

701. The One With Monica's Thunder

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[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Chandler, Joey, Rachel, and Phoebe are standing around the table drinking champagne as Ross enters.]

Ross: Hey, what's going on?

Chandler: Hey.

Ross: I found a note on my door, "Come to Monica's quick, bring champagne and a *Three Musketeers* bar."

Joey: (grabbing the candy bar) Yeah I'll take that.

Ross: What's up?

Chandler: Monica and I are engaged.

Ross: Oh my God. (Hugs Chandler.) Congratulations.

Chandler: Thanks.

Ross: Where is she?

[Cut to Monica out on the balcony.]

Monica: (yelling at the top of her lungs) I'm engaged!!!!!! I'm engaged!!!!

[Cut back inside.]

Joey: Yeah, she's been out there for twenty minutes, I'm surprised you didn't hear her on the way over.

Ross: Oh, I thought it was just a kid yelling, "I'm gay! I'm gay!" Can I bring her in?

Phoebe: Oh no, let her stay out there. It's sweet.

[Cut to Monica.]

Monica: I'm getting married!!!! I'm gonna be a bride!!!! (Someone else yells at her.) No, I will not shut up because I'm engaged! (He yells again.) Ohh, big talk! Huh, why don't you come over here and say that to me?! Huh, buddy?! Yeah, my fiancée will kick your ass! (Chandler starts to look worried.) Come on, apartment 20! Apartment 20!

[Cut back inside.]

Chandler: (To Ross) Okay, you get her in here. (To Joey) You bolt the door. I'll be in the closet.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, continued from earlier, everyone is now in the living room drinking champagne.]

Monica: Okay! Wait—wait—wait! Shhh! (Bangs on her class with a spoon to make a toast.) Okay, umm, I just wanna say that...I love you guys so—so much and—and thank you for being here on my special night. (Chandler clears his throat.) Our special night. I mean it just wouldn't be my—our—our night, if you all weren't here to celebrate with me—us—Damn it!

Chandler: It's okay, I want this to be your night too. (Raises his class.) To Monica.

Monica: Awww, come on—wait—stop it. Okay, to Monica.

Chandler: To Monica!

(They all say to Monica, clink their glasses, and drink.)

Phoebe: So have you decided on a band for the wedding? Because, y'know, I'm kinda musical.

Rachel: Yeah Pheebs, honey, she just got engaged a couple of hours ago. I doubt she's even had time to...

Phoebe: Well speaking of chiming in, remember the time you burned down my apartment?

Rachel: (To Monica) Yeah, you're on your own.

Monica: Y'know what we should do? We should all get dressed up and go to have champagne at *The Plaza*.

(They all agree and start to go and get ready.)

Joey: But I—I can't stay too long, I gotta get up early for a commercial audition tomorrow and I gotta look good. I'm supposed to be playing a 19-year-old. (Everyone stops in their tracks upon hearing this.) What?

Chandler: So when you said, "Get up early," did you mean 1986?

Joey: You guys don't think I look 19?

(A brief silence ensues.)

Phoebe: Oh, 19! We thought you said 90!

(They all politely laugh and stop just as quickly.)

Monica: Okay everybody, let's go! Let's go!

Rachel: Okay.

Chandler: Okay.

(They all leave and Joey comes back in quickly.)

Joey: (To Phoebe) Hey, is uh the rest of my candy bar around here?

Phoebe: Oh honey no, you ate it all.

Joey: I was afraid of that.

(Walks out and after he closes the door Phoebe turns around and takes a bite out of what is left of his candy bar.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's bedroom, they're getting ready.]

Monica: (looking at her hand) Y'know what shoes would look great with this ring? Diamond shoes! (Sees Chandler sitting on the bed.) You're not getting dressed. (Chandler quietly folds over the comforter on the bed making a spot for her.)

Chandler: Know what I mean?

Monica: Yeah, but I don't think we have time.

Chandler: There's gonna be a wedding. You're gonna be the bride. Two hundred people are going to be looking at you in a clean white dress.

Monica: (lustily) Let's do it! (She kisses him and they fall back onto the bed.)

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, time lapse, Chandler is fully dressed and slowly walking out of the bedroom with a distressed look on his face.]

Monica: (chasing after him) Chandler! It happens to lots of guys! You—you—you were probably tired, you had a lot of champagne, don't worry about it!

Chandler: (motioning with his hands) I'm not worried, I'm uh, I'm fascinated. Y'know it's like uh, Biology! Which is funny because in high school I uh, I-I failed Biology and tonight Biology failed me. (Exits as Phoebe enters from her room with her guitar.)

Phoebe: Check it out. Okay, I can play this when the guests are coming in. Okay. (Singing)

"First time I met Chandler, I thought he was gay.

But here I am singing on his wedding day!"

Monica: Phoebe!

Phoebe: If you would've let me finish, it goes on to say that he's probably not gay.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Chandler is looking at the foosball table.]

Chandler: Sure, you guys don't have this problem, you're made of wood. (Rachel comes out of the bathroom) Hey!

Rachel: Hey!

Chandler: You look great!

Rachel: (quietly) Oh, thanks.

Chandler: You okay over there?

Rachel: I don't know, y'know? I feel a little umm... No, y'know what? Nevermind, I'm gonna be fine.

Chandler: Oh, don't worry about it I mean you probably were tired, you had a lot of champagne, it happens to everybody.

[Rachel exits into the hallway just as Ross is coming up the stairs.]

Ross: Hey!

Rachel: Hi!

Ross: Wow! Happy Monica's night!

Rachel: Well thank you, you too.

Ross: Thanks.

Rachel: Hey, do you believe this? Do you believe they are actually getting married?

Ross: Well sure. But I get married all the time so...

Rachel: Ohh...

Ross: You okay?

Rachel: Yeah, I guess. I-I... I mean, do-do you think we're ever gonna have that?

Ross: You mean, we—you and me?

Rachel: Oh no-no-no-no-no, no, no! We, you with someone and me with someone.

Ross: Oh good, you scared me for a minute.

Rachel: Shake it off.

Ross: I mean—no, it's just 'cause, it's just 'cause you and I were like a nightmare. (Screams.) No, but there was some good times.

Rachel: No, absolutely. Y'know like it was umm...

Ross: Surely you can think of something good.

Rachel: Yeah, just give me a minute! (Thinking) Oh well, yes, I can think of one good thing.

Ross: What?

Rachel: Well you uh, you were always really good at the uh, at the uh the stuff.

Ross: Yeah? I was good at the stuff huh?

Rachel: Uh-hmm, uh-hmm, yeah, yeah, I really liked your hands.

Ross: My hands?

Rachel: Yeah.

Ross: Yeah?

Rachel: Uh-huh.

Ross: (to his hands) Way to go guys. Y'know, you—you were really good at the stuff too.

Rachel: Oh, I know. Hey, y'know what we never did? (Ross looks at her.) Oh no, not that. (Ross nods okay.) We uh, we never had bonus night!

Ross: A what?

Rachel: Y'know, bonus night. Y'know, when two people break up but they get back together for just one night.

Ross: One night, just—just sex. No strings attached?

Rachel: Yeah—yeah, we never had that,

Ross: No.

[Silence.]

Ross: Okay, this is getting a little crazy. I mean, I'm—I'm sure it would be amazing but I...gotta say I really—really don't think it would be a good idea. Y'know? I really, really...don't.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Chandler is playing *Playstation, Crash Team Racing* to be exact (he's in last on Hot Air Skyway to be more exact) as Joey enters from his room desperately trying to look like a 19-year-old. He's got the wool cap, he's got the cut-off *Knicks* jersey over the faded T-shirt, and he's got the whole pants-around-the-knees-showing-off-the-boxers thing that rich, white, suburban kids have adopted in a desperate and extremely futile attempt to try to look like they're from the inner-city.]

Joey: 'Sup? 'Sup dude?

Chandler: (putting his hands up) Take whatever you want, just please don't hurt me.

Joey: So you're playing a little *Playstation*, huh? That's whack! *Playstation* is whack! 'Sup with the whack *Playstation*, 'sup?! Huh? Come on, am I 19 or what?!

Chandler: Yes, on a scale from 1 to 10, 10 being the dumbest a person can look, you are definitely 19.

Joey: Come on man, really how old?!

Chandler: Young! You're a man-child okay?! Now go get changed because everybody's ready and please, oh please, keep my underwear!

Joey: Wow thanks! (He goes into his bedroom and closes the door.)

Chandler: Joe?

Joey: Yeah!

Chandler: Uhh, you've had a lot of sex right?

Joey: When? Today? Some, not a lot.

Chandler: Well, it's just the reason that I'm asking is because I kind of eh, uh, I was unable to—I mean I really wanted too, but I couldn't... There huh—hmm, there—there was an incident.

Joey: Don't worry about that man, that happens.

Chandler: It's happened to you?

Joey: Yeah! Once.

Chandler: Well, what'd you do?

Joey: I did it anyway.

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Monica is in the living room and Phoebe is in her room.]

Monica: Phoebe! Come on! Let's go! (Knocks on her door.) Come on! (Phoebe enters with guitar and not ready to go.) Why aren't you dressed yet?!

Phoebe: I'm sorry, but I just wrote the best dance song for your wedding. Check this out. (Gets ready to play.)

Monica: (grabs the guitar away from her) No, Phoebe, I'll tell you what, if you get ready now I'll let you play it at the wedding.

Phoebe: Really?! Oh that's so exciting! Thank you! Thanks Mon! Oh but Mon, if you touch my guitar again I'll have to pound on you for a little bit.

Monica: Fair enough, now go get ready!

Phoebe: Okay. (She goes to get ready.)

Monica: I'll get everybody else (Does so), finally we can start celebrating my—(She gasps and is stopped by the sight of Ross and Rachel making out in the hall.) I'm sorry, uh apparently I've opened the door to the past.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, continued from before the commercial break. Monica is walking into the apartment followed by Ross and Rachel.]

Ross: Okay, Monica. Mon, uh what—what you just saw...

Monica: (interrupting) Can I ask you just a little question, huh? Why tonight?

Rachel: What?

Monica: See, I've been waiting my whole life to be engaged, and unlike some people I'm only planning on doing this once. So, uh y'know, maybe this is selfish and I'm sorry about it, but I was kinda hoping tonight could just be about that.

Rachel: Oh honey, but it is just about...

Ross: It is! It is!

Monica: No it's not! No! No! Now it's about you and Ross getting back together!

Rachel: What?!

Monica: See yeah umm, you kinda stole my thunder!

Ross: Okay! Ho—ho! We did not steal your thunder because we are **not** getting back together!

Rachel: Yeah. No. And you know what? Nobody even saw!

Ross: Yeah!

Monica: That's true.

Rachel: Honey I swear it we just kissed.

Ross: It was just a kiss. (Phoebe enters and overhears this.)

Phoebe: You guys kissed!!!!!! What does this mean?! Are you, are you getting back together?! Can I sing at your wedding?

Monica: Thunder being stolen!!

Rachel: Okay come on Phoebe, it's nothing! Monica, come on!

Ross: Look let's not make a big deal out of this! It was a **one** time thing. It doesn't even matter!
(Chandler and Joey enter and overhear that.)

