

1001. The One After Joey And Rachel Kiss

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[Scene: Barbados, Monica and Chandler's Room. They both enter from Ross's room. Monica still has her big, frizzy hair.]

Monica: Oh, the way you crushed Mike at ping pong was such a turn-on. You wanna...? (plays with her finger on Chandler's chest)

Chandler: You know, I'd love to, but I'm a little tired.

Monica: I'll put a pillowcase over my head.

Chandler: You're on!

(they start to get ready, but then Phoebe enters through the door from Ross's room)

Phoebe: Hey!

Monica: What's up?

Phoebe: Well, okay, Mike's taking a shower, which by the way there's no law against. And then we're gonna grab some food, so if you want...

(there's a door slamming in Ross's room, and some indistinct murmuring)

Ross: ... finally...

Phoebe: Is that Ross?

Monica: Yeah, you can hear everything through these stupid walls.

Phoebe: Sounds like he's with someone.

Chandler: He could be alone. This morning I heard him do push-ups, and then talk to his triceps.

Monica: Wait a minute, I think Phoebe's right. You know I hear someone else in there with him.

(they all put their ear against the wall to be able to hear what's being said. We move to Ross's room where he and Charlie are kissing.)

Charlie: Ooh... Dr. Geller!

Ross: God, you're amazing... I didn't even have to *ask* you to call me that.

Monica: Oh my God, that's Charlie!

Chandler: She's cheating on Joey with Ross!

Phoebe: Oh that tart... floozy... giant...

Monica: I'm not sure about this.

Phoebe: Yeah, you're right. This is none of our business.

Monica: No I'm not sure that it's the best way to hear everything. Someone get me a glass!

Phoebe: Oh, I'm not gonna do this, okay? I'm not gonna eavesdrop on my friend.

Rachel: (through wall) Ooh... I *love* Barbados!

(Phoebe starts to listen at the other wall, where Rachel's room is. There, Joey and Rachel are kissing.)

Joey: Ooh... I can't believe I'm kissing you. **I'm kissing Rachel!**

Rachel: I know, I'm her!

(they start to kiss again, and Phoebe turns to Chandler and Monica)

Phoebe: (whispering) Rachel and Joey! It's Rachel and Joey!!!

Monica: What?

Phoebe: Get over here!

(Chandler and Monica take a sprint to the other wall)

Rachel: ooh...

Chandler: Wow!

Monica: (in her Monica-excited-way... TOO LOUD!) Oh my God, I love how thin these walls are!

(In the rooms next door, Joey, Rachel, Ross and Charlie stop kissing and try to understand what the yelling was about. After a while they continue kissing. We're back in Chandler and Monica's room. Monica has some of her own hair stuffed in her mouth by Chandler.)

Monica: (muffled) Thank you.

OPENING CREDITS

(Rachel and Joey's)

Rachel: Hey, you know, before you said that nothing could happen between us? What changed?

Joey: Well, I only said that because of Ross, you know. Then I saw him kissing Charlie...

Rachel: What? Ross and Charlie? (Joey nods) Wow! She's really making her way through the group, huh? Ah, who am I to talk?

(Chandler and Monica's)

Monica: I can't believe this. Rachel and Joey?

Chandler: How about the dinosaur twins in the other room? No-one is manning that wall!

Monica: I'm on it!

Chandler: Anything?

Monica: I think I hear curtains closing...

Phoebe: We've got shoes being kicked off over here.

Monica: Bedsprings, unmistakable!

Chandler: You do realise that's your brother?

Monica: Not until you said it. Somebody switch! (Chandler makes a clicking sound with his fingers and Phoebe runs to the other wall. Monica returns to Chandler's wall.) Wait a minute... Ross and Charlie, Joey and Rachel, Phoebe and Mike! We're the only people leaving with the same person we came with.

Chandler: That's not true. I came with Monica and I'm leaving with Weird Al.

Monica: Okay, I've had it with the hair jokes. Tomorrow morning, before we leave, I'm going to the salon.

Chandler: Okay Buckwheat!

Phoebe: You gotta hear this, it's great... It's like free porn! (Chandler eagerly rushes over)

(Ross and Charlie's)

Ross: Weh...*sigh*

Charlie: uhm... Is everything okay?

Ross: Yeah, It's just... I don't think I can do this...

Charlie: Ooh... Is it because of what might be on the bedspread, because I saw that news report too, with the infra red and the ... I could just...

Ross: No, NO! (they're moving to the side of the bed, where they sit down) Look, I need to talk to Joey. I mean, you guys just broke up. Before anything more happens between us, I need to know he's okay with it.

Charlie: I uhm... I completely understand.

Ross: Alright, I'm gonna go find them... (twitches a bit, looks down) I just need a... need a before I can... you know. (gestures standing up... they sit and wait for a while) Grandma... grandma... grandma... (he tries to concentrate...) Okay, I see you later.

Charlie: Okay...

(Chandler and Monica's, all three of them are listening at the wall to Ross and Charlie's)

Phoebe: That's the door. He's gone...

Chandler: And she's... turning on the TV... and watching... Miss Congeniality!

Monica: Honey, if you know it through a wall, you know it too well!

(They are still listening at the wall, when Ross enters their room)

Ross: Hey, what are you guys doing?

Phoebe: Oh, we're just... we're sad to go so we're just saying goodbye to the hotel. (hugs the wall) I love you... Paradise Hotel, Golf resort and Spa... (she walks away from the wall)

Monica: (also hugs the wall) Yeah, we had a great time, thank you! (walks to Phoebe)

Chandler: (caresses the wall with his finger) Bye!

Ross: Okay, uhm... Hey, you guys seen Joey anywhere?

Chandler: He's probably in his room with his current girlfriend Charlie. That's the situation as *we* know it... (walks to Phoebe and Monica)

Ross: Well, if you see him could you *please* tell him I'm looking for him?

Chandler: You got it!

Ross: Thanks! (walks out of the room and starts hugging the wall) Thank you! (closes the door)

Monica: Other wall, people! Other wall!

(they rush to the wall to Rachel and Joey's, and we move to that room)

Ross: (knocks on door) Rach, you there? (Joey and Rachel both get up from the bed)

Joey: Oh my God, it's Ross. What are we gonna do?

Rachel: Oh, ju-ju-just stay calm. Just be calm. For all he knows we're just hanging out together. Right? Just be nonchalant. (Joey like stands at attention with his chest forward and his hands on his sides, looking up at the ceiling with his lips pouted.) That's not nonchalant!

Joey: No idea what it means.

Rachel: Oh... okay, just hide!

Ross: (knocks) Rach?

Rachel: Coming! Try under the bed, try under the bed!

(When Rachel starts to look under the bed if Joey would fit under there, Chandler opens the door inbetween the rooms, grabs Joey by his shirt and drags him to his room, and closes the door again)

Rachel: There's no room under the bed. (looks around because she can't find Joey anymore)

Ross: Is everything okay?

Rachel: Yeah... (still looking to see where Joey went, and opens the door)

Ross: Hey.

Rachel: Hi...

Ross: You know where Joey is?

Rachel: ...I really don't... (looks around again)

Ross: Can I talk to you for a minute?

Rachel: Yeah, sure... (looks outside into the corridor if Joey is there)

(Monica and Chandler's room. Phoebe, Monica and Chandler have their ears pressed against the wall, and Joey looks at them)

Joey: I don't believe this... Have you guys been...

Phoebe: Shhh... This is the *listening* side of the wall.

(Now Joey also wants to listen, and wants to press his ears against the door, which has a big mirror on it, he hesitates seeing himself in the mirror, but still puts his ear against it. We move again to Rachel's room.)

Ross: And then she told me that she and Joey had broken up, and that part of the reason was that she had feelings for me.

Rachel: (clearly not listening and still trying to find out where Joey went) Uh-huh... right... yeah...

Ross: And you know I wanted to ask Charlie out since the day I met her.

Rachel: (still searching) Oh, I know... I know it's been really hard for you.

Ross: Anyway, one thing lead to another, and... oh... before you know it, we were kissing. I mean, how angry do you think Joey is gonna be?

Rachel: (now looking up at the ceiling) That is hard to say, Ross. That is hard to say.

Ross: You know, I gotta go find him. He's gotta be here someplace.

Rachel: You would think!

(Ross leaves the room)

Rachel: Joey!

Joey: Is he gone?

Rachel: (still can't find him) How are you doing this?

(Joey now enters the room through the door, Monica, Chandler and Phoebe are following him.)

Joey: Pssst...

Rachel: How... wha... Hey! What are you... What is this? Have you guys been listening this entire time?

Monica, Chandler and Phoebe: YE-AH!

Phoebe: Now, what is this?

Rachel: Ah, what *is* this? Well, lets see, we kissed for ten minutes and now we're talking to our friends about it, so I guess this is sixth grade!

Phoebe: Oh no... Have you thought about it how complicated this could get? What about Ross?

Joey: Well, he's with Charlie now.

Monica: Yeah, but he wants to talk to you before anything really happens with her. And as his friend, I mean, don't you think he deserves the same from you?

Joey: (long pause and he twitches a bit) You're a pain in my ass, Geller!

Rachel: All right, look you guys... Look, we appreciate all the advice, but this is between Joey and me and I think we can handle it...

Chandler: Okay, well we'll go back in there, but will you do *one* thing for us? The people that care about you?

Rachel: Sure...

Chandler: Enunciate!

Rachel: Get out!

(They leave and Rachel locks the door.)

Rachel: Are they right?

Joey: Probably, yeah... I mean, maybe we should... hold off until we talk to Ross.

Rachel: Yeah... *Yeah*, we can wait, we don't have to do anything *tonight*.

Joey: Yeah, I think that'd be best... So, so I'm gonna... I'm gonna take off...

Rachel: (Joey walks to the door) Although...

Joey: (turns around very fast) I like although!

Rachel: I mean, you know... Ross and I haven't dated in like... six years...

Joey: Six years? Wow... It's almost as long as highschool...

Rachel: Plus, you know, he is with Charlie now.

Joey: Absolutely! He's not thinking about *you*.

Rachel: No...

Joey: I'm thinking about you...

Rachel: Yeah...

Joey: Let's forget about Ross...

Rachel: Forgotten.

(They want to kiss, but just before their lips touch, Rachel pulls back quickly, gasping)

Joey: What's wrong?

Rachel: Nothing...

Joey's voice, but she sees Ross: Seriously... What is it?

Rachel: Nothing... It's really... It's nothing... Come here, come here...

(again, just before their lips touch, she pulls back, gasping)

Joey's voice/Ross: What's wrong?

Rachel: Sorry, I just uhm... I can't seem to get Ross out of my head...

Joey: Well, maybe I can help. (he grabs her head passionately, closes his eyes and kisses... Ross in Rachel's dress! He realises it too late, and when he does, pushes Ross's/Rachel's head away)

Rachel/Ross: Ooh, your lips are so soft... Do that again... (and she/he moves in for another kiss. Joey, pushes her head away again...)

Joey: Yeah... we really need to talk to Ross...

Both: Yeah

COMMERCIAL BREAK

[Scene: Chandler and Monica's room. Chandler is packing when Ross knocks on the door and enters...]

Ross: Hey!

Chandler: Hey!

Ross: You guys ready to go?

Chandler: Not quite. Monica's still at the salon, and I'm just finishing packing.

Ross: Dude! You're not taking your Bible?

Chandler: You're not supposed to take that. Besides, it's a New Testament, what are *you* gonna do with it?

Ross: Learn about Jesus...

(Charlie now also enters the room, Chandler walks to the bathroom)

Ross: Hey!

Charlie: So, did you talk to Joey?

Ross: Uh, no... no. I couldn't find him. I'm just gonna talk to him on the plane.

Charlie: Yeah, sounds like a good idea... *Dr. Geller!*

Ross: Stop it!

Charlie: PHD

Ross: You're filthy!

(Phoebe enters)

Phoebe: Hey, have you guys seen Monica?

Ross: Uh, actually I think she went to the salon.

Phoebe: Oh yeah, oh, she went to the salon alright...

(Monica enters, with her hair braided and little shells at the end)

Monica: Check it out!

Phoebe: Who's day just got better? **CHANDLER!**

(Chandler enters from the bathroom)

Chandler: Hey!... aaaaaahhhh!

Monica: What do you think?

Chandler: I think... I think I can see your scalp.

Monica: Don't you just love it?

Ross: Ye... Yeah... Yeah... You got shellfish in your head.

Charlie: It's so... something... *You go girlfriend!*

Ross: You've never said that in your life, have you?

Charlie: Not once.

Ross: I thought so.

Monica: And listen to this... (shakes her body so the shells tingle)

Chandler: What d'ya know... It's a treat for the eyes *and* the ears.

[Scene: Boarding the plane.]

Joey: Whoo, whoo. Wow, it's uhm... kinda weird that I'm sitting next to Charlie after we broke up.

Chandler: Yeah, it's almost if Air Barbados doesn't care about your social life.

Joey: Look, does someone mind switching to sit with Charlie?

Ross: Oh, I uh, I mean, I... dude, I spent the whole conference with Charlie.

Joey: I understand...

Ross: No, I'll do it. (he quickly grabs Joey's boarding pass and gives Joey his one.)

Chandler: Wish I could switch with someone. I really don't wanna sit with Allen Iverson over there.

(Switch to Phoebe and Mike, who are kissing)

Phoebe: Uhm... You know, once we're in the air and the captain turns off the seatbelt sign... you feel free to roam about my cabin...

Mike: You should be careful when checking your overhead bins, 'cause items may shift during...

Phoebe: Aaah... you're not good at this...

Mike: You don't have to go home tonight, do you?

Phoebe: No, I think I can come over. It's Saturday, right?

Mike: Oh...

Phoebe: What?

Mike: Uhm... I can't do anything tonight.

Phoebe: Why not?

Mike: I have a date.

Phoebe: You have a... You have a date? With who?

Mike: Oh, it's... my girlfriend.

Phoebe: (lets go of his hand) You have... have a girlfriend?

Mike: Yeah... Well, when... you and I broke up I started seeing someone.

Phoebe: For how long?

Mike: Three months.

Phoebe: Three months? Okay... This is probably none of my business, but uhm, how long do you think you're gonna keep seeing her?

Mike: I'll tell her that it's over tonight at dinner. I promise.

Phoebe: Oh, okay... good. You do that. And then when you get home, maybe there'll be a special delivery package waiting for you.

Mike: Maybe I'll sign for it. Tear it open. Pull out the packing material...

Phoebe: You know what, we're gonna have sex. Let's just leave it there.

(cut to Charlie and Ross)

Ross: Right, I'm gonna go talk to Joey. I think this is the right time. He's always in a good mood after the flight attendant says "duty free".

Charlie: Okay... Good luck.

(Ross gets up and gestures to Rachel, we cut to Joey and Rachel)

Rachel: Ross is coming over. I think now would be a really good time to talk to him.

Joey: I guess so. I'm just... really nervous.

Rachel: Okay, well keep in mind that by the time you're done, they'll probably be serving dinner.

Joey: Ooh...

Rachel: Still nervous?

Joey: I'm gonna get the lasagna.

Ross: Hey Rach...

Rachel: Yeah!

Ross: Do you mind if I sit here for a sec.?

Rachel: Yeah, yeah sure! Yeah! (mouths "Good luck" to Joey and gets up from her seat)

Ross: Hey!

Joey: Hey!

Ross: So, I uhm... kinda need to talk to you about Charlie.

Joey: Yeah?

Ross: Okay, last night after you guys broke up... *so* sorry to hear about that, by the way... Well, Charlie and I were talking, and..., well...

Joey: You kissed.

Ross: Wha... (gasps) What? What would give you that idea?

Joey: I saw you.

Ross: Yeah, we kissed, but... nothing else... nothing else happened, okay.

Joey: Ross, Ross, Ross... It's okay.

Ross: What?

Joey: It's *okay*. You know, I totally understand, alright? You guys, make way more sense than her and I ever did, you know. And... I want you to be happy.

Ross: Are you serious?

Joey: Yeah... Now I have something...

Ross: I am speechless... I mean the fact that you would put my happiness first like that. I mean, you're an incredible friend, you know that?

Joey: Oh... uh... look... before you...

Ross: No, I mean it. You are so loyal man, and selfless, and generous...

Joey: I am those things, yeah.

Ross: You know what? I know Chandler longer, so I always think of him as my best friend, but *now*... I may have to rethink some stuff...

Joey: *Dude!*

Ross: Hey, if there is ever, anything I can do for you...

Joey: I can't think of anything.

(They both hug, and Rachel, who was in the back of the plane, sees this and smiles.)

Ross: Thanks!

Joey: Yeah.

(Ross walks to the back of the plane, where Rachel is.)

Rachel: So hi!

Ross: Hi!

Rachel: So you eh, you talked to Joey?

Ross: Ah, yeah. We had a really good talk.

Rachel: Oh! That's great!

Ross: Yeah!

Rachel: Oh, so everything's okay?

Ross: Oh, no, it's great. It's great. He is... He is an amazing guy.

Rachel: Ah... Well, obviously I think so too.

Ross: Well, I'm so excited about this.

Rachel: Really? Excited?

Ross: Are you kidding? I have had some *very* dirty dreams about this...

Rachel: Excuse me! (and she walks back to Joey, who is still looking very impressed about what Ross said to him. Rachel looks at him and hits him.) You didn't tell him, did you?

Joey: I couldn't. He was saying all these really nice things about me. I didn't want him to get mad and take 'em all back. I'm on a edge on Chandler.

Rachel: Oh God! Alright, fine. You know what Joey, forget it. When we go back to New York, I will tell him.

Joey: Thank you. Yeah, I appreciate that.

(Chandler walks by and Joey lets out an evil "muhahaha".)

COMMERCIAL BREAK

[Scene: Mike's apartment. Phoebe's there and the phone rings.]

Phoebe: Hi, Mike's place.

Mike: Hey, it's Mike.

Phoebe: Ooh, that was fast.

Mike: Oh, err... no, she's not here yet. You know, I think I'm just gonna take off and break up with her over the phone...

Phoebe: Yeah, you can't do that! Oh, come on Mike, strap on a pair. Why don't you just tell her that we got back together. You know, women appreciate honesty. We also appreciate gentle spanking once in a while. Just F.Y.I.

Mike: One more thing... There... might be a picture of Precious on my coffee table.

Phoebe: Her name is Precious? Is she a purebreed or did you pick her up at the pound?

Mike: Anyway, I just wanna give you a heads up.

Phoebe: Okay, oh and you know, if she gets upset, just scratch her tummy and give her a liver snout.

(laughs and hangs up the phone)

(there's knocking on the door which Phoebe opens)

Precious: Hi, I'm Precious, who are you?

Phoebe: (stunned) I... I'm Phoebe.

Precious: Phoebe? Mike's ex-girlfriend Phoebe, the love of his life? That Phoebe?

Phoebe: Enchanté (she holds out her hand, and they shake hands)

[Scene: Chandler and Monica's apartment. Monica's carrying the laundry hamper to their coffee table.]

Monica: Oh, I can't wait for everyone at work to see these... (plays with her hair to make the shells tingle again) Ow!

Chandler: You go back to work tomorrow night, right?

Monica: Yeah!

Chandler: So if you want people to see them, then by definition you're not having them taken out... say, at the break of dawn?

Monica: Well, if I had them taken out, then I wouldn't be able to do *this*. (she pushes Chandler on the couch and brushes her hair and shells against Chandler's chest) You like that, right? (again, she brushes her hair against his chest and hums...)

Chandler: What are you singing?

Monica: It's "Bolero" from "10".

Chandler: It's "Ride of the Valkyries" from "Apocalypse Now"... See, here's the thing: The corn rose were really a solution to your frizzy hair problem. And now that we're home, we don't have that problem anymore, so if you think about it... / *hate them!*

Monica: You what? You said you liked them.

Chandler: Did I? Let's refresh. I believe what I said was that I could see your scalp.

Monica: Fine, so you don't like them. Everybody else does.

Chandler: Again, let's journey back... As I recall what Rachel said, was she had never notice the shape of your skull before. And Joey... Well, Joey didn't realise that there was anything different.

Monica: You know what? I don't care. I like it like this, and I'm gonna keep it. You're just jealous because your hair can't do this... (and she shakes her head more violently) OUCH!

Chandler: Hit yourself in the tooth?

Monica: And the eye!

[Scene: Ross's apartment. Someone's knocking on the door. Ross rushes to the door and it's Rachel with Emma.]

Ross: (gasps) Hi... There she is. Hi Emma. Oh my God, I missed you. (kisses her) Oh Emma, I missed you *so* much. Hey... Did you have a good time with grandma Green? Huh? Did she give you a bottle of anti-depressants again **to use as a rattle?** (to Rachel)

Rachel: That was one time, Ross, and they were only like 5 milligrams.

Ross: Ooh hey, Emma, daddy has some presents for you okay? Okay? I want you to wait right here. Come here sweetie.

Rachel: Aaah... Ross, actually there's something that I really need to talk to you about.

Ross: (unpacking his bag) Okay, shoot!

Rachel: Okay, uhm... alright, here's the deal.

Ross: (gasps) **OH NO!**

Rachel: What? What is it?

Ross: Oh, major shampoo explosion!

Rachel: Uh, look Ross, this really isn't easy.

Ross: Oh, it's all over **everything**. Why? Why me? (looks up)

Rachel: Because you took three hundred bottles of shampoo?

Ross: I'm sorry, I'm sorry. You were saying?

Rachel: Well, yeah... Okay, look it's about me and...

Ross: Oh, not another one! Oh my G... And this is moisturiser. It's even harder to clean! Why? Why do *bad* things happen to good people?

Rachel: Wow! Well, clearly this is not a good time.

Ross: Duh, **you think?** (enters the kitchen)

[Scene: Mike's place. Phoebe is on the phone.]

Phoebe: Okay, bye. Alright, so Mike's on his way over. See, you thought you guys were meeting here, and he thought you were meeting at the restaurant, so you know... Doesn't really matter who's right or wrong. Point is... I'm gonna take off.

Precious: I'm not letting you leave until you tell me what's going on here. I mean, are you guys getting back together or something?

Phoebe: Alright... Susie, can I call you Susie?

Precious: My name is Precious.

Phoebe: Yeah, I can't say that. uhm... Susie, I'm gonna be straight with you... Mike and I *are* back together... and uhm... unfortunately that effectively ends your relationship with him. And he's very sorry about that and wishes you the best of luck in all your endeavours.

Precious: I just can't believe this... Why?

Phoebe: Well, I don't...

Precious: Oh, why would he do this? I mean, what's wrong with me?

Phoebe: Nothing, there's nothing wrong with you.

Precious: I mean, what the hell am I supposed to do now?

Phoebe: **Damn it woman, pull yourself together!** Have some pride, **for the *love* of God.**

(Precious starts crying)

Phoebe: Okay, not a fan of the tough love.

Precious: I just can't believe that Mike didn't give me any warning.

Phoebe: But he didn't really know, you know. He wasn't planning on coming to Barbados and proposing to me...

Precious: He proposed to you? This is the worst birthday *ever*. (she starts to cry again)

Phoebe: Look, *Precious*... Mike's not worth this. You're an attractive, intelligent woman and let's face it, Mike's kind of a wang. I mean, he proposed to me while he was still seeing you... He was gonna break-up with you on your *birthday*? And, I don't like to kiss-and-tell, but he cheated on you *a lot* this weekend.

Precious: Oh, my God, maybe you're right. Maybe I don't need him. I deserve to be treated with respect.

(Mike enters the apartment.)

Precious: Screw you, Mike. You're a coward and a bastard, and I hope you rot in hell.

(she slaps him in the face, Mike looks like he doesn't believe what just happened. Precious leaves, and he turns to Phoebe.)

Phoebe: You're welcome!

[Scene: Chandler and Monica's. Only Chandler is in the living room and walks to the bathroom.]

Chandler: Honey, you've been in there for a long time... Is everything okay?

Monica: Not really.

(Chandler enters the bathroom, and Monica is standing there in a towel, with her hair stuck in the shower curtain.)

Monica: I have a problem.

Chandler: Really? What happened?

Monica: Well, I was dancing around, and singing "No Woman, No Cry" and I got stuck.

Chandler: You can't move at all?

Monica: Oh, well, I can move... (she moves back and forth the shower curtain rail, opening and closing the shower curtain with her hair as she goes)

Chandler: If I untangle you, will you please get rid of the corn rose?

Monica: (looking disappointed) I guess so...

Chandler: (trying to untangle her) Some of these look a little frayed.

Monica: Yeah, I tried to gnaw myself free.

[Scene: Rachel and Joey's apartment. Joey enters.]

Joey: Hey!

Rachel: Hi!

Joey: So, did you err... did you tell Ross?

Rachel: Well, I tried, but then he had a shampoo related emergency. So I guess now it's your turn again.

Joey: No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no... I think it's better if you tell him, you know. It's easier for a woman.

That way, you know, if he gets mad, all you have to do is go... *I didn't mean it. I'm so so--oory.* (he pushes his breasts together from the side)

Rachel: Yeah, 'cause *that's* what we do.

Joey: Alright, alright, okay, uhm... How 'bout this, how about this? Tomorrow... tomorrow we'll both go and we'll tell him together.

Rachel: Okay, that sounds fair. It just means that once again we can't...

Joey: I know, I know..., but that's okay. I mean, we can control ourselves, we're not animals.

Rachel: No! Of course we can wait. Alright, so I guess that means good night then?

Joey: Yeah! Good night! (they give each other a small kiss on the mouth, and stare at each other for a while)

Rachel: Goo--ood night!

Joey: Good night! (they give each other a kiss again, but this time it lasts longer)

Rachel: Seriously, good night!

Joey: Stop saying good night.

Rachel: Okay.

(Now they kiss passionately... and then Ross enters with Emma. They freeze, pull away and look at Ross who looks like he just can't believe what he's seeing. Joey straightens his shirt, and Rachel says *I'm so--oo sorry*, and presses her breasts together, just like Joey did before.)

COMMERCIAL BREAK

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's. Monica walks in with one of those knitted Rasta hats.]

Monica: Look what I found in the drawer... (Chandler looks up from his book.) And you said I'd never wear this...

Chandler: Now that I untangled you, how 'bout you doing a little something for me?

Monica: Sure, what do you have in mind?

Chandler: I think you know.

Monica: Really? I don't really feel like it.

Chandler: This is what I want to do.

Monica: Okay, I just don't get why you like it so much.

Chandler: (Picks up the "Miss Congeniality" DVD) She's an FBI agent, *posing* as a beauty contestant.

THE END

1002. The One Where Ross Is Fine

Written by: Sherry Bilasing-Graham & Ellen Plummer

Directed by: Ben Weiss

Transcribed by: Kreidy

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's apartment. The scene starts where we took off in the last episode with Ross seeing Joey and Rachel kissing. Rosss tares at them.]

Joey: Okay, Ross, I realise that you didn't expect to walk in and see that, but.. Let me explain, okay?

Rachel: We weren't doing anything!

Joey: Rach, he just saw us.

Rachel: Shhh.

Joey: But what you saw, that is the extent of it, okay? One kiss.

Rachel: No, come on, that is a lie. We also kissed in Barbados.

Joey (to Rachel): Dude, chill! (to Ross) Okay, we also kissed in Barbados, but we didn't plan it, okay? And the only reason that that happened was because I saw you kissing Charlie.

Rachel: Yeah, you started it! I've got to chill.

Joey: Look, we probably should have talked to you about this before it ever happened, but..

Rachel: We feel so terrible about this, Ross.

Joey: Yeah, but it did happen, so...

(Ross looks shocked and says nothing.)

Joey: Ross?

Rachel: Ross? (to Joey) Can we just close the door?

OPENING CREDITS

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's apartment. Continued from earlier.]

Rachel: Ross, say something. Anything.

Ross: So you two are..?

Joey and Rachel: Yeah.

Ross: And have you .. ed?

Joey: No, no, no!

Rachel: No, no, no!

Ross: But if I hadn't walked in here, would you..?

Joey: Probably.

(Rachel looks at him.)

Joey: No, no!

Rachel: Ross, this is not how we wanted you to find out about this. You have every right to go nuts.

Ross: I'm not going nuts. Do you see me go nuts?

Rachel: No, but you know what I mean.

Ross: Hey, hey, hey... If you two are happy, then I'm happy for you. (Squeaky.) I'm fine!

Joey: Really?

Ross: Absolutely. (Very Squeaky.) I'm fine! Totally fine. I don't know why it's coming out all loud and squeaky, 'cause really, (deep voice) I'm fine. I'm not saying I wasn't a little surprised to see you guys kissing. I mean, at first I was like.. (Screams.) But now that I've had time to absorb it: Lovin' this.

Joey: Ross..

Ross: It's all working out! Me & Charlie, and you two. You know what we should do?

Rachel: Calm ourselves?

Ross: No. We should all have dinner. Yes, we'll do it tomorrow night. I'll cook!!

Joey: Look, don't you think that will be a little weird?

Ross: Weird? What? What's weird? The only thing weird would be if someone didn't like Mexican food, because I'm making fajitas!! (Storms off.)

Joey: I do like fajitas.

[Scene: Central Perk. Monica and Chandler are there. They have lots of brochures about adoption in front of them.]

Monica: God, this adoption stuff is so overwhelming. There's inter-country adoption, dependency adoption.. There are so many ways to go, and this is like the biggest decision of our lives.

Chandler: There's a hair in my coffee.

(Phoebe enters.)

Phoebe: Hey guys!

Monica: Hey.

Phoebe: Hey, have you seen Frank Jr., 'cause he's meeting me here with the triplets.

Chandler: You know, it's funny. Every time you say "triplets," I immediately think of three hot blonde 19-year olds.

(Monica glares at him.)

Monica: That's sweet. Drink your hair.

Phoebe: Hey, what's all this stuff?

Monica: Oh, they're brochures from different adoption agencies.

Phoebe: Ooh, babies! Oh, this one is so cute, get this one!

Monica: That's not really how it works.

Phoebe: Oh, how does it work?

Monica: I don't know!

Phoebe: Well, if you're having a hard time, you should talk to my friends, Bill and Colleen. They adopted a kid. I'm sure they'd help you.

Monica: Thanks, that would be great. Hey, honey, wouldn't that be great?

(Chandler looks like he did the time he swallowed the toy in 605 TOW Joey's Porsche. It's the hair in his coffee.)

(Frank Jr. and the triplets enter.)

Frank Jr.: Alright, alright, alright. Remember what we talked about. When we're in a public place, there are certain rules.

(The triplets scream and run amok in the coffeehouse.)

Frank Jr.: That's not what we talked about!!

Phoebe: Hey!

Frank Jr.: Hey.

Phoebe: Good to see you.

Frank Jr.: Good to see you, too.

Monica: Hi Frank.

Frank Jr.: Hi, how you doin'?

Monica: Oh, my goodness, they've all gotten so big!

(Little Chandler is pulling Chandler's sweater, while Leslie is throwing bagels at him.)

Monica: Which one is which again?

Frank Jr.: Oh, that's Frank Jr. Jr. pulling the tampons out of the lady's purse. And that's Chandler climbing on Chandler, and that's Leslie throwing bagels at him.

Monica (reads a form in her lap): "Willing to adopt triplets?" No!

[Scene: The hallway in Ross's building. Joey and Rachel are on their way to Ross's dinner.]

Joey: Ah, can I just say I know we're doing this for Ross, and that's cool, but if it was up to me, this is not what we'd be doing on our first date.

Rachel: Well, what would we be doing?

Joey: I'd take you out for a romantic night. Some champagne, fancy dinner, feel you up on the carriage ride home...

Rachel: Feel me up?

Joey: In a carriage!

(Charlie walks up to them.)

Joey: Hey, Charlie!

Rachel: Hey.

Charlie: Hi, hi. So.. Dreading this?

Rachel: Oh, you bet.

(Joey sees that she's carrying a small red bag.)

Joey: So, did you bring a little something for Ross?

Charlie: Actually.. It's stuff you left at my apartment.

Joey: Oh. Oh, thanks.

Charlie: And you know, you can just give me my stuff whenever you want.

Joey: Yeah, I didn't throw any of that out..

(They enter Ross's apartment. Ross is already quite hyper.)

Ross: I thought I heard voices! Hi Charlie! (Kisses her.) Hi Joey. (Hugs him.) And.. Oh! You're gonna have to introduce me to your new girlfriend. (Laughs.) I'm just kidding, I know Rachel, I know. (He squeezes her hand.) Come, please come in. Come in.

Rachel: Okay, well, we brought you some wine.

Ross: Oh! That is so thoughtful. (To Joey.) She's a keeper. And what did you bring me? (Grabs the bag that Charlie brought for Joey.)

Joey: Uh, actually, that's..

Ross: Underwear, a toothbrush, and Van Halen CD. I can use all these things!!

Charlie: Gosh, Ross, you know, you seem a little...

Ross: What? Fine? Because I am! Aren't you? Aren't you? Aren't you? You see? Who else is fine?

Joey: Okay, listen, hey, Ross. Why don't you try to relax, okay? Maybe have a drink.

Ross: You know what? That is a very good idea. I'm gonna go make a pitcher of Margaritas.

(Does a Mexican dancing-thing before going to the kitchen.)

[Scene: Central Perk. Frank Jr., Phoebe and the triplets are there. The triplets are now sleeping on top of each other on the couch.]

Phoebe: Oh, god. So adorable. Look at them sleeping there like angels.

Frank Jr.: Yeah, I really cherish these moments, 'cause before you know it, they're gonna be awake again.

Phoebe: Well, they may be a handful, but they're so cute.

Frank Jr.: Yeah.

Phoebe: Oh, god, the last time I babysat them, they did the funniest thing..

Frank Jr.: I haven't slept in four years!

Phoebe: That's a, that's a long time.

Frank Jr.: You just don't know how hard it is, Phoebe. There's just so many of them. You know, two I can handle. Two's great. You just hold one in each hand, but what do I do when the third one runs at me with his bike helmet on. I've got no more hands to protect my area! There's three of them, Phoebe, three!

Phoebe: Yeah, I know, Frank. I counted them when they were coming out of my area.

Frank Jr.: Sometimes I think that.. Oh, no, no, no, I can't say it, it's too horrible. No.

Phoebe: What?

Frank Jr.: No, I can't.

Phoebe: Oh my god, Frank, are you thinking of leaving? Because I didn't have those triplets so you could just run out on them!

Frank Jr.: Oh, no! I would never do that. No. I just was thinking that, you know, maybe you could take one.

Phoebe: What?! You can't separate them! That's terrible. Which one?

[Scene: Bill and Colleen's apartment. Chandler and Monica enter.]

Monica: Thank you so much for seeing us. Phoebe has told us such great things about you guys.

Colleen: Oh, please, we're happy to help.

Bill: We went through the same thing when we were adopting.

Chandler: So, a lot of malfunctioning wee-wees and hoo-hoos in this room, huh?

(Bill and Colleen look shocked.)

Chandler: I mean, you have a lovely home.

Monica: Well, we appreciate anything you can tell us.

Colleen: Well, actually, I think this might help.

(She gives Monica a big binder that's perfectly in order.)

Colleen: It's pretty much all the information you need.

Monica: Oh my god!

Colleen: Everything is broken down into categories, and then cross-referenced, and then colour-coded to correspond with the forms in the back.

Monica: Thank you. (To Chandler.) I think I just had a tiny orgasm.

Bill: I know the process is frustrating, but it's so worth it. Adopting Owen was the best thing that ever happened to us.

Chandler: That's great. (To Monica.) Can I see the book?

(Monica looks at him.)

Chandler: You want me to wash my hands first, don't you?

Monica: It's.. It's just so pretty and white.

Colleen: The bathroom is down the hall, to your left.

(Chandler leaves.)

Colleen: I would have told him to do it too.

Monica: Can I adopt you?

(Cut to the hall. Owen is wearing his scout-uniform and is looking through a box when Chandler walks up to him.)

Chandler: Hey, you must be Owen.

Owen: Yeah.

Chandler: I'm Chandler. Hey, I was in the scouts too.

Owen: You were?

Chandler: Yeah, in fact my father was a den-mother.

Owen: Huh?

Chandler: You know how to use a compass?

Owen: I have a badge in it.

Chandler: You do? That's fantastic!

Owen: You wanna see it?

Chandler: I'd love to, but I gotta get back to talking to your parents. They're telling us all about how they adopted you.

Owen: What?!?

Chandler: What?

Owen: I'm adopted?

(Chandler tries to come up with a good answer.)

Chandler: I got nothing.

[Scene: Ross's apartment. Ross is totally wasted, but he's still drinking all the margaritas.]

Ross: The first batch of margaritas was not so great, but the second batch is goooooood.

Rachel: Well, maybe the next batch, we could all get some.

Ross: Oh, guys, this is fun, isn't it? You know? Just the four of us. Just hangin'!

Joey: Dude, are you okay? And when are the fajitas gonna be ready?

Ross: I'm fine! Hey, I'm great! I'm just.. I'm just proud of us. There's no weirdness, no tension.

Rachel: No awareness.

Ross: We make a great foursome. We should do more stuff together. Ooh! Let's take a trip. Okay, where do you think we – we can go?

(The oven timer pings in the kitchen.)

Ross: My fajitas!!

(He runs off to the kitchen.)

Rachel: Look, Charlie, I just want you to know. Ross is just having a little trouble adjusting to the thought of Joey and me. You know, he normally doesn't drink like this.

Charlie: Oh, you know what? This is nothing. My father is a raging alcoholic.

(Joey and Rachel don't know how to respond to that.)

Charlie: Oh, I'm sorry, have I made this evening uncomfortable?

(Ross enters carrying a frying pan with fajitas – without any oven mitts.)

Ross: Fajitas! Be careful, very hot plate, very hot plate!!

Rachel: Ross, you don't even have oven mitts on!

(Ross laughs.)

Ross: That is gonna hurt tomorrow!

[Scene: Central Perk. Frank Jr., Phoebe and the triplets are there. Continued from earlier.]

Phoebe: Okay, well, this is crazy. Can't seriously be talking about me taking one of your kids, can we?

Frank Jr.: No, of course we're not.

Phoebe: Insane.

Frank Jr.: I know.

Phoebe: Alice would never go for it, right?

Frank Jr.: Oh, I don't know, she's pretty tired, too, I think we've got her onboard.

Phoebe: Well, just you know, for argument's sake, you know, hypothetically. Which one would you be willing to give up?

Frank Jr.: Huh.

Phoebe: Frank Jr.Jr.?

Frank Jr.: Oh, you'd be getting a really good one. I mean, you know, he's really funny. Like, the other day he made up this joke.

Phoebe: Uh-huh.

Frank Jr.: What's green and says "hey, I'm a frog"? A talking frog! (Laughs.) Oh, no, you can't have him, he's too funny.

Phoebe: Well, alright, that's fine. What about Leslie?

Frank Jr.: Oh, no, no. Not Leslie. No, she's, she's the only one that knows how to burp the alphabet.

Phoebe: Alright, so that leaves Chandler.

Frank Jr.: Oh, no, no, you can't have Chandler, no. No, no. She's my little genius. I got big hopes for her. She's gonna be a doctor or a realtor..

Phoebe: Wow, Frank. I think we just ran out of kids.

Frank Jr.: Oh, I think you're right. Oh, wow. Phoebe, I don't think I can give one of them up. I mean, you know, they drive me crazy, but they're my babies.

Phoebe: I'm sorry, Frank. I didn't realise things were so bad. You know, I'll help out more. I can – I can babysit any time you want. You name the day, and I'll be there.

Frank Jr.: How about tomorrow?

Phoebe: Well, that's not good. But you know, I can move some stuff around, and I'll be there. You and Alice just take the whole day together.

Frank Jr.: You'd do that for us?

Phoebe: Are you kidding? That's what sisters are for.

Frank Jr. (looks at the triplets): Look at them! Aw. I love you so much. (Strokes Leslie's hair, and she moves a little.) Oh crap, don't wake up, don't wake up!

[Scene: Bill and Colleen's apartment. Chandler comes running into the living room. Monica is the only one there.]

Chandler: Where are Bill and Colleen?

Monica: They're in the kitchen getting something to eat. Can you believe how nice they are?

Chandler: We have to leave!!

Monica: Why? What did you do in the bathroom?

Chandler: I didn't get to the bathroom. I bumped into Owen on the way, and he didn't know he was adopted. And there's a slight chance I may have told him.

Monica: Oh my god, where's my purse? No, you know what? I can replace everything in there. Get that binder, and let's go!

(Bill and Colleen enter.)

Colleen: Hey.

Bill: Some little snacks for everybody. Oh, you don't have to eat the sour worms. Those are for Owen.

Colleen: I'll go get him in a second. By the way, you should know we haven't told him he's adopted yet.

Chandler: But kids are so intuitive. Don't you think on some level he already knows?

(Owen comes running in.)

Owen: I'm adopted?!

Chandler: See? Intuitive!

Bill: What? Where did you hear that?

Owen: He told me! And he paid me 50 dollars not to tell.

Chandler: Which technically now you should give back!

Colleen: You told him he's adopted?

Chandler: I'm so sorry, but you should have a sign out there or something. Or at least whisper it to people when they come in the door. "Owen doesn't know he's adopted, and he also thinks that Santa is real."

Owen: He isn't?!

Chandler (to Monica): We have to get out of here, baby!

[Scene: Ross's apartment. Rachel, Joey and Charlie are eating fajitas when Ross enters from the kitchen.]

Ross: Everyone? I would like to make a toast to Rachel and Joey.

Rachel: Ooy.

Ross: And to love. Ah, love. L-O-V-E, love. L is for life. And what is life without love?

Rachel: Oh my god, are we supposed to answer?

Ross: O is for "oh, wow!" The V is for this very surprising turn of events, which I'm still fine with by the way. E is for how extremely normal I find it. That you two are together. And now one day you might get married and have children of your own.

(Ross chokes up and pauses. Rachel and Joey look at him.)

Joey: Dude, are you okay?

Ross: Totally.

Rachel: Ross, you don't seem okay.

Ross (on the verge of tears): I'm sorry, it must be the pressure of entertaining. I think everyone would feel better if we had some flan.

Charlie: Wait, Ross. Ross. I – I have to take off.

Ross: No!

Charlie: I'm sorry, I have a really early class in the morning, but this has been lovely.

Ross: Wasn't it? And you thought it would be awkward with Joey and that you never really liked Rachel.

Charlie: You're on fire! I'll call you in the morning, okay?

Ross: Okay.

Charlie: Alright.

(Ross goes to the kitchen.)

Charlie: God, Rachel, what Ross just said that is just so..

Rachel: Oh, that's okay, girls tend not to like me.

Charlie: Bye.

(Ross enters from the kitchen with three plates with flan.)

Ross: Okay, I guess it's just flan for three! Hey, hey, that rhymed!

Rachel: You know what, Ross? I think we're gonna take off too.

Ross: Oh, oh. Of course. God, I'm so stupid. You guys are a couple now. I mean, you probably just want to be alone.

Rachel: No, no, it's just that it's getting late...

Ross: Hey, hey, it's fine. It's totally fine. We've got plenty of margaritas. It's all good.

(The oven timer pings again.)

Ross: I don't even know what that's for.

(He goes back to the kitchen.)

Joey: You know what? I think I'm gonna stay here and make sure he's okay.

Rachel: Yeah, that's probably a good idea.

Joey: Yeah. I'll see you in the morning.

Rachel: Uh-huh. Okay. You know what, Joey, I don't think he's ever gonna be okay with this.

Joey: It doesn't look good, does it?

(They kiss each other on the cheek, and Rachel leaves.)

[Scene: Ross's apartment the next morning. Ross is very hung-over on the couch as Joey enters with a cup of coffee for him.]

Joey: Morning. Here you go.

Ross: Thanks. Did you stay here all night?

Joey: Yeah.

Ross: So you took off my pants and shoes?

Joey: No, no, no. You actually did that when you were dancing to the Chicago-soundtrack. Look, Ross, about, about Rachel and I. Listen, you don't have to worry about that, okay? Because nothing is gonna happen.

Ross: What do you mean?

Joey: Well, she and I said from the beginning that we weren't gonna do anything unless you were okay with it. And clearly..

Ross: Hey, what are you talking about? I'm fine!

Joey: It's okay, Ross, alright? I totally understand. Of course you're not fine. You're.. You're Ross and Rachel.

Ross: Except we're not. I mean, we haven't been a couple in like, six years. Oh my god, is that right? Has it been that long?

Joey: That's what I hear, yeah.

Ross: This is crazy. I mean, six years? And because of me you guys aren't gonna be together? Can I ask you something? Really, what is this thing with you and Rachel?

Joey: Come on, I mean, you know me, you know...

Ross: Joey.

Joey: I'm crazy about her.

Ross: And she feels the same way?

Joey: I think so.

Ross: Well, then, maybe it's time we all moved on.

Joey: Yeah, but, Ross, I mean, you're not okay with it.

Ross: No, but I wanna be. Hey, I will be. Besides, I'm with Charlie, right? Oh my god, I'm still with Charlie, aren't I? I mean, she didn't see the dance, did she?

Joey: No, no, no, no, that was – that was just for me. Are you sure about this?

Ross: Yeah, I'm sure.

Joey: And we're okay?

(Ross smiles and holds up his hand for a high-five, but he has forgotten about his burnt hands. He gasps in pain as Joey grabs his hand.)

ENDING CREDITS

[Scene: Central Perk. Monica and Chandler enter to find Phoebe there with the triplets.]

Monica: Hey, Phoebes

Phoebe: Hey.

Monica: Uhm, we just wanna give you a heads-up. Bill and Colleen hate us.

Chandler: Owen didn't know he was adopted, and Monica told him.

Monica: What?

Phoebe: Still, he had to find out sometime.

Chandler: Yeah, but how would you like it if someone told the triplets that you gave birth to them?

(The triplets stare at him.)

Chandler: I'm gonna go tell Emma she was an accident. (Runs off.)

THE END

1003. The One With Ross' Tan

Written by: Brian Buckner

Produced by: Robert Carlock and Wendy Knoller

Transcribed by: Coffee Mug, Eleonora, Sebastiano & Vanessa

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's apartment]

Chandler: So, you and Rachel tonight, huh?

Joey: Yeah. It's actually our first official date

Chandler: Wow! So tonight may be the night! You're nervous?

Joey: Naa, no. This is the part I'm actually good at.

Chandler: What must it be like not to be crippled by fear and self-loathing.

Joey: (pause) It's OK!

Chandler: How can you be so confident?

Joey: Well, I... I know exactly what I'm gonna do!

Chandler: Really? Like you have a routine?

Joey: No, no no no no. See. Each woman is different. You have to appreciate their uniqueness.

Chandler: Really?

Joey: No, I do six things! First, I look deep in her eyes. Then, I kiss her. Next I take my hand and I softly graze her thigh.

Chandler: You mean like this? (he starts touching his thigh in a funny and awkward way)

Joey: NO! Not like that, no no. No, like this. (He starts lightly grazing Chandler's thigh)

Chandler: Oh, I see what you mean, that's quite nice. (They look at each other, both embarrassed)

Joey: More foosball?

Chandler: ...and beer!!

OPENING CREDITS

[Scene: Central Perk. Ross and Chandler are on the couch]

Monica: (entering) Hey!

Ross and Chandler: Hey!

Monica: (to Chandler) Hey sweetie! (they kiss)

Ross: (looking at Monica's legs) WOW!

Chandler: Hey! Stop staring at my wife's legs! No no! Stop staring at your sister's legs!

Ross: I'm sorry, it's just... how did you get so tan?

Chandler: She went on one of those spray-on tan places.

Ross: Eh, you got a spray-on tan?

Monica: Chandler gets pedicures!

Ross: (laughing) Why, why you do, like with the-the toe separators?

Chandler: (To Monica) Why...why?

Ross: Still, I can't believe that's sprayed on... I mean, it looks really good. I wonder if I should get one!

Chandler: Sure, then you should get a mini skirt so you can really show it off.

Ross: So, do you get colours or just French tips?

Monica: There. Here's their card.

Ross: Thanks. (he takes the card) Hey, I know where this place is! It used to be an X-rated video...

(pauses when he realizes what he is saying) florist. (he goes away)

(Phoebe enters)

Phoebe: Hey!

Chandler: Hey Pheebs!

Monica: Hey Phoebe!

Phoebe: Oh, you won't believe who moved back to town.

Monica: I know, Amanda! Ah! She called me too! She's the worst!

Chandler: Who's Amanda?

Monica: She's this girl who used to live in the building before you did. Then she moved to England and she picked up this fake British accent. On the machine this is her message. (she apes Amanda using an awful British accent) "Monica, darling! It's Amanda calling!"

Chandler: Are you trying to do a British accent?

Monica: (pause) (to Phoebe) Chandler gets pedicures!

Chandler: Just so I know, how many more of those can I expect?

Phoebe: You know what Amanda said to me when she got me on the phone? (apes Amanda in a british accent) "Oh, so sorry to catch you on your Mo-Bile!" If-if you don't wanna get me on my mo-Bile, don't call me on my mo-Bile!"

Monica: I know, and she's always bragging about all the famous people she's met.

Phoebe: Oh, I know! "Oh...I slept with Billy Joel". All right, who hasn't?

Monica: Oh, what are we gonna do! I don't wanna see her!!

Phoebe: Ugh, Let's just cut her out!

Monica: What?

Phoebe: Cut her out of our lives! Just ignore her calls and dodge her 'till she gets the point!

Monica: Oh, I guess we could try that, but... it seems so harsh! (to Chandler) Have you ever done that?

Chandler: No, had it done to me though. Feels good !

[Scene: At the tanning salon. Ross and a male assistant are walking through a hall]

Assistant: Alright Mr. Geller! Right this way! So, how dark do you wanna be? We have one, two or three.

Ross: Well... I like how you look, what are you?

Assistant: Puerto Rican.

Ross: Two, I think a two.

Assistant: You've got to face the red light. When the red light goes on the spraying is about to start so close your eyes. When the spraying stops, count to five. Pat yourself down to avoid drip marks then turn around so we can get your back. Got it?

Ross: Spray, count, pat, then turn, spray, count and pat.

Assistant: Wow, you catch on quick.

Ross: Well, I have a PhD, so... (assistant walk out, not impressed by this statement)

(Ross takes his bathrobe off and he enters the tanning booth. He stands up in front of the red light and the sprayer starts and sprays his face and torso)

Ross: One Mississippi, two Mississippi, Three Mis...(the sprayer starts again, spraying him in the face and torso again) WAIT! WAIT! I'm not-I've not finished counting!! (he leaves the booth) (the assistant enters the room)

Ross: You sprayed my front twice!

Assistant: You've never turned?

Ross: No, I barely even got to three Mississippi.

Assistant: Mississippi? I said count to five'!

Ross: Mississippilesly? (pause) Well, how bad is it?

Assistant: Ain't that bad yet, but it keeps getting darker for the next four hours.

Ross: So, how dark is it gonna get?

Assistant: You got sprayed with two two' s and...

Ross: I'm a four?

Assistant: Yeah, but you're back's a zero. You're gonna wanna even that out.

Ross: (sarcastically) Really!

Assistant: You might wanna get back in there.

Ross: (annoyed) Ok!

(The assistant leaves and Ross goes back in the spray-on tan booth and turns his back to the spray nozzles, facing the back wall)

Ross: Wait, wait a minute, there's no light on the back wall! How do I know when it's gonna start? Hello? (he slowly turns and the spraying begins, on his face) Ah, oh, ah! (he turns, but then he turns again and is sprayed in the front again) Ah! (he spits and angrily goes out of the spray-on tan booth and the assistant enters the room) The same thing happened again!

