normal person, which is fine because I don't need a relationship, I mean all I really want is one great night. Just sex, y'know? No strings attached, no relationship, just with someone that I feel comfortable with and who knows what he's doing. For just one great night, I mean is that really so…hard…to find. (Looks at Joey.) So how was your day?

Joey: Good, I uh, I saw a pretty big pigeon.

Rachel: Well, I gotta get up early and it's almost seven o'clock.

Joey: Yeah, I gotta, I gotta go to my room too.

Rachel: Okay, good night!

Joey: Good night. (They both enter their rooms.)
(Pause.)

Joey: (entering) I can't do it!

Rachel: (entering) I didn't ask you to do it!

Joey: You're Rachel!

Rachel: You're Joey!

Joey: You're my friend!

Rachel: Right back at ya!

Joey: But plus, it would be wrong and weird and—and—and bad.

Rachel: And so bad. I don't even know what you're talking about because I didn't ask you to do anything!

Joey: I know!

(Pause.)

Joey: Do you wanna do it?

Rachel: No!

Joey: All right, me neither! I was just testing you!

Rachel: That's the end of this conversation!

Joey: This conversation never happened!

Rachel: Never happened! Good night!

Joey: Good night!

(They both go into their rooms and after a little while Rachel pokes her head into the living room.)

Joey: Get back in there! (Rachel re-enters her room and closes the door.)

Closing Credits

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is there as Phoebe enters.]

Phoebe: Hi. Listen, I'm sorry about that whole thing with Roger. It really wasn't right, and I, and I want to make it up to you, so umm, I brought you something that I think you'll really enjoy. (Goes into the hallway and returns carrying the Evander Holyfield cutout.) Now, this is just a loan. Okay? I'm gonna, I'm gonna want him back. So… (Looks at him longingly) I'm gonna go now. (Exits.) (Pause) (Entering) I'm sorry, I thought I could do it and I can't! (She grabs the cutout and exits for good.)

Season 8

End

812. The One Where Joey Dates Rachel

Written by: Sherry Bilsing-Graham & Ellen Plummer

Directed by: David Schwimmer

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica and Chandler are entering carrying groceries and find Phoebe already there standing in front of a huge object that has been gift wrapped.]

Phoebe: Hey! I got you a present!!

Chandler: Oh my goodness! Where did you hide it?

Phoebe: I got it for your wedding and I ordered it weeks ago, and it finally got here!

Chandler: Pheebs you didn't have to get us anything for our wedding you already sang...

Monica: (interrupting) I love it! It's huge!! Let's open it! Open it!! (Monica rips open the paper.)

Phoebe: It's a *Ms. Pac-Man* machine!!

Monica: Oh my God!

Phoebe: I didn't know where to put it so I just left it here for now.

Monica: Oh well, maybe we can put it in the guest bedroom.

Chandler: Oh, okay.

Monica: All right. (He goes to push it and it doesn't move.)

Chandler: I kinda like it here.

Phoebe: Do you really like it?

Monica: Are you kidding?! I practically spent my entire childhood at the arcade! This is like—Oh my, this is like my second favorite game!

Phoebe: Oh really? What was your first?

Monica: Well I—I really don't remember the name of it.

Chandler: Well what did it do?

Monica: Well, you just—you put a quarter in and y'know pull-pull some handles and win like a candy bar or something.

Chandler: A vending machine?

Monica: Don't feel bad for me! I won like every time!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey and Rachel are there as Ross enters.]

Ross: Hey! Oh, I'm so glad you guys are here. I've been dying to tell someone what happened in the Paleontology department today.

Joey: (To Rachel) Do you think he saw us or can we still sneak out?

Ross: Professor Neuman, the head of the department, so...

Rachel: They made you head of the department!

Ross: No, I get to teach one of his advanced classes! (Pause) Why didn't I get head of the department?
(Goes and gets some coffee.)

Joey: Oh! Hey Rach, listen umm...

Rachel: Yeah.

Joey: I got a big date coming up, do you know a good restaurant?

Rachel: Uh, Paul's Café. They got great food and it's really romantic.

Joey: Ooh, great! Thanks!

Rachel: Yeah! Oh, and then afterwards you can take her to the *Four Seasons* for drinks. Or you go downtown and listen to some jazz. Or dancing—Oh! Take her dancing!

Joey: You sure are naming a lot of ways to postpone sex, I'll tell ya...

Rachel: Ooh, I miss dating. Gettin' all dressed up and going to a fancy restaurant. I'm not gonna be able to do that for so long, and it's so much fun! I mean not that sitting at home worrying about giving birth to a sixteen pound baby is not fun.

Joey: Hey, y'know what?

Rachel: Huh?

Joey: Why don't I take you out?

Rachel: What?! Joey, you don't want to go on a date with a pregnant lady.

Joey: Yes I do! And we're gonna go out, we're gonna have a good time, and take your mind off of childbirth and c-sections and—and giant baby heads stretching out...

Rachel: (interrupting) Okay! I'll go with ya! I'll go! I'll go with ya.

Joey: I'll be fun.

Rachel: All right?

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica is watching Phoebe play *Ms. Pac-Man*.]

Phoebe: No. No! Yes! Ahh. Oh, would you look at that Monica? I just knocked off all of your top scores, how sad.

Monica: Okay, I'm next. (Phoebe starts another game.) Don't! Don't start another game! I said I'm next! Phoebe!

Phoebe: Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't hear you over all the winning.

Monica: Chandler! Phoebe's hogging the game!

Chandler: Who cares? It's a stupid game.

Monica: You only think it's stupid because you suck at it.

Chandler: I don't suck. It's sucks. You suck.

Phoebe: Wait okay, if this game is gonna cause problems between the two of you, then maybe I should just keep it.

Monica: No! No-no! I love it! It is a great present! In fact, why don't you go home and wait for the thank you card?

Chandler: Why do you want to play this game so bad?

Phoebe: Yeah! It's not like it spits out a *Clark* bar after every game.

Monica: Okay. Phoebe that's it. Come on, get out—out of the chair. Get out! (She goes to move Phoebe, but Phoebe goes limp and Monica can't move her.) Oh come...Phoebe!

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is getting ready for her date with Joey as there is a knock on the door.]

Rachel: Joey? Could you get that? (There is no answer and she goes and opens the door to Joey.) What are you doing here? I thought you were in your room?

Joey: No, I'm picking you up for our date. These are for you. (Hands her some flowers.)

Rachel: Ohh, Lilies. Joey, they're my favorite. Thank you.

Joey: And, a brownie! (Hands her a bag with the brownie in it.) Well, half a brownie. Actually, it's just bag. It's been a long walk from the flower shop and I was startin' to feel faint so...

Rachel: Oh man! This is so great! I actually feel like I'm going on a real date! Although, I have a hint of morning sickness, and I'm wearing underwear that goes up to about...(She snaps the waistband on her underwear that is just slightly below her breasts)...there.

Joey: Hey come on now, this is a real date. Uh, so...nice place you got here. Foosball, huh? Pizza box. Oh, a subscription to *Playboy*, my kind of woman.

Rachel: Yeah, actually that's my roommate's.

Joey: I would like to meet him. He sounds like a stand up guy.

Rachel: Ah yes, but he's very protective of me so you'd better watch yourself.

Joey: Ah... Hey, so this roommate of yours...is he good looking?

Rachel: Hm-mmm.

Joey: Oh yeah, it must be tough to keep your hands of him, huh?

Rachel: (laughs) Yeah, but I'm pretty sure he's gay.

Joey: No-no-no-no, he's not! No! Why are you trying to ruin the game? Come on!

[Scene: N.Y.U, Ross is teaching a class.]

Ross: ...which brings us back, of course, to Greely's theory of dominance. (The bell rings.) Okay, that—that's all for today. Oh, uh does anyone know where the Freeman building is?

Student: Yeah, it's the new building on Avenue A.

Ross: What?! That—that's all the way cross town, I'm supposed to teach a graduate seminar there in ten minutes.

Student: Ooh, dude. That's not gonna happen.

(Ross grabs his things and runs to the door only to be blocked by his exiting students.)

Ross: Move it! Move it! Move it!! Hey!!! I'm the teacher!!

[Scene: The Freeman Building, Ross is entering his new class completely out of breath.]

Ross: Hello. (He throws his jacket towards the coat rack and misses.) I'm sorry I'm a little late. Ah—(Checks his watch)—Whoa! A lot late. Let me start by uh, by introducing myself, I am Professor Geller. (The bell rings.) So to sum up, I'm Professor Geller. Good job today.

[Scene: A Restaurant, a waitress is taking Joey and Rachel's dinner order.]

Rachel: Now the filet mignon, what comes with that?

Waitress: There's a side of steamed vegetables.

Rachel: Emmm. Now, instead of the vegetables, is there anyway I can substitute the three-pound lobster?

Joey: Y'know what? Bring her both, and I'll have the same. (The waitress leaves.)

Rachel: Wow! This is shaping up to be a pretty good date—Oh, I almost forgot. I didn't pay you the rent check.

Joey: Oh whoa—whoa—whoa, no roommate stuff. Okay? We're on a date.

Rachel: Okay. Wow! So I get to see what Joey Tribbiani is like on a date. So do you have any moves?

Joey: No! No. Umm, just myself and if they don't like me for—(Laughs.) I'm sorry I couldn't even get through that.

Rachel: I knew it! I knew it. Come on tell me your moves.

Joey: Oh alright. Umm, well, okay, I usually start by having a bottle of wine sent to my table from a fan.

Rachel: Oh my God. And that works?!

Joey: Well it does when you combine it with, "This is so embarrassing, I just want to have a normal life!"

Rachel: Oh, you poor little famous man.

Joey: Oh okay, how about this one. I was gonna wait until the end of the night to kiss you, but you're so beautiful...I don't think I can.

Rachel: (looks interested) Oh my God! Wow! That was fantastic, I almost leaned in. I really almost did!

Joey: Alright, so...so tell me one of your moves.

Rachel: Alright. So where'd you grow up?

Joey: That's your move? Boy Rach, you're lucky you're hot.

Rachel: Come on, just answer the question!

Joey: (exasperated) Queens.

Rachel: And so were—were you close to your parents?

Joey: Yeah, with my mom. Yeah, not so much with my dad.

Rachel: Why not?

Joey: I don't know. I guess there's just always been this distance y'know—I mean we both try to pretend it's not there, but it is.

Rachel: (sympathetic) Oh. (Starts rubbing his wrist with her fingers.) It's gotta be rough.

Joey: Yeah, it is. It's really tough. Y'know sometimes I think—Wow!! Nice move!

Rachel: Huh?

Joey: "Where'd you grow up," it's so simple!

Rachel: Thank you! And now if you'll excuse me, I have to go to the rest room.

Joey: Yeah.

(Rachel gets up and heads for the rest room.)

Rachel: And now you're watching me walk away.

Joey: Yes I am! Again so simple!

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica is entering to find Chandler playing *Ms. Pac-Man*.]

Monica: Hey.

Chandler: You are not going to believe what I did today!

Monica: Well it clearly wasn't showering or shaving.

Chandler: I got good. I played this game all day and now I rule at it! They should change the name of it to Ms. Chandler. (Pause) Although I—I hope they don't.

Monica: Wait a minute, you stayed home all day and played *Ms. Pac-Man* while I went off to work like some kind of chump?!

Chandler: Uh-huh, and I got all the top ten scores, I erased Phoebe off the board! High five! (Holds up his hand to give Monica a high five, only he can't straighten his fingers.)

Monica: What is the matter with your hand?

Chandler: Well I've been playing it for like eight hours, it'll loosen up. Come on, check out the scores. Oh, and also look at the initials, they're dirty words.

Monica: Chandler, why would you do that?

Chandler: Because it's awesome.

Monica: You think this is clever?

Chandler: Well y'know, they only give you three letters, so after A-S-S it is a bit of a challenge.

Monica: Hey wait a minute, this one isn't dirty.

Chandler: It is when you put it together with that one.

Monica: Ah, well if you don't clear this off, you won't be getting one of those from me. But Ben's coming over here tomorrow to play this game, this can't be there.

Chandler: Come on, he won't even know what they mean.

Monica: Chandler! He's seven; he's not stupid.

Chandler: Have you talked to him lately?

Monica: All right, look I'm just gonna unplug it.

Chandler: No-no-no, if you unplug it, I'll have nothing to show for my day! It would be like I was at work. (She unplugs it.) No! (And plugs it back in.) Hey look at that! Look at that, it's still there! This thing must have some kind of primitive ROM (Read Only Memory, it's a memory chip.) Chip in it or something!

Monica: Honey you—you got to beat your scores!

Chandler: With the claw?!

Monica: All right fine. Fine, I'll do it. I've just got to get this off the screen. Carol and Susan are still upset that you taught him pull my finger.

Chandler: (smiles) Pull my finger—(Looks at his hand)—My hand is messed up.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey and Rachel are returning from their date.]

Rachel: I am not gonna answer that!

Joey: Oh come on! Just pick one! Between Monica, Phoebe, Chandler, and Ross if you had to, if you had to, who would you punch?

Rachel: No one! They are my friends, I wouldn't punch any of them.

Joey: Chandler?

Rachel: Yeah, but I don't know why. Look at me, I'm having such a wonderful time!

Joey: Me too! Hey Rach, can I just say I think this is the best date I ever had!

Rachel: I know!

Joey: I never laughed so hard—Did you see the wine come out of my nose?

Rachel: Joey, I think everyone saw the wine come out of your nose.

Joey: I gotta say, I never knew I could enjoy the non-sex part of the date so much.

Rachel: Well that is because you have never been on a date with me before.

Joey: Huh. Huh.

Rachel: All right, now don't judge me. I normally wait until my date leaves, but you live here. I'm ripping into this swan.

Joey: Ah! Okay, well then you don't judge me. I'm gonna suck on the cellophane from the brownie I had before. (They both do as they planned.)

Rachel: So tell me, what are Joey Tribbiani's end of the night moves?

Joey: Ah, well, if I want the girl to kiss me, first thing I do is make my lips look irresistible.

Rachel: How do you do that?

Joey: Now you can't tell anyone, but uh...I put on shiny lip balm.

Rachel: Oh my God!

Joey: Yeah, like a moth to a flame, I'm telling ya. Okay all right, so now you go.

Rachel: No, I don't want to tell you.

Joey: Why not?

Rachel: Because it's embarrassing.

Joey: More embarrassing than shiny raspberry lip balm?! (Rachel just looks at him.) I didn't say raspberry before did I? All right just—just tell me Rach, just tell me!

Rachel: (laughs) Okay. All right, stand up. (They do so.) Well, when we're at the door, I lightly press my lips against his, and then move into his body just for a second, and then I make this sound, "Hmmm." Okay, I know it doesn't sound like anything, but I swear it works.

Joey: (stunned and turned on) Yeah. Why—Yeah, that would work for ya...

Rachel: All right, I gotta go to bed. Honey, I had such a wonderful time.

Joey: Oh. (She kisses him.) Yeah. (She goes into her room.) Me to. (He then starts to freak out.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross is telling Rachel about his class location predicament.]

Rachel: ...you were 50 minutes late to the class, what did you crawl there?!

Ross: No, I ran. It was really far, and when did people stop understanding the phrase, "Get the hell out of my way!"

Rachel: Well, why didn't you just take a cab?

Ross: Ugh, between the traffic that time of day and all the one-way streets it'll take me twice as long. Besides, I teach the class three times a week, who am I? Rockefeller?

Rachel: Well you're not gonna be able to keep doing this.

Ross: Well I have to. Okay? If I don't, they'll take the class away from me. And...I already put it in my family newsletter.

Rachel: You what?

Ross: You've seen it, the Geller Yeller.

Rachel: Right. Wow!

Ross: Besides, I—I think I figured out a much faster route, I'm sure I can make it this time. I just...I just can't be afraid to get a little bit...hit by cars. (He goes to the bathroom as Joey enters.)

Joey: Hey!

Rachel: Hi! Hey, remember how last night we were talking about that movie *Cujo*?

Joey: Oh yeah, I still can't believe you haven't seen *Cujo*. What is wrong with you?

Rachel: Relax! It's not like it's *Citizen Kane*!

Joey: Have you ever tried to sit through *Citizen Kane*?

Rachel: Yeah I know it's really boring, but it's like a big deal. Anyway, I was thinking about renting *Cujo* sometime.

Joey: Oh yeah? All right, let's do it tonight.

Rachel: Well don't you have that big date tonight?

Joey: Oh right!

Rachel: Hey Joey, can I ask you something?

Joey: Yeah.

Rachel: After our date last night, did you feel a little weird?

Joey: Oh my God! You did too? It totally freaked me out, what was that?!

Rachel: I don't know! (Pause) I'm—I'm kinda thinking it—it was the lobster...

Joey: Oh yeah—yeah, the lobster.

Rachel: Yeah, I mean I was up sick all night.

Joey: Yeah me too, all night.

Rachel: Really?! How come we didn't cross paths?

Joey: Yeah well that's because uh...I stayed in my room. Yeah, you don't want to look in my hamper.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica is trying to erase Chandler's dirty words while he looks on.]

Monica: Okay, I got that. I'll escape over there. I'll come back over here. All right, come on *Ms. Pac-Man*. It's got—Right—(She dies.) Well, you're just a little bitch, aren't you?

Phoebe: (entering) Hey, you guys. Listen, I'm sorry that I was hogging the game before—(Sees the top ten list)—Oh my God! Your friends have some unfortunate initials!

Monica: They're all Chandler.

Phoebe: Chandler sucks! He couldn't have gotten this good!

Chandler: I did. (Looks at his still deformed hand) But it came at a price.

Monica: But Ben is coming over tonight and he can't see this.

Chandler: Oh come on, by age seven kids have already seen orgies. (They both look at him.) Was it just me?!

[Scene: N.Y.U, Ross's new class, he is entering out of breath.]

Ross: Yeah!!!! Yes, I made it! I'm on time! (Grabs a bottle of water from a student, takes a drink, and splashes some on his face like the marathon runners do.) Okay, why don't we all uh, (Exhales loudly) open our books to page 23. Where... (Exhales again) Where you will see...a uh...a bunch of uh...red spots. Okay, (Closes his book.) umm, why don't, why don't you all start to read, while I—(Passes out and collapses.)

[Scene: A Restaurant, Joey is on his hot date and they're not speaking right now.]

Joey's Date: Hey. Are you all right? You seem a little distracted.

Joey: No—no! I'm fine. It's just... Hey, can I ask you something? Have you ever looked at someone that you've known for a while and then suddenly...suddenly see them a different way?

Joey's Date: You mean like from behind?

Joey: Yeah. Yeah, that...that's exactly it. You're right. Yeah.

Joey's Date: Ew, y'know what? One time I saw this guy from behind and he seemed like a totally normal guy and then he turned around and it was Stephan Baldwin!

Joey: (deadpan) Ooh! Yeah. So yeah, so you know exactly what I'm talking about.

Joey's Date: Totally! Wow! (Pause) Would you excuse me for a sec?

Joey: Oh yeah, sure. (She gets up, walks towards the bathroom, and Joey watches her go.) Eh.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, now it's Phoebe's turn to erase Chandler from the board.]

Monica: Oh my God Phoebe, you're on fire!

Phoebe: I know!

Chandler: One more score to go! You can do it! (Touches her shoulder.)

Phoebe: Don't touch me!!

Monica: Don't touch her!!

Chandler: All right! Go left! Go left! Go right!! Go right!!

Phoebe: I can't!! I can't!! (She dies.) Nooooooooo!!!!!! You son of a bitch!!!!

(At this point a stream of obscenities burst forth from Phoebe's mouth just in time for Ben and Ross to enter and hear most of it, and in slow motion Ross tries to shield his innocent son from Phoebe's vulgarity.)

Ross: Phoebe!!

Phoebe: Oh hi Ben—No!! Don't look at the machine! (Covers the screen.)

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is watching *Cujo* while Joey returns from his date scaring Rachel.]

Rachel: Oh God! Thank God you're home! I'm watching *Cujo*.

Joey: (incredulous) Alone?!

Rachel: Yes! But what is wrong with this dog?!

Joey: Hey, did you get to the part where they're trapped in the car and Cujo's throwin' himself at the windshield?

Rachel: No! No! Seriously, what's wrong with the dog?! Wait a minute, what are you doing home so early? What happened to your date?

Joey: Oh uh, it didn't work out.

Rachel: Oh. Do you want to watch the rest of the movie with me?

Joey: Oh uh, okay. Yeah.

Rachel: Y'know, I never thought I'd say this about a movie, but I really hope this dog dies. (Joey brings over a stool and sits on it next to Rachel who's in the big chair.) What are you doing over there? Come sit here, you protect me.

Joey: Oh sure, yeah, why not? (Sits on the arm of the chair.)

Rachel: Okay. (Pushes play.) Okay, that's him! That's him! That's Cujo! That's Cujo!

Joey: All right, I know! I know. Yeah, it'll be okay.

Rachel: Oh my God...What's he gonna do now? I can't watch! (Drags Joey closer to her and cowers into his chest.) Oh. Seriously, how can you watch this? Aren't you scared?

Joey: Terrified. (But for a totally different reason.)

Closing Credits

[Scene: N.Y.U, Ross's new class, this time he's actually about to do a lecture.]

Ross: So is everybody here? I got here a little early myself. Let us begin. Now, the hydrosaurids have been unearthed in two main locations. (He moves to the map and we see why he made it to class on time, he's

wearing in-line skates and hasn't taken them off.) Here. (Points to the map, somewhere in the Middle East, then spins on the skates and points to the map.) Here. (China.) Now as for the hydrosaur...

(He tries to move in front of the class, only goes out of control and rolls into the hall, catching himself on the doorway with his pointer. He then pulls himself back into the room with the pointer, only he jams one end of it between the door frame and the door and breaks the pointer in half.)

End

813. The One Where Chandler Takes a Bath

Written by: Vanessa McCarthy

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

With Help From: Dan Gottlieb

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is at the counter eating a bowl of *Frosted Flakes*.]

Joey: (thinking) *All right. It's a new day. All that stuff about Rachel, you don't feel that now. It was crazy! You're fine. You're better than fine! You are, as your friend Tony would say, Grrrrea! Everything's norma! She's just your friend Rache! Your friend Rachel. Your friend! Rachel.*

Rachel: (coming from her room) Hi, sweetie.

Joey: (thinking) *Hey, it's your girlfriend, Rache!*

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Chandler is sitting on the couch watching TV as Monica comes out of the bathroom.]

Monica: (airily) Hi.

Chandler: Are you, are you high?

Monica: I just had the most amazing bath.

Chandler: Really? I don't like baths.

Monica: Wait, you like them with me.

Chandler: Honey, it's not the bath I enjoy, it's the wet, naked lady.

Monica: Oh, baths are so relaxing!

Chandler: Really? What do you do? You just sit in there stewing in your own filth.

Monica: How dirty do you think I am? I'm telling you, if you had some candles and some bubbles and some music, you would love it! It would take all of your stress away.

Chandler: Honey, it's 2:00 on a Wednesday and I'm watching *Road Rules*, how stressed do you think I am?

Joey: (entering) Hey, Chandler, you got a minute? I-I really need to talk to you.

Chandler: Oh! Uh, yeah! Is this a cold pizza talk or a leftover meatloaf talk?

Joey: Well, neither.

Chandler: Oh my God, what's up?!

Joey: I don't know. It's-it's just...lately, I've been feeling... Okay, here's what it is... (Pause) You know what? I feel a lot better, thanks! (Starts to leave)

Chandler: Oh no-no, no you don't, just come back.

Joey: All right. Okay. You and Monica, friends for a long time, and sure there are rules, but then you went to London. Oh, no, but that's different. I mean, there are rules there, too! You know what I mean?

Chandler: Do you?

Joey: It was different for you guys! I mean, I mean, you were both in the same place, right?

Chandler: In London?

Joey: Yeah.

Chandler: Yes. When Monica and I were in London, we were both in London.

Joey: You know what? This is a bad idea. Forget it. Forget it, and listen, do me a favor, this conversation was between you and me.

Chandler: If that.

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe and Rachel are sitting on the couch. Ross sits down.]

Rachel: Hi! Oh, Ross, don't forget, we have that doctor's appointment tomorrow!

Ross: Right.

Phoebe: Hey, are you going to find out the sex of the baby?

Ross: No-no, we talked about it. We don't want to know. All we care about is that it's happy and healthy.

Rachel: Yep! Happy and healthy! And cute!

Ross: And smart!

Rachel: Popular.

Ross: With an aptitude for science.

Phoebe: Are you two talking about the same baby? Hey! Have you started off thinking of names yet?

Rachel: Oh yeah! I've come up with a bunch of ideas!

Ross: Really? Me too!

Phoebe: Me too!

Rachel: Really?!

Phoebe: Uh huh! If it's a girl, Phoebe, and if it's a boy, Phoebo!

Ross: Maybe. But it wouldn't hurt to have a backup, you know? Uh, Rach-Rach, what were you thinking?
(Gives her a look)

Rachel: Okay! I was thinking if it's a girl, how about Sandrine? It's French.

Ross: Huh. That's a really pretty name for-for an industrial solvent.

Rachel: Okay fine, what do you have?

Ross: Well, OK, it's for a boy. Well, I know it's a little out there, but...Darwin.

Rachel: Wow, oh my God, our child will be beaten to death in the schoolyard.

Phoebe: Yeah, by Sandrine.

Ross: You're just saying that 'cause I said no to your name!

Rachel: I'm really, really not.

Phoebe: How-how about you each get five vetoes?

Ross: All right.

Rachel: All right.

Ross: That sounds fair.

Rachel: Yeah! I don't think you're going to need it though. Okay, check this out. If it's a girl, Rain.

Ross: Veto.

Rachel: Why?

Ross: Rain? Hi. Hi, my name is Rain. I have my own kiln, and my dress is made out of wheat.

Phoebe: I know her! I bought homemade soap from her at a Dead show!

Ross: Okay, how about, for a guy, Thatcher?

Rachel: Ross, why do you hate our child?

Ross: Fine, you go.

Rachel: Okay, James.

Ross: Huh.

Rachel: But only if it's a girl.

Ross: Oh, veto. How about—Ooh, I like Ruth! What about Ruth?

Rachel: Oh! I'm sorry! Are we having an 89-year-old? How about Dayton?

Ross: Veto. Stewart?

Rachel: Veto. Sawyer?

Ross: Veto. Helen?

Rachel: Veto.

Phoebe: Is it me, or is veto starting to sound really good?

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica comes from the bathroom as Chandler enters.]

Chandler: Hey.

Monica: Boy, do I have a surprise for you!

Chandler: Sex on the balcony?

Monica: No, but someone's really not going to get over that idea, are they?

Chandler: What is it?

Monica: I drew you a bath!

Chandler: Honey, I don't like baths! Could you draw me a picture of us having sex on the balcony?

Monica: Please, could you just try it for me? Come on, I used all my best stuff! I—I lit some candles. I put on some music. I used bath salts, plus bubble bath! And got you this little plastic Navy ship. So it's a boy bath!

Chandler: Well, this does butch it up a bit.

Monica: I swear, if you try it, you will love it!

Chandler: All right, if I do this, can we at least discuss sex on the balcony?

Monica: Absolutely.

(Chandler runs into the bathroom)

Monica: Bet I know how **that** discussion's going to go.

[Cut to Chandler laying in the bathtub. "Only Time," is playing in the background.]

Chandler: (thinking) *All right, this isn't so bad. I like the flower smell! Which is okay, because I've got my boat.*

Monica: (entering) So?

Chandler: Oh my God.

Monica: I told you you were a bath person! Hey, when you get out, maybe I can give you a facial!

Chandler: I'm going to need a bigger boat.

[Scene: The Doctor's Office, the doctor is writing something as Rachel is on the table, and Ross is standing.]

Ross: I don't think you had an open mind about the name Ruth. I mean, come on, little Ruthie Geller, how—how cute is that?

Rachel: Oh, oh my God! I can practically hear the mahjong tiles!

Dr. Long: Okay! All your tests look fine. Now, are you two interested in knowing the sex of the baby?

Ross: Uh, no. No, we're not.

Rachel: But you have it right there in that file? You could tell us whether it's a boy or a girl? Dayton or Sandrine? Phoebe or Phoebo?

Dr. Long: That's right. But if you don't want to know...

Ross: No, no, we want to wait, right?

Rachel: Right. Right.

Dr. Long: (looks at her beeping pager) Oh, I'll be right back. And, uh, I know it's really not my place, but please don't name your child Phoebo.

Rachel: (looking at the bulletin board with baby pictures) So, which of these babies do you think is the ugliest?

Ross: What? Rach! Come on, that's terrible! They're...uh...they're babies. They're—they're all beautiful.

Rachel: Third one from the left?

Ross: Yeah, why is it staring at me? I think it knows I'm talking about it. (Rachel starts to peek at the file) Don't—don't you—Wh—Wha—Hey!!

Rachel: What?!

Ross: You're looking!

Rachel: I didn't!

Ross: I saw you!

Rachel: Okay fine, I did. But I didn't see anything, I swear.

Ross: Shame on you! Ugly baby judges you!

Rachel: Okay, but Ross just listen to me...

Ross: No, no, no, no! Don't tell me! I don't want to know!

Rachel: But I couldn't even if I wanted to, because I don't know! I swear; I didn't see anything, and I don't want to know! It was just a momentary lapse.

Ross: Momentary lapse. Don't—don't you have any self-control?

Rachel: (holding stomach) Okay, a couple months late on the lecture, Ross.

[Scene: Chandler and Monica's, Monica is entering.]

Monica: Hello?

Chandler: I'm in the bathroom, can you come in here? I think there's something wrong.

Monica: You know what? I—I think I'll wait out here.

Chandler: I'm in the bathtub.

Monica: Oh. (She goes into the bathroom.) What's wrong?

Chandler: I drew my own bath, but I did it wrong! The water's tepid. The salt didn't dissolve and is now... lodged places. And the scents I used don't compliment each other. Eucalyptus and chamomile—Oh!

Monica: What?

Chandler: The bath salts! They're starting to effervesce! It's different. (Pause) It's interesting.

Monica: Okay, let's talk about something else.

Chandler: Yeah! Sure, sure. So, what was going on with you today? Oh—oh—oh!

Monica: Well, I actually had the weirdest conversation with Joey. He was talking about rules and right and wrong and...

Chandler: I had the exact same conversation.

Monica: You did? What was he talking about?

Chandler: I don't know! Joey hasn't had this much trouble getting out words since we saw him in *Macbeth!*

Monica: (groans) That was a long night.

Chandler: All right, let's break this down. What exactly did he say to you?

Monica: Okay, he was talking about rules.

Chandler: Uh-huh.

Monica: Umm, and looking at people differently.

Chandler: He didn't say anything about that to me.

Monica: What did he tell you?

Chandler: He was asking all these questions about you, me, and London. And, of course the glue that holds this all together, the rules.

Monica: Okay. So you, me and London. Looking at people differently. Maybe he wants to do what you and I did in London with someone.

Chandler: But what did he mean by rules?

Monica: Wait a minute! He stopped talking the minute Phoebe came in!

Chandler: Because he was looking at her differently.

Monica: And Phoebe is his friend, so he thinks that would be breaking the rules!

Chandler: My God! He wants to do it with Phoebe in London!

Phoebe: (from outside the bathroom) You guys?

Monica: Just a minute! (To Chandler) That's Mrs. Tribbiani!

Chandler: You don't say anything.

Monica: Why would I say anything? That two of our best friends could start the greatest love affair of their lives! And they would have me to thank, and we could all start having babies?

Chandler: I'm not going to let you say anything.

Monica: You just stay here! (Dumps a jar of bath salts in the bathtub)

Chandler: Oh, God!

(Monica runs out to Phoebe, who is in the kitchen)

Phoebe: Oh, hey, Monica, I brought back your iron.

Monica: Oh, you had that?

Phoebe: Uh-huh.

Monica: I thought I lost it. I got a new one, like, a month ago.

Phoebe: Oh, just as well, I broke this one.

(Monica starts smiling)

Phoebe: What?

Monica: Nothing.

Phoebe: Okay.

Monica: I mean, I-I, I really shouldn't say. I mean, I'm really not supposed to.

Phoebe: Fine.

Monica: It's a humdinger!

Phoebe: Then it's really too bad that you can't tell me.

Monica: Somebody likes you!

Phoebe: (Groans) Is it Chandler?

Monica: No!

Phoebe: Well, then tell him to stop staring!

