

501. The One After Ross Says Rachel

Written by: Seth Kurland

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Ross's Wedding, continued from last season, the Minister is about to marry Ross and Emily.]

Minister: Friends. Family. We are gathered to celebrate here today the joyous union of Ross and Emily.
(Time lapse) Now Ross, repeat after me. I Ross...

Ross: I Ross...

Minister: Take thee, Emily...

Ross: Take thee, Rachel...(All his friends have looks of shock on their faces. He realizes what he said. Quickly he says.) Emily. (A slight chuckle.) Emily.

Minister: (Looking and feeling awkward. he looks towards Emily.) Uhh...Shall I go on?

Rachel: (To the woman sitting in front of her) He—he said Rachel, right? Do you think I should go up there?

Emily: Yes, yes, do go on.

Minister: I think we'd better start again. Ross, repeat after me. I, Ross...

Ross: I, Ross...

Minister: Take thee, **EM-I-LY**...

Ross: Take thee, (Glares at the Minister) **Emily**. (Chuckles) Like there'd be anybody else. (Emily is glaring at him.)

Minister: As my lawfully wedded wife, in sickness and in health, till death parts us.

Ross: As my lawfully wedded wife, in sickness and in health, until death parts us. Really, I do. Emily.
(Points at her.)

Minister: May I have the rings? (He is given the rings) Emily, place this ring on Ross's finger as a symbol of your bond everlasting. (She jams the ring onto his finger) Ross, place this ring in Emily's hand as a symbol of the love that encircles you forever.

Ross: Happy too.

Minister: Ross and Emily have made their declarations and it gives me great pleasure to declare them husband and wife.

Ross: Yay!

Minister: You may kiss the bride.

(He goes to kiss her, but she isn't very receptive of the kiss. She keeps avoiding him, until Ross finally gets to kiss her on her cheek.)

Mrs. Geller: (To Mr. Geller) This is worse than when he married the lesbian.

(The band starts to play, and the recessional starts. Ross tries to take Emily's hand, but she snatches it away from him.)

Emily: Just keep smiling.

Ross: Okay.

Joey: Well, that went well. Yeah.

Chandler: It could've been worse, he could've shot her.

(Ross and Emily make it to the lobby.)

Ross: (laughs) That uh, that was pretty funny. Wasn't it?

(Emily gives him a forearm shot across the stomach.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: The Wedding reception, Ross and Emily are in the bathroom and Emily is yelling at him. Rachel, Chandler, Joey, and Monica are standing outside the doorway.]

Emily: (Yelling from inside the bathroom) You've spoiled everything! It's like a nightmare! My friends and family are out there! How can I face them?! How can you do this to me?!

Joey: (To the gang) Hey, no matter what happens with Ross and Emily, we still get cake right?

Ross: (exiting the bathroom) That—that—that's all right, no honey, you take your time sweetie. I'll be right out here. (She slams the door in his face, to the gang) She's just fixing her makeup.

Emily: I hate you!!

Ross: And, I love you!! (He walks into the living room)

Mr. Geller: Boy, bad time to say the wrong name, huh Ross?

Ross: That's true, thanks dad. (To All) People should be dancing! Huh? Hey, this is a party! Come on! Joey, dance!! (He starts to dance but stops when no one else joins him.)

(Mrs. Waltham's phone rings and she answers it.)

Mrs. Waltham: Yes, Waltham interiors.

Phoebe: (On the phone, in New York) Uh, hello, this is Ross Geller's personal physician, Dr. Philange.

Mrs. Waltham: Who?

Phoebe: Yeah, I've discovered that Ross forgot to take his brain medicine, uh, now without it, uh, in the brain of Ross, uh women's names are interchangeable, through-through no fault of his own.

Mrs. Waltham: Oh my God, Phoebe.

Phoebe: No, not Phoebe, Dr. Philange. Oh no! You have it too!

(Mrs. Waltham hangs up on her.)

Phoebe: Hello?

(Cut to Chandler and Monica at the buffet table.)

Chandler: Hey.

Monica: Hey.

Chandler: Oh wow, I hope you don't take this the wrong way but, I know we had plans to meet up tonight and, ugh, I'm just kinda worried about what it might do to our friendship.

Monica: I know. How could we have let this happen?

Chandler: Seven times!

Monica: Ugh! Well, y'know, we were away...

Chandler: In a **foreign**, romantic country...

Monica: I blame London.

Chandler: Bad London! (Takes a spoon and smacks the turkey.)

Monica: So look umm, while we're st-still in London, I mean, we can keep doing it right?

Chandler: Well, I don't see that we have a choice. But, when we're back home, we don't do it.

Monica: Only here.

Chandler: Y'know, I saw a wine cellar downstairs...

Monica: I'll meet you there in two minutes.

Chandler: Okay!

(He throws down his plate and runs to the wine cellar, Monica is about to follow him but is intercepted by Rachel.)

Rachel: Mon, honey, I gotta ask you something.

Monica: (impatiently) Now?

Rachel: Ross said my name up there, I mean, come on, I just can't pretend that didn't happen can I?

Monica: Oh, I-I don't know.

Rachel: Monica, what should I do?

Monica: Just uh, do the right thing. (Uses some breath spray)

Rachel: What?

Monica: Toe the line. Thread the needle. Think outside the box! (Tries to leave, but is stopped by Rachel.)

Rachel: Whoa, wait, listen, I think I'm just gonna talk to Ross about what he think it meant.

Monica: Wait. Rachel, no, he's married. Married! If you don't realize that, I can't help you.

Rachel: Okay, you're right. You're right. You can't help me.

(Cut to Mr. and Mrs. Geller.)

Mrs. Geller: Jack, is it all our fault? Were we bad parents?

Mr. Waltham: (walking by) Yes.

Mr. Geller: Oh yeah, well who serves steak when there's no place to sit, I mean how are you supposed to eat this?

Joey: Hey, what's up? (He has solved the problem of eating the steak, he's eating it with his hands.)

(Cut to Monica and Chandler, Monica is running up to him.)

Monica: Where were you? We were supposed to meet in the wine cellar?

Chandler: Forget it, that's off.

Monica: Why?!

Mr. Waltham: (drunkenly) The next tour of the wine cellar will plan in two in-in minutes...

(Joey walks up to them.)

Monica: Joey, what are you doing? You promised Phoebe you wouldn't eat meat until she has the babies!

Joey: Well, I figured we're in another country, so it doesn't count.

Monica: That's true.

Chandler: The man's got a point.

(Cut to Rachel and Ross.)

Rachel: Oh, hi!

Ross: Hi!

Rachel: Hi. Sorry, things aren't working out so well.

Ross: Oh no! It could be better, but it's gonna be okay, right?

Rachel: Oh yeah! Of course, I mean, she's gonna get over this, y'know? I mean, so you said my name! Y'know you just said it 'cause you saw me there, if you'd have seen a circus freak, you would've said, "I take thee circus freak." Y'know, it didn't mean anything, it's just a mistake. It didn't mean anything. Right?

Ross: No! No! Of course it didn't mean anything! I mean, uh well, I can understand why Emily would think it meant something, y'know, because—because it was you...

Rachel: Right...

Ross: But it absolutely didn't. (Yelling towards the bathroom) It didn't!! It didn't!!

Joey: (approaching) Ross, hey, the band's ready outside for your first dance with Emily, so...

Ross: (sarcastic) Oh! Oh—oh, the band's ready! Well, I—I—we gotta do what the band says—I don't care about the stupid band!!

Joey: You spit on me man! (Wipes his face.)

Ross: Look, I'm sorry.

Joey: Emily is kinda taking a long time, huh?

Rachel: (laughs) Y'know when I locked myself in the bathroom at my wedding, it was because I was trying to pop the window out of the frame.

Ross: Oh, right!

Rachel: Get the hell out of there, y'know?

(They all start laughing, and quickly stop when they realize what she just said and run over to the bathroom.)

Ross: (Bangs on the bathroom door) Emily? Emily? I'm coming in. (He opens the door to reveal that the window is gone, along with Emily.)

Rachel: Well, look at that, same thing.

[Scene: *London Marriott*, Monica and Chandler are walking to her room.]

Chandler: Listen, in the middle of everything if I scream the word, "Yippee!" just ignore me.

(She laughs and opens the door to reveal Rachel sitting on the bed.)

Monica: Oh my God, Rachel! Hi!

Chandler: Oh, hello Rachel.

Rachel: Ross said my name. Okay? **My** name. Ross said my name up there that obviously means that he still loves me! (They both just stare at her.) Okay, don't believe me, I know I'm right—do you guys want to go downstairs and get a drink?

Chandler: Yes, we do. But, we have to change first.

Monica: Yes, I want to change. And why—why don't you go down and get us a table?

Chandler: Yeah, we'll be down in like five minutes.

Monica: (elbows him) Fifteen minutes.

Rachel: Okay.

(The phone rings and Rachel answers it.)

Rachel: Hello? Oh, Pheeb! (To them) It's Phoebe!

Chandler: Oh, yay...

Monica: Great...

Rachel: Hi!

Phoebe: Hi, so what happened?

Rachel: Well, Ross said my name.

Phoebe: Yeah, I know, but I don't think that means anything.

Rachel: Okay, Pheebs, y'know what, let's look at this objectively all right? Ninth grade, right? The obsession starts. All right? The summer after ninth grade he sees me in a two-piece for the first time, his obsession begins to grow. So then...

Chandler: (To Monica) Hey, listen, why don't we go change in my room?

Monica: But my clothes are—ohh! (They both leave.)

(Cut to Chandler's room, he opens the door slowly to see if Joey is there and after seeing that he isn't, ushers Monica into the room, closes the door, and the security bar.)

Chandler: Wow, you look...

Monica: No time for that!

(They both start to frantically rip each other's clothes off, but are interrupted when Joey tries to open the door.)

Joey: Hey, dude, let me in. I got a girl out here!

Chandler: Well, I've got a girl in here.

Joey: No you don't, I just saw you go in there with Monica!

Chandler: Well, we're—we're hanging out in here!

Joey: Look, which one of us is gonna be having sex in there, me or you?

Chandler: Well, I suppose I'd have to say you!! But, what if we're watching a movie in here?

Monica: Which we are, and—and we already paid for it. It's *My Giant!*

Joey: *My Giant?* I love that movie!

[Scene: Ross and Emily's room, Chandler and Monica are still looking for a place to do the deed.]

Monica: You really think this is okay?

Chandler: Well, Ross and Emily aren't gonna use it.

Monica: Oh, it's so beautiful. Ohh! Y'know, I—I don't know if I feel right about this.

Chandler: Oh Mon—Mon—Mon—Mon—look, this is the honeymoon suite. The **room** expects sex. The **room** would be disappointed if it didn't get sex. All of the other honeymoon suites would think it was a loser.

Monica: Okay!

Chandler: Okay!

(They both run to rip the covers off the bed, but are interrupted by Ross.)

Ross: (entering) Emily?!

Chandler: Nope, not under here!

Monica: You didn't find her?

Ross: No, I've looked everywhere!

Chandler: Well, you couldn't have looked everywhere or else you would've found her!

Monica: Yeah, I think you should keep looking!

Chandler: Yeah, for about 30 minutes.

Monica: Or 45.

Chandler: Wow, in 45 minutes you can find her twice. (Monica smiles at that.)

Ross: No! For all I know, she's trying to find me but couldn't because I kept moving around. No, from now on, I'm staying in one place. (He sits down on the bed.) Right here.

Monica: Well, it's getting late.

Chandler: Yeah, we're gonna go.

Ross: Actually, do you guys mind staying here for a while?

Monica: Ugh, y'know, umm we gotta get up early and catch that plane for New York.

Chandler: Yeah, it's a very large plane.

Ross: (disappointed) That's cool.

Chandler: But, we'll stay here with you.

Ross: Thanks guys! (They both sit down on either side of him.) I really appreciate this, y'know, but you don't have to rub my butt.

(Chandler slowly takes his hand away.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Ross and Emily's room, the next morning. Ross is now asleep and has his head in Monica's lap and his feet on Chandler's lap. Monica and Chandler are both still awake and depressed.]

Chandler: We have to leave for New York in an hour.

Monica: I know, I've been looking at those doors, they look pretty sound proof, don't you think?

Chandler: We can't do that that's insane. I mean 'A' he could wake up and 'B' y'know, let's go for it.

(They both try to slowly extricate themselves from Ross, but there's a knock on the door that awakens him.)

Ross: Em-Emily? (Looking around for her.) Em-Emily? (He runs to the door.) Emily! (He opens the door to reveal the Walthams standing outside.)

Mr. Waltham: No.

Mrs. Waltham: You can forget about Emily, she's not with us.

Mr. Waltham: We've come for her things.

Ross: Wait, well wh-wh-wh-where is she?

Mr. Waltham: She's in hiding. She's utterly humiliated. She doesn't want to see you ever again.

Mrs. Waltham: We're very sad that it didn't work out between you and Emily, monkey. But, I think you're absolutely delicious.

Mr. Waltham: Excuse me, I'm standing right here!

Mrs. Waltham: Oh yes, there you are.

Rachel: (entering, carrying an armful of those little soaps.) Hey-hey, you guys oh hurry up, get some, there's a whole cart outside... (Sees the Walthams and stops.)

Mr. Waltham: Goodbye Geller.

Ross: Now, hold on! Hold on! (Stops him) Look, look, your daughter and I are supposed to leave tonight for our honeymoon, now-now you-you tell her that I'm gonna be at that airport and I hope that she'll be there too! Oh yeah, I said Rachel's name, but it didn't mean anything, Okay? She's-she's just a friend and that's all! (Rachel sits down, depressed.) That's all! Now just tell Emily that I love her and that I can't imagine spending my life with anyone else. Please, promise me that you'll tell her that.

Mr. Waltham: All right, I'll tell her. (To his wife) Come on bugger face!

Mrs. Waltham: (As she walks pass Ross, she pats his but.) Call me.

Mr. Waltham: You spend half your life in the bathroom, why don't you ever go out the bloody window!

[Scene: A 747 somewhere over the North Atlantic, Monica and Chandler are sitting in first class, depressed.]

Monica: Y'know, maybe it's best that we never got to do it again.

Chandler: Yeah, it kinda makes that—that one night special. (Realizes something) Y'know, technically we still **are** over international waters.

Monica: I'm gonna go to the bathroom, maybe I'll see you there in a bit?

Chandler: 'Kay!

(Monica gets up and heads for the bathroom, Chandler turns to watch her go and is startled to see Joey sitting in Monica's seat.)

Joey: Can I ask you something?

Chandler: Uhh, no.

Joey: Felicity and I, we're watching *My Giant*, and I was thinking, "I'm never gonna be as good an actor as that giant." Do you think I'm just wasting my life with this acting thing?

Chandler: No.

Joey: I mean, the giant is like five years younger than me, y'know, you think I'll ever get there?

Chandler: Yes.

Joey: Thanks man.

Chandler: Okay man. (Chandler starts to get up.)

Joey: But what about how much taller he is than me?

(Time lapse, Chandler is finishing his third little bottle of booze.)

Joey: I mean, there's no way I can make myself taller now, y'know? And who knows what science will come up with in the future, but Chandler, what if I die an unsuccessful, regular sized man?

(Monica returns.)

Joey: Hey, Monica, wow you've been in the bathroom for like a half-hour.

Monica: I know!

Joey: Had the beef-tips, huh?

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Phoebe is eating cereal from a bowl she has balanced on her stomach as Joey, Chandler, and Monica return.]

Phoebe: Hey!

Chandler: Hey!

Joey: Hi!

(They all hug.)

Phoebe: (To Joey) You ate meat! (Joey is shocked) (To Chandler and Monica) You had sex! (They're shocked.)

Chandler: No we didn't!

Phoebe: I know you didn't, I was talking about Monica.

Monica: Phoebe, I did not have sex.

Phoebe: This pregnancy is throwing me all off.

Joey: All right, I'm gonna go say hi the chick and the duck.

Phoebe: Oh, me too!

Joey: Why would you need to say hi to them, you've been feeding them for four days?

Phoebe: Oh right, maybe I'll just go home.

(She grabs her bag and leaves, Joey moves a little quicker to his apartment, leaving Monica and Chandler alone.)

Monica: Well, we certainly are alone.

Chandler: Yes! Good thing we have that, 'Not in New York' rule.

Monica: Right. Umm, listen since we're—we're on that subject, umm, I just wanted to tell you that uh, well, I—I was going through a really hard time in London, what with my brother getting married and that guy thinking I was Ross's mother...

Chandler: Right.

Monica: Well, an—anyway, I just—that night meant a lot to me, I guess I'm just trying to say thanks.

Chandler: Oh. Y'know, that night meant a lot to me too, and it wasn't because I was in a bad place or anything, it just meant a lot to me 'cause, you're really hot! Is that okay?

Monica: (laughs) That's okay.

Chandler: And I'm cute too.

Monica: And you're cute too.

Chandler: Thank you! (They hug.) All right, I gotta go unpack.

Monica: Okay.

Chandler: Bye.

(After he closes the door, Monica starts to follow him, but thinks better of it and stops.)

Chandler: (entering) I'm still on London time, does that count?

Monica: That counts!

Chandler: Oh, good! (They start kissing.)

[Scene: An airport in London, Ross is waiting for Emily to show up to go on their honeymoon and sees Rachel walking past.]

Ross: Rach! Rach!

Rachel: (she stops and turns) Hi!

Ross: Hi! What are you, what are you doing here?

Rachel: Well, I—I've been on Standby for a flight home for hours.

Ross: Oh.

Rachel: Ohh, so no sign of Emily huh?

Ross: Not yet.

Rachel: So umm, what time are you supposed to leave?

Gate Agent: (On the P.A.) This is the last call for Flight 1066 to Athens. The last call.

Ross: Pretty soon I guess.

Rachel: Yeah. I'm sorry.

Ross: I just, I don't understand, I mean, how—how can she do this? Y'know, what, am I, am I like a complete idiot for thinking that she'd actually show up?

Rachel: No, you're not an idiot, Ross. You're a guy very much in love.

Ross: Same difference.

Gate Agent: (On the P.A.) All ticketed passengers for Flight 1066 to Athens should now be on board.

Ross: I get it! Well, that's that.

Rachel: No, you know what, I think you should go.

Ross: What?

Rachel: Yeah, I do. I think you should go, by yourself, get some distance, clear your head, I think it'd be really good.

Ross: Oh, I don't, I don't, I don't know...

Rachel: Oh, come on Ross! I think it would be **really** good for you!

Ross: I could, yeah, I can do that.

Rachel: Yeah.

Ross: I can't, I can't even believe her! No, y'know what, I am, I am gonna go!

Rachel: Good!

Ross: I know, why not?

Rachel: Right!

Ross: Right?

Rachel: Right!

Ross: Y'know—thanks! (They hug)

Rachel: Okay, I'll see you back at home, if I ever get a flight out of here.

Ross: Yeah, well...nah.

Rachel: What? Wait, what?

Ross: Why don't you come, I mean, I—I have two tickets, why not?

Rachel: Well—well, I don't know Ross—really?

Ross: Yeah, yeah, it'll be great! You can, you can lay on the beach and I can cry over my failed marriage. See—see how I make jokes?

Rachel: Uh—huh.

Ross: No really, I mean, I mean, God, I could use a friend.

Rachel: Oh wow, uh okay, uh maybe. Umm, yes, I can do that!

Ross: Okay!

Rachel: Okay!

Ross: Cool!

Rachel: All right!

Ross: Come on! (They go to the jetway, Ross hands the tickets to the gate agent.) Here.

Rachel: Oh, okay, we're going. Yeah.

Ross: Ah! Ah! I forgot my jacket!

Rachel: Oh, wait—wait—wait...

Ross: You tell them to wait!

Rachel: Okay. Wait! Wait!

(Ross retrieves his jacket and sees that not only has Emily arrived, but she has seen Rachel take her place on the plane.)

Ross: Emily.

(She stares at him and Ross realizes what she's thinking.)

Ross: Oh no-no-no! Oh-no! (Emily starts to run out and Ross chases her.) No! No! Emily!

Ending Credits

[Scene: Flight 1066 to Athens, Rachel is ordering a drink for Ross and herself.]

Rachel: Ahh, yes, I will have a glass of the Merlot and uh, (points to Ross's seat.) he will have a white wine spritzer. Woo! (Looks out the window.) Hey, look at that, the airport's moving. (Realizes that that's not how it works.) Hey, are we moving?! Are we moving? Why are we moving? Hey, time-out, umm, yeah, does the captain know that we're moving? (Sits back in defeat.) Oh my God. Oh, my gosh.

End

502. The One With All The Kissing

Written by: Wil Calhoun

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's Bathroom, Chandler and Monica are sharing a candlelight bubble bath while drinking champagne and they clink their glasses.]

Monica: You look cute in bubbles.

Chandler: Ehh, you're just liquored up.

(They move into kiss but are interrupted by Joey knocking on the door.)

Joey: Hey, it's me! I'm comin' in!

(Monica quickly dives under the water as Joey enters. He looks a little shocked at what Chandler's doing.)

Chandler: I've had a very long, hard day.

Joey: Ahh, I'm gonna go get some chicken. Want some?

Chandler: Ahh, no thanks. No chicken, bye-bye then.

Joey: Okay.

(Joey turns to leave but stops at the door.)

Joey: You sure? Some extra crispy? Dirty rice? Beans?

Chandler: For the last time no! Get out! Get out, Joey!

Joey: All right!

(Joey leaves and Monica comes up for air.)

Chandler: Are you okay? I'm so sorry, he wouldn't leave. He kept asking me about chicken.

Monica: Chicken? I could eat some chicken.

Chandler: Hey Joe!

(Monica goes back underwater as Joey re-enters.)

Chandler: Yeah, can I get a 3-piece, some cole slaw, some beans, and a Coke—(Yelps in pain as Monica grabs him underwater)—Diet Coke.

(Joey gives him a thumbs up and heads for the chicken.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Chandler, Joey, and Monica are eating breakfast.]

Phoebe: (entering) Hey!

Chandler: Hey, Pheebs!

Joey: Mornin' Pheebs!

Phoebe: I have to tell you this story. Okay, I was coming over here and this driver...

Joey: (interrupting) Was his name Angus? (Monica and Chandler laugh.)

Phoebe: What?

Joey: Oh, he was this cab driver we had in London.

Phoebe: Oh. Ha-ha-ha. All right, anyway...

Monica: Wait, what that place, that pub he took us too?

Chandler: Uh, The Wheatsheaf.

Joey: Yeah—yeah—yeah, and they had that beer! That uh…

Monica: Bodington's!

All: Bodington's! Woohoo! (And they all high-five each other.)

Chandler: Ooh! Ahh, Pheebs, was gonna tell a story.

Phoebe: Yeah, so, he had a really funny hat—I don't want to talk about it.

Ross: (entering) Hey!

All: Hey!

Joey: Hey, Ross, Bodington's!

Ross: Yeah! (They high-five.)

Joey: That was good beer.

Ross: Ohh…

Joey: Y'know, I'd **walk** back to London for another frosty one of those bad boys.

Ross: Y'know, I think they have those at that British pub near the trade center.

Joey: Later! (Exits.)

Ross: Isn't Rachel supposed to be back by now?

Monica: Yeah, but her plane got delayed in Athens. But actually, (Checks watch) she should be here by now.

Ross: Oh, so—so you talked to her. Did she, did she sound mad?

Monica: No, but she likes me. You abandoned her on a plane to Greece.

Ross: Okay, I did **not** abandon Rachel! Okay? Emily showed up at the airport! I had to go after her! I mean, I—I did what I **had** to do! She's my wife! Rachel is my wife! Y'know—**Emily!** Emily, is my wife! Man, what **is** that?

Phoebe: So you still hadn't heard from Emily?

Ross: No, not since I lost her at the airport.

Chandler: I can't believe she can out run you man!

Ross: **HEY, SHE'S FAST!! OKAY?!!** (Chandler is so shocked at Ross's outburst that he drops his spoon and backs up) Oh! You—you think **you** can be beat me? Let's go! Outside!!

Rachel: (entering) Hi!

All: Hey! (They all go hug her, except for Ross.)

Ross: Rach, Rach, I am so sorry. I am so—so sorry.

Rachel: Oh Ross, come on! You just did what you had to do.

Ross: That's it? You're not mad? I mean, it must've been terrible.

Rachel: Terrible? Hell, I was in Greece! That was a nice hotel! Nice beach, met the nice people. Not to shabby for Rachel. (Goes and puts her luggage away.)

Ross: So, what? That's it?

Rachel: Well, yeah! We're cool. Totally cool.

Ross: Oh, thanks. Oh, you're the best. (They hug.)

Rachel: Oh no, you're the best.

Ross: (breaking the hug) Ohh, I gotta go to the flower store! (Runs to the door.) Check it out, no one will tell me where Emily is, so I'm gonna send 72 long-stem, red roses to Emily's parent's house, one for each day that I've known and loved her. That oughta get her talking to me again.

Chandler: Oh, Ross, when you make out card; be sure to make it out to, EM-I-LY.

(Ross bangs his fists together to tell Chandler off, like what was learned last season. Read about it [here](#).)

Monica: Rach, that's great! It's so good that you had a good time in Greece!

Rachel: What?! I didn't have a good time in Greece! Ross abandoned me! Okay, I couldn't get a plane out, so I had to stay in their honeymoon suite with people coming up to me all the time going, "Oh, Mrs. Geller, why are you crying?" I mean, it was sooo humiliating. I felt like such an idiot! I mean, it's all my fault! And you know why, because I make very bad decisions.

Chandler: Oh that's not true.

Rachel: Yes it is! It is true! I went, I went after Ross in stupid London.

Phoebe: London is stupid! Stupid!

Rachel: Phoebe, you were right. I should've never gone to London, and from now on you make all of my decisions for me.

Phoebe: Oh... No, I did that for someone once and I'm not comfortable having that kind of power and control over someone's life.

Monica: I'll do it!

Rachel: That's fine. So Monica, **you** are now in control of my love life.

Chandler: Okay, I gotta go to work.

(He gets up and gives Monica a rather passionate kiss as Rachel and Phoebe look on in amazement. After the kiss ends, Chandler suddenly realizes what he just did, so he decides to do something rather rash.)

Chandler: And uh, Rachel, glad to have you back.

(He goes over and gives Rachel the same treatment he gave Monica, only Rachel is shocked.)

Chandler: Pheebs! (He goes over and kisses Phoebe, who is also stunned.) Always a pleasure. (And he struts out leaving the girls to stare at each other.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica, Rachel, Chandler and Joey are there looking at pictures from the trip to London.]

Monica: Oh, Rachel, sweetie, look, here's a really cute picture of Joey and you at the reception.

Rachel: Ohh, he's married! Ross is married. I can't—I still can't believe it. (Rachel grabs the picture from Monica)

Monica: Honey, sweetie, by the edges.

Rachel: I mean, y'know I'm just gonna have to accept it (She grabs the rest of the pictures)...

Monica: Ohh. (Monica covers her eyes in horror.)

Rachel: ...I mean it's my fault.

Monica: Sweetie! Edges! Fingers! Smudgey! Pictures!

Rachel: Oh my God! (She licks the top picture and hands them back.)

Monica: Okay. That's okay. I-I know that you're very upset right now. I know, I know that wasn't about me.

Joey: (To Chandler) I bet it was about her a little.

Monica: If you would stop thinking about Ross for one minute you would notice that there are great guys everywhere! I mean, look! Look, Gunther! (Gunther turns to listen in.) I mean, he's nice, he's cute.

Rachel: Yeah, I guess Gunther is kinda...

Monica: (Interrupting) Oh, what about that guy over there? (She points at another guy and Gunther is deflated.) Remember? **That** is the guy you flirted with at the counter that time.

Rachel: Oh, I don't know. I don't know.

Monica: You're going to talk to him! Y'know what? We made a deal, I make your decisions and I say you're going to talk to him.

Rachel: All right, you're the boss. I guess I gotta do what you tell me.

Joey: Say that to him and you're golden. (She just glares at him.)

Phoebe: (entering) Hey!

Rachel: Hey!

Joey: Hey, Pheebs!

Monica: We got out pictures back from London. (Shows her one.) Here's all of us at the Tower of London.

Phoebe: (Grabs the pictures) Oh! Here we **all** are! Yeah, there's Ross and Joey and you and me. (She picks up a magic marker and draws herself in. Monica can't watch.)

Chandler: All right, y'know what, we've been talking about London too much haven't we?

Phoebe: No. I'm sorry. It's just 'cause I couldn't be there. 'Cause all I ever get to do now is pregnant stuff, it just bums me out.

All: Sorry.

(Rachel returns.)

Monica: What happened?

Rachel: Well, y'know, a little of this, a little of that. Got myself a date tomorrow night.

Monica: See, didn't I tell you?! You're getting over Ross already!

Rachel: Well...

(Gunther goes up to the guy and holds a sign that reads, "We reserve the right to refuse service to anyone.")

Gunther: (To the guy) Get out!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Chandler enters to find Monica waiting patiently for him. He closes the door and they start kissing.]

Monica: What took you so long?

Chandler: I got caught up and work, but I'm quitting tomorrow.

Monica: Oh, good.

(They start kissing and turn around so that Chandler is facing the door. And Chandler sees Rachel, Phoebe, and Joey walk in and quickly ends the kiss with Monica.)

Chandler: So, thanks for having me over! Rach. (Goes over, grabs her, and kisses her.) Pheebs. (After a moment while he decides how to kiss her around her belly, grabs her and kisses her.)

Joey: (Jumping out of his way) See ya!! (To the girls.) What the hell was that?!

Monica: Probably some y'know, European good-bye thing he picked up in London.

Rachel: That's not European!

Phoebe: Well, it felt French.

(Joey is intrigued.)

[Scene: The hallway between the apartments, Rachel is returning from her date with Dave.]

Rachel: Oh God, I really had a good time!

Dave: Yeah, me too. (They reach her door.) So, I guess this is it.

Rachel: Yeah. Umm, unless you wanna come inside?

Dave: Yeah!

Rachel: Okay. Oh, uh, wait a minute, y'know what? I uh, I can't decide this. Umm, okay, just hold on a second.

Dave: Okay, yeah!

(She enters the apartment, leaving Dave in the hallway, to find Ross sitting on the couch with a big box.)

Rachel: Umm, hi!

Ross: Hi.

Rachel: Is Monica around? I-I have to ask her something.

Ross: She's doing her laundry.

Rachel: What's that? (Points to the box.)

Ross: It came in the mail today, it's uh, 72 long-stemmed red roses, one for each day that I've known and loved Emily, cut up into mulch!

Rachel: Oh, honey that's awful.

Ross: Oh, it's not so bad. Monica's gonna make potpourri! I think I'm gonna go wander out in the rain for a while.

Rachel: But, it's not raining.

Ross: I can't catch a break!

Rachel: Y'know what Ross? You're not going anywhere. You're gonna sit right here. I'm gonna make you a cup of tea and we're gonna talk this thing whole out. All right? (She goes out to talk to Dave) Hey, Dave!

Dave: Yeah?

Rachel: Umm, listen, I'm gonna need to take a rain check, my roommate is just really sick. Okay? Bye!

(She goes back in to talk to Ross.) Honey, listen, I know, I know things seem so bad right now.

Monica: (Poking her head in) Rach? Can I talk to for just a minute? I-I dropped some socks.

Rachel: Yeah. (She goes out to join her in the hall and starts looking for the dropped socks.)

Monica: What is the matter with you?! Do you want to fall into the trap? Do you want to fall **into** the trap?!

Rachel: Ohh! **You** did not drop any socks!

Monica: I just ran into Dave and he told me that you blew him off! I mean, you listen to me! Now, I'm calling the shots! I say you leave Ross alone and go get Dave! What the hell were you trying to do?

Rachel: Well, ultimately, I was trying y'know, I-I wanted...tell him y'know, that I'm still in love with him.

Monica: (Gasps) What?!! You **cannot** tell him that!!

Rachel: Why? Why not?! People love to hear that!

Monica: I make the decisions, and I say no.

Rachel: Well, y'know what, no, you do not make my decisions because y'know what, you're fired.

Monica: You can't fire me. I make **your** decisions and I say, "I'm **not** fired!" Ha!

Rachel: Well... (At a loss for words, she grabs some of Monica's laundry and throws it on the floor as a diversion to allow Rachel to run back inside and close the door. Monica chases her to find that Rachel had locked the door.)

Monica: Rachel!! Come on! Let me in!

Joey: (Poking his head out.) Havin' some trouble?

Monica: Rachel locked the door.

Joey: I'll kick that door in if you give me a little sugar.

Commercial Break

[Scene: The hallway, continued from earlier. Monica is still locked out.]

Monica: Rachel! Let me in! Rachel!

[Cut to inside the apartment, Ross decides to let Monica in and goes over and opens the door in mid-pound.]

Monica: Thank you. Rachel, can I talk to you outside for a sec?

Rachel: No.

Monica: I really need to talk to you.

Rachel: Well, then talk!

Monica: Okay, I will. Remember that thing that we just discussed that you wanted to do?

Rachel: Yes!

Ross: What thing?

Monica: Well, Rachel wants to take swing dance lessons. Which I think is a really stupid idea! It's dangerous, she's never gonna get what she wants, and who knows who she might (Turns to look at Ross) end up hurting.

Ross: Monica's right, swing dancing can be tricky. I'm gonna use the phone. I gotta cancel those five giant teddy bears I sent to Emily. (Looks at the rose mulch.) My God, think of the massacre.

Rachel: I'm gonna do it.

Monica: All right, Rachel, I know—I know you think I'm crazy, please, before you tell him you love him, just—just try to find one person who thinks this is a good idea. Because I bet you, you can't.

Rachel: But I...

Monica: Please!

Rachel: All right, fine.

(There's a loud bang on the door.)

Monica: Joey, I'm in!

Joey: (In tremendous pain) All right. Good deal.

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

All: Pheebs! Hey Pheebs!

Joey: Uh, okay, Pheebs?

Phoebe: Yeah?

Joey: Umm, y'know how the other day you were talking about how you didn't get to go to London and how you were kinda feeling left out?

Phoebe: Yeah?

Joey: All right, well, we felt really bad about that so we decided we should all take a little trip together!

Phoebe: Ohh, that's so nice! How great! Well, where? Where's the trip?!

Monica: Well, we thought we would all go to a picnic (Phoebe gasps), in Central Park!

Phoebe: (excited) **Central**... (not so excited) Park!

Joey: Yeah, all of us! All day!

Phoebe: That sucks! That's not a trip! I just came from the park! What are we gonna high five about at the stupid Central Park? "Well, it's right by my house, all right!"

Chandler: Well, I'm gonna go home and bask in the triumph of my Central Park idea. (Gets up to leave.)

Rachel: (stopping him) Hey—whoa—whoa—whoa!! Ho—ho—hold on a sec there, Mr. Kissey! Y'know, I've been meaning to talk to you about this whole, little, new European thing you got going on, and I just need to tell you that it makes me very uncomfortable and I just—y'know—stop it!

Chandler: I was just trying to bring a little culture to the group.

Phoebe: That's fine, just don't bring it in my mouth.

Monica: Makes me wanna puke! (Chandler looks at her, quizzically.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Rachel, Monica, Chandler, and Joey are there as Ross enters with Phoebe.]

Ross: Hey everybody, Pheebs is here!

Joey: Phoebe!

Chandler: Hey, Pheebs!

Rachel: Phoebe, woo!

Phoebe: Okay, woo! Hi.

Chandler: Okay, Pheebs, we decided the picnic idea was a little... Y'know, it didn't have any... It—it, well it blew. So, we thought, that this afternoon that we would all go away for the whole weekend to, Atlantic City!

Phoebe: Ooh, Atlantic City! Oh, that's a great plan! Who's plan was that?

Joey: Mine!

Ross: Wait! It was **my** plan.

Joey: Nooo, I said we needed a new plan.

Ross: And, I came up with Atlantic City.

Joey: **Which**, is the new plan!

Monica: Okay, well, why don't we all meet upstairs in an hour?

Phoebe: Okay! Ooh—ahh, I'm gonna go pack. I'm gonna go pack my ass off!

(They all go pack except for Ross.)

Monica: Come on Rach, let's go.

Rachel: Yeah, y'know what? I'm—I'm gonna meet you upstairs in a minute.

Monica: No! Rachel, you didn't find anyone so you can't tell him.

Rachel: Well, y'know what, that doesn't matter.

Monica: Okay, Rachel, do you have any idea how painful it is to tell someone that you love them and not have them say it back?

Rachel: Yeah, I—I don't care.

Monica: Okay. I—I can't watch. (Leaves as sits down to read the paper.)

Rachel: What 'cha readin'?

Ross: The paper.

Rachel: Yeah, what's it about?

Ross: Events from around the globe.

Rachel: Okay. Uhh, Ross, y'know what, there's something that I—that I have to talk to you about and everybody's saying that I shouldn't tell you, but I think they're wrong. I mean, and you know how people can be wrong.

Ross: Sure. Once, at work I—I thought carbon dating was fossilized…

Rachel: Okay, Ross, I'm really trying to tell you something here.

Ross: Yeah.

Rachel: Okay.

Ross: Go ahead.

Rachel: Umm, okay, I think I'm—I'm just gonna—just gonna say it. Just gonna say it. Uhh, (pause) I'm still in love with you Ross.

(Ross is stunned.)

Ross: Wow. Umm… Huh… I'm—I'm not sure what to do with that right now.

(Rachel starts laughing hysterically.)

Ross: What? What? Was that a joke? 'Cause it's mean.

Rachel: (Laughing) I'm so dead serious. I'm totally serious.

Ross: Why are you laughing?

Rachel: Because (laughs), because, I just heard it. I heard it, and it's ridiculous! I mean, you're married. You're—you're married and it's just ridiculous, and it's like, it's like when said it, I sort of like, I floated up out of my body, y'know? And, and—and then I heard myself say it and then the floating Rachel (laughs) was like, "You are such an idiot!"

Ross: Well, well I **am** married. Even though I haven't spoken to my wife since the wedding.

Rachel: (laughs) I'm sorry, that's not funny.

Ross: Actually, it kinda is. My wife won't return my calls. I don't know where my wife is. (Laughs) "Hey Ross, where's the Mrs.?" Don't know!

Rachel: Oh God, ohh, okay, y'know what, do you think ah, do you think that you just forget that I told you this?

Ross: Well, I kinda half to. I mean, because the thing is…

Rachel: The thing is y'know, that you're married to Emily.

Ross: That is what the thing is.

Rachel: Ross, things aren't gonna be weird between us, right? I mean was that just the stupidest thing, me telling you that?

Ross: No. No. No, I'm—I'm glad you did. Look, if nothing else, it's—it's always great when someone tells you they love you.

Rachel: That's what I said! Thank you for being so nice. (They hug.)

Ross: No thank you for… Thank you.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the gang is about ready to leave for Atlantic City.]

Ross: Okay, let's go!

Chandler: Atlantic City!

Phoebe: Atlantic City, baby! Let's roll some bones! Hey Joey, high-five for rolling bones!

(They high-five and howl, but Phoebe suddenly stops and the guys gasp and retreat in shock.)

Joey: Uh, Pheebs, you're leaking?

Monica: Oh my God! You're water broke!

The Guys: Ohh!

Phoebe: All right. Well, don't worry, I call shotgun! (She starts out the door.)

All: Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa! Wait-wait!

Chandler: Pheebs! We have to take you to the hospital now!

Ross: Pheebs, Pheebs, the babies are coming now.

Rachel: High-five, the babies are coming! (They all high-five.)

Phoebe: Wait, wait, remember when my water broke? (They all high-five again.)

Ending Credits

[Scene: The hallway between the apartments, they are taking Phoebe to the hospital but Chandler and Monica hold back.]

Monica: I can't believe Phoebe's gonna have her babies!

Chandler: I know, it's beautiful. Amazing.

(They both kiss.)

Chandler: Y'know what else I can't believe? I had to kiss Phoebe and Rachel every time I left a room, I mean it's too bad they didn't see us having sex.

Monica: Do you know anything about women?

Chandler: No.

Monica: That's all right.

Chandler: Okay. (They kiss again.)

End

503. The One Hundredth

Written by: Marta Kauffman & David Crane

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: The Hospital, Phoebe is arriving with Ross, Joey, and Rachel in tow.]

Phoebe: (to the nurse) Hi.

Nurse: Hi.

Phoebe: Hi, yeah, hi! I'm umm, Phoebe Buffay, and I have babies coming out of me.

Nurse: Okay. Have you started having contractions?

Phoebe: Not yet. Umm, I heard they really hurt, do they hurt?

Nurse: Well...

Phoebe: Oh my God!

Ross: It's all right.

Nurse: Now, which of you is the father? (Points to Joey and Ross)

Phoebe: Oh no, none of them are the father. The father is my brother.

Nurse: (not sure what to do with that) Okay...

Rachel: I am **so** gonna miss watching you freak people out like that!

Joey: Okay, uh Pheebs, quick. Look! This (His video camera) is for the babies to look at someday, so is--is there anything you want to say? Y'know before it all starts?

Phoebe: Oh, okay, umm, hi kids! Um, it's me, Aunt Phoebe. I can't wait to see you. Please don't hurt me!
(Monica and Chandler come running in.)

Ross: Hey, what took you guys so long? Your cab left when ours did!

(There's a pause as they figure out what to say.)

Monica: Well, we--we had to go back because I forget my jacket.

Chandler: That's right.

(Both Rachel and Ross stare at her for a moment.)

Rachel: You--you're not wearing a jacket.

Monica: Oh man! I did it again!

Phoebe: (standing up) Okay, so umm, somebody has to call Frank and Alice. (As she is talking Joey is sticking the camera under her skirt.) And then my mom wants to know--(notices Joey)--Joey, what are you doing?!

Joey: I gotta get the before shot!

(She shakes her head no.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: The delivery room, Rachel and Ross are entering.]

Rachel: Hi, Pheebs? Okay, so just spoke to the nurse and the reason that your doctor is late is because uh, she's not coming.

Phoebe: What?!

Ross: Apparently she fell in the shower and hit her head.

Phoebe: Oh my God, she's so stupid!

Ross: Look, Pheebs–Pheebs, it's gonna be okay.

Phoebe: That's easy for you to say, I don't see three kids coming out your vagina!

Rachel: Honey, listen, y'know what? The nurse said the doctor is wonderful.

Ross: Yeah, he's head of the department.

Phoebe: All right—Ooh! Oh dead God, save me!

Monica: What?

Phoebe: I'm having my first contraction!

Chandler: Oh no.

Phoebe: Ooh, it's not bad.

Chandler: Okay.

Joey: Oh! (In an announcer type voice) And so the miracle of life begins, and aaiyyyyyyeee! (He grabs his side and doubles over in pain.)

Chandler: Hey! You okay?

Joey: Ooh, something hurts!

Phoebe: Ooh, it's sympathy pains. Ohh, that's so sweet!

Joey: Are they? I didn't know I cared that much.

(The doctor, Dr. Harad, enters.)

Ross: Hello.

Dr. Harad: Hi! Phoebe, I'm Dr. Harad, I'm going to be delivering your babies. I want you to know, you're gonna be in good hands. I've been doing this for a long time. I'll be back in a minute to do your internal, in the meantime, just relax because everything here looks great. And also, I love Fonzie. (Exits)

Chandler: Did he just say, he loves Fonzie?

Monica: That's what it sounded like.

Chandler: All right...

Frank: (entering) Hey!

All: Hey!

Frank: (To Phoebe) Hey! Am I late? Am I late? Nobody came out yet, right?

Phoebe: No–no–no! We haven't started yet. Where's Alice?

Frank: Uh, Delaware. She's on her way though, so until she gets here, I'm gonna be your coach. But don't worry, she told me all about the la–Mazada stuff.

Chandler: Yeah, that's when if you get the babies out by the end of the month, they give you 2% financing.

Frank: Yeah.

[Scene: The waiting room, Monica and Joey are sitting there.]

Rachel: (entering) Monica? You gonna be very proud of me. I just got us dates with two unbelievably cute nurses.

Joey: Oh my!

Rachel: They're male nurses.

Joey: Not in my head.

Rachel: Anyway, they want to take us out Saturday night! What do you say?

Monica: Umm. (Looks at Chandler who is using the phone.) Umm. Umm. I don't think so.

Rachel: What? What are you talking about?! You—you're the one who's been telling me to get over Ross and move on. I'm moving on, and you're moving on with me. Come on, give me one good reason why you don't wanna go.

Monica: Umm, why don't you give **me** something that would be a good reason and—and then I'll tell you if it's true.

Rachel: What?

Monica: Harder than it sounds. Isn't it?

Rachel: Okay, you're coming with me, and I also told them that if we're still here when they get off that we'll go down to the cafeteria and have some *Jell-O* with them.

Joey: (in a sexy voice) Yep! There's always room for *Jell-O*...

Rachel: Joey, how do you make **that** dirty?

Joey: Oh, it's easy. Yeah, I—I can do it with anything. Watch uh, (snaps his fingers and in a sexy voice) Grandma's chicken salad...

[Scene: The delivery room, Chandler, Frank, and Ross are with Phoebe.]

Joey: (entering) Ross! Get a shot of this. (He's carrying an issue of the *USA Today* and hands Ross the camera.) Hey babies! These are the headlines on the day you were born! Okay, now girl baby turn away and boy babies... (Throws the paper away to reveal a copy of *Playpen*, which is the TV version of *Playboy Magazine*.) Check it out, huh?! This is what naked women looked like the month you were born. All right, now let's dive right into the good stuff. (Joey opens the magazine and Ross sticks the camera in it.)

Phoebe: Oh, okay, I'm having another one! This one doesn't hurt either—Ooh, yes it does! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow! Ooh! (Checks under the blanket.) Oh, I was kinda hoping that was it.

Ross: Hey, where are Monica and Rachel anyway?

Joey: Oh, a couple of nurses asked them out. Maybe they're with them.

Chandler: Really? Male nurses?

Joey: Yeah, I was bummed too.

Chandler: So they're going on dates? When?

Joey: I think Saturday—(groans in pain again).

Frank: (To Phoebe) What's with him?

Phoebe: Umm, sympathy pains. I thought it was really sweet at first, but now I think he's just trying to steal my thunder.

Dr. Harad: (entering) Okay!

Phoebe: Hey.

Dr. Harad: Let's see what we got here. Ohh, y'know, Fonzie dated triplets.

Chandler: This—this Fonzie person you keep referring to, is that uh, is that another doctor?

Dr. Harad: Oh no—no—no. Fonzie is the nickname of Arthur Fonzerelli. The Fonz.

Chandler: All right.

(Dr. Harad exits.)

Frank: It's not **that** weird, is it?

Phoebe: It's **very** weird! I don't want some guy down there telling me, I'm y'know, dilatedamundo!

Ross: To be fair, he doesn't seem to be impersonating Fonzie...

Phoebe: (interrupting) What are you doing?! Why are you defending him?! Just get me another doctor! One who is not crazy and who is not Fonzie!

Ross: Again, it's not that he...

(Phoebe fakes pain to get Ross looking for another doctor.)

[Scene: The waiting room, Chandler is looking for Monica.]

Chandler: (spotting her) Oh-hey-hey-hey! There you are!

Monica: Umm, listen there's something I think you should know.

Chandler: Oh, is this about you-you dating the nurse? Yeah, Joey already told me, and I am so-so fine. I mean, you and I we're just, y'know, we're nothing, we're goofin' around.

Monica: Umm, actually I was about to tell you that I was, I was going to get out of it, but hey, if we're just goofing around then uh, maybe I **will** go out with him.

Chandler: Fine! Maybe I will too!

Joey: (entering from the elevator caring gifts for the kids) Hey, you guys! Look what I found in the giiiiiiift shop. (He doubles over in pain in front an old man in a wheel chair.) Get up! Get up! Get up! (The old man waves him away.)

[Scene: The delivery room, Ross has returned with another doctor. This one, is well, younger.]

Ross: Okay, Phoebe, this Dr. Oberman. He has no strong feelings about Fonzie or any of the *Happy Days* gang.

Phoebe: Hi! And you're going into what grade?

Dr. Oberman: Umm, I'm actually a first year resident, but I get that a lot, you see, I-I graduated early...

Phoebe: (interrupting) Uh-huh, me too. Ross, maybe I should've specified that I'd be needing a grown up doctor.

Dr. Oberman: Oh no, I'm fully qualified to...

Phoebe: Shh! Doogie, shh! Doesn't anybody understand that I'm gonna be having babies soon? Huh? Go! Go little boy, go!

(He runs out and Frank watches him go.)

Frank: Oh cool! You made him cry!

[Scene: Another hospital room, Joey has now been admitted and his doctor is about to break the bad news to him, Monica, and Chandler.]

Joey's Doctor: Mr. Tribbiani, I'm afraid you've got kidney stones.

Joey: Umm, well, what else could it be?

Joey's Doctor: It's kidney stones.

Joey: Or?

Joey's Doctor: Kidney stones!

[Scene: The delivery room, Dr. Harad is back and checking on Phoebe.]

Dr. Harad: All right, you're getting there. Oh, and y'know, these babies are very, very lucky.

Phoebe: They are. Why?

Dr. Harad: They have the honor of being born on The Fonz's half-birthday.

Phoebe: Happy birthday!

Dr. Harad: Just—just to clarify, I'm not Fonzie. (Phoebe nods in agreement as he leaves.)

Rachel: Honey, y'know I just gotta tell you, I think this is such a terrific thing you're having these babies for Frank and Alice.

Phoebe: I know, it is.

Rachel: Yeah!

Phoebe: Can I tell you a little secret?

Rachel: Yeah!

Phoebe: I want to keep one. (Giggles in excitement.)

Rachel: Ohh, I'm gonna be on the news!

Commercial Break

[Scene: The delivery room, continued from earlier.]

Rachel: Okay, Phoebe, honey, you gotta be kidding. I mean, you **know** you cannot keep one of these babies!

Phoebe: Why not?! Maybe I can, you don't know!

Rachel: Yes! Yes! Yes, I do! I do know! Frank and Alice are gonna want to keep **all** of their children!

Phoebe: Maybe not! Y'know? Seriously, three babies are a handful maybe they're y'know, looking for a chance to unload one of them. Listen, I—I hate to miss an opportunity just because I didn't **ask**! Y'know?

Rachel: Phoebe, no! This is, this is insane.

Phoebe: Oh, just ask him!

Rachel: Me?!

Phoebe: I can't ask him! Do you have any idea how inappropriate that would be?! All I'm saying is just talk to Frank. Okay? Just, y'know, feel him out!

Rachel: No! Forget it! I am **not** gonna ask Frank to give you one of his kids!!

Phoebe: You're right.

(There's an awkward silence then suddenly Phoebe gets an idea.)

Phoebe: Tell him it's for you.

[Scene: Joey's room, his doctor, Chandler, and Monica are there.]

Monica: Feeling a little better sweetie?

Joey: Well, maybe a little. I wish you hadn't seen me throw up.

Monica: Me too.

Ross: (entering) Hey! I just heard. What's up?

Joey's Doctor: Kidney stones! Now, ordinarily Mr. Tribbiani, we try to break up the stones up with shock waves, but they're too close to the bladder now. Which means we can either wait for you to pass them or else go up the urethra...

Joey: (interrupting) Whoa—whoa! No—no—no—no—no, nothing is going up! Okay? Up, up is not an option—what's a urethra? (Monica whispers what it is in his ear.) Are you crazy?!

[Scene: The delivery room, Rachel and Frank are there.]

Phoebe: (To Rachel) So did you ask him?

Rachel: No, I haven't had a chance to be alone with him yet.

Phoebe: Well, I'm kinda on a clock here.

Dr. Harad: (laughing) Oh Fonzie.

Rachel: Y'know who I always liked? Mork.

(Dr. Harad drops what he's doing and stares at her.)

Phoebe: Undo it. Undo it. Undo it.

Dr. Harad: Fonzie met Mork. Mork froze Fonzie.

Rachel: Yeah, but umm... Yes, but, Fonzie was already cool, so he wasn't hurt, right?

Dr. Harad: Yeah, that's right.

Monica: (entering with Chandler) Hey!

Phoebe: Hi!

Monica: (To Phoebe) How are you doing?

Phoebe: Okay, doctor says any minute now.

Frank: Hey, y'know, Alice is gonna be here so soon, you couldn't just like do me a favor and like, like hold them in?

Phoebe: Sorry Frank, I'm kinda in the middle of the last favor you asked me to do.

(A male nurse enters.)

Male Nurse: Hey!

Rachel: Hi!

Male Nurse: Rachel.

Rachel: Monica, this is Dan (points to him), one of the guys that we're gonna be going out with on Saturday. (Mouths "He's yours." to her.) Uh Dan, Monica.

Dan: Nice to meet you.

Monica: Hello Dan! I'm **really** looking forward to Saturday night! Really, really!

Chandler: So Dan, nurse not a doctor huh? Kinda girlie isn't it?

Monica: Chandler!

Dan: Nah that's okay. I'm just doing this to put myself through medical school.

Chandler: Oh.

Dan: And it didn't feel so girlie during the Gulf War.

Chandler: Sure. (Pause) And listen, thanks for doing that for us, by the way. (Retreats in defeat.)

Monica: So, why wait 'til Saturday, are you free tomorrow?

Dan: Sure! I'll get somebody to cover my shift.

Monica: Oh, great!

Chandler: (to another female nurse) Hey, how 'bout it? You, me, Saturday night?

Delivery Room Nurse: No.

Chandler: All right. Very good.

Phoebe: Oo, this is a big one. Eww! Arghhhh!!

[Cut to Joey's room, who's going through his own contractions. Plus, he has Ross in a headlock.]

Joey: Ohh, get these things out of me!

Ross: Breathe! Breathe! Breathe throw the pain.

(Joey starts breathing hard)

Joey: I want the drugs Ross, I want the drugs! (He starts rocking back and forth, taking Ross with him.)

Ross: I do too! I do too!

Joey: Argh!

Ross: Argh!

Joey: Argh!

Ross: Argh!

[Scene: The waiting room, Frank is on the phone as Rachel approaches.]

Frank: Yeah, I love you. Okay, bye! (To Rachel) Hi!

Rachel: Hi!

Frank: That was Alice's mom, she said she left five hours ago. She should be here by now!

Rachel: Oh, honey, don't worry. She's gonna make it on time.

Frank: Yeah.

Rachel: Yeah. So Frank, three babies. Whew, that just seems like a lot, huh?

Frank: (laughs) Not to me.

Rachel: Yeah, fair enough.

[Scene: The delivery room, later on, Rachel, Chandler, Monica, and Frank are there as Dr. Harad is checking out Phoebe.]

Dr. Harad: Okay, you're at ten centimeters. Time to start having some babies. All right, I want only the father in here please.

(They all kiss her and wish her luck.)

Monica: Bye Dan!

Dan: Uh, bye Monica.

Chandler: Bye, momi-moo.

(Everyone except Frank leaves.)

Dr. Harad: All right, I need a clamp, sterile towel, and channel 31.

Phoebe: What is that?

(Dan turns on the TV and the *Happy Days* theme song comes on.)

Phoebe: Oh my God!

Dr. Harad: Oh, no-no-no, it's a good one! Fonzie plays the bongos. All right, are you ready? It's time to start pushing.

[Cut to Joey's room, his doctor and Ross are there.]

Joey's Doctor: Are you ready? It's time to try peeing. (Joey makes a face like he is trying to pee.) Wait-wait-wait-wait! It's **almost** time to try peeing. (Points at the bottle Joey is to pee into.)

[Cut to the delivery room.]

Dr. Harad: Okay, now push! That's it push! Just concentrate on pushing! Yeah, here we go!

Dan: I see the head.

Frank: Yes, it has a head!

Dr. Harad: All right. Keep pushing! Come on!

Frank: I can't believe there's somebody coming out of you right now. There's somebody coming out of you! Is it? Is it? It's my son.

Dr. Harad: All right. Here's your first baby.

[Cut to the waiting room, a triumphant Frank rushes in.]

Frank: YESSSSS!!!! We got a baby boy!!

Chandler: Yes!

Frank: Frank Jr. Jr.!!

Rachel: Oh, how does he look? How does he look?

Frank: So gross! (He runs back to the delivery room.)

[Cut to the delivery room, Phoebe is about to give birth to the middle kid.]

Dr. Harad: Okay. You ready to push again?

Phoebe: I already had a baby. Leave me alone.

Frank: Okay, okay, come on, you can do it. You can do it!

(Phoebe screams in pain, and Frank screams with her.)

[Cut to the waiting room, a twice triumphant Frank returns.]

Frank: Yeah!! Little Leslie is here! We got another one! Oh my God, I can't believe I have two-two children.

How scary is that? (He returns to the delivery room.)

[Cut to the delivery room, Phoebe is at it for the last time.]

Frank: Come on little Chandler, it's time to be born. Come on little Chandler! Come on!

Dr. Harad: All right, he's coming. He's coming!

(They both stare at the newborn.)

Frank: Hey, where's his thing?

[Cut to the waiting room, a thrice triumphant Frank returns again.]

Frank: Chandler's a girl!

Chandler: Oh God, kindergarten flashback.

Frank: They musta read the sonogram wrong. 'Cause they, 'cause they thought it was a boy, but

Chandler's a girl! Chandler's a girl!

Chandler: Okay, keep saying it!

Alice: (running in from the elevator) Am I too late?!

Frank: No-no ah, everything's okay. Everybody's healthy there's 30 fingers and 30 toes.

Alice: We have our babies?

Frank: Yeah.

Alice: (Starting to cry) Oh, we have our babies.

(They hug. And quickly that hug turns into a heated make out session, right there on the waiting room couch. Chandler, Rachel, and Monica quickly make their exits.)

[Scene: Joey's room, he is recovering from his birth.]

Joey: Oh my God.

Ross: You did it, man.

Joey's Doctor: Would you like to see them? (He hands Joey a little jar.)

Joey: They're so small! (Both he and Ross look at them with satisfied looks on their faces.)

[Scene: A hallway, Monica and Dan are talking.]

Dan: So, I'll call you tomorrow.

Monica: Great!

(Dan leaves as Chandler enters.)

Chandler: So, are you really gonna go out with that nurse man?

Monica: Well uh, you and I are just goofing around, I thought, why not goof around with him.

Chandler: Y'know, I don't know if you've ever looked up the term goofing around in the dictionary... Well, I have, and the technical definition is, two friends who care a lot about each other and have amazing sex and just wanna spend more time together. But if you have this new fangled dictionary that gets you made at me, then we have to, y'know, get you my original dictionary. I am **so** bad at this.

Monica: I think you're better than you think you are.

Chandler: Really? Okay, so...

Monica: (interrupting) Know when to stop.

Chandler: Y'know, I sensed that I should stop. So we're okay?

Monica: Yeah. All right, I'm gonna go tell Dan that it's not gonna happen. (They kiss and as she starts to leave, Chandler starts to dance. Without turning around.) Don't do the dance.

Chandler: Right!

[Scene: The delivery room, everyone except Rachel is there. Phoebe, Monica, and Ross are holding the babies.]

Monica: I think you're my favorite.

Phoebe: Which one do you have?

Monica: I don't care.

Rachel: (entering) Hi. (To Phoebe) Hey, hi! So uh, Frank and Alice wanted me to tell you that they're still outside making phone calls.

Phoebe: But umm, I mean, did you talk to them about, y'know...

Rachel: Yeah, umm, no honey.

Phoebe: Oh. It was a long shot. Hey, you guys can I just like have a second alone with the babies.

All: Yeah, sure yeah. Yeah.

(They hand her the babies and leave them alone.)

Phoebe: So, here you are. It seems like yesterday I was talking to you in that little petri dish. Everyone said labor was the hardest thing I'd ever have to do, but they were wrong this is. Oh, I had the most fun with you guys! I wish I could take you home and see you everyday. Okay, I'll settle for being your favorite Aunt. I know Alice's sister has a pool, but you lived in me. Okay, so we're cool. Yeah, we're gonna be great. Little high fives! (Imitates the high fives.) Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! (One of the babies begins to cry.) Well, if you're gonna cry. (She starts crying.)

Ending Credits

[Scene: The delivery room, everyone is hanging out with Phoebe. Frank, Alice, and the kids aren't there.]

Monica: Phoebe, we are so proud of you! You're amazing!

Phoebe: I know.

Rachel: So does it really hurt as bad as they say?

Phoebe: Yeah. You won't be able to take it.

Chandler: So uh, now that little Chandler turned out to be a girl, what are they gonna name her?

Season 5

Phoebe: They're gonna call her Chandler.

Chandler: That's kind of a masculine name, don't you think?

Phoebe: Works on you.

End

504. The One Where Phoebe Hates PBS

Written by: Michael Curtis

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel has just gotten home and is going through the mail. She finds something that's Monica's and goes over and knocks on her closed bedroom door.]

Monica: (In a sexy voice) Come in. I've been waiting for you.

(Rachel enters.)

Rachel: Hi! I just wanna—(sees Monica)—Ahhh!!! Oh my God! (She runs out in horror.) Oh my God!

Monica: (pulling on a robe) Okay, I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I—I was um, I was taking a nap.

Rachel: Since when do take naps in **that** position. Oh God Monica, tell me you were waiting for a guy! Please tell me you were waiting for a guy!

Monica: Yes. Yes, I was. A guy. From work. (Thinks) I'm seeing a guy from work! Ha!

Rachel: (Gasps) That cute waiter guy from your restaurant, the one that looks like a non-threatening Ray Liotta?

Monica: Uh-huh, that one!

Rachel: Y'know what, just give me a second and I'll be out of your hair. I'm just gonna grab a jacket. When I get back, I want every little detail. (There's a knock on the door.) Maybe that's him. (Goes to answer the door.)

Monica: (Panicking) Okay, umm, okay, umm... (Rachel opens the door.) It's just Joey and Ross.

Rachel: Why aren't you guys at the movie?

Joey: Well, we were! But Ross was talking so loud on his phone they threw us out!

Ross: I had to talk loud because the movie was loud!

Joey: (to Monica and Rachel) He's talking to London!

Monica: But why?! Did he get in touch with Emily?

Joey: Well no, not yet. He's calling everyone on her side of the family hoping that someone will help him get in touch with her.

Ross: (on phone) I—I-I don't care if I said some other girl's name you prissy, old twit!

Joey: Ross! Way to suck up to the family.

Chandler: (entering, happily, with a bottle of champagne, thinking that Monica is the only one there) Ha-ha-ha—(sees everyone)—enh-enh. I'm so glad you guys are all here! My office finally got wrinkle free fax paper!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the next morning, Phoebe, Chandler, Ross, and Monica are eating breakfast.]

Joey: (entering, wearing a tux) Hey!

Chandler: Oh no-no-no-no-no-no, vomit tux! No-no, vomit tux!

Joey: Don't worry, I had it dry-cleaned.

Monica: Vomit tux? Who vomited on—y'know what, what you up to Joe?

Joey: Well, I'm doing this telethon thing on TV and my agent got me a job as co-host!

Monica: Oh that's great!

Joey: A little uh, good deed for PBS and a little TV exposure, now that's the kind of math Joey likes to do!

Phoebe: Ugh, PBS!

Monica: What's wrong with PBS?

Phoebe: Ugh, what's **right** with them?

Joey: Why don't you like PBS, Pheebs?

Phoebe: Okay, 'cause right after my mom killed herself, I was just in this really bad place, y'know personally. So, I just thought that it'd make me feel better if I wrote to *Sesame Street*, 'cause they were so nice when I was a little kid! No one ever wrote back.

Chandler: Well y'know a lot of those Muppets don't have thumbs.

Phoebe: All I got was a lousy key chain! And by that time I was living in a box. I didn't have keys!

Joey: I'm sorry Pheebs, I just, y'know, I just wanted to do a good deed. Like—like you did with the babies.