Assistant: You got two more twos?

Ross: (hysterically) I'm an eight!

[Scene: Joey's apartment. Joey and Rachel enter the room]

Rachel: Thanks for dinner.

Joey: I thought you paid. (Rachel does not answer and seems puzzled) Ha, guess we won't be going back there!

Rachel: So.

Joey: Yeah.

(Joey and Rachel start kissing)

Joey: Hey what do you say, we move this onto the likes of the couch?

Rachel: I say 'cheesy line', but ok.

(They move on the couch and start kissing again. Joey does his grazing on Rachel's thigh and she slaps his hand)

Joey: What's the matter?

Rachel: I am sorry, I don't know, I am sorry, I don't know why I did that!

Joey and Rachel: Okay

Rachel: Ok, so sorry.

(They start kissing again and, when Joey grazes her thigh, she slaps him on his hand again)

Rachel: I am sorry! Again... I don't know, I don't know what happened, I must be nervous!

Joey: I don't get it, Chandler loved it!

Rachel: Ok, ok, ok. I promise, I promise, I promise, I won't do it again. I really do. I promise. This is gonna be great.

Joey: Ok.

(They start kissing again and when Joey grazes, she slaps him three times, on the hand, and on both cheeks)

Joey: (a little giddy) Uh, was that good for you?

[Scene: Monica's apartment. Monica and Phoebe are reading magazines when the phone rings and Phoebe reaches to pick it up]

Monica: (to Phoebe) No, no, don't get it. Let the machine pick up.

Phoebe: Oh, yeah. Could be Rachel asking if someone could baby-sit again.

Monica: It could be Amanda!

Phoebe: Oh, you're right! I was just kidding about Rachel. Babysitting is a gas!

(The machine picks up the phone)

Amanda: Hello Monica. It's Amanda calling again. I am in the neighborhood hoping I can pop by your flat!

Monica: You're from Yonkers! Your last name is Buffo-Martisis!

Amanda: Let's see.. to assure you get this directly, ring me back on my mobile.

Phoebe: Ok, don't hold thy breath!

(Sound of dialing numbers is heard from the speaker of the machine)

Chandler: Hello? Is someone on the line?

Amanda: Yes, I was looking for Monica.

Chandler: Hang on, she's right here. (he enters the living room and hands the phone to Monica)
Someone's on the phone, for ya.

Monica: We weren't picking up, it's Amanda!

Chandler: (to Amanda) I get pedicures!

Monica: Hi Amanda! Actually now... it's... is not a good time. Dinner tomorrow night? (Phoebe mouths 'no') Ok, Phoebe and I will see you then!

Phoebe: Why, why, why didn't you just say no!

Monica: Well, I said 'no' to her coming over now! I couldn't say 'no' twice! I get this uncontrollable need to please people!

Phoebe: (leaving) Fine, fine! You would not hold up well under torture!

Monica: And you would?

Phoebe: I did!

[scene: Joey's apartment. Joey and Rachel are sitting on the couch]

Joey: Rach, you sure you wanna do this?

Rachel: Absolutely! Absolutely. I d... it's just a little weird, it's you, and it's me, it's just gonna take some getting used to.

Joey: Ok. Well, how, how can we make it easier?

Rachel: Ok, let's work from the top down! (Joey nods, but then puzzled because he does not get it) Just work the bra, Joe!

Joey: Ok, yeah, got it.

Rachel and Joey: Okay.

(They start kissing and Joey starts to undo her bra, but fails completely)

Joey: This thing welded shut?!

Rachel: Okay.

Joey: All right, turn around, I got to get a look at this thing.

Rachel: Oh!

(Joey starts trying to undo her bra, but it won't go. The elastic band snaps back, hurting Rachel.)

Rachel: Ow!

Joey: Sorry!

Rachel: Well this is romantic!

Joey: I'm sorry! (He stands up) This never happened to me before! I'm an expert at taking off bras! I can do it with one hand! I can do it with my eyes closed! One time I just looked at one, and it popped open! I blame your bra!

Rachel: It's a standard issue bra clasp!

Joey: Then I blame you! Yeah! That's right! You threw me off with all your slapping!

Rachel: Ok well, well I'm really, I'm sorry about that Joey, but do you think that maybe on some level, you don't *want* to take off my bra?

Joey: (contemplates for a few moments what Rachel just said) NAH! I don't have another level!!

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's apartment]

(Chandler is at the table reading; Monica puts some food for him on the table. Ross walks in looking *very* tanned. Chandler and Monica look up at him smiling.)

Chandler: Hold on! There is *something* different.

Ross: I went to that tanning place your *wife* suggested.

Chandler: Was that place... **The Sun?**

Ross: Oh! And it gets worse! (Turns his side to Chandler and Monica and pulls up his shirt. There's a distinct line across his body, where his belly is very tanned and his back is very pale.)

Chandler: Oh My God! You can do a duet of Ebony and Ivory all by yourself!

Monica: How could you mess this up? It's so easy? You go into the booth, you count to five and you turn around!!

Ross: (looks at her suspiciously) How do you count to five?

Monica: One Two Three...

Ross: (Yells) Damnit! (Goes to the door to leave. Rachel just enters, sees him and starts laughing)

Rachel: (laughing) ooh! Oh oh!

Ross: (Still yelling) I Know!

Rachel: oh oh! What is up with Miss Hawaiian Tropic?

Chandler: How was your date with Joey?

Rachel: Well, it was good.. until we got back to our apartment, and then we were fooling around and he started to put his hand up my leg and I kept slapping it away!

Chandler: You didn't *like* that?

Rachel: Well, it wasn't just me, alright? He freaked out too! He couldn't even undo my bra!

Monica: Wow, really? One time he just looked at my bra and it popped open.

(Chandler starts looking at her bra)

Rachel: I do not know what's wrong with us, I mean, we have kissed before and that's been great! But this time it was leading somewhere and I was very aware of the fact that it was Joey touching me.

Monica: Well, you guys have been friends forever. Remember the first time that you kissed Ross? How weird that was? You couldn't stop laughing? You got through that.

Rachel: (looking thoughtful) Ok, that's true. That's true, we can do this. You're right, you're right, we can do this. We're just gonna power through!

(Joey walks in)

Joey: Hey Chandler can I talk to you for a second (points to the hall).

Rachel: (To Joey) No need!! Problem solved, we are *powering* through (At which point she grabs his hand and pulls him back to their apartment).

(Chandler resumes staring at Monica's bra)

Monica: (sees what he is doing) Chandler, stop! It is *not* going to pop open!

Chandler: (without taking his eyes off the bra) You don't know! (Monica just smiles)

[Scene: Central Perk.]

(Phoebe is sitting on the couch. Monica walks in.)

Monica: Hey Phoebe!

Phoebe: Hey!

Monica: Is Amanda here yet?

Phoebe: No.

Monica: (sits down) Oh good. Good, look I'm so sorry, for screwing up that cutting-her-out plan. But I have a new plan. Chandler agreed to call here in a few minutes with an emergency.

Phoebe: Oh! Well, what kind of emergency that gets us both out of here?

Monica: Well, what do you think of Mike and Chandler being in a car accident?

Phoebe: (makes a face) Are you kidding, I *love* it!

(A blonde woman walks in. Supposedly Amanda)

Phoebe: Hi!

Monica: Hi!

Amanda: Hi! (Phoebe and Amanda hug)

Amanda: (To Monica) Hello!

(Monica holds her hands out for a hug, but instead of hugging her, Amanda hangs her purse on one of Monica's extended arms.)

Amanda: (In a fake British accent) It's so nice to see you! Both of you! Look at me. Look how young I look! (gives her coat to Monica as well) Oh gosh! We have so much to catch up on! But first things first: touch my abs (at which point she grabs both Phoebe and Monica's hands and places them both on her stomach) I don't exercise at all! (she pulls them down to sit.) Oh gosh, so Monica, you're married!

Monica: (beaming) Yeah! Yeah! His name is Chandler and...

Amanda: (To Phoebe) Smell my neck! (Phoebe does so) It's not perfume! It's *me*! It's my natural scent! (Monica looks shocked)

Phoebe: Musty!

Amanda: Oh! Gosh! This is brilliant. Gosh, it's just like old times. I'm so happy you two are friends again!

Monica: When were we not friends?

Amanda: Well, it was 1992, and I remember because that was the year I had sex with Evil Knievel (She starts laughing very proudly).

Monica: Ehm, we were friends in 1992.

Amanda: (to Phoebe) No I distinctly remember you were dodging her (points at Monica) calls and trying to avoid seeing her.

Monica: (To Phoebe) You were going to cut me out?

Phoebe: Well...kinda.

Monica: Oh My God!

Amanda: Oh! Bugger. Should I not have said that? I feel like a perfect arse!

Phoebe: Yeah well, in America you're just an "ass".

(Monica's mobile starts ringing. She picks it up.)

Monica: (Into the phone) Hello? Chandler, what's wrong? (She listens) Oh my God, are you alright? (listens some more) Yeah, I'll be right there. (She hangs up and speaks to Amanda) I'm so sorry, but Chandler was in a car accident. (She gets up)

Phoebe: (Also gets up and starts taking her purse) Oh my God. Was Mike with him?

Monica: Nope! (She turns and leaves)

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's apartment.]

(Joey comes running in.)

Joey: (To Rachel) Hey!

Rachel: Hey! Got champagne?

Joey: Yes ma'am, ready to Power through!

Rachel: Excellent! Stick it in the ice bucket, the phone is off the hook, and in the interest of powering through (Starts to remove her bra from under her clothes)...

Joey: Uh! (When she's done she throws her bra at him)

Rachel: Ok (starts to light some candles) Sexy, sexy, very sexy, sexy. (Claps her hands and jumps at Joey, clearly very excited) Alright! Lets do it!

Joey: Ok, you're scaring me a little bit.

Rachel: Oh! Get over it soldier, we've gotta do this! (She pulls him towards her and throws him onto the barcalounger) Ok. Aha! You like that huh?

Joey: Oh! yeah!

Rachel: You like that? (She climbs on the barcalounger seductively, putting her knees next to Joey's hips.)
Let's take this into high gear (She pulls the barcalounger lever and seat reclines. She puts one of her knees between his legs and begins to kiss his neck.)

Joey: uh uh!

Rachel: Yeah baby, I'll show you how we do it!

Joey: No, no, no! You kneed me in my misters!

Rachel: What? Oh my God! I'm so sorry. Joey? Are you ok?

Joey: (He just sits there, legs very close together with a painful look on his face) Soldier down!

[Monica and Chandlers apartment.]

(Chandler is sitting on the couch reading. Monica walks in.)

Monica: We are not friends with Phoebe anymore.

Chandler: If she asks, I protested a little, but ok!

(Phoebe and Amanda walk in)

Phoebe: Oh Chandler! Thank God you're alive. Monica, can I talk to you outside for a minute?

Monica: I have *nothing* to say to you.

Amanda: (announces more to herself than anyone else) Wow, my flat is *twice* this size!

Phoebe: Please, Monica? In the hall?

(They both walk to the door and enter the hallway.)

Amanda: Ooh, that accident must have been terrible. You look positively ghastly.

Chandler: Well, aren't you a treat.

[Scene: The hallway]

Monica: I can't believe you tried to cut me out. Why Phoebe, why?

Phoebe: It was right after we were living together and you were driving me crazy, okay? You were really controlling and compulsive and shrill.

Monica: I'm still all those things!

Phoebe: You're also so generous and kind and scrappy!

Monica: (starts smiling) I am scrappy.

Phoebe: Exactly! Look, no matter what I tried to do, I couldn't keep you out of my life. Of all the people I have cut out, you were the only one who ever clawed her way back in.

Monica: It's because I'm scrappy.

Phoebe: Yeah, you are. And I'm so glad that you fought your way back in, because I don't know what I would do without you.

Monica: I won't know what I would do without you.

(They hug)

Monica: Well, I guess we should go back in. When you gave me another chance, I guess we should do the same for Amanda.

Phoebe: Yeah, I guess you're right.

(They both enter the apartment again, where Amanda is "dancing" for Chandler, but she's really terrible at it)

Amanda: Can you believe it. I've never had any professional dance training.

(Monica and Phoebe look at each other and leave the apartment again)

[Scene: A different spray-on tan center]

(Glenda, who works here, and Ross are walking to the room with the spray-on tan booth.)

Glenda: Now, let me explain how this works. You go into the booth, and...

Ross: I'm gonna stop you right there, Glenda. Okay? Does it look like this is my first time, huh? Now I want 4 two's... and I want them all on my back.

Glenda: (quietly) Okay...

(Ross enters the room, takes off his robe and enters the booth. He stands with his back to the nozzles and then realises that this booth has nozzles at both sides of the wall)

Ross: Wait a minute, there's two sets of nozzles, which one is it?

(He turns around frantically from side to side.)

Ross: Which... which... which... Which one is it?

(He then stops turning, facing one of the nozzles, which starts spraying in this face and front again.)

Ross: OH! SON OF A BITCH!

(He now turns to the other side, which also starts spraying his face and front.)

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's]

(Joey and Rachel are both sitting on the couch. Joey keeping his knees pressed against each other)

Rachel: What is the matter with us?

Joey: Well, I know what's the matter with me.

Rachel: No, I mean with us, you know. I mean, is it supposed to be this... difficult?

Joey: I don't know.

(Chandler enters the apartment)

Chandler: That fake British woman is a real bitch, but she sure can dance... Hey!

Rachel: Hi! Hey, listen, can we ask you a question? When you and Monica first hooked up, was it weird going from friends to... more than that?

Chandler: Kinda... you know, sneaking around, having to hide from you guys...

Rachel: No, no, no... No, I mean... se-x-u-ally...

Joey: Yeah, was there a part of you that... felt like it was... really wrong?

Chandler: Actually, no. No, it felt right. You know, it felt like uhm... I can't believe we haven't been doing this the whole time.

(Rachel and Joey are still looking at Chandler, slowly letting his words get to them)

Chandler: I can tell from your expressions that that's the good news you were hoping for... Well, I'm gonna go continue to... spread the joy.(Chandler leaves the apartment. Joey sighs)

Rachel: Well, just because it happened that way for them doesn't mean it has to happen that way for us.

Joey: Yeah, yeah... Absolutely. I mean, just because something's difficult doesn't mean that you quit.

Rachel: Right, totally.

Joey: Yeah, so we just keep trying and trying until we... do it.

Rachel: Yeah, and if doesn't work, then we'll be just one of those couples that never have sex.

Joey: That's a... pla-an.

(They both stare for a while, and then look at each other)

Joey: (sighs) Wow... I did not see this coming.

Rachel: I know.

Joey: I don't get it. I mean, I was so sure this was what I wanted.

Rachel: Hmm... Me too...

(She puts her head on Joey's shoulder and Joey kisses her on her head.)

Rachel: I wonder how Monica and Chandler could do it?

Joey: I guess they weren't as good friends as we are.

(Lifts her head from Joey's shoulder)

Rachel: Aah... I bet you're right.

(They look at each other for a while)

Joey: So...

Rachel: Yeah.

Joey: I love ya.

Rachel: Love you too... Alright, I'm going to bed.

Joey: Yeah, me too.

(Rachel gets up, and Joey tries to get up, but halfway up he sits down again.)

Joey: Ooh, yeah, I'm not going anywhere for a while.

(Joey takes the ice-bucket with the champagne bottle in it and puts it on his sore spot)

ENDING CREDITS

[Scene: Ross's apartment.]

(Ross is reading a National Geographic on his sofa when Chandler knocks on the door.)

Chandler: Dude, it's Chandler. Let me in.

(Ross's face is now a VERY dark shade of brown.)

Ross: Go away! I don't want to see anybody.

Chandler: I know, I went to the tanning place and the same thing happened to me. You have to let me in.

Ross: Really? Did you count Mississippi?

(Ross walks to the door and opens it.)

Ross: Dude, you're not tanned.

Chandler: No, I just had to get a picture of this.

(Chandler holds up a camera and takes Ross's picture.)

Chandler: I see you later!

(Ross closes the door)

End

1004. The One With The Cake

Written by: Dana Klein

Produced by: Robert Carlock and Wendy Knoller

Transcribed by: Coffee Mug, Eleonora, Sebastiano & Vanessa

[Scene: Central Perk]

Monica: (she enters) Hey guys!

Ross, Rachel and Chandler: Hey!

Chandler: Honey, I got us that room at the Woodford Inn this weekend.

Monica: That place in Vermont? You *can* take a hint!

Rachel: Wait, you can't go away this weekend! It's Emma's birthday!

Ross: Yeah!

Rachel: We're having a party.

Monica: Well, can't you just have the party when we get back?

Ross: No.

Rachel: No, that day... that won't be her real birthday!

Chandler: Gee if only she were one and had no idea what the hell a birthday was!

Ross: C'mon you guys, this is really important to us.

Monica: Well, I'm sorry, but Chandler and I could really use a weekend away. You know, to reconnect... emotionally.

Chandler: There's this thing I really want us to do. I read about it in Maxim...

Rachel: Well, can't you just go to Vermont the next day?

Ross: Yeah, we want everyone to be there. As much as I hate to delay your doing weird sex stuff to my little sister.

Rachel: And I mean, you know, you guys... This is a big deal. I mean, how can we have her first birthday party without her aunt and her uncle!

Monica: All right, we'll stay. We can just drive up after the party.

Chandler: Fine, but if we end up not doing this Maxim thing because of this party...

Monica: Believe me, that is not why we won't be doing that!

OPENING CREDITS

[Scene: Rachel and Joey's apartment]

Rachel: You know Pheebs, when I was little, on my birthday, my daddy would hide a present in every room of the house, and then he would draw a treasure map to help me find 'em all.

Phoebe: Oooh, I love family traditions like that. When uhm... when Ursula and I were kids, on our birthday, our stepdad would sell his blood to buy us food!

Ross: (he enters) Hey guys!

Rachel and Phoebe: Hi!

Ross: Hey, I brought the camera for Emma's video.

Rachel: Oh, good, good! We had this idea to make a birthday video for Emma and we'll give it to her when she is 18.

Phoebe: Oh, COOL!! Wow, it's like a time capsule!

Ross: Yeah!

Phoebe: Oh, just think... she's gonna be watching that video on a TV that hasn't even been invented yet! With friends who right now are just like babies! And they'll be living in a floating city that the humans built to escape the ant people!

Ross: That's the hope! So, is Emma awake yet?

Rachel: Oh no, it's still nap time. But she'll be up soon.

Ross: Ah, and where is Joey?

Rachel: I said it's still nap time.

(Joey comes out from his room, yawning)

Ross: (taping Joey with the cam) Hey, there is uncle Joey!

Joey: Hey!

Ross: Hey, say something to Emma on her 18th birthday!

Joey: 18, uh? (starts to prepare himself to say his "How You Doin'" line)

Ross: Joey, NO!

Joey: What, what!? it's for her hot friends!

Ross: When they see this you'll be 52!

Joey: And starting to think about settling down!

Rachel: Hey Joey, will you please set this up for people to put Emma's presents on?

Joey: I'd love to! Yeah!

Joey: (To Phoebe) We were supposed to bring presents?

Phoebe: Yeah! I wrote Emma a song.

Joey: Oh, yeah! How was I supposed to know?

Phoebe: Joey, it's a birthday party.

Joey: Yeah, but for a one-year-old. What's the point... the other day she laughed for like an hour at a cup. Just a cup with a picture of Elmo on it dressed as a farmer. And he's standing next to this cow and the cow says "El-moo"! (Joey starts laughing) Yeah... that's a funny cup!

(Monica and Chandler enter)

Monica: Hey!

Chandler: Hey hey! Where's the birthday girl?

Rachel: Oh, she's still napping

Chandler: Oh, sure, she was probably up all night, excited about the party she knows is happening.

Rachel: Look, I know that you guys really want to get to Vermont and this isn't a really big deal to you, but it really is to us, ok? Emma will never have a first birthday again.

Monica: All right... you're right. We're sorry. Now let's wake up Emma and get the fun time started!

Rachel: No really, she didn't sleep well last night, so we can't wake her up.

Monica: Are you freaking kidding me, Green?

(someone knocks on the door. Rachel goes to open it)

Jack and Judy: HI!

Ross: (points the camcorder towards them to record their entrance) Hey!

Monica: So glad you came!

Jack: I can't believe Emma is already one!

Judy: (to Monica) I remember your first birthday! Ross was jealous of all the attention we were giving you. He pulled on his testicles so hard! We had to take him to the emergency room!

Ross: (pointing the camcorder at himself) There's something you didn't know about your dad!

Joey: Hey Mr. and Mrs. Geller! Let me help you with that.

Jack: Thank you!

Joey: Oh man, this is great, uh? The three of us together again! You know what would be fun? If we gave this present to Emma from all of us!

Jack: Which one are you?

(Time lapse)

Monica: I can't believe Emma is still asleep!

Chandler: I know, what are we gonna do?

Monica: I've got a plan. I've got a plan. I'm going to ram this platter really hard into your ribs. You're gonna scream out and that'll wake her up!

Chandler: I'm not going to Vermont with this Monica!

Joey: Hey Pheebs, you know what? I was thinking... since you wrote a song, maybe I could do something for Emma using my talents!

Phoebe: So you're gonna... hit on her?

Joey: No, no, no! My talents as an actor!

Phoebe: Oh!

Joey: You know, I could like maybe... I could do a dramatic reading of one of her books!

Phoebe: Or you could stick a fork in an apple!

Joey: Hey, I think Emma might like it!

Rachel: Oh! Emma might like what?

Joey: Um, my present!

Rachel: What did you get her?

Joey: Actually we prepared performances.

Phoebe: Separate performances.

Joey: But equally real!

Rachel: Well, this sounds like fun! Well, you know what? Actually? People are getting a little antsy waiting Emma to wake up from her nap, so would you mind performing them once now?

Phoebe: Sure, yeah!

Joey: (unconfidently) O K.

Rachel: (to everybody) All right, let's get this party started, huh? Joey and Phoebe are gonna perform a little something for us.

Ross: Oh, great!

Phoebe: (to Joey) Are you gonna be embarrassed going up there having nothing prepared?

Joey: Hey, I do it every week with three cameras pointed at me and a whole crew waiting!

Rachel: So, Joey, what are you gonna do for us?

Joey: I will be doing a dramatic reading of one of Emma's books.

Rachel: Oh, ok, which one?

Joey: Uh, why, it's a... (he picks a book up) one of her favorites, uh, (he reads the title of the book) "Riding the Storm Out. Coping with post-partum depression" eesh! (he puts the book back and picks up another) "Love you forever". Love you forever. By Robert Munsch. Published by Firefly books. Printed (he pauses and changes the tone to a dramatic one) in Mexico. A mother held her new baby and very slowly rocked him back and forth, back and forth, back and forth, and while she held him she sang "I'll love you forever, I'll like you for always, as long as I'm living, my baby you'll be". (the picture fades and Joey is now finishing the book). And while he rocked her, he sang "I'll love you forever, I'll like you for always, as long as I'm living, my baby you'll be".

Rachel: (crying) Wow! That was amazing!

Ross: Thank you so much for that gift!

Chandler (nearly weeping): I was not ready for this today!

Ross: Amazing... amazing.

Rachel: Oh, Phoebe, I'm sorry! Phoebe has prepared something as well.

Phoebe: That's right, I've prepared a song for Emma. From my heart to hers. For there's no greater gift, than the gift of music. (she starts singing) Emma! Your name poses a dilemma. 'Cause not much else rhymes with Emma! Maybe the actor Richard Crenna, he played the commanding officer in Rambo. Happy birthday Emma!

Rachel: Is that it?

Phoebe: No, of course not! I also, you know, prepared a reading (she picks up a book). "Sex and the single mother. (pause) Finding your G-spot.

Everybody: No, no, no, no, no!

[Scene: Joey's Apartment. Ross is filming his parents]

Judy: Hello Emma. Happy eighteenth birthday.

Jack: Right now that seems so far away, seventeen years.

Judy: Yes, you'll be all grown up by then. We'll be... Well your grandfather and I might not be here.

Jack: That's true! This message could be coming to you from beyond the grave, Emma!

Judy: After all, my parents died very young.

Jack: And my cholesterol's off the charts!

Judy: Remember, Emma, heart disease kills women too!

Ross (stops recording): Ok, cut! Great. That was... that was just... yeah!

Rachel: Ross, um, don't forget to get a shot of Emma's cake. It's in a box in the fridge.

Ross: Sure.

Rachel: Oh, you're gonna love this cake. I got it from a bakery in New Jersey, Corino's.

Monica: Oh my God, that place has the creamiest frosting! I use to hitchhike there when I was a kid.

Rachel: Well, anyway, they make these great novelty cakes, in all different shapes, and if you give them a photo, they'll copy it in icing!

Monica: Oh, did you do a picture of Emma?

Rachel: Yes! On a cake shaped like a bunny.

Ross: Uh, Rach? Does this bakery by any chance also bake erotic cakes? Say for bachelorette parties?

Rachel: Ross, what are you talking about? (she sees the cake) oh! Oh my God! They put my baby's face on a penis!

Phoebe (sees the cake): oh! Now it's a party!

Rachel: Why you guys this isn't funny, all right? If I wanted this cake to be a disaster I would have baked it myself!

Joey (staring at the cake): Uh.. is it ok that I still think it looks delicious?

Judy:(to Jack) Jack, look at this.

Jack: I know what you're thinking Judy, the resemblance is uncanny!

Ross: I am this close to tugging on my testicles again.

Rachel (on the phone): No, no, this is not what I ordered. Ok? I went all the way to New Jersey so that I could have the perfect cake for my daughter's birthday and I need a bunny cake, right now!

Ross: Ask them if it would be faster if we cut the baby's face off the penis, so we can put it on the bunny. (pause). That is a weird sentence!

Rachel: Oh! Believe you me! I am going to bring this cake back, I don't even want it in my home... (Turns towards the cake and sees Joey trying to take a piece and yells at him) Joey, don't touch it!!

Joey: I'm so confused!

Rachel: (speaking to the person on the phone again) Yes, yes. I still want my daughters picture, but on a bunny cake. Yellow cake, chocolate frosting with nuts!

Chandler: To be fair *this* one does have nuts.

(Time lapse)

(Ross, Chandler and Monica are in the kitchen area)

Ross: Hey Mon, that was really nice of you to loan Rachel your car so she could go and get the cake.

Monica: Oh. So nice of her to pull my hair, 'till I dropped the key!

Ross: Well, you know what? While we're waiting, you guys could tape your message to Emma for her 18th birthday, huh? (takes the camcorder and points it at Monica and Chandler) Ok!

Chandler: Hi Emma! It's the year 2020. Are you still enjoying your nap?

Monica: We're Aunt Monica and uncle Chandler, by the way. You may not recognize us, because we haven't spoken to your parents in *seventeen* years!

Chandler: We used to be married, but then we missed a weekend away together and things kind of unraveled. Because of you! Happy Birthday. (Ross looks disappointed and switches the camcorder off)

Monica: Ross, Rachel promised it would be over by now. We seriously have to go, if we want to get to Vermont. I called them and the last train leaves in a half hour.

Phoebe: And you know, I have a massage client soon.

Ross: You guys, just please.. a little bit longer. I promise, Rachel will be back with the cake any minute. Monica, remember.. the frosting? huh?

Monica: Alright, 5 more minutes.

(The phone rings, Ross picks up)

Ross: (Into receiver) Hello? (listens) Oh no! What happened? (listens some more) Ok ok, where are you? (Grabs a pen and starts writing). Ok, I'll be right there. (Puts the phone down)

Chandler: Was that Emma? Is she up?

Ross: No, Rachel got pulled over for speeding. She forgot her licence so now I have to bring it to her.

Phoebe: Well, if you're leaving, I'm *definitely* gonna go.

Monica: No! Wait! If anybody gets to go.. it's us (Points at herself and Chandler) We've been complaining the longest!

Ross: No, wait ! You guys, no, no, you can't leave! Rachel already feels bad that the cake's messed up. How do you think she's gonna feel when she comes back here and all you guys are gone?

Chandler: I don't know! You'll tell us on Monday!

Ross: Joey! You're in charge, ok? You make sure nobody leaves! (leaves)

Joey: Got it! (Goes towards the front door and stands with his back to it) Hey hey hey! (to Chandler) Where do you think *you're* going?

Chandler: To the bathroom!

Joey: Alright, well the rest of you get comfortable, ok, because we're gonna be here for a li...(stops and thinks) Wait a minute, there is a window in there!

Phoebe: Oh no! He's not getting away that easy! (Phoebe and Joey run towards the bathroom and enter)

Chandler: (Yelling) What are you doing? Get the hell out of here! (Phoebe and Joey come out looking shocked)

Joey: Well, that one did not have Emma's face on it.

Phoebe: No, it did not.

Joey: No.

Judy: Well, we better get going, it's late. Jack's not allowed to drive at night anymore. He has trouble staying in his lane.

Jack: Last winter I went up on a church lawn and drove right through a manger scene. The papers thought it was a hate crime.

Judy: Anyway, it was lovely seeing you.

Joey: Ok! (Opens the door for them)

Judy: Bye... Bye dear.

Joey: Nighty-night!

Judy: Nighty-night!

Joey: Bye, bye.

Phoebe: Joey? How could you just let *them* leave?

Joey: Hey, hey, hey, hey! I'm not gonna mess with Jack, he's a great man, he fought for our country.

Monica: No, he didn't! He pretended to be a Quaker to get out of Korea.

Joey: (Shocked) Oh! Well that's it! He's the last one to go. I'm locking you guys in. (turns the bolts of the door, thereby locking it)

Chandler: You do know, I can just turn them the other way around, right?

Joey: Oh! I forgot you used to live here!

(The phone rings, Joey picks up)

Joey: Hello?

Estelle: (on the other side of the line) Joey! It's Estelle!

Joey: Hey! (smiles)

Estelle: So, how did your audition go today?

Joey: (smile fades) What audition?

Estelle: The one I told you about last week?

Joey: What? You never said anything about an audition!

Estelle: (Looks confused) Let me start over. I just got a call about an audition. I think you can still make it. It's down at the Astor Theatre and you need to have a monologue prepared.

Joey: A monologue? I don't have.. (sees the book he was reading before for his "dramatic reading") I got it. (hangs up) (announces to the room) Aah! so... I'm gonna take off!

Phoebe: Wh.. what? No wait, you don't get to leave! I've got a massage client waiting outside my door any minute!

Monica: Yeah, and we've paid for a room, that we're supposed to be in right now!

Phoebe: Well, oh, ok now... Only one of us has to stay with Emma. Ok, and as the person who realized that, I get to go!

Monica: No! no! Let's figure out a fair way to decide who's staying.

Joey: Oh! I got it! Ok, everyone pick a number from one to ten. Alright? Whoever gets the highest number gets to go first.

Monica: (She gives Joey a you-are-so-stupid-look) Ok, ten.

Joey: Okay, Monica picks ten, I call nine! Anyone else?

Phoebe: No, lets just draw straws.

Joey: Or.. we could flip a coin, and then multiply the..

Chandler: I'm begging you stop.

Joey: Right.

Monica: Ok, how about this: We got wind up toys for Emma for her birthday. We can make them race, and whoever comes in last, stays!

Phoebe: (Visibly excited) Yeah!! Let's do that!

Chandler: (Also very excited) That sounds more fun than the thing we were going to do in Vermont!

Monica: Everybody get your toys! (They all run toward the table with toys)

Phoebe: Ok! I want the dolphin!

Chandler: Thats a bear.

Phoebe: I'm too excited!

Monica: Phoebe, you get the bear, uhm, Joey, you get the robot, and Chandler and I get the dog. Ok, and the race is going to go (Takes two cups and marks the start and finish lines with them) from here to here. Now the one who comes in last, stays!

Joey: Ok, ladies and gentlemen, wind your toys! (they do so)

Chandler: Ok, on your mark... Get set... GO!!!

(Monica, Phoebe and Joey release their wind-up toys.)

Phoebe: Go! Go!

Joey: Come on robot!

(Phoebe's bear takes the lead, followed by Joey's robot, and far behind is Chandler and Monica's dog, which walks a few paces, stops and starts barking, sits, walks again, and so on...)

Monica: (to the dog) What are you barking at?

(While Phoebe's bear is still in the lead, it is now closely followed by Joey's robot. Chandler and Monica's dog however, sits down, barking... and does a backflip.)

Monica: Wha... How the hell is that gonna help?

Chandler: I bought you. How did I forget that that's all you do?

(Meanwhile the race has been won by Phoebe's bear, followed by Joey's robot)

Joey: Way to go robot!

Phoebe: Good job Alan!

Joey: Hey, good race you guys.

Phoebe: Yeah, see you later!

(Joey and Phoebe leave for the door)

Monica: No! No, no... wait! We didn't lose. (turns to Chandler) The rules clearly stated that the last one to cross the finish line was the loser. Well, our dog never crossed the finish line, so technically...

Chandler: They left.

(Monica turns to see the closed door.)

[Scene: The freeway. Rachel is driving Monica's Porsche, while using her mobile phone. Ross is sitting next to her.]

Rachel: (into the phone) No, there isn't time to go to the bakery. We're just gonna come home...

Everybody left? Alright, well just tell Emma we're gonna be there as soon as we can. (emotionally) Bye...

(She hangs up, closes her phone, turns around and puts it in her bag which is in the back of the car. While doing this and not looking at the road, she turns the steering wheel by accident, which makes the car swerve.)

Ross: RACHEL!

Rachel: OOH! God! Sorry!

Ross: (sarcastically) I can't believe they gave you a ticket. You're such a good driver.

(Ross fastens his seat belt.)

Rachel: Emma's awake.

Ross: Yeah?

Rachel: I can't believe this. This is her first birthday. She's awake. We're not even there. Everybody left. We still have this stupid obscene cake.

Ross: Hey, maybe I can fix that, you know. Try to turn it into something else. (he opens the box)

Rachel: Oh, why do you even bother? I already ruined her first birthday... And do you know how important these early experiences are Ross? Very! According to the back cover of that book that you gave me.

Ross: Rach, she's not going to remember this.

Rachel: (shakes her head) I guess... Oh, I just had such an idea of what this day would be like, you know? Emma laughing and everybody gathered around her cake singing "Happy Birthday". Then we would all go

into... HEY GET OUT OF THE ROAD YOU STUPID STUDENT DRIVER!!! (honks furiously, and Ross looks at her in disbelief and Rachel looks at him.) They have to learn!

Ross: (looks back at the cake) Hey!

Rachel: What?

Ross: It's not bad.

Rachel: (she looks at the cake) Oh my God! Look what... you made it into a bunny. How did you do that?

Ross: Well, I just made these two things uhm... cheeks. And then I split this to make ears.

Rachel: Well, I'm very impressed.

Ross: Some can sing, some can dance. I apparently can turn phallic cakes into woodland creatures.

[Scene: Rachel and Joey's apartment. Chandler, Monica and Emma are sitting on the floor, and Emma's stuffed animals are lined up in front of them.]

Monica: Now another way to organise your stuffed animals, is by size.

Chandler: I'm sorry, is this a game for Emma or for Monica?

Monica: Game?

Chandler: Emma, you even know it's your birthday today? You're one! One-year-old, that's little.

(With his index finger he shows her how old she is. Emma also points her finger and babbles...)

Chandler: Ooh! That's my girl!

Monica: That's how old you are.

Chandler: Did I teach her that? Did I just... impart wisdom?

Monica: (embraces Emma tightly) Ooh, I want one...

Chandler: Me too...

(There's a couple of seconds of silence. Then Chandler looks around...)

Chandler: There's no-one around. Why don't we just take this one?

Monica: ...and head to Canada!

Chandler: I was kidding.

Monica: I wasn't. Let's get going!

(Phoebe enters the apartment again.)

Phoebe: Hey, are Ross and Rachel back?

Chandler: No, not yet.

Phoebe: Oh good, I didn't miss the party.

Monica: What about your massage client?

Phoebe: I just felt so bad, missing this. So I just slipped him a little something, you know. As long as I'm back in five or six hours, it will be alright.

(Joey comes running into the apartment, out of breath.)

Joey: Okay, if Ross and Rachel ask, I've been here the whole time. THE WHOLE TIME!

(Ross and Rachel enter.)

Joey: (to Ross and Rachel) I've been here the whole time!

Ross: Joey, we just saw you come in. You ran past us on the stairs.

Rachel: I don't care that you left. I'm just glad that you're here. Thanks you guys!

Chandler: Hey, guys! Come on! You gotta see what Emma just did.

Rachel: What?

Chandler: Emma, how old are you? How old are you today? (holds up his index finger again)

Emma: Wo-ish. (and holds up her finger)

(Ross and Rachel gasp)

Rachel: Oh! Emma, that's right! You're that many!

Ross: Oh my God! Our daughter's a genius! Rach, this means...

Rachel: (angrily) NO, no science camp!

Ross: Damn it! I'll put a candle on the cake.

Rachel: Oh!... Oh and Emma, look at your stuffed animals lined up so neatly!

Monica: Thanks!

Ross: Okay, here we go! Emma's first birthday cake... Well hey... well, blow out the candle. Come on Emma.

Chandler: Let's do it, come on!

(Rachel wipes away some tears.)

Ross: What's wrong? Are you okay?

Rachel: Oh yeah, nothing! These are happy tears! This is just what I wanted.

Phoebe: (pointing at cake) Hey, you made it into a bunny.

Joey: What is wrong with me. It looked more delicious when it was a penis.

ENDING CREDITS

[Scene: Rachel and Joey's apartment. It's just Ross and Rachel. They put the camera on a tripod in the kitchen and they are standing in front of the camera.]

Rachel: Okay.

Ross: Okay, you ready?

Rachel: Yeah.

Ross: A-a-and... record.

Rachel: Okay. (they both look into the camera, and Ross waves.) Hi Emma. Well, your first birthday is over, and it was really...

(There's a lot of yelling and screaming coming from the hallway, and they get up to look at what's the noise all about. In the hallway, Monica, Chandler, Joey and Phoebe are having another wind-up animal race, yelling and screaming fanatically.)

Phoebe: (yelling at the top of her voice) Go, go, go Alan! Run you, hairy bastard!

End

1005. The One Where Rachel's Sister Baby-sits

Written by: Dana Klein

Produced by: Robert Carlock and Wendy Knoller

Transcribed by: Coffee Mug, Eleonora, Sebastiano & Vanessa

[Scene: Central Perk]

Rachel: You know, I'm thinking about letting Emma have her first cookie.

Joey: Her first cookie? She has cookies all the time!

Rachel: I've never given her a cookie. Have you?

Joey: No! No... and, for the record, I've also never given her a frosting from a can!

Monica: Hey Rach, the adoption agency needs letters of recommendation and we were wondering if you would write one for us.

Rachel: Of course, I'd be honored!

Chandler: Thanks!

Monica: Thank you!

(Joey looks at them, disappointed about their decision)

Joey: U-U-Um, I think there's been an oversight.

Chandler: Joey, we would've asked you, we just thought you wouldn't be interested.

Monica: Yeah, it's just we don't think of you as really being so much "with the words".

Joey: Whoo-weh hey weh-hey whoo hey!!

Monica: *Clearly* we were wrong.

Joey: I gotta a lot of nice stuff to say about you guys, ok? And I know how much you wanna have a baby, you know, and I would love to help you get one.

Monica: You know what? Then, Joey, we want you to do it.

Joey: Thank you! Alright, let me see how I'm gonna start... "Dear baby adoption decider people..."

Chandler: *So* excited about your letter!

(Phoebe enters)

Phoebe: Hey!

All: Hey Phoebe!

Joey: Hey!

Monica: Wow! Don't *you* look nice?!

Phoebe: Yes, I do! Today is Mike and my one-year anniversary.

Rachel: OH! What's it the anniversary of? Your first date, your first kiss, first time you had sex...

Phoebe: YEAH!

Chandler: So you must be going to somewhere fancy to celebrate?

Phoebe: Uh-uh. Ehm, a Knicks game.

Joey: Uhm... Aren't you a little overdressed?

Phoebe: Hey, you know what, I've never had a one-year anniversary before, so no matter where we go, I'm wearing something fancy pants, and... I'm gonna put on my finest jewelry and we're gonna have sex in a public rest room.

Monica: You guys do that? Chandler won't even have sex in *our* bathroom!

Chandler: That's where people make number two!!

OPENING CREDITS

[Scene: Ross' apartment. Ross is grading papers. Charlie approaches him.]

Charlie: Hey! (They kiss and cuddle a little)

Ross: Hey...

Charlie: So, you know... I have a little time. If you... if you want to...

Ross: (surprised) Oh... (he pauses) (sounds disappointed) Ohh... I'd love to but I really have to grade these papers.

Charlie: Fine, it's fine... (she whispers) I'll just shower by myself...

Ross: (Writing on the papers) B, B, B, B, B!

Charlie: Oh, Ross, you gave a B to a Pottery Barn catalogue.

Ross: Well, it had some good ideas, take off your shirt.

(they start kissing but someone knocks at the door)

Ross: Damnit!

Amy: (yelling from outside) Rachel!! Open up!! It's your sister!! (she knocks on the door again) I have to talk to you!!

Ross: (he opens the door) Hi Amy!

Amy: You're not Rachel.

Ross: Still sharp as a tack!

Amy: Um... Charlie, this is Rachel's sister Amy. Amy, this is Charlie.

Charlie: Hi!

Amy: Hi!

Charlie: Nice to meet you.

Amy: H-Hi!!(to Ross) And you are...?

Ross: (pause) Ross? I... I grew up on your block! We had Thanksgiving together last year... I had a baby with your sister!

Amy: (looks confused) N-no... uhm... did I buy a falafel from you yesterday?

Ross: (gives up) Yes, yes, you did.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's apartment]

(Ross enters the apartment with Amy)

Ross: Hi Rachel! Here's your sister Amy! She thinks I need pec implants!

Rachel: Amy! Hi! Oh-oh-hoh! (they hug) Wow! You remember Joey?

Amy: Yeah! Hey, sure! The "Days of Our Lives" guy!

Joey: That's right, yeah.

Amy: You're *not* good!

Joey: Always nice to meet a fan!

Rachel: So now, what are you doing here?

Amy: Well, I have *huge* news.

Rachel: (Emma starts crying in the other room) Oh sorry, hold on. Let me just check on the baby!

Amy: Wait, this is important! Can Ella wait? (Rachel goes to Emma)

Ross: Ehm... Her name is *Emma*.

Amy: Why did you change it, Ella was so much prettier!

Ross: What do I know? I just sell Middle Eastern food from a cart!

Amy: Hey, your English is getting better!!

Ross: (to Joey) Oh my God!

Joey: I know, she may be the hottest girl I've ever hated.

Ross: What... what you working on?

Joey: (using a laptop) Oh, Monica and Chandler's recommendation. I want it to sound smart but.. I don't know any big words or anything, so...

Ross: Why don't you use your Thesaurus?

Joey: What did I just say?

Ross: Watch. (he takes the laptop) Here, you ehm... You highlight the word you want to change.

Go under Tools and the Thesaurus generates... 'gives'... 'gives' a whole list of choices. You can pick the word that sounds smartest.

Joey: Oh my God, that's great! I'm smart!! No, no, I'm... (he uses the Thesaurus) "brainy, bright, clever", I love this thing! Look out ladies, Joey Tribbiani's got the whole package!!

[Scene: Rachel's room. Rachel is attending to Emma. Amy is standing behind her.]

Rachel: God!

Amy: So beautiful.

Rachel: Oh, I know, isn't she?

Amy: No, I was talking about your bedding.

Rachel: All right. What's your news, Amy?

Amy: Oh! Um... Well... I'm getting married.

Rachel: What? Oh my God! To who?

Amy: This guy! He has a *killer* apartment.

Rachel: A-And??

Amy: A-And it's on Fifth. And the elevator opens up right into the living room.

Rachel: No, what's he like?

Amy: Oh! He's ok. Do you remember my old boyfriend Mark?

Rachel: Yeah.

Amy: It's his dad.

Rachel: Huh... wow, so he's gotta be...

Amy: Old? Yeah! But he travels a lot, so he's hardly ever there.

Rachel: Sweetie, I gotta tell ya... it sounds a little bit like you like the apartment more than you like...

Amy: Myron. Hmm... I told you he was old!

Rachel: Oh... sit down, sit down. Oh, honey, you know, I once also almost married somebody that I didn't love. Do you remember Barry?

Amy: Humpf, remember him? How we used to make out all the time after you went to sleep.

Rachel: Sometimes just nodding is ok. (pause) Uhm, so but anyway, listen, not marrying Barry was the best decision that I ever, ever made. Honey, you deserve true love. Your soulmate is out there, somewhere. Someone that is *your* age, that is *smart*, that is *fun* and that you care about!

Amy: (thinks about it) You're right, you're right! I'm gonna do it!

Rachel: Ok.

Amy: I'm gonna marry Myron *and* keep looking for Mr Right.

Rachel: Ok, let's keep talking.

[Scene: Madison Square Garden. Mike and Phoebe are walking to their seats.]

Phoebe: Excuse me, anniversary. Excuse me, anniversary. (looking at her ticket). Uhm, sir, could you move your nachos... they're in my seat. It's my anniversary. (to Mike) Here we are! (Mike nods). Can't believe it's been a whole year!

Mike: I know. This has been the best year... (the crowd starts cheering so he starts yelling) THIS HAS BEEN THE BEST YEAR OF MY LIFE!

Phoebe: ME TOO! I NEVER THOUGHT I COULD LOVE SOMEONE THIS MUCH!

Mike: I FEEL THE SAME WAY!

Phoebe: YOU'RE SO GENEROUS AND KIND AND (crowd stops cheering) YOU'RE AMAZING IN BED (everyone hears it and stare at them.) (to everybody) IT'S OUR ANNIVERSARY!

Announcer: Knicks fans, please turn your attention to the big screen on the score board. Someone has a special question to ask. (on the screen there's written 'Julie, will you marry me?' and goes on to show a guy kneeling down in front of a girl holding out a ring to her)

Phoebe: Oh how lame... oh, it's so tacky, and impersonal.

Mike: Really?

Phoebe: Oh, it's the worst way to propose!

Mike: (looks strangely shocked) Excuse me... (he leaves, then Phoebe realizes what she did).

[Scene: Monica's apartment. Joey enters the room]

Joey: Hey, finished my recommendation. (he hands it over to Chandler) Here. And I think you'll be very, very happy. It's the longest I ever spent on a computer without looking at porn.

Chandler: (reading) I don't... uh... understand.

Joey: (sounding very proud of himself) Some of the words are a little too sophisticated for ya?

Monica: (also reading it) It doesn't make any sense.

Joey: Of course it does! It's smart! I used the the-saurus!

Chandler: On *every* word?

Joey: Yep!

Monica: Alright, what was this sentence originally? (shows the sentence to Joey)

Joey: Oh, 'They are warm, nice, people with big hearts'.

Chandler: And that became 'they are humid prepossessing Homo Sapiens with full sized aortic pumps...?'

Joey: Yeah, yeah and hey, I really mean it, dude.

Monica: Hey Joey, I don't think we can use this.

Joey: Why not?

Monica: Well, because you signed it baby kangaroo Tribbiani (Joey makes a 'and-what's-wrong-with-that' look). Hey, why don't you stop worrying about sounding smart and just be yourself!

Chandler: You know what? You don't need a thesaurus, just write from here, (points at his own heart) your full sized aortic pump.

[Scene: The corridor. Amy knocks Joey's door and Rachel opens the door.]

Rachel: Amy, hi!

Amy: I took your advice, I left Myron.

Rachel: Oh, good for you!

Amy: I know! I'm Erin Brockovich!

Rachel: Yes you are! Oh, I am so proud of you!

Amy: Thank you! So, can I stay with you?

Rachel: But Erin Brockovich had her *own* house.

(Joey comes out of Monica's apartment and sees Rachel and Amy but does not notice the huge amount of bags)

Joey: Ah, look who's back! (he sees the bags) Why do you have bags? RACH, WHY DOES SHE HAVE BAGS?

Amy: Well, I'm staying with you guys!

Joey: What?

Amy: We're gonna be roomies! (she snaps her finger and points at Joey, snaps her fingers again and points to the bags) Come on!

[Scene: Joey's apartment. Rachel is in the living room and Joey comes out of his room.]

Joey: You slept out here?

Rachel: Yeah... Amy kept kicking me in her sleep yelling 'Myron, get off!'

Joey: But uhm, we're getting rid of her, right? Rach, please tell me we're getting rid of her.

Rachel: Joey, I can't *do* that!

Joey: Oh, come on! Last night I was finishing off a pizza and she said (aping Amy badly) "Uoh oh oh, a moment on the lips, forever on the hips!" I don't need that kind of talk in my house!

Rachel: Well Joey, uhm look, I know that she's difficult, but I think it's really good that she's here.

Joey: 'Cause we will appreciate it more when she's gone?

Rachel: No, it's just... look, you know, when I first moved to the city I was a lot like her! I was spoiled, self-centered and you guys really took care of me.

Joey: Yeah, Monica made us!

Rachel: Well, uhm... whatever, I have really appreciated it, 'cause I don't think I would be the person that I am today if it wasn't for you guys. See, I wanna help Amy the way you guys helped me. And I know it's gonna take patience, but that's ok.

Amy: Good morning.

Joey: Yeaah.

Rachel: Amy, that's what I was supposed to wear today, that's why I hung it on the door.

Amy: Oh, sweetie, you can't pull this off.

Rachel: Amy, you know what? I was thinking that maybe now it'd be a good time for us to sit down and, you know, talk about your future.

Amy: Oh, I can't, honey. I'm gonna go get my eyebrows shaped. (points at her eyebrows) I am not happy. (to Joey who has a pizza box in his hands) Oh... sure you wanna eat that?

Joey: (yelling at her) I'M CURVY, AND I LIKE IT!

[Scene: Monica's Apartment. Rachel, Ross, Monica and Chandler are there, Phoebe enters the room]

Phoebe: Hi. I just had the *worst* anniversary ever.

Chandler: I doubt that! Tell her about *us* last year.

Monica: Oh, well, I bought Chandler a five hundred dollar watch and he wrote me a rap song.

Ross: Seriously?

Chandler: Word!

Phoebe: Well, mine was worse than that.

Rachel: Well, what happened?

Phoebe: We were at the game, and this guy proposed to his girlfriend on the big screen thing...

Rachel: Oh, that is *so* tacky.

Phoebe: Well, that's what I said, but it turns out, Mike was planning on proposing to me that same way last night!

Monica: Oh my God, Mike was gonna propose?

Rachel: Phoebe, that's huge!

Ross: Well, do you wanna marry him?

Phoebe: Yeah, I really do! Yes, but, after I dumped on the way he was gonna propose to me, I don't think he's ever gonna ask again! I mean, I said no in Barbados and now this!

Chandler: She's right! If I were a guy and... (stops himself mid-sentence...everyone stares at him) Did I just say *if* I were a guy..?

Monica: Maybe you don't need him to propose to you, maybe you can propose to him!

Phoebe: Oh, I don't know, I don't know, isn't that a little desperate?

Monica: I proposed to Chandler! (Phoebe stops herself from laughing) Alright, moving on...

Chandler: Oh, I don't think it was desperate, I think it was amazing!

Monica: Thank you.

Phoebe: (To Rachel and Ross) Well, do *you* think I should propose?

Rachel: I think it could be kind of great!

Ross: Absolutely! You'll love the feeling! There's nothing like it!