Monica: It's Joey!

Phoebe: Really?! Joey?! You don't say.

Monica: Is it something you'd be interested in?

Phoebe: I don't know, I don't know, I don't know. You know, I mean, on the one hand, Mother may I? But y'know on the other hand... No. No, I can't. We're friends. No, oh, no. I don't want to risk what we have.

Monica: I guess that makes sense. So, you think you're going to talk to him?

Phoebe: Sure, yeah. I mean, it's Joey. I don't want him to get hurt. Well, I must say, I am on fire! First Chandler, now Joey!

Monica: Not Chandler, just Joey.

Phoebe: Sure.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Central perk, Ross is sitting on the chair as Rachel walks in.]

Rachel: Hey.

Ross: Hey.

Rachel: You know what? I've been thinking about it. I'm really coming around on the name Ruth. I think I would actually consider naming our child that.

Ross: Rach, I-I can't tell you how-how much that means to me! Ohh... Wait a minute. Wait a minute. You-you hated the name Ruth! Why-why would you change your mind? Unless, you know we're never going to have to use it. You did see the folder. You know it's a boy!

Rachel: I didn't see anything! I actually changed my mind about the name.

Ross: I don't think so! You're just giving me Ruth so you'll get to name it when it's a boy, and that's when you'll swoop in and name him Heath or Blaine or Sequoia.

Rachel: I would—Sequoia?

Ross: Veto.

Rachel: Fine.

Ross: Unless... (Rachel groans.) You anticipated that I would figure all this out and you know that it actually is a girl, and you really do want her to be named Ruth! Well, I'm not falling for that! Okay? Ruth is off the table!

Rachel: But Ross, you want the name Ruth!

Ross: Not like this!

[Scene: Rachel and Joey's, Joey is sitting on his recliner as Phoebe enters.]

Phoebe: Hey.

Joey: Hey. Well, what's up?

Phoebe: Umm, Joey, I know.

Joey: What?

Phoebe: I knooow.

Joey: Whaaat?

Phoebe: I know about your feelings.

Joey: Oh my God. You do?

Phoebe: Yes, and I'm sorry. I—I know things worked out for Chandler and Monica, but that's very rare.

Joey: I know. I know. And this is so much more complicated than it was for those guys. I mean, it's Rachel for God sakes.

Phoebe: For God sakes, it's Rachel!

Joey: I know. I know. And she's not only my friend; she's my pregnant friend! She's my pregnant friend who's Ross' ex!

Phoebe: Yeah that's Rachel. (To herself) Beat me over the head with it.

Joey: What am I going to do? You know, and I keep, I keep trying to get rid of these feelings, y'know? I stayed up all last night and made a list of everything I don't like about her. You want to hear it?

Phoebe: Yeah.

Joey: She made me switch to light Mayo. That's it! That's all I got! And, you know what? It tastes the same and my pants fit better!

Phoebe: Joey, I just think you're getting worked up over nothing. This is probably just a crush.

Joey: You think?

Phoebe: Absolutely! Y'know, you get this rush of feelings, but then it goes away.

Joey: Yeah, just a crush! That's all this is! It's a crush! I'm Joey; I don't get deep feelings.

Phoebe: That's right, there you go! Crushes happen all the time! I know I've had them for all you guys. Well, except for Ross and Chandler. And I'm sure you've had them for us.

Joey: Not really.

Phoebe: Mm-hmm. (To herself) Throw me a bone here.

[Scene: Central Perk, Rachel is on the couch as Ross enters.]

Ross: So, I uh... I called the doctor and now we both know the sex of the baby.

Rachel: What?

Ross: That's right. The student has become the master.

Rachel: Ross, I swear, I don't know.

Ross: Oh, come on, you know it's a girl!

Rachel: A what?!

Ross: You really didn't know?

Rachel: We're having a girl?

Ross: No.

Rachel: That's what you just said!

Ross: No.

Rachel: You said girl!

Ross: Yes. I'm... I'm sorry. I'm so sorry.

Rachel: I'm not! We're having a girl! Sometimes I can't believe it's with you—But still! We're having a girl!

Ross: I know! I know. You know what? I'm putting Ruth back on the table!

Rachel: Oh, yes! We'll have ourselves a little baby Ruth...

Ross: Permission to veto.

Rachel: Yes, please.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Chandler enters as Monica comes from the bathroom.]

Monica: Hey.

Chandler: Do I smell essential oils?

Monica: Yeah, I'm going to take a bath. I'm just going to get a magazine.

Chandler: Okay.

(As soon as Monica leaves the room, Chandler takes off his jacket and runs to the bathroom. Monica enters the bathroom to find Chandler in the bathtub.)

Monica: What do you think you're doing?

Chandler: L—leaving my troubles behind?

Monica: I know that you're new at this, but this is completely unacceptable bath decorum.

Chandler: Oh, it's so hard to care when you're this relaxed.

Monica: Fine, you can have the bath, but I am taking your boat. Now you're just a girl in a tub!

(Phoebe enters the bathroom)

Chandler: (upset) Hey!

Phoebe: Hi, Bubbles. Manly. Well, I just thought I would drop by and let you know how it went with Joey.

Chandler: (To Monica) You told her?!

Monica: She pulled it out of me! She's like a conversational wizard! How'd it go?

Phoebe: Well, you were wrong, he doesn't like me!

Monica: What?

Phoebe: Yeah! How would you like it if I sent you to Lee Majors' house and told you that he liked you, and you went down there and you found out that he didn't like you? How would you feel?

Monica: (Pause) I don't think I'd care.

Phoebe: Really? Lee Majors is hot!

Joey: (from outside the bathroom) Hello?

Phoebe: We're in the bathroom!

Joey: Why?

Chandler: (sarcastically) Because it's a relaxing and enjoyable time!

Joey: (entering the bathroom) What are you guys doing in here?

Monica: Oh my God! A friend he's looking at differently, but it's wrong. It's Rachel!

Chandler: You like Rachel?!

Joey: It's no big deal, okay? Phoebe and I talked about it. It's just a crush! It's going to go away! (Looks down) Dude, you gotta rearrange your bubbles! Oh!

Phoebe: (checking for herself) (To Monica) Mazel tov.

Rachel: (entering) Hey! Ross and I were looking for you! What are we all doing in here? (Looks at Chandler) Oh, my! (Covers the spot where Joey wants bubbles to be replaced.)

Monica: Honey, cover it up with the boat!

Ross: (from outside the bathroom) Hello?

Chandler: (sarcastically) Yes we're all in here and we would love for you to join us!

Ross: (entering) Well hey! What's going on? Ooh, cool boat—(Sees why the boat's there)—Oh, no. (Averts his eyes by looking around the room) (To Rachel) Hey, did you, did you tell them?

Rachel: No, I was waiting for you!

Phoebe: Tell us what?

Rachel: We're having a girl.

All: Oh, wow! Yay! Wow! Hooray! Oh, man!

(They all hug and then turn and look at Chandler)

Chandler: I'll...I'll get you later!

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is sitting at the counter eating *Cocoa Puffs*.]

Joey: (thinking) *All right. It's a new day, and it's just a crush, that's all. Just a little crush! All that worrying I was doing, that was crazy. Crazy! Like my friend here the bird would say, "it was cuckoo!" Everything's going to be fine. It's just a crush.*

Rachel: (entering) Hi, sweetie.

Joey: (thinking) *I love you.*

Closing Credits

[Scene: Chandler and Monica's bathroom. Both are sitting on opposite ends of the bathtub.]

Monica: It sure is nice to do this together, isn't it?

Chandler: Yeah. And what you're doing feels so good.

Monica: I'm not touching you.

Chandler: You're not?

Monica: It's the salts.

Chandler: Oh, sweet Lord. New realms of pleasure!

Monica: (To herself) Whatever keeps you off the balcony, big guy!

End

814. The One With The Secret Closet

Written by: Brian Buckner & Sebastian Jones

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: The Hallway, Phoebe walks up to and knocks on Chandler and Monica's door.]

Monica: (opens the door wearing a robe, but leaves the chain on) Hey, what's up?

Phoebe: Well, I left my guitar here again.

Monica: Oh, okay. No problem.

Phoebe: Okay. (Monica closes the door, gets the guitar, and then hands it out.)

Monica: Okay.

Phoebe: Oh.

Monica: Here you go.

Phoebe: Okay.

Monica: Okay.

Phoebe: Great! Umm... (Monica closes the door again and Phoebe knocks again.)

Monica: What?!

Phoebe: So do you want to hang out or something?

Monica: Phoebe! You kinda caught me at a bad time.

Phoebe: Oh are you and Chandler...

Monica: Yes! Exactly.

Phoebe: Okay. Do you guys want me to play for you?

Monica: (laughs) No. (Closes the door as Chandler walks up.)

Chandler: Hey Pheebs, what's up?

Phoebe: You ask an intriguing question Chandler Bing.

(Chandler lets her into the apartment and reveals that Monica is getting a massage from another woman.)

Phoebe: Oh my God! You're getting a massage! You never let me massage you!!

Monica: Phoebe, I can explain!

Phoebe: You told me you hate massages!

Chandler: Buy stamps, pick up dry cleaning... **Don't** let Phoebe in.

Phoebe: I can't believe this! How long as this been going on?

Monica: Well umm, Alexandra has been...

Phoebe: Oh, it has a name?

Monica: Phoebe, don't get upset!

Phoebe: Okay—Oop! Too late! I'm leaving! Come on Chandler let's go! (She storms out.)

Chandler: Well, Phoebe I thought I'd—(Off Phoebe's look)—Yeah, what the hell. (Exits with Phoebe.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: Joey's Bedroom, Joey is having a dream about Rachel giving birth with him as the father.]

Joey: Oh okay, okay! One more push! One more push! Come on honey, we're almost there! We're almost there!

Rachel: Oh Joey, I'm so happy things worked out for us that we're having this baby together. I love you so much.

Joey: Oh, I love you too.

Rachel: And I hope it's not an inappropriate time to say this but, you're the best sex I ever had.

Joey: That's always appropriate! (Back to the matter at hand) Oh, okay. One more push! One more push! (Finally, the baby is delivered and starts crying.)

Doctor: Oh, here is your beautiful baby. Congratulations!

(She hands the baby to Joey who pulls down the blanket to reveal Ross's face where the baby's should be.)

Ross: (crying) I hope you're a better father than you're a friend!! (Cries again and Joey wakes up in horror.)

Rachel: (bursts into the room) Joey! Joey!

Joey: What? What's going on?

Rachel: Come feel this! Come feel my belly!

Joey: Aaaah...

Rachel: Joey! The baby is kicking for the first time! Will you please come feel this?!

Joey: Really?!

Rachel: Yes!

(Joey starts to get up but stops.)

Joey: Oh, y'know what? Maybe uh, you...you should come to me. I'm a not, I'm not wearing any bottoms.

Rachel: Oh, okay! (She goes over to him and he feels her belly.)

Joey: Oh my, oh my God!

Rachel: Aw, it's unbelievable! Wow! She is kicking so much! Oh, she's like umm...oh...who's that kind of annoying girl soccer player?

Joey: Mia Hamm?

Rachel: Mia Hamm!

Joey: Oh that's amazing. (Drops the sheet.)

Rachel: (looking down) Oh-oh!! One hand on the sheet Joe!

Joey: Whoa-hey-oh! Sorry!

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica has opened another wedding present as Chandler enters.]

Chandler: Hey babe.

Monica: Hi honey. We just got a wedding gift from Bob and Faye Bing: they don't like us do they? (They gave them a pok-a-dotted punch bowl.)

Chandler: Who says you can't get a nice punch bowl for under six bucks? Maybe we can take it back?

Monica: No, it doesn't say where it came from. Where would we return it?

Chandler: How about to the street say from the balcony?

Monica: Why don't we just find a place for it?

Chandler: Okay. How about in that cabinet?

Monica: No! That's where we keep the canned goods! Have you completely forgotten everything you learned at orientation?

Chandler: How about the closet by the bathroom? (The secret green door by the bathroom.)

Monica: Oh, okay. Here, why don't you let me do it?

Chandler: Oh no-no-no, I will do it. Honey, you have to learn to sit down and relax and let your husband take care of things once and awhile. (Tries the door.) It's locked, you have to help me. Why is it locked?

Monica: No reason. I-I keep private things in there.

Chandler: Oh y'know, I've been living here a while and I've never seen what's inside that closet. What is, what is in there?

Monica: Feminine stuff.

Chandler: Don't try to make me uncomfortable with feminine stuff!

Monica: Chandler, there is nothing in there that concerns you! If you love me you-you'll let it go.

Chandler: Fine.

Monica: Thank you! (He tries the door again and Monica glares at him.)

Chandler: (walking casually away) Love you.

Phoebe: (entering) Hello Chandler, lovely day huh? (To Monica) You!

Chandler: Phoebe if it helps Alexandra has only been massaging Monica for like three years. (Phoebe rolls her eyes and walks away and Monica glares at him.) If I said, "If it helps!" (Goes to the bedroom.)

Phoebe: Why won't you let me massage you?

Monica: Well it's...I mean I'd just—I'd be self-conscious. You're my friend: I'd be naked.

Phoebe: Monica! We lived together for years! I've seen you naked!

Monica: That's different, we were roommates! And when?!

Phoebe: I'm curious about the human body.

Monica: Hey, come on Phoebe, you can understand why this would be weird for me.

Phoebe: But I'm a professional! And I'm really good! Look, if you're uncomfortable we can stop. Just give me a chance, okay. Please?

Monica: Okay, if it means that much to you...

Phoebe: It does! How would you feel if you couldn't share your cooking? Or—or imagine how Ross would feel if he couldn't teach us about dragons.

Monica: Dinosaurs.

Phoebe: Potato, potaato.

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey and Rachel are there as Ross enters.]

Ross: Hey!

Joey: Hey Ross! The baby's kicking!

Ross: What?! It is?! (He tries to quickly remove his gloves, but runs into trouble and finally throws them off of his hands like a hockey player in a fight and grabs Rachel's belly.)

Rachel: It's not kicking right now. Although we would love to see you do (Mimics him) that again.

Ross: Hey, when-when was it kicking? What happened?

Rachel: Last night! I just felt it and I went into Joey's room and he was sleeping...

Joey: A dreamless sleep.

Ross: My God, the baby's kicking. That's great. Although I...kinda wish I—I would've been there to feel the kicking for the first time y'know.

Joey: Well I got stuff going on in here (Rubbing his belly) if you wanna feel.

Ross: Look, I—I don't want to miss anymore baby stuff. So...Here. Here's my new pager number, okay? Anytime anything pregnancy related happens use it! I'll be there! Okay? I don't care if it's three in the morning and all you want is ice cream.

Joey: Wow! Can I get a copy of that?

[Scene: Phoebe's Apartment, Monica is lying on the massage table waiting for Phoebe.]

Phoebe: (calling from her room) Are you under the sheet?

Monica: Yes.

(Phoebe turns on some music and grabs some oil.)

Phoebe: (in a soothing voice) Great, let's begin. (She starts the massage.) How's the pressure?

Monica: Nice! Wow Phoebe you are good!

Phoebe: Stating the obvious, but thank you. And it's not weird is it.

Monica: No. Oooh...

Phoebe: That's right, you just enjoy.

Monica: (in a sexy voice) Oh. Oh yeah! Ohhhhh! Ohh! Oh yeah!

Phoebe: (getting uncomfortable) Okay.

Monica: Oh God Phoebe!! (Phoebe covers one ear.) Oh that's it! That's it! Right there! Oh! (Tries to cover the other ear.) Ooooh-oooh-oooh... (Covers both ears and continues the massage with her elbows.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Chandler has a box of keys and is trying them on the secret closet when someone enters.]

Chandler: I wasn't trying to open your closet! I wasn't trying to open your closet! I swear! (Running into the kitchen and sees its Joey.)

Joey: Whoa, Monica runs a pretty tight ship over here. What are you doing?

Chandler: Monica has a secret closet and she won't let me see what's in it.

Joey: Why not?

Chandler: I don't know! What could she possibly be hiding in here that I can't see?!

Joey: I don't know. Ooh, I bet it's Richard.

Chandler: Why would Monica be keeping Richard in here?

Joey: Well off the top of my head uhh, maybe she's having her cake and eating it too. You being the cake and Richard being the too. Or!

Chandler: And here we go...

Joey: I saw this movie once where there was a door and no one knew what was behind it, and when they finally got it open millions and millions and millions of bugs came pouring out and they feasted on human flesh. Y'know it wouldn't kill ya to respect your wife's privacy! (He walks away and into his apartment and looks the door.) Stupid closet full of bugs!

Rachel: Joey. Joey, something feels weird and not good weird. I don't—Whoa!! (Winces in pain.)

Joey: Oh hey whoa—whoa, don't worry. Okay. When my sisters were pregnant they got every weird feeling in the book, it was always nothing.

Rachel: Really?

Joey: Absolutely. **But**, we're gonna stop by the hospital just to be sure, okay? I'll page Ross on the way. Come on.

Rachel: Okay. Oh God—Ow!—Oo!

Joey: Okay Rach—Rach—Rach look at me, look at me, everything's gonna be fine, trust me. Okay. Take my hand. Here we go. (Rachel grabs his hand.) Oww crushing bones!

[Scene: The Hospital, Joey is in the waiting room as Rachel comes back out with the doctor.]

Joey: Hey! So?

Dr. Long: She's fine. She's experiencing Braxton-Hicks contractions, mild discomfort caused by contractions in the uterine wall.

Rachel: Hmm, mild discomfort. So I take it you've had one of these Braxton thingies?

Joey: So but everything is normal.

Dr. Long: Absolutely.

Joey: And—and there's no danger to her and the baby?

Dr. Long: No—no. Contractions can be unnerving if you don't know what they are, but she's fine.

Rachel: Thank you doctor. (Dr. Long exits.) (To Joey) Oh thank you for being so nice and calm.

Joey: Calm?! I wasn't calm! I've never been more scared in all my life!

Rachel: But wait you said everything was gonna be okay.

Joey: Well what do I know?! I'm not a doctor!

Rachel: But I—But everything is okay. I'm fine!

Joey: You sure?!

Rachel: Yes! Yes! I got half a mind to contract that doctor's uterus though. Mild discomfort, what's he talking about?

Joey: (seeing Ross) Oh hey—hey!

Ross: (rushes in) Is everything okay?

Rachel: Yeah, everything's fine!

Ross: Your page said come to the hospital, what? What was it? What happened?

Joey: Something called Braxton-Hicks contractions.

Ross: Oh. Oh. Thank God, most women don't even feel them.

Rachel: Okay, no uterus, no opinion.

Joey: Hey uh, what's with the candy?

Ross: Oh when you beeped me I was on line at the concession stand at the movie theater.

Rachel: Oh you went to the movies by yourself?

Ross: No I—Mona!

Rachel: Oh, I gotta go back in there.

Ross: What? Why? What's wrong?

Rachel: No, everything's fine. I just gotta go back...

Ross: No really, you tell me what's up.

Rachel: I—I forgot my underwear. (Ross lets her go.)

Ross: (To Joey) So, thanks so much for bringing her to the hospital.

Joey: Oh hey, don't worry about it man. Don't worry about it, no big deal.

Ross: Yeah but still, I mean it should've been me. I'm the dad.

Dr. Long: (To Joey) Uh, if you have any questions, here's some information on Braxton-Hicks. (Hands Joey a pamphlet.) Oh and by the way, you did the right thing by bringing her in. You're gonna make a wonderful father.

Joey: Oh uh, hey. Not as good as this guy! (Grabs Ross around the shoulders.) He brought *Twizlers!*

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Joey and Chandler are still working on the door.]

Chandler: There has **got** to be a way!

Joey: Easy there Captain Kirk. Oh, do you have a bobby pin?

Chandler: Yeah. (Checks his hair.) Oh no wait, I'm not a nine-year-old girl.

Joey: Then why do you throw like one?

Chandler: Maybe Monica has a bobby pin.

Joey: Sure. "Monica."

Chandler: So, how's the hideously inappropriate crush on Rachel coming?

Joey: Uh, really good. Really good. Yeah, I should be ready to kill myself any day now. (Chandler returns with a bobby pin and hands it to Joey.) Wow, you sure found that quick. (He tries the pin in the lock.) I just—I wish I didn't feel this way about Rachel anymore, y'know? I wish things could go back to normal. I mean, I love living with her and God, helping out with the baby is just amazing, but now I think...I think Ross feels left out. Y'know? When I had to take Rachel to the hospital, the doctor thought I was the father. God... You should've seen the look on Ross's face. (Pause) By the way, I have no idea what I'm doing here. For all I know I'm just locking it more. Oh hey, did you try opening it with a credit card?

Chandler: That's a good idea.

Joey: Yeah.

Chandler: Okay. (They switch places and Chandler gets out a credit card.) So uh, Ross is kinda bummed huh?

Joey: Oh, I just...I feel terrible.

Chandler: Well, it's not your fault. What are you gonna do? Not take her to the hospital? Y'know? You're doing nothing wrong. (Pause) Except for harboring an all consuming love for the woman whose carrying his baby. (He loses his card behind the door.) Richard? If—if you're in there, could you pass me my credit card?

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe is on the couch as Monica enters.]

Monica: Hey.

Phoebe: Hey.

Monica: I gotta tell you, yesterday was amazing. That massage felt so good!

Phoebe: No-no, I got that.

Monica: So umm, what do you say we make it a weekly appointment?

Phoebe: Okay. Okay but you should know though, I've raised my rates to \$200 an hour.

Monica: Okay.

Phoebe: I mean \$500.

Monica: What?

Phoebe: 600.

Monica: What's going on?

Phoebe: Oh, you make sex noises when you get massaged!

Monica: What? (Laughs.)

Phoebe: Yeah, and it really freaked me out! And after a while I even tried to hurt you and it just spurred you on.

Monica: What?! You're crazy! There's nothing sexual about the noises I make!

Phoebe: Really? There's nothing sexual about this? (Sexily) Oooh. Oo God! Ohh. Ohhhh. Ohh. (Some cute guy is watching closely.) (To him) What are you looking at?! (Pause) I mean hi.

Monica: Oh my—This is so embarrassing. Oh my God, I'm never gonna get massaged again!

Phoebe: No, you can't let this stop you from getting massages! No look, I have, I have lots of clients that make the same noises you do!

Monica: Really?!

Phoebe: Well not clients, lovers. But let's just y'know, try it again. Come back and—and we'll work through it.

Monica: Are you sure?

Phoebe: Yes.

Monica: I guess.

Phoebe: Great! Okay, if you'll just excuse me. (To the guy) So, did you hear something you liked?

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is balancing an aluminum can on her stomach as Ross enters.]

Rachel: Hey Ross! Check it out! I learned a new trick!

Ross: Hey uh, I brought you some lunch.

Rachel: Ohh! That's so sweet of you! Oh yum! (Takes a bite out of the sandwich and starts to get sick.) Did you put pickles on this?

Ross: Well yeah!

Rachel: Oh Ross!! (Runs to the bathroom and closes the door.)

Ross: What?! What?! Rach what?!

Joey: What's going on?

Ross: I made her favorite, tuna salad with pickles.

Joey: Pickle? Pickles make her sick. Giving her pickles is like giving me salad.

Ross: (to Rachel) I—I'm sorry Rach, I didn't know. Are you gonna be okay?

Rachel: Yeah, I'll be fine. But could someone please make sure that sandwich is gone when I get out there?

Joey: I'm on it! (Takes a bite out of the sandwich.)

Ross: I can't believe this! I shouldn't be the one making her throw up!

Joey: Dude relax! It could happen to anyone.

Ross: Yeah? Not to you, because you know this stuff. I don't know any of it and I'm the father. I wish I'd be more involved y'know.

Rachel: (entering) Well, if anyone is keeping score, I no longer eat tuna.

Joey: Hey uh, can I, can I talk to you guys for a second?

Ross: Yeah.

Rachel: What's up?

Joey: Uh, sit down. I wanna talk about our situation.

Rachel: (Gasps) Are you breaking up with us?

Joey: The thing is... 'cause I live with Rachel I'm here for a lot of the stuff, okay? (To Rachel) And Ross... Ross is missing everything. So...

Rachel: Yeah?

Joey: Maybe you two should live together.

Rachel: Are you asking me to move out? Do you not want me here?

Joey: Oh no—no, no—no I love living with you. It just seems that... if you're gonna have a roommate, y'know it might as well be the father.

Rachel: But Joey, I don't think Ross wants me to move into his apartment and disrupt his life like that. I mean—(Ross turns to her with wishful eyes.)—Or he does.

Ross: No I—I—I would love to be around for you and the baby. And we—we can just try it like on a temporary basis.

Rachel: But Ross, its you and me!

Ross: So? Sure! But it—it wouldn't be anything romantic. And I'm—I'm dating Mona—Damn it Mona! I was supposed to meet her like an hour ago! What is wrong with me?!

Joey: All right now, so? What do you think?

Rachel: I don't know. Is it crazy?

Ross: No! No it's not. Joey, this is a smart idea.

Joey: Well, I was due.

Rachel: Okay, let's do it. I'll move in.

Ross: Really?

Rachel: Yeah.

Ross: Oh Rach that's great. That's great. (They hug and Joey breathes a sigh of relief.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Chandler is pounding out the hinge pins on the closet door to get it open.]

Chandler: Not to shabby, I got this all off myself... using my wife's tools. (He takes the door off the frame and we finally get to see what's behind the green door! It is stacked, floor to ceiling, with junk.) Oh my God!

Monica: (entering) (Gasps) How did you get in there?!

Chandler: (laughs) You're messy.

Monica: Oh no! You weren't supposed to see this!

Chandler: I married Fred Sanford!

Monica: No Chandler, you don't understand! (Chandler starts singing the theme for *Sanford and Son*, an old TV show starring Redd Fox.) Okay! Okay! Okay! Fine! Now you know. Okay? I'm y'know... I'm sick.

Chandler: No, honey you're not sick! Look, I don't love you because you're organized, I love you in spite of that.

Monica: Really? You promise you won't tell anyone?

Chandler: Yes! And look, now that I know if I got some extra stuff lying around can we, can we share the closet.

Monica: Well...it's just umm...I'm afraid you might mess it up.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is drinking a gallon of orange juice as Chandler enters.]

Chandler: Hey.

Joey: Hey.

Chandler: So Rachel's all moved out huh? How are you taking it?

Joey: Well uh, I wanted to have a few beers, but uh, I got rid of those because Rachel couldn't stand the smell of them. But I have thrown back a lot of orange juice with calcium though. And uh, it's a couple weeks past it's expiration date, so it's got a bit of a kick.

Chandler: Are you okay?

Joey: Are you kidding me? I'm great! Yeah, I'm uh; I'm better than great. I am good. And now that she's gone, I can uh, I can do all this stuff around here that I couldn't do before. Y'know? Like umm, I can walk around naked again. Y'know? I can uh, I can watch porn in the living room. Right? This is uh, this is good for me. Y'know? I like being on my own, I'm uh, better off this way. I'm uh, a lone wolf. Y'know? A loner. Alone. All alone. Forever. What's a wolf got to do to get a huh around here?! (Chandler rushes over and hugs him.)

Closing Credits

[Scene: Phoebe's Apartment, Phoebe is giving Monica another massage.]

Monica: Ohhh.

Phoebe: That's it. Just relax.

Monica: Ohh. Oh! Ohh!

Phoebe: Come on more!

Monica: Oh God!

Phoebe: Yeah, you like that don't you?

Monica: Oh yeah right there!

Phoebe: You want it there? You take it there baby!

Monica: Uh Phoebe?

Phoebe: Yeah, say my name. Say it! (She stops when she realizes what she's doing.) And now I'm going to cover you back up, and umm we're never doing this again.

End

815. The One With The Birthing Video

Written by: Dana Klein Borkow

Transcribed by: Dan Gottlieb

[Scene: Central Perk. Rachel is getting a cup of coffee as Joey and Phoebe enter and sit down.]

Phoebe: Oh! Hey, Rach!

Rachel: Hi! Hey, Happy Valentine's Day!

Phoebe: Oh, you, too.

Joey: Hey, so, uh, how's it going living over at Ross'?

Rachel: It's good. Except he makes us watch the *Discovery Channel* all day long. Did you know that something really boring happened to someone really ugly in the Middle Ages? (to the waitress handing her a cup of coffee) Oh, thank you. I'll see you guys later.

Phoebe: Okay.

Joey: Bye.

(Rachel exits with coffee)

Joey: There's one lucky to-go cup of coffee.

Phoebe: (sighs) Honey, I wish you would get over her. I hate seeing you like this. Is there anything I can do for you? Do you want to look down my top?

Joey: Thanks. But maybe later.

Phoebe: Oh, Gunther, can I get a scone?

Gunther: (to Joey) You want anything?

Joey: You know what I want? I want a lot of things! I want to be with the woman I love on Valentine's Day! And I want her to love me back! And I want just one moment of relief from the gut-wrenching pain of knowing that that's never going to happen!

Gunther: We have red bagels.

Joey: Oh, okay.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's. Phoebe and Ross are sitting in the living room talking.]

Phoebe: So, how does Mona feel about you and Rachel living together?

Ross: Oh, I'm actually on my way to tell her right now. Yeah, she's been away all week visiting her parents, but she'll be cool. I mean, she's been so supportive. She-she even got the baby a tiny T-shirt that says, 'Fossils are my friends.'

Phoebe: Ugh. Come on, Mona, don't kiss ass.

Ross: Uh, I'm going to take off.

Phoebe: All right. Oh! Shoot! Oh shoot! Uh, Rachel wanted to see this tape!

Ross: What is it?

Phoebe: It's a video of my friend giving birth. Could you just bring it back to your apartment?

Ross: All right. (reading the label) 'Candy and Cookie?'

Phoebe: Yeah. Candy's the mother, Cookie's the daughter. The father's also Cookie. Why am I friends with these people?

Monica: (entering with something behind her back) Phoebe, c'mere. I want to show you something in the bathroom.

Phoebe: Oh, Monica, grow up!

Ross: Hey, what's behind your back?

Monica: Nothing. Just something I want to get Phoebe's opinion on for Valentine's Day.

Ross: You don't want my opinion?

Monica: Not really.

Ross: Come on, I'm your older brother, ask me!

Monica: All right, big brother. (holds up two erm...revealing articles of clothing) Which of these do you think would make your little sister look hotter, so your best friend would want to do her?

Ross: (quietly) The red one.

[Scene: Joey and...wait...just Joey's. Joey is sitting at the counter eating a pizza.]

Phoebe: (knocking and entering) Hey. Look, I know you've been really depressed lately, so I brought someone over to cheer you up. Right outside this door is a real, live, furry playmate.

Joey: No, I'm not sleeping with your friend Jane again.

(Phoebe goes into the hall and brings a dog inside!)

Phoebe: He-hee!

Joey: Hey! A dog! Hi! Who, you got to admit, looks a lot like Jane.

Phoebe: This is the happiest dog in the world. I borrowed him from my friend Wendy. Now, you can only keep him until he cheers you up. And he will cheer you up!

Joey: Thanks so much, Pheebs! (to the dog) We are going to have so much fun, yes we are! (the dog sticks his head between Joey's legs) Oh! Not that kind of fun.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's. Chandler enters with a bouquet of roses.]

Chandler: Happy Valentine's!

Monica: (from her bedroom) Okay! I'll be right out. I'm slipping into something a little less comfortable, and a little more slutty.

Chandler: (picking up a video from the table) 'Candy and Cookie'. 'Candy and Cookie?' Monica got me porn?! Girl-on-girl porn?! She really must love me!! (Chandler runs over to the TV, puts the tape in, and sits down to enjoy some "porn")

(A woman on TV breaths hard)

Man on TV: Yeah, just relax.

Chandler: I love you, St. Valentine.

(The woman groans, moans, grunts, and screams. Chandler's eyes get huge!)

Chandler: Woah, woah, that's not pretty!

Man on TV: Now, push!

Woman on TV: Ow! Ow! Ooh! That hurts!

Chandler: Worst porn ever! Worst porn ever! (Chandler starts to press buttons on the remote control, frantically.)

Woman on TV: Ohhh! Make it stop!

Chandler: I am trying!

[Scene: Joey's. Joey is playing fetch with the dog.]

Joey: Get the ball, ready? Get the ball, get the ball! (Joey pretends to throw it, but really doesn't, and the dog goes running off.) Well, you're cute, but you're not too smart!