Phoebe: This isn't a good deed, you just wanted to get on TV! This is totally selfish.

Joey: Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! What about you, having those babies for your brother? Talk about selfish!

Phoebe: What—what are you talking about?!

Joey: Well, yeah, it was a really nice thing and all, but it made you feel really good right?

Phoebe: Yeah. So?

Joey: It made **you** feel good, so that makes it selfish. Look, there's no unselfish good deeds, sorry.

Phoebe: Yes there are! There are totally good deeds that are selfless.

Joey: Well, may I ask for one example?

Phoebe: Yeah, it's... Y'know there's—no you may not!

(They are standing on either side of Chandler as they discuss the point. Chandler, meanwhile, is disgusted with the whole argument.)

Joey: That's because all people are selfish.

Phoebe: Are you calling me selfish?!

Joey: Are you calling you people? (Chandler rolls his eyes.) Yeah, well sorry to burst that bubble, Pheebs, but selfless good deeds don't exist. Okay? And you the deal on Santa Clause right?

Phoebe: I'm gonna find a selfless good dead. I'm gonna beat you, you evil genius.

(Ross's phone rings and he answers it.)

Ross: (on phone) Hello.

Emily: (on phone from London) Hello, Ross?

Ross: Emily? Emily! Oh my God! Oh my God, it's Emily! (He picks up a lamp and hands it to Chandler, for no reason.) It's Emily everyone! Shush—shush—shhst! (to Emily) Hi!

Emily: Ross, I'm only ringing to say stop harassing my relatives. Good—bye!

Ross: No wait! Look, wait! Okay, you can hang up, but I'm gonna keep calling! I'm gonna, I'm gonna call everyone in England if that's what it takes to get you to talk to me!

Emily: Really? About what?

Ross: Look you're my wife. We're—we're married. Y'know? I—I love you. I—I really miss you.

Emily: I miss you to. Well, at least I think I do.

Ross: (to the gang, whispering) She's talking.

All: (subdued) Yay! (He motions for them to keep quiet, including Chandler who is still holding the lamp Ross handed him, before he goes off to talk to Emily in private.)

Phoebe: Hey, Joey, when you said the deal with Santa Clause, you meant?

Joey: That he doesn't exist.

Phoebe: Right. (She turns and opens her eyes in shock.)

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

Rachel: So Chandler, have you heard about Monica's secret boyfriend?

Chandler: Uhh, yeah. She uh, she uh, she uh might've mentioned him.

Rachel: So Mon, when are we gonna meet this new secret waiter man?

Monica: Ohh, he's really shy. I-I don't think he's up to meeting everyone yet.

Chandler: Yeah, I don't think he's up to meeting everyone yet.

Rachel: I don't care! I wanna meet this guy who's the best sex she ever had!

(Chandler is quite pleased with that statement.)

Chandler: Really?! That's what you heard? (To Monica) You said that?

Monica: I might've said that. (Chandler laughs.) Why is that funny?

Chandler: Because I'm very happy for him! (To Monica) And **you**, you lucky dog!

Ross: (entering) Hi!

Monica: Hey!

Ross: Well, Emily's willing to work on the relationship.

Chandler: Yes!

Monica: That's great!

Ross: In London!

Monica: What?!

Ross: She wants me to move to London.

Monica: But you live here! (Ross rolls his eyes.) You know that.

Rachel: What-what-what are you gonna do?

Ross: I bet if I talk to Carol and Susan I can convince them to move to London with Ben.

Monica: Yeah, I'm sure your ex-wife will be more than happy to move to another country so you can patch things up with your new wife.

Ross: It could happen.

[Scene: Unitel Video, Studio 55, Joey's telethon, he is being shown around by the stage director.]

Joey: (To the pledge volunteers) How ya doin'? Welcome. Good to see ya!

Stage Director: This will be your phone.

Joey: That's great. But uh, I'm not really expecting a lot of calls.

Stage Director: No you answer it and take pledges.

Joey: But I'm the host!

Stage Director: No, Gary Collins is the host. You'll be answering the phones.

Joey: You don't seem to understand. See, I was Dr. Drake Remoray.

Stage Director: Well, here's your phone doctor. (She walks away.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Phoebe, Rachel, and Monica are there.]

Phoebe: I cannot believe I can't find a selfless good deed! Y'know that old guy that lives next to me? Well, I snuck over there and—and raked up all the leaves on his front stoop. But he caught me and force-fed me cider and cookies. Then I felt wonderful. That old jackass!

Rachel: Maybe Joey's right. Maybe all good deeds are selfish.

Phoebe: I will find a selfless good deed! 'Cause I just gave birth to three children and I will not let them be raised in a world where Joey is right!

Chandler: (entering) Hey, Monica? Can I ask you a cooking question?

Monica: Sure!

Chandler: If you're cooking on the stove, does that mean that your new secret boyfriend is better in bed than Richard?

Rachel: Chandler! (Pause) Is he?

Monica: Well, y'know I—I think I'm gonna respect the privacy of my new secret boyfriend.

Chandler: Why?! I mean if this guy was **me** and it was **me** who had learned that it was **me** who was the best you'd ever had, I'd be going like this. (He jumps up onto the table and starts doing his happy dance.)

[Scene: Ross's apartment, he's on the phone with Emily.]

Ross: All right Emily, as much as I love you, I'm sorry, I can't move to London without Ben.

Emily: I understand that would be difficult.

Ross: Yeah, would you **please** consider moving here? I mean you were gonna move here anyway, why can't you just do that?

Emily: I don't know, it's just...

Ross: Oh—oh—okay, but—but I know, that even though I've been a—a complete idiot up 'til now, I mean, I mean you—you—you have to come here. You have to come here so we can work this out.

Emily: All right.

Ross: All right, did you just say all right?

Emily: I did. Now I'm the idiot.

Ross: Oh, Emily that is, that is so great. It's gonna be so great! We're gonna be like—like—like two idiots in love!

(She laughs.)

Emily: Ross, there's one thing that really scares me still.

Ross: Yes, tell me.

Emily: Well, you have to understand how humiliating it was for me up on that altar in front of my entire family, all my friends.

Ross: I know. I am, I am so sorry.

Emily: And then after decided to forgive you, seeing you at the airport catching our plane with her.

Ross: Again, very sorry.

Emily: I mean, I can't—I can't be in the same room as her! It drives me mad just thinking of you being in the same room as her!

Ross: Emily, there is **nothing** between Rachel and me. Okay? I love you.

Emily: All right. I'll come to New York and we'll try and make this work.

Ross: Oh that is so great! That's...

Emily: (interrupting him) As long as you don't see Rachel anymore.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Ross is telling Phoebe, Monica, and Chandler about Emily's ultimatum.]

Ross: So I asked Emily if she would come to New York, and she said yes.

Chandler: Yes!

Phoebe: Ooh-ohh!

Monica: Great!

Ross: No-no-no! Only if I promise never to see Rachel again.

Phoebe: Why?

Monica: What?! You can't—what did you tell her?

Ross: I told her I'd have to think about it. I mean, how the hell am I supposed to make this kind of a decision? (They're all quiet.) I'm **actually** asking you!

Chandler: Well, you can't just not see Rachel anymore, she's one of your best friends.

Monica: Yeah! But, he can't not exactly see Emily, I mean that's his wife.

Phoebe: Yeah.

Chandler: That's true!

Phoebe: Yeah, but you've known Rachel since High School and you cannot just cut her out of your life.

Chandler: That's true!

Monica: No, you cannot.

Ross: Thanks for the help, problem solved. (Wipes his hands.)

(The phone rings.)

Monica: (answering it) Hello.

Joey: (on phone) Hey Mon!

Monica: Oh hey Joey! We've been watching all day, when are you gonna be on TV?

Joey: See, there was kind of a mix up in my agent's office, but I'm still on TV and that's good exposure.

Monica: (Looking at the TV) You're not on TV.

Joey: Oh, uh, okay, how, how about now? (He waves his hand in front of the woman next to him and you can now see his arm on TV.)

Chandler: Hey, there he is! There he is!

Joey: Hello New York! (The woman bats his hand out of the way.)

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, the chick and the duck are watching Emeril Live, a cooking show.]

Emeril: (on TV.) Now maybe you just like wanna but the whole duck in there! Who cares, y'know? Now I got the legs...

(Chandler enters and sees what they're watching, panics, and runs to turn off the TV.)

Chandler: How many times have I told you guys, you **never** watch the cooking channel!

Monica: (entering) Hi Chandler.

Chandler: Hey!

Monica: Uh, listen, I need that broiling pan that Joey borrowed the other day.

Chandler: Oh that was yours? Uh, yeah, we used it when the duck was throwing up caterpillars.

Monica: *William Sonoma*, fall catalog, Page 27.

Chandler: Expect it in 4–6 weeks. (She starts to leave.) Umm, hey, umm, Joey's gonna be at the telethon for the rest of the day, we have the whole place to ourselves.

Monica: Yeah, so?

Chandler: Well I just, thought maybe you'd wanna book some time with the best you'd ever had.

Monica: Y'know what, champ? I think I'll pass.

Chandler: Why?

Monica: Why? (She hops into the living room and imitates Chandler's happy dance.)

Chandler: What's your point?

[Scene: The Telethon, Joey's phone rings and he answers it.]

Joey: (in a bored voice) PBS telethon.

Phoebe: (on phone from Central Perk) Hey Joey, I just wanted to let you know that I found a selfless good deed. I just went down to the park and I let a bee sting me.

Joey: What?! What good is that gonna do anybody?

Phoebe: Well, it helps the bee look tough in front of his bee friends. The bee is happy and I am definitely not.

Joey: Now, y'know the bee probably died after he stung ya.

Phoebe: (Thinks for a moment.) Aw, dammit! (Slams the phone down.)

Stage Director: Back on in 30 seconds people!

(Joey gets up and moves to the other end of his row to talk to the guy sitting there.)

Joey: Hey, excuse me, would you mind switching with me?

PBS Volunteer: Hey, no way, I'm in the shot man.

Joey: Come on man! You've been here all day!

PBS Volunteer: Yeah, I—I'm taking pledges here, eh?

Stage Director: We're on in 3, 2, (points to Gary Collins.)

Gary Collins: Welcome back to our fall telethon. Now if you've been enjoying the performance of *Cirque Du Soleil*, (As he is speaking, Joey and the volunteer getting into a shoving match.) and you'd like to see more of the same kind of programming, it's very simple. All you have to do (Joey is knocked down.) is call in your pledge and at that time tell the operator, one of our volunteers, what kind of programming you'd like to... (Just as the volunteer sits down, Joey pulls him to the ground.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica and Phoebe are cooking, Chandler is reading a magazine.]

Ross: (entering) Okay, that's it. I cannot make this decision! It is **too** difficult, so I'm just gonna leave it entirely to the gods of fate. (He holds up and starts shaking a...)

Monica: A Magic Eight ball?! You can't be serious, you can't make this decision with a toy!

Phoebe: Ooh, it's not a toy.

Ross: Well, I don't know what else to do. I mean, I either keep my wife and lose one of my—my—my best friends or I keep my friend and get divorced the second time before I'm 30! So—so if anyone has—has a better suggestion, let's hear it! 'Cause I—I got nothing! All right, don't be shy, any suggestion will do. (There are none.) Okay then. Here we go. Magic 8 Ball, should I never see Rachel again? (He turns it over

and reads the answer) Ask again later. Later is not good enough. (He shakes it up again and reads the answer.) Ask again later. What the hell! This is broken! It—it is broken!

Monica: All right, let me see. (She grabs the 8 ball.) Will Chandler have sex tonight? (Reads the answer.) Don't count on it. Seems like it works to me.

[Scene: The Telethon, Joey answers his ringing phone.]

Joey: (in an unenthusiastic voice) PBS Telethon.

Phoebe: (on phone) Hi Joey.

Joey: Hey Pheebs!

Phoebe: I would like to make a pledge. I would like to donate \$200.

Joey: \$200? Are you sure Pheebs? I mean, after what *Sesame Street* did to ya?

Phoebe: Oh, I'm still mad at them but I also now that they bring happiness to lots of kids who's moms didn't kill themselves, so by supporting them, I'm doing a good thing, but I'm not **happy** about it. So there, a selfless good deed.

Joey: And you don't a little good about donating the money?

Phoebe: No, it sucks. I was saving up to buy a hamster.

Joey: A hamster? What, those things are like 10 bucks.

Phoebe: Yeah, not the one I had my eye on.

Gary Collins: (on TV.) It looks like we have surpassed last year's pledge total! Thank you viewers! The pledge that did it was taken by one of our volunteers... (He walks over to where Joey is sitting.) Oh boy! And may I say one of our sharpest dressed volunteers, (Joey stands up.) Mr. Joseph Tribbiani!

Phoebe: Oh, look—look, Joey's on TV! Isn't that great? My pledge got Joey on TV! Oh that makes me feel— Oh no! (Realizes that her deed made her happy and therefore it's selfish and covers her mouth in horror.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, later that day. Monica is coming out of the bathroom carrying her cleaning gear.]

Chandler: (entering) Look, maybe I got carried away before. But there's something you gotta know. If I'm the best, it's only because you've made me the best.

Monica: Keep talking.

Chandler: I mean I was nothing before you. Call the other girls and ask. Which wouldn't take long. But when I'm with you, and we're together, OH...MY...GOD.

Monica: Really?

Chandler: Oh—aw my God! Now, I understand if you never want to sleep with me again, but that would be wrong. We're too good! We owe it, to sex!

Monica: Well, if we owe it? (She throws down her cleaning stuff and jumps into his arms.) Oh my... When is Joey gonna be home?

Chandler: Well, I was kinda hoping we could do this without him. (She starts to take off her latex gloves.) Oh no—no—no, leave the gloves on.

Monica: But, I just cleaned the bathroom.

Chandler: Yeah, why don't we lose the gloves.

Monica: Yeah. (She takes them off.)

(He carries her over to the door and opens it.)

Chandler: All right, let's show them how it's done.

Monica: Okay.

(He starts to carry her into the hallway but hits her head on the door.)

Monica: Ow!

Chandler: Y'know that wasn't part of it?

Monica: I know!

(He carries her into the hall.)

[Scene: Ross's apartment, Ross is prying at the Magic 8 Ball with a screwdriver as there's a knock on his door which he goes to answer.]

Rachel: (entering) Hi! Are you ready? We're gonna be late!

Ross: For what?

Rachel: For Stella! Remember? She's gettin' her grove back in like 20 minutes.

Ross: Yeah, I uh, totally forgot about that. You mind if I take a rain check? I'm waiting for a call from Emily.

Rachel: Sure. I guess. Hey, I hear you don't have to go to London. Yay!

Ross: It's not that easy, there's still a lot of relationship stuff.

Rachel: Like what?

Ross: Just stuff. Y'know kinda what Emily wants.

Rachel: Well, why don't you talk to me about it, maybe I can help.

Ross: No. No. You—you can't help. I mean, I kinda have to do this without your help.

Rachel: Well, I—I know you can do that too. I'm just, I'm just saying if you need somebody to talk to... Hi!

Ross: Thanks.

Rachel: Ross? Look, whatever this relationship stuff that Emily wants, just give it to her. Come on, the bottom line here is that you love her. So just fix whatever she wants fixed. Just do it. (The phone starts ringing.) I mean, you're gonna **have** to try. You'll just gonna hate yourself if you don't. (The phone keeps ringing.) Oh come on answer it! It's driving me crazy!

Ross: (answering the phone.) Hello. (Listens) Hi sweetie. (Listens.) Good. Look umm, yes I've been thinking about that thing that you wanted me to do and, I can do it. (Rachel gives him a thumbs up.) So will you come to New York? (Rachel wants to know what she said, and he gives her a thumbs up and she goes over and hugs him. All the time not knowing what's going on.)

Ending Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, ???????? is playing, as Chandler peaks his head out of the storage closet and sneaks back to his seat and pretends he's reading something. Then a short while later Monica pokes her head out of the closet and sneaks back to her seat and sits down, pretending as if nothing has happened.]

Monica: Never done that before.

Chandler: Nope.

End

505. The One With All the Kips

Written by: Scott Silveri

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, 3:02 A.M., Chandler is up. There's a knock on the door and Chandler answers it.]

Monica: (quietly) Hi!

Chandler: (quietly) Hi! (They both start kissing.)

(Joey enters and Chandler pushes her away.)

Joey: Monica? What time is it?

Chandler: Uhh, 9. (He pushes the clock into the sink.)

Joey: But it's dark out.

Monica: Well that's because you always sleep to noon, silly! This is what 9 looks like.

Joey: I guess I'll get washed up then. Watch that sunrise. (He goes into the bathroom.)

Monica: I'm **really** getting tired of sneaking around.

Chandler: I know, me too. Hey! Y'know what if we went away for a whole weekend? Y'know we'd have no interruptions and we could be naked the entire time.

Monica: All weekend? That's a whole lotta naked.

Chandler: Yeah, I can say that I have a conference and you can say you have a chef thing.

Monica: Ohh, I've always wanted to go to this culinary fair that they have in Jersey!

Chandler: Okay, y'know your not though. Let's go. (He starts for his bedroom.)

Monica: Wait! What about Joey?

(Chandler opens the bathroom door to reveal Joey passed out on the toilet with a toothbrush in his mouth.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the next morning, Chandler, Joey, and Phoebe are eating breakfast.]

Monica: (entering from her room) Hey, guess what I'm doing this weekend! I'm going to this culinary fair in New Jersey.

Phoebe: Oh weird, Chandler just told us he's got a conference there!

Monica: Oh now that-that-that's funny, it seems like Chandler's conference could've been in Connecticut or Vermont.

Chandler: I'm not in charge of where the conference is held. Do you want people to think it's a fake conference? It's a real conference.

Ross: (entering) Hey.

Joey: Hey!

Monica: Hey.

Ross: Is Rachel here? I gotta talk to her.

Monica: No, she's out shopping.

Ross: Damn!

Chandler: What's going on?

Ross: I told Emily to come. And I just need to y'know, talk to Rachel about it.

Phoebe: Wait a minute! So when Emily comes you're just, you're not gonna see Rachel anymore?

Ross: Well look, I'm just trying to focus on the "I get to see my wife," part, all right? And not the part that makes me do this. (He takes a big swig of *Pepto Bismol*.)

Monica: Wow, so you guys are, you're never gonna be in the same room together? How is that even gonna work?

Ross: I have no idea. I mean... But—but I assure you I will figure it out.

(They all reflect briefly on what was said.)

Joey: Doesn't seem like it's going to work, I mean...

Rachel: (entering) Hi, guys!

Joey: Hi!

Chandler: Uh, hey!

Rachel: What's going on?

Chandler: We're flipping Monica's mattress.

Joey: So I'm thinking, basically we pick it up and **then** we flip it.

Phoebe: Yeah that's better than my way.

(They all agree and head to Monica's room.)

Rachel: Oh okay, hey guys, would you flip mine too?

Chandler: Aww, man! (They go into Monica's room.)

Rachel: (going through the mail) Oh look! A letter from my mom.

Ross: So, Rach, y'know-y'know how Emily's coming right?

Rachel: Oh yeah! I know.

[Cut to Monica's bedroom, Chandler is trying to listen through the door.]

Phoebe: (To Chandler) Can you hear anything?

Chandler: Oh yes, somebody just said, "Can you hear anything?"

(Joey is bent over at the waist and is looking for something under Monica's bed.)

Monica: Hey, Joey's ass! What are you doing?

Joey: (holding a box) Well, remember when they got in that big fight and broke up and we were all stuck in her with no food or anything? Well, when Ross said Rachel at the wedding, I figured it was gonna happen again, so I hid this in here.

Monica: Ooh, candy bars, crossword puzzles...

Phoebe: Ooh, *Madlibs*, mine! (Grabs it.)

Chandler: Condoms?

Joey: You don't know how long we're gonna be in here! **We** may have to repopulate the Earth.

Chandler: And condoms are the way to do that?

[Cut to the living room.]

Ross: Anyway it—it kinda—it all boils down to this, the last time I talked to Emily...

Rachel: (interrupting) Oh my God! My dog died!

Ross: What?!

Rachel: Oh my God, Le Poo, our dog!

Ross: Le Poo's still alive?!

Rachel: Oh God, it says he was hit by an ice cream truck and dragged for nine—(turns over the note)—teen blocks. Oh. (They all come out from Monica's bedroom) Oh my God.

Monica: Sweetie, we heard you crying. Please don't cry.

Rachel: It's Le Poo.

Phoebe: I know it's le poo right now, but it'll get better.

[Scene: Atlantic City, New Jersey, Chandler and Monica are about to start their weekend of sex, sex, nothing but sex.]

Chandler: (jumping on the bed) I can't believe it! We're here!

Monica: Ooh, chocolates on the pillows! I love that!

Chandler: Oh, you should live with Joey, *Roll-os* everywhere.

Monica: Come here. (He does, and they kiss.) Okay, be right back.

(Goes to the bathroom and Chandler turns on the TV and finds a high-speed police chase.)

Chandler: Oh yes! Monica, get in here! There's a high-speed car chase on!

(Monica returns, carrying a glass.)

Monica: We're switching rooms.

Chandler: (looks at what she's holding and shies away) Oh dear God, they gave us glasses!

Monica: No, they gave us glasses with lipstick on them! I mean, if they didn't change the glasses, who knows what else they didn't change. (He glares at her.) Come on sweetie, I just want this weekend to be perfect, I mean we can change rooms, can't we?

Chandler: Okay, but let's do it now though, because Chopper 5 just lost it's feed! (He grabs their bags and sprints out.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross is trying to tell Rachel about Emily's ultimatum again.]

Ross: Hey, so uh, y'know how there's something I wanted to talk to you about?

Rachel: Oh yeah! (Turns to face him.)

Ross: Well, y'know how I'm trying to work things out with Emily. Well, there's this one thing... Okay, (Rachel has her back turned to the camera, and Ross isn't looking at her.) here goes. I made a promise that—(they cut to the other camera and Ross notices something coming out of Rachel's nose)—Oh hey!

Rachel: What?

Ross: Your nose is bleeding!

Rachel: Oh God. (He hands her some tissues.) No! Oh not again! (Wiping her nose.) This—this happened when my grandfather died. It's ugh! Sorry. (She puts her head back.) Oh, okay, so I'm sorry, what—what were you—what did you want to tell me?

Ross: Umm... (Rachel blows her nose.)

Rachel: Sorry. Sorry.

Ross: Okay, I uh, I can't see you anymore.

Rachel: Yeah, I know. It's ridiculous! I can't see you either.

[Scene: Chandler and Monica's weekend, a hotel clerk is showing them their new room.]

Hotel Clerk: I think you'll find this room more to your liking.

Chandler: Okay, great. (He grabs the remote and turns on the TV to the chase.)

Hotel Clerk: (watching the chase) They say he's only got half a tank left.

Chandler: Half a tank? We still got a lot of high-speed chasing to do!

Monica: We're switching rooms again.

Chandler: What? Why?

Monica: This is a garden view room, and we paid for an ocean view room.

Hotel Clerk: Our last ocean view room was unacceptable to you.

Monica: (To Chandler) Excuse me, umm, can I talk to you over here for just a second?

Chandler: Uh-huh. (He doesn't take his eyes off the TV.)

Monica: Chandler!

Chandler: (turning to face her) Yeah.

Monica: Look, these clowns are trying to take us for a ride and I'm not gonna let 'em! And we're not a couple of suckers!

Chandler: I hear ya, Mugsy! But look, all these rooms are fine okay? Can you just pick one so I can watch— (realizes)—have a perfect, magical weekend together with you.

[Time lapse, Monica and Chandler have changed rooms yet again.]

Monica: Okay, **this** one I like!

Chandler: (watching TV, in fact, ER is on.) Nothing! It's over! Dammit! This is regularly scheduled programming!

Monica: Can we turn the TV off? Okay? Do we really want to spend the entire weekend like this?

Chandler: Oh, I'm sorry, am I getting in the way of all the room switching fun?

Monica: Hey, don't blame me for wiggling tonight!

Chandler: Oh, who should I blame? The nice bell man who had to drag out luggage to 10 different rooms?

Monica: I don't know, how about the idiot who thought he could drive from Albany to Canada on a half a tank of gas!

Chandler: Do not speak ill of the dead.

Monica: We're supposed to uh, be spending a romantic weekend together, it-it, what is the matter with you?

Chandler: I just want to watch a little television. What is the big deal? Geez, relax mom.

Monica: What did you say?

Chandler: I said, "Geez, relax Monnnnnn."

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel is reading a magazine and has two tissues stuck up her nose in an attempt to stop the bleeding and as she hears Ross enter, she quickly hides her face behind the magazine and removes the tissues.]

Rachel: Hi!

Ross: Hey. Rachel, I-I-I've been wanting to tell you something for a while now and I really, I just have to get it out.

Rachel: Okay, what's up?

Ross: Okay, y'know how you told me I should do whatever it takes to fix my marriage?

Rachel: Yeah, I told you to give Emily whatever she wants.

Ross: And while that was good advice, you should know that what—what she wants…

Rachel: Yeah?

Ross: …is for me not to see you anymore.

Rachel: That's crazy! You can't do that! What are you going to tell her? (Pause) (Realizes) Oh God. Ohh, you already agreed to this, haven't you?

Ross: It's awful I know, I mean, I feel terrible but I have to do this if I want my marriage to work. And I do, I have to make **this** marriage work. I have too. But the good thing is we can still see each other until she gets here.

Rachel: Ohh! Lucky me! Oh my God! That **is** good news, Ross! I think that's the best news I've heard since Le Poo died!

Ross: You have no idea what a nightmare this has been. This is so hard.

Rachel: Oh yeah, really? Is it Ross? Yeah? Okay, well let me make this a just a little bit easier for you.

Ross: What are you doing?

Rachel: Storming out!

Ross: Rachel, this is your apartment.

Rachel: Yeah, well that's how mad I am!!

Commercial Break

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Chandler is returning from his disastrous weekend. He throws his bag down and sits down on one of the leather chairs, but he sits on something and picks it up and throws it away.]

Chandler: Damn *Rollos!*

Joey: Hey, you're back!

Chandler: Hey.

Joey: How was your conference?

Chandler: It was terrible. I fought with (Pause) my colleagues y'know, the entire time. Are you kidding with this? (Throws away another *Rollo*)

Joey: Oh, so your weekend was a total bust?

Chandler: Uh, no, I got to see Donald Trump waiting for an elevator.

Monica: (entering) Hi!

Joey: Hey, you're back too!

Monica: Yeah. Umm, Chandler can I talk to you outside for a second?

Joey: Hey, how was your chef thing?

Monica: Oh, it was awful. (To Chandler) I guess some people just don't appreciate really good food.

Chandler: Well, maybe it was the kind of food that tasted good at first but then made everybody vomit and have diarrhea.

Monica: Chandler! (Motions for him to come outside.)

Chandler: Monica. (Follows her out.)

[In the hall.]

Monica: Okay, I'd like to know how much the room was because I'd like to pay my half.

Chandler: Okay, fine, \$300.

Monica: 300 dollars?!

Chandler: Yeah, just think of it as \$25 per room!

Monica: Urghh!!

Joey: (sticking his head out the door) What are you guys woofing about?

Monica: Chandler stole a twenty from my purse!

Joey: Nooooo!!! Y'know what? Now that I think about it, I constantly find myself without twenties and **you** always have lots!

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross is drinking some *Alka-Seltzer*. The rest of the gang, minus Rachel is there as well.]

Ross: You should've seen the look on her face. I don't want Rachel to hate me! I don't know what to do.

Joey: You want my advice?

Ross: Yes! Please!

Joey: You're not gonna like it.

Ross: That's okay.

Joey: You got married to fast.

Ross: That's not advice!

Joey: I told ya.

Ross: I'm going to the bathroom. (Gets up and exits.)

Joey: Man, if anyone asked me to give up any of you, I couldn't do it.

Chandler and Phoebe: Yeah, me either.

Monica: Maybe I could do it.

Rachel: (entering) Hi!

Joey: Hi, Rach.

Chandler: Hi!

Phoebe: Hey.

Monica: Hey.

Rachel: Look, I know you guys heard about the whole thing with me and Ross but y'know, I've been obsessing about it all day and I'd just **love** not to talk about it. All right?

Joey: I—I don't know if this falls under this category, but uh, Ross is right back there. (Points over his shoulder.)

Rachel: That's not Ross!

Phoebe: Oh no! Not that guy! He does look like him though.

Chandler: Okay, Ross is in the bathroom.

Rachel: Oh my God, its happening. It's already started. I'm Kip.

Joey: Hey, you're not Kip!

Rachel: (To Joey) Do you even know who Kip is?

Joey: Who cares? You're Rachel! (To Chandler) Who's Kip?

Chandler: Kip, my old roommate, y'know we all used to hang out together.

Joey: Oh, that poor bastard.

Rachel: See? Yeah, you told me the story. He and Monica dated when they broke up they couldn't even be in the same room together and you all promised that you would stay his friend and what happened? He got phased out!

Monica: You're not gonna be phased out!

Rachel: Well, of course I am! It's not gonna happen to Ross! He's your brother. (To Chandler) He's your old college roommate. Ugh, it was just a matter of time before someone had to leave the group. I just always assumed Phoebe would be the one to go.

Phoebe: Ehh!!

Rachel: Honey, come on! You live far away! You're not related. You lift right out.

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Joey is watching TV.]

Chandler: (entering) Hey!

Joey: Hey, Mr. Bing. That uh, hotel you stayed at called. Said someone left an eyelash curler in your room.

Chandler: Yes that was mine.

Joey: 'Cause I figured you'd hooked up with some girl and she'd left it there.

Chandler: Yes that would have made more sense.

Joey: Y'know, I—I don't even feel like I know you anymore man! All right, look, I'm just gonna ask you this one time. And whatever you say, I'll believe ya. (Pause.) Were you, or were you not on a gay cruise?!

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe is sitting on couch and Rachel is getting some coffee. Phoebe keeps turning her head from to keep from looking at Rachel.]

Rachel: Phoebe? (She turns her head further away.) I'm sorry about the whole lifting out thing. (Moves over next to her.) You gotta come with me!

Phoebe: Come where?

Rachel: Wherever I go. Come on you and me, we'll—we'll start a new group, we're the best ones.

Phoebe: Okay, but try and get Joey too.

Ross: (entering) Pheebs, you mind if I speak to Rachel alone for a sec?

Phoebe: Oh, sure! (She gets up to leave.) Bye Ross! (Whispering behind his back.) Forever.

Ross: Hi.

Rachel: Hi. What are you doing here? Isn't this against the rules?

Ross: I talked to Monica, look, I'm the one who made the choice. **I'm** the one who's making things change, so I should be the one to y'know, step back.

Rachel: Oh, Ross...

Ross: No, no, it's okay. Really. They're plenty of people who just see their sisters at Thanksgiving and just see their college roommates at reunions and just see Joey at *Burger King*. So is, is that better?

Rachel: No, it's not better. I still don't get to see you.

Ross: Well, what—what would you do? Rach, if you were me, what—what would you do?

Rachel: Well, for starters I would've said the right name at my wedding!

Ross: I can't believe this is happening.

Rachel: I know.

Ross: I am so sorry.

Rachel: I know that too.

Joey: (entering) (He clears his throat to get their attention.) Hey, Rach? Sorry to interrupt but umm, Phoebe wanted me to talk to you about a trip or something.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica is doing a crossword puzzle.]

Chandler: (entering) Hey!

Monica: Hi.

Chandler: I just came over to drop off...nothing. So that weekend kinda sucked, huh?

Monica: Yeah, it did.

Chandler: So, I guess this is over.

Monica: What?

Chandler: Well, y'know, you and me, it had to end sometime.

Monica: Why, exactly?

Chandler: Because of the weekend, we had a fight.

Monica: Chandler that's crazy! If you give up every time you'd have a fight with someone you'd never be with anyone longer than—Ohhh! (They both realize something there.)

Chandler: So, this isn't over?

Monica: (laughs) You are so cute! No. No, it was a fight. You deal with it and move on! It's nothing to freak out about.

Chandler: Really? Okay. Great!

Monica: Ohh, welcome to an adult relationship! (She goes to kiss him.)

Chandler: (stops her) We're in a relationship?

Monica: I'm afraid so.

Chandler: Okay.

(They kiss.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica, Rachel, Joey, and Chandler are there as Phoebe enters.]

Phoebe: Hey!

Monica: Hey!

Phoebe: Oh hey, Monica, I heard you saw Donald Trump at your convention.

Monica: Yeah, I saw him waiting for an elevator.

(Joey thinks that sounds familiar, but dismisses the thought.)

Monica: Hey, Rach, can I borrow your eyelash curler, I think I lost mine.

Rachel: Yeah, it's in there. (Points to the bathroom.)

(Joey puts two and two together.)

Joey: (shocked) Oh! Ohh! Oh!!

Chandler: Joey, can I talk to you for a second? (He grabs him and starts to drag Joey into Monica's room.)

Joey: Oohh!! Ohh! Oh-oh-oh! Oh-oh!!

(Chandler pushes him through the door and Monica closes it behind them.)

[Cut to Monica's room, Chandler tackles Joey onto her bed and tries to cover his mouth.]

Joey: Ohhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!

Chandler: Yes. Yes. (Lets him up.)

Joey: (To Chandler) You?! (To Monica) And-and you?!

Monica: Yes, but you cannot tell anyone! No one knows!

Joey: How?! When?!

Chandler: It happened in London.

Joey: IN LONDON!!!

Chandler: The reason we didn't tell anyone was because we didn't want to make a big deal out of it.

Joey: But it is a big deal!! I have to tell someone!

(They both grab him and stop him.)

Chandler: No-no-no-no-no! You can't!

Monica: Please? Please?! We just don't want to deal with telling everyone, okay? Just promise you won't tell.

(Joey thinks it over.)

Joey: All right! Man, this is unbelievable! I mean, it's **great**, but...

Monica: I know, it's great!

(She goes over and kisses Chandler.)

Joey: Aww, I don't want to see that!

[Cut to Phoebe and Rachel.]

Phoebe: We're so stupid! Do you know what's going on in there? They're trying to take Joey!

Ending Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the gang, minus Ross are playing *Madlibs*. Phoebe is reading hers.]

Phoebe: The most popular Phoebe in tennis is called the overhand Phoebe. And if you win, you must slap your opponent on the Phoebe and say, "Hi, Phoebe!"

Monica: Oh that's cute! We really all enjoyed it. But y'know, it doesn't count.

Phoebe: Count for what?

Monica: Count in our heads as—as good *Madlibs*.

(They putting their notepads down and get up to leave.)

Joey: I guess I'm done.

Chandler: Fun's over!

Monica: Wait—wait, guys! If—if we follow the rules, it's still fun and it means something!

Rachel: Uh—huh!

Joey: I think I'm gonna take-off.

Monica: Guys, rules are good! Rules help control the fun! (They all leave and close the door on Monica.)
Ohhh! (Throws her notepad down in disgust.)

End

506. The One With The Yeti

Written by: Alexa Junge

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Monica and Chandler are making out on one of the chairs.]

Joey: (entering) Hey! Hey! Hey! Hey!! None of that, not while you're living under my roof!

Monica: What?!

Joey: Look, just because I **know** about you two, doesn't mean I like looking at it.

Chandler: Aren't you supposed to be at an audition for another hour?

Joey: Well, I'm sorry if I'm not a middle-aged black woman! (Starts for his room.) And I'm also sorry if **sometimes** I go to the wrong audition! Okay, look, if I have to pretend I don't know about you two, then you two are gonna have to pretend there's nothing to know about.

Chandler and Monica: Okay.

Monica: Sorry.

Chandler: Sorry.

(They wait for Joey to go into his room and close the door and then start making out again.)

Joey: (from the bedroom) I can hear that!

Monica: (To Chandler) Rachel's at work.

(They both go to her apartment.)

(Pause.)

Joey: I can still hear you!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey, Chandler, and Monica are there as Phoebe enters carrying a large box.]

Phoebe: Hey!

Joey: Hey!

Chandler: Hello!

Monica: Hey, what's that?

Phoebe: Yeah, my mom sent me a family heirloom that once belonged to my grandmother. Can you believe it?! A year ago I didn't even have a family, and now I have heirlooms for crying out loud.

(She puts her leg up on the chair and removes this huge knife from her boot to open the box with. The guys are shocked at the knife's existence.)

Phoebe: Eeeee-(She opens the box and removes its contents and sees that it's a fur coat.)-ohh!! God!

(She throws it at Joey.)

Joey: Argh-argh!! (Catches the coat.) Ooh, soft. Is this mink?

Phoebe: Yeah! **Why** would my mother send me a fur? Doesn't she know me but at all! Plus, I have a perfectly fine coat that no innocent animal suffered to make!

Chandler: Yeah, just some 9-year-old Filipino kids who worked their fingers bloody for 12 cents an hour.

(Phoebe stares at him wide-eyed. Chandler sees her reaction.) That didn't happen, I made that up!

Ross: (entering) Hey!

Gunther: Oh, Ross? Ross! You can't put up flyers in here.

Ross: How come? Everybody else does.

Gunther: You can't.

Monica: What is that?

Ross: Oh, umm, I'm just getting rid of a couple of things.

Monica: (looking at the flyer) This is all of your things.

Ross: Yes, yes it is! No, but it's good it's—Emily thinks we should get all new stuff. Stuff that's just ours, together. Y'know brand new.

Monica: So basically, this is a getting-rid-of-everything-Rachel-ever-used sale.

Ross: Touched. Used. Sat on. Sleep on.

Gunther: I'll take it all.

Joey: Hey, Ross, you're okay with that?

Ross: Look, if I can just do what Emily wants and **get** her to New York, I'm sure everything will be fine.

Chandler: Okay, but don't you think this is a little extreme?

Ross: After what I did? Can you blame her?

Phoebe: Oh my God! You got off easy! When my friend Silvie's husband said someone else's name in bed, she cursed him and turned his thingy green.

(Ross suddenly gets up and heads for the bathroom.)

Joey: (after Ross is gone) What is he doing? What, Emily, thinks Ross's furniture has got Rachel coodies?

Monica: Now calm down Joey.

Joey: No! Everything's gettin' all messed up, y'know? Emily won't let Ross see Rachel, we're not gonna stop seeing Rachel, hence Ross stops seeing us!

Phoebe: Oh, I hate this. Everything's changing.

Chandler: Yeah I know, we're losing Ross, Joey said hence...

Monica: Look, I'm not happy about this either, but y'know if—if Ross says he's happy then we're just gonna have to keep our feelings about Emily to ourselves. Are you cool with that?

Joey: No! But y'know, I'm an actor, I'll act cool.

[Scene: The Storage Room in the basement of Monica and Rachel's building, Monica and Rachel are looking for something.]

Rachel: Ohh, whoa God! Storage rooms give me the creeps! Monica, come on please hurry up honey! Please?

Monica: Rachel, if you want the little round waffles, you gotta have to wait until I find the little waffle iron.

Rachel: I want the little round waffles.

Monica: All right. (Looking through a box.) Op, here it is! Right underneath the can of—of bug bomb. I wonder if the best place to put something that cooks food is underneath the can of poison?

(The single light flickers and goes out. Leaving the room in total darkness.)

Rachel: Okay, y'know what? I'll—I'll have toast!

(She starts to run out but is stopped by a figure looming out of the darkness carrying a pick axe.)

Rachel: Arghhhh!!!!!!

(They both start screaming at the top of their lungs.)

Monica: Oh my God! Fog him! Fog him!

(Rachel grabs the bug bomb, activates it, throws it at the figure, and they both run out through the fog.)

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

Phoebe: I don't know what I'm gonna do about this coat.

Joey: I'll take it!

Phoebe: That might work! (She gives him the coat.)

Joey: Ooh-ooh-ooh, yeah! (He drapes it around his shoulders.) Enh? All right, what do you think?

Chandler: You're on in 5 Ms. Minnelli.

Ross: (on the phone) No-no-no, it's just a bit sudden. (Listens) No, it's great. Okay? I'm totally on board. I love you too, all righty. Bye. (Hangs up.)

Joey: What's the matter Ross?

Ross: Nothing. Oh, actually, great news! I just got off the phone with Emily and it looks like I'm moving to a new apartment. Woo-hoo!

Phoebe: Why?

Ross: Well, her thought is, and I agree, fresh new furniture, why not a fresh new apartment? Her cousin has this great place to sublet, it's got a view of the river on one side and Columbia on the other.

Joey: That's way uptown! That's like three trains away! (Phoebe pinches him.) Which is great! I love to ride that rail!

Chandler: So you're really okay with this?

Ross: Yes! Yes! I mean it's—it's kinda far from work, but uh, y'know, I'll get so much done on the commute. I—I've been given the gift of time!

Chandler: Now that's so funny, because last Christmas I got the gift of space. We should get them together and make a continuum.

(Ross exits.)

Joey: Now he's movin'? Man, what is Emily doing to him? (Phoebe pinches him again.) Ow!! He's not even here!!!

(Monica and Rachel enter breathless.)

Rachel: You guys! You guys!

Monica: We were, we were just in the storage area and we saw this really creepy man!

Rachel: It was like this crazy-eyed, hairy beast man! He was like a, like a bigfoot or a **yeti** or something!

Monica: And he came at us with an axe, so Rachel had to use a bug bomb on him!

Rachel: (proud of herself) Yeah, I—I just pulled the tab and I just fogged his yeti ass!

Joey: Uhh, like dark hair, bushy beard?

Rachel: Yeah!

Joey: Yeah, you fogged Danny.

Rachel: Please! We did **not** fog Danny! Who's Danny?

Joey: Dan just moved in downstairs. Yeah, he just got back from like this four-month trek in the Andes. Nice fella.

Monica: Oh he's nice. He's nice! Y'know, you always stick up for the people we fog!

[Scene: Their Building, Monica and Rachel are going to apologize to Danny. Rachel knocks on his door, which he opens and he has this really bushy beard and long hair. Picture Paul Bunyan.]

Danny: Yeah?

Rachel: Hi! You might not remember us, but **we** are the girls that fogged you.

Monica: We're—we're really sorry we fogged you.

Danny: Okay.

(He closes the door. Rachel's not happy with that and knocks again. He opens the door.)

Rachel: Hi! Just so you know, we—we didn't **mean** to fog you, we thought you were like a yeti or something.

Danny: Okay.

(He closes the door again. Once again, Rachel knocks (harder this time) and he answers it.)

Danny: Yesss?

Rachel: Hi! Sorry to bother you, but I don't think **we** can accept your acceptance of our apology, it just doesn't **really** seem like you mean it.

Monica: Yeah.

Danny: O-kay!

(He closes the door before Rachel can say anything.)

Monica: Wow! That guy is so rude!

Rachel: Really! What is with that guy? I mean you'd forgive me if I fogged you.

Monica: Well you did a little bit.

Rachel: Oh my God, honey, I'm so sorry!

Monica: I totally forgive you!

Rachel: Really?

Monica: Yes!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica is making a drink as Phoebe enters with the fur coat.]

Phoebe: Hey!

Monica: Hey!

Phoebe: So listen, you know my friend Chris who owns the crematorium?

Monica: Crematorium Chris? Sure!

Phoebe: He says, that he would cremate my fur coat for free if I umm, y'know, bring in the next person I know who dies.

(Rachel enters from the bathroom and sees the coat.)

Rachel: Oh my God! Oh my God, look at these pelts!

Monica: Don't get too attached, she's having it cremated.

Rachel: What? Uhh, Phoebe, honey, honey, I know you're quirky and I get a big kick out of it, we all do actually, but if you destroy a coat like this that is like a crime against nature! Not nature, **fashion!**

Phoebe: This is fashion?! (Grabs the coat from Rachel.) Okay, so to you, **death** is fashion?! That's really funny. (She puts the coat on and starts to model it.) Here's Phoebe umm, sporting uh, y'know, cutting edge hairy carcass from y'know, the steal traps of wintry Russia. I mean, you **really** thing this looks good? (Sees herself in the mirror.) 'Cause I do.

[Scene: Ross's Apartment, the gang is helping Ross move out by carrying boxes. Chandler has picked a particularly large and apparently heavy box, because he takes a running start at it and still can't budge it.]

Ross: (on phone) I know I miss you too. I can't wait to see you. I love you. Bye. (Hangs up.)

Chandler: Okay, what is in here? Rocks?

Ross: No-no, this is my collection of fossil samples.

Chandler: So, rocks.

(He picks up a smaller box and carries it to the moving van as Joey returns.)

Ross: I'm really gonna miss this apartment. Y'know, Ben-Ben took his first steps right over there. (Points.)

Joey: Ohh. Hey, remember when I ran into this thing (The shutters that close off the kitchen.) and it kinda knocked me out a little?

Ross: I loved this place! To tell you the truth, I wish I didn't have to move.

Joey: Uhh, are you saying that you're not entirely happy about this?

Ross: Well, I mean if uh, if Emily gave me a choice...

Joey: You **do** have a choice!! Ross, why are you listening to her?! Are you, are you crazy?!

Ross: Why?

Joey: It's not right what Emily wants you to do! She is totally--(The gang enters behind Joey and Phoebe pinches him again.)--Owww!! Stop pinching me! Look, now you guys said I only had to keep my mouth shut as long as Ross was happy, right? Well he just told me that he's not entirely happy.

Ross: What's going on?

Joey: We all hate Emily!

Phoebe: Nooo!!

Monica: No, Ross, we do not hate Emily. We--we just, we just think that you're having to sacrifice a whole lot to make her happy.

Joey: Yeah!

Chandler: Look, we just think that maybe she's being a little unreasonable.

Joey: Yes! Yes! Unreasonable!

Ross: Unreasonable? How about we have this conversation when one of you guys gets married! You have **no** idea what it takes to make a marriage work! All right, it's about compromise! Do you always like it? No! Do you do it? Yes! Because it's not all laughing, happy, candy in the sky, drinking coffee at Central Perk all the time! It's real life, okay? It's what grown-ups do! (He storms out.)

Phoebe: I think he's right. You guys hang out at the coffeehouse way too much.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica, Phoebe, Joey, and Chandler are recovering from Ross's rebuke.]

Monica: God, I feel so guilty about Ross.

Phoebe: Oh, I know.

Joey: I kinda feel like it's my fault.

(Monica and Chandler turn and stare at him.)

Chandler: Kind of? If you just kept this to yourself none of this would've happened.

Joey: Well, I'm keeping so many things to myself these days, something was bound to slip out! (He glares at Chandler.)

Chandler: Well, I think it's very brave what you said.

(Monica pats Joey on the shoulder.)

Phoebe: All right, I can't sit here anymore. I have to walk places. (She puts on her fur coat.)

Chandler: Pheebs, what are you doing with the coat? How about the whole animal rights thing?

Phoebe: Well, I've been reading up and for your information, minks are not very nice. Okay, I admit it! I love this coat! Okay, I—it's the best thing I've ever had wrapped around me, including Phil Huntley! (She starts to leave but stops and says to Monica.) Remember Phil Huntley? He was fine!

[Scene: Their building's lobby, Danny is checking his mailbox as Rachel enters carrying shopping bags and goes to her mailbox. Danny has shaved his beard and cut his hair, Rachel doesn't recognize him.]

Rachel: Hi!

Danny: So you like the short hair better.

Rachel: What? Yeti—I mean Danny?

Danny: I had to cut my hair to get rid of the uh, fogger smell.

Rachel: Oh. Listen, I'm so sorry. I would, I would've never fogged you if y'know if you hadn't looked so... Y'know.

Danny: Absolutely. Some people are just into appearances.

Rachel: (shocked) What?

Danny: That's cool. Cool. (Starts to leave.)

Rachel: What? Hey! No—no—no! This not cool! You don't even know me!

Danny: Come on, you got the shopping bags and the Sack's catalog.

Rachel: So from that you think you've got me all figured out? Well, you don't! Y'know I—I could have toys for underprivileged kids in here!

Danny: Do you?

Rachel: Well, y'know, if—if kids like to play with Capri pants.

Danny: Okay. (Heads for his apartment.)

Rachel: And stop saying that! I hate that!

Danny: Okay!

(Rachel decides not to give up that easily and follows him to his apartment and bangs on the door, which he opens.)

Rachel: Fine! I judged you. I made a snap judgement. But you did it too! And you are worse because you are sticking to your stupid snap judgement! You can't even open up your mind for a second to see if you're wrong! What does that say about you?

Danny: The pizza-place across the street any good?

Rachel: What?!

Danny: I'm hungry. Wanna get some pizza? You can keep yelling if there's more.

Rachel: Okay. Okay.

Danny: Stop saying that. I hate that.

[Scene: Ross's now empty apartment, he is spackling some holes shut as the gang comes to apologize.]

Chandler: Uh, Ross?

Phoebe: Are you still mad at us?

Ross: Yep.

Phoebe: Oh good! Because we have an "I'm sorry" song.

Ross: Y'know what? I'm really not in the mood.

Joey: Look, Ross, I feel really bad. I mean, you're going through all this stuff and I just acted like a jerk.

Chandler: Yeah, we are so sorry.

Phoebe: (To Chandler) You're kinda stepping on the song. (She gets ready to play but is stopped by...)

Joey: Look, we were **way** out of line, we totally support you.

Monica: Whatever you decide, whatever you do.

Phoebe: Okay, **now** you're just taking lines right out of the song!

Ross: Look, this is hard enough! I really need you guys right now.

Phoebe: Yes! Exactly! And that's why...

(She starts to play her song, but is stopped by Monica.)

Monica: Why don't you come over tonight? And I'll make you favorite dinner.

Ross: Okay. Thanks you guys. Pheebs are you wearing fur?

Phoebe: Okay, let's get some perspective people: it's not like I'm wearing a seeing-eye dog coat!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the gang, minus Rachel, are getting ready for dinner.]

Joey: Hey, y'know Ross, I think I kinda understand why I kinda lost it today.

Ross: You do, huh?

Joey: Yeah you see umm, well, I'm an actor. Right? So I gotta keep my emotions right at the surface y'know? See what I'm saying? I gotta lot of balls in the air. (Makes like he's juggling.) Y'know what I mean? It's tough! Guys like me, y'know, you wander around, you're alone...

Ross: What are you talking about?

Joey: (thinks) I'm not sure.

Rachel: (entering) Hi!

Monica: Hey, look at you! Where have you been?

Rachel: Oh, I went to have pizza. With Danny.

Monica: How did that happen?

Rachel: That yeti is one smooth talker.

Monica: I hope you're not full, 'cause dinner's almost ready.

Rachel: Yeah, y'know I—I think I'm just gonna hang out in my room.

All: No! Why?

Rachel: Come on you guys! Listen, if Emily knew I was here having dinner you with you she would flip out and you know it. It's okay, I really... I don't mind.

Ross: Wait! Wait! Wait! Y'know what? Just stay. Please? It uh... It would really mean a lot to me if you stayed.

Rachel: Ross, I...

Joey: RACHEL PLEASE!!! JUST HAVE DINNER WITH US!!!

Rachel: Okay. Okay. Joey, it's okay. Settle down.

Joey: All right, I—I'm sorry. I'm sorry. You see Rach I'm an actor...

[Time lapse, dinner is now finished and Ross is looking out the window.]

Ross: Hey! Hey, look! Ugly Naked Guy's back!

(They all run over to the window.)

Rachel: I haven't seen him in so long!

Phoebe: Oh God, I really missed that fat bastard!

(Pause.)

Monica: Wow, this is so weird. I just realized this might be the last time we'll all be hanging out together.

Joey: It's almost as if he knew.

(The phone rings.)

Monica: I'll get it. (On phone.) Hello. (Listens.) Hi Emily! (Listens.) Yeah, uh you—you tracked him down. Hold on one second. (She hands the phone to Ross.)

Ross: Hey! (Listens.) Yeah—yeah, we're just having dinner. (Listens.) Uh, yeah, sure uh hold on. (To the gang.) She wants to say hi. (To Emily) Hold on.

(Ross puts her on speakerphone.)

Phoebe: Hi Emily!

Chandler: Hi!

Emily: Hello everyone. So who am I saying hello too?

Joey: Well uh, I don't know about who's here, but I can tell you for damn sure who's not here and that's Rachel!!

Emily: (laughs) Well, I should hope not. Ross knows better than that by now.

(Rachel waves her hands in disgust and starts to head for her room.)

Ross: Y'know what? Uh, Rachel is here! (Rachel stops.)

Emily: She's there?!

Chandler: Oh yeah, there—there she is!

Ross: Yeah, yeah, she's here.

Emily: Ross, take me off speakerphone.

(He does so.)

Ross: (on phone) Hi.

Emily: How can you do this too me?! I thought I'd made my feelings about Rachel perfectly clear!

Ross: (going onto the patio) Look Emily, I'm just having dinner with my friends, okay?

Emily: You obviously can't keep away from her.

Ross: Emily that's ridiculous. Look, I'm—I'm moving for you, I'm cutting friends out of my life for you. Please, just get on the plane and come to New York. Okay, you'll see you're the only person I want to be with.

Emily: I'll feel better when I'm there, and I can know where you are all the time.

Ross: Well, you can't know where I am all the time. Look, this marriage is never gonna work if you don't trust me.

Emily: You're right.

Ross: So, can you trust me?

(Pause.)

Emily: No.

(Ross lowers his head.)

[Cut to the inside of the apartment.]

Joey: I think it's going okay. Looks like he's smiling.

Monica: How can you tell? You can only see the back of his head!

Joey: You can totally tell! Here look, watch me. (He stands up and turns his back to them so that he is facing the window.) Smile! Frown. Smile! Frown. (The camera cuts to Ross outside hanging up the phone.) Smile! (Ross turns around and sees Joey alternately smiling and frowning and just stares at him for a second and heads back inside.)

Ross: Well, I guess that's it.

All: Why, what happened?

Joey: What happened? What happened?

Ross: My marriage is over.

All: What?!

Monica: Oh, sweetie. Oh, look at you. You're shivering.

Phoebe: Here. (She wraps her coat around his shoulders.)

Rachel: Ross, honey, is there anything we can do?

Ross: Yeah. You can help me get my furniture back from Gunther.

Ending Credits

[Scene: A curbside newsstand, Phoebe is whistling and walking up to it wearing her fur coat. She stops and starts to look through a magazine and notices a squirrel on a nearby tree chirping at her.]

Phoebe: (to the squirrel) Okay, stop tormenting me! This mink! Okay, they're mean! And they hate squirrels! And y'know, okay, most of these probably wanted to be coats! (The squirrel stares at her.) All right, fine, now I get it. (To the clerk.) Here. (She hands him her coat.) You take it. (To the squirrel.) Are you happy now? I'm cold!

End

507. The One Where Ross Moves In

Written by: Perry Rein & Gigi McCreery

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler and Joey are there. Joey is looking at a *National Geographic* and giggling.]

Chandler: Are you looking at naked tribe's women?

Joey: No, look. (Shows him the magazine.)

Chandler: That's a pig.

Joey: I know, I know, but look at the knobs on her.

(Ross enters and his hair is a mess.)

Chandler: Hey! (Joey quickly hides the magazine under the couch.)

Ross: Emily's cousin kicked me out!

Chandler: What?!

Joey: Why?

Ross: Well, when you're subletting an apartment from your wife's cousin and then you get a divorce, sometimes the cousin suddenly wants his apartment back.

Chandler: How can he do that? Didn't you sign a lease?

Ross: Who needs a lease when *it's family!*

Joey: Hey, you can stay with us! We'll take care of ya!

Chandler: Oh, yeah! Absolutely! Anything you need man! But you have to promise me the second you are feeling better so that we can make fun of your hair!

Joey: Yeah.

Ross: You got it.

Joey: Okay.

Ross: Thanks you guys, I really appreciate this. All right, I'm gonna get packing again. Man, I've been moving around so much I'm beginning to feel like a nomad.

(Joey starts giggling.)

Ross: What?

Chandler: He thought you said gonad.

(Joey busts out laughing.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica's restaurant, she is getting inspected by the health department, Phoebe is watching.]

Health Inspector: Wow, Monica, if every restaurant is as clean as yours, I'd have a tough time making a living.

Monica: Oh, Larry.

Phoebe: Umm, do health inspectors work on commission?

Larry: No, bribes.

(Phoebe laughs.)

Phoebe: It's okay to laugh right?

Larry: Yeah, I was just kidding.

Phoebe: Okay. (She laughs harder.)

Larry: I'll check the kitchen floors.

Monica: Okay, knock yourself out, Larry.

(He goes into the kitchen.)

Phoebe: Yum-my!

Monica: Larry?

Phoebe: Oh yeah! I'd let him check out my kitchen floors.

Larry: (entering) A 98. I deducted 2 points because you are not wearing your chef's hat, and **that** is a Section 5 violation.

Monica: Uh, look, Larry honey, umm, I wrote the book on Section 5 and I know that you don't have to wear your hat unless you're in the kitchen.

Larry: And where is your hat?

Monica: It's in the kitchen, I'll go get it.

(She heads for the kitchen door and just after she goes through the door...)

Larry: Ahh **that's** the 2 points.

Phoebe: Hey, you should really read that book you wrote. (To Larry) Wow! You **saw** the hat in the kitchen and **knew** that she'd have to go in there hatless to get it. You can have your own health inspector detective show!

Larry: Oh, I don't know about that.

Phoebe: Yeah, but then I can be you sidekick Vunda.

Larry: Maybe uh, Vunda could give me her number and I can ask her to dinner sometime.

Phoebe: Okay, she would love that! Y'know, 'cause you know all the clean places to eat.

Larry: I-I'll call ya.

Phoebe: Okay.

(Larry goes to leave but heads the wrong way and makes a quick sidestep to go out the right door.)

Phoebe: He's so funny! (She imitates what he just did.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Gunther is serving Monica and Rachel.]

Monica: Thanks.

Rachel: Thank you. (To Monica) Mon?

Monica: Hmm?

Rachel: How's Ross doing? Y'know since all the Emily stuff.

Monica: He's not great umm, but he's dealing with it. Oh wait a minute, you're not gonna try...

Rachel: Oh, honey, please, no, I can't get started with all that Ross stuff again. I mean, he's gonna screwed up for a looong time. And besides y'know, I don't, I don't go for guys right after they get divorced.

Monica: Right, you only go for them 5 minutes before they get married.

(Danny enters.)

Danny: (To Gunther) Two pounds of Moca Java please.

Monica: (To Monica) Danny. Are you guys ever gonna go out again?

Rachel: I don't know! He hasn't called me since that one time when we went out. I see him in the hallway, we flirt, I'm all ha-ha-ha-ha, and nothing.

Danny: (To them) Hey!

Rachel: Hi Danny! (Notices his box of liquor he's carrying.) Wow! Thirsty huh?

Danny: Uh, actually, actually, I'm having a party at my place on Saturday, it's sort of a house warming kind of thing.

Monica: Ohh, fun!

Rachel: Ohh, great!

Danny: Yeah, I'm really looking forward to it.

Rachel: Yeah.

Danny: Okay, see ya. (Heads out.)

Monica: Well, I guess we won't be warming his house.

Rachel: (laughs) Okay. All right, I see what he's doing! He's not asking me out, because he wants **me** to ask him out.

Monica: And you're not gonna do that.

Rachel: That's right! 'Cause **that** would give him the control! So now he's all ooh, coming up with this whole I've got a party thing y'know, trying to get me to hint around for an invitation. Blew up in his face, didn't it?

Monica: So-so there is no party.

Rachel: No, there's a party. There's a party. But the power, that is still up for grabs. You follow me?

Monica: I think so. Se, he-he's not inviting you to his party because he likes you.

Rachel: Exactly.

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, they're entering to find boxes strewn about the apartment.]

Joey: Ross?

Ross: (entering from the bathroom) Hey roomies!

Chandler: Love what you've done with the place.

Ross: Oh, yeah I know, I know, it's a lot of boxes, but again I really appreciate you guys letting me stay here.

Joey: Not a problem. And listen, hey! Since you're gonna be here for a while, why don't—I was thinking we uh, put your name on the answering machine.

Chandler: Oh yeah!

Ross: Oh, I uh, hope you don't mind, I kinda uh, jazzed it up a little. Check this out. (He plays the greeting, and *We Will Rock You* starts to play and Ross's voice comes over it.) We will, we will, call you back!

Joey: Hey, all right!

Ross: Pretty cool, huh?

(They both laugh as Ross heads back to the bathroom.)

Joey: (To Chandler) You're fake laughing too, right?

Chandler: Oh, the tears are real.

[Scene: A restaurant, Phoebe and Larry are having dinner.]

Larry: You look beautiful this evening.

Phoebe: (smiles) Show me the badge again.

(He looks around and flashes her his badge and she laughs.)

Phoebe: Shiny.

Larry: Oh, will you mind if I wash up? Because I came straight from work and who knows where these babies (Holds up his hands) have been.

Phoebe: (laughing) You are just nonstop!

(He goes to the bathroom and Phoebe puts some pepper and salt on her food. With the salt she takes a bit and throws it over her left shoulder as she faces us.)

Larry: (coming back) We're outta here!

Phoebe: Why?!

Larry: Just walking past the kitchen I saw 10 violations! I'm shutting this place down!

Phoebe: (awed) You have the power to do that?

Larry: This does. (Shows her his badge.)

Phoebe: (excited) Shut it down.

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Chandler is entering. As he closes the door, Joey pokes his head up from a box enclosure built using the 2 chairs.]

Joey: Hey.

Chandler: What are you doing?

Joey: Nothing.

Chandler: You built a fort didn't ya?

Joey: (smiles) Kinda.

Chandler: (notices something) Oh my God, the air purifier! Ross's air purifier! All I heard through 4 years of college was (makes a humming noise.)

Joey: Dude, you should've gone out once and a while.

Chandler: I **hate** this thing!

Joey: Come on, Chandler, Ross is our friend. He needs us right now, so why don't you be a grown up and come and watch some TV in the fort!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel is opening the door.]

Rachel: Oh, hi Danny.

Danny: Hey guys, I just uh, wanted to invite you to the party tomorrow night.

Monica: Oh, thanks! We'll try to stop by.

Rachel: Uh, actually, I think I'm gonna be busy.

Monica: You are?

Rachel: Yeah! Remember I got that uh, gala.

Danny: Yeah, what's the gala for?

Rachel: It's a uh, regatta gala.

Danny: Really! You—you sail?

Rachel: No—no, but I support it.

Danny: Okay, (To Monica) hope I see you tomorrow night.

Monica: Okay.

Danny: Take care. (Leaves.)

Rachel: Okay. (Closes the door.) Walked right into that one didn't he?

Monica: What one? You wanted him to invite you to the party and he did it!

Rachel: Yeah, but he waited until the last minute! So if I said yes, he would know I had nothing better to do than wait around for an invitation to his stupid party. I said, "No!" Which puts **me** right back in the driver seat.

Monica: Great. So the ball is in his court?

Rachel: Ball? There is no ball.

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's and Ross's, Ross is working on his computer and Joey is making a lot of noise.]

Ross: (glaring at him) Joey, please! (Motions to his computer.)

Joey: Sorry.

(Joey starts playing with a toy alligator and has it attack him.)

Joey: Ahhhhhhhhhh...

(Notices Ross looking at him and stops. Ross gives him his 'quiet down' maneuver. Okay, this may take a while to explain, so center this on you screen and place your hands about a foot apart with your fingers together and pointing straight up. Now take you fingers and point them at the other hand and making a 90-degree angle with each of your hands and the first knuckle counting up from the wrist. Now take your right hand, no your other right (that was for the dyslexics), and lower it a couple of inches, so that the fingers are pointing at your wrist. Now take your arms and keeping the elbows bent and your hands in front of you spread out your arms, kinda like making a bird's wing. Now hunch your shoulders over and move you hands up and down as if you are trying to tell some one to turn it down. That's Ross 'quiet down' maneuver. Well, there is an accompanying face, but I don't want to try and describe it as well.)