Phoebe: Ok, ok, so how should I do it?

Monica: How about at a game, on the big screen?

Rachel: (Sarcastically) Uuuh!! How about at a Footlocker? (claps her hands together, faking excitement)

Monica: What? what? He obviously thinks that's a nice way to be proposed to, plus he'd never suspect it!

Phoebe: Yeah, that does make sense. Ok, now, would... would you two (points to Ross and Chandler) like that?

Chandler: Sounds good to me... but what would a *guy* think?

(Amy walks in carrying a phone handset)

Amy: (To Rachel) Nana is on the phone (Hands the phone over to Rachel)

Rachel: (Takes the phone) Oh! That's interesting, since she died seven years ago!!

Amy: She did? Who got her condo in Boca?

Rachel: (Into the phone) Hello? (announces to Amy) Oh, it's our nanny! (goes back to the phone conversation) Hi! Oh... God! I hope you feel better! Ok, bye! (Hangs up) (To Ross) That's Molly, she's sick. Can you watch Emma today?

Ross: No, I can't. I have back-to-back classes. Did Molly say what she had? Because my throat's been hurting?

Rachel: Menstrual cramps.

Ross: I don't think that's what this is.

Rachel: (To Monica, Chandler and Phoebe) Can any of you watch Emma?

Monica: No, sorry sweetie..

Phoebe: No, I've got work and then I'm proposing..

Rachel: (To Ross) Great, shoot, what are we gonna do?

Amy: Well, I can do it.

Rachel: (Thinks for a moment) Well, actually...

Ross: (He interrupts her immediately, and drags her by her arm to the other side of the room) Well, can I talk to you for a sec.?

Rachel: Yeah.

Ross: Um, I do not want her baby-sitting our child.

Rachel: Why not?

Ross: Well, for one thing, she keeps calling her Ella!

Rachel: (Defends Amy) Wha.. well, Ella's a nice name!

Ross: Fine, we'll call the next one Ella.

Rachel: (Shocked) Wha... the *next* one?

Ross: (a little confused) Okay, um... I don't want her watching our baby.

Rachel: Ross, I am trying to help her become a better person. This is a huge breakthrough for her! She just offered to do something for another human being!!

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

Rachel: Ross, I'm telling you, she's giving up getting her eyebrows (points at her own to emphasize the word) shaped to do this alright? Do you understand how important that is in our world?

(Amy approaches from behind)

Amy: um... listen, I couldn't help but overhear... 'cause I was trying to... Listen, let me do this alright? I really wanna help you guys out, and plus Rachel's been so wonderful to me... (looks at hem pleadingly) (Rachel looks at Ross and her agrees silently)

Rachel: Absolutely.

Amy: (very excited) Oh! Great! So how much does it pay? (Ross just gives up and leaves)

[Scene: Central Perk. Joey is inside, Chandler and Monica walk in.]

Chandler: Hey Joe! How's the second draft of the letter coming?

Joey: Great, I'm finished! In fact, I just dropped it off at the agency.

(Chandler and Monica look shocked)

Monica: You dropped it off?

Joey: Yeah.

Chandler: Can we read it? Can you print out another copy?

Joey: No can do amigo. No, I didn't use the computer. Felt more personal to hand-write it. (Chandler and Monica look even more shocked)

Monica: You hand-wrote it?

Joey: Yeah, and don't worry. I didn't try to sound smart *at all!* See ya later! (Leaves)

Monica: Oh my God, oh my God, that letter is gonna go in our file! We're never gonna get a kid. No, we're gonna be one of those old couples that collects orchids or has a lot of birds!

Chandler: It's ok, it's ok. You know what? (Takes out his mobile) I'll just call the agency and tell them to throw out the letter. (starts dialing)

Monica: Okay good.

Chandler: (on the phone) Hello, this is Chandler Bing. Somebody just dropped off a handwritten recommendation letter, and.. (listens) Uh-huh... Uh-huh... okay... thank you. Good-bye. (hangs up looking very confused).

Monica: Ugh, we're screwed, aren't we? You know what? Just tell me on the way to the bird store.

Chandler: (Still looks confused) They loved it.

Monica: What?

Chandler: They thought it was very smart of us to have a *child* write the recommendation letter.

Monica: (surprised) They thought Joey was a child?

Chandler: She guessed 8, 9, based on his *drawings*.

(Amy comes in with Emma in a stroller)

Amy: Hi!

Monica: Hey, what did you guys do today?

Amy: Ella wanted to go out, so we went shopping and got some sushi.

Chandler: That sounds like fun.

Amy: Yeah, not really. Babies are dull.

(Rachel comes in, sees Amy and Emma)

Rachel: (To Emma) Hey! Hi, how's my girl?

Amy: I'm fine! And, I got you a present for letting me stay with you. Ready?

Rachel: (sounds excited) Yeah!

(Amy takes off Emma's hat)

Amy: Ta-daaa!

(Rachel looks at Emma)

Rachel: (not excited anymore) You pierced her ears!?

Amy: (Very excited about it) Doesn't it make her nose look smaller?

(Rachel looks very shocked)

COMMERCIAL BREAK

Rachel: You pierced her ears? How could you do this without telling me?

Amy: Well, if I had told you, then it wouldn't have been surprise, now would it?

Chandler: I think she looks cute. (Rachel turns around and stares at him angrily) ... but I am wrong!

Rachel: Oh my God, Oh my God, here comes Ross. He's gonna flip out.

Amy: Why, did something happen to his falafel cart?

Rachel: Ugh. (takes the hat and covers Emma's head and half her face with it)

(Ross enters)

Ross: Hey guys.

Monica and Chandler: Hi Ross.

Ross: Hey Emma. Oh, why is she wearing her hat so low? She can barely see. (Wants to take the hat off, but Rachel tries to stop him).

Rachel: Nah, I don't really want her to see.

Ross: Why not?

Monica: Because there are so many terrible sights in this world.

Chandler: Like war. Or that thing in Joey's refrigerator. Remember? It was in a milk carton but it looked like meat?

Ross: Come here (Removes Emma's hat) Oh! There she is! Hi!

(Rachel looks worried)

Ross: (sees how strangely Monica, Chandler and Rachel are looking at him) What?

Rachel: Nothing.

Ross: (Back to Emma) Hi! (Looks at her) What... (Moves the stroller away from him so he can get a better look at her. He looks at her confused. Finally he realizes the difference and gasps). Please tell me those are clip-ons.

Rachel: Oh, they're real!

Ross: Did she (points at Amy) do this to her? I told you we shouldn't have left Emma with her!

Rachel: I know, I know, and you were right Ross. (To Amy) You are *soo* irresponsible I am never letting you baby-sit ever again!

Amy: Hey you know what, this kid needs me, okay? She needs to have a cool fun aunt!

Monica: I'm a cool, fun aunt!

Amy: (Sarcastically) O-Okay!

Chandler: Hey! Monica can be cool and fun at organized indoor projects!

Rachel: I can't believe this. All I wanted to do was help you try to figure out what to do with your life and this is how you repay me?

Amy: Well, I don't need you to help me, because I already know what I'm going to do with my life.

Rachel: Oh yeah? Since when?

Amy: Since today... I am going to be a baby stylist.

Rachel: (looks at Ross and then at Amy again in disbelief) What?

Ross: That's not a *thing!*

Amy: Well, it should be. I'm gonna help babies learn how to accessorize, what colors to wear, what clothes are slimming...

Rachel: (shouting) Babies don't care if they're slim.

Amy: Enter Amy!

Ross: (very angry) Amy, I ju... I just... I just wanna...

Amy: What? What are you gonna do?

Ross: (pointing at Amy, shouting) No more falafel for you!

(Amy looks at Ross, angrily. Rachel clearly doesn't understand what he meant and looks at Ross who gestures "later".)

[Scene: Madison Square Garden. Phoebe and Mike are watching the game. There's cheering, but Phoebe seems distracted.]

Mike: Great game, huh?

Phoebe: Uhuh, uhuh... (seems distracted)

Mike: Why do you keep looking at the screen?

Phoebe: I'm not. I'm praying. (looking up) Please let the Knicks win... Thank you Thor! (Mike is standing up) Where... where are you going?

Mike: Going go to the bathroom.

Phoebe: Well, I think you should wait.

Mike: Why?

Phoebe: Well, if you don't... if you don't hold it in, you don't get all the nutrients.

Announcer: Knicks fans, please turn your attention to the big screen on the scoreboard. Someone has a special question to ask.

(We see the screen where it says: "Mike will you marry me?" and then we see Phoebe and Mike on the screen. Phoebe stands up and kneels in front of Mike.)

Phoebe: Mike Hannigan... will you marry me? (Mike looks bewildered)

Announcer: Get a load of this... *She's* proposing to *him*. Guess we know who wears the pants in *that* family. (people are laughing, while Mike still seems bewildered)

Phoebe: That's not very enlightened!

(There's booing around them, and Mike sinks in his chair, holding his hand in above his eyes, hoping no-one would recognize him)

Phoebe: Hey, hey! (shouting) Boo us? Boo you!

[Scene: Rachel and Joey's. Joey is in the kitchen and the telephone rings.]

Joey: (picks up the phone) Hello? Yeah, this is Joey Tribbiani... Oh, hi! Well, I'm glad you liked my letter... No my mommy and daddy aren't home right now... (looks puzzled) Okay, bye bye. (hangs up) (to himself) She was nice!

(Rachel and Amy enter)

Rachel: Joey, get Amy's bags, she is moving out!

Joey: Whoo-hoo! (and leaves for Rachel's room)

Amy: You're kicking me out?

Rachel: You put holes in my baby's ears!

Amy: Yeah well, at least now people will know she is a *girl*!

Rachel: (gasps) I can't believe I ever even tried to help you. You are *so* beyond help.

Amy: You know what? Ever since I got here, you have been nothing but negative.

Rachel: Excuse me?

Amy: You didn't want me to marry the old guy with the great apartment. Then, I tried to help your daughter to de-emphasize her flaws (frantically pointing at her nose) And suddenly I am the bad guy?

Rachel: (yelling) Joey, where are those bags?

Joey: (Yelling from Rachel's room) She has a lot of crap!

Amy: You know what? When I moved in here I thought: This is gonna be so great. Just us sisters, back together again like when we were kids, except without that stupid Jill... Oh! Who has gotten fat by the way...

Rachel: (doesn't believe what she's hearing) Seriously?

Amy: hm—mmm... Mom said she gained like fifteen pounds.

Rachel: Hips or thighs?

Amy: Ass and face.

Rachel: (gasps) Oh! Oh my God! I thought she was on Atkins.

Amy: She was. Carbs found her... See, this is what I wanted. Two sisters, talking about real stuff.

Rachel: (embarrassed) Oh, I can give you that.

Amy: You can?

Rachel: Yeah. I just, I kept trying to make you a better person, but you're... you're already a pretty perfect version of what you are.

Amy: (touched) Thank you. I've got to admit, Emma *does* look cute.

Rachel: Did you just say Emma?

Amy: Ugh, I'm sorry... Ella.

[Scene: Mike and Phoebe at a restaurant.]

Phoebe: That woman at the game didn't know what she was talking about. Mike, obviously you have balls.

Mike: But please, let's just forget the whole thing.

Phoebe: (the waiter puts a piece of cake on the table) I would love it. Consider it forgotten... But just so you know... however and whenever you decide to propose, I promise I'll say yes. Whether... whether, you know, it is in a basketball game, or in sky writing, or you know, like some lame guy in a cheesy movie who hides it in the cake.

(Mike's face changes from happy to sad, and he looks at the cake, disappointed.)

Phoebe: It's in the cake, isn't it?

Mike: (puts on a fake smile) Where else would lame Mr. No Balls hide it? (he takes the ring from the cake, and cleans it with a napkin)

Phoebe: What's the matter with me? How do I keep ruining this? I'm sorry, I'm sorry!

Mike: No! It's my fault. I keep trying to propose in these stupid ways and all I wanna do is tell you that I love you and I want to spend the rest of my life with you.

(Phoebe has this weird, anxious, nervous look on her face)

Mike: I'm gonna do this *now*.

Phoebe: Oh my God!

(Mike starts to kneel in front of Phoebe.)

Mike: Phoebe, I...

Phoebe: Wait! Oh wait! (she takes off a ring that was already on her left ring finger. After that Mike starts to kneel again, but then...) Oh no! (She was wearing rings on all her fingers and her thumb, and takes all of these off.)

Mike: Ready?

Phoebe: Uh-huh! (and now Mike kneels properly)

Mike: Phoebe, I love you. There's no-one else in the world I would ask to marry me... three times. But I wanna take care of you, have babies with you, and grow old with you... Phoebe Buffay, will you marry me?

Phoebe: Yes!

(Mike puts the ring on her finger)

Mike: I love you!

Phoebe: I love you more!

Mike: Not possible! (they kiss, and then Mike says proudly...) She's gonna be Mrs. No Balls.
(They kiss again, and Phoebe looks at the ring.)

COMMERCIAL BREAK

[Scene: The street in front of Central Perk. Rachel and Amy are walking on the sidewalk.]

Rachel: So how is the uhm... baby styling business going?

Amy: Not that great. It's almost if people don't want to hear that their babies are ugly.

Rachel: That's shocking!

Amy: Oh! It's Ross... Hey Ross! (She says hey to the guy at the falafel stand, whose only similarity with Ross would be his black hair.) Hello-oo Ross! (to Rachel) He's rude!

THE END

1006. The One With Ross' Grant

Written by: Sebastian Jones

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Final check by Kim

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone except Phoebe is there]

Phoebe: (she enters) Hey...

All: Hey!

Rachel: Hi!

Ross: Pheebs, what's wrong?

Phoebe: Oh, I'm just so exhausted from dragging around this... (she shows her ring) *HUGE* engagement ring!

All: OH!

Rachel: My God!

Joey: Hey!

Rachel: Congratulations! Wow!!

Ross: So, did he get on one knee, did he have a speech prepared, or (in a tender way) did he cry? (the guys look at him) Yeah, big surprise, I like proposals!

Phoebe: Well, it was *really* sweet, and like the most romantic thing ever.

Joey: Well, hey! Well... (he takes his mug to toast Phoebe) Here's to Phoebe, who's found the greatest guy in the world! To Phoebe and... (a bit uncertain) I wanna say Mike? (pause) To Phoebe and Mike!

All: Whoo!

Phoebe: Thank you! (to Rachel) Oh, and I have something for you!

Rachel: Mmh-mmh!

Phoebe: It's, yes, my little black book. It's got the numbers of all the guys I've dated.

Rachel: Oh, Pheebs, baby, that's nice but, you know what, I think I'm ok. Why don't you give it to one of your other single girlfriends?

Phoebe: I would, but you're the last one.

Rachel: (angrily) GIVE ME THE BOOK! (she takes it and start reading) Pablo Diaz, Brady Smith, huh, "Guy-in-van"?

Phoebe: Oh, my first love!

Rachel: Oh!

Monica: What does the red X next to Bob Greenmore's name mean?

Phoebe: Dead. (everyone is a bit upset) Oh, it's OK, no, he was *old*, yeah! And he lived a full life, he was in the first wave at Omaha Beach.

Chandler: Hey, I'm sorry, I should have given you guys my black book when I got married! Although it wasn't so much a book as a... napkin. With Janice's phone number on it.

Rachel: Phoebe, isn't Jethro Tull a band?

Phoebe: (proud of herself) Oh yes, they are.

OPENING CREDITS

[Scene: Chandler and Monica's apartment]

Chandler: (he enters) Hey honey!

Joey: (Looking inside the fridge, and we only see his back. Then he closes the door, and we see it's Joey.)
Hi sweetie!

Chandler: Is Monica not here?

Joey: No.

Chandler: Oh, then I'll tell you. My agency was bidding for a big account and they *got it!* It's my first national commercial!

Joey: Cool!

Chandler: Yeah, and I don't wanna brag but a lot of the ideas were mine! (silence) Hell, you weren't there? *All* the ideas were mine!!!

Joey: That's great! Hey, can you cast me in it?

Chandler: Oh... I don't know, I really don't think you're right for the part.

Joey: What do you mean? I can do anything, I'm a chameleon! Huh? (he mimes an old man with a beard) I'm old! (then he yawns) I'm tired! (then he mimes someone who's hot...) Hey, I'm hot (...and cold) I'm cold!! Huh?? Come on! What can't I do?

Chandler: First of all. Bravo. Uh, but I really don't think you're right for this. The part calls for a stuffy college professor.

Joey: I can do that! (in a deeper voice) "Hello, I'm your professor. When I'm not busy thinking of important things or... professing. I like to use..." Oh, what's the product?

Chandler: Software that facilitates inter-business networking e-solutions?

Joey: (after a long pause he starts miming again) I'm cold!

[Scene: Central Perk. Charlie is sitting on the couch and Ross enters.]

Ross: (to Charlie) Hey!

Charlie: Hey!

Ross: Guess who's a finalist for a *huge* research grant! I'll give you a hint, he's looking right at you.

Charlie: Ah, well, unless it's the creepy guy with his hand up his kilt, I'm gonna say congratulations!

Ross: Oh, I'm so excited, I mean, apparently I beat out hundreds of other applicants, included five guys I went to graduate school with. Not that I'm keeping score or anything... *five!*

Charlie: Wow, that's great! So, tell me about the grant!

Ross: Well, ok, it's for 25 thousand dollars. And if I get it, I'll finally be able to complete my field research! *And* there will be an article about me in the "Paleontology Review"! Yeah! That'll be the first time my name is in there, without people raising serious questions about my work!

Charlie: Wait. Are you talking about the Dewar grant?

Ross: Yeah. Why?

Charlie: Benjamin Hobart is administering that grant.

Ross: Your ex-boyfriend?

Charlie: Yeah.

Ross: So, your ex-boyfriend is gonna determine if your new boyfriend gets this grant? Wow, your new boyfriend is screwed!

Charlie: No, no, we ended up in great terms. I mean, if anything, I think this could help you. You know what? Why don't we all go out to dinner together, and I can introduce you.

Ross: Well, if you think it would help.

Charlie: Yes, absolutely. I'll call him.

Ross: Ok, now, is there anything I can do to... you know, butter him up? Anything he really likes?

Charlie: Mmh... he does have a pretty serious latex fetish.

Ross: We'll see how dinner goes.

[Scene: Phoebe's apartment. She is packing a few things into boxes.]

Phoebe: (looking at Monica entering) Hey!

Monica: Hey, you wanna go to see a movie?

Phoebe: Well, I told you I had to spend all the day clearing out stuff, so Mike could move in.

Monica: Oh, right.

Phoebe: Yeah.

Monica: Oh, well. Now that I'm here I might as well help you with the cleaning and organizing! Just happen to have my label maker!

Phoebe: Oh, it's *so hard* to get rid of stuff! Did you and Chandler have to make compromises when you first moved in together?

Monica: Uh, Chandler did! What does he want *you* to give up?

Phoebe: A bunch of stuff. And the worst one... he wants me to get rid of Gladys.

Monica: Who's Gladys? (Phoebe shows her a horrific painting with a half-a-body girl dummy coming out of the frame. Monica's frightened and she gasps.) Oh! What a tragic loss!

Phoebe: Yeah. I really *hate* to give her up. Oh, I know!! Oh, you should take her!

Monica: (faking happiness) Well, I-I-I-I... I don't know...

Phoebe: Why, you don't like her?

Monica: Well, of course I do. What's not to like! I'll take her in a minute! But, you know, I think that you're giving up too easy, honey. I think that you need to fight for her!

Phoebe: Really? You think?

Monica: Absolutely! Yes, you say to him "I'm sorry Mike I can't live without her, she means too much to me!"

Phoebe: Ok, I'll fight for her. Ok! Oh, wait, oh I just realized... if I do that, that means you don't get her.

Monica: Damn it, I did *not* think this through!

[Scene: Central Perk. Rachel, Joey and Emma are there.]

Chandler: Hey you guys.

Rachel: Hi!

Joey: Oh! Any word on casting yet?

Chandler: Joe, I told you, you're just not right for the part.

Joey: What do you mean? Rach, don't I seem like a professor you'd buy some kind of e-crap from?

Rachel: I'm sorry, this sounds like something I'm never gonna be interested in.

Joey (to Chandler): Look, c'mon, please? It's not like I'm asking for some crazy favour. This is what I do for a living. I am a professional actor! (he glances at his watch and sees the time) Oh, man, I'm two hours late for work! (he stands, ready to go). Look, here's a copy of my reels. It's got all the commercials that I've been in.

Chandler: Joe...

Joey: Just watch it, and if you don't like it, you don't pass it on to your bosses!

Chandler: Fine!

Joey: Thank you. (he sits down)

Chandler: Work, Joe!

Joey: Damn it! (he leaves)

Chandler (to Rachel): What am I gonna do now?

Joey: Just pass it to your boss!

Chandler: He's not right for the part. So if I suggest him, my bosses are gonna think I'm an idiot! And that's something they should learn on their own!

Rachel: Just tell Joey that you watched the tape and you liked it, but your bosses didn't. Then that way, you're the good guy and they're the bad guys.

Chandler: That's good! I liked it, they didn't. (he sees Joey out of the window hitting on a girl) Joey, for God's sake, go to work! (Joey runs away).

[Scene: A restaurant. Ross and Charlie are waiting for her ex-boyfriend, Benjamin Hobart]

Ross: I can't believe I'm about to meet Benjamin Hobart. I've always thought of him as one of the people I'd invite to my fantasy dinner party. Do you think there's any chance he'll bring Christie Brinkley or C3PO?

Charlie: (glances over Ross' shoulder) Sorry, looks like it's just him.

Benjamin: Charlie! My God, you look absolutely stunning!

Ross: Well, I... I am having a good hair day.

Benjamin: So good to see you.

Charlie: Me too. (she and Benjamin are hugging for very long and Ross starts pretending to clear his throat, until they stop)

Ross: I'm ok.

Charlie: I'm sorry... (introduces them to each other) Ross Geller... Benjamin Hobart.

Ross: It's an honor to meet you. I can't tell you how long I've been an admirer of your work, I mean, that Nobel prize, (he thumbs up) whoooo! I mean, I have to tell you that, you're one of the reasons I got into the field.

Benjamin: Oh, well, likewise. Actually, not likewise. I've never heard of you until this morning, but, it's nice to be nice!

Charlie: Shall we? (they sit down and Benjamin takes Ross' chair).

Benjamin: (to Ross) Thank you! (to Charlie). I can't believe that you chose *this* restaurant! Do you remember the night?

Charlie: Oh my God, I completely forgot! (they laugh) Oh my God! I can't believe they let us back *in* this place! (they laugh more, and Ross start laughing too).

Benjamin (to Ross): You weren't there!

Ross: No, but, it's, you know, it's just a funny image, you know, the two of you, in this restaurant, with...
(laughs nervously)tzz-zzz, mmm.

Charlie: Ross, why don't you tell Benji about your proposal, while I go to the ladies room?

Benjamin: So, tell me about it.

Ross: Ok well, I would like to do a dig in the painted desert.

Benjamin: M-m.

Ross: See, there are still several areas that haven't been fully excavated.

Benjamin: Break up with Charlie!

Ross: What?

Benjamin: What?

Ross: Did you just say "break up with Charlie"?

Benjamin: Well, yes, and now. Yes I did say it, and no, I didn't not say it.

Ross: Kind of inappropriate, *don't you think?*

Benjamin: I'm sorry. I just haven't seen her for so long! All these feelings are rushing back! I'm starting to realize how much I missed her, and I'm gonna need you to break up with her.

Ross: Are you *serious?*

Benjamin: If you say yes then I'm serious, if you say no then I'm joking!

Ross: No!

Benjamin: Joking it is!

[Scene: Monica's apartment. Phoebe enters the room.]

Phoebe: Hi! Sorry, I'm late.

Monica: Hey, how did it go with Mike, is he gonna let you keep the painting?

Phoebe: No, he really hates it. But he's gonna let me keep my box of human hair! So you got to pick your battles. But the good news is, Gladys is yours!

Monica: Wow, what's the bad news!

Rachel: Who's Gladys?

Phoebe: Oh, she's that work of art I made, you know, with the woman coming out of the frame.

Rachel: (sarcastic) *Oh, and Monica gets to keep her? In her house? I am so jealous!*

Phoebe: Oh, I didn't know you wanted her too!

Monica: Huh!

Rachel: Well, I mean, sure, of course. But... you already gave that to Monica, so...

Monica: You know, I would give her up, for you.

Rachel: No, I couldn't let you do that.

Monica: But I want to.

Rachel: But I don't want you to.

Monica: But I insist!

Rachel: But I insist *harder!*

Phoebe: Girls, girls, stop, ok? We'll flip a coin. Heads, she's Rachel's, tails she's Monica's. (she flips the coin). Tails! Monica, she's yours!

Monica: No, that landed in your food!

Rachel: (sarcastic) No, no, that's ok. You won fair and square. *I'm so sad!*

[Scene: Chandler walks into Joey's apartment]

Chandler: Hey Joe!

Joey: What's up?

Chandler: Bad news. I watched the tape and passed it along to my bosses and they weren't interested.

Joey: (sounds disappointed) Oh.

Chandler: (Hands the tape back to him) I'm sorry man.

Joey: (looks at him suspiciously) But, eh... *you* watched the tape?

Chandler: (sounds nervous) Yeah! I... I... I liked it! (Joey continues to look at him suspiciously) But, eh... my bosses didn't go for it. Stupid *sons of bitches!*

Joey: (sounds confident) You didn't watch the tape.

Chandler: (looks surprised) What!?! Of course I did!

Joey: Look, it's one thing not to cast me, but to lie to me?

Chandler: I'm not lying to you, I watched it!

Joey: Well, you lied again! (Rachel comes out of her room and is observing the conversation)

Chandler: I watched it!

Joey: Keep going Pinocchio!

Chandler: (now yelling) (pretending to look shocked) I did!

Joey: (yelling back) No you didn't! (turns and goes towards his room)

Chandler: (following him) I'm telling you, I watched the tape. (Reaches Joey's room and Joey slams the door in his face)

Rachel: Did you watch the tape?

Chandler:(In a sarcastic "of course not!"-tone) No!

[Scene: Interview room. Ross and two other professors (one man, one woman) are sitting on one side of a long desk. Benjamin Hobart is sitting on the other side]

Benjamin: The selection committee has chosen the three of you as our finalists today. The ultimate decision will be based upon the answers you give to the questions I ask here. I'm gonna start with Dr. Li. Dr. Li, you claim the field is too reliant on the Linnaean taxonomic system. How do you propose to correct this problem?

Dr. Li: Well, I believe that the answers lie in the osteological evidence. I plan to begin there.

Benjamin: (nods) Interesting.

Ross: (Rolls his eyes) I guess!

Benjamin: Dr. Biely, your proposal includes some field work. Where might that take place?

Dr. Biely: Primarily in the Pierre Shale region of South Dakota.

Benjamin: Certainly. Very well. And Dr. Geller, when is my birthday?

Ross: (shocked and confused by the question) What? I... I... (Benjamin looks at him as if to say "What's wrong? Answer the question")

Benjamin: Care to venture a guess?

Ross: (annoyed) May 12th?

Benjamin: (looks surprised and un-impressed) That's not even kinda close! (Ross looks around confused)
Dr. Li, how many graduate students you'd be needing?

Dr. Li: Half a dozen.

Benjamin: I see, and Dr. Biely?

Dr. Biely: Three for excavation and two for analysis.

Benjamin: Certainly. Dr. Geller, which 1965 Shirelles hit was later covered by a popular British invasion band?

Ross: (even more shocked) Wha..? I need 6 graduate students.

Benjamin: No! I'm sorry, we were looking for "Baby It's You". Baby It's You.

Ross: Wha...? Wait, wait, wait, just a minute. None of my questions have anything to do with Paleontology.

Benjamin: You're right, I apologize. Scratch the last question. Spell "Boscodictiasaur".

Ross: (annoyed) um... I've never *heard* of a "Boscodictiasaur".

Benjamin: Yeah, I just made it up. Spell it.

Ross: (stares at him angrily) Ok. (determined to spell it correctly) B – O – S ...

Benjamin: No, it starts with a silent "M".

Ross: Oh come on!!

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's apartment. Chandler and Rachel are talking.]

Chandler: I can't believe Joey. I hate being called a liar!

Rachel: But you *are* a liar.

Chandler: What did I just say?

(Joey comes out of his room)

Joey: You still here?

Chandler: Yes, and I have to say, I am not just hurt. I am insulted. When I tell somebody I did something...

Joey: Ok whoah–hey... Let me just stop you right there, ok? First, you lied, right? *Then*, you lied about lying, ok? *Then* you lied about lying about lying, ok? So before you lie about lying about lying about lying about... lying... (loses count and begins to count the number of 'lyings' in the air but gives up.) (yelling) Stop lying!

Chandler: Why are you so sure I didn't watch this tape?

Joey: (very angry) You wanna know wh...? You wanna know why? (goes back into his room)

Rachel: Well, this is going well. (Chandler looks worried)

Joey: (comes out holding the tape) Here's how I know you didn't watch the tape, ok? (puts it into the vcr)
If you *had seen* what was on this tape, *believe* me, *you* would have some comments. Alright, now remember, I got paid *a lot* of money for this and it only aired in Japan. (presses play and he appears on the TV screen and a TV commercial begins)

(The commercial:

Joey says "Ichiban". It displays a few girls dancing around and Joey fills most of the screen, he puts something blue on his lips and smacks them saying "Lipstick For Men!" It goes on to show him playing a guitar and putting on more blue lipstick. In the end he says seductively "Ichiban... Lipstick For Men" and "Sahiko" and it ends. Chandler and Rachel are speechless.)

Joey: (Yelling at Chandler) And that's how I know you didn't watch the tape! (goes back to his room and slams the door).

(Silence)

Chandler: He really *is* a chameleon.

[Scene: Monica's apartment. Phoebe enters carrying the horrific 'painting' of Gladys. Monica and Rachel are sitting on the couch.]

Phoebe: (smiling from ear to ear) Well, Gladys say hello to your new home! (she holds out the 'painting')

Monica: (faking happiness) Oh, my!

Rachel: (surprised by how ugly it is) Wow! (sarcastic) Oh, she's so nice and big! Oh, Monica, where are you going to display Gladys oh so proudly? (looks around for a spot)

Monica: (sounds desperate, knowing what Rachel is trying to do) I haven't really settled on a spot yet!

Rachel: Well, hey! How about right above the TV? (Points to the spot where her famous French poster is hanging). *That* way, it will be the *first* thing that you see when you walk in the door!

Phoebe: (genuinely excited about it) Yeah, yeah! And you can get rid of that French poster.

Monica: (offended) I like that poster!

Phoebe: Really? It doesn't have anything coming out of it. Or maybe there is some place for her in your bedroom?

Rachel: (jumps at the chance to make that happen) Oh! There's nothing above your bed!!

Monica: (Impatient with Rachel) Are you still here?

[Scene: Ross' office. Ross is pacing and Benjamin enters]

Ross: Oh hi! Hello! Uh, have you come to ask me some more paleontology related questions? Uhm... your grandmother's nickname, perhaps? (Now yelling) Aunt Margaret's pants size?

Benjamin: I've come here to apologize. I think I may have let my feelings for Charlie interfere with the interview process.

Ross: (Sarcastic) No! Stop!

Benjamin: Anyway, I've decided to offer you the grant.

Ross: (Skeptical) Really?

Benjamin: Well... there is just one small... stipulation...

Ross: I have to break up with Charlie?

Benjamin: Hey, you got one right!

(Ross shakes his head)

Ross: You're crazy.

Benjamin: Crazy, or... romantic?

Ross: Crazy!

Benjamin: *Ooor...*

Ross: (Yelling) Get out! (Benjamin leaves)

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's apartment.]

(Rachel enters, checking the mail, then looks up and sees Gladys placed on the barcalounger.)

Rachel: O-oh my God!

Joey: (enters from his bedroom) What?

Rachel: Joey, what... is... this... *thing*... doing here?

Joey: I got it from Monica. She sold it to me for a *very* reasonable price.

Rachel: Joey, we're not keeping this!

Joey: But it's an original Buffay...

Rachel: Alright, fine. You can keep it. As long as you don't mind that she's haunted.

Joey: Hey? what? what? wey! whoo! what? what!?

Rachel: Well, legend has it Joey, that... she comes alive when you're asleep.

(Joey's eyes are twice their size now, and looks nervously from Rachel to Gladys and back.)

Rachel: She climbs out of the frame, and then drags her half-a-body across the floor, just looking for legs to steal. (in a spooky, slow voice) And then with her one good hand, she slo-o-owly re-e-a-aches up and turns your doorknob.

Joey: GET THAT LEGLESS WITCH OUT OF HERE!

(Joey leaves for his bedroom, and Rachel grins. She then takes Gladys and enters Monica's apartment.)

Monica: Hey! I sold that to Joey.

Rachel: Well, why I told him it's haunted. Two can play at this game. (gives Gladys to Monica)

Monica: No, too late. You can't give it back! (she pushes the painting back to Rachel)

Rachel: Yes I can! (pushes her back again)

Monica: No you can't. She's yours!

Rachel: She's yours!

Monica: SHE'S YOURS!

Rachel: She's yours!

(While they are both pushing the painting towards each other, Phoebe enters)

Phoebe: Hey! (there's a pause)

Rachel: She's mine!

Monica: She's m-i-i-ne!

Rachel: She's mine!

Monica: She's mine!

Phoebe: You guys! You guys! You don't have to fight over her anymore. (she goes out into the hallway and enters with an even more hideous painting/collage. One of those faceless mannequin heads wearing a blueish dress and orange gloves reaching out into the room. Around the head 3 small dolls are hovering.) Whoever doesn't get Gladys gets Glynnis. (Rachel and Monica are gasping for air at the sight of this monstrous piece of art.)

Rachel: I want Gladys!

Monica: She's mine!

Rachel: She's mine!

Monica: She's mine!

Rachel: She's mine!

[Scene: Rachel and Joey's. Joey's home alone, reading a Sports Illustrated magazine when Chandler enters.]

Chandler: Look, I'm sorry I didn't give them your tape. And I promise, next time to submit you whether I think you are right for the part or not.

Joey: That's not the point Chandler. The point is that you lied.

Chandler: I know. You're right. What's it gonna take for you to forgive me?

[Scene: Central Perk. Monica, Phoebe and Rachel are on the couch.]

Monica: Oh my God!

(we see Joey and Chandler standing there, and Chandler is wearing the blue Ichiban lipstick!)

Rachel: Excellent!

Joey: Now, what do you say?

Chandler: Lying is wrong!

Joey: And?... AND?

Chandler: I'm a pretty little girl.

Phoebe: I knew it!

[Scene: Central Perk. Some time later that day. The group has left and Charlie is there when Ross enters.]

Ross: Your ex-boyfriend is insane.

Charlie: Did you get the grant?

Ross: No I didn't, and you want to know why? Because your ex-boyfriend is still in love with you.

Charlie: What?

Ross: Yeah. He wouldn't give me the grant, because /wouldn't give *you* up.

Charlie: Benji isn't in love with me. I mean, he broke up with *me*. And besides, he's a very ethical man.

Ross: Really? Is it ethical to ask someone in a grant review, who was the voice of "Underdog"?

Charlie: I'm sure he was just joking, Ross.

Ross: If you don't believe me, let's go talk to him, okay? I'm telling you, he didn't ask me *one* paleontological question.

Charlie: Seriously?

Ross: Oh, I'm sorry, no. He did ask me one. Uhm... How do you spell Mboscodictiosaur?

Charlie: Well, if it's like the lake Mbosco in Congo, then M-B-O...

Ross: Damn it!

[Scene: Benjamin's office. Ross and Charlie are entering.]

Benjamin: Dr. Geller...? Charlie... What are you... what are you doing here?

Ross: I want you to tell her everything. About the deal you tried to make with me, about the crazy questions you... Wally Cox! That's the voice of Underdog!

Benjamin: Like I tried to tell you in the interview Ross, this grant is not based on your knowledge of pretty useless trivia.

Ross: No, no, no. Don't do that! I want you to look her in the eyes, and tell her the truth.

Charlie: Benji?

Benjamin: Alright, it's true. I behaved horribly. But it's only because I still love you. And I would do *anything* to have you back in my life.

Ross: Too little, too late, Benji!

Charlie: I can't believe this.

Benjamin: I never should have broken up with you. I think about you all the time. I mean, do you ever still think about me?

Ross: (indignant) No!

Charlie: Yes!

Ross: What?

Charlie: I don't know what to say, Benji. This is all so.... romantic.

Ross: or...

Benjamin: Listen, I know, I may be way out of bounds here, but is there any chance you will take me back?

Charlie: Maybe...

Ross: Sweetie, this conversation is starting to make me a little uncomfortable.

Charlie: Oh God! I am so sorry, but... (she puts her hand on Ross's cheek) I mean it's... there's so much history between us, you know...

Benjamin: (puts his hand on Ross's other cheek) I'm sorry too...

(Charlie and Benji both let their hands slide down Ross's face, until their hands meet, and they hold hands.)

Benjamin: I love you!

Charlie: I love you too! (and they start to kiss)

Ross: Okay, that's it. WE ARE SEEING OTHER PEOPLE!

COMMERCIAL BREAK

[Scene: Joey's bedroom. Joey's asleep with Hugsy, the penguin right next to him.]

(There are scratching and squeaking noises coming from the living room, and Joey wakes up, terrified. He pulls his blanket higher. The doorknob is turning.)

Joey: Gladys?

(The door opens, and there is Gladys, still in her frame though. Joey panics and moves frantically, screaming. Then there is laughing, and the painting is lowered. It was Rachel holding Gladys.)

Rachel: Ha ha ha, third time this week. Man, this does not get old.

Joey: You're mean!

Rachel: Oh, don't be such a baby!

(She closes his door again, and turns around. Then she starts screaming, terrified. There is Glynnis... And Monica holding her up, laughing.)

End

1007. The One With The Home Study

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[Scene: Central Perk]

(Joey and Ross enter. Phoebe and Mike are sitting on the couch, reading a magazine.)

Ross: Hey you guys!

Phoebe: Hey!

Ross: Hey, what are you doing?

Mike: Oh, figuring out our wedding plans.

Chandler: That's funny, we were doing the same thing!

Ross: Yeah!

Phoebe: It's really crazy! The hall, the dress, the food... I—I had no idea how expensive this stuff was!

Chandler: Yeah it is really pricey. I mean, I freaked when I first heard the numbers.

Phoebe: So what did you two do about it?

Chandler: It was pretty simple actually, I came up with a couple of cost-cutting solutions, wrote out a list and Monica told me to go to hell.

Ross: There's no way around it Pheebs, you just gonna have to accept the fact that this is gonna cost you a lot of money.

Mike: I heard that weddings are like a 40 billion dollar a year industry.

Ross: Yeah, and I'm responsible for just like half of that.

Phoebe: But really, it does seem like this money could be put to better use?

Mike: Are you serious?

Phoebe: Yeah! Now, how would you feel if we gave all the wedding money to charity and we just got married at City Hall?

Mike: I think it would make me wanna marry you even more. (he kisses her)

Ross: I've got to say you guys, that's an incredible gesture!

Chandler: (to Ross) Maybe you do that next time you get married!

Ross: No, no, no. The next time it's gonna be a Hawaii at sunset. [pause] But maybe the time after that!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's apartment]

(Monica is cleaning the table, Chandler is sitting on the sofa. Joey enters.)

Joey: Hey!

Chandler: Hey!

Joey: What's going on?

Chandler: Our adoption social worker is coming by today so we are cleaning the apartment.

Monica: (sarcastically) We?

Chandler: You know you don't want me to help. You can't have it both ways!

Joey: Hey, is this person who decides whether or not you... get a baby?

Chandler: Kind of. She's coming by to interview us and see where we live.

Monica: And it has to go perfectly, because if she doesn't like something about us she can keep us off every adoption list in the state.

Joey: Hey, maybe I should stop by! She could be a soap opera fan! It's very impressive when the little people know a celebrity.

Chandler: (pointing at himself) Little people?

Joey: (pointing at himself) Celebrity.

Monica: Ok, so I think I'm just about done here, unless you have any bad stuff hidden somewhere, like... porn or cigarettes?

Chandler: What...? NO!

Monica: Chandler?

Chandler: (he stands up and he feels very offended) I don't, and I'm offended by the insinuation!

Monica: Ok, so there's not a magazine under the couch, or a pack of cigarettes taped to the back of the toilet tank, or a filthy video in the VCR?

Chandler: I'll admit to the cigarettes and the magazine, but that tape is not mine.

Monica: It isn't mine!

Joey: (going out with the VCR in his hand) Well, I guess we'll never know whose it is!

[Scene: The New York City Children's fund hallway.]

Charity guy: May I help you?

Phoebe: Yes. We're here to make a rather sizeable donation to the children.

Charity guy: Well, any contribution, large or small, is always appreciated.

Phoebe: Well, I think you're gonna appreciate it the crap out of this one (she gives him a check)

Charity guy: Well, this is very generous!

Phoebe: And we don't want any recognition. This is completely anonymous.

Mike: Completely anonymous. From two kind strangers.

Phoebe: Mr. X and Phoebe Buffay.

Charity guy: Well if you like, we can include your names in our newsletter.

Mike: Not necessary.

Phoebe: Buffay is spelled B-U-F-F-A-Y.

Mike: And "X" is spelled uhm... "Mike Hannigan".

Charity guy: Right. Well, on behalf of the children: thank you both very much.

Phoebe: Sure, I so glad we did this. It feels so good!

Mike: It does. It feels really good!

Phoebe: Oh, look! And we get these free t-shirts! (she takes a t-shirt which was on the counter)

Charity guy: Oh, actually, that's the shirt I wore to the gym.

Phoebe: Mhm... it's moist.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's apartment.]

Ross: (he enters) Hi!

Rachel: Hi! Emma will be up in a minute!

Ross: Oh, good!

Rachel: Oh hey Ross... Listen, I heard about you and Charlie. I'm really sorry.

Ross: Oh, that's OK. I'm sure there are tons of other beautiful paleontologists out there.

Rachel: Absolutely.

Ross: There was one! She's it! All the rest look like they should live under a bridge!

Rachel: So, uhm... what are you gonna do today?

Ross: Well, I was thinking of taking Emma to the playground!

Rachel: Oh my God, what!?

Ross: Like I said I was thinking of taking Emma to the museum of knives and fire!

Rachel: Ok, look, Ross. I do not want Emma going to the playground.

Ross: Be-caaaauuse...

Rachel: (upset) All right, well, if you must know... I had a traumatic... swing incident... when I was little.

Ross: Seriously?

Rachel: Yes, I was 4 years old and I was on the swing and then all of a sudden my hair got tangled in the chain. And to get me out my mom had to—had to cut a big chunk of my hair! (crying) And it was uneven for weeks!

Ross: (sarcastic) And you made it through that? I wonder who's gonna play you in the movie!

Rachel: Ok, fine! You can make fun of me. I do not want Emma going there. And I was thinking Claire Danes.

Ross: Look, I'm sorry to hear about your tragedy, ok? But the swings are perfectly safe, and besides Emma loves them. You know what, you should come with us and you'll see!

Rachel: Ross, those things go like 40 miles an hour! Ok? When you're... and there is that moment when you are at the top, when you just don't know if you're gonna return back to earth!

Ross: Space is filled with orbiting children. (pause) Look, please, just come on, you know, when you'll see the look on Emma's face, I swear you won't regret it.

Rachel: All right!

Ross: Good, you don't want to be one of those mothers who pass on their irrational fears on their children, do you?

Rachel: Irrational, huh? All right, well, I'll remember that the next time you freak out about a spider in your apartment!

Ross: Oh, yeah, that's the same, I am sure there are thirty different species of poisonous swings!

[Scene: Monica's apartment. Somebody knocks the door]

Monica: Oh my God, the adoption lady is early!

Chandler: Ok, ok, here we go.

Monica: Ok.

Chandler: Here we go. Stand up straight. (smiling) Big smile. (opens the door and both are smiling exaggeratedly)

Phoebe: Hello, is this the creepy residence?

Monica: We're waiting for the adoption lady, but, hey, I'm glad you're here. I was cleaning this morning and I found this (she puts a box on the table and opens it). I don't know if you wanna use it, but...

Phoebe: Awe, this is so sweet of you! But you know what? I won't be needing a veil, I actually won't be wearing a dress at all!

Monica: I told you! I am not coming to a naked wedding!

Phoebe: No, no, no, we're not having a big reception, we took the money we were gonna spend on a wedding and we donate them to the children charity.

Monica: That's crazy! (Phoebe looks bewildered). I am sorry. I just can't imagine giving up my one wedding day like that!

Phoebe: We, you know, we're different! We don't care about having a huge party. (She picks up the veil) This is really nice for you, but, oh, please, I put this on? (she puts it on) And, ow, I look (she looks her reflex image on a toaster), why, well, radiant. (pause) All right, well, who cares, I don't need a pretty veil and a fancy dress.

Monica: That's right. You're making a commitment and that's the same, whether you do that at the Plaza or, where are you gonna do it?

Phoebe: City Hall.

Monica: Ow! (Chandler slaps her on her back) Oh, that sounds nice! I am just there for jury duty. They really spruce that place up!

Phoebe: It's ok, it's ok. I made my decision. What I really want is a great big wedding (she covers her mouth)

Monica: Yay!

Chandler: But you already gave all your money to charity!

Phoebe: Well, I'll just ask for it back!

Chandler: I don't think you can do that!

Monica: Why not! This is her wedding day, this is way more important than some stupid kids!

Chandler: That's sweet, honey, but save something for the adoption Lady.

[Scene: The playground. Ross put Emma on the swing and they're ready to play]

Rachel: Ok, careful.

Ross: Ok.

Rachel: Careful, watch her hair. WATCH HER HAIR!

Ross: Rach, she's got like three hairs!

Rachel: I know (she touches Emma's head) but they're just so beautiful! Oh, my God, I just pulled one out.

Ross: I promise you she's safe! No watch how much she loves this.

Rachel: Ok.

Ross (to Emma): Ready sweetie?

Rachel: Ok.

Ross: Here we go! (He starts pushing Emma)

Rachel: Ok, careful, ok. (Emma giggles) Oh, she's smiling! Oh my God, she does like it!

Ross: See, I told you!

Rachel: Awe! (Emma laughs) Oh my God! Looks, she's a little dare-devil! Oh, let me push, can I push?

Ross: Oh, absolutely!

Rachel: Ok. Oh God. (To Ross) Get the camera, it's in the diaper bag.

Ross: Ok! (he takes the camera and walks backwards to take a shot) See? Scared of swings, I bet you feel pretty silly (a swinging boy knocks him down) Ow!

[Scene: The New York City Children's fund]

Mike: We're seriously asking for our money back?

Phoebe: It's for our wedding day! Right, now, is this guy gay or straight, because one of us gonna have to start flirting.

Charity guy: Wow! Are you here to make another donation the same day? I don't think that that's ever happened before.

Phoebe (to Mike): Gay, go.

Mike (to the charity guy): Oh my God, I love your shirt!

Phoebe: The donation we made earlier, we k..., we w..., we want it back.

Charity guy: Excuse me?

Phoebe: Yeah. See, that money was for a big wedding, that we thought we didn't want, but it turns out we do.

Charity guy: So you're asking us to refund your donation to the children?

Mike: Yeah! This feels really good.

Phoebe: I am sorry. I am, but this wedding is just really important to me.

Charity guy: Hey, it's not my business, (he takes their check from a drawer) besides it's probably a good thing. We really would have been spoiling the children, all those food, and warm clothing...

Phoebe: Hey, that's not fair! A person's wedding is important! And especially to me! Ok? I didn't have a graduation party! And I didn't go to Prom. And I spent my sweet sixteen being chased round a tire yard by an escaped mental patient who is his own words wanted to "kill me" or whatever. So I deserve a real celebration and I am not gonna let some sweaty little man make me feel badly about it. (She storms out)

Mike: She could have been talking about either one of us.

[Scene: Monica's apartment. Somebody knocks the door]

Laura: Hi, I am Laura, I am here for your adoption interview.

Monica: Hi, I am Monica and this is Chandler. Please come in.

Laura: Thank you!

Monica: Would you like something to drink?

Laura: Oh, water would be fine.

Monica: Ok. Great. I am so glad that you are here. We're really excited about getting this process started.

Chandler: Oh, because we love kids. Love 'em to death. Well, not actually to death, that's just a figure of speech – we love kids the appropriate amount... as allowed by law.

Laura: Your place is just lovely.

Monica: Ah, thank you. This building does have a wholesome family feel to it.

Laura: You know, I... I feel like I've been here before. Are any other couples in the building adopting?

Monica: Is that that couple on the first floor? Because we should get a baby before them. Yeah! That guy tried to sell me drugs. (Laura looks shocked)

Chandler: But other than that... wholesome, wholesome building.

Laura: Oh...

Chandler: What?

Laura: I just realized why I remember this place.

Monica: Really? What is it?

Laura: Oh, it's nothing. I went on a date with a guy who lived in this building and it didn't end very well.

Monica: Ohh... that wouldn't by any chance be... Joey Tribbiani?

Laura: Yes!

Chandler: Of course it was!

Laura: Yeah, we had a really great night and in the morning he promised he would call me and he didn't.

Chandler: RAT BASTARD!

Laura: So you're not friends with him?

Monica and **Chandler:** OH GOD NO! Nope, no, no, no. No! No, no. Nope! No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. NO! (finally Monica concludes) No!

Laura: Well, I'm sorry I brought it up. So, are either one of you planning on staying at home with your child... (someone knocks on the door)

Joey: (form the other side of the door) Hellooo? Anybody in there order a celebrity? (He starts to enter the apartment and Chandler runs to the door and shuts it back in his face) OW!

Laura: What was that?

Chandler: Oh, it's just some crazy guy who roams the halls here. He's great with kids though.

[Scene: Ross and Rachel are at the playground with Emma. Rachel in putting her back in the stroller and Ross is tending to his wound]

Rachel: Oh, oh Ross, oh my God, are you okay?

Ross: SON OF A BITCH! (turns to his right to see three kids staring at him) (To the kids) Oh relax! I didn't say the 'F' word! (They go away)

Rachel: Ross, see! I told you, those swings are evil! Alright, that is it. That is the last time Emma is getting on one of those things for her entire life.

Ross: No! No, no, no, no, okay, it wasn't the swing's fault. It was my fault and kind of that (point to the kid that kicked him) kids fault. Who is still laughing. Nice.

Rachel: Ross, c'mon, please. Can we just get out of here, before somebody else gets hurt?

Ross: No wait, okay, okay, I have an idea. I want you to get on the swing, okay? And you'll see that there's nothing to be afraid of.

Rachel: (looks at him suspiciously) I know what this is all about... You've always been jealous of my hair.

Ross: Look, I just think you're an adult, okay? And you should get over your silly fears.

Rachel: Alright fine. I'll do it.

Ross: Good.

Rachel: If you hold a spider.

Ross: (He freaks out and starts jumping around brushing his sweater) WHAT? WHERE? WHERE?

Rachel: IF you hold a spider.

Ross: I know. (Rachel bends down to Emma and Ross looks over his shoulder again, afraid)

[Scene: Chandler and Monica's apartment. Chandler is still leaning against the door, keeping Joey out, who is still banging and shouting on the other side.]

Joey: Guys? Everything ok? It's me, Joe...

Chandler: (Screams to interrupt Joey) AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA.....AAAaaa-doption!!