(The dog returns with a ball that looks exactly like the same one Joey has.)

Joey: (looking at the ball the dog brought back) Did I just throw this?

Rachel: (entering) Hi.

Joey: Hi.

Rachel: I accidentally packed these with my stuff. (looks at the dog and gasps) Who is this?

Joey: Oh, that's, uh, that's Phoebe's friend's dog. I don't know what his real name is, but I call him Mozzarella.

Rachel: (talking with a higher voice, and puckered lips...kind of like you do to a baby or...well...a puppy...it's hard to explain. Just use your imagination!) Oh, well, you are so cute! I wish I could play with you more, but I've got to go to work! I hope I stop talking like this before my marketing meeting, yes I do. Yes I do. (still talking like that) Bye-bye, Joey. Oh, I seriously can't stop it. (exits)

Joey: (to the dog) C'mere. Hey. C'mere. That's Rachel. She's the one who used to live here. Might as well be honest with you—we love her. But we can't have her. I really miss her. Well, hey, you understand, right? You're a guy. (thinks about it and picks up the dog and looks) Well, you used to be.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's. Chandler is sitting on the couch staring at the tape on the coffee table with his eyes huge and his mouth wide open.]

Monica: (entering from her bedroom) So what do you think? (referring to her outfit)

(Chandler glances up at Monica with his mouth still wide open and his eyes still huge)

Monica: (to herself) I've still got it!

Chandler: (pointing at the video) Why did you get me this?

Monica: What is it?

Chandler: It's yelling...bleeding...dilating. Oh, the dilating...

Monica: Is this the video of the baby being born? Sweetie, this is Phoebe's. Why were you even watching it?

Chandler: I thought...maybe...you got me porn for Valentine's Day.

Monica: Chandler, if you thought I was going to get you porn for Valentine's Day... (pulls a video out of a basket) you were right! Apparently, it's about a young girl who moves to the big city, you know, in search of stardom, but ends up having sex with a lot of guys! Yeah, it got four starts! (looks closer) Oh, wait a minute. Those aren't stars. Anyway, you want to take a look?

Chandler: Well, I'm not really in a sexy mood right now.

Monica: Honey, what's going on?

Chandler: Well, remember the first time we saw *Jaws*?

Monica: Mm-hmm.

Chandler: How long it took to go back in the water?

Monica: Chandler, we can't let this tape wreck Valentine's Day!

Chandler: You don't know. You didn't see it.

Monica: Child-birth, it's a natural thing! It's beautiful.

Chandler: Oh, beautiful? Really? Beautiful? You think this is beautiful? (picks up the remote and presses a button, and he immediately makes a face that just looks like he's going to throw up!)

Monica: Oh! Oh, my God! No wonder my mother hates me!

Chandler: See, honey, there's—(puts his hand on her leg)

Monica: Don't touch me!

[Scene: Central Perk. Ross is sitting on the couch reading a magazine as Mona enters.]

Mona: Hi!

Ross: Hey! (they hug) So, how was Atlantic City?

Mona: Good.

Ross: Yeah?

Mona: I brought you back a present.

Ross: Wha—? Oh, come on. You didn't have to—saltwater taffy?! (Mona laughs) Thanks! This is interesting. You know, most people think this is made with sea water, but it's actually made with, uh, salted fresh water. That's not interesting.

Mona: I think it's interesting.

Ross: I do too! I missed you!

Mona: I missed you, too! So, how was your week?

Ross: Oh, it was good! It was good. Actually, the baby started kicking!

Mona: How exciting!

Ross: Yeah! I know! It was. Oh... the only sad thing is I wasn't around when it happened for the first time.

Mona: Oh no.

Ross: Yeah, I'm missing out on all this other stuff, too. So, Joey suggested Rachel move in with me.

Mona: (laughing) Yeah right!

Ross: What?

Mona: Joey cracks me up! It's like, 'Yeah, why don't you have your ex-wife move in with you? That wouldn't be awkward at all!' (she laughs again)

Ross: (not amused) Huh...uh-huh.

Mona: Huh, could you imagine. I go away for a few days, and come back, and my boyfriend is living with some woman he got pregnant! (Mona laughs...yes...again!)

(Ross fake laughs, obviously not finding this funny, and he's starting to panic, so he shoves the whole saltwater taffy he's eating in his mouth)

Mona: So, what'd you tell him?

Ross: (with his mouth full) Just a second! (he fake laughs, but turns his head and starts to break down)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Central Perk. Ross and Phoebe are sitting on the couch.]

Phoebe: How could you not tell Mona that Rachel is living with you?

Ross: I don't know, she seemed to think it was such a crazy idea! Um, plus, she, uh, she got me taffy!

Phoebe: Taffy, really? I've never had any.

Ross: Ever?!

Phoebe: Well, I think my mother was too busy planning her suicide to provide saltwater treats. (Ross hands her one) Thank you! So what, you're just never going to tell her?

Ross: Oh, no, no, no, I will! I just want to butter her up, first! You know, I'm going to take her to an amazing Valentine's dinner. Do all this romantic stuff, and then, just when she thinks I'm the best boyfriend in the world, then I'm going to tell her that my pregnant ex-girlfriend is living with me.

Phoebe: If I haven't said it before: she's a lucky, lucky lady! So, where are you going to—what the mother of crap is up with this stuff? (Referring to the taffy, which she's been chewing this whole time.) Oh, God. Is it gum, is it food? What's the deal? (she swallows it, finally) Oh, it's nice! May I try a pink one?

[Scene: Joey's. Joey is laying on his recliner, depressed, and the dog is laying on the footrest.]

Joey: So, between her and me being friends, and her history with Ross, it just isn't going to happen. It would be like you falling in love with a cat.

Phoebe: (entering) Hey!

Joey: Hey.

Phoebe: Hey, buddy. How's my favorite dog, huh? How's my favorite dog? (the dog doesn't move) You're subdued. (to Joey) Did you give him a beer?

Joey: No.

Phoebe: Will you excuse us, we need to talk for a moment.

Joey: Yeah, sure. Go ahead. (pause) Oh, me, right!

(Joey follows Phoebe into the kitchen)

Phoebe: He's miserable! What happened to him?

Joey: Nothing. We just talked about stuff.

Phoebe: What stuff?

Joey: Rachel stuff.

Phoebe: Oh...Joey, you bummed him out! This was the happiest dog in the world, and he spends half a day with you, and look at him!

Joey: He's breathing!

Phoebe: Okay, I'm going to take him back to Wendy's.

Joey: No, no, no, no! He's fine! Look, look, look! (picks up the ball) Here's your ball! Get your ball! Get your ball! (he throws the ball and it bounces right next to the dog) Get your ball! My God, what have I done to you, huh? I broke the dog! Pheeb, I broke the dog!

[Scene: Ross and...Rachel's...I guess I have to call it that now. Rachel is reading on the couch as Ross enters.]

Ross: Well, I'm, uh, going to pick up Mona. What have you got going tonight?

Rachel: Oh, I've got big Valentine's plans! I've got my Chinese food on the way, and the rest of your saltwater taffy!

Ross: Y'know, it's interesting! Most people think that's made with seawater, when in fact—

Rachel: Ross, we actually watched the documentary together.

(There is a knock on the door.)

Rachel: Ooh! My Chinese food! Let me get my cash! (runs to her room to get her money)

Ross: (opening the door to see Mona standing there) Mona? What are—hi! What are you doing here? I'm, um, supposed to pick you up!

Mona: Change of plans, I made you a special Valentine's dinner! Surprise!

Ross: (he makes some really weird noise hear that sounds kind of like…)Ayyyayyyy!

Rachel: (entering) Oh, hey, Mona!

Mona: Hi! Hi. Hi, Rachel! (to Ross) What's she doing here?

Ross: I have no idea!

Rachel: I'll be watching TV if anybody needs me. (exits to her room)

Mona: Seriously, what is she doing?

Ross: Uh…lately, she just likes hanging out here.

Mona: Why?

Ross: I think she's lonely.

Mona: Okay, but it's Valentine's Day!

Ross: I know.

Mona: Can't we just ask her to go?

Ross: No, no. She's way to emotional. And by emotional I mean crazy.

(Doorbell rings)

Rachel: I'm not here! That's just my Chinese food!

Mona: Oh, my God! She has food delivered here?

Ross: Mm—hmm. She's—she's emotional, but, but ballsy.

Rachel: You know what I'm going to do? I'm going to get in my sweats, and eat this in bed! (exits)

Ross: And you thought she was going to be in our way! So, why don't you, uh, open the champagne, and I'll be right back. I've got a surprise for you.

Mona: You got another ex-wife back there?

Ross: (fakes a laugh) Please start drinking! (exits)

Rachel: (entering) I'm just going to grab the phone.

Mona: Oh, Rachel! Wait! Hey, I hope you don't take this the wrong way, but, but, um… what are you doing?

Rachel: Oh, I'm sorry! Do you need the phone?

Mona: No, no. Listen, Ross is too nice to say anything, but this is his apartment, and, and, we gotta have some boundaries, so why don't you go back to your place and give us some privacy?

Rachel: (as Ross enters with a present) But, but, Mona, I live here.

Ross: (handing Mona the present) Happy Valentine's Day! …Or something to remember me by.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's. Monica and Chandler are sitting on the couch still staring at the screen.]

Monica: How long has it been this time?

Chandler: 90 seconds.

Monica: That's better. 90 seconds is a long time not to think about it…except all I did was think about it.

Chandler: You know, it haunts me? Up 'til now, the worst thing I ever saw, was my father doing tequila shots off the naked houseboy. After this, I would gladly make that my screensaver!

Monica: Okay, well, we have to get past this! Why don't we get rid of the tape and pretend it never existed?

Chandler: I can do that.

Monica: Okay.

(Chandler takes the tape and sticks it under the chair cushion)

Chandler: Okay. Now all we've got to do is get rid of this chair.

(Chandler crawls over to Monica and they move in to kiss, but they can't do it and back up. They move in to kiss again, and kiss very awkwardly for a second, until someone knocks on the door.)

Monica: Oh, thank God!

Chandler: Oh, I know!

Monica: Come in!

Rachel: (entering) Hi! I'm so sorry to barge in on your Valentine's, but I had to get away from all the yelling. Mona is dumping Ross.

Monica: Oh, my God.

Chandler: Poor Ross.

(Monica and Chandler both look at each other and run over to the window to watch the action in Ross' apartment)

Chandler: Oh, great. We have to watch him do yoga in his underwear, but for this he closes the drapes!

Monica: Rach, you know that birthing tape you wanted to see? It's here.

Chandler: Oh, and we should warn you, before you watch it: don't watch it.

Rachel: Why? You saw it? Is it scary?

Chandler: Well, let's just say it's ironic how footage of someone being born can make you want to kill yourself.

Rachel: Well, now, wait. Now I'm all freaked out. Come on, you guys will watch it with me.

Monica: No, but I will leave a sweater that smells like me right next to you!

Rachel: C'mon, seriously, you guys, you're not going to make me watch this alone!

Monica: She's right...of course not. Honey, get the tape.

Chandler: (with his arm all the way under the cushion, moving it around) This reminds me of a very specific part of the tape. (Chandler puts the tape in, and they all sit down) Okay, here we go.

Rachel: Okay. (watching the tape) Ooh, my! (Rachel jumps when the woman starts screaming) Woah! Why is that baby torturing that woman?!

Chandler: Why have I seen this thing three times?!

Monica: It's...still beautiful.

Rachel: Uh! It's horrible!

Monica: I know! I know, I'm so sorry for you!

Rachel: Oh, my God!

(Monica and Rachel both cover their eyes)

Chandler: Wait, you guys, look!

Rachel: What? Did her ass explode?!

Chandler: No, the baby's out! Look, look!

Monica: Oh, look at those little fingers and toes!

Chandler: And look how happy the mom is now!

Monica: Oh...Rach!

Rachel: Oh, screw you guys, you don't have to do it!

[Scene: Central Perk. Ross is getting coffee as Joey comes from...God knows where! Some back area of Central Perk around the corner that we've never seen! Weeeiirrrddd...]

Ross: Hey, hey, man!

Joey: Hey, what's up?

Ross: Uh...Mona just dumped me.

Joey: Oh, man, I'm sorry. Why?

Ross: Well, with everything that's been going on lately, I haven't exactly been the perfect boyfriend. You know, I, uh, I didn't tell her I got Rachel pregnant. I gave her a key to my apartment, and then had the locks changed! And then I lied to her about Rachel moving in with me. In a way, I actually judge her for not breaking up with me sooner, you know?

Joey: Still, that really sucks, man. Especially on Valentine's Day.

Ross: Yeah. Wait a minute. What are you doing here? Joey Tribbiani without a date on Valentine's Day? What's going on, huh? Girl trouble?

Joey: Sort of.

Ross: Really?!

Joey: You don't have to seem so happy about it.

Ross: Oh, sorry. Well, look, maybe I can help you with it.

Joey: Oh, I...I d—

Ross: Hey, whatever it is, I am sure it has happened to me. Y'know, actually once—once I got dumped during sex.

(Two girls sitting at a table next to them look up in disgust, and Ross and Joey move away)

Ross: Anyway, so, uh, so what is it?

Joey: Forget about it. It's no big deal.

Ross: C'mon! Joey! What is it?

Joey: It's nothing.

Ross: Hey, hey, it's me. Why can't you tell me?

Joey: Okay, uh...sit down. (they do) Um... there's this woman that I like. A lot. But, uh...it can't happen.

Ross: She's not a Tribbiani?

Joey: No!

Ross: I knew it. So, is she someone from work?

Joey: Yes.

Ross: Well, uh, does she like you?

Joey: Sometimes I think maybe she could. But it doesn't matter, because I can't do anything about it.

Ross: Why not?

Joey: Well, it's complicated. She's with this other guy. For a long time. Someone from work, too. And I could never do that to the guy, because we're really good friends.

Ross: So, uh, this guy, she used to go out with, is, uh... is he still in love with her?

Joey: No. I don't think so.

Ross: Okay. Um... is he a good guy?

Joey: Yeah, he's the best.

Ross: Then talk to him! He might be fine with it.

Joey: Oh, I don't know.

Ross: Joey, it's worth finding out. I mean, if you really like her.

Joey: I do! So much! I can't stop thinking about her! I can't sleep, I—

Ross: Okay, Joey, you know what? You have to go for it. How often does this happen to you, huh? You owe it to yourself.

Gunther: (placing a cup in front of Ross) Here's your warm milk.

Ross: I'm going to...uh...I'm going to, um, put the bourbon in it at home.

Joey: Oh, yeah.

Ross: Anyway... seriously, uh...just...just talk to the guy, okay? And tell me how it goes. (walks towards the door until...)

Joey: It's Rachel.

(Ross just stands in the doorway, for like a minute...Ahh! What's going to happen next??!!! I can't make it all the way through the Olympics!!!)

Closing Credits

[Scene: Ross and Rachel's. Rachel is standing in front of the TV holding a video.]

Rachel: (thinking) *You're going to have a baby, and you need to be prepared. Now, you're going to make yourself watch the whole thing. Just do it!* (Rachel puts the tape in the VCR)

Woman on TV: I came to the big city to become a star! I'll do...anything to make that happen!

Man on TV: Anything?

(Music starts playing...yes...you know what kind of music...)

Rachel: (thinking) *Hmm...maybe it starts with how she gets pregnant.*

End

816. The One Where Joey Tells Rachel

Written by: Andrew Reich & Ted Cohen

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

Lisa Kudrow: (voiceover) Previously on Friends

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey is talking to Ross]

Joey: There's this woman, that I like. A lot. Well, it's complicated. She's with this other guy. For a long time. And I could never do that to the guy, y'know? 'Ccause we're really good friends.

Ross: So, uh, this guy, she used to go out with, is, uh... is he a good guy?

Joey: Yeah, he's the best.

Ross: Then talk to him! He might be fine with it.

Joey: Oh, I don't know.

Ross: Joey, it's worth finding out. I mean, if you really like her.

Joey: I do! So much! I can't stop thinking about her! I can't sleep, I—

Ross: Okay, Joey, you know what? You have to go for it. How often does this happen to you, huh? You owe it to yourself. (Walks towards the door until...)

Joey: It's Rachel.

[Fade to Black, then fade in again with Ross stopped at the doorway.]

Ross: (closes the door) Did you um—I'm sorry, did you just say it's Rachel?

Joey: Yes.

Ross: Um, you...you like Rachel?

Joey: Yes. I like Rachel.

Ross: Rachel?!

Joey: (startled) Yeah, okay but look, buy uh—Hey—hey, y'know, y'know who else I like? You! And it—it doesn't get said enough. I like you Ross.

Ross: But R-R-Rachel-Rachel?!

Joey: Yeah, but it's not a big deal.

Ross: It's not a big deal? Oh, I'm sorry I just...um, I...what about all the stuff you—you just said? I mean how about, I like—you—you can't stop thinking about her. Like how you can't sleep?

Joey: I'm an actor, y'know? As—as a group, we tend to be over dramatic.

Ross: Rachel who's carrying my baby? Rachel?

Joey: Look no, I—I know it's bad, and I know it's wrong. Okay? But—but it's not like anything's ever gonna happen. Y'know? These—these are just feelings, they're gonna go away.

Ross: Y'know what? I—I gotta go. (Starts to leave.)

Joey: Oh come on Ross! Hey Ross—Ross don't...

Ross: (stops) I just—y'know—I—I just have one—Rachel?!

(He exits and starts to walk away, passes a window, stops, and says "Rachel?!" again. Joey sighs and turns around to face Gunther.)

Gunther: Rachel?!!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Rachel and Chandler are on the couch.]

Rachel: Oh-oh! Okay, she's kicking!

Chandler: Oh! (Puts his hand on her belly.) She's growing inside you.

Rachel: Whoa!!

Chandler: Oh! (Pulls his hand away.)

Rachel: Wow that was a big one.

Chandler: I think that's the youngest girl ever to reject me.

Phoebe: (entering) Oh hey you guys!

Chandler: Oh hey!

Rachel: Hi!

Phoebe: Hey listen let me ask you, do you believe in soul mates?

Rachel: Oh yes I do. I do. I believe that there is one perfect person out there for everyone. And do you know how you find him? You stop looking for him. That's why I stopped looking for Russell Crowe. He'll find me.

Phoebe: Uh-huh, (To Chandler) and you?

Chandler: No. I mean I believe that uh, certain people are more suited for each other and I believe in falling in love, but soul mates, I don't think they exist.

Phoebe: Okay, good.

Chandler: Why?

Phoebe: Well last night, I met Monica's.

Chandler: What?

Phoebe: Yeah, I had a date with this guy, and I swear to God, he is her other half.

Chandler: Come on, don't be crazy. (To Rachel) You don't think there's someone out there better suited for Monica than me, do ya? (Rachel looks at him.)

Rachel: (To Phoebe) Well, what's he like?!

Phoebe: Well he's tall.

Rachel: Uh-huh.

Phoebe: He has brown hair.

Rachel: Of course, of course.

Chandler: A tall guy with hair similar to mine, oh unknowable universe!

Phoebe: He works with food!

Rachel: Oh sure. Older?

Phoebe: Obviously, and he's British.

Rachel: Oh, I was just gonna ask!

Phoebe: Yeah? And, he's-he's so centered and mature and confident.

Rachel: Oh, it's so sad they never had a chance to meet.

Chandler: Luckily, the guy she settled for can't hear what you're talking about.

Phoebe: Oh, I'm so sorry. Um, and maybe I'm wrong! I but—y'know I'm gonna go out with him again, I'll find out more.

Chandler: You believe that this guy is destined for someone else and you're still gonna date him?

Phoebe: Well, he may not be my soul mate, but a girl's gotta eat.

[Scene: Ross and Rachel's, Ross is opening the door to Monica.]

Monica: Hey.

Ross: Hey.

Monica: I just talked to Joey, I just—I want to see how you were.

Ross: Oh y'know, I still—I can't believe it. Joey and Rachel I mean it's... It's like you and me going out, only weirder!

Monica: All right, I know you're hurting, and—and I want to be supportive, but don't say that again.

Ross: Oh my God! What if, what if they get married? Then he'd be the stepfather of my child.

Monica: Honey, I don't think that's something we need to worry about! First of all he's—he's never gonna tell her how he feels about her. And even if he did you have no idea how she'd react.

Ross: Sure, because women never like Joey. Y'know, I think he's a virgin.

Monica: Joey...he's not even thinking about going after Rachel!

Ross: He's not?

Monica: No! All he's thinking about is how you're taking this! I mean, listen it's totally freaking him out. He's talking about moving to Vermont.

Ross: Why?

Monica: He says he wants to leave the country. (Pause) He thinks you hate him.

Ross: Hate him? I... No, I don't hate him. (Pause) It's just it's Rachel, y'know?

Monica: Honey I can't even imagine how hard this must be for you. But, I don't want you to lose Joey over it. And right now he just needs to know that you're still his friend.

Ross: Okay. Okay, I'll talk to him.

Monica: All right. Now do it soon, he just asked me how to convert his dollars into Vermont money.

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica and Chandler are on the couch as Phoebe enters with Monica's soul mate.]

Phoebe: Oh! Hi!

Monica: Hi!

Phoebe: Umm, Chandler, Monica, this is Don.

Don: Oh, hello. (Shakes Chandler's hand.) Hello. (Shakes Monica's hand.)

Phoebe: (mouths to Chandler) Soul mate.

Chandler: (mouths to Phoebe) What?

Phoebe: (cough talks) Soul mate.

Monica: So, what have you guys been doing?

Don: Well, we just had a terrible lunch today at Reattica. What is with all the sun-dried tomatoes at that place?

Monica: I know! What is this, 1985?!

Don: That's exactly what I said. Phoebe, isn't that strange.

Monica: Not really.

Chandler: What's wrong with sun-dried tomatoes? (Everyone stares at him.) On a barbecue chicken pizza? (Still there's staring.) No?

Monica: So Don, what—what other restaurants do you like?

Don: Well, Octavio, 27&7—Oh! And there's this great little place, Alessandro's.

Monica: Oh my God! That's my restaurant, I'm the chef there.

Don: You're kidding me!

Monica: No!

Don: Your food is fantastic! Wow, I really want to talk to you about your menu, once I get some coffees first. Um, anyone want any?

Monica: Oh, I'd like a latte. Oh y'know what? If you're gonna talk about me, I'm gonna go with you. (They go over to the counter and Chandler moves closer to Phoebe.)

Chandler: What are you doing?!

Phoebe: Nothing! I swear to God I didn't know you guys would be here! And the good news is you didn't believe in soul mates. So...

Chandler: I believe in tall, handsome strangers who hit on my wife!

Phoebe: They're just talking, and y'know what? Just because I think they're soul mates doesn't mean anything's gonna happen.

Monica: (returning) Phoebe, good work.

Phoebe: Yeah?

Monica: Yeah! Oh he's great, I love him. (Walks away and Chandler glares at Phoebe.)

Phoebe: Don't worry, we'll find you someone else.

[Scene: Joey's Apartment, there's a knock on the door and Joey answers it to Ross.]

Joey: Hey.

Ross: Hey.

Joey: Look, I understand if you came by to hit me, I deserve it.

Ross: No, I don't want to hit you.

Joey: Oh what then? Kick me?

Ross: No.

Joey: (getting worried) Bite me?

Ross: No, no I don't want to do anything to you. All right? I just want to tell you that I'm not mad at you and...and that I certainly do not hate you. I just, I just came here to say that. (Starts to leave.)

Joey: Oh now—Hey Ross—Ross! Do you wanna—wanna come in for a beer or something?

Ross: Uh...yeah sure. (Enters.)

Joey: Do uh, do you got any beer? All—all I got is this melon stuff that Rachel left. I don't...

Ross: Okay.

Joey: (pouring two glasses) Hey look Ross, you need to understand something okay? I uh...I am never gonna act on this Rachel thing, okay? I—I would never do anything to jeopardize my friendship with you. (He hands Ross a glass.)

Ross: Thank you.

(They clink glasses and take a drink. Ross likes it, Joey hates it. Then Ross sees Joey hating it, mimics he hates it as well.)

Joey: Anyway, it uh...look it'll just...take me a while to get over her, that's all. I'm not even sure how to do that, I mean I've never been in love before so...

Ross: What?! You're in love with her.

Joey: Yeah, I thought you knew that.

Ross: Umm, no.

Joey: Wow. Hey look, if it helps, I don't want to feel this way. Honest. I just keep thinking, "Ah, I'll get over this." Y'know? I just—it just keeps gettin' harder. I don't, I don't know what to do. Y'know? What do I do?
(Pause)

Ross: I think you need to tell her how you feel.

Joey: Okay that's the green stuff talkin'.

Ross: No, I'm serious. You—you need to find out where she is, because if she's not where you are, then you can start to move past this.

Joey: But what if uh—and I'm not saying she will be—But...

Ross: If she is where you are then uh...then my feeling weird about it shouldn't stand in the way.

Joey: Are you sure?

Ross: Yeah. Look if—if she's gonna end up with somebody else, the truth is she couldn't find a better guy. So...

Joey: Hey thanks.

Ross: So when do you think you're gonna talk to her?

Joey: Oh my God I have to tell her! I haven't even thought about what I will say. What should I say?

Ross: I'm understanding, but let's not get carried away.

Joey: I'm sorry, you're right. What am I gonna say? (He takes another sip of the green stuff and recoils at the taste.) Oh!

Ross: Yeah, tell me about it. (He stands up, turns his back to Joey, and enjoys another sip.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe and Chandler are watching Monica and Don talk.]

Don: ...so I've been slowly phasing out the wine importing and focusing more on the cheese side of things.

Chandler: Cheese you say? That's some pretty smelly work, huh Don?

Don: Excuse me?

Chandler: Cheese, it's smelly. You must smell a lot of the time too.

Don: Uh, not really. But when it comes to cheese, I'm one of the people who thinks the smellier the better.

Monica: Me too! Yeah, Chandler can't stand it. He won't even allow me to have blue cheese in the house.

Don: And you're still married to him? (They both laugh, and Chandler tries to but fails.)

Monica: You know what I'd love to do? I would like to go to France and eat nothing but bread and cheese—Not even bread, just cheese. No, I want the bread. Yeah. Ah, and pastries... (Breathlessly) And pate. Oh, I'm really not high, it's just I used to be fat.

Don: Well if you where ever enter the Loire valley let me know, I've got a great little villa you can stay at.

Chandler: Is it made of cheese?

Don: No. But God, a house made of cheese, wouldn't that be incredible?!

Monica: I'd move in tomorrow!

Chandler: (disgusted) Oh come on! (To Phoebe) Are you listening to this?

Phoebe: I'm so sorry.

Chandler: What do we do?

Phoebe: I don't know, they both want to live in a house of cheese! I don't know how you fight that.

[Scene: Outside Ross and Rachel's, Joey walks up to knock on the door, but stops.]

Joey: Okay. Okay, I can do this. I can tell her how I feel. Just uh, just stand up straight. (Does so.) Take a couple deep breaths. (Does so.) Look confident. (Does so as Rachel opens the door and startles him.)

Rachel: Joey? What's up?

Joey: I uh, I just came by because I—I want to talk to you about something.

Rachel: Okay what's up?

Joey: Here? In the hall? What are we animals?

Rachel: Well honey, I'm late for a meeting. So can you just make it quick?

Joey: Okay umm, I just came by to tell you that I...want to have dinner with you tonight. That's all.

Rachel: Sure! That sounds great! Just leave me a message and tell me where to meet you. Okay? (Walks away.)

Joey: Okay. That's good. Okay, that give you a couple hours to prepare what you're gonna say. Good. Yeah. (Someone comes out of his apartment and it startles Joey again.) Don't you people ever knock?!

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica and Chandler are entering.]

Monica: I'd like to have Don and Phoebe over. Wouldn't that be nice?

Chandler: Sure, why don't you set it up. I'll just be over here, browsing through the personals.

Monica: Are you okay? You've been acting weird all afternoon.

Chandler: Yeah, fine. Fine. Not perfect!! But good enough.

Monica: Jeez! What is with you?

Chandler: I'm sorry, did you say cheese?

Monica: All right, what's going on?

Chandler: Phoebe thinks you and Don are soul mates, and I don't believe in that kind of stuff. But then you two totally get along. So look, I won't stand in your way if you want to run off with Don and live in a house of cheese.

Monica: Chandler, you don't believe in soul mates?

Chandler: No. But I'm sure (mimics Don) 'tomatoes' does.

Monica: I don't believe in soul mates either.

Chandler: You don't?

Monica: No. I don't think that you and I were destined to end up together. I think that we fell in love and work hard at our relationship. Some days we work really hard.

Chandler: So you...you don't want to live with Don in a cheese house?

Monica: No, I've had second thoughts about that. Do you realize how hard that would be to clean?

Chandler: I love you.

Monica: I know.

Chandler: Y'know what? I am going to take you out to dinner tonight. I found this place that makes the greatest mozzarella sticks and jalepino poppers . (Monica doesn't look impressed.) No? Really? They taste so good.

[Scene: A restaurant, Joey and Rachel are having dinner.]

Rachel: ...and I know Chandler is kidding but it happens every time he touches my stomach. I mean I'm really worried the baby's not going to like him. (Joey is staring at the table.) Are you okay?

Joey: What? Yeah! Sure! Uh, look at the uh, the reason... (Exhales slowly)—Is it hot in here?

Rachel: No. Not—not for me, but why don't you take off your sweater?

Joey: I would, but this is a nice place and my T-shirt has a picture of Calvin doing Hobbs.

Rachel: Oh my God! Really?! Can I see it?

Joey: Yeah. Sure. (They both half stand up, Joey pulls the neck of his sweater out, and Rachel looks down it to see his T-shirt.)

Rachel: Huh. Wow, I wouldn't think Hobbs would like that so much.

Joey: Uh... How long have we known each other?

Rachel: Um, seven...e-e-eight, **eight** years. Wow.

Joey: Uh—huh, long time.

Rachel: Yeah.

Joey: But over the past few weeks...

(A waiter runs over interrupting Joey.)

Waiter: Hah, sorry about the wait, but it is mega-jammed in here! We have a couple specials tonight...

Joey: Actually uh, could you give us a second?

Waiter: Sure. Sure. (Turns away, then turns back) Second's up! (Joey glares at him.) Not...that kind of table. (He walks away.)

Rachel: So you were saying?

Joey: I'm not quite sure.

Rachel: Okay, well you had asked me how long we had known each other, and I said, "Eight years." And the um, waiter came over and cut his tip in half, and umm...now here we are.

Joey: Yeah, here we are. Uhh... I... I think I'm...falling in love with you.

Rachel: (stunned) What?

Joey: I'm falling in love with you.

Rachel: (looking around) Who are you talking too? Oh, you're kidding! Oh, it's a joke! (Laughs.) It's funny. It's funny. I don't get it. (Joey doesn't say any thing and Rachel realizes it's not a joke.) Oh. (Pause) Okay. Umm... I—I...uh, wow. Are you uh... How did umm... When?

Joey: Does it really matter?

Rachel: Wow! Wow. Wow. Wow, it is hot in here.

Joey: Okay look Rach, I know this is a lot. You don't have to say anything. You—you uh, you take as much time as you need. (Long pause as Rachel says nothing.) Okay, you gotta say something!

Rachel: Joey, Joey I love you so much, but I...

Joey: But. (Hangs his head down.)

Rachel: Joey.

Joey: Yeah–yeah right. That’s okay. That’s fine. That’s uh, pretty much what I was expecting. So uh, it’s no big deal. All right? I think I’m gonna go. (Stands up.)

Rachel: No! Joey please! Please don’t! Please don’t leave like this! Now come on, you cannot do this to a pregnant woman! (Starts to cry.)

Joey: Don’t start doing that. You can’t do that Rach, ‘cause then you’re gonna make me do that. (Starts to cry.) Oh, here we go! (Sits down next to her.)

Rachel: Can I? (Hug him.)

Joey: Sure!

(They hug.)

Rachel: Oh Joey honey I don’t… I don’t want to lose…

Joey: Hey–hey–hey, hey! You can’t. Okay? Ever!

Rachel: I’m so sorry.

Joey: Oh no–no Rach, please, don’t be sorry. Okay? Don’t be sorry. (They hug again.) Y’know I was only kidding you.

Rachel: Yeah, that was a real good one.

Closing Credits

[Scene: A restaurant, Joey and Rachel are still hugging as a waiter walks by the table to talk to the annoying waiter from before who is watching.]

Waiter No. 2: Is this your table?