Chandler: (entering) Hello children!

Joey: Hey! Wanna play some foosball? Please?

Chandler: Okay. (Starts to head for where the foosball table usually is.)

Joey: No-no, no! We have to move the table into my room, yeah! 'Cause of all the boxes. Come on! (They go into his bedroom.)

Joey: All right, I have one question. **What** is the deal with this? (Imitates Ross's 'quiet down' maneuver, but does move his hands up and down he just flaps his hands as if he's waving good-bye.)

Chandler: Bye-bye little puppet Joey hand?

Joey: No, the quiet down thing!

Chandler: You mean this. (Does the maneuver perfectly.)

Joey: Um-hmm! Look, I-I-I don't know how much more of this I can take! Did you know he taped over my *Baywatch* tape with some show about bugs! My God! What if that had been porn?

Chandler: (gasps) All right look, y'know, this maybe tough but come on, this is Ross! I survived college with him!

Joey: All right, I guess I can hold out a little longer. Let's have a game.

Chandler: Okay.

(They start playing.)

Chandler: No-no-no-no!

Joey: YES!!

Ross: (entering) Uh fellas, (Does the maneuver and gives them a double thumbs up, which Chandler returns as he closes the door.)

Chandler: Okay, so he's out of here.

Joey: Um-hmm.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica, Rachel, and Phoebe are there.]

Joey: (entering) Hey!

Monica: Hey!

Joey: You guys got anything to eat? I just went down to Johnos for some chicken and it was closed!

Phoebe: Oh, I took Larry there to eat but it was all violated. So we shut it down!

Joey: Pheebs, if this guy keeps closing down all of our favorite places, where are we gonna eat?!

Monica: I don't know, clean places?

Joey: Umm, yum!

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

Monica: (looking through the peephole) It's Danny.

Rachel: Don't let him in! I'm supposed to be at a regatta gala.

Monica: (to Danny) We'll be right there! (To Rachel) Can't you just say it starts later?

Rachel: What? What kind of a regatta gala starts at night?!

Monica: The fake kind!

(She opens the door and Rachel hides behind it.)

Danny: Hey, hi, I need a ladle. You got a ladle?

Monica: We have a ladle. (Gives him one.)

Danny: Thanks, see you at the party.

Monica: Okay, great!

(He leaves and she closes the door.)

Phoebe: Hey, guys, you know what Larry would say? He would say, "See you ladle." (Laughs.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler, Joey, and Ross are there. Chandler and Joey are looking through the paper.]

Chandler: Well, I-I-I'm done with this. You want anything Ross? Sports? International? Apartment listings?

Ross: I'll take sports.

Joey: Mine! (He grabs it.)

Ross: All right. Uhh, international.

Joey: Oh that's mine too! (Grabs it and Ross looks at him.) I'm Italian!

Ross: Well, I guess I can check out those apartment listings, even though there's never anything in here.

Chandler: Not even on page 7?

Ross: (looks) Oh yeah! You're—hey, you're right! Here's an affordable place, (reading ad) two bedroom, close to work, ooh, it's available in five weeks!

Chandler: What about that circled one?

Ross: Oh, I—I don't know, it's kind of expensive for a studio.

Joey: But it's available now! Isn't it?

Chandler: Yes, it is.

Joey: Hey, let's go look at it! (They both jump up.)

Ross: Okay, let's go.

Joey: Okay!

Chandler: There we go!

Ross: Oh—oh—ooh, hey guys, I was wondering if you guys would uh, maybe chip in on some new air filters for the air purifier? I mean after all, we all are using it.

Chandler: Let's go quicker.

Joey: Yeah!

[Scene: The apartment in the listing, the guys are checking it out. There's one problem though, it's roughly the size of this computer screen. As they enter Joey lets out a whistle.]

Ross: Oh my God! (Looking around, which doesn't take him long.)

Chandler: Yeah, well look at this kitchen, slash bathroom. Well that's great! Y'know so you can cook while in the tub.

Joey: Somebody was using his head. Hey, let's check out the rest of the place.

(They don't move, just look all around them.)

Ross: I think this is it. I don't know, maybe we should keep looking.

Joey: But hey, Ross, this place is available now!

Chandler: Yeah, you don't want to be stuck with us for the next five weeks.

Joey: Yeah.

(He looks at them.)

Ross: (To Joey) So, you—you think I should go ahead and take this place?

Joey: Oh, it's perfect!

Ross: (To Chandler) How about you?

Chandler: It's a kitchen slash bathroom.

Ross: All right, I see what you guys are saying. I'll uh, I'll go downstairs and fill out an application.

(He exits.)

Chandler: We are bad people.

Joey: He knew we were trying to get rid of him. He knew! (Pause.) You think we could get a bathtub in our kitchen?

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe is there waiting for Larry.]

Larry: (entering) Hey, ready for dinner?

Phoebe: Ooh, absolutely!

Larry: Great! How about you wanted to go the Italian place down on Bleaker Street right?

Phoebe: Ooh, I love that place! (Thinks about it.) So, no.

Larry: How about Mama Lisette's?

Phoebe: Enh. Sure!

Larry: (notices something) I wonder how long that milk (on the counter) has been setting out.

Phoebe: Oh, no—no, this place is totally healthy! That—this milk is mine. I bought this today, 'cause I was thirsty for milk, y'know. (She takes a swig of it, but has to turn away from him as she makes a face to show that it has gone bad.) Okay, let's go!

(Just as they're about to leave, Gunther comes out of the back carrying two garbage bags. Larry sees this and stops him.)

Larry: Hey, buddy! (Flashes his badge.) Are you familiar with Section 11-B of the Health Code that requires all refuse material out the **back** exit?

Gunther: But then I'd have to go all the way around the dry cleaner place.

Larry: Oh, so you're saying you'd choose convenience over health?!

Phoebe: Okay, stop! Larry, okay, can't you just be Larry and not Larry the health inspector guy? Y'know I mean it was really exciting at first but now it's like, okay, so where are we gonna eat ever?

Larry: Well, I suppose I could give him a warning.

Phoebe: Thank you. (To Gunther, who's standing there frozen) Okay, go! Go! Go! (He runs off.) (To Larry) Now, if after dinner you still really need to bust someone, I know a hot dog vendor who picks his nose.

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Chandler and Joey are lamenting about how they kicked Ross out.]

Joey: Maybe, maybe we did a good thing, helping Ross get back on his feet!

Chandler: Yes that was a nice place!

Joey: Yeah!

Chandler: Not a lot of closet space, but he can just hang his stuff out the window in a bag!

Joey: Yeah!

(Pause.)

Chandler: What are we gonna do?

Joey: I don't know. Maybe pizza?

Chandler: About Ross!

Joey: Oh! Oh!

(The phone rings and Joey answers it.)

Joey: Hello! (Listens.) Oh yeah! (To Chandler) It's the apartment manager; Ross put us down as references. (To the apartment manager.) Ross is the greatest guy you'll ever meet! Yeah, he's very reliable.

Chandler: (grabbing the phone) Of course he has this big huge dog! That uh, barks into the night.

(Listens.) Well, who doesn't love dogs? (Thinks.) Ah, he's a tap dancer! (Listens.) Yes, some would say that **is** a lost art. (Thinks.) He's a pimp! (Listens.) There you go! Yes, he's a pimp. He's a big, tap dancing pimp! (Pause.) Hello?

(The apartment manager hung up on him and he hangs up the phone and throws in on the chair. Joey motions, "What the hell was that?" Chandler makes a face to say, "Think about it." Joey tries to divide 136 by 13; he's confused. Suddenly, light dawns on yonder dunder head. He gets it.)

Chandler: Ohhhhh!

(Joey motions, "Now, that's thinking!")

[Scene: Downstairs at Danny's party, Monica and Rachel are coming down the stairs and Rachel has on a coat to make it look as if she's just getting back. But just as they reach the landing they see Danny out in the hall talking to a guest, Rachel then quickly pulls Monica back up the stairs.]

Rachel: Shoot, shoot, this is never gonna work! He's right there!

Monica: Just go over and say hi.

Rachel: No, I have to go downstairs and come back up as if I'm coming home from the regatta gala. Okay? So just go distract him. But don't be sexy.

(Monica obeys.)

Monica: Hey, Danny!

Danny: Hey! What's going on?

Monica: (turns his back to the stairs) Oh, it's a great party! Great food. Y'know, most parties it's all chips and salsa, chips and salsa. (As she's saying this Rachel tries to head downstairs but is blocked by people coming upstairs. She quickly retreats back up the stairs.) (Sees that she has to keep him distracted longer.) So umm, what's this? (Points to his plate.)

Danny: Salad.

Monica: Ooooh! (Rachel now succeeds in getting downstairs.) And-and-and what-what's this? (Points again.)

Danny: Bread. Aren't you a chef?

(Rachel returns.)

Monica: (upon seeing Rachel she points) Oh.

Danny: Hey! Rachel!

Rachel: Hey! Oh right, tonight was your party.

Danny: Oh wow, you look great! Glad you could make it.

Rachel: Oh well, y'know, the gala had to end sometime.

Danny: Don't go anywhere, I'll be right back. (He heads off.)

Rachel: Yeah, sure. (To Monica) All right, whose court is the ball in now?

Monica: I thought there wasn't a ball?

Rachel: Oh, come on! He's glad that I came, he doesn't want me to go anywhere, balls flying all over the place!

Danny: (returning, with a friend) Rachel, this is my friend Tom. (To Tom) **This** is the girl I told you about.

Rachel: Oh, go on! You telling people about me?

Danny: You two could really hit it off! I'm gonna go mingle. (Leaves.)

Tom: So you work at *Bloomingtondale's*, huh? My mom calls it Bloomies.

Rachel: (laughs) Yeah, okay, at ease solider!

Tom: I'm sorry?

Rachel: No, it's all right, you can just drop the act Tommy. I know what's going on here. Your Danny's wingman right? You guys are best buds. Frat bros!

Tom: I'm gonna go talk to uh, a friend.

Rachel: Yeah, yeah, you go talk to your friend. You tell him, "Nice try."

(He walks off.)

Rachel: Man! He just keeps lobbing them up and I just keep knocking them right out of the park!

Monica: I think I need a drink.

Rachel: Yeah!

(They go get a drink.)

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Ross still has boxes all over the place. Joey is wearing a football helmet, and Chandler is spinning him around in one of the chairs and counting.]

Chandler: 98. 99. 100. Okay, go!

Joey: (getting up) Dude, I'm telling ya! I'm fine! (He tries to take a step and falls flat on his face.)

(He tries to get up again and starts falling backwards and Chandler catches him.)

Chandler: Here we go! Here we go!

(Ross enters.)

Joey: Hey!

Chandler: Hey!

Ross: Hey. So I uh, I didn't get that apartment. Some problem with my application.

Joey: You're kidding!

Chandler: You're kidding, no!

Ross: Yeah. But, the good news is that Phoebe said that I could stay at her place for a while. So...

Joey: But you can't stay with Phoebe, Ross! We're—we're roomies!

Ross: Look, you guys don't need me here taking up your space.

Joey: Well, we got plenty of space! There—there's still some over there (Points to where the window is but sees that there isn't any space there and points towards his door.) by—by that speaker. Please, just stay!

Chandler: Yeah!

Ross: Are you guys sure about this?

Joey: Definitely!

Chandler: Yes! Ross, you have to stay!

Ross: All right.

Joey: All right!

Chandler: All right, buddy!

Ross: So I'm a pimp huh? It's okay! Look, I know that sometimes I can be a pain in the ass, but you just have to talk to me. Tell me if something is bothering you. Okay? And for my part I will do everything I can to keep my annoying habits just (Does the 'quiet down' maneuver).

(Chandler and Joey smile, but when Ross turns away look at each other with looks of horror.)

Ending Credits

[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.)

End

508. The One With The Thanksgiving Flashbacks

Written by: Greg Malins

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, everyone has just finished Thanksgiving dinner and are groaning over their fullness.]

Rachel: Oh Monica that was the **best** Thanksgiving dinner ever! I think you killed us.

Ross: I couldn't possibly eat another bite.

Joey: I need something sweet.

Phoebe: Does anyone wanna watch TV?

All: Yeah, sure.

(She starts pushing the power button on the remote, but it's not facing the TV so it doesn't work.)

Phoebe: Monica your remote doesn't work.

Monica: Phoebe, you have to lift it and point.

Phoebe: Oh. Aw, forget it.

Rachel: Yeah, you know what we should all do? We should play that game where everyone says one thing that they're thankful for.

Joey: Ooh-ooh, !! I am thankful for this beautiful fall we've been having.

Monica: That's very nice.

Chandler: That's sweet, Joey.

Joey: Yeah, the other day I was at the bus-stop and this lovely fall breeze came in out of nowhere and blew this chick's skirt right up. Oh! Which reminds me, I'm also thankful for thongs. (Note: Actually, I think **every** guy is thankful for thongs. That and spandex. J)

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, continued from earlier. Joey is talking about the wonder that is the thong.]

Joey: I mean, it's not so much an underpant as it is a feat of engineering. I mean, it's amazing how much they can do with so little material! And the way they play with your mind! Is it there? Is it not there?

Chandler: Are you aware that you're still talking?

Monica: Is anyone thankful for anything else besides a thong?

Ross: Huh, I don't know what to pick. Am I more thankful for my divorce or my eviction? Hmm.

Phoebe: Wow! See, and I didn't think you'd be able to come up with anything.

Ross: I'm sorry. It's just that this is the worse Thanksgiving ever.

Chandler: No-no-no! I am the king of bad Thanksgivings. You can't just swoop in here with your bad marriage and take that away from me.

Rachel: Oh, you're not gonna tell the whole story about how your parents got divorced again are you?

Ross: Oh God, no.

Joey: Oh, come on! I wanna hear it! It wouldn't be Thanksgiving without Chandler bumming us out!

Chandler: It's a tradition, like the parade. If the parade decided it was gay, moved out, and abandoned its entire family.

(And with that, we start a series of flashbacks to Thanksgiving's of years gone by.)

Thanksgiving 1978

[Scene: The Bing household, Mr. and Mrs. Bing and Young Chandler are eating Thanksgiving dinner as a housekeeper serves them.]

Mrs. Bing: Now Chandler dear, just because your father and I are getting a divorce it doesn't mean we don't love you. It just means he would rather sleep with the house-boy than me.

The Housekeeper: More turkey Mr. Chandler? (And he makes eyes at him.)

Present Day

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, continued from earlier.]

Ross: You're right. Yours is worse. You are the king of bad Thanksgivings.

Phoebe: I don't know about that. I've got one that's worse.

Chandler: Really? Worse than, "More turkey Mr. Chandler?"

Phoebe: Oh, did the little rich boy have a problem with the butler? Yes, mine's worse!

Thanksgiving 1862

[Scene: A Union battlefield hospital, Phoebe, in a past life, is tending to a wounded Union soldier. (By the way, for historical perspective, 1862 was the second year of the American Civil War.)]

Past Life Phoebe: More bandages! More bandages! Please, can I get some more bandages in here! This man is dying—(She is cut off by an exploding shell just outside the tent. When the smoke clears, she's missing an arm and the blood is pumping out like you'd see in a horror movie. And upon seeing her condition, she says...) Oh no.

Present Day

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, continued from earlier.]

Ross: In **this** life, Phoebe.

Phoebe: Oh, this life! Oh okay no, Chandler's is worse.

Joey: Man, it must be so cool remembering stuff like that! I don't have any past life memories.

Phoebe: Of course you don't sweetie. You're brand new.

Rachel: I know Monica's worst Thanksgiving.

Monica: Oh, let's not tell this story.

All: Oh, come on!

Phoebe: Oh no, I know! I know! It's the one where Joey got Monica's turkey stuck on his head!

Rachel: What?! Joey got a turkey stuck on his head?!

Joey: Hey, it's not like it sounds.

Chandler: It's **exactly** like it sounds.

Thanksgiving 1992

[Scene: Monica and Phoebe's, Phoebe is entering.]

Joey: (muffled) Hello?

Phoebe: (surprised) Hello?

Joey: Phoebe?

Phoebe: Joey? What's going on?

Joey: Look. (He walks out of the bathroom with his head stuck in a huge turkey.)

Phoebe: Oh my God!

Joey: I know! It's stuck!!!

Phoebe: (walks him to the kitchen) Easy. Step. How did it get on?

Joey: I put it on to scare Chandler!

Phoebe: Oh my God! Monica's gonna totally freak out!

Joey: Well then help me get it off! Plus, it smells **really** bad in here.

Phoebe: Well, of course it smells really bad. You have your head up a dead animal.

(They hear Monica trying to unlock the door. So Phoebe quickly pushes his head down onto the table to make it look like the turkey is just sitting on a platter and not stuck on Joey's head.)

Monica: (entering) Hey!

Phoebe: Hey!

Monica: Hey, did you get the turkey basted—Oh my God! Oh my God! (She sees someone is stuck in the turkey.) Who is that?

Joey: It's Joey.

Monica: What—what are you doing? Is this supposed to be funny?

Phoebe: No, it's not supposed to be funny, it's supposed to be scary.

Monica: Well, get it off now!

Joey: I can't! It—it's stuck!

Monica: Well, I don't care! That—that turkey has to feed 20 people at my parent's house and they're not gonna eat it off your head!

Phoebe: All right, hold on! Okay, let's just all think.

(They all start thinking. Joey starts rubbing his chin, of course his chin is currently inside the turkey so he ends up rubbing the turkey. And I didn't do that joke one bit of justice. It's one of those you have to see it to get it jokes.)

Monica: Okay, I got it. Phoebe? All right, you pull. I'm gonna spread the legs as wide as I can. (Joey starts giggling.) Joey? Now is not the time!

Joey: Sorry! Sorry.

(They get into position to pull the turkey off.)

Monica: Okay, count to three. 1. 2. 3!

(They both pull but Joey slips out and starts to fall backwards just as Chandler enters, scaring him.)

Chandler: Arghhhhhh!! (Joey turns around to taunt him, but Chandler is in the doorway and Joey is facing the kitchen.)

Joey: (pointing) It worked! I scared ya, I knew it! Ha—ha!

Chandler: I'm over here big guy.

Joey: (turning all the way around, and still not facing Chandler) Yeah, you are! (Starts dancing.) I scared you!

Present Day

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, continued from earlier.]

Chandler: (laughing) You did look like an idiot.

Joey: Hey, I wasn't the only one who looked like an idiot. All right? Remember when Ross tried to say, "Butternut squash?" And it came out, "Squatternut buash?"

Ross: Yeah that's the same.

Monica: That's it. That's my worse Thanksgiving.

Phoebe: Oh wait! That can't be the one Rachel's talking about. She didn't even know that happened. So which one was it?

All: Which one?

Monica: Umm, I—I really don't want to tell this story.

Chandler: Oh, come on Monica, reliving past pain and getting depressed is what Thanksgiving is all about. Y'know, for me anyway. And of course, the Indians.

Monica: Look umm, of all people, you do not want me to tell this story!

Thanksgiving 1987

[Scene: The Geller household, Mr. and Mrs. Geller are getting ready for Thanksgiving dinner. The doorbell rings.]

Mrs. Geller: Monica! I think Rachel's here!

Monica: I'll get it! (She runs in, and she's her old fat self like The One With The Prom Video. Not only that, she's out of breath after running a short distance. She goes over and opens the door to reveal Rachel with her old nose.) Happy Thanksgiving!

Big Nosed Rachel: Not for me. Chip and I broke up!

Fat Monica: Oh, why? Why? What happened?

Big Nosed Rachel: Well, you know that my parents are out of town and Chip was going to come over...

Fat Monica: Yeah, yeah, and you were going him y'know, your flower.

Big Nosed Rachel: Okay, Monica, can you just call it sex?! It **really** creeps me out when you call it that! Okay, and by the way, while we're at it, a guy's thing is not called his tenderness. Believe me! (Walks into the living room and greets Monica's parents.) Hi!

Mr. Geller: Hi Rachel!

Big Nosed Rachel: Happy Thanksgiving!

Mrs. Geller: You too sweetheart!

Ross: (entering) Hey!

(He brought home Chandler for Thanksgiving. Chandler is sporting the very popular Flock of Seagulls haircut. Yeah, it's another you have to see it to believe it kinda thing.)

Mr. Geller: Oh my!

Ross: Uh, everyone, this is Chandler! My roommate and lead singer of our band!

Fat Monica: Ross! (Wanting to be introduced.)

Ross: Oh, this is Monica.

Fat Monica: Hi, I'm Ross's little sister.

Chandler: (seeing her) Okay.

Mrs. Geller: I'm so glad you could come Chandler, we've got plenty of food so I hope you're hungry.

Ross: Oh, mom. Mom. Chandler hates Thanksgiving and doesn't eat any Thanksgiving food.

Mrs. Geller: Oh, well, I'm so glad you brought him here then.

Fat Monica: Umm, Chandler, if you want I can make you some macaroni and cheese for dinner.

Chandler: Well, as long as the pilgrims didn't eat it, I'm in.

(As she is drinking, Monica laughs and Chandler's joke and *Diet Coke* comes out of her nose.)

Fat Monica: dammit! (Runs off.)

(Ross points out Rachel to Chandler and goes over to talk to her. Rachel is checking out her nose in her compact mirror.)

Ross: So uh, Rach? Does it, does it feel weird around here now? Y'know since I've been away at college.

Big Nosed Rachel: Oh! No, not really.

Ross: Well, that's cool. So did... (She walks away from him and he shuts up.)

(Rachel wanders into the kitchen where Monica is making Chandler's dinner.)

Big Nosed Rachel: Ugh! I cannot believe Chip dumped me for that **slut** Nancy Branson. I am never going out with him again. I don't care how much he begs!

Fat Monica: I think his begging days are over now that he's going out with Nancy Branson.

Big Nosed Rachel: Y'know what? I've just had it with high school boys! They are just silly. (Ross is overhearing this.) Silly, stupid boys! I'm going to start dating men!

Ross: Umm, I'm sorry Judy, I couldn't find that bowl that you and Jack were looking for.

Fat Monica: Call them mom and dad you loser!

Ross: (in a high pitched voice) Monica!

[Time lapse, dinner has finished and Chandler is sitting on the couch eating some pie. Monica sits down beside him, and he gets pushed up a little by the wave she makes in the couch.]

Fat Monica: Hey Chandler! Did you like the macaroni and cheese?

Chandler: Oh yeah, it was great. You should be a chef.

Fat Monica: Okay!

(He gets up and walks away as Rachel come running over all excited.)

Big Nosed Rachel: Guess what?! All that stuff about Nancy Branson being a slut was all a rumor so Chip **dumped** her and he wants to come over to my house tonight!

Fat Monica: Oh that's so great!

Big Nosed Rachel: I know!

Fat Monica: Oh gosh, listen if you and Chip do it tonight, promise me you'll tell me everything.

Big Nosed Rachel: Oh totally, totally. Y'know it's not that big of deal, we already kinda did it once y'know.

Fat Monica: I know, but y'know, this time you're gonna **definitely** know whether or not you did it!

Big Nosed Rachel: I know, I know. And oh, and this time Chip promised that—that this time it will last at least for an entire song!

[Cut to the kitchen, Ross and Chandler are doing the dishes.]

Ross: So I'm thinking about asking Rachel out tonight. Y'know maybe play her that song we wrote last week.

Chandler: Emotional Knapsack?

Ross: Yeah.

Chandler: Right on! Oh! Uh, but, don't take too long okay? 'Cause uh, we're gonna test out our fake ID's tonight, right Clifford Alverez.

Ross: Listen, Roland Chang, if things go well, I'm gonna be out with her all night.

Chandler: Dude, don't do that too me!

(Monica enters behind them.)

Ross: All right, it's cool you can stay here. My parents won't mind.

(Monica suddenly gets very happy.)

Chandler: No, it's not that, I just don't want to be stuck here all night with your fat sister.

Ross: Hey!

(Upon hearing this, Monica starts to break down and storms out. Only to be stopped by her parents.)

Mrs. Geller: (holding two pies) Monica, why don't you finish off these pies? I don't have any more room left in the fridge.

Fat Monica: No. No, thank you!

Mr. Geller: Well Judy, you did it! She's **finally** full!

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, back to the present day.]

Chandler: I called you fat?! I don't even remember that!

Monica: Well, I do.

Chandler: I am so sorry. I really am. I was an idiot back then. I rushed the stage at a Wham concert for crying out loud!

Phoebe: Oh, I can't believe you called her fat.

Ross: I can't believe you let George Michael slap you.

Chandler: I am really sorry. That is so terrible. I am so, so sorry.

Rachel: Actually, y'know that's not the Thanksgiving I was talking about.

Monica: Yes, it was!

Rachel: No, it wasn't. It was actually the...

Monica: (interrupting her) Okay, now Thanksgiving's over, let's get ready for Christmas. Who wants to go get a Christmas tree?!

Phoebe: Oh, no, I have the cutest Christmas story!

Chandler: We wanna hear Monica's Thanksgiving story!

Phoebe: Fine, all right, mine had a dwarf that got broke in half, but y'know whatever.

Thanksgiving 1988

[Scene: The Geller household kitchen, Mrs. Geller is cooking and Rachel, post nose job, is helping her.]

Mrs. Geller: So Rachel, your mom tells me you changed your major again.

Rachel: Oh, yeah, I had too. There was never any parking by the Psychology building.

Mr. Geller: (entering) Hi Rachel.

Rachel: Oh hi!

Mr. Geller: Wow, love your new nose!

Mrs. Geller: Jack.

Mr. Geller: What? Dr. Wilson's an artist! He removed my mole cluster. Wanna see? (He starts to show her as the doorbell rings.)

Mrs. Geller: I'll get it.

Rachel: No, God! Please, let me! (Runs out.)

(She opens the door to reveal Chandler and Ross. Unfortunately, they seem to have their holidays mixed up. They think it's Halloween and they're going as Crockett and Tubbs from that legendary TV show of the late 80's, *Miami Vice*. God, we looked silly back then!)

Rachel: Hey!

Ross: Hey. (To his parents) Happy Thanksgiving!

Mr. Geller: (To Chandler) God, your hair sure is different!

Chandler: Yeah, we were just talking about that. I can't believe how stupid we used to look. (They both quickly push their sleeves over their elbows.)

Ross: So uh, where's Monica?

Mrs. Geller: She's upstairs. Monica! Come down! Everyone's here! Ross, Rachel, and the boy who hates Thanksgiving.

(Monica enters, but she forgot something. Oh, about 150 pounds. In other words, she lost weight, big time!)

Monica: Hi, Chandler.

Chandler: Oh my God!

Monica: What-what's the matter? Is there, is there something on my dress? (She turns around making sure he gets a good look.)

Chandler: You just, you look so different! Terrific! That dress! That body!

Ross: Dude!

Chandler: Sorry!

Mrs. Geller: Yes, yes Monica is thin. It's wonderful. But what we really want to hear about is Ross's new girlfriend.

Ross: Oh mom! Okay, umm, her name is Carol. And she's really pretty. And smart. And uh, she's--she's on the lacrosse team and the golf team. Can you believe it? She plays for both teams!

Monica: So Chandler, I guess I'll see you at dinner.

(She heads for the kitchen and Chandler watches her leave and admires the view.)

Mr. Geller: Dude!

Chandler: Sorry.

(In the kitchen.)

Rachel: (entering) Oh-ho, my God! That was so awesome! You totally got him back for calling you fat! He was just drooling all over you. That must've felt so great!

Monica: Well it didn't!

Rachel: What?!

Monica: Yeah, I mean yeah, I look great. Yeah, I feel great and yeah, my heart is not in trouble anymore! Blah, blah, blah! Y'know I still don't feel like I got him back, y'know? I just want to humiliate him. I wanna, I want him to be like naked and then I'm going to point at him and laugh!

Rachel: Okay, **that** we may be able to do.

Monica: How?

Rachel: Well guys tend to get naked before they're gonna have sex.

Monica: What?! I mean, I didn't work this hard and—and—and lose all this weight so that I can give my flower to someone like him!

Rachel: Okay, first of all, if you keep calling it that, no one's gonna ever take it. Then, second of all you're not actually gonna have sex with him! You're just gonna make him think that you are.

Monica: Yeah.

Rachel: Yeah.

Monica: And when he's naked I can throw him out in the front yard and lock the door and all the neighbors will just humiliate him!

Rachel: Then, you will **definitely** get him back!

Monica: Okay, so how do I make him think I wanna have sex with him?

Rachel: Okay, oh, here's what you do. Just act like everything around you turns you on.

Monica: What do you mean?

Rachel: Well, like anything can be sexy. Like umm, oh—oh, like this dishtowel! (She grabs it and starts rubbing it on her cheek.) Ooh, ooh, this feels sooo good against my cheek! And—and if I feel a little hot, I can just dab myself with it. Or I can bring it down to my side and bring it through my fingers while I talk to him.

Monica: (excited) I can do that!

Rachel: Yeah? Okay! Good, good, because he's coming. He's coming. (To Chandler) Hey, what's up? (She leaves and closes the door behind her.)

Chandler: Monica, I was wondering if you can make me some of that righteous mac and cheese like last year.

Monica: Umm, I'd love too! (She goes over and picks up the box and decides to follow Rachel's advice and holds the box up to her cheek.) Ooh, I love macaroni and cheese. I love—I love the way this box feels against my cheek.

Chandler: Okay.

Monica: Boy, I love carrots! Oh! (She picks up a bunch of them and holds them between her fingers.) Sometimes I like to put them between my fingers like this and—and hold them down here while I talk to you. (She is rubbing her hip with the carrots.) Umm, and—and—and y'know if I get really hot umm, I—I like to pick up this knife (She picks up a knife without putting the box down. She's holding the box between her cheek and shoulder) and—and umm, I—I put the cold steel against umm, (Pause) my body. (She doesn't have any exposed skin within reach of the knife, so while holding the carrots in one hand and the box between her face and shoulder, she rubs the knife on her stomach.)

Chandler: Are you all right?

Monica: Oh yeah, of course. I'm fine it's just that—(She drops the box and in a reflex action tries to catch it with her arm, the knife slips out and slowly flips through the air and comes point first down into Chandler's shoe.)

[Scene: The hospital, Chandler has been rushed to the emergency room.]

The Doctor: What do we got here?

The Paramedic: Twenty year old has got a severed toe on his right foot.

(They go through the doors into the trauma room, opening them by ramming the gurney through them, only Chandler's foot is hanging off the end and he screams in pain.)

Ross: Can you please not do that feet first? You know where his injury is! Severed toe, you **just** said it!

The Doctor: It says here that the knife went right through your shoe.

Mr. Geller: Of course it did. They're made of wicker.

The Doctor: Did you bring the toe?

Monica: Oh yes! I have it right here, on ice! (She takes a bag of ice out of her purse and hands it to the doctor.)

The Doctor: (opening it) Don't worry son, we'll just attach it and—(Stops suddenly.)

Monica: What?! What is it?

The Doctor: You brought a carrot.

Chandler: What?

The Doctor: This isn't your toe, this is a small, very cold piece of carrot.

Rachel: You brought a carrot?!

Mrs. Geller: Oh my God! There's a toe in my kitchen.

Monica: God, I'm sorry! I'll go back and get it!

The Doctor: It's too late, all we can do now is sow up the wound.

Chandler: Without my toe?! I need my toe!

Monica: Wait, no-no-no, I can go really fast! Dad, give me the keys to your *Porsche*!

Mr. Geller: Oh, I'm not falling for that one!

Present Day

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Chandler is reacting to the story.]

Chandler: That's why I lost my toe?! Because I called you fat?!

Monica: I didn't **mean** to cut it off. It was an accident.

Chandler: That's why for an entire year people called me Sir Limps-A-Lot?!

Monica: I'm sorry! It wasn't your whole toe!

Chandler: Yeah, well, I miss the tip! It's the best part. It has the nail. (He storms out.)

Monica: Chandler! (Follows him out.)

Ross: (To Joey) Sir Limps-A-Lot, I came up with that.

Joey: You're a dork.

[Cut to the hallway, Chandler is standing in front of his door.]

Chandler: I can't believe this.

Monica: Chandler, I said I was sorry.

Chandler: Yeah, well, sorry doesn't bring back the little piggy that cried all the way home! I **hate** this stupid day! And everything about it! I'll see you later.

Monica: Oh wait, Chandler, come here is there anything I can do? Anything?

Chandler: Yeah, just leave me alone for a while. (He goes into his apartment.)

[Scene: Chandler, Joey, and Ross's, Chandler is sitting on one of the chairs and the duck is running around him and quacking.]

Chandler: Oh-oh, I'm a duck! I go, "Quack, quack!" I'm happy all the time!

(There's a knock on the door and Chandler gets up to answer it. He opens the door to reveal Monica with a turkey over her head.)

Chandler: Nice try.

Monica: Wait, wait, wait! (She puts a Shriner's hat on the turkey.)

Chandler: Look, Monica...

Monica: Look! (She puts a big, yellow pair of sunglasses on the bird.)

Chandler: This is not going to work.

Monica: I bet this will work! (She starts dancing and Chandler cracks up.)

Chandler: You are so great! I love you!

(Monica stops suddenly and turns around slowly.)

Monica: What?

Chandler: Nothing! I said, I said "You're so great" and then I just, I just stopped talking!

Monica: You said you loved me! I can't believe this!

Chandler: No I didn't!

Monica: Yes, you did!

Chandler: No I didn't!

Monica: You love me!

Chandler: No I don't! Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

(Joey walks in and sees Monica. He freaks out and runs back into the hallway, screaming.)

Ending Credits

Thanksgiving 1915

[Scene: The Western front during World War I, Phoebe, in yet another past life, is once again a nurse tending to yet another dying soldier. But this time she's doing it with a French accent.]

French Phoebe: Gauze! Gauze! I need to get some gauze in here! Can I please get some gauze in here!

(A shell explodes outside next to the tent and when the smoke clears, Phoebe still has her arm.) Whew!

(Her arm falls off and starts pumping out blood.) This is getting ridiculous uh!

End

509. The One With Ross's Sandwich

Written by: Andrew Reich & Ted Cohen

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the entire gang is there, eating breakfast. Phoebe is on the couch, fidgeting.]

Phoebe: What am I sitting on?

Chandler: Top of the world? Dock of the bay? (He tries to think of another but can't) I'm out.

Phoebe: (taking something out of the couch) Ew-eww!! Undies!

(She throws them into the kitchen and Rachel picks them up with the handle of a large spoon. Chandler and Monica have horrified looks on their faces.)

Rachel: All right! Who's are they? Who's are they?

Ross: Well, they're not mine!

Chandler: Well, they're Joey's! They gotta be Joey's!

(Rachel turns and stares at him.)

Joey: Yeah, they're mine.

Chandler: See? They're Joey's! J-J-J-J-Joey's!

Ross: Why are they here?

Joey: I don't know uhh... (Pause as he thinks about it.) Well, I'm Joey. Yeah, I'm disgusting, I take my underwear off in other people's homes.

Rachel: Well, get 'em out of here! What's wrong with you?

Chandler: Yeah!

Monica: Yeah!

Rachel: (waving them in his face) Take 'em! (Joey makes a noise and jumps out of the way.) Joey, you can touch them! They're **your** underwear.

Joey: (reluctantly taking them) Chandler? A word.

(Follows Joey into their apartment and shrugs on his way out.)

[Cut to the guy's apartment.]

Joey: That's it! I'm tired of covering for you two! This has got to stop! (Realizes he still has the underwear in his hand.) Ahh! (Throws them towards Chandler's room.) And tighy-whiteys! What are you, 8?

Monica: (entering) Thank you Joey, thank you so much!

Joey: Oh hey, no, you're not welcome. Okay, look, I hate this! You guys keep embarrassing me! (To Monica) Yesterday, Rachel found your razor in our bathroom and I didn't know what to say, so I said it was mine and-and that I was playing a woman in a play. And one thing led to another and (He puts his leg on the chair and pulls up his pants leg to reveal that he now has shaved legs.)

Monica: (inspecting his leg) Wow! And around the ankles, y'know that is a tough spot.

Joey: Yeah, it was! All right, listen, I can't...

Chandler: (interrupting him) All this lying has been hard on us too.

Joey: Oh—oh, yeah—yeah, I bet all the sex makes it easier!

Chandler: Well, yeah actually.

Monica: We'll try to be more careful okay? It's just that, we don't want everyone to know because this is going really well, and maybe the reason it's going really well is because it's a secret.

Chandler: I know it sounds really weird, but we're just so bad at relationships.

Monica: We are! Help us!

Chandler: Help!

Joey: All right! But, (To Monica) you do it with me once.

Monica: Joey!

Joey: Didn't think so.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey, Chandler, Monica, and Rachel are there as Phoebe enters with her nose stuck in a book.]

Monica: Hey, Phoebe!

Chandler: Hi, Pheebs!

Rachel: Hey, Pheebs!

Joey: Hey, Pheebs!

Rachel: What are you reading?

Phoebe: Umm, *Wethering Heights*. I'm taking a literature class at the New School and I have to finish it for the first session tomorrow.

Chandler: I didn't know you were taking a class. That is so cool.

Phoebe: Yeah! Well, I really liked that Lamaze class I took! Y'know and this time I thought I'd go for something, y'know a little more intellectual, with a less painful final exam.

Rachel: Honey that sounds like fun.

Phoebe: Yeah! Ooh, you should come with me! Oh yeah, then I'd have someone to sit with!

Rachel: Okay.

Phoebe: Yeah! Okay—ooh, but are you going to have time to read it?

Rachel: Oh, I read that in high school.

Phoebe: This is going to be so much fun! Okay—shhh, I have to finish.

Ross: (entering, depressed) Hi.

Joey: What's wrong buddy?

Ross: Someone at work ate my sandwich!

Chandler: Well, what did the police say?

Ross: My Thanksgiving leftover sandwich. I can't believe someone ate it!

Chandler: Ross, it's just a sandwich!

Ross: Just a sandwich? Look, I am 30 years old, I'm about to be divorced twice and I just got evicted! That sandwich was the only good thing going on in my life! Someone **ate** the only good thing going on in my life!

Monica: Okay, look, I—I have enough stuff for one more sandwich, I mean I was going to eat it myself, but (motions that he can have it.)

Ross: (quietly) That—that would be incredible. Thank you so much. I—I **still can't believe someone ate it!!** I mean, look, I left a note and everything.

(Shows the note to Chandler who reads it aloud.)

Chandler: (reading) Knock-knock. Who's there? Ross Geller's lunch. Ross Geller's lunch, who? Ross Geller's lunch, please don't take me. Okay?

Joey: I'm surprised you didn't go home wearing your lunch.

Phoebe: Okay, look you wanna hold onto your food? You gotta scare people off. I learned that living on the street.

Ross: Really?! So what would you say Pheebz? Stuff like uh, "Keep your mitts off my grub?"

Chandler: Say Ross, when you picture Phoebe living on the street, is she surrounded by the **entire** cast of *Annie*?

Phoebe: Okay, this will keep them away from your stuff. (Writes him a note and the gang reads it.)

All: Whoa! Ohh!!

Monica: Phoebe, you are a bad ass!

Phoebe: Someday I'll, tell you about the time I stabbed the cop.

Monica: Phoebe?

Phoebe: Well, he stabbed me first!!

[Scene: Phoebe's class, the class has already started and Rachel walks in late.]

Rachel: (To Phoebe) Sorry I'm late, but I left late.

Phoebe: Okay.

Rachel: So Pheebz, what is the book about?

Phoebe: I thought you said you read it in high school.

Rachel: Well yeah, but then I remembered I started it and there was this pep rally and I was, I was on top of the pyramid but anyway—umm, what is this book about?

Phoebe: Okay, umm, it's this tragic love story between Cathy and Heathcliff and umm, it takes place on like these really creepy mores in England. Which I think represents the wildness of Heathcliff's character. I totally get symbolism.

The Teacher: How would you characterize the theme of this book, uh let's see here (looks at his attendance sheet), Rachel Green?

Rachel: Umm, well I would have to say that it's a, it's tragic love story.

The Teacher: Well, that's sort of a given, but yes. Anyone else?

Rachel: Oh-oh-oh, symbolism! And uh, the—the uh, wildness of the mores, which I think is—is mirrored in the wildness of Heathcliff's character.

The Teacher: Excellent! What Rachel has shrewdly observed here...

Phoebe: (To Rachel) You completely stole my answer!

Rachel: Well, honey that was pretty obvious.

Phoebe: Well how would you know?! You didn't even read it!

The Teacher: What do you think? You in the blue shirt.

Phoebe: I think that uh, yours is a question with many answers.

The Teacher: Would ya care to venture one?

Phoebe: Would **you** care to venture one?

The Teacher: Are you just repeating what I'm saying?

Phoebe: Are you just repeating what **I'm** saying?

The Teacher: All right, let's move on.

Phoebe: Okay then.

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica is there as Phoebe and Rachel return from the class.]

Phoebe: Yeah but why didn't you just say that you didn't read the book?!

Rachel: Be—because I didn't want him to think I was stupid! I mean, that was really embarrassing what happened to you!

Ross: (entering) Phoebe!

Phoebe: Yeah?

Ross: Phoebe! You're note, amazing! Not only did no one touch my sandwich, but people at work are actually afraid of me. Yeah, a guy called me mental! Mental Geller, yeah, I always wanted a cool nickname like that.

Monica: Yeah, the best you got in high school was Wet Pants Geller.

Ross: That was the water fountain! Okay?! Anyway, people are writing reports for me, uh pushing back deadlines to meet my schedule, I'm telling you, you get tough with people you can get anything you want.

(Joey walks by with a cup of coffee.) Hey Tribbiani, give me that coffee! Now!

(Joey casually pushes Ross over the back of the couch and sits down proud of himself.)

[Scene: The hallway, Joey is returning from a date with Cynthia.]

Cynthia: God, this was really fun! I've been wondering if you were going to ask me out.

Joey: So you uh, still wondering?

Cynthia: No, we just went out.

Joey: You're smart. I like that.

(He goes to open the door to his apartment, but finds it locked. As he's getting out his keys, Chandler and Monica quickly jump up from making out in the living room and run to Chandler's bedroom. The apartment has about 20 candles burning all over the place. Joey opens the door and ushers Cynthia in.)

Cynthia: Oh, candles! (Notices something.) What is that? A blanket? A video camera? Oh my God! (As she storms out, Rachel returns and overhears the conversation.)

Joey: Oh no—no—no—no, wait—wait—wait!!

Cynthia: I can't believe you thought that you were going to video tape us having sex on the first date! (She storms away and Rachel enters to confront Joey.)

Joey: Hiya.

Rachel: Joey, is what she just said umm—Oh my God. (Looks around the room.) You were actually gonna... (Chandler picks this moment to return to the living room.) (Rachel stares in shock.)

Chandler: What is going on here?

Rachel: And with Chandler in the next room. What are you, what are you sick?

(Chandler silently pleads with Joey to cover for them.)

Joey: I'm Joey. I mean, I'm disgusting. I make low-budget adult films. (Points at Chandler, angrily.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Chandler, Joey, and Ross's: continued from earlier. Joey is closing the door after Rachel leaves and is about to confront Chandler and Monica.]

Joey: You guys **promised** you'd be more careful! I mean, come on! The good Joey name is being dragged through the mud here!

Monica: We're so sorry.

Chandler: Yeah.

Joey: Well, I'm telling everyone about you! That's the only way to explain the underwear and the video camera that doesn't make me look like a pig!

Chandler: No-no, wait! There's got to be a better explanation. You can tell them you **had** to make an adult film for your (Thinks) adult film class.

Joey: Yeah, I like that. But no-no, how does that explain why Rachel found **my** underwear at your place?

Chandler: Oh—I don't know.

Joey: Well, get ready to come out of the non-gay closet!

Monica: Okay, just wait, please. I promise we'll come up with something. Just give us a little more time.

Joey: All right. Hey, but it better make me look really, really good. (Starts for his room.) Oh, and another thing, the video camera? Nice!!

[Scene: The Museum of Prehistoric History (Ross's work); Ross is in the break room eating lunch as his boss, Dr. Leedbetter walks in.]

Dr. Leedbetter: Umm, Ross. May I have a word with you?

Ross: Yeah, of course, Donald.

Dr. Leedbetter: We've been getting reports of some very angry behavior on your part.

Ross: What?!

Dr. Leedbetter: Threatening letters, refusal to meet deadlines, apparently people now call you mental.

Ross: (Proudly) Yeah.

Dr. Leedbetter: We want you to speak to a psychiatrist.

Ross: Oh no, you-you don't understand. Ugh, this is so silly. Umm, this is all because of a sandwich.

Dr. Leedbetter: (laughs) A sandwich?

Ross: Yeah. You see my-my sister makes these amazing turkey sandwiches. Her secret is, she puts a, an extra slice of gravy soaked bread in the middle; I call it the Moist Maker. Anyway, I-I put my sandwich in the fridge over here...

Dr. Leedbetter: (laughs) Oh, you know what?

Ross: What?

Dr. Leedbetter: I-I'm sorry. I, I-I-I believe I ate that.

Ross: You ate my sandwich?

Dr. Leedbetter: It was a simple mistake. It could happen to anyone.

Ross: (getting upset) Oh-oh really? Did you confuse it with your own turkey sandwich with a Moist Maker?

Dr. Leedbetter: No.

Ross: Do you perhaps seeing a note on top of it?

Dr. Leedbetter: There may have been a-a joke or a limerick of some kind.

Ross: (getting angry) That said it was **my** sandwich?!

Dr. Leedbetter: Now–now calm down. Come look in my office, some of it my still be in the trash.

Ross: (jumping to his feet in anger) What?

Dr. Leedbetter: Well, it was quite large. I–I–I–I had to throw most of it away.

Ross: You–you–you–you (trying to remain in control) threw my sandwich away!

[Cut to an outside shot of the museum.]

Ross: (losing control, we hear him shout outside) MY SANDWICH?!!!

[Cut to a shot of a park.]

Ross: MY SANDWICH!!!!!! (Ross's scream scares a flight of pigeons away.)

[Scene: Phoebe and Rachel's class; Rachel walks in, on time this time.]

Rachel: Hi!

Phoebe: Hi!

Rachel: (sitting down) So umm, what's this book about?

Phoebe: You didn't read this one either?!

Rachel: Well, I was gonna, but I accidentally read something else.

Phoebe: What?

Rachel: *Vogue*! Hey, so tell me about this Jane Eyre woman.

Phoebe: No! You should've read it yourself!

Rachel: Come on Phoebe! Don't be such a goodie–goodie!

Phoebe: Fine! Okay, all right, so Jane Eyre, first of all, you'd think she's a woman, but she's not. She's a cyborg.

Rachel: A cyborg?! Isn't that like a robot?!

Phoebe: Yeah, this book was light years ahead of its time.

The Teacher: (entering) Sorry I'm late. Let's get started. So, what did everybody think about Jane Eyre?

Phoebe: Umm, Rachel and I were just discussing it and she had some very interesting insights.

The Teacher: Well, go ahead Rachel.

Rachel: Uh, thank you Phoebe. Umm, well, what struck me most when reading Jane Eyre was uh, how the book was so ahead of its time.

The Teacher: If you're talking about feminism, I think you're right.

Rachel: Yeah, well, feminism yes, but also the robots.

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler is on the couch as Monica joins him.]

Chandler: Hey.

Monica: Hey. Okay, so umm, since that video camera thing didn't work out uh, I thought that I would give you just a little preview. (Hands him a Polaroid.)

Chandler: (gasps) You're **naked** in this picture!

Monica: I know.

(Ross walks in, eating cotton candy. Monica nudges Chandler who hides the picture in his magazine. Ross sits down on the chair, he seems kinda out of it.)

Chandler: Ross?

Ross: (in a stupor) Hey Chandler. (Sees Monica.) Monica!

Monica: Ross, are you okay?

Ross: I'm fine! I saw a psychiatrist at work today.

Monica: Why?!

Ross: On account of my rage.

Chandler: Which I may say, right now, is out of control.

Ross: He gave me a pill for it.

Monica: A pill?

Ross: Uh-huh. Well, when the psychiatrist told me I had to take a leave of absence because I yelled at my boss I started to get worked up again, so he offered me a tranquilizer. And I thought was a good idea so, I took it.

Monica: Wait a minute, they're making you take time off work?

Chandler: And you're okay with that?

Ross: I don't know. It's going to be weird not having a job for a while, but I, I definitely don't care about my sandwich.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel and Phoebe are returning from class.]

Rachel: (entering, angrily) Ugh, that was so embarrassing! I can't believe you let me go on and on like that!

Phoebe: (smiling) I'm sorry. It was just so funny when you started comparing *Jane Eyre* to *Robocop*.

Rachel: That was **not** funny!

Phoebe: Well, I snapped! Okay? You weren't taking the class seriously.

Rachel: Phoebe, come on! What is the big deal? I thought this was going to be something we could do together! Y'know, I thought it would be fun!

Phoebe: Well, yeah! Fun is good, but y'know I also wanted to learn. Y'know, people are always talking about what they learned in high school and I never went to high school.

Rachel: Ohh. Oh, so you really wanted to learn. Yeah, y'know, Pheebs I just wanted to have fun. Ohh, you know who you should go with?

[Scene: The Class; Monica has taken Rachel's spot.]

Monica: (yelling and waving her hand in the air) I know! I know! I know!

The Teacher: Monica, you **asked** the question.

(She sits back defeated, and Phoebe groans with disgust.)

[Scene: Chandler, Joey, and Ross's; Joey returns carrying a bucket of chicken, and starts going through the mail. While doing this, Monica's picture falls out. He bends over to pick it up and gasps. While he's staring at the picture, Rachel decides to come over and sees him looking at the picture.]

Rachel: (sees the picture) Oh my God! That's Monica!!

Joey: Oh no-no-no! No-no-no-no-no-no-no!

Rachel: You get away from me!! You sick, sick, sick, sick-o!!

Ross: (entering, with the rest of the gang) What's going on?

Rachel: Joey has got a secret peephole!

Chandler: (Sees the picture) Oh no! No! No! No! (Monica gasps as well.)

Rachel: Yes! He has a naked picture of Monica! He takes naked pictures of us! And then he eats chicken and looks at them!

(Ross stares in shock at him as he angrily puts down the chicken and takes off his coat.)

Rachel: Look! (Shows Ross the picture.)

Ross: (covering his eyes) Dude! That's my sister! (She shows the rest of the gang.)

Monica: (grabbing the picture) Give me that!

Phoebe: All right, wait! Just wait. Everybody just calm down. Okay? Let's give our friend Joey a chance to explain why he's such a big pervert!

Joey: No! I am **not** a pervert! Okay? It's just... I just... Kinda...

Chandler: All right, look! Look. I think I can explain this.

(He walks over and stands behind Joey.)

Joey: Thank you!

Chandler: Joey's a sex addict.

Joey: What?!! (He turns around and stares at Chandler who's silently pleading with Joey to go along with it.) No I'm not!!

Monica: It's okay! It's good! It's good. It's a disease!

Joey: No! No! I am **not** a sex addict!

Monica: Yes you are! That's the only way to explain all this stuff!

Joey: No it isn't! No, it's not. Because you can also explain it with the truth!

Rachel: Well, what is the truth?

Ross: Yeah, what's going on?

Phoebe: What's going on?

Joey: (thinking) I slept with Monica.

Chandler: Well let's...let's see what everybody thinks of that?

Monica: Oh no!

Ross: You slept with my sister?

Joey: Uh yes, but it was, we just did it once uh, in London.

Ross: This is not good for my rage. (Takes another pill.)

Rachel: Monica, is this true?

Joey: Of course it's true! How else would you explain all the weird stuff that's been going on?

Monica: Yes it's true.

Rachel: Okay, but if it only happened that one time, how come we found your underwear in our apartment the other day?

Joey: Ahh—oy! That was the underwear I was wearing that night in London. Right Monica?

Monica: I guess I wanted to keep it (Pause) as a souvenir.

Ross: My God Monica!!

Chandler: Are you sure Joe? Are you sure you're not just a sex addict?

Joey: No! If anyone's a sex addict here, it's Monica! Yeah. Yeah. She has been trying to get me back in the sack ever since London!

Phoebe: So that's why she gave you a naked picture of herself.

Joey: That makes sense!

Rachel: And the video camera?

Joey: Uhh, Monica?

Monica: I guess I set up the video camera to try and entice Joey.

Joey: But sadly I could not be enticed.

Ross: Unbelievable! I mean you really kept Joey's underwear?! Why? Why would you do that?!

Monica: I'm Monica. I'm disgusting. I stalk guys and keep their underpants.

Joey: Well, I think we've all learned something about who's disgusting and who's not. Eh? All right, now, I'm going to get back to my bucket. I'm only eating the skin, so the chicken's up for grabs. (Offers it to everyone.)

Ending Credits

[Scene: Monica and Phoebe's class: the class has ended and Phoebe is talking to one of her classmates.]

Phoebe: I really thought you making a good point. I mean y'know, until you got cut off.

A Female Student: Yeah, what's up with that girl Monica?

Phoebe: I don't know! I didn't come with her!

Monica: (entering, happily) All right everybody! Everybody guess what? I just convinced Paul to give us a test next week!

All: A test?!!

Monica: Come on! Tests make us all better learners! Oh yeah! (Running out) We should have essay questions!!

End

510. The One With The Inappropriate Sister

Written By: Shana Goldberg-Meehan

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

With Help From: [Aaron Miller](#)

[Scene: Chandler, Joey, and Ross's apartment, Ross is cleaning out the fridge. Joey walks from his room. He looks like he just woke up.]

Joey: What are you doing?

Ross: I...reorganized the fridge. See, bottom shelf: meats and dairy. (There's nothing on the shelf.) Middle shelf: fruits and vegetables. (There's one lone tomato.) And top shelf: expired products. (The shelf is jammed packed.)

Joey: Why are you doing this?

Ross: Because I am bored...Out of my mind. I've already been to the bank, post office, and the dry cleaners.

Joey: Dude, you just described seven days worth of stuff. You've got to spread it out a little, you know. Haven't you ever been unemployed?

Ross: Hey, I am not **unemployed**. **I'm on sabbatical!**

Joey: Hey, don't get religious on me, ok. (Ross looks a little confused.) A guy in your position needs to be a little better at relaxing. You know. Why do you think we have the comfortable chairs? Huh...come here...sit down. (Ross sits down.) Ready? (Joey flips the foot rest up.) Ahh!! (He reclines the chair fully.) Ohh, yeah!! Huh?!

Ross: So what, we just sit?

Joey: Ohh, no, no. We're not going to just sit. (Joey sits down and hits the speed dial button on the phone.) Shhh. (It begins to ring.)

Chandler: (Answering the phone at work) Hello, Chandler Bing.

Joey: (In a high pitched female voice) Hello Mr. Bing...I love you.

Chandler: (Angrily) Alright, whoever this is, stop calling me! (Ross and Joey laugh silently.) It's been six months! **It's not funny!**

Joey: But, I love you.

Chandler: Leave me alone! For the love of **God**, leave me **alone!!!** (Joey hangs up.)

Joey: And that's Wednesday. (He reclines in his chair.) Ohh.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler, Ross, Joey, Monica, and Rachel are there. Phoebe walks in ringing a bell.]

Phoebe: Hey you guys, guess what?

Chandler: The British are coming?

Phoebe: Ohh, you and your ways. (She shakes the bell at him and sits down.) Since it's Christmastime. I'm going to be one of those people collection donations.

All: Ohh.

Phoebe: (Excitedly) Yeah, I already have my bell and later on...I get my bucket.

Chandler: Ohh.

Phoebe: Yeah, yeah, I'm going to be out there spreading joy to the people. I mean, last year, I spread a little joy but not really enough. So this year, I'm going to do the whole city.

Monica: You know, I knew a girl in high school who did that. She was **very** popular. (Chandler laughs.)

Joey: So Pheebs, where are you doing all, your bell ringing?

Phoebe: Ohh, they gave me a great spot. Right by *Macys*. Yeah, they hardly ever give such a good spot to a rookie, but I'm the only one who can sing "Merry Christmas" in 25 languages. (She smirks.) I lied.

Rachel: Oh my god. Ok you guys, there's Danny. Watch. Just watch this. (He walks past the couch to the counter.) See?! Still pretending he's not interested. Ohh, he's coming over. Just pretend like we don't know him. We've forgotten who he is.

Danny: Hey guys.

All: Hey Danny.

Monica: Danny? You know Rachel? She's nice. She's not bad to look at, right?

Rachel: Thanks, Mon.

Danny: Well, of course.

Monica: Do you want to go out on a date with her?

Rachel: Monica!!!

Danny: (Looking at Monica) Absolutely! Is Friday okay?

Monica: Friday's perfect...She can't wait.

Danny: (To Monica) On the date, I will be able to talk to her directly? (To Rachel) See ya Friday. (He walks out.)

Rachel: (Somewhat angrily) Okay. What the hell was that? You know what? Don't answer me. (Giggling) I have a date with Danny.

[Scene: Estelle's (Joey's Agent) Office, Joey is there.]

Joey: How could I not get the part? The play was about a 29-year-old Italian actor from Queens.

Estelle: Well, Telia Shire suddenly became available.

Joey: **She's a woman!**

Estelle: What can I say? She nailed it.

Joey: (Very discouraged) Okay, is there anything else?

Estelle: Well, you're just going to say no again but...gay porn.

[Scene: In front of *Macys*, Phoebe is collecting donations and ringing her bell.]

Phoebe: Happy Holidays. Feliz Navidad. Allo, and Merry Christmas. (A man put some change in her bucket.) Ohh thank you sir. Here's some joy. (She waves her hand up and down as if she is spreading joy.)

Monica: (Walking in from off screen.) Phoebe!

Phoebe: Hey!

Monica: I just wanted to see how it's going.

Phoebe: Well, it's going okay.

Monica: (Taking out her wallet.) Well good, here let me help you out.

Phoebe: Oh, thanks!

Monica: Yeah!

Phoebe: Wow!

(Monica puts some change in Phoebe's bucket.)

Phoebe: Is that a new Swede jacket? It looks really expensive.

Monica: Yeah. I guess. (She puts more money in the bucket.)

Phoebe: Just get your nails done?

Monica: Yes Phoebe, but this is all I have. Okay? (She pours out the rest of her change purse into the bucket.)

Phoebe: Okay! Thanks! Happy Holidays, here's your joy. (She waves her arm and spreads her joy.)

(A man walks up and puts a dollar bill in.)

Phoebe: Thank you! And Happy Holidays.

(The man starts to take some change out.)

Phoebe: Wait, you can't take the money out.

The Man: I'm making change. I need change for the bus.

Phoebe: But, can't you leave the dollar? This money is for the poor.

The Man: I'm poor! I gotta take the bus!

Phoebe: Okay, Seasons Greetings and everything, but still...

The Man: Bite me, blondie! (The man storms off.)

Phoebe: Oh, I'm going to give him something else besides joy, just... (She scowls at him.)

[Scene: Chandler, Joey, and Ross's, Joey is telling Ross how he didn't get the part.]

Joey: That part was perfect for me! I can't believe I didn't get it!

Ross: I'm sorry, man. Hey, y'know what you should do? You should make something happen for yourself. Y'know, like-like write a play. Write a movie! Huh? I mean, what about those *Good Will Hunting* guys?

Joey: Come on Ross be realistic, y'know? If I did write something, what are the chances I could get those guys to star in it?

(Ross just stares at him until he figures it out.)

Joey: Wait a second, I could star in it!

Ross: Or that.

Joey: I can't write! Y'know I mean I-I-I'm an actor, I don't have the discipline that takes, y'know? I can't do it.

Ross: I'll help you. Yeah, I'll make up a schedule and make sure you stick to it. And plus, it'll give me something to do.

Joey: Really? You'd-you'd do that for me?!

Ross: Yeah!

Joey: Thanks!

Ross: (grabbing a notepad and sitting down) All right, we'll start off slow. The only thing you have to do tonight is come up with the name of your main character.

Joey: Done!

Ross: And it can't be Joey.

Joey: It's not.

Ross: Or Joseph.

Joey: (disappointed) Oh.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel is returning. Monica enters from her room wearing nothing but a robe.]

Monica: Hey, what's up?

Rachel: I just saw Danny getting on the subway with a girl and he had his arm around her.

Monica: Oh, honey, I'm sorry.

Rachel: Well, you should be, this is all your fault! You meddled in our relationship!!

Monica: You had no relationship!!

Rachel: No, but I was doing my thing and everything was going according to the plan!

Monica: Oh God, stop with the plan! So what, so what you saw him with a girl? Who cares?! That doesn't mean anything! Now look, you're going to go out on a date with Danny and you're going to be so charming he's gonna forget all about that stupid subway girl.

Rachel: She was kinda stupid. You're right. All right, I'm just gonna go on the date. I'm gonna go on the date. That is the new plan.

(Rachel goes into her room and closes the door. Which allows Monica to let Chandler out of her room.)

Monica: Come on, hurry!

(Chandler runs out the door and closes it behind him. After a short pause the door opens and Chandler comes rushing back through, grabs Monica, kisses her good-bye, and heads back out.)

[Scene: Chandler, Joey, and Ross's, Joey is trying to write his movie, Chandler is playing a game on the counter by trying to flip a ping pong ball with a spoon into a nearby bowl.]

Joey: Hey, how do you spell suspicious?

Chandler: Why?

Joey: Because I think this character is going to be suspicious about stuff.

(Chandler makes it into the bowl.)

Chandler: Yes! Chandler Bing, 7! Chandler *Bing*, 0.

Joey: You're driving me crazy with that!

Chandler: Okay, I'll stop.

Joey: Don't stop! Move the bowl further away! Ross could make that shot!

(Chandler slides the bowl to the far end of the counter. He tries again, but he hits the spoon too hard and the ball goes flying away.)

Joey: Well, you suck! But at least you suck at a man's game now.

Chandler: You wanna play?

Joey: Chandler, I can't be playing games, Ross is gonna be home soon. And I have to write five whole pages if I'm gonna stick to his schedule.

Chandler: Well, so, play for the next 30 minutes and then write until he gets home.

Joey: (jumping up) All right! But uh, listen, what do you say we crank it up a notch?

Chandler: I'm intrigued.

Joey: All right, all we need is a little lighter fluid.

Chandler: Okay, but be careful okay, because I wanna get our security deposit back.

Joey: Yeah, I think we said good-bye to that when we invented hammer darts.

Chandler: Do you even remember which part of the wall is not spackle?

Joey: Uh yeah, right here. (He punches his fist through the wall next to the door.)

[Scene: In front of *Macys*, Phoebe is still ringing her bell. A guy puts some change into the bucket.]

Phoebe: Thank you, Happy Holidays.

(Another woman walks up and throws something into the bucket.)

Phoebe: Now, that's trash. Young lady, you can't... (The lady ignores her and walks off.) Hey! Stop that young lady, she donated trash!

(Another guy walks by and throws his light cigarette butt in the bucket.)

Phoebe: Hey!! (The bucket starts smoking.) The charity's on fire! Help! (Yet another guy walks by carrying a cup, which Phoebe grabs.) Oh good! Thank you, I need that. (She throws onto the smoldering fire. Suddenly the bucket erupts in flames.) Whoa! What is that?! (She sniffs the cup.) (To the guy.) It's nine o'clock in the morning!

[Scene: Chandler, Joey, and Ross's, Ross is reading what Joey wrote.]

Ross: All right. (Reading.) A room. A man enters, he looks suspicious. (Stops reading a flips the page to find the next one is blank.) That's it? (Joey shrugs.) Joey, you're supposed to have **five** pages done by now! Including an exciting incident! (Flipping through the rest of the pad.) And what is, and what is all this?! (Reading.) The official rulebook of Fireball.

Joey: Yeah, that's the uh, game we were playing.