Joey: Oh my God! I cannot believe you guys are talking about this! The problems in the bedroom are between the man and the woman!!! All right?!! Now Chandler is doing the best he can!!

Chandler: (angrily) I don't think that's what they were talking about Joe!!

Phoebe: What a great night, Chandler can't do it, these guys kissed... (Points to Ross and Rachel.)

Joey: What?

Chandler: What?!

Joey: You guys kissed! Oh my—this is huge!

Rachel: No!

Ross: Oh no!

Rachel: No—no, it's really not huge.

Ross: And; people thinking it's huge has led Monica to believe that **we** are stealing her thunder. (To Monica) Which we are not!

Monica: Well, we're still talking about it, aren't we?

Phoebe: Well yeah, that and Chandler's problem.

Joey: Monica—Monica—Monica—Monica, listen—listen, listen, listen, would—would it make you feel better if we all stop talking about Ross and Rachel.

Monica: Yes that would be lovely.

Joey: You got it. Okay. Now, I can pass for 19 right?!

Chandler: Yes, you can pass for 19.

Joey: Really?

Chandler: Yes!

Joey: Seriously?

Chandler: Seriously? Seriously, no! You can play your own age which is 31!

Joey: (gasps) I'm 30!

Rachel: Joey, you are not! You're 31.

Joey: (realizes) Aww crap!

Phoebe: Okay, so *The Plaza*! Okay, we'll get us some Mai Thai's, (To Chandler) maybe no more for you though.

Monica: Y'know what? I—I think that umm, I don't feel like going to *The Plaza*.

Phoebe: Why?!

Rachel: Honey, Monica, this is ridiculous! Look...

Monica: No—no, I—I really don't want to talk about it! I don't! (To Rachel) Especially with you. (Goes into her room.)

Joey: Psss, that is whack!

[Time lapse, Phoebe is playing the guitar for Joey.]

Phoebe: (she's strumming something) Yeah? (Joey nods yes.) Okay, I think I'll play it at the wedding.

Joey: Yeah! Well, I think we'll see if they actually let you play. Huh? I mean they tell you anything you want to hear like-like, "You look 19," and then they just take it away like-like, "No you don't."

Phoebe: Well, I don't think Monica is gonna take this away.

Joey: Wouldn't she?

Phoebe: Would she?

Joey: Would she? (He smells something and gasps as he realizes what it is.) You ate my candy bar!

[Scene: Rachel's bedroom, she's pacing as Ross knocks on her door and opens it a little to stick his hands in.]

Ross: Guess who? (Enters fully.)

Rachel: Hey.

Ross: Hey, I just realized we kinda let some stuff up in the air...

Rachel: What do you think Monica mean when she said she didn't want to talk, especially with me? I mean, why not especially you and me? We were both out there kissing.

Ross: Still thinking about it huh?

Rachel: Come on! Serious-ser-ser-seriously, what did she mean by that? (Mimicking Monica.) Especially you!

Ross: (loosening his tie) Oh, who cares?

Rachel: I care!

Ross: (tightening his tie) And so do I.

Rachel: Y'know what, I-I have to go talk to her, would you let me just get changed?

Ross: Okay. Sure. (Sits down on her bed.)

Rachel: Am I **going** to let you watch me undress?

Ross: (sitting up) No! (Exits.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's bedroom, they are both getting undressed.]

Monica: I can't believe her, y'know it's just—it's so typical.

Chandler: Now Monica, I know you're upset, but don't forget. There is going to be a wedding, you are going to throw the bouquet, and **then** there's going to be a honeymoon, maybe in Paris.

Monica: Paris?

Chandler: We will take a moonlit walk on the Rue de la (mumbles something).

Monica: Keep talking.

Chandler: Then we will sprinkle rose pedals on the bed and make love. Not just because it's romantic, but because I can!

Monica: I love you!

(They start making out and both start to feel something growing below the belt line.)

Monica: (in a French accent) Bonjour, monsieur.

Chandler: Okay, don't say anything, you might scare it away.

(There is a knock on the door.)

Chandler: It's Paris, who knows we're here!

Monica: (opening the door) Hi Pheebs, what's up? (She enters.)

Phoebe: Okay, you said I could sing at your wedding so, I'm just gonna need a small deposit.

Monica: What?!

Phoebe: Y'know, just some good faith money to hold the date.

Chandler: Pheebs, we're not giving you a deposit for our wedding!

Phoebe: Oh, I see. (Exits angrily.)

[Cut to the living room, Joey is eating a sandwich.]

Joey: They break your heart, don't they?

Phoebe: Y'know, I don't really their permission.

Joey: Yeah! If you wanna sing at their wedding, well you sing at their wedding!

Phoebe: Yeah! And if you wanna look 19, then you... You gotta do something about your eyes.

Joey: What?! What's wrong with my eyes.

Phoebe: They give you away! There's just--there's just too much wisdom in there. (Joey nods in agreement.) Just put some tea bags on there for like 15 minutes.

Joey: And that'll get rid of my wisdom?

Phoebe: Maybe just 10 minutes for you.

[Cut back to Monica and Chandler's room, they are making out again as there's another knock on the door.]

Chandler: Oh, give her the deposit! Give her the ring! I don't care!

(Monica opens the door to Ross and Rachel.)

Monica: Yes.

Rachel: Monica, what did you mean before when you said you didn't want to talk to anyone, especially me?

Chandler: What a great apology! (To Monica) And you accept! Okay, bye-bye!

Rachel: No--no, seriously--seriously, what was the especially me part about?

Monica: Well, let's just say it's not the first time you've stolen my thunder.

Rachel: What?!

Ross: (To Rachel) Hey, here's a thought.

(Rachel ignores him and follows Monica into the kitchen.)

Rachel: Monica, what are you talking about?

Monica: My Sweet Sixteen! Remember, you went to third base with my cousin Charlie.

Chandler: (entering) Ahh, third base.

Monica: It's all everybody at the party could talk about!

Rachel: Monica, y'know what? The only reason I did that was because your party was so boring!

Monica: (gasps) We had a characterist!

Rachel: Oh!!

Phoebe: (singing, angrily)

"Whenever I get married, guess who won't get to sing?

Somebody named Geller! And somebody else named Bing!"

(Exits.)

Rachel: Monica, your Sweet Sixteen was like a million years ago.

Monica: And yet, here we are doing it again.

Rachel: Ugh, Monica I don't want to steal your stupid thunder!

Monica: Oh please! Why else would you have made out with Ross?!

Ross: Got me. (He shows off his hands.)

Rachel: All right, easy mimey, the moment has passed, it ain't gonna happen!

Monica: I just thought it would be nice if I could have just this one night!

Rachel: I swear, I never wanted any part of your night!

Monica: Oh, is that why you did it the secret hallway where nobody ever goes?!

Ross: Uh, Rachel, I've been thinking. I don't think us getting together tonight is such a good idea. I'm calling it off.

Chandler: (To Ross) Why to save your dignity my man.

Rachel: (ignoring them) Monica, why? Why would I ever want to take away from your night?

Monica: I don't know! I don't—maybe you're feeling a little resentful. Maybe ah, maybe you thought you'd get married first! Maybe you can't stand the fact that your formally **fat** friend is getting married before you!

Rachel: Oh wow. That—y'know what? That is so unfair. Y'know what? Now I **want** to steal your thunder! Come on Ross, let's go have sex!

(Ross tries to dismiss it by making that sound, but decides to go for it and follows Rachel.)

Monica: (yelling after them) I can't believe you're gonna have sex on my engagement night!!

Chandler: Well, somebody should. (Monica glares at him.)

[Cut to Rachel's bedroom.]

Ross: Look uh, if we're gonna do this...

Rachel: We're not gonna do this, all right? She's just gonna think that we're doin' it.

Ross: Oh, I see, so everybody wins.

(There's a knock on the door.)

Rachel: Who is it?

Monica: (outside the door) It's Monica, open up!

Rachel: Okay well Ross! Stop it please! Wait a minute! (Motions for him to follow her lead, but he angrily shakes his head no. So she pokes him.)

Ross: Oww!

Rachel: Yeah, you like that baby? (Monica bursts in followed by Chandler.) May we help you?

Monica: I just wanted to say that I hope you do have sex tonight and I hope that you guys get back together, but I must warn you, the night that you announce your engagement I'm going to announce that I'm pregnant!

Chandler: How is that ever going to happen?!

Rachel: All right Monica, do you want to know why I was with Ross tonight?!

Monica: I know why!

Rachel: No you **don't** know why!

Monica: Okay! Why?!

Rachel: Because! Because I was sad.

Monica: What do you mean?

Rachel: Look, I am so...so happy for you guys, but you getting married just reminds me of the fact that I'm not. I'm not even close. And I don't know, maybe I just wanted to make myself feel better. And I know that that's dumb, but oh my God you were so depressed when Ross got married that you slept with Chandler!
(Ross looks at Chandler.)

Chandler: (To Ross) I don't care, she slept with me.

Rachel: Anyway sweetie, I am, I'm **so** sorry I ruined your night.

Monica: (starting to cry) I'm sorry I almost made you sleep with Ross. (They hug.)

Ross: (deadpan) Well, I'm going to take off. (To Chandler) Congratulations man.

Chandler: Thanks.

Ross: (at the door) And uh, Rachel.

Rachel: Yeah.

Ross: What can I say, you missed your chance. From now on the only person who's going to enjoy these bad boys (holds up his hands) is me. (Quickly realizes what he said and exits disgustedly.)

Ending Credits

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Phoebe is singing outside Monica and Chandler's door.]

Phoebe: (singing)

"We thought Phoebe would leave, but she just stayed and stayed.

That's right, I'm here all night, and Chandler will never get I..."

Chandler: (interrupting her just in time) Hey! Here's a dollar, consider it a deposit. Please sing at our wedding.

Phoebe: Oh thank you.

Chandler: Okay. (Goes back to bed.)

Phoebe: Now... (Starts singing again) *"Who will perform the ceremony! Who will perform the cer—*
(Chandler enters and grabs her guitar and closes the door behind him)—Oh—oh! All right, I'll pound on him in the morning.

End

702. The One With Rachel's Book

Written by: Andrew Reich & Ted Cohen

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, everyone is there having breakfast and Joey enters carrying a loaf of bread.]

Joey: Hey!

Ross: Hi!

Joey: Who wants French toast?

Ross: Oh, I'll have some!

Joey: Good, me too. (Tosses him the loaf.) Eggs and milk are in the fridge. Thanks.

Monica: (entering from her room) Oww!

Chandler: What's the matter honey?

Monica: I don't know, my hand feels weird. I guess it's because, I'm engaged! (Shows off the ring.) How long before it starts getting annoying?

Phoebe: It starts?

Rachel: Yeah, so let's get started on the wedding plans!

Monica: Okay! (Runs off.)

Chandler: (incredulous) Already?!

Rachel: Yeah, we got a lot to do! We gotta think about the flowers, the caterers, the music...

Chandler: Oh, I got some thoughts on that.

Rachel: Oh wait Chandler, too many cooks...

Ross: Take from me, as the groom all you have to do is show up and try to say the right name.

Monica: (returning) Okay! (Sets down a huge 3" 3-ring binder on the table.)

Chandler: What in God's name is that?!