Waiter: Yeah.

Waiter No. 2: God, you’re gonna be here all night!

Waiter: I know! I haven’t even read them the specials yet!

Waiter No. 2: What’s the matter with them?

Waiter: I don’t know. I think maybe one of them is dying. (Pause) I kinda hope it’s the girl. (The other waiter is shocked.) The guy is really cute!

End

817. The One With The Tea Leaves

Teleplay by: Steven Rosenhaus

Story by: R. Lee Flemming, Jr.

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: The Hallway, Rachel walks up the stairs and knocks on Joey's door.]

Rachel: Joey? Are you in there?

[Cut to inside Monica and Chandler's, Monica, Chandler and Joey are eating breakfast.]

Joey: (hearing Rachel and jumping up with his plate) Oh God! That's Rachel!

Monica: Joey, you **have** to talk to her!

Joey: No-no, I can't! I can't! Not after the other night, it's just it's...too weird, okay? Don't tell her I'm here! (Turns to run to the bathroom and his bagel falls off the plate onto the floor.) Don't eat that! (Runs to the bathroom as Rachel enters.)

Rachel: Hey!

Chandler: Hey!

Monica: Hey Rachel!

Rachel: Is Joey here?

Chandler: I don't see him. (To Monica) Do you see him?

Monica: I don't see him. Hey! Maybe he's in the sugar bowl! (Opens the sugar bowl) Joey? Nope! (Closes the sugar bowl and they both laugh.)

Rachel: Well, at least you make each other laugh.

Monica: What's up?

Rachel: Well, I haven't seen him since that night that he told me how he y'know... I don't know, I think he's avoiding me. Why is that bagel on the floor?

Monica: We were playing a game.

Rachel: Ew, was Chandler naked? Sort of like a, like a ring toss kind of situation?

Monica: Sure.

Chandler: What?! No! No!

Rachel: All right. Well listen, if you see Joey will you just tell him uh...tell him I miss him. (Exits and Joey enters.)

Monica: (To Joey) Okay, did you hear that?

Joey: Yeah, a naked bagel game? (Picks up his dropped bagel.) (To Chandler) Dude, I don't know. That's a pretty small hole.

Monica: Honey, you gotta talk to her.

Joey: I can't! Y'know? You guys don't know what it's like to put yourself out there like that and just get shot down.

Chandler: (incredulous) I don't know what that's like?! Up until I was 25 I thought the only response to, "I love you," was, "Oh crap!"

Monica: Hello? No rejection? I got shot down at fat camp! Boy, kids are mean when they're hungry.

Joey: All right so, so what do I do?

Monica: This is Rachel. I mean, what are you gonna do, never going to talk to her again? I mean I know it's weird, it's awkward, but you gotta at least try.

Joey: Yeah. Okay. (Goes to take a bite out of the previously mentioned bagel.) Whoa! (Stops.) I almost forgot this was on your...

Chandler: (interrupting him) We didn't play it!!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe is holding a book as she, Rachel, and Monica drink some tea as Chandler looks on.]

Phoebe: Okay, so when you're done with your tea I'll look at your leaves and tell you your fortune.

Chandler: I didn't know you read tea leaves.

Phoebe: Oh yeah, I've done it for years. I actually stopped because I was so accurate. Y'know, and—and y'know, one of the great joys of life is it's—it's wondrous unpredictability. Y'know? And also tea tends to give me the trots.

Monica: Okay, I'm done. Read mine.

Phoebe: Okay. (Looks at the leaves.) Ooh, I see a ladder. (Checks the book) Which can mean either a promotion or a violent death.

Monica: (stunned) I—I'm the head chef. I—I can't get promoted.

Phoebe: Uh—hmm. Uh—hmm, who's next?

Rachel: Okay, I'm done. Do mine.

Phoebe: Okay. (Reads the leaves) Umm, oh! Okay, I see a circle.

Rachel: Ah.

Phoebe: Oh! (Checking the book) Which can either mean you're having a baby or you're gonna make a scientific discovery!

Rachel: Well, I have been spending a lot of time in the lab.

Chandler: What does yours say Pheebs?

Phoebe: Umm... Wow, all right. (Checks the book.) Wow! Yay! Ooh, I'm gonna meet a guy! And really soon! And he's gonna be the man of my dreams. Probably not the guy I had a dream about last night. (Points at Chandler.)

Ross: (entering) Hey! Has anyone seen my shirt? It's a button down, like a, like a faded salmon?

Monica: You mean your pink shirt?

Ross: Faded salmon color.

Monica: No, I—I haven't seen your pink shirt.

Ross: Great! Great. Then I must've left it at Mona's. I knew it!

Chandler: Well, I'm sure you get another one at *Ann Taylor's*.

Ross: That's my favorite shirt! Okay? I love that shirt!

Rachel: Well just ask Mona to give it back!

Ross: I don't know. I mean I—I guess I could. It's just that we didn't really end things such good terms. And if I go over there I'd be ignoring the one thing she asked me to do when we broke up, jump up my own ass and die. (Walks away.)

Phoebe: (noticing a guy sitting by the green post looking at her) Oh wait a second you guys...for the last couple weeks I've been that guy everywhere I go. We take the same bus. We go to the same bookstore, the same dry cleaners; maybe he's the tea guy. (He gets up to leave, and smiles at Phoebe.)

Chandler: Phoebe, did you see that?! He totally checked you out! He is so cute! (Looking at his tea.) Mine has a picture of *The Village People*, what does that mean?

(Joey enters.)

Rachel: Hi!

Joey: Hey.

(He slowly walks to the other side of the couch and sits down at the table, an awkward silence follows.)

Rachel: Hi.

Joey: Hi.

(More awkward silence.)

Monica: Tea gives Phoebe the trots.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Chandler is cooking as Rachel paces nervously.]

Rachel: So I thought Joey and I would be okay once we hung out, but it's not even like we know how to be with each other anymore.

Chandler: I know it's tough now, but things will get better.

Rachel: How do you know that? What if it just gets worse and worse and worse, to the point where we can't even be in the same room with each other?!

Chandler: I'm not great at the advice, can I interest you in a sarcastic comment? Some cheese?

Monica: Honey, what is the Bruce Springsteen CD in the Kat Stevens case?

Chandler: Let's just say if I can't find the right CD case I just put it in the nearest one.

Monica: Okay, where is the Kat Stevens CD?

Chandler: In the James Taylor case.

Monica: Where is the James Taylor CD?

Chandler: Honey, I'm gonna save you some time, 200 CDs, not one of them in the right case.

Monica: Okay. No need to panic. Deep breathes everyone. Okay umm uh, we're just gonna have to spend some time and put the CDs in the right cases.

Chandler: Well, if we're gonna do that we should come up with some kind of order. Y'know alphabetically or by genre?

Monica: Hmm, I don't know. We really have to talk this through.

Rachel: Oh my God!! You guys have such problems!! I feel so terrible for you!

Monica: Okay, I—I'm sorry. You and Joey, your both focusing on this uncomfortable thing, what you need to do is to change the subject. Next time you see him try to get him talking about something else.

Rachel: Oh yeah. That makes sense.

Monica: Yeah, like I don't know, maybe you have a work problem that you need his advice on.

Rachel: Ooh, I can do that.

Monica: Good. (To Chandler) Uh honey, the *Miami Vice* soundtrack? Really?

Chandler: They were just giving those away at the store (off Monica's look) in exchange for money.

Joey: (entering) Hey!

Rachel: Hi.

Monica: Uh I really don't know what to tell you Rach, I really don't. I mean, maybe Joey can help you out with your, with your big work problem.

Rachel: What?

Monica: Yeah Joey she's...Rachel's got this really big work problem, and it is a head scratcher. Wow! (To Chandler) Y'know what, if we're gonna make dinner we're gonna have to leave. Yeah. (She and Chandler exit.)

Joey: So you uh, have a...big work problem?

Rachel: Yeah it's umm... Yeah it's uh... It-it's y'know—It's nothing.

Joey: Huh. Okay. (Awkward silence.) So uh, I think I'm gonna take off.

Rachel: Yeah—No wait! Joey no wait it is. It's something. It's—it's umm...it's my boss.

Joey: Yeah?

Rachel: Yeah, and umm my baby.

Joey: Yeah?

Rachel: My boss wants to buy my baby!

Joey: What?! Oh my—oh my God!

Rachel: I know I told you, it's a really big problem.

Joey: What he wants to buy your baby?!

Rachel: Can you believe that?!

Joey: That's crazy!

Rachel: That's what I told him!

Joey: Okay, how did this even happen?

Rachel: Well I'll tell ya! (Pause) See uh my—my boss and his wife—They—they can't have children. So umm, and that—we were at the Christmas party, and he got drunk, and he said to me, "Rachel, I want to buy your baby."

Joey: Man! When you said it was a problem about your boss and the baby I figured it was something about maternity leave.

Rachel: Ohh! Yeah! (Pause) Yeah that—that would've been a much simpler problem.

[Scene: A newsstand, Phoebe is looking at a magazine as the guy from before walks by and picks up a newspaper.]

Phoebe: Oh hello.

Guy: Oh, it's you. I see you everywhere. I'm Jim, Jim Nelson.

Phoebe: Oh Jim, Jim Nelson I'm Phoebe, Phoebe Buffay. We certainly have been seeing a lot of each other lately.

Jim: We have. Maybe we'll be seeing each other at dinner tomorrow night, say around 8 o'clock?

Phoebe: Well, maybe we will. (Starts to walk away.) Oh! (She turns around and the exchange information.)

[Scene: Outside Mona's Apartment, Ross is knocking on the door.]

Ross: Mona? (There's no answer, so he starts to leave but remembers where her extra key is. He reaches atop a hall light just outside her door and grabs the key. He looks at in triumph as the pain from it being hot moves along his nervous system to his brain, and when it arrives his brain orders his hand to drop the hot key and his mouth to squeal in pain. After dropping the key he pulls his shirtsleeve over his hand and uses the key to open the door and enter Mona's apartment.) Okay, if I were a salmon shirt, where would I be? (He hears a key in the door and as it opens he dives behind the couch.)

Mona: (entering, with her date) I am so sorry I spilled wine all over your shirt.

Mona's Date: Oh, it's okay.

Mona: No, it's still wet. Y'know what? Let me get it out before it sets. Ooh, I have something you can wear. Here. (Hands him Ross's shirt.)

Mona's Date: Oh umm, I—I don't know if I want to wear a woman's shirt.

Mona: No—no that's a man's shirt.

Mona's Date: It's awfully pink. (Ross mouths, "It's salmon!")

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica and Chandler are sorting their CDs.]

Chandler: Oh my God, honey we are so meant to be together. We both have copies of the *Annie* soundtrack.

Monica: Honey, both yours.

Rachel: (entering) Hey! Great advice on that Joey thing!

Monica: Yeah? The work problem?

Rachel: Oh it was perfect! I mean it really felt like he was my friend again.

Chandler: What problem did you tell him you had?

Rachel: Oh that's not important. The point is, I really—I think everything's gonna be okay.

[Scene: Mr. Zelner's Office, he's in a meeting as Joey bursts in.]

Mr. Zelner: May I help you?

Joey: Do you think you can just **buy** my friends baby?!

Commercial Break

[Scene: A restaurant, Phoebe and Jim are on their date.]

Phoebe: Isn't it funny how we kept running into each other? It's as if someone really wants us to be together.

Jim: Someone does. Me.

Phoebe: Oh, witty banter. Well done.

Jim: So, tell me a little bit about yourself.

Phoebe: Oh okay, well I'm a masseuse, and I used to work at this place...

Jim: Do you like to party?

Phoebe: I—I like, I like parties.

Jim: You're wild, aren't ya?

Phoebe: Yeah I guess, a little.

Jim: It ain't no thing, I'm wild too.

Phoebe: (a little freaked out) So! Umm, anyway I—I lived in New York, someone wildly I guess, for umm— Well since I was fourteen.

Jim: I'm sorry. I'm staring. It's just that you have the most beautiful eyes.

Phoebe: Oh stop it.

Jim: And your breasts! Hmm!!!

Phoebe: Okay. Umm look, you're coming on a little strong. But I'm going to give you the benefit of the doubt, because it seems the universe really wants to be together. So, why don't we just start over okay? And you can just tell me about yourself.

Jim: All right.

Phoebe: Okay.

Jim: I write erotic novels, for children.

Phoebe: What?!

Jim: They're wildly unpopular.

Phoebe: Oh my God!

Jim: Oh also, you might be interested to know that I have a Ph.D.

Phoebe: Wow! You do?

Jim: Yeah. (looks at his crotch) a Pretty Huge...

Phoebe: All right. (Gets up and walks out.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica, Chandler, and now Rachel are organizing CDs.]

Chandler: (singing) *The sun'll come out...tomorrow! **Bet**...your bottom dollar that tomorrow...* (The girls start laughing, and in a deep voice) *...there'll be sun.*

Joey: (entering) Hey!

Rachel: Hey! Oh Joey, honey listen, thank you for talking to my yesterday about that thing with my boss. That really meant a lot.

Joey: Not a problem. Oh, and just so you know, that guy's not going to be bothering you about that baby thing anymore.

Rachel: (worried) What?

Joey: Let's just say I took care of it.

Rachel: Whoa-whoa-whoa, let's say more!

Joey: Don't worry! Don't worry. I just told him, very nicely, "You don't go buying people's babies, so back off!!"

Rachel: What?!

Chandler and Monica: What?!

Rachel: No! No, no-no-no Joey he doesn't want to buy my baby! I made that up!

Joey: What?! Why?!

Rachel: So that we would have something to talk about! So it wouldn't be awkward!

Joey: And you couldn't think of anything else?!

Monica: You said your boss wants to buy your baby?!

Rachel: (To Joey) I can't believe that you yelled at my boss! I'm-I'm gonna lose my job! What am I going to do?!

Chandler: You can always sell your baby.

Rachel: Oh Joey, I can't believe you brought my boss into this! I'm gonna get fired!

Joey: You lied to me!

Rachel: Well, she told me too! (Points to Monica and Joey glares at her.)

Monica: Chandler has two copies of *Annie!*

[Scene: Mona's Apartment, she and her date are making out as Ross flips through a magazine while lying behind the couch and sees something that he likes. Meanwhile, Mona's date takes off Ross's shirt and Mona throws it on the floor. While they start making out again, Ross tries to pull the rug the shirt is on over to him, but while he does that he moves the coffee table and it bumps into the couch.]

Mona: (seeing Ross) Oh my God! Ross!!!

Ross: Hello!!

Mona: Ross, what are you doing?!

Ross: Not touching myself if that makes anyone less uncomfortable.

[Scene: Mr. Zelner's Office, Rachel is knocking on the door.]

Rachel: Morning. You wanted to see me?

Mr. Zelner: Please, come in. Have a seat. (She does so.)

Rachel: Okay look Mr. Zelner...

Mr. Zelner: Oh I think it's best that I speak first.

Rachel: Yeah. (Motions for him to continue.)

Mr. Zelner: I've asked Lee from human resources to be here as a witness to our conversation.

Rachel: Oh God.

Mr. Zelner: If I in any way implied that I wanted to buy your baby...I am sorry. Okay? Last week when I asked you when your due date was uh, I certainly did not mean that I felt that I was due your baby. Yeah, I want to be very clear that I understand that its your baby, and it is not mine to purchase.

Rachel: Well, as long as we are clear about that. (Exits smugly.)

[Scene: A Street, Phoebe and Monica are walking down it.]

Phoebe: Oh there it is.

Monica: That's not your regular dry cleaners.

Phoebe: I know, but that creep that I went on that date with goes to there so I have to find a new one. I also have to find a new video store, a new bank, a new adult bookstore, a new grocery store...

Monica: What?!

Phoebe: A new grocery store. The universe said I was going to meet a nice guy and that's what they gave me? (Looks up) When I get up there I'm going to kick some ass.

Monica: Don't worry Phoebe, you're gonna meet someone. If I can meet a great guy, so can you.

Phoebe: Yeah, we both can. And we both will.

(They enter the dry cleaners.)

Phoebe: Oh, you didn't have to come in with me.

Monica: Are you kidding? This is where they get out stains! Okay? This is like *Disneyland* for me. I'm-I'm gonna be over here watching the dance of the clean shirts. (She points to and walks over to the electric clothes rack they have.)

Phoebe: Okay.

(A guy enters that looks suspiciously like Alec Baldwin from *The Hunt for Red October*, *Pearl Harbor*, and *Beetlejuice*.)

Guy: (To Phoebe) Oh, excuse me! I think you dropped s... (looks at Phoebe.) Wow!

Phoebe: What?

Guy: I'm sorry, it's just that you're so incredibly beautiful.

Phoebe: Oh yeah well, I'm sorry about that too, but what are you going to do?

Guy: I hope you don't think I'm crazy but I feel like I was meant to pick this up, do you believe in that kind of thing?

Phoebe: A little. (She turns around and looks up.) (To the universe) Now you're talking.

Guy: Would you like to go out and have a cup of coffee?

Phoebe: I-I-I'd love to. Let me just tell my friend.

Monica: (to the clerk) Ooh, an ink stain! Hey, can I watch how you get this out?

Phoebe: (looking around) She must've left.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Chandler is watching Joey pace nervously as Rachel enters.]

Rachel: Hi.

Joey: So? What-what-what happened?

Rachel: It's all gonna be okay. They're just so happy that I'm not suing them that they gave me one extra month paid maternity leave. So long as I understand that the money should not construed as a down payment on this or any other child I should bear.

Chandler: Wow, *Ralph Lauren* is really going out of there way to show they're not in the baby buying business.

Rachel: Chandler, can you give us a minute?

Chandler: Oh I'm sorry, you're kicking me out of my own living room?

Rachel: Yeah.

Chandler: I'll be in there. (Goes into the bedroom.)

Rachel: Joey, I'm really sorry that I lied to you. I was just trying to make things...

Joey: I know. I know.

Rachel: It kinda worked. I mean y'know, I don't know about you buy I haven't thought about our thing since all this.

Joey: Hey you're right. Yeah, it's kinda been like us again a little bit.

Rachel: Yeah I know! I miss that.

Joey: Me too. I mean I...haven't thought at all about how I put myself out there and said all that stuff and how you didn't feel the same way about me and-and how it was really awkward.

(Awkward silence.)

Rachel: My gynecologist tried to kill me.

Closing Credits

[Scene: Ross and Rachel's, Ross is ordering something over the phone from a catalog.]

Ross: (on phone) Item J437-A, color: winterberry. (There's a knock on the door as he hangs up the phone. He answers it to Mona.) Hi umm, listen come here, come in. (She does so.) I'm so-so sorry about yesterday. I-I'm really sorry. It's just that I... (He picks up the pink shirt.)

Mona: (interrupting him) Listen Ross, you don't have to apologize. I understand why you were there.

Ross: You do?

Mona: Yeah, you still have feelings for me. And—and to be honest, I—I still have feelings for you. And I wish that we can work it out Ross, but we can't. It's too complicated with you and Rachel and the baby, I—I just... It just wasn't meant to be.

Ross: (faking starting to cry) Oh God you're right.

Mona: Ross, we...we have to be strong. Okay, I—I'm gonna go. (She picks up the shirt Ross has just set down.) Can I? To remember you?

Ross: (laughs) No. (Takes the shirt back.)

End

818. The One In Massapequa

Teleplay by: Mark Kunerth

Story by: Peter Tibbals

Transcribed by: [Cassie](#)

With Help From: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone is there.]

Phoebe: Oh, Ross, Mon, is it okay if I bring someone to your parent's anniversary party?

Monica: Yeah.

Ross: Sure. Yeah.

Joey: So, who's the guy?

Phoebe: Well, his name is Parker and I met him at the drycleaners.

Chandler: Oooh, did he put a little starch in your bloomers? (Sits up) Who said that?

Phoebe: Yeah, he's really great though. He has this incredible zest for life, and he treats me like a queen, except at night when he treats me like the naughty girl I am.

Monica: (To Ross) Oh, by the way. Would it be okay if I gave the toast to mom and dad this year?

Ross: Uh, yeah, you sure you want to after what happened at their 20th?

Monica: Yeah, I'd really like to.

Ross: Okay, hopefully this time mom won't boo you.

Monica: Yes! Every year Ross makes the toast, and it's always really moving, and always makes them cry. Well this year I'm going to make them cry.

Chandler: And you wonder why Ross is their favorite?

Monica: No! Really! Any time Ross makes a toast everyone cries, and hugs him, and pats him on the back and they all come up to me and say, "God, your brother." Know what they'll say this year? "God, you"

Joey: Well I can promise you, at least one person will be crying. (Points to himself) I'm an actor, and any actor worth himself can cry on cue. (snaps fingers)

Monica: Really you can do that?

Joey: Are you kidding me? Watch! (Makes funny faces trying to cry) Well I can't do it with you guys watching me!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Chandler and Monica's, they're getting ready to leave for the party.]

Chandler: What are you doing?

Monica: Oh I'm working on my toast for the party, or as I like to call it. Sob fest 2002. Hey check this out. (Hands him a picture.)

Chandler: It's a dog.

Monica: It's a dead dog. That's Chi-Chi; she died when I was in high school.

Chandler: It's your parents' anniversary and you're going to talk about their dead pet?

Monica: The good stuff, huh?

(Ross, Joey, and Rachel enter)

Rachel: Hi!

Ross: Hey!

Joey: Hey!

Monica: You got a present for my parents. That's so sweet.

Joey: Yeah, yeah, in honor of their 35th wedding anniversary, I had a star named after them.

Ross: Aww that is so cool.

Joey: And I got them a book on Karma Sutra for the elderly.

Rachel: Hey, do you guys have any extra ribbon?

Chandler: Yeah, sure. What do you need? We got lace, satin, sateen, raffia, gingham, felt, (Pause) and I think my testacles may be in here too.

Ross: (picking up Chi-Chi's picture) Aww! Chi-Chi! Oh, I loved this dog! Y'know Monica couldn't get braces because Chi-Chi needed knee surgery.

Monica: What?!

Ross: You were the 200-pound 11-year-old who rode her!

(Phoebe and Parker enter)

Phoebe: Hey!

All: Hi!

Phoebe: Everybody, this is Parker, Parker this is...

Parker: No, no, no wait! Don't tell me. Let me guess. (Points as he says their names) Joey, Monica, Ross, Rachel and, I'm sorry Phoebe didn't mention you. (Chandler makes a face) Chandler, I'm kidding all ready you're my favorite!

Chandler: Ha!

Parker: Why don't all of you tell me a little about your self?

Ross: Ah, actually, I'm sorry we—we probably should get going.

Parker: (laughs) Classic Ross. Rachel, Rachel, oh how you glow. May I? (Puts hand on her stomach)

Rachel: I, uh, think you already are.

Parker: Rachel, you have life growing inside you. Is there anything in this world more miraculous than—Oh a picture of a dog! Whose is this?

Monica: That's my old dog. He passed away years ago.

Parker: Oh well, at least you were lucky to have him. Bow-wow old friend, bow-wow. So where's the party?

Monica: It's out on the island. It's in Massapequa.

Parker: Maaaassapequa, sounds like a magical place. Tell me about Massapequa, is it steep in Native American history? {Transcriber's Note: Interestingly Alec Baldwin was born in Massapequa.}

Ross: Well, there is an *Arby's* in the shape of a tee-pee.

Monica: Okay, I got my note cards. (To Chandler) Do you got the presents?

Chandler: Yeah.

Monica: And I've got the car keys.

Parker: We're driving!?

Monica: Yeah.

Parker: Aces!

(Everyone except Ross and Rachel leave.)

Ross: So uh, he seems like a nice guy.

Rachel: Yeah, yeah I like him a lot.

Ross: Ya wanna hang back and take our own cab?

Rachel: Yeah, otherwise I'm not going.

[Scene: The Anniversary Party, Ross and Rachel are arriving and see his parents.]

Mr. and Mrs. Geller: Hi

Ross: Hi! (Kisses his mom.) Hey mom.

Rachel: This is such a great party! 35 years. Very impressive, do you guys have any pearls of wisdom?

Mrs. Geller: Jack?

Mr. Geller: Why would you serve food on such a sharp stick? (Looking at a toothpick)

Ross: That's a good question, dad. That's a good question...

Rachel: Hmmm...

Woman: (To Ross and Rachel) Congratulations you two!

Rachel: Thank you...we're so excited

Woman: And also, congratulations on your wedding.

Ross: Wha—What?

Mrs. Geller: Can we talk to you for just a y'know... It's just a little thing. Well we think it's absolutely marvelous that you're having this baby out of wedlock, some of our friends are less open-minded. Which is why we've told them all that you're married.

Ross and Rachel: What?!

Mrs. Geller: Thanks for going along with this.

Ross: Dad so what we have to pretend that we're married?

Mr. Geller: Son, I had to shave my ears for tonight. You can do this.

Ross: Can you believe that?

Rachel: Yeah, if you're going to do the ears, you might as well take a pass at the nasal area.

Ross: No, us having to lie about being married.

Rachel: No, I know I don't either, but ya know what, it's their party, and it's just one night. And we don't even have to lie; we just won't say anything. If it comes up again, we'll just...smile. We'll nod along.

Woman: Ross!

Man: Rachel!

Ross: Hi Aunt Lisa, Uncle Dan

Aunt Lisa: Congratulations on the baby, and on the wedding

Ross and Rachel: Hmmm...

Uncle Dan: Here's a little something to get you started. (Hands them a check)

Rachel: Oh...

Aunt Lisa: So, how's married life treating you?

Rachel: (looking at the check) Unbelievable!

Ross: We love marriage!

Aunt Lisa: Great!

(The rest of the gang arrives including Parker.)

Ross: Hey

Phoebe: Hey!

Parker: What a beautiful place. What a great night! I have to tell you, being here with all of you in Event Room C...I feel so lucky. I think of all the good times that have happened here. The birthdays, the proms, the mitzvahs both bar and bat, but none of them will compare with tonight! My God, I don't want to forget this moment! It's like I want to take a mental picture of you all! Click! (He takes a mental picture of them all.)

Chandler: I don't think the flash went off.

Parker: Dahaaa! (Punches Chandler in the arm and he makes a face of pain.) I'm going to find the men's room, be right back.

Phoebe: I'll go with you

Parker: Come on!

Chandler: Somewhere there is someone with a tranquilizer gun and a huge butterfly net looking for that man.

Joey: I have to go to the bathroom too, but I don't want him complimenting my thing.

Ross: I'm so we weren't in the car! Did he ever let up?

Monica: He called the Long Island Expressway a concrete miracle.

Ross: (imitating Parker) This room! This night! That waiter! His shoes! I must take a mental picture! (He backs into someone.) Ooh sorry... (He looks behind him then notices its Phoebe then stops his impression.)

Phoebe: Were you guys making fun of Parker?

Ross: That depends, how much did you hear?

Phoebe: So, he a little enthusiastic, what's wrong with that?

Monica: It's just that, it's so much.

Phoebe: Well, so what I like him! Do I make fun of the people you've dated? Tag, Janice, Mona? No, because friends don't do that. But, do you want my opinion? Do you want it? 'Cause in my opinion, your collective dating record reads like the who's who of human crap. (Walks off)

Monica: I feel terrible.

Joey: I know

Ross: What was wrong with Mona?

Commercial Break

[Scene: The Anniversary Party, Ross and Rachel have just gotten another wedding present.]

Rachel: Open it! Open it! Open it!

Ross: Yeah baby!

Man: So we never got to hear about your wedding!

Woman: We were surprise that we weren't invited.

Ross: No, no, it was just our parents and 1 or 2 friends. It was a small wedding.

Rachel: But it was beautiful. I mean it was small, but kind of spectacular.

Man: Where did you have it?

Rachel: On a cliff, in Barbados, at sunset, and Stevie Wonder sang *Isn't She Lovely* as I walked down the aisle.

Woman: Really?

Rachel: Yeah, Stevie's an old family friend. (Hits Ross's chest)

Woman: Oh my God. That sounds amazing. I would love to see pictures.

Rachel: So would I. You wouldn't think that Annie Liebawitz would forget to put film in the camera.

Ross: Would you excuse us for a second? (Pulls Rachel off to the side) Umm... what are you doing?

Rachel: What? I'm not you. This may be the only wedding I ever have. I want it to be amazing.

Ross: Okay, okay. Ooooh, ooh maybe I rode in on a *Harley*.

Rachel: Okay, Ross, it has to be realistic.

(Cut to Phoebe and Parker)

Parker: Are you okay? You seem kind of quiet.

Phoebe: No, I'm fine. I'm great. I'm with you.

Parker: And I'm with you! What a great time to be alive! Look at this plate-bouncy thing. (Bounces the plates) What an inspired solution to man's plate dispensing problems.

Phoebe: Hm huh, yeah.

Parker: Ah! Oysters! Let me feed you one.

Phoebe: No, that's not necessary.

Parker: Please.

Phoebe: No, actually I don't eat...

Parker: I won't quit until you try.

Phoebe: Okay, fine! Fine! (Takes the oyster and pretends to eat it while dropping it on the floor)

Mmm...hmmmmmm...

Parker: What are they like? I've never had one.

Phoebe: Why don't you just try one?

Parker: No, they look too weird.

(Cut to Monica and Chandler)

Chandler: What are you doin'?

Monica: Just going over my toast. Those two will never know what hit 'em. I can't wait. They're going to be crying so hard. They're going to be fighting for breath.

Chandler: Ya know if you want to, I can just hold them down and you could (Punches the air).

(Cut to Rachel and Ross)

Rachel: And my veil was lace, made by blind, Belgium nuns.

Woman: Blind?

Rachel: Well, not at first, but it was very intricate work and they said even though they lost their sight, it was all worth it.

Aunt Lisa: I'll bet you looked beautiful...

Rachel: Well, I don't know about that, but some said that I looked like a floating angel.

Woman: (To Ross) So, how did you propose?

Rachel: Oh yeah. That's a great story.

Ross: Well, um, actually, I—I took her to the planetarium. That's—that's where we had our first date. Um, she walked in and I had the room filled with lilies, her favorite flower...

Aunt Lisa: Oh that is so sweet!

Rachel: Shhh! I want to hear the rest!

Ross: Then, Fred Astaire singing *The Way You Look Tonight* came on the sound system, and the lights came down. And I got down on one knee and written across the dome in the stars were the words "Will you marry me?"

(Various oohs and ahhs)

Rachel: And the ring, was the size of my fist (makes a fist)!

(Cut to Phoebe and Joey)

Joey: Yeah uh, Phoebe! Look umm, I want to apologize about before, okay? We were being jerks. Parker's a nice guy and I'd like to get to know him.

Phoebe: Then you better do it now.

Joey: Why?

Phoebe: Because I'm going to kill him

Joey: What—what?

Phoebe: You guys were right. He's just too excited about...everything. I mean I'm all for living life, but this is the Geller's 35th anniversary. Okay? Let's call a spade a spade this party stinks.

Joey: I know I'm having the worst time. There was a 15-minute line for the buffet, and when I finally got up to the plates, I slipped on a giant booger!

Phoebe: Are you sure it wasn't an oyster?

Joey: I guess it could've been, I didn't really look at it. Y'know, I just wiped it on Chandler's coat and got the hell out of there.

Phoebe: He's just such a great guy I'm so excited about him.

Joey: Oh hey, you should be excited about him. There's nothing wrong with him he's a good guy.

Phoebe: You think?

Joey: Yeah. Ya know what I think; I think we were all just being too negative.

Phoebe: You're right. You're right, he's just embracing life. We could all stand to be a little more like Parker. You know what? I am like him! I'm a sunny, positive person.

Joey: Actually, you have a little bit of an edge.

Phoebe: What's that now?

Joey: Nothing...

Phoebe: Oh look it's Parker!

Parker: Look! It's the bunny hop!

Phoebe: Oooh I love it!

Parker: You do?!

Phoebe: Are you kidding? People acting like animals to music. Come on!

(Cut to Monica, at the microphone)

Monica: Okay it's time for the toast! Umm now—now, I know that Ross usually gives the toast, but this year I'm going to do it.