Chandler: (entering from his room carrying a fire extinguisher and wearing oven mitts) Oh yeah, it's great! See you take a tennis ball, a bowl, and some lighter fluid—Op! Op! (He puts out a small fire which has re-ignited in his room.)

Ross: This is helping your career?! Huh? I thought you wanted to be an actor not the creator of crazy lawsuit game!

Joey: You're right, you're right, I'll get back to work.

Ross: (To Chandler) And shame on you! You should know better, Joey needs to work. (To Joey) Now come on!

Joey: Hey!

(He tries to fire a burnt tennis ball into the bowl Chandler is standing by, but Ross grabs the ball away from him.)

Ross: No! Ah-ah-ah-ah-ah! You can have this back when the five pages are done! (After Joey walks past, Ross throws the ball down in pain.) Ahh! (Chandler shows him the burn spots on his oven mitts.)

[Scene: Outside Danny's apartment, Danny and Rachel are returning from their date.]

Danny: I had a really nice time tonight.

Rachel: So did I. I'm really glad Monica asked us out.

(He kisses her.)

Danny: I'd love to ask you in, but uh, my sister's visiting and I think she's asleep on the couch.

Rachel: You're sister? You're sister's asleep on the couch? (Danny nods, "Yes.") Ohhh! I saw **her** with you on the subway and now she's asleep on the couch!

Danny's Sister: (opening the door) Oh, I thought I heard you.

Danny: Oh hey, great, you're up. Rachel, this is my sister Krista. Krista, this is Rachel.

Rachel: Hi!

Krista: Nice to meet you. I wish you'd told me we were having company, I'd fix myself up!

Danny: Like it would help.

Krista: You are so bad! (Hits him softly.)

Danny: You are! (Hits her back.)

Krista: You are! (Hits him softly.)

Danny: You are! (Hits her back.)

Krista: You are! (Hits him softly.)

Danny: You are! (Hits her back.)

Krista: You are! (Hits him harder this time.)

Danny: You are so dead! I'm gonna get you.

(He starts chasing her around Rachel a couple of times before she runs into the living room and he tackles her on the couch where he starts tickling her.)

Rachel: (not sure what to do) Uh, it was very nice meeting you. (They continue to ignore her.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Phoebe is complaining to Ross and Monica about the bucket.]

Phoebe: Nobody! Nobody respects the bucket! You wouldn't believe what people put in here! Look! (Hands it to Monica.) Okay, does this look like a garbage can to you?

Monica: No.

Phoebe: Does it look like an ashtray?

Monica: No.

Phoebe: Does it look like a urinal?

Monica: Eww!! (Throws the bucket down.)

Ross: So Pheebs, are you gonna go back out there or what?

Phoebe: Well, yeah! But I'm not gonna take anymore crap. Okay? No more Mrs. Nice Bucket!

Monica: Yeah, good for you. Y'know you're tough, you lived on the streets.

Phoebe: Yeah, I'm gonna go back to being Street Phoebe. Yeah! Oh but, y'know what? I can't go totally back because Street Phoebe really wouldn't be friends with you guys. Sorry. (Leaves.)

Rachel: (entering from her room) Hey!

Monica: Hey!

Rachel: Hey, umm, can I ask you guys something?

Monica and Ross: Sure.

Rachel: Uh, I don't have any brothers so I don't know, but uh, did you guys wrestle?

Ross: Oh-oh, yeah.

Monica: All the time. In fact, I was undefeated.

Ross: Uh, you weighted 200 pounds.

Monica: Still, I was quick as a cat.

Rachel: Well, I met Danny's sister yesterday, and uh that was actually the girl on the subway.

Monica: Oh, you're kidding.

Rachel: Yeah, they were very y'know...wrestley. But, I guess that's normal?

Monica: (laughing with Ross) We don't, we don't wrestle now.

Ross: Yeah, not since I got too strong for you.

Monica: Too strong for me?

Ross: Yeah.

Monica: You wanna go right now? 'Cause I'll take you right now, buddy! You wanna go?

Ross: Oh fine.

Monica: Ready? (They grab a hold of each other's necks.) Wrestle! (They start wrestling.)

Rachel: Okay, y'know what uh, actually, that's great. That helps a lot. Thanks. (She leaves them to wrestle.)

[Scene: Chandler, Joey, and Ross's, Ross is cleaning the foosball table, Joey is working on his script.]

Chandler: (entering from his bedroom) Guys, come on! Let's go! The puck drops in 20 minutes! Come on, Joe!

Ross: Joey's not going.

Joey: (To Chandler) I didn't finish my five pages.

Chandler: Well, why can't you do them tomorrow?

Ross: Because tomorrow he's redoing yesterday's pages.

Joey: Yesterday's pages did not reflect my best work.

Chandler: (To Ross) Why don't you cut him a little slack? Okay? Maybe if he relaxes a little bit, he'll get some work done.

Ross: I think he's been relaxing enough, thanks to you and Fireball.

Joey: Dude, if you think Fireball's relaxing, you've obviously have never played.

Chandler: The only reason you're doing this to Joey is because you're bored. Okay, it's not his fault that you're unemployed.

Ross: I am not unemployed. I'm on sabbatical!

Joey: Come on look guys, don't fight.

Ross: And the reason I'm doing this is because I am Joey's friend. And if you were a good friend, you'd be doing the same thing.

Chandler: Oh, so being a good friend means acting like a total jerk?

Ross: If it does? Then you're an amazing friend of mine.

Joey: Hey-hey guys, hey! How about we settle this over a friendly game of Fireball? Huh? I'll go unhook the smoke detectors!

Ross: How about we settle this right now! (He rips up the tickets.) There! Now, no one's going to the game. Ha-ha-ha!

Chandler: I paid for those tickets!

Ross: No you didn't. You said you would, but you never did!

Chandler: Oh yeah! (Makes an unintelligible taunting sound.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica, Rachel, Joey, and Chandler are listening to a story being told by Danny and his sister.]

Danny: ...so we finally get to the top of the mountain and airhead here (His sister) forgets the camera!

Joey: Oh, y'know the same thing happened to me one time.

Chandler: When did that happen to you?!

Joey: Don't you remember when we were jogging in the park and we saw that really pretty bird and wanted to take a picture—I didn't have my camera!

Chandler: Oh yeah. First off all, chasing the Churo guy isn't jogging.

Krista: Oh, this is so good (A piece of cake.) you have got to try it. (She takes some on her finger and feeds it to Danny. Then takes a little more and does it again. Meanwhile, the rest of the gang stares on in shock. Then they pick up a part of it and some filling falls into his lap.)

Danny: Oh, damn! I got it on my pants.

Krista: Here, I'll get it. (She grabs a napkin and tries to wipe it up. The thing that gets the rest of the gang going is that she's whipping awfully close to his crotch. In fact, she is whipping his crotch. Chandler's about to come out of his chair.)

Krista: We'd better take these pants off upstairs or that stain's gonna set.

Danny: Yep. (To Rachel) I'm gonna wear these on our date tonight.

Rachel: Oh, great!

Chandler: Okay, bye! (To the gang.) Oh my God!!

Monica: That was unbelievable!

Rachel: Okay, see? I told you!

Joey: Yeah, wow, sorry Rach.

Chandler: I don't believe they're brother and sister.

Joey: They're brother and sister!!!

[Scene: In front of *Macys*, Phoebe has adorned her bucket with numerous signs. Like "We are not a urinal!" and "I have no *Macys* info." And other stuff like that. She also has a scowl on her face as she is ringing her bell. A little old lady walks up to make a donation but Phoebe stops her.]

Phoebe: Oh whoa—whoa—whoa! Wait a minute, open up your hand; let me take a look. (The lady opens up her hand.) Quarter. Dime. Lint? Not interested in that. (She throws the lint away.) What's this? A Canadian coin? Get outta here! (The lady walks away.)

(Another man walks up with a drink in his hand, Phoebe stops him too.)

Phoebe: Whoa—whoa—whoa! No drinks near the bucket! Set it down over there and then you can make a contribution! (The guy starts to walk away with a hurt look on his face.) And you can leave the hurt bunny look over there too! (Her boss and a co-worker walk up.) Hi Bob! (The same old lady from before walks bye.) (To the old lady.) I thought I told you to get outta here!

Bob: Uh, Phoebe we've been getting complaints and uh, we're gonna move you to a less high-profile spot.

Phoebe: What?!

Bob: Umm, Ginger's gonna take over this corner.

Phoebe: That chick can't handle my corner.

Bob: Look, either you leave, or we remove you.

Phoebe: Fine. (She hands her bell to Ginger and starts to take down her signs.) (The same old lady walks by again.) All right, I'll give you one pointer. Look out for that bitch. (The old lady.)

[Scene: Danny's apartment, there's a knock on the door and he answers it.]

Danny: Oh, hey Rach! I thought we said seven?

Rachel: Yeah uh, y'know what uh, let's skip it.

Danny: What?! Why?!

Rachel: Umm, you—you and your sister seem to have umm, a very special bond, and...

Danny: Oh great! That **special** bond again! Why do women have such a problem with the fact that I'm close with my sister?

Rachel: Well, okay, look. I don't know, listen, I don't know what's going on here but let's...

Danny: Do—do you, do you have brothers?

Rachel: No, I have two sisters. But one of them has a very masculine energy.

Danny: Are you close with them?

Rachel: No—no, they're not very nice people.

Danny: Okay, listen, I really like you. Okay? I think this can go somewhere. So what if I'm close to my family, are you gonna let that stand in the way of us?

Rachel: Well, uh, I—I don't know. See when—when you put it that way y'know it does sort of...

Krista: (calling from the bathroom) Danny! Hurry up! The bath is getting cold!

Danny: (seeing Rachel's shocked look) What?

Rachel: Yeah, okay, I'll see you later. (Gets up and runs from the apartment.)

[Scene: Chandler, Joey, and Ross's, Ross is there as Chandler enters.]

Chandler: Oh hey! There's some kids playing in the street, you wanna go down there and give them a project, ruin their day?

Ross: Hey, if they have a ball maybe you can stick razor blades in it and teach them a new game, Gonna Need Stitches Ball.

Joey: (entering) Hey guys! I was at the library all morning and I already finished my five pages for today!

Ross: Yay!

Chandler: Great! Now, we can go to the Ranger game! (Pause) Last night!

Joey: No dude, Ross tore up the tickets!

Ross: I guess when you don't have so many distractions, it's easier for you to focus. Huh?

Chandler: Yeah or also when you don't have somebody breathing down your neck ALL THE LIVE LONG DAY!!

Joey: Yeah, well, that's fine, but the important thing is that I finished it. And uh, I think it's really good, but y'know it'd really help me is if I could hear it. So would you guys read it for me?

Chandler: All right. (Takes a copy.)

Ross: All right. (Takes another copy.)

Joey: Okay. (Reading.) "It's a typical New York City apartment. Two guys are hanging out." Ross (Points to him.)

(Ross and Chandler start to read Joey's script aloud.)

Ross: Hey man.

Chandler: What is up?

Ross: About yesterday, I was really wrong. I am sorry.

Chandler: No, it was me. I'm sorry. I over reacted.

Ross: Maybe it was both of us, but we had our best friend's interest... (Pauses and looks at Joey.) But we had our best friend's interest at heart.

Chandler: Could I **be** more sorry. (Looks at Joey.)

Ross: I don't know, I'm one sorry polentologist. (Stops reading.) All right Joey, we get it. (To Chandler) I'm sorry.

Chandler: (To Ross) I'm sorry too.

Joey: Oh no! No-no, keep reading! The good part's coming up. Keep going.

Ross: (reading from the script.) I am sorry, Chandler.

Chandler: I am sorry, Ross.

Joey: A handsome man enters. (Playing the part of the handsome man.) Hey! How's it going guys? I don't know what you two were talking about, but I'd like to say thanks to both of you. You, (Ross) you wouldn't let me give up on myself, and you (Chandler) well you co-created Fireball. The end.

Chandler: This took you all day?!

Joey: No-no, this only took five minutes. I spent the rest of the day coming up with new, Ultimate Fireball. (Takes out a bowling ball and a propane torch.) Ha-ha!

Ending Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica and Rachel are about to read another one of Joey's efforts.]

Joey: (Reading the scene set up.) Okay, it's a typical New York City apartment. Two girls are just hanging out.

(Monica and Rachel begin to read from the script.)

Monica: Hi, how are you doing Kelly?

Rachel: I'm doing just fine! God, Tiffany, you smell so great!

Monica: It's my new perfume. Why don't you come closer where you can **really** appreciate it?

(They both start to read ahead.)

Rachel: Oh, y'know Joey, you are sick!

Monica: This is disgusting!

(They both throw the scripts in his face.)

Rachel: I'm not reading this!

Joey: What?! Wait-wait-wait! The handsome man was about to enter!!

End

511. The One With All The Resolutions

Teleplay by: Suzie Villandry

Story by: Brian Boyle

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica and Rachel are hosting a New Year's party. So the place is crowded and in a shameless promotion for NBC they're watching Jay Leno's coverage of New Year's from Time Square.]

Jay Leno: (On TV to Dick Clark) Is there any entertainment there? What are people doing?

Joey: All right! Here we go! 1999! The year of Joey!

Chandler: (deadpan, standing next to Monica) We're very happy for you.

Joey: What's the matter?!

Chandler: We wanted to kiss at midnight, but nobody else is going to so y'know...

Joey: All right, I'll take care of it.

Monica: Oh no, wait! Joey!

(They try to stop him, not sure of what he's planning. He ignores them and goes to talk to Ross.)

Ross: (hopping) 73! 72! 71!

Joey: Ross! Ross! Ross, listen! Who are you kissing at midnight, huh? Rachel or Phoebe?

Ross: What?

Joey: Well you gotta kiss someone, you can't kiss your sister.

Ross: Well, who's gonna kiss my sister.

Joey: Chandler.

Ross: Awww, man! Really?

Joey: Dude—dude, who would you rather have kiss your sister, me or Chandler?

Ross: That's a good point.

Joey: Yeah.

Ross: Oh well, since I have that whole history with Rachel, I guess Phoebe.

Joey: Okay, great!

Ross: All right.

Joey: Pheeb! Pheeb! Ross wants to kiss you at midnight!

Phoebe: It's so obvious, why doesn't he just ask?

Joey: Rach! Rach! Listen, I'm gonna kiss you at midnight.

Rachel: What?!

Ross: Well, everyone's gotta kiss someone. You can't kiss Ross you got the history.

Rachel: So?

Joey: So? Who would you rather have kiss you, me or Chandler?

Rachel: Oh, good point.

Joey: Yeah!

All: (watching the ball drop) 3! 2! 1! **HAPPY NEW YEAR!!**

(And with that everyone starts playing tonsil hockey. Chandler with Monica, Ross with Phoebe, and Joey with Rachel.)

Chandler: (To Monica) Happy New Year!

Monica: Happy New Year.

Ross: (To Phoebe) Happy New Year, Pheeb!

Phoebe: You too!

Rachel: (To Joey) Happy New Year, Joey!

Joey: So did that do anything for ya?

(Rachel slowly walks away.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, after the party. Everyone has left, except for the gang.]

Ross: Y'know what? I'm gonna go out on a limb and say no divorces in '99!

Rachel: But your divorce isn't even final yet.

Ross: Just the one divorce in '99! Y'know what, I am gonna be happy this year. I am gonna make myself happy.

Chandler: Do you want us to leave the room, or?

Ross: Everyday I am gonna do one thing that I haven't done before. **That** my friends is my New Year's resolution.

Phoebe: Ooh! That's a good one! Mine is to pilot a commercial jet.

Chandler: That's good one too, Pheeb. Now all you have to do is find a planeload of people who's resolution is to plummet to their deaths.

Phoebe: Maybe your resolution is to not make fun of your friends, especially the ones who may soon be flying you to Europe for free on their own plane.

Monica: She has a better chance of sprouting wings and flying up your nose than you do of not making fun of us.

Ross: In fact, I'll bet you 50 bucks that you can't go the whole year without making fun of us. Eh, y'know what, better yet? A week.

Chandler: I'll take that bet my friend. And you know what, paying me the 50 bucks could be the "new thing you do that day!" (Ross looks at him.) And it starts right now!

Joey: All right, my New Year's resolution is to learn how to play the guitar.

Ross: Ohh.

Phoebe: Really?! How come?

Joey: Well, y'know those special skills I have listed on my resume? I would love it would be great if one of those was true.

Phoebe: Do you want me to teach you? I'm a great teacher.

Joey: Really? Who—who have you taught?

Phoebe: Well, I taught me and I **love** me.

Joey: Yeah that'd be great! Thanks Pheeb!

Rachel: Op, look! Claire forgot her glasses! And she's gonna be really needing these to keep an eye on that boyfriend, who, I hear, needs to keep his stapler in his desk drawer, if you know what I'm talking about.

Monica: Hey Rach, maybe your resolution should be to umm, gossip less.

Rachel: I don't gossip!

(They all laugh.)

Rachel: Well, maybe sometimes I find out things or I hear something and I pass that information on y'know kinda like a public service, it doesn't mean I'm a gossip. I mean, would you call Ted Kopel a gossip?

Monica: Well if Ted Kopel talked about his coworkers botched boob jobs, I would.

Rachel: What? They were like this!

(She puts her hands over her breasts and indicates that the coworkers boob job resulted in one pointing up and one pointing down with her hands by pointing up with one hand and down with the other.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross is talking to a beautiful woman as Chandler and Joey enter.]

Woman: I'll see you tomorrow.

Ross: Okay! (She leaves.) (To Chandler and Joey.) Hey!

Chandler and Joey: Hey!

Ross: I just asked that girl out.

Chandler: Nice!

Joey: Nice!! Yeah! Is that part of your resolution, your new thing for today?

Ross: Yes it is. See. (Shows them the piece of paper she gave him with her name and phone number on it.)

Chandler: (reading it) Elizabeth Hornswoggle?

Ross: That's right, uh, Elizabeth Hornswoggle.

Chandler: Horn-swoggle.

Joey: You all right Chandler? Is there something funny about that name?

Chandler: No. No, I just think that maybe I-I'd heard it somewhere before. (Sits down rubbing his temple.)

Joey: Oh really! Where? Somewhere funny I'd bet! (Chandler is straining to keep quiet as Phoebe enters.)

Ross: Hi, Pheebs!

Phoebe: Hey!

Ross: Oh-oh, guess what? I-I have a date with Elizabeth (Talking into Chandler's ear.) Hornswoggle.

Phoebe: Hornswoggle? (To Chandler) Ooh, this must be killing you.

Ross: All right, see you later.

Joey: See ya! All right Pheebs, I am ready for my first lesson.

Phoebe: Okay. (Joey tries to take the guitar.) Oh no-no-no, you don't touch the guitar! First you learn here, (Points to her head.) then you learn here. (Points to the guitar.)

Joey: Umm, okay.

Phoebe: Okay, lesson one: chords. Now, I don't know the actual names of the chords but umm, I-I-I made up names for the way my hand looks while I'm doing them. (She starts to show Joey the chords.)

Transcribers Note: For this one you'll have to use your imagination, 'cause it would take me 50 pages to describe each one. So if you want to see them, you'll have to wait for this episode to come to a TV near

you.) (Holding up her hand and then reconfiguring her hand with each name.) So then, this is Bear Claw. Okay, umm, Turkey Leg and Old Lady. (Joey tries to imitate them.)

Chandler: What an interesting approach to guitar instruction. Y'know some might find it amusing, I myself find it regular.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Phoebe is entering with Rachel.]

Phoebe: Hey everybody, Rachel was so good today. She didn't gossip at all.

Rachel: I didn't! Even when I found out...umm, all right, well let's just say I found something out something about someone and let's just say she's gonna keep it. (Goes into her room.)

Joey: Hey, Pheebs! Check-check this out. (Holds up his hand in one of Phoebe's chords.)

Phoebe: Ooh, you nailed the Old Lady! (They both laugh at what she said.)

Joey: Yeah listen so, I thought I was getting better, so on my way home today I stopped by this guitar store and...

Phoebe: Did you, did you **touch** any of the guitars while you were there? Did you?!

Joey: No.

Phoebe: Give me your hands. (He does and she smells his left hand.) Strings. Gimme it! (He gives her his right hand and she smells it as well.) Pick. Do you want to learn to play guitar?

Joey: Yes!

Phoebe: Then don't touch one!!

Ross: (entering, with Ben) Hi!

Ben: Hi!

Monica: Hi Ben!

Ben: Auntie Monica!! (He runs to hug her.)

Chandler: (notices something) Ross is wearing leather pants! Does nobody else see that Ross is wearing leather pants? (Pause, no one speaks.) Someone comment on the pants!

Rachel: I think they're very nice.

Monica: I like 'em.

Joey: Yeah! (Chandler bangs the table in frustration.)

Monica: I like them a lot.

Chandler: That's not what I had in mind! See, people like Ross don't generally wear these types of pants. You see, they're very tight. (Motions to Ross's buttock.) Maybe there's something in that area. (They all speak at once in general approval of his pants selection; Joey asks where he got them. I can't pick out the rest of it.)

Ross: Oh see, I-I needed a new thing for today and there's this leather store that always smells so good and I thought to myself, "Wow, (To Chandler) I never really owned a good smelling pair of pants before." (No one says anything.)

Chandler: Oh come on!! (Storms out.)

Ross: (after he's left) Okay, seriously, what do you think?

Joey: You look like a freak.

Rachel: Awful, absolutely awful. (Plus other negative comments from Phoebe and Monica.) (Monica starts taking pictures of Ross and Ben, with the flash.)

Phoebe: G-sharp? Have you been studying the real names of the chords? (Joey doesn't answer.) Have you? (He looks away in shame.) Oh my God!

Joey: What?! I didn't touch a guitar!

Phoebe: No, but you're questioning my method!

Joey: No, I'm not questioning it, I'm saying it's stupid! (Notices Monica standing between them and smiling.) What?! (The camera clicks, taking another picture.)

Monica: Thank you. (Leaves.)

Phoebe: Y'know none of my other student thought I was stupid.

Joey: Your other student, was you!

Phoebe: Yeah, well, y'know maybe you just need to try a little harder!

Joey: (looking in the Yellow Pages) Look, maybe I need to try a real teacher! Right here! Here! Andy Cooper, he teaches guitar and look ooh, there's a nice picture of him with a little kid and **THE KID'S GOT A GUITAR!!!!!!** (Storms out.)

Phoebe: Fine! You go learn from your qualified instructor! But don't come crying to me when everyone's sick and tired of hearing you play *Bad, Bad Leroy Brown!*!

Rachel: (entering, singing) "Baddest man in the whole damn town."

Phoebe: Oh, fine! Take his side! (Storms out.)

(Rachel looks shocked, gets over it, notices she's alone, and picks up the phone. The last part of which is something she shouldn't have done, because the phone is already in use. By Monica, and now Rachel can hear every word.)

Monica: (on phone) I can't wait to be with you! I'll sneak over as soon as Ross picks up Ben. I'll just tell Rachel I'm gonna be doing laundry for a couple of hours.

Chandler: (on phone) Laundry. Huh. Is that my new nickname? (Rachel is absolutely stunned, she opens her mouth in absolute amazement.)

Monica: (on phone) Awww, y'know what your nickname is, Mr. Big...

Rachel: Arghh!! (She quickly hangs up the phone and starts to pace around wondering what to do.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Chandler, Joey, and Ross's, The phone rings and Joey answers it.]

Joey: (answering phone) Hello?

Ross: (calling from Elizabeth's bathroom) Joey, it's Ross! I need some help!

Joey: Uhh, Chandler's not here.

Ross: Well, **you** can help me!

Joey: Okay.

Ross: Listen, I'm in Elizabeth's bathroom...

Joey: Nice!

Ross: No, I-I got really hot in my leather pants so I took them off but they must have shrunk from the-the sweat or-or-or my legs expanded from the heat. Look, I-I can't put them back on. I can't!

Joey: Oh. That is quite a situation. Uh, do you see any like, powder?

Ross: Powder! Yeah! Yeah, I have powder! (Grabs some of her shelf.)

Joey: Good-good, okay, sprinkle some of that on your legs, it'll absorb some of the moisture and then you can get your pants back up.

Ross: Yeah, okay, hold on! (He puts the phone down and proceeds to spread a large amount of powder on his legs and makes another attempt at pulling up his pants. It doesn't work, and without picking up the phone leans down to it.) (Almost in tears.) They're not coming on man.

Joey: Umm, do you see any—oh, *Vaseline*?

Ross: Ohh, I-I see lotion, I have lotion! Will that work?

Joey: Yeah, sure, spread some of that on there.

Ross: Hold on.

(Ross proceeds to apply copious amounts of the lotion on his legs. He literally starts spraying the back of his legs with the lotion, and as he applies some to his butt he makes a happy face like he enjoyed that sensation. After using about half the bottle he again tries to pull up his pants, but at the first sign of resistance, his hand slips off of the pants and hits him in the forehead.)

Joey: Ross? You okay?

Ross: They're still, they're still not coming on man and the lotion and the powder have made a paste!

Joey: Really?! Uhh, what color is it?

Ross: What difference does that make?!

Joey: Well, I'm just—if the paste matches the pants, you can make yourself a pair of paste pants and she won't know the difference!

Rachel: (entering) Joey, do you have a minute?

Ross: Dude, what am I gonna...

Joey: (To Ross) Uh, Rachel's here, so good luck man, let me know how it works out. (He hangs up the phone and strands Ross in the bathroom.)

Rachel: Oh, Joey, I have such a problem!

Joey: Oh well, you're timing couldn't be better. I am putting out fires all over the place.

Rachel: Okay. Okay. Okay. Joey, I have **got** to tell you something!

Joey: What-what is it, what is it?

Rachel: Oh my God, it's so huge, but you just have to promise me that you cannot tell anyone.

Joey: Oh no, no-no-no-no! I don't want to know!

Rachel: Yes! Yes! Yes, you do want to know! This is unbelievable!

Joey: I don't care, Rach! Look, I am tired of being the guy who knows all the secrets but can't tell anyone!

Rachel: What? What secrets? You know secrets? What are they?

Joey: And you're not supposed to be gossiping!!

Rachel: I know, I know! I just can't keep this one in, so I pick up the phone... (Joey in a childish attempt to not hear what Rachel is about to say, puts his fingers in his ears and starts to scream loudly. Rachel turns and walks out upon seeing that Joey's not gonna listen, and as she exits Chandler walks in and sees Joey in his current state.)

Joey: I'm not listening to you!

(Chandler seeing that Joey has his eyes closed sneaks over and picks up the chicken. The chicken starts flapping it's wings in protest as Chandler holds the chicken inches from Joey's face. Joey stops yelling and upon opening his eyes sees the chicken, screams, and falls to the ground in horror.)

[Scene: Elizabeth's apartment; Elizabeth is inquiring as to the delay in Ross's exit from her bathroom.]

Elizabeth: Ross, umm, you've been in there for a long time. I'm starting to get kinda freaked out.

Ross: All right, I'm coming out. Hey, can you turn the lights off.

Elizabeth: No, let's just leave the lights on.

(Ross opens the door and steps into the living room. He has fully removed his pants and holds them wrapped into a ball in front of his crotch. His legs are covered in the powder and lotion paste. He looks terrible.)

Elizabeth: Oh my God!

Ross: I had a problem.

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey is there to apologize to Phoebe.]

Joey: Hey, Pheebs?

Phoebe: No, I can't talk to you! I don't have a fancy ad in the Yellow Pages!

Joey: Look, Pheebs, I just, I wanna apologize for, for saying that your method was stupid and—and maybe ask you to be my teacher again. And—and I promise, I won't touch a guitar until you say I'm ready. (After a short pause she hands him her guitar.) You really think I'm ready?

Phoebe: Uh—huh!

Joey: Wow! Cool! (He takes the guitar, stands up, and goes to play a note. However, while strumming it, he knocks it out of his hands and it bounces off the table and lands on the floor. Phoebe just stares at the guitar.)

Joey: (sitting back down) Was the chord at least right...

Phoebe: No!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Ross is returning from his horrible trek back home without pants on. The whole gang is there.]

Chandler: Oh my God!

Monica: We heard about your pants, I'm so sorry.

Ross: This year was supposed to be great! But, it's only the second day and I'm a loser with stupid leather pants that don't even fit!

All: No. No, you're not a loser.

Ross: Look at me! (Chandler squeaks in an attempt not to make fun of him.)

Monica: Hey, hey, look. Look Ross, Ben drew a picture of you! (Shows him Ben's picture.) Huh? You're—you're a cowboy!

Ross: Oh, be—because of the leather pants.

Monica: See? Ben doesn't think you're a loser, he thinks you're a cowboy! Now that's something.

(All at once.)

Phoebe: Yeah!

Rachel: That really is something; that's really cool.

Joey: Howdy partner!

Ross: Maybe I should get another pair! Ooh, y'know, they—they had some with fringe all down the sides. (Chandler starts rubbing his temple again.) I'm gonna go kiss Ben goodnight. (He starts to head for Monica's bedroom.) I can't believe he thinks I'm a cowboy. (Pause.) I would make a good cowboy. (He struts into Monica's room.)

Monica: Okay, now that everything's wrapped up here, I think I'm, I'm gonna go do my laundry.

Chandler: Oh yeah, me too. Y'know if this shirt is dirty. (Smells it.) Yep.

(They both exit.)

Phoebe: Okay, I'm gonna go too. I'm gonna go to the airport. I figure if I hang around there long enough, someone's bound to leave one of those planes unattended.

Rachel: Good luck, honey!

Phoebe: Bye! (She exits, leaving Rachel and Joey alone.)

Rachel: Hey, uh, Joey?

Joey: Umm?

Rachel: Remember that big thing I was gonna tell you about?

Joey: Oh, no! (Starts that screaming thing again. Rachel stops him by pulling his fingers out of his ears.)

Rachel: I'm not gonna tell you, but if you found out on your own, that would be okay and then we could talk about it. Right?

Joey: Well, then it wouldn't be a secret. So yeah, that would be okay. Yeah. Yeah!

Rachel: (quietly) Yeah. Well. (Pause.) Hey uh Joe, would mind going over to Chandler's bedroom and get that book back that he borrowed from me?

Joey: Now? You want me to go over there now?

Rachel: Yeah!

Joey: Do you know something?

Rachel: Do you know something?

Joey: I might know something.

Rachel: I might know something too.

Joey: What's the thing you know?

Rachel: Oh no, I can't tell you until you tell me what you know.

Joey: I can't tell you what I know.

Rachel: Well then I can't tell you what I know.

Joey: Okay, fine.

(Silence ensues.)

Joey: You don't know!

Rachel: All right, how about I go over there and I will walk into Chandler's bedroom and I will see that thing that I think that I know is actually the thing that I think that I know! (Note: Kudos to Ms. Aniston on the delivery of that line. She said it very quickly and didn't screw up a word. Try it yourself, it ain't that easy.)

Joey: (gasps) YOU KNOW!!!!

Rachel: AND YOU KNOW!!!

Joey: Yeah, I know!!!!

Rachel: Chandler and Monica?!! Oh, this is unbelievable!! How long have you known?

Joey: Too long! Oh my God, Rach, I've been dying to talk to someone about this for so long! Listen, listen, we can't say anything about this to anybody, they're so weird about that! Listen... (Phoebe returns and interrupts them.)

Joey and Rachel: Hey!

Phoebe: Hey! It's raining. I don't want to fly in the rain. So...

(Pause.)

Joey: Oh, I am going to go for a walk in the rain.

Rachel: Ohhh, yeah, me too.

(They both exit.)

Phoebe: That's weird. (Pause.) I bet they're doing it.

Ending Credits

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

Chandler: (entering) Oh good, okay, I can't take it anymore. I can't take it anymore. So you win, okay? Here! (Hands him the 50 bucks he's about to owe him.) Pheebs? Flying a jet? Better make it a spaceship so that you can get back to your **home** planet! And Ross, phone call for you today, Tom Jones, he wants his pants back! And Hornswoggle? What are you dating a character from *Fraggile Rock*?! (He sits down and sighs in relief.)

End

512. The One With Chandler's Work Laugh

Written by: Alicia Sky Varinaitis

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel is trying to pry more information about Chandler and Monica from Joey who's sitting on the couch and busy downing a pizza.]

Rachel: Come on Joey!!!

Joey: Rach, I told you everything I knew last night! Look, it's not that big of a deal, so Monica and Chandler are doing it.

Rachel: I can't believe you would say that!

Joey: Sorry. Monica and Chandler are making love.

Rachel: No! I mean come on! This is a **huge** deal! (She sits next to him on the couch.) Fine I want—I need more details, who—who initiated the first kiss?

Joey: (thinks) I don't know.

Rachel: Is he romantic with her?

Joey: I don't know.

Rachel: Are they in love?

Joey: (thinks) I don't know.

Rachel: You don't know anything.

Joey: Ohh, I know one thing!

Rachel: What?

Joey: They did it right there on the couch.

(He points to where she's sitting and she jumps up quickly.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone is there as Ross enters.]

Joey: Hey Ross!

Phoebe: Hey!

Ross: (disinterested) Hey—yeah. (He hurries up to the counter.) Hey Gunther, can I have a scone please? (To the gang.) Wanna hear some good news? Someone I know is getting married! Yeah! And weddings are happy occasions! Oh, by—the—by it's my ex-wife Emily!

All: What? Oh!

Chandler: Sorry man.

Gunther: Here's your scone.

Ross: Oh, thanks Gunther. (He takes it, hands the plate it's on to Rachel, sets it down on the table, and proceeds to pound it into oblivion while saying.) STUPID BRITISH SNACK FOOD!!!!!!!

Chandler: Did they teach you that in your anger management class?

Phoebe: Hey, you know what might help you deal with it? Think of it this way, you and Emily are in the past and you can't be mad about the past. So are you still mad about the Louisiana Purchase?

Rachel: Pheeb, I don't think anyone's mad about that.

Phoebe: Exactly! Because it's in the past!

Joey: (eyeing the flattened scone) Anybody gonna eat that?

[Scene: Chandler's office, Monica and him are at a party his office is throwing.]

Monica: Look at us all dressed up for the big office party! By the way, what are we celebrating?

Chandler: Oh, we had a lot of liquor left over from the Christmas party.

Monica: I think this is so cool because none of our friends are here and we can be a real couple. We don't have to hide.

Chandler: I know, I can do this. (He takes her hand.)

Monica: Ooh, and I can do this. (She kisses him on the cheek.)

(They both stand real close together.)

Both: We can't do that. (They separate.)

(Chandler's boss (Doug) walks up.)

Doug: Hey Bing! (Slaps him on his ass.) (Sees Monica) Wo-ho-ho, who's the pretty lady and what the hell is she doing with you?

Chandler: I asked myself that very question, sir. Uh, (Points to Monica) this is Monica. (Points to his boss.) This is my boss, Doug. Doug this is Monica.

Monica: Hi, nice to meet you!

Doug: Hi! And this is my wife Kara.

Kara: Nice to meet you Monica. Bing! (Slaps Chandler on his butt.)

Doug: Say uh, Bing, did you hear about the new law firm we got working for us?

Chandler: No, sir.

Doug: Yeah, Dewey, Cheatum, and Howe.

(Chandler does a fake laugh.)

Doug: Come on honey, let's go drink our body weight. (They walk off leaving Chandler and Monica alone.)

Monica: What was that?

Chandler: What?

Monica: That noise you just made?

Chandler: Oh, that was my work laugh.

Monica: Really? Your work laugh?

Chandler: Oh, believe me, to survive this party, you're gonna have to come up with one too.

Monica: All right, check me out.

Chandler: Okay.

(She walks up to where Doug is finishing another joke to another group.)

Doug: ...says \$30 Father; same as in town.

(Monica does a fake laugh. For the laughs, you'll have to see the episode. I can't describe them.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica is buying a muffin as Chandler runs in.]

Chandler: Hey! Everybody at work loved you last night!

Monica: Really?

Chandler: And! They like me more just because I was with ya! I think you repaired a lot of the damage from when they met Joey. And Doug wants us to play tennis with them. He's never even **talked** to me outside of work. Except for that time when we bumped into each other at that strip club. (She glares at him.) Strip church. Anyway, I'm gonna go try and find a racquet.

Monica: Hey, I thought you already had one.

Chandler: Oh I used too, but then Joey thought it would be fun to go to Central Park and hit rocks at...bigger rocks. (He starts to leave and stops an entering Rachel.) Hey Rach, do you have a tennis racquet?

Rachel: Oh umm, y'know I lent it to Joey and I never actually got it back.

Chandler: Okay, good luck with that. (Exits.)

Rachel: (To Monica) Hey!

Monica: Hi!

Rachel: What's up?!

Monica: What are you doing here? I thought you had to do inventory all day.

Rachel: Well yeah, I do, but I decided to take a long lunch and spend some time with my friend Monica. Y'know I—I feel that we don't talk anymore. How are you? What is new with you?

Monica: Uhh, not much. Uh, work's good.

Rachel: Oh y'know what, we don't have to talk about work. We can talk about anything!

Monica: Okay. Umm...

Rachel: Hey! Y'know what? Let's talk about relationships!

Monica: Okay, what's going on with you?

Rachel: Nothing! You go!

Monica: Well, I—I—there was this guy at the bank that I thought was cute umm, but I don't anymore.

Rachel: Wow that's uh, juicy. Umm, (checks watch) y'know what though Mon, I actually do have a lot of work to do so if—if—are you sure there's just not anything else?

Monica: Yes, I'm sure! Rachel is there something that you want to talk me about?

Rachel: No! (Gets up to leave.) (Under her breath.) If there was I wouldn't tell you.

[Scene: Chandler, Joey, and Ross's, Phoebe is settling a dispute between the chick and the duck.]

(The duck quacks.)

Phoebe: Okay, then what happened?

(The duck flaps its wings frantically.)

Phoebe: (gasps) Ohh. Uh-huh. Uh-huh. (The chick clucks.) You'll get your turn!

Ross: (entering from the bathroom) Hey Pheebs, what's going on?

Phoebe: Nothing! (Picks up and sets the chick down on the floor.) (To the chick.) This is not over!

Ross: No! No! No!

Phoebe: What?!

Ross: I was up all night writing this really nasty letter to Emily! It was perfect and now it's all covered in—in... (The duck quacks.) Actually, thanks!

Joey: (entering from his room) All right! Everybody ready to go to the movies?

Ross: Uh actually, I think I'm gonna skip it.

Joey: Really?

Ross: Yeah, I'm gonna stay and read my book. I just wanna be alone right now.

Joey: Oh. Are you sure you don't want to come? Tom Hanks, Meg Ryan, they get mail and stuff.

Ross: That's okay, Joe.

Joey: All right, let's go Pheebz.

Ross: (licks the envelope and encounters a foreign substance on the glue.) Oh God!

[Scene: A tennis court somewhere in the city of New York, it's the doubles match-up of a century Chandler and Monica versus Doug and Kara.]

Doug: Bing!

(Hits the ball towards Chandler who returns it back to him. He then hits the ball at Monica who slams it and it bounces off Kara's leg.)

Kara: Oww!!

Monica: Game!

Doug: Well, I gotta tell ya Bing; that partner of yours is a real tiger. (To his wife.) Are you all right sweetheart?

Kara: (out of breath and mouths) I'm not all right.

Doug: We're, we're just gonna get a little sip of water.

(They both walk off the court.)

Monica: Am I on fire today or what?! Those birds are browned, basted, and ready to be carved!

Chandler: Okay, easy Martina. I think we should let them win the next game.

Monica: I'm sorry, I don't understand what you just said.

Chandler: Let them win one.

Monica: Are you crazy?! We own those two! I mean look at 'um, he can't breath and she's popping pills.

Chandler: You're not even giving them a chance!

Monica: They have racquets don't they?!

Doug: Uh Bing, I think we're gonna make this the last game.

Chandler: Oh yes, sir! Put me out of my misery. Are you sure you never played pro? (Does his work laugh.)
(To Monica) Please let them win!

Monica: I'll take it down to 95% but that's the best I can do.

(She serves to Doug who returns it to Chandler. As it bounces over his head Chandler swings and misses.)

Chandler: Oopsey, missed it!

Monica: I got it! (She hits a forehand smash that bounces right in between Doug and Kara and scores a point.)

Doug: Nice shot.

(Chandler glares at her and she shrugs her shoulders. Monica serves again; and Kara returns it.)

Monica: I got it!!

(Chandler cuts in front of her and hits the ball high and long.)

Chandler: Long! (Gives Monica the Work Laugh.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica and Chandler are returning from the game.]

Monica: I can't believe you let them win!

Chandler: Yeah, at least you hid your feelings well about it. (Removes a smashed racquet from his bag.)

Monica: I was frustrated.

Chandler: It was my racquet.

Monica: I was frustrated with you!

Chandler: If we hadn't lost the game they never would've invented us to dinner tomorrow night.

Monica: Y'know what really bothers me? Is—it's how—how different you act around them! I mean y'know the throwing the tennis games, the fake laugh, the "I'll see you around, Bing!" "Not if I see you first, Doug!" (Mocks the fake laugh.) I gotta tell you, I don't like Work Chandler. Okay? The guy's a suck-up.

Chandler: Okay y'know what, because you said that, I'm not putting out tonight.

[Scene: Chandler, Joey, and Ross's, the next morning the girls are there with Joey.]

Monica: I'm telling you, something's wrong! My brother does not stay out all night.

Joey: Maybe we should check the trash chute.

Rachel: Ross couldn't fit down the trash chute.

Joey: That's right, he almost could. Which is exactly how I got stuck there.

(Ross enters.)

Phoebe: Hey!

Rachel: There he is!

Monica: Oh my God! (She goes to hug him, stops short, and hits him on the shoulder.) Where the hell have you been?!!

Ross: Just, y'know out.

Rachel: Ohh, out, oh God, I don't know why we didn't think to check there!

Phoebe: What were you doing?

Ross: I uh, went to a bar. And then I just uh, just walked around for a while.

Rachel: You walked around all night in the city by yourself?

Joey: (snaps his fingers) He hooked up! He hooked up with someone.

Ross: Look, I don't have to answer your questions! Okay? I'm a big boy, I can do whatever I want!

Joey: He hooked up!! Tell us about her!

[Suddenly the door opens and Ross's mystery girl enters. I'll give you a hint to who it is:

OH...MY...GAWD!! Uh-huh, it's Janice.]

Janice: (entering) Ross you left your scarf in... (sees everyone.) Hey you guys. (Does the laugh.)

(They all turn and with shocked looks on their faces stare at Ross. Ross is at a loss for words at this moment.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Chandler, Joey, and Ross's, continued from earlier.]

Janice: Uh—oh—okay. Uh—oh—okay. I know what you all are thinking. But Chandler is in **Yemen!** I'm a young woman! I have needs! I can't wait forever!

Rachel: Yeah! No that's what I was thinking.

Janice: So I'm asking you please, take a moment before you judge me.

Phoebe: Oh, nobody's judging you. (They all turn and look at Ross.)

Janice: Oh! Okay! (To Ross) You, Mister Right Place at the Right Time, call me! (Does her famous, or is that infamous, laugh and exits.)

(They all turn and glare at Ross.)

Ross: Okay, look, I—I know what you guys are going to say...

Phoebe: You two will have very hairy children.

Ross: Okay, I didn't know you would say that.

Rachel: Ross! Janice?!

Joey: All right, hold on! Hold on. Hold on. This is Ross, okay? He's our friend. He obviously went crazy. He obviously lost his mind.

Ross: Look, I **didn't** lose my mind! Okay, Janice and I have a lot in common! We've—we've both been divorced. We—we both have kids.

Phoebe: So are you actually gonna see her again?

Joey: Phoebe! Don't put ideas in his head!

Ross: I **am** gonna see her again.

Joey: Damnit Phoebe!!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica is going through her purse as Rachel rushes in.]

Rachel: (entering) Okay, I have to tell you something that I have never admitted during our entire friendship! But, when we were in high school I made out with James Farrell even when I knew that you liked him! Wow, that feels so good to get off my chest! Okay, you go!

Monica: My turn? What—what are you talking about?

Rachel: Ugh, Monica, I know about you and Chandler.

Monica: What?!

Rachel: I overheard you guys on the phone the other day, and you said, "I'll just tell Rachel that I'm doing laundry for a couple of hours." And he said, "Laundry? Is **that** my new nickname?" And you said, "No! You know what your nickname is, Mr. Big."

Monica: Well. Sounds like you're writing yourself a little play there Rach. Wow! Let me know how that one turns out.

Rachel: Well, I wouldn't know because I got so freaked out that I hung up the phone.

Monica: Well, if you had kept listening, you—you would have heard me call him Mr. Big...(Thinks)...ot.

Rachel: What?!

Monica: Mr. Bigot. He tells the most **racist** jokes.

Rachel: All right. So you're telling me that there is nothing going on between you and Chandler.

Monica: Me and Chandler?! (Does her fake laugh.)

[Scene: Chandler, Joey, and Ross's, Phoebe and Joey are there.]

Joey: All right, put your 20 bucks down. First one to find the tasty treat wins. Okay?

Phoebe: Uh—hmm.

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.

Ross: (entering) Hey guys!

Phoebe: Hey!

Joey: Yeah!

(Neither of them turns around from watching the chick and the duck look for the tasty treat.)

Ross: Y'know what? It sounds so weird to say this but, I just had a great day with Janice!

(They both turn around.)

Joey: What?!

Phoebe: Are you serious?!

Ross: Yeah! I opened up to her about all the terrible stuff that's been happening to me. I mean I talked for hours. (Joey has lost interest and is watching the race again.) It is amazing to have someone give you such-such focused attention.

Phoebe: You don't need Janice for that, you've got us. We...

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.

[Scene: Doug's house, Chandler, Monica, and them are just finishing dinner.]

Doug: But seriously, I believe that we should all support President Clinton. And her husband Bill. (Chandler does the laugh.)

Kara: So how do you kids like your coffee?

Monica: Oh, none for me. Thanks.

Chandler: Just a little bit of sugar.

Doug: Well, maybe I'll bring it out and have Monica stick her finger in it. That oughta sweeten it up, huh?
(Once again, with the laugh.)

(Doug and Kara go get the coffee.)

Monica: (To Chandler) How does that laugh not give you a headache?

Chandler: Oh, you get used to it.

Monica: Y'know, I-I-I don't think that I can. So if you don't mind, maybe this will be it for me on the work things.

Chandler: So I laugh at my boss's jokes, what's the big deal?

Monica: I'd rather hang out with a sniveling work weasel guy when I can be hanging out with my boyfriend who I actually respect.

Chandler: Oh. (Does a double take when he realizes what she just said.)

Doug: (entering) Uh, I gotta apologize for Kara's coffee. Y'know, I feel sorry for it if it ever got in a fight, it's not strong enough to defend itself. (Chandler does not laugh.) Did you hear what I said Bing?

Chandler: What?

Doug: The joke Bing. What's the matter with you?

Chandler: Well, I—I just didn't think it was funny sir.

Doug: Excuse me?

Chandler: Well, I just...

Monica: (interrupting) Honey, I just don't think that you understood the joke.

Chandler: Really?

Monica: Yeah! I mean it was really funny, I—I just don't think you got it. You see Kara's coffee is—is—is weak tasting, okay? But—but what Doug was—was imply that it was weak physically. You get it now honey?

Chandler: I think I do! (They all laugh.) Thank you, Monica.

Monica: I thought you could use the help.

Chandler: Coffee in a fight! (Does the laugh again.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel is going through the mail as Joey enters.]

Joey: (entering) Hey Rach! Hey, you mind if I read my comic books in here?

Rachel: Sure! Why?

Joey: Oh well, Chandler and Monica are over there and it's kinda hard to concentrate.

Rachel: What?! She just called and said that she was gonna be working late! She keeps lying to me! That's it! Y'know what? I'm just gonna go over there and confront them right now!

[Cut to Chandler, Joey, and Ross's apartment, Rachel enters and sneaks up to Chandler's bedroom where she overhears Chandler and Monica talking.]

Chandler: (from his bedroom) All right, so you're telling me that I have to tell racist jokes now?!

Monica: Sorry! I'm just—I'm not very good at this! I'm a terrible liar and I hate having to lie to Rachel!

Chandler: But we're not ready to tell yet!

Monica: I know! It's just that...ever since high school Rachel was the one person I told everything too. Y'know? I miss that so much now. She's my best friend.

(Rachel decides not to confront them and starts to walk out, knocking over a lamp in the process.)

Monica: (entering) Joey?! Oh my God, Rachel!

Rachel: Hey! Hi!

Monica: Wh—wh—what are you doing here? (She tries to pull her shirt down to cover the fact that she's wearing men's boxers.)

Rachel: Well, I was actually—I—I came over here to—to borrow this lamp. To umm, look at my books, y'know, see them a little better.

Monica: Okay great!

Rachel: Yeah!

Monica: Great! Umm, well what—what I was doing in Chandler's room is that umm, I was cleaning it! In fact, he pays me to clean it!

Rachel: Oh! What a great way to earn some extra pocket money.

Monica: Y'know when I said to you earlier that I was at work umm, I'm at my new work.

Rachel: That's good enough. Right? (Pause.) Okay, well umm, I'm gonna go look at my books!

Monica: Okay.

Rachel: Okay.

Monica: I'll get back to my new job.

(Pause.)

Rachel: 'Kay. (Pause.) Congratulations on your new job. (She goes and hugs Monica and is almost in tears.)

(After she exits, Chandler enters.)

Chandler: Man, she is really gullible.

(Monica motions that it went right over Rachel's head.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross and Janice are sitting on the couch.]

Gunther: Here you go. (Serves them both some coffee.)

Ross: Thanks!

Janice: Actually, I should get going.

Ross: Are you sure? Because I can stay out as late as you want. I told you how I'm on sabbatical from work, right?

Janice: Yes! Yes! You did!

Ross: Oh...

Janice: What is wrong now?!

Ross: This isn't what I ordered! Man! Can anything go right in my life?! First my marriage falls apart and then...

Janice: I know! I know! And then you lose your apartment! And then you lose your job! And then your ex-wife gets married so fast! And now the coffee—ahh!! Ross, we need to talk.

Ross: Okay. Sometimes I feel...

Janice: No—no—no, no. I'm going to talk. I believe that the sun has set on our day in the sun.

Ross: Huh?

Janice: (starting to cry) You're a very sweet person Ross, umm, unfortunately I don't think I can take another second of you whining!!

Ross: Let—let me make sure I'm hearing this right, you're ending this with me because I'm too whiney? (Janice makes an agreeing sound.) So you're saying, I've become so whiney that I annoy **you**, Janice.

Janice: Well yeah!!

Ross: OH...MY...GOD!!

Janice: Are you gonna be okay?

Ross: I am now.

Janice: Okay.

(Joey enters.)

Joey: Umm, hi.

Janice: Oh hi! Well, I guess that's two out of three, Joey. (Laughs and exits.)

(Joey looks at Ross with a horrified look on his face.)

Ending Credits

[Scene: Chandler, Joey, and Ross's, Chandler is reading a magazine as Ross hands him a beer.]

Ross: Dude, we got to talk.

Chandler: Okay.

Ross: I just wanted to tell you something before you heard it from someone else and I hope this isn't too weird, but uh, I had uh, a thing with Janice. (He laughs, his real laugh this time.) What you're—you're not mad?

Chandler: Why would I be mad?

Ross: Well, because y'know there are certain rules about this kind of stuff. You don't uh, you don't fool around with your uh, friend's ex-girlfriends or possible girlfriends or girls they're related to.

Chandler: (realizes what Ross just said and the implications to him) I am mad! But you know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna forgive you! Because that's what friends do! They forgive their friends when they do everything you just said, all on the list there. Well, but I want you to remember that I forgave you.

Ross: Okay.

Chandler: I also want you to remember that I let you live here rent free!

Ross: All right.

Chandler: And, I want you to remember that I gave you twenty (counts his money) seven dollars. No strings attached. Now, if you can't remember that, I think we should write it down—let's write it down!

End

513. The One With Joey's Bag

Teleplay by: Seth Kirkland

Story by: Michael Curtis

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Chandler's bedroom, he is giving Monica a massage.]

Monica: I can't **believe** we've never done this before! It's sooo good! So good for Monica!

(Chandler picks up the timer being used and turns it to zero at which it chimes.)

Chandler: Oh! Look at that, time's up! My turn!

Monica: That was a half an hour?

Chandler: It's your timer.

(They change places.)

Monica: Y'know, I don't like to brag about it, but I give the **best** massages!

Chandler: All right, then massage me up right nice!

(She starts the massage, only she is doing extremely hard and Chandler is gasping in pain.)

Chandler: Ah! Ahh!! Ahh!!

Monica: It's so good, isn't it?

Chandler: It's so good I don't know what I've done to deserve it!

Monica: Say good-bye to sore muscles!

Chandler: Good-bye muscles!!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler and Joey are sitting on the couch.]

Chandler: I'm telling you, she gives the worst massages ever!! Okay, it was like she was torturing me for information. And I wanted to give it up I just—I didn't know what it was!

Joey: Chandler, if it really hurts that bad you should just tell her.

Chandler: Look, for the first time in my life I'm in a real relationship. Okay, I'm not gonna screw that up by y'know, telling the truth.

Ross: (walking up with Rachel and carrying coffee) Hey.

Joey: Whoa, dude, look out! You almost crushed my hat! (He picks a hat up from the floor. It's one of those magician stovepipe hats.)

Ross: Sorry.

Chandler: (examining the hat) And the bunny got away. (Turns and starts looking for the bunny as Joey puts the hat on.)

Ross: (glaring at Joey) This would be the place where you explain the hat.

Joey: Oh! Yeah, look there's this play all right? And I'm up for the part of this real cool like suave international guy. A real clothes horse. So I figure that everyone at the audition is gonna be wearing this kinda y'know, ultra-hip, high fashion stuff.

Chandler: And you're gonna make them all disappear.

Joey: Yeah, like you could find something as sophisticated as this.

(Chandler picks up a basket from the table and puts it on his head.)

Chandler: Done.

Rachel: Joey, if you wanna look good, why don't you just come down to the store? I'll help you out.

Joey: Great! Thanks, Rach!

Rachel: Sure! (Pause) God, please take those off!

Joey: All right.

(Both of them remove their hats as Phoebe enters.)

Ross: Hey Pheebs, how's it going?

Chandler: Hey.

Phoebe: Hey! Umm, well, only okay because I just got back from, from the hospital.

(All at once.)

Rachel: What?

Ross: Is everything okay?

Joey: Are you all right?

Phoebe: Oh yeah, no-no-no. I'm fine. I'm okay, but umm, my Grandma sorta died.

Joey: Pheebs! Sorry!

Phoebe: It's okay, I mean she had a really incredible life. And it's not like I'm never gonna see her again, y'know she's gonna visit.

Rachel: Well maybe, maybe she's with us right now?

Phoebe: Yeah, her first day on a new spiritual plane and she's gonna come to the coffeehouse!

Monica: (entering, in a hurry) Guys! Guys! I just saw two people having sex in a car right outside.

Ross: Uhh, Pheebs' Grandmother just died.

Monica: Ohh my God, I'm so sorry.

Phoebe: It's okay. Actually y'know what, it's kinda cool. 'Cause it's like y'know, one life ends and another begins.

Monica: (to the guys) Not the way they're doing it. What, what happened? How did she die?

Phoebe: Well umm, okay we were in the market and she bent down to get some yogurt and she just never came back up again.

Joey: Pheebs, I'm so sorry.

Phoebe: It was really sweet. The last thing she said to me was: "Okay dear, you go get the eggs and I'm gonna get the yogurt and we'll meet at the checkout counter." And y'know what? We **will** meet at the checkout counter.

[Scene: *Bloomingdale's*, Rachel is fixing Joey up with some new clothes.]

Rachel: Okay now Joey, y'know that since you're returning all of this stuff right after the audition you're gonna have to wear underwear?

Joey: All right, then you'd better show me some of that too then.

Rachel: Okay, it's missing something. Ooh, I know! Umm, okay. (Goes and grabs a bag, that looks like a purse, and shows it to Joey.)

Joey: Really? A purse?

Rachel: It's not a purse! It's a shoulder bag.

Joey: It looks like a women's purse.

Rachel: No Joey, look. Trust me, all the men are wearing them in the spring catalog. Look. (Shows him.) See look, **men**, carrying the bag.

Joey: See look, **women**, carrying the bag. (He puts it on his shoulder and looks at himself in the mirror and likes what he sees.) But it is odd how a women's purse looks good on me, a man.

Rachel: Exactly! Unisex!

Joey: Maybe you need sex. I had sex a couple days ago.

Rachel: No! No Joey! U-N-I-sex.

Joey: Well, I ain't gonna say no to that.

[Scene: Ursula's apartment, Phoebe is about to break the bad news to her sister. She knocks on the door.]

Ursula: Who is it?

Phoebe: It's Phoebe.

Ursula: Oh great! (Opens the door.) (Disappointed) Oh, you. Umm, what's up?

Phoebe: Umm, well I sorta have some bad news, can I come in?

Ursula: Umm, yeah—no thanks.

Phoebe: Umm, well, umm Grandma died.

Ursula: Wow! Didn't she die like five years ago?

Phoebe: No, she just died today! Okay, umm, we're having a memorial service tomorrow.

Ursula: Okay, I know that I went to that all ready.

Phoebe: No you didn't!

Ursula: Well, then who's been dead for five years?

Phoebe: Well, lots of people! Look, are you coming to memorial service or not?

Ursula: Umm, no. See I already thought she was dead so I kinda made my peace with it. Plus, I'm going to a concert tomorrow. So... I'd invite you, but umm, I only have two tickets left.

Phoebe: Fine. Okay, enjoy your concert. (Starts to leave.)

Ursula: Thanks! Enjoy your funeral.

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross and Chandler are on the couch as Joey enters with his new bag.]

Joey: Hey!

Chandler: Hey!

(As he walks past both Chandler and Ross notice the bag and stare at each other in shock.)

Chandler: Wow! You look just like your son Mrs. Tribbiani!

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!

Rachel: (entering) Joey, what are you doing with the bag? Your audition is not until tomorrow.

Joey: Yeah, but sandwich time is right now. (Removes a sandwich and starts eating.)

Rachel: Joey, y'know you get any mustard on that bag, you can't return it.

Joey: Why would I return it? I love this bag!

Rachel: All right, then you owe me \$350.

Joey: Fine! Do you take Vasa or Mastercard? (He's holding the fake credit cards that come with the bag.)

Rachel: (glaring at him) Joey...

Joey: All right relax, look I'll pay you with the money from the acting job I am definitely gonna get thanks to you.

Ross: What's the part, Anti-man?

Rachel: Hey, don't listen to them. I think it's sexy.

Joey: U-N-I-sexy? (Smiles provocatively.)

[Scene: Phoebe's Grandmother's memorial, Phoebe is at the door welcoming people.]

Phoebe: Well hello, Mrs. Penella! Thank you so much for coming! Well, okay look, here's your umm, 3-D glasses and Reverend Pong will tell you when to put them on.

(The gang arrives.)

Rachel: Hi sweetie!

Ross: Hey, how are you holding up?

Joey: Hey Pheebs, I'm so sorry.

Phoebe: (notices his bag.) Hey, y'know what? My Grandma had the exact same bag!

Joey: Here, I brought you some flowers. (He pulls them out of the bag.)

Phoebe: Thanks!

Chandler: Pulling flowers out it makes the bag look a lot more masculine.

(Another man, an older man, enters, looking around and bumps into Chandler.)

Man: Oops, I'm sorry. Excuse me. Is this the umm, the memorial?

(The gang moves off as Phoebe greets the new guest.)

Phoebe: Yeah, welcome.

Man: Hello. Hello.

Phoebe: Umm here's your 3-D glasses.

Man: Oh, umm, all right.

Phoebe: So how did you know Francis?

Man: Well I actually, I-I really, I haven't seen her for years. But umm, well I-I was pretty tight with-with her and her daughter.

Phoebe: Really?! What's your name?

Man: Umm, Frank Buffay.

(Needless to say, Phoebe is stunned into silence. And one audience member gasps.)

Frank Sr.: (Seeing the look on her face) Y'know what? Strike that. My name uh, actually is-is Joe. Uh, Joe umm, Hill.

Phoebe: You're Frank Buffay?

Frank Sr.: Shh! (Whispers) No! Joe Hill!

Phoebe: You just said...

Frank Sr.: Y'know what, I gotta go. And thank you **so** much for coming. (Hands back his glasses and hurries out.)

Phoebe: But...

(Phoebe takes one step after him and stops.)

Phoebe: Oh my God!

Monica: What?! What honey?

Ross: What happened?

Phoebe: That was my dad!

Chandler: Oh my God!

(They all look down the hall he left from.)

Joey: (approaches, wearing his glasses) Hey you guys, check it out. Check it out. (Moves his hand towards and away from his face.) It's like it's coming right at me. (Chandler helps out a little bit by pushing on Joey's arm, which causes his hand to slap him in his face.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: The Funeral Home, continued from earlier. Phoebe is returning after looking for her father.]

Monica: Oh, did you catch him?!

Phoebe: Uh-huh.

Ross: Wh-what did he say?!

Phoebe: He said, "Nice to meet you Glenda." (They stare at her, dumbfounded) Well, obviously I couldn't give him my real name?

Rachel: Why?! Why not?!

Phoebe: Come on, you saw the way he ran out of here! What do you think? He's gonna stick around and talk to the daughter he abandoned!

Joey: What did you say to him?

Phoebe: Well, I said, I told him y'know, that I was the executor person of Francis' will and that I needed to talk to him so I'm gonna meet him at the coffee house later.

The Pastor: Could everyone please take their seats?

Phoebe: All right, well, I just can't think about that right now. I just wanna say good-bye to my Grandma.

Rachel: Okay.

Monica: All right, let's go say good-bye.

(They put on their glasses and try to find their way to their seats.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, after the funeral, everyone is there.]

Joey: (entering, with bag) Hey! I'm off to my audition. How do I look?

Rachel: Ahhh, I think you look **great!** That bag is gonna get you that part.

Chandler: And a date with a man!

Joey: Y'know what? Make fun all you want. **This** is a great bag! Okay? And it's as handy as it is becoming. Now, just because you don't understand something, doesn't make it wrong. All right? So from now on you guys are gonna have to get used to the fact that Joey, (pats the bag) comes with a bag! (Exits.)

Phoebe: All right, I'd better go too. I have to go talk to my dad.

Rachel: Ooh, Pheeb's, what are you gonna say? Are you gonna tell him who you are?

Phoebe: Umm, no, not at first 'cause I-I don't want to freak him out

Ross: Well, but aren't you pissed at him?! I mean this guy **abandoned** you! I gotta tell you if this were me, this guy would be in some serious physical danger! (Getting worked up) I mean I—I—I'd walk in there and I'd be like, "Yo, dad! You and me outside right now!" (Calming down.) I kinda scared myself.

Monica: Well, at least you scared someone.

Phoebe: Y'know it's funny, you'd **think** I'd be angry. I mean, you'd **think** I'd wanna rip his tiny little head off. Fortunately, I'm past it.

Monica: Phoebe, you do seem a little tense. Here, let me help you.

Phoebe: All right.

(She goes over and tries to give Phoebe a massage. Phoebe yelps in pain and jumps away from her.)

Phoebe: Oh! Get off!! Ow!! Oh, stop it!! Why?! Why are you doing that to me?!

Monica: What are you talking about?

Phoebe: As a masseuse and a human, I'm begging you, never do that to anyone!

Monica: (indignant) I give good massages! (Ross laughs.) I used to give them to Rachel all the time before she got allergic! And—and—and Chandler loves them! Watch! (She starts giving Chandler a massage.)

Phoebe: (seeing the look on Chandler's face) He—he does not like it! He hates it! He's in pain!