Ross: Oh my God, the wedding book?! I haven't seen that since the forth grade!

Monica: This baby has got everything. Take y'know, locations for instance. (She opens up the binder to the locations chapter.) First, organized alphabetically, then geographically, then by square footage.

Phoebe: That is so smart! (To Chandler, under her breath) Break it off. Break it off now.

Opening Credits

[Scene: A Classroom, Ross is giving a lecture.]

Ross: And **that** should conclusively prove that I had the idea for *Jurassic Park* first! Now let's take a look at... (Phoebe rushes in.)

Phoebe: Hey! Ross!

Ross: Phoebe, oh my God! Wh-wh-what are you doing here?

Phoebe: I need to talk to you, it's pretty urgent. It's about Monica and Chandler.

Ross: Oh my God! Of course, of course. (To the class.) Umm, would you please excuse me for a moment? Umm, do you know each other's hometowns? Why don't you... (Motions that they should learn everyone's hometown.) (To Phoebe) Wh-what's going on?

Phoebe: Well, umm, not much. But, I was just thinking that since those guys just got engaged that maybe it would be nice if they had some privacy, y'know? So, could I just move in with you for a couple days?

Ross: Umm, okay, yeah, sure. But wh-what's wrong with Monica and Chandler?

Phoebe: Nothing—Why?!

Ross: Phoebe, you said it was urgent!

Phoebe: Oh yeah it is! I'm going to the movies and it starts in like five minutes.

Ross: Do you realize I have a classroom full of students?

Phoebe: (to the students) Oh, I'm sorry. I'm so rude. Does anyone want to come to the movies?

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Rachel and Monica are pretty much telling Chandler what the wedding plans are.]

Monica: All right, so I haven't cleared the budget with my parents yet, but tell me how this is for music.

Rachel: Okay.

Monica: All right umm, a string quartet for the procession.

Rachel: Aw.

Monica: A jazz trio for cocktails. The *Bay City Rollers* for dancing. Wait, that was from my sixth grade wedding.

Chandler: Well, you couldn't get them anyway. Ian doesn't plan anymore and Derrick... (Off of Rachel and Monica's looks) And Derrick is a name I shouldn't know.

Joey: (sitting up from the couch) Hey Mon, do you have another pillow? (Holds up one.) Y'know, something a little snugglyer?

Chandler: Why are you napping over here instead of over at your place?

Joey: Well, the duck...

Rachel: What?! The duck?! What the hell did the damn duck do now?!

Joey: Uh, well he did **not** get sick somewhere in there and it was immediately found and properly cleaned up!

Chandler: Now, do I get to look at this book or is it just for people who are actually **involved** in the wedding?

Monica: Of course you can look at it! Yeah, I want your opinion too!

Chandler: Okay.

Monica: Here you go! What do you think about centerpieces?

Chandler: Centerpieces!

Monica: Yeah! Roses or Lilies? (Holds up a picture of each.)

Chandler: Definitely roses. (Monica and Rachel exchange a look.) Well, I just think they're a little more weddingy. (Monica holds the Lily picture closer to him.) But Lilies are the clear choice.

Monica: Oh my God! It's like one mind.

Chandler: Uh-huh!

Joey: (sitting up again) Guys! Guys!! You **gotta** let me nap! Ugh, I'm gonna get cranky!

Rachel: Joey, there is a perfectly good couch across the hall!

Joey: Yes it is perfectly good, and it is **not** one of the places the duck got sick!

Rachel: What?!

Joey: All right, I'm gonna go! (Gets up and heads for the door.)

Rachel: Now Joey, what did the duck do?!

Joey: I don't know! But he did **not** eat your face cream!

[Cut to Joey and Rachel's, Joey enters and heads for his bedroom. He pushes open the door to find the duck.]

Joey: Hey little buddy, how are you feeling? (The duck does **not** get sick and Joey recoils in horror and heads for the couch.) What the hell is in that face cream? (He's about to try out the couch but notices the bed in Rachel's room. He walks into her room and feels the bed.) That's so soft. (He pulls back the comforter.) Pillowcases! (He climbs in and groans in delight. Suddenly, he feels something under him and pulls out a little beat up paperback book. He opens it and starts to read from it.) (In his head.) *Zelda looked at the chimney sweep. Her father, the vicar...* (Stops reading and thinks.) *The vicar?* (Continues reading) *...wouldn't be home for hours. Her loins were burning. She threw caution to the wind and reached out and grabbed his...* (Out loud.) Whoa! (Reads on in silence.) Whoa—ho—ho—ho! This is a dirty book! (Continues to read.)

[Scene: Ross's apartment, Phoebe has moved in and has a massage client on her table she's set up in the living room. Ross enters and is shocked to see a naked man lying on the table.]

Ross: Uh, Phoebe...

Phoebe: Oh Ross, hi.

Ross: Phoebe, what are you doing?

Phoebe: I'm sorry, I'm with a client right now.

Ross: Phoebe!

Phoebe: Okay, let's talk outside.

(They go into the hall.)

Ross: Phoebe, you can't massage people in my apartment!

Phoebe: What's the big deal? I did it at Monica and Chandler's!

Ross: And they knew about it?

Phoebe: (pause as she considers it) Okay, well Ross, what is this really about?

Ross: Look, this is my home and I want to be able to come and go whenever I want!

Phoebe: Okay, I will find someplace else to do the rest of my appointments. I just don't know what the big deal is!

Ross: The big deal is I don't want naked, greasy strangers in my apartment when I want to kick back with a puzzle—beer! Cold beer.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is sweeping up as Rachel enters.]

Rachel: Hey Joey, what 'cha doing?

Joey: Sweepin'. Why? Turn you on?

Rachel: No.

Joey: Huh. What if I was sweeping a chimney?

Rachel: Joey, did **you** my face cream?

(She walks into her bedroom.)

Joey: Where are you going? The vicar won't be home for hours.

(She comes back out.)

Rachel: Joey, (nervously) where did you learn that word?

Joey: Where do you think, (pause) Zelda?

Rachel: (gasps) You found my book?!

Joey: Yeah I did!

Rachel: Joey, what—what are you doing going into my bedroom?!

Joey: Okay, look I'm sorry, I went in there to take a nap and I know I shouldn't have, but you got porn!

Rachel: Hey—hey, y'know what? I don't care! I'm not ashamed of my book. There's nothing with a woman enjoying a little…erotica. It's just a healthy expression of female sexuality, which by the way, you will never understand. (She goes into her room.)

Joey: You got porn!

[Scene: Ross's apartment, Ross is coming out of the living room carrying his salad and a puzzle—beer! Cold beer. And he decides to fold up Phoebe's massage table, but being Ross has trouble with it as there is a knock on the door. He sets the table back up and opens the door to reveal a beautiful woman.]

Ross: Hello.

Woman: Hi, is uh Phoebe here?

Ross: Uh no—no, she—she's out for the night.

Woman: Ohh great.

Ross: Can I, can I help you with something?

Woman: Well, I don't know. Are you a masseur?

Ross: (deadpan) Yes I am.

Woman: Great! (Calls down the hall) Dad! (Her old father walks in.) Thank you so much, I'll be back to pick him up in an hour. (She walks away.)

(Ross isn't happy and closes the door slowly.)

[Scene: A Restaurant, Monica and Chandler are having dinner with her parents.]

Mrs. Geller: So Chandler, you're parents must've been thrilled when you told them you were engaged.

Chandler: Oh yeah, I should probably call them.

Mr. Geller: I remember when we first got engaged.

Chandler: Oh, I don't think I ever heard that story.

Monica: Oh dad, really you don't need to…

Mr. Geller: (ignoring her) Well, I'd gotten Judy pregnant. I still don't know that happened.

Mrs. Geller: (incredulous) You don't know how that happened?! Your dog thought my diaphragm was a chew toy!

Chandler: What a sweet story.

Monica: Well, at least you're not hearing it for the first time at your fifth grade Halloween party.

Mr. Geller: What?! They wanted a scary story!

Monica: Anyway, we're really excited about our wedding plans, and well I guess pretty soon we'll be making a big withdrawal from the Monica wedding fund. (Chandler and her laugh, but her parents don't.) What?

Mrs. Geller: You tell her Jack, I can't do it.

Monica: What happened? You still have the Monica wedding fund don't you?

Mr. Geller: We have it. Only now, we call it the beach house.

Commercial Break

[Scene: A Restaurant, scene continued from before the break.]

Monica: I don't believe you spent my wedding fund on the beach house!

Mrs. Geller: We're sorry honey, but we just assumed if you got married after you turned 30 you'd pay for it yourself.

Monica: You bought the beach house when I was 23!

Mr. Geller: Which means you had seven years of beach fun and you can't put a price on that sweetie.

Mrs. Geller: We really do feel bad about this though.

Mr. Geller: We started saving again when you were dating Richard and then that went to hell, so we redid the kitchen.

Monica: What about when I started dating Chandler?

Mrs. Geller: Well it was Chandler! We didn't think **he'd** ever propose!

Chandler: Clearly I did not start drinking enough at the start of the meal. (Starts to make up for lost time and takes a big swig of his drink.)

Monica: I can't believe it! That there is **no** money for my wedding?!

Mrs. Geller: We **might** still have some money, if your father didn't think it was a good idea to sell ice over the Internet.

Mr. Geller: It seemed like such a simple idea.

Mrs. Geller: Stupid Jack, the word is stupid.

Mr. Geller: All right, enough! I don't want to hear about it anymore! (Under his breath) Good luck, Chandler. (Chandler takes another drink.)

[Scene: Ross's apartment, his massage client is on the table and Ross is reluctantly starting his massage. He spreads some lotion in his hands, and doesn't like it.]

Ross: Okay! Now, I'm going to touch you. (He does so, very gingerly.) Ohh, that's soft. (He starts poking him and notices his salad spoons and starts to massage him with those.)

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Monica and Chandler are returning from dinner, Rachel is already there.]

Monica: I can't believe this. Do you think that your parents could help pay for it?

Chandler: I don't know, my mother spent most of her money on her fourth wedding. She's saving the rest for her divorce. And any extra cash my father has he saves for his yearly trips to (Pause) *Dollywood*.

Rachel: Well what happened at dinner?

Monica: My parents spent the money for our wedding!

Phoebe: (gasps) My God! What did you order?!

Rachel: Wait, but there's no money! Well this is terrible! You guys are gonna have to get married in like a, rec. center!

Chandler: Honey, it's gonna be okay.

Monica: No! No it's not! It's not gonna be okay! It sucks! No swing band! No lilies!

Rachel: No, y'know what? It's gonna be okay. I mean you don't have to have this rustic Italian feast. Y'know? And—and you don't need, you don't need this custom-made, empire waisted, duchess, satin gown; you can wear off the rack. (She starts to cry, as does Monica.)

Chandler: Look, it really is gonna be okay. The important thing is that we love each other and that we're gonna get married.

Rachel: Do you even understand what off the rack means?!

Phoebe: Look, why don't you just pay for it yourself?

Monica: How? I don't have any money.

Chandler: Well, I have some.

Monica: How much?

Chandler: Well, close to... (Notices Rachel leaning in to hear and decides to write it on a piece of paper and hand it to Monica as Phoebe averts her eyes.)