(Everyone sighs)

Monica: No, no it's going to be great. Really! Mom, Dad, when I got married, one of the things that made me sure I could do it was the amazing example the two of you set for me. For that and so many other things I want to say thank you. I know I probably don't say it enough, but I love you. (Pretends to cry hoping her parents will join her.) When I look around this room, I'm—I'm saddened by the thought of those who could not be here with us. Nana, my beloved grandmother who would so want to be here, but she can't because she's dead. As is our dog Chi-Chi. I mean look how cute she is. (Holds up the picture and pretends to cry again). Was. (To an old man by the stage.) Do me a favor and pass this to my parents. Remember she's dead. Okay, her and Nana, gone. Wow! Hey does anybody remember when Debra Winger had to say goodbye to her children in *Terms of Endearment*? (Chandler covers his ears) Didn't see that? No movie fans?! You want to hear something sad? The other day I was watching *60 Minutes* these orphans in Romania, who have been so neglected, they were incapable of love. (Waits for people to cry, but doesn't get any tears.) You people are made of stone! Here's to mom and dad! Whatever!

Mrs. Geller: Thank you Monica that was uh, interesting. Wasn't it interesting, Jack?

Mr. Geller: (looking at the picture) Why don't I remember this dog?

Mrs. Geller: Ross, why don't you give us your toast now?

Ross: Oh, no, Mom, it's just Monica this year.

Mrs. Geller: You're not going to say anything? On our 35th wedding anniversary

Ross: No, of course, Um... Um, everybody? Um, I—I just wanted to say...on behalf of my new bride, Rachel (She turns around and smiles), and myself. Umm, that if...if in 35 years, we're half as happy as you guys are, we'll count ourselves the luckiest people in the world.

Mrs. Geller: (crying) Oh Ross...

Mr. Geller: I just wish Nana were alive to hear Ross's toast.

[Scene: Phoebe's apartment, Parker and her are entering.]

Parker: My God what a fantastically well lit hallway!

Phoebe: Can I get you something to drink? Like a water and Valium?

Parker: I must say this apartment, its, its, There are no words...

Phoebe: Oh thank God.

Parker: It's a haven. A third-floor paradise. A modern-day Eden in the midst...

Phoebe: Yeah? I know! I know! Uh huh? Listen why don't we just um, sit and relax? You know just be with each other. Quietly!

Parker: That sounds great. (Sits down) My God this is the most comfortable couch I've ever sat on in my entire life. (Bounces on couch)

Phoebe: Let's try something else, let's play a game.

Parker: I love games!

Phoebe: Shocking! Let's play the game of who can stay quiet the longest. (Giggles)

Parker: Or...*Jenga*.

Phoebe: But, let's play this one first. And remember whoever talks first loses!

(They sit back)

Parker: I lose, now *Jenga*.

Phoebe: Oh my God! Oh my God!

Parker: Is something wrong?

Phoebe: Wrong? Really? You know the word wrong. Everything isn't perfect? Everything isn't magical? Everything isn't a glow with the light of a million fairies? They were just brake lights, Parker!

Parker: Well, excuse me for putting a good spin on a traffic jam!

Phoebe: You don't have to put a good spin on everything.

Parker: I'm sorry that's who I am. I'm a positive person.

Phoebe: No! I am a positive person. You are like Santa Clause on Prozac, at *Disneyland*, getting laid!

Parker: So what do you want me to do, you want me to be more negative, less happy?

Phoebe: Much less happy!

Parker: Fine! Well then to quote Ross, "I'd better be going."

Phoebe: So long! Don't let the best door in the world hit you in the ass on your way out! (He exits and she slams the door behind him.)

(There's a knock on door, and Phoebe opens it.)

Parker: Isn't this the most incredible fight you've ever had in your entire life?

Phoebe: Uh huh. (Closes door)

[Scene: Ross and Rachel's, they're returning from the party.]

Ross: ...and then, we could've gone from the ceremony to the reception with you in the sidecar!

Rachel: Ross, it just wouldn't have been feasible.

Ross: But having a dove place the ring on your finger would've been no problem?

Rachel: It was really fun being married to you tonight.

Ross: Yeah! And! And, it was the easiest 400 bucks I've ever made.

Rachel: Okay Ross, can I uh, can I ask you something?

Ross: Yeah.

Rachel: That proposal, at the planetarium...

Ross: I know, I know it was stupid.

Rachel: Are you kidding?! With the, with the lilies, and—and the song, and the stars! It was...really wonderful! Did you just make that up?

Ross: No, actually I thought about it when, when we were going out. It's how I imagined I uh, I would ask you to marry me.

Rachel: Well, that would've been very hard to say no too.

Ross: It's a good thing I didn't do it, because it sounds like it would've been a very expensive wedding.

(Rachel laughs) Okay, good night

Rachel: Goodnight

(They go off to their bedrooms)

Ross: Even if the sidecar had a windscreen so your hair wouldn't get messed up?

Rachel: I will think about it.

Ross: That's all I'm askin'

Ending Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross and Monica are there.]

Monica: Okay that's it. I give up. At mom and dad's 40th anniversary, you're the one giving the speech.

Ross: Y'know I don't understand why they didn't cry. It was a beautiful speech.

Monica: Oh, come on.

Ross: Hey! All that stuff you said about true love, you were right, I mean, we did learn a lot from Mom and Dad! And that picture of Chi-Chi with her mischievous grin. And what you said about Nana. Ohh, yeah she really would've wanted to be there. And you know what? I think she was.

Monica: (starts to cry) Oh good God, Ross! How the hell do you do it?

End

819. The One With Joey's Interview

Written by: Doty Abrams

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

Episodes Originally Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#), [guineapig](#), [Josh Hodge](#), [Aaron D. Howard-Miller](#), and [Kiza Abuzahra](#).

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, everyone except Phoebe is there as Rachel enters carrying a magazine.]

Rachel: Hi!

Ross: Hey!

Monica: Hey!

Rachel: So, I'm in my apartment doing the *Soap Opera Digest* crossword puzzle, and guess who the clue is for three down. (She hands the magazine to Joey.)

Joey: (reading) Three down, *Days Of Our Lives* star blank Tribbiani. That's me!! I'm blank!!

Monica: How cool is this?! We know three down! I'm touching three down! (She has her hand on his shoulder.)

Joey: Yeah you are baby.

Monica: Three down knows I'm married, what's three down doin'?

Rachel: So did they call you to tell you your name's gonna be in this?

Joey: No. They really like me over there. They want to do a big profile on me, but I said no.

Ross: Why'd you say no?

Joey: Remember what happened the last time I did an interview for them? I said I write a lot of my own lines, and then the writers got mad and made my character fall down the elevator shaft. So who knows what I might say this time.

Chandler: If **only** there was something in your head to control the things you say. (Joey nods his agreement.)

Rachel: Oh, come on Joey! You will totally keep it in check this time, and plus y'know the publicity would be really good for your career! And you deserve that! And if you do the interview you can mention, oh I don't know, gal pal Rachel Green?

Chandler: Is that gal pal spelled L-O-S-E-R?

Rachel: Okay, don't listen to him. Please?

Joey: Fine! All right, I'll do it. But hey! You guys have to be at the next table so you can stop me if I y'know, start to say something stupid.

Ross: Just then or-or all the time, 'cause we-we have jobs y'know.

Rachel: Come on! We will be there for you the whole time! Just remember gal pal Rachel Green. (Excited) Ha-ha! I'm gonna be in *Soap Opera Digest*! And not just in the dumb crossword puzzle. (Looks at Joey.) Seriously, proud of you.

Joey: Yeah.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey is there for his interview and everyone but Phoebe are hiding on the couch.]

The Interviewer: I really appreciate you taking the time to do this.

Joey: Oh, not at all. Happy to do it.

[Cut to the rest of the gang sitting low on the couch and craning their necks to watch the interview.]

Monica: (To Chandler) You think we're being obvious?

Chandler: No, we're just four people with neck problems. You talk like this. (Out of the sides of their mouths.)

[Cut to the interview.]

The Interviewer: (To Joey) Y'know I think its great you wanted to meet here. Y'know when most people hear the magazine is paying for it they want to go to a big fancy restaurant.

Joey: (laughs) Actually, I didn't know the magazine was paying for it. Wouldn't have mattered, I'm doing this for the fans, not for the free food.

Gunther: Can I get you anything?

The Interviewer: Umm, I'll have a cup of coffee.

Joey: And I'll have all the muffins.

[Cut to the gang.]

Phoebe: (entering) Hey!

Ross: Shhh! We're not talking.

Phoebe: Oh. Finally! Oh. (Sits back in relief.)

[Cut to the interview.]

The Interviewer: So, according to your bio, you've done quite a bit of work before *Days of Our Lives*. Anything you're particularly proud of?

[This starts a series of flashbacks; the first one is from Episode 106: The One With The Butt, Joey is in a play called Freud!.]

Joey: (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...

[The next one is from Episode 304: The One With The Metaphorical Tunnel, Joey is on Amazing Discoveries.]

Host: Folks, has this ever happened to you. You go to the refrigerator to get a nice glass of milk, (Joey is in the background struggling to open a carton of milk) and these darn cartons are so flingin'-flangin' hard to open.

Joey: Oh, you said it Mike. (Rips open the carton and spills milk on the counter) Aw! There's got to be a better way!

Mike: And there is Kevin.

[Cut forward.]

Mike: This is the first time he's ever used this product, he's never used this product before, you're gonna see how easy this is to do. (To Kevin) Go ahead. ('Kevin' starts using the product, it is a spout that you jab into a paper milk carton so that you don't have to rip it open.) This works with any milk carton.

Joey: (finishing installing the Milk Master 2000) Wow, it is easy. (Starts to pour the milk) Now, I can have milk everyday.

(The crowd ahhs.)

[The next one is from Episode 322: The One With The Screamer, it's the end of Joey's play.]

Lauren: So this is it? Victor?

Joey: Yeah, I guess it is. And so... I'm gonna get on this spaceship, (Smoke starts pouring in from the ceiling, and a ladder comes down, with flashing, colored lights on the side of it) and I'm gonna go to Blargon 7 in search of alternative fuels. But when I return, 200 years from now, you'll be long gone. But I won't have aged at all. (Gets on the ladder) So you tell your great-great-granddaughter to look me up, because Adrienne... baby... I'm gonna want to meet her.

(The ladder retracts, taking Joey up into the spaceship for his voyage to Blargon 7.)

[The next one is from Episode 204: The One With Phoebe's Husband, when everyone including Julie is watching Joey in his porno.]

Joey: Shh, OK, here I come, here I come. See I'm comin' to fix the copier, I can't get to the copier, I'm thinkin' what do I do, what do I do...so I just watch 'em have sex. And then I say, wait, here's my line, (Joey from TV) *you know that's bad for the paper tray.*

Chandler: Nice work my friend.

Joey: Thank you. Wait-wait-wait-wait, you see me again. Hang on, the guy's butt's blockin' me. There I am, there I am, there I am, there I am, there I am...

[Cut to the interview.]

Joey: Well, there are so many things, it's hard to pick just one.

[Cut to the gang.]

Phoebe: I'm gonna get some coffee, anyone want anything?

Rachel: Oh yeah, I'd actually love a blueberry muffin and a chamomile tea.

Ross: Uh, double latte, extra foam.

Chandler: And a bagel with only...

Phoebe: (interrupting him) I was just being polite!

[Cut to the interview.]

The Interviewer: Okay, how about when you're not working. What do you do in your spare time?

[This starts another series of flashbacks about Joey's hobbies. The first one is from Episode 703: The One With Phoebe's Cookies, Rachel is teaching Joey how to sail his boat, the Mr. Bowmont.]

Joey: (drinking a beer) Look at this clown! Just because he's got a bigger boat he thinks he can take up the whole river. (Yelling) Get out of the way jackass! (To Rachel) Who names their boat Coast Guard anyway?

Rachel: That **is** the Coast Guard.

Joey: What are they doing out here? The coast's all the way over there. (Points to the coast.)

[The next one is from Episode 603: The One With Ross's Denial, Joey is amazing Phoebe and Monica by holding his breath.]

Chandler: (entering) Hey!

Phoebe: Hey! Check it out! This is unbelievable! Joey has been holding his breath for almost four minutes! (We see Joey who has puffed up his cheeks and Chandler nonchalantly reaches down and pinches Joey's nose shut. In a few seconds, Joey has to move because he's now forced to actually hold his breath.)

Joey: (To Chandler) Dude! What are yo—you trying to kill me?!

[The next one is from Episode 507: The One Where Ross Moves In.]

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's and Ross's, Chandler is entering and when he closes the door Joey pops his head out of the fort like before, but this time he's wearing a cowboy hat.]

Chandler: Well, I see you've had a very productive day. Don't you think the cowboy hat is a little much?

Ross: (popping up behind Joey wearing an Indian headdress) Come on, it's fun!

Chandler: All right! (He joins them in the fort and comes up putting on a bonnet.) Isn't this a woman's hat?

Joey: Dude, stop talking crazy and make us some tea!

(Chandler does so.)

[The next one is from Episode 417: The One With The Free Porn, Chandler and Joey are lamenting the fact that every beautiful woman they see doesn't want to have sex right then and there like in porn.]

Chandler: Y'know what, we have to turn off the porn.

Joey: I think you're right.

(Goes over and picks up the remote.)

Chandler: All right, ready?

Joey: One.

Chandler: Two.

Both: Three.

(Chandler turns off the porn and sets the remote down.)

Joey: That's kinda nice.

Chandler: Yeah, that's kinda a relief.

Joey: Yeah.

(Pause.)

Chandler: You wanna see if we still have it?

Joey: Yeah.

(Chandler turns on the TV and...)

Chandler: FREE PORN!!!

Joey: Yeah!!

Chandler: We have free porn here!!!

[Cut to the interview.]

Joey: In my spare time I uh, read to the blind. And I'm also a mento for the kids.(The gang shake their heads.) Y'know a mento, a role model. (Chandler bites his fist to keep from talking.)

The Interviewer: A mento...

Joey: Right.

The Interviewer: Like the candy?

Joey: Matter of fact, I do.

(Chandler tries to jump over the couch but everyone stops him.)

The Interviewer: Well umm, another thing our readers always want to know is how our soap stars stay in such great shape. Do you have some kind of fitness regime?

Joey: Uh, we stars just try to eat right and get lots of exercise.

[Another set of flashbacks begin with Episode 521: The One With The Ball, Joey and Ross are throwing a ball around.]

Joey: Wow! You realize that we've been throwing this ball, without dropping it, for like an hour?

Ross: Are you serious?!

Joey: Yeah. I realized it about a half-hour ago but I didn't want to say anything 'cause I didn't want to jinx it.

Ross: Wow! We are pretty good at this!

Joey: Yeah!

Ross: Hey! We totally forgot about lunch!

Joey: Oh, I-I, I think that's the first time I ever missed a meal! (Checks his pants.) Yeah, my pants are a little loose!

[The next one is from Episode 604: The One Where Joey Loses His Insurance.]

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Chandler enters to find Joey lying in the fetus position on the floor.]

Chandler: What's wrong with you?

Joey: Nothing! Well, I-I got this blinding pain in my stomach when I was lifting weights before, then I uh passed out and uh, haven't been able to stand up since. But um, I don't think it's anything serious.

Chandler: This sounds like a hernia. You have to—you—you—Go to the doctor!

Joey: No way! 'Kay look, if I have to go to the doctor for anything it's gonna be for this thing sticking out of my stomach! (Rolls over and shows Chandler.) Why did I have to start working out again? (Looks at the weights he was using.) Damn you 15s!

[The next one is from Episode 609: The One Where Ross Got High, Rachel is describing her desert to Joey and Ross.]

Rachel: It's a trifle. It's got all of these layers. First there's a layer of ladyfingers, then a layer of jam, then custard, which I made from scratch. [Joey and Ross make impressed faces] Then raspberries, more ladyfingers, then beef sautéed with peas and onions, [Joey and Ross look like something's wrong.] then a little more custard, and then bananas, and then I just put some whipped cream on top!

[Time lapse, Ross and Joey are eating Rachel's disaster.]

Ross: It tastes like feet!

Joey: I like it.

Ross: Are you kidding?

Joey: What's not to like? Custard? Good. Jam? Good. Meat? Goooooood.

[The next one is from Episode 619: The One With Joey's Fridge.]

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's apartment, Chandler is entering to find Joey bingeing on the food from the fridge. Joey isn't doing all that well.]

Joey: The fridge broke. I have to eat everything. Cold cuts, ice cream, limes—Hey, what was in that brown jar?

Chandler: That's still in there?!

Joey: Not anymore.

[The next one is from Episode 711: The One With All the Cheesecakes.]

[Scene: The Hallway, Chandler and Rachel are on their knees with forks trying to salvage what they can of the cheesecake off of the floor.]

Rachel: Oh! Yay! Look! There's a piece that doesn't have floor on it!

Chandler: Stick to your side!

Rachel: Hey, come on now!

(Joey finishes climbing the stairs and sees them. Chandler and Rachel both stop and look up at him. Joey sits down on the step.)

Joey: (pulls out a fork) All right, what are we havin'?' (Starts digging in.)

[Cut to the interview.]

Joey: Uhh, I don't believe in these crazy diets y'know, just everything in moderation.

Gunther: Your muffins. (Sets down a huge plate of muffins in front of Joey.)

Joey: I'll take those to go. (To the interviewer) For the kids.

The Interviewer: Oh, I know what I wanted to ask you. You were on the show years ago and then they killed you off. What happened there?

Joey: It was so stupid, I said some stuff in an interview that I shouldn't have said. But believe me, that's not gonna happen today.

The Interviewer: Understood. So, what'd you say back then?

Joey: Well, I said that I... (The gang jumps up and interrupts him.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Central Perk, continued from earlier.]

Joey: You guys, this is Shelley, she's interviewing me for *Soap Opera Digest*, and Shelley, this are my friends...

Rachel: (interrupting him) Hi! I'm gal pal Rachel Green, and if you want the dirt, I'm the one you come too. This might be Joey's baby (rubbing her stomach), who knows? I'm just kidding—Seriously, (leans into the cassette recorder Shelley is using) gal pal Rachel Green.

Ross: (leaning into the recorder as well) Who just lost the respect of her unborn child.

The Interviewer: Umm, I'm gonna just go get this warmed up. (She takes her coffee mug up to the counter.)

Joey: Okay.

Monica: Joey! You're doing great!

Ross: Yeah, so far nothing stupid.

Chandler: Mento?

Joey: No thanks.

The Interviewer: (returning) So, as Joey's friends, is there anything that you guys think our readers ought to know?

Ross: Uh no, no just—just that he is a great guy.

Rachel: (scoffs at him) Yeah, that's gonna get you into *Soap Opera Digest*. Well I... (leans into the microphone again)... I would just like to say that Joey truly has enriched the days of **our** lives.

Phoebe: Umm, I... I just think you don't expect someone so hot to be so sweet.

The Interviewer: Oh! I like that. What's your name?

Phoebe: Umm, Phoebe Buffay.

The Interviewer: How do you spell that? So we can get it right.

Phoebe: Oh okay, it's P as in Phoebe, H as in hoebe, O as in oebe, E as in ebe, B as in bee-bee and E as in (In an Australian accent) 'Ello there mate!

The Interviewer: Great! Well, it was nice meeting all of you.

Ross: Yeah, you too.

Rachel: You too!

Chandler: Thanks.

Monica: Bye. (They resume their previous positions.)

The Interviewer: So it seems like you have a lot of friends, who would you say is your best friend?

[They gang all lean back to listen better, and this starts another series of flashbacks. The first one is from Episode 214: The One With The Prom Video, Rachel has just found the bracelet that Joey gave Chandler, which is after he bought one to replace it.]

Joey: How come you have two?

Chandler: Well this one's for you.

Joey: Get out.

Chandler: No, I can't. No—no, listen, I, I know how much this means to you and I also know that this is about more than just jewelry, (Puts bracelet on Joey) it's about you and me and the fact that we're (Reading bracelet) best buds.

Joey: Wow, is this friendship? I think so. Check it out, we're bracelet buddies.

Chandler: That's what they'll call us.

[The next one is from Episode 618: The One Where Ross Dates A Student.]

[Scene: Joey's apartment, Joey and Rachel are eating spaghetti in the living room while watching TV and Rachel drops some on the floor.]

Rachel: Oh, Joey! Sorry!

Joey: No that's all right. Don't worry about it.

Rachel: Oh but look! That's gonna leave a stain!

Joey: Rach! Hey! It's fine! You're at Joey's!

Rachel: Really?

Joey: Yeah! Look! (He throws some of his spaghetti on the floor.)

Rachel: I've never lived like this before.

Joey: I know.

(Rachel throws some of hers down.)

Joey: All right, don't waste it, I mean its still food. (He picks it up and eats it.)

[The next one is from Episode 224: The One With Barry And Mindy's Wedding, Joey has to kiss a guy in an audition and has been trying to find one to practice with.]

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Joey is reading a script as Ross enters]

Ross: All right I've been feeling incredibly guilty about this, because I wanna be a good friend, and damnit I am a good friend. So just, just shut up and close your eyes (kisses Joey).

Joey: Wow, you are a good friend, 'course the audition was this morning, and I didn't get it. But that was a hell of a kiss. Rachel is a very lucky girl.

[The next one is from Episode 512: The One With Chandler's Work Laugh, Joey and Phoebe are betting on who will reach the treat the fastest, the chick or the duck.]

Joey: All right. Let's get the contestants out of their isolation booths. (He removes the waste bucket that's over the duck and the laundry basket that's over the chicken.) And they're off! (He puts his foot in front of the chick, stopping it from moving.)

Phoebe: Get your foot off my contestant! Judge!

Joey: Judge rules, no violation.

Phoebe: Ohhh.

Joey: And the duck gets the Nutter-Butter!

Phoebe: (turning from Ross.) No!! Hey-hey that's not a Nutter-Butter, that's just an old Wonton!

Joey: Judge rules, Nutter-Butter.

Phoebe: Ohh, tough call.

Joey: Yeah.

[The next one is from Episode 401: The One With The Jellyfish, where Monica, Joey, and Chandler are relating that tragic day they spent on the beach.]

Joey: I'd seen this thing on *The Discovery Channel*...

Ross: Wait a minute! I saw that! On *The Discovery Channel*, yeah! About jellyfish and how if you... (Stops suddenly and turns to look at Monica) Ewwww!! You peed on yourself?!

Phoebe and Rachel: Ewwww!!

Monica: You can't say that!! You-you don't know!! I mean I thought I was gonna pass out from the pain! Anyway I-I tried, but I-I couldn't...bend that way. So... (Looks at Joey.)

Phoebe, Ross, and Rachel: (turning to look at Joey) Ewwww!!

Joey: That's right I stepped up! She's my friend and she needed help! And if I had too, I'd pee on anyone of you!

[Cut to the interview.]

Joey: Umm, no. No best friend, no. Just a lot of close friends.

The Interviewer: So umm, now back to the show. How does it feel to have a huge gay fan base?

Joey: Really? Me? Wow! I don't even know any huge gay people!

[Cut to the gang.]

Chandler: It hurts me. It physically hurts me.

[Cut to the interview.]

The Interviewer: Now, off the record, you're not...

[Another group of flashbacks begin with Episode 513: The One With Joey's Bag. Joey is carrying the bag and has entered Central Perk to the amusement of Ross and Chandler.]

Joey: What? Are you referring to my man's bag? At first, I thought it just looked good, but it's practical too. Check it out! It's got compartments for all your stuff! Your wallet! Your keys! Your address book!

Ross: Your make-up!

[The next one is from Episode 712: The One Where They're Up All Night, Joey and Ross are deciding how to climb down the final part of the fire escape.]

Ross: Okay. Now-now-now should I climb down your front so we're face to face or-or should I climb down your back so we're-we're butt to face.

Joey: I think face to face.

Ross: I would say that.

Joey: Face to face, yeah!

Ross: Okay, here I go.

Joey: All right.

(Ross steps onto the bottom rung of the ladder and then steps on Joey's chest.)

Joey: (grunting) Oh my... How much do you weigh Ross?!

Ross: I prefer not to answer that right now, I'm still carrying a little holiday weight.

(Ross continues to climb down. He puts his other foot further down on Joey's torso, but that doesn't work very well and he's forced to wrap his legs around Joey. Which then forces Joey to get a nice and close view of Ross's crotch.)

Joey: Y'know, when we talked about face to face, I don't think we thought it all the way through.

[The next one is from Episode 722: The One With Chandler's Dad.]

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe is sitting on the couch as Joey enters strutting.]

Joey: Hey Pheebs! (He sits down next to her.)

Phoebe: Hey!

Joey: Check it out. (He turns around, pulls down his pants, and shows Phoebe that he's got panties on.) How much of a man am I?!

Phoebe: Wow! Nice! Manly and also kind of a slut.

[The next one is from Episode 608: The One With Ross's Teeth, Chandler is accusing Joey of becoming less of a man.]

Chandler: You're turning into a woman.

Joey: No I'm not. Why would you say that? That's just mean.

Chandler: Now I've upset you? What did I say?

Joey: It's not what you said. It's the way you said it... Oh My God, I'm a woman!!!

[The next one is from Episode 706: The One With The Nap Partners.]

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey and Ross are napping together again and both wake up at the same time.]

Joey: Great nap.

Ross: It really was.

(Suddenly Rachel clears her throat and the camera cuts to the rest of the gang staring at them. Needless to say Joey and Ross are shocked and slowly turn their heads to see the gang.)

[Cut to the interview.]

Joey: Uh me? Gay? No! No. No, but I have a number of close friends who are. (Chandler and Ross look at each other.)

The Interviewer: So, let's talk about women. I'm sure our female readers will be interested to know about your romantic life.

[Another series of flashbacks begins with Episode 413: The One With Rachel's Crush, Joey is telling Rachel and Phoebe how he picks up women.]

Joey: Oh-oh-oh-oh, how I do it is, I look a woman up and down and say, "Hey, how you doin'?"

Phoebe: Oh, please!

Joey: (to Phoebe) Hey, how you doin'?

(Phoebe looks at him, and then giggles and looks away.)

[The next one is from Episode 605: The One With Joey's Porsche.]

[Scene: The street, Joey is messing with a car cover and still wearing the Porsche stuff. This guy playing street football catches a pass next to the car cover Joey is fooling around with.]

Joey: Hey! How you doin'?

Woman: (to her friend) He has the most amazing Porsche under there!

Joey: I'd love to show ya, but I just tucked her in. She's sleeping. (The women both laugh) Hey uh, would you two girls like to go for a drink? (Just then the same guy with the football dives to make a catch, lands on the car cover, and collapses it. It turns out that Joey set up a bunch of boxes to make it look like a Porsche.)

[The next one is from Episode 613: The One With Rachel's Sister, Chandler has just opened the door to reveal a woman standing there.]

Woman: Hi, is Rachel here? I'm her sister.

Rachel: Oh my God, Jill!

Jill: Oh my God, Rachel!

(They run and hug each other.)

Chandler: Oh my God, introduce us!

Rachel: This is Chandler. (Points at him.)

Jill: Hi!

Rachel: And you know Monica and Ross!

Ross: Hi Jill.

Rachel: And that's Phoebe (points), and that's Joey.

Joey: Hey, (in the Joey voice) how you doin'?

Rachel: Don't!! (Joey backs away frightened.)

[The final one is from Episode 607: The One Where Phoebe Runs, Joey has been trying to repel Janice and sees it's not working to his liking so he's confronting her about the sexual tension.]

Janine: No! I mean you're a really nice guy and I'm happy to be your roommate and your friend, I'm just y'know, I just don't feel that way about you.

Joey: Oh! I see what happened. It's because I was trying to repel you. Right? Believe me, you'd feel a lot different if I turned it on.

Janine: I don't think so.

Joey: Oh, I do. (Gives her the Joey-love look.) How you doin'?

Janine: I'm okay.

Joey: What?!?! Oh dear God!

[Cut to the interview.]

Joey: Not much to tell there I'm really shy.

(The gang is confused.)

The Interviewer: So, that's it. I guess that's all I need. Thank you so much. I think they will be running this in the beginning of next month.

Joey: Oh great! Great! Thank you. (They shake hands.)

The Interviewer: Bye.

Joey: Bye-bye. (The interviewer leaves and he sits down with the rest of the gang.) I did it!

Rachel: Yeah!

Ross: Amazing! Amazing!

The Interviewer: (returning) Oh wait! I almost forgot. We have to ask everybody this. Other than *Days of Our Lives*, what's your favorite soap opera?

Joey: Oh, I don't watch soap operas. Excuse me, I have a life, y'know?

(The gang is disappointed.)

The Interviewer: Thank you. The readers at *Soap Opera Digest* will be happy to hear that.

Joey: Oh, good to know. (The interviewer leaves.) So close!

Closing Credits

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, everyone is reading Joey's interview.]

Rachel: Wow! I can't believe they didn't put it in the part where you said you didn't watch soap operas.

Joey: Yeah, I called the lady about that. I told her I was just joking. She was pretty nice about that.

Monica: You slept with her didn't you?

Joey: Little bit, yeah.

Ross: Wow! This picture of you sure is steamy.

Joey: Oh yeah, that's just a little something for my huge gay fan base. (Winks at him.)

Ross: Did you just wink at me?

Joey: Hey, you're the one that loves the picture.

End

820. The One With The Baby Shower

Written by: Sherry Bilsing–Graham & Ellen Plummer

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica and Phoebe are preparing for Rachel's baby shower.]

Rachel: (entering) Hi!

Monica: Hey!

Phoebe: Hey!

Rachel: So what's the final head count on my baby shower?

Phoebe: About twenty, a couple people from work who had something else to do.

Monica: Also both of your sisters called and neither can make it.

Rachel: What?! You mean they're not coming to a social event where there's no men and there's no booze?! That's shocking! I don't care, as long as my mom's here.

Monica: Oh my God, your mother!

Rachel: What?! My mom's not gonna be here?!

Monica: Well, given that we forgot to invite her it would be an awfully big coincidence if she was.

Rachel: My God!

Monica: Well it wasn't my fault, Phoebe was in charge of the invitations!

Phoebe: Well I don't, I don't have a mother so often I forget that other people...

Monica: (interrupting her) Oh give it a rest!

Rachel: So my mother is not coming to my baby shower?!

Phoebe: No. (Pause) Neither is mine.

Monica: Okay, y'know what? Don't worry, okay? We'll take care of it. We'll call her. Just go home and get ready.

Rachel: Please, make sure she comes. It's really important to me, I mean it's my mom!

Phoebe: I know. I know, what's her number?

Rachel: I don't know.

Monica: Go! I have it in my book. Go! (Rachel leaves and Monica calls Mrs. Green.) (To Phoebe) Wait a minute! If you're in charge of the invitations why am I the one who has to call her—Hello Mrs. Green! Hi, it's Monica Geller.

Mrs. Green: Oh, hello Monica.

Monica: (on phone) Hi, umm I know this is last minute, but we've decided to throw an impromptu baby shower for Rachel today.

Mrs. Green: I know, my daughter's told me about it when they received their impromptu invitations a month ago.

Monica: Yeah, I'm sorry. I'm—I'm so sorry.

Mrs. Green: For what dear? For not inviting me or lying about it?

Monica: (To Phoebe) Oh my God, my ass is sweating! (on phone) Please! Please! Can you come? It's today at four.

Mrs. Green: Well all right. I'll see you at four.

Monica: Thank you. (Hangs up.)

Phoebe: Isn't it at three?

Monica: Son of a bitch! (Calls Mrs. Green again.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: Joey's Apartment, Joey is reading a script as Ross and Chandler enter carrying a basketball.]

Chandler: Hey Joe! You wanna shoot some hoops?

Joey: Oh no, I can't go. I'm practicing; I got an audition to be the host of a new game show.

Ross: Oh cool!

Chandler: That's great.

Joey: Yeah-yeah, and if I get it by day I'll (In a sexy voice) Dr. Drake Remoray, but by night I'll be (In an announcer's voice) Joey Trrrrribbiani!

Chandler: You'll be perfect for this! That's already your name!

Joey: But the audition's in a couple hours and I don't even understand the game.

Ross: Well do you want some help?

Joey: Oh really? That'd be great! You guys can be the contestants!

Ross: Awesome!

Chandler: Okay, I guess we can lose to junior high girls some other time.

Joey: (announcer voice) All right! Let's play Bamboozled!

Chandler: Bamboozled?

Joey: Yeah, isn't that a cool name?

Ross: (simultaneously with Chandler) Yeah!

Chandler: (simultaneously with Ross) No!

Joey: All right. Uhh, okay. Our first contestant is Ross Geller. Why don't you tell us a little something about you Ross?

Ross: Well uh, I-I'm a paleontologist. Umm, I-I live in New York. I have a son Ben. Uh, hi Ben! (Waves.) And uh...