Monica: No he's not!

Chandler: (wincing) Yes, he is!

Monica: What?!

Chandler: I'm sorry but, ow—owww—owww!

Monica: You've been lying to me? I can't believe you'd do that.

Ross: Well, maybe he just didn't want to hurt your feelings.

Monica: But the minute we start to lie to each other... (Pauses after she realizes what she's saying.) And by 'we' I mean society.

[Scene: Joey's audition, he is with bag.]

The Casting Director: Any time you're ready, Joey.

Joey: (reading from the script) Well, you must be new here. Why don't we get a table and I'll buy you a drink.

The Casting Director: (stopping him) I'm sorry. Could you, could you try it without the purse?

Joey: Yeah, sure. (He takes it off and starts reading.) Well, you must be new here. Maybe we should—I'm sorry, can I ask you something? (He stops and asks a question.)

The Casting Director: Sure. What?

Joey: Well, first it's not a purse.

The Casting Director: Okay, anytime.

Joey: I mean if—if you're thinking it's a woman's bag, it's not. It's a man's bag!

The Casting Director: Okayyyy! Andddd, go!

Joey: All right look, let me show you the catalog! (Does so.) See? Huh? It's the latest thing! Everyone's got one! Men! Women! Children! Everyone's carrying them!

The Casting Director: Umm, do you sell these bags?

Joey: Noooo. No—no—no, these babies sell themselves.

The Casting Director: Okay! Thank you! That was great!

Joey: Yeah but I didn't read anything.

The Casting Director: I think we've seen enough!

Joey: Okay! All right, I'll see ya. (As he's walking off stage.) (Patting the bag.) We got it! We got it!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Chandler is poking his head in.]

Chandler: Hey, is Rachel here?

Monica: No.

Chandler: (coming all the way in) Listen, I just wanted to apologize about this afternoon and the whole massage thing. Y'know? I—I really like 'em.

Monica: Oh, please, stop! Look, we're supposed to be honest with each other. I—I just wish you could tell me—just say, "I don't like your massages."

Chandler: (falling into that trap) I don't like your massages.

Monica: (starting to cry) See? It's no big deal.

Chandler: Okay, but now see you're crying!

Monica: I'm not crying about that! I'm crying about something that happened at work.

Chandler: What?

Monica: (bursting into tears) My boyfriend said he didn't like my massages.

Chandler: It's okay, you don't have to be the best at everything.

Monica: Oh my God! You don't know me at all!

Chandler: Okay, you give the worst massages in the world.

Monica: I'm crying here!!

Chandler: Okay, hear me out. Okay? You give the **best** bad massages. If anybody was looking for the best bad massage and they were thinking to themselves, "Who's the best of that?" They'd have to go to you.

Monica: Huh. So you're saying like umm, if there was an award for the best bad massage, well who would get that?

Chandler: Oh, it would be you! You! Monica! And you'd get all the votes!

Monica: So maybe they could umm, call the award the Monica?

Chandler: Absolutely!

Monica: Okay. I suck!

Chandler: Yeah! (They hug.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Frank Sr. is just arriving.]

Phoebe: Umm, thank you for meeting with me.

Frank Sr.: Thank you. All right.

Phoebe: Come, sit. (He's hesitant.) Sit. (Still hesitating.) Sit! (He sits on the arm of the couch.) Umm, all righty, before we get started I just—I need you to state for the official record that you are in fact Frank Buffay.

Frank Sr.: Oh yes. Yes, yes, I am, uh—hmm.

Phoebe: Okay.

Frank Sr.: So, what did Francis leave me?

Phoebe: Huh?

Frank Sr.: Well, that's why you wanted me to come, right?

Phoebe: Oh yes. Yes. Yeah—no. She did. She left you umm, (looking in her purse) this lipstick.

Frank Sr.: Oh. Huh. It's huh, well it's (opens it) oh it's—ew used. Umm, cool.

Phoebe: Okay. I have just a few questions to ask so I'm going to get out my official forms. (She picks up a couple of crumpled receipts.) Okay, so, question 1) You and uh, you were married to Francis' daughter Lilly, is that correct?

Frank Sr.: Yes, yes I was.

Phoebe: Okay, umm, question 2) Umm, did that marriage end A. Happily, B. Medium, or C. In the total abandonment of her and her two children?

Frank Sr.: It really says that?!

Phoebe: Yeah. See? (Quickly shows him.)

Frank Sr.: Well then I guess then I—I would I would have to say C.

Phoebe: Hmm, okay, **total** abandonment. Okay, reasons for abandonment, A. Top secret government work, B. Amnesia, or C. Or you're just a selfish, irresponsible bad, bad man?

Frank Sr.: Y'know, I don't think I want the lipstick that much. (Gets up to leave.) But umm... Oh, would you do me a favor? And umm, would you, would you give Lilly that, please? (Hands her a note.)

Phoebe: What?!

Frank Sr.: Well Lilly, when you see Lilly would you give her that, that note? Because I wanted to talk to her at the memorial but, well I pictured her getting mad at me the way you got mad at me and I well, I chickened out. So, uh, I wrote her that note, would you give it to her please?

Phoebe: But you—you—you came to see Lilly?

Frank Sr.: Yeah, yeah. Why?

Phoebe: Lilly's dead. (He looks up in shock.)

Frank Sr.: She what?!

Phoebe: She's dead.

Frank Sr.: Are you sure?

Phoebe: Well, if she isn't then cremating her was a **big** mistake.

Frank Sr.: I can't believe this. I just—I can't believe this. How—how—Oh my God. How long ago?

Phoebe: 17 years ago.

Frank Sr.: Oh! What about, what about the girls?

Phoebe: Well, Ursula is a waitress and—and she lives in Soho. And Phoebe, (pause) is on this couch. (Silence ensues.)

Phoebe: Yep, lipstick and a daughter, big day for you!

Frank Sr.: Phoebe, I—I—I—umm, (Sits down next to her and brushes against her leg.) Oops. (He backs up.) I just, I—I—I don't, I don't know what to say. I just can't believe that you're my daughter, you're so pretty.

Phoebe: Yes. Well, that's neither here nor there.

Frank Sr.: So would it, would it make you feel better if I said I was very, very sorry that I left?

Phoebe: Y'know what, it doesn't matter what you say it's not gonna make a difference anyway, so you can just go.

Frank Sr.: All right. Well, y'know in my defense I was a lousy father.

Phoebe: That's a defense?

Frank Sr.: Yes. Yes it is. I burned the formula and I put your diapers on backwards. I mean, I made up a song to sing you to sleep, but that made you cry even more!

Phoebe: You make up songs?

Frank Sr.: Well no, just—just that one. But, it was stupid. Let's see, how did it, how did it go. Umm.
(Singing.)

Sleepy girl, sleepy girl.

Why won't you go to sleep?

Sleepy girl, sleepy girl.

You're, you're, you're keeping me uppp! (Yeah, that's to the tune of Smelly Cat.)

Yeah.

(Phoebe is trying not to smile. He moves closer and very shyly holds out his hand and turns his head, hoping for Phoebe to take his hand. She doesn't.)

Frank Sr.: I just, I y'know, I'm not very good at this. So, umm... (Backs away.)

Phoebe: Well, I am. (Moves over and takes his hand.)

(She holds his hand for a little while then...)

Phoebe: Not yet, no. (Drops his hand and moves back.)

Ending Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Joey returns from his audition and finds everyone but Phoebe there.]

Joey: (dejected) Hi.

All: Hey!

Chandler: Hey man, how did the audition go?

Joey: Estelle said I didn't get it. (Sits down next to Rachel on the couch.)

Rachel: What?! Why? Joey you were so ready for it!

Joey: Yeah, I thought so too but, she said the casting people had some problems with me.

Ross: What kind of problem?

Joey: Well to tell you the truth, they uh, (Pause) they had a problem with the bag!

Chandler: Oh my God!

Ross: Nooooo!

Joey: Y'know what? It was a stupid play anyway!

Monica: Y'know, Joey, I think it's time to give up the bag.

Joey: I don't wanna give up the bag. I don't have to give up the bag! Do I Rach? (She's avoiding his eyes.)
Oh, you think I should give up the bag!

Rachel: Honey wait, Joey, I'm sorry I mean as terrific as I think you are with it... (Looks for help.)

Chandler: Oh, hey! (Ross nods in agreement as well.)

Rachel: ...I just don't know if the world is ready for you and your bag.

Joey: I can't believe I'm hearing this!

Rachel: Wait a minute! Wait a minute! I'm not saying that you shouldn't have a bag, I just—it's just there are other bags that are a little less umm, (Pause) controversial.

Chandler: Yeah umm, they're called wallets.

End

514. The One Where Everyone Finds Out

Written by: Alexa Junge

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, everyone is eating some Chinese food.]

Phoebe: (looking out the window) Oh hey, you guys, look! Ugly Naked Guy is putting stuff in boxes!
(They all run and join her at the window.)

Rachel: I'd say from the looks of it; our naked buddy is moving.

Ross: Ironically, most of the boxes seem to be labeled clothes.

Rachel: Ohh, I'm gonna miss that big old squishy butt.

Chandler: And we're done with the chicken fried rice.

Ross: Hey! Hey! If he's moving, maybe I should try to get his place!

All: Good idea! Yes!

Ross: It would be so cool to live across from you guys!

Joey: Hey, yeah! Then we could do that telephone thing! Y'know, you have a can, we have a can and it's connected by a string!

Chandler: Or we can do the **actual** telephone thing.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Ugly Naked Guy's apartment, Ross, Rachel, and Phoebe are checking out the place. Luckily, Ugly Naked Guy is nowhere to be seen.]

Ross: Oh my God! I love this apartment! Isn't it perfect?! I can't believe I never realized how great it is!

Rachel: Well that is because your eye immediately goes to the big naked man.

Phoebe: It's amazing! You better hurry up and fill out an application or I'm gonna beat you to it.

Ross: (laughing) Ohh. (Phoebe takes a couple of steps to the door and Ross quickly hurries out.)

Rachel: Well, I never thought I'd say this, but I'm gonna go use Ugly Naked Guy's bathroom. (Does so.)

Phoebe: (looking out the window) Oh, look! There's Monica and Chandler! (Starts yelling.) Hey! Hey, you guys! Hey! (Chandler and Monica start taking each other's clothes off.) Ohh!! Ohh! Ahh-ahhh!!

Rachel: What?!

Phoebe: (screaming) Ahhh!! Chandler and Monica!! Chandler and Monica!!

Rachel: Oh my God!

Phoebe: CHANDLER AND MONICA!!!!

Rachel: OH MY GOD!!!

Phoebe: OH!! MY EYES!!! MY EYES!!!!

Rachel: Phoebe!! Phoebe!! It's okay!! It's okay!!

Phoebe: NO! THEY'RE DOING IT!!!

Rachel: I KNOW!! I KNOW!! I KNOW!

Phoebe: YOU KNOW?!!!

Rachel: Yes, I know! And Joey knows! But Ross doesn't know so you have to stop screaming!!

Ross: (entering) What's going on?

Phoebe and Rachel: Ohhh!!!

Rachel: (trying to divert his attention from the window by jumping up and down) HI!! HI!

Ross: What?! What?!

Rachel: Nothing! Oh God, we're just so excited that you want to get this apartment!

Ross: Actually, it looks really good. (Turns towards the window and now Phoebe starts jumping to divert his attention.)

Phoebe: (Screaming incoherently.) Get in here!!! (Motions to join her and Rachel.)

(Ross starts jumping and screaming incoherently and hops over and joins in on the group hug.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe and Rachel are there talking about Chandler and Monica.]

Phoebe: You mean whenever Monica and Chandler where like y'know doing laundry or going grocery shopping or—Oh! All that time Monica spent on the phone with sad Linda from camp!

Rachel: Uh—huh, doing it. Doing it. Phone doing it.

Phoebe: Oh! Oh, I can't believe it! I mean I think it's great! For him. She might be able to do better.

Joey: (entering) Hey guys!

Rachel: Joey! Come here! Come here!

Joey: What? What?

Rachel: Phoebe just found out about Monica and Chandler.

Joey: You mean how they're friends and nothing more? (Glares at Rachel.)

Rachel: No. Joey, she **knows!** We were at Ugly Naked Guy's apartment and we saw them doing it through the window. (Joey gasps) Actually, we saw them doing it up **against** the window.

Phoebe: Okay, so now they know that you know and they don't know that Rachel knows?

Joey: Yes, but y'know what? It doesn't matter who knows what. Now, enough of us know that we can just tell them that we know! Then all the lying and the secrets would finally be over!

Phoebe: Or, we could **not** tell them we know and have a little fun of our own.

Rachel: Wh—what do you mean?

Phoebe: Well y'know every time that they say that like they're doing laundry we'll just give them a bunch of laundry to do.

Rachel: Ohhh, I—I would enjoy that!

Joey: No—no—no! No—no wait Rach, you know what would even be more fun? Telling them.

Rachel: Eh, no, I wanna do Phoebe's thing.

Joey: I can't take any...

Phoebe: No! You don't have to do anything! Just don't tell them that we know!

Joey: Noo! I can't take any more secrets! (To Rachel) I've got your secrets. I've got their secrets. I got secrets of my own y'know!

Rachel: You don't have any secrets!

Joey: Oh yeah? Well, you don't know about Hugsy, my bedtime penguin pal. (Joey shies away.)

Rachel: (To Phoebe) So umm, how—how are we gonna mess with them?

Joey: Ugh.

Phoebe: Well, you could use your position y'know as the roommate.

Rachel: Okay.

Phoebe: And then. I would use y'know the strongest tool at my disposal. My sexuality.

Chandler: (entering) Hello children!

All: Hey!

Phoebe: Okay, watch, learn, and don't eat my cookie.

(She gets up and goes over to Chandler who's ordering some coffee from Gunther.)

Chandler: Hey.

Phoebe: Hey! Ooh, wow that jacket looks great on you!

Chandler: Really?

Phoebe: (feels his arm) Yeah the material feels so soft—hello Mr. Bicep! Have you been working out?

Chandler: Well, I try to y'know, squeeze things. (Phoebe giggles uncontrollably.) Are you okay?

Phoebe: Well, if you really wanna know, I'm—Oh! I can't tell you this.

Chandler: Phoebe, it's me. You can tell me anything.

Phoebe: Well actually you're the one person I can't tell this too. And the one person I want to the most.

Chandler: What's going on?

Phoebe: I think it's just y'know that I haven't been with a guy in so long and how sometimes you're looking for something and you just don't even see that it's right there in front of you sipping coffee—Oh no, have I said too much? Well it's just something to think about. I know I will.

(She makes a show of bending over to get her coat and showing off her bum. She then walks out, leaving no one to eat her cookie.)

[Scene: Chandler's bedroom, Chandler and Monica are there, of course. Like who else would it be, duh!]

Monica: You are so cute! How did you get to be so cute?

Chandler: Well, my Grandfather was Swedish and my Grandmother was actually a tiny little bunny.

Monica: Okay, now you're even cuter!!

Chandler: Y'know that is a popular opinion today I must say.

Monica: What?

Chandler: The weirdest thing happened at the coffee house, I think, I think Phoebe was hitting on me.

Monica: What are you talking about?

Chandler: I'm telling you I think Phoebe thinks I'm foxy.

Monica: That's not possible!

Chandler: Ow!

Monica: I'm sorry it's just, Phoebe just always thought you were, you were charming in a, in a sexless kind of way.

Chandler: Oh, y'know I—I can't hear that enough.

Monica: I'm sorry, I think that you just misunderstood her.

Chandler: No, I didn't misunderstand, okay? She was all over me! She touched my bicep for crying out loud!

Monica: This bicep?

Chandler: Well it's not flexed right now!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica, Rachel, Phoebe, and Chandler are there. Monica is entering from her room.]

Rachel: Hey Mon, what are you doing now? Wanna come see a movie with us?

Monica: Uhh, y'know actually I was gonna do some laundry.

Rachel: Oh.

Monica: Hey Chandler, wanna do it with me?

Chandler: Sure, I'll do it with ya.

Monica: Okay.

Rachel: Okay great, hold on a sec! (She runs to her room and returns carrying a huge bag of laundry.) Oh, here you go! You don't mind do ya? That would really help me out a lot! Thanks!

Monica: I mean I—I don't I think I have enough quarters.

Phoebe: I have quarters! (She holds up a bag of quarters.)

Ross: (entering) Hey!

Rachel: Hey Ross! Any word on the apartment yet?

Ross: Well, I called over there and it turns out Ugly Naked Guy is subletting it himself and he's already had like a hundred applicants.

Rachel: Oh.

Ross: No—no, I got the edge. I know it's not exactly ethical but I sent him a little bribe to tip the scales in my direction. Check it out, you can probably see it from the window. (They all head to the window.)

Monica: Oh, is it that pinball machine with the big bow on it?

Ross: No.

Chandler: That new mountain bike?

Ross: No.

Monica: Well what did you send?

Ross: A basket of mini-muffins.

Phoebe: But there's a whole table of mini-muffin baskets. Which one did you send?

Ross: The small one.

Rachel: What?! You—you actually thought that basket was gonna get you the apartment?

Ross: Well yeah! Someone sent us a basket at work once and people went crazy over those little muffins. It was the best day.

Chandler: Your work makes me sad.

Ross: Oh man! I want that place so much!! I was so sure that was gonna work! There's twelve bucks I'll never see again! (Exits.)

Rachel: All right honey, we'd better go if we wanna catch that movie.

Monica: Bye!

All: Bye!

Phoebe: Bye Chandler! (She walks up to him.) (Quietly.) I miss you already. (She pinches his butt.)

Chandler: (after they've left) Okay, did you see that?! With the inappropriate and the pinching!!

Monica: Actually, I did!

Chandler: Okay, so now do you believe that she's attracted to me?

Monica: Ohhh, oh my God! Oh my God! She knows about us!

Chandler: Are you serious?

Monica: Phoebe knows and she's just trying to freak us out! That's the only explanation for it!

Chandler: (a little hurt) Okay but what about y'know my pinchable butt and my bulging biceps—She knows!

Commercial Break

[Scene: Chandler, Joey, and Ross's, Joey is snoozing with Hugsy, his bedtime penguin pal and Chandler and Monica come storming in.]

Chandler: (entering) Joey!

(Joey quickly tries to hide Hugsy by throwing it over his head.)

Joey: Yeah?

Chandler: Phoebe knows about us!

Joey: Well I didn't tell them!

Monica: Them?! Who's them?

Joey: Uhhh, Phoebe and Joey.

Monica: Joey!

Joey: And Rachel. I would've told you but they made me promise not to tell!

Chandler: Oh man!

Joey: I'm sorry! But hey, it's over now, right? Because you can tell them that you know they know and I can go back to knowing absolutely nothing!

Monica: Unless...

Joey: No! Not unless! Look this must end now!

Monica: Oh man, they think they are so **slick** messing with us! But see they don't know that we know that they know! So...

Chandler: Ahh yes, the messers become the messies!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Ross is looking at Ugly Naked Guy's apartment through binoculars.]

Ross: Noooo.

Rachel: Oh Ross, honey you gotta stop torturing yourself!

Phoebe: Yeah, why don't you just find another apartment?

Ross: Look I've already looked at like a thousand apartments this month and none of them even compares to that one!

Rachel: Y'know what you should do?

Ross: Huh?

Rachel: You should find out what his hobbies are and then use that to bond with him. Yeah! Like if I would strike up a conversation about say umm, sandwiches. Or uh, or my underwear.

Joey: I'm listening.

Rachel: (To Ross) See?

Ross: That is a great idea! And! I know Ugly Naked Guy because we've been watching him for like five years so **that** gives me back my edge! Oh, let's see now he had the trampoline.

Phoebe: He broke that.

Ross: Well, he had gravity boots.

Rachel: Yeah, he broke those too.

Joey: So he likes to break stuff.

Ross: Okay, I've got to go pick up Ben but I—I will figure something out. (He opens the door and stops.) Hey, didn't he used to have a cat?

Phoebe: I wouldn't bring that up, it would probably just bum him out.

Joey: Yeah, poor cat, never saw that big butt coming.

Ross: Right. (Exits.)

(The phone rings and Rachel answers it.)

Rachel: Hello! (Listens) Oh yeah! Hey! Hold on a second she's right here! (To Phoebe) It's Chandler.

Phoebe: (in a sexy voice) Oh? (Takes the phone from Rachel.) Hello you.

Chandler: Hello Phoebe, I've been thinking about you all day. (He's holding the phone so that Monica can hear it as well.)

Phoebe: Eh?

Chandler: Well you know that thing you said before, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't intrigued.

Phoebe: Really?

Chandler: Yeah, listen, Joey isn't gonna be here tonight so why don't you come over and I'll let you uh, feel my bicep. Or maybe more.

Phoebe: I'll have to get back to you on that. Okay, bye! (Hangs up.) Oh my God! He wants me to come over and feel his bicep and more!

Rachel: Are you kidding?!

Phoebe: No!

Rachel: I can not believe he would do that to Mon—Whoa! (She stops suddenly and slowly turns to point at Joey. Joey is avoiding her eyes.) Joey, do they know that we know?

Joey: No.

Rachel: Joey!

Joey: They know you know.

Rachel: Ugh, I knew it! Oh I cannot believe those two!

Phoebe: God, they thought they can mess with us! They're trying to mess with us?! They don't know that we know they know we know! (Joey just shakes his head.) Joey, you can't say anything!

Joey: I couldn't even if I wanted too.

[Scene: Outside Ugly Naked Guy's apartment, Ross is knocks on the door and Ugly Naked Guy answers it. He's ugly. He's naked. And he's holding a huge jumbo soda.]

Ross: Good evening, sir. My name is Ross Geller. I'm one of the people who applied for the apartment. And I—I realize that the competition is fierce but—I'm sorry. I, I can't help but notice you're naked and (He claps his hands.) I applaud you. Man, I wish I was naked. I mean, this—this looks so great. That is how God intended it.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Chandler and Monica and Rachel and Phoebe are planning their respective strategies to break the other pairing. Joey is not amused.]

Monica: (in the kitchen with Chandler) Look at them, they're—they're panicked!

Chandler: Oh yeah, they're totally gonna back down!

Monica: Oh yeah!

[Cut to Phoebe and Rachel sitting on the couch.]

Phoebe: All right. All right! If he wants a date? He's gonna get a date. All right, I'm gonna go in.

Rachel: All right. Be sexy.

Phoebe: (laughs) Please.

(She saunters over to Chandler with a mean pair of 'Come hither' eyes and she glares at Monica.)

Phoebe: So Chandler, I-I'd love to come by tonight.

Chandler: (initially worried, but gets over it) Really?

Phoebe: Oh absolutely. Shall we say, around seven?

Chandler: Yes.

Phoebe: Good. I'm really looking forward to you and me having sexual intercourse.

(As she walks away, Chandler mouths a scream to Monica. How motions and mouths, "It's okay, it's okay.")

Joey: (looking out the window) Hey-hey, check it out! Check it out! Ugly Naked Guy has a naked friend!

(They all run over to the window.)

Rachel: Oh yeah! (She gasps.) Oh my God! That is **our** friend! (Monica covers her face.) It's Naked Ross!

(Monica turns and buries her face in Chandler's shoulder.)

All: Yeah, it is! Naked Ross!!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel is getting Phoebe ready for her date.]

Rachel: Show time!

Phoebe: Okay, Rachel, get me perfume!

Rachel: Okay! (She runs to get some.)

Phoebe: And Joey, get me a bottle of wine and glasses? (He begrudgingly does so.)

(In the meantime, Rachel has returned with the perfume and sprays a mist out in front of Phoebe who walks through the mist and does a little spin.)

[Cut to Chandler, Joey, and Ross's, Monica is getting Chandler ready for his half of the plan.]

Monica: All right, it'll be great! You just make her think you wanna have sex with her! It'll totally freak her out!

Chandler: Okay, listen, how far am I gonna have to go with her?

Monica: Relax, she-she's gonna give in way before you do!

Chandler: How do you know?!

Monica: Because you're on my team! And my team always wins!

Chandler: At this?!

Monica: Just go get some! (Kisses him.) Go! (She runs to hide in the bathroom.)

[Cut to the hallway, Phoebe is outside getting some last minute instructions from Rachel.]

Rachel: (handing her the wine) Okay honey, now I'm gonna try to listen from right here!

Phoebe: Okay.

Rachel: Okay? Whoa, wait! (She undoes one button on Phoebe's dress.)

Phoebe: Good idea!

Rachel: Yeah, oh wait! (She goes for another one.)

Phoebe: Oh now, don't give away the farm!

(Phoebe knocks on the door with the wine and Chandler answers it. Rachel hides next to the door.)

Chandler: Phoebe.

Phoebe: Chandler.

Chandler: Come on in.

Phoebe: I was going too. (They go inside and he closes the door.) Umm, I brought some wine. Would you like some?

Chandler: Sure.

(She makes a big show out of pulling out the cork and pours the wine.)

Phoebe: So, here we are. Nervous?

Chandler: Me? No. You?

Phoebe: No, I want this to happen.

Chandler: So do I.

(They click their glasses and take a sip. That sip turns into a gulp, which quickly progresses into their mutual draining of their glasses at once.)

Chandler: I'm gonna put on some music.

Phoebe: Maybe, maybe I'll dance for you. (She starts doing a rather suggestive and seductive dance that's silly at the same time.)

Chandler: You look good.

Phoebe: Thanks! Y'know, that when you say things like that it makes me wanna rip that sweater vest right off!

Chandler: Well, why don't we move this into the bedroom?

Phoebe: Really?

Chandler: Oh, do you not want to?

Phoebe: No. No! It's just y'know first, I wanna take off all my clothes and have you rub lotion on me.

Chandler: (swallowing hard) Well that would be nice. I'll go get the lotion.

[Cut to the bathroom, Chandler is entering.]

Chandler: Listen, this is totally getting out of hand! Okay? She wants me to put lotion on her!

Monica: She's bluffing!

Chandler: Look, she's not backing down! She went like this! (He does a little mimic of her dance.)

[Cut to the hallway where Phoebe is conferring with Rachel.]

Phoebe: He's not backing down. He went to get lotion.

Joey: (entering the hall) Oh man! Aren't you guys done yet?! I wanna sit in my chair!

Rachel: Joey look, just look at it this way, the sooner Phoebe breaks Chandler the sooner this is all over and out in the open.

Joey: Ooh!

Rachel: Okay!

Joey: I like that! (To Phoebe) Oh, okay! Show him your bra! He's afraid of bras! Can't work 'em! (He swiftly rips open the front of Phoebe's dress revealing her bra.)

Phoebe: Joey! (Examining the dress.) Wow, you didn't rip off any buttons.

Joey: It's not my first time.

[Cut to the bathroom.]

Monica: You go back out there and you seduce her till she cracks!

Chandler: Okay, give me a second! (Pause) Did you clean up in here?

Monica: Of course.

[Cut back to the living room. Chandler slowly exits the bathroom and gets pushed from behind by Monica and sees Phoebe closing the apartment door.]

Chandler: Oh, you're—you're going?

Phoebe: Umm, not without you, lover. (She slowly walks over to him and is showcasing her bra.) So, this is my bra.

Chandler: (swallowing hard) It's very, very nice. Well, come here. I'm very were gonna be having all the sex.

Phoebe: You should be. I'm very bendy. (Pause) I'm gonna kiss you now.

Chandler: Not if I kiss you first.

(They move closer to together and Phoebe hesitantly puts her hand on Chandler's hip. He puts his hand on her left hip but then decides to put his hand on her left hip. Phoebe then grabs his butt. Chandler goes for her breast, but stops and puts his hand on her shoulder.)

Phoebe: Ooh.

Chandler: Well, I guess there's nothing left for us to do but—but kiss.

Phoebe: Here it comes. Our first kiss.

(They slowly and hesitantly move their lips together and kiss gently. Phoebe has her eyes wide open in shock and Chandler is squinting. He finally breaks the kiss after only a short while and pushes Phoebe away.)

Chandler: Okay! Okay! Okay! You win! You win!! I can't have sex with ya!

Phoebe: And why not?!

Chandler: Because I'm in love with Monica!!

Phoebe: You're—you're what?!

(Monica comes out of the bathroom like a bolt, and Rachel and Joey both enter.)

Chandler: Love her! That's right, I...LOVE...HER!!! I love her!! (They walk together and hug.) I love you, Monica.

Monica: I love you too Chandler. (They kiss.)

Phoebe: I just—I thought you guys were doing it, I didn't know you were in love!

Joey: Dude!

Chandler: And hats off to Phoebe. Quite a competitor. (Pause) And might I say your breasts are still showing.

Phoebe: God! (She turns and buttons up.)

Joey: All right! So that's it! It's over! Everybody knows!

Monica: Well actually, Ross doesn't.

Chandler: Yes, and we'd appreciate it if no one told him yet.

(Joey suddenly gets very angry.)

Ending Credits

[Scene: Ross's new apartment, he is showing his boss, Dr. Ledbetter his new place and new outlook on life.]

Ross: A new place for a new Ross. I'm gonna have you and all the guys from work over once it's y'know, furnished.

Dr. Ledbetter: I must say it's nice to see you back on your feet.

Ross: Well I am that. And that whole rage thing is definitely behind me.

Dr. Ledbetter: I wonder if its time for you to rejoin our team at the museum?

Ross: Oh Donald that—that would be great. I am totally ready to come back to work. I—What? (He notices something through the window.) No! Wh... What are you doing?!! (Dr. Ledbetter is slowly backing away.)

GET OFF MY SISTER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

End

515. The One With The Girl Who Hits Joey

Written by: Adam Chase

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: The hallway, Ross is running up the stairs. Note: This show continues where the last one left off.]

Ross: Chandler!!! Chandler!!! (He opens the door to the apartment but is stopped by the chain; Chandler and Monica quickly stop making out and try to get dressed.) Chandler, I saw what you were doing through the window! Chandler, I saw what you were doing to my sister! Now get out here!

Chandler: (To Monica) Wow! Listen, we had a good run. What was it? Four? Five months? I mean, that's more than most people have in a lifetime! So, good-bye, take care, bye-bye then! (He kisses her and starts to climb out the balcony window.)

Monica: What are you doing?!

Chandler: Oh, I'm going on the lamb.

Monica: Come on Chandler, come on, I can handle Ross. (They go to the door. Ross is trying to stick his hand through and undo the chain; Monica pushes his hand back.) (To Ross) Hold on! (She opens the door.) Hey Ross. What's up bro?

(Ross spots Chandler and starts chasing him around the kitchen table. Chandler runs and hides behind Monica.)

Ross: What the hell are doing?!!

Rachel: (running from the guy's apartment with Joey in tow) Hey, what's-what's going on?!

Chandler: Well, I think, I **think** Ross knows about me and Monica.

Joey: (panicking) Dude! He's right there!

Ross: (To Chandler) I thought you were my best friend, this is my sister! My best friend and my sister! I-I cannot believe this!

Chandler: Look, we're not just messing around! I love her. Okay, I'm in love with her.

Monica: I'm so sorry that you had to find out this way. I'm sorry, but it's true, I love him too.

(There's a brief pause.)

Ross: (happily) My best friend and my sister! I cannot believe this. (He hugs them both.) (To Joey and Rachel) You guys probably wanna get some hugs in too, huh? Big news!

Rachel: Awww, no, it's okay, we've actually known for a while.

(There's another pause as Ross gets angry again.)

Ross: What? What? What?! You guys knew? (Joey and Rachel backup against the door.) You **all** knew and you didn't tell me?!!

Rachel: Well, Ross, we were worried about you. We didn't know how you were going to react.

(Pause.)

Ross: (happily again) You were worried about me? You didn't know how I was going to react? (He hugs them both.)

Joey: Okay, all right, whew! What do you say we all clear out of here and let these two lovebirds get back down to business? (Ross turns and glares at him.) Hey-hey-hey, I-I-I'm just talking here, he-he's the one doing your sister.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone is there.]

Ross: Hey, you know what I just realized? If you guys ever have kids...

Chandler: (interrupting) Whoa-whoa-whoa! We're having kids?!

Joey: (quickly) I call Godfather!

Ross: You can't just **call** Godfather. Don't you think her brother should be Godfather?

Joey: Sure, if you cared enough to call it first.

Monica: Guys, you're a few steps ahead of us.

Chandler: Yeah, big zero gravity moon steps.

Rachel: Oh! Oh, I just thought of the greatest wedding gift to get you.

Phoebe: Ooh, I'll go in on that with you! I couldn't think of anything.

Rachel: Okay.

(A girl enters.)

Joey: (to her) Oh, hey Katie! Everyone, this is Katie.

Katie: Hi!

All: Hi!

Joey: So, are you ready to go?

Katie: Yeah, I just gotta run to the bathroom.

Joey: Oh sure, right back there. (Points.)

Katie: Hey, where are we going to lunch?

Joey: I was thinking Chinese food.

Katie: Ohh, I **love** Chinese! How did you know I love Chinese?! (She hits him repeatedly as she says that.)

(She heads to the bathroom and Joey sits back down.)

Rachel: She is so cute! You could fit her right in your little pocket!

Joey: I don't know. I mean I like her a lot, and she's really nice, but...

Monica: But what?

Joey: (shyly) She keeps punching me.

(They all laugh.)

Monica: In that cute, little, sweet way she just did?

Joey: Hey, it's a lot harder than it looks! Okay? (Quietly) She-she-she's hurting me.

Monica: I know what you need, you need a bodyguard. Hey Ross, what is Ben doing after preschool?

Chandler: Hey listen, come on, Joey is having a problem! A little girl is beating him up.

Rachel: Aww, Joey, come here. (She takes his hand.) Look honey, I know this must be really, really difficult for you and I--Oh, I'm sorry. Am I hurting you?

[Scene: Ross's apartment, he's unpacking after moving in. There's a knock on the door and he answers it.]

Ross: (opens it to reveal Phoebe) Hey!

Phoebe: Hey! I brought you some house warming gifts.

Ross: Aww.

Phoebe: Yeah. Salt, so your life always has flavor.

Ross: Huh.

Phoebe: Bread, so you never go hungry.

Ross: Ohh.

Phoebe: And a scented candle for the bathroom, because well, y'know.

Ross: Thanks. Thanks. And thanks again.

Phoebe: Yeah!

(The door across the hall opens and a guy walks into Ross's apartment.)

Guy: Hi!

Ross: Hi!

Guy: Welcome to the building. I'm uh, Steve Sarah; I'm president of the tenants committee.

Ross: Oh hi! Ross Geller. And this is my friend Phoebe.

Steve: Oh hi Phoebe.

Phoebe: Mr. President.

Steve: I came to talk to you about Howard.

Ross: Howard?

Steve: Yeah, he's the handy man. He's gonna be retiring next week and everyone who lives here is kicking in a 100 bucks as a thank you for all the hard work type of thing.

Ross: Oh that's nice.

Steve: Yeah. So, do you want to give a check? Or...

Ross: Oh. Uhh...

Steve: Oh look, you don't have to give it to me right now! You can slip it under my door. (Points to his apartment across the hall.)

Ross: No-no, it's not that, it's just... I-I **just** moved in.

Steve: Well, the guy's worked here for 25 years.

Ross: Yes, but I've lived here for 25 minutes.

Steve: Oh, okay, I get it. (Starts to leave.)

Ross: No wait, look. Look! I'm sorry, it's just I've never even **met** Howard. I-I mean I don't know Howard.

Steve: Howard's the **handy** man!

Ross: Yes but to me he's just, man.

Steve: Okay, fine, whatever. Welcome to the building. (Exits.)

Ross: (To Phoebe) Ugh, can you believe that guy!

Phoebe: Yeah. I really like his glasses.

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Ross is lamenting to Chandler and Rachel about his troubles in his new building.]

Ross: ...so then President Steve told everyone that I was a cheapskate, and now the whole building hates me! A little kid spit on my knee! Y'know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna throw a party. That's right. For

everyone in the building, and I'm gonna sit them down and explain to them, I am not a bad guy. I am not a cheap guy! I'm just a guy who—who stands up for what he believes in. A man with principles.

Chandler: (To Rachel) Sounds like a fun party.

Rachel: Hmm. Look, Ross, if you want your neighbors to like you, why don't you just pay the hundred bucks? The party's gonna cost you way more than that.

Ross: It doesn't matter! It's my principles! We're talking about my principles!

Rachel: Okay, I thought it was about your neighbors liking you.

Ross: Oh, they'll like me. Once they come to my awesome PAR-TAY! Okay, I gotta run. I gotta go get some nametags. (Exits.)

Rachel: And that crazy party animal will be your brother-in-law.

Chandler: Very, very funny, but don't say things like that in front of Monica. I don't want you putting any ideas in her head.

Rachel: Umm, Chandler, you **do** realize that those ideas are probably already in Monica's head.

Chandler: Wh-wh-why?!

Rachel: Well, because she loves you and because you love her.

Chandler: Yeah, so, what's that supposed to mean?!

Rachel: Hey, Chandler, don't freak out! I'm telling you something you already know! Come on, she broke up with Richard because he didn't want to have babies. And she's a woman, and she's almost 30, and y'know it's Monica.

Chandler: I don't see it that way. Okay? Because, I see two Monicas, the one that was my friend, who lived across the hall, and wanted to have a lot of babies and then the new Monica, who I just started to date. Now, who's to say what **she** wants?! I'm right. I'm right. Am I right?

Rachel: No, you're right, you are absolutely right. I mean that makes, that makes everything different.

Chandler: Okay. It's not different at all, is it?

Rachel: Not unless different means the same.

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey is sitting on the couch with Katie.]

Katie: You were so funny with that waiter! You're such a nut! (She slaps her thighs, Joey jerks, and spills some of his coffee.)

Joey: (sets the coffee down) Y'know, breadstick fangs are always funny.

Katie: No, you make them funny. You're the funny one! (She punches him again and he retreats to the arm of the couch.)

Joey: Uhh, look Katie, uh listen, we—we need to talk. Okay? Umm, look I like you. I—I really do, I like you a lot. Okay? But sometimes when you, when you playfully punch me like that it—it feels like someone's hitting me with a very tiny but very **real** bat.

Katie: Aww, like I could hurt you. Are you making fun of my size? Don't make fun of me because of my size! (She punches him again and almost knocks him off the arm of the couch.)

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Chandler and Monica are curled up on one of the chairs.]

Monica: Isn't this great?

Chandler: Hmm.

Monica: Couldn't you just stay like this forever? (His eyes snap open.) Chandler! Couldn't you just stay here forever?

Chandler: Yeah, here, somewhere else, y'know where—where ever. (Gets up.)

Monica: Are you okay?

Chandler: Yeah, I'm cool. Casual.

Monica: What—what are you doing?

Chandler: I'm just hanging out. Y'know, having fun. Y'know with the girl that I'm seeing casually.

Monica: Man, I knew it! I knew you were going to do this!!

Chandler: What?!

Monica: Get all freaked out because everybody was talking and just joking around about marriage and stuff.

Chandler: Well, you **do** want all that stuff, right?

Monica: Oh and **you** know what I want!

Chandler: Yes! You want babies! You have baby fever!

Monica: I do not have baby fever!

Chandler: Oh please, you are obsessed with babies and—and marriage and everything that's related to babies and—and marriage! I've got an idea, why don't we turn down the heat on this pressure cooker?!

Monica: Have you lost your mind? Chandler, this isn't about me! This is about you and all your weird relationship commitment crap!

Chandler: Nah—uh! I know you! Okay? I know the thoughts that you have in the head—in your head!

Monica: You don't know everything. Did you know that I'm going out with Rachel tonight instead of you? Hmm? And did you know that the only baby around here is you?! And did you know that I can't even look at you right now?! (She storms out.)

Chandler: Well, I did not know that.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler is getting advice from Ross and Joey.]

Chandler: It's gonna be okay, right? I mean she's not gonna leave me? This is, this is fixable.

Ross and Joey: Oh yeah, yeah, sure. Absolutely.

Chandler: By me?

Ross: Oh, no!

Joey: No—no.

Ross: Well, unless you make some kind of big gesture.

Joey: Yeah, big!

(Monica enters.)

Joey: Uh—oh, shht! The Misses.

Monica: Gunther, can I get a coffee (Looks at Chandler) to go?

Chandler: Monica. (Goes to talk to her.)

Monica: I'm still not done not wanting to talk to you.

Chandler: Just tell me what I need to do to make things right.

Monica: What?!

Chandler: Well, that's what we do. Y'know, I—I mess up and then you tell me how to fix it and then I do and then y'know you think I'm all cute again.

Monica: Really? I'm really tired of being your relationship tutor. You're gonna have to figure this one for yourself. All right? Y'know what? If you're too afraid to be in a real relationship, then don't be in one. (She walks out.)

(Chandler turns to watch her go and then sees Ross and Joey both with huge grimaces on their faces.)

[Scene: Ross's apartment, he's having his party, only he's the only guest. He gets up and puts on a nametag that says Ross, but doesn't quite like it. So he takes it off and puts on one that says Dr. Geller and he puts the Ross one underneath the Dr. Geller one. Then as he turns off the music, we hear the party for Howard raging in the apartment across the hall.]

Party Guests: (chanting) Howard! Howard! Howard! Howard! (Ross goes to investigate the noise) Howard! Howard! Howard! (They're holding Howard above their heads.) Howard! Howard! Howard! Howard! Howard! (He sees Phoebe chanting along with them.) Howard! Howard! Howard! Howard! Howard! Howard! Howard! Howard! Howard! Yay!!

Ross: Phoebe! (He grabs her arm to get her attention.)

Phoebe: Oh, hi Ross!

Ross: What are you doing?

Phoebe: Oh, I thought this was your party and it turns out it's a party for Howard. He's just the sweetest little man! (A guest walks up to her.)

Guest #1: See ya Phoebe! Oh and hey, thanks for chipping in!

Ross: You chipped in?!

Phoebe: Yeah, uh—huh, a 100 dollars.

Ross: Phoebe! I can't believe you gave them money! I thought you agreed it was totally unreasonable that they asked me for that money!

Phoebe: Yeah, but they didn't ask me! Y'know? This way I'm just y'know, the exotic, generous stranger. That's always fun to be.

Ross: Yeah, but you're making me look bad!

Phoebe: No I'm not. No! If anything I'm making you look better! They'll see you talking to me and that's— I'm a hit!

Steve: (walking up) Oh hey, Pheebs!

Phoebe: Hey!

Steve: Oh hey, Ross. Umm, see, I was thinking maybe you two could switch apartments because Phoebe's more our kind of people. Something to think about. (Walks away.)

(Ross turns and glares at Phoebe.)

Phoebe: Yeah, okay, my bad.

[Scene: Central Perk, Rachel is getting some coffee as Joey enters. He's looking a little puffy, but that's probably from the large number of different color sweaters he's wearing.]

Joey: Hey!

Rachel: Hi! Wow! You look, you look...big.

Joey: Thanks! I've been working out. Hey listen, is it obvious that I'm wearing six sweaters?

Rachel: Uhhh, yeah. But it's not obvious why.

Joey: Well look, I'm breaking up with Katie so I had to put on some extra padding. Y'know? I mean, if she hits me when she's happy, can you imagine how hard she's gonna hit me when I tell her I'm taking away the Joey love?

Katie: (entering) Hi!

Joey: Hey! Hiya!

Rachel: Hey! Hey, cute jacket!

Katie: Oh, thanks! That's so sweet! (She punches Rachel like she punched Joey.)

Rachel: Oh! Ow! (Joey motions, "You see what I mean?!")

Katie: Oh, ow! Did Joey tell you to say that? You guys, (Punches Joey) are too much! (Punches Rachel.)

Rachel: Whoa! (Laughs) Y'know what Katie? I gotta tell ya I-I-I think you are the one who is too much. (She punches Katie back.)

Katie: Ohh, Joey has the nicest friends! (She punches Rachel.)

Rachel: Ohh, and the nicest girlfriend! (She retaliates.)

Katie: You're so sweet! (Punches Rachel yet again.)

Rachel: Ohh, you're so sweet! (She kicks Katie in the shin.)

Katie: Oww!!!! Joey, she just kicked me.

Joey: Huh.

Katie: Well? Aren't you gonna do something?

Joey: Uhh...

Katie: You'd better do something, or I'm gonna walk out that door right now! Well? Are you gonna?

Joey: Nah.

(She looks at Rachel and storms out. After she's left Joey hugs Rachel in thanks.)

[Scene: Howard's party, Phoebe is talking Ross up to two more partygoers. Ross isn't happy about it.]

Ross: (trying to get her attention) Phoebe?

Phoebe: (ignoring him and continuing her conversation) That's what I'm saying. (Laughs.)

Ross: (tapping her on the shoulder) Phoebe? Phoebe?

Phoebe: Ooh. (Turns to him.)

Ross: Look, this is a disaster! Can't I please just go?

Phoebe: No! No! I'm talking you up to people. Just give it a little time, all right? Relax, get something to eat! Okay?

(They go to the food table.)

Ross: So uh, what did you tell them about me?

Phoebe: Oh, I was telling them about you and Emily. Y'know, try to get some sympathy.

Ross: Ohh. (He cuts himself a piece of cake.)

Phoebe: But somehow you came off as the bad guy.

Ross: What?!

Phoebe: Yeah, I think I told it wrong. Y'know, we should talk about that because I don't totally understand what happened there.

Ross: (trying a piece of cake) Ohh, this cake is really good!

Phoebe: Oh, okay, see? Things are looking up already!

Guest #2: (sees the cake) Oh my God! Someone cut Howard's cake! (Ross tries dumping it into a nearby plant.) Who would do a think like that?

(Steve goes over to look at Ross who's trying to look cool, but has some frosting on his lip.)

Steve: 3-B!

All: Oh yeah, aww!

Steve: Okay, you got your free food! You ruined everyone's fun! Don't you think it's time you went home?!

Guest #3: Yeah, leave!

All: Yeah, get out! Now!

Steve: Go back to 3-B, 3-B!

Phoebe: All right, everyone calm down! Everyone calm down! I have something that I would like to say! Who here likes Ross? (Ross is the only one who raises his hand and Phoebe glares at him to put his hand back down.) Of course you don't like him! He—he didn't give you any money, he raised his own hand when I asked, "Who here likes Ross," and he's wearing two nametags! (He takes one off.) I—I'll be honest with you guys, when I first met Ross I didn't like him at all! But then once I got to know him I saw that he's really sweet and caring and **very** generous. I mean, all I'm saying is don't judge Ross before you get to know him all right? I mean, I like all you guys now, but when I first meet you y'know Kurt, I thought, y'know abrasive drunk, umm Lola, mind numbingly stupid! And okay, you guys (She turns to an elderly gentleman and a 20 something woman, who're a couple.) (To the girl) Gold-digger, (To the old guy) cradle robbing perv! So, I think you all know what I mean.

[Scene: Ross's apartment, Ross and Phoebe have been banished to Ross's place.]

Phoebe: Obviously I didn't think they were gonna start throwing things. I just thought if I kept insulting everyone, you would jump in and defend everyone and then you could look like the hero.

Ross: Oh wow, yeah! See, I did not get that.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Chandler comes running in. Everyone else is already there.]

Chandler: Where's Monica?! Where is she? I need to talk to her! It's urgent! Is she here?

Monica: (raising her hand) I'm Monica.

Chandler: I need to talk to you, it's urgent!

Monica: Okay.

Chandler: Okay, I've been doing a lot of thinking about us, y'know a lot of uhh, us thinking. And uh, well I guess there's only one—one way to do this. (He slowly and awkwardly gets down on one knee.)

Monica: Wait what—wh—wh—what are you doing?!

Chandler: (getting out a ring box) Monica...

Monica: No—no, don't—don't—don't do it!

Chandler: Will you marry me?

(Phoebe hides her eyes in shame. Rachel is staring at them wide-eyed and open-mouthed. Joey and Ross are stunned to temporary silence.)

Ross: Oh—no. No. No.

Joey: What a bad idea!

Rachel: Ohhhh, I cannot look at it! (She doesn't move.)

Monica: Chandler, why are you doing this?

Chandler: I don't know. But I know I'm not afraid to do this.

Monica: Chandler.

Chandler: I'm doing this because I'm sorry?

Monica: Do you umm, you really think the best reason to get married is because you're sorry?

Chandler: No, the best reason to get married is pregnancy. Sorry is pretty much fourth y'know, behind being ready and actually **wanting** to get married. (Laughs.) Will you be my wife?

Monica: (kneels with him) Chandler, umm, I want you to take just a minute and I want you to think about how **ridiculous** this sounds.

Chandler: Yeah, I'm kinda wishing everyone wasn't here right now.

Monica: Honey! Do you know that none of that stuff came from me?! I mean I never said I wanted to have babies and get married right now!

Chandler: Yeah I know, but I was really confused and then I talked to these guys. (Turns to look at Ross and Joey.)

Monica: Who? Two divorces and Joey?!

Ross: Hey!

Joey: She's right y'know.

Ross: Yeah, but still, cheap shot!

Monica: Y'know what? Y'know when I said that I want you to deal with this relationship stuff all on your own? Well, you're not ready for that.

Chandler: I didn't think I was!

(They hug.)

Monica: Oh my God, what would have done if I said yes?

Chandler: Well I would've been happy because I would've be able to spend the rest of my life with the woman that I love. Or, you would've seen a Chandler shaped hole in that door. (Points at the door.)

Ending Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Everyone is there.]

Joey: Hey Ross, will you pass me that knife?

Ross: No, I will not!

Joey: Oh, it's okay. You don't have to be so mean about it.

Ross: You're right, I'm sorry. Will you marry me?

(They all laugh.)

Phoebe: Aw, and I was gonna ask you to marry me because I forgot to say hello to you last week.

Rachel: Oh no wait Pheebs, I think for something like that you just ask them to move in with you. But I'm not sure, Chandler?

Chandler: Okay, how long is this going to go on.

Monica: Well I think the length of teasing is directly related to how insane you were so, a long time.

Ross: This is fun. Hey Rach, remember that whole "We were on a break thing?" Well, I'm sorry, will you marry me? (Laughs--whines as he sees that no one is laughing. They're just staring at him in shock.)

Chandler: That's not funny.

Season 5

Joey: That's not funny at all!
(They all get up and leave.)

End

516. The One With A Cop

Story by: Alicia Sky Varinaitis

Teleplay by: Gigi McCreery & Perry Rein

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Monica and Chandler are sitting on one of the chairs doing a crossword puzzle.]

Joey: Hey!

Chandler: Hey!

Monica: Hey!

Joey: What are you guys doing up?

Chandler: Oh, we wanted to finish the crossword before we went to bed. Hey, do you know a six-letter word for red?

Joey: (thinks) Dark red.

Chandler: Yeah, I think that's wrong, but there's a Connect the Dots in here for you later. (To Monica) Hey, how about maroon?

Monica: (checks to see if it works) Yes, you are so smart! (Kisses him.)

Joey: Aww, you guys are so cute!

Monica: I know.

Joey: All right, I'll see you in the morning.

Chandler and Monica: Okay.

[Scene: Joey's bedroom, time lapse. He's asleep and dreaming. In his dream he's doing the crossword puzzle with...wait for it...Monica!]

Dream Monica: Y'know, I love doing crossword puzzles with you honey!

Dream Joey: Aww, me too. Now let's finish this and go to bed.

Dream Monica: Okay! There's only one left, three letter word, not dog but...

Dream Joey: Cat.

Dream Monica: Yes! You are so smart! (Kisses him.) I love you.

Dream Joey: I love you too.

(They hug.)

[Cut back to Joey in bed, he's smiling, enjoying the dream as he wakes up. Suddenly, he realized what he was dreaming about and bolts upright in bed.]

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone is there but Ross and Joey. Gunther hands them the bill, and Chandler gives some money to pay it.]

Rachel: (looking at the bill) Uhh, we still need a tip.

Phoebe: All right. Hold on. (She starts digging in the chair.) I got it. Nickel! (Donates it.) How much more do we need?

Rachel: A couple of bucks.

Phoebe: Okay, dime! (Donates that.) You guys should probably keep talking; this could take a while. (Finds something else.) Oh no, wait! Look it! Whoa! (Looks at it.) Oh my God, this is a police badge!

Monica: Wow!

Chandler: Oh that's so cool! Why would a cop come in here though? They don't serve donuts. (No one laughs.) Y'know what actually, could you discover the badge again? I think I can come up with something better than that.

Rachel: Phoebe, I bet somebody's missing that badge.

Phoebe: Yeah, I should probably take it back. Ooh, but you know what? While I'm at the police station, I could check their Ten Most Wanted lists because my friend Fritzzy has been like number 11 forever, so this could be her year! (She crosses her fingers in hope.)

Joey: (entering) Hey, you guys!

Chandler: Hey!

Rachel: Hey Joey!

Monica: Hey.

Joey: (To Monica) Hey. That uh, that my sweatshirt?

Monica: Oh yes, it is. I'm sorry I borrowed it, I was cold. I hope its okay?

Joey: Well uh, it's just that uh, y'know if--if you're gonna be wearing someone's sweatshirt shouldn't it be your boyfriends--and I'm not him.

Monica: I'm sorry, I'll give it back to you.

Joey: No--no! No! I mean it's gonna be all smelling like Monica!

Monica: Are you saying I smell bad?

Joey: No! No, you smell like a meadow. (Pause.) I'm sorry. (Runs to the bathroom.)

Monica: What's with him?

Chandler: Oh, y'know what? The last time Joey went to a meadow, his mother was shot by a hunter.

[Scene: A couch store, Ross is trying to decide on a new couch for his place. He has dragged Rachel along for the trip, and she's not too happy about it. Ross is sitting on it in different ways to see how it feels. He tries to just sit on it normally, and then he tries flopping on it. One thing about this couch, it's huge. It's like twice the size of a normal full size couch. Whoever designed this thing, needs help and fast.]

Rachel: (disgusted at Ross's antics) Ugh!

Ross: (To Rachel) Yeah, I still don't know. (To the salesman who is hovering nearby) I'm sorry I just wanna make sure that I bought the right couch. I need a couch that says, "Kids welcome here." But that also says, (In a sexy voice) "Come here to me!"

Rachel: What?! You say that to kids?!!

Ross: No! No! No! The "Come here to me" is y'know for the ladies.

Rachel: Ross, honey, it's a nice couch. It's not a magic couch.

The Salesman: You picked a great couch.

Ross: Yeah?

The Salesman: Yeah. Could you just sign right here please? (Hands him a clipboard.)

Ross: Oh, sure. Whoa—whoa, what's this? The delivery charge is almost as much as the couch!

Rachel: Wait! No, that's ridiculous. Come on, he lives three blocks away!

Ross: Yeah, y'know what? I'll take it myself, thank you! (He signs the form and hands it back to the salesman.) All right Rach, let's go! (He picks up one end of the couch.)

Rachel: Yeah! (She puts on her coat and turns around and sees Ross is expecting her to help.) (Laughing.) Are you kiddin'?

Ross: Oh, come on it's only three blocks! And—and, it's not very heavy, try it! Come on! Come on!

Rachel: (Disgustedly she goes and tries to pick up the couch. Much to her amazement, she is successful.) Oh. Oh! I can do it!

Ross: Yeah!

The Salesman: You two are really gonna enjoy that couch.

Ross: Oh yeah, we're uh, yeah we're not together. (He starts backing out of the store.)

The Salesman: Ohh, okay. (Laughs.) Something didn't quite add up there. (Ross stops, walks back to talk to the salesman, and in the process pushes Rachel up against a wall.)

Rachel: Ross!

Ross: What's that supposed to mean?

Rachel: Ross!

The Salesman: Well you, her, I mean, she's very...y'know. And you're like...y'know.

Ross: Not that it's any of your business, but we **did** go out.

The Salesman: Really? You two?

Ross: Yeah! Rach?

Rachel: Come on, I don't really want to be doing this right now. I am carrying a very heavy couch.

Ross: Then tell him quickly.

Rachel: (To Ross) Fine! (To the salesman) We went out.

Ross: Not only did we go out, we did it 298 times!

Rachel: Ross!! Oh my--ugh!! You kept count?! You are **such** a loser!

Ross: A loser you did it with (To the salesman) 298 times!

(Rachel pushes on the couch and pushes Ross out the door.)

[Scene: Outside of Central Perk, Phoebe is exiting and sees a woman put out her cigarette on a tree.]

Phoebe: Oh. Oh! Ma'am? Excuse me, ma'am?

The Smoking Woman: Yes?

Phoebe: You can't put your cigarette out on a tree!

The Smoking Woman: Yeah I can, it worked real well.

Phoebe: No but you shouldn't! Don't ever do that again.

The Smoking Woman: I won't! (Turns away) Until I have my next cigarette.

Phoebe: Hold it! (Grabs the badge) N.Y.P.D! Freeze punk!

The Smoking Woman: What?!

Phoebe: Yeah that's right you are so busted. (To no one in particular.) Book 'em.

The Smoking Woman: Who are you talking too?

Phoebe: Save it Red! Unless you wanna spend the night in the slammer, you apologize to the tree.

The Smoking Woman: I am **not** going to apologize to a tree!

Phoebe: You apologize to the tree right now or I am calling for backup. (The woman calls her bluff.)
(Screaming at no one in particular) Backup! Backup!!

The Smoking Woman: I—I'm sorry! Sorry.

Phoebe: Okay, cancel backup! Cancel backup!

[Scene: Ross's building's lobby, he and Rachel are about to attempt to take the couch upstairs.]

Ross: Okay. (Throws off the last cushion.)

Rachel: Ross, didn't you say that there was an elevator in here?

Ross: Uhh, yes I did but there isn't. Okay, here we go.

(They start the attempt. Ross is going backwards and reaches the first landing. This staircase has three steps then a landing, makes a 90-degree turn, and has more steps before another landing and another 90-degree turn.)

Ross: Okay, go left. Left! Left! (The bottom of the couch is hitting the railing.)

Rachel: Okay, y'know what? There is no more left, left!

Ross: Oh okay, lift it straight up over your head! Straight up over your head! You can do it! You can do it!
(She gets it lifted up and they make the first turn.) Okay. You got it?

Rachel: Yeah.

Ross: Good-good-good.

Rachel: Oh-oh!

(She can't stay at the end as the couch rounds the turn so she shifts to the back corner of the couch and is at a 90-degree angle to it.)

Ross: Yeah, you got it right? You got it right? You got it?

(She don't got it as the couch slips out of their grips and falls over the bottom railing.)

Rachel: Any chance you think the couch looks good there?

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Phoebe is telling Chandler and Monica how she fought crime in her own way with the badge she found.]

Phoebe: ...so this guy was all (Mumbles.) And I'm all, Buffay, Homicide. (Flashes the badge.) It was just so cool!

Monica: (cooking something) Phoebe, you were supposed to take that back!

Phoebe: I know but I'm having so much fun doing good deeds.

Chandler: Okay, but impersonating a police officer is a serious thing. You could get arrested.

Phoebe: You could get arrested, right now! (Flashes the badge and they glare at her.) All right, yeah, I gotta take it back. I'm totally drunk with power. (She heads for the door just as Joey enters.)

Phoebe: (To Joey) Hey.

Joey: (To Phoebe) Hey! (Sees that Monica's there.) Oh.

Chandler: Hi, Joe.

Joey: Yeah, I didn't know you guys were going to be here.

Monica: Hey Joey, sweetie, taste this. (Holds out a spoon for him.)

Joey: (backing away) What?! Why?!

Monica: What is going on with you?

Joey: Nothing!

Chandler: Oh, come on! You've been acting strange all day!

Joey: All right! There is something. I kinda had a dream, (pause) but I don't want to talk about it. (Starts for his room.)

Chandler: Whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-whoa-what-what if Martin Luther King had said that? (Imitating what his famous speech would sound like.) I kinda have a dream! I don't want to talk about it.

Joey: Well, it involved Monica.

Chandler: You had a dream about a girl that I am seeing?! Oh, that is so cool! (To Monica) I can't tell you how many times I've dreamt about a girl that he was seeing. (Seeing Monica's stare.) (To Joey) Anyway we're talking about your dream. (To Monica) I love you. (To Joey) Your dream? (Leans in to listen closely.)

Joey: Don't worry, there wasn't any sex in it or anything. I haven't dreamt about her like that since I found out about you two--ish.

Monica: What was the dream about?

Joey: Well, okay. You were my girlfriend and **we** were doing the crossword puzzle. Y'know like you guys were doing last night. So, that's it. I'm in love with Monica and I'll be moving out.

Monica: Wait, Joey! Joey! That doesn't mean that-that you're in love with me!

Joey: It-it doesn't?

Monica: No!

Chandler: No, it can mean anything. Like uh, all of the sudden you're jealous because I've become the apartment stud.

Joey: That kinda sounds like your dream dude.

Monica: Or, it could mean that-that you saw Chandler and me together and we y'know were being close and stuff and then you just want to have that with someone too.

Joey: In the dream I did enjoy the closeness.

Monica: Um-hmm.

Chandler: Joey, look, are you attracted to Monica? Right here, right now, are you attracted to her?

Joey: (looks at her) Not really.

Chandler: Well there you have it!

Monica: Well sure! I'm just wearing sweats! (Looking at Chandler and slowly realizing what his point is.) But that's good that you're not in love with me, because you just want a girlfriend!

Joey: No, I don't think it's just about just getting a girlfriend. Y'know? I mean, yeah, I can get a girlfriend! Yeah, we could sit in the chair and do crosswords, but y'know are we ever going to have y'know the closeness like-like you guys have?

Chandler: Well y'know, Monica and I were **friends** before we started dating. So maybe-maybe that's it?

Joey: Friends first? That's interesting.

Monica: You become friends after?

Joey: No, never done that either.

Rachel: (entering) Hey, umm, do you guys have that tape measure?

Chandler: Oh yeah, it's actually in my bedroom.

(Monica and Chandler both remember a special moment between them.)

Monica: (laughing) That's right.

(They realize the implication of their behavior, stop instantly and head for his bedroom. In the meanwhile, Joey is staring at Rachel in a seductive way.)

Rachel: (noticing him) What's up Joey?

Joey: (in a sexy voice) How you doin'?

(Rachel is stunned.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Outside Central Perk, Phoebe is walking up and notices a car that is parked half on the curb and right in front of the door, making it difficult for people to enter Central Perk.]

Phoebe: Excuse me, is this your car?

Guy: Yeah.

Phoebe: Well I don't think it's very nice of you to park here, y'know you're blocking the entrance.

Guy: Don't worry about it. It's not a problem.

Phoebe: Well, it's a problem for me, which means it's a problem for you 'cause I'm a cop. (Shows the badge.)

Guy: (he reaches into the car and slams his siren on the roof.) So am I!

Phoebe: Ohh, no. (Pause) Oh okay, so you're a cop which means you can park anywhere, 'cause I know that 'cause I'm a cop too. So, all right, keep up the good work. 10-4. (Tries to leave.)

Cop: (stopping her) Hey, wait a second! So wait, what precinct are you with?

Phoebe: I-I'm with the umm, the 57th.

Cop: Oh, I know a guy in homicide up there.

Phoebe: I'm in vice. Yeah, in fact I'm undercover right now. I'm a whore.

Cop: Who—who else is in vice up there?

Phoebe: Umm, do you know, umm Sipowicz?

Cop: Sipowicz? No, I don't think so.

Phoebe: Yeah, big guy, kinda bald.

Cop: No, I don't know him.

Phoebe: (starts to walk away, but stops) Don't try to call him or anything, 'cause he's not there, he's out. His umm, his partner just died.

Cop: Wow umm, tell Sipowicz I'm real sorry for his loss.

Phoebe: I-I sure will, take care. (Starts walking off.)

Cop: (following her) Hey by the way, I'm sure Sipowicz is gonna be all right. I heard that kid from *Silver Spoons* is really good. (Phoebe's stunned) And where did you find my badge?