Monica: Whoa!!! Are you kidding me?!

Rachel: Well what?! How—how much is it?!

Monica: It's enough for wedding scenario eight.

Rachel: Ohh! (Whispers.) Really?!

Monica: (To Chandler) How great are you, you little saver?! I mean, the—the amount you have is **exactly** the budget of my dream wedding!

Rachel: (starting to cry) Ohh, you guys are so made for each other.

Chandler: Well, you're not suggesting that we spend all of the money on the wedding?

Rachel and Monica: Ah, yeah!

Chandler: Well, come on, I've been saving this money for six years and I kinda had some of it earmarked for the future, not just for a party.

Phoebe: (reading the slip of paper) Wow! (In a sultry voice) Hello, Mr. Chandler.

Monica: This is the most special day of our lives.

Chandler: No, I realize that honey, but I'm not gonna spend all of the money on one party.

Monica: Honey, umm I—I love you, (laughs) but umm, if you call our wedding a party one more time, you may not get invited. Okay? (Laughs) Listen, we could **always** earn more money, okay? But uh, we're only gonna get married once.

Chandler: Look, I understand, but I have to put my foot down. Okay? The answer is no.

Monica: You—you're gonna have to put your foot down?

Chandler: Yes, I am!

Phoebe: Wow, money and a firm hand. Finally a Chandler I can get on board with.

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey and Ross are there as Rachel enters and sees Joey sitting there.]

Joey: Hey Rach.

Rachel: (quietly) Joey.

Joey: Hey Rach, do you smell smoke?

Rachel: Uh-huh, I get it, smoke, chimney, chimney sweep, very funny, ha-ha.

Joey: No-no-no, I'm serious. You don't smell it? Something's on fire.

Rachel: Well no, I don't smell anything.

Joey: Oh, y'know what? It's probably just your burnin' loins.

Ross: (sitting down) Hey, what are you guys, what are you guys talking about?

Rachel: Nothing!

Ross: (takes a drink) Damn, this coffee's cold! Hey Rach, do you mind if I heat this up on your loins?
(Joey and he both laugh.)

Rachel: Y'know, I can not believe you told him, Joey!

Ross: So I guess you bought that book after we broke up huh?

Rachel: Uh-huh, yeah I did, because I wore out my first copy when I was with you. (Exits.)

Ross: (chases her) Oh yeah, yeah? Well uh, when we were going out, I read tons of porno magazines!
(Realizes a table of women overheard him.) (To that table.) 'Sup?

Phoebe: (entering) Ross! How could you do that to an old man?!

Ross: (looking at the table) Excuse me ladies. (To Phoebe) I'm sorry?

Phoebe: My massage client, Arthur? His daughter called and said that some guy that worked for me gave him a really weird massage this afternoon.

Ross: (incredulous) I gave him an extremely professional massage!

Phoebe: He said you poked at him with wooden spoons.

Ross: Okay, so it wasn't uh, a traditional massage. But I did give him accu-pressure with a pair of chopsticks. And, and I gently exfoliated him with, with a mop.

Phoebe: Well, he's never coming back! Okay? You just cost me eight dollars a week!

Ross: Hey, y'know what? This is your fault! You're the one that didn't move his-his appointment.

Phoebe: Oh, it's **my** fault?! You didn't have to massage him! You could've sent him away! You could've not rolled *Tonka* trucks up and down his back!

Ross: He said he liked that!! Oh you're right, you're right. I'm sorry.

Joey: Dude, what are you massaging an old man for?

Ross: His daughter was hot.

Joey: Gotcha.

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Chandler is looking at the wedding book as Monica enters.]

Monica: Hey.

Chandler: Hey.

Monica: Listen umm, I've been thinking, it's not fair for me to ask you to spend all of your money on our wedding. I mean, you work, you work really hard for that.

Chandler: Ehh.

Monica: Eh, you work for that.

Chandler: Look, I thought about it too, and I'm sorry. I think we should spend all of the money on the wedding.

Monica: You do?!

Chandler: Yeah, I'm putting my foot down. Yeah look, when I proposed I told you that I would do anything to make you happy, and if having the perfect wedding makes you happy then, then that's what we're gonna do.

Monica: Oh, you're so sweet. (They hug and kiss.) Oh, but wait, what about our, what about the future and stuff?

Chandler: Eh, forget about the future and stuff! So we only have two kids, y'know? We'll pick our favorite and **that** one will get to go to college.

Monica: You thought about that?

Chandler: Yeah.

Monica: How many kids were we gonna have?

Chandler: Uh, four, a boy, twin girls and another boy.

Monica: What else did you think about?

Chandler: Well, stuff like where'd we live, y'know? Like a small place outside the city, where our kids could learn to ride their bikes and stuff. Y'know, we could have a cat that had a bell on it's collar and we could hear it every time it ran through the little kitty door. Of course, we'd have an apartment over the garage where Joey could grow old.

Monica: (laughs) Y'know what? I—I don't want a big, fancy wedding.

Chandler: Sure you do.

Monica: No, I want everything you just said. I want a marriage.

Chandler: You sure?

Monica: Uh—hmm.

Chandler: I love you so much.

Monica: I love you. (They kiss.) Hey listen umm, when, when you were talkin' about our future you said cat, but you meant dog right.

Chandler: Oh yeah, totally!

Monica: Oh good.

Ending Credits

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is balancing her checkbook as Joey enters from his room wearing a hockey helmet, gloves, and shin guards.]

Joey: Hello, Zelda.

Rachel: Who are you supposed to be?

Joey: The vicar!

Rachel: Do you even know what a vicar is?

Joey: Like a goalie, right?

Rachel: (sarcastically) Yeah. Look Joey, it's enough all right?! You keep making these stupid jokes and this sleazy innuendoes and it's—I'm not—it's just not funny anymore!

Joey: All right, I'm sorry. Rach I—Rach I'm sorry. Okay? I'm sorry! Maybe I can make up for it by, taking you roughly in the barn. (Giggles.)

Rachel: All right! Y'know what? That's it! You wanna do it?! Let's do it!

Joey: Huh?

Rachel: (starting to move closer to him) That's right, I wanna do it with you! I've been trying to fight it, but you just said all the right things.

Joey: (nervously backing away) I-I-I did? (He puts a stool in front of her.)

Rachel: (moves the stool out of the way) Yeah! Ohh, I've been waitin' so long to get on that body!

Joey: This body? (He backs into the kitchen.)

Rachel: Yeah that's right! Come on Joey; sex me up!

Joey: Hey-hey, you're startin' to sound like the butcher's wife there in-in chapter seven.

Rachel: Oh, come on now, don't keep me waiting. Get those clothes off! But, I would keep that helmet on because you're in for a **rough** ride! (He backs into the door.)

Joey: I don't want to, I'm scared.

(Rachel walks away, pleased with her self.)

End

703. The One With Phoebe's Cookies

Written by: Sherry Bilsing & Ellen Plummer

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

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

Chandler: Hey, you guys!

Ross and Rachel: Hey!

Chandler: So, what do you think?

Ross: About what?

Rachel: Yeah, what?

Joey: What?

Chandler: Are you kidding? Okay, I'll give you a hint: I'll give you a hint. (Points to his glasses.)

Joey: Eyes! No, no. Your eyes! No. Chandler's eyes!

Chandler: I got glasses!

Ross: Well, you—you've always had glasses.

Chandler: No I didn't!

Ross: Are you sure?

Rachel: Yeah—yeah, did—didn't you use to have a pair? They were really round, burgundy, and they made you look kind of umm...

Joey: Feminine.

Rachel: Yes!

Chandler: No!

Monica: Sweetie, I think the glasses look great. They make you look really sexy.

Chandler: Really?

Monica: Yeah!

Chandler: (sitting down on the arm of her chair) You didn't think I used to wear glasses, right?

Monica: Of course! (She mouths, "I have no idea," to the rest of the gang.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Rachel, Phoebe, Chandler, and Monica are making some sandwiches.]

Phoebe: So what do you guys want for an engagement present?

Chandler: That's okay Pheebs, we're not having a party or anything, so you don't have to get us...

Monica: (interrupts him) If someone wants to give us a present, we don't want to deprive them of that joy.

Rachel: Oh, y'know what you should get 'em? One of those little uh, portable CD players.

Monica: Oh, I already have one.

Phoebe: Not unless someone borrowed it and left it at the gynecologist.

Rachel: Yeah, and—and—and by someone, she means Joey.

Monica: Hey, I know I what I want!

Chandler: What **we** want honey.

Monica: No, you don't want this. I want to have your grandmother's cookie recipe.

Phoebe: You mean the chocolate chip cookie recipe?

Monica: Uh-huh, yeah.

Phoebe: You mean the one that my grandmother made me swear on her deathbed that I would never let out of our family?

Chandler: Dying people say the **craziest** things.

Monica: I wanted it for years! I was gonna make cookies for my children.

Phoebe: Break my heart—Oh, all right.

Monica: Okay. I'm gonna be the mom that makes the world's best chocolate chip cookies.

Chandler: Our kids are gonna be **fat** aren't they.

Joey: (entering) Ahoy!

Chandler: Hey! How's the boat?!

Joey: Great! I'm finally getting into this sailing stuff.

Monica: Oh, so you finally took it out of the marina huh?

Joey: Why would I do that? It took three guys to get the thing in there!

Phoebe: If you don't sail your boat, what do you do on it?

Joey: Oh, it's great! It's a great place to just kinda, sit, hang around, drink a few beers, eat some chips. (He says that as he sits, hangs around, drinks a beer, and eats a chip.)

Chandler: Well, it's good that you finally have a place to do that.

Rachel: Y'know Joey, I could teach you to sail if you want.

Joey: You could?

Rachel: Yeah! I've been sailing my whole life. When I was fifteen my dad bought me my own boat.

Phoebe: Your own boat?

Rachel: What?! What?! He was trying to cheer me up! My pony was sick.

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler and Monica are there. He takes off his glasses and starts chewing on the ear piece.]

Chandler: Do you know what I was thinkin'?

Monica: What?

Chandler: Nothing, I just like to go like this. (Does it again.)

Ross: (entering from the bathrooms) Hey Chandler, what are you doing tonight?

Chandler: Uh why, do you have a lecture?

Ross: No, why?

Chandler: Then free as a bird. What's up?

Ross: My dad wanted to know if you wanted to play racquetball with us.

Monica: Wow! That's great! Dad must really like you, he doesn't ask just anyone to play.

Ross: Yeah and he didn't really ask for you, he asked for Chancy, I assumed he meant you.

Chandler: Well, did—did you correct him?

Ross: No, I—I thought it would be more fun this way.

Monica: This is so cool, maybe this is something you can do every week.

Ross: Or you can sit with him on the front porch and make sure no one steals the trash cans. He does that every week too.

Monica: Oh, just so you know, you—you **have** to let him win.

Ross: Yeah.

Monica: He **hates** to lose.

Chandler: Oh no problem, maybe I'll play with my left hand.

Ross: You're not a lefty?

Chandler: Does anybody know me?!

(Phoebe enters, walks up to Monica, and exhales exasperatedly.)

Monica: What's wrong Phoebe?

Phoebe: I just went to my old apartment to get you the—the cookie recipe and the **stupid** fire burned it up!