Laura: What's going on?

Chandler: Oh, just like I said. That crazy... Bert... roaming the halls. (Joey bangs on the door again)

Joey: Guys!?

Monica: Keep on roaming Bert! We don't want any crazy today!

Joey: What's going on?

Chandler: WE'LL TALK TO YOU LATER, BERT. EVERYTHING'S FINE!!

(cut to Joey on the other side, who finally leaves the door and goes to his apartment)

Joey: Everything doesn't sound fine!

Laura: Is he alright out there by himself?

Chandler: Oh yeah! He has a caretaker. His older brother... Ernie.

Laura: Bert and Ernie!

Chandler: (nervous smile) You can't make this stuff up!

[Scene: Central Perk. Phoebe and Mike enter]

Mike: You never told me about that guy on your sweet sixteen. Oh, ugh. I'm sorry about that.

Phoebe: (Lightly) Oh! It ended okay. One of my friends shot him.

Mike: Well, hey, at least you're getting a proper wedding. I mean, you really deserve that.

Phoebe: Yeah, I really do. You know, I had nothing growing up. (thinks for a few seconds) Just like the kids I took the money from.

Mike: No! No, no. I see where this is going. Don't make me go back there.

Phoebe: Look, I can't have a wedding with this money now. It's tainted.

Mike: Alright, fine. We'll give the money back.

Phoebe: And if that guy at the charity gives us a hard time, my friend hasn't shot anyone in a really long time.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's. They are preparing to show Laura around. Laura is standing with her back to the window, Chandler and Monica are standing on either side of her, facing each other.]

Laura: Well, I must say, this seems like a lovely environment to raise a child in.

Monica: Oh, by the way, you are more than welcome to look under any of the furniture, because, believe me, you won't find any porn or cigarettes under there!

Laura: Oh! Well, actually, before we look around, let me make sure I have everything I need up to here... (She starts checking her form. Chandler sees movement near the window from the corner of his eye and when he looks he spots Joey climbing up the fire escape and onto their balcony. He warns Monica silently.)

Monica: (Pulls Laura into the spare room) Why don't I show you the baby's room?

(Joey enters through the side window and jogs towards the kitchen holding a baseball bat)

Chandler: What the hell are you doing?

Joey: Well, you wouldn't let me in, so I thought you were in trouble.

Chandler: Well, we're not.

Joey: But you called me 'Bert'!? That's our code word for danger!

Chandler: We don't have a code word.

Joey: We don't? We really should. From now on, 'Bert' will be our code word for danger.

(Monica talks loudly in the baby's room)

Monica: So that was the baby's room. (They come out and Chandler throws Joey behind the couch and puts his foot on him. Monica looks at Chandler)

Monica: (To Chandler) What room should we see next?

Chandler: Any room that isn't behind this couch! (laughs nervously)

Monica: (laughs nervously as well, Laura looks confused) (To Laura) Some people don't get him, but I think he's really funny! (She takes Laura to their own bedroom).

(Joey gets up and look annoyed)

Joey: (quivering with anger) I did not care for that!

Chandler: (escorting Joey to the door) You have to get out of here. You slept with our social worker and you never called her back and she is still pissed, so she can't see you.

Joey: Ok, ok! (He leaves)

Chandler: Ok!

(Joey leaves and closes the door behind him. Chandler walks towards the living room, but then Joey enters again.)

Chandler: What?

Joey: I forgot my bat.

(He picks up his bat and holds it up, but then Monica and Laura enter the living room again. When Laura sees Joey, she freezes...)

Laura: Oh my God!

Chandler: And for the last time, we do not want to be friends with you! And we don't want to buy your bat!

(Joey lowers his bat)

Laura: What are you doing here?

Joey: (to Chandler) Bert! Bert! Bert! Bert!

Laura: Are you friends with him?

Chandler: I can explain... Joey...

Joey: Uhm... ok... uhm... Well, yeah... You have got some nerve, coming back here. I can't believe you never called me.

Laura: Excuse me?

Joey: Oh... yeah... Probably you don't even remember my name. It's Joey, by the way. And don't bother telling me yours, because I totally remember it... lady. Yeah! I waited weeks for you to call me.

Laura: I gave you my number, you never called me.

Joey: No, no! Don't try to turn this around on me, ok? I'm not some kind of... social work, ok, that you can just... do.

Laura: (embarrassed towards Chandler and Monica) Well, I'm pretty sure I gave you my number.

Joey: Really? Think about it. Come on! You're a beautiful woman, smart, funny, we had a really good time, huh? If I had your number, why wouldn't I call you?

Laura: I don't know... Well, maybe I'm wrong... I'm sorry...

Joey: No, no, hey, no! Too late for apologies... ok? You broke my heart. You know how many women I had to sleep with to get over you? (and he leaves the apartment, leaving her shocked)

Laura: Joey, wait!

Joey: (acting sad) NO! I waited a long time, I can't wait anymore... (and closes the door behind him)

Laura: (laughing nervously) I'm sorry that you had to see that. I'm so embarrassed...

Chandler: Oh, that's really ok.

Monica: Yeah, that we totally understand. Dating is hard.

Laura: Boy, you people are nice... And I've got to say... I think you're going to make excellent parents. (Chandler and Monica hug each other, and then Joey enters the apartment again.)

Joey: LAURA! (and points to her, very confident)

[Scene: The New York City Children's Fund building. Phoebe and Mike are entering.]

Phoebe: (to the Charity guy) We're back!

Charity guy: Are you here to take more money? Because, I think what you're looking for is an ATM.

Mike: No, no, we're here to give the money back.

Phoebe: Yeah, because you know what, it's... it's all about the children.

(the Charity guy smiles wanting to take the check, but Phoebe pulls it back again. His smile fades.)

Phoebe: Although... it's also about the wedding... Ugh, alright... here. (she gives the check and pulls it back again) No... Oh God... Oh!

Charity guy: If I haven't said so already sir, (sarcastically pointing to Phoebe) congratulations!

Mike: (takes the check from Phoebe) Ok, look! Enough! Alright? I'm stepping in. I'm putting my foot down! As your future husband I'm going to make this decision for us. (thinking) Now... what do you think we should do?

Charity guy: You know what? It's not your decision anymore.

Mike: What?

Charity guy: On behalf of the Children of New York, I reject your money.

Phoebe: But... but... but we're giving you this!

Charity guy: Yeah... And I'm giving it back to you... Come on! Consider it a contribution. (gives the check to Phoebe)

Phoebe: (looks at the amount on the check, and gasps) Well, this is very generous!

Charity guy: Please, take the check, go have a great wedding and a wonderful life together.

Mike: Well, I mean... It sounds good to me. And that way we can save up, come back in a few years and make an even bigger donation.

Charity guy: Absolutely! And when you do, make sure you ask for Brian.

Phoebe: Oh, is that you?

Charity guy: No!

[Scene: Chandler and Monica's apartment. They are sitting in their living room when the phone rings.]

Monica: Hello...? Oh hi... Oh my God...! Really...? I can't wait to tell Chandler... Ok, goodbye. (hangs up)

Chandler: Wrong number?

Monica: It was Laura... She gave us a great report and we are officially on the waiting list.

Chandler: That's great!

Monica: Now we just have to wait for a call and... and someone tells us there's a baby waiting for us. Oh...

(Chandler and Monica hug and after a while the telephone rings again... Monica's eyes get bigger.

Chandler answers.)

Chandler: Hello...? Have you seen Joey's bat?

COMMERCIAL BREAK

[Scene: The playground. Ross, Rachel and Emma are still there. Rachel comes walking to Ross and Emma with something between her hands.]

Rachel: Ok... I got a spider. There were two, I picked the bigger one.

Ross: (nervously) Ok...

Rachel: Ok... (and passes the spider to Ross who holds it in between his hands)

Ross: (Gasps and speaks at a higher pitch) This feels perfectly normal. Ok, get on the swing!

Rachel: (reluctantly) Ok... O-k...

(She slowly grabs the chains of the swing, swings her hair back, and sits down.)

Rachel: (more confident) Ok...

(She slowly walks forward and backward, to gain speed...)

Rachel: whoo... ok... wow... ok... OH!

Ross: See?

Rachel: A-alright! I can do this.

Ross: There you go! Good for you! And you know what, I'm actually getting used to this little guy. I don't really even feel him in here anymore.

Rachel: That's because he's on your neck.

Ross: Well... (realizes, screaming like a little girl, trying to get rid of the spider) Whaa... aaah... aaahh...

(Ross is now preoccupied with the spider, and forgets that Rachel is still using the swing. While trying to get rid of the spider, he stands in front of Rachel, who bumps into him, throwing him on the ground again.)

Rachel: ROSS!

(Rachel tries to stop mid-swing, and the swing starts to turn from side to side)

End

1008. The One With The Late Thanksgiving

Written by: Shana Goldberg-Meehan

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Final check by Kim

[Scene: Central Perk. Monica and Chandler enter, the others are sitting on the couch.]

Monica: Hey guys!

Rachel: Hi!

Phoebe: Hey!

Monica: We need to talk to you about something.

Chandler: Yeah. We don't feel like we can host Thanksgiving this year.

All: What?

Phoebe: Hey!

Ross: Are you kidding?

Chandler: Well, it's just with uhm, work and the stress of adoption, we just don't feel like we have the energy. *Plus*, we don't think it's fair that every year the burden falls on us.

Ross: (skeptical) That doesn't sound like you... That's Monica talking!

Chandler: No, no! We made this decision together.

Ross: She's putting words in your mouth!

Joey: Don't you put words in people's mouths, you put *turkey* in people's mouths!

Rachel: I can't believe this! This is Emma's *first* Thanksgiving!

Monica: No, *it's not!*

Rachel: It's not? (whispering to Ross) When was she born?

Phoebe: Well, personally I think it's great you're giving yourself a break.

Monica: Thank you, Pheebs!

Phoebe: Sure. It's just as well... I mean, last year wasn't very good. I think she's losing her touch.

Monica: What? You are way off, lady!

Phoebe: Am I? Really? Am I? Well, why don't you cook Thanksgiving dinner and prove me wrong! Well, think about it, think about it, you'll be trying to top than you did last year. You'd be in competition... *with yourself*.

Monica: That's my favourite kind! Okay, we are *doing* this!

Chandler: Don't let yourself get manipulated this way!

Monica: Hey, stay out of this, Chandler! This is between me... and ME!

Chandler: We are supposed to make these decisions together! Did you not watch the *Doctor Phil* I taped for you?

OPENING CREDITS

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's apartment. Rachel and Monica are in there, and Phoebe enters]

Phoebe: Hey!

Rachel: Hi! Happy Thanksgiving!

Phoebe: Oh, yeah, happy needless-turkey-murder day.

Monica: You guys, I ordered some chocolate pies from that bakery on Bleecker. Could you pick them up for me?

Phoebe: You're not making the pies yourself?

Monica: No, no, no, I don't make chocolate pies. When I was younger I-I enter in this pie-eating contest. I ate *so* many that just the thought of them made me sick.

Rachel: Did you at least win the contest?

Monica: 2 minutes, 12 pies and a part of one tin! Okay, I see you guys at 4.

Rachel: Can't wait!

Monica: This dinner is gonna be *so* great! *In your face, last year "me"!*

(Monica leaves)

Phoebe: Hey Rach.

Rachel: Yeah.

Phoebe: What's Emma doing today?

Rachel: Well, let's see... uh... I know that she has a meeting with her lawyer and then she has to make a very big poop. Why?

Phoebe: Well, I wanna enter her in a baby beauty pageant.

Rachel: Oh my God! That's the creepiest thing I've ever heard!

Phoebe: Okay, but, well, before you say no, my friend Susanne is entering her kid and compared to Emma she's a *real* dog!

Rachel: Oh! Phoebe, all babies are beautiful!

Phoebe: (sarcastic) Oh... okay.

Rachel: Phoebe, just the idea of pitting one baby against another, I mean, you know, and judging who's cuter just for a trophy...

Rachel: And a thousand dollars.

Rachel: ...is something I'm *very* interested in! Oh please, do *not* tell Ross. He still believes that (in a deep voice, mocking Ross) what's in the inside is important...

Phoebe: Okay, oh, and Emma needs a cowgirl outfit for the competition.

Rachel: Where am I gonna get a cowgirl outfit on Thanksgiving?

Phoebe: Well, I was thinking...

Rachel: Oh, take the clothes of Joey's Cabbage Patch Kid.

Phoebe: Yeah!

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's apartment. Chandler is watching TV and Monica is cooking]

Monica: (Chandler's laughing) Did someone drop the baton again?

Chandler: Why come all the way from Kansas to do *that*?

Monica: (she tastes what she has cooked) I don't get older. I just get better!

Chandler: You know what just occurred to me? This could be our last Thanksgiving just the two of us. I mean, we could be getting a baby soon!

Monica: You don't know that.

Chandler: Somebody is gonna pick us.

Monica: Yeah, but we haven't heard a thing from the adoption agency and it has been weeks!

Chandler: I'm telling ya! It's gonna happen. Next year it's gonna be you, me and the little Hemingway Bing.
(pause) What, he's my favourite author!

Monica: Name one of his books.

Chandler: (after a *long* pause) "The Firm"?

Monica: Ok, let's see... uhm, okay, the turkey is in the oven, the stuffing is ready...

Chandler: You know, you always cook this meal all by yourself. Let me help this year.

Monica: Oh, Chandler, that's sweet. But you don't have to do everything Doctor Phil tells you to do.

Chandler: I'm serious, let me do something, just not the turkey or the stuffing, nothing "high profile".

Monica: Ok, let's see... Oh, the cranberry sauce, it is easy to make and no-one really cares about it.

Chandler: Tell me more.

Monica: Okay, I'm gonna go check on something across the hall. You start by washing these (she gives Chandler a bowl with cranberries. Then, while she's going outside, she sees him with a bottle of soap in his hands) Not with soap!! (she leaves)

Chandler: You obviously haven't tasted my Palmolive potatoes!

(Ross and Joey enter)

Ross: Hey! Hey, guess what Joey has!

Joey: Three tickets to today's Rangers game!!

Ross: Dude, I wanted him to guess.

Joey: Oh.

Chandler: Oh my God!

Joey: Yeah, they're great seats too!

Ross: Guess where they are?

Joey: Center ice.

Ross: Did I *do* something to you?

Chandler: Hmm, the game's at one.

Ross: So?

Chandler: Dinner is at four, we'll never gonna make it back.

Joey: So we'll leave before it's over, we'll be back in time.

Chandler: You say that now, but it could take us a long time to get back home. Plus Joey could get lost and and they could have to page us to go pick him up.

Joey: Dude, *two* times that happened!

Chandler: Look, Monica has been working hard all day, she didn't wanna host this thing in the first place, we shouldn't go!

Ross: He's right, man.

Joey: Right, I guess. Alright, so see you at four.

Chandler: Okay. (pause) And get ready to taste my very special cranberries. Or should I say... chanberries!

Joey: That's some gentle comedy, dude. (he and Ross leave)

Ross: We're still going at the game, right?

Joey: Yeah!

Ross: Yeah.

[Scene: Baby beauty contest]

Host: This is contestant number sixteen, Rebecca...

Phoebe: Hey.

Rachel: Oh Phoebe, listen. Well, I think we gotta go. This place is really freaking me out. I've been watching this guy over there, I don't think he came with a kid!

Phoebe: We can't leave now! There was this one baby, Haley, who was favourite to win and she got croup, so she had to stay home! This competition just blew wide open, folks!

Rachel: Phoebe, I think... It's just too weird, I just saw a one year old running around with pantyhose on!

Phoebe: Oh, I know, we should have been more prepared. (she looks around) It's okay. Now, the way I see it, our real competition now is Cameron. Oh my God, they just took her sweater off. Look at those arms! Hello Michelin Man.

Rachel: Oh, Phoebe! Come on! You know what, it's already three o'clock and they haven't even gotten to Emma's group yet. We gotta go, we got dinner!

Phoebe: (panicking) But Emma's got what it takes, she could go all the way!

Rachel: Phoebe, you have to calm down.

Phoebe: Okay. Rachel, the hottest babies in the Tri-State Area are in *this* room *right now!* I overheard one of the judges say that not one of them holds a candle to Emma!

Rachel: Really?

Phoebe: Yeah!

Rachel: You heard them say that?

Phoebe: Yeah!

Rachel: All right, okay. Alright, let's give to these babies something to cry about!

Phoebe: Good! Oh yay! Let's get down to business! Emma needs some makeup!

Rachel: No, what?

Phoebe: Well, she's gonna look all washed out next to the other contestants!

Rachel: No Phoebe, I am not letting you put makeup on my baby!

Phoebe: Why not!

Rachel: Because I already did!

[Scene: Madison Square Garden]

(there's a lot of shouting and yelling)

Joey: Oh, Bob, get off the guy!

Ross: Oh! What a game, huh?

Joey: I know, yeah.

Ross: I can't believe Chandler is missing this!

Joey: Yeah. I am sorry he's not here too, but I got to say, (takes some nachos from a plate on the seat where Chandler should have been) I am really enjoying Nacho Chair.

Ross: Yeah, I'd probably enjoy it more if you didn't keep batting my hand away.

Joey: Ohhhh! These seats are great!

Ross: I know, I know! When I was here for *Holidays on Ice* (Joey looks around worried hoping no one heard that) I was sitting *so* far away Michelle Kwan couldn't read my banner!

Joey: (looks at the time) Wow, hey, we'd better get going. If we don't leave right now, we'll be late for dinner.

Ross: Oh, but it's a kind game! So we're a little late, you know, the girls will be there, let's stay just for *one* more goal.

Joey: I don't know...

Ross: One more fight!

Joey: Okay.

Ross: Okay.

[Scene: Chandler and Monica's apartment.]

Monica: Where is everybody? They're forty-five minutes late!

Chandler: I can't believe they are not here! I slave and I slave for what? They've ruined cranberry day!

[Scene: The corridor. Ross and Joey have just arrived.]

Joey: How late are we?

Ross: Forty-five minutes.

Joey: Wow (He opens his apartment door and throws their stuff in.)

Ross: (handing him his coat) Here!

Joey: Okay. Rachel and Phoebe are already there, okay? So they probably started without us. We could just slip in and no-one needs to know where we were! (he raises his hands and on his right one there's a Rangers foam finger)

Ross: You *may* want to lose the foam finger!

Joey: Oh, no, no, no, no, no. You just want to put it on your hand!

(Rachel, Phoebe and Emma arrive)

Ross: Hey!

Phoebe: Oh!

Joey: You are not at Thanksgiving?

Rachel: No...

Phoebe: No, we're late!

Rachel: What are you doing here!

Ross: We're late too! (Rachel screams)

Joey: We figured we could be late because you guys were gonna be on time (he points the foam finger at the girls)

Phoebe: Don't point that thing at me, Tribbiani!

Ross: So, nobody's here? Monica's gonna kill us!

Joey: Yeah, where were you!

Ross: Yeah, yeah, what's with the trophy!

Phoebe: Uh, we were at the Spelling Bee!

Rachel: And I won!

Ross: You won an adult Thanksgiving day spelling bee.

Rachel: Yes! (spells it) Y-E-S. Yes!

Ross: Let me see this... (he takes the trophy from Rachel's hands) Grand Supreme Little Darling, New York Division.

Rachel: Yeah. *That's me!*

Ross: You entered Emma into a Beauty Pageant?

Phoebe: And it looks like she put makeup on her!

Joey: Wait a second, wait a second, where have I seen that cowgirl outfit before...

Ross: I can't believe this, she's our daughter! That you would treat her like some kind of showdog is inexcusable!

Rachel: She won a thousand dollars!

Ross: So this is an *annual* thing?

Joey: (realizing) Oh! That's Alicia Mae Emory's outfit!

Phoebe: You guys, there are people in there who are not getting any happier!

Ross: Yeah. What are we gonna do?

Rachel: Well, I don't know, you guys figure it out, I got to put Emma down for a nap.

Joey: All right. Hey Rach, while you're in there, throw something on Alicia Mae.

Phoebe: Alright, what are we gonna say?

Ross: Ooh, we'll say that we were mugged! You can't get mad at someone who's been mugged!

Phoebe: Oh, good, that's good, but you don't look like you were mugged!

Joey: No. Here (he tears off the pocket from Ross' shirt, and tears off everything below that as well.)

Ross: (to Joey) HEY!

[Scene: Monica's apartment.]

Monica: Do you hear something? (Chandler stands up and goes to the door to look out from the peephole)

Chandler: (peeping) They're out there!

Monica: Ohhh! Let me see! Oh God, I can't believe this! They're an hour late and they're just staying out there, talking!

Chandler: (peeping) Everything is so distorted! Looks like Joey has a giant hand! Which says "Rangers" on it. They went to the game!

Monica: (gasps) Oooh! They are in for a *world* of pain!

Chandler: (looking through the peephole again) Ross' shirt is torn.

Monica: Oh! They're late *and* they're sloppy!

[Cut to the hall]

(Rachel comes out of her apartment}

Rachel: Alright, Emma is napping... (then to Ross) what happened to your shirt?

Ross: I got mugged. And they stole my pocket.

Phoebe: We're just... we're trying to figure out an excuse. Hey! Ooh! How about this: We can say that Monica told us 5 o'clock, not 4 o'clock. That way we're right on time! (Others start to agree but she continues) OR... or, we can plant PCP in the apartment and call the cops on her.

Ross: (sarcastic) That would be a good way to get rid of all the PCP we have lying around.

Rachel: You know what, we just say that she said it was 5 o'clock. We'll just act casual. We're not late, we're right on time. (When she finishes talking, a note is pushed from under Monica's and Chandler's door, into the hall. Ross picks it up and reads it out loud)

Ross: (Reading the note) We know you're out there. (Rachel gasps)

Joey: (whispering) Who do you think its from?

[time lapse – they are still in the hall]

Rachel: Oh, God. This is bad. This is *so* bad.

Ross: Well, let's just go in there and face them.

Phoebe: Well, I'm not going in first. I bet that vein on Monica's forehead is popping like crazy.

Joey: I *hate* that thing, it's like a... bolt of lightning.

Rachel: Oh, hey, I have an idea. Why don't we play rock-paper-scissors, and whoever loses goes in first. (they all agree) Ready? (they do the rock-paper-scissor thing with they hands and Rachel has paper, Phoebe and Ross both have rock, while Joey is doing a strange upward wiggling with his fingers. They all look a him confused).

Joey: (smiling from ear to ear) Ah-haah! I win!!

Ross: What is *that*?

Joey: That's fire. Beats everything.

Phoebe: Oh, really? Does it beat water balloon? (She places her hand over his "fire" and mimics a bursting water balloon, thus putting the fire out).

Joey: Ooh! Well played, Phoebe Buffay, well played.

Rachel: Alright, enough, enough, come on. Let's just all go in at the same time.

All: Alright, okay. (Phoebe reaches for the door, and tries to open it but it's locked)

Phoebe: It's locked.

Ross: Wha...? Oh sure, *now* they lock it, but when they're having sex on the couch, its like: "Come on in, my butt is surprisingly hairy".

Rachel: Alright, come on... (starts to knock on the door) Alright, you guys. We're *so* sorry we're late. Please let us in, so we can have dinner together.

[cut to Monica and Chandler]

Monica: No! Everything's cold. The turkey's dried out and the... the stuffing is all soggy.

Chandler: Yeah, and there's a bowl of cranberry sauce that... (speaking lower to Monica) what happens to cranberry sauce?

Monica: (Rolling her eyes) Nothing. It's fine.

Chandler: (relieved) Oh thank God!

[cut to the hall]

Ross: Come on you guys, we're sorry, alri...? Our subway broke down.

Chandler: (looking through the peephole) That's a lie, you went to the game, I can see Joey's hand.

Ross: (to Joey, who is wearing a blue, 3 foot hand) FOR THE LOVE OF GOD TAKE IT OFF!! (takes it off his hand and throws it on the floor)

Rachel: You guys, come on, it doesn't matter why we're late. We're all here now, please let us in so we can have some of your delicious turkey. (A slice of turkey on a piece of aluminum foil is slid under door)

Joey: I had a dream once about a fax machine that did that. (Ross picks it up)

[cut to Monica and Chandler]

Monica: That's all the turkey *you're* gonna get.

[cut to the hall]

Ross: How are we gonna decide who gets this?

Joey: (holds his fist up) WATER BALLOON! (he stuffs the slice in his mouth and gives the foil back to Ross)

Phoebe: What *are* we gonna do? I'm starving.

Rachel: (gasps) Oh, I just remembered. We *do* have something to eat. Monica put something in our oven this morning.

Phoebe: Oh yeah!

[cut to Monica and Chandler]

Monica: Hey, you *touch* that and you will be *sorry*.

Chandler: Guys, I'd listen to her. The vein is bigger than I've ever seen it. (Monica looks at Chandler)

[cut to the hall]

(Rachel comes out of the apartment holding a pot. Joey holds in anticipation and Rachel opens it)

Rachel: Huh... OH MY GOD IT'S BRUSSELS SPROUTS. (they all look appalled)

Ross: That's worse than *no* food.

[cut to Monica and Chandler]

(Monica looks insulted)

Chandler: HA-HA! All you got was Monica's stinky Brussels sprouts!

Monica: Stinky?!

Chandler: Please let me stay on this side of the door.

[cut to hall]

Rachel: Oh, I know... I still have my old key! (She goes in to get it and comes back with her keys) We can just unlock the door.

Phoebe: Well, I don't know if that's such a good idea. They clearly don't want to be with us.

Rachel: You know what? I don't want to be with them either, but it's Thanksgiving and we should *not* want to be together, *together*. (Goes to unlock the door)

Joey: (to Ross) Just get in there and make a face to face apology, you know? Look them in the eye. I know I can get them to forgive us.

Ross: I don't know...

Joey: I'm telling ya... (his eyes open wide and he looks like his eyes are about to pop out. He stares at Ross like this without blinking) *I can do it*.

Ross: (Staring back, and then breaks off) (To Phoebe and Rachel) Yeah, he can do it!

(Rachel finally manages to open the door, but the door chain is on.)

Rachel: Oh!

(Joey sticks his head through the gap. Monica and Chandler are now sitting at the dinner table. There is another smaller table full of food standing in front of the front door)

(Monica and Chandler do not look amused by Joeys head in the door)

Joey: Oh! It all looks so beautiful: the turkey, the stuffing...

(Monica is now smiling)

Chandler: The cranberries...?

Monica: Oh! Enough! A *monkey* could have made 'em!

Joey: (still with his door wedged in the door gap, now opens his eyes wide and stares at Monica and Chandler as he did with Ross earlier in the hall) Hey listen guys, we feel *really* terrible.

Chandler: He's doing that weird eye contact thing. Don't look at him, don't look at him! (They both look away)

Joey: Come on you guys, we want you to know we're (His eye widen even more) very *very* sorry. (Monica and Chandler are now covering their eyes with their hands) (then to the others in the hall) Right guys? (Ross head appears above Joey's, Rachel's below Joey's and Phoebe's at the bottom)

Ross: I feel terrible.

Phoebe and Rachel: So, so sorry.

Joey: (smiling) Now let's not ruin this day. You worked so hard. Let's move past this and try to have a nice meal all together, huh?

Chandler: The floating heads *do* make a good point.

Monica: Yeah, they do seem to feel pretty bad.

Rachel: So bad.

Ross : So bad.

Phoebe: So bad.

Monica: (Gets up) Okay, okay. You two (to Phoebe and Rachel) go get the dessert. And I'll let you in.

Rachel: Dessert?

Monica: Yeah, I asked you and Phoebe to pick up the pies. You *did* remember, right?

Phoebe: Pies, oh, we thought you said priiize (goes to the hall and comes back with Emma's trophy in her hand). Here! (gives it to Monica).

(Monica takes it and reads the label)

Monica: Grand Supreme Little Darling?

Rachel: Congratulatioooooons!

Monica: Oh my God! YOU *FORGOT* THE PIES? Well, I cannot believe this. You force me to make dinner, then you're an hour late and you forget the *one* little thing that I asked you to do.

Ross: Really girls, not cool.

Chandler: Well, you manheads aren't any better. You *lied* about going to the game. You *knew* it would make you late, and you *still* went anyway.

Joey: Hey! I'm getting a little tired of this okay? We said we're sorry. It's Thanksgiving for Pete's sakes! A day of forgiveness!

Ross: It's a day to be thankful.

Joey: (to Ross, mouthing) Don't make me come up there!

Monica: It's too late for apologies.

Joey: Fine! Let's just go. I don't need your stupid dinner.

Chandler: That would be a lot more convincing if you weren't drooling.

Rachel: Ewww, is that what that is?

Joey: Sorry!

Phoebe: Come on you guys, let's just do our own Thanksgiving.

Rachel: Yeah! I'll cook!

Ross: Yeah! Let's go out.

Rachel: Hey!

Joey: Yeah! *You three* have a nice Thanksgiving.

Monica: The three of us?

Joey: Yeah! You, Chan, *and the vein!*

(Monica gasps and holds her forehead. Phoebe, Rachel and Ross pull back their heads)

Joey: Ha!

(When Joey tries to pull back his head, he notices he is stuck)

Joey: Oh-oh! I'm stuck!

Monica: Joey, that is not gonna work.

Joey: No seriously... I'm really wedged in here.

Phoebe: I'll pull you through.

Ross: Okay.

Joey: (in agony) aaw-ahhh-aaahhh STOP! STOP! I'm worried about damaging my head.

Chandler: A little late for *that*.

Joey: Alright, hurry up, you gotta do something.

Monica: Alright, well, *this* does not change anything. (to Chandler) Okay, we need to get something to grease the sides of his face.

Chandler: Uhm, we've got turkey grease.

Monica: Bring it.

Joey: I just wanna say that I'm sorry I referred to the vein as a seperate person...

(Chandler gives Monica a footlong "eye dropper" with the turkey grease in it)

Monica: Here you go!

(She squirts some of the grease along Joey's face.)

Joey: Oh, that smells good!

(And he starts licking the grease which trickles down his face. Monica also squirts some on the other side of his face, and his tongue follows her movements.)

Joey: Okay.

Monica: Okay, try it.

(Joey tries to pull back at all his might.)

Joey: It isn't working.

Monica: Alright, we're gonna have to unscrew the chain.

Joey: Well hurry, I can't feel my ears!

Chandler: Can you *ever* feel your ears?

Joey: Interesting...

Monica: Chandler, where are your tools?

Chandler: (sarcastically) Oh, I left them on my bulldozer... I don't have tools!

Monica: I do, but Rachel borrowed them.

Rachel: I lent them to Ross.

Ross: I gave them to Joey.

Joey: I left them at the park.

Monica: Oh!

Ross: (looking at Joey's butt) I'm finding it really hard not to mess with him.

Phoebe: I've already stuffed a bunch of Brussel sprouts down his pants.

Ross: Nice!

(The phone rings in Chandler and Monica's apartment)

Monica: Okay, I have to get that. Now when I get back, I want you and your friends to be gone.

Thanksgiving is over. *The Vein* has spoken.

Joey: It's really starting to hurt.

Chandler: Okay, look, I'm gonna pull on the door and you guys push as hard as you can. Maybe we can get enough room to wiggle him out, okay? Okay, so PUSH!

Phoebe: Just a sec., we're kind in the middle of something here.

(Rachel, Ross and Phoebe have their hands full and are stuffing all kinds of things down Joeys pants.)

Joey: Ooh! Stop putting things down my pants!

Chandler: Come on guys, PUSH!

Joey: Yeah! Come on!

Joey and Chandler: PUSH! PUSH! PUSH!

(The chain breaks loose from the wall, and because Joey was pushing with all his might, he propells into the kitchen, towards the table with all the food. This table has wheels underneath it, and when Joey falls on this table, he rides into the living room, with all the food falling off, until finally Joey also falls off... Joey gets up quickly, a bit agitated, and acting as nothing happened. He is covered in food stains.)

Chandler: My cranberries!

Joey: (looking at himself) Man, I've got food all over me.

(He licks his fingers, liking it. He offers Chandler a taste.)

Chandler: Argh! I can't believe what you did. Monica's gonna kill you!

(Monica enters from the spare bedroom.)

Chandler: (to Monica) Look! Look! Look what the... Look what... Look what the floating heads did!

Monica: (very emotional) I don't care.

(Chandler can't believe what he's hearing. He looks at Monica, then at the others, then back at Monica.)

Chandler: What's going on?

Monica: That was the adoption agency...

Chandler: And?

Monica: WE'RE GETTING A BABY!

Chandler: Are you serious? (they hug)

Monica: There's a pregnant woman in Ohio, and she picked *us!*

(They all cheer and Rachel, Ross and Phoebe join in for a group hug. Joey also joins, but he stands back a bit, because he is all sticky of the food on him)

Rachel: I'm so happy for you!

Monica: This Thanksgiving kicks last Thanksgiving's ass!

(They all cheer and hug again, but Joey's eating the food off his shirt)

COMMERCIAL BREAK

[Scene: Chandler and Monica's apartment. The table is set, and there's food on the tables again. They're all there, toasting.]

Rachel: To Monica and Chandler... and that knocked up girl in Ohio.

Ross: I'm just *so* happy you guys are finally getting a kid.

Phoebe: I know. Have you considered pageanting?

Monica: I can't believe they called, and we're actually getting a baby. (she kisses Chandler)

Joey: Oh, I know how you feel...

(Monica and Chandler are looking curiously at Joey.)

Rachel: Really?

Joey: Sure. I went through the exact same thing with Alicia Mae Emory... The waiting, the wandering...

Then one day... I get that call from Toys "R" Us... She was in stock!

Chandler: That *is* the exact same thing.

THE END

1009. The One With The Birth Mother

Written by: Scott Silveri

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Final check by Kim

[Scene: Central Perk. Everyone's sitting on the couch. Monica and Chandler enter]

Chandler: Hi!

Ross: Hey!

Monica: Hey!

Chandler: We're just here to say goodbye, we're off to Ohio.

Phoebe: Oh, right! Your adoption interview!

Monica: Yep, we're gonna meet the lady who could be carrying our baby.

Joey: I can't believe it. When you guys come back, you're gonna have a baby! That is so weird!

Chandler: And so incorrect!

Monica: She's only a couple of months pregnant. She liked our application but who knows if she's gonna like us.

Ross: Come on, she's gonna love you guys!

Chandler: Uhm, thank you, but we're really trying not to get our hopes up.

Monica: And a lot could still get in our way.

Chandler: Yeah. I mean, this girl could decide against adoption or she could like another couple better..

Phoebe: What are you gonna name the baby?

Chandler: I can develop a condition in which I talk and talk and no one hears a word.

Joey: But just think, ok? What if everything goes right? What if this woman does pick you guys?

Monica: Oh my God. She's gonna pick us!

Chandler: So we're standing firm on the 'not getting our hopes up'?

Monica: You know, I know that things could still go wrong but if they don't? If this works out, we're gonna have a baby Chandler, a baby!

Chandler: Yes, but...

Monica: Oh my God, it's gonna WORK! We're gonna make it work! I'm gonna be a mummy and (to Chandler) you're gonna be a daddy! All right, I'll see you suckers. I'm gonna get me... A BABY! {she leaves}

Chandler: Oh, screw it, I'm gonna be a daddy!!

OPENING CREDITS

[Scene: Central Perk. Phoebe's speaking to a girl.]

Rachel: (to Joey) Hey, who's Phoebe with?

Joey: I'm gonna say someone I'm gonna have sex with. (the girl leaves and Phoebe goes toward the couch) (to Phoebe) Hey!

Phoebe: Hey!

Joey: So... who's your friend?

Phoebe: Oh, that's Sarah. No, no. Don't you get any ideas, ok? No, I'm not setting you up with any more of my friends!

Joey: OW, why, why, why?

Phoebe: Because you'll date her once, sleep with her and then forget she exists!

Joey: Oh, name one friend of yours that I did that with.

Phoebe: Mandy.

Joey: Mandy, uh? Uh... really hot blonde, big boobs?

Phoebe: No.

Joey: I know why I don't remember her, huh? (he winks at Rachel)

Rachel: Do you think I'm someone else?

Joey: Ok, I may not have treated your friends well in the past, but I have grown up a lot, really. Honest, Rach?

Rachel: Well, believe it or not, it's true. When Joey and I were together, he was wonderful. He was thoughtful and mature. And for the one week that we went out, he didn't sleep with anybody else!

Joey: (pointing at himself) Growth!

Phoebe: Fine, I'll give you her number.

Joey: Ok, thank you. And I promise you I will not forget this one. (he starts writing on his hand) Mandy.

Phoebe: SARAH!

Joey: Saraaah.

Ross: (entering) Hey!

Rachel: Hi!

Ross: Hey you guys, I need some fashion advice.

Rachel: Oh!

Ross: (he takes a baby blue beret out of a shopping box and puts it on) How does this look?

Rachel: Well, it's a little low... pick up a little... (Ross picks it up) a little bit more... (he picks it up again) a little bit more... (he takes it off) There you go! (pause) Now throw it away!

Ross: C'mon! This looks good!

Rachel: Ross, please, trust me. I buy 30 fashion magazines a month. Now, I don't know who's running for president or who that... NATO guy is, but I do know that you have to get as far away as you can from that hat.

Ross: Damn! I have this date tomorrow night and I have to look cool!

Phoebe: Well, you know, if you want fashion help, Rachel and I are going shopping tomorrow. You're more than welcome to come with us, right?

Ross: Really? That would be great. I mean, I have to do something, she kinda teased me about how I dress.

Joey: I can see why, nice shirt!

Ross: You're wearing the same shirt.

Joey: Stupid Gap on every corner!

[Scene: The Adoption Agency in Ohio. Monica and Chandler are entering with a man.]

Agency guy: Please, make yourself comfortable and I will back in a moment with Erica.

Monica: Ok, thank you.(the man leaves) Uh, well this is it. Are you OK?

Chandler: Yeah. Just weird, you know. It's like: "Hi, I'm Chandler. May I have the human growing inside you?"

Monica: Uh, we're gonna be great.

Chandler: You're gonna be great.

Monica: Well... obviously!

Agency guy: (he enters with Erica) Monica, Chandler. I'd like you to meet Erica.

Monica: Hi. It is so, so nice to meet you.

Erica: (whispering) Hi...

Chandler: Thank you so much for agreeing to see us.

Erica: Hi.

Agency guy: I'll let you get acquainted.

Chandler: Ok.

Erica: So, it's Monica and Chandler. I only know you as file 0W33815-D.

Chandler: That's what our friends call us.

Erica: Gosh, you know, you're just such an amazing couple. It's... kind of intimidating.

Monica: I don't know about *that*.

Erica: You're kidding me? I mean, it's enough that you are a doctor. But on top of it, you're married to a reverend?

Chandler: (astonished) I don't think that's exactly...

Monica: (overlapping) Let her finish, doctor.

[Scene: Central Perk]

Phoebe: Hey!

Joey: Hey.

Phoebe: Oh, my friend Sarah had a great time last night.

Joey: Well...

Phoebe: Yeah! So you're gonna call this one back?

Joey: Nope.

Phoebe: What are you talking about? Sarah's great!

Joey: Oh, really? You know what your great friend did? We're out to dinner, ok? (he starts talking about the date and we can see what happened through a flashback video) We're getting along, having a really nice time. I was thinking she was really cool. And then, out of nowhere...

(Sarah picks up some fries from Joey's plate and Joey looks very angry. Then we're back to Central Perk and Joey does a you-see-what-I-mean look to Phoebe)

Phoebe: That's it? That's why you won't go out with her again? So, she took some fries, big deal!

Joey: Hey, hey, look! It's not about a few fries... it's about what the fries represent.

Phoebe: What?

Joey: ALL FOOD!

Phoebe: I'm sorry, I can't believe I set you up with such a MONSTER!

Joey: Hey, hey, hey, hey. Look. I take a girl out, she can order whatever she wants! The more, the better! All right? Just don't order a Garden salad and then eat *my* food! That's a good way to lose some fingers!
(Rachel enters from the main door)

Phoebe: (to Rachel) Oh

Rachel: Hi

Phoebe: Thank God you're here. Listen to this!

Rachel: what?

Phoebe: Joey and my friend were out last night and having dinner and she reaches over and takes a few of his fries...

Rachel: Oh! Oh, no!

(Joey looks satisfied)

Phoebe: What? You know about the plate thing?

Rachel: Oh, yeah. Joey doesn't share food. I mean, just last week we were having breakfast and he had a couple of grapes on his plate and ...

Phoebe: (to Joey) You wouldn't let her have a grape?

Rachel: Oh no! Not me! Emma!

(Phoebe looks horrified and she turns to watch Joey)

Joey: (mad and pointing a finger to himself) JOEY DOESN'T SHARE FOOD!

Phoebe: Well, I still think that it's a stupid reason not to call someone again. You are calling her! And if you need to, just get an extra plate of fries for the table!

Joey: (he thinks a little, considering the option and seems to be quite satisfied) I like that! A sharing buffer! Yeah! I'll order some extra fries! Maybe a plate of onion rings. Yeah. And a shrimp cocktail. And some buffalo wings. Maybe an individual pizza, uh? And some mozzarella sticks. (he looks absorbed in his food thoughts) What were we talking about?

[Scene: A clothes store. Ross and Phoebe are shopping]

Phoebe: (to Ross) This place is awesome!

Ross: You know, we should just go, I'm not gonna find anything here! This stuff is ridiculous!

(Rachel arrives with a lot of clothes)

Rachel: Ah, this place is great!

Phoebe: Wow!

Ross: Rach, come on, I'm not gonna wear any of this! (he picks up a shirt) Nothing silver. (Rachel sighs). Ok? Nothing with hair! (Rachel sighs again) And nothing with padlocks on it! (Rachel heaves a long disappointing sigh).

Rachel: Ross, look, I know that some of this stuff is out there, but I mean, come on, look at this, look at this sweater! (she picks up a blue sweater). I mean, this is just beautiful!

Ross: (feeling the fabric) Wow, this is really soft (he looks the price). Three hundred and fifty dollars?

Rachel: Yeah, down from seven hundred, you are saving like two hundred bucks!

Ross: Both logic and math are taking a serious hit today.

Phoebe (walking to Ross carrying a black leather jacket): Hey, check this out! It's totally you!

Ross: Wow!

Phoebe: Yeah!

(Ross wears the jackets and look at himself in the mirror)

Ross: Actually this looks like pretty good! Yeah!(he turns and watches his back and there's a sign on the back of the jacket, "boys will be boys") Boys will be boys?

Phoebe: What? They will be!

Ross: All right, that's it, I'm getting out of here.

Rachel: No, no, no, no! Ross, wait! Come on! You know, there's other stuff. Here's a nice shirt, look at these nice pants...

Ross: Uh, actually these might look pretty good on me.

Rachel: Yes, they will! You know what you should do? Just go take a walk, all right? I know your size and I'm... I'm gonna pick up some really good stuff for you.

Ross: Really?

Rachel: Yes! And I know what looks sexy on guys. Please, just wear what I suggest, and she's gonna go nuts for you.

Ross: So, you're saying, uh, if I wear these pants I might be getting into hers?

Rachel: (to Phoebe) Why do men keep talking to me like this?

[Scene: The Adoption Agency in Ohio. Monica and Chandler are still talking with Erica.]

Chandler: So, the fact that I am a doctor, and my wife's a reverend, that's important to you?

Erica: Yeah, I read some great applications, but then I thought "who better than a minister to raise a child!"

Monica: Amen.

Chandler: Plus I thought the baby would be in good hands with a doctor!

Monica: Uh, good hands. (she holds Chandler hands) Healing hands.

Erica: Reverend, can I ask? Does the bible say anything about adoption?

Monica: It says "Do it!". And behold she did adopt onto them a baby. And it was good.

Erica: Wow.

Chandler: Yeah, wow.

Erica: I was wondering you both have such serious jobs. (to Monica) Would you have time to take care of a baby *and* your flock?

Monica: Oh, you know, my flock is good, I mean, yeah, my flock pretty much takes care of themselves at this point. Good flock. Flock, flock, flock.

Erica: (to Chandler) Being a doctor must take up a lot of time.

Chandler: No-ot for me it doesn't.

(The agency guy enters the room)

Agency guy: So, how's everything going in here?

Erica: We're great, I think I may have asked all my questions.

Agency guy: Do you have any question for Erica?

Chandler: Yeah, actually. So, you read a file that you liked and you gave the agency the serial number and they contacted us?

Agency guy: Yes, our system assures total anonymity. We're very proud of it.

Chandler: You should be. You're really on top of stuff..

Agency guy: (to Erica) Well, then if there's nothing else, then the two of us should talk.

Erica: Actually, I don't think we have to.

Monica: We don't?

Erica: Yeah, when I read about you two, I was pretty sure I wanted you, but I just thought we should meet face to face. (to the agency guy). I've made my decision. I choose them.

Monica: Oh my God, this is great! This is so great! (to Chandler, who looks bewildered). Did you hear that?

Chandler: Yeah, I did.

Monica: (to Erica) Hey, thank you. Thank you so much. (they hugs). You are SO going to Heaven!

[Scene: Joey's apartment. Rachel and Phoebe walk in, loaded with bags.]

Rachel: We got some really great stuff!

Phoebe: Yeah, yeah but I am not sure about some of the bra's I got.

Rachel: Oh! Really? Do you wanna try some of them on for me?

Phoebe: Oh! okay. Wait, are we in Joey's imagination?

Rachel: (looking into one of her shopping bags) Oh no! I took one of Ross' bags by mistake, and one of mine is missing.

Phoebe: oh, well, Ross probably has it, you can get it from him later.

[Scene: Ross walks into Central Perk, wearing a pink and white ladies shirt. Joey is on the couch]

Ross: (to Joey) So? What do you think? (Shows himself – Joey observes him with a strange look on his face.)

Joey: I think were not wearing the same shirt anymore!!

Ross: (not getting it) Yeah! Yeah! Rachel picked it out for me. She told me to trust her and you know what? I'm glad I did! I turned quite a few heads on my way over here.

Joey: (now laughing a little) Dude, I really don't think you should be wearing that.

Ross: Oh, I see, somebody is afraid of a little competition with the ladies?

Joey: (looking a little agitated now) Looks like someone IS the ladies!!

Ross: You're just jealous because you couldn't pull this off. Yeah, now if you'll excuse me (getting up and taking his coat) I have a date. (As he is walking out, everyone turns and stares at him) See? (To Joey) ALL eyes on ME!

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's hotel room. They enter.]

Chandler: We are NOT signing those papers.

Monica: Why not?

Chandler: It's wrong. They made a mistake. They think we're somebody else.

Monica: God works in mysterious ways.

Chandler: *You* have gotta stop!

Monica: But she liked us.

Chandler: She likes Doctor Chandler and Reverend Monica.

Monica: Well, if you think about it, I am kind of like a Reverend. I mean, as a chef, I serve God, by feeing the hungry and poor. (looks very convinced about what she just said)

Chandler: Your Veal Chop is \$34,95!

Monica: C'mon Chandler, I think we have been given an opportunity. I mean, the mistake has already been made. They are writing up the paper right now.

Chandler: But we are not the one she chose! How can you feel okay about this?

Monica: (very emotional) Because... We may not be who she thinks we are but no-one will ever love that baby more than us.

Chandler: I know..

Monica: I mean, who knows how long it's gonna take for someone else to give us a baby? What if, what if no one ever picks us?

Chandler: oh, honey..

Monica: (Almost crying) Please.. please, we are so close.

Chandler: Monica, I want a baby too, but this woman is giving away her child. She deserves to know who it's going to.

Monica: (realizes Chandler is right. She's almost crying) okay, right. (They hug)

Chandler: So, we'll tell the truth and who knows, maybe she'll like us for us.

Monica: (sniffing) Maybe she will. Uh! Why couldn't I have been a Reverend?

Chandler: You're Jewish.

Monica: Technicality!

[Scene: A restaurant. Joey is on his date with Phoebe's friend, Sarah. They are sitting opposite each other on a table for two. Their waiter approaches with two plates.]

Waiter: A garden salad for the lady (sets the plate down)

Joey: Oh, that looks great! *Good* ordering!

Waiter: Seafood platter for the gentleman *and* extra fries. Enjoy!

Sarah: Mmmh, those fries look delicious.

Joey: oh, I didn't know you liked French fries. Help yourself! What's mine is yours. (Sarah reaches over and takes a few fries)

Sarah: (looks over at Joey's platter) Oh wow, are those stuffed clams?

Joey: Uuuh.. yes, they are *my* stuffed clams.

(Sarah, is grinning and starts to reach over to Joey's plate to take a few clams)

Joey: How about those fries though, huh? (Holds the plate between Sarah's fingers and his plate, thus blocking her from reaching his)

Sarah: They *are* delicious (takes a few from the plate, puts one in her mouth and places the rest on her plate, then starts to reach over to Joey's platter again)

Joey: (Spotting her movements takes her hand into his own) You *are* beautiful, you know that?

Sarah: Oh, that is so sweet..

Joey: Oh (grinning, trying to hold in his impatience with her) okay.. (she takes her hand back)

(Then she reaches over again and Joey moves his plate a little to the left, and she misses, then she reaches out again, and he moves his plate to the right, so she misses again. She tries a third time and this time, Joey pushes his plate so far to the left, it drops off the edge of the table)

Joey: (Visibly annoyed) NOW look what you did!!

Sarah: What? what is the matter with you?

Joey: I don't like it when people take food off of my plate, okay?

Sarah: But you just said "What's mine is yours"?

Joey: WELL, I DIDN'T MEAN IT!

Sarah: Fine, I'm sorry, I didn't think it was that big a deal.

Joey: I'm sorry, I'm overreacting. Okay, It's just when it comes to food, I have certain rules, okay, I mean (bends down and with his plate and his hands, scrapes the dropped dinner back onto the plate and puts it back on the table) There are things you do..and you now, things.. (takes something from the plate and blows it a little) that you don't do (He takes a bite from it).

(Sarah looks a little disgusted)

[Scene: Ross and his date walk into a lobby. They are both wearing their jackets]

Girl: Wow, this place looks great.

Ross: Oh! You are gonna love it! (The girl is looking in the other direction as Ross is taking off his own coat, revealing the pink and white ladies shirt) and I'm so glad, we're finally doing this.

Girl: Me too! (starts to take her coat off)

Ross: Here (gets behind her to help. When the coat comes off we see she is wearing the exact same shirt Ross is wearing. They look at each other, shocked. They abruptly put their coat back on) So this was fun! (They leave the room and head into opposite directions)

[Scene: Back at the restaurant with Joey and Sarah. Joey is holding Sarah's hands]

Joey: I really am sorry about, you know..before. I just want to make sure you know that I really *do* like you.

Sarah: Sure (smiling) Just not as much as clams.

Joey: (Jokingly) Well, *stuffed* clams.

(The waiter arrives with their deserts)

Waiter: Chocolate Torte for the lady, cheesecake for the gentleman.

Joey: Uh, excuse me sir, there seems to be some sort of red crap on my cheesecake.

Waiter: Yes, that's Raspberry coule.

Joey: (More to himself than anyone else) So stupid, ordering cheesecake, trying to be healthy. (pushes it aside)

Sarah: (tasting hers) Oh my God! (Looks at the waiter and then to Joey)

Joey: Oh, all right, I'll just have what she's having instead.

Waiter: Oh, I'm sorry sir, that was our last piece.

Sarah: Mmmm! Mmm!

(Sarah's beeper starts bleeping)

Sarah: Oh, no! This is work. I should call in. Can you excuse me?