Phoebe: Oh. (She starts laughing. Then she throws the badge at him and runs away.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Joey is entering. Rachel is there getting some tools to help Ross out.]

Rachel: Hey! Joey, would you mind giving me and Ross a hand moving his couch?

Joey: Oh, I'd love too, but I got acting class. But y'know what? I guess I can blow that off, (In a sexy voice) for you.

(He starts staring at her longingly.)

Rachel: Thanks!

Joey: Uh, hey, Rach let me ask you something. Uh, I was just over there talking to Monica and Chandler, boy they are really tight.

Rachel: I know.

Joey: Yeah that's not such a bad situation they got going over there. I'm thinking of getting me one of those.

Rachel: What's up Joe?

Joey: Well, the reason I think Monica and Chandler are so great...

Rachel: Yeah?

Joey: ...is because they were friends first. Y'know? So I asked myself, "Who are my friends?" You and Phoebe, and I saw you first. So...

Rachel: (laughing) What are you saying?

Joey: I'm saying maybe you and I crank it up a notch.

Rachel: Y'know honey, umm, as uh, as flattered as I am that uh, you saw me first, uhh, I just, I-I don't think we should be cranking anything up.

Joey: I'll treat you real nice. (Pulls out a chair for her.)

Rachel: (laughs and pushes the chair back in) Yeah, well, y'know umm... No honey, listen I think it's a **great** idea to become friends with someone before you date them, but I think the way you do it is y'know you meet someone, become their friend, build a foundation, then you ask them out on a date. Don't hit on your existing friends!

Joey: Won't-won't that take longer?

Rachel: Yeah. Yeah. Oh, but once you find it, ohh it's **so** worth the wait.

Joey: Yeah. I understand. I understand. (Pause) **Man**, I wish I saw Phoebe first!

[Scene: The lobby of Ross's building, he's sitting on the couch at the bottom of the stairs, and he's practicing enticing women to join him on the couch.]

Ross: Come here to me. No-no, you come here to me.

Rachel: (entering) Hey Ross! I brought reinforcements.

Ross: Oh great! What, you brought Joey?

Rachel: Well, I brought the next best thing.

Chandler: (entering) Hey!

Ross: Chandler?! You brought Chandler?! The next best thing would be Monica!

Chandler: Y'know, I would be offended, but Monica is freakishly strong, so...

Ross: Look, I-I drew a sketch about how we're gonna do it. (Showing them) Okay Rach, (points to the sketch) that's you. That's the couch. (Points again.)

Rachel: Whoa-oh, what's-what's that? (Points.)

Ross: Oh, that's me.

Rachel: Wow! You certainly think a lot of yourself.

Ross: No! That's-that's my arm!

Chandler: (looking at the sketch) Oh, I see. I thought you just really, really liked your new couch.

Ross: Y'know what? Just-just follow my lead.

(Chandler and Ross head for opposite ends of the couch.)

Rachel: Okay!

Chandler: Okay.

Ross: Come on, Chandler.

(They pick up the couch and after throwing off the last pillow; Rachel helps out on Chandler's end.)

Ross: All right. (They start up the stairs. Ross is first.) Okay, here we go!

(Chandler has moved forward and is now underneath the couch as it heads up the first set of stairs.)

Ross: All right, ready?

Chandler: Yeah.

Ross: Turn.

Chandler: (straining) Okay.

Ross: Turn! Turn!

(As they turn the couch, Chandler gets sandwiched between the railing and the couch.)

Chandler: Okay, I don't think we can turn anymore!

Rachel: Ross, I don't, I just don't think it's going to fit.

Ross: Oh yeah it will! Come on, up! Up-up-up! Up! Yes! Here we go! Pivot! (They start up the stairs again.

Chandler is between the couch and the wall now.) Pivot! Piv-ot! Piv-et!! Piv-ett!!! Piv-et!

Chandler: Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!!

(They set the couch down.)

Ross: Okay, I don't think it's going to pivot anymore.

Chandler and Rachel: You think?!

Ross: All right, let's uh, let's bring it back down and-and try again.

(As they start back down the couch drops a little bit and gets jammed. They try to free it to no avail.)

Chandler: Okay, yeah, I think it's really stuck now.

Ross: I can't believe that didn't work!

Rachel: I know, me neither! I mean, you **had** a sketch!

Chandler: Oh, y'know, what did you mean when you said pivot?

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Joey is returning and finds Chandler, Monica, and Rachel are there.]

Joey: (entering) Hey!

Rachel: Hey! How's it going? Did you make any new friends?

Joey: Yeah, yeah, I met this woman. (Starts for his room.)

Chandler: (stopping him) Hey, whoa-whoa! What's she like?

Joey: Uhh, well, she's...really good in bed.

Monica: Joey, I thought you were gonna try to be friends first!

Joey: (To Rachel) Well look, hey, it's all your fault!

Rachel: What?! Why?!

Joey: Well because you didn't give me advice! No! You gave me a pickup line! As soon as I told her I wanted to y'know, build a foundation and be friends first. I suddenly, through no fault of my own, became irresistible to her! (Pause) And her roommate!

Monica: What about the closeness?

Joey: Closeness-shmoshness! There was three of us for crying out loud!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Joey is entering with a pizza and finds everyone but Ross there.]

Joey: (entering) All right! Hey, who wants pizza?!

Chandler: Ooh, I do! I do! I do!

(They all walk over to get a slice.)

Joey: (taking a bite) Oh, great! Can you believe I found it on the second floor?

(They all throw their pieces back as there is a knock on the door.)

Monica: Who is it?

Voice: N.Y.P.D.!!

Phoebe and Joey: Oh my God!

Joey: Uhh, just a minute officer!!

(He throws his piece back in the box, runs into the living room, looks for a place to hide the pizza, finds one, slides the box under the couch, sits down on the table, and tries to quickly chew the food in his mouth.)

Cop: I'm looking for Phoebe Buffay!

Phoebe: Ooh, God, it's him! It's that cop! God, I can't believe it! He found me!

Rachel: Oh my God, Phoebe, are you gonna go to jail?!

Phoebe: Well, if I'm going down, I'm taking you (Points at all of them) with me. (They all look at her.) Harboring a fugitive? That's one to three years minimum. Good luck Chandler. (She opens the door to the cop from before.) Okay, you can arrest me. Fine. But you'll never make it stick and you know it!

Cop: Yeah, but I kinda don't have a choice, it's my job. I mean, you understand right?

Phoebe: Yep! As long as you understand that I'm going to call my lawyer and once he puts you on the stand he'll make you look like a fool. A fool!

Cop: I don't like looking foolish. Y'know what? Maybe uh, I don't arrest you today. Maybe I came by and you weren't here.

Phoebe: I would **love** it if I weren't here!

Cop: Okay, so since umm, you're not going to jail tonight I was wondering if you would like to go to dinner with me?

Phoebe: Me?!

Cop: Yeah. Ever since you flashed my badge at me, I kinda can't stop thinking about you. You're the prettiest, fake undercover whore I've ever seen.

Chandler and Joey: Nice!

Phoebe: Wow! I didn't see that coming! You're—you're asking me out!

Cop: Yeah. I mean, I coulda done it better, but these people keep staring at me.

Phoebe: Umm, yeah, I'd like to go out with you officer...

Cop: Gary.

Phoebe: Gary.

Gary: Okay, so it's a date.

Phoebe: Yeah! So—ooh, I gotta ask you though. How did you know where to find me?

Gary: Well you're fingerprints were all over my badge so I just ran it through the computer and this was listed as your last known address so I just checked it out.

Phoebe: Ohh, impressive.

Gary: Not as impressive as you. I gotta tell you, I looked at your record and you've done some pretty weird stuff.

Phoebe: Yeah, we'll talk at dinner.

Gary: Okay. (He starts to leave.) So I'll come by in a couple hours and pick you up?

Phoebe: All right, I can't wait!

Gary: Okay. And don't worry, I'm not just gonna take you out for donuts.

(Chandler busts out laughing and everyone just looks at him.)

Chandler: (To Rachel) He **has** a gun!

Closing Credits

[Scene: The couch store, Ross is talking to a saleswoman.]

Ross: I'd like to return this couch. I'm not satisfied with it.

[The camera cuts to show the couch, which has been cut in half.]

The Saleswoman: You wanna return this couch? (Ross nods yes.) It's cut in half!

Ross: That's what I'm telling you.

The Saleswoman: Did you cut this couch in half?

Ross: This couch, is cut in **half!** I would like to exchange it for one that is not cut in half!

The Saleswoman: You're telling me this couch was delivered to you like this?!

Ross: Look, I am a reasonable man. I **will** accept store credit.

The Saleswoman: I'll give you store credit in the amount of four dollars.

Ross: (thinks) I take it.

End

517. The One With Rachel's Inadvertant Kiss

Written by: Andrew Reich & Ted Cohen

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone is there as Rachel enters, happily.]

Rachel: Good, you guys are all here!

Ross: Hey! What's up?

Rachel: Well, I have a job interview at *Ralph Lauren* tomorrow!

All: Congratulations! Ohh, that's great!

Rachel: I know!

Joey: Boy, that guy's underwear sucks!

Rachel: Wh-what?!

Joey: I got this pair marked excess, I gotta tell ya, there was no room for excess anything in there.

Rachel: Anyway, I'm going to be the coordinator of the woman's collection, I'll work right under the director, it's the perfect, perfect job for me!

Phoebe: Wow! Well, if you nail the interview, you'll get it!

Rachel: Yeah.

Phoebe: You wanna work on your interview skills?

Rachel: O-okay!

Phoebe: Okay! All right, let's start with the handshake. Hi.

Rachel: Hi.

(They shake hands.)

Phoebe: Very good handshake, good wrist action.

Monica: Let me try. (Gets up to join them.)

Phoebe: Okay. (They shake hands and she pulls away suddenly) Oh my God! What did I ever do to you?!
(Rubbing her hand.)

Monica: Did I squeeze it too hard?

Phoebe: Let's just say, I'm glad I'm not Chandler.

(Chandler tries to comprehend that remark.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Joey is standing at the window waving at Ross.]

Joey: That's right Ross, I can see you in your new apartment! And you can see me! Same as yesterday,
(To Monica) same as the day before.

Monica: Is he doing his shark attack bit yet?

Joey: Nope. Op, wait! There he goes.

(We see Ross through the window and he acts like a swimmer that gets attacked by a shark, picture one of the many, many, many *Jaws* movies they made and you get the idea.)

Joey: (waving) Very funny Ross! Very life-like and funny. Okay. (Notices that a woman is waving back.) Oh no-no-no, I wasn't waving at you lady. (She just stares at him.) (Joey sees how beautiful she is.) Whoa, maybe I was! Hey, Monica, this totally hot girl in Ross's building is flirting with me.

Monica: Get in there man! Flirt back, mix it up!

Joey: Yeah, I-I-I'm down with that. (He turns back to the woman.) Okay, here goes. (Thinks.) How (Holds up his hand like an Indian) you (Points at her) a-doin'? (Does a little twisting motion with both hands and ends up pointing at her, he then winks. She smiles and waves again.) (To Monica) It worked! She's waving me over. (Towards the woman.) Okay, I-I-I'll be right over. Let's see, she's on the third floor...

Monica: (joining him) Wow! She is pretty, huh?

Joey: Tell me about it, huh? (Realizes that she can see Monica.) Oh no-no-no, I'm not with her, she's just Monica! (He pantomimes that out.) Ewwuck! (He pushes Monica away and makes a disgusted face.)
[Scene: Ross's Building, Joey is trying to find the hot girl's apartment. So he's walking up the hallway counting doors. He comes to what he thinks is the right one and knocks on it. Ross opens the door, it's his apartment.]

Ross: Hey Joey! Great stuff huh?

Joey: This is your place?

Ross: Of course it is. Yeah, come on in. Ooh-ooh, go by the window you can pretend to be surfing. (He pretends he's surfing by the window.)

Joey: But I counted, you're not supposed to live here! Oh man! (Runs away.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Joey is entering again.]

Joey: Ugh!!

Monica: What happened?

Joey: I ended up at Ross's place. Oh, I musta missed counted or something. (Looks out the window.) Damn! She's not there anymore. Oh, I-I-look, Ross is doing his 'Watching TV' bit. (We see Ross sitting on the couch and flipping through the channels on his remote.)

Monica: No Joey, I think he's just watchin' TV.

(It's only when the camera cuts to Ross's apartment that we see that the TV is turned off and Ross is indeed doing a bit. He then tries to hide his smirk.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, later that day, Gary is kissing Phoebe good-bye.]

Gary's Radio: We've lost visual contact with the suspect.

Gary: Okay, now I've really have to go!

Phoebe: But it's just so unfair that our date has to get cut short just 'cause some guy shot at a store clerk.

Gary: I know, but it's my job, sweetheart!

Phoebe: Okay, then maybe I can come too!

Gary's Radio: Suspect has just emerged naked from the sewer.

Phoebe: All right, you go. (They kiss.)

Gary: Bye-bye.

Phoebe: 'Kay, bye!

(Gary closes the door behind him.)

Phoebe: Oh God!

Monica: What?

Phoebe: Oh I just miss him so much!

Monica: Wow! For just a week you guys are really close, huh?

Phoebe: Yeah, it's weird. I can't help it though he's so sweet, he's like this little puppy dog, y'know? But like a really tough one that shots bad guys. Ohh, I just **love** beginning parts of relationships, y'know?! You just like can't keep your hands off each other.

Monica: I know it is the best.

Phoebe: So—so how long did that last for you and Chandler?

Monica: What? It's still going on.

Phoebe: Come on, seriously! When did it end?

Monica: I—I am serious, I mean, we're, we're all over each other all the time.

Phoebe: Okay, you know where you are better than I do. I was just curious.

Monica: (Start annoying hyper-competitive mode now.) (Jumping up) What don't you just calm down Phoebe! All right?! Why don't you just get all your facts before you run around telling everybody that you're the only hot couple!!

Phoebe: (Under her breath) God, I woke the beast. Sorry. (To Monica) I was **wrong** obviously, I just—I misspoke. It's okay.

Monica: Oh no, it **is** okay, I mean as long as you know that Chandler and I are also very hot and fiery, just as hot as you! I mean our flame, whew, is on fire!

Chandler: (entering) Hey Monica, here's your broom back.

Monica: You are so cute. (She goes over and kisses him passionately.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the next day, Chandler and Joey are there as Rachel returns from her interview.]

Chandler: Oh hey, how'd the interview go?

Rachel: Ugh, horrible! I did the stupidest, most embarrassing thing!

Joey: Did you tell the guy you wanted to have sex with his wife and then fall right out of your chair?

Rachel: No!

Chandler: So what happened?

Rachel: Ugh, it was horrible! And—and the interview part went so well, y'know? I even made him laugh. He said something about a boat and I was like, "Well, yeah! If you've got enough life jackets!" (She starts laughing; Chandler and Joey are not amused.) Trust me, it was actually, it was very funny. Anyway, so we were saying good-bye and ugh!

Joey: What happened?

Rachel: (We see a flashback as Rachel describes what happened.) All right, we were shaking hands and he kinda leaned toward me... Y'know maybe he was going to open the door, but I totally miss read him and I uh... (The flashback shows that she kissed him on the cheek.)

Joey: You kissed him?!

Rachel: Well, I didn't know what else to do!

Chandler: Well you coulda tried, not kissing him.

Rachel: Thanks Chandler.

Monica: (entering from the bathroom) Hey Rach, a guy from *Ralph Lauren* called, you got a second interview!

Rachel: I can't believe it! I got a second interview!

Monica: Yes!

Joey: I bet that kiss isn't looking like such a big mistake now, is it?

Rachel: What—what, wait a minute, you don't think that's why he wants me back?

Joey: Yeah! (Chandler makes a noise) No?

Monica: A kiss? What are you talking about?

Rachel: I accidentally kissed him in the interview, and now he wants me back y'know of course, 'cause "Let's bring the girl back who kisses everybody!"

Chandler: Come on, Rach.

Rachel: Oh my God! What if he thinks I'm the kind of girl that—that would just sleep with him?

Monica: He probably wants you back because you're right for the job.

Rachel: Maybe. I—I don't know—Oh God, how could I be so stupid?!

Joey: Oh Rachel look, don't say that, I think you just need a hug from Joey. Come on. Come on. (She hugs him and Joey looks out the window.) She's back! Hot girl's back!

Rachel: Ohh, well I'm not totally back yet, but thank you.

Joey: No, in Ross's building! (He throws Rachel onto the chair and heads to the window.) She's back! She's back! (Pantomimes) Okay, wait there, I'll be over in a second. (He counts where she is again.) Got it! (Runs out and does a little hot over a chair.)

Chandler: I gotta check out this hot girl! (He heads to the window but realizes something, stops, turns and points at Monica.) There she is! (He dances over to her and kisses her.)

[Scene: Ross's building, Joey is knocking on a door again. It's again answered by Ross.]

Joey: Damn it!! Did you move?!

Ross: Yes. I lived with you guys for a while and then I found this place. (Joey just stares at him) I'm Ross. (Joey makes a frustrated face and noise and walks away. He knocks on the next door and it's answered by an old man.)

The Old Man: Yes?

Joey: (Looking around) Uhh do you happen to have a hot girl in there?

The Old Man: No. I'm all alone.

Joey: Yeah. Sorry about that. (He walks away and knocks on the next door which is answered by a little girl.) Oh, hey little girl. Uhh, is—is your mommy, or sister, or babysitter by any chance a hot girl?

The Little Girl: Daddy!!

Joey: Later! (He runs away down the hall and hides behind a corner to a whole other corridor.) Oh man! (Walks down the hallway in desperation.) Hot girl! Hot girl!!

[Scene: Rachel's job interview, she is waiting outside Mr. Zelner's (the interviewer) office banging her pen between her teeth.]

Mr. Zelner: Hi Rachel!

Rachel: Hi!

Mr. Zelner: Come on in.

(They go inside.)

Mr. Zelner: It's really nice to see you again.

Rachel: Thank you.

Mr. Zelner: (Sees that she has some ink on her lip from her pen.) Oh Rachel, uhh... (He points to his lip to get her to notice the ink on hers.)

Rachel: What?

Mr. Zelner: Just ah... (He points again.)

Rachel: Excuse me?

Mr. Zelner: Here let me... (He goes to wipe it off himself.)

Rachel: (stopping him) Wh-whoa! All right, okay-okay, I see, I see what's going on here! Now listen, look-look, I'm sorry if I gave you the wrong impression, but I am **not** some hussy who will just sleep around to get ahead! Now even though I (He tries to interrupt and tell her about the ink), hey-hey-hey, even though I kissed you, that does not give you the right to demand sex from me. I do not want, **this job that** bad. Good day, sir. (She storms out of his office.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel is returning from her interview attempt.]

Rachel: (entering) Ugh, you will not **believe** what that sleaze-ball from *Ralph Lauren* did too me! (Joey, Monica, and Ross all point to their lips to get Rachel to once again notice the ink on her lip.)

Rachel: Okay-okay that-that's amazing. How did you know that?

Ross: You got ink on your lip.

Rachel: Oh. (Realizes.) Ohhhhhhhhh...

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

Chandler: (To Gary) So what do you say, maybe sometime I hold your gun?

Gary: I don't know man, we're really not supposed to do that.

Chandler: Oh, what can happen? I mean, would you... (He gestures and spills some of his coffee.)

Gary: Yeah, I'm gonna say no.

Monica: Phoebe, do you want to go see a movie after dinner tonight?

Phoebe: Oh we can't, we already have plans.

Monica: What are you doing?

Phoebe: Well, same thing we did all day, hang out at Gary's apartment. He is so amazing, we never left the bedroom. But have fun at the movie.

Monica: (That annoying competitiveness thing kicks in again, what the heck **is** that with her and why must the writers show it every flippin' episode?!) Oh, we're not seeing a movie!

Phoebe: You're not? Then why did you ask us if we wanted to go?

Monica: Oh umm, that's because I just wanted to y'know walk in on me and Chandler while we were, y'know, doing it all night. Will you excuse me for just a second?

Phoebe: Yeah!

Monica: Okay. (She gets up and walks over to Chandler.) Chandler? Can I see you for a second?

Chandler: Uh, yeah.

Monica: Okay. (They walk away to get some privacy.) We have **got** to beat them! {Here we go yet again.}

Chandler: Why?

Monica: 'Cause, Gary and Phoebe think they're a hotter couple than we are!

Chandler: Ohh, so?

Monica: So! So we've got to go upstairs and have a lot of sex to prove them wrong!

Chandler: Monica, you have **got** to stop this competitive thing! Okay? It's crazy. {Finally! The voice of reason.} I mean, just impress Gary and Phoebe we have to go upstairs and have sex over and over and I'm saying no to this, why? Get your coat.

Commercial Break

[Scene: The lobby in Ross's building, we see a flyer that is on the bulletin board that reads, "Are you the Hot Girl who waved at me? If so, give me a call!" and it's signed, Joey 629-9*** (The last couple of numbers have been ripped off). Anyhoo, Ross is getting his mail.]

Ross: (to the woman checking her mail next to him) Hey!

(A man walks up.)

The Man: (To Ross) Excuse me. (He puts up a flyer that has a sketch drawing of Joey and it reads, "Warning! Intruder! If you see this creep – call the cops!") You should check this out, tell the other tenants. Apparently he's running around looking for some kind of a hot girl.

Ross: (to the woman checking her mail) Who isn't?

(For the first time we see that the woman Ross is talking too is in fact the hot girl that Joey is looking for. She just kinda stares at him.)

Ross: I don't, I don't think we've meet. I-I'm Ross.

The Hot Girl: I know. You're the guy who wouldn't chip in for the handyman.

Ross: Nevermind! (Goes back to his mailbox.)

The Hot Girl: No, I-I actually thought it was unfair the way everyone reacted. I mean you had just moved in.

Ross: I **had** just moved in. Thank you! Listen umm...

The Hot Girl: Jen.

Ross: Jen, I know this may sound a little...(makes some kind of crazy noise) But uh, would you maybe wanna grab a cup of coffee sometime, or...

Jen: Sure! That would be nice.

Ross: Umm?

Jen: Oh! My number is on there. (Hands him a business card.) Give me a call.

Ross: I will give you a call.

Jen: I'll see you later. (Starts to walk away.)

Ross: Okay!

(After she's left, Ross gets really happy and starts kissing the card. Suddenly, she returns.)

Jen: I forgot my paper. (Ross quickly hides the card in his mouth.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, a post-coital Monica and Chandler are recovering on the couch.]

Chandler: That was amazing!

Monica: Phoebe and Gary are **so** gonna hear about this at dinner.

Chandler: That was amazing.

Monica: We are the hottest! Huh? **No one** is hotter than we are! You're the best.

Chandler: No, you're the best.

Monica: No, you're the best.

Chandler: No, you're the best.

Monica: I **am** the best.

(Just as they start to get up, Joey walks in.)

Joey: (entering) Hey guys! (Sees their state of undress) What 'cha been doin'? (Has a silly grin.)

Monica: (looking out the window) Hey Joey! Isn't that the girl that waved at you the other day?

Joey: I don't know. But I can see through your sheet. (He looks out the window.) Yeah, yeah, that's her. But y'know what? Doesn't matter, I'm never gonna get to meet her anyway.

Monica: Why?

Joey: Because it's impossible to find her apartment! She lives in some like of hot girl parallel universe, or something.

Monica: What are you talking about? (Pointing out the window.) She obviously lives on the second floor, seventh apartment from the left!

Joey: No. No. No. She lives on the **third** floor, **eighth** apartment from the left.

Monica: No, those first two windows, (Points) that's the lobby. And y'know the other one over there, that's the stairway. You've been counting wrong.

Joey: I did **not** know that! Thank you Monica. (Starts to leave) I can't believe I almost lost another girl because of counting.

[Scene: Jen's apartment, Ross is picking her up for their date.]

Ross: So uhh, you ready?

Jen: Sure, I'll just get my coat. (There's a knock on the door.) Could you get that?

Ross: Sure. (He opens the door to Joey. Needless to say, Joey's stunned.) Joey...

Joey: Dahhhhh!! (Ross has a puzzled look on his face.) No! Noooo!! (Storms off.)

[Scene: Mr. Zelner's office, Rachel has come back again to try and do that second interview.]

Rachel: Ah, first, I-I would like to say thank you for agreeing to see me again.

Mr. Zelner: That's quite all right, but I feel obligated to tell you that this meeting is being videotaped.

Rachel: (looks around for the camera) Okay. Umm, well, first I would like to start by apologizing for kissing you and uh, for yelling at you.

Mr. Zelner: Fair enough.

Rachel: Now you're probably going to hire one of the people who did not ah, (She puts her hands on his desk blotter and he moves it. Rachel then doesn't know where to put her hands.) who did, who did not umm, yell at you and storm out, and I think that's a big mistake and here's why. I made a huge fool of myself and I came back, that shows courage. When I thought you wanted sex in exchange for this job, I said no. That shows integrity. And, I was not afraid to stand up for myself and that shows courage. (Suddenly realizes that she said courage twice.) Okay umm, now I know I already said courage, but y'know you gotta have courage. And umm, and finally when I thought you were making sexual advances in the workplace, I said no and I was not litigious. {By the way, litigious means to want to litigate and litigate is to make a lawsuit against. So she didn't want to sue him. Don't worry, I had to look it up too.} So there you go, you got, you got (counts them off with her fingers) courage, you got integrity, you got (Pause) courage again, and not litigious. Look Mr...

Mr. Zelner: Zelner.

Rachel: Zelner! Right! I knew that! I really, really want this job and I think, I think I would be really good at it.

Mr. Zelner: Y'know what? I may regret this but uh, I'm going to give you a shot.

Rachel: (gasps) Oh! You are?

Mr. Zelner: Um-hmm.

Rachel: Really? Oh thank you! Oh... Oh, would it be completely inappropriate to give you a hug?

Mr. Zelner: Yes!

Rachel: Okay, well then how about a handshake? (She goes to shake his hand but misses and touches his groin.) Oh God I'm sorry! Oh God, I'm sorry! I did not mean to touch that—I mean **you** there. There. Uhh, okay, so thank-thank you, I'm going to leave now thank you very much uh-huh, thank you so—Hey! I'll see you Monday! (Exits.)

[Scene: A restaurant, Chandler, Monica, Phoebe, and Gary are on a double date. Chandler is yawning.]

Phoebe: You tired Chandler?

Monica: You better believe he's tired, after the day we had! If you know what I mean. You know what I mean?

Chandler: Honey, the tortilla chips know what you mean.

Gary: So uh Chandler, you like that badge I got you?

Chandler: Oh yeah, it's so cool. (He opens his coat and has it pinned to the lining.) Now I gotta go, Officer Bing has gotta, 10-100. (Pause, softly) That's pee-pee. (Heads for the bathroom.)

Monica: Phoebe, you have a, a twig in your hair.

Phoebe: Ohh, (laughs) umm, we kinda took a little detour on the way over here.

Gary: Yeah, we took a little stroll in the park and no one was around, so...

Monica: You didn't!

Phoebe: We did! We violated Section 12 Paragraph 7 of the criminal code!

Monica: The park huh? A public place.

Gary: Uh-huh.

Monica: I hear ya. Excuse me for just a second! (Gets up and heads for the bathroom as that annoying Gotta-win-at-all-costs-super-competitive thing kicks in again.)

[Cut to the Men's room. Chandler is practicing flashing his badge as Monica enters.]

Monica: Hi Chandler.

Chandler: Monica! This is the Men's room! (Pause) Isn't it?

Monica: Yes it is. You see I've always found the men's bathroom very sexual. Haven't you?

Chandler: No. And if I did, I don't think we'd be going out. Monica, this is getting ridiculous!

Monica: Come on, we **can't** let them win!

Chandler: Ugh, we have already proved that we are hot! Okay? So why-why are you getting so obsessed about this thing?!

Monica: Because Phoebe and Gary are in that-can't-keep-their-hands-off-each-other-doing-it-in-the-park phase!

Chandler: (gasps) So?

Monica: I feel really sad that we're not...really there anymore.

Chandler: Oh wow! Is that what this all have been about?

Monica: Wasn't it a lot more exciting when we were y'know all over each other all the time?

Chandler: Yeah that was great. That was really great! But to tell you the truth, I'm more excited about where we are right now.

Monica: Really?

Chandler: Yeah! I've never been in a relationship that's lasted this long before. Y'know to get past the beginning and still be around each other all the time, I think that's pretty incredible. And the fact that this is happening all with you, yeah I think that's pretty exciting. (Kisses her.)

Monica: That is so sweet. I know that I was acting a little crazy but umm, I feel the same way.

Chandler: Yeah?

Monica: Yeah. (They hug.)

Chandler: Y'know what I just realized? You just freaked out about our relationship.

Monica: Did not.

Chandler: Yes you did! Admit it! You freaked out!

Monica: Okay, I freaked out a little.

Chandler: Little?! You freaked out big time! Okay? And I fixed it! We have switched places! I am the relationship and king and you are the crazy, irrational screw up! (Does a dance of joy.) (Monica glares at him.) And now we're back.

Ending Credits

[Scene: Looking through Ross's window, he's doing more pantomimes. The first one is he's walking a dog that has stopped, then suddenly tugs him forward.]

[Cut to the inside of Monica and Rachel's apartment, Monica and Rachel are sitting at the table.]

Rachel: (laughs) I cannot believe Ross is buying this!

Monica: Thank God! I can't watch him anymore!

Chandler: (entering) You guys ready fore the movies?

Rachel: Yeah! Oh by the way, thank you for loaning us Pamela and Yasmine.

(We see through the big window from the outside and see that Monica and Rachel have pictures of their faces pasted onto cardboard cutouts of Pamela Anderson and Yasmine Bleeth wearing their *Baywatch* swimsuits.)

Ross: (from his apartment) Man! They cannot get enough! (Makes like he's a robot and waves at the cutouts.)

End

518. The One Where Rachel Smokes

Written by: Michael Curtis

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey, Chandler, Monica, and Phoebe are there. Joey is holding a deck of cards out to Chandler.]

Joey: Okay, pick a card.

Chandler: Okay. (He picks the 9 of Spades)

Joey: All right now, memorize it. (Pause) You got it?

Chandler: Oh yes.

Joey: (holding up the Queen of Clubs) Is that your card? (He winks and smiles.)

Chandler: (pause) Yes.

(Joey laughs then realizes the trick didn't work when Chandler hands him his card back.)

Carol: (entering with Ben and Ross) Hey guys!

Ross: Hi!

Chandler: Hi there!

Ben: Hi!!

Carol: Guess what? Ben is going to be in a TV commercial!

Phoebe: What are you talking about?!

Ross: (sets Ben down) Well, it's not for sure but umm, we met this guy in the park who thought Ben was really cute--y'know, which he is--so umm anyhow, he uh, he gave us his card and told us to bring him down for this commercial he's auditioning.

Joey: (reading the card) Whoa! This guy is like the biggest commercial casting director in town! (Ross gasps) Ben takes one lousy walk in the park and gets an audition!! (Ross and Carol stare at him, then Joey realizes what he just said.) I mean, way to go Ben! (Gives Ben the thumbs up, which Ben returns.) Man! I've been in that park a million times and no one offered me an audition.

Ross: I know, it's crazy! We were just pushing Ben on the swings...

Joey: I'm **always** on the swings! What am I doing wrong?!

Chandler: That.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, everyone is eating breakfast, Ross is heading for the bathroom.]

Rachel: (entering from her room) Okay, gotta go! Wish me luck!

Joey: Luck!

Chandler: Hey Rach, now that you're working at *Ralph Lauren*, can you bring me back some of those polo shirts?

Rachel: Uh well, y'know what? I don't think if I feel comfortable stealing on my very **first** day...

Chandler: Unwilling to steal from work, interesting.

Monica: Besides, if anybody's gonna get free stuff, it's gonna be me.

Rachel: Okay guys, way to wish me luck!

All: Good luck! Go get 'em! (Rachel exits.)

Phoebe: Okay, let's discuss Rachel's birthday. I say we throw a surprise party this weekend.

Joey: Whoa—whoa, but her birthday isn't like for another month.

Phoebe: Yeah but if we throw her a party on her birthday, then it's not a surprise.

Monica: I think it's a great idea. Yeah, we could have a dinner party and just invite her close friends.

Joey: Ross!! We're having a surprise party for Rachel!!

Ross: (from the bathroom) Okay!!

Joey: Done.

Phoebe: Okay, great so do you want to do it together?

Monica: I would love to do it together!

(Joey starts to giggle.)

Joey: They're gonna do it together.

Chandler: Dude! That's my girlfriend!

Joey: What, so I gotta shut it down now?

Ross: All right, I gotta take off. I'm picking up Ben then we're off to the big audition.

Monica: It's gonna be weird to watch some actor pretending to be Ben's dad.

Ross: Yeah.

Chandler: Weirder than watching his two moms make out? (Monica nods in agreement.)

Joey: Whoa—whoa dad? There's a dad in the commercial?

Ross: Yeah the dad and Ben eat soup and pretend to enjoy it.

Joey: Whoa, hey, maybe I'll go down there with ya and see if I can get an audition to play the dad. I mean who better to play Ben's father than his godfather.

Ross: You're not his godfather.

Joey: What?! Are you kidding?!

Ross: (Pause) Of course I am! (Joey is relieved) Okay, let's go godfather.

Joey: All right!

(As they walk out he motions to Chandler that he is still Ben's godfather.)

[Scene: Ben's audition, Carol, Ross, and Ben along with about 10 more families are in a waiting room as Joey enters happily.]

Joey: Hey! I'm in, they're gonna let me audition!

Ross: Really? That's great!

Joey: I know! I know! It turns out that one of the casting ladies has actually seen me in a play, so I steered clear of her...

Carol: (noticing a kid who has picked up a copy of *Variety* to read) Hey, that kid looks familiar.

Joey: Oh yeah, yeah! He's done tons of commercials. I've seen him in like Sugar Smacks, *Playstation*, and that one for the phone company. In fact he was so good in that one, he actually convinced me to switch phone companies. Chandler was mad...

Ross: Yeah well, he's not gonna get this one. Ben is way cuter than that kid. I mean look at him, look at you, (Starts to whine like a baby and Joey just glares at him.)

Joey: That's great. Listen, wouldn't it be great though if I got to play Ben's dad?

Ross: Joey, you look nothing like Ben.

Joey: I look more like him than you do! (He winks at Carol.)

Carol: Y'know, I don't really know you well enough for you to do that.

[Scene: Rachel's new job, she's in her new boss's office (Kim's) and with the other assistant (Nancy).

Together they're deciding what clothes to buy or something, who knows, let's all watch/read to find out.]

Kim: So it's down to these two, Nancy I know you like this one and I think I agree. Rachel, what do you think?

Rachel: Well umm, that one is pretty but uh, I just, I just love this fabric (On the other one.) Sorry.

Kim: Oh don't be sorry, that's part of your job here to give your opinions and then I take credit for them-- I'm kidding.

Nancy: She is kidding, but don't ever disagree with her again. Okay, now I'm kidding!

Rachel: (laughing nervously) Oh, what a fun office.

Kim: I don't know which one, but I do know I need a cigarette. So what do you say we take a break, we go outside, and we'll figure this out when we come back?

(They all get up to leave.)

Kim: (at the door) Rachel? Do you smoke?

Rachel: Oh no, my dad's a doctor and he would always tell me just horror stories... (stops and tries to change directions)... about ghosts and goblins who totally supported the princess's right to smoke.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel is telling Chandler and Monica about her day.]

Rachel: ...and then they came back from smoking and they had made all of the decisions without me!

Monica: That doesn't seem fair.

Rachel: I know! It's like I'm being punished for not having this disgusting, poisoning habit!

Chandler: Yeah, it is the best.

Rachel: I mean what if this keeps happening? Y'know, they'll--they'll be outside smoking, making all the decisions and I'll just be up in my office breathing my stupid clean air, y'know? And then when the day comes when Kim wants to promote one of us, who do you think she's gonna pick? Me or Smokey Smokerson?

Monica: Rachel, you can go down there, you don't have to smoke. Just say you wanna get some fresh air.

Rachel: Yeah, I can do that.

Chandler: Yeah, or you can do the easy thing and smoke.

Phoebe: (entering) Hey!

Monica: Hey!

Phoebe: Hey Rach, you wanna get some coffee?

Rachel: I would love to!

Phoebe: Oh good!

Chandler: Yeah, I wanna go to babe.

Phoebe: Oh good.

(They all start out.)

Phoebe: Oh wait, I change my mind! (She slams the door on them.) Okay, let's talk about the party! I have so many ideas! (Holds up a cocktail napkin.)

Monica: Yeah, me too! (Runs and grabs her 3-ring binder of ideas.)

Phoebe: Oh, look at that.

Monica: All right, that's a little sketch of the cake, umm some sample menus, umm y'know what I thought we would start out with Tuscan style finger food, and for music, here's an alphabetized list of all my CDs! I've highlighted the ones that would go really good with the food.

Phoebe: What happened to the intimate dinner party?

Monica: Oh, we're not doing that. Okay...

Phoebe: So wow, it looks like you took care of everything. Thanks a lot, co-host.

Monica: What?! I didn't take care of everything, there's--there's plenty of things for you to do!

Phoebe: Like what?

Monica: (Thinks) Cups.

Phoebe: Cups? You're giving me cups?

Monica: And ice!

Phoebe: Cups and ice? Ooh, I get to be in charge of cups and ice? (Thinks of something) All right. Fine, okay, I **will** be in charge of cups and ice!

Monica: Wait a minute, I can get ice at the restaurant...

Phoebe: I got it! Mine!

Ross: (entering, downtrodden) Hi.

Monica: Hey! How'd the audition go?!

Ross: Not so good.

Monica: Wait a minute, are you doing Joey's (sadly) "Audition didn't go so well. (Happily) Yeah it did?"

Ross: (Pause) Yeah I am! Yeah, Ben got a second audition!

Joey: (also downtrodden) Yeah, I had to teach Ross my bit because I actually didn't get a callback.

Monica: You got a callback too didn't you?

Joey: (Happily) Yeah I did!

[Scene: The smoker's balcony, Rachel is out to join Kim and Nancy.]

Kim: Hey Rachel, what are you doing out here?

Rachel: Oh well, it's kinda lonely up there, so I just thought I would come out here and get some fresh air.

Kim: Nancy and I were talking about the fall collection.

Rachel: Oh great!

Kim: So anyway we really... (Someone exhales and Rachel turns and coughs.) Honey, we're just smoking all over you.

Nancy: Oh, sorry!

Rachel: Oh that's okay.

Kim: No--no--no, we'll move you just stay right there. (They walk away.)

Nancy: So anyway I sent the designs over to Ralph and he's very excited about the line.

Kim: Oh that's great! You are the best!

(Rachel gets fed up and heads over to another smoker.)

Rachel: Excuse me, can I, can I bum one of those? (He holds up his pack.) Y'know what, actually... (She takes the one he's smoking and heads over to where Nancy and Kim are standing and laughing.) Okay, okay, okay, what's so funny over here?

Nancy: I thought you didn't smoke.

Rachel: Oh, I thought you guys meant marijuana cigarettes, y'know? Y'know what I mean, like dubbies? And I actually, I thought to myself, "Wow, those guys are crazy!" But no, I actually smoke the regular ones all, all the time.

Kim: We get high.

Rachel: Oh, me too.

Kim: I'm kidding.

Rachel: (Laughs) Oh, me too.

[Scene: Ben and Joey's (Isn't that an ice cream??) callback.]

Ross: Oh God, this is so nerve wracking! How-how do you do this?

Joey: Well, unfortunately, I don't get many callbacks so...

Carol: Is it a good sign that they asked us to hang around after the audition?

Joey: Who knows?

The Casting Director: (entering) Okay uh, we have narrowed it down to Raymond, Ben, Kyle, and Joey. The rest of you, thank you very much.

Ross: Yes!! I knew it!! (To the people who didn't make it.) Bye-bye! So long! Later!

Joey: Oh this is great! I might actually get to play Ben's dad!

Ross: Yeah!

The Casting Director: Actually, that can't happen. Yeah because you all have such different looks, we're putting you with Raymond and Kyle with Ben. So it'll be either you two (Points to Joey and Raymond) or you two. (Points to Kyle and Ben.) (Exits.)

Joey: Man, this is gonna be kinda weird.

Ross: Yeah, it is.

Kyle: Yeah. It's gonna be weird.

Ross: No, we-we're gonna be like best friends, that's why it's gonna be weird.

Kyle: Oh, oh, I thought we were just talking.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Ross and Chandler are talking.]

Phoebe: (entering, carrying two garbage bags) Hey!

Ross and Chandler: Hi!

Phoebe: Is it okay if I leave this stuff here 'til Rachel's birthday party?

Chandler: Ah sure. What's in 'em?

Phoebe: Umm, cups.

Chandler: Oh good, because uh we got Rachel 800 gallons of water.

Ross: Seriously that's a lot of cups.

Phoebe: Yeah well, that's 'cause Monica put me in charge of cups and ice, and Monica is gonna **rue the day** that she put me in charge of cups and ice.

Chandler: Y'know I rued the day once...didn't get a whole lot else done.

Phoebe: Okay, time to bring up the rest of the cups. (She goes and opens the door to Joey.) Oh, hi Joey!

Joey: Hey Pheebies! (To the guys) Hey!

Ross: Hey!

Joey: Ross good, I'm uh glad you're here. I wanna talk to you about something.

Ross: What's up?

Joey: Well, I've been thinking about this whole commercial thing, y'know me going up against Ben, the two of us competing, and that can't lead to anything good. So, I think I'm just gonna step aside. I'm gonna tell them that I won't audition.

Ross: Wow, uh, Joey that's—that's great. Thanks man.

Joey: That's it? You're—you're gonna let me do this?! This—this is my career we're talking about here!

Ross: Well, you just...

Joey: I just said that so you wouldn't let Ben do it! Look Ross, if anyone should step aside it should be Ben!

Ross: What?!

Joey: What? Chandler! Tell 'em!

Chandler: (shocked) Well I mean, let me get the door first. (Goes and opens the door.) Oh, hi! No one. (Exits.)

Ross: Why should Ben step aside? It was his audition in the first place! You—you just tagged along! You're like the uh, tag-a-long dad.

Joey: At least I care about his feelings!

Ross: What?!

Joey: Do you know how hard this is gonna be on him when he doesn't get it?

Ross: And why wouldn't he get it?

Joey: Oh, come on! Have you **seen** what my kid can do?! Huh?! I mean he dials phones! He—he—he eats tortilla chips! He—he plays soccer with the cartoon tiger!

Ross: Are you saying your kid eats soup better than my kid?

Joey: You just give him a spoon baby!

Ross: Oh yeah? I guess we'll just see!

Joey: Yeah! Because this commercial belongs to me and Mitch!

Ross: You're kid's name is Raymond!

Joey: Yeah?! So's yours!

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler and Monica are there as Rachel enters.]

Monica: (To Rachel) How did work go?

Rachel: Oh it was great! It was great! I went down there just like you said, y'know? And we talked business. Kim totally took my opinions.

Monica: You stink!

Rachel: Thanks!

Monica: No, I'm—I'm serious!

Rachel: Well--well that's 'cause I went down there and they were all smoking. This is actually the smell of success.

Chandler: Okay, there's something different though--Oh my God! You smoked!

Rachel: I did not!

Chandler: Yes you did! You look happy and sick; you smoked!

Rachel: All right, fine! But I had too! I had to do it for my career!

Chandler: I wish I had smoked for my career...

Monica: That's so gross!

Rachel: No well, no it's not that bad, y'know? I mean yeah, my tongue feels a little fuzzy and these fingers sort of smell, I actually feel like I can throw up.

Chandler: Okay, but you gotta push past this because it is about to get so good!

Monica: Chandler! I have to tell you, you smell so smokey I have to get up. I'm not kidding. (She's not; she stands and walks away. Chandler moves closer.)

Chandler: I think you smell great! (He sniffs her shoulder.)

[Scene: The smoker's balcony, Rachel, Kim, and Nancy are all puffing away on their cancer sticks.]

Kim: So, we're decided, no on plaid, yes on pink?

Nancy: Absolutely!

Rachel: I am so on board! (She throws away her recently lit cigarette.)

Kim: Rachel didn't you just light that?

Rachel: Yeah, I did, but y'know what? I am really, really trying to cut back, y'know? (Laughs) Good luck, Rach.

Nancy: I've actually been thinking about quitting lately.

Kim: Oh sure, every Sunday night I'm telling myself I'm quitting but every Monday morning it's like (Mimics chain smoking.)

Nancy: Tell me about it!

Rachel: Well then let's just quit! We'll just quit! Let's all quit!

Kim: It does sound appealing.

Nancy: Oh, I never could do it.

Rachel: Oh but you could. You can. Absolutely! We can help each other out! We can get--what are those--those patches! We could be like the Patch Sisters!

Kim: Oh y'know, we really should quit. Okay, let's quit!

Rachel: Yes! Great! Give me those cigs! Give it! Give it! (She grabs their cigarettes and lighters and throws them in the trash.)

Kim: My late husband gave me that lighter. (Rachel laughs.) I'm not kidding.

Rachel: Okay then! (She starts rummaging through the trash to find Kim's lighter.)

[Scene: Joey and Ben's audition, Joey is rehearsing his lines, uh correction, Joey is rehearsing his **line**.]

Joey: Hmmm, soup! (Tries again.) **Hmm** soup! (Tries again, with a little caveman thrown in.) Hmm, soup!

Carol: Joey, Ross is gonna be here any second, would you mind watching Ben for me while I use the ladies' room?

Joey: Oh yeah, no problem.

Carol: Thanks. (Exits.)

Joey: (goes over to Ben) Hi Ben! So you wanna be an actor huh? I gotta tell ya, it's no picnic. There's tons of rejection. **No** stability. One day you're Dr. Drake Remoray, the next day you're eating ketchup right out of the bottle.

Ross: (entering, angrily) Joey!

Joey: (angrily) Ross!

Ross: (angrily) Ben! (Pause.) (Happily.) I mean, Ben! Ben!

The Casting Director: (entering) Okay, Raymond, Joey you're up.

(Raymond and Joey go in the office.)

Joey: Hi!

The Casting Director: Okay, uh well, let's try one. Whenever you guys are ready. (Some dude puts down a couple bowls of soup in front of them.)

Joey: Uh-oh.

The Casting Director: Is there a problem?

Joey: Well this is noodle soup and uh, I've been working with tomato. But that's okay, no problem. No problem. Hmm, noodle soup.

The Casting Director: Y'know, that's-that's fine, but the line is, "Hmm, soup."

Joey: Oh, what did I say?

The Casting Director: Hmm, noodle soup.

Joey: How's that different? (She looks at him until he gets it.) Oh! Yeah!

The Casting Director: All right, let's try one.

(Raymond and Joey both eat a spoonful and Joey turns to Raymond and says...)

Joey: Hmm, noodle soup.

The Casting Director: Okay. Let's do it again.

Joey: Okay.

(They do it again.)

Joey: Hmm, soup. (Pause.) I mean, noodle soup. I mean soup!

Raymond: COME ON!!!!

The Casting Director: Y'know what? We need to move on.

Joey: No! No! I-I can do it one more time! See? Look! (Eats another spoonful) Hmm, noodle soup. Damn it! (Storms out.)

[Scene: The smoker's balcony, Kim and Nancy are cheating and are caught by Rachel.]

Rachel: Hey! Hey-hey-hey!!

Kim: Uh-oh, busted!

Rachel: Come on you guys! What are doing?! I thought we were the patch sisters!

Kim: Yeah. That didn't work out.

Nancy: Rachel we tried to quit, but it was too hard!

Rachel: Well y'know if you, if you started smoking again you could've at least told me! Come on, give me one of those! What are we talking about?

Kim: No. No! You're doing great! Don't you give up! That's why we didn't tell you and we're **not** gonna drag you down with us.

Rachel: Oh wait, no--no--no! Drag me down. Drag--drag me down.

Kim: Forget it Rachel! We're both so proud of how well you're doing. I'm not gonna let you blow it. In fact, if I catch you with a cigarette, you're fired. So go on, get out of here! Go on, I don't want you breathing this stuff! Go on!

Rachel: Okay. (Starts to walk away.)

Kim: (to Nancy) So, okay! So you'll come with me on the Paris trip.

Rachel: (hearing that) Oh man!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel's surprise party. The apartment is festooned with cups. There are cups everywhere! Cup centerpiece, cup garland, etc., etc.]

Phoebe: (To Chandler) Check it out! Cup hat! (Points to her hat.) Cup banner! Cup chandelier! And the thing that started it all, the cup! (Holds up one.)

Chandler: Great job with the cups, Pheebs!

Monica: (overhearing that) Why don't you just go out with her!

(Chandler starts to follow her into the kitchen.)

Phoebe: (following him) And did you notice the ice? (Gestures to 3 huge buckets of ice on the table.) Look! We have it all! We have crushed! Cubed! And dry! Watch! (Pours some water onto the dry ice, causing it to evaporate/smoke.) Ahhh! Mystical!

Chandler: Awesome!

Monica: Chandler! Everyone--no one's eating my Tuscan finger food 'cause they're all filling up on Phoebe's snow cones!

Chandler: There are snow cones! (Monica glares at him.) Snow cones! Yuck!

Monica: Y'know...go! Go! Right there! (Points)

Chandler: Thank you! Thank you! (Runs to the snow cone machine.)

(Rachel enters.)

Phoebe: (noticing her) Oh, look! Look! Look!

All: Surprise!!

Rachel: What?! What?! My birthday's not for another month!

Monica: That's the surprise!

Rachel: Oh my God! You guys this is so great! I mean it's so unexpected! I mean Chandler's birthday is even before mine!

(Everyone stops and looks at Chandler, who's nodding.)

All: Surprise!

Rachel: Wow! This is great! Look at all these cups! This is so weird.

Phoebe: I was in charge of cups.

Rachel: Oh, okay, not so weird.

[Cut to another part of the room, Ross is going to talk to Joey.]

Ross: Hey!

Joey: Hey.

Ross: Listen man, uh, I'm sorry the audition didn't go so well.

Joey: Yeah right! (Gets up for a refill to his snow cone.)

Ross: No really, I—I am! I feel bad!

Joey: Yeah? Well look Ross, you don't have to. Okay? It's not your fault I suck. I mean what kind of an actor can't even say, "Hmm, noodle soup." (Nods his head in disgust.)

Ross: Yeah y'know what? Maybe—maybe you didn't mess up your audition because you suck, maybe you messed up because you care **more** about uh, your godson.

Joey: What you do mean?

Ross: I think, sub—consciously...

Joey: Wait—whoa—whoa, you lost me.

Ross: (pause) I think on some level, you—you sabotaged your own audition so that Ben would get the part.

Joey: Well, you're way sounds a lot better than mine. (Thinks about it.) Yeah. Yeah! It's not that I'm a bad actor...

Ross: No!

Joey: No, it's just ah, I care so damn much about little Ben that uh, it was more important to see him succeed.

Ross: There you go. Thank you!

Joey: Thank you! So, did—did he get it?

Ross: No.

Joey: Eh, what are you gonna do?

Ending Credits

[Scene: The smoker's balcony, Kim and Nancy are out smoking as Chandler sticks his head out the door.]

Chandler: (to Kim and Nancy) Oh, hi! Excuse me, is uh Rachel Green here? I was supposed to meet her for lunch.

Kim: Oh, she doesn't come down here any more. You can find her up on ten.

Chandler: Okay, great.

(Kim exhales and Chandler stares at it longingly.)

Kim: (to Nancy) So we talked about the (Chandler sneaks closer to her cigarette) whole presentation yesterday at lunch (Closer) and he wondered if one person would be enough (Closer) to get a take on the trip (Still closer) and I said, "Yeah, absolutely!" (She's interrupted by Chandler who has reached his goal and takes a drag from her cancer stick.)

Chandler: I'll catch you guys later. (Exits.)

End

519. The One Where Ross Can't Flirt

Written by: Doty Abrams

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Chandler is getting ready for a date with Monica as Ross enters.]

Ross: Hey!

Chandler: Hey!

Ross: Wow! You look nice. What's the occasion?

Chandler: Monica and I are celebrating our ten-month anniversary, we've got reservations at Ja George.

Ross: Wow! How'd you get in there?

Chandler: Made a few calls, pulled some strings, and they agreed to seat us at 11:30 if we both had the chicken and didn't get desert.

(There's a knock on the door and Chandler answers it. It's the pizza delivery girl.)

Delivery Girl: Hi Chandler!

Chandler: Hey Caitlin! Somebody got a haircut.

Caitlin: Ugh, I hate it! I look like an 8-year-old boy.

Chandler: Yeah, if that was true, gym class would've been a **lot** more interesting.

Caitlin: It's uh, 27 dollars even.

Chandler: Oh, okay. (Hands her the money.) Here you go.

(The duck starts quacking.)

Caitlin: Hey, where's the chicken?

Chandler: Oh, he's in the back. The duck pissed him off, said that eggs came first.

Caitlin: (laughs) Great. I'll see you later!

Chandler: Okay, bye!

(He closes the door and turns to see Ross glaring at him.)

Ross: What the hell was that?!

Chandler: What?

Ross: The flirting! Aren't you supposed to be going out with, I don't know hmm, let's say my sister?!

Chandler: I was not flirting.

Ross: It was totally flirting. "Somebody got a haircut (Makes some whiney, nasally noises.)"

Chandler: Okay first of all, the impression, uncanny. And second, that was not flirting, that was just casual conversation between two people. That is all.

Ross: Yeah, right.

Chandler: You wanna see flirting? I'll show you flirting. (Starts to move towards Ross.)

Ross: (backing away) I'm good.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel and Phoebe are in the kitchen.]

Rachel: I am so proud of Joey, I can't believe he's going to be on *Law & Order!*

Phoebe: I know. But don't you think that it should be called Order and Law?

Rachel: No because first they arrest the guy and then they try him.

Phoebe: Don't get me started on that.

(Ross and Chandler enter with the pizzas.)

Chandler: I was not flirting.

Ross: And on your anniversary, for shame!

Rachel: What's going on?

Ross: Chandler was hitting on the hot delivery girl!

Chandler: I was not and oh God, shh!

Ross: Well I'm sorry but you were! Okay? And besides if anyone should be hitting on her it's the guy who's single, the guy that who-who-who can do something about it.

Phoebe: Sounds like somebody wants to be **Mr.** Pizza Delivery Girl.

Ross: Well...

Chandler: Is that what this is about? You like Caitlin?

(Ross looks at Rachel.)

Rachel: Ross! We broke up two years ago; you've been **married** since then. I think it's okay that we see other people.

Ross: Well, I-I was watching her the other day at the pizza place.

Rachel: Hm-mmm.

Ross: And she's just so sexy and funny and has the cutest little...

Rachel: Okay, y'know what? We don't need her measurements.

Phoebe: (looking through the pizzas) Okay pepperoni, pepperoni, pepperoni, okay Ross, I know she's pretty and you love her, but is she stupid?! She forgot my vegetarian!

Ross: This is perfect! She'll have to come back here with your pizza, and when she does, I'll turn on the Charm-O-Ross. Oh I'm so glad you don't eat meat.

Phoebe: See? Vegetarianism benefits everyone.

Joey: (entering, with his grandmother) Hey everybody, look who's here! You remember my grandmother!

Rachel: Big night!

Phoebe: This is so cool!

Chandler: So, Joey on *Law & Order*, you must be very proud!

Joey: Chandler, she doesn't understand a word of English.

Chandler: I'm sorry, I thought you were Joey's other grandmother. (She just stares at him.) I've done it again.

Joey: She's my biggest fan. Yeah, she's the only one in the family that's believed in me.

(They both start speaking Italian to each other, and since I'm not Italian and don't understand one word, we'll move on to the English portion of the show. Not, that I'm English. Not that there's anything wrong with that, it's just that I'm not. Y'know I think I should shut-up now and move on. Anyhoo, she says something about Joey being fat I think based on this line.)

Joey: Yeah, I uh weighted like 27 pounds when I was born so...

Monica: (entering from the bathroom) Hey! Happy Anniversary!

Chandler: Happy Anniversary, 10 months! (They kiss.)

Monica: So umm, when I was in the shower I was thinking about our first night in London...

Chandler: Uhh, Joey's grandmother is right there. (Points)

Monica: Is that the one that speaks English or the one that doesn't?

Chandler: The one that doesn't.

Monica: That was some hot love you gave me! I'm gonna go get ready.

Chandler: Hey, why don't you wear those earrings I gave you?

Monica: That's a great idea! I was saving them for something special.

Chandler: Okay.

Monica: (runs over to Phoebe) You have **got** to go home!

Phoebe: But I like it here!

Monica: You gotta go home and get the earrings that you borrowed from me okay? Chandler wants me to wear them tonight.

Phoebe: Okay, well I think that they're in my purse. Why don't you go get dressed and I'll look for them.

Monica: Great!

Phoebe: Okay! (Walks over to Rachel) Rach, hi, I need those earrings you borrowed.

Rachel: Oh, umm, okay, yeah, I'll be, yeah I'll be right back. (Goes to her room.)

(Phoebe then gets possessed 'cause she starts speaking in tongues. She speaks Italian to Joey's grandmother. She is quickly exorcised and returns to speaking in English. Of course, too most people English is a strange language as well. But none of them are probably reading this and if they were they wouldn't understand it. So why am I talking about them? I have absolutely no clue. Moving on...)

Joey: Wow Pheebs, you speak Italian?

Phoebe: I guess so. (See, the brief possession didn't affect her at all, like we could really tell.)

Rachel: (She enters and hands Phoebe the earring) Here you go. Thank you!

Phoebe: Wait, Rach! Where's the other one?

Rachel: Oh what, you—you want both of them?

Phoebe: Rachel Karen Green, where's the other earring?!

Rachel: Okay, okay, okay, look, just don't freak out, but I kinda lost it. I know it's in the apartment, but I **definitely** lost it.

Phoebe: Well, what am I going to tell Monica? She wants to wear them tonight!

Rachel: Tell her to wear her own earrings.

Phoebe: These **are** her earrings.

Rachel: Nooo! Nooooo! You lent me Monica's earrings?! I'm not allowed to borrow her stuff!

Phoebe: Why not?

Rachel: Because I lose her stuff!

[Time Lapse, the gang is now watching *Law & Order*. By the way, the entire rest of the episode takes place in Monica and Rachel's apartment. Why are they called apartments when they're all stuck together? Something to think about.]

Joey: Okay, see that blind guy right there? I'm gonna bash his head in later.

(His grandmother asks him something.)

Joey: Oh umm, my big scene is coming up. Big scene coming up.

Chandler: If you said, "Big lima bean, bubbling up." Would she understand the difference?

Monica: (noticing Rachel crawling behind the couch) Rach? What are you doing?

Rachel: Oh boy, I just can't watch. It's too scary!

Monica: It's a diaper commercial.

Rachel: Oh yeah well, you know me, babies, responsibilities, ahhh!!!

(There's a knock on the door.)

Caitlin: Pizza delivery!

Ross: I'll get it! I will get that! (Runs over and opens the door.)

Caitlin: Hi!

Ross: Hi!

Caitlin: One uh, vegetarian pizza. That's \$12.15.

Ross: Oh. Uh, by the way, if it makes you feel any better. I happen to like 8-year-old boys.

Caitlin: What?!

Ross: (I can't make it out.) The uh, your hair, before, your hair, you said you thought your looks like an 8-year-old's, and I'm just saying I like it. The hair.

Caitlin: Oh. Thanks.

Ross: You understand I don't actually like 8-year-old boys.

Caitlin: Y'know, all I'm looking for is the money.

Chandler: Here you go. (Hands her the money.) Now stop bringing us pizzas you.

Caitlin: I'm gonna try. (Walks away and Ross closes the door.)

Chandler: You're welcome.

Ross: You couldn't let me have her, could ya?!

Chandler: What?

Ross: This is a girl that I really like and had too swoop in there!

Monica: What's goin' on?

Ross: Chandler was totally flirting with the hot delivery girl!

Chandler: Thank you for that! (To Monica) I was not flirting.

Monica: It's okay. I don't care. It's uh, it's fine.

Ross: Really?!

Chandler: Really?!

Monica: It's no big deal, I do it all the time.

Chandler: (starts to laugh, but then gets serious) So umm, you-you flirt with guys all the time?

Monica: Sure! It doesn't mean anything! Just like I know it doesn't mean anything with you!

Chandler: Okay, but there is a big difference. You are a **lot** hotter than I am.

Joey: (walking past) True story! (Goes and sits down.)

Monica: Chandler, this actually bothers you?

Chandler: Yes, it does bother me! And I think it would bother a lot of people. Rachel, when you were going out with Ross, did it bother you when he flirted with other women?

Rachel: Uhh, no, no, it bothered me when he slept with other women.

Ross: And thank you, for that.

Rachel: But y'know, I never really had anything to worry about. Ross was never very good at the flirting thing.

Ross: What? (Mumbles) What-what, what are talking about? It-it worked with you.

Rachel: Oh! Y'know what? You're right! We meet, you flirted and then **bamn** nine years later you had me!

Ross: All right, all right. You-you-you know what I'm going to do? I am going to order another pizza and when Caitlin gets here, you-you--I will show how well I flirt. Yeah! I will, I will get her phone number! (To Chandler) And not the one on the menu!

Phoebe: (entering from Rachel's bedroom) I found it!

Rachel: Ohh! Thank God! Where was it?

Phoebe: On your dresser.

Rachel: Okay that is the one we already have!

Joey: Okay, here's my big scene. My big scene's here! (They have two of the cops on the street, then they cut to where they're entering an apartment.) Oh my God.

Monica: What?

Joey: (smiling) Okay, everybody just keep smiling. It'll kill my grandmother if she finds out.

Chandler: (smiling) Well, what is it?

Joey: (smiling) Oh, they cut me out of the show.

Rachel: (smiling) What?!

Ross: (smiling) Are you sure?

Phoebe: (smiling) Maybe your scene's coming up?

Joey: (smiling) Not likely. 'Cause you see that body bag right there

Rachel: (smiling) Yeah.

Joey: (smiling) I'm in it.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, it's continued from before the commercial break.]

Phoebe: (smiling) This is terrible, what are you going to do?

Joey: (smiling) I don't know. This little, old lady lives for my career. When they dumped me off of *Days of Our Lives* she almost died.

Phoebe: (not smiling) That's not good.

Joey: (smiling) No, smile! Not that face, smile! Everybody smile! (They all smile.)

Rachel: (smiling) Joey, why don't you just tell her what happened? It's not your fault.

Chandler: (smiling) If we keep talking this way, aren't we gonna freak her out soon?

Grandma Tribbiani: (Something in Italian to Joey.)

Joey: Soon, soon, I'm gonna be on soon. There I am! (Points to the screen, of course it isn't him.)

Grandma Tribbiani: (pointing at the screen) No! Sam Waterston!

Joey: No-no-no, that-that's me, that's me.

Grandma Tribbiani: No, it's Sam Waterston! *Crimes and Misdemeanors, Capricorn One.*

Chandler: Doesn't know, "Hello." But she knows *Capricorn One.*

(Phoebe gets up.)

Monica: (following her) Phoebe! I have to have those earrings, we're going to leave as soon as the show is over.

Phoebe: But I already gave them back to you!

Monica: No you didn't.

Phoebe: All right, I already didn't give them back to you, that's what I said. (Walks away over to Rachel.) Where is that other earring?

Rachel: It's not here Pheebs, it's not here. Ohh, I went to Joey and Chandler's last night! Okay! (Goes to the door.)

Phoebe: Make sure you check Chandler's jewelry box.

Rachel: Wait a minute. Chandler has a jewelry box?

Phoebe: Okay, we have like ten minutes. Do you want me to get into that now?!