Monica: No!! Why didn't you make a copy and—and keep it in a fireproof box and keep it at **least** a hundred yards from the original?!!

Phoebe: (pauses as he figures out how to answer that) Because I'm normal! That was the **one** legacy my grandmother left me, and I know you wanted it as an engagement present.

Ross: Oh, we have to get you an engagement present?

Chandler: Don't worry about it Pheeb.

Ross: No one got me an engagement present.

Phoebe: Okay, here I wish you health and happiness. (She hands Monica a cookie in a plastic baggie.)

Chandler: An old cookie?

Monica: (To Chandler) This is what happens when you don't register for gifts!

Phoebe: See no—no, I made a batch and I froze it, and this is the only one left.

Chandler: We can't accept this.

Phoebe: Why not?

Chandler: 'Cause it's gross.

Monica: No! Wait! I think I can figure out the recipe from this cookie! I do stuff like this at work all the time.

Phoebe: Really?!

Monica: Yeah! I bet I can do it.

(Chandler looks over and sees Ross glaring at them.)

Chandler: Okay, we owe you a present.

Ross: Two! I've been engaged twice!

[Scene: The Mr. Bowmont (Joey's boat), she's shown to be in one of the waterways around New York, but in reality she's in a sound stage on the Warner Bros. lot and we see New York from the water in some rather poor green screen shots. Rachel and Joey are on board.]

Joey: (drinking a beer) Look at this clown! Just because he's got a bigger boat he thinks he can take up the whole river. (Yelling) Get out of the way jackass! (To Rachel) Who names his boat Coast Guard anyway?

Rachel: That **is** the Coast Guard.

Joey: What are they doing out here? The coast's all the way over there. (Points to the coast, meanwhile there is coast behind him.)

Rachel: Joey, just ignore the boats all right? We're not finished with the lesson yet.

Joey: All right.

Rachel: Okay, I'm just gonna go over the basic points just one more time, are you ready?

Joey: Come on Rach, not again. I got it! Okay? Let's start sailing, and I want to go over there (Points) where that boatload of girls is! (Yelling to them) Yo-ho-ho!

Rachel: Oh, okay. Is that what you want to do? You wanna go over and give a little shout out to the old, hot chickas? Okay, let's do that Sailor Joe. Quick question though, (grabs some of the rigging) what's this called?

Joey: Uh, boat rope.

Rachel: Wrong! How do you get the mainsail up?

Joey: Uhh, rub it?

Rachel: No. What do you do if I say we are coming about?

Joey: I'd say, come again. No-no, wait I-I-I know this one, I know this one, uh...
(Rachel blasts an air horn in his ear.)

Rachel: Time's up, now your dead.

Joey: And deaf!

Rachel: Okay, you just go on and make your little jokey-jokes, but if you do not know what you are doing out at sea you will die at sea. Am I getting through to you sailor?! (She punctuates each word by slapping him on the forehead.)

Joey: Yes.

Rachel: Don't just say yes! This isn't a game, Joey you can really get hurt out here. Okay, so do you want to pay attention or do you want to die?!

Joey: I want to make a ship to shore call to Chandler.

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Monica and Phoebe are trying to determine the cookie recipe by eating small pieces.]

Monica: All right, I definitely taste nutmeg.

Phoebe: You do?

Monica: You don't? (Laughs) Well, that's the difference between a professional and a layman.

Phoebe: That and arrogance.

Joey: (entering) Hey.

Monica: Hey! How was sailing?

Joey: I don't want to talk about it. Y'know, you could've at least saved me a whole cookie. (He grabs what's left of the cookie and pops in his mouth.)

Monica and Phoebe: No-wait-no-no!!!!!!!

Joey: (recoils in horror) Women are mean!!! (Storms out.)

Phoebe: I can't believe that! Now the only thing left of my grandmother's legacy is this crumb. (She picks it up with her finger and holds it out to Monica.) I wish you a long and happy marriage.

Ross: (entering with Chandler) Hey.

Monica: Hey! How was it?

Ross: Well I had a great time! Umm, Chancy on the other hand...

Chandler: I will tell the story! It was going great. I let him win. We were bonding. He even said I could call him dad.

Ross: And what did he ask you not to call him?

Chandler: Daddy. All right look, here's the story. (Flashback to Chandler about to enter the steam room as he does the voice-over.) Well, we had just finished playing racquetball and we were gonna take a steam. I walk into the steam room and it was really steamy. (The flashback shows his glasses fog up and him trying to find his way around the steam filled room. He takes off his glasses.) So I take off my glasses and that's when it happened.

[Cut to the flashback, Chandler's no longer doing the voice-over.]

Chandler: Guys?

Ross: Over here. (You can see Ross sitting at the far wall.)

Mr. Geller: Have a seat son. (You can see Mr. Geller sitting closer to the door as Chandler walks over and sits in his lap.) Hey!! (Chandler quickly jumps off and sits next to him with a shocked expression on his face.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Chandler is finished telling everyone what happened.]

Monica: Oh my God Chandler! I can't believe it!

Chandler: I know.

Monica: You gave my father a lap dance!

Chandler: Why do they put so much steam in there?!

Ross: 'Cause otherwise they'd have to call it the room room.

Chandler: Why? Okay? Why? Wh-wh-why did that have to happen?

Phoebe: Come on, it's not that big a deal!

Chandler: Not that big a deal? There...there was touching of things.

Ross: Now, I know you wanted to bond with my dad, but did you really have to bond to that part?

Monica: Listen, I'm sure that dad doesn't care. He probably thought this was funny; he'll be telling this story for years!

Chandler: I don't want him to tell this story for years.

Ross: Oh, but he will. He still tells the story how Monica tried to escape from fat camp.

Monica: I wasn't escaping.

Ross: Then how did you get caught in the barbed wire?

Monica: I was trying to help out a squirrel.

Ross: You were trying to eat it!

(The phone rings.)

Chandler: If **that** is your father calling to tell this story then the marriage is off!

Monica: (takes the phone from Ross) Come on. (Answering phone) Hello? (Listens) I'm sorry you have the wrong number. (Listens) (Whispering) Okay, I'll call you later dad. I love you. (Hangs up.)

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

Chandler: (getting up) All right, I'm off to see your dad.

Ross: Whoa—whoa, aren't you a little over dressed?

Rachel: (laughing) Yeah, and—and you better make sure he tips you this time.

Chandler: Look, I figured I would try to convince him not to tell the story anymore, and I figure the best way to do that is face to face—And by face I don't mean his lap. And by face, I don't mean my ass. (Exits.)

Ross: (To Rachel) Hey are you getting Monica and Chandler an engagement present?

Rachel: I don't know. Y'know, they didn't get us anything.

Ross: Thank you!

Joey: (entering) Hey.

Ross: Hey.

Rachel: Well hello! So, when are we gettin' back out on the water matey?

Joey: Oh uh, I don't know the boat way to say this, but uh never!

Rachel: Why not?

Joey: Because! You're mean on the boat!

Rachel: What? I was just trying to teach you.

Joey: Well, lesson learned! Rachel is mean!

Ross: Yeeeeeeep... Yep—yep—yep—yep—yep. I remember when she took out on her dad's boat she wouldn't let me help at all.

Rachel: Excuse me, I wanted you to help, but you couldn't move your arms because you were wearing three life jackets.

Ross: You have to respect the sea! (Storms off.)

Rachel: Look Joey, I'm sorry if—if you thought that was mean, but I gotta tell ya something. That was not mean. Okay, my father is mean. He used to yell at me all the time on the boat, I mean it was horrible. I was just being a good teacher.

Joey: Does a good teacher say, "Put down the beer pinhead!?"

Rachel: Well, does a good student drink seven beers during his first lesson?

Joey: Six and a half! You knocked that last one out of my hand! Remember?

Rachel: Yeah, I didn't want you to get hit by the boom!

Joey: Well it hit me anyway! And it would've hurt a lot less if I had finished that last beer.

Rachel: All right, y'know what? I—I'm sorry. I will try to tone it down and uh stop yelling.

Joey: You won't boss me around anymore?

Rachel: I won't boss you around.

Joey: And you'll be nice?

Rachel: And, I'll be nice.

Joey: And you'll be topless?

Rachel: And—Joey!

Joey: Do you want me to learn?!

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Monica is trying out different cookie recipes. Ross and Phoebe are the tasting group.]

Monica: Okay, here's batch 22. Ohh, maybe these'll taste a little like your grandmother's. This has a little bit of orange peel, but no nutmeg.

Ross: Let's give it a shot.

Monica: Okay. Man, I have **not** made this many cookies since I was in the ninth grade.

Phoebe: Oh, what was that for? Like a bake sale?

Monica: No, just a Friday night.

(They all take a bite.)

Ross: Ohh, these are pretty good.

Phoebe: Yeah, but not as good as batch 17.

Ross: Which one was that?

Monica: The ones we had right after you almost threw up.

Ross: Oh yeah! Batch 17 was good. I did **not** like batch 16. (Burps a little bit.) I'm okay.

Phoebe: Are there anymore from the good batch? 'Cause we could just work off of those.

Ross: Yeah, ooh yeah, I think there is one from batch 17 left, uh... (Grabs a cookie and takes a big bite out of it and doesn't like it.) It's batch 16! 16 people! Get out of the way! (Gets up and runs for the bathroom.)

[Scene: The Mr. Bowmont, its Joey's second lesson with Rachel as the resident sailing expert.]

Rachel: Okay Joey honey, you're doing really good! All right, now I'm just gonna need you to step to the port side. (Joey pauses as he tries to remember which side is the port side.) Remember? Remember how we talked about the port side?

Joey: Ohh yeah.

Rachel: Right?

Joey: Nope.

Rachel: It's left sweetie, but that's okay sweetie, that's a tough one.

Joey: I don't know why you just don't say left.

Rachel: Okay, go to the left. (Joey goes starboard or sits on the right side of the boat.) The left!

Joey: Huh?

Rachel: (yelling) Just sit over there!! (Points to the port side.)

Joey: (hurrying over) Okay! Okay, you're yelling again! See that?

Rachel: No! No-no, no-no-no, very quiet, said with love, no yelling.

Joey: Oh, y'know what? Since I'm here, I think I'm gonna have me a little beer on the port side. (Grabs and opens one.)

Rachel: Okay Joey, we're luffing a little bit, so could you tighten up the cunningham? (The mainsail has started to flap in the wind and has stopped working efficiently; she wants him to tighten it so that it starts working again.)

Joey: Uh, wow, you just said a bunch of stuff I didn't know there.

Rachel: Joey, come on! We just went over this! (She does it instead.)

Joey: Oh, y'know, when we did that was when that bird was flying overhead with the fish in his mouth. Did you see it? It was gross!

Rachel: (angrily) No! All right?! I did **not** see the bird! I did **not** see the fish! I did **not** see the piece of Styrofoam that was shaped like Mike Tyson! I did **not**, because I was trying to teach you **how** to sail a boat! Which obviously is an impossible thing to do!

Joey: All right that's it! You're yelling and I don't see you taking your top off! I quit!

Rachel: What do you mean you quit?! You can't quit!

Joey: Why not?!

Rachel: Because you're not finished yet and I won't have it! Greens do not quit!