Joey: Oh yeah, sure. No problem.

(Joey's looking at Sarah's dessert, and takes her plate.)

Sarah: What are you doing? I thought you don't share food.

Joey: Sure I do. (holding up his own dessert) Coule?

Sarah: (laughing) No. If I can't have your clams, you can't have my dessert. This is a two way street.

Joey: (laughing) Really?

Sarah: Really! Now this *a//* better be here when I come back. (puts her plate back at her side of the table)

Joey: Yeah, of course. I can control myself. (laughs uneasily and Sarah leaves the room)

(Joey sits sideways on his chair, looking at Sarah's chocolate torte, and then looking away from it, nervously playing with his fork, drumming with it on the table every now and then.)

Joey: (to the torte) Stop staring at me!

(He then straightens himself, and looks at the torte)

Joey: Why, just a tiny little...

(He takes a little piece of Sarah's dessert. At first he doesn't think it's that special, but then...)

Joey: Oh-oh!

TIME LAPSE

(Sarah enters the room again, and stops when she sees her dessert is missing. Joey has emptied her plate, and has a chocolate covered mouth, just like a kid.)

Joey: I'm not even sorry.

[Scene: The Adoption Agency in Ohio. Monica and Chandler are entering.]

Erica: Hi!

Adoption Agency guy: Hey.

Chandler: Hey.

Agency guy: So, these are the preliminary forms for an open adoption. There's a lot to go over, but I'll explain everything as we go through it.

Monica: (pointing to a picture on the table) I-Is... Is that a picture?

Erica: Yeah. It's a sonogram they took of the baby last week. I thought you might want to see it. (gives it to Monica, who looks at it for a long time, and then shows it to Chandler)

Monica: Look, doctor!

(Chandler takes Monica's hand, and gets serious) Look, before we sign anything we really have to talk...(pause) We're not who you think we are.

Agency guy: I don't understand.

Chandler: The agency must have made some mistake. My wife is not a reverend and I'm not a doctor.

Erica: What?

Agency guy: That's impossible.

Chandler: I could perform an operation on you and prove it if you'd like.

Agency guy: I'll go check your file. Excuse me.

Erica: So who are you?

Chandler: Well, our names really are Monica and Chandler. We're from New York.

Monica: Yeah, but the important thing to know about us, is how much we would care for this little baby. (holds up the sonogram)

Erica: So you lied to me before?

Monica: Well, we... (makes quotation signs in the air) "bore false witness"... See I could be a reverend.

Erica: I can't believe this.

Monica: But we were hoping that since we told you the truth that you still might consider...

Erica: Giving you my baby? You think I'd give you my child after this?

Monica: Well, you don't have to decide right now, but if you could just look at our file...

Erica: I don't want to look at your file! This is over.

(She leaves the room, but Chandler runs after her. They meet in the hallway.)

Chandler: Erica wait!

Erica: I've nothing to say to you. (walks a few paces)

Chandler: You have every reason to be upset. We did lie. But only because we've been waiting and trying to have a baby for so long. Now we don't know how long it's gonna be before we can get another chance again.

Erica: Why don't you ask the reverend to pray on it?

Chandler: Erica, please. Just consider us. Ask them to see our file. Our last name's Bing. My wife's a chef and I'm in advertising.

Erica: Oh yeah. I actually liked you guys. But it doesn't matter, because what you did was wrong. (walks away again, but Chandler catches up with her again)

Chandler: But you did like us. And you should. My wife's an incredible woman. She's loving and devoted and caring. And don't tell her I said this but the woman's always right... I love my wife more than anything in this world. And I... It kills me that I can't give her a baby... I really want a kid. And when that day finally comes, I'll learn how to be a good dad. But my wife... she's already there. She's a mother... without a baby... Please?

(They look at each other. We switch back to Monica. Chandler opens the door and she turns to look at him.)

Chandler: You still want that baby?

(Monica plays those words back in her mind and then smiles and runs to Chandler, who is twisting with joy. They hug.)

Monica: God bless you Chandler Bing!

COMMERCIAL BREAK

[Scene: Central Perk. Joey's on the couch when Ross walks to him, with his jacket closed.]

Ross: Turns out this sweater *is* made for a woman.

Joey: (nods) So, why are you still wearing it?

Ross: Because it's soft... Hey, so how was your date?

Joey: Ooh... Not so good.

Ross: Well, looks like it's just the two of us tonight, huh old buddy?

Joey: Yeah, and you know what? We could do a lot worse.

(they shake hands the way friends would. There's a muffin on the table, and Ross breaks off a piece and wants to put it in his mouth.)

Joey: (shouting to Ross) JOEY DOESN'T SHARE FOOD!

(Ross puts the piece back on the plate)

End

1010. The One Where Chandler Gets Caught

Written by: Doty Abrams

Produced by: Wendy Knoller

Transcribed by: Coffee Mug, Eleonora, Sebastiano & Vanessa

Flashback clips transcribed by: Guineapig, Dan Silverstein, Ruth Curran, Eric Aasen and Mindy Mattingly Phillips, and compiled by Eleonora.

Final check by Kim

[Scene: Central Perk. Everybody's sitting on the couch and Monica is eating a chunk of cake.]

Monica: (really excited) Mmh... this cake is *amazing!*

Rachel: My God, get a room!

Monica: I would get a room with this cake. I think I could show this cake a good time!

Phoebe: If you had to, what would you give up, food or sex?

Monica: (with no hesitation) Sex!

Chandler: (looking at her) Seriously, answer faster!

Monica: Oh, I'm sorry honey, you know, but when she said "sex" I wasn't thinking about "sex with *you!*"

Chandler: (to Phoebe) It's like a giant hug.

Phoebe: Ross, how about you. What would you give up, sex or food?

Ross: Food.

Phoebe: Ok, how about... uhm... sex or dinosaurs?

Ross: Oh my God. It's like Sophie's Choice.

Rachel: Oh God. What about you, Joe? What would you give up, sex or food?

Joey: Uhm... oh... I don't know, it's too hard.

Rachel: No, you gotta pick one!

Joey: Oh... food. No, sex. Food! Sex! Food! Se-I don't know! Good God, I don't know, I want girls on bread!

OPENING CREDITS

[Scene: Central Perk. Rachel and Phoebe are looking at some photos and they're sitting next to the window.]

Rachel: You gotta see these latest pictures of Emma.

Phoebe: Oh, how cute!

Rachel: Yeah.

Phoebe: Oh, she looks just like a little doll!

Rachel: Oh, no, no. That *is* a doll.

Phoebe: Oh, thank God, 'cause that thing's really creepy! (looking outside the window) Look, there's Chandler. (he's on the street, talking to a woman)

Rachel: Oh. Who is the blonde, she's pretty.

Phoebe: OH! He's having an affair.

Rachel: He's not having an affair!

Phoebe: You know, I'm always right about these things.

Rachel: No, you're not! Last week you thought Ross was trying to kill you!

Phoebe: Well, I'm sorry but it's hard to believe that anyone would tell a story *that* dull just to tell it! (looking outside) See, there's something going on with them. Look, he's getting into the car with her!

Rachel: Oh, that doesn't mean anything.

Phoebe: Oh yeah? Well, let's see. (she takes her mobile phone) Ok, duck down. (they both get down to hide themselves. Phoebe calls Chandler)

Chandler: (picking up the phone) Hello.

Phoebe: Oh, hi Chandler. It's Phoebe. Uhm... I know that Monica is working today so...(back to Central Perk) ...I was wondering if you want to come to the movies with me and Rachel.

Chandler: Oh, uhm... I have to work too. Yeah, I'm stuck at the office all day.

Phoebe: (shocked) Oh, well, it's a shame that you—that you miss the movie 'cause we were gonna see, you know, either "Liar, Liar" or "Betrayal", or... "An Affair To Remember".

Chandler: Those are all really old!

Phoebe: Ok, then maybe it'll be, uhm...

Rachel: (whispering) "Dude, Where's My Car?"

Phoebe: (glancing at her) What?

Rachel: They're in a caaar...

Phoebe: (to Chandler at the phone) Okay, we—we'll talk to you later. Okay, bye.

Rachel: Geez!

Phoebe: Ok. Quick. We gotta find a cab and follow them.

Rachel: Oh, yeah, ok. Let me just grab my night vision goggles and my stun gun.

Phoebe: (patting her bag) I got them!

[Scene: Monica's apartment. Chandler enters the door.]

Chandler: Hi!

Monica: Hey! You smell like perfume and cigarettes.

Chandler: I was in the car with Nancy all day.

Monica: Nancy doesn't smoke!

Chandler: Well, at least the perfume is not mine, be thankful for that!

Monica: So? What do you think of the house?

Chandler: It's perfect. It's everything we've been looking for.

Monica: Isn't it? Then what about the amazing wainscoting and the crown molding and the dormer windows in the attic?

Chandler: And the wiggle wharms and the zip zorps? (pause) What were the things you said?

Monica: Don't you love the huge yard?

Chandler: And the fireplace in the bedroom.

Monica: And Nancy said that it's really under price, because the guy lost his job and has to move in with his parents!

Chandler: This is bringing out a *lovely* color in you!

Monica: So? Do you think we should get it?

Chandler: I don't know. What do you think?

Monica: I think we should.

Chandler: I do too.

Monica: This is huge!

Chandler: I know.

Monica: How bad you wanna smoke, right now.

Chandler: I don't know what you mean, giant talking cigarette! Oh, by the way, Phoebe called just as I was getting into Nancy's car, so if she asks you, I was at work all day.

Monica: Gotcha. When do we tell them about this?

Chandler: We don't. Not until it's a hundred percent. I mean, why upset everybody over nothing.

Monica: Okay. Right. Oh my God that is gonna be so hard.

Chandler: I know. Gooooood luck with it.

[Scene: Joey's apartment. Everybody except Monica and Chandler is there.]

Ross: I just can't see Chandler cheating!

Rachel: I'm telling you guys, we followed them out to a house in Westchester, they went in for like forty-five minutes and then they came out looking pretty happy!

Joey: Chandler? Forty-five minutes? Well, something is not right. I just can't believe he would do this to Monica!

Ross: I know, and with the baby coming?

Phoebe: So, should we tell her?

Ross: I don't know. Phoebe, if one of us saw Mike with another woman would you want us to tell you?

Phoebe: Why? Who'd you seen him with?

Ross: No one, I'm just saying if... (Phoebe starts pinching him in his neck)

Phoebe: TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW!

Ross: (yelling in pain) I know nothing! Mike's a great guy, it was hypothetical!

Phoebe: All right. (she releases him). He is a good guy. You're right, he wouldn't cheat.

Ross: Believe me, if I *did* see with someone, there's no way I... (Phoebe starts pinching him again)

Phoebe: WHO DID YOU SEE HIM WITH?

[Scene: Monica's apartment. Monica is cleaning with a vacuum and then she cleans it with a dust buster. The guys enter the room.]

Rachel: Oh, look at her, so happy!

Monica: If only there were a smaller one to clean this one!

Joey: Hey, is uhm... is Chandler here?

Monica: No, he's picking up dinner, why, what's up?

Phoebe: Well, look, whatever happens, we're here for you and we love you.

Monica (puzzled): All right...

Ross: We think Chandler might be having an affair.

Monica: What?

Rachel: Phoebe and I saw Chandler with a blonde woman today outside on the street and then we followed them to a house in Westchester.

Phoebe: They went in together. So sorry.

Monica: Oh my God! Oh my God that's awful! What did you think of the house?

(they all look confused and sorry for her)

Phoebe: What?

Joey: (walking towards her to hold her and support her) Monica, you understand what we are saying, right?

Monica: Yeah, sure... uhm, I'm devastated, obviously... (to the rest) Did you think the neighborhood was homey? (Chandler enters)

Chandler: Hey!

Joey: (to Chandler) You son of a bitch!

Chandler: Is it me, or have the greetings gone downhill around here?

Monica: (goes to Chandler) Phoebe and Rachel saw you with Nancy today and... em... they think you're having an affair.

Rachel: Who's Nancy?

Ross: What's going on?

Monica: (turns to them) Ok, alright, you guys, you'd better sit down, this is pretty big.

Chandler: Yeah (motions them to sit and they do) I'm not having an affair. Nancy is our realtor.

Joey: I knew he couldn't be with a woman for 45 minutes!!

Phoebe: Why do you have a realtor?

Monica: Uhm, she has been showing us houses outside of the city.

Joey: (clearly shocked) What?

Rachel: Are you serious?

Monica: When we found out that we're gonna get this baby, Chandler and I started talking and we decided that we didn't want to raise a kid in the city.

Phoebe: So you're gonna move?

Ross: Oh my God.

Joey: Shouldn't we all vote on stuff like this?!

Rachel: What is wrong with raising a kid in the city? I'm doing it, Ross is doing it, Sarah Jessica Parker is doing it!

Monica: And that's great for you guys, but we want a lawn and a swingset...

Chandler: ...and a street where our kids can ride their bikes and maybe an ice-cream truck can go by.

Ross: (sarcastic) So you wanna buy a house in the 50's?

Phoebe: Have you thought about what you would be giving up? You can't move out of the city, what if you want Chinese food at 5am? Or a fake Rolex that breaks as soon as it rains or an Asian hooker sent right to your door?

Ross: You know what, if you wanna look for a house, that's okay.

Joey: No, no, it's not, don't listen to him! (to Ross) I'm gonna thump you! (points his fist at him)

Ross: (to Joey) It's ok, because they have to get it out of their system, okay (back to Mon and Chan), but you're going to realize, this is the *only* place, you wanna be.

(pause before Monica and Chandler speak, they look like they are looking for the right words)

Chandler: Actually, we already found a house we love.

Ross: What?

Monica: And about an hour ago, we made an offer.

(All the friends looked shocked and confused. There is a long silence.)

Chandler: Bet you wish I was having an affair now, huh?

TIME LAPSE

Ross: You put an offer on a house?

Monica: (smiling) It's *so* sweet. It really is. It has this big yard that leads down to this stream and then there's these old maple trees... (gets cut off)

Phoebe: Wha..? Again with the nature, what are you? Beavers?

Chandler: I know this is really hard and we're really sorry.

Joey: Is this because I come over here without knocking and eat your food? (Walks towards the fridge) Because I can stop doing that, (looks at the fridge) I really, really think I can!

Chandler: (goes towards Joey) You know that's not the reason Joe. (Joey hugs him and after, he takes something from the fridge and puts it in his mouth. He goes back to where he was standing before)

Monica: We think if you saw it, you'd understand. I mean you guys were there. (Points to Rachel and Phoebe) It is beautiful, isn't it?

Rachel: Yeah it is.

Joey: What the hell are you doin'?

Rachel: Well, it is, all right? When we were out there today, all I kept thinking was: I can't believe Chandler is screwing this woman, but MAN this would be a nice place to live!

Phoebe: Yeah, but so is *this*.

Ross: Yeah, I mean, if you moved there, you have to leave here. I mean, how can you leave this place?

[We fade to some flashback scenes.]

(from 1.01 – "The One Where Monica Gets a New Roommate – The Pilot")

Rachel: (talking on the phone) C'mon Daddy, listen to me! All of my life, everyone has always told me, 'You're a shoe! You're a shoe, you're a shoe, you're a shoe!'. And today I just stopped and I said, 'What if I don't wanna be a shoe? What if I wanna be a– a purse, y'know? Or a– or a hat! No, I don't want you to buy me a hat, I'm saying that I am a ha– It's a metaphor, Daddy!

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

Rachel: Well maybe I'll just stay here with Monica.

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

(from 1.18 – "The One With All the Poker")

Ross: That money is mine, Green!

Rachel: You're fly is open, Geller!

Phoebe: You guys, you know what I just realized? 'Joker' is 'poker' with a 'J.' Coincidence?

Chandler: Hey, that's...'joicidence' with a 'C'!

(from 1.07 – "The One With The Blackout")

Phoebe: [looking outside the window] Eww, look. Ugly Naked Guy lit a bunch of candles.

[They all look at the window, gassed out, then flinch in pain.]

Rachel: Ow, that had to hurt!

(from 3.09 – "The One With All the Football")

Phoebe: Hey, it's your Thanksgiving too, y'know, instead of watching football, you could help.

The Guys: We will. (they don't move)

Monica: Okay, Rachel, you wanna put the marshmallows in concentric circles.

Rachel: No Mon, you want to put them in concentric circles. I want to do this.

(Rachel sticks a marshmallow into Monica's nose. Monica takes it out of her nose by closing one nostril, and blowing.)

Monica: Every year.

(from 5.08 – "The One With the Thanksgiving Flashbacks")

Joey: (he has a turkey on his head) 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: It smells really bad in here.

Phoebe: Well, of course it smells really bad. You have your head inside a turkey's ass!

(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: Hey, did you get the turkey bast—Oh my God! Oh my God! (She sees someone is stuck in the turkey.) Who is that?

Joey: It's Joey.

(from 4.12 – "The one With the Embryos")

Monica: I got it! How about, if we win, they have to get rid of the rooster?

Rachel: Oooohh that's interesting.

Chandler: If you win, we give up the birds.

Joey: (shocked) Dah!! (Chandler motions for him to calm down.)

Chandler: But if we win, we get your apartment.

Joey: Ooooooh!

Monica: Deal!

TIME LAPSE

Ross: What was Monica's nickname when she was a field hockey goalie?

Joey: Big fat goalie.

Ross: Correct. Rachel claims this is her favorite movie...

Chandler: Dangerous Liaisons.

Ross: Correct. Her actual favorite movie is...

Joey: Weekend at Bernie's.

Ross: Monica categorizes her towels. How many categories are there?

(They both confer)

Joey: Everyday use.

Chandler: Fancy.

Joey: Guest.

Chandler: Fancy guest.

Ross: Two seconds...

Joey: Uhh, 11!

Ross: 11, unbelievable, 11 is correct. (The guys celebrate.)

Ross: (to the girls) Chandler was how old when he first touched a girl's breast?

Rachel: 14?

Ross: No, 19.

Chandler: Thanks man.

Ross: Joey had an imaginary childhood friend. His name was?

Monica: Maurice.

Ross: Correct, his profession was?

Rachel: Space cowboy!

Ross: Correct! What is Chandler Bing's job?

(The girls are stumped)

Rachel: Ow...Oh Gosh!

Ross: 10 seconds, you need this or you lose the game.

Monica: It's umm, it has something to do with transponding.

Rachel: Oh-oh-oh, he's a transponce—transpondster!

Monica: That's not even a word!

(Ross stops the clock, signifying the end of the lightning round.)

Monica: NOOOOOOOOO!!!!

TIME LAPSE

(The door opens and Joey and Chandler ride in on the big, fake dog in triumph)

Rachel: Y'know what, you are mean boys, who are just being mean!

Joey: Hey, don't get mad at us! No one forced you to raise the stakes!

Rachel: That is not true. She did! She forced me!

Monica: Hey, we would still be living here if hadn't gotten the question wrong!

Rachel: Well it stupid, unfair question!

Ross: Don't blame the questions!

Chandler: Would you all stop yelling in our apartment! You are ruining moving day for us!

(from 5.15 – "The One With The Girl Who Hits Joey")

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. You know, 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: (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--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.)

(from 6.06 – "The One On The Last Night")

Monica: Well, this is the last box of your clothes. I'm just gonna label it, "What were you thinking?"

Rachel: Funny, because I was just gonna go across the hall and write that on Chandler.

Phoebe: Ok, you guys, I don't mean to make things worse, but umm, I don't want to live with Rachel anymore.

Monica and Rachel: What?!

Phoebe: You're just so mean to each other! And I don't want to end up like that with Rachel. I still like you!

Rachel: Well, Phoebe that's fine because I'm not moving.

Monica: Whoa--whoa--whoa, Phoebe you gotta take her! Y'know, I-I-I said some really bad stuff about her, but y'know Rachel has some good qualities that make her a good roommate. She gets tons of catalogs and umm, she'll fold down the pages of the things she thinks that I'd like.

Phoebe: What else?

Monica: When I take a shower, she leaves me little notes on the mirror.

Rachel: Yeah, I do. I-I do, do that.

Phoebe: That's nice. I like having things to read in the bathroom.

Monica: When I fall asleep on the couch after reading, she covers me over with a blanket.

Rachel: Well y'know, I don't want you to be cold.

Monica: And when I told her that I was gonna be moving in with Chandler, she was really supportive. (To Rachel) (Starts to cry) You were so great. You made it so easy. And now you have to leave. And I have to live with a boy!! (They both break down in tears.)

TIME LAPSE

(Monica closes the door and slowly walks into Rachel's old and now empty room.)

Chandler: (entering) Hey.

Monica: She really left.

Chandler: I know. (He kisses her.)

Monica: Thank you.

Chandler: No problem roomie. (She turns around and hugs him.)

Monica: Can I ask you a question?

Chandler: Sure!

Monica: What the hell is that dog doing here?! (She notices the dog sitting in the living room.)

(from 1.09 – "The One Where Underdog Gets Away")

Chandler: Little toast here. I know this isn't exactly the kind of Thanksgiving that all of you all planned, but for me, this has been really great, you know, I think because it didn't involve divorce or projectile vomiting. Anyway, I was just thinking, I mean, if you'd gone to Vail, and if you guys'd been with your family, if you didn't have syphilis and stuff, we wouldn't be all together, you know? So I guess what I'm trying to say is that I'm very thankful that all of your Thanksgivings sucked.

All: That's so sweet.

Ross: And hey, here's to a lousy Christmas.

Rachel: And a crappy New Year.

Chandler: Here, here!

[Scene: We're back to the present. Chandler and Monica's. They're all still at the kitchen table.]

Rachel: You can't move. You just... you just can't.

Joey: Rachel's right. *This* is where you guys belong.

Phoebe: Yeah, you don't wanna live in Westchester. That's like the worst of the Chesters.

Ross: You know, sometimes when I'm alone in my apartment, I look over here and you guys... are just having dinner or... watching TV or something, but... it makes me feel better. And now when I look over, who am I gonna see? The Gottliebs, the Yangs? They don't make me feel so good. (Joey pats Ross on his back)

Rachel: Yeah. So don't move, okay? Just stay here and... (nods towards Ross) maybe close your blinds at night.

(The phone rings and Chandler goes to get it)

Chandler: Hello? It's Nancy, they responded to our offer.

Monica: And?

(Chandler listens to what Nancy says)

Chandler: (to Nancy) Okay, thanks... (to Monica) They passed. They said they wouldn't go a penny under the asking price.

Monica: We can't afford that.

Chandler: I know.

Monica: Well, there you go.

(Chandler and Monica hug)

Joey: I'm really sorry you guys.

Ross: Yeah. I'm sorry too. I'm even more sorry that that phone call didn't come before I told you about looking through the window.

Rachel: Yeah, we're gonna let you be alone.

Phoebe: (to Monica) You're gonna be okay?

Monica: Yeah, we'll be okay.

Ross: Love you guys. (he kisses Monica, he, Rachel and Phoebe leave.)

Joey: You know, I'm really sorry I wasn't more supportive before.

Chandler: That's okay, we understand.

Joey: And about this Nancy thing... If you're not sleeping with her, should I?

(Chandler gives Joey her business card, which he eagerly grabs and he leaves.)

Monica: I know there'll be other houses, but it's just so... I love that one so much.

Chandler: Yeah... Well, it's a good thing we got it then.

Monica: What?

Chandler: We got the house.

Monica: Oh my God!

Chandler: I just didn't want to tell you in front of them.

Monica: Oh my God! My God! We've got the house !?

Chandler: We're getting the house. (they hug) We're getting the house.

Monica: And a baby...

Chandler: We're growing up.

Monica: We sure are.

Chandler: So who's gonna tell them?

Monica: (quickly) Not it!

Chandler: Not it! Damn it!

COMMERCIAL BREAK

[Scene: Central Perk. The entire gang is there, and Chandler and Monica are handing out presents.]

Monica: Rachel, this is yours.

Rachel: Aah! Why? What are these for?

Chandler: You'll see.

Monica: All right, everybody open them!

(they all tear off the wrapping paper)

Rachel: Ooh! Oh wow this is so beautiful. (she got a scarf)

Phoebe: Oh! These are the ones I was looking at in the store. (she got earrings)

Monica: I know.

Ross: I love this. (he got a sweater)

Joey: A meatball Sub? Thanks! (he got a meatball sandwich)

Ross: Seriously you guys, what's going on? What are these for?

Chandler: Well, I didn't know how to tell you before, but... We got the house.

Monica: Enjoy!

(they both run off, leaving Ross, Phoebe and Rachel stunned.)

Joey: (speaking with his mouth full, enjoying his sandwich) What did they say?

THE END

1011. The One Where The Stripper Cries

Written by: Marta Kauffman & David Crane

Produced by: Robert Carlock & Wendy Knoller

Transcribed by: Coffee Mug, Eleonora, Sebastiano & Vanessa

Final check by Kim

[Scene: Central Perk. Everyone's sitting on the couch. Monica and Joey enter.]

Joey: Hey guys!

Monica: Hey, let me tell them!

Joey: Sure.

Monica: Joey is gonna be a celebrity guest on a game show!

Phoebe: Great!

Ross: Really? Which one?

Monica: (stopping Joey from answering) Ohh! Fish, seaweed, a sunken ship.

Ross: Things you find in the ocean, (to Joey) You're gonna be on "Pyramid"!!

Monica: Oh, that was our favourite game show ever!

Ross: Except for "Match game"...

Monica: Or "Win, Lose or Draw".

Chandler: What did I marry into?

Joey: Would you guys want to come down tomorrow and watch me tape the show?

Monica: Oh, I can't. We're throwing Phoebe a bachelorette party.

Phoebe: Yeah, sorry boys, this ride's closing.

Ross: Oh, and Chandler and I have this stupid college alumni thing. I can't believe you get to meet Donny Osmond.

Joey: Seriously?

Ross: (very excited) Yeah-uh!

Monica: Ross and I *always* wanted to be Donny and Marie.

Chandler: You guys just keep getting cooler and cooler!

Monica: Yeah, we used to perform for our family and friends.

Rachel: Oh God, that's right. I blocked that out.

Monica: (singing) "I'm a little bit country"...

Ross: (singing) "...and I'm a little bit rock 'n' roll"!

Chandler: (to Monica) I'm leaving you.

OPENING CREDITS

[Scene: Class of '91 reunion. Ross and Chandler enter.]

Ross: So weird to see all these people again... Oh my God, look, there's Geoffrey Cleric.

Chandler: Who?

Ross: He was roommates with John Rosoff. He went out with Andrea Tamburino. She dumped him for Michael Skloff.

Chandler: (looking around) Did I go to this school?

Ross: Hey, there's Missy Goldberg. You gotta remember her.

Chandler: (looks over at her) Sure, nice.

Ross: Dude. You're married to my sister.

Chandler: You're right, by saying "nice" I'm virtually licking her.

Ross: Hey, I hear she's single again, d'you think I should ask her out?

Chandler: Are you asking permission to break the pact?

Ross: Yes please.

[Flashback, year 1987. Chandler enters the school's corridor. Ross is hanging some flyers on the wall. Both have a funny 80s hair and clothes.]

Ross: Hey. Hey, check out the flyers for the band. I made 'em on a Macintosh in the computer room!

Chandler: Awesome, the name really stands out.

Ross: Thanks to a little something called "Helvetica Bold 24 point"!

Chandler: Man, we're gonna rock that Asian student union!

Missy: Hey guys!

Chandler: Hey!

Ross: Hey, Missy...

Chandler: You know, our band is playing on Friday.

Ross: Yeah, yeah. You should come check us out. We're called "Way! No Way!".

Missy: No way!

Chandler and Ross: Way!

Missy: Right. I'll be there. (she leaves)

Chandler: Fresh!

Ross: Boss!

Chandler: Mint!

Ross: She's gone.

Chandler: I know it. You know, I'm totally gonna ask her out.

Ross: Dude, I was gonna ask her out.

Chandler: I said it first, bro.

Ross: Well, I thought it first, Holmes.

Chandler: (angrily) Look, if you did...

Ross: Woha! Wait... What are we doing? What we have is too important to mess it up over some girl. I mean, we can get laid anytime we want.

Chandler: Totally. I had sex in High school...

Ross: Me too. I'm good at it.

Chandler: All right, I'd say we make a pact. *Neither* of us will go out with Missy Goldberg.

Ross: You got it.

Chandler: All right, so that's Missy Goldberg, Phoebe Cates and Molly Ringwald, who neither of us can go out with.

Ross: Those are the pacts!

Chandler: Oh, and Sheena Easton. But we probably couldn't get her anyway.

Ross: Oh, oh... maybe not *you!*

[We get back to the Class of '91 reunion, where Ross and Chandler are still looking at Missy.]

Chandler: Well, I officially give you permission to break the pact.

Ross: Thank you. (they shake hands) All right, here I go. Hey, remember how scary it used to be going up to girls in college?

Chandler: Your hands are shaking.

Ross: I know, and I can't stop sweating. (he walks towards Missy)

[Scene: The "Pyramid" Studio.]

Voice: Five! Four! Three! Applause!

Donny Osmond: Yeah! Welcome, it is Soap Opera week here on Pyramid, let's meet our contestants. First, Gene Lester is a database specialist, he's gonna be playing with "Days of Our Life's" star Joey Tribbiani! (Joey's amazed at the place and he keeps looking around till he realizes the audience is applauding him)

Joey: (to Gene) I know it could be intimidating for regular people to be around celebrities but... relax, I'm just like you! (pause) Only better looking and richer.

Donny: ...should be playing with the star of "General Hospital" Leslie Charleson. (applause) Welcome everybody. Good luck to all of you. Let's play Pyramid. All right? Now... we flipped a coin before the show, Gene, you won the toss, so you're gonna start. Which category would you like?

Gene: I'll take "You crossed the line".

Donny: You crossed the line. Joey, describe for Gene these things that have lines. Give me 20 seconds on the clock, please. Ready, go!

Joey: (on the screen there's the word "Supermarket") Uhm... ok. It's a store, like a supermarket. (there is a sound indicating he made a mistake as he shouldn't have said 'supermarket'. The next word appears, "notebook") Oh! I see—I see what I did. Yeah, ok, ok, uhm... I'm writing in my...

Gene: Diary.

Joey: Noo, (whispering) more like a notebook... Damn it! (next word appears: "blueprint") Oh, if I'm building an house, the plan isn't called the 'shmoo-print'... Can't say that either? Woha... hey... (the last word is "Football field" and there are 5 seconds left) In high school, I once had sex with a girl right in the middle of the...

Gene: Cafeteria.

Joey: Yeah! But that is not what they're looking for. (time's finished) OOOH!

[Scene: Monica's apartment, where Phoebe's bachelorette party is taking place.]

Phoebe: (to Rachel) Thank you so much for this.

Rachel: Oh, d'you like it?

Phoebe: Oh my God, it's all so elegant! When's the dirty stuff starting?

Rachel: What?

Phoebe: You know, the strippers, and the guys dancing, and you know, pee-pee's flying about.

Rachel: Pheebs, I... there isn't gonna be any flying about! We actually thought we were a little too mature for stuff like that.

Phoebe: Oh, ok. I see what you're doing, that's fine. This is all there is, just tea, uh, ok. (she drinks her tea) Hmmmm... *raunchy!*

Rachel: Seriously Pheebs, it's not gonna be that kind of a party.

Phoebe: Really? So this is... this is my big send off in the married life? Rachel this is the only bachelorette party I'm ever gonna have! I've got a big wad of ones in my purse! Really? I mean, really? It's just tea?

Rachel: Nooo! Phoebe, of course there is more! I mean, I'll just go and talk to Monica and get an ETA on the pee-pee's!

[Scene: Joey's at the game show "Pyramid" with host Donny Osmond.]

Donny: Now Gene I must remind you, you need all six of these to stay in the game, all right? Describe for Joey things you find in your refrigerator.

Joey: Ahaha, he might as well just give us the points.

Donny: Give me twenty seconds on the clock. Ready? Go!

(the first word is cream)

Gene: You put this in your coffee.

Joey: A spoon. Your hands. Your face!

Gene: It's white!

Joey: Paper, snow, a ghost!

Gene: It's heavier then milk!

Joey: A rock, a dog, the earth.

Gene: Pass!

(the second word is mayonnaise)

Gene: You put this on a sandwich.

Joey: Salami, anchovies, jam!

Gene: It's white!

Joey: Paper, snow, a ghost!

Gene: It's made from eggs!

Joey: Chickens?

Gene: Pass!

Joey: Oh!

(The third word is ketchup)

Gene: You put this on a hamburger!

Joey: Ketchup!

Gene: Yes!

(The fourth word is soda)

Joey: Relish!

Gene: Stop!

Joey: Oh.

Donny: Oh, time's up! Joey! You were, uh, *almost* on a roll there...

Joey: Yeah...

Donny: Uh, Gene, you're gonna have a chance to go to the winner circle in the second half. But right now Henrietta *you* are going to the winner circle to try your luck for *ten thousand* dollars, right after this, don't go away.

Stage Manager : And we're out!

Joey: Oh, so we didn't win, but it's fun to play the game, right?

Gene: Hey! I got a kid starting college. I've to get surgery on my knee, you just lost me ten grand!

Joey: Oh, wow! I'm so sorry, ok? I promise, we'll do better next time!

Gene: Well, I will, because I won't be playing with you.

Joey: Hey, you know, some of those are pretty hard! Like why would there be a ghost in my fridge?
(pause). Yeah!

[Scene: College reunion party. Ross is talking to Missy.]

Ross: So, Saturday night!

Missy: I'd love to!

Ross: Great!

Missy: So how come it took you so long to ask me out?

Ross: Oh, well, uh, this is gonna sound kinda silly, but, do you remember my roommate Chandler Bing?

Missy: Sure, he was in your "band"? (she air quotes band)

Ross: It's been sixteen years but the air quotes still hurt.

Missy: Sorry.

Ross: That's ok. Uh, anyway, well he and I both really liked you a lot, uhm, but we didn't want anything to jeopardize our friendship, so we kinda made a pact, that neither of us could ask you out!

Missy: Really?

Ross: Yeah, why?

Missy: Well, Chandler and I used to make out! A lot!

Ross: You did?

Missy: Yeah. We'd go to the science lab after hours!

Ross: (angrily) AND ON MY TURF?

[Scene: Monica's apartment. The bachelorette party.]

Monica: (to Rachel) Hey, where is this guy, it's been over an hour!

Rachel: Well, he's coming from Jersey, he said he would get here as fast as he could!
(someone knocks at the door)

Monica: Who is it?

Man: It's the police!

Rachel: (pretends to be shocked) Uh! The police!

Phoebe: (Excited, running back to her seat) Oh!

Man: That's right, it's officer Goodbody.

Monica: What's the matter, officer? Has someone been *bad*? (looks over to Phoebe and she opens the door, and to their dismay, the stripper is an old, short, fat guy who looks exhausted)

Roy, the male stripper: (coughs) Whoo, that's a lot of stairs!

COMMERCIAL BREAK

Roy: Ooh, boy. You should warn people there's no elevator! I should not have had that Mexican food for lunch.

Monica: Are you gonna be ok, officer, uhm,...

Roy: Goodbody!

Monica: ...If-you-say-so.

Roy: So where's the young lady who I'm supposed to take (he shakes his hips) downtown! (Monica points Phoebe)

Phoebe: Oh, God!

Roy: All right, somebody show me where to plug in my box, and we'll get this party started! (he thrusts his pelvis towards Phoebe) Whaaaa... (walks back to plug in his cd player) Here? All right.

Phoebe: Rachel?

Rachel: Yeah?

Phoebe: Are you kidding?

Rachel: All right, look, we did not know that you wanted a stripper so we went to the phonebook and we got the first name we could find!

Phoebe: How old is your phonebook?

Monica: Oh my God, this man is gonna get *naked* in my apartment!

Phoebe: Oh God no, I don't wanna see him take his clothes off!

Roy: Are you talking about me?

Monica: Oh, no! I mean, obviously we want to see *you* take your clothes off! You big piece of eye candy!

Roy: Ok, ok, ladies! Can I have your attention, please? (pause) Did someone call for the long arm of the law? (He extends his arm from around his crotch and then upward and outward, towards Phoebe) I should warn you, I have a concealed weapon! (Puts his hands over his crotch) I hope you're familiar with the States penal code, ok, ok, enough teasing. Now for some pleasing!

(he uses his remote to turn on the music, "Tainted Love" by Soft Cell, and starts dancing for Phoebe. He shakes his butt, moves his shoulders back, grabs his crotch and hops towards Phoebe. Phoebe is half horrified and half scared. He takes his hat off and throws it away, does some "Can Can" high kicks and swings his butt in front of Phoebe who looks at it in disgust. Then he tears open his shirt and shows her his chest and she flinches.)

Roy: Whoa, whoa, whoa (he turn off the music). She cringed!

Phoebe: This is how I look when I'm turned on!

Roy: You *were* talking about me before! Look, I don't need this! I'm outta here! Where's my hat? (goes to get it) Look, I've been in this business for a long time!

Phoebe: Shocking!

Roy: Now if you just pay me my three hundred dollars, I'll be on my way!

Phoebe: Three hundred dollars, are you kidding?

Rachel: No, that's ok, let's me just get my check book!

Phoebe: No, you're not gonna pay him, he didn't do anything!

Roy: Didn't do anything? I took a bus all the way from Hoboken. I climbed ... I dunno... like a *billion* stairs... It's not like I can take them two at a time!

Phoebe: I don't care. We're not paying you 300 dollars for this.

Roy: Well, look – it's not my fault if you're too uptight to appreciate the male form in all it's glory.

Phoebe: Oh yeah, okay. *I'm* uptight. Yeah, that's why *I* don't want to watch a middle aged guy dance around in what I can only assume is a child halloween costume! (turns to look at Monica and Rachel who look like they feel very sorry for the stripper)

Roy: I may have borrowed this from my nephew, but let me assure you, what's underneath (points at his groin)... is *all* man.

Phoebe: I'm sorry, did you say all man or *old* man?

Roy: (making a crying face) Oh, you're mean!

Monica: (walks towards Phoebe and the stripper) Uh, look, officer... uhm Sir...

Roy: Damnit. OH! (To Phoebe) Big surprise! The hunk of beef has feelings!

[Scene: At Pyramid. Joey is with the woman now.]

Donny: Ok Henrietta, you've picked Jack and Jill went up the hill.

Joey: (To Henrietta) My friend Rachel has a kid. I totally know nursery rhymes! (makes a thumbs up sign)

Donny: Joey describe these things associated with the United States congress. (Joey goes from looking very confident to looking very shocked the instant the word congress is said) Give me 20 seconds on the clock please. Ready? Go!

(Camera goes to Joey. The clock is at 20 sec. The word "Legislature" appears. He looks at it blank faced and his eyes shift between Henrietta and his screen)

Joey: Oh, .. uh... uh... pass. (Next word: "Rotunda") Pass. (Next word: "Filibuster" stares at it a moment) Pass. (Henrietta is looking very confused) (Next word: "Addendum" 4 seconds remaining) Okay, the little thing that hangs down at the back of your throat.

Henrietta: Uvula!

Joey: Oh, then pass. (Next word: "Joint session", but time's up, Joey acts very disappointed)

Donny: O-kay... Henrietta, you didn't get all the points you needed, so that means Gene, you are going to the winners circle to try for ten thousand dollars! (Gene is clapping his hands looking very happy and so is Joey) And you're gonna be going there with Joey Tribbiani (Both of their smiles fade away instantly)

[Scene: Class of '91 reunion. Ross is walking angrily towards Chandler, who is talking to two other guys.]

Ross: (To Chandler) You made out with Missy Goldberg. How could you do that, after you *promised* me? (Chandler looks at the other two guys, embarrassed)

Chandler: (to the two guys) Excuse me. (Chandler and Ross move away from them). That didn't make us sound gay at all!

Ross: You broke the *pact*!

Chandler: Ross, that was 16 years ago!

Ross: That doesn't matter! We're talking about the foundation of our friendship.

Chandler: I believe the foundation of our friendship was unfortunate hair. (Ross just stares at him) All right, look, if we're really gonna do this... it's not like *you* never broke one of the pacts.

Ross: I didn't.

Chandler: Oh really?

Ross: No.

Chandler: Oh really!?

Ross: NO!

Chandler: ADRIENNE TURNER!! (A girl behind them turns around)

Adrienne: Yes?

Chandler and Ross: Hey! Hey Adrienne. (They move away from her)

Ross: I never did anything with Adrienne Turner.

Chandler: Oh please, and *you knew* how much I liked her.

Ross: I don't know what... you're talking about.

Chandler: Really?

[Flashback scene: 80's College party.]

Present Chandler's voice: Remember that big party? Freshman year? A week before Christmas vacation? / *do*. You had some visitors.

(An 80's Rachel and fat Monica walk into the party room. Both with funny hair-do's and clothes)

Monica: I can't believe we are at a real college party! (Rachel laughs excitedly) I have to pee so bad!

Rachel: This is *so* awesome! College guys are *so* cute!

Monica: Hey, you've got a boyfriend!

Rachel: I know. But if some guy who looks like Corey Haim wants to kiss me tonight, I'm sooo gonna let them! (They spot Chandler)

Monica: Look, there's Chandler. You knew, that stupid friend of Ross'. Said I'm fat. You know I've already lost 4 pounds!

Rachel: It... You can so totally tell.

Monica: I KNOW!

Rachel: Well lets see. Maybe he knows where Ross is. (They walk towards Chandler) Hey, how's it going (tries to look as un-interested in him as possible – checking out her nails).

Chandler: Aren't you...?

Rachel: Yeah, Rachel. And this (points to Monica) is Ross' sister, Monica. We met at Thanksgiving. (looks around the room as if searching for something more interesting to do).

Chandler: (smiling at Monica) Right. (to Rachel) So how're you doing?

Rachel: Bitchin'

Chandler: Hi Monica.

Monica: Hi Chandler. It's really nice to see you (rolls her eyes) NOT. (she and Rachel giggle a little and Chandler looks unimpressed)

Chandler: O-kay. I'll see if I can find Ross. (Goes off to find Ross.)

Monica: Oh my God Rach. Bean bag chairs.

Rachel: Oh.

Monica: Do NOT let me sit in one of those. We'll be here for days.

(Cut to Chandler. He's walking around looking for Ross. He sees him kissing a girl next to a vending machine)

Ross: Listen Adrienne, you can't tell Chandler about this.

Adrienne: Oh believe me, Ross, I won't be telling *anybody* about this.

Ross: Cool! (They start kissing again and Chandler looks shocked)

[Scene: We cut back to the present. The reunion where Chandler and Ross are talking.]

Ross: I didn't know you knew about that.

Chandler: Well, I did and it hurt. (they walk towards the bar) That's when I wrote the song: "Betrayal In The Common Room".

Ross: (looks disappointed in himself) Man... I... I'm sorry.

Chandler: Look (hands him a drink) it was a lo-o-ong time ago.

Ross: So, eh. I made out with Adrienne and you made out with Missy. Well I guess we're even.

Chandler: (smiling a little nervously) Hmm mmmhm..

Ross: We *are* even, right?

Chandler: (sighs) Just one more thing. I was so pissed at you that night that I wanted to get back at you. So I thought, who does Ross like the more than anybody?

Ross: (thinks about it for a few seconds) What did you do to my mom?

Chandler: Not her!

[Flashback scene: We cut back to the 80's party. Rachel and Monica are "dancing".]

Rachel: I am sooo drunk.

Monica: That's weird. I've had the same number of beers as you and I don't feel anything at all. (Chandler approaches)

Chandler: Soo... you girls having fun?

Monica: For your information, *ass munch*, I've lost four pounds. Maybe even five with all the dancing. (A guy enters holding a pizza box)

Pizza guy: SOMEBODY ORDER A PIZZA?

Monica: Oh THATS ME! (she runs to the pizza guy)

Rachel: (finishing the last of her drink) I am soo not going to do good on my SATs tomorrow.

Chandler: Well maybe if you go to school here next year we can totally hang out.

Rachel: (sarcastic) Oh yeah. There is a plan! Why don't I just start taking my smart pills now?

Chandler: Well, maybe *you* can get in on a beauty scholarship.

Rachel: (blushing) Oh, what a line. (walks towards the drinks table with her back towards Chandler and whispers "Oh my God!")

Chandler: So where are you applying to?

Rachel: Oh well, You know, I think it's kinda really important that I go somewhere where there's sun, so I'm sort of... (Chandler leans in and kisses her) (She pulls away) Hey!

Chandler: I'm in college and I'm in a band.

Rachel: (She considers it for a second) Yeah okay. (She puts her hands around his neck and they start kissing again)

[Scene: Monica's apartment. The stripper is sitting at the kitchen table. Monica, Rachel and Phoebe are standing around him]

Roy: What's the matter? You never saw a 50 year old stripper cry before?

Phoebe: You know, it's fine. We'll pay you.

Roy: No, no, you're right. Who am I kidding? I should have hung up that breakaway jockstrap years ago. What am I gonna do? I mean, this has been my life for thirty two years. Taking my clothes off in front of people is all I know.

Rachel: No, wait. No there's gotta be something else that you can do. I mean, what skills do you have?

Roy: I don't know... I can make my pecs dance... I can pick up a dollar bill with my butt cheeks... I can go to that special place inside me where I feel no shame.

Rachel: So maybe something in an office.

Phoebe: Or you could teach stripping. You know, share your gift, pass the torch.

Roy: You know, actually that's not a bad idea. I can do it out of my apartment. I don't think my mom would mind.

Phoebe: There you go. Okay, do you think you're gonna be okay?

Roy: Yeah, yeah, yeah... This is *so* weird. I mean, you never know when it's gonna be your last dance. And I didn't even get a chance to finish it.

Phoebe: (after a pause) Finish it!

Roy: What?

Phoebe: Your last dance. Do it for us.

Roy: Really?

Rachel: (to Phoebe) Really?

Phoebe: Yeah, yeah. He deserves to do the thing he loves one last time.

Roy: Okay, all right... Get ready ladies!

(they sit down and Roy plays "You Make Me Feel" by Sylvester on his boom box, and starts... With his back towards the girls, he starts waving his hands, then backs towards the girls slapping his butt, then swings it around, and makes thrusting pelvic movements in front of Phoebe. He dances around the tables in between all the girls, and gets back into the kitchen part of the room. He then tears off one of his sleeves and throws it towards Monica and Rachel, who fight over who gets it. He then tears off his other sleeve and moves it back and forth between his legs, getting closer to Phoebe.)

Phoebe: Oh this is *so ho-o-o!*

(Roy then sits on Phoebe's lap, looking exhausted)

Phoebe: Oh no, no, no, don't stop!

Roy: (out of breath) Have to...

[Scene: The game show studio. Joey and Gene are sitting in the winner circle.]

Donny: Well, welcome to the Winner Circle. Joey and Gene, you guys ready?

Joey: (nervously) Yeah...

Gene: (irritable) Sure. (Joey gets even more nervous)

Donny: Okay. Give me sixty seconds on the clock please... Ready, GO! (runs off)

(the screen says "6 to win" and "types of trees")

Gene: Oak, maple, elm, birch...

Joey: I-I-I don't know. Types of trees?

(Joey hears the bell which means his answer is correct and is surprised. The screen now says "5 to win" and "Spanish words")

Gene: Uhm... Buenos días, enchilada, por favor...

Joey: (sympathetic) Oh, I'm so sorry. I don't know any Spanish words.

(There's the next bell, and the correct answer. The screen changes to "4 to win" and "things that burn".

Gene now realizes that he got two correct answers and gets up in his seat.)

Gene: A match, a candle...

Joey: Things that go "tsst" when you put them out.

Gene: A torch, a bonfire... (Joey seems lost) uhm, your pee...

Joey: Things that burn.

(and another bell for the correct answer. "3 to win" and "What a dog might say")

Gene: "I'd like to go for a walk", uhm "scratch my belly".

Joey: Dude, dude! I think you're losing it.

Gene: Uhm, "I have fur", "I like to bark".

Joey: Oh, oh, oh... What a dog says.

(the bell sounds again, "2 to win" and "pizza toppings")

Gene: Pepperoni...

Joey: (instantly) Pizza toppings, next!

(there's 10 seconds left, "1 to win" and "Supermodels")

Gene: Cindy Crawford, Christie Brinkley, Heidi Klum, Claudia Schiffer...

Joey: Oh, oh, oh... (5 seconds left)

Gene: Christie Turlington, Kate Moss...

Joey: Girls Chandler could never get?

Gene: (irritated) Supermodels!

Joey: Where? (looking around)

[Scene: Chandler and Monica's apartment. Monica's there and Ross and Chandler walk in.]

Ross: Hey, where's Rachel?

Monica: She and Phoebe took the stripper to the hospital.

Ross: Did you know Chandler kissed Rachel?

Monica: What? When was this?

Ross: Nineteen Eighty Seven. The weekend you guys visited me at school.

Monica: Oh my God! That's wild!

Chandler: Yeah, but it was like a million years ago, so it doesn't matter.

Ross: Well, it matters to *me*.

Chandler: Why?

Ross: Because... the night *you* kissed Rachel was the night / kissed Rachel for the *very first time*.

Chandler: You kissed her that night too?

Monica: Two guys in one night? Wow, I thought she became a slut *after* she got her nose fixed.

Chandler: Seriously, where did this happen?

Ross: Okay, after you told me she was passed out in our room, I went in there to make sure she was all right. She was lying on my bed, all buried in peoples coats. Well, I went to kiss her on the forehead, you know. But it was *so* dark, I accidentally got her lips. I started to pull away, but then I felt her start to kiss me back. It was only for a second, but... it was amazing. And now, now I find out that *you* kissed her first.

Chandler: Oh wait... *What* bed did you say she was on?

Ross: Mine.

Chandler: I'm pretty sure I put her on *my* bed.

Ross: No, she was definitely on my bed.

Chandler: Why would I kiss a girl, and then put her on your bed?

Ross: Well, then who was on my bed?

Monica: (screeching) OH! Oh, oh! (holding her hand in front of her mouth)

Ross: (realizing) NO! No, no!

Monica: YES! (Chandler gets an "oh no!" look on his face)

Ross: You were under the pile of coats?

Monica: I *was* the pile of coats!

Ross: OH MY GOD!

Monica: You were my Midnight Mystery Kisser?

Ross: You were my first kiss with *Rachel*?

Monica: You were my first kiss *ever*?

Chandler: What did I marry into?

COMMERCIAL BREAK

[Scene: Back at the party in 1987. People are dancing to "Disco Inferno" by The Trammps.]

(Monica is dancing. At first she seems insecure and moves slowly, but then gets into the groove and swings her hips from side to side while holding her hands up. She then eats the last piece of pizza she was holding and again moves her hips from side to side, pushing her hands in the air in beat with the music. Her moves get more wildly while she's snapping her fingers. She loses balance and falls back onto a pink bean bag.)

Monica: Oh, crap!

THE END

1012. The One With Phoebe's Wedding

Written by: Robert Carlock & Dana Klein

Produced by: Robert Carlock & Wendy Knoller

Transcribed by: Coffee Mug, Eleonora, Sebastiano & Vanessa

[Scene: Central Perk. Joey's sitting on the couch and Phoebe enters.]

Phoebe: Oh, hey Joey.

Joey: Uh, hey.

Phoebe: Listen, I need to ask you something. Ok, you know how my step dad's in prison.

Joey: (afraid) Yeah.

Phoebe: Yeah. Well, uhm... listen he was supposed to get a weekend furlough, so he'd come to the wedding tomorrow, but he just called and... uhm... well, apparently stabbing Iceman in the exercise yard just couldn't wait till Monday.