Joey: I said a little bit Ross. Now, how about you Chandler?

Chandler: Well Joey, I'm a headhunter. I hook up out of work Soviet scientists with rogue third-world nations. Hi Rasputin! (Waves.)

Joey: Excellent! Let's play Bamboozled! Chandler, you'll go first. What is the capital of Columbia?

Chandler: Bogota.

Joey: It's Ba-go-ta, but close enough. Now, you can either pass your turn to Ross or pick a Wicked Wango card.

Chandler: What does a Wicked Wango card do?

Joey: I should know that. Let's see, just one moment please. Umm, here we are, a Wicked Wango card determines whether you go higher or lower.

Chandler: Higher or lower than what?

Joey: This is embarrassing. (Looks it up.)

Chandler: (To Ross) Can you believe how lame this is?

Ross: I'm sorry, I don't believe contestants are allowed to talk to each other.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Rachel's baby shower is underway. Monica and Phoebe are working in the kitchen.]

Phoebe: Oh, I told the stripper to be here at five. That's good right?

Monica: You ordered a stripper for the shower?! That is totally inappropriate!

Phoebe: What? He's gonna be dressed as a baby! (Mrs. Green enters.) Oh hi Mrs. Green!

Monica: Hi!

Phoebe: I'm so glad you could make it.

Monica: Yes, thank you so much. And again, we're so sorry. We could not feel worse about it.

Mrs. Green: Try. There's my little girl. (Goes over to Rachel.)

Monica: She's still mad.

Phoebe: Yeah I know. Isn't it great? One less person we have to make small talk with.

Monica: Phoebe, Sandra's mad at you too. It-it doesn't bother you?

Phoebe: No look, we've apologized twice! I can't do anymore than that. I know you hate it when people are mad at you but you just have to be okay with it.

Monica: Okay. I can do that. (Pause) I gotta go powder my ass.

[Cut to Rachel and Mrs. Green.]

Mrs. Green: Look at that face! Just like when you were in high school! If I didn't know better I'd say you were a cheerleader in trouble. Come on, let's get some tea.

Rachel: Okay. (Mrs. Green helps her up and they walk over and get some tea.)

Mrs. Green: Oh my look at that. Only three weeks to go, now have you picked your nanny yet? Now I don't want you to use your housekeeper 'cause it would just split her focus.

Rachel: Oh well actually gonna use a nanny and uh, I don't even have a housekeeper.

Mrs. Green: It's like you're a cave person. Rachel, you must get a nanny. You don't know how overwhelming this is going to be. I mean when you were a baby I had full time help, I had Mrs. Kay.

Rachel: Mrs. Kay! Oh yeah, she was sweet. She taught me Spanish. I actually think I remember some of it, tu madre es loca. (I think that's your mother's crazy.)

Mrs. Green: Such a sweet woman.

Rachel: Well, however great she was I just can't afford that.

Mrs. Green: Oh Rachel!

Rachel: What?

Mrs. Green: I just had the greatest idea! I'm gonna come live with you!

Rachel: Wh-wh-what? What?

Mrs. Green: Oh, I'm so happy I'm gonna do this for my little girl. Aw, look at you. You have tears in your eyes.

Rachel: Yes. Yes I do.

[Scene: Joey's Apartment, the guys are still playing Bamboozled.]

Joey: All right Ross you're in the lead, would you like to take another question or spin the Wheel of Mayhem?

Ross: The wheel has not been my friend tonight Joey. Uh, I'll take another question.

Joey: Okay, this is gonna be tough. Hold your breath.

Ross: It's okay, I'm ready.

Joey: No dude, you gotta hold your breath until you're ready to answer the question.

Chandler: This is ridiculous, he's not gonna hold his breath... (Ross cuts him off by taking a deep breath and holding it.)

Joey: Okay, what do you have a fear of if you suffer from this phobia, Tris...Holy cow, that's a big word. Trisc... Seriously look at this thing. Chandler, how do you say that?

Chandler: Let me see that.

Joey: This one right here. (Ross whines.)

Chandler: Triscadecaphobia.

Ross: (exhaling) The fear of *Triscuts!*

Joey: No! No, fear of the number 13.

Chandler: Fear of *Triscuts?*

Ross: It's possible, they have really sharp edges.

Joey: All right Chandler, you're up.

Ross: Wait a minute, I—I believe I'm entitled to use my Angel Pass for a free turn?

Chandler: This game makes no sense!

Ross: Y'know what? You're just upset because you're losing.

Chandler: Oh come on Ross, I think we're all losers here.

Joey: All right. Chandler, you can either spin the wheel or pick a Google card.

Chandler: Let me think. Let me think—Oh! I don't care.

Joey: You—you must choose Mr. Bing.

Chandler: Either, it makes no difference.

Joey: Choose, you jackass!

Chandler: I'll take a card.

Joey: Okay, you picked the Gimmie card! You get all of Ross's points!

Ross: What?!

Chandler: This game is kinda fun.

Ross: (To Chandler) You don't think it's a little crazy that you get all my points just 'cause you...

Chandler: I don't think the contestants are supposed to speak to each other.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, the baby shower is continuing as Rachel walks over to Monica and Phoebe.]

Rachel: Why did you invite my mother?!

Monica: What?

Rachel: She wants to move in with me and Ross to help take care of the baby.

Phoebe: For how long?

Rachel: Eight weeks. I mean I love my mother, but my God, a long lunch with her is taxing.

Monica: I personally would be honored if she wanted to live with me.

Phoebe: She can't hear you.

Rachel: What? You guys, come on! What am I going to do?

Phoebe: Well, if you don't want your mother to move in with you, just tell her.

Rachel: You're right. You're right. I mean I'm about to have a baby, I can tell my mother that I don't want her to just be sleeping on my couch! Oh my God! She's gonna want to sleep in my bed with me. This cannot happen!

Monica: That's right. That is right, you go over there and tell her you don't want her to live with you. Do **not** take no for an answer!

Rachel: Okay. (She goes over to tell her mother.)

Monica: (To Phoebe) This is great! Now she's gonna be mad at Rachel! Y'know what? And I'm just gonna swoop in there and be like the daughter she never had.

Phoebe: I have new respect for Chandler. All right everybody! It's time to open the presents!

Monica: Yes! Yes! And I think that the first gift that Rachel opens should be from the grandmother of the baby, because you're the most important person in this room. And in the world!

Mrs. Green: Well uh, I don't have a gift because I wasn't invited until the last minute, but thank you so much for bringing that to everyone's attention.

Phoebe: How about you less important people, let's open your presents!

(Mrs. Green goes into the kitchen and Rachel follows her.)

Rachel: Mom that's okay that you didn't get you a gift!

Mrs. Green: Well, I kinda did. Me. Eight weeks of me.

Rachel: Oh yeah. Okay, see mom, the truth is I can do this on my own.

Mrs. Green: Sweetheart I know you're gonna be terrific mom, I just think you need a little help, especially at the beginning.

Rachel: But mom, I really know what I'm doing. I can handle this.

Mrs. Green: Really? Remember Twinkles?

Rachel: He was a hamster! I am not going to vacuum up my baby!

Phoebe: Okay, come on Rach it's present time! Y'know you're the glue that's holding this whole party together. It's kinda falling apart here.

Mrs. Green: Oh look.

Rachel: Wow!

Phoebe: Okay, this is from your friend at work.

Rachel: Oh my gosh! Oh wow! Oh, I know what this is! (She's holding an item with a large suction cup connected to a yellow plastic box, with a long narrow tube and bottle connected the yellow part.) Wait a minute. That can't be right. Is that a beer bong for a baby?

Mrs. Green: Darling, that's a breast pump!

Rachel: Did I say I was done guessing? Okay, thank you for that. Oh wow! What's this?

Woman: It's a diaper genie.

Rachel: Oh, it dispenses clean diapers!

Woman: No! It's where you put the dirty ones!

Rachel: Well that's gross, why don't you just take it outside and throw it in a dumpster?

Mrs. Green: Oh you're gonna do that ten times a day?

Rachel: What?! It goes ten times a day! What are we feeding this baby?! Indian food?!

Mrs. Green: No dear, that's what babies do.

Monica: Rachel, listen to your mother. She is very smart.

Mrs. Green: Plus, what are you planning on doing with the baby while you're trotting out to the garbage ten times a day?

Rachel: I don't know, I'd leave it on the changing table? (Everyone gasps.) What?! What'd I do? What'd I do?!

Mrs. Green: You can't leave a baby alone!

Rachel: Oh come—(Stutters)—Of course I know that. I mean of course you never leave a baby alone! I mean who would—she wouldn't be safe as she would be with me, the baby dummy. Oh God, okay. Y'know what? I think opening the presents right now is a little overwhelming right now. So I think umm, I'm just gonna maybe open them a little bit later, but thank you all for coming. And for these beautiful gifts, and this basket is beautiful.

Woman: It's actually a bassinet.

Rachel: Okay mommy, don't ever leave me. (Hugs her.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Joey's Apartment, the guys are still playing the game only everyone is really into it.]

Joey: (To Chandler) In what John Houston film would you hear this line, "Badges? We don't need no stinkin' badges!"

Chandler: *Treasure of the Sierra Madre!*

Joey: Correct! There's a possible backwards bonus!

Chandler: Madre Sierra the of Treasure!

Joey: Yes!

Chandler: I'd like to go up the ladder of chance to the golden mud hut please.

Joey: Wise choice, how many rungs?

Chandler: Six!

Joey: (makes a sound like a monkey) That noise can only me one thing.

Chandler: (disappointed and simultaneously as Ross) Hungry monkey.

Ross: (excited and simultaneously as Chandler) Hungry monkey! (To Chandler) Haaa! (To Joey) I'd like a Wicked Wango card!

Joey: Okay, it's an audio question, name this television theme song. (Starts humming the theme to *I Dream of Genie*.)

Ross: (thinking) Oh. (Pause) Oh! Oh my God! Okay, I know this, give me—give me a second!

Chandler: Tell it to the Time Turtle!

Ross: Shut up! *I Dream of Genie!*

Joey: Yes! Yes, you're back in the lead!

Ross: I'd like to spin the wheel!

(Joey makes a sound like a game show wheel spinning with the pointer bouncing off of the bars on the wheel as it slows and comes to a stop.)

Chandler: (annoyed) Oh come on!!

Joey: All right! All right! Uh, umm, Super-Speedy Speed round!

Ross: Is there a hopping bonus?

Joey: Of course!

(Ross gets up and starts to hop on one leg.)

Joey: Who invented bifocals?

Ross: Ben Franklin.

Joey: Correct! Which monarch has ruled Great Britain the longest?

Ross: Queen Victoria.

Joey: Correct again! But, you forgot to switch legs between questions, so no hopping bonus!

Ross: Noooo!!! Every time!!!

Joey: Now, over to Chandler.

Chandler: I'd like a Google Card.

Joey: Are you sure?

Chandler: Yes! (Pause) No! (Pause) Google!

Joey: Oh my God! Congratulations Ross, because Chandler, you've been Bamboozled!

Chandler: Nooo!!

Ross: Yeah!!

Chandler: This is the best game ever!!!

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, the baby shower has ended and everyone except for Mrs. Green have left who is talking to Rachel while Monica and Phoebe are cleaning up.]

Rachel: So umm, you're gonna stay with me as long as I need you?

Mrs. Green: Of course I am!

Rachel: Oh mom, I swear I'm not an idiot. I've read all kinds of books on pregnancy and giving birth, but I— I just didn't think to read the part about what to do when the baby comes. And—and then guess what? The baby's coming and I don't know what to do. Oh, can I throw up in my diaper genie?

Mrs. Green: No. Sweetie, you're gonna be fine. (Starts to get up.)

Rachel: Wait—wait where are you going? Where are you going?

Mrs. Green: I'm going to the bathroom.

Rachel: Okay.

Mrs. Green: Now don't worry! Everything's gonna be okay. (Hugs Rachel while she is standing and Rachel is sitting, seeing this Monica decides to join in on the hugging by hugging Mrs. Green from behind her back.)

Monica: It is going to be okay! (Mrs. Green glances over her shoulder and glares at Monica while she heads for the bathroom.) It was worth a shot.

Ross: (entering, out of breath) Hey!

Phoebe: Hey! Why are you all red and sweaty?

Ross: I just Bamboozled Chandler! (Flexes in victory while everyone stares at him.) Which is not uh sexual thing. That was a quick shower.

Phoebe: Not if you were here.

Ross: Wow! It looks like we got a lot of good stuff.

Rachel: Oh we did, but my mom got us the greatest gift of all.

Ross: (excited) A *Play-Dough* Barber Shop?

Rachel: No. She's going to live with us for eight weeks.

Ross: Uh, what?

Rachel: Yes! She's gonna help us take care of the baby! Woo-hoo. (Sees that Ross isn't happy.)

Ross: What—You're not serious. I mean she's a very nice woman, but there is no way we can take eight weeks of her. She'll drive us totally crazy.

Mrs. Green: (entering from bathroom) Hi Ross!

Ross: Hi roomie! (Hugs her and looks at Rachel.)

[Scene: Joey's Audition, Joey is being shown in.]

Man: Hey Joey, hi! I'm Ray; I'm the producer of the show.

Joey: (announcer voice) It's a pleasure to meet you Ray.

Ray: And this is Duncan (points to the cameraman) and Erin, they're gonna help us out with the audition. So uh, let's get the camera rolling.

Joey: (announcer voice) Rightie—O Ray!

Ray: Whenever you're ready.

Joey: (to the camera) Hello, I'm Joey Tribbiani! Let's play Bamboozled! Erin, you get the first question! In hockey, who is known as The Great One?

Erin: Wayne Gretzky.

Joey: Correct! Now, would you like to pick a Wicked Wango card or spin the Wheel of Mayhem?

Ray: Uh Joey, didn't your agents give you the revised rules? We've eliminated all of that. No wheel, no cards.

Joey: What—Why?!

Ray: Uh well, the game was too complicated and research showed people didn't follow it.

Joey: Well what's complicated? You spin the Wheel of Mayhem to go up the Ladder of Chance. You go past the Mud Hut through the Rainbow Ring to get to the Golden Monkey; you yank his tail and boom! You're in Paradise Pond!

Ray: Yeah all that's gone. It's basically just a simple question and answer game now.

Joey: Well what's fun about that? You expect me to be the host of a boring game that's just people standing around answering questions?

Ray: Well, there'll be women in bikinis holding up the scores.

Joey: (announcer voice to the camera) Let's play Bamboozled!

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Mrs. Green is telling Ross what needs to be done to baby proof his apartment.]

Mrs. Green: ...and all those dinosaur nick-knacks you have Ross, I thought they might be more at home in the garage.

Ross: Well we...we don't have a garage.

Mrs. Green: Did I say garage? I meant garbage.

Ross: Y'know what? Maybe, Mrs. Green, it's not absolutely vital that you live with us.

Mrs. Green: Well Rachel needs help with the baby.

Rachel: I do. I really do. I don't know anything.

Ross: I'm—I'm sure that's not true.

Rachel: Oh no? Pheeb's? Monica? Do I know anything about babies?

Phoebe: No, not a thing.

Monica: It's frightening.

Ross: Well uh, y'know what? Even if she doesn't know anything, I do! I have a son. And his mother and I didn't live together, and whenever he was with me I took care of him all the time, by myself.

Mrs. Green: That's true. You do have another child.

Ross: Yeah.

Mrs. Green: With another woman. Have you no control Ross?

Ross: That's a different issue. Uh, the point is, when the baby comes I will be there to...to feed her and bathe her and change her. And more than that I want to do all those things.

Mrs. Green: Well then you really don't need me to live with you.

Ross: Yes! Yes, you're gonna be so missed.

Mrs. Green: You're gonna be a great father.

Ross: Well you're gonna be a wonderful grandma. (They hug.)

Rachel: Hello?! I still don't know what the hell I'm doing!

Ross: Oh, come on, every first time mother feels that way. You'll—you're gonna pick it up. (Rachel doesn't believe that.) Hey! You will! Uh look, y'know when you first came to the city? You were this spoiled helpless little girl who—who still used daddy's credit card. Do you remember?

Rachel: I hope you're going somewhere with this.

Ross: Look at you! What—You're—you're this big executive! You are much more capable than you give yourself credit for. I—I have no doubt you're gonna be an incredible mother.

Rachel: Really?

Ross: I'm telling you.

Rachel: Thank you. (Hugs him.)

Mrs. Green: All right you two, I'm gonna get going.

Ross: Oh. (Rachel and he start to stand up.)

Mrs. Green: Oh no—no—no—no sweetheart, you stay put. I'll let myself out. It's like I'm not here, which I almost wasn't.

Monica: (laughs) You're still so funny. You're so funny. (To Phoebe) What do I do?

Phoebe: Nothing! You have apologized to her like a million times and she's been **nothing** but terrible to you. And don't forget you just threw her daughter a lovely, albeit slightly boring, shower, and she hasn't even **thanked** you for it.

Monica: Y'know what? You're—you're right.

Phoebe: Yeah I mean if you want to say anything to her, I'd tell her off.

Monica: Really?

Phoebe: Uh-huh!

Monica: Okay! I will! Mrs. Green? Mrs. Green! (She ignores Monica and Monica follows her out into the hall with Phoebe in tow.) It is rude to leave a party without saying good-bye to the host! Yeah, and—and also when someone apologizes to you the decent thing to do is to accept it! Now what I did to you, it wasn't on purpose! But what you're doing to me now is just plain spiteful!

Mrs. Green: Spiteful?!

Monica: That's right! Maybe it's time you took a good hard look at a mirror young lady...old lady...lady!

Phoebe: (To Monica) Wrap it up, wrap it up, wrap it up...

Monica: So whenever you're ready to apologize to me, I will forgive you. Good day! (Monica and Phoebe reenter the apartment and Monica closes the door on a stunned Mrs. Green.) I can't feel my legs!

Phoebe: You were fantastic! I'm so proud of you!

Monica: Yeah? I'm proud of me too.

Phoebe: You should be!

Monica: Yeah could—could—could you get me something to drink?

Phoebe: You got it!

Monica: Okay. (When Phoebe turns around Monica runs out into the hall after Mrs. Green.) Mrs. Green! Okay I'm really sorry!! I'm apologizing for the—(She trips and falls down the stairs.) (Pause) Okay, I bit my tongue, but I'm **still** really sorry!

Closing Credits

[Scene: Ross and Rachel's, Ross is helping Rachel study for when the baby comes.]

Rachel: (closing a book) Okay! I'm ready.

Ross: You sure?

Rachel: Yes, I've done my studying and I really know my stuff.

Ross: All right then. (Gets up, in an announcer's voice) Rachel Green! Let's play Bamboozled! (Reading from a note card.) How do you test the temperature of the baby's bath water?

Rachel: Uh, put your elbow in it.

Ross: Excellent! How do you put a baby down for a nap?

Rachel: Full, dry, on its back, and no loose covers.

Ross: That's correct! This is an audio question, what do you do when the baby makes this sound? (Makes a sound like someone is choking a cat.)

Rachel: Check if it's wet, check if it's hungry, burp it!

Ross: Excellent! Excellent, now—now do you want another question or a Wicked Wango card?

Rachel: A card! A card! I pick a card!

Ross: Oh, I'm sorry you've been Bamboozled! You're gonna be a terrible mother! (Rachel stares at him agape.) I've lost sight of why we're doing this! (Rachel gets up and walks away.)

End

821. The One With The Cooking Class

Teleplay by: Brian Buckner & Sebastian Jones

Story by: Dana Klein Borkow

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone is there except Monica as Ross enters carrying a huge stack of newspapers.]

Ross: Hey you guys I got some bad news. (He sets the stack of papers down on the table.)

Phoebe: Well that's no way to sell newspapers. Why don't you try, "Extra! Extra! Read all about it!"

Ross: No, Monica's restaurant got a horrible review in the Post. (They all gasp.) I didn't want her to see it, so I ran around the neighborhood and bought all the copies I could find. (He hands the paper to Phoebe and they all read it.)

Joey: Man, this is bad! And I've had my share of bad reviews. I still remember my first good one though. (Quoting) "Everything else in this production of *Our Town* was simply terrible. Joey Tribbiani was abysmal."

Monica: (entering) Hey!

Chandler: Hey.

Monica: (seeing the stack of newspapers) Oh my God! Look at all the newspapers! It must be a good review! Is it great?!

Ross: Umm...

Monica: (reading) Oh dear God!

Ross: But the good news is, no one in a two-block radius will ever know.

Monica: What about the rest of Manhattan?!

Ross: Yeah, they all know.

Monica: Oh my God, this is horrible!

Chandler: I'm so sorry.

Monica: I'm so humiliated!

Rachel: Yeah but y'know what they say Mon, "There's no such thing as bad press."

Monica: You don't think that umm, (reading) "The chef's Mahi Mahi was awful awful," is bad press?

Rachel: I didn't write it.

Monica: Is he right? Am I really—Am I awful?

All: No!

Joey: Yeah! Yeah Monica! You listen to me, okay? And I'm not just saying this because I'm your friend, I'm sayin' it 'cause it's the truth. You're food is abysmal!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Ross and Rachel's, it's late at night, Rachel is sitting on the couch in the dark wide-awake as Ross walks to the bathroom.]

Rachel: Ross!

Ross: (startling him) What?! What?

Rachel: I am freaking out!

Ross: Are ya?

Rachel: My due date is in one week!

Ross: What are you doing up?

Rachel: That is seven days!

Ross: Okay look, I had a lot of water before I went to bed. Can we do this after...

Rachel: (interrupting him) No-no-no-no-no Ross! Please, come on we do not have any of the big stuff we need! We do not a changing table! We do not have a crib! We do not have a diaper service!

Ross: It's funny you should mention diapers.

Rachel: I'm serious.

Ross: Okay look, there's nothing to worry about. We have plenty of time. There's a great baby furniture store on west 10th. Tomorrow, we will go there and we will get you everything that you need. Okay?

Rachel: Okay. Thank you. That's great. Thank you. Wait-wait! Where on west 10th? Because there's this really cute shoe store that has like this little...

Ross: (interrupting her) Okay. Okay. If uh, if you're gonna do this, then I'm gonna do that. (Points to the bathroom.) So... (Starts for the bathroom.)

Rachel: (stopping him) Oh, wait Ross! I'm sorry, one more thing!

Ross: (annoyed) Yeah!

Rachel: Umm, our situation. Y'know umm, what we mean to each other. And I mean we—we're having this baby together, and we live together. Isn't that, isn't that weird?

Ross: (stunned) (thinks) Well uh...

Rachel: I'm just kidding! You can go pee! (He does so in a hurry.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica is cooking as Chandler looks on.]

Joey: (entering) Hey uh Monica, I can't remember. Did we say we were gonna meet here or at the movies?

Monica: We said at the movies, but...

Joey: Okay, I'll see you there. (Starts to leave)

Monica: Joey! (He returns) Now that you're here...

Joey: Sure, I can hang out 'til I have to meet ya. (To Chandler) What uh—How come you're not going?

Chandler: I have a job interview I have to get ready for.

Joey: I thought you already have a job.

Chandler: And people say you don't pay attention. No, this is a much better job. It's vice-president of a company that does data reconfiguration and statistical factoring for other companies.

Joey: Wow! How do you know how to do that?!

Chandler: That's what I do now.

Monica: Hey Joey, come taste this.

Joey: What is it?

Monica: Remember that guy that gave me a bad review? Well... (Feeds him a spoonful of what she's cooking.) I'm getting my revenge!

Joey: You cooked him?

Monica: No. He teaches a course on food criticism at the New School, so before we go to the movies I wanna go by there and make him try my bouillabaisse again. Oh, I cannot wait to read the front page of the Post tomorrow! "Restaurant reviewer admits: I was wrong about Monica."

Chandler: The front page? You really do live in your own little world, don't ya?

[Scene: The Baby Furniture Store, Ross and Rachel are checking out.]

Cashier: Do you uh, want these things delivered Mr. and Mrs. Geller?

Rachel: Oh.

Ross: Oh.

Rachel: No-no-no! No, no, no, we're not married.

Ross: We are having a baby together, but we're not involved. (The cashier, a very beautiful woman, looks confused) I mean, uh we—we were seeing each other a while ago, but then we were just friends. And then there was one drunken night. (Rachel looks at him angrily) Or, yes stranger, we'd like this delivered please.

Cashier: Why don't you fill out this address card. (Hands him one.)

Ross: Oh, okay.

Cashier: I notice you picked out a lot of our dinosaur items.

Rachel: Oh yeah! Actually, that's one of the reasons why we're not a couple.

Ross: I chose those, I'm a paleontologist.

Cashier: Really?! That is so cool!

Rachel: Oh. Oh yeah, don't get too worked up over it. I mean it—it sounds like he's a doctor, but he's not.

Cashier: Oh no-no, I'm fascinated by paleontology. Have you read the new Walter Alvarez book?

Ross: Yeah! I—I teach it in my class.

Rachel: Oh my God! I'm standing at a cash register, holding a credit card, and I'm bored.

Cashier: (looking at the completed address card) Oh, I love your neighborhood. There's a great gym right around the corner from your building.

Ross: That's my gym.

Cashier: I can tell you work out. (Ross is please and Rachel looks at him confused.) A paleontologist who works out, you're like Indiana Jones. (Rachel has a disbelieving look on her face.)

Ross: I **am** like Indiana Jones.

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe is there as Rachel enters.]

Rachel: Hi Pheeb!

Phoebe: Hey! Oh, how did baby shopping go?

Rachel: Oh, it was great! We got everything that we needed! Oh and Ross, almost got something that wasn't on the list. A whore.

Phoebe: What?!

Rachel: Well, we were paying for our stuff and this saleswoman just started flirting with him.

Phoebe: Well did she know you two weren't married?

Rachel: Yeah.

Phoebe: Oh my God! Well the idea of a woman flirting with a—with a single man, we—we must alert the church elders!

Rachel: You don't understand! You didn't see how brazen she was.

Phoebe: Sounds like you're a little jealous.

Rachel: No! I'm not! I—I just think it's wrong! It's—it's that I'm—Here I am about to pop and he's out picking up some shop girl at Sluts 'R' Us!

Phoebe: Is that a real place? (Rachel's stunned) Are they hiring?

Chandler: (entering) Hey Phoebe! (To Rachel) Fatty!

Phoebe: Hey Chandler, why so fancy?

Chandler: Well, I got a job interview. It's kinda a big deal too. Its a lot more money and I'd be doing data reconfiguration and statistical factoring.

Phoebe: Wait, I think I know someone who does that.

Chandler: Me! I do that. So... Seriously, do I look okay? I'm little nervous.

Rachel: Oh yeah! You really—You look great.

Phoebe: Yeah, just don't get your hopes up.

Chandler: Why not?

Phoebe: Well, the interview...

Chandler: What about it?

Phoebe: Y'know! You don't make a very good first impression.

Chandler: (shocked) What?!

Phoebe: Oh you don't know.

Chandler: Are you serious?!

Phoebe: Yes, when I first met you, you were like, "Blah, blah, blah." I was like, shhh!

Chandler: What is it that I do?

Phoebe: Well it's just like you're trying too hard. Always making jokes, y'know, you just—You come off a little needy.

Chandler: (To Rachel) Did you like me when we first met?

Rachel: Chandler, I'm not gonna lie to ya, but I am gonna run away from you. (Gets up and hurries out.)

[Scene: The New School, Monica, carrying her dish, and Joey are confronting the food critic.]

Monica: Hi! Umm, I'm Monica Geller, I'm the chef at Alessandro's.

The Food Critic: Still?

Monica: I think the things that you said about me are really unfair, and I would like for you to give my bouillabaisse another chance.

The Food Critic: I don't see any reason why I would do that to myself again.

Joey: Either eat it, or be in it.

Monica: Spoon? (Hands him one and he tastes it.) So, what do you think?

The Food Critic: I'm torn, between my integrity and my desire to avoid a beating. But I must be honest, your soap is abysmal. (Throws down the spoon and walks out.)

Joey: Thata girl! Huh? We should get out of here; there's a new class comin' in.

(They start to leave.)

The Cooking Teacher: Welcome to introduction to cooking. Now, before we start, can anyone tell me the difference between a hollandaise sauce and a bearnaise sauce? (No one can.)

Monica: I can.

The Cooking Teacher: Okay, go ahead.

Monica: Well umm, they both have a egg yolk and butter base, but a bearnaise has shallots, shirvel, and most importantly tarragon.

The Cooking Teacher: That's very good, what's your name?

Monica: Monica.

The Cooking Teacher: Monica, you go to the head of the class.

Monica: Okay. (Does so.)

[Scene: Ross and Rachel's, Ross and Rachel are unpacking and setting up their new purchases.]

Rachel: All this stuff takes up a lot of room. Hey how uh, how serious are you about keeping Ben in your life?

Ross: My son? Pretty serious. (There's a knock on the door and Ross answers it.) Oh hey Katie! (The cashier from before) What uh, what are you doing here?

Katie: Well, the delivery went out to you and I realized they forgot this. (A blanket.)

Ross: Ah, must've been fairly obvious since it was the only thing left in your store.

Katie: Listen, to be honest, home deliveries are really a part of my job description.

Ross: Oh. (Reaches into his pocket for some money as Rachel enters the living room and watches holding two stuffed dinosaurs.)

Katie: Oh uh...I actually came here to ask you out.

Ross: Oh! Wow! Uh, yeah! That sounds great. I'm just gonna put this (The money) back in my pocket, pretend **that** didn't happen. Uh yeah, actually I'm free now. Do you wanna grab some coffee or...

Katie: Sure!

Rachel: Horny bitch. (They both look at her, pretending that the dinosaurs she's holding are arguing.) No! You're a horny bitch! Noooo! You're the horny bitch! No! You're a horny bitch!

Commercial Break

[Scene: Ross and Rachel's, continued from before.]

Rachel: So you guys go, have a really good time.

Ross: (To Katie) Yeah, I'm just gonna grab my coat. And uh, and my whip. (Katie looks worried.) Y'know because of the Indiana Jones? (Katie laughs) Not-not because I'm-I'm into S&M. (Katie's worried again.) I'm not-I'm not into anything weird. Y'know? Just-just normal sex. (Katie is uncomfortable.) So, I'm gonna grab my coat. (Does so, leaving Katie and Rachel alone.)

Rachel: So, you had a good day huh? Big commission; picked up a daddy.

Katie: Are you okay with this?

Rachel: Oh yeah! Yeah please, you guys have fun.

Katie: Okay. It was nice to see you.

Rachel: Oh and it was great to see you too. And you look fantastic, although you missed a button.

Katie: Oh umm, actually I umm...

Rachel: Oh okay, I see what you're doing there.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Chandler and Phoebe are entering.]

Chandler: I can't even believe this! I really come off that badly?

Phoebe: Oh! It's okay, you calm down after a while and then people can see how really sweet and wonderful you really are.

Chandler: Oh good. Good, because I'm sure this interview is gonna last a couple of weeks.

Phoebe: All right, don't **freak** out! Okay? I-I will help you. How long before you have to leave?

Chandler: An hour.

Phoebe: I can't help you.

Chandler: Phoebe!

Phoebe: All right, all right, we'll just do our best. Okay? So let's say I'm the interviewer and I'm meeting you for the first time. Okay. "Hi! Come on in, I'm uh, Regina Philange."

Chandler: Chandler Bing.

Phoebe: Bing, what an unusual name.

Chandler: Well you should meet my uncle, Bada. (Pause) I'll let myself out.

[Scene: The Cooking Class, Joey is trying to cook as the teacher walks over to him.]

Joey: Hi.

The Cooking Teacher: Your Fettuccini Alfredo looks a little dry, did you use all your cheese?

Joey: When you say used, do you mean eat as a pre-cooking snack?

The Cooking Teacher: And the cream?

Joey: Cheese makes me thirsty.

The Cooking Teacher: Okay. Let's move on.

Joey: All right.

The Cooking Teacher: (To Monica) Oh! Something smells good over at Monica's station! (She tries Monica's fettuccini.) Oh my God! This is absolutely amazing! You've never made this before?

Monica: Oh no! I don't know anything about cooking. I had to ask someone what it's called when the, when the water makes those little bubbles.

The Cooking Teacher: Well, hats off to the chef.

Monica: I-I-I'm sorry, your-your mouth was full, I didn't hear what you said. Umm, hats off to who now?

The Cooking Teacher: The chef!

Monica: That's right.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Chandler and Phoebe are still working on his interviewing techniques.]