Joey: Greens? I'm a Tribbiani! And Tribbianis quit!

Rachel: Oh my God, wait did I—I just said Greens don't quit didn't I? (Pause) (Angrily) Did I just say Greens don't quit?!

Joey: Yes! Yes! You did and you're still yelling at me!

Rachel: No! No! No! I'm not yelling at you, I'm just yelling near you. Oh God Joey, ohh I'm my father. Oh my God, this is horrible! I've been trying so hard not to be my mother I did not see this comin'. Oh, Joey, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I just wanted you to learn.

Joey: Well, hey I did learn.

Rachel: Really?

Joey: Yeah! Come on.

Rachel: Awww...

Joey: Yeah, it's okay. I know what a mainsail is. (Points to it. It's the larger sail.) I know, I know to duck when the boom comes across. I—I know port is right.

Rachel: Left.

Joey: Damnit!

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, the cookie trying period has pasted. Monica, Phoebe, and Ross are reflecting on the day's events.]

Phoebe: Y'know, I bet it would actually make my grandmother very happy to know that we're trying to figure out her recipe. I bet she's I—I—lookin' up at us and smiling right now.

Ross: Looking up?

Phoebe: Oh yeah—No, she was really nice to me, but she's in hell for sure.

Monica: Well, I've tried everything. I give up. I guess I'm not gonna be the mom who makes the world's best chocolate cookies. I do make the best duck confit with broccoli rabe. Kids love that right.

Ross: Aww, Pheeb, come on isn't there any relative that would have the recipe? What about, what about your sister?

Phoebe: Oh no—no, no, I made a promise to myself that the next time I would talk to Ursula would be over my dead body. And that's not happening 'til October 15th, 2032.

Ross: That's the day you're gonna die? See—darnit, I've got shuffleboard that day.

Phoebe: That's what you think.

Monica: Well, I mean what about friends of your grandmother's? Wouldn't they have the recipe?

Phoebe: Well, y'know I may have relatives in France who would know. My grandmother said she got the recipe from her grandmother, Nesele Toulouse.

Monica: What was her name?

Phoebe: Nesele Toulouse.

Monica: *Nestle Tollhouse?!*

Phoebe: Oh, you Americans always butcher the French language.

Monica: (grabbing a bag of *Nestle Tollhouse* chocolate chips) Phoebe, is **this** the recipe? (Tosses her the bag.)

Phoebe: (reading the recipe on the back of the bag) Yes!! (Realizes.) Ohh.

Monica: I cannot believe that I just spent the last two days trying to figure out the recipe and it was in my cupboard the whole time!

Phoebe: I know! You see it is stuff like this which is why (Looking down) you're burning in hell!!

[Scene: The Gym, Chandler and Mr. Geller are heading for the whirlpool room.]

Chandler: So you understand, I'd feel a lot more comfortable if you didn't tell people what happened. Y'know, I'm a little...I'm a little embarrassed about it.

Mr. Geller: I understand completely, there's nothing more horrifying than embarrassing yourself in front of your in-laws. As a matter of fact, when I started dating Judy I was unemployed, and her father asked me what I did for a living and I told him I was a lawyer.

Chandler: What did you do when they found out?

Mr. Geller: They never did, so if ever see me giving them legal advice just nod along. Shall we?

(Chandler nods along and they enter the whirlpool room and remove their robes. Only Chandler is lacking a certain item of clothing. You see this is a coed whirlpool, which means swimsuits, and in fact there are two women already there and Chandler didn't seem to wear his. Needless to say, everyone is shocked, including Chandler.)

Chandler: So I guess we wear swimsuits in here!

Ending Credits

[Scene: The Mr. Bowmont, is tied up alongside the pier; Joey and Rachel are relaxing.]

Rachel: Well Joey, I hate to admit it, your way of sailing is a lot more fun.

Joey: Yeah, yeah. Hey, why don't you give a pull on that rope? (Points.)

Rachel: Ohh we're not sailing.

Joey: Just pull on it.

Rachel: All right. (She does so and it brings the cooler closer together.) Hey-hey-hey!! (Sees what's in the cooler.) Sandwiches!

Joey: What else?

Rachel: (hands him one) Here you go.

Joey: Thank you.

Rachel: Oh wow! (She takes a bite, but holds the sandwich vertically so that the stuff falls out.)

Joey: What are you doing?

Rachel: Ohh, sorry.

Joey: What you—don't hold it like that! You're lettin' all the good stuff fall out.

(More falls out.)

Rachel: Ohh whoops.

Joey: Careful! You're wasting good pastrami! (Gasps.) Oh my God! I'm **my** dad!

Season 7

End

704. The One With Rachel's Assistant

Written by: Brian Boyle

Directed by: David Schwimmer

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, everyone is there and they are finishing watching the first episode of Mac and C.H.E.E.S.E. Joey is of course Mac.]

Mac: (on TV) Well, if we learned one thing today C.H.E.E.S.E. is that cheerleaders and high explosives don't mix. (Cut to Joey laughing while Rachel, Chandler, and Monica aren't amused.)

C.H.E.E.S.E: You can say that again Mac.

Mac: Well, I couldn't have done it without you buddy. You're a genius.

C.H.E.E.S.E: Oh yeah? Well then how come I can't get my VCR to stop blinking 12:00?

(They both break into a huge laugh and do that stop motion thing they had at the end of *ChIPS*.)

Joey: (laughing and turning off the TV) So, what did you guys think?

(They all make happy faces as they are unable to express their feelings verbally. Finally, the phone rings and the race to answer it is won by Monica.)

Monica: (on phone) Hello? (Listens) Hold on please. Joey, it's your mom. (Hands him the phone.)

Chandler: It's your mommy. It's your mommy.

Ross: Ohhhh...

Rachel: That's nice.

Joey: (on phone) Mom, so what did you think? (He walks away allowing the gang a chance to figure out what they're gonna say.)

Rachel: Well that was umm...Okay.

Ross: It wasn't the best.

Chandler: That was one of the worse things ever. And not just on TV.

Monica: Wh—what are we gonna tell him?

Ross: Well, the lighting was okay.

Rachel: Ohh no you don't! You got lighting last time, lighting is mine!

Monica: And I have costumes.

Ross: Oh great! That means I'm stuck with, "So, we were watching you in there (Points to the TV) and you were sittin' right here! Whoa!"

(Phoebe gets up.)

Rachel: What are you gonna do Pheebes?

Phoebe: I don't know. I don't know. I can't lie to him again. Oh no I—no! I'm just gonna press my breasts up against him.

Chandler: And say nothing?

Phoebe: Uh—huh, yeah that's right.

Joey: (hangs up the phone) Wow! Well, my folks really liked it! So what—what did you guys think? (Phoebe smiles, walks up to him, and presses her breasts against him.) It wasn't **that** good.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe and Monica are reading on the couch.]

Monica: Phoebe, do you think that your favorite animal says much about you?

Phoebe: What? You mean behind my back?

Rachel: (entering, excitedly) Oh! Hi you guys, oh my God! You'll never gonna believe happened to me today! I am sitting in my office and...

Joey: (entering from bathrooms excitedly) You guys! You guys! You're not gonna believe what my agent just told me!

Rachel: Joey! Kinda in the middle of a story here!

Joey: Ooh, sorry. Sorry. You finish, go.

Rachel: Okay, so anyway I'm sittin' in my office and guess who walks in.

Joey: I'm gonna be on two TV shows!

Monica and Phoebe: Oh, that's great!!

Rachel: Joey!

Joey: Oh, you weren't finished?

Rachel: Yeah! Guess who walks into my office is the end of my story. (To Monica and Phoebe) It was Ralph Lauren! (Monica and Phoebe gasp) Ralph Lauren walked into my office!

Joey: Uh Rach, if you're gonna start another story, at least let me finish mine.

Rachel: It's the same story.

Joey: (groans in disgust) Wow, it's really long.

Rachel: (ignoring him) Anyway, Ralph just came in to tell me that he's so happy with my work that he wants me to be the new merchandising manager for polo retail.

Monica: Still get a discount on wedding dresses?

Rachel: Yeah!

Monica: I'm **so** happy for you!

Joey: Well, these really are the days of our lives.

Monica: What?!

Joey: Well, since you ask. They want me back on *Days of Our Lives*!

Phoebe: (gasps) Oh God!

Rachel: I got—I get a big pay raise!

Phoebe: Oh hey!

Joey: I'll be playing Drake Remoray's twin brother, Stryker!

Monica: Oooh!

Rachel: I get to hire my own assistant!

Monica and Phoebe: Ahhh!!

Joey: (jumps up) Well—I got a head rush from standing up to fast right there.

[Scene: Rachel's New Office, she's interviewing a potential new assistant, Hilda.]

Rachel: (reading the resume) And you were at this job for four years?

Hilda: That's right.

Rachel: Okay, well this is all very impressive Hilda, um I just have one last question for you. Uh, how did I do? Was this okay?

Hilda: What?

Rachel: I've never interviewed anyone before. I've actually never had anyone **work** for me before. Although when I was a kid, we did have a maid, but this is—this isn't the same thing.

Hilda: No dear. It's not.

Rachel: No. Yeah, and I know that. All right, well thank you so much for coming in it was nice to meet you.

Hilda: Thank you! Good meeting you.

Rachel: All right. (Hilda exits) I'm a total pro!

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

Man: Hello?

Rachel: (seeing him) Wow! H—umm! Hi! Yes, uh I'm sorry the models are actually down the hall.

Man: Actually, I'm here about the assistant job.

Rachel: Really?! (Taking his resume) Okay well then, all right, well just have a seat there. Umm, so what's—what is—what's your name?

Man: Tag Jones.

Rachel: Uh—huh, go on.

Tag: That's it. That's my whole name.

Rachel: That's your whole name, okay of course it is! Okay, well let's—let's just have a look—see here.

(Looking at his resume)

Tag: I know I haven't worked in an office before, and I really don't have a lot of experience, but uh...

Rachel: Oh come on, what are you talking about? You've got three years painting houses. Two **whole** summers at *T.G.I. Friday's*, come on!

Tag: It's lame, I know. But I'm a goal-oriented person, very eager to learn...

Rachel: Okay, hold on just a second. (She grabs a camera out of the desk and takes his picture.) I'm sorry, it's for human resources, everybody has to do it. Could you just stand up please?

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler is sitting on the couch when some unknown guy comes in and sits in their easy chair.]

Chandler: No—no—no—no. (Waves him away as Monica and Phoebe enter whispering to each other.) Hey! (Monica shushes him.)

Phoebe: (To Monica) Anyway, I should go. Okay, bye.

Monica: (To Chandler) Hey sweetie.

Chandler: Hi sweetie. So, what was with all the whispering?

Monica: I can't tell you. It's a secret.

Chandler: Secret? Married people aren't supposed to have secrets between one another. We have too much love and respect for one another.

Monica: Awww. (Kisses him.) But still no.

Chandler: No I'm serious, we should tell each other **everything**. I do not have any secrets from you.

Monica: Really? Okay, so why don't you tell me what happened to Ross Junior year at *Disneyland*?

Chandler: Oh no-no, I can't do that.

Monica: If you tell me, I'll tell you what Phoebe said.

Chandler: Okay.