Joey: So he can't come?

Phoebe: No, and so there's no one to walk me down the aisle and... well, I would just really love it if you would do it.

Joey: Seriously?

Phoebe: Yeah, you've... you know, sort of been like a dad to me. I mean, you've always, you know, looked out for me and shared your wisdom...

Joey: I am pretty wisdomous.

Phoebe: So... what do you say?

Joey: Are you kidding? Phoebe, I would be honored. (they hug)

Phoebe: Oh, thank you. I hope... I hope you know how much you mean to me.

Joey: (takes her hand) Listen, I hope... that you know... (has difficulty saying it) I don't want you to see your father cry, GO TO YOUR ROOM!

OPENING CREDITS

[Scene: Central Perk. Phoebe and Joey are sitting on the couch. A waitress brings a coffee and Phoebe wants to pay.]

Phoebe: Oh.

Joey: Oh no, no, no, let your dad get this.

Phoebe: (her mobile phone rings) Oh, it's my wedding planner. She's driving me *crazy!* (she answers) Hello... Hey, ok, stop screaming! Ok? So, halibut. All right, so salmon, either way. I don't-I don't... it doesn't matter to me!

Monica: (she enters with a headset on and she's speaking into the microphone) Well, it matters to me!

Phoebe: Well, I don't care, so you pick!

Monica: Did you just hung up on me? (she hangs up too) All right, look, I need you at the rehearsal dinner tonight at 1800 hours.

Phoebe: Uh-uh. Ok. What time is that.

Monica: You don't know military time?

Phoebe: Why, I must have been in missile training the day they taught that.

Monica: Just subtract twelve.

Phoebe: Ok, so... 1800 minus twelve is... one thousand, seven hundred and...

Monica: (screaming) Six o'clock!

Phoebe: Ok.

Monica: Ok. Hold on. (her mobile phone rings) Geller here! No! I said it has to be there by 4 o'clock.

Goodbye. (she hangs up) Oh, how hard it is to make an ice sculpture?

Phoebe: Ice sculpture? That sounds really fancy! I told you I just want a simple wedding.

Monica: Please... honey, leave the details to me. Now I wanna make this day as special for you as I can. Now, ok, I was thinking that the harpist should wear white.

Phoebe: What harpist? My friend Marjorie is playing the steel drums.

Monica: Ooh... she backed out.

Phoebe: She did? Why?

Monica: I made her. (Phoebe looks shocked) Steel drums don't really say "elegant wedding". Nor does Marjorie's overwhelming scent.

Phoebe: (looking angry) Hey! She will shower when Tibet is free.

[Scene: The wedding rehearsal dinner.]

Chandler: Hey!

Phoebe: Hey!

Chandler: You look great. I'm so glad we're having this rehearsal dinner, you know, I so rarely get to practice my meals before I eat them.

Phoebe: Okay, what did we say was your *one* gift to us?

Chandler: No stupid jokes. I thought that was for the actual wedding.

Phoebe: Rehearse it!

Ross: Hi! (he kisses Phoebe)

Mike: Thanks for coming you guys.

Ross: Oh, (he goes towards Mike in order to shake hands but Mike hugs him) hey, oh... I... I was—I was going for a hand shake.

Mike: Is that why your hand is pressed against my crotch?

Ross: That is *why*!

Mike: Yeah.

Phoebe: So Rach.

Rachel: Yeah.

Phoebe: Where is Emma?

Rachel: Oh, Monica made me send her to my mother's. Apparently babies and weddings don't mix.

Monica: (coming) Are you still crying about your damn baby? Pheebs, you gotta keep the line moving, remember, 20 seconds per person. You see these clowns all the time! (she takes off)

Joey: Hey, you're Mike's parents, right?

Mike's mother: Yes, we are.

Joey: Ah, our little ones are growing up fast, uh?

Mike's father: How's that?

Joey: You know, on the one hand you're happy for them, but on the other hand it's hard to let go.

Mike's father: Who in God's name are you?

Joey: Hey, I'm not that fond of you either, ok buddy? But I'm just trying to be nice for the kids!

(cut to Ross, Chandler and Rachel)

Chandler: (to Rachel) You know what I just realized? We have no idea what we're doing in the wedding tomorrow.

Ross: Yeah, I thought we'd be groomsmen, but wouldn't they have asked us by now? When did they ask you to be their bridesmaid?

Rachel: Uh... November?

Ross: I wanna say it's not looking good.

Rachel: Hey Pheebs...

Phoebe: What's up?

Rachel: Uhm... you haven't told these guys what they're doing in the wedding yet.

Chandler: Heh.

Phoebe: Uhm... well, they're not in the wedding.

Ross: What? (Ross and Chandler don't know what to say, so there's an embarrassing long pause)

Rachel: Well, this is really awkward (staring at the floor) Oh, and I can leave!

Phoebe: I'm sorry you guys but, you know, Mike's got his brother and his friends from school so... you know, you were—you were... if it helps you, you were next in line, you just—you *just* missed the cut.

Ross: Oh, man!

Chandler: This is like figure skating team all over again. (Phoebe and Ross glare at him astonished) I mean synchronized swimming. (they continue to glare) I mean— I mean the balance beam. (to Ross) Help me!

Ross: FOOTBALL!

Chandler: Thank you.

Monica: (looking at Phoebe eating something) Pheebs, spit that out, that has pork in it.

Phoebe: Oh! I though the pot stickers were supposed to be vegetarian!

Monica: Yeah, I changed them. I—I sent you a fax about it!

Phoebe: I don't have a fax machine.

Monica: Ah, well then there *are* gonna be a few surprises!

Ross: I can't believe we're gonna be the only people that aren't in this wedding.

Chandler: I know, I hate being left out of things.

Ross: And it's a wedding! It'd be weird if I'm not in it...

Mike: Hey guys, how is it going?

Chandler: Fine. We're just sitting here. Alone. Doing nothing. It's our rehearsal for tomorrow.

Mike: Yeah look, about tomorrow, I... I've got a question for ya. I just found out that one of my groomsmen had had an emergency and can't make it.

Chandler: What happened?

Ross: Who cares, AND?

Mike: ...and I was wondering if... you know, maybe one of you guys... (Ross stands up)

Ross: I'll do it!

Chandler: (standing up too) M-Me-me-me!

Mike: You both wanna do it? Uhm... there's only room for one.

Chandler: Pick me, I look great in a tux and I will not steal focus.

Ross: No, Mike, no, no. You wanna pick me, I mean... watch! (he mimics the groomsmen's way of walking down the aisle with a bridesmaid) Huh?

Mike: You know, I really don't feel very comfortable making this decision. You know, Phoebe knows you better, I'm gonna let her choose. (he leaves)

Ross: (to Chandler) Well, if Phoebe's choosing, then say hello to Mike's next groomsman.

Chandler: Oh, I will. But I will need a mirror... as he is me!

Ross: Please, you're going down!

Chandler: You are going downer!

Ross: Is that what they say on the Figure Skating Team?

Chandler: (almost crying) I wouldn't know, I didn't make it! (they hug)

[Scene: Wedding rehearsal dinner. Joey and Mike are talking.]

Joey: So, you know I'm filling in for Phoebe's step dad, tomorrow, right?

Mike: Yeah, yeah. Hey, thanks for doing that.

Joey: Oh, hey, my pleasure. (he suddenly becomes *very* serious) So what are your intentions with my Phoebe?

Mike: I intend to marry her.

Joey: Oh, a wisecrack. (Mike looks bewildered). No, no, no, I understand you plan to support your wife by playing the *piano*? Isn't that kind of unstable?

Mike: No more so than acting.

Joey: Strike two!

Mike: You're right. She probably will support me. Hey, unless we move in with you, dad?

Joey: Strike three! You only get one more, Mike!

(Cut to Chandler and Ross. Phoebe comes out of the ladies room and they run toward her.)

Ross: So, what did you decide?

Phoebe: I decided to pee.

Chandler: Mike didn't tell you? You have to choose one of us to be in your wedding. One of his groomsmen fell out.

Phoebe: Oh no, no. I can't choose between you two! I love you both so much!

Chandler: Just not enough to put us in the original wedding party.

Phoebe: Oh, I don't wanna choose! It's (Rachel is walking by). Oh okay, wait. Rach! Listen I have a very special bridesmaid task for you today.

Rachel: (excited and clapping her hands in front of her face) Goody, what is it!

Phoebe: Well, there's a spot open for only one groomsman and you have to choose between Ross and Chandler. So good luck with that.

Rachel: What, what, what, no, I don't wanna do that.

Phoebe: All right, I guess I'll have to find a new bridesmaid.

Ross: I'll do it! (Monica approaches)

Monica: Ok, it's 2100 hours. (to Phoebe) Time for your toast. (Mike appears)

Mike: Do I have a minute to go to the bathroom?

Monica: You had a bathroom break at 2030. Pee on your own time, Mike! (to Phoebe and Mike). Now, in regard to the toast, okay, you wanna keep them short, nothing kills a rehearsal dinner like long speeches. Okay. You just get in, do your thing and get out!

Mike: Is that what you say to Chandler?

Monica: (very serious) It's 2101 and I am not amused. (pause). Ok, the bride and groom have a few words they'd like to say. (Everyone sits and Phoebe gets up)

Phoebe: Ok. Hello everyone and thank you all for being here tonight. So tomorrow's the big event and some of you might not know, but Mike and I didn't get off to the best start. (she reads a note). My friend Joey and I decided to fix each other up with friends so I, I... (Monica is twirling her hands in order to make Phoebe speed up her speech) oh I... hum... I gave it a lot of thought and I fixed him up with my friend Mary Ellen who couldn't be here tonight because... (Monica is tapping her watch with her finger) it's not important... she is in rehab. Anyway, so, ok, Joey said that he was fixing me up with his friend Mike, only he didn't have a friend Mike so he just brought, uhm, my Mike and, and (Monica clears her throat) but despite, you know... it got... it got good. Ok, I wanna take a moment to mention my mother, who couldn't be here...

Monica (rolling her eyes): oh God.

Phoebe: And... moment's over! (Rachel, Joey and Chandler all turn and look disapprovingly towards Monica but she just shrugs it off) So, ok, uh, I can forget that. I can forget that and uhm... (she's flipping cards skipping half of them) Oh this is funny! Oh, but you need to know that to... that, to... Oh, ok, well, uhm, I (Monica is miming CUT). Ok, ok, I, ok, I... MONICA I CAN'T DO IT LIKE THIS! THIS IS MY WEDDING! OKAY, I DON'T WANT THIS (she mimes Monica's when she was twirling her hands) OR THIS (she taps her watch) OR THIS (she mimes CUT) OK? I JUST WANTED A SIMPLE WEDDING! WHERE MY FIANCEE CAN *GO TO THE BATHROOM ANYTIME HE WANTS!* (pause) You know what? You're done.

Monica: What?

Phoebe: YOU'RE FIRED! (mimes the CUT again) (pause and she raises her glass) Cheers! (Chandler raises his, smiling and Monica stares at him and he puts down his glass.)

[Scene: Joey's apartment. Joey's having breakfast; Phoebe enters the room carrying her wedding dress.]

Phoebe: Hey!

Rachel: Happy wedding day!

Phoebe: Oh, happy my wedding day to you!

Rachel: Ok-dokey, Joey, listen. This is gonna be bridesmaid central, all right? We're gonna have hair and make-up going on in the bathroom and oh, I had to move a couple of things in the fridge to make room for the corsages.

Joey: Oh, man! I wouldn't have had breakfast if I knew there was going to be corsages!

(Monica enters the room)

Monica: Hi. About last night... I know you are under a lot of stress and even though the things you said hurt me a little bit... My point is, uh, well, I'm willing to take my job back.

Phoebe: Oh, well that's ok. I think you and I will do much better if you're just... here as a bridesmaid.

Monica: Oh, is that so? Ok. If that's really what you want, then here... I give you the headset. Well, I don't really want to give you the headset. Well I guess if you're taking over, you should probably return these messages. (hands her a stack of papers with messages and calls to return)

Phoebe: Wow, this is a *lot!*

Monica: Uh-huh, but I'm sure you can handle this. I mean, I have won awards for my organizational skills, but, uh, I'm sure you'll do fine.

Phoebe: You won awards?

Monica: Mm-mh. I printed them out on my computer.

(Ross enters the room)

Ross: Hey!

Monica: Hi.

Ross: Where's Rach?

Monica: She's in her room, why?

Ross: I have to talk to her about this groomsman situation, ok? I'm not gonna watch Chandler up there while I'm sitting in the seats like some chump! (he goes to Rachel's room, knocks the door and enters the room). (very fake gasp) Oh! My God! You're breathtaking!

Rachel: What d'you want?

Ross: You haven't by any chance chosen a groomsman yet, have you?

Rachel: Oh, Ross, c'mon, please! Don't make this harder than it already is!

Ross: I'm not! I'm making it easier! Pick me!

Rachel: Well, Chandler said that it's really important to him too!

Ross: Listen, listen. Whoever you pick is gonna walk down the aisle with you! Now, I promise I won't say a word, but if you pick Chandler he's gonna be whispering stupid jokes in your ear *the whole time!*

Rachel: Oh, you are the lesser of two evils!

Ross: (waving his fist in the air in triumph) YES, YES!

[Scene: Joey's apartment. Phoebe is talking at the phone, Monica is listening amused.]

Phoebe: Sven I don't understand what you're saying! What is wrong with the flowers? Lorkins? What the hell are lorkins?

Monica: I know.

(Mike enters the room).

Mike: Hey.

Phoebe: Listen, Mike, if you were Swedish and you were saying the word "lorkins" what flowers would that be?

Mike: (thinks a moment) Orchids?

Phoebe: Right there! That's why I'm marrying you!

(Joey comes out from his room)

Joey: (to Mike) Hello Michael.

Mike: Joseph.

Joey: May I have a word with you, please?

Mike: (looking around the room) This is... great...

Joey: Have a seat. (Mike sits on his bed, and Joey towers over him. He starts talking in an Italian godfather-type voice) Last night, I tried to welcome you into my family... and instead, you disrespect me... (shakes his head) I cannot allow this.

Mike: (not amused) Are you rehearsing for some really bad mafia movie?

Joey: More back talk. And yes, I may be borrowing a few lines from my recent unsuccessful audition for "Family Honor 2: Thissa Time Itsa Personal."

Mike: Joey, I kinda have a lot to do today, what do you want?

Joey: I want you to take this seriously! Phoebe is very *very* important to me, ok? And I wanna make sure that *you* are gonna take care of her.

Mike: (gets up) Joe, I love Phoebe. She's the single most important thing in my life. I'd die before I let anything happen to her.

Joey: (very satisfied and smiling) That's what I wanted to hear! Because she's family, ok, and now you're gonna be family, and there is nothing more important in the whole world, than family.

Mike: That must have been one lousy movie.

Joey: (almost crying) That was ME!

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's apartment. Chandler is pacing and Rachel walks in.]

Rachel: Hi

Chandler: Hey, can I talk to you about this groomsman thing? If you pick Ross, he'll walk you down the aisle just fine. But if you choose me, you'll be getting some comedy!

Rachel: Even so, I think I'm gonna pick Ross.

Chandler: Let me tell you why you need to pick me. (Goes to sit on the couch facing backwards to the kitchen. Rachel gets a chair and sits opposite him) See, when I was a kid, I was always left out of everything, you know, and it really made me feel... insecure. You know, I was always picked last in gym. Even behind that big fat exchange student who didn't even know the rules to baseball. I mean, this guy would strike out and then run to third. Anyway, if I'm the only one left out of this wedding, I just know that all those feelings are gonna come rushing back.

Rachel: All right fine, I pick you.

Chandler: (Getting up and raising his fist in victory) Y-Y-YEEESSS! Make "groom" for Chandler.

Rachel: (not amused by his pun but forcing a smile anyway) Oh my...

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's apartment. Phoebe is on the phone and Monica is nonchalantly "minding her own business".]

Phoebe: No! We're gonna do it *my* way. (listens) Because your way is stupid! Alright I gotta go, I have another call, Reverend. (switches calls) Hello?

(Mike and Joey come out of Joey's room)

Joey: I'm glad we had this little talk.

Mike: Yes. Yeah and thanks for all the wedding night advice. (walks away) That didn't make me uncomfortable at all! Alright, so I'll see everybody tonight?

Phoebe: Okay.

Monica: Bye.

(Mike opens the door and there is a gigantic ice sculpture standing in the doorway)

Mike: Uhm, did you guys know that there is a giant ice sculpture in the hall?

Phoebe: Oh my God, what's it doing here?

Monica: (Obviously enjoying this setback) Ugh, I guess it got sent to the *billing* address as opposed to the *shipping* address. (by now she can barely keep herself from smiling) Uh! What a pickle.

Phoebe: (starting to panic) Oh my God, everything is such a mess. Why is this happening to me?

Joey: (staring at the ice sculpture) How bad do you want to stick your tongue on that? (They all glare at him)

[Scene: Central Perk. Ross is getting coffee at the counter. Chandler walks in.]

Chandler: How's it going?

Ross: (smiling to himself) Good. I'm just getting some coffee. So I'm alert for the wedding.

Chandler: (smiling to himself too) That's what I was doing too.

Ross: (barely containing himself at this point) Well, you have fun tonight.

Chandler: You too.

Ross: Oh, I will.

Chandler: Me too.

(They walk passed each other, Ross towards the door, Chandler towards the counter, suddenly they turn around to face each other)

Ross: Wait a minute, I know why *I'm* being such an ass, why are you?

Chandler: I'm not supposed to tell you.

Ross: I'm not supposed to tell *you!*

(Cut to Joey and Rachel's apartment. Chandler and Ross storm in looking very unhappy)

Chandler: You told us *both* we could be in the wedding? (they both stare at Rachel)

Rachel: Well, in my defense, you were not supposed to tell each other.

Ross: Rachel, only one of us can do it, you have to choose. You and me together again. (he winks at her and Rachel looks disgusted)

Chandler: Rach, Rach, knock knock.

Rachel: Who's there?

Chandler: I'll tell you at the wedding.

Rachel: Uh.

(Mike walks in.)

Mike: Hey, I forgot my scarf.

Rachel: You know what, I can't do this. I don't know which one of you guys to pick.

Mike: Oh, you haven't picked yet. Oh good, 'cause I had an idea. I thought it would be fun if the third groomsman was my family dog. Chappy.

Ross: What? A dog? No! Rachel gets to choose.

(all eyes turn to Rachel)

Rachel: (sarcastic) Wow, this is a tough one. I think I'm gonna have to go with the dog.

(Ross and Chandler look shocked)

(Cut to Phoebe who is in the living room, still on the phone.)

Phoebe: Alright, wait, so what you're saying is that the chef is at the Hamilton Club, but the food is not and the drinks are there, but the bartender is not? Are you, are you FREAKING KIDDING ME!?

Monica: (enjoying what she's seeing) How's it going?

Phoebe: (to Monica) Help me.

Monica: What?

Phoebe: I want you to be Crazy Bitch again.

Monica: (Sounds moved) Really?

Phoebe: (Nearly in tears) Please?

Monica: You really want me to come back?

Phoebe: More than I wanna get married.

Monica: Ok people, we are back in business! (Gets her headset out of her purse) Oh God, we've missed you soo much! (takes all the notes from Phoebe) Ok, go and get your hair and make-up done, and I'll take care of everything.

(Joey walks in)

Joey: Hey, what are you guys gonna do?

Phoebe: (sounds scared already) About what?

Joey: The blizzard. I just saw on the news, it's like the worst snow storm in 20 years! They already closed all the bridges and tunnels. (Opens the curtains to reveal a snow storm outside)

Monica: Ooh! But the band and the photographer are coming all the way in from New Jersey!

Joey: I don't think they are.

Ross: (to Rachel) Haha! Looks like you're not going to be in the wedding either. (Looks at Phoebe) So sorry Pheebs.

[Scene: Monica's apartment. They are all sitting around.]

Monica: (Putting down her phone) Well, the club lost it's power.

Joey: Yeah according to the news, most of the city did.

Rachel: Since when do you watch the news?

Joey: Uh, for your information, since they hired a *very* hot weather girl.

Ross: (To Phoebe and Mike) I can't believe you guys aren't going to be able to get married today.

Phoebe: I know.

Rachel: Wow, you know, it's *so* beautiful out there. You always wanted to get married outside. Why don't you guys just do it on the street?

Phoebe: What?

Rachel: Well, look, it's hardly snowing anymore. I mean you couldn't ask for a more romantic setting. This could be the simple wedding you've always wanted!

Phoebe: (Turning to Mike) What do you think?

Mike: I think I wanna get married to you today.

Phoebe: Me too! (turning to Monica) Monica, do you think we could do it?

Monica: (thinking) AFFIRMATIVE!

[Scene: Outside. They are a bunch of people arranging chairs, shoveling snow and making other preparations.]

Monica: (walking around with her headset still on) OK LET'S GET THESE CHAIRS OUT HERE! Gunther, hit the Christmas lights. (He does so and the lights above the chairs light up. Monica looks satisfied) Okay, who left the ice sculpture (picks up a piece of ice from the ground) ON THE STEAM GRATE? (nobody answers)

Mike's mom: Michael!

Mike: Hey! You made it. Great! Chappy! Hi! (kisses his dad) Hi! (kisses his mom) Mom, I know getting married in the street isn't something you approve of...

Mike's mom: No... It's lovely. The lights and the snow. I could look at them forever.

Mike's dad: (leans in towards Mike) I crushed a pill and put it in her drink... (to his wife) Come on, sweetheart.

Mike: (to Chandler and Ross) You know, Chappy's too small to handle all this snow. Someone's gonna have to walk him down the aisle.

Chandler: So technically, would this person be in the wedding?

Mike: I guess.

Chandler and Ross: I'll do it!

Ross: No, but Chandler, hello... Aren't you scared of dogs?

Chandler: I'm not scared. (moves towards Mike and Chappy) I'll just take little Chappy and... (he backs out) HE CAN SENSE MY FEAR. MY THROAT IS EXPOSED.

Ross: (takes Chappy from Mike) Well, I guess I'm in the wedding then. Ha haaa... (smells Chappy) He stinks!

Monica: Level 1 alert. I repeat, level 1. This is not a drill. Okay we've got a situation. The minister just called. He's snowed in. He can't make it.

Mike: Oh, no!

Joey: Oh hey, don't worry. I'm still ordained from *your* wedding.

Monica: Really?

Joey: Yeah, you'd think I'd give up being a minister and start paying to ride the subway? Huhuh...

Ross: Uhm, ministers don't ride the subway for free.

Joey: I had to read the Bible pretty carefully, but... yeah we do.

Monica: Okay, if Joey does the ceremony, then we have to find someone else to walk Phoebe down the aisle.

Chandler: (quickly) I'll do it.

Ross: I'll...

Chandler: (to Ross) Na ha ha... (to Chappy) Ne he he... (Ross moves Chappy to Chandler, who quickly backs away) Ah ah...

Monica: Okay, Mike and Joey, get in position. Chandler, come with me. (they walk off, Ross looks down to Chappy, who he's holding and he gets a whiff of the dog's smell. He is clearly disgusted by it.)

(Cut to inside Central Perk where Rachel is helping Phoebe. Chandler and Monica enter.)

Monica: Okay, Joey's doing the ceremony and Chandler's giving you away.

Phoebe: Oh, okay. Hi new dad. (Chandler waves)

Monica: So, you're ready to do this?

Phoebe: Uhuh, uhuh... Oh my God! This is really happening.

Rachel: Oh Phoebe, I'm so happy for you honey. (she gives her a kiss)

Phoebe: Oh, thank you.

Monica: I love you. (Phoebe leans in to kiss her.) Oh, wait, wait, wait! No hugs. The dresses... Oh what the hell. (the girls hug)

Phoebe: I love you guys.

Rachel and Monica: I love you.

Monica: Okay. (in her microphone) It's zero hour. All teams execute on my count. (to all) Let's get this bad boy on the road.

Chandler: (to Monica) Is it okay that I want you to wear that head set in bed tonight?

Monica: (checking her clipboard) I have you scheduled for nudity at 2300 hours.

Chandler: Oh yeah! (Monica walks outside)

Monica: Okay Marjorie, hit it.

(A woman with a steel drum and a guy with a xylophone start playing an instrumental version of "Can't Help Falling In Love" by Elvis Presley. A bridesmaid and a groomsman walk down the aisle. Next are Rachel and Ross, who carries Chappy in his arms.)

Rachel: Geez Ross, you could have showered.

Ross: It's the *dog*.

(we cut to Monica)

Monica: Groomsman, groomsman, why are you just standing there, where is your bridesmaid? (into microphone) We've got a broken arrow. Bridesmaid down! (realizes) Oh, that's me.

(She walks down the aisle with the groomsman. We cut to inside Central Perk, where Phoebe and Chandler are waiting.)

Chandler: Ready?

Phoebe: (nervously) Okay.

Chandler: Okay.

Phoebe: Oh wait, oh no. Wait.

(She takes off the coat she was wearing over her wedding dress, which is violet and has a darker shade petticoat underneath which shows at one side where the dress is lifted up to about the height of her hip and connected to the petticoat. She's wearing a veil over her curly hair and a low cut top with straps only just hanging over her shoulders.)

Chandler: Wow! Aren't you gonna be cold?

Phoebe: I don't care... I'll be my something blue.

Chandler: You look beautiful.

Phoebe: Thank you.

(They start to leave Central Perk. The band starts to play "Here, There and Everywhere" by the Beatles. The crowd rises from their seats. Phoebe and Chandler walk down the aisle. Phoebe really glows with

happiness. So does Mike who watches her walk down the aisle. When Phoebe and Chandler arrive, they kiss and Phoebe walks to her bridesmaids.)

Mike: My God! Aren't you freezing?

Phoebe: Na-ah.

(the music ends)

Joey: Friends, family, dog... Thank you all for being here to witness this blessed event. The cold has now spread to my special place... so I'm gonna do the short version of this. Phoebe and Mike are perfect for each other. And I know I speak for every one here... when I wish them a lifetime of happiness. Who has the rings?

(one of the groomsmen gives the rings to Joey)

Joey: (whispering to Phoebe) Okay...

Phoebe: When I was growing up, I didn't have a normal mom and dad, or a regular family like everybody else, and I always knew that something was missing. But now I'm standing here today, knowing that I have everything I'm ever gonna need... You are my family. (She puts the ring on Mike's finger)

Mike: Phoebe you're so beautiful. You're so kind, you're so generous. You're so wonderfully weird. Every day with you is an adventure, and I can't believe how lucky I am, and I can't wait to share my life with you forever. (He puts the ring on Phoebe's finger.)

Phoebe: Oh wait, oh I forgot... and uhm... I love you... and you have nice eyes.

Mike: I love you too.

Ross: Uh Joey...

Joey: Yeah?

Ross: Chappy's heart rate has slowed *way down*.

Joey: Oh, okay. Phoebe, do you take this man to be your husband?

Phoebe: I do.

(Joey has a "Yeah you do" smile on his face)

Joey: Mike, do you take this woman to be your wife?

Mike: I do.

Joey: I now pronounce you... husband and wife.

(Phoebe and Mike kiss)

Phoebe: I got married! (everyone applauds) Could someone get me a coat, I'm freaking freezing.

(Mike takes off his coat to give to Phoebe and the steel band plays "The Wedding Song")

COMMERCIAL BREAK

[Scene: The hallway between the two apartments. Chandler and Joey are walking up the stairs.]

Chandler: That really was an incredible wedding.

Joey: It was, yeah. I kind of don't want it to end. Hey, you wanna come in for a drink and a bite of corsage?

Chandler: I'd love to, but it's 2300 hours and I'm about to have the most organized sex anyone's ever had.

Joey: Nice. Oh hey, what about Ross?

Chandler: I don't know. Maybe he hooked up with that hot girl he was talking to.

(cut to the street in front of Central Perk where Ross is walking Chappy. He has a plastic bag in his hand.)

Season 10

Ross: Come on Chappy, do your business. MAKE! MA-AKE! I did not sign on for this.

THE END

1013. The One Where Joey Speaks French

Written by: Sherry Bilding–Graham & Ellen Plummer

Produced by: Robert Carlock & Wendy Knoller

Transcribed by: Coffee Mug, Eleonora, Sebastiano & Vanessa

[Scene: Central Perk. Everyone's sitting on the couch and Phoebe enters.]

Phoebe: Hi

All: Hey! Hi!

Rachel: How was the honeymoon?

Phoebe: Oh, incredible! Oh! Champagne, candle-lit dinners, moonlight walks on the beach, it was sooo ro-man-tic!

Rachel: Oh!

Chandler: So, where's Mike?

Phoebe: Oh, he's at the doctor, he didn't poop the whole time we were there!

Joey: Well anyway, I'm glad you're back, I really need your help.

Phoebe: Oh, why? What's up?

Joey: I have an audition for this play and for some of it I have to speak French. Which, according to my résumé, I'm fluent in.

Ross: Joey, you shouldn't lie on your résumé.

Monica: Yeah, you really shouldn't. (to Ross, sarcastically) By the way, how was that year-long dig in Cairo?

Ross: (whispering) It was ok...

Rachel: I did not know you spoke French.

Phoebe: Oui, bien sur je parle Français! Qu'est-ce que tu penses alors?

Rachel: Oh... you're so sexy!

Joey: Well, so, will you help me? I really wanna be in this play.

Phoebe: Sure! Tout le plaisir est pour moi, mon ami.

Rachel: Seriously stop it, or I'm gonna jump on ya.

OPENING CREDITS

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's apartment.]

Chandler: Hey.

Monica: Hey.

Chandler: Why are you wearing my apron?

Monica: I'm making cookies for Erica. And oh, by the way, we have to leave for the airport soon, her plane comes in about an hour.

Chandler: Oh, hey, when she gets here, is it ok if I introduce you two as "my wife" and "the woman who's carrying my child"? (she's not amused) No? Divorce?

Ross: (he enters) Hey.

Monica: Hey.

Ross: You guys know where Rachel is?

Monica: No, we haven't seen her since this morning.

Ross: So unbelievable. She was supposed to meet me half an hour ago with Emma. (he tries to take a cookie but Monica slaps his hand)

Monica: Hey!

Ross: Hey!

Monica: These are for Erica!

Ross: What? She's gonna eat *all* those cookies?

Monica: Well, I want the baby to come out all cute and fat!

Ross: So, why is Erica coming to visit?

Monica: Well, because we want to get to know her better and she's never been to New York so she wants to see all the tourists' spots... you know, Statue of Liberty, Empire State Building...

Chandler: Oh, those places! There's always so many people, their being corralled like cattle, and... you know, there's always some idiot who goes "Mooooo"!

Monica: Well, if it annoys you so much, then why do you do it?

Ross: (looking at Rachel entering with Emma) Oh, hi! Hi! Thanks for showing you up *thirty minutes* late!

Rachel: Ross...

Ross: No, no, no, I'm sure you have a great excuse, wh—was it a hair appointment, a mani—pedi or was there a sale at Barney's?

Rachel: My father had an heart attack... (crying) ...while I was at Barney's.

Ross: Oh my God.

Monica: Honey.

Chandler: I'm so sorry...

Ross: Is—is he ok?

Rachel: Yeah, they said he's gonna be fine, but he's still heavily sedated.

Ross: Ok, ok. I'm gonna come out to Long Island with you, I mean, you can't be alone right now.

Rachel: No, come on, I'm totally ok. (hugging him) I don't need you to come! I can totally handle this on my own.

Ross: Still—still, let me come... for *me*.

Rachel: Ok. If you really need to.

Ross: I bet someone could use one of Monica's freshly baked cookies.

Rachel: Oh, I really could.

Ross: Oh!

Rachel: Ohh... (Ross mouths HA—HA at Monica and takes two cookies and she looks at him angrily)

[Scene: Central Perk. Phoebe's trying to teach Joey French, so she's sitting in front of him with the script in her hands.]

Phoebe: All right, it seems pretty simple. Your first line is "My name is Claude", so, just repeat after me. "Je m'appelle Claude".

Joey: Je de coup Clow.

Phoebe: Well, just... let's try it again.

Joey: Ok.

Phoebe: Je m'appelle Claude.

Joey: Je depli mblue.

Phoebe: Uh. It's not... *quite* what I'm saying.

Joey: Really? It sounds exactly the same to me.

Phoebe: It does, really?

Joey: Yeah.

Phoebe: All right, let just try it again. Really listen.

Joey: Got it.

Phoebe: (slowly) Je m'appelle Claude.

Joey: Je te flouppe Fli.

Phoebe: Oh, mon Dieu!

Joey: Oh, de fuff!

Monica: (entering with Erica and Chandler) Hey you guys.

Phoebe: Hi!

Joey: Hey.

Monica: I want you to meet someone really special. Phoebe, this is Erica. And this is the baby!

Phoebe: Oh!

Monica: Joey. Erica, baby!

Joey: Hi.

Monica: Everyone. Erica, baby!

Chandler: Monica. Calm, self.

Erica: Thank you. It's really nice to meet you guys, I can't believe I'm here!

Joey: Welcome to New York City! Or should I say "ghe deu flooff New York City"?

Chandler: Why would you say that?

Phoebe: Ok. What are you gonna be doing today?

Erica: I wanna see everything! Times Square, Coney Island, Rockefeller Center...

Joey: Oh, you know what you should do? You should walk all the way at the top of Statue of Liberty.

Erica: Oh yeah, let's do that!

Chandler: Great! (to Monica) This baby'd better to be *really* good.

[Scene: Hospital.]

Rachel: (stopping a nurse who's coming out of a room) Oh, uhm, excuse me, I'm here to see my father. My name is Rachel Green.

Ross: And I'm Doctor Ross Geller.

Rachel: Ross, please, this is a hospital, ok? That actually means something here.

Rachel: Can somebody please go in?

Nurse: Absolutely.

Ross: Rach, I think I'm gonna wait out here, because my throat is feeling a little scratchy, I don't want to infect him.

Rachel: Ross, please, don't be so scared of him!

Ross: I'm not scared of him, I'm really sick!

Nurse: He's under sedation, so he's pretty much out.

Ross: I'm feeling better.

Rachel: Oh! (They enter. Rachel sees his father, lying on a bed, with tubes, drip and everything) Oh! Oh my God! Ohhh, ohhh, wow, that ear and nose hair trimmer I got him was just money down the drain, huh?

Nurse: Miss Green, your father's doctor is on the phone if you'd like to speak to him.

Rachel: Oh, great, Are you gonna be ok?

Ross: He's unconscious, I think we'll be just fine!

Rachel (leaving): Ok.

(Ross goes into the room where Dr. Green is laying unconscious. He turns on the TV, puts his feet on the bed and starts watching a dinosaur movie where the dinosaur is caught by two cowboys. Dr. Geller awakes.)

Ross: Did the TV wake you?

Dr. Green: No, when you put your feet up in my bed, you tugged on my catheter.

Ross: Ouchy.

Dr. Green: What are you doing here, Geller?

Ross: Well, I came with Rachel, who should be back any second! (pause) So what's new?

Dr. Green: Ooh, I have a little heart attack.

Ross: Right, is it painful?

Dr. Green: What, the heart attack or sitting here talking to you?

Ross (he buzzes for the nurse) Let's see if we can get that Rachel back here.

Dr. Green: So what's new with you, uh, knocked up any more of my daughters lately?

Ross: Nope, just the one. RACH!

[Scene: Joey's apartment. Phoebe is trying to teach Joey French.]

Phoebe: Je m'appelle Claude.

Joey: Je do call blue!

Phoebe: Nooooo! Ok, maybe if we just break it down. Ok, let's try at one syllable at a time. Ok? So repeat after me. "je".

Joey: je.

Phoebe: m'ap

Joey: mah

Phoebe: pelle

Joey: pel.

Phoebe: Great, ok faster! "je"

Joey: je.

Phoebe: m'ap

Joey: mah

Phoebe: pelle

Joey: pel.

Phoebe: Je m'appelle!

Joey: Me pooh pooh!

Phoebe: Ok, it's too hard, I can't teach you!

Joey: What are you doing?

Phoebe: I, I have to go before I put your head through a wall. (she leaves)

Joey: (he goes out calling her) Don't move! Don't go! I need you! My audition is tomorrow! Shah blue blah! Me lah peeh! Ombrah! (he gives up). Pooh.

[Scene: Green's mansion. Rachel's Room. Rachel's is combing her hair: Ross's coming into the room]

Ross: Hey!

Rachel: Hi!

Ross: I was gonna make us some dinner but all I found in your dad's fridge was bacon and heavy cream. (pause) I think we solved the mystery of the heart attack.

Rachel: Uh. (pause) Did you call your parents?

Ross: Oh, yeah. Emma's doing great.

Rachel: Oh good.

Ross: Wow.

Rachel: What?

Ross: Just can't believe I'm in Rachel Green's room.

Rachel: What do you mean? You've been in my room before!

Ross: Yeah, sure, right! Like I've ever been in Rachel Green's room.

Rachel: Ok I gotta tell ya, it's really weird when you use my whole name.

Ross: Sorry. (Rachel sits on her bed). You ok?

Rachel: Yeah.

Ross: You had a rough day, uh?

Rachel: Yeah, just so weird seeing him like that, you know? I mean he is a doctor, you don't expect doctors to get sick!

Ross: But we do! (pause) It's gonna be ok, Rach!

Rachel: (she's sad) Ow. I don't want him to wake up alone! I should go to the hospital!

Ross: What? No, no! Hey, hey, hey look...

Rachel: What?

Ross: They gave him a lot of medication, ok? He wouldn't even know if you were there. Look, we'll go see him first thing in the morning, ok?

Rachel: Really, I shouldn't feel guilty?

Ross: No, God! Hey, Rach, you've been an amazing daughter, ok? Right now you just need to get some rest.

Rachel: Ok, maybe you're right.

Ross: (he kisses her on her forehead) Good night.

Rachel: Wait, wait, wait, wait. Would you stay here with me for a little while?

Ross: Sure!

Rachel: Ok. (She sits on the bed and Ross sits near her) Thank you for coming with me today.

Ross: Oh, of course...

Rachel: Rachel Green is very happy you're in her room!

Ross: Me too. Come here. (They hug)

Rachel: I just don't want to be alone tonight.

Ross: Ok, well, uh, I can maybe grab a sleeping bag, or...(There's one of those moments. They're staring at each other, no word uttered, and then she leans toward him in order to kiss him, but he ducks and avoids her more than once.) Oh, oh. (he then hugs her and when she tries to kiss him again, he stands up and she falls down on the bed). No, Rach! I'm sorry, I just don't think this, this, this is a good idea.

Rachel: Wait, we won't know that until we do it, will we?

Ross: No, look, uh. You are upset about your father and you're feeling vulnerable and I just don't feel it would be right, I'd feel like I'd be, you know, taking advantage of you.

Rachel: Taking advantage? I'm giving you the advantage, enjoy!

Ross: Look, I'm sure it would be great, but I—I think one of us has to be thinking clearly, so, I'm gonna go!

Rachel: Wow. Ok.

Ross: I'll see you in the morning (he leaves).

Rachel: Mhm—mh!

Ross: (outside her room, talking by himself) Haven't had sex in four months, I should get a medal for that!

[Scene: Monica's apartment. Monica and Erica have just arrived.]

Erica: Thanks so much for taking me to all those places. I had a great time.

Monica: Oh, I'm glad. Listen, I want to apologize about Chandler, though. I just did not see this coming.

Chandler: (enters the room wearing an "I love New York" t-shirt, a "Statue of Liberty" hat and carrying bags) New York is awesome!

Monica: What is with you?

Chandler: Yeah, I've been to these places before, but I've never really seen them, you know.

Monica: Yeah, you miss alot, when you're moo-ing.

Erica: Thanks so much for showing me around.

Monica: Oh! It was our pleasure. We are so much enjoying getting to know you.

Erica: Well, if there is anything else you wanna know... (Monica and Chandler look at each other)

Chandler: Oh, uhm, okay, uhm, do you mind if we ask you some questions about the father?

Erica: Oh, sure. Yeah, well, he was my high school boyfriend. Captain of the football team, really cute and he got a scholarship and went off to college. (Monica and Chandler are smiling from ear to ear)

Chandler: That's great.

Erica: Yeah... it's almost definitely him. (Monica and Chandler look confused now)

Monica: How's that now?

Erica: Well, there is a chance it's another guy. I mean, I have only ever been with two guys, but they sorta overlapped.

Chandler: So, what does the other guy do? Does he go to college too?

Erica: No, he's in prison. (More shocked looks from Monica and Chandler)

Monica: Was he falsely accused of something? (They look hopeful)

Erica: No... he killed his father with a shovel. (Monica and Chandler's jaws drop) But other than that, he's a great guy.

Chandler: I'll bet his dad doesn't think so.

(Time lapse. Chandler and Monica are in bed now)

Monica: Are you awake?

Chandler: Of course I'm awake. Assume from now on that I'm always awake! (He turns the light on)

Monica: Alright, we don't know that it's him. I mean, it could be the football guy.

Chandler: Honey, it's *us*. Of course it's the shovel-killer.

Monica: Alright, lets say that it *is* him, would we not want the baby? No! Would we treat him any differently?

Chandler: I'd keep an eye on him! We *have* to find out which one the father is.

Monica: How?

Chandler: I dunno, aren't there tests for these things, right?

Monica: Yeah, but maybe we're just over-reacting.

Chandler: Pff, easy for you to say, he's a *father* killer. He probably *loves* him mommy. He's probably got a tattoo that says "mom" on his shovel-wielding arm!

[Scene: Joey's apartment. He is sitting on the barcalounger holding a French study book and listening to a French learning tape.]

Tape: We will now count from one to five. Un, deux, trois, quatre, cinq.

Joey: Huh, un, blu, bla, flu, flenk!

Tape: Good job.

Joey: Thank you.

(Phoebe enters)

Phoebe: Hey Joey.

Joey: Hey!

Phoebe: Listen, I feel really badly about yesterday and I thought about it a lot and, and I know, I was too impatient. SO lets try it again.

Joey: Oh, no, that's okay, I don't need your help. I worked on it myself and I gotta say, I am pretty good!

Phoebe: Really, can I hear some of it.

Joey: Sure, sure. Ok, (clears his throat and starts to read from his script. He starts talking in a fake French accent, making gestures with his hands) "Bleu de la bleu, de la blu bla bleu" (Phoebe looks astonished, annoyed and disgusted, Joey seems very proud though) See?

Phoebe: Well, you're not, (she tries to smile and contain her anger, but loses it) You're not... you're not... again, you're not SPEAKING FRENCH!

Joey: (offended) Oh well I think I am, yeah and I think I'm definitely gonna get the part.

Phoebe: How could you *possibly* think that?

Joey: For one thing, the guy on the tape said I was doing a good job!

[Scene: The hospital. Rachel is pouring her self a cup of coffee. Ross approaches from behind.]

Ross: Hey Rach, can you grab me a cup of coffee?

Rachel: (She turns around very slowly, looks at him for a second and then turns back to her coffee) Sure. (She gives him the cup she was pouring for herself without looking at him)

Ross: You've been quiet all morning. Is everything okay?

Rachel: Hmm-hmm. (starts to pour herself a cup of coffee, never looking at Ross)

Ross: You sure you're alright?

Rachel: (coldly) Yep.

Ross: (knowing she's not alright) O-kay. Well, I'm gonna go grab us some breakfast. (He starts to leave)

Rachel: FYI..

Ross: (knew this was coming) There it is... (he comes back)

Rachel: In the future, when a girl asks for some ill-advised sympathy sex... just do it. (she smiles fakely at him)

Ross: (half amused) Wait, wait, (looks around a little) You're mad at me about last night? I was just trying to do the right thing.

Rachel: (sarcastically) Really? Well, it seems to me if you'd done the right thing, I would not have woken up today feeling stupid and embarrassed, I would have woken up feeling comforted and *satisfied*!

Ross: (acknowledging the last part of her sentence) Well...

Rachel: Oh stop that!

Ross: I can't believe this. I was just being a good guy. I treated you with respect and understanding.

Rachel: (sarcastic) Oh, that is *so* hot. She walks around him to the other side)

Ross: Hey, I was looking out for you.

Rachel: Oh, really, well Ross, you know what? I am a big girl. I don't need someone telling me what is best for me.

Ross: I gotta say, I have not had sex a *lot* of times before, this is the worst *ever*.

Rachel: Oh, really, really? Well, it wasn't very good for me either. (She turns to leave and Ross over takes her and stands in front of her, his back to the row of doors leading to the hospital rooms)

Ross: Hey you know what? You know what? To avoid this little thing in the future, let's just say, you and me, *never* having sex again.

Rachel: What?

Ross: That's right, sex is off the table. (The door starts to open behind him and Dr. Green emerges) I am *never* having sex with *you* again. (Rachel stays quiet and after a few moments Ross realizes what has happened. He turns abruptly) Dr. Green, are you feeling better? (Rachel's dad glares at him with a deadly look)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's apartment. Monica and Erica enter, Chandler is in the kitchen.]

Chandler: Hey! How was lunch?

Erica: (To Chandler) We had a good time. By the way, I wanted to ask you something. It would really mean a lot to me, if the baby was a boy, that you name him after my father, Jiminy Billy Bob (Monica smiles at Chandler and he looks shocked and scared, getting no support from his wife)

Chandler: (struggling) Oh, really?

Erica: No! (To Monica) You we're right, that *was* fun! I'm gonna go finish packing.

Chandler: O-okay. (steps closer to Monica and speaks softly) So, is she gonna take the test?

Monica: Nope, she doesn't have to, I found out who the father is.

Chandler: Oh God. It's shovely-Joe, isn't it?

Monica: (smiling) No it's not.

Chandler: How do you know?

Erica: Well, it turns out that Erica didn't pay much attention in Sex Ed class, because the thing she did with that prison guy... it'd be pretty hard to make a baby that way.

Chandler: Oh God! What was it? The thing that we hardly ever do or the thing we *never* do?

Monica: The thing we never do.

Chandler: (nods in appreciation) Shovely Joel!

[Scene: The theatre where Joey is auditioning. Phoebe enters when Joey's on stage and she sits down. He hasn't seen her.]

Director: Whenever you're ready Joey.

Joey: Right. (clears his throat) Dja bu bu Claude. Uh, c'est la pu les la lu blah bloo.

Casting assistant: I'm sorry, what's going on?

Joey: Dude, come on! French it u-up!

Director: Joey, do you speak French?

Joey: Toutes la smore! Bu blu-ay bloo blah ooh! Pfoof!

Director: You know what. I think this audition is over. (Joey looks disappointed, but understands.)

Phoebe: (in a French accent) Uh, excuse me. Uh, I am Reginé Philange. I was passing by when I heard this man speaking the regional dialect of my French town of Estée Lauder.

Director: You really think this man is speaking French?

Joey: Sa-sa-saw!

Phoebe: Écoutez, je vais vous dire la vérité. C'est mon petit frère. Il est un peu retardé. (Translation: Listen, I will tell you the truth. He's my little bother. He's a bit retarded.)

(The director looks at Joey and he nods.)

Phoebe: Alors, si vous pouviez jouer le jeu avec lui... (Translation: So, would you please just humor him?)

Director: (to Joey) Good job, little buddy. That was some really good French. But I think we're gonna go with someone else for the part.

Joey: Ah. All right. But my French was good?

Director: It was great.

Joey: (to Phoebe) Oh-hoh! Ha-hah! See!

Phoebe: (to the director) Merci. Au revoir. (Translation: Thanks, goodbye.)

Joey: Yeah-hah. Toute-de-le-fruit.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's apartment. Rachel is sitting at the kitchen counter and Ross enters from Rachel and Emma's room.]

Ross: Emma's down for the night.

Rachel: Oh, good.

Ross: So uh... I guess I wanna take off.

Rachel: Okay... Hey listen, just before you go l-l again, I just wanna say "thank you" for coming with me.

Ross: Oh, no problem.

Rachel: And also, you know I uh, I was thinking about what you said, you know, about the whole sex thing and... it's probably not a great idea to go down that road again.

Ross: Thank you. I'm glad you agree.

Rachel: It's a shame though, I mean, when we did it, it was pretty good.

Ross: Yeah... Yeah, that's true.

Rachel: Hey uhm, do you remember that *one* really great time...?

Ross: Oh, ye-ah!

Rachel: You know it was you're uhm... birthday...

Ross: ...Valentine's day...

Both: (long pause, they realize) Oh yeah!

Rachel: Well, I guess that's all in the past, now.

Ross: Hmmm-mmmm.

Rachel: (after a pause) Not even one more time?

Ross: Not even once.

Rachel: No matter how much we want it.

Ross: Even if we want it *really bad*.

Rachel: That's what *we* decided.

Ross: Uhm, right!

Rachel: ...It's kinda hard though!

Ross: Yeah.

Rachel: You know, when two people have a connection, you know, that's... just seems like such a... waste.

Ross: ...I hate waste.

Rachel: ...Ross?

Ross: Yes?

Rachel: Just so you know... With us... it's never off the table. (she enters her room and closes the door.)

Ross: Damn it. It's never off the table. (he leaves the apartment)

COMMERCIAL BREAK

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's apartment. Phoebe and Joey are "updating" Joey's resumé.]

Phoebe: Okay, can you really tapdance?

Joey: No.

Phoebe: It's off the resumé. (she strikes it through with a pencil)

Phoebe: Archery?

Joey: No.

Phoebe: Horseback riding?

Joey: Would fall off a lot.

Phoebe: You can drink a gallon of milk in 10 seconds?

Joey: *That* I can do.

Phoebe: Come on! You can drink a *gallon* of milk in 10 seconds?

Joey: All right, watch me! (he takes a full container of milk from the fridge) Okay, you time me. Ready?

Phoebe: Ready... GO!

(Joey takes the plastic container to his mouth and starts to drink. Most of the milk gushes from the bottle down his chin and over his clothes to the floor. He keeps "drinking" and all of a sudden he lifts it up and

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half the bottle of milk pours out in an instant. He then continues to drink the rest. He then puts the empty container down on the counter.)

Phoebe: (checking her watch) You did it!

THE END

1014. The One With Princess Consuela

Teleplay by: Tracy Reilly

Story by: Robert Carlock

Produced by: Robert Carlock & Wendy Knoller

Transcribed by: Coffee Mug, Eleonora, Sebastiano & Vanessa

Final check by Kim

[Scene: Chandler and Monica's apartment. They are having a diner party with Phoebe and Mike.]

Mike: (raising his glass) Thank you guys for having us over.

Phoebe: Oh! Yeah, this is fun, couples night.

Chandler: Yeah, I don't know why we hang out with married couples more often.

Monica: Well, because every time we do, you make jokes about swinging and scare them away.

Chandler: You mean that Portuguese couple? Yeah, like you wouldn't have done it. (she shrugs)

Ross: (entering) Hey, you guys... I have great news.

Monica: Ross, we're kind of in the middle of diner here.

Ross: Oh, well, er, I already ate, but sure...! (they all look at each other when Ross grabs a plate) Guess what happened at work today...

Chandler: A dinosaur died a million years ago?

Ross: Try sixty-five million years ago, and then try sssshhhhhh.... My tenure review board met today and I hear it's looking *really* good.

Phoebe: Wow!

Ross: Yeah. Do you have any idea what this means in academic circles, uh? I am gonna get *laid*.

Rachel: (while entering) Hi you guys.

All: Hey.

Rachel: Ooh, Italian! (she also grabs a plate)

Monica: No one wanted seconds, right?