Chandler: ...I think you'll find if I come to work here, I don't micro-manage. I don't shy away from delegating.

Phoebe: Um-hmm, that's good to know. But let's stop focusing on what you don't do, and start focusing on what you do do.

Chandler: (suppressing a smile) What I do do...is manage to uh, create an atmosphere of support for the people working with me.

Phoebe: I see. Nice sidestep on the do do thing by the way.

Chandler: Hardest thing I've ever done in my life.

Phoebe: You gotta go!

Chandler: Oh! (Stands up.)

Phoebe: Okay, don't worry. You're ready.

Chandler: Really?

Phoebe: Absolutely! Just fight all your natural instincts and you'll be great.

Chandler: Okay.

[Scene: The Cooking Class, everyone has finished baking a batch of cookies and the teacher is going around tasting them.]

The Cooking Teacher: Ah Monica, my star student.

Monica: Y'know, you called me that before so I—I took the liberty of fashioning a star out of aluminum foil. Now, no pressure, you like my cookies, you give me the star. (Hands it to her.)

The Cooking Teacher: (tasting the cookie and with her mouthful) Oh, yum—yum—yum. (Hands the star back.)

Monica: Wow! A star! (The class glares at her.) I know you all hate me and—and I'm sorry, but I don't care. (The teacher goes to Joey's station.)

The Cooking Teacher: Okay Joey, you're up next. (Tries one of his cookies.) This are good! This is amazing! You get an A!

Joey: I can an A? In—in school? (To Joey) Hey, I'm a dork.

Monica: Joey! I'm so proud of you!

The Cooking Teacher: I think you should give him your star.

Monica: Excuse me? He doesn't even know what he's doing!

The Cooking Teacher: We're all beginners here. Nobody knows what they're doing.

Monica: I do! I'm a professional chef! (The class gasps.) Oh relax! It's not a courtroom drama!

The Cooking Teacher: If you're a professional chef, what are you doing taking Introduction to Cooking?

Joey: Yeah!

Monica: I'm—I'm sorry, it's just that umm... Well I—I cook at this restaurant, Alessandro's, and umm I just got a really bad review...

The Cooking Teacher: Oh Alessandro's! I love that place!

Monica: You do?

The Cooking Teacher: Oh yes! You're an excellent chef! As a person you're a little...

Monica: Oh, I'm totally crazy, but you—you like the food?

The Cooking Teacher: Very much.

Monica: Okay then, I don't stink. I'm a good chef. Okay. (Starts to leave.)

Joey: Whoa—whoa—whoa—whoa! I don't want to go. I'm having fun.

The Cooking Teacher: Well actually, did either of you pay for this class?

Joey: Hey—hey—hey, if my friend says it's time to go, it's time to go. (Starts to leave, but comes back for his cookies.)

[Scene: An Office Building, Chandler is on his interview.]

Chandler: ...also I was the point person on my company's transition from the KL-5 to GR-6 system.

The Interviewer: You must've had your hands full.

Chandler: That I did. That I did.

The Interviewer: So let's talk a little bit about your duties.

Chandler: (nervous) My duties? (Trying not to crack a joke) All right.

The Interviewer: Now you'll be heading a whole division, so you'll have a lot of duties.

Chandler: (trying not to laugh) I see.

The Interviewer: But there'll be perhaps 30 people under you so you can dump a certain amount on them.

Chandler: (really try not to laugh) Good to know.

The Interviewer: We can go into detail...

Chandler: No don't I beg of you!

The Interviewer: All right then, we'll have a definite answer for you on Monday, but I think I can say with some confidence, you'll fit in well here.

Chandler: (relieved) Really?!

The Interviewer: Absolutely. (They walk to the door.) You can relax; you did great.

Chandler: Yeah I gotta say thank you, I was really nervous. Y'know I've been told I come on to strong, make to many jokes, and then it was really hard to sidestep that duty thing. (The interviewer doesn't understand) Duties. (Still doesn't.) Duties! (Still doesn't.) Poo. (Still doesn't.)

The Interviewer: Poo?

Chandler: Oh my God this doesn't count! Okay? The interview was over, that was the real Chandler Bing in there, this is just some crazy guy out in the hall! Call security! There's a crazy guy out in the hall!

The Interviewer: Poo?!

Chandler: I'll look forward to your call. (Walks away.)

[Scene: Ross and Rachel's, Ross is returning from his date.]

Ross: Hey.

Rachel: Hi! You're back from your date!

Ross: How are you?

Rachel: I'm fine, but that's not important. What's important is how was she?

Ross: Uhh, it was fun. We, we just had coffee.

Rachel: Oh uh-huh, uh-huh, coffee, a little rub-rub-rub under the table.

Ross: What's uh, what's going on? Do you not, do you not like Katie?

Rachel: No! No, she's—She was nice. I mean, she's a little slutty, but who isn't?

Ross: I liked her.

Rachel: Of course you did Ross, you would date a gorilla if it called you Indiana Jones!

Ross: Did you get like a fresh batch of pregnancy hormones today?!

Rachel: No! It's just that, Kate bothered me.

Ross: Why? What was wrong with her?

Rachel: There was nothing wrong with her! All right? She was perfectly lovely!

Ross: Okay, so what's the matter?

Rachel: I don't want you to date her!

Ross: (laughs) Why? What, what are you jealous?

Rachel: Yes! And not because I want you to go out with me, but because I don't want you to go out with anybody! Okay? I know it's a terrible thing to even think this, and it's completely inappropriate, but I want you to be at my constant beck and call 24 hours a day! I'm very sorry, but that is just the way that I feel.

Ross: Okay.

Rachel: What?!

Ross: I won't date. I'll uh, I'll be here, with you, all the time.

Rachel: Really? But I'm being so unreasonable.

Ross: True, but you're allowed to be unreasonable. You're having our baby.

(Pause.)

Rachel: (starting to cry) Oh Ross, thank you. Thank you. (They hug.)

Ross: Do you feel better?

Rachel: No, not really. You're pressing the baby into my bladder and now I have to pee. Sorry. (She gets up and starts for the bathroom.)

Ross: Uh Rach?

Rachel: Yeah. (Stops and starts doing the I-have-to-go-to-the-bathroom dance.)

Ross: Just one thing umm...

Rachel: Uh-huh.

Ross: We live together. You're having our baby. I'm not gonna see anybody else. Are you—are you sure you don't want something more?

Rachel: (pause) Wow! I don't know, maybe. I'm...

Ross: Oh-oh, Rach! I was just messin' around! (She's stunned) Like you did last night when I had to pee?

Rachel: (laughs) I knew that! I knew that! I was just messin' with you too!

Ross: (pause) Okay. Okay. Because for a minute you said you...

Rachel: Oh no-no-no-no, no!

Ross: ...that you actually...

Rachel: No that's just—(Laughs)—That's just 'cause I'm such a good messer!

(They both laugh. Ross sits down, but Rachel doesn't move and is lost in thought.)

Ross: Rach?

Rachel: Yeah?

Ross: The bathroom?

Rachel: Right! (Heads for the bathroom.)

Closing Credits

[Scene: The New School, Joey and Monica are walking down a hallway.]

Joey: Well I had a great time! Learned how to bake, ate great food, that's the first A I've gotten since seventh grade, **and** I didn't have to sleep with the teacher this time.

Monica: Oh, look! Acting for Beginners! Want to feel good about yourself?

Joey: What the hell!

Monica: Okay.

(They enter.)

The Acting Teacher: All right, let's start with some basics. Can anybody tell me what the difference between upstage and downstage is?

(No one can and Monica looks at Joey expectantly.)

Joey: Yeah, this was a stupid idea. (Exits.)

End

822. The One Where Rachel Is Late

Written by: Shana Goldberg-Meehan

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey is showing everyone a poster as Ross enters.]

Ross: Hey! What are you guys looking at?

Joey: Oh, it's a poster for that World War I movie that I'm in, check it out.

Ross: Yeah? Wow! It looks **really** violent!

Joey: Uh-huh! I know. I'm coming soon to a theater near you! I'm in THX! I'm unsuitable for children!

Ross: Now I cannot wait to see this.

Joey: Yeah, yeah, it's already generating Oscar buzz.

Phoebe: I started that!

Joey: I thought I did! Oh hey guess what? The premiere is next week and you're all invited! (They all gasp.)

Monica: Are we gonna take a limo?

Joey: Sure! Why not?!

Monica: Oh I love taking limos when nobody died!

Rachel: Well obviously I won't be able to come, for those of you who haven't checked their calendars today is my due date. Well y'know, I just want to take a moment and thank you guys for how great you've been during this time. I really couldn't have done it without you. And I have **loved** these last nine months! And even though I am so looking forward to the next part, I am really gonna miss being pregnant.

[Scene: Central Perk, time lapse, and Rachel is entering still pregnant.]

Rachel: That's right, still no baby! (To Monica, Joey, and Chandler on the couch) Come on people! Please make some room!

Ross: Uh sweetie, maybe you'd be more comfortable here? (Gets up from the green armchair.)

Rachel: You. Like you haven't done enough.

Ross: Look, I-I know how miserable you are, I wish there was something I can do. I mean I wish I were a seahorse. (She glares at him) Because with seahorses it's the male, they carry the babies. And then also umm, I'd be far away in the sea. (He sits back down.)

(Rachel turns and looks at the group on the couch and they move over. Chandler measures the room they've made with his arm and decides it's not enough and they all move over again.)

Rachel: God. (Sits down.) I have never been so uncomfortable in my entire life!

Phoebe: Oh I know, I've been there. I remember toward the end...

Rachel: (interrupting her) Oh Phoebe, that's a great story. Can you tell it to me when you're getting me some iced tea? (Phoebe gets up and Rachel groans.) (To the baby) Oh God, get out! Get out!! Get out!! Get out!!

Chandler: Let's. (Everyone gets up and leaves Rachel.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Phoebe, Chandler, Joey, and Monica are there as Rachel enters.]

Chandler: Hey! Did you have the baby yet?

Rachel: Do you want me to come over there and sit on you? 'Cause I'll do it.

Monica: What are you doing here so early?

Rachel: They sent me home from work. They were like, "Start your maternity leave now! Just rest, get ready for the baby." Well y'know what? Screw 'em! If they don't want me there, I'll just hang out with you guys.

Phoebe: Or you can do **volunteer** work.

(Joey's cell phone rings and he answers it.)

Joey: Hello?

Estelle: Joey! It's Estelle! Great news, I was able to get you and one guest tickets to your premiere.

Joey: One guest? You told me I can have six tickets!

Estelle: Well, I sold four of them on *Ebay*. You'll be sitting next to HotGuy372.

Joey: Oh my God. So that's it?! I only get to bring one guest?

Estelle: Yeah, what time do you wanna pick me up? (Joey hangs up on her.) Hello?

Joey: (to Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe) Did you hear that? I only get one extra ticket to my premiere. So some how I have to pick between you three and Ross.

Rachel: (overhearing that) What—what about me?

Joey: You said you didn't want to go.

Rachel: I don't. But I would still like to be acknowledged. What? Just because I'm pregnant you think I'm invisible.

Joey: Definitely not invisible.

Monica: Well, well Ross didn't care enough to be here, so I think he's out. You snooze you lose.

Chandler: He's not snoozing, he's teaching a class.

Monica: Well then somebody's snoozing. Joey, not that this uh should affect you at all, but if you were to pick me, I was planning on wearing a sequined dress, cut down to here. (Points to her stomach just above her belly button.)

Chandler: I haven't seen this dress.

Monica: Star in a movie.

Phoebe: Joey, you pick who ever you want. Okay? You just listen to your heart. What does it tell you? (Mimicking a heartbeat and tapping her chest.) Phoebe, Phoebe.

Joey: Well uh...I think I want to take Chandler.

Phoebe: (still mimicking a heartbeat, only faster) Phoebe—Phoebe—Phoebe—Phoebe—Burr!!! (Mimics the sound of a cardiac monitor going off.)

Chandler: You really want to take me?

Joey: Yeah! Yeah! I mean I'm sorry, I wish I can take everybody, but y'know Chandler always supported my career. He's paid for acting classes and head shots and stuff and well this will be my way of paying you back.

Chandler: So you're never actually going to pay me back?

Monica: Wait a minute, just because he paid for your head shots you're gonna take him? Joey, I don't think you're comprehending just how slutty this dress is!

Joey: It's not just the stuff he paid for, I mean it's—it's everything. Y'know? He read lines with me. He—he went with me on auditions when I was really nervous, and then he consoled me after I didn't get parts that I really wanted. You always believed in me man. Even, even when I didn't believe in myself.

Chandler: I always knew you were gonna make it. I'm so proud of you.

Joey: Thanks. That means a lot to me.

(They look at each other and smile for a while.)

Phoebe: Mon, maybe one of these guys wants to wear your dress.

Joey: (in a manly voice) I'm gonna go shave. (Gets up.)

Chandler: (in a manly voice) Yeah well, I'm gonna go spit. (He goes into the bedroom. On his way out, Joey gives Rachel a wide berth.)

Rachel: Oh, I have to pee. If I don't come out in five minutes it's because I've choked to death on the potpourri stink. (Goes into the bathroom.)

Phoebe: When she comes out, you hold her nose, I'll blow in her mouth, and the kid will just (makes a popping sound) right out of her.

Monica: She's over a week late! She gotta have it today, right?

Phoebe: I don't know. I—I think it's still gonna be a while.

Monica: Hmm, care to make it interesting? I'll bet you that she'll have it by this time tomorrow.

Phoebe: You're on!

Monica: Okay, how much?

Phoebe: One **hundred** thousand dollars!

Monica: How about fifty bucks?

Phoebe: Fine! I'll call Zurich and move some money around.

Rachel: (calling from the bathroom) All right, who's turn is it to help me get up!

(They both look at each other, then Phoebe gets an idea.)

Phoebe: No one's here! (Monica looks at her.) Oh damnit!

[Scene: The World Premiere of Over There, Joey and Chandler are arriving in a limo and are about to walk down the red carpet.]

Chandler: This is so exciting! It's so glamorous! People taking our picture. How do I look?

Joey: A little tall.

Chandler: What?

Joey: Do you mind crouching down a little bit, so that I look taller? (Chandler does so) There you go. (And they walk down the red carpet.)

Chandler: It's just so glamorous.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Rachel is entering, still pregnant.]

Phoebe: Oh hey Mon? Rach is here! Ohh, you're still pregnant. Oh, I'm sorry. I know how uncomfortable you are. Y'know what? You look great. Yeah, like fifty bucks.

Rachel: Oh, I have to go pee. Apparently this baby thinks that my bladder is a squeeze toy. (Goes to the bathroom.)

Monica: Damnit! Damnit!! Here's your fifty bucks! (Pays Phoebe.)

Phoebe: It's interesting that you lost. Now, I forget, do you like to lose?

Monica: Now stop it! Double or nothing that she has it by tomorrow!

Phoebe: Fine! You're on!

Monica: Okay.

Phoebe: Until then, General Grant, why don't you set up camp (She puts the bill in her bra) right there.

Ross: (entering) Hey is Rachel here? We have a doctor's appointment.

Monica: She's in the bathroom.

Ross: Rach, we gotta go.

Rachel: In a minute!!!

Ross: People ask me why we're not together, I just don't know what to tell them.

Rachel: (entering) All right, all right. Let's go!

Ross: Uh, do you wanna go change first? The doctor's keeping the office open late for us, but if you hurry...

Rachel: No, I'm fine.

Ross: Really? You don't think that's a little inappropriate. (She's wearing a tank top and has her belly sticking out.)

Phoebe: Good God man don't anger it.

Rachel: Ross, it is 100 degrees outside. For the first time in weeks, I am somewhat comfortable.

Ross: Fine! Fine! Y'know what? Whatever you want. Okay? You're the mommy.

Rachel: Oh uh-uh pal! Don't call me mommy! It's bad enough you call your own mother that. (He looks at Monica.)

Monica: I'm actually with her on this one.

[Scene: Inside Joey's Premiere, he is intently watching the movie.]

Joey: (onscreen) "I thought I knew who the enemy was, but it was you all along."

Joey: (To Chandler) Okay, this is it. It's my big fight scene coming up. (He looks over and Chandler and notices that he's asleep.)

[Scene: Dr. Long's Office, Ross and Rachel are waiting for the doctor. Ross is drumming his fingers on the bed.]

Rachel: Ross.

Ross: Yeah?

Rachel: Can I ask you something?

Ross: Uh-huh.

Rachel: When Carol was pregnant with Ben...

Ross: Mmm?

Rachel: ...were you this irritating?

Ross: Wow!

Rachel: Excuse me?!

Ross: Oh nothing. Nothing! Just uh, you've been a little short with me lately. I'm not trying to irritate you.

Rachel: Well then you just must have a natural talent for it.

Ross: Y'know what? The doctor will be in soon, why don't we not speak until then.

Rachel: (silently) Okay. (Pause) Seriously, breathe louder Ross! That's great!

Ross: Y'know we should probably ask the doctor if she even knows how to deliver a baby that's half human and half pure evil!

(Dr. Long enters.)

Rachel: Hi Dr. Long, how are you?

Ross: (to Rachel) Oh, you're nice to her.

Rachel: She has the drugs!

Dr. Long: We'll do a quick check.

Rachel: Okay. (Rachel lies back.)

Dr. Long: So, eight days late huh?

Rachel: Yeah.

Dr. Long: You must be a little uncomfortable.

Rachel: Eh, just a tad.

Dr. Long: You're about 80 percent effaced, so you're on your way. It still could last a little while longer. If you're anxious there are a few ways to help things along.

Ross: Do them!!

Dr. Long: Actually, they're things you can do. Just some home remedies, but in my experience I've found that some of them are quite effective.

Rachel: Well, we are ready to try anything.

Dr. Long: Okay, there's an herbal tea you can drink.

Rachel: Okay.

Dr. Long: You can take some castor oil, there's eating spicy foods...

Rachel: Great! We will do all of those.

Dr. Long: ...taking a long walk, and then there's the one that's proved most effective: sex.

(Rachel turns and looks at Ross.)

Ross: You've got to be kidding me!

Commercial Break

[Scene: Joey's Premiere, the movie is ending and it takes the applause to wake up Chandler.]

Chandler: Good job Joe! Well done! Top notch!

Joey: You liked it? You really liked it?

Chandler: Oh-ho-ho, yeah!

Joey: Which part exactly?

Chandler: The whole thing! Can we go?

Joey: Oh no-no-no, give me some specifics.

Chandler: I love the specifics, the specifics were the best part!

Joey: Hey, what about the scene with the kangaroo? Did-did you like that part?

Chandler: I was surprised to see a kangaroo in a World War I epic.

Joey: You fell asleep!! There was no kangaroo! They didn't take any of my suggestions! That's for coming buddy. I'll see you later. (Starts to walk out.)

Chandler: Don't go! I'm sorry. I'm so sorry! (Sees another guy who is still asleep.) Look! This guy fell asleep! He fell asleep too! Be mad at him! (Looks at him more closely.) Or, call an ambulance.

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross and Rachel are there as Phoebe and Monica enter.]

Monica: Hey!

Ross: Hey.

Rachel: Hi!

Monica: What did the doctor say? Any news on when the baby will come?

Rachel: No. But she did give us some ideas on how to induce labor.

Ross: Yeah, we tried them all. We went for a walk, uh we tried a special tea, castor oil, spicy food nothing has worked.

Rachel: Well, there is one thing that we haven't tried, but someone thinks that, (mimicking Ross) "That will open up a can of worms."

Monica: Well what is it? What is it? If it's gonna help bring the baby here, like today. I mean, I think you should do it.

Ross: It's sex.

Monica: Do it!

Ross: Monica!

Monica: I'm just saying it's been a really long time for you. I mean, women have needs. Do it, get yours!

Phoebe: Oh I—I don't know about that. No, I think that if the two of you had sex the—the—the repercussions would be catastrophic.

Monica: All right, let's be practical, if Ross isn't willing to do it, he's not the only guy in the world you can have sex with. You can borrow Chandler—Chandler is good!

Ross: Monica, what is the matter with you?

Monica: Nothing. I just want the baby to be born today.

Rachel: Why? Why today?

Monica: Okay fine! I keep betting Phoebe that you're gonna have the baby and I don't want to lose again!

Ross: What?! While she's been going through this hell, you've been making money?! You're betting on your friend staying in this misery?! (Phoebe lowers her head and shakes it yes.)

Rachel: I'll take that bet.

Ross: What?!

Rachel: Well, I'm miserable here! I might as well make some money out it!

Ross: Can I get some of that action?

Monica: Wait a minute! Now I'm betting against all three of you?

Rachel: Oh honey, don't worry. I really do feel like tomorrow's the day.

Monica: Oh, okay!

(Rachel turns her head to Ross and Phoebe and mouths, "No way.")

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Chandler is there as Joey enters.]

Joey: Hey! Sleeping beauty!

Chandler: Where have you been?! I tried to call you! I want to talk to you! I still feel so bad!

Joey: (in a baby voice) Oh no, were you upset? Did you lose sleep?

Chandler: I'm so sorry.

Joey: Uh—huh look, the only reason I can over here was to settle things between us! Okay? You've done a lot for me and my career, I wanted to pay you back so I took you to the premiere but you missed it! Okay, so how much do I owe you?

Chandler: What?!

Joey: Give me a number, I don't want to owe you anything!

Chandler: You don't owe me anything, I don't want you money...

Joey: Ah—ah—ah! We're doing this! Okay, now you got me my first set of head shots. Right, how much were those?

Chandler: I don't know, five hundred dollars?

Joey: Okay, five hundred dollars. What else?

Chandler: Well then there was the second set, the infamous booger head shots.

Joey: Okay, so that's another five hundred. Five hundred and five hundred, that's... (Pauses to figure it out.)

Chandler: Do you want a calculator?

Joey: Please!

Chandler: Here! (Hands him one. Joey adds it up and discovers that he was right.)

Joey: All right, what else?

Chandler: Well uh, there was acting classes, stage combat classes, tap classes...

Joey: Which we're still keeping under our hats!

Chandler: Uh then there was that dialect coach who helped you with that play where you needed a southern accent. Which after twenty hours of lessons still came out Jamaican.

Joey: What the hell are you talking about, (in a Jamaican accent) "The south will rise again man."

Chandler: Yes, money well spent!

Joey: Yeah. Okay, what else? Rent!

Chandler: Okay, two, three years of rent, utilities, food...

Joey: Okay. Okay, so I'm writing you a check for... So you fell asleep during my movie. Big deal right? How do you clear this thing?

[Scene: Ross and Rachel's, Ross and Rachel are trying the home remedies again.]

Ross: Come on, finish your enchilada.

Rachel: Ross I—We tried all the spicy food. It's not working.

Ross: Okay here, have one of these peppers. Oh ha... Oh God! So...so hot! (Rubs his eyes.) Oh my— (Laughs.) By the way, you don't want to touch the pepper and then touch your eye.

Rachel: I am feeling nothing. Speaking of hot, watching you do that really makes me want to have sex with you.

Ross: Stop it.

Rachel: Oh come on Ross, why are we wasting our time with this other stuff?! We know what's gonna work! It's doctor recommended!

Ross: I'm sorry, but we have to have some boundaries! My God, I'm dying.

Rachel: Oh come on Ross, we've done it before we'll do it again, it'll be a nice way to bookend the pregnancy.

Ross: This is insane, I'm not gonna make love to you just so that you'll go into labor.

Rachel: Make love? What are you a girl?

Ross: Always a great way to get in a man's pants.

Rachel: But you will, you will be performing a service. Okay? Just—just think of me as a ketchup bottle, y'know you sometimes you have to bang on the end of it just to get something to come out.

Ross: I love when you talk dirty to me.

Rachel: Oh, I know it. You're right. That's not sexy. Oh...Oh! (Drops a fork on the floor.) Whoops! Oh, I seem to have dropped my fork. Let me just bed over and get it. (Tries too, but can't quite seem to make it.) Oh God!

Ross: Okay enough! This is, this is not going to happen.

Rachel: Come on Ross! I'm miserable here! Come on! You started this, now you finish it! Come on wuss, make love to me.

Ross: Y'know what?

Rachel: What?!

Ross: Forget it.

Rachel: Oh wow! What now Ross you're not gonna talk? How on earth will you ever annoy me? Oh wait a minute, I know. (Mimics his breathing.) I mean you'd think the damn jalepeno would've cleared up your sinuses, but no!! That's not enough... (Ross jumps over and kisses her.) What are you doing?!

Ross: I'm getting that baby out of you!

(They kiss again.)

Rachel: (breaking the kiss) Oh God!

Ross: Oh, I know.

Rachel: Oh no. No—no! I think my water just broke.

Ross: I am good. Okay! Okay! Uh, I got the pillow! I got the bag! You got the keys?

Rachel: Okay! I got the keys! Okay! Okay!

Ross: Hey!

Rachel: Yeah.

Ross: We're having a baby.

(They hug and then kiss one more time.)

Rachel: I didn't uh, really have time to read this part of the books, but do you think we have time to...

Ross: Not so much.

Rachel: Okay.

Closing Credits

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica is paying Phoebe.]

Monica: Two hundred.

Phoebe: Thank you!

Monica: That's it. I'm done. I don't care when the baby comes, no more betting.

Phoebe: Okay.

(The phone rings and Monica answers it.)

Monica: Hello? (Listens) Uh-huh. (Listens) Uh-huh. (Listens) Okay. (Hangs up.) I guess we can bet one more time.

Phoebe: Is Rachel having the baby?

Monica: How did you know that?! (Runs to yell at Joey's apartment.) Joey! Chandler!! It's time!

Phoebe: They're at the coffeehouse.

Monica: You know everything!! Oh wait, double or nothing. I bet you the baby is over seven pounds. (Phoebe isn't interested.) I bet you it has hair. (She's still not interested.) I bet you it's a girl.

Phoebe: We know it's a girl! (Exits.)

Monica: (following her) I'll give you really good odds.

End

823. The One Where Rachel Has A Baby

Part I Written by: Scott Silveri

Part II Written by: David Crane & Marta Kauffman

Parts I & II Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: The Hospital, Ross and Rachel, who's in a wheelchair, are arriving in the waiting room for the maternity ward.]

Ross: All right! (Checking his watch) Yes!! From home to the hospital in under seven minutes! We did it!!

Rachel: (deadpan) Yes, the hard part is **truly** over.

Ross: No, but come on, we're off to a great start aren't we? I knew I'd get you here fast, but this has got to be some kind of a record!

(Phoebe and Monica walk in from getting some coffee.)

Phoebe: Oh you made it!

Rachel: Hi! (Ross is stunned.)

Monica: How are you doing?

Ross: Wait a minute! How-how the hell did you beat us here?

Monica: We took a cab. Did you guys walk?

Ross: N... No! We took a cab too, but I did **test** runs!

(Chandler and Joey enter from the vending machines carrying sodas.)

Chandler: Hi!

Joey: Hey! You made it!

Ross: Okay is there...some kind of magic tunnel to this hospital?!

Rachel: Ross, you stay here and talk, I'm gonna go have a baby.

Ross: Okay. Okay. (To the nurse behind the desk.) Umm hi, this is Rachel Green. I'm Ross Geller. We-we called from the car.

Nurse: Right! We have a semi-private labor room waiting for you. So in just a minute...

Rachel: (interrupting her) Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa! I'm sorry, semi-private? We (Laughs), we asked for a private room.

Nurse: Yes, I see that here. Unfortunately we can't guarantee a private room and currently they're all unavailable.

Chandler: Man, if only you'd gotten here sooner. (Ross turns and glares at him.)

Nurse: I'm sorry. Semi-private rooms are all we have.

Rachel: Okay. Just give us a second. Ross! (They walk away from the desk.)

Ross: Yeah?

Rachel: Give her some money.

Ross: I really think they're out of rooms.

Rachel: They're not!! Ross, they're just saving them for the important people!! Okay?! What-what if I was the president?!

Ross: Well then we'd be in a lot of trouble, you don't know where any countries are. (Rachel glares at him.) Okay. (He goes over to the desk followed by Rachel.) Uh, say would you umm... Would you mind checking again to see if any umm, private rooms may have (Handing her some money) opened up?

Nurse: This is a hospital.

Rachel: (standing up) Okay. Y'know what? I'd have to say I really don't care for your tone. And this is not the only hospital in this city and we have no problem to—Whoa! (She starts a contraction) Oh gosh! Whoa!

Ross: What—what?

Rachel: Ow! Ow! Contraction. (Sits back down.) Ow-ow! Ow-ow! (Starts breathing heavily.)

Nurse: Would you like to see a semi-private room?

Rachel: Yeah, it couldn't hurt to look.

Opening Credits

[Scene: The Semi-Private Labor Room, Rachel is in bed, Ross is fooling around, and Dr. Long is checking on Rachel.]

Dr. Long: Well you're only two centimeters dilated and we need to get to ten. It'll be a while.

Rachel: Oh, okay.

Dr. Long: I'll be back in an hour to check you again.

Ross: Thank you.

Rachel: Thank you. (Dr. Long exits.) Well, I guess we have some time to kill.

Ross: Yeah, guess so. Whew! Check these out! (He's looking at the stirrups on the other bed in the room and Rachel groans. Ross then hops into the bed and puts his legs into the stirrups.) Never done this before.

Rachel: Yeah well it looks great!

(A nurse shows another couple into the room.)

Man: Thank you very much.

Woman: Thanks.

(They stop when they see Ross who has to struggle to get out of the bed.)

Ross: Hi! Hi, I'm uh Ross. I'm here to ruin this magical day for you.

Man: Oh no—no, not at all.

Woman: Don't worry about it.

Man: Marc Coreger, this is my wife Julie.

Ross: Hi Julie.

Julie: Hi.

Ross: This is Rachel. (Points at her.)

Rachel: Hi!

Marc: Oh hi Rachel.

Rachel: How are you?

Julie: Hi. Is this your first?

Rachel: Yeah it is.

Julie: Well, little Jamie here is our third. So, if you have questions or you need anything at all, just holler.

Rachel: That's so sweet.

Ross: Yeah.

Rachel: Oh.

Ross: Umm say, I—I opened this earlier (The privacy screen) but let me give you guys some privacy.

Marc: No nonsense! We're all in this together.

Julie: Yeah, we are going to share every moment of this with you. And I think we're gonna have some fun.

Marc: Yeah.

Ross: Oh, okay.

Marc: Hey! Smile! (Points his camera at Ross and Rachel.)

Rachel: Oh no, I really don't want any—(He takes the picture)—Oh! Thank you. Oh. Oh Ross...

Ross: What?

Rachel: Here comes another contraction.

Ross: Oh. Okay, just breathe.

Julie: Oh honey, I think I'm having one too!

(During the mutual contraction Julie takes a moment to point out they're having a contraction at the same time.)

Marc: Look at this! (Takes another picture) There we go!

[Scene: The Waiting Room, the rest of the gang is lounging around.]

Phoebe: (looking at the clock) Oh wow, three hours and still no baby. Ugh, the miracle of birth sure is a snooze fest.

Monica: Hey, you wanna see something?

Phoebe: Sure! What?

Monica: Umm, this is going to be fun. Watch me freak out Chandler. Honey?

Chandler: Yeah?

Monica: Listen uh, I—I've been doing some thinking, and I don't know whether it's because we're here or Rachel's giving birth but umm, I think we should try to have a baby.

Chandler: Okay.

Monica: (freaking out) What-what-what's that now?!

Chandler: Okay. I've been thinking about it too, and I, I think we're ready.

Monica: What?! Are you kidding me?! You—you—you think we're ready to have a baby now?!

Phoebe: Oh, this is fun.

Joey: You're ready to have a baby? My boy's all grown up!

Chandler: But you said you were ready too.

Monica: Yeah but I was just screwing with you to try to get your voice all high and weird like mine is now!

Chandler: Yes, but haven't you wanted a kid like forever?

Monica: Okay, just back off mister! Whoa. (Pause) 'Cause I **am** ready to have a baby. I just want Joey to be the father.

Joey: (voice all high and weird) What?! Are you crazy?!

Monica: That's it! Right there! Is all I wanted!

[Scene: The Semi-Private Labor Room, time lapse, Ross is massaging out a cramp on Rachel's hip as Marc opens up the privacy screen.]

Marc: I am so sorry. The doctor insisted on closing the curtain for the exam.

Rachel: Oh, that's very—Really very—very okay.

Marc: Julie's cervix is dilated a seven centimeters, that's about four fingers. The doctor let me feel it myself.