Monica: Okay.

Chandler: So, Ross and I are going to *Disneyland* and we stop at this restaurant for tacos. And when I say restaurant, I mean a guy, a hibachi, and the trunk of his car. So Ross has about 10 tacos. And anyway, we're on *Space Mountain* and Ross starts to feel a little iffy.

Monica: Oh my God. He threw up?

Chandler: No, he visited a little town south of throw up. (Monica laughs hysterically.) So what was Phoebe's secret?

Monica: Oh, Nancy Thompson from Phoebe's old massage place is getting fired.

Chandler: That's it?! I gave up my *Disneyland* story for that?

Monica: That's right! You lose sucker!! (Pause) Please still marry me.

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

Rachel: Chandler, you have an assistant right?

Chandler: (angrily) Did she call? You—you told her I was sick right? Always tell her I am sick!

Rachel: No, I—I just don't know how you decide who to hire. I mean I've got it narrowed down to two people. One of them has great references and a lot of experience and then there's this guy...

Chandler: What about him?

Rachel: I love him. He's so pretty I wanna cry! I don't know what to do. Tell me what to do.

Phoebe: Come on you know what to do! You hire the first one! You don't hire an assistant because they're cute, you hire them because they're qualified.

Rachel: Uh-huh. No, I hear what you're saying and—and—and that makes a lot of sense but can I just say one more thing? (Takes out his picture.) Look how pretty!

Phoebe: Let's see. (Looking at the picture) Oh my God! Oh... But no! No! You can't—you can't hire him, because that—it's not professional. Umm, this is for me (The picture) yes? Thanks. (Puts it in her pocket.)

Rachel: Okay you're right. I'll hire Hilda tomorrow. Dumb old perfect for the job Hilda!

Chandler: Let me see this guy. (Phoebe hands him the picture.) W-H-Wow! Don't show this to Monica! And don't tell her about the W-H-Wow!

[Scene: The *Days of Our Lives* producer's office, Joey is entering to find Terry there.]

Terry: Hey-hey-hey Joey!

Joey: Hey Terry!

Terry: Good to see you again!

Joey: It's been a while, huh? Wow, it's funny these halls look smaller then they used to.

Terry: It's a different building.

Joey: So! Stryker Remoray huh? When do you want me to start?

Terry: Why don't we start right now!

Joey: Okay.

Terry: Here are the audition scenes. (Holds out the script.)

Joey: (looking between the pages and him) Audition? I thought you were gonna offer me the part.

Terry: Why would you think that?

Joey: Well, I was Dr. Drake Remoray, Stryker's twin brother. I mean, who looks more me than me right?

Terry: Everybody has to audition.

Joey: Y'know Terry, I-I don't really **need** to do this. I got my own cable TV series, (Pause) with a robot.

Terry: I'm sorry Joey that's...that's the way it is.

Joey: Well. I guess you think you're pretty special huh? Sittin' up here in your fancy small hall building. Makin' stars jump through hoops for ya, huh? Well y'know what? (Throws the script away) This is one star who's hoop... This is a star that the hoop—this hoop—I was Dr. Drake Remoray!

[Scene: Rachel's office, she's there as Tag knocks on the door and enters carrying a plant.]

Rachel: Hi! Tag. What are you doing here?

Tag: I just wanted to come by and thank you for not laughing in my face yesterday. And I noticed there aren't any plants in your office so I wanted to bring you your first... (Notices her plant) There **is** a plant in your office.

Rachel: Kinda.

Tag: Right. So I guess I shouldn't put good at noticing stuff on my resume. (Sets the plant down on her desk.)

Rachel: Oh-ohh, thank you.

Tag: Anyway, I'm guessing you hired somebody.

Rachel: Well...

Tag: Gotcha. Thanks again for meeting with me. (Starts to leave.)

Rachel: But I hired you!

Tag: What?

Rachel: Yeah! You—you got the job! You're my new assistant!

Tag: I am?!

Rachel: Yeah!

Tag: I can't believe it!

Rachel: Me either. Umm, all right, first thing I need you to do is go downstairs and find a women named Hilda and tell her to go home.

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Monica is setting the table for dinner as Chandler enters.]

Chandler: Hey.

Monica: Hey! Good, you're home!

Chandler: Oh it's always nicer to here than, "Aw crap! You again!"

Monica: Hey baby. (Kisses him.)

Chandler: Hey.

Monica: I made you a surprise.

Chandler: Oh yeah?

Monica: Yeah, tacos! Ever since you told me that story I've had such a craving for them.

Chandler: Did you not understand the story?

Ross: (entering) Hey!

Chandler: Hey! What's up?

Monica: Ross!

Ross: Oh, nothin' much. Just trying to figure out what I'm gonna do for dinner.

Chandler: Huh.

Ross: (notices the table) Hey—Ooh! What's—what's that, dinner stuff? You making dinner?

Chandler: No! (The oven dings.) Shhh!

Ross: What you got over there? Tacos?

Monica: No! No. They're umm... They're just uh...ground beef smileys. (Holding up one of the shells.)

Ross: Uhh, those are tacos.

Monica: Excuse me Mr. Mexico.

Ross: Eh, either way I'll pass. (Quietly to Chandler) I still can't eat those. (Monica is getting something out of the fridge and starts laughing.) What's so funny?!

Monica: (trying not to laugh) I'm not laughing.

(Ross and Chandler move closer to her and she starts laughing again.)

Ross: (To Chandler) You told her!

Chandler: Nancy Thompson's getting fired! (Monica slaps him on the shoulder.)

Ross: (To Monica) Look, okay—okay I had food poisoning! It's not like I choose to do it! It's not like—it's not like I said, "Umm, what would make **this** ride more fun?!"

Monica: You're right. I mean I'm sorry. Yeah, I shouldn't be laughing. I should be laying down papers for you! (Runs off laughing which gets Chandler laughing.)

Ross: (To Chandler) How could you tell her?!

Chandler: I had too okay?! We're getting married! Married couples can't keep secrets from one another!

Ross: Oh really? Well I—I guess Monica should know about Atlantic City.

Chandler: Du—ude!

Monica: (running up to Ross) What happened in Atlantic City?!

Ross: Well, Chandler and I are in a bar...

Chandler: Did you not hear me say, "Du—ude?!"

Ross: And this girl is making eyes at Chandler, okay? So after awhile he—he goes over to her and uh, after a minute or two, I see them kissing. Now, I know what you're thinking, Chandler's not the type of guy who just goes to bars and makes out with girls, and you're right, Chandler's not the type of guy who just goes to bars and makes out with...girls.

Monica: (To Chandler) You kissed a guy?! Oh my God.

Chandler: In my defense, it was dark and he was a very pretty guy.

Ross: Oh Mon, I laughed so hard...

Chandler: Ho—ho, so hard we had to throw out your underwear again?

Ross: Whatever dude, you kissed a guy.

Commercial Break

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Phoebe is giving Joey a massage as Rachel enters.]

Rachel: Hi!

Joey: Hey.

Phoebe: Hey—Ooh, how's Hilda? Is she working out?

Rachel: Ohh, my new assistant is working out, yes.

Joey: Was she happy you gave her the job?

Rachel: Oh, my—my new assistant has very happy that I hired my new assistant.

(The phone rings and Joey answers it.)

Joey: (on phone) Hello? (Listens) Oh hey! Can you, can you hang on a second? (To Phoebe and Rachel) It's the producers over at Mac and C.H.E.E.S.E. can you excuse me for a minute? (On phone) Hey, funny you should call. I was just looking over next week's script. (Listens) Canceled?! (Listens) Like they're taking it off the air? (Listens) Ohh. (Listens) All right, see you Monday. (Listens) We're not even shootin' them anymore?! (Listens) All right, bye! (Hangs up) They canceled Mac and C.H.E.E.S.E!

Phoebe: Sorry.

Rachel: I'm sorry Joey.

Joey: Why would they do that?! It was a good show right?!

(Phoebe and Rachel both pause, look at each other, and go press their breasts against him. Which Joey doesn't mind, of course.)

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Chandler, Monica, and Ross are still giving away all of their secrets.]

Chandler: You wanna tell secrets?! Okay! Okay! In college, Ross used to wear leg warmers!

Ross: All right! All right! Chandler entered a Vanilla Ice look-a-like contest and won!

Chandler: Ross came in forth and cried!

Monica: Oh my God! (Laughing)

Ross: Oh, is that funny?! Oh, you—you find that funny?! Well maybe Chandler should know some of your secrets too!

Monica: I—I already told him everything! (Threateningly) You shush!!

Ross: Once Monica was sent to her room without dinner, so she ate the macaroni off a jewelry box she'd made.

Monica: Ross used to stay up **every** Saturday night to watch *Golden Girls*!

Ross: Monica couldn't tell time 'til she was 13!

Monica: It's hard for some people!

Chandler: (To Monica) Of course it is. (Mouths to Ross) Wow—whoa!

Monica: Chandler one time wore my underwear to work!

Chandler: Hey!!!

Monica: Ohh, I'm sorry I couldn't think of anymore for Ross!

Ross: Ohh! Ohh! In college, Chandler got drunk and slept with the lady who cleaned our dorm!

Chandler: That was you!

Ross: Whatever dude, you kissed a guy.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is still bumming about cancellation of Mac and C.H.E.E.S.E.]

Joey: How could this happen to me?! Yesterday I had **two** TV shows! Today, I got nothin'!

Rachel: Well wait a minute, what happened to *Days of Our Lives*?

Joey: Uh, well they might be a little mad at me over there.

Phoebe: What happened?

Joey: Well maybe I got a little upset and maybe I told them where they could go.

Rachel: Joey, why would you do that?

Joey: Because they wanted me to audition!

Phoebe: You! An actor?! That's madness!

[Scene: Rachel's Outer Office, Tag is sitting at his desk as Rachel walks up. She stops and watches him pick up the phone.]

Tag: Rachel Green's office. (Hangs up.)

Rachel: Tag? (He turns and looks at her.) Hi, who was that?

Tag: (shyly) Nobody. I was just practicing.

Rachel: Really? (Giggles.)

(Phoebe rounds the corner.)

Phoebe: Hi!

Tag: Hi! Rachel Green's office.

Phoebe: You must be Hilda.

Rachel: Yeah, this is Tag. Tag, this is Phoebe. Phoebe, can I see you for a second? (Goes into office.)

Tag: Phoebe! That's a great name.

Phoebe: Oh, you like that? You should hear my phone number.

Rachel: (grabbing Phoebe) Okay. We'll be right back. (They go into her office and she closes the door.)

Phoebe: So you hired yourself a little treat did ya?

Rachel: All right I know, I know how it looks Pheebs, but I'm telling you...

Phoebe: But—but you know you cannot get involved with your assistant.

Rachel: Yes, I know that. I know that. And I know that hiring him was probably not the smartest thing that I've ever done. But I'm telling you, from this moment on I swear this is strictly professional. (There's a knock on the door.) Yes?

(Kathy enters (Because she's listed in the credits).)

Kathy: Hey Rachel!

Rachel: Hi!

Kathy: Cute assistant! What's his story? Is he...

Rachel: Gay? Yeah. (Kathy leaves dejectedly.)

[Scene: Terry's office, Joey has come to beg for a second chance.]