Ross: No, no. I-I'm good.

Rachel: Hey you guys... You're never gonna believe it. This headhunter called me. I have a meeting tomorrow with Gucci. Gucci wants *me*.

Ross: I'm up for tenure.

Rachel: Congratulations!

Ross: You too! What are the odds?

Rachel: Ooh! (they hug)

Joey: (enters) Guess what? (they all look expectantly at him) I finally got that seed out of my teeth.

Monica: I don't know who I'm happiest for...

Phoebe: *I do*, he's been working on that all day! (looking at Joey)

OPENING CREDITS

[Scene: Central Perk. Phoebe, Monica and Chandler on their couch.]

Phoebe: Hey Mon? Was it weird changing your name to Geller-Bing?

Monica: No, no. It felt nice to acknowledge this. (pats Chandler on his leg)

Phoebe: Where did you go to do it?

Monica: Uhm the... the ministry... of names... bureau...

Chandler: YOU NEVER DID IT!

Monica: I'm sorry. It's just the idea of being an official Bing.

Chandler: Hey! I will have you know that... aah, who am I kidding. Let's call the kid Geller and let Bing die with me.

Mike: (walks to the couch with coffee for Phoebe) Here you go.

Phoebe: Thanks! Honey, would you want me to take your name?

Mike: Oh, it's just... It's up to you. It's your name. You've got to live with it.

Phoebe: All right, let's see, call me mrs Hannigan.

Chandler: Mrs Hannigan?

Phoebe: What? Can't you see I'm in the middle of something? Ooh, I like it.

Joey: (enters) Hey guys.

Chandler: Hey Joe! We've got a couple of things we've got to check out at the new house. You want to come with us?

Joey: No, thank you.

Monica: All right. I know you're not happy about us moving, but you're the only one who hasn't seen the house.

Chandler: Yeah, come with us. You'll see how close it is to the city.

Joey: But no, it's not close. You said it was in escrow? I couldn't even find it on the map.

Monica: Joey, please come. It would mean so much to us.

Joey: You know what? You are my friends, I wanna be supportive, I will come with you. SHOTGUN!

Chandler: Damn it.

Monica: See you guys later.

Phoebe: Okay!

Monica: (to Joey) I'll pick you up at eleven. So glad you're coming.

Phoebe: Good for you. That was really mature.

Joey: What? No, the only reason I'm going to their *stupid* new house, is so I can point out everything that's wrong with it, so they don't move. I'm gonna make them stay here.

Mike: You're a strange kind of grown-up.

Phoebe: Joey, you can't make someone do something they don't want to do. Believe me, there's something I've been trying to get Mike to do in bed and there's... he's just...

Mike: Woo-wo-hey-hey-hey... Can we not talk about that right now?

Phoebe: All right, *prude*... Look, Monica and Chandler really love this house. You are not gonna talk them into staying here.

Joey: Hey, hey... I can convince people to do anything, you know. I bet I can even get Mike to do that "thing". What is it?

(Phoebe whispers something in Joey's ear, but after hearing it he jumps up, shocked)

Joey: I AM NOT GONNA HELP YOU DO *THAT!* Goodbye! (he leaves)

[Scene: A restaurant. Rachel enters.]

Rachel: (to maitre d') Hi, I'm here to see mr Campbell... with Gucci. The reservation is probably under Gucci. It's spelled like *Gukki*, which could be confusing.

Maitre d': Mr Campbell's not here yet. Let me show you to his table.

(They walk to the table, but Rachel suddenly gasps. Sitting there is mr Zellner, her boss from her current job at Ralph Lauren.)

Rachel: Oh my God! That's my boss. You have to seat us somewhere else.

Maitre d': I'm sorry. That's *always* mr Campbell's table.

Rachel: But my... but my boss cannot see me. I'm interviewing for another job.

Maitre d': I know. With *Gukki*

Rachel: Sssshhhh!

Mr Zellner: Rachel?

Rachel: Hi... I'm on a date...

Mr Zellner: (confused) That's great!

Rachel: Yeah, it is. Yeah, you know, it's tough. Single mom, career... You gotta get out there.

Mr Zellner: Well, you got uhm... good energy.

Rachel: Oh.

Mr Campbell: Rachel?

Rachel: Yes, hi!

Mr Campbell: James Campbell...

Rachel: Hi! (to mr Zellner) Excuse us.

Mr Campbell: Please... (shows her to sit)

Rachel: Okay. Oh, yeah... (whispering to mr Zellner) Oh he's *cute!*

Mr Campbell: So... your resumé is quite impressive. (Mr Zellner who sits behind Rachel shrugs)

Rachel: Wha... My resumé? I wouldn't... I wouldn't call my online dating profile a resumé.

Mr Campbell: Dating profile? I-I-I'm talking about the work resumé.

Rachel: (starts singing la la la la) Whatever happened to just singing for no reason? Huh?

Mr Campbell: Maybe people... found it weird.... So, why do you want to leave Ralph Lauren?

Rachel: What? I-I don't.

Mr Campbell: You don't?

Rachel: No, I-I-I love it there.

Mr Campbell: Well, if you don't want to leave, why are we having this lunch?

(Rachel mimes and mouths to mr Campbell "That is my boss", pointing to mr Zellner)

Mr Campbell: What?

(Rachel now silently whispers "That's my boss".)

Mr Campbell: That's Hugo Boss?

(Rachel holds her hand in order to support her head. Mr Zellner obviously overheard the conversation.)

[Scene: A counter at a government building. Phoebe's waiting in line.]

Phoebe: (to the woman behind her) This place is so depressing. If I had to work here I'd kill myself. (she turns around and the clerk behind the counter heard her.) But *you* obviously haven't.

Clerk: How can I help you?

Phoebe: I need to change my name, please. See, I need to change it because I'm—I'm hiding from the law. (the clerk shows no change in expression whatsoever) You're fun.

Clerk: You need to fill out this form. (motions for the next person in line)

Phoebe: Okay, well, I just don't, I don't know how it works exactly. See, my name is Buffay and my husband's name is Hannigan, so is it supposed to be Buffay–Hannigan or Hannigan–Buffay?

Clerk: It can be anything you want.

Phoebe: Well, not *anything*, I mean...

Clerk: Yeah... *anything*.

Phoebe: Oh, this could take a while.

Clerk: Get out of my line.

Phoebe: Okay.

[Scene: Central Perk. Chandler and Monica are there when Phoebe enters.]

Phoebe: Hey!

Monica: Hey Pheebs.

Phoebe: Oh, not anymore. I changed it today.

Monica: Oh, I'm sorry, mrs Hannigan.

Phoebe: Wrong again! Apparently you can change it to anything you want. So I thought, all right, here's an opportunity to be creative. So meet Princess Consuela Banana Hammock.

Chandler: That's what we were gonna name the baby.

Monica: Phoebe!

Phoebe: Uh! Princess Consuela.

Monica: You seriously changed your name to that?

Phoebe: Uh–huh!

Monica: Okay, so from now on we have to call you Princess Consuela?

Phoebe: Uhm, no. I'm gonna have my friends call me Valerie.

(Rachel enters, looking depressed)

Chandler: Hey, how'd the interview go?

Rachel: Oh! It's not good.

Chandler: You know, I always feel that way after an interview. I'll bet it went better than you think.

Rachel: Well, I didn't get the job at Gucci and I got fired from Ralph Lauren.

Chandler: That is a bad interview.

Phoebe: What are you, what are you talking about? How did this happen?

Rachel: Well, my boss was at the same restaurant where I was having my interview and he heard everything. So later he calls me to his office and he tells me that he's gonna have to let me go, because I'm not a team player. And I said "Wait a minute! Yes I am." and I had to sit there for 45 minutes while he proved that that in fact... was true.

Monica: Oh God. I'm so sorry.

(Ross enters with a bottle in his hand)

Ross: Hey! Wha-hoo! What's this? (showing the bottle) Well it's a, it's a bottle of champagne. Why is *this* here?

Phoebe: Ross...

Ross: I guess it's here because I GOT TENURE!

All (except Rachel): Congratulations! (Rachel looks devastated)

Ross: This is the single greatest day of my professional career. Gunther, six glasses!

Gunther: Six? You want me to join you?

Ross: Oh, I thought Joey was here. Five is good. (Gunther leaves, hurt) Well, I'm gonna have a loogie in my coffee tomorrow.

Chandler: Ooh! Israeli champagne. And it's vanilla!

Ross: I got tenure. I didn't win the lottery... Hey Rach, so uh... how did your thing go?

Rachel: Oh it... good! Yeah, but I'm not gonna hear from that for a couple of days.

Ross: Oh, you know what? You're gonna get it. I-I-I-I can feel it.

Phoebe: Can you?

Rachel: Ah, all right. Here's to Ross!

Ross: And-and to years of hard work *finally* paying off.

Phoebe: *And* to knowing that your career doesn't mean everything. (Rachel mouths "aah")

Ross: But also knowing it means *a lot*.

Monica: But more importantly to full well-rounded lives.

Ross: ...that center around work.

Chandler: To Ross!

All (except Rachel): Ross!

(they all drink from the champagne, but clearly dislike the taste of it)

Ross: You know what the *best* part about this is? I can never be fired.

Phoebe: Oh God!

Ross: No seriously. I have job security *for life*. You know, I never have to worry. (Rachel starts crying) Oh, look at you. Look how happy you are for me.

Rachel: (crying) No, it's not that. I got fired today. And I didn't get the other job.

Ross: Rach, I'm so sorry.

Rachel: Oh!

Ross: Great. I feel like an idiot.

Rachel: No, it's okay, you didn't know.

Ross: Oh... (to the others) Little heads-up would have been nice.

[Scene: Chandler and Monica's future house. They enter the living room with the realtor and Joey.]

Monica: Thank you for letting us see the house again.

Chandler: And thank you for explaining to us what escrow means... I've already forgotten what you said, but thank you.

Realtor: Take as long as you want. Just let me know when you're through. (she leaves the room)

Monica: Ah, so glad you decided to come.

Joey: Me too. Yeah, this place is great. I'm so happy for you guys. Although, you know, I hope you like fungus.

Chandler: What?

Joey: Fungus! Yeah. Place is full of it.

Monica: No it's not. We had an inspection and they didn't find anything.

Joey: Okay. Then I guess I have dry eyes and a scratchy throat for no reason.

Monica: Maybe because it's you hung your head out of the window like a dog the whole ride here.

Joey: Maybe. So this is the living room huh? Ooh, it's pretty dark. (starts feeling around him like he's in a completely dark room, touching Chandler, who backs out and hits him)

Monica: No it's not!

Joey: (squinting his eyes) Are you kiddin'? I think I just saw a bat in the corner!

Chandler: When your head was hanging out the window, it didn't hit a mailbox, did it?

Joey: (glares at him for a moment, then admits grudgingly) Maybe. Well, I just think you guys can do better than this house, you know? Or any other house for that matter.

Monica: Oh Joey, look, we know you're having a hard time with this, but we really, we love it here.

Joey: FINE, ok, if you love this house so much, then you should just live here, okay? I just hope you get used to that weird humming sound. (He turns his back to them and starts humming)

Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm...

Monica: Joey, we know that's you.

Joey: no... hmmm... it's not... hmmm...

[Scene: Phoebe is at Central Perk. Mike enters.]

Mike: Hey (He kisses Phoebe)

Phoebe: Welcome back!

Mike: Ah! I missed you

Phoebe: Oh, me too!

Mike: So, what's new?

Phoebe: Well, I'm no longer Phoebe Buffay.

Mike: That's great! You changed your name?

Phoebe: Yes I did! Meet: Princess Consuela Banana Hammock! (She smiles from ear to ear)

Mike: (afraid) You're kidding right?

Phoebe: Nope.

Mike: You really did that?

Phoebe: Yep.

Mike: Yeah, but you can't do that.

Phoebe: Why? It's fun, it's different, no-one else has a name like it.

Mike: (looks at her astonished) Alright, then I'm gonna change *my* name.

Phoebe: Great, okay, what are you gonna change it to?

Mike: Crap Bag.

Phoebe:(not amused) Mike Crap Bag?

Mike: No, no Mike, just Crap Bag. First name Crap, last name Bag.

Phoebe: You're not serious, right?

Mike: Yeah, I'm serious. (sarcastic) It's fun, it's different and no-one else has a name like that!

Phoebe: Uhu, uhu, well, then, *great*. If you love it, I love it.

Mike: I *do* love it, and I *love* your name. I *love* Princess Consuela.

Phoebe: And I love Crap.

[Scene: Joey is in Monica and Chandler's future house, sitting in a child's bedroom, looking at a quiz card which has "5+10=" printed on one side.]

Joey: (turns the card around, obviously had the wrong answer) Ow!

(A young girl enters)

Girl: Who are you?

Joey: Oh, hi, I'm Joey. My stupid friends are buying this house. Who are you?

Girl: I'm Mackenzie. My stupid parents are selling this house.

Joey: (understanding) Oh.

Mackenzie: (sighs) I hate my parents.

Joey: I hate my friends. (They shake on it as if they just made a pact) Alright, look. There's gotta be a way that we can stop this from happening.

Mackenzie: Like what?

Joey: (thinking) Uhm... oh! Okay. You come with me, and you tell them that the house is haunted!

Mackenzie: What are you? Eight?

Joey: Woah, uh! Okay, let's hear your great idea.

Mackenzie: I don't have any great ideas. I *am* eight.

Joey: (frustrated) Ahh! There's gotta be a way. I mean, you know, if Monica and Chandler move out here and now Phoebe is married to Mike. That just leaves me and Ross and Rach, you know what I mean?

Mackenzie: I really don't.

Joey: What am I gonna do, I feel like I'm losing my friends.

Mackenzie: My parents say I'm gonna make new friends.

Joey: Oh, yeah, sure, easy for you, you're young. Me, I'm set in my ways.

Mackenzie: This is what my mom was talking about. Whiners are wieners. (Joey glares at her angrily) Look, you want your friends to be happy, right?

Joey: Yeah, yeah, I guess.

Mackenzie: Well, if moving here is gonna make them happy, don't you want them to do it?

Joey: (having difficulty admitting it) Yeah, maybe.

Mackenzie: Then you gotta let them go.

Joey: (In near tears, realizes she is right) I hate to admit it, but you're probably right. How did you get to be so smart?

Mackenzie: I read a lot.

Joey: (his mood changes instantly) Just when I thought we could be friends. (he leaves the room)

[Scene: Outside Ralph Lauren building. Rachel just walked out carrying a box of her stuff, and a strange man approaches her.]

Man: Hey Rach, I just heard. I'm so sorry.

Rachel: Oh, thank you... (looks at his face trying to remember his name)

Man: You still don't know my name, do you?

Rachel: (Is embarrassed for a moment, but it quickly passes) Well, now I don't have to. (The man leaves instantly)

(In the meantime, Ross is trying to squeeze and push a rather large chair through the revolving doors of the Ralph Lauren building.)

Rachel: (annoyed) Ross, what is taking you *so* long?

Ross: (stares at her through the door and starts pushing the chair harder, looking very annoyed. He finally manages) (sarcastic) I'm sorry, it's almost as if this wasn't built for a quick getaway!

(Mark, approaches from behind and recognizes her)

Mark: Rachel?

Rachel: (turns around) Mark? Oh my God! (puts the box on the chair and they hug each other)

Mark: How've you been?

Rachel: I'm fantastic. You remember Ross?

Mark: Sure, sure. (To Ross) What's with the chair. (Rachel signals him not to mention she's been fired)

Ross: Uh, you know, you can't always get a seat on the subway, so... (laughs stupidly)

Mark: Clever. (back to Rachel) So how are you?

Rachel: Oh, well, (looks at her box and chair) you're not catching me on my best day.

Mark: Yeah, a box full of your desk stuff doesn't exactly say big promotion.

Rachel: No, but it's good, you know, I'm gonna take some time off and do some charity work.

Mark: Are you sure, because we may have something at Louis Vuitton.

Rachel: Well, screw charity work. What've you got?

Mark: Why don't we have dinner tonight and talk about it?

Rachel: Great! I'll call ya!

Mark: (shakes Ross' hand) Nice to see you.

Ross: Yeah! yeah, I got tenure! (Mark looks at him strangely and walks off)

Rachel: (very excited) Oh my God!

Ross: See? I told you something good would come along. And he seemed really nice. I've met him before?

Rachel: Ross! That's Mark. From Bloomingdales? You were insanely jealous of him.

Ross: (realizing) *That* is Mark?

Rachel: Yes.

Ross: I *hate* that guy.

Rachel: Oh.

Ross: No, no, NO, you cannot go to dinner with him.

Rachel: What? You don't want me to get a job?

Ross: Oh yeah, I'm sure he's gonna give you a job. Maybe make you his SEXretary.

Rachel: Ugh.

Ross: I'm serious. I just don't trust that guy, okay?

Rachel: Ross, you know what? (looks over to the door and sees security staring at them) Okay, let's talk about it later, there comes security. (Takes her box and leaves. Ross follows her and then returns for the

chair. He stands for a moment, then pushes it quickly in the general direction Rachel went into, and out of the camera's view, and then nonchalantly walks away)

[Scene: Chandler and Monica's new house. Sitting near the window, they look at the neighborhood.]

Monica: Oh, I love this street. The trees, the big front yards, the actual picket fences.

Chandler: Man, those two dogs are going *at it!*

Joey: (entering) Hey!

Chandler: Hey.

Monica: Hey, where have you been?

Joey: Oh, just er... you know, looking around. But you know what? This house... is great.

Chandler: Really? What changed your mind?

Joey: Oh well, the little girl who lives here made me feel a lot better about the whole thing.

Chandler: Joey, there *was* a little girl who lived here, but she died like 30 years ago.

(Joey's eyes double in size)

Joey: (frightened) What?

Chandler: Ha! I'm just messing with you.

Joey: That's not funny! You know I'm afraid of little girl ghosts!

Monica: Joey, now that you're okay with the house, do you wanna go see your room?

Joey: What? I get my own room?

Chandler: You don't think we'd buy a house and not have a Joey room do you?

Joey: Oh my God! (they all hug) Oh! Hey, can I have an aquarium? And a sex swing?

Chandler and Monica: No!

Joey: Why not? I'll keep the tank clean.

[Scene: Central Perk. Phoebe and Mike are leaving.]

Mike: After you, miss Banana Hammock.

Phoebe: Thank you, mister Bag.

(a woman enters and recognizes Phoebe)

Woman: Oh hey, how are you?

Phoebe: Oh hi Rita! Good! (to Mike) Oh, Rita's a massage client.

Mike: Oh! Why don't you introduce me?

Phoebe: (shrugs) Er, Rita, this is my husband.

Rita: Oh! (they shake hands)

Phoebe: Yeah.

Mike: Why don't you tell her my name?

Phoebe: (without moving her lips, wearing a fake smile) Okay, I will. (to Rita) This is my husband Crap Bag.

Rita: Crap Bag?

Mike: If you need an easy way to remember it, just think of a bag of crap.

Rita: Okay. Excuse me...

Phoebe: Yeah... Ogh... Okay, fine. You made your point. Can you please just be Mike Hannigan again?

Mike: Only if you'll be Phoebe Buffay.

Phoebe: How about uhm... How about Buffay-Hannigan?

Mike: Really?

Phoebe: Yeah. I'm Phoebe Buffay-Hannigan Banana Hammock.

Mike: Do you even know what a banana hammock is?

Phoebe: It's a funny word.

Mike: It's a Speedo.

Phoebe: ...Oh crap!

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's apartment. Ross enters.]

Ross: Hey, is Rachel here?

Monica: No.

Ross: She's still at dinner?

Monica: I guess. Why? Who's she with?

Ross: That guy Mark. From Bloomingdale's... She thinks he's just being nice to her. But I know he really wants to sleep with her.

Chandler: It's seven years ago. (he looks surprised) My time machine works!

Ross: We ran into him on the street today and he said he might have a job for her. But I know he just wants to get into her pants.

Monica: So what if he wants to sleep with her? I mean, she's single and he's cute.

Chandler: Excuse me?

Monica: Oh please! Yesterday on the subway? You couldn't stop staring at that woman with the big breasts *the whole time*.

Chandler: For your information, I was staring at her baby. We're about to be parents.

Monica: Oh, sorry!

(She looks at Ross, a bit ashamed. Chandler mimes "big breasts" to Ross and lip syncs "Wow". Ross looks at him, astonished and then Monica looks at Chandler again. A little too late he changes the "big breasts" mime into "rocking a baby". When he realizes Monica might have seen it he also strokes his imaginary baby's head.)

Rachel: (entering) Hi you guys!

Ross: Hey, so uhm... How was dinner?

Rachel: Oh, it was great. Mark is *so sweet*.

Ross: (speaking without pause, agitated) Oh yeah? Yeah? I wonder why? What could that smarmy leech possibly want?

Rachel: Oh Ross, come on. He's happily married. His wife just had twins.

Ross: Should we send something?

Chandler: How did the job stuff go?

Rachel: He offered me one.

Chandler: That's great!

Ross: Congratulations!

Rachel: I know, it's *amazing*. It's amazing. It's *so* much better than what I had at Ralph Lauren. The money is *great*...

Ross: Can we, can we just stop for a second? Who said something better would come along, huh? You didn't believe me. I told you everything was gonna work out. (gasps) You know what? This calls for a bottle of Israel's finest.

Rachel: The job is in Paris. (they all stare at each other)

COMMERCIAL BREAK

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's. Joey's on the phone.]

Joey: I mean, this soap opera is a great gig, but... am I missing opportunities? You know, I've always thought of myself as a serious actor. I mean, should I be trying to do more independent movies?

Mackenzie: (at the other end of the line) I don't know... You know what? I'm gonna put you on with my bear. Hold on. (she puts the phone at the bear's ear)

Joey: Hey bear, I need some career advice.

THE END

1015. The One Where Estelle Dies

Teleplay by: Tracy Reilly

Written by: Andrew Reich & Ted Cohen

Produced by: Robert Carlock & Wendy Knoller

Transcribed by: Coffee Mug, Sebastiano & Vanessa

[Flashback scene from last week, Monica and Chandler's kitchen, Rachel, Ross, Monica and Chandler are there.]

Jennifer: Previously on Friends...

Chandler: How did the job stuff go?

Rachel: He offered me one.

Ross: (gasps) You know what? This calls for a bottle of Israel's finest.

Rachel: The job is in Paris. (we see Ross stare in disbelief)

FADE OUT

Rachel: Oh, God! Please, somebody say something.

Ross: So if you take this job you'll be moving to Paris?

Chandler: Or facing a bitch of a commute.

Rachel: I know, it's huge, and it's scary, and it's... really far, far away from you guys, but this is such an incredible opportunity for me. And I've already talked to them about our situation with Emma, and they said they'll do whatever we need to make us feel comfortable.

Ross: Okay.

Rachel: I mean, I'll fly back and forth, they'll fly you out... *Anything* we want.

Chandler: My boss said I might be getting a new lamp in my cubicle. (Monica looks at him and can't really place what he just said)

Ross: All right, we'll work it out.

Rachel: Thank you! Thank you!

Ross: Yeah, yeah! (they hug) You sure this is what you want?

Rachel: I *think* it is. (Ross looks very sad. Phoebe and Joey enter.)

Phoebe: Ooh, what's going on?

Rachel: I got a really incredible job offer.

Joey: Hey, great! All right!

Phoebe: Good for you!

Rachel: It's in Paris.

Joey: What? No, no, no! No, no... no... no, no... No, too much is changing, okay? First, Phoebe getting married (to Phoebe) Congratulations! (pointing to Monica and Chandler)... and then these two move into a stupid house in the stupid suburbs...

Monica: Hey, this afternoon you said you'd be supportive...

Joey: Well, it comes and goes. I wouldn't trust it.

Rachel: Look, you guys... this is really, really important to me. And it means a lot if you could try to get on board.

Phoebe: Of course we can. Congratulations. (they hug, but Joey shakes his head.) Yay! (she gestures Joey to come and join in) Joey...

Joey: No, no, no. My hugs are reserved for people STAYING IN AMERICA.

Rachel: (walking towards Joey) Joey, it would mean so...

Joey: Hey! No! Get your France-going-arms away from me. (He walks out, and Rachel follows him)

Rachel: Joey...

Phoebe: You okay with this?

Chandler: Well, it makes me feel sad, but...

Phoebe: Talking to Ross.

Chandler: I see.

Ross: Well, Rachel moving to another country? Not being able to see her every day. How can I be okay with this?

Monica: I know, but what are we gonna do? She really needs this job.

Ross: Do you think if the Ralph Lauren people offered her her old job back, she would take it?

Monica: How is that gonna happen?

Chandler: Is this the best way to use one of your three magic wishes?

Ross: I don't know. I could talk to her boss. Yeah! I met him at that Christmas party. We really hit it off.

Monica: You mean the guy who kept calling you Ron?

Ross: I didn't say we were brothers.

OPENING CREDITS

[Scene: Central Perk. Phoebe's reading a newspaper. Chandler and Monica walk in.]

Monica: Hey Phoebe. Hey, tell me what you think. All right. The house next door to the one that we're buying in Westchester? Just went on the market. I wanna take a look at it, but Chandler doesn't.

Chandler: We close escrow tomorrow, so seeing another house can only confuse us, and we're easily confused. We're not very bright.

Monica: But what if it is better than ours? Should we at least look?

Chandler: What do you think Pheebs?

Phoebe: Well, I think that shirt makes you look like you should work at a Baskin Robbins... Anyway... Hey, isn't Joey's agent Estelle Leonard?

Chandler: Yeah.

Phoebe: She died.

Chandler: You're kidding!

Monica: That's terrible!

Phoebe: Yeah, last Saturday. Wow! She was the first black man to fly solo across the Atlantic. (Chandler and Monica look puzzled) Oh, wait a minute, I read the wrong one.

Chandler: Oh yeah?

Phoebe: Yeah, she was just an agent.

Monica: Joey's gonna be *so* upset.

Chandler: I know. *He* always wanted to be the first black man to cross the Atlantic.

Phoebe: Well, we cannot tell Joey about this. He's already flipping out about everything that's changing. This will push him over the edge.

Monica: Seriously, you don't think we should tell him?

Phoebe: Well, not for a little while. Let's just give him a few days to get used to everything else.

Monica: What if he reads it in the paper?

Chandler: Unless Snoopy says it to Charlie Brown, I think we're okay.

[Scene: Ralph Lauren. Mr Zelner's office. Ross knocks on the door and enters.]

Mr Zelner: May I help you?

Ross: Yeah, I'm a friend of Rachel Green's. Uhm, actually we met at the Christmas party about two years ago.

Mr Zelner: Oh right, uhm, Don?

Ross: Close. Ron. (shakes hands)

Mr Zelner: Uh... What can I do for you?

Ross: Uhm, well... I'm here to see if you'll give Rachel her job back.

Mr Zelner: Ah, did she ask you to come here and do this?

Ross: Oh, no. At first I have to get you to agree. Then we'll see if she *wants* to come back.

Mr Zelner: Wow, that *is* tempting.

Ross: Look, she *loved* her job here. And let's face it: you're not gonna find anyone who did it as well as she did it. Isn't that true?

Mr Zelner: She is good!

Ross: (surprised) Huh, I took a shot there.

Mr Zelner: But I'm sorry. There's nothing I can do... Ah, it's not true, there is... nothing I *want* to do.

Ross: I see... Thanks very much. (he gets up and walks to the door. On his way out he looks at the photographs Mr Zelner has near his door. He picks one up.) Is this your son?

Mr Zelner: Yeah, his name is Ross. (Ross looks very surprised) What?

Ross: Oh, nothing, it's just, it's close to Ron. Does he.. Does little Ross like dinosaurs by any chance?

Mr Zelner: Yeah, they're all he talks about, why?

Ross: How would *he* like to come with me to the Museum of Natural History after everyone else has left, just the two of us, and he can touch anything he wants. (Mr. Zellner looks shocked). I just heard it as you must have heard it and that's not good. Let me start again. I'm a paleontologist, you'll be there with us and the touching refers only to bones... fossils!

Mr Zelner: You can really arrange that?

Ross: You let Rachel come back, and it's done.

Mr Zelner: Well, I guess having Rachel back wouldn't be the worst thing in the world.

Ross: Yeah! Yes! Thank you! This is great. Thank you so much. And I swear, your kid is going to have the time of his life.

Mr Zelner: That's great. I worry about little Ross. He's always reading, he's collecting rocks and he's obsessed with dinosaurs.

Ross: He'll be fine.

[Scene: Central Perk. Phoebe's reading, Joey has just entered the room]

Joey: Hey Phoebe.

Phoebe: Hey. Everything ok?

Joey: I'm just mad at my agent.

Phoebe: Estelle? Why?

Joey: There's a part in a TV movie that I would be perfect for and I didn't even be put up for it! She'd better have a good reason.

Phoebe: I'm guessing she does.

Joey: Well (taking his cell phone out of a pocket) I'm wanna hear it, because she keeps doing this.

Phoebe: Well, no, no, wait, wait, wait. All right, I gotta go. Just listen. Promise me, that you will wait a minute before you call her.

Joey: Ok. Why?

Phoebe: Because a promise between friends means never having to give a reason. (she leaves)

Joey: I love that saying!

(Phoebe is outside, taking her cell phone out of her bag and making a call. Joey is inside, and his mobile phone starts ringing).

Joey: Hello?

Phoebe (doing Estelle): Joey, it's Estelle.

Joey: I was just gonna call you! That's weird.

Phoebe-Estelle: It's a little coincidental, but believable. (Joey nods in agreement). Listen, I'm sure you're wondering why I didn't get you an audition for that TV movie.

Joey: Yeah, actually I am!

Phoebe-Estelle: I guess I dropped the ball there. Whoopsie!

Joey: That's it? You know, it seems all you do lately is drop the ball.

Phoebe-Estelle: Don't take that tone with me. Who you think you are? Alan Lemond, the first black man to fly solo across the Atlantic?

Joey: No, no, look. All I'm saying is that you're my agent, ok? And you're not getting me into any auditions and I'm tired of it.

Phoebe-Estelle: What are you saying?

Joey: I'm saying that... (pause). This isn't working for me anymore, ok? Estelle, you're fired. Goodbye. (he hangs up the phone).

Phoebe: Man, tough week for Estelle!

[Scene: Joey's apartment. Rachel's there and Ross enters the room with a stuffed dinosaur]

Ross: Hi.

Rachel: Hi.

Ross: Emma left her stuffed t-rex at my house. You know she can't sleep without it.

Rachel: Oh, well, she's asleep now. Stop forcing that thing on her.

Ross: Ok.

Rachel: Oh, you're not gonna believe what happened to me today! Ralph Lauren called, and gave me my job back!

Ross: Nooo!

Rachel: Yee. I mean, it was so weirdest thing. They fired me and then out of nowhere they just hire me back! I mean, that place must have been falling apart without me.

Ross: So, you're not going to Paris.

Rachel: No, I'm still going.

Ross: Wh... wh...what?

Rachel: When the Louis Vuitton people found out that Ralph Lauren wanted me back, they offered me more money! Isn't that great?

Ross: Yeeeah! (They high-five)

[Scene: house next to the one the Bings are moving into. Chandler and Monica knock, a lady opens the door.]

Monica: Hi. We're buying the house next door, and we were wondering if we could just take a look around.

Lady: Oh, sure. I'm showing it to someone else right now, but please, look around.

Monica: Thanks.

Chandler: It feels like we're cheating on our house. And if we're gonna cheat, shouldn't it be with like a hot, younger house, that does stuff that our house won't do?

Monica: Ours is *so* much better! This living room is smaller, the dining room looks like a *cave!* *What a hole!*

Lady: So? What do you think?

Monica: Love it!

Lady: Well, we already have one offer on it, and I think the lady upstairs is going to make another one.

Monica: They could be our neighbors, what are they like?

Lady: Oh, the woman upstairs is very nice. She and her husband have two kids, he's on Wall Street and she...

Janice: Oh my God!

(Chandler and Monica are speechless).

Chandler (to Monica): Sure.

[Scene: Joey's apartment. He's there and Phoebe comes in.]

Phoebe: Hey Joey, want come with me to... are you ok?

Joey: Yeah, I just... I just feel bad about firing Estelle. This is got to be killing her.

Phoebe: No, that wouldn't kill her. Ordinary embolism might.

Joey: I don't know. She's got to be taking it hard, I was like her only client. Except for this guy who eats paper. And I'm guessing he eats more money than he makes. Look, I know she's not a great agent, but she did stick with me for ten years. I'm gonna call her and hire her again.

Phoebe: No, no, no! Don't call her! You wait for her to call *you* (Joey considers it)

Joey: Why?

Phoebe: Because patience is the road to understanding (she thinks) which ... is the key... to a happy heart.

Joey: (impressed) You blow me away.

Phoebe: (picking up her bag) All right, so promise you're gonna wait for her to call you?

Joey: I promise. And that means, never having to give a reason. (Phoebe stops herself from laughing and leaves)

[Scene: The house Monica and Chandler are viewing. Janice comes down the stairs.]

Janice: What a small world!

Chandler: And yet I *never* run into Beyonce!

Realtor: You two know each other?

Janice: Oh, we go way back. Before Monica made an honest man out of him, Chandler used to be *my* little love muffin! (does her irritating laugh). So? Are you guys thinking of getting this house too? Ooh! Are we gonna have a bidding war? I'd better warn you, I'm a toughie (playfully punches Chandler, who tries to get away from her)

Chandler: (at Janice's punching) Don't, don't! (looks disgusted)

Monica: No, actually, we're buying the house next door. (Janice gasps)

Chandler: (To Monica and with bulging eyes) Why!?

Monica: (looks confused and scared) I *don't know* why.

Janice: Ooh, that decides it then. I was on the *fence*. But knowing that you two would be our neighbors? Ah! now we *have* to get it! (Chandler and Monica are utterly shocked) Ellen, we're going to talk numbers. (Grabs Ellen by her elbow and pulls her outside)

Chandler: This can not be happening!

Monica: Okay, the realtor said another couple made an offer. Maybe the *Janice's* won't get it! Maybe the other couple will.

Chandler: The only way that that is going to happen, is if the other couple are the Hitlers.

Monica: (Thinks a little more) Okay, Okay, (clapping her hands) All right. What if we got both houses? Huh? We can turn *this* house into a guest house.

Chandler: That is a great idea! And by the way, I don't mean to sound distasteful, but when did you start crapping money!?

Monica: Okay, you come up with an idea.

Chandler: Alright alright, we still have three hours till escrow closes on our house. We can still get out.

Monica: But we *love* our house.

Chandler: Will we love it so much with her next door? And she's gonna be louder out here too. Just the crickets and (apes Janice's voice) "Oh My God"!

Monica: Okay, but if we don't get this house, she's stil gonna show up wherever we go! I mean, at least if she's here, it eliminates the element of suprise. I mean, never again will you have to hear the three words that make your balls jump back up inside your body. (She shows this with her index finger, mimicking it pushing something up)

Chandler: (looks afraid, but at the same time, knows she's right) Well, we have to do something. We can't have her living next door. (Janice's laughs loudly outside) Oh, that does it too. (Motions with his index finger like Monica did)

[Scene: Mr. Zellner's office. There is a knock on the door.]

r Zellner: Who is it?

Ross: (enters) It's me. *Ron*. (Mr. Zellner looks annoyed) Look, I um, I now Rachel turned you down but I think there is a way you might be able to get her to come back.

Mr Zellner: This may surprise you, but re-hiring fired employees, is not my main job.

Ross: Just hear me out. How would you feel about offering her a raise? (looks hopeful)

Mr Zelner: (obviously amused) Not good, Ron.

Ross: Perhaps I can persuade you. What if you can give your son this (Takes a huge egg out of his back) genuine pterodactyl egg (whispers) replica.

Mr Zelner: (Takes a long look at the egg while he considers it) Wow, that's pretty cool (Takes the egg from Ross)

Ross: Huh? So? We have a deal?

Mr Zelner: Okay, you got it.

Ross: Yes! yes!

Mr Zelner: *This* is gonna make me very popular.

Ross: Oh, (grins) Believe me, the ladies, they love it!

Mr Zelner: (looks at Ross, for a long moment, confused) I meant with my son.

Ross: Good, 'cause the ladies, not so much. (shakes his head, give him a thumbs up and leaves)

[Scene: Joey's apartment. He walks in reading his mail, and plays back his messages on the answering machine]

Answering machine: Joey, this is Al T. Booker, (Looks annoyed that he called him) the guy who eats paper. I'm sure you've heard that Estelle passed away. (Looks shocked) I wanted to let you know there's a memorial for her at the Westside chapel, tomorrow at ten. Hope you can make it.

Joey: Oh my God. (Still in shock when his mobile rings, he picks it up) Hello?

Phoebe: (on the other side of the line, still pretending to be Estelle) Joey, it's Estelle. (Joey's eyes bulge up, he looks afraid)

Joey: Estelle?

Phoebe: Yeah, I wanted to call and tell you that there's no hard feelings for firing me.

Joey: (still scared) Ok-ay. I just, I can't believe you're calling me?

Phoebe: Well, I didn't think I should just drop by...

Joey: No, no, no! (Starts looking around the room, terrified) Don't drop by, don't drop by!

Phoebe: Anyway, you did what you had to do. I'm okay.

Joey: Can I ask you something? Uhm, what's it like there?

Phoebe: (Looks around) It's alright. Look kiddo, I gotta go. Good luck with the career. You're gonna be huge.

Joey: Thanks for everything Estelle. Bye. (Hangs up and reads the phone display) "out of area". Boy, I'll say.

[Scene: The house next door to Chandler and Monica's new house. Chandler is pacing worriedly through the living room when Janice enters.]

Janice: Well... I just talked to Sid, we are definitely putting in an offer on the house... a-a-and I'll bet we get it.

Chandler: The Hitlers will be so disappointed.

Janice: All right, I got to run. Tell Monica I say goodbye. And... I'll see you later, neighbor. (Janice laugh)

Chandler: Wait! I just want you to know that... I'm so happy you're going to be here.

Janice: Oh, me too... (laughs)

Chandler: Because... that way... we can pick up where we left off.

Janice: Huh?

Chandler: I never stopped loving you.

Janice: Oh... my...

Chandler: Yeah, yeah, yeah! I want you... I need you... I must have you Janice Litman Goralnik Neihosenstein.

Janice: Chandler, what are you talking about?

Chandler: Now that you live next door, we can be together every day. Sid and Monica never have to know a thing.

Janice: I don't know what to say... I mean, you know, obviously we have this... heat between us.

Chandler: (stunned) Obviously.

Janice: But I love my husband. And I know you love your wife. Now, I don't think we should get this house now.

Chandler: Don't say that. Don't tangle the dream and take it away.

Janice: Chandler, one of us has got to be *strong*.

Chandler: I understand.

Janice: Although, maybe just... one last moment of weakness... (she kisses Chandler flat on the mouth. Chandler squirms. When she's finished, he looks at her lovingly but uneasily.) Goodbye Chandler Bing. (She leaves)

Chandler: (speaking as in pain) They're never coming down now.

[Scene: Ross's apartment. Ross is working on his laptop when Rachel enters with Emma.]

Rachel: Hi!

Ross: Hey!

Rachel: You are never going to believe what happened to me today.

Ross: What?

Rachel: Ralph Lauren called *again* and they offered me more money.

Ross: They did?

Rachel: Yeah. It was the weirdest thing. Zelnor called me and he said we'll do everything we can to get you back. And that I should thank some Ron... I don't even know what department that guy's in.

Ross: So, what are you gonna do?

Rachel: Well, I took it.

Ross: That's great! So you're staying in New York!

Both: YAY! WHOO! YAY!

Ross: You're excited, right?

Rachel: (hesitant) Ye-ah. Yeah! You know, the money's *great*. It's certainly the easier choice...

Ross: Right!

Rachel: Yeah, you know, was I looking forward to going to Paris? Sure. You know, was I excited about working in the *fashion capital* of the world? Ooh, absolutely... Oh...! Yeah, but you know, this is... it's fine. I'm fine going back to a job where I've pretty much gotten everything out of that I possibly can... (she sits down, and Ross who is stunned to hear all this follows her example)

Ross: Uhm, I hadn't no you... I had no idea you were so excited about Paris. Uhm, I mean, you said you were scared.

Rachel: Well yeah, but I mean, it was good scared though, you know? Like when I-moved-to-New-York scared. Or uhm, when I-found-out-I-was-gonna-have-Emma scared... But this is... fine. This is gonna be good. (they both stare around)

Ross: (after a long pause) You should go.

Rachel: What?

Ross: It's what you want. You should go.

Rachel: You really think so?

Ross: I really do.

Rachel: But I already told Zelner that I would come back...

Ross: (picks up a skull of some carnivore from his side table and puts it in the same bag in which he brought the pterodactyl egg to Zelner) I'm sure he'll understand.

Rachel: All right. ALL RIGHT! I'm gonna do it. I'm gonna go to Paris.

Ross: Yeah...

Rachel: Yeah! I'm going to Paris. Thank you, Ross!

Ross: Yeah, yeah, oh! (They hug)

Rachel: Oh! Oh, I'm so happy.

Ross: Then I'm happy too. (They're still hugging – fade out)

COMMERCIAL BREAK

[Scene: Estelle's memorial service. Joey is giving a speech. Next to him is a blown up photograph of Estelle behind her desk and there's a man standing next to him.]

Joey: Thank you all for coming. We're here today to pay respects to a wonderful agent and a beautiful woman... (Joey looks at the photograph) ..inside. As Estelle's only two clients we would like to say a few words. (Joey looks for his notes. The man next to him is chewing something.) Dude, where's my speech? (the man swallows something and looks at Joey.) That *is* entertaining. Al Zebooker everybody. (he applauds and Al shows that there's nothing left in his mouth.)

THE END

1016. The One With Rachel's Going Away Party

Written by: Andrew Reich & Ted Cohen

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Transcribed by: Coffee Mug, Eleonora, Sebastiano & Vanessa

Final check by Kim

[Scene: Joey's place. Rachel and Joey are talking]

Joey: All right, all right, all right, let's play one more time, ok? And remember, if I win *you do not move to Paris*.

Rachel: Ok! Can't believe I'm risking this again, but you're on! All right Joe, you remember the rules! Heads I win, tails you lose.

Joey: Just flip!

Rachel (she flips the coin): Ha, tails!

Joey: Damn it!

(Chandler and Monica enter the room)

Chandler: Hey!

Joey: Hey!

Chandler: So we thought we'd throw you little going away party around seven.

Rachel: Oh, that sounds good!

Monica: Hey, Rach, you're leaving tomorrow, shouldn't you be packing?

Rachel: It's all done!

Monica: Oh, yeah, right! And after I took a shower this morning I just threw my towel on the floor! Oh God, it hurts to even joke about it.

Rachel: I know... Honey, seriously, I did it all. The luggage that I'm taking is in the bedroom, this is Emma's Paris stuff, these are the boxes that I'm having shipped, and that's the sandwich that I made for the plane...

Monica: Ok, so you've done some good work! (pause) What about your carry-ons?

Rachel: Oh, well. Everything that I need (she takes her bag) is in here and my travel documents are on the counter organized in the order that I will be needing them.

Monica: Oh my God! I have nothing left to teach you! (they hug)

Chandler: Where's your passport?

Rachel: It should be right next to my plane ticket.

Chandler: Well, it's not.

Rachel: What? Maybe I put it in here (she opens her bag). Oh, oh, it's not in there! Oh, no! I must have packed it in one of these boxes!

Monica: Here, let me help you. (they both start opening boxes)

Rachel: Shoot. Oh, I can't believe I did this!

Chandler (to Joey): At what point did it stop being funny that I took her passport?

OPENING SEQUENCE

[Scene: Monica's apartment. Monica and Erica are talking about the baby, and Monica is rubbing Erica's tummy.]

Monica: Oh, wow, can you believe you're like three weeks away?

Erica: I know.

Monica: You don't mind me touching your belly, do you?

Erica: No, I don't mind you touching my belly, but right now your hand is kind of blocking the part where the baby is gonna come out.

(She takes her hand off Erica. Ross enters the room)

Ross: Hey!

Erica: Hi.

Ross: Hey Erica, welcome back to town! (pause) Wow, look how big you've gotten.

Erica: That's because I'm pregnant!

Ross: Right, no, I understand.

Erica: Oh, ok. I'm just always afraid that people think I'm just fat with big breasts.

Ross: No, no, I knew (he stares at her breasts).

Monica (to Ross): Okay, well, stop staring at them.

Ross: She brought them up! (pause) I didn't realize you were coming back so soon!

Erica: Hey, well, in a couple of weeks I won't be able to travel.

Monica: Yeah, and I wanted her to get to know the doctors and get settled into the hotel.

Ross: Hotel? Why isn't she staying with you guys?

Monica: Because we're moving in a couple of days and it just didn't make sense.

Erica: Plus hotels are fun! My room has this little fridge full of free snacks!

Ross: Erica, those things aren't free. In fact they have one of the highest mark-ups of any consumer product...

Monica: Ross! She's giving us her baby. She can eat *you* if she wants.

Erica (standing up): I'll be right back.

Ross: Oh man, I can't believe you guys are leaving this place.

Monica: Oh, I know. I know. Hey, you know, you can take it if you want! The lease is still in Nana's name.

Ross: No, no. This will always be *your* place. It would be too sad. Plus, how much a month does it cost to feed Joey?

Monica: Yeah, it takes two incomes.

Ross: Hey, is Chandler here? We talked about catching a movie.

Monica: Oh, no. He doesn't have time for that. But if you want, you can go help him and Joey pack up the guest room.

Ross: Mhm, (he balance things) packing – sexy cheerleader comedy.

Monica: Mhm, helpful brother – creepy loner at teen movie.

(Ross takes the tape roll she's handing him and walks to the guest room while mocking Monica's voice)

[Scene: Guest room. Joey has his head wrapped in bubbled wrap and Chandler is punching him. Ross enters the room.]

Ross: What are you guys doing?

Joey: Try it, I can't feel a thing! (Ross starts punching him too)

Monica (enters the room): Are, are you kidding? *This* is packing?

Chandler: We're taking a break!

Monica: From?

Chandler: Jumping on the bed?

Monica: All right, Rachel's party is in a couple of hours and there's a lot to do. Now, Ross, you got Geller blood, you're in charge of these yahoos!

Ross: You got it! (Monica leaves, Ross closes the door). All right, she's right, we gotta get serious. (He grabs a bag of styrofoam peanuts) Let's put styrofoam peanuts down his pants and kick him!

Chandler: No, no, no, guys. She's right. We should get to work. I'll take stuff out of the closet, Joey you pack 'em and Ross you re-pack whatever Joey packs.

(Joey takes the bubble wrap off his head)

Joey: You guys hear a ringing?

Chandler: (holding a pair of furry handcuffs) What the hell is this?

Joey: Hey! Handcuffs! And fur line, nice! I didn't know you guys had it in ya!

Ross: Chandler, you don't have a sister so you can't understand how much this bums me out.

Chandler: I didn't know Monica had these!

Joey: Mhm, maybe she used them with another boyfriend. Maybe Richard!

Chandler: Why would she use them with Richard and not me? I can be kinky! I once did a naked dance for her... *with scarves!*

Ross: Bumming hard, guys, bumming hard.

[Scene: Monica's apartment. Phoebe and Ross enter the room.]

Phoebe: Hey!

Monica: Hey! Where's Mike?

Phoebe: Oh, he has a gig. I kinda like being married to a rock star, you know. My husband has a gig.

Ross: Yeah? Yeah, where is it?

Phoebe: Oh, he's playing organ for a children's roller-skating party.

Ross: Rock on!

Phoebe (watching the food on the table): Wow, this is quite a spread! (pause) What is all this stuff?

Monica: Well, I thought this would be a great opportunity to use up all the food that I don't want to move to the new house with me! So, enjoy: smoke oyster casserole with a breakfast cereal crust, kidney beans in their own juices, and for dessert, a questionable orange.

Joey: (entering the room) Hey.

Chandler: Hey.

Ross: Hey, where's Rach?

Joey: Oh, she's putting Emma down, she'll be over in a second.

Ross: Great.

Joey: Now it just hit her that she's leaving and she's kind of emotional so no one say anything to set her off, ok?

Monica: Yeah.

(Rachel enters the room)

Everybody: Hey Rach, hey you.

Ross: Here she is!

Rachel (crying): Hi you guys!

Joey: What did I just say?

Rachel: No, no, no. It's ok. I'm gonna be fine.

Monica: Come here, I'll make you a drink.

Ross: Oh, man! I can't believe she's actually leaving. How am I gonna say goodbye to Rachel?

Chandler: I know, she's been such a big part of my life. And it feels like when Melrose Place got cancelled.

(Ross and Joey looks puzzled) I mean... oh, forget it. I miss Melrose Place!

Joey (to Ross): You know, I had a chance to stop her too!

Ross: Yeah?

Joey: Who loses fifty seven coin tosses in a row? Head she wins, tails I lose. (he stops and starts realizing something) Wait a minute...

Chandler: Yes, Joe?

Joey: I forgot to pick up my dry cleaning!

Phoebe (to Rachel): You doing ok?

Rachel: Well, I've been better.

Phoebe: Uh-hmm.

Rachel: You guys are gonna come and visit me, right?

Phoebe: Yes! You know, in six months the Statute of Limitations runs out and I can travel internationally again!

Rachel: I'm gonna miss you so much.

Phoebe: I know.

Rachel: You know what? Uhm, I have some goodbye stuff that I wanted to say to each of you and I was gonna save it until the end of the night, but come here (they go into the guest room).

Ross: Hey, what do you think they're doing in there?

Joey: Huh, if I had to guess I'd say Rachel is putting on the bubble wrap and Phoebe is doing the punching.

[Scene: Guest room. Rachel and Phoebe are sitting on the bed.]

Rachel: Oh, Pheebs, I don't even know where to start.

Phoebe: Ok well, before you do, I know we weren't supposed to get you going away presents, (she takes something out from her pocket) but I do have something for you.

Rachel: Oh, oh. (she's holding the present, a transparent bag with a white stick in it). What is this?

Phoebe: It's a cotton swab with a bit of my saliva on it, so that if they perfect the cloning process while you are over there, you can use the DNA to create your own Pheebs!

Rachel: I'm gonna throw this away, but thank you so much for the gesture!

[Scene: Monica's apartment. The living room.]

Monica: Chandler? I was just in our bedroom and I found these (she holds the furry handcuffs) on my pillow.

Chandler: Oh, yes. I decided to leave these out for you in case Richard stops by and you wanna engage on a little light bondage and moustache play!

Monica: What are you talking about? These aren't mine.

Chandler: Oh yeah, right! Good luck getting another scarf dance from me!

Monica: That would be a *terrible* punishment. But, I'm serious, I've never seen these before.

Chandler: Really? Then what are they doing in our guestroom?

Monica: Rachel used to live in that room.

Chandler: Rachel... with handcuffs! Interesting! (he looks excited)

Monica: Joey's bare ass!

Chandler: (he doesn't look excited anymore). Well played.

(Phoebe and Rachel enter the living room.)

Rachel: I love you Phoebe.

Phoebe: I love you too. (they hug) Please don't... Don't turn into... you know... French bitch! (they hug again)

Rachel: All right. Well, if I gonna do this, I'd better keep going.

Phoebe: Ok.

Rachel: Ok. Monica?

Monica: Yeah?

Rachel: Can you come here with me for a minute?

Monica: Sure.

Phoebe: (to Monica) Are you wearing waterproof mascara?