Julie: Have you felt Rachel's cervix Ross?

Rachel: (simultaneously as Ross) No, I don't think we'll be doing that.

Ross: (simultaneously as Rachel) We're not gonna do that.

Julie: Well, if you like you can feel Rachel's and then feel mine to compare.

Mrs. Geller: (entering) Am I interrupting?

Ross: Uh yes! Thank you.

Rachel: Oh. Oh wait no.

Ross: Later.

Rachel: No—no—don't! Don't leave me here with these people.

Ross: Oh uh, I'm sorry. (Runs out.)

Rachel: No Ross! Ross! Ross! My child has no father!

[Scene: The Hallway, Ross comes out and hugs Mrs. Geller.]

Ross: Hi! I'm so glad you're here, but it's gonna be a while. I—I wished you'd called first.

Mrs. Geller: Oh that's all right, I'm coming back later with your father.

Ross: Oh good.

Mrs. Geller: I actually needed to talk to you before the birth.

Ross: Okay, what's up?

Mrs. Geller: I brought something that I want to give you, assuming of course that you want it. (She holds up an engagement ring.)

Ross: Ma, you're asking me to marry you?

Mrs. Geller: This is your grandmother's engagement ring, I want you to give it to Rachel.

Ross: Mom no, come on! Thank you.

Mrs. Geller: Just hear me out!

Ross: N—no! Okay? We've been through this! We're not gonna get married just because she's pregnant, okay?

Mrs. Geller: Honestly! Ross, this isn't just some girl you picked up in a bar and humped. A child should have a family.

Ross: Mom, y'know what? I—I can't deal with this right now. I'm sorry...

Mrs. Geller: Just...think about it. If you don't, I'll talk more about humping.

Ross: Gimmie! (Takes the ring and puts it in his coat pocket as Rachel enters the hallway.)

Rachel: Hi!

Mrs. Geller: Oh hi dear!

Rachel: Oh, thank you so much for coming. Ross, get in here!

(Mrs. Geller leaves as Ross re-enters the room.)

[Scene: The Waiting Room, Ross is explaining to the gang what happened with his mother.]

Ross: ...she came and dragged me out of the labor room to ask me why I'm not with Rachel.

Phoebe: Yeah. (Pause) Why aren't you with Rachel?

Ross: Are you kidding? Look, we're not gonna be together just because we're having a baby. Okay?

Phoebe: But y'know what? It just seems that you two belong together.

Ross: Okay, stop it! I can't deal with this right now. I have to go have a baby.

Phoebe: Right. And with who again? (Ross exits.)

Joey: God. He's crazy! Why doesn't he want to be with Rachel?

Phoebe: I know!

Joey: I mean seriously, she's like the perfect woman. I mean I know she turned me down, but if she hadn't and wanted to be with me, I would take her in my arms and... (Realizes everyone is staring.) I haven't bummed you guys out like this in a while have I?

[Scene: The Semi-Private Labor Room, Ross is returning to find another couple has taken the place of Marc and Julie.]

Ross: (To Rachel) Hey. Who's that?

Rachel: New people.

Ross: What happened to the Disgustingtons?

Rachel: They're having their baby! It's not fair Ross we got here first! Right after you left they wheeled her off into delivery. Oh but not before she gave me a juicy shot of little Jamie just crowning away.

Ross: Wow! Sorry. So uh, how are the new people?

Rachel: Well they have uh, some unusual pet names for each other. Including umm, evil bitch and uh, sick bastard. Oh God oh! Contraction!

Ross: Yeah? Okay.

Rachel: Ooh! Ow!!

Evil Bitch: Are you looking at her?!

Sick Bastard: No!

Evil Bitch: Don't you look at her you sick bastard!

Sick Bastard: Honey I swear! I wasn't looking at her!

Evil Bitch: She's in labor! You like that you sick son of a bitch!

Ross: Umm. Umm, I'm—I'm just gonna—(Closes the privacy screen.)

Evil Bitch: See? See? It was because you were looking fat pervert!

Ross: No-no, I'm...I'm sure no one was looking. Just want some privacy. (He closes the screen and stares wide-eyed at Rachel.)

Evil Bitch: You miss your girlfriend?

Ross: Just ignore them.

(Sick Bastard sits down in a chair that enables him to look around the screen and stare at Rachel.)

Rachel: Ross.

Ross: What? What?

Rachel: He's looking at me.

Ross: (to him) Hey! You wanna live to see your baby?!

Evil Bitch: Don't you talk to my husband like that you stupid bastard!

(Ross shrugs his shoulders to Rachel and Sick Bastard closes the screen all the way.)

[Scene: Outside the Nursery, Chandler is looking at the babies as Monica walks up.]

Monica: Oh good God! If you want a baby so bad just go steal it!

(The nurse attending to the babies hears this, turns and stares at Chandler. Chandler moves Monica to the side and away from the nurse.)

Monica: What is going on with you? Since when are you so crazy about babies?

Chandler: I'm not crazy about babies. I'm crazy about us.

Monica: What?

Chandler: Look, we've always talked about having babies someday. I'm not saying it has to be right now, but I'm starting to think that we can handle it. We're good. We're really good.

Monica: We are pretty good.

Chandler: But nothing has to happen until your ready.

Monica: Well maybe I'm ready now. I mean, it's a little scary, but maybe it's right.

Chandler: What?! It's not right! We're not ready to have a kid now!!

Monica: What?!!

Chandler: I'm kidding. This is going to be fun.

Monica: So we're gonna try? I mean, are we trying?

Chandler: We're trying to get pregnant. (They start kissing, but Chandler stops it.) Y'know I'm not really comfortable doing this in front of the babies. So, when do you want to start trying?

Monica: Okay, hold on a sec.

Chandler: Period math?

Monica: Yeah.

Chandler: Yeah.

Monica: Well, we could start trying. Now.

Chandler: Right here?

Monica: No, not here. Maybe here.

Chandler: Wait a minute, it's perfect. We got a lot of time to kill and we're in a building that's full of beds!

Monica: And it's so clean!!

(They run off in search of a bed.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: The Vending Machines, Phoebe is buying a soda and Joey is shaking the candy machine.]

Joey: Come on you stupid machine! Come on!

Phoebe: Oh, it ate your money?

Joey: (looking at her) No.

Phoebe: All right, I'll see you downstairs then.

Joey: All right.

Phoebe: All right.

Joey: Hey I got one! I got one!

[Cut to the elevator lobby, Phoebe walks up and sees a man in a wheelchair with his broken leg extended.]

Man: Hi!

Phoebe: Hi.

Man: Oh uh, up or down?

Phoebe: Oh down please. (The guy tries to reach the button, but can't.) I-I hate to be a ball buster can I just do it? (She pushes the button.)

Man: Could you press up too please?

Phoebe: Sure! I feel so bad for you: I broke my leg once too.

Man: Oh yeah? How'd yours happen?

Phoebe: Well, it's a long story. It's kind of embarrassing. Let's just say there was a typographical error with a sex manual. (The guy laughs.) How about you?

Man: Car accident.

Phoebe: Oh.

Man: Oh, let me guess some idiot on a cell phone wasn't paying attention?

Man: Yeah. Me. (The elevator door opens.) Oh hey, that's me. (Rolls onto the elevator.) Hey uh, I take it you're just visiting someone.

Phoebe: Uh-huh, yeah.

Man: Well umm, if you have sometime y'know and maybe you might want to visit someone else...

Phoebe: Oh yeah! I-I would like that.

Man: I'm in the middle... (The elevator door closes, cutting him off.)

Phoebe: Wait! What?! No!! Elevator!! No!

Joey: (standing behind her) Uh, you gotta press the button. (Does so.)

[Scene: The Semi-Private Labor Room, Evil Bitch and Sick Bastard are gone and Ross has just finished talking to a nurse as Rachel stands and stretches.]

Ross: The nurse said they're bringing in another woman.

Rachel: Ugh, is she pregnant yet? She doesn't need to be; she'll still have the baby before I do. Oh Ross, another contraction! (Leans back on Ross for some support.)

Ross: That's it. That's it.

(The next couple enters.)

Woman: Oooh, that sounded like a bad one.

Rachel: Yeah it was.

Woman: Mine haven't been so bad. Oh! Here comes one now. (Hums then squeals a little bit.) Oh, that was a big one!

(Rachel motions for Ross to close the privacy screen, which he does.)

[Scene: Another Waiting Room, Phoebe and Joey are trying to find out where the guy with the broken leg is.]

Phoebe: (to the nurse) Excuse me? Could you help me with something? The patient I'm looking for has a broken leg and is in a wheelchair. And umm, he's like early to mid-thirties, very attractive.

Nurse: I think I know who you're talking about.

Phoebe: Oh yay! Great! Okay, what room number is he in?

Nurse: I'm sorry, that information is restricted to hospital staff...

Joey: (walks up) Uh, she's with me. (Introduces himself) Dr. Drake Remoray.

Nurse: Dr. Drake who?

Joey: Remoray. It's Portuguese. We need that information; I'm a doctor.

Nurse: A doctor at this hospital?

Joey: Damn it woman we're losing precious time! Now do you want this man's blood on your head?

Phoebe: Hands.

Joey: Hands! It is absolutely essential that you tell me what room the man my assistant described is staying in. He's a patient of mine, I've been treating him for years!

Nurse: He's in room 816.

Joey: 816, thank you!

Phoebe: Thank you. (Starts to exit.)

(Joey starts to leave, but stops.)

Joey: And what is his name?

Phoebe: (coming back for Joey) No! (Grabs Joey and drags him away.)

[Scene: An Empty Hospital Room, Chandler and Monica enter.]

Monica: I think we found a place.

Chandler: Okay. (They start kissing.)

Monica: Umm, wait! Do you want to set the mood a little?

Chandler: Okay. Uh, we'll dim the lights, dim the lights. (He goes to the light switch and finds it's not a dimmer switch when he flips the lights off.) Or turn them out all together. Uh, no scented candles. Okay here. Here we go. (He sprays an aerosol air freshener above her.)

Monica: Okay! Okay! Make me sterile, but okay.

(He hops onto the bed and they start making out.)

Monica: Okay. Let's hurry—Oh wait! Do we have a condom? (He looks at her.) Oh right! (Laughs and they resume making out when a nurse catches them in the act.)

Chandler: Yes, 98.6. You're gonna be fine.

[Scene: Outside Room 816, Phoebe and Joey are approaching.]

Phoebe: Ooh, this is it! (Looks in the window.) Oh, that's him! That's him!

Joey: Great! Go get him.

Phoebe: Wait a second, or maybe you can go in first.

Joey: (looks in the window) He's not really my type.

Phoebe: No not you, Dr. Drake Remoray. You can ask him questions and see what's he like. People tell doctors everything.

Joey: But you said he was this great guy!

Phoebe: But lately all the guys I meet seem really nice at first, then they turn out to be the biggest jerks.

Joey: You do attract some stinkers.

[Scene: The Semi-Private Labor Room, Dr. Long is checking on Rachel again.]

Rachel: Dr. Long, I've been at this for seventeen hours! Three women have come and gone with their babies, you gotta give me some good news! How many centimeters am I dilated? Eight? Nine?

Dr. Long: Three.

Ross: Just three?! I'm dilated three!

Dr. Long: We are moving along, just slowly. (Rachel lies back and sighs.) Don't worry, you're doing great. I'll be back soon. (Exits.)

Rachel: Hey, y'know what? I'm not waiting! I'm gonna push this baby out! I'm doing it! I mean it's what? Three centimeters? That's gotta be like this! (Holds her hands a couple inches apart.)

Ross: Actually it's more like this. (Pushes her hands to less than an inch apart.)

Rachel: Oh stupid metric system!

(Another woman with a nurse and doctor enter, the woman is screaming.)

Doctor: Oh my. We're gonna need to take you straight to the delivery room.

Rachel: Oh for the love of God!

Woman Giving Birth: (yelling from the hallway) It's coming! It's coming!

Doctor: And here it is! (The baby cries.)

Rachel: Oh come on!!

[Scene: Room 816, Dr. Drake Remoray is entering.]

Joey: Hi! I'm Dr. Drake Remoray and I have a few routine questions I need to ask you.

Man: Really? I've been dealing with Dr. Wells.

Joey: I know, but I'm a neurologist. And just to be on the safe side, Dr. Wells wanted a more comprehensive overview of you status so he sent me.

Man: Dr. Wells is a woman.

Joey: That was a test. Good response. All right, full name.

Man: Clifford Burnett.

Joey: Date of birth?

Cliff: November 16th, 1968.

Joey: Age?

Cliff: Can't you figure that out based on my date of birth?

Joey: I'm a doctor Cliff, not a mathematician.

Cliff: I'm 33.

Joey: Okay. And uh, are you married.

Cliff: No.

Joey: Oh really? So, 33 and still single, would you say you have commitment issues?

Cliff: Are all the questions this personal?

Joey: (checking the list) Yes.

Cliff: Well uh if you must know I'm a widower.

Joey: Oh that's terrible. I'm—I'm really sorry.

Cliff: Yeah.

Joey: Hmm. Do you sleep with women and never call them again?

Cliff: No.

Joey: Excellent! Excellent! And uh, finally, are you into any weird stuff y'know, sexually?

Cliff: No!

Joey: Oooh, wrong answer. (Exits.)

[Scene: The Semi-Private Labor Room, they're bringing in yet another woman.]

Nurse: (calling to the woman) This room's available.

Rachel: Okay! Okay wait! You listen to me! You listen to me! Since I have been waiting four women, that's four, one higher than the number of centimeters that I am dilated, have come and gone with their babies! I'm next! It's my turn! It's only fair! And if you bring in one woman and she has her baby before me I'm going to sue you! Not this hospital, I'm going to sue you! And my husband (Points at Ross) he's a lawyer!

Ross: Uh Rach...

Rachel: Go get back on that case honey!

Nurse: I don't think the next patient is very far along.

Rachel: Okay, well then bring her in.

(Another nurse wheels the next pregnant woman in.)

Woman: OH...MY...GAWD!!! (Uh-huh, it's Janice.)

(Ross and Rachel are, needless to say, stunned at the arrival of Janice.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: The Semi-Private Labor Room, continued from earlier.]

Janice: I...can't...believe this!

Ross: And yet somehow it's true!

Janice: I mean this is so great! We're gonna be baby buddies! (Does the laugh.)

Ross: (To Rachel) Squeeze your legs together and cover the baby's ears!

Man: (entering, carrying a pillow) Hi sweetie!

Janice: Hi! Hi sweetheart! This is my husband Sid, I don't think you've met him. Ross, Rachel, this is Sid. I nabbed him a year ago at the dermatologist's office. Thank God for adult acne huh? (Does the laugh.)

Sid: I still can't believe it! I'm the luckiest guy in the world!

Ross: (softly) Really?

Sid: (To Janice) What'd he say?

Janice: Oh y'know what? You have to speak very loudly when you're talking to Sid, because he's almost completely deaf.

Rachel: Oh!

Ross: Oh there you go!

Rachel: I get it!

Janice: So? Congratulations you two, I didn't even know you got married.

Rachel: Oh we-we didn't.

Ross: No-no. We...

Janice: What?!

Ross: Um uh...We're-we're just having this baby together but uh, uh that's all.

Janice: Why?!!

Ross: Uh well umm...we're just not in that place, y'know? But we're very excited about this.

Janice: Oh. Well then shut me up. (Does the laugh.)

Rachel: Just tell me how.

Janice: Uh-oh, I feel another one coming. (She makes a sound like a goose during the contraction.)

Ross: Sid you lucky deaf bastard.

[Scene: Outside Room 816, Joey is briefing Phoebe on Cliff.]

Phoebe: What else? What else?

Joey: Uh, well he's 33.

Phoebe: Oh. Ah-uh.

Joey: A widower.

Phoebe: Oh.

Joey: He seemed like a stand up guy. Oh, and he's not into anything weird sexually.

Phoebe: Enter Pheeb.

[Scene: Another Hospital Room, Chandler and Monica enter and start making out.]

Chandler: Should we tell Rachel there's an empty private room right next door to hers?

Monica: We could, or we can have sex in it.

Chandler: Well let me think about that, while I remove my pants!

(They start making out again.)

Monica: (Lying down on the bed) Okay mister! Fertilize me!

(Suddenly they hear Janice laughing, and it ruins the moment.)

Monica: Does that sound like Janice?

Chandler: If it's not, then there's two of them. And that would mean it's the end of the world!

[Scene: The Semi-Private Labor Room, Chandler and Monica are entering to see if they in fact did hear Janice.]

Monica: Hey!

Ross: Hey!

Chandler: Hi.

Rachel: Oh hi.

Monica: I can't believe this is taking so long. How are you doing?

Rachel: Oh not bad. Do you know that feeling when you're trying to blow a Saint Bernard out your ass?

Chandler: Weirdest thing. Did I hear—(A nurse opens the privacy screen and Chandler sees Janice)—
Mother of God it's true!

Janice: Chandler Bing!

Chandler: Jan-Janice!

Ross: Not just Janice, Janice in labor, contracting and everything.

Janice: Oh, this should be easy. I have a very wide pelvis. You remember Chandler.

Chandler: Janice I didn't even know you were pregnant! Who's the unwitting human who's essence you've stolen?

Janice: It's you. This is yours.

Chandler: What?!

Janice: (laughs) Look how nervous he gets! We haven't slept together in years! (Laughs again.)

Chandler: That's funny. Does it—does it hurt? Does the labor hurt?

[Scene: Room 816, Phoebe is making her move on Cliff.]

Phoebe: Okay I've got one for you, if you had too which one would you rather eat, a seeing eye dog or a talking gorilla?

Cliff: I'd have to say...the talking gorilla, because at least I can explain to him that you're making me eat him.

Phoebe: Somebody went to college. Wow. (Cliff gets uncomfortable) What is it? I'm sorry. (She moves her arm, which was resting on the same pillow his leg is.)

Cliff: No, I'm sorry. It's just my foot itches like crazy.

Phoebe: Oh, I'll get it. (She gets up and grabs a spoon.)

Cliff: Wow! I usually get to know a girl a little better before I let her spoon me.

Phoebe: Relax, it's not like we're forking.

[Scene: The Semi-Private Labor Room, Janice is being moved to the delivery room and is screaming in pain.]

Rachel: Oh that's five Ross. Five women have had five babies! And I have had no babies! Why doesn't she want to come out?

Ross: Y'know what I think it is? I think you've made such a nice home for her over the last nine months that she just doesn't want to leave.

Rachel: Oh. Look at you making up crap for me. Oh God! (Starts another contraction as Dr. Long enters.)

Dr. Long: Twenty-one hours, you're a hero.

Rachel: Doctor you gotta do something! I think you gotta give me drugs or you gotta light a fire up in there and just smoke it out.

Dr. Long: Actually, I think you're ready to go to the delivery room.

Rachel: What?

Dr. Long: Ten centimeters, you're about to become a mom.

Rachel: My God. Okay. (Another woman enters.) Ha-ha-ha beat ya! Sucker!

[Scene: Room 816, Phoebe and Cliff are eating some pudding with spoons.]

Cliff: Is this the same spoon that was in my cast? (Smells it.)

Phoebe: Y'know what? This one is. (Eats another spoonful of pudding as Cliff sees something on TV.)

Cliff: Oh my God! That's the doctor who was in my room before!

Phoebe: Huh. Okay, Mr. Perkazet.

Cliff: I'm telling you! The guy from that show was here in my room, asking me all these weird questions!

Phoebe: Cliff, do you really believe that a character from a TV show was here in your room?

Joey: (entering) Rachel's having her baby!! (Phoebe turns and looks at him.) Which is of no interest to me, I'm a neurologist.

Cliff: That-that's him! You know him?

Phoebe: Okay. Okay. I—Okay umm...this...I—I sent my friend Joey in here to find out stuff about you. Umm y'know, if it helps you came off great. A **lot** better than I'm coming off right now.

Cliff: I don't believe this. You got him to pretend he was some fake doctor?

Joey: Fake? Excuse me? Hello? (Taps the TV screen.)

Cliff: And then you tried to make me think that I was crazy.

Phoebe: You're right, that was wrong. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. It's just that I liked you so much. Can we just, can we just start over?

Cliff: I don't think so.

Joey: Uh, if I may? Umm—umm look, Cliff, you told me a lot of personal stuff about you, right? And maybe—maybe it would if—if would help if—if you knew some personal stuff about her. Uh, she was married to a gay ice dancer. Uh, she gave birth to her brother's triplets. Oh! Oh! Her—her twin sister used to do porn!

Phoebe: Uh Joey, we're trying to dial down the crazy.

Joey: Right!

Phoebe: Umm, look we don't, we don't really know each other so it would be really easy to just forget about this, but there seems to be something between us. And I don't know about you but that doesn't happen to me a lot.

Cliff: It doesn't happen to me either.

Joey: Me neither.

[Scene: The Delivery Room, Rachel is finally giving birth.]

Dr. Long: Push. Push. Come on push for five seconds. 5...4...

Rachel: 3-2-1 oh!!

Dr. Long: Okay, the next contraction should be in about twenty seconds.

Rachel: I can't. I can't push anymore, I can't.

Ross: Sweetie you're doing great.

Rachel: Oh God twenty seconds my ass!!

Dr. Long: Here we go! Okay, keep pushing! Wait! I see something.

Ross: What? You do? You do? (Looks) Oh my God!

Rachel: Don't say, "Oh my God!" Oh my God what?

Ross: What is that?

Dr. Long: It's the baby's buttock, she's breech.

Ross: Oh thank God, I thought she had two heads.

Rachel: Oh God. Is she gonna be okay?

Dr. Long: She's gonna be fine. Okay, she's in a more difficult position so you're gonna have to push even harder now. Go! Push!

Ross: Go!

Dr. Long: Rachel you're gonna have to push even harder, nothing's happening!

Rachel: I'm sorry, I can't!

Ross: Yes you can!

Rachel: I can't!

Ross: Hey! Hey! Come on! You can! I know you can do this! Let's go!

Rachel: I can't. Please, you do it for me.

Ross: No! Come on let's—One more time! One final push! Ready? 1...2...3! (Rachel pushes so hard her head snaps up head-butting Ross and knocking him down.)

Dr. Long: Good!

Ross: (from the floor) Keep pushing!

Rachel: Are you okay?

Ross: You have no idea how much this hurts. (All of the women in the room turn and glare at him.) Keep going! Keep going!

Dr. Long: Here we go!

Ross: Oh! Oh! She's upside down but she's coming! She's coming!

Rachel: Oh God!

Ross: Oh! Oh my God oh! Oh my God she's here.

(The newest friend cries.)

Ross: Oh she's...she's perfect.

Rachel: Oh, she's so tiny. (Starts crying) Where'd she go?

Ross: Oh it's okay. They're just—they're just wrapping her up.

Rachel: Okay. Well be careful with her, she's really tiny.

Dr. Long: Here she is!

(Dr. Long hands her to Rachel.)

Rachel: Oh hey you. Thanks for coming out of me. (The baby cries.) I know. Oh. Yeah. Oh, she's looking at me. Hi! I know you.

Dr. Long: Do we have a name yet?

Rachel: No, not yet.

Dr. Long: That's fine, for now we'll just call her Baby Girl Green.

Rachel: Oh no, Baby Girl Geller-Green.

(Ross and Rachel look into each other's eyes and kiss.)

Rachel: Hello baby girl.

Commercial Break

[Scene: The Recovery Room, Ross is taking pictures of Rachel holding the baby as the rest of the gang enters.]

Phoebe: Can we come in?

Ross: Oh, come in.

Phoebe: Hi!

Joey: There she is!

Phoebe: Oh, she's so beautiful.

Rachel: Here. (Hands her to Monica.)

Monica: Oh my God! She's amazing. Oh, oh I'm so glad you guys got drunk and had sex!

Chandler: It's incredible, I mean one minute she's inside you and then 47 hours later here she is.

Joey: (taking the baby) She looks so real! (The gang looks at him.) Y'know what I mean! She's this whole tiny little person. She already has eyelashes and knees and...uh-oh.

Rachel: What?

Joey: Oh no-no, no for I second there I counted six fingers, but one was from the other hand so we're good.

Phoebe: Okay, my turn. My turn. (Joey hands her to Phoebe.) Oh! You're so cute! Oh, I could squeeze your little head! (Pause) I won't.

(Rachel starts crying again.)

Monica: What's the matter?

Rachel: Oh nothing I... Sorry, I just can't stop crying.

Ross: The doctor says it's completely normal with all the hormones. Plus, you—you're sleep deprived.

Rachel: So? You guys are all sleep deprived. I don't see you weeping because you put your slippers on the wrong feet. Oh God. (Starts to cry harder.)

Joey: What's the matter now?

Rachel: I was reliving it.

Phoebe: Ohhh. (Hands her back to Rachel.)

Chandler: So, do you know what you're gonna call her yet?

Phoebe: Oh, wait a minute it's not gonna be Baby Girl? I thought that was so original!

Ross: Uh actually, we—we've narrowed it down to two names.

Rachel: Yeah, and y'know what? I love them both, so why don't you just pick one and that'll be it.

Ross: Wow! Umm, okay uh...everyone...this...is Isabella. (Rachel starts crying.) What?

Rachel: That's not her name! I'm sorry, she just doesn't feel like an Isabella.

Chandler: So then I guess Ferdinand is out.

Joey: What was the other one Ross?

Ross: Umm, Delilah.

Rachel: Oh great! Suddenly she sounds like a biblical whore.

Ross: So I guess we're back to uh, Baby Girl.

Phoebe: Yay!

Rachel: Well what are we going to do?

Monica: It's okay honey, you'll find a name.

Ross: Ugh, easy for you to say, you already know what your kids names are going to be.

Chandler: You do?

Monica: Yeah, I've had them picked out since I was fourteen.

Chandler: Oh no, it's gonna be named after some snack or baked good isn't it?

Rachel: Well tell us! What are they?

Monica: Umm, okay. If it's a boy it's Daniel.

Rachel: And if it's a girl?

Monica: I don't want to say.

Rachel: Oh, just tell us! We're not gonna want it!

Monica: Okay. It's Emma.

Rachel: (gasps) Emma! (Looks at the baby and starts to cry.) See? I don't want it.

Monica: Take it.

Rachel: What?

Monica: It's clearly an Emma.

Rachel: Oh honey, but you love that name.

Monica: Yeah, but I love you more. Besides y'know, nothing goes with Bing. So I'm screwed. I mean...

(Rachel hands Emma to Monica.) Oh, hi Emma. Yeah, that's you. You're our little Em. Oh what's that honey? What? Oh, you want a little cousin? (To Chandler) You want a cousin right now?!

[Scene: A Janitorial Closet, Monica and Chandler are emerging slowly.]

Chandler: That was amazing.

Monica: I know. Hey, do you realize we may have just changed our lives forever? We may have just started a family. Nine months from now we can be here, having our own baby.

Chandler: And if not, we got to do it on a bucket.

[Scene: The Recovery Room, Rachel is putting Emma down for a nap.]

Janice: (entering) Yoo-hoo! Aaron Litman—Neurolic would like to say hello to his future bride.

Rachel: Ohhh! (Looks at Aaron and recoils in horror.) Wow! He kinda takes your breath away doesn't he?

Janice: He's a keeper. How are you feeling?

Rachel: Oh, I'm fine. (Gasps in pain as she sits down.)

Janice: Can I just say, I really admire what you're doing. Just raising her all alone.

Rachel: Oh, I'm not doing it alone. I have Ross.

Janice: Oh, sure. Now. But what happens when he meets somebody else and gets married?

Rachel: Well then he gets a divorce, it's Ross!

Janice: I'm telling you Rachel, listen to Janice. They all say they're gonna be there until they start their real family.

Rachel: Well I—That's never gonna happen with Ross.

Janice: Oh well that's what I thought about my first husband, now I'm lucky if my kid gets to spend the weekend with her father and the twins and little Ms. New Boobs.

Rachel: Really?

Janice: I hate to be the one to say it, but honey you two (Her and Emma) are on your own.

Rachel: Well... That's...y'know—That's—We've been alone for the last twenty minutes we're doing okay. Besides y'know what? I—I—Maybe we won't be alone, 'cause lately I—I—things have been happening between me and Ross, y'know? Right before I went into labor, we—we had this kiss. Y'know? So it might be the...the beginning of something.

Ross: (entering) Hey Janice!

Janice: Oh hi!

Ross: Who's this little guy? (Gasps when he sees Aaron.)

Janice: Say hello to Aaron, your future son-in-law.

Ross: No-no. No.

Janice: I'm gonna leave the three of you alone.

Ross: Okay.

Janice: Bye. (Exits.)

Ross: Man! Did you see the kid on that nose?

Rachel: Uh-huh. (Ross takes off his coat and sets in on a chair.) Y'know what I was, I was thinking about?

Ross: Huh?

Rachel: Umm...that kiss before we left the apartment. That was some-something huh?

Ross: Yeah. Yeah, it really was. But we...we gotta be careful. We...we can't let that happen again, y'know?

Rachel: (pause) Right.

Ross: I mean we don't want to go down that road do we?

Rachel: No! No, of course not. No. That's why I brought it up. (Pause) They didn't have any sodas?

Ross: Oh my God! I'm sorry, I was talking to this nurse, completely forgot.

Rachel: That's all right. (He goes to get her a soda.) And so it begins.

[Scene: Outside the Nursery, Ross is looking at Emma as Phoebe walks up.]

Phoebe: Is she in there?

Ross: Yeah. She's putting her down now, that's her. (Points to the nurse putting Emma now.)

Phoebe: Oh!

Ross: Look at Emma!

Phoebe: I just can't decide who she looks more alike, you or Rachel?

Ross: Oh what are you kidding? She's gorgeous, it's all Rachel.

(Pause)

Phoebe: I'm sorry, for the last time, why aren't you two together again? (Silence from Ross.) No, I know. I know, because you're not in that place. Which would be fine, except you totally are.

Ross: It's...it's complicated okay?

Phoebe: Yeah that's true. Yeah, you love her. You always have. You have a child together. There is no right answer.

Ross: Look, we've been together. Okay? And then apart, and then together, and then apart, and now we have a baby. (Pause) It's just if—if we got together again and it didn't work out...I could never do that to Emma. I mean she—she thinking everything—(Starts to cry.) Oh that's...now me. What do they put something in the water in this place? Since Rachel and I we're doing really, we're doing really well right now.

Phoebe: I know. I know. I know. I know, and if you try to make it more you might wreck it.

Ross: Yeah, exactly.

Phoebe: Right. (Pause) Or you might get everything you've wanted since you were fifteen.

[Scene: The Delivery Room, Rachel is in bed as Joey enters.]

Joey: Hey. I just saw a woman breast feeding both of her twins at the same time; it is like a freak show up here. (Notices she's wiping her eyes.) What's the matter?

Rachel: Nothing.

Joey: What is it? Hey!

Rachel: Really it's nothing. I'm just...

Joey: Rach come on, what?

Rachel: I've just been thinking about how my baby and I are gonna be all alone.

Joey: What are you talking about alone? What about Ross?

Rachel: Oh please, he'll be with his real family, the twins and little miss new boobs.

Joey: Okay, how long was I watching that woman?

Rachel: I'm just saying that y'know, someday Ross is gonna meet somebody and...he's gonna have his own life. Right?

Joey: Yeah, I guess so.

Rachel: I just never thought I would raise this baby all by myself. Pretty dumb huh?

Joey: Hey, listen to me, listen to me...you are never **ever** gonna be alone. Okay? I promise that's not gonna happen.

Rachel: Joey. Honey what would I do without you?

(They hug.)

Joey: You don't have to worry about that okay?

(Pause)

Rachel: Oh, hon can you grab me my other box of tissues? They're right on that chair under Ross's coat.

Joey: Sure.

Rachel: Okay.

(He moves Ross's coat to get the tissues and the engagement ring box Mrs. Geller gave him falls out of the pocket it was inside. Joey goes to one knee, picks up the box, opens it, and sees that it's an engagement ring.)

Joey: My God.

Rachel: Joey.

(He turns to face Rachel on one knee with the box open.)

Rachel: (seeing the ring) Oh my God. (Pause) Okay.

(Joey is stunned.)

[Cut to Ross getting off an elevator carrying a bouquet of flowers and walking down the hall to Rachel's room.]

[Fade to black.]

Closing Credits

{Transcriber's Note: As with all the cliffhangers, there was no credits scene. There will be a ninth and **final** season of Friends starting sometime in September. See you then, have a good summer everyone.}

End