Joey: Hey! Terry.

Terry: Joey Tribbiani! I'm surprised your big head could fit through our small halls! (Gets up) I gotta go Joey.

Joey: Wait! Terry! Wait—Look—Wait I—I... Look, I'm really sorry about before. I was an idiot thinking I'm too big to audition for you. You gotta give me another chance.

Terry: I can't help you Joey.

Joey: Wait! Terry! Please! Look, I just lost my other job. Okay? You have no idea how much I need this. Please, help me out, for old times sake.

[Cut to a hospital room set on the *Days of Our Lives* stage. Two nurses are standing next to a bed with a man whose face is completely covered in bandages and reading his chart.]

Nurse #1: This poor guy's been in a coma for five years. It's hopeless.

Nurse #2: It's not hopeless! Dr. Stryker Remoray's a miracle worker. Look, here he comes.

(Stryker enters, only it's not Joey playing him.)

Dr. Stryker Remoray: Good morning. (He walks over to the bed, leans down, and whispers to him.) Drake, it's your brother Stryker. Can you hear me?

The Director: And cut!

Joey: (jumping up and removing the bandages) I'm back baby! Ha-ha-ha!

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler, Monica, and Ross are sitting there and not talking to each other.]

Monica: Y'know, in my defense, umm there was no glitter on the macaroni and **very** little glue.

Ross: And in **my** defense, the cleaning lady came on to me!

Chandler: (To Monica) You have no trouble telling time now right?

Monica: No!

Chandler: Quick! What time is it?! (Holds his watch in front of her face.)

Monica: I don't know! Time to kiss a guy maybe?! (Ross laughs.) What are you laughing at *Pampers*? (He stops laughing and glares at her.)

Chandler: Y'know when I said that because we're getting married that we should share everything and not have any secrets?

Monica: Yeah?

Chandler: Yeah that was stupid. Let's not do that.

Monica: Ohh, absolutely.

Ross: And! We should keep all the stuff uh, we told each other secret from everybody else.

Monica: Yeah, definitely!

Ross: Okay, (gets up) if you'll excuse me, I-I'm gonna go hang out with some people who don't know the *Space Mountain* story.

Monica: Then, I'd steer clear of Phoebe.

Ross: Man! (Monica mouths, "I'm sorry.")

Chandler: Yeah, and not that you would, but I wouldn't hang out with...all the guys in my office. (Ross storms out.)

Ending Credits

[Scene: Rachel's office, she's looking at a picture of Tag when he knocks and enters.]

Rachel: (noticing him) Hi! (Puts the pictures away.)

Tag: Do you have a minute?

Rachel: Well yeah, sure, what's up?

Tag: I got asked out twice today when I was at lunch...by guys.

Rachel: Oh really?!

Tag: Yeah. Did you tell someone that I was gay?

Rachel: Oh, did you not want people to know that?

Tag: But I'm not gay. And I especially wouldn't want you to think I was gay.

Rachel: Why's that?

Tag: I don't think I should say.

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Rachel: Ohh, you can say. Come on, I don't want you to feel like you can't tell me things. (Motions for him to sit down.)

Tag: Okay.

Rachel: 'Kay.

Tag: Well...

Rachel: Yeah.

Tag: I'd love to ask out your friend Phoebe.

Rachel: (Pause) Yeah, she's gay.

End

705. The One With The Engagement Picture

Teleplay by: Patty Lin

Story by: Earl Davis

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Monica and Phoebe are going through a bunch of pictures as Chandler enters.]

Chandler: Hey.

Monica: What's the matter?

Chandler: Someone on the subway licked my neck! Licked my neck!!

Phoebe: Oh Willie's still alive!

Chandler: What are you guys doing?

Monica: Oh, my mom called, they're gonna run our engagement announcement in the local paper, so we're looking for a good picture of us.

Chandler: Oooh, I'm afraid that does not exist.

Monica: That's not true, there are great pictures of us!

Chandler: No, there are great pictures of you standing next to a guy who's going like this... (Makes what can only be described as a toothy frown. Henceforth, this shall be known as The Face.)

Phoebe: Oh my God! That's the creep that you're with at the *Statue of Liberty*.

Chandler: I don't know what it is, I just can't take a good picture.

Monica: (looking at one) Oh, here's a great one.

Chandler: Yeah, I'm not in that.

Monica: I know, but look at me all tan.

Phoebe: Hey, why don't you guys go, get portraits done by a professional photographer.

Monica: That's a good idea! I bet they have one of those wind machines! Y'know... (Does the whole hair blowing in the wind model type poses.)

Phoebe: Yeah that's great! Next to that, Chandler won't look so stupid.

Monica: Chandler what do you say?

Chandler: All right, but I should warn you, I'm not going. I'm going. (Does The Face while saying that last part.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Rachel is sitting on the couch as Ross and Chandler enter after playing basketball.]

Ross: (To Chandler) Dude, that reverse lay-up! Oh...

Chandler: How about those three pointers?

Ross: Amazing!

Chandler: And those guys were **this** (Doing the standard "This Close" gesture) close to lettin' us play this time too.

(They both get dejected and go sit down.)

Rachel: Hey look–look, Phoebe’s talking to uh, Cute Coffeehouse Guy.

Ross: Oh, you guys call him Cute Coffeehouse Guy, we call him Hums While He Pees.

Chandler: Yes, and we call Ross Lingers In The Bathroom.

Phoebe: (returning) Hey you guys, Hums While He Pees just asked me out!

Rachel: Hey, I thought that guy was married.

Phoebe: He is! But he’s getting divorced—Ross! Maybe you know him.

Ross: It’s not a club.

Rachel: Phoebe, if this guy’s going through a divorce, is it such a good idea to start going out with him?

Ross: Hey, divorced men are not bad men!

Chandler: They have that on the napkins at the club.

Rachel: Oh, I gotta get back to work.

Phoebe: You don’t have to be back for a half–hour!

Rachel: Yeah but, my assistant Tag does sit–ups in the office during lunch. Ohh! I could just spread him on a cracker.

Chandler: Rach, if you have a crush on this guy, why would you hire him? I mean y’know you can’t date him right?

Rachel: Oh no, I know that. I know that. Although, we made a joke that we spend so much time together he should call me his work wife.

Ross: Soon he’ll be able to call you, that lady he knew who got fired.

Rachel: I am not gonna get fired, because I’m not gonna act on it.

Phoebe: So you wouldn’t mind if he was dating someone else?

Rachel: Why? Is he? He is! Isn’t he? He’s dating that slut in marketing!

Ross: Maybe I should open a divorced men’s club.

Chandler: Dude that is so sad.

Ross: I could put uh–uh a basketball court in the back.

Chandler: Could I play?

[Scene: Rachel’s Outer Office, she’s returning from lunch to see Tag not doing his sit–ups.]

Rachel: Oh, no sit–ups today Tag?

Tag: I just did them.

Rachel: Oh, well drop and give me ten more!

Tag: What?

Rachel: Uh, I–I had a drink with lunch. Did those cost reports come in?

Tag: Yeah, I filled them out last night?

Rachel: Oh, great could you make me four copies of those?

(He gets up to make the copies leaving Rachel alone with his stuff. She notices his sweater in his backpack and holds it up to her nose as Melissa, a coworker, walks up.)

Melissa: Hey Rachel!

Rachel: (startled) Ahh, hi! Hi! Melissa, what’s up? I’m just uh, about to umm, go out to the store to get some stuff to put in my backpack. Y’know, like dried fruit and granola and stuff. What’s up? (She has put on the backpack.)

Melissa: Umm, is Tag here?

Rachel: No. Why?

Melissa: Oh, I was gonna talk to him about doing something tonight.

Rachel: Really?! Got a little crush on Tag there do ya?

Melissa: Well, we've been flirting back and forth, but I was hoping that tonight it would turn into something a little more than that.

Rachel: Okay, whoa—whoa easy there Melissa! This ain't a locker room, okay? But, y'know I remember him saying that—that he had plans tonight.

Melissa: Oh no!

Rachel: Oh yeah. All right, back to work.

Melissa: Hey! Isn't that Tag's backpack.

Rachel: Yeah Melissa, I don't want to be known as the uh, office bitch, but I will call your supervisor.

(Melissa beats a hasty retreat.)

[Scene: A Portrait Studio, Chandler and Monica are trying to take their engagement picture. Monica has a beautiful smile, while Chandler isn't.]

The Photographer: (taking pictures) Great! That's great Monica! Great! Now, Chandler, you want to give us a smile?

Chandler: Okay. (Does The Face.)

The Photographer: I'm sorry, is the seat uncomfortable?

Chandler: No, I am.

Monica: Chandler, listen to me sweetie, I know you can do this. Okay? You have a beautiful smile.

Chandler: I do? (He smiles, beautifully.)

Monica: Yeah! (They turn to the camera, and Chandler does The Face again.) All right, maybe you don't have to smile. Let's try something else. Let's try umm, try looking sexy.

Chandler: Okay. (You'll have to see it, I can't describe the face he makes, but it isn't good.)

Monica: Or not.

[Scene: Rachel's Office, Joey is knocking on the door holding a hand over a spot on his shirt.]

Rachel: Hi Joey! What are you doing here?

Joey: Uhh, well I've got an audition down the street and I spilled sauce all over the front of my shirt.

(Removes his hand to reveal a huge sauce stain.) You got an extra one?

Rachel: Yeah, sure. Umm...here. (Hands him one.)

Joey: Great. (He doesn't like it.) You got anything that's not *Ralph Lauren*?

Rachel: Yeah, I don't think so Joe.

Joey: All right, I guess this will be fine.

Rachel: Hey, listen umm, what—what are you doing tonight?

Joey: Nothing, why?

Rachel: How would you feel about taking out my assistant Tag? I'll pay.

Joey: Huh, Rach I got to say it's gonna take a lot of money for me to go out on a date with a dude.

Rachel: I'm not asking you to go on a **date** with him!

Joey: Really? 'Cause I could kinda use the money.

Rachel: Joey, just—just he—he's new in town and I know he doesn't have any guy friends. Just take him to like a ball game or something. I'll really appreciate it.

Joey: Yeah, okay.

Rachel: Yeah?

Joey: Sure, no problem. (Sees something.) Ooh—Hey, donuts!

Rachel: Yeah!

Joey: Okay. (He grabs a jelly donut, takes a bite, and guess what he spills all over himself. He tries to clean it up and smears it all over the shirt.)

[Scene: A Portrait Studio, Chandler and Monica are still trying to get the picture taken.]

Monica: I know. Let's try a look...of far off...wonderment. Okay, we'll—we'll gaze into our future and we'll think about our marriage and the days to come. (Chandler is still not getting it.) Chandler! What is the matter with your face?! I mean this picture is supposed to say "Geller and Bing to be married," not "Local woman saves drowning moron!" (The photographer laughs.) Hey! Don't laugh at him! He's **my** drowning moron!

Chandler: Aww! (Smiles.)

Monica: That's it! Take it! Take it! Take it!

(Chandler turns to the camera and does The Face.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler, Monica, and Ross are going over the picture proofs.]

Ross: I like this one. (Points to it.) It seems to say, "I love you and that's why I have to kill you."

Monica: They can't all be bad. (To