(Rachel heads for Joey and Chandler's and Phoebe heads for the kitchen to find Ross.)

Ross: (To Phoebe) Hey Pheebs! How's that uh, vegetarian pizza working out for ya? You and those vegetables have a real thing going on, huh?

Phoebe: (she just looks at him) Why are you being weird?

Ross: Do you like it?

Phoebe: No, that would be, "Why are you being cute?"

Ross: Okay, I'm working on my flirting.

Phoebe: Ohh! I did not get that.

[Cut to Chandler and Monica on the couch.]

Chandler: So uh Monica, do you, do you like the *Law & Order*?

Monica: Yeah, it's good.

Chandler: See, I'm finding out all this stuff about you today, like you like the *Law & Order* and that you flirted with every guy in the Tri-State area!

Monica: Chandler! (Joey and his grandmother shush them and wave them away, which they do.) Okay, let me get this straight, it's okay for you to flirt, but not for me.

Chandler: Oh, I'm so glad we cleared that up. Look, I'm sorry, some things are different for men and for women.

Monica: Go on, teach me something about men and women.

Chandler: Okay, I've already taught you so much already, but whatever. See when you flirt with a guy you think, "I'm just flirting, no big deal." But the guy is thinking, "Finally! Somebody who wants to sleep with me!"

Monica: No way!

Chandler: It's true.

Monica: Well that's pathetic!

Chandler: Again true.

Monica: And this goes for all guys?

Chandler: All guys that are awake. Then we go to sleep and then all the guys from the other end of the world wake up and behave the exact same way.

Joey: (To Ross in the kitchen) All right, it's another commercial: I still haven't told her!

Ross: Joey! This is like the last commercial. You've got like (checks his watch) ten minutes left!

Joey: I know, I know! What am I going to do? (Thinks) Ooh!

Monica: No! You are **not** gonna run out and leave her here!

Joey: (dejected) Yeah, all right. (Thinks of something.) Ooh! (He quickly runs out before anyone can stop him.)

Grandma Tribbiani: Joey!

Chandler: Uh, Joey is gonna be right back. Right back! (Tries to pantomime it for her.) Meanwhile, let's—let's—let's talk about you. (Pause.) So, you're old and small.

[Time lapse, Rachel is coming back from Chandler and Joey's.]

Rachel: (entering) (To Phoebe) (whispering) Hey!

Phoebe: Did you find it?

Rachel: The earring? No. But look, I found my sunglasses under the couch! I've been looking for these since like last summer. (Puts 'em on.)

Phoebe: Okay, those are my sunglasses, you borrowed them from me.

Rachel: Okay, calm down, here they are. (Gives back the sunglasses.)

Monica: (entering from her room) Phoebe! (Motions for the earrings. Phoebe gives her the one-minute sign.)

Phoebe: (To Rachel) What are we going to do?!

Rachel: I don't know, I don't know.

Phoebe: All right well, we're just gonna have to tell Monica, that's all.

Rachel: Oh gosh, she's going to kill me.

Phoebe: I suppose I could tell her it's just all my fault.

Rachel: Ohh that'd be great!

Phoebe: Mon, can I talk to you for a sec?

Monica: Yeah, what is it?

Phoebe: Umm, I lost one of your earrings. I'm sorry! I am so, so sorry!

Monica: (shocked) Wow! All right well, I mean, what can you do? If you lost it you lost it.

Phoebe: I will replace it, I promise. I feel so terrible.

Monica: All right, sweetie that's fine. You didn't do it on purpose.

Phoebe: No.

Monica: Look at you! Come here! (They hug.) Feel better?

Phoebe: Yeah! You're the best!

Rachel: Okay, wait a minute. Wait a minute, I—I—I, I can't do this. Listen honey, this is, it's not Phoebe's fault. She lent **me** the earrings, and I lost it. I'm so sorry. Honey, I feel terrible too. (Holds out her arms for a hug.)

Monica: (angrily) That is **exactly** why I do not lend you stuff!! (Rachel looks over at Phoebe in resignation.) Okay?! I mean, first it's my jewelry! And if it's not my jewelry, it's—it's my blue sweater! And if it's not my sweater, it's my sunglasses!

Rachel: Your sunglasses?!

Monica: Yes!

Phoebe: Oh, right! (Hands Monica back her sunglasses.)

Caitlin: (from outside) Pizza!

Ross: (running to the door) Oh, mine! Mine! Mine! (to everyone) Okay, here goes. Prepare yourselves for some Class A flirting.

Chandler: Okay, hold on. (Pauses as he readies himself.) Okay. (Walks away.)

Rachel: Honey, you have nothing to prove. And if you really like this girl, I don't flirting is the right thing to... (Ross interrupts and shushes her.)

Ross: You'll see. Okay. (Readies himself.) Oh, what's—what's her name?

All: Caitlin!

Grandma Tribbiani: Caitlin!

Ross: (He opens the door while faking a laugh.) Hey! Oh, we—we can't keep eating like this. (Monica turns her head in shame.)

Caitlin: It's uh, \$12.50.

Ross: Okay, (gets the money) so, do you make the pizzas in one of those uh, wood-burning ovens?

Caitlin: No actually umm, I think that they're umm, gas.

Ross: Gas? Wow! Intense.

Chandler: (To Monica) If this is the way all the Gellers flirt, we don't have a problem.

Ross: (to Caitlin) Hey uh, y'know that smell gas has?

Caitlin: (wanting more than anything to get the money and leave this horrible, horrible place) Yeah.

Ross: They put that in.

Caitlin: What?!

Ross: The gas is odorless, but they add the smell so you know when there's a leak.

Caitlin: (getting more desperate to leave) Well okay!

Ross: A lot of other gas smells...

Chandler: Oh the humanity.

Ross: Meth—methane smells...

Caitlin: Y'know what umm, actually I, I really, I should go.

Ross: Oh but I—I haven't paid you yet!

Caitlin: Y'know what? That's okay, you guys have ordered so many that this one is on me! (Runs for her life.)

(Ross closes the door slowly.)

Ross: (To All) Was I talking to her about gas?

Chandler: More so than anything else.

Phoebe: I—I found it interesting.

Rachel: I'm sorry.

Ross: Look, no—no, hey, hey, don't worry about it! In nine years, she and I will be right there. (Goes and sits on the couch dejectedly.)

Rachel: Okay, well, I'm gonna clear out some of these boxes. (She grabs a couple of the old pizza boxes and exits.)

Phoebe: (walking over to Ross) Ross?

Ross: Yeah?

Phoebe: What else do they add smell too?

[Scene: The street outside the building, Rachel is running to catch up with Caitlin.]

Rachel: Hey! Hey! (Stops Caitlin) Hi! Hey-hey-hey, I'm Rachel! From upstairs? The ones with all the pizza?

Caitlin: Oh, is there a problem?

Rachel: No. No. Every thing's--they're fine. Great pizza. But it's uh, actually umm my friend Ross. He uh, just gets really nervous when he's flirting.

Caitlin: Oh my God! That was flirting?!

Rachel: Yeah.

Caitlin: Wow!

Rachel: I know, I know, but uh just, I'm telling you, once, once you get past that part, that where it--it just feels like you wanna die, he's--he's really a good person.

Caitlin: The guy with the gas?!

Rachel: Yeah. I'm--I'm telling you he's really sweet and he's really funny and he's just ugh, got a good heart. And besides, I y'know, I think he really likes you.

Caitlin: Really?!

Rachel: Well y'know, we have 7 people and like 10 pizzas, what do you think?

Caitlin: I just, I thought Joey was there.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Phoebe, Chandler, and Joey's grandmother are still watching *Law & Order*.]

Rachel: (entering) Hey Ross? Umm, I just ran into Caitlin in the hallway and--and uh, you must be getting better at this flirting stuff than I thought.

Ross: What do you mean?

Rachel: Well, I don't get it, but she wanted me to give you her phone number. (Hands him the slip of paper with the phone number on it.)

Ross: And she just gave you this?

Rachel: Yeah!

Ross: Rach, thanks but uh, I don't need you doing me any favors.

Rachel: I--I didn't! I didn't! She thought you were cute.

Ross: Well that I can believe.

Rachel: Yay!

Joey: (entering) Hey! Is the show still on?

Chandler: Almost over man.

Joey: (says hi to his grandma) Look! Oh! (Pointing out the window.) Is that the Pope?! (Chandler and his grandma turn to look and Joey slips a tape into the VCR.)

Chandler: Why am I looking?

Joey: Oh, here I am, here's my big scene!

(Joey has made a little home movie that's his big scene. He braces himself against the door to his apartment and while holding a plastic gun and wearing the same sweater says...)

Joey: (on the tape) All right back off! I gotta gun! I'm not afraid to use it!

Grandma Tribbiani: Oh Joey!

Joey: That's right!

Chandler: You couldn't have at least changed your shirt.

Joey: (on the tape) Now, I wanna a suitcase filled with 100,000 dollars. (The duck quacks, to the duck) Choo! Choo! Choo! (To the imaginary cops) Filled with \$100,000 in small bills, and if I don't get it...(the duck quacks louder) Choo!! And if I don't get it, (pause, picks up the duck) I'm gonna shoot this duck!

Phoebe: Oh no!

Joey: (on the tape) I'm comin' out! (He opens the door and hops out pointing the gun in all directions and then runs out of view.)

Ross: (To Phoebe) And she's supposed to buy this?!

Grandma Tribbiani: Joey, bravo! (Starts with that Italian stuff again.)

(Suddenly, the tape cuts away from Joey's impromptu scene, to Chandler standing really, really close to the camera.)

Chandler: (singing) *Ground control to Major Tom! Commencing countdown...engines...on!*
(Joey and Chandler both run to shut off the tape.)

Joey: (to his grandmother) That's uh, scenes from next week's show. Next week's!

Phoebe: I am **definitely** gonna watch that!

Ending Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, another time lapse, Monica is seeking advice from Rachel and Phoebe about possible replacement earrings.]

Monica: What about these? These look the same?

Phoebe: Definitely!

Monica: Not as each other!

Phoebe: Oh, then no.

(Goes over to Chandler.)

Chandler: (To Monica) Hey!

Monica: Hi!

Chandler: You ready?

Monica: Yeah.

Chandler: You look amazing. I'm the luckiest man in the world.

Monica: Ohh, you're about to get a little luckier.

Chandler: Let me see the earrings.

Monica: Oh, honey, the earrings...

Chandler: (looking at them) They look great! Does your boyfriend have the best taste or what?

Monica: My boyfriend really does have good taste!

(He turns to get his coat and Monica gives Rachel and Phoebe two thumbs up as Chandler walks over to Ross.)

Chandler: (To Ross) Thanks for picking out the earrings man.

Ross: Hm—mmm.

End

520. The One With The Ride Along

Written by: Shana Goldberg-Meehan & Seth Kurland

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler, Rachel, Joey, and Monica are sitting on the couch as Ross is up getting some coffee.]

Monica: Okay, guys, listen, don't forget that tomorrow is the day that Emily gets married again, so whatever we do, just try to really keep Ross's mind off of it.

Joey: Oh, yeah, good idea.

(Ross returns.)

Chandler: Hey man, what's up?

Ross: (sits down at the table) Oh, eh, just thinking about Emily getting married tomorrow. (Joey panics.)

Joey: Ooh, Ross, look! Look! (Points behind Ross.)

Ross: (turning and looking) What? Where?

Joey: Right over there! Right there! Look-look-look!

Ross: What am I looking at?

Joey: (to the rest of the gang) Somebody help me out here!

Phoebe: (entering, with Gary) Hey!

Gary: Hello!

Monica: Hey!

Gary: How are you?

Phoebe: Monica, I'm sorry I didn't come by last night. I was out with Gary; he let me ride around with him in his cop car. We saw and prevented crimes.

Joey: You got to go on a ride along?!

Phoebe: Uh-huh!

Joey: I want to go on a ride along!

Ross: Me too!

Gary: Okay!

Chandler: Yeah, yeah! Me too!

Gary: Really?! You?

Chandler: Yeah.

Gary: Well, it's kinda dangerous.

Chandler: Well, I like danger.

Gary: Okay, you guys free tonight?

Joey and Ross: Yeah!!

Chandler: Tonight? You-you didn't say it was going to be at nighttime.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica is kneeling at the coffee table and has a bunch of pictures laid out in front of her as Rachel enters.]

Rachel: Hey!

Monica: Hey! Oh, I'm so glad you're home, I thought tonight we could **finally** organize these photos!

Rachel: Ohh, thank God! **Finally!**

Monica: Okay, I've broken them down into categories. Okay, we have uh, we got holidays, birthdays, candid, y'know... And then what I've done is I've cross-referenced them by subject. Right? So if you're looking up, oh let's say birthdays and dogs, you get Photo 152. See? (Hands her the photo.)

Rachel: Ohh, it's me and La Poo! Wow! I miss that dog.

Monica: You can also find him under umm, dog and dead.

Rachel: Great! Thanks!

Monica: All right, hand me that other box of photos; that's the very last one.

Rachel: Okay.

(She picks up the box and the bottom falls out, spilling all of the pictures onto Monica's neat little piles.)

Rachel: Oops. Sorry! Well, good thing you number all of them, huh?

Monica: I hadn't! Photo 152 was a prototype.

Rachel: Ohhhh. Honey, honey, honey, it's okay, it's okay honey. I'm gonna fix you a drink, huh? Maybe a margarita?

Ross: Ross has the blender! Ugh, everything's just falling apart!

Rachel: No honey, it's okay! Listen, I'll go to Ross's and get the blender, you get all the margarita stuff ready.

Monica: All right, he's keys are in the drawer. Y'know what? I also need some cash.

Rachel: Okay, you want me to stop at the ATM?

Monica: Nah, while you're at Ross's if you see any lying around...

Rachel: What?!

Monica: What?! I-I-I don't, I don't do that!

(Rachel slowly leaves the apartment.)

[Scene: Gary's cop car, Ross is in the front seat with Gary of course. Chandler is in the back seat.]

Ross: (to Gary) That was so cool man, the way you leaned on that guy.

Chandler: It is starting to get dark out there.

Ross: (to Gary) He told you everything! I mean you totally cracked him!

Gary: Yeah well, being that he was the victim, they're usually pretty talkative.

Chandler: (laughing) Okay. (Deadpan) But it is officially nighttime.

(Gary reaches up to grab that little light that cops have for unmarked cop cars.)

Ross: Oh hey, Gary, want me to grab the berry for ya?

Gary: It's called the cherry.

Ross: It's the—Chandler!!

(Chandler starts laughing at his joke.)

Joey: (returning from a deli) Okay, I got it! This place makes the best sandwich in the world!

Gary: Hey Joe does it have meatballs on it?

Joey: Oh—ho, yeah!

Gary: Does it have melted cheese and marinara sauce?

Joey: Yep!

Gary: Yeah, you can't eat that in my car.

Joey: (dejected) Yeah okay. (To Chandler) Even though my tax dollars paid for this car.

Chandler: Your tax dollars?

Joey: Yeah, okay.

[Time lapse, they're still on the ride along and Joey is just sniffing his sandwich.]

Chandler: (leans in and takes a sniff of Joey's sandwich) Wow! That sandwich really does smell good.

Joey: Did I say you could smell it?!

Chandler: I can't smell your sandwich?

Joey: Half the taste is in the smell! You—you're sucking up all the tastiness!

Chandler: Okay, I'll give them back. (Exhales strongly through his nose and Joey just glares at him.) Look! What is so great about that sandwich?

Joey: Okay, imagine the best sex you've ever had.

Chandler: Okay.

Joey: Are you thinking about Monica?

Chandler: Yeah.

Joey: Yeah, what's that like?

[Scene: Ross's apartment, Rachel is just entering. She takes off her coat and heads for the kitchen. As she does, she knocks something off of a bookcase next to the kitchen door with her coat and it breaks.]

Rachel: Ohh please don't be from a real dinosaur! Please! Please! Please! Please! Please! Please! Please! Please! Please! (She picks up the 2 pieces and looks at the stand.) Made in Mexico! Yes!! Ugh, who would buy this?! (Looks for a place to hide it and finds a wall sconce and drops the pieces into it and heads into the kitchen as the phone rings.)

Monica: (on the answering machine) Rach! It's me! Pick up!

(Rachel runs over and answers the phone with the blender in hand.)

Rachel: Hey! What's up?!

Monica: I need a few more things to make the margaritas. Uhh, I need some salt, some margarita mix, and tequila.

Rachel: So all we have is ice?

Monica: See if he has ice.

Rachel: Okay.

(She hangs up the phone and starts to head back to the kitchen and notices some money lying out, stops, reaches down to pick it up, the phone rings causing her to drop it, she quickly puts it back, and heads for the kitchen.)

Emily: (on answering machine) Hello Ross? It's Emily. (Rachel runs back into the room with the tequila.) I know this is out of the blue but uh, I'm getting married tomorrow. Well, maybe I am. I keep thinking about you and I'm wondering if—if we made a mistake giving up so fast. Are you thinking about me? Of course you're not, but if you are, call me tonight. Okay, bye.

Rachel: Oh. Oh! (Takes a slug of tequila.)

[Scene: The ride along.]

Ross: So where are we going next?

Gary: This witness won't return my calls so we're gonna see if we can surprise him coming home.

Chandler: Sur-surprise him? We're not, we're not gonna make anybody mad are we?

Joey: Come on man! (To Gary) Listen so uh, are you gonna squeeze the perps shoes a little bit before he lawyers up?

Gary: It's a witness not a perp. And no one talks like that!

Ross: Yeah, no one talks like that!

Joey: Oh what? Like your Mr. Cop!

Ross: Hey, I'm more cop than you two!

Chandler: How do you figure that?

Ross: Hello! I'm in the front seat, okay? I'm Gary's partner!

Chandler: Y'know, when you say partner it doesn't sound cop. It, it sounds gay.

Ross: Umm, jealous! (He drops the cherry and it turns on.)

Gary: Hey, do you mind? We're under cover here.

Ross: Yeah, no problem. (Tries to turn it off.)

Gary: Ross!

Ross: Sorry! Sorry! Oh, (He sticks it under his shirt) there! (It's just there flashing through his shirt) Hey Gary, who am I? Phone home!

(Gary just glares at him.)

[Time lapse, Ross has been demoted to the back seat with Joey and Chandler. He's not too happy about it.]

Chandler: Look at Officer Ross riding back here with the visitors.

Joey: Yeah, what's up with that Serpico?

[Scene: Ross's apartment, Rachel is playing Emily's message to Monica.]

Emily: (on answering machine) Are you thinking about me? Of course you're not, but if you are, call me tonight. Okay, bye.

Monica: (does Rachel's) Nooo!

Rachel: (does Monica's) I know!

Monica: Well thank God you were here! I mean, we have to erase that!

Rachel: What?! We can't do that!

Monica: We have too! I mean what if Ross's hears that and then calls her back and then they get back together? Is that what you want? Ross back with that controlling, neurotic, crazy Emily? The Emily that wouldn't let him see you?

Rachel: Noo! Oh no! No! God no! He should not get back together with her. I know that! You know that! Even Ross knows that! But that still doesn't give us the right to erase his message!

Monica: I'm his sister, okay? I love him! I don't want to see him get hurt! Come on! Doesn't that give me the right to control him—help him?

Rachel: I don't think he's the one who needs help.

(They both sit down.)

Monica: No, look, she's obviously unstable, okay? I mean she's thinking about running out on her wedding day. (Rachel slowly turns and glares at her.) (Realizing what she just said.) Okay, fine! But I mean, look at the position she's putting him in! What's he gonna do? Ross is gonna run over there on the wedding day and break up the marriage?! I mean, who would do that?! (Rachel again turns and glares at her in disgust.) Okay, fine, all right, but that's y'know, it's different! Although it did involve a lot of the same people.

Rachel: Ugh!

Monica: Y'know what, this is obviously some kind of twisted joke she's trying to play on him.

Rachel: Okay, **you** are crazy! I'm sorry, but she sounded generally upset! I mean, listen! (She hits a button on the machine.)

Answering Machine: Your messages have been erased.

Rachel: Noooooooooo!

[Scene: The ride along, they're all waiting outside of the witness's house and still in the car in the same places as before.]

Chandler: Okay, y'know, we—we're safe right? I mean nothing bad can **go down!**

Gary: No. But that reminds me, (handing back a clipboard) sign this.

Ross: What is it?

Gary: Oh it's nothing, it just says that you can't sue the city if you scrap your knee or y'know, get your head blown off.

Chandler: (deadpan) Oh, hurry up. I want to sign that.

Gary: Okay, here he comes. What is he doing? What the hell is he doing?!

Ross: What? What? What? What is it?

Joey: Is everything okay?

Chandler: What's going on?

Gary: Okay, he sees us. Now don't move. Don't look at him.

(They all turn and look away. Suddenly a loud bang sounds out and in slow motion Joey slowly throws his body over Ross. Gary is shocked at what he sees while Chandler is obviously hurt.)

Gary: Hey, it's okay. It was just a car backfire. (Joey slowly moves off of Ross.) Hey, look at that! You tried to save your buddy. You see that? You see what he did?

Joey: (To Ross) You okay man?

Ross: Uh—huh. Thank Joey!

Chandler: Uh, HELLO!!

Joey: Hi.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Ross's apartment, Monica has all the supplies she needs and is getting ready to leave.]

Monica: All right, I guess we should go.

Rachel: No, wait. Wait.

Monica: Oh yeah right! (She grabs the money and shoves into her pocket.)

Rachel: No, Monica! Monica! We have to fix this!

Monica: There's nothing we can do. You erased the message!

Rachel: Yeah well unless we tell him.

Monica: Well, if you're gonna be totally rational about this, I can't argue with you! All right? Fine, if you wanna tell him, tell him. I just don't want to be a part of it.

(The phone rings.)

Rachel: Oh, maybe that's Emily calling back to leave the exact same message.

Ross: (on the machine) Hey Ross! It's you! I just want you to remember this feeling. You are lucky to be alive! So live everyday to the fullest. Love yourself, okay? Okay. Oh, and also get stamps. Bye! (He hangs up.)

Monica: Wow! Play that message for Emily and this whole problem goes away!

Rachel: Right?

[Scene: Central Perk, the guys are returning from the ride along to find Phoebe already there.]

Gary: Hey, anybody want to meet a hero?

Phoebe: (excited) John Glenn is here?!

Gary: No, Joey!

Ross: Pheebs, we had the most **incredible** night! Okay, so, we're in the car...

Gary: Wait! Hold on! (He goes over to Phoebe and gives her a kiss.) (To Phoebe) Hi!

Phoebe: Hi!

Gary: (To Ross) Okay, go ahead.

Ross: Okay, okay, so we're in the car. Right? And **bang!** A shot was fired. And Joey with no regard for his own safety throws himself on me!

Phoebe: My God, Joey!

Chandler: (pouting) It was a car backfire!

Ross: Yeah, but—but **he** didn't know that!

Joey: Yeah, I didn't know that.

Ross: And it could've just as easily have been a bullet.

Gary: Hey Joe, you ever think about joining the force? We could use a guy like you.

Chandler: Who jumps at loud noises!

Ross: Wow! I could've died tonight.

Chandler: Yeah! If the car that backfired had run over you! Y'know what, I think I'll go home before Ross starts rambling about his newfound respect for life. (He gets up and starts for the door.)

Ross: I **do** have a newfound **respect** for **life**.

Chandler: (returning) Oh my God! (Storms out.)

Gary: (To Phoebe) So you wanna get some dinner?

Phoebe: Yeah! Sure! Yep! (Gets up) Oh, y'know what? If I heard a shot right now, I'd throw my body on you.

Gary: Oh yeah? Well maybe you and I should take a walk through a bad neighborhood.

Phoebe: Okay!

Gary: All right.

Phoebe: Bye!

Ross and Joey: Bye!

(They leave as Ross stares in awe at Joey.)

Joey: Cut it out Ross! I hate to have to save your life and kick your ass in the same day!

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Chandler is pacing as Joey enters.]

Joey: Dude! How come you took off?

Chandler: Oh, I just went for a walk, around the living room. Whatever...

Joey: Is something wrong?

Chandler: No. No I'm just tired. Y'know, from—from the walk.

Joey: Okay.

Chandler: You dove in front of Ross! Ross!

Joey: That's what this is about! Oh my God, you hate Ross!

Chandler: I do not hate Ross!

Joey: Of course you do! I saved him! You're mad at me! It all adds up! You want Ross out of the picture.

Chandler: What picture?

Joey: I don't know, but I don't like what I'm hearing!

Chandler: Look I'm very glad that you saved Ross from the car backfire, but y'know, it could've been a bullet and you y'know, you didn't try to save me!

Joey: Ohh, you're upset because you think I chose Ross over you! No! I...knew...you could take care of yourself. Y'know, I mean Ross, he need help. He's not street like us!

Chandler: When it comes down to it, you would risk your life for Ross before you would for me. That's the bottom line.

Joey: Well, no, not exactly! All right, look, I, I wasn't trying to save Ross. Okay? My sandwich was next to Ross. All right? I was, I was trying to save my sandwich.

Chandler: From a bullet!

Joey: I know it doesn't make much sense...

Chandler: **Much** sense?!

Joey: Look Chandler, it was instinct! Okay? I just went for it!

Chandler: So you risked your life, for a sandwich!

Joey: I know it sounds crazy, but Chandler this is (Goes and picks up the sandwich) the greatest sandwich in the world!

Chandler: So you didn't uh, choose Ross before me.

Joey: No! I would never do that! You—you're like my brother!

Chandler: Really?!

Joey: Yeah! In fact, to prove how much you mean to me, (He unwraps the sandwich and holds it out for Chandler) here.

Chandler: Thanks. (He grabs the sandwich.)

Joey: No, eh, oh—oi, easy, it's not a hot dog!

(Chandler takes a bite.)

Joey: How good is that?

Chandler: (with his mouthful) Oh—oi—ho, yeah!

Joey: See?

Chandler: Hm-hmm. (Goes to take another bite.)

Joey: Oh-whoa-hey, dude, what are you doing?!

Chandler: I thought you were showing me how much you mean to me.

Joey: Yeah. With a bite! (Takes back the sandwich.) Gee-e-e-eez!

[Scene: Ross's apartment, Rachel is trying to repair the thing she broke earlier, but gets interrupted by hearing Ross at the door. She panics and throws the thing into the kitchen. And runs to the couch as Ross enters.]

Rachel: Hey! Hi!

Ross: Rach, what uh, what are you doing here?

Rachel: Hey! Y'know what? **You** are in our apartment all the time! Okay? This is, this is just a drop in the bucket mister!

Ross: Y'know, it-it doesn't matter. The important thing is that you're here. You're my friend, and you're here. Oh! (He goes over and hugs her.)

Rachel: Okay, just a little scared. What's going on Ross?

Ross: The most amazing thing happened tonight. I thought my number was up. I had an actual near death experience!

Rachel: What?! What? What happened?!

Ross: Okay, okay, we were on the ride along with Gary, right?

Rachel: Yeah!

Ross: And somebody took a shot at me!

Rachel: (gasps) Really?!

Ross: No, a car backfired, but (Rachel suddenly calms down) I thought somebody was taking a shot at me. And Rach, I-I survived! And I was filled with this-this great respect for life. Y'know? I-I want to experience every moment. I want to seize every opportunity. I-I am seeing everything so-so clearly now.

Rachel: Because a car backfired?

Ross: (stares at her briefly) Okay, why are you here?

Rachel: Well, I-I-I don't know how this fits into your whole "seizing" thing but um, Emily called you today.

Ross: You talked to her?

Rachel: No, she left a message. (He starts for the machine.) (Stopping him.) But it-it kinda got erased. There's just (Pause) something wrong with your machine.

Ross: Well, okay, what-what did she say?

Rachel: Well, uh something about having second thoughts about the wedding and did you guys make a mistake breaking up and uh, she wants you to call her.

Ross: Wow!

Rachel: Now, that-that was a good thing that I told you, right?

Ross: Huh? Yeah! Yes, of course!

Rachel: Okay. Thank you! Thank you! Because-I'm sorry, all right. Because y'know what? She didn't want me-not important. The point is, I was right. Your decision. Okay? I was right. (She starts for the door.) (Stops) Your decision.

Ross: Right. I guess, I guess I should call Emily.

Rachel: Okay, no, that's not the right decision. That's not, that's not right, no Ross-Ross, come on! I mean, that woman made you miserable! Okay, Ross, do you **really** want to get back into that?

Ross: Okay, look, yesterday I would've even considered calling her back, but my ex-wife calls on the same day I have a near death experience. I mean, that-that has got to mean something!

Rachel: Ugh, Ross! That was **not** a near death experience! That was barely an experience!

Ross: You weren't there! Okay, maybe this is something that I-I'm supposed to seize! Y'know?

Rachel: Okay, y'know what? Maybe, this is not about seizing stuff. Maybe this is about escaping stuff.

Ross: Huh.

Rachel: I mean, look-look today you escaped (Pause) (Not believing it) death, y'know? And maybe this is a chance for you to **escape** getting back together with Emily?

Ross: That does make sense. Because I do wanna seize some opportunity, but I-I really don't wanna see or talk to her.

Rachel: Well, there you go!

Ross: Yeah. Maybe today is just, close call day.

Rachel: (laughing) Close call day.

Ross: Hey, thanks Rach. (They hug.)

Rachel: Ohh, honey no problem. Okay. (Gets up.)

Ross: Oh wait-wait-wait! The message is blinking. Maybe you didn't erase it.

Rachel: Oh?

(Ross hits the playback button.)

Ross: (on machine) "Hey Ross, it's you!" (Hits the stop button) Oh yeah, no that's-that's an old message, nobody needs to hear that.

Rachel: No. (She heads for the door again.)

Ross: (looking at the coffee table where his money was) Hey umm, was-was Monica here?

Rachel: Yeah.

Ross: Yeah, I want my money back.

Rachel: (going out the door) Yeah, uh you-you probably need that for stamps, right?

(Ross is stunned.)

Ending Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone is there.]

Ross: Hey Pheebs, has Gary ever been shot at for real?

Phoebe: Yes. Once. Yeah, a little. He kinda did it to himself. It's not really a good story.

Ross: I wonder how I would react under fire, y'know? And not backfire but-but heavy fire, like I was in a war or something.

Monica: Man, I would be great in a war! I mean, I really, I think I would make a **fantastic** military leader. I mean I know I would make General way before any of you guys.

Chandler: Before or after you were shot by your own troops?

Ross: I know where Joey would be. He would be down in the foxhole protecting all of us.

Chandler: Yes, if the foxhole was lined with sandwiches.

Joey: Yeah, hero sandwiches. (Points at Ross who points back.)

Season 5

Phoebe: Well you all know that I'm a pacifist so I'm not interested in war in any way. (Gets up) But y'know what? When the revolution comes, I will have to destroy you all. (Starts to leave.) (To Joey) Not you Joey. (Joey gets all happy with himself, while the rest of the gang is less than enthused.)

End

521. The One With The Ball

Teleplay by: Greg Malins

Story by: Scott Silveri

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

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

Gary: (To Phoebe) Would you like some more coffee, baby-doll?

Phoebe: I'm fine, thanks.

Chandler: (To Monica) Yeah, see, I can't pull of baby-doll can I?

Monica: No. I think we learned that from the sugarlips incident. I'm gonna get some tea.

Chandler: Okay.

(Monica leaves and Chandler moves to talk to Phoebe.)

Chandler: Hiya doin' pumpkin?

Phoebe: Nope. (Chandler nods in agreement.)

[Cut to Gary and Monica at the counter.]

Monica: So it looks like it's going really well for you two, huh?

Gary: I know, really well. In fact, I'm gonna ask Phoebe to move in with me.

Monica: (shocked) Oh my God!

Gary: What do you, what do you think?

Monica: I think that is so great! When are you gonna ask her?

Gary: Tonight, but don't say anything. Okay?

Monica: I swear, I promise. I promise. Oh my God, I'm so excited! *{And I just can't hide it! I'm about to lose control and I think I like it!}* Sorry, just couldn't resist it.} All right, listen let me tell you, do **not** get her flowers. Okay? Because y'know, she cries when they die, and there's the whole funeral...

Gary: (To Phoebe) I'll see you after work sweetie. (Kisses her.)

Phoebe: Okay. Bye!

(Gary exits and Monica rejoins them.)

Phoebe: So, what movie should we see?

Monica: (sitting down) Gary's gonna ask you to move in with him!!

Phoebe: What?! Really?!

Monica: He just told me at the counter. He made me promise not to tell, but I couldn't hold it in any longer!

Phoebe: I can't believe this!

Chandler: (terrified) Right, because it's fast. Because, it's so fast. It's fast!

Monica: Relax! It's Phoebe! Not you!

Chandler: Oh! Good for you Pheebs, way to go! (Breathes a sigh of relief)

Phoebe: No, but it **is** fast. Isn't it?

Monica: Ohhhh!

Phoebe: No, I like him a lot but I don't think I'm ready for this!

Chandler: So, what are you gonna do?

Phoebe: I don't know. I'll just handle it—I'll ask you to talk to him!

Chandler: Me?! Why me?

Phoebe: Because you are so afraid of commitment! You talk to him, make him scared like you! Make him a…man!

Chandler: I'll try, but I'm not sure what good it would do, y'know? Because I'm a lot less afraid of commitment than I used to be.

Monica: That is so sweet! (She kisses him and turns to add some sugar to her tea.)

Chandler: (To Phoebe, behind Monica's back) Still terrified, I'll take care of it. No problem. (When Monica turns back he smiles and kisses her, when she turns away he nods that he'll do it to Phoebe.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Joey and Ross are playing catch with a little foam globe.]

Joey: Hey Ross, is uh, is Staten Island really an island?

Ross: Uh—huh, that's why they call it Staten **Island**.

Joey: Ohhh. I thought it was like Long Island.

Ross: (he catches the ball and pauses, staring at Joey in disbelief) Also an island.

(The game resumes.)

Joey: Hey, what time is it?

Ross: (looks at his watch) 2:17.

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! 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!

Rachel: (entering) Hey, you guys…

Joey: Hey!

Rachel: Is Monica here?

Joey and Ross: No.

Rachel: All right listen umm, I just bought something I'm not sure she's gonna like it, and it's gonna seem a little crazy, but this is something that I wanted since I was a little girl.

Ross: You bought Shawn Cassidy!

Rachel: Noo! I wish! Okay, you ready?

Joey and Ross: Yeah!

Rachel: Okay! (She goes and gets her surprise and when she returns with it, Ross stares in shock.) Check it out!

(Joey turns and looks at quite possibly one of the ugliest pets that you can possibly buy on the planet.

Rachel has bought herself a hairless cat. Yep, a hairless cat! Joey and Ross start to get sick.)

Ross: What—what is it?!

Joey: What the hell is that?!!

Rachel: It's a, it's a cat!

Joey: **That**, is not a cat! {I have to agree with Joey on this one.}

Rachel: Yes it is!

Ross: Why is it inside out?!

Rachel: Excuse me! But this is a purebred, show-quality Sphinx cat!

Ross: How much did you pay for that?

Rachel: Well, it was a little extravagant, but I a pretty good deal.

Ross: Yeah? How much?

Rachel: A thousand bucks.

Ross: ON A CAT??!!!!

Joey: It's not a cat!

Rachel: All right listen ball boys! My grandmother had one of these when I was a little girl and it was the sweetest thing! I mean it was so cute, it would sit in my lap and purr all day long, and I would drag a shoestring on the ground and he would chase it!

Ross: Free cats do that too, y'know. {Which reminds me, if I might get a little political here, support your local animal shelter. Pet shops are **not** the place to buy dogs and cats from, you get a much better deal from the shelter, plus they probably won't die on you in a week and a half. If you want a leash, go to the pet shop. If you want the dog for that leash, go to the shelter and save it's life. Now back to regularly scheduled programming.}

Joey: It's not a cat!

Rachel: Ugh! Look you guys, I'm really excited about this! Okay? I don't care what you think! I'm gonna go set up a little litter box for Mrs. Whiskerson. (They both glare at her.) Well, what am I gonna call her? Fluffy?!

(Rachel goes into the bathroom as the guys continue throwing the ball.)

Ross: (To Joey) Hey, you wanna get something to eat or uh, do you wanna see how long we can throw this ball back and forth? Huh?

Joey: Uhh, the ball thing.

Ross: Yeah?

Joey: Hey Ross, wouldn't it be great if we could go two straight hours without dropping it?!

Ross: Uhh, **yeah** it would! Let's do it!

Joey: Okay!

(They throw the ball back and forth once.)

Joey: (catches the ball) Uh-oh.

Ross: What?

Joey: I have to pee. And Rachel's in the bathroom!

[Cut to Chandler and Joey's, Ross is seen throwing the ball into the bathroom, presumably where Joey is currently using the facilities.]

Joey: Man, I didn't think we were gonna make it!

Ross: I know! (Looks at the ball in his hands.) Don't switch hands, okay?

[Scene: the 5th Precinct, Gary's precinct, Chandler has come to talk to him about commitment. And as he's walking through the door he notices a couple of "Ladies of the night" sitting there. (If you know what I mean.)]

Chandler: Hey ladies! What are you in here for? (Laughs at his joke.)

Gary: Hey Chandler, what are you doing here?

Chandler: Gary, I'm here to report a crime.

Gary: Yeah?

Chandler: It is a crime that you and I don't spend more time together.

Gary: (laughs, then suddenly serious) What's up?

Chandler: Well, I heard that you thinking about asking Phoebe to move in with you and I thought maybe, we should have a talk. Man to uh, me.

Gary: Sure. Okay.

Chandler: Uh, are you crazy? Are you insane? If you live with Phoebe, you two are gonna be y'know, live-living together!

Gary: Yeah, I—I considered that. I just know it would make me happy.

Chandler: You mean scared.

Gary: No, I mean happy.

Chandler: Scared? Happy?

Gary: Chandler, what—what are you doing?

Chandler: I am trying to open your eyes, my man! Don't you see, if you lived with Phoebe she's always gonna be there. You're gonna get home, she's there. You go to bed, she's there. You wake up and oh yes, she's there!

Gary: I know! I can't wait!

Chandler: Were you're parents happy, or something?

Gary: Listen Chandler, the way I see it is that I was lucky enough to find someone that I really love. I just—I wanna be around her as much as I can.

Chandler: Wow, y'know when you say it, it doesn't sound so scary.

Gary: So you know what I'm talking about, right?

Chandler: Yeah, I think I do! Y'know what? You move in with her! You move in with her right now! Maybe I should in with Monica!

Gary: No, it's too soon for you guys.

Chandler: (pause) Yeah, you're right about that.

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Ross and Joey are still playing catch.]

Ross: …now when they found the remains of the Mesozoic Mastodon they discovered what **appeared** to be the remains of a Paleozoic Amphibian in its jaws! How did it get there?!

{Y'know, sometimes I think the script writers throw in a line like that to try to trip me up. But it won't work. I'll always have the last laugh! <manical_laugh.wav> Okay, so maybe I'm a little deluded, it's probably just my spellchecker. But, I must admit I did get Mesozoic and Paleozoic on the first attempt. Yay me! Anyhoo…}

Joey: Maybe this should be more of a quiet game.

{Oh, all right! Geez, I can't have **any** fun!}

Monica: (entering) Hey guys!

Joey: Hi!

Monica: Joey, I left my watch on the counter last night. (Goes to the counter) It was right here, where is it?

Joey: I don't know.

Monica: All right, come on, I'm—I'm late for work!

Ross: How do you know? You don't have a watch.

Monica: Guys, could you please just stop throwing the ball for one minute and just help me find it!

Joey: Oh, I don't know... Yeah, can't do it.

(He throws it back to Ross, but it's intercepted by Monica and the guys both scream in horror.)

Monica: What?!

Ross: Monica, whatever you do, do **not** drop that ball!

Joey: Yeah, we haven't dropped it in... (Looks to Ross.)

Ross: 2 hours, 27 minutes.

Monica: Really?!

[Time lapse, Monica has joined in and is calling to get out of work.]

Monica: (on phone, faking she's sick) I—I'm not gonna be able to make it into work today, I don't feel very good. (Joey makes a high throw and Monica has to catch it way over her head.) (Not sounding sick) Yes!!

(Realizes what she just did.) (Sounding sick again) Wow! Uh, for a second there I thought I was really better, but I'm not. (Hangs up and keeps throwing the ball.)

(Rachel enters.)

Ross: Hey Rach!

Rachel: Hey.

Ross: Check it out! Almost 3 hours without droppin' it!

Rachel: Oh, wow! Congratulations, that's quite a waste of time.

Monica: Rach?

Rachel: Yeah?

Monica: You have scratches all over you, what happened? (Rachel's arms are covered with scratches.)

Rachel: Well, it's my cat.

Monica: (shocked) What?!

Rachel: Oh yeah, I got a cat.

Monica: I don't want a cat!

Joey: Oh, don't worry, it's not a cat.

Ross: Yeah.

Rachel: You guys this cat is **nothing** like my grandmother's cat. I mean, it's not sweet, it's not cute, I even dragged that little string on the ground, and it just flipped out and scratched the hell out of me. And I swear, I know this sounds crazy, but every time this cat hisses at me I know it's saying, "Rachel!"

Ross: Doesn't sound as crazy as paying a thousand dollars for a cat.

Monica: (To Rachel) What?! You paid a thousand dollars for a cat when you owe me 300!!

Rachel: Well, I was gonna let you play with it.

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe is drinking coffee as Chandler enters.]

Chandler: Hi!

Phoebe: Hmm, did you talk to Gary about the moving in thing?

Chandler: Yes I did, and I think you should do it.

Phoebe: What?!

Chandler: He's a great guy, y'know? And he loves you a lot, you are a very lucky lady.

Phoebe: You are useless! Freaking out about commitment is the **one** thing you can do! The **one** thing! And you can't even do that right! God!

Chandler: I'm sorry. (Pause) If you ask me, I'd move in with him.

Phoebe: Ohh!! God! (Gary enters and she sees him) Ooh! (To Chandler) Get out of here, good for nothing.

Gary: Hey Chandler.

Chandler: Hey Gar!

Gary: (To Phoebe) Hi sweetie. (Kisses her.) Hi, can I talk to you for a second?

Phoebe: Yeah! Okay. (They move to the couch.)

Gary: You look very pretty today.

Phoebe: Thanks! Okay. (They sit down.)

Gary: Here's the thing.

Phoebe: Yeah?

Gary: Y'know I **really** want to move this relationship forward.

Phoebe: Uh-hmm.

Gary: Because if you're not moving forward, y'know you're just moving backwards.

Phoebe: No that's not true. If you're not moving forward, you're just staying still. And staying still is good. Watch this. (She stays still for a brief second.)

Gary: Phoebe?

Phoebe: Yeah?

Gary: I want you to move in with me.

Phoebe: That is so sweet. But don't you think it's a little too soon? I mean there's so much we don't know about each other.

Gary: (disappointed) Oh. Oh-oh-okay, I get it.

Phoebe: I just—I don't want us to jump into something we're not ready for.

Gary: (disappointed more) Uh-huh.

Phoebe: I really don't want to mess up what we have. I'm just—I'm worried it's gonna be a big mistake.

Gary: (on the verge of tears) Yeah.

Phoebe: Which is why my answer is yes!

Gary: (suddenly happy) Really?!

Phoebe: Uh-huh! (They hug.) I'm so...happy. (She's not happy.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Joey, Ross, and Monica are still playing catch, with Chandler looking on. Joey throws the ball to Monica who catches it and whips it at Ross.]

Ross: (catching the ball) Monica! Stop throwing it so hard! We're on the same team!

Chandler: Four hours? You guys have been doing this for four hours?

Joey: That's right baby.

Chandler: All right, let me in. (He jumps off of the counter to join in the game.)

Monica: (jumping in front of him) No-no! Don't do it! Don't!

Chandler: What?

Monica: He's a dropper!

Joey: Oh yeah, that's right!

Chandler: I'm not a dropper!

Ross: It's really a uh-uh three person game, y'know?

Chandler: It's throwing and catching!

Ross: All right. (He gently tosses the ball to Chandler who catches it.)

Chandler: Oh! Oh! That's so hard. (Starts to juggle the ball, but loses control and almost drops it and hands it to Monica.)

(Rachel enters with the "cat" and the chick and the duck start to get riled up.)

Joey: Whoa-whoa you guys, it's not a cat!

Monica: Oh my—Oh good God!

Rachel: (she's wearing an oven mitt to protect her hand) I give up you guys, I don't know what I'm going to do with this thing!

Ross: Baking it didn't help, huh?

Monica: So, why don't you just take it back to where you got it?

Rachel: I tried! They won't take her back.

Chandler: Maybe that's because she's a minion of the anti-Christ.

Monica: Rach, why won't they take it back?

Rachel: Well, they said would but they would only give me store credit. I mean, what am I going to do, get a thousand regular cats?

Monica: Look, if you want you can keep it at our place until you find out what to do with it.

Rachel: No Mon that's not the point. I'm out a thousand dollars, I'm all scratched up, and I'm stuck with this stupid cat that looks like a hand! (Storms out.)

(Monica sneezes.)

Monica: Oh my God, the cat's made my eyes water! Don't-don't throw it to me! My vision's been compromised!! (Quickly grabs a tissue to wipe her eyes.) Oh God! Okay. Okay. It's okay. Man, that was close.

Chandler: Yeah, you almost overreacted to something.

Phoebe and Gary: (entering) Hey!

All: Hey!

Gary: We have **great** news!

Phoebe: We're moving in together! Isn't it great! Yay!

All: Congratulations! Congrats!

Phoebe: I know, I'm so excited!

Gary: So am I!

Phoebe: Well, you're not more excited than I am! No way! I'm the **most** excited!

Gary: Okay, I'll see you at the station later.

Phoebe: Okay, yeah, I'll see you later! Don't forget about the moving in!

Gary: All right.

(Phoebe closes the door behind him.)

Monica: So you're moving in with him. What happened?

Phoebe: I couldn't tell him no. He got so sad. Maybe it'll be all right. I **do** really like him a lot and probably do it eventually anyway and plus, think of all the money I'll save on stamps.

Monica: Why, do you write him a lot?

Phoebe: No, I just heard when people live together, they split the cost of stamps. Don't they?

All: Yeah! That's right. Yeah-yeah! Yeah!

(Rachel enters with the cat, wearing the oven mitt, and startles Phoebe.)

Phoebe: Oh, I'm sorry, the oven mitts really freaked me out.

[Scene: Gary's precinct, Phoebe is entering.]

Gary: Hey, honey! Okay, so did you find any apartments? Anything in Brooklyn Heights?

Phoebe: No, nothing.

Gary: Oh really?

Phoebe: Yeah.

Gary: Nothing at all?

Phoebe: No, as soon as something opens up we'll move right in. Unless it doesn't have a pool, I need a pool. (Turns away from him.)

Gary: Phoebe, can I talk to you for a second?

Phoebe: Uh-huh!

(He takes her into one of those typical interrogation rooms you see on TV and in the movies. Which is really appropriate here, since this is a TV show. What are the odds of that?)

Gary: Take a seat. You okay? You feeling all right? (Closes the door and takes off his coat.)

Phoebe: (sits down) Yeah, I feel great. 'Cause we're moving in together.

Gary: So you uh, you checked the paper for listings in Brooklyn Heights, right? You-you checked the *Post*?

Phoebe: Yeah, uh-huh, there was nothing. (Pause) Can I get some water?

Gary: In a minute. You-you checked today's *Post*?

Phoebe: Umm, yeah! Today's.

Gary: 'Cause uh, this is today's *Post* (produces one from the other chair) and uh, these are the listings I found. (Points) Brooklyn Heights, two bedroom. (Points) Brooklyn Heights, one bedroom. (Points) Brooklyn Heights, (points) Brooklyn Heights, (points) Brooklyn Heights!

Phoebe: (looks at the paper) Are these for rent! I thought people were just bragging!

Gary: Let me tell you what I think might be going on. (Phoebe looks down in shame.) No-no-no, don't look at the table. Look at me. (Points to his eyes and she does so) Okay, I think somebody asked someone to move in with them. And I think someone said, "Yes" but now she's having doubts because things are moving to fast for someone. Does that sound at all possible to you?

Phoebe: Yes. Yes! Fine! I **am** someone! You want me to say it? I have doubts! (Pause) I'm sorry! (Puts her head down.)

Gary: Phoebe...

Phoebe: Yeah?

Gary: Phoebe, it's okay that you feel this way. I mean it **is** soon. And there's a lot of things we don't know about each other, and I just figure that everything I really like. And the things I don't know, I get to learn about at someplace with both our names on the mailbox.

Phoebe: That's so sweet.

Gary: Sweetheart, but none of that matters if it's too soon for you. It's fine! We don't have to move in together. I just—I want you to be happy

Phoebe: Living with you would make me happy.

Gary: Phoebe, you **don't** have to say that.

Phoebe: No, I really wanna live with you! I wanna move in with you!

Gary: Are you sure?

Phoebe: Yes. Definitely! Yes! Let's live in an apartment that we both live in! (Hugs him.)

Gary: Oh that's great!

Phoebe: Oh wait, one sec. One sec. (Goes to the mirror) Hey you! Behind the glass! Who are you looking at! I've always wanted to say that when I was in one of these rooms, (sees the look on his face) which was never!

[Scene: The street outside Central Perk, Rachel is trying to sell the cat.]

Rachel: Show cat! Quality show cat! Show cat! (A woman approaches.)

Woman No. 1: (looks into the box) Oh my God! What's wrong with your baby?!

Rachel: It's not a baby! It's a cat!

Woman No. 1: Eew! It's creepy looking!

Rachel: Oh no! No! It's actually—it's very sweet. It's very sweet. Look! (Goes to pet it and it hisses at her.) Yeah, do you want it?

Woman No. 1: (laughs) No, I hate cats.

Rachel: Well, so then what are you doing to me? Okay? Just get out of here! All right? Move on! (Another woman approaches.)

Woman No. 2: Wow! What an unusual cat!

Rachel: Yes! Thank you! Exactly! You want it?

Woman No. 2: Maybe. I was thinking about getting a cat, I was just going to go to the shelter (Good for her) but... Okay, why not?

Rachel: Oh, terrific! That'll be \$2,000.

Woman No. 2: What?!

Rachel: Okay, a thousand.

Woman No. 2: I thought you wanted to adopt your cat.

Rachel: Well, I do, but you're just gonna have to actually look at this as more of an investment than a cat.

Woman No. 2: Okay, yeah, I just wanted a cat. (Starts to leave.)

Rachel: (makes some unintelligible sound to stop her from leaving) Obviously you know how to haggle, so I'm not gonna try and take you on. Okay? So \$800 and I don't call the cops because you're robbing me blind! Blind! (Covers her eyes) Just take cat, leave the money, and run away! Run away! (Uncovers her eyes and sees that the woman has fled) Damn it! (To the cat) Cat, can't you at least smile or something?! (The cat hisses at her again, it sounds like Rachel) Okay, did anybody just hear that? Anybody?

[Scene: Chandler and Joey's, Joey, Ross, Monica, and now Chandler are still playing catch. The guys are exhausted and sitting around the room. Monica is still standing all pumped up and being hyper-competitive yet again. {Okay! We get it! She's competitive!! Must we see **all** the time?!}]

Ross: I'm starving!

Monica: Come on guys! Suck it up! We're closing in on ten hours! It's gut-check time!

Joey: I don't know who made you the boss? All right? We (Ross and him) invented this game!

Monica: Please! I made this game what it is.

Chandler: Not fun anymore?

Ross: I'm still hungry!

Monica: All right, there's some pizza at my place, we can all eat with one hand right? Are you with me?

Ross: I am!

Monica: All right! Let's go! (Runs to the door.) Let's go Team Monica! (The guys all stop and stare at her) All right, we can work out the name later.

[Cut to her apartment where Rachel is sitting at the table.]

Monica: Rachel! What is your cat doing in one of my bowls!

Rachel: It's not! I'm defrosting a chicken. (Pause) Oh, I uh sold Mrs. Whiskerson.

Ross: Oh, thank God!

Joey: Did you get your money back?

Rachel: Yeah, 15 hundred dollars.

Monica: Wow! You made a profit!

Gunther: (entering with the cat) I just came for the red-velvet pillow.

Rachel: Oh yeah, there you go. (Hands over the pillow.)

Gunther: Thanks Rachel. And-and don't forget you-you can come visit her anytime you want.

Rachel: Oh good, great! I'll-I'll keep that in mind. (Turns and walks away.)

Gunther: (To Ross) Hey! So what is this? Some kind of snake or something?

[Scene: Gary and Phoebe's apartment, it's morning and they're both waking up in bed.]

Gary: I really like waking up with you.

Phoebe: I like waking up with you too. (Looks out the window) Oh! It's such a beautiful morning. (Some birds are singing outside the window) Oh, I can stay here all day.

Gary: That would be great!

Phoebe: We could have breakfast in bed...

Gary: Wait, just a second.

Phoebe: Okay. (He grabs his gun and shoots the bird.) Oh! Oh no.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Hyper-competitive Monica, Rachel, Chandler, Joey, and Ross are still playing catch. Monica is finally tiring while the rest of them are totally exhausted and virtually asleep.]

Monica: All right! Come on Monica! Look alive! Come on, look alive!

Phoebe: (entering) Oh good, you're all up.

Rachel: Phoebe! It's 6 o'clock in the morning! Why aren't you at Gary's?

Phoebe: Oh yeah, that's over.

All: What?!

Chandler: Come on! Gary's such a great guy! Whatever the problem is, you can work it out!

Phoebe: He shot a bird!

Chandler: Oh that is over!

All: That's terrible! I'm sorry!

Rachel: Phoebe, are you okay?

Phoebe: Yeah. Yeah, I'll be alright.

Joey: Oh hey, here Pheebs. (He throws her the ball.)

Phoebe: (catches it) Nah, I don't feel like playing. (She sets the ball down on the table and everyone gasps.)

Monica: It's okay. It's okay. Just pretend that it didn't happen! Okay? No one needs to know! I mean, Phoebe's not an official ballplayer! I mean, only official ballplayers can drop the ball!

All: All right. Okay. I'm starving! (They all get up, thus officially ending the game.)

Rachel: Phoebe, honey, wanna get some breakfast?

Phoebe: Yeah!

Monica: Okay! Okay, let's race! First one there wins! Ha-ha! (Runs out the door and everyone watches her leave.)

(Pause)

Chandler: You guys wanna eat here?

All: Yeah! As long as we're here!

Ending Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone is there.]

Joey: Man that was great! Huh? Can you believe how long we threw that ball around?

Rachel: Yeah, it is amazing it lasted that long.

Ross: I know. My arm is killing me.

Rachel: No, I meant with the dropper over here. (Points at Chandler.)

Chandler: Y'know, how did I get this reputation as a dropper? Okay? I'm **anything** but a dropper. (We see various scenes of him dropping a football, a mug of coffee, the phone, an apple, a Frisbee, a record, and the final scene has a ball bouncing off of his chest. I'm not going to describe them, you'll have to see them.)

End

522. The One With Joey's Big Break

Teleplay by: Wil Calhoun

Story by: Shana Goldberg-Meehan

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone but Phoebe are there reading. Rachel is sitting on the couch flanked by Ross and Monica. She suddenly stops reading and starts blinking her left eye as if it's bothering her. The problem is that Joey is on her left and thinks she's winking at him and winks back. Ross is watching this and isn't quite sure of what to make of it.]

Ross: What's going on?

Rachel: Well, my eye is a little itchy.

(Ross turns to look at Joey.)

Joey: Uhhh, mine too! Yeah.

Monica: (To Rachel) Wow! It's really red! You should go see my eye doctor.

Rachel: Richard? I'm not gonna go see your ex-boyfriend!

Chandler: Oh, Richard. That's all I ever hear, Richard, Richard, Richard!

Monica: Since we've been going out, I think I've mentioned his name twice!

Chandler: Okay, so Richard, Richard!

Monica: It's not Richard! Okay? It's this new guy and he's really good.

Rachel: Well, I'm sorry I'm not going to an eye doctor!

Ross: Oh God, here we go!

Chandler: What?

Ross: Anytime anything comes close to touching her eye or anyone else's she like freaks out. Watch! Watch! (He takes his finger and moves it towards his eye.)

Rachel: (flinches) Ross! Come on! That's all right! Fine--Okay, I have a weird thing about my eye. Can we not talk about it please?

All: All right, fine.

Monica: Hey Rach, remember that great song, *Me, Myself, and I*? (And on the "I" part she mimics poking her eye.)

Rachel: (flinches again) Monica! Come on!

Ross: Hey, does anybody want to get some lunch? All those in favor say I? (Pokes his eye)

Rachel: (freaks) Ross! Stop it! Come on!

Chandler: How much did I love *The King and I*? (Oh, you get the point by now.)

Rachel: Chandler!

Joey: Me too! Me too! Me too! (Yeah, he does the same thing.)

Rachel: Just stop it! Come on!

(Joey howls in pain and holds his eye.)

Chandler: You okay there man?

Joey: Yeah, I got too excited!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Ross, Chandler, Monica, and Phoebe are eating breakfast.]

Ross: All right, I gotta go. I'm taking Ben to the park.

Phoebe: Ohh, give him a kiss for me!

Ross: All right, bye!

Monica: Bye!

Phoebe: Bye!

Ross: Later! (Exits.)

Phoebe: (after he's gone) I am so sorry you got caught in the middle of that. I didn't mean to be so out there. I am furious with him!

Chandler: Wow umm, calm down.

Phoebe: I'm trying, but **man** that guy can push my buttons!

Monica: Why are so mad at him?

Phoebe: Look, I don't wanna talk about it. Okay?

Monica: Well, it just seems that...

Phoebe: You wanna be on my list too? Keep talking! Has anyone seem my list by the way?

Chandler: Uh, no Pheebs. What's it look like?

Phoebe: Uh, it's a piece of paper and it says, "Ross" on it.

Joey: (entering, depressed) Hey. I just got off the phone with Estelle and guess what. (Pause, then very excitedly) I GOT THE LEAD IN A MOVIE!!!!!!

Chandler: You got the lead in a movie? That's amazing! What's the movie about?!

Joey: It's called Shutter Speed, it's really cool! Yeah, umm, I meet this girl in the subway and we fall in love in like a day, right? And **then**, she disappears... But I find out where she lives and when I get there this like old lady answers the door and I say, "Where's Betsy?" Right? And she says, "Betsy's been dead for 10 years."

Phoebe: Ohh-oh, chilling!

Joey: And the best part is, we're filming in the desert outside Vegas! (To Chandler) And you know what that means buddy!

Chandler: Yeah, I know that means buddy!

Joey: Road trip! Yeah, we can rent a car! I just have to be there by Tuesday!

Phoebe: Oh wait, my grandmother's dead.

Chandler: Well, uh, we can talk about that too Pheebs.

Phoebe: No! No, her cab! She probably won't be using it; you can drive it to Las Vegas.

Joey: All right! Thanks Pheebs!

Chandler: Whoa-whoa-whoa, what are we going to do about my job?

Joey: Oh umm, not go.

Chandler: All right, great, road trip baby! (To Monica) This okay with you?

Monica: Chandler! You don't have to ask for my permission. (Quietly) You can go.

Chandler: Thank you.

Monica: Hey Rach, come on! We're gonna be late for the eye doctor appointment!

Rachel: (entering from her bedroom) All right! Let's get this over with! Ugh! (She walks by the table and notices that no one is looking and accidentally on purpose knocks over the open cereal box.) Ohhh! No! Look what I did! (She starts walking through the mess. {Also, notice the continuity error in this scene. Note the position of the box and dispersal pattern of the cereal before and after the camera cut.}) Oh, I mean, look at this mess! I mean, we're probably gonna have to clean this up! Y'know? We're gonna have to reschedule!

Monica: No. If you thought this mess is going to bother me, you are wrong! All right, let's go Blinky! (She ushers Rachel out the door, but before the door fully closes she sticks her head back in.) Chandler!!!! (Chandler agrees to clean up the mess.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey is reading a map as Phoebe enters.]

Phoebe: Oh hey Joey! What's up?

Joey: I can't decide which route to take to Vegas. Hey, you've traveled a lot right?

Phoebe: Yeah, I've been around.

Joey: Okay, so--so which route should I take the northern route or the southern route?

Phoebe: Ooh, if you take the northern route there's a man in Illinois with a beard of bees. {Okay, I must protest this, I've lived in Illinois all my life and know of no man with a beard of bees! Wisconsin, on the other hand, might be a different story.}

Joey: Great! Problem solved!

Phoebe: But on the southern route there's a chicken that plays tic-tac-toe.

Joey: Well, back to square one.

Phoebe: Oh, I know a way that you can decide! All right, I'm going to ask you a series of questions and you answer as quickly as you can.

Joey: (quickly) Yes!

Phoebe: Good, but wait. Okay, all right, here we go. Now I want you to relax. Take a deep breath. Clear your mind. (Quickly) Which do you like better peanut butter or egg whites?

Joey: Peanut butter!

Phoebe: Which would you rather be a fireman or a swimmer?

Joey: A swimmer!

Phoebe: Who would you rather sleep with Monica or Rachel?

Joey: Monica. Oh... huh, I always thought it would be Rachel.

Phoebe: No thinking! No thinking! Tie or ascot?

Joey: Ascot!

Phoebe: North route or south route?

Joey: North route!

Phoebe: Bamn! There you go! Huh?

Joey: Wow! That was incredible! Beard of bees, here I come!

Ross: (entering) Hey!

Phoebe: Oh, this guy again. (She ignores him.)

Joey: Hey man, what's up?

Ross: Uhh, not much. You guys want to see a movie tonight?

Joey: Sure, what do you want to see?

Ross: I don't know, umm...

Joey: Oh, I know how we can decide. Phoebe, show him your game!

Phoebe: Umm, no thank you. (She gets up and moves to the couch. They were at a table previously.)

Ross: What's with her?

Joey: I don't know. But hey, I know we can decide. Okay, I'm gonna ask you questions and you answer real quick. Okay?

Ross: Okay.

Joey: What do you like better action or comedy?

Ross: Action.

Joey: Who would you rather sleep with Monica or Rachel?

(Ross pauses and looks at him, Joey motions for him to hurry up.)

Ross: Dude, you are sick.

Joey: Oh, I'm sorry. I forgot you had that whole Rachel thing.

[Scene: Monica's eye doctor's office, Monica and Rachel are waiting in an exam room and looking at this big white thing used to check eyes. I have no idea what it is, and if an ophthalmologist happens to know what that is, let me know.]

Rachel: Oh my God! What does **that** thing do?

Monica: (looks at it more closely) Oh that's an eye removal machine.

Rachel: All right, I'm outta here!

Monica: I'm kidding! I'm kidding!

(Rachel heads for the door but is intercepted by the doctor.)

The Doctor: Hi Rachel!

Rachel: Hey!

The Doctor: I'm Dr. Miller. Monica told me you were a little nervous, but don't worry everything's gonna be just fine.

Rachel: So were done then!

Dr. Miller: Almost! But first, we gotta start.

Rachel: Okay.

Dr. Miller: This is a glaucoma test.

Rachel: Uh-huh.

Dr. Miller: Sit down.

Rachel: Okay.

Dr. Miller: But your chin here. (She does so.) Now, you'll feel a small puff of air in each eye.

Rachel: (jerks back from the tester) What?!

Monica: A small puff of air, now come on!

Dr. Miller: Here we go.

Rachel: All right.

Dr. Miller: 1...2...3! (Rachel jerks back on 3.)

Rachel: I'm sorry. All right, I'll just stay in here this time. (Puts her head back.) Okay.

Dr. Miller: Ready?

Rachel: Uh-huh.

Dr. Miller: 1...2... (She flinches on 2 this time.)

Monica: Y'know what, I'm gonna hold her head.

Rachel: Okay.