Monica: No.

Phoebe: Oh, you're so screwed. (Monica goes into the guest room)

Ross: (to Phoebe) Hey. What was that all about?

Phoebe: She's gonna say goodbye to each of us individually.

Ross: Are you kidding? Oh my God...

Phoebe: Yeah, I know, it's gonna be even worse for you... God... Ross, get ready to do some serious crying.

Ross: Oh, man, I'm not going to be able to handle this. (pause) Now I know how my students feel at the end of each year. And why they act out by giving me such bad evaluations.

[Scene: The guest bedroom. Rachel and Monica are talking to each other.]

Rachel: Mon... Okay... I've gotta... just say what it is I'm gonna say... None of the amazing things that have happened to me in the last ten years, would have happened if it wasn't for you. No-one has been more like a sister to me...

Monica: I know what you mean. You're like a sister to me too.

Rachel: (starts crying and speaking at the same time, making it almost impossible to understand what she's saying) I wouldn't know what I'm gonna do without you...

Monica: (having the same problem) You're the best friend I ever had.

Rachel: (says something that cannot be understood)

Monica: What?

Rachel: I... I... I... (again saying something that cannot be understood)

Monica: That is so sweet. (they hug)

[Scene: Back to the living room. Monica and Rachel enter and hug each other. The guys see this.]

Ross: (to Joey) Oh no, she took down Monica... And I'm the crier in the family. Oh God! I could be next. Maybe she won't talk with me if it looks like we're deep in conversation. Oh, so that thing you said about the thing. It really made me think about that other thing.

Chandler: Uh, Rach?

Ross: Well it's okay. Chandler is talking to her.

Joey: I really made you think about that thing uh?

Chandler: (to Rachel) Uh, Rach... I think I have something that belongs to you. (shows her the cuffs)

Rachel: (laughs) Oh, I'm sure gonna miss pretending to laugh at your weird jokes that I don't get.

Chandler: No, no, no... They're really yours. We... found them in your old room.

Rachel: Well, these aren't mine. Maybe Monica used to use them with...

Chandler: Don't say Richard! Well, if they're not Monica's and they're not yours, then whose are they?

Rachel: Well, I think you're forgetting the kinkiest former resident of that room.

Chandler: Pheeb!

Phoebe: (from the other side of the room) Yeah!

Chandler: I think these are yours.

Phoebe: These are not mine... Look how flimsy they are, come on! Good God! You try to hang a guy from a waterpipe with these, they'll snap like a piece of licorice.

Rachel: (to Chandler) Can I talk to you alone for a minute?

Chandler: Sure. (to Phoebe) You don't really handcuff guys to waterpipes do you?

Phoebe: Where do you think Mike really is? (she giggles, Chandler looks aghast)

[Scene: The guest bedroom. Chandler and Rachel.]

Rachel: Oh honey...

Chandler: Let me just say something... Because once we get into this, I'm gonna get all uncomfortable and probably make some stupid joke... I just want to say that I... I love you... And, I'm gonna miss you. And I'm so sad that you're leaving.

Rachel: (all mushy) Oh, you know what? Let's not say anything else. I love *you*. (they hug)

Chandler: Ooh, not so tight... (blows raspberry, and the hug ends) I'm sorry, just give me one more chance.

Rachel: Okay. Oh...

(Chandler blows raspberry again)

Rachel: Oh!

Chandler: I'm sor... Just go. Just go. I can't, I can't.

[Scene: Monica's living room. We look outside to the balcony where Rachel is saying goodbye to Joey.]

Monica: (to Ross) So, I guess you're next. You're ready?

Ross: I don't think so.

Chandler: Oh, you're definitely not. I haven't cried like that in years.

Monica: You cried yesterday at the six o'clock news.

Chandler: That old woman was being scammed by her mechanic.

Ross: God! I can't believe she saved me for last. (looking out to the balcony) Why are they taking so long?

Phoebe: I don't know. But, God, Joey seems to be handling it suprisingly well.

(Rachel and Joey hug, and Rachel turns to enter the apartment through the side window again. At that moment Joey tries to climb over the edge of the balcony.)

All: No, no, no, no!

(Rachel rushes back and pulls Joey back onto the balcony, and takes him inside.)

Ross: Okay, here we go...

Rachel: Oh... (holding Ross's shoulder) Well...

Ross: Yeah...

Rachel: I think I'm gonna take off. (pats Ross on his back, but he looks very surprised)

Ross: Huh?

Rachel: Oh, you guys. This was an amazing night. Thank you so much. I love you. Good night.

(She leaves the apartment and they all stare at Ross)

Ross: What? I don't get a goodbye?

Joey: (still very emotional) Lucky bastard!

[Scene: Monica's apartment continued... Phoebe, Chandler, Monica and Joey are sitting down and Ross is pacing up and down.]

Ross: Unbelievable. She says goodbye to everyone but *me*.

Monica: Well, maybe she thought that with all of your history it could be, you know, implicit.

Ross: Well, it needs to be *plicit*.

Joey: All right, let's think about this. I mean, there's got to be an explanation. Uh... did you do anything to make her mad?

Ross: No, I don't think so.

Phoebe: You know, maybe she was just really spent from our talk. It was pretty intense.

Monica: Yeah. Mine too.

Chandler: Mine was a humdinger

Ross: (annoyed) O-kay... I mean, don't I deserve *anything*? I mean, a few tears, a cursory hug? (Joey gives Ross a hug) NOT FROM YOU! (Joey lets go)

Phoebe: Ross, if you're this upset, you should go and talk to her.

Monica: And say what? "You owe me a goodbye", I mean, he's got more pride than that.

Ross: THE HELL I DO!

(Ross takes big steps leaving for Joey and Rachel's apartment, where Rachel is going through her papers.)

Ross: I don't get a goodbye?

Rachel: What?

Ross: (talking agitated and angry) Everyone gets a goodbye but me? What have I got to do to get a goodbye, huh? Be best friends with you? Uh, go out with you? Have a baby with you? Oh wait a minute, wait a minute, I did all those things.

Rachel: Ross...

Ross: Oh no, maybe it's *me*, I'm just not giving *you* enough credit. Uh, I mean it *is* difficult to say goodbye to *five* people. Uh, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, good... (makes choking noises) IT'S

PHYSICALLY IMPOSSIBLE. You know what? After all we've been through, I can't believe *this* is how you want to leave things between us. Have a, have a good time in Paris. (He leaves the apartment. Rachel looks kind of desperate.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's apartment. The others are still there.]

Monica: I hope Ross isn't too upset.

Joey: I'm sure he's not more bummed out than I am.

Phoebe: Tell me about it.

Chandler: Well, you can't say we don't know how to throw a party.

Phoebe: All right, I think I'm gonna head out.

Monica: Uh, where do you think you're going?

Phoebe: I thought I was going home to go to bed, but I'm sensing there's something less fun for me to do here.

Monica: We're moving in a couple of days and we've got a lot of packing to do. It would be great if you guys could pitch in.

Chandler: Joey and I can finish up in the guest room.

Joey: Oh, yeah, yeah, good idea. (he mimes hitting his head with his fist)

Monica: Oh no! You and Phoebe are gonna help me in here.

Chandler: (to Joey) You couldn't be cool. (he goes to the guest bedroom)

Monica: Okay, we're gonna start in the kitchen. Plates get put into plate protectors and stacked ten to a box. The silverware gets bundled in rubber bands and then bubble wrapped. Got it?

Phoebe and Joey: Yeah.

Monica: Good! Now I need you to be careful and efficient. And remember, if I am harsh with you, it is only because you are doing it wrong.

Chandler: Hey Mon, I think I figured out whose handcuffs they are.

Monica: You did? How?

Chandler: Well, I was cleaning out the closet and I found some pictures of them... being used.

Monica: Oh my God! Let me see. (they all look at the pictures)

Joey: Who's that dirty old lady?

Chandler: Monica's grandmother.

Monica: Nana liked it *rough!*

(Erica, the pregnant girl, enters)

Erica: Hi!

All: Hey!

Joey: Come on here, have a seat.

Phoebe: How was your night?

Erica: Oh, it was okay. I went to a movie with my cousin and then out for dinner. We went to this place that had... Ooh... (she looks like she is in pain, holding her belly) Hoo... ooh... Anyway, they had these really amazing cheeseburgers.

Monica: Erica, are you okay?

Erica: Yeah, you know, maybe I ate too much. I keep getting these stomach aches. They come and go like every few minutes.

Monica: Oh my God!

Chandler: Relax! We just get her some antacids.

Monica: She doesn't have a stomach ache, she's in labor.

Chandler: Oh my God!

Phoebe: Yeah, you got to get to the hospital.

Monica: All right, Chandler get the coats. Erica let's go. Phoebe and Joey, keep packing! Oh my God we're gonna have a baby. All right. We're gonna have a baby! OH MY GOD, WE'RE GONNA HAVE A BABY! Oh God, oh God, I got to sit down, I got to sit down. Ooh! (she's hyperventilating)

Chandler: Honey, it's gonna be okay.

Erica: You can do this. Just breathe.

Monica: Okay, okay... Okay, I feel a little better.

Erica: (in pain) Ooh! Are you sure?

Monica: Oh... Yes, I'm sure. Oh honey, let's go. Okay bye everyone.

(there's a lot of supportive cheers from all. Erica, Monica and Chandler leave.)

Joey: Chandler, wait, wait, wait...

Chandler: What?

Joey: If you get a second, find out where she got that cheeseburger.

[Scene: Ross's apartment. Rachel bursts in.]

Rachel: You really think I didn't say goodbye to you because I don't care?

Ross: That's what it seemed like.

Rachel: I cannot believe that after ten years, you do not know ONE thing about me.

Ross: Fine, then why didn't you say something?

Rachel: Because it is too damn hard Ross. I can't even *begin* to explain to you how much I'm gonna miss you. When I think about not seeing you every day, it makes me *not want to go*... Okay, so if you think that I didn't say goodbye to you because you don't mean as much to me as everybody else, you're wrong. It's because you mean more to me. So there, all right, there's your goodbye... Oh!

Ross: Rach!

Rachel: What?

Ross: You keep, you keep... You can't...

Rachel: WHAT?

(Ross walks over to her and starts to kiss her passionately. After a while Rachel backs out. She thinks a while and starts kissing him back.)

COMMERCIAL BREAK

[Scene: Chandler and Monica's apartment.]

Joey: A little more.

Phoebe: Okay. (she starts to stuff styrofoam peanuts down the front of Joey's pants.)

Joey: A little more, a little more. (she stuffs some more down his pants and Joey's assesses the how many there already are in there.) A little more... All right. Okay, all right, let's do this.

Season 10

Phoebe: All right, ready?

Joey: Yeah. All right, now give me your *best shot*.

Phoebe: All right, here it goes...

(she knees him in the crotch. He jumps up a bit)

Joey: (in pain) Doesn't work... (he falls down on on his knees with his head on the floor)

THE END

1017-1018. The Last One

Written by: Marta Kauffman & David Crane

Directed by: Kevin Bright

Transcribed by: Kreidy

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's apartment. It's a scene from 1016 TOW Rachel's Going Away Party.]

Jennifer Aniston (V.O.): Previously on Friends.

Monica: Erica, are you okay?

Erica: Yeah, you know, maybe I ate too much. I keep getting these stomach-aches. They come and go like every few minutes.

Monica: Oh my God!

Chandler: Relax! We'll just get her some antacids.

Monica: She doesn't have a stomach-ache. She's in labor!

Chandler: Oh my God!

[Cut to Ross's apartment. Ross and Rachel are there. It's another scene from 1016 TOW Rachel's Going Away Party.]

Rachel: So if you think I didn't say goodbye to you because you don't mean as much to me as everybody else, you're wrong. It's because you mean more to me.

Ross: Rach!

Rachel: What?!

(He walks over and kisses her. They pull back, Rachel looks at him, and they kiss again.)

[Scene: Ross's bedroom. Rachel is putting on her shoes as Ross shows up from underneath the covers.]

Ross: Hey.

Rachel: Shh.. Go back to sleep. I have to go home.

Ross: Oh. This was amazing.

Rachel: It really was. You've learned some new moves!

Ross: Yeah, well, this guy at work gave me "Sex for Dummies" as a joke.

Rachel: Ah.

Ross: Who's laughing now?

Rachel: I know!

(They kiss.)

OPENING CREDITS

[Scene: The delivery room at the hospital. Monica, Chandler and Erica are there. Erica is in labor, and she is breathing heavily.]

Monica: Breathe, breathe, breathe... Good.

Chandler: Next time, can I say breathe?

Monica: No, last time you said it like Dracula, and it scared her! Can I get you anything? You want some more ice chips?

Erica: No, I'm okay.

Monica: Alright, I'll be right back.

Chandler: Where are you going?

Monica: To use the bathroom.

Chandler: You can't leave me alone with her.

Monica: What?

Chandler: This is exactly the kind of social situation that I am not comfortable with!

Monica: What kind of social situation are you comfortable with?

Chandler: It's just that we've never spent any time, you know, alone together.

Monica: You'll be fine. Nah, you won't, but I'll be back in two minutes.

Chandler: Okay.

(Monica leaves, and Chandler closes the door. Erica just looks at him.)

Chandler: So, ah... Any plans for the summer?

Erica: I don't know. Maybe church-camp?

Chandler: Hah. May not wanna mention this. So, you ever wonder which is worse, you know; going through labor or getting kicked in the nuts?

Erica: What?

Chandler: Well, it's just interesting. You know, because no one will ever know, because no one can experience both.

(Erica just looks at him like he's crazy.)

Chandler: One of life's great, unanswerable questions. I mean, who knows? Maybe there's something even more painful than those things? Like this.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's apartment. Joey is there as Phoebe enters. Joey is holding a baby duck.]

Phoebe: Morning.

Joey: Hey!

Phoebe: What's that?

Joey: It's my house-warming present for Monica and Chandler.

Phoebe: It's a baby chick and duck!

Joey: Uh-huh. And I named them Chick Jr. and Duck Jr.

Phoebe: I did not see that coming.

Joey: Yeah, I figure they'll love it at the new house, you know? It has that big backyard. And then, when they get old, they can go to that special farm that Chandler took the other chick and duck to.

Phoebe: Yes.

Joey: Yeah. It's a shame people can't visit there.

Phoebe: That is the rule, though.

(Ross enters.)

Phoebe: Guess what? You're almost an uncle!

Ross: What?

Joey: Yeah, Erica went into labor last night. Monica and Chandler are at the hospital right now!

Ross: Oh my God!

Phoebe: Yeah, and I have a definite feeling it's gonna be a girl.

Ross: Phoebe, you were sure Ben was gonna be a girl.

Phoebe: Have you seen him throw a ball?

Ross: Is Rachel here?

Joey: Uh, I think she's still asleep. Hey, hey, how did it go with you guys last night? She seemed pretty pissed at you.

Ross: Uh, we, y'know, we worked things out.

Phoebe: What's that smile? Did something happen with you two?

Ross: Hey, I'm not one to kiss and tell, but I'm also not one to have sex and shut up. We totally did it!

Joey: Oh my God. You and Rachel?

Ross: I know, it's pretty great.

Joey: So what does that mean? Are you guys getting back together?

Ross: Oh, I.. I don't know. We didn't really get to talk.

Phoebe: But do you wanna get back together?

Ross: I don't know. It was incredible. I mean, it just felt so right. When I was holding her, I mean, I never wanted to let her go. You know what? Yeah, I do. I wanna be together.

Phoebe: (screaming) YAY!

Ross: Shhh!

Phoebe: (quietly) Yay!

Joey: So, so is she still going to Paris?

Ross: Wow, I hadn't thought of that. I hope not.

Phoebe: Oh, this is like the best day ever. Ever! You guys might get back together, Monica and Chandler are getting their baby, there are chicks and ducks in the world again! Oh, I feel like I'm in a musical!

(Singing) "Daa – raa... When the sun comes up, bright and beaming! And the moon comes..."

(Rachel enters from her room.)

Rachel: Morning!

Phoebe: Guess we'll never know how it ends.

Joey: Okay.

Ross: Hey.

Rachel: Hey.

Ross: Hey. How did you sleep?

Rachel: Good. You?

Ross: Good.

Joey: I bet you did!

Ross: Uh. Would you guys mind giving us a minute?

Joey: Sure, yeah. Will you just keep an eye on the chick and the duck?

Rachel: Chick and the duck? Didn't they die...

Phoebe: (interrupting) Dive. Yeah, they dove head-first into fun on the farm.

(Joey and Phoebe leave.)

Ross: So...

(He kisses her.)

Ross: Morning.

Rachel: You too. Last night was just wonderful.

Ross: It really was.

Rachel: I woke up today with the biggest smile on my face.

Ross: I know, me too. It was... You know, it was like one of those things you think is never gonna happen, and then it does, and it's everything you want it to be.

Rachel: Uh-huh. I know. It was just, it was just the perfect way to say goodbye. (She hugs him, and Ross looks crushed.)

[Scene: The Hospital. Erica is moaning and about to give birth. Monica, Chandler, a nurse and a doctor are there with her.]

Monica: It's just a little bit more, honey.

Erica: Help me! This hurts!

Chandler: Is it really that bad?

Erica: Uh-huh! I think it's time to kick you in the nuts and see which is worse!

(Monica gives Chandler a look.)

Doctor: The baby's head is crowning.

(Monica walks down to Erica's legs to watch the birth.)

Monica: Oh! Oh my God! That is the most beautiful top of a head I have ever seen! Chandler, you have to see this!

(Chandler is standing by Erica's head.)

Chandler: I'm okay.

Monica: Chandler, you don't wanna miss this. This is the birth of your child! It's the miracle of life!

Chandler: Alright. Wow, that is one disgusting miracle.

Doctor: Start pushing. Here we go. Here come the shoulders...

(The baby starts crying, and the doctor holds it up.)

Monica: It's a... It's a boy!

Chandler: Wow!

Erica: Is he okay?

Doctor: He's just fine.

Monica: Oh, you did it!

Chandler: (emotional) It's a baby! A beautiful little baby! And some other stuff I'm gonna pretend I don't see.

Doctor: Would you like to cut the umbilical cord?

(A nurse gives Monica a pair of scissors. Monica gives it to Chandler, and they cut it together.)

Chandler: Well, that's spongy.

Monica: (to her son) Oh, hey handsome! Oh, I'm gonna love you so much that no woman is ever gonna be good enough for you! (To Chandler, on the verge of tears) Oh, we are so lucky!

Chandler: I know. He has your eyes.

(Monica looks at him.)

Chandler: I mean, I know that's not possible, but he does.

Nurse: We'll just get him cleaned up a bit.

(The doctor hands the boy to the nurse, and she walks over to another part of the room with him.)

Chandler: Okay.

Monica: (To Erica) Oh my God, he's beautiful. Thank you so much.

Erica: I'm really happy for you guys.

Chandler: How do you feel?

Erica: I'm tired!

Doctor: Well, you don't have that much time to relax. The other one will be along in a minute.

(Chandler stares at the doctor, completely shocked. Monica just freezes and turns around slowly.)

Monica: I... I'm sorry, who should be along in a what now?

Doctor: The next baby should be along in a minute.

Monica: We only ordered one!

Doctor: You know it's twins, right?

Chandler: Oh, yeah! These are the faces of two people in the know!

COMMERCIAL BREAK

[Scene: The hospital. Continued from earlier.]

Doctor: I can't believe you didn't know it's twins! This has never happened before.

Chandler: Well, gosh. That makes me feel so special and good.

Monica: (to the doctor) Wait, did you know it was twins?

Doctor: Yeah, it's here in the paperwork we got from the clinic in Ohio.

Monica: (to Erica) Anybody tell you?

Erica: I don't think so. Although, they did mention something about two heartbeats. But I thought that was just mine and the baby's. They kept saying both heartbeats are really strong, and I thought well, that's good 'cause I'm having a baby.

Monica: This is unbelievable.

Erica: Twins actually run in my family.

Chandler: Interesting! (To Monica) Can I see you for a second?

(They walk over to the door.)

Chandler: What do we do?

Monica: What do you mean "what do we do"?

Chandler: (panicking) Twins! Twins!!

Monica: Chandler, you're panicking!

Chandler: Uh-huh! Join me, won't you?! Okay, what do you say we keep one, and then just like have an option on the other one?

Monica: We can't split them up!

Chandler: Why not? We could give each of them half a medallion, and then years later, they'll find each other and be reunited. I mean, that's a great day for everybody.

Monica: Okay, what if the person who adopts the other one is horrible?

Chandler: What if they're not? What if it's adopted by a king?

Monica: Yeah, because I hear the king is looking to adopt.

Chandler: Monica, we are not ready to have two babies!

Monica: That doesn't matter! We have waited so long for this. I don't care if it's two babies. I don't care if it's three babies! I don't care if the entire cast of "Eight is Enough" comes out of there! We are taking them home, because they are our children!

Chandler: (smiles) Okay. Shhh...

(He hugs her.)

Chandler: Okay.

Monica: Okay!

Chandler: Okay!

Doctor: It looks like we're about ready over here.

(Monica and Chandler run back to Erica's bed.)

Doctor: Come on, Erica, start pushing again now.

Erica: Ow!

(Erica screams.)

Doctor: Here she comes!

Chandler: (shocked) She? It's a girl?

Doctor: Yeah.

Chandler: (To Monica) Well, now we have one of each! (To the doctor) And that's enough!

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

Ross: And then she said it was the perfect way to say goodbye.

Joey: Oh my God! What did you say?

Ross: Nothing! What do you say to that?

Phoebe: Ross, you've got to tell her how you feel!

Ross: No way!

Joey: You can't just give up! Is that what a dinosaur would do?

Ross: What?

Joey: Dude, I'm just trying to speak your language.

Phoebe: Ross, Rachel doesn't know that you wanna get back together. If she did, she might feel differently. She might not even go.

Ross: You really think so?

Phoebe: I'm telling you! Oh, okay! This is the part of the musical where there'd be a really good convincing song. (Singing) "Bam-bam, don't take no for an answer. Bam-bam, don't let love fly away. Bam-bam-bam-bam..."

(Rachel enters and interrupts Phoebe's song.)

Rachel: Hi!

Phoebe: Can't a girl finish a song around here?

Joey: Hey!

Rachel: Hi! So I just dropped Emma off at my mom's.

Ross: Okay.

Joey: Oh, you're not taking her with you tonight?

Rachel: No, we decided that I would go ahead and set up first, and then my mom would bring Emma to Paris on Sunday.

Phoebe: Wow, eight hour flight with a one-year old? Good luck, mom.

Rachel: Are you kidding? Eight hours with my mother talking about Atkins? Good luck, Emma!

(Rachel walks up to the counter.)

Ross: Alright, you know what? You're right. I should at least tell her how I feel.

(He stands up.)

Joey: Ross, wait!

Ross: What? What?

Joey: Could you get me a muffin?

(Ross walks up to Rachel, but Gunther gets there first.)

Gunther: Rachel?

Rachel: Yeah?

Gunther: I... I know you're leaving tonight, but I just have to tell you. I love you.

(Ross is shocked.)

Gunther: I... I don't know if that changes your plans at all, but I thought you should know.

Rachel: (touched) Gunther... Oh... I love you too. Probably not in the same way, but I do. And, and when I'm in a café, having coffee, or I see a man with hair brighter than the sun, I'll think of you. Aw.

(She kisses him on the cheek and looks over at the others.)

Rachel: Oh... Bye guys.

(Rachel leaves.)

Ross: Oh my God!

Phoebe: Unbelievable!

Joey: Hey, you know what might help?

Ross: I'm not getting you a muffin!

[Scene: The hospital. Monica and Chandler are holding the twins, while two nurses are taking care of Erica.]

Monica: Do you think they recognize each other from in there?

Chandler: Maybe. Unless they're like two people who have lived in apartments next to each other for years, and then one day they're pushed through a vagina and they meet.

Nurse: We're going to take Erica to recovery now.

Monica: There's something that we wanna tell you. We decided to name the girl-baby Erica.

Erica: Oh my God, that's just like my name!

Monica: Son of a gun, it is!

Erica: Anyway, I'm gonna go and get some rest. I'm really glad I picked you guys. You're gonna make great parents. Even Chandler.

Monica: Okay, well, bye!

Erica: Bye!

Chandler: Bye!

Monica: We'll call you!

Erica: Okay.

Chandler: Have fun at church-camp!

(The nurses take Erica to the recovery room. Monica and Chandler smile at each other.)

Monica: Oh, look at these little bunnies!

Chandler: I know! You ready to trade?

Monica: Okay.

Chandler: Okay.

Monica: Alright, let's see..

(They start trying to trade babies while holding one each. They have no idea how to do it, so they just shift the babies around in their arms. They give up pretty quickly.)

Chandler: We could trade later.

Monica: Yeah, I'm good.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's apartment. Joey and Phoebe are there. There is a white crib decorated with balloons in the middle of the apartment. Also, there are boxes all over the apartment. Joey is working on something on the coffee table.]

Phoebe: Hey, what are you working on?

Joey: It's a... It's a "welcome home" sign for the baby.

(He holds up a white poster with huge red letters. It reads, "Welcome Home Baby." There is also a huge red stain on the left of the poster.)

Phoebe: How sweet! Oh, is that the baby?

(She points at the stain.)

Joey: No, I sat in the paint.

(Ross enters with a gift for the baby.)

Ross: Hey.

Phoebe: Hey. So, did you talk to Rachel?

Ross: No, and I'm not going to.

Phoebe: What?

Joey: Why not?

Ross: Because she's just going to shoot me down. You guys saw what happened with Gunther. That did not look like fun.

Phoebe: How can you compare yourself to Gunther? I mean, sure, he's sexy in a more obvious way. You have a relationship with her, you slept together last night.

Ross: Yeah, and she still wants to go! It's pretty clear where she is.

Joey: Yeah, I know what you mean. I mean, sometimes...

(He sits down in the wet paint again.)

Phoebe: Uh, Joe?

Joey: Damn it!

Ross: Look, even if I were gonna tell her, I don't have to do it now. Okay? I'll be seeing her again. We've got time.

Phoebe: No, you don't! She's going to Paris! She is going to meet somebody. Do you know how many hot guys there are in Paris? It's... It's a city of Gunthers!

(Mike enters with a roll of paper in his hand.)

Mike: Hey!

Phoebe: Hey! What do you have there?

Mike: Oh, I made a little something. If I had more time to work on it, it'd be better, but..

(He shows them a beautiful banner he has made. It reads, "Welcome to the World, Baby Bing.")

Ross: Oh my God! You did that yourself?

Phoebe: Honey, that's gorgeous!

Joey: You know, the baby can't read, Mike!

(Rachel enters.)

Rachel: Hi! You guys, the car-service just got here. I can't believe they're not home yet! I have to catch my stupid plane. I wanna see the baby!

Joey: Monica just called from the cab. She said they should be here any minute. And apparently, there's some big surprise.

Phoebe: Yeah, did she sound happy about it? 'Cause my friend Ethel's baby was born with a teeny, tiny beard.

(Monica enters carrying her son.)

Rachel: Oh my God!

Ross: Oh my God!

(They all walk over to see the baby.)

Rachel: Hi! Oh my gosh!

(Chandler enters carrying his daughter.)

Chandler: Hey.

(Everybody turns around.)

Phoebe, Ross, Rachel: Hey.

(They turn back around to see the baby Monica's carrying, but then they realise what the surprise is. Ross, Mike, Phoebe and Rachel gasp and stare at Chandler and his baby. Joey hasn't figured it out yet.)

Joey: (To Monica) Hey, so what is the big surprise?

Rachel: Oh.

(Joey stares at Chandler and Monica and finally puts two and two together. He gasps.)

Ross: Oh my God!

Rachel: What... What...

Ross: Okay, okay, awkward question. The hospital knows you took two, right?

Monica: Yes, it's twins!

Ross: Oh my God.

Joey: Oh, they're so cute! Now, what, what kinds are they?

Monica: (points at the baby she's holding) This is a boy, (points at the baby Chandler is holding) and that's a girl.

Chandler: Her name is Erica.

Rachel: Aw..

Joey: Hey, that pregnant girl's name was Erica.

Chandler: Yeah. It's a shame you two didn't get to spend more time together.

Monica: Yeah, we named the boy Jack after dad.

Ross: Aw, he's gonna be so happy.

Phoebe: Oh, Jack Bing. I love that. Ooh, it sounds like a '40s newspaper guy, you know? "Jack Bing, Morning Gazette. I'm gonna blow this story wide open!"

(Chandler and Monica carry Erica and Jack over to the crib and put them down carefully.)

Rachel: Oh my gosh. Wow, so beautiful.

Mike: (To Phoebe) I want one.

Phoebe: Oh yeah? Well, tell me which one, and I'll try slip it in my coat.

Mike: Seriously. Wanna make one of those?

Phoebe: One? How about a whole bunch?

Mike: Really?

Phoebe: Yeah! Ooh, we could teach them to sing, and we can be like the Von Trapp family! Only without the Nazis. Although that sounds kinda dull.

Rachel: Oh, you guys, I can't believe this. But I'll leave now, or I'm gonna miss my plane.

Monica: I'm just so glad you got to see the babies.

(They hug.)

Rachel: Me too. Oh, I'm just sorry I'm not gonna be around to watch you two attempt to handle this! Alright, I can't say goodbye to you guys again. I love you all so much.

Monica: I love you.

Chandler: I love you.

Monica: Call us when you get there.

Rachel: I will. Ross, come here.

(She pulls him over to the door.)

Rachel: I just want you to know.. Last night.. I'll never forget it.

Ross: Neither will I.

(They hug as Phoebe and Joey stare at the two of them.)

Rachel: Alright, now I really have to go. Okay. Au revoir! Oh, they're gonna really hate me over there.

(She leaves.)

Phoebe: So, you just let her go?

Ross: Yeah.

Joey: Hey, maybe that's for the best.

Ross: Yeah?

Joey: Yeah. You know? You just... Look, you gotta... You gotta think about last night the way she does, okay? Maybe, maybe sleeping together was the perfect way to say goodbye?

Phoebe: But now she'll never know how he feels!

Joey: Maybe that's okay. You know? Maybe, maybe it is better this way? I mean, now, now you can move on. I mean, you've been trying to for so long, maybe now that you're on different continents.. (Looks at Phoebe) Right?

(Phoebe nods.)

Joey: Maybe now you can actually do it. You know? You can finally get over her.

Ross: Yeah, that's true. Except I don't wanna get over her.

Joey: What?

Ross: I don't! I wanna be with her.

Joey: Really?

Ross: Yeah, I'm gonna go after her.

Joey: Yeah, you are!

Phoebe: Woo!

(Monica and Chandler look shocked as Ross goes to leave.)

Phoebe: Wait, wait! Get your coat! Get your coat!

Ross: My coat...

Joey: This is so cool!

Chandler: I have no idea what's going on, but I am excited!

Joey: But Ross, Ross. What do you, what do you think she's going to say?

Ross: I don't know, but I.. Look, even if she shoots me down, at least I won't spend the rest of my life wondering what would have happened. Where – where is my coat?!

Phoebe: You didn't bring one! My cab's downstairs, I'll drive you to the airport.

Ross: Okay, guys, wish me luck.

Phoebe: Hurry!

Joey: Good luck, good luck!

(Phoebe and Ross leave.)

[Scene: The street right in front of Central Perk. Phoebe's cab is there. Ross and Phoebe run over and jump in.]

Ross: There's no seatbelt!

Phoebe: That's okay. If – if we hit anything, the engine will explode, so you know, it's better if you're thrown from the car.

(Ross looks terrified.)

Ross: Alright, alright, let's do this!

Phoebe: Okay!

(A guy comes up and gets into the backseat of the cab.)

Ross: Hey!

Man: 18th and East End.

Phoebe: I – I don't take passengers.

Man: Hey! The law says you have to accept any fare.

Ross: No, you don't understand. This isn't a real cab.

Man: Alright, I gotta report you. What's your medallion number?

Phoebe: My medallion number is, "Get out of the cab!"

Man: What?

Ross: (screaming) Get out of the cab!

Phoebe: Get out of the cab!

(The man jumps out, obviously a little scared. Phoebe drives off.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's apartment. Monica, Chandler and Joey are there, packing the last boxes.]

Joey: Oh, hey, hey, can I give you guys your house-warming present now?

Monica: Now, that you can do.

Joey: Alright!

(Cut to Joey's apartment. Joey looks inside the cardboard box that used to be the home of Chick Jr. and Duck Jr., but they have disappeared.)

Joey: Ah... Chick Jr.? Duck Jr.? Don't hide from mama!

[Scene: Phoebe's cab. Phoebe is driving very fast, and a terrified Ross has closed his eyes.]

Phoebe: You can open your eyes now.

Ross: Are we off the bridge?

Phoebe: Yes.

Ross: Is the old woman on the bicycle still alive?

Phoebe: Yes, she jumped right back up.

(Ross opens his eyes.)

Ross: Oh my God, Phoebe, slow down!

Phoebe: Do you wanna get to Rachel in time?

Ross: Yes, but I don't wanna die in your cab!

Phoebe: You should have thought of that before you got in!

(They drive up to a toll-booth.)

Phoebe: Toll-booth.

Ross: What?

Phoebe: (screaming) Toll-booth! Four bucks. There are quarters in the glove compartment.

(Ross tries to open a plastic bag filled with quarters, but he's quite slow.)

Phoebe: Hurry!

Ross: Okay!

Phoebe: Okay.

(Phoebe tries to throw some quarters out the window, but she has forgotten to open the window, and she and Ross scream.)

Phoebe: Damn, that window is clean.

[Scene: Joey's apartment. Joey is still looking for the birds.]

Joey: Quack, quack, tweet, tweet, quack, quack, tweet, tweet, quack, quack, tweet, tweet, quack, quack, tweet, tweet, quack, quack...

(Monica and Chandler enter.)

Chandler: We were wondering what was taking so long with the gift, but now we understand you were doing this.

Joey: Okay, I wanted to surprise you, but for your house-warming gift, I got you a baby-chick and a baby-duck!

(Chandler grins, while Monica is less enthusiastic.)

Chandler: Really? You got us a chick and a duck?

Monica: Oh, great! Just what you want for a new house with infants. Bird feces.

Joey: Yeah, yeah, they must have jumped off the table, 'cause now they're gone!

Chandler: Oh, don't worry, we'll find them.

Monica: Actually, I'm gonna go check on the twins.

Chandler: Alright.

(Monica turns around and is about to leave when she steps on something.)

Monica: Oh God! What did I just step on?

Joey: Oh!

Chandler: It's okay, it's just an egg roll.

Monica: Oh..

Joey: You stepped on my egg roll?

Monica: I'm sorry, I didn't know to look for Chinese food on the floor.

Joey: Just put it on a plate and leave.

(She does so.)

Chandler: Okay, let's find these birds.

Joey: Alright.

(Suddenly, they hear the birds.)

Joey: Wait, wait. Do you hear that?

(They realise that the birds are in the foosball table.)

Joey: Oh! They're in the table!

Chandler: Well, that can't be good!

Joey: We gotta get them out of there!

Chandler: How?

Joey: Oh, oh! Maybe we can lure them out. You know any birdcalls?

Chandler: Oh, tons, I'm quite the woodsman.

Joey: Well, maybe we can just tip the table a little.

Chandler: Joey, wait! The ball!

Joey: Oh!

(The ball rolls into one of the goals, and Chandler and Joey listen in horror as the ball makes its way inside the table. Finally, they can hear the birds again.)

Joey: Oh God! So what do we do?

Chandler: I don't know. Maybe we can open this up somehow.

Joey: Okay.

Chandler: No... It's all glued together.

Joey: Does that mean we have to bust it open?

Chandler: I don't know. Maybe.

Joey: Oh my God!

Chandler: I know! It's.. It's the foosball table.

Joey: All right, you know what? We don't have a choice. It's like I would have said in that sci-fi movie if I'd gotten the part. "Those are our men in there, we have to get them out! Even if I have to sacrifice the most important thing in my life: my time-machine."

Chandler: Did that movie ever get made?

Joey: It did not.

[Scene: The airport. Ross and Phoebe run in.]

Phoebe: Ross, where are you going?

Ross: To talk to Rachel, isn't that why we took a ride in the death-cab?

Phoebe: What? What are you just gonna walk up to her at the gate? Have you never chased anyone through the airport before?

Ross: Not since my cop-show got cancelled.

Phoebe: You have to get a ticket to get past security.

Ross: What? We're never gonna make it!

Phoebe: Not with that attitude! Now, haul ass!

(They run to the ticket counter, but they get stuck behind a group of old people who are walking very slowly.)

Ross: Okay, if you could all walk slower, that'd be great.

[Scene: The gate. Rachel walks up to the man at the gate and gives him her passport.]

Gate attendant #1: (with a French accent) Madame, your passport please?

Rachel: Oh my God! I was so afraid I wasn't gonna remember any of my high-school French, but I understood every word you just said!

Gate attendant #1: Your boarding pass, please.

Rachel: Oh.

(She starts looking through her purse, but she can't find it.)

Rachel: Oh, shoot. I had it. Oh, I can't believe this.

Gate attendant #1: Madame, if you don't have your boarding pass...

Rachel: I have it, I have it, I have it. Oh, okay, I can't find it, but I remember that I was in seat 32C, because that's my bra-size.

Gate attendant #1: Madame, you must have your boarding pass..

Rachel: Okay, fine! But you know what? If I was in 36D, we would not be having this problem.

[Scene: The ticket-counter. Ross and Phoebe come running.]

Ross: Hey, I need a ticket.

Phoebe: Just one? I drive you all the way down here, and I don't get to see how it works out?

Ross: Fine, two tickets, I need two tickets.

Phoebe: We're on our honeymoon.

Ticket agent: And the destination?

Ross: I don't care. Whatever is the cheapest.

Phoebe: I'm so lucky I married you.

[Scene: The gate. Rachel is still searching for her boarding pass.]

Rachel: Oh! Shoot! Damn it! Where is it? Oh! Oh! I found it! I found it!

(She runs up to the gate and the gate attendant standing there.)

Rachel: Hah! I found it! I told you I would find it! In your face! You're a different person.

[Scene: The ticket-counter. Ross and Phoebe have their tickets and start looking at the screens in order to find the gate.]

Ross: Okay, flight 421 to Paris. I don't see it, do you see it?

Phoebe: No, did we miss it?

Ross: No, no, no. That's impossible. It doesn't leave for another 20 minutes.

Phoebe: Maybe we have the flight-number wrong. God.

(Phoebe picks up her cell-phone and calls Monica. Monica is still packing in her apartment.)

Monica: Hello.

Phoebe: Hey, it's me. Here's Ross.

Ross: What? Hey, hey, listen..

(Monica is standing by the crib, and she's looking at her babies.)

Monica: Oh my God! Ross, you wouldn't believe the cute little noises the twins are making. Listen.

(She holds the phone down to the twins.)

Ross: Monica? Monica, Monica, Monica, Monica..?

Monica: Oh, I'm sorry. Shoot, they were doing it before.

Ross: That's alright. Listen, listen.

Monica: Oh, wait, wait, wait! Here they go again.

(She holds down the phone to the twins again.)

Ross: Monica? Monica, Monica, Monica, Monica..?

Monica: Isn't that cute?

Ross: That is precious! Listen! I need Rachel's flight information.

Monica: Oh, okay. Alright, it's flight 421. Leaves at 8:40.

Ross: Yes, that's what I have. It's not on the board.

Monica: That's what it says here. Flight 421, leaves at 8:40, Newark airport.

Ross: What?

Monica: Newark airport. Why, where are you?

Ross: JFK.

(Ross sadly hangs up the phone, while Phoebe looks at him. Cut to Rachel at the gate. She gives her boarding pass to the gate attendant, and she goes onboard. The gate attendant closes the door and locks it.)

[Scene: Joey's apartment. Joey and Chandler are still trying to get the birds out of the foosball-table.]

Joey: (yelling) Don't worry, you guys, we're gonna get you out of there.

Chandler: And we're also gonna buy you tiny, bird hearing-aids.

(Joey picks up a hammer and a crowbar and gets ready to destroy the table.)

Joey: Okay. Here goes.

Chandler: What's the matter?

Joey: I need to say goodbye to the table first.

Chandler: I understand.

Joey: Okay. Table, you have given us so many great times. And you guys, Jordan, Victor, Joel... All of you guys. What can I say? You guys make us look good. You wanna say anything?

Chandler: I don't know. Except that, for one last time... (he touches the players as he says the following)
Good game, good game, good game, good game, good game, good game, good game.

Joey: Okay, here we go. I can't do it.

Chandler: Well, I can't do it either.

(Monica enters.)

Monica: Hey! Did you find them?

Joey: Yeah, they're stuck inside the table!

Chandler: We have to bust it open, but neither of us can do it!

Monica: Oh, well sure. This gotta be so hard. I'll do it. Gimme!

(Monica grabs the hammer and the crowbar and gets ready to bust it open.)

[Scene: Phoebe's cab. She's driving faster than ever before.]

Ross: Phoebe! Wow! No, no, no!

(Phoebe screams.)

Phoebe: Well, I've never gone this fast before.

Ross: Phoebe, forget it, okay? Newark is – is like an hour away. There's no way we're gonna make it in time.

Phoebe: She's got her cell, you could call her.

Ross: I am not doing this over the phone.

Phoebe: You don't have any other choice!

(She lets go of the steering wheel to get her cell-phone from her purse. Ross screams and reaches over in order to hold onto the wheel. Cut to the plane. Rachel is sitting in her seat when her cell-phone rings.)

Rachel: Hello?

Phoebe: Rachel? Oh, good. Hey, by the way, did you just get on the plane?

Rachel: Yeah.

Phoebe: (To Ross) For what it's worth, we would have caught her if we were at the right airport.

Ross: Yay.

Phoebe: Uh, Rach, hang on.

(Phoebe tries to give her phone to Ross, but he won't take it. He mouths "no.")

Rachel: Phoebe? Is everything okay?

Phoebe: Uhm, actually no. No, you've... You have to get off the plane.

Rachel: What? Why?

Phoebe: I have this feeling that something's wrong with it. Something is wrong with the left Philange.

Rachel: Oh, honey, I'm sure there's nothing wrong with the plane.

(The passenger in the seat next to Rachel looks at her and seems a little nervous.)

Rachel: Alright, look, I have to go. I love you, and I will call you the minute I get to Paris.

(Rachel hangs up.)

Passenger #1: Uhm, what was that?

Rachel: Oh, that was just my crazy friend. She told me I should get off the plane, because she had a feeling that there was something wrong with the left Philange.

Passenger #1: Okay, that doesn't sound good.

Rachel: I wouldn't worry about it. She's always coming up with stuff like this, and you know what? She's almost never right.

Passenger #1: But she is sometimes.

Rachel: Well...

(The passenger stands up and gets his suitcase from the overhead compartment.)

Rachel: Wait, what are you doing?

Passenger #1: Well, I can't take this plane now.

Air stewardess: Excuse me, sir, where are you going?

Passenger #1: I have to get off this plane, okay? Her friend has a feeling something's wrong with the left Philange.

Rachel: Could I get some peanuts?

Passenger #2: What's wrong with the plane?

Air stewardess: There's nothing wrong with the plane.

Passenger #1: Yeah! The left Philange!

Air stewardess: There is no Philange!

Passenger #1: Oh my God. This plane doesn't even have a Philange!

Passenger #2: I'm not flying on it!

Air stewardess: Ma'am, please sit down!

Passenger #3: What's going on?

Passenger #1: We're all getting off. There is no Philange!

(Everybody walks out of the plane.)

Rachel: This is ridiculous! I...

(She notices that everybody is leaving.)

Rachel: Yeah, okay.

(Rachel leaves as well.)

[Scene: Joey's apartment. Monica has completely destroyed the foosball-table, and Chandler and Joey are holding the birds.]

Monica: Alright. My job here is done.

Chandler: That was... Impressive.

Joey: Yeah, you didn't even use the tools for most of it!

Monica: Yeah, they were just slowing me down. Alright, I have to get back to the babies. I'll see you girls later.

(Monica leaves.)

Chandler: Sorry about the table, man.

Joey: Yeah.

Chandler: You gonna buy a new one?

Joey: Probably not. Nah. I don't know how much I'm gonna wanna play after you go.

Chandler: Well, at least we got these little guys out.

Joey: Yeah.

Chandler: Aww, we were worried about you! Hm. I guess I better get used to things crapping in my hand, huh?

Joey: I'm gonna miss these little guys. It was nice having birds around again.

Chandler: Hey, you know what? Maybe we should keep them here with you.

Joey: What?

Chandler: Yeah, I mean we've got a lot going on right now. And, plus, here they'd have their own room.

Joey: I could get a goose!

Chandler: You know, I – I think you're set with the poultry.

Joey: Thanks man. Did you hear that, you guys? You're gonna get to stay here! And, and it's good, you know, 'cause, 'cause now you have a reason to come visit.

Chandler: I think there may be another reason. So, awkward hug or lame cool guy handshake?

Joey: Uh, lame cool guy handshake, yeah.

(They do the lame cool guy handshake. They look at each other, and then they hug.)

[Scene: The gate at the airport. The passengers are standing in line, and they're about to board the plane again.]

Gate attendant #2: Ma'am, I assure you, the plane is fine.

Passenger #2: And you fixed the Philange?

Gate attendant #2: Yes, the Philange is fixed. As a matter of fact, we put a whole lot of extra Philanges onboard, just in case.

(Rachel walks up to the gate. Cut to Ross and Phoebe who come running up to the gate.)

Ross: Where is she?

Phoebe: I don't see her.

Ross: Rachel! Rachel Green!

Phoebe: There she is!

Ross: Rachel! Rachel!

Gate attendant #2: Wow, excuse me, sir, do you have a boarding pass?

Ross: No, no, I just have to talk to someone.

Gate attendant #2: I'm sorry, you cannot go any further without a boarding pass.

Ross: No, no, no, but...

Phoebe: (screaming) RACHEL!!

(Rachel comes back to the gate.)

Rachel: Oh my God... What.. What are you guys doing here?

Phoebe: Okay, you're on.

Rachel: What? What? Ross, you're scaring me. What's going on?

Ross: Okay, the thing is..

Rachel: Yeah?

Ross: Don't go.

Rachel: What?

Ross: Please, please stay with me. I am so in love with you. Please, don't go.

Rachel: Oh my God.

Ross: I know, I know. I shouldn't have waited 'till now to say it, but I'm.. That was stupid, okay? I'm sorry, but I'm telling you now. I love you. Do not get on this plane.

Gate attendant #2: Miss? Are you boarding the plane?

Ross: Hey, hey. I know you love me. I know you do.

Gate attendant #2: Miss?

Rachel: I – I have to get on the plane.

Ross: No, you don't.

Rachel: Yes, I do.

Ross: No, you don't.

Rachel: They're waiting for me, Ross. I can't do this right now, I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

Ross: Rachel?

Rachel: I'm so sorry.

(She boards the plane.)

Ross: I really thought she'd stay.

Phoebe: I'm sorry.

(Phoebe hugs Ross.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's apartment. Joey, Chandler, Monica and the twins are there. Everything has been put into boxes.]

Monica: Well, that's it. Everything's packed.

Chandler: Wow, this is weird.

Monica: I know.

Joey: Yeah. Uh, does this mean there's nothing to eat?

Monica: I put three lasagnas in your freezer.

Joey: I love you!

(He hugs her. Phoebe enters.)

Joey: Hey!

Phoebe: Hey.

Joey: So did you guys make it in time?

Phoebe: Yeah, yeah, he talked to her, but she got on the plane anyway.

Chandler: Where's Ross?

Phoebe: He went home. He didn't want to see anybody.

[Scene: Ross's apartment. Ross enters and checks his messages.]

Rachel: (on the answering machine) Ross, hi. It's me. I just got back on the plane. And I just feel awful. That is so not how I wanted things to end with us. It's just that I wasn't expecting to see you, and all of a sudden you're there and saying these things... And... And now I'm just sitting here and thinking of all the

stuff I should have said, and I didn't. I mean, I didn't even get to tell you that I love you too. Because of course I do. I love you. I love you. I love you. What am I doing? I love you! Oh, I've gotta see you. I've gotta get off this plane.

Ross: Oh my God!

Rachel: (on the answering machine) Excuse me?

Air stewardess: (on the answering machine) Miss? Please, sit down!

Rachel: (on the answering machine) I'm sorry. I'm really sorry, but I need to get off the plane, okay? I need to tell someone that I love love them.

Air stewardess: (on the answering machine) Miss, I can't let you off the plane.

Ross: Let her off the plane!

Air stewardess: (on the answering machine) I am afraid you are gonna have to take a seat.

Rachel: (on the answering machine) Oh, please, miss, you don't understand!

Ross: Try to understand!

Rachel: (on the answering machine) Oh, come on, miss, isn't there any way that you can just let me off...

(The message is finished. Ross jumps over to the answering machine.)

Ross: No! No! Oh my God. Did she get off the plane? Did she get off the plane?

Rachel: I got off the plane.

Ross: You got off the plane.

(He walks over and kisses her.)

Rachel: I do love you.

Ross: I love you too, and I'm never letting you go again.

Rachel: Okay. 'Cause this is where I wanna be, okay? No more messing around. I don't wanna mess this up again.

Ross: Me neither, okay? We are – we're done being stupid.

Rachel: Okay. You and me, alright? This is it.

Ross: This is it. Unless we're on a break.

(Rachel gives him a look.)

Ross: Don't make jokes now.

(They kiss again.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's apartment. Chandler and Monica are holding the twins. Joey and Phoebe are sitting by the window, while Ross and Rachel are standing together. The apartment is completely empty. Two men are carrying a large dresser.]

Monica: Okay, please be careful with that. It was my grandmother's. Be careful.

(Two other men are rolling the big white dog out of the apartment.)

Monica: If that falls off the truck, it wouldn't be the worst thing.

(She slips them some money.)

Ross: Wow.

Rachel: I know. It seems smaller somehow.

Joey: Has it always been purple?

Chandler: (to his children) Look around, you guys. This was your first home. And it was a happy place, filled with love and laughter. But more important, because of rent control, it was a friggin' steal!

(Monica and Chandler put Jack and Erica in their stroller.)

Phoebe: Hey, do you realise that at one time or another we all lived in this apartment?

Monica: Oh, yeah, that's true.

Ross: Uh, I haven't.

Monica: Wait a minute. What about that summer during college that you lived with grandma, and you tried to make it as a dancer?

Ross: Do you realise we almost made it ten years without that coming up?

Monica: Oh, honey, I forgot. I promised Treeger that we'd leave our keys.

Chandler: Oh, okay.

(Chandler and Monica walk over to the kitchen-counter and leave their keys. Then the other four pick out their keys and leave them as well.)

Phoebe: So, I guess this is it.

Joey: Yeah. I guess so.

Monica: (crying) This is harder than I thought it would be.

Chandler: Oh, it's gonna be okay.

(Chandler hugs her. Monica hugs Ross and Rachel as Chandler gets the stroller with the twins.)

Rachel: (crying) Do you guys have to go to the new house right away, or do you have some time?

Monica: We got some time.

Rachel: Okay, should we get some coffee?

Chandler: Sure. Where?

(They all leave the apartment. Joey helps Chandler with the stroller in the hallway, while Monica and Rachel have their arms around each other. Everybody walks downstairs to Central Perk. The camera goes inside the apartment again, and it pans around. We see the keys on the counter, and the final shot is of the frame around the peephole. The screen fades to black.)

THE END