Dr. Miller: That's okay.

Monica: Okay. (Monica backs off.)

Rachel: Okay. Okay!

Dr. Miller: 1...2! (She flinches again.) (Gives up.) Y'know what? You're young; you probably don't have glaucoma.

Rachel: (really excited) Great!! It was very, very nice to meet you sir--Ow! Hey! What are you doing?! Are you crazy! (He took out that thing they use to look at people's retinas and looked at Rachel's when she was shaking his hand causing her to flinch and scream at him.)

Dr. Miller: Okay. You've got a small, minor infection in that left eye. I want you to take these drops three times a day and you'll be as good as new.

Rachel: Yeah, no, I don't—I don't put things in my eye.

Dr. Miller: Okay then, I guess we'll see you back here in three months.

Rachel: Great!

Dr. Miller: And I'll fit you for a glass eye.

Rachel: Okay, just give me the damn drops! (Grabs them and storms out.)

Monica: Dr. Miller? (She covers her right eye and reads from the chart) P E C F D.

Dr. Miller: Very good Monica! You know where they are.

Monica: I sure do! (She runs over to a drawer, opens it, and grabs a lollipop.) (To Rachel) And you don't get one!

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

Rachel: Y'know, I—I gotta tell ya, those eye drops are a miracle. My eye is a 100% better.

Monica: They're still in my coat.

Rachel: Damn!

Chandler: (entering) Hey!

Joey: Hey! You ready to go?

Chandler: Yeah, listen, how cold is it going to be there? Do I need a coat or will all these sweater vests be enough? (Holds up 3 of them in different colors.)

(Monica stares at him.)

Chandler: What?

Monica: I love you.

{There's another continuity error here. Before Monica says I love you, Chandler's holding the vests so that you couldn't see the collar, you could see all three, and they were folding nicely. After she says the line and the camera cuts back to Chandler, you can only see two out of the three, you can see the collar of the

top one, and it looks like it was folded sloppily, unlike before. Hey, you notice things while spending this much time on this!}}

Joey: Man, I wish Ross was coming with us! Y'know? I'm gonna miss him!

Phoebe: Thanks a lot! I just got that jerk out of my mind!

Chandler: Hey, so where are we staying? Is the movie putting us up in a big hotel suite?

Joey: Uh no, not really. It's an independent film y'know? So we don't have a real big budget. I figured I'd just stay in your room.

Chandler: I see, but once you get your first paycheck you'll be springing a big hotel suite, right? I mean, lead in a movie, they must be paying you a lot?

Joey: Oh yeah! For every dollar Shutter Speed makes, one penny of it goes right in Joey's pocket.

Chandler: So you don't get paid unless the movie makes money?

Joey: Did you not hear the plot of the movie? "She's been dead for ten years." I'm gonna be a millionaire!

Ross: (entering) Hey!

Joey: Hey!

Ross: I just wanna say good-bye to you guys **and** to see if you guys will place a little bet for me, huh? Twenty bucks on black 15.

Joey: You got it!

Ross: All right!

(Joey nods to Chandler, no way!)

Chandler: All right, bye-bye now!

Phoebe: Bye!

Rachel: Bye you guys!

Joey: Bye-bye!

Monica: I wanna say good-bye at the car!

Chandler: Okay!

Joey: Anybody want to say good-bye to me at the car?

Rachel: Oh honey, I'll say good-bye to you at the car if you don't mind the puss.

(Pause.)

Joey: See ya! (Walks out.)

Rachel: Well, wait a minute! The puss is good! It means it's healing! (Runs after him.)

Ross: Hey Pheebs, what 'cha reading? (Phoebe ignores him) Pheebs? (Turns away) Hello? (He sits down next to her and she moves over a bit.) Phoebe? (He moves closer and she keeps moving away.) Phoe-Phoebe! (They end up hanging over the arm rest.) Come on! (He grabs the magazine away from her.)

Phoebe: Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't see you there.

Ross: Phoebe, are you, are you mad at me, or something? 'Cause if are please, tell me what it is I did!

Phoebe: Well, if you don't know I can't help you.

Ross: Well, I don't know.

Phoebe: Well, I can't help you.

Ross: Well, whatever it is I'm-I'm very, very sorry. Okay?

Phoebe: Apology accepted.

Ross: Okay. So we're, we're good?

Phoebe: Uh-huh.

Ross: All right. (Gets up.) I'll uh, I'll see you later, okay?

Phoebe: (quietly) Bye, fat ass.

Ross: ALL RIGHT!! Phoebe now come on! Will you please tell me what it is I did that mad you so mad at me!

Phoebe: I don't know! I don't remember!

Ross: Well if you can't remember, can't we just forget about this?

Phoebe: Oh no, I am mad at you. I know that much. But, I am sorry about the fat ass thing. You actually have a very sweet little hiney.

(Ross isn't sure what to do with that comment.)

[Scene: Phoebe's cab, Joey and Chandler are headed across the George Washington bridge on their way to Las Vegas. Joey is driving.]

Joey: Man, I'm getting pretty tired. You're might have to take over soon.

Chandler: We've been driving for a half-hour, and you haven't looked at the road once.

Joey: Don't worry, it's out there! (Just then a horn honks and Joey quickly looks at the road.) I think I just need lunch.

Chandler: Yeah.

Joey: You wanna eat? (Pulls out the twenty) My treat!

Chandler: Isn't that Ross's money?

Joey: Yeah. Okay. Ross's treat! Where do you wanna eat?

Chandler: I don't know.

Joey: Ooh, hey, I know how we can decide! All right, uh, I'm gonna ask you a bunch of questions and then you have to answer real fast. Okay? So uh, clear your mind Clear it right out! Clear it out! Clear!

Chandler: Okay!

Joey: Okay, uhh, would you rather be too wet or too dry?

Chandler: Too dry.

Joey: Do you believe in ghosts, yes or no?

Chandler: No!

Joey: Is this movie gonna be my big break?

Chandler: No!

Joey: (shocked) What?!

Chandler: Yes.

Joey: Dude you said, "No!"

Chandler: I also said, "Yes!"

Joey: You don't think this is going to be a big break for me?

Chandler: No! (Realizes) Ahhh!!!

Joey: I don't believe this!

Chandler: Look Joe, I just, I just don't want to get your hopes up real high.

Joey: What are you talking about?! I'm the lead in a movie!

Chandler: They're not even paying ya! This doesn't even sound like a real movie!

Joey: Y'know what? I don't need this! Okay? I don't know why you're dumping all over my big break.

Chandler: Joe, I don't think this is going to be your big break.

Joey: Is that why you're on this trip, huh? Make me feel like a loser? 'Cause if it is, I'll tell ya, I—I—I'd rather be alone.

Chandler: Oh, you don't want me on the trip?

Joey: Not if you're gonna be like this!

Chandler: All right, I'll tell ya what, the next time you ask me a question like that I'll lie.

Joey: Yeah! I don't want you on the trip!

Chandler: All right, fine! Fine! Why don't you pull over? I'll get out right now!

Joey: Fine! (He slams on the brakes, stopping the car on the bridge to the sound of numerous car horns.)
Get out!

Chandler: You're not actually supposed to stop on the bridge.

Joey: Get out!!

Chandler: All right!! (Gets out and Joey speeds away.) Wait! Wait, there's no sidewalk! Yeah, I'm gonna die here.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross, Phoebe, Rachel, and Monica are there. Ross is trying to figure out why Phoebe's mad at him.]

Ross: Okay, are you mad at me because my hair gel smells?

Phoebe: No.

Ross: Are you angry at me because I said your handwriting is childlike?

Phoebe: No that made me feel precious.

Monica: Oh, I know! Umm, is it because he's always correcting people's grammar? Whom! Whom! Sometimes it's who!

Ross: Yeah? Sometimes it's... (Does the fist thing.)

Rachel: Oh, did you beat him at a board game? He turns into such a baby when he starts to lose.

Ross: Okay, I'm the baby. (Points at his eye.)

Rachel: Eh! Stop it!

Chandler: (entering) Hey!

Monica: Chandler! What are you doing here?

Ross: Hey!

Chandler: Joey kicked me out of the car on the George Washington bridge!

All: Why?!

Chandler: I don't know! He went crazy! Y'know, we were playing that game where you—you ask a question and you answer it really fast.

Phoebe: That game should not be played without my supervision.

Chandler: Well, I don't know what mad him so mad, y'know? All I said was that uh, I didn't think this wasn't gonna be his big break, that this movie wasn't going to do anything for him, and that uh, y'know it didn't sound like a real movie—Okay, he should've pushed me off of the bridge.

Phoebe: What's in the bag?

Chandler: Oh, I figured you guys would all be mad at me. So I got you some gifts that I found on the side of the road. (Looks into the bag.) Who wants the teddy bear with one leg?

Phoebe: I do!

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel is trying to apply her eye drops while Monica looks on.]

Rachel: Okay. (She tilts her head back and squeezes the eyedropper. The only problem is, it's not over her eye.)

Monica: Not even close.

Rachel: Okay, then y'know what? Help me! I need help! I can't do this!

Monica: Okay! All right! Let's do it!

Rachel: All right!

Monica: Sit down. (They sit down on the couch.)

Rachel: All right.

Monica: Put your head back.

Rachel: Yes!

Monica: All right.

Rachel: Okay.

Monica: Now, open your eyes.

Rachel: Okay, they are. (No they're not.)

Monica: How many fingers am I holding up? (She's not holding any up.)

Rachel: (thinks) Four.

Monica: Oh my God, I was thinking four.

Rachel: Really?!

Monica: Yes! All right, y'know what? Why don't we start with a practice run? Okay?

Rachel: Okay!

Monica: No drops!

Rachel: Great!

Monica: Okay.

Rachel: Okay.

Monica: On three, 1...2...3! (Rachel turns her head on three to avoid the drops.) Now my pillow's all wet! (She was trying to fool Rachel and squeezed the eyedropper.)

Rachel: Well, well, you said it was practice!

Monica: Then why did you move?!

Rachel: Because I knew you were lying!

Monica: All right, come here! (She gets up and drags Rachel off of the couch by her legs.)

Rachel: (as she's being dragged) What are you? Monica!! Stop it!! Oh my God! Stop it! (Monica drags her totally onto the floor and on her back.)

Monica: I am going... I'm going--Turn it over! (Rachel rolled onto her stomach and Monica rolls her back.) I'm... I am going to get these drops in your eyes. (She is holding Rachel down with both hands and has the eyedropper in her mouth.)

Rachel: Oh my God! You really are freakishly strong!

(Monica starts biting on the eyedropper, spraying the fluid all over. But Rachel keeps turning her head back and forth and Monica keeps missing.)

Rachel: Monica! Stop it!

Monica: (spitting out the eyedropper) Damn! It's empty!

Rachel: Wow, y'know if Joey and Chandler walked in right now, we could make a fortune! (Monica is straddling Rachel and holding her arms down. In a rather risqué pose, at least for primetime TV.)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, time lapse, Phoebe and Monica are playing cards as the phone rings.]

Phoebe: Ooh that is definitely Chandler, Joey, or Ross. (Thinks) Or—or Rachel!

Monica: (answers the phone) Hello? (Listens.) (To Phoebe) It's Joey. (Phoebe's proud of herself.) (To Joey) I'm so glad you called! Chandler told me what happened. Y'know he's really upset about it.

Joey: (on a pay phone holding a box) Not as upset as he's gonna be when he finds out what I did with his sweater vests!

Monica: What did you do to his sweater vests?

Joey: Let's just say there's a well-dressed pack of dogs in Ohio. Hey Monica listen is—is Phoebe there? I gotta ask her something about the car.

Monica: Yeah, she's here. Hold on a second. (She hands the phone to Phoebe.)

Phoebe: Hey, dude!

Joey: Hey Pheebs! Listen, this wooden box keeps sliding out from under the seat. What—what is it?

Phoebe: Oh that's my grandma. (Joey holds the box away from him.) And thanks Joey she's having a really great time. (Joey is happy now.)

Chandler: (who has just entered) Is that Joey? Is that Joey? Let me talk to him! I wanna talk to him!

Phoebe: Okay Joey? Chandler's here, he was wondering... (We hear the dial tone as Joey hangs up.) Okay, I guess he ran out of change.

Chandler: Y'know, he won't even talk to me. How am I going to apologize to him if he won't even talk to me?

Monica: Well, maybe you should send him something. So that when he gets to Las Vegas he'll know that you're sorry.

Chandler: That's a good idea. I wonder where I could (Pause) get a basket of porn...

Phoebe: No, don't—don't say I'm sorry with porn!

Chandler: Really?

Phoebe: Y'know what you should send him? A cartoon of cigarettes. 'Cause that why he could trade it for protection. No. That's prison.

Ross: (entering) Okay Pheebs, I know how we're going to figure this out. Okay, clear your mind and answer the first thing that comes into your head. Okay?

Phoebe: Uh—hmm.

Ross: What do you like better flora or fauna?

Phoebe: Fauna.

Ross: Who would you rather be Simon or Garfunkle?

Phoebe: Garfunkle.

Ross: Why are you mad at me?

Phoebe: You said I was boring--Ohh!

Ross: When did I say you were boring?!

Phoebe: Oh my God, I remember now! We were playing chess!

Ross: Phoebe! You and I have **never** played chess!

Phoebe: Oh, come on! Yes, remember that time on the frozen lake? We were playing chess, you said I was boring, and then you took off your energy mask and you were Cameron Diaz! (Realizes) Okay, there's a **chance** this may have been a dream.

[Scene: The desert outside of Las Vegas, Joey is arriving and we hear the song, *Name*. Y'know, (singing) *I've been through the desert on a horse with no name! It felt good to be out of the rain. In the desert, you can't remember your name, 'cause there ain't no one for to give you no pain. La...la...la-la-la, la, la, la, la-la-la*. You get the idea. Anyhoo, he pulls up and stops. As he gets out of the car, he spills a huge pile of fast food containers out of the foot well.]

Joey: Hey-hey! Stanley! Hey-hey! You're leading man is here! Let's get to work.

Stanley: Umm, slight change of plans. We've shut down.

Joey: Wh-what?! Why?!

Stanley: It's a money thing, we don't have any.

Joey: (laughs) You're kidding right?

Stanley: No.

Joey: What?!

Stanley: It-it's probably just temporary. We're hoping to get some more money soon, so if could just uh, hang out.

Joey: Uh, hang out?! How long?

Stanley: I don't know. A week? Maybe two? The money will turn up! People will always wanna invest in movies! Hey, you're not rich are ya?

Joey: No!

Stanley: Eh, worth a shot. (Gets into his car.) Look Joey, let me know where you're staying, okay? (The car peels away.)

(I think one of the grips walk up to Joey, mainly because there's a credit for The Grip. What the heck is a grip anyway?!)

The Grip: Hey pal, are you Joey Tribbiani?

Joey: Yeah.

The Grip: These got left for ya. (He hands him a bunch of helium balloons.)

Joey: Thanks. (The grip walks away.) (Reading the card.) Congratulations on your big break.

(The rest of the crew start to drive away leaving Joey sad, alone, and holding his congratulatory balloons as the song comes up again. *La-la-la. See, I've been through the desert on a horse with no name! It felt good to be out of the rain! In the desert you can't remember your name, 'cause there ain't no one for to give you no pain. La-la-la, la, la, la...*)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the phone is ringing.]

Monica: (answering it) Hello?

Joey: (on phone from Vegas) Hey Monica, it's Joey!

Monica: Hey Joey! Aww, you remembered even though you're a big star!

Joey: Aw, come on! It'll be years before I forget you!

Monica: Joey, what's it like on a movie set, huh? Do you have a dressing room? Do you have a chair with your name on it?

Joey: Uh, well yeah--yeah, I've got all of that going on. Yeah, listen uh, I want you to make sure you tell Chandler that he couldn't have been more wrong! Uh--oh! I gotta go Monica, my uh, my sushi's here!

[Cut to Joey hanging up the phone in Vegas. He's wearing a Roman gladiator's uniform and goes over to join a family to pose for a picture. You see, he's apparently taken a job at *Caesar's Palace*.]

Joey: (to the family) Sorry about that. Thanks for waitin'.

The Husband: Okay!

Joey: Everybody smile! (The picture is taken) Okay, thanks a lot! Enjoy your stay at *Caesar's*! We hope it's toga--rrific! (The family leaves.) Kill me. Kill me now.

Ending Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, The gang is surrounding Rachel at key positions.]

Ross: Hey Rach, can you pass me the *TV Guide*?

Rachel: Yep!

(As she moves to get it, Monica yells...)

Monica: Go!!

(Phoebe jumps to the floor as Ross tackles Rachel off of the couch. Chandler helps push Rachel onto the floor by jumping over the back of the couch. Phoebe grabs Rachel's head to hold it still and opens Rachel's eye as Monica jumps onto Chandler's back to administer the torture--I mean medicine.)

Rachel: What?!! Stop it! Stop it! Oh my God!

Monica: Okay! Okay! Okay! (She succeeds in getting the eye drops in and everyone climbs off of Rachel.) We'll see you in about 3 to 4 hours.

Rachel: Oh! (She's trying to recover while still on the floor.)

End

523. The One In Vegas

Part I Written by: Andrew Reich & Ted Cohen

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Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel is sitting in the living room and Phoebe is standing in the kitchen as the phone rings.]

Rachel: Pheebs? Could you get that? Please?

Phoebe: Why? Just 'cause you're too lazy to get up off your touchie?

Rachel: No! No! It's just that all the people in the entire world that I want to talk to are right here.

Phoebe: (smiles) Okay! (Goes to answer the phone.)

Rachel: (under her breath) Sucker!

Phoebe: (answering the phone) Hello? (Listens) Hey Joey!

[Cut to Las Vegas, Joey is on the phone and wearing his gladiator costume.]

Joey: Hey Pheebs! Listen, uh can you do me a favor? I forgot the pin number to my ATM card can, can you get it for me?

Phoebe: Sure! Where is it?

Joey: Uh, I scratched it on the ATM machine down on the corner.

Phoebe: Ohh! So you're 5639?!

Joey: That's it! Thanks Pheebs!

[Cut to Monica and Rachel's]

Chandler: (entering) Hey!

Phoebe: (to Joey) Ooh, do you want to talk to Chandler?

Chandler: (To Phoebe) Is that Joey?! (She nods yes) Let me talk to him!

[Cut to Joey]

Joey: No! (She nods no to Chandler) Because he didn't believe in my movie! Which is a big mistake because it is real! Real!

A Casino Boss: Hey! Tribbiani! Get back to work! Break time's over!

[Cut to Phoebe]

Phoebe: Who was that?

Joey: Uhh, my stunt double. Yeah, and y'know, he's getting a little too familiar for my tastes.

Chandler: (To Phoebe) Y'know what? I have been trying to apologize to him all week! If he's not gonna let me do it on the phone, I'm gonna go down there and do it in person.

[Cut to Joey]

Joey: Uhh Pheebs, I heard that. Can you put him on?

[Cut to Phoebe]

Phoebe: Yeah! (She hands the phone to Chandler.)

Chandler: (To Joey) Hey!

[Cut to Joey]

Joey: Don't come out here!

[Cut to Chandler]

Chandler: No-no-no-no, I've supported you one hundred percent and I want to prove that to you in person!

[Cut to Joey]

Joey: I got that! I forgive ya! Don't come out here!

[Cut to Chandler]

Chandler: Forgive me? You haven't been taking my calls in a week!

[Cut to Joey]

Joey: Well, I'm totally over it Chandler. Friends forever! Don't come out here!

A Tourist: (To Joey) Would you mind doing a picture with us?

[Cut to Chandler]

Chandler: Uh, what was that?

[Cut to Joey]

Joey: Uh, *Entertainment Tonight*. [Cut to Chandler] Yeah, okay so, good talking to ya and don't come out here. All right. (Hangs up the phone and poses for that picture.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Phoebe is entering.]

Phoebe: Monica! I'm sorry I'm late! (Starts looking around for her) Monica? (Goes into Monica's bedroom.)

Monica: (entering) Phoebe? (Phoebe comes back into the living room) Oh, Phoebe, I'm so sorry. Have you been here long?

Phoebe: (saddened) It's okay. What the hell took you so long?

Monica: Okay, you can not tell Chandler. Okay? That I ran into Richard.

Phoebe: Which Richard?

Monica: The Richard.

Phoebe: Richard Simmons?! Oh my God!

Monica: Noo! My ex-boyfriend Richard! Y'know the tall guy, moustache?

Phoebe: Oh! Okay, that actually makes more sense. So how was it?

Monica: It was, it was really nice. We started talking and I-I ended up having lunch with him.

Phoebe: That is so weird! I had a dream that you'd have lunch with Richard.

Monica: Really?

Phoebe: But again, Simmons. Go on.

Monica: The strange part was, he was really nice, umm and he looks great, but I didn't feel anything at all!

Phoebe: Ooh! So now why can't we tell Chandler?

Monica: Because it would totally freak him out and tomorrow's our anniversary. I just don't want anything to spoil that.

Phoebe: Oh, I can't believe you guys lasted a whole year!

Monica: I know.

Phoebe: Wow! I owe Rachel 20 bucks!

Monica: What?

Phoebe: On a totally different bet.

Chandler: (entering) Hey!

Monica: It's almost our anniversary!

Chandler: I know. Can you believe it? One year ago today I was just your annoying friend Chandler.

Phoebe: Awww! Now you're just **my** annoying friend Chandler.

Chandler: Huh.

Monica: I got you a present!

Chandler: Oh, but it's not 'til tomorrow!

Monica: I know, but you have to open it today! (Hands it too him.)

Chandler: Okay.

(He starts taking his time opening it. Finally Monica snaps.)

Monica: (grabbing the gift from him and opening it) Okay! There you go! It's two tickets to Vegas!

Chandler: Wow!

Monica: For this weekend! Oh gosh, it would be perfect, we get to see Joey plus we get to start our anniversary celebration on the plane. We can call it out plane-aversary.

Chandler: Do we have to?

Monica: No.

Chandler: Okay this is great, but Joey said he didn't want any of us out there.

Monica: Oh, he just doesn't want us to go through any trouble. Think of how excited he'll be when we go out and surprise him! Plus we get to have our own, ani-Vegas-ary! A-Nevadaversary!

Chandler: Yeah, I think we should see other people.

Monica: But we can go, right?

Chandler: Yes.

Monica: Okay!

Chandler: It's a great idea. (They kiss)

Phoebe: Okay, I'm gonna go too!

Chandler: Y'know Pheebs, it's kinda **our** (His and Monica's) anniversary.

Phoebe: Oh please, you are not gonna ditch again like you did with London.

Monica: Ditch you? Phoebe, you were pregnant with the triplets!

Phoebe: Uh-huh, great story! I'm going!

Rachel: (entering with Ross) Hi!

Phoebe: Hey!

Ross: Hey!

Phoebe: Hey, you guys, listen, this weekend we're all gonna go to Las Vegas to surprise Joey! Including me!! You wanna go?!

Rachel: Well, I guess I could take a couple days off work.

Phoebe: Of course you can take a couple days off work because this trip includes me!

Rachel: Oh no, wait a minute, wait, I've got a presentation tomorrow. I can't miss that.

Ross: Oh, but I've got tickets to the Van Gogh exhibit! I've been waiting like a year for this.

Chandler: (coughing) Art lover!

Ross: What'd you say?

Chandler: I said art lover.

Ross: Is that supposed to be an insult?

Chandler: I don't know, I'm very tired.

Ross: So Rach, maybe you and I could fly out together Saturday.

Rachel: That sounds great.

Ross: Yeah? All right I'll call the airlines. (Picks up the phone and does so)

Rachel: Okay. Yeah, that would be nice actually, to have the apartment to myself for a night.

Phoebe: Oh yeah, so you can walk around naked.

Rachel: No! So I can be by myself. Y'know? Have a little alone time.

Phoebe: Naked alone time.

Rachel: No! Phoebe just because I'm alone doesn't mean I wanna walk around naked. I mean, you live alone, you don't walk around naked.

Phoebe: Uh-huh! Why do you think it takes me so long to answer the door?

[Scene: An airplane cabin, Phoebe has the aisle seat, Chandler the window, and Monica's stuck in that horrible middle seat.]

Phoebe: So, so far is this trip to Vegas better or worse than the trip to London?

Chandler: So it's pretty much the same Pheebs.

Phoebe: Okay, what about after I give you these candies? (Hands them each one from her purse.)

Chandler: Yeah, I guess it's a little better now.

Phoebe: Ah-ha! Okay, (takes out a notepad) Las Vegas 1, London 0! I'll be right back. (Gets up and heads aft.)

Chandler: (To Monica) Happy plane-aversary.

Monica: Aww! I love you!

Chandler: Can I give you a present now?

Monica: Okay!

Chandler: Okay! (He grabs his carryon and starts rummaging through it.) Oh man! Don't tell me I did this!

Monica: I love the "I forgot the present" fake out!

Chandler: How do you feel about the, "I really did forgot the present, please forgive me" not fake out?

Monica: Oh that's okay. Don't worry about it, you can give it to me when we get back.

Chandler: Ohh that's the **worse** thing that can happen on an anniversary ever!

Phoebe: (sitting down) Oh good! All right, so you decided to tell him about the Richard thing.

Chandler: What-what Richard thing?

Phoebe: Oh no. [The patented version.]

Chandler: What Richard thing?

Phoebe: (To Monica under her breath) Simmons! Go with Simmons!

Monica: Okay, I umm, I ran into Richard yesterday and he asked me if I wanted to go for a bite and I did. The only reason I didn't tell you is because I knew you'd get mad and I didn't want to spoil our anniversary.

Chandler: (talking out of the side of his mouth) I'm not mad.

Monica: Really?!

Chandler: Oh yeah! Yeah, so you—you bumped into Richard! You grabbed a bite! It's no big deal. (He still ain't happy.)

Monica: Great!

(Pause.)

Phoebe: Okay, London 1...

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel is coming out of the bathroom after a shower wearing only her bath robe, walks into the kitchen, and opens the fridge. As she bends over to grab a bottle of wine, her robe falls open (Damn this network primetime programming, we didn't see anything!) and she quickly closes it again. But then realizes she didn't have to do that. So she closes the fridge and stands next to the table, thinks about it for a little while and...]

Rachel: (takes off her robe) Oh! Look what happened! {Don't get your hopes up guys, we only get to see her from the back or from the neck up. Its times like these I wish that the networks would broadcast some nudity other than Denis Franz's butt.} (In her head.) *Huh, check me out! I'm in my kitchen...naked! I'm picking up an orange.* (Does so) *I'm naked!* (Goes into the living room) *Lighting the candles, naked, and carefully.* (She backs anything that might have a point like a candle on her body away.)

[Cut to Ross's apartment, he's sitting by his window looking at an art book. As he's turning the page, he glances up and notices something.]

Ross: (in his head) *Oh my God! That's Rachel naked! I can't look at that! I am looking at this.* (Looks back at his book.) *Okay, vivid colors, expressive brush strokes—Unless she wants me to be looking at that. She knows I'm home. She knows I can see her. What kind of game is she playing? I think maybe someone's lonely tonight. Oh—ho, Dr. Geller! Stop it! You're being silly! Or, am I?*

[Cut back to Monica and Rachel's apartment, Rachel is singing along with a song and dancing while facing the big picture window. Y'know, I think I'd pay real good money to be on the other side of that window!]

Rachel: (singing) *Love to love ya baby! Ow! Love to love ya baby! Ow!* (There's a knock on the door, she turns off the music, puts on her robe, and goes to answer the door.) *Love to love ya, baby!* (There's another knock.) Darnit! (Looks through the peephole and turns on the lights.) Ugh. (She opens the door to Ross who's leaning against the door jam.)

Ross: Hey.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, the scene is continued from where we left off before the break.]

Ross: May I come in?

Rachel: Uh, yeah, if you want too.

Ross: Do **you** want me too?

Rachel: Yeah, sure?

Ross: So do I. (Slowly walks in.) Okay Rach, before anything happens (He takes off his coat) I just want to lay down a couple of ground rules. (Turns back to face her.) This is just about tonight. I don't to go through with this if it's going to raise the question of "Us." (Rachel's confused) Okay? I just want this to be (Kicks off his left shoe) about what it is! (Kicks off the other one.)

Rachel: And um, what–what is that Ross?

Ross: The physical act of love. (Hisses at her.)

Rachel: (laughs) What?! Are you crazy?

Ross: Oh so–so you weren't trying to entice me just now with your–your nakedness?

Rachel: (gasps) Oh God, you saw me?! Oh!

Ross: You weren't trying to entice me with your nakedness.

Rachel: Noo!! No! You thought, you actually thought I wanted to have sex with you?!

Ross: No! No! (Grabs his coat) No! (Grabs a shoe.) No–no–no–no. (Grabs the other one and heads for the door.)

Rachel: Ohh wow! I'm sorry, but Ross you kicked off your shoes!

Ross: Can we, can we just forget this ever happened?

Rachel: Yes of course, absolutely! You're right. I'm sorry.

Ross: Thank you.

Rachel: Yes.

Ross: All right I guess I'm, gonna go pack. (Starts to leave)

Rachel: Okay. Oh wait! One more thing umm, do–do we still need to uh settle the question of "us?"
(Ross storms off embarrassed.)

[Scene: Las Vegas, we have the typical glamour shots of Vegas, the Strip, slot machines, a couple other gaming tables all set to the tune of you guessed it, *Money*. Anyhoo, we finally get through that and watch Chandler, Monica, and Phoebe enter *Caesar's Palace* carrying their luggage.]

Phoebe: Hey you guys wait! Guys! (Catches up to them.) This place is so much better than London! Okay? This lady dressed like Cleopatra gave me a coupon, 99 cent steak and lobster dinner. Huh!

Monica: Phoebe, you don't eat animals.

Phoebe: For 99 cents, I'd eat you. (Sees the casino) Okay, I can totally settle down here. It's got everything I could ever want, including Joey! Look! (Points to Joey in his gladiator suit posing for a picture with two old ladies.) Oh! Look! Hi!

Chandler: Oh my God.

Phoebe: Hey! Joey! (They all head over to him, he spots them coming and panics.) Hey! Hey!! Wow! (She hugs him.)

Joey: Hi!

Chandler: Love your condoms my man.

Joey: What–what are you guys doing here? I thought I told you not to come.

Phoebe: Why are you dressed as a gladiator?

Joey: Uhh, because I'm shooting a scene right now. Yeah, I uh, I play a gladiator. Uh, y'know what? Hold–hold on a second. (To no one in particular) Can we cut? Yeah, my–my friends are here, I'm gonna take a little break.

Monica: Who are you talking too?

Joey: They uh director. Uhh, her. (Points to an old woman standing behind him. Who glares at him and walks off.) All right, all right, it's not a gladiator movie. I work here.

Chandler: Why?! What happened?!

Joey: Well, the movie got shutdown because they ran out of money, so I'm working here 'til it starts up again, if it ever does.

Monica: I'm so sorry.

Joey: Look, I'm sorry I didn't tell ya. (To Chandler) I'm sorry man.

Chandler: No-no, that's okay, apparently there's a new policy where we don't have to share everything with everybody.

Monica: I **knew** you were not okay with that.

Phoebe: So you're a gladiator! Wow!

Joey: Yeah, what-what's going on?

Phoebe: Monica had lunch with Richard.

Joey: Dawson?!

Phoebe: Noo! But that would've been so cool!

Chandler: No! Her boyfriend Richard!

Monica: It meant nothing! Okay? After all this time, how can you **not** trust me?

Chandler: When you go lunching with hunky moustache men and don't tell me about it!

Monica: You're right. I'm sorry. I should've told you.

Chandler: Thanks. (They hug.)

Joey: Aww, there we go.

Phoebe: I **love** Vegas!

Monica: I promise you, next time I will absolutely tell you.

Chandler: (pushing her away from another hug) Next time?

Joey: Ooh, so close.

Chandler: There's not gonna be a next time! You can not ever see him again!

Monica: I can not see him? I mean, you can't tell me what to do!

Chandler: That's so funny, because I think I just did!

Monica: Oh y'know what? If you're gonna be acting like this all night, I really, I don't even want to be around you.

Chandler: Fine with me!

Monica: Fine! Happy Anniversary!

Joey: Whoa! Whoa! Guys! Please! Come on! Come on! This is obviously just a **big** misunderstanding.

Monica: No it is not!

Chandler: What are you talking...

Joey: Hey-hey don't look at me! I just work here! (Walks away.)

[Scene: An aircraft cabin, Ross and Rachel are on their way to Vegas.]

Rachel: (taking off her sweater) Okay umm, Ross? I'm-I'm really warm, so I'm going to be taking off my sweater. Now, I'm just letting you know that this is **not** an invitation to the physical act of love.

Ross: (sarcastic) Yep! That's hilarious!

Rachel: I'm sorry. I'm done. I'm done.

Ross: Y'know, last night was embarrassing for you too.

Rachel: No, not really. I mean you've seen me naked hundreds of times.

Ross: Uh-huh. But it was a first for the rest of my building.

Rachel: Okay. All right, that's true! But y'know I just don't embarrass that easily.

Ross: What?! You totally get embarrassed!

Rachel: No, I don't! Ross, I think I'm just a more secure person than you are.

Ross: Is that so?

Rachel: Yeah.

(Pause.)

Ross: (loudly so that everyone can hear) Hey lady! I don't care how much you want it! Okay?! I am **not** gonna to have **sex** with you in the bathroom! (Rachel sinks lower on her chair trying to hide.)

[Scene: Chandler's hotel room, he's sitting there with Joey who's talking about his helmet and running his hand through that feathery thing at the top.]

Joey: Hey, y'know in Roman times this was more than just a hat.

Chandler: Really?

Joey: Yeah, sure! Sure! They would uh, they would scrub the floors with it! They would use it to get the mud off their shoe. And sometimes underneath the horse would get dirty so they would stick it right...

Chandler: (interrupting in the nick of time) Joey, I uh! I can't **believe** this is how I'm spending my anniversary.

Joey: All right well, I'll take you someplace nice then. Look! A guy tipped me a hundred bucks today.

Chandler: Whoa!

Joey: Yeah-yeah, he was playing blackjack for like an hour and he won \$5,000. Can you believe that? \$5,000!

Chandler: Y'know, if I won \$5,000 I'd join a gym, y'know build up my upper body and hit Richard from behind with a stick! (Mimics it.)

Joey: Wait a minute! Why don't I do what that guy did? I'll take this \$100 and turn it into \$5,000! And **then** I'll turn that into enough money to get my movie going again!

Chandler: Good luck!

Joey: Chandler! I don't need luck. I have thought this through!

Chandler: I see.

(Joey exits as Chandler shakes his head.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: The casino bar, Phoebe and Monica are sitting at the bar, while Wayne Newton's signature song *Danke Schoen* is playing in the background.]

Monica: (to the bartender) Thank you.

Phoebe: Thanks.

Monica: I can't believe this! This is like the worst night ever!

Phoebe: Y'know Monica you had a minor setback in your relationship with Chandler. Big deal! It's only Chandler. (Monica turns and stares at her.) I am **so** sorry.

Monica: This is crazy! I mean, it's such a stupid argument. I don't even wanna see Richard again.

Phoebe: So go fix it! Go find Chandler! He's probably up in your room! Tell him that you're sorry and that you love him.

Monica: Y'know what? You're right Phoebe. You're right. Thank you! (Gets up to find Chandler.)

Phoebe: Sure! (When Monica gets close to the door.) (Yelling) Yeah! Las Vegas, number one!

[Cut to the casino, Monica is walking through it past the craps table when she notices a chip on the floor. She picks it up and heads to the table.]

Monica: Anybody lose this? (Holds up the chip and the woman next to her shakes her head no.)

The Croupier: Comin' out. Place your bet. (Monica does so.) Dice are out. (The woman next to Monica rolls the dice.) Double or nothin'! Pay the front line! (Monica won and doubled the chip.)

Monica: Hmm.

[Scene: An airplane cabin, Ross and Rachel are both reading as a guy stops by their row.]

Guy: (To Rachel) So uh, I'm on my way back to the bathroom. (Ross giggles.)

Rachel: Yeah, all right. All right! Just keep walkin'! All right?

(Ross keeps giggling and Rachel decides upon revenge. She gets up and kisses the rather large man in the seat in front of Ross on the back of his head. The guy turns around angrily.)

Rachel: Ross! What are you... I'm sorry sir. I just, I think he just really likes you.

[Time lapse, Ross is drinking something and decides to get Rachel again.]

Ross: (to the guy in the window seat next to him) Hey! Y'know that teacher who had a baby with her student? (He points at Rachel.)

[Time lapse, Rachel pushes the flight attendant call button, takes Ross's drink, and spills it into his lap.]

Ross: What the? What...

Rachel: (to the flight attendant who appears in record time. It was only seconds after Rachel pushed the call button was she there. Once again, more proof that TV isn't real, IRL she would've been waiting for the rest of the flight and by then Ross's pants would be dry.) Hi!

The Flight Attendant: Miss? May I help you?

Rachel: Yes, I'm sorry. Do you have any extra pants? Umm, my friend seems to have had a little accident.

[Scene: *Caesar's Palace Casino*, Joey is approaching one of the blackjack tables on his quest to make enough money for his movie.]

Joey: (to the dealer) Can I change a hundred? (He hands him his chip.)

Blackjack Dealer: Changing one hundred! (Gives him the change.) Good luck sir.

Joey: (betting all 100) Let's ride.

Blackjack Dealer: (Deals the cards) 13.

Joey: Hit me! (He does so.) Ohh man! (Joey busts and loses all the money, but when the dealer starts to collect the cards Joey notices something.) Wait! (He holds his hand next to the dealer's hand.)

[Cut to Chandler's room, Joey is relaying to Chandler his amazing discovery.]

Joey: Chandler! You are **not** gonna believe this! I have found my identical hand twin!

Chandler: (totally confused) What?

Joey: My identical hand twin!

Chandler: What's an identical hand twin?

Joey: What's it sound like? It's a guy with my identical hands! It was incredible! Chandler, the dealer's hands were exactly like me! It—it was like looking at my hands in a mirror!

Chandler: Are you sure you weren't (pause) looking at your hands in a mirror?

Joey: Don't you see what this means?! I can forget about that stupid movie. I'm gonna be a millionaire!

Chandler: (totally confused) How?

Joey: Look, I don't have it all worked out yet, but it's gotta mean big money! Come on! Identical hands!

Chandler: Again I must go back to, how?

Joey: This is Vegas man! People will pay to see freaky stuff! Okay, how much would you pay to see this hand (Holds up his left hand) twice? Huh?

Chandler: (Pause) Y'know, I-I can't really put a price on that Joe.

Joey: Hey, are you unsupporting me again?

Chandler: No! No! I support you 100%! I just didn't, I didn't get it right away. Y'know now I'm caught up! Identical hand twins! It's a million-dollar idea!

(Joey starts to leave to embark on his genius moneymaking scheme, but is freaked out slightly when as he goes to open the door, there's a mysterious knock. He calms himself down and opens the door to reveal Phoebe.)

Phoebe: Hey!

Joey: Pheeb!!

Phoebe: Yeah?

Joey: I found my identical hand twin!

Phoebe: Ohh, you are **so** lucky! (To Chandler) Hey! So, where's Monica? Did you guys make up?

Chandler: No!

Phoebe: But she just came up here!

Chandler: That was Joey!

Phoebe: I wonder where she is. That is so weird.

Chandler: Yeah, well, she's probably talking to Richard.

Phoebe: Would you stop that! Do you wanna know the first thing she said when she came back from her lunch with Richard? She didn't feel anything for him. She loves you!

Chandler: Really?

Phoebe: Yes! Now, she feels terrible! She really wants to make up! You gotta find her.

Chandler: Okay. (He gets up and goes to find her.)

Phoebe: Good. (After he leaves, she puts on Joey's gladiator helmet and checks herself out in the mirror) I should really start wearing hats!

[Scene: *Caesar's Palace Casino*, Chandler is looking for Monica while Tom Jones's signature song is playing in the background (Getting the theme yet? Tom Jones, Wayne Newton, casinos... They're in Vegas people! Catch up!) *It's Not Unusual*, y'know, "*It's not unusual to be loved by anyone! It's not unusual to have fun with anyone! But when I see you hanging about with anyone, it's not unusual to see me cry! I wanna die.*" Well, while that's playing he spots Monica playing craps and in victory hug the guy next to her. Chandler turns and walks out.]

[Scene: That same plane cabin, Ross is working on a crossword puzzle and Rachel is asleep against his shoulder. She shifts a little bit and Ross suddenly gets an idea. An evil idea when he looks at his pen. Then we have a little time lapse, the plane has landed and everyone is disembarking. The flight attendant is saying bye-bye to everyone.]

The Flight Attendant: (to another passenger) Welcome to Las Vegas.

(Rachel approaches and we see the fruits of Ross's evil plan. He has drawn a moustache and beard on Rachel. The flight attendant just ignores it.)

The Flight Attendant: (To Rachel) Thank you! (Not sure of herself) Enjoy your flight?

Rachel: Yes, I did. Thank you very much, it was excellent. (Disembarks)

The Flight Attendant: (To Ross) Hope you had a nice flight.

Ross: Ohh, it was the best!

Commercial Break

[Scene: The casino, Ross and Rachel are entering.]

Ross: I think the check in is that way. (Points)

Rachel: Ahh.

(A young boy sees Rachel, points, and starts laughing.)

Rachel: Hello! (She makes a face and the kid laughs harder. Finally, his parents drag him off.) Ohh, kids love me.

Phoebe: (sees Ross and Rachel) Hey!

Ross: Phoebe! (They hug.)

Phoebe: You guys are here! Yay!

Rachel: Hi! (Hugs Phoebe)

Phoebe: (sees Rachel's face) What? Did you go to a costume party? Let me guess umm Pancho Vila? (Points at Rachel) and you're Bob Saget. (An old lady has sat down at the slot machine Phoebe was just at.)

Rachel: Pancho Vila?

Phoebe: Yeah! (Motions to her face, indicating all of Rachel's "make-up.")

Rachel: What are you talking about Pheebes? (Takes out her compact) I don't... (She gasps when she looks in the mirror and sees her face.) (To Ross) Oh my God, you drew on me?!

Ross: Hey, you wet my pants!

Phoebe: Whoa, what kind of party was this?

Rachel: Ross, I have been walking around like this since the plane! I can—you have **so** crossed a line. (Heads for the bathroom)

Ross: Rach! Wait! The men's room is that way. (Points in the other direction. Rachel hits him with her purse and heads for the ladies room.)

(The old lady at Phoebe's machine wins. Phoebe turns around in shock.)

Phoebe: Ugh!

Ross: What?

Phoebe: That's like the third time that lady's won on a machine I was playing.

Ross: Oooohhh, I'll bet she's one of those people.

Phoebe: M-M-Mole people?

Ross: What? No-no, a lurker.

Phoebe: Oh. What's a lurker?

Ross: Okay when you're playing a machine and it hasn't paid out, a lurker waits for you to give up and then...

Phoebe: Kills you?

Ross: No. They swoop in and steal your jackpot.

Phoebe: Ohhh!

Ross: Uh-hmm.

Phoebe: How do you know about this?

Ross: My nana used to do it. That's how she paid for all my dance—karate lessons.

Phoebe: Dance karate?

Ross: Yes, it's a deadly but beautiful sport. (Does a karate chop, then does a little dance-type sway.)

Rachel: (returning with her purse covering her face) All right, it **won't** come off!

Ross: What?!

Rachel: It won't come off!

Ross: Oh my God! Rach-Rach, are—are—are you sure?

Rachel: No, actually I took it off then I drew it back on.

Joey: (entering) Hey—hey—hey you made it!

Ross: Joey!!

Joey: All right! Hey—hey!

Rachel: Hi!!

Joey: Who's your friend? He's hot! (Ross laughs and Rachel smacks him with her purse.)

Ross: (To Joey) Thanks man.

Rachel: Hi. (She hugs Joey.)

Ross: Hey listen I uh, talked to Chandler, sorry about the movie.

Joey: No, don't be sorry. I don't need it anymore. I found my identical hand twin!

Ross: Your what?

Joey: My identical hand twin! The person whose hands are exactly like mine! This thing is a gold mine!

Ross: What?! That's not gonna make you any money!

Joey: Okay. Well, if that's how you feel about it, fine! None of you get to live with me in my great big hand-shaped mansion! Except uh, you Pheebes. You can live in the thumb.

[Scene: The craps table, Monica is on a big roll.]

Monica: All right baby, come on! (Rolls the dice) Yes! Yes! I am on fire!

Chandler: (walking by with his luggage) See you later Mon.

Monica: Wait Chandler, what are you doing?!

Chandler: What does it look like? I'm going home.

Monica: What? Wait! Why? (He turns and heads for the door and she chases after him.) Chandler!

Chandler! Wait! I'm sorry, I was just playing for one second! I was trying to find you to tell you that, look if you don't want me to see Richard again, I won't! He means nothing to me!

Chandler: Come on! I was there! (He's propped up with his hand on a statute of a naked guy. He winces and pulls his hand away.) I know he's the love of your life.

Monica: Not any more.

Chandler: Really?!

Monica: Really! (They hug and kiss) All right? Let's forget about this going home stuff and celebrate our anniversary. (She picks up his suitcase.) Okay, this is empty.

Chandler: Yeah, I wanted to make a dramatic scene, but I hate packing.

[Scene: A blackjack table, it's the same one Joey's hand twin was working at, only he's not there anymore and has been replaced by a beautiful woman.]

Joey: (entering) Uhh, hey. Where's the other guy?

The Woman Dealer: Which guy?

Joey: He's kinda tall, dark hair, hand looks exactly like this. (Holds up his hand.) See?

The Woman Dealer: I don't know about the hands, but the guy that was here before me just went to the bathroom.

Joey: Okay! (Walks away, then turns back.) How you doin'?

The Woman Dealer: Very busy.

Joey: Right! Okay. (Heads for the bathroom.)

[Scene: Ross and Rachel's hotel room, Rachel is still trying to get the ink off and Ross is on the phone to the company. Wait a minute, why exactly are they sharing a hotel room? Didn't they like break-up or something? Did I miss a memo? Or maybe, it's just foreshadowing things to come. Who knows? Maybe the answer's at the bottom of the page. Then again, maybe it isn't and it's just one of those things TV writers just don't explain. Anyhoo...]

Ross: (on the phone) Yes, hello. I have a question. Umm, I used your pen to draw on my friend's face. (Listens) A beard and a moustache. (Listens and laughs) Thank you. (Rachel turns around and glares at him.) No, **she** didn't think so. (Listens) I know it's like (turns and sees Rachel staring at him and quickly changes the subject) anyway, umm well make-up didn't cover it and we've tried everything to get it off and nothing's worked. What-what do we do? (Listens) Yeah. (Listens) Uh-huh. (Listens) Yeah. (Listens) Oh! Okay. (Listens) Okay, thank you! (Rachel gets excited at his tone.) (Hangs up the phone) Yeah, it's not coming off.

Rachel: What?! What else did he say?

Ross: Umm, he said he thought I was funny. So...(Rachel stares at him.) Okay, look-look umm, let's just go downstairs, we'll have some fun, and you will forget all about it.

Rachel: Ross, no! There is **no** way I am leaving this room looking like this!

Ross: Oh, come on! Rach, it's-it's not that bad.

Rachel: Ross, I am a human doodle!!

Ross: Look, just because some idiot drew on your face doesn't mean you shouldn't have any fun! Okay? And besides, hey-hey-hey no one is even gonna **look** at you. Okay? This is Vegas! Hello! There are tons of other freaks here! (Rachel turns around and glares at him.) There are tons...of...freaks here. No other. No. Come on! No one will notice, I swear!

(They both exit.)

[Time lapse, they're both entering.]

Ross: Okay, there was **some** staring and pointing.

Rachel: Okay, I need a, I need a drink! (Makes a beeline for the mini-bar.)

Ross: Oh, hey y'know, they—they really overcharge you for that stuff. (Rachel glares at him.) But who cares?! Because it's all on me! (Rachel reaches into the fridge and pulls out two handfuls of those mini booze bottles.) (Watching her.) That is, one big drink!

Rachel: (she's finished reliving the fridge of its entire alcohol content.) Macadamia nut?

Ross: (looking at the price list) Umm... Wow! That's—that's some pricey nut!

Rachel: Hm—mmm! (Opens the container)

Ross: Really like those Macadamia nuts, huh?

Rachel: Nope! (She puts one in her mouth and spits it out, then does it again in another direction.)

[Scene: The casino, Phoebe is playing on a slot machine. Suddenly the lurker sticks her head around the aisle of slot machines.]

Phoebe: (seeing her) Get out of here you lurker! (She doesn't move) Go on! Get! (She throws a quarter at her.)

Chandler: (arm-in-arm with Monica) Hey Pheebs!

Phoebe: Ohh! You made up!

Monica: Yeah, I couldn't be mad at him for too long.

Chandler: Yeah, she couldn't live without the Chan Love. (They start kissing.)

Phoebe: Ohh, get a room.

Monica: We have one.

Phoebe: I know. Use it.

[Scene: The Men's room, Joey is entering and sees his hand twin washing his hands.]

Joey: Oh—oh—oh, yeah! (He grabs some towels and takes them to him.) That's right, you take good care of those babies!

Joey's Hand Twin: Excuse me?

Joey: It's me, Joey!

Joey's Hand Twin: Do I know you?

Joey: (holds up his hand) Joey!

Joey's Hand Twin: Oh—ho, yeah. Yeah, the hand guy.

Joey: Okay, so **what** are we going to do about this hand twin thing?!

Joey's Hand Twin: Nothing?

Joey: Look, you and I have been given a gift. Okay? We have to do something with it. Like—like, hand modeling! Huh? Or—or magic! And you **know** NASA's gonna wanna talk to us!

Joey's Hand Twin: (tries to leave) I have to get back to...

Joey: (stopping him) Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa—whoa! We could have our own show! Y'know we could clap our hands together people will love it! Huh? And—and—and I wrote a song for us! (Singing, to the tune of *This Land is Your Land*) *This hand is your hand! This hand is my hand! Oh wait, that's your hand! No wait, it's my hand!*

Joey's Hand Twin: That's okay. (Walks out.)

Joey: (following him) But you haven't even heard the chorus!

[Scene: Ross and Rachel's room, Ross is drinking a beer while Rachel is examining herself in the mirror.]

Rachel: Oh my God, I'm starting to look like my great aunt, Muriel.

Ross: (gets up) All right. Y'know what? We don't have to go downstairs! We can bring Vegas up to us! (He grabs a deck of cards and pulls up a chair.) All right, come on, come on, we'll play some blackjack. Here we go. (Deals the cards.) 13.

Rachel: Hit me!

Ross: (does so) Oohh, 23. (Rachel looks at him.) Which is what we play to at this casino! You win 10 dollars! (Holds out a ten.)

Rachel: I bet 20.

Ross: You're right! (Gives her the twenty she won.)

[Scene: The Craps Table, Monica is still on her roll, only this time Chandler's with her and she has a huge crowd of people around.]

Monica: (shaking the dice) A new pair of shoes for the Chan-Chan man! (Rolls the dice.) Yes!

Chandler: Yes! I've—I've never seen a roll like this in my life!

Monica: That's right baby! Okay, what do I want now?

Chandler: Okay, ah umm, ah, a 8. Ah, a 6?

Monica: Pick a number! That is your **only** job!

Chandler: 8. 8!

Monica: Thank you!

Chandler: If you get this one, we buy everybody here a steak dinner!

All: Yay!!

The Croupier: 8!

Monica: Yes!

All: Yay!!

Monica: (To Chandler) We're not really gonna buy these people steak dinners are we?

Chandler: Noo!

Monica: Okay, good! Okay, what do I want now?

Chandler: Ahh, ooh, try a hard 8.

Monica: What?

Chandler: Two fours.

Monica: Okay. (Rolls the dice)

The Croupier: 8!:

A Drunken Gambler: (To Chandler) Don't you let her go! You're a lucky guy!

Chandler: Thank you, Mister Drunken Gambler! Okay, you get this and uh, we get the biggest suite in the place! (Everyone cheers) Wait—wait—wait—wait! **We** (motions to Monica and him.) get the biggest suite in the place.

Monica: All right, biggest suite in the place. Come on! (Rolls the dice.)

Chandler: (sees the roll) Yes!! I love you! I can't even remember what we were fighting about!

Monica: Oh, that's because I had lunch with Rich—Me neither! Okay, what do I want now?

Chandler: Another hard 8.

Monica: Hard 8?! We should call it easy 8!

Chandler: Okay, okay, I tell you what. You roll another hard eight: (pause) and we get married here tonight.

Drunken Gambler: Go! Come on! Roll!

All: Roll-roll!!

Monica: Shut up!! It **just** got interesting!

Commercial Break

[Scene: The Craps table, continued from earlier.]

Monica: What did you just say?

Chandler: You roll another hard eight and we get married here tonight.

Monica: Are you serious?!

Chandler: Yes! I love you! I've never loved anybody as much as I love you.

Monica: I've never loved anybody as much as I love you.

Chandler: Okay, so if an eight comes up, we take it as a sign and we do it! {Whoa! Where have I heard that before? Matthew Perry talking about signs in Las Vegas. I guess it must've been some movie I saw.} What do you say?

Monica: Okay!

Chandler: Okay! Come on! Let's go! All right!

(She rolls the dice, but one bounces out of the table.)

Chandler: (spots one) Okay! That's a four! And where-where's the other one?

Drunken Gambler: It went under the table.

Monica: Nobody move! (To Chandler) Okay, you look that way; I'll look this way!

Chandler: All right!

(He searches to his right; she searches to her left. They're both on their hands and knees when they spot the die. It's propped up against the table leg, and it's not lying flat. Both the four and the five are showing.)

Chandler: Here it is! Here it is!

Monica: That could be a four or a five. It's your call.

(Pause.)

Chandler: It's a four.

Monica: I think so too.

(Cue up the music as they move in and kiss. This time I think it's Perry Como, but I'm not sure. It's *Everybody loves somebody, sometime! Everybody falls in love somehow! Something in your kiss, just told me, my sometime, is now!*)

[Scene: The slot machines, Phoebe is still feeding quarters into the one-armed bandit as the lurker peeks over the top of the machines.]

Phoebe: Oh well, lost again. (She gets up and slowly moves away. The lurker scurries in and takes her spot, only this time Phoebe set a trap for her and catches her in the act.) That's it! You and me, outside!

The Lurker: I don't want to see you lose a chunk of that pretty blond hair!

(They start smacking each other's cups, but Phoebe notices a security guard approaching.)

Phoebe: Be cool! (They both pretend to have a nice conversation as the guard walks by, but after he leaves they both start fighting again.) Okay lady, your lurking days are over!

The Lurker: What?!

Phoebe: Yeah, from now on everyone you lurk, I'm gonna lurk first! You move on to someone else, I'm gonna be one step ahead of you, every single time! And then I'll be on your ass every hour of every day 'til Monday, because that's when I go home. When do you leave?

The Lurker: Also Monday.

Phoebe: What time? Maybe we can share a cab!

[Scene: Ross and Rachel's room, they've pretty much consumed the entire mini-bar. Needless to say, they're feeling no pain and are still playing blackjack.]

Rachel: Hit me. (He does so.) Hit me. (He does so.) Hit me. (He does so.) Hit me. (He does so.) Hit me. (He does so.) Hit me. (He does so.) Hit me. (She slows down with each one.)

Ross: (runs out of cards) We need more cards.

Rachel: Yeah, and also we need more umm, drinks. Hold on a second. (Gets up but stumbles a little bit.) Whup, okay. (She makes it to the phone and picks it up, without dialing.) Hello! Vegas? Yeah, we would like some more alcohol, and y'know what else? We would like some more beers. Hello? Ohh, I forgot to dial!

(They both start laughing. There's a knock on the door.)

Ross: That must be our alcohol and beers! (Gets up to answer it.)

Joey: Hey!

Ross: Ohh, it's Joey! I love Joey! (Hugs him.)

Rachel: Ohh, I love Joey! Joey lives with a duck! (Goes and hugs Joey.)

Joey: Hi!

Rachel: Hey!

Joey: Look-look-look you guys, I need some help! Okay? Someone is going to have to convince my hand twin to cooperate!

Ross: I'll do it. Hey, whatever you need me to do, I'm your man. (He starts to sit down on the bed. There's one problem though, he's about two feet to the left of it. Needless to say, he misses and falls on his butt.) (Looking up at Joey.) Whoa-oh-whoa! Are you, are you okay?

Joey: Yeah! I'm fine! Thanks! (He starts to leave, but gets an idea and stops.) Hey Rach, how you doin'?

Rachel: I'm doin' good, baby. How you doin'?

Joey: Ross, don't let her drink anymore! (Exits)

Ross: Ohh, here's that Macadamia nut!

Rachel: Ohhh!!

Ross: (he puts it in his mouth) Nope! Something else. (Throws it back under the bed.)

Rachel: Oops! All right, so what do you want to do now?

Ross: I wanna get out of the room! Y'know, I...I really miss downstairs.

Rachel: Okay, y'know what? There's only one way I'm leaving this hotel room.

[Cut to the casino, a very drunk and doodled on Rachel is walking arm in arm with an equally drunk and doodled on Ross are walking through the casino and greeting people on their way through. Ross has some whiskers and his nose colored in, along with his name on his forehead.]

Ross: Well hello! I'm Ross!

Rachel: Good luck to ya!

Ross: Excuse me sir, you've got a little something right here. (He points to the corner of his mouth and they both laugh.)

(They've made their way to the statue of the naked man that Chandler was leaning against earlier.)

Rachel: Wow!

Ross: (bowing) Hello!

Rachel: (bowing) Hello!

Ross and Rachel: (bowing) Hello!

(They both continue on and Ross meows like a cat.)

[Scene: The slot machines, we see some guy not having any luck. Both Phoebe and the Lurker are lurking him and each stick their heads around the corner at different times This is all set to that *Pink Panther* song. Finally the guy gives up and walks past the lurker's position, thus giving her the advantage. She scurries in and quickly drops a coin in the slot before Phoebe gets there. Phoebe arrives slightly later and pulls the arm just after the lurker deposits the coin and wins.]

Phoebe: I won! I won! I finally won!

The Lurker: I won! That was my quarter!

Phoebe: Fine! Here! Take a hike toots! (Gives back her quarter.)

(The security guard approaches.)

The Lurker: (to the guard) Excuse me, sir! This lady played my quarter, this is my money. (Motions to the jackpot.)

The Security Guard: (To Phoebe) Is that true miss?

Phoebe: (quietly) Sells drugs to kids.

The Security Guard: What?!

Phoebe: She sells drugs to kids. (The guard looks at the lurker.)

The Lurker: It was my quarter!

The Security Guard: (To Phoebe) Was it her quarter?

Phoebe: How about we talk about this over dinner?

The Security Guard: Okay lady, you're out of here.

Phoebe: No! No, you can't arrest me! No!! I won't go back! I won't go back to that hell hole!!

The Security Guard: I'm just taking you outside!

Phoebe: Oh, okay. (Walks out.)

[Scene: The Gift Shop, Monica and Chandler are entering.]

Monica: Okay, come on, I can't get married until I get something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue.

Chandler: Okay, all right, all right, all right! Okay! (Picks up a blue sweater.) Okay, here's something, here's something blue and new.

Monica: You're so efficient. I love you!

Chandler: Let's go! (Starts to leave.)

Monica: No-no-no! We need something old!

Chandler: Ohh, great, I have condom in my wallet I've had since I was twelve.

Monica: That'll work!

Chandler: I don't think so.

Monica: Okay, now we just need something borrowed!

Chandler: (looks around) Here just...take this. (Hands her the sweater.)

Monica: That's stealing!

Chandler: No, we'll—we'll bring it back! Just put it under your dress.

(She does so and it makes her look pregnant.)

Monica: Ohh. (Rubs her fake stomach.)

Chandler: Okay, one thing at a time. (They run out to get married.)

[Scene: A blackjack table, Joey is moving in to try and get his hand twin (who's dealing) to join him in his evil plot to rule the world! "Join me, and together we'll rule the universe as father and son!" (Sorry, I had a little *Star Wars* creep in there—Ooh, I have a big spoiler for *The Phantom Menace*, Yoda lives at the end! Ha-ha, spoiled it! Now you don't have to see it!)]

Joey: (sitting down) Ahhh! (Slides his hands across the table.)

Joey's Hand Twin: Are you gonna play?

Joey: No—no, I don't really have any money. Not yet, anyway... (Shakes his hands.)

Joey's Hand Twin: You can't sit here if you're not gonna play.

Joey: (throws down a small wad of money, and as his hand twin starts to unfold it, Joey once again brings attention to their special gift to the world. {Y'know, looking at it now, they really don't have that similar of hands. Joey's are bigger.}) Ooh—ho—ho! (The dealer stares at him and he stops.)

Phoebe: (entering and sitting down at the table.) Hello. My name is Regina Phalange. I'm a businesswoman in town on business. Would you like to see my card? (Looks down) Ooh, what did I do with my file—a—facts? I must've left it in conference room B.

Joey's Hand Twin: (To Joey) 14.

Joey: Hit me! (He does so.)

Phoebe: Oh my God! May I just say that you two gentlemen have the exact same hands! They're identical! Now, I've never seen anything like that in the business world.

Joey's Hand Twin: Stop it!

Joey: Uhh, Ms. Phalange, may I ask you a question as an impartial person at—at this table?

Joey's Hand Twin: Please stop it!

Joey: Wouldn't you pay good money to see these identical hands showcased in some type of a uh, entertainment venue?

Joey's Hand Twin: (To Joey) If you leave now, I will chop off my hand and give it too you!

(The security guard from before approaches and Phoebe tries to turn her back on him.)

The Security Guard: (To Phoebe) Didn't I **just** throw you out of here?

Phoebe: No, you threw out Phoebe. I'm Ms. Regina Phalange. Phalange!

The Security Guard: Come on, lady! (Starts to escort her out.)

Joey's Hand Twin: Please, please take him too. (Motions to Joey.)

Joey: Me?! Oh come on, man! You can't do this! Come on! (Being dragged out by the guard) I'm your hand twin!!

[Scene: *A Little White Chapel*, Chandler and Monica are entering.]

Chandler: Hello! One marriage please!

Monica: Yep, we wanna get married!

The Attendant: Well, there's a service in progress. Have a seat.

Chandler and Monica: All right.

(They both sit down.)

Chandler: (singing) Dum! Dum-dum-dum! Dum! Dum! Dum! Dum-dum-dum!

Monica: What are you doing?

Chandler: Oh, that's *The Wedding March*. Does, does that freak you out?

Monica: No, only because that's the graduation song.

(The real *Wedding March* begins playing from behind the closed doors of the chapel.)

Chandler: Okay! (Stands up) This is it! (Claps his hands) We're gonna get married!

Monica: Are you sure you wanna do this?

(Suddenly the doors burst open, and ROSS AND RACHEL COME OUT ARM-IN-ARM!!!! And Rachel's carrying a bouquet!!! THEY GOT MARRIED!!!!)

Ross: Well, hello, Mrs. Ross! (Throws some rice.)

Rachel: Well, hello, Mr. Rachel! (Throws some more rice.)

(They storm out into the street.)

Rachel: Wait! (Gets her bearings) Okay!

(She goes one way; he goes the other. The camera pans back to Chandler and Monica, and needless to say, they're standing there dumbstruck as The King's (Elvis Presley to the yougin's) *Viva, Las Vegas* begins to play. Sing along with me now, "*Viva! Las Vegas! Vivaaaaa! Vivaaaaa! Las Vegasssss!*" Fade to Black.)

Ending Credits

[That's all folks, no teaser; just the big cliffhanger for season 6. Yes, there will be a season 6, and it'll start again in September. Have a good summer everyone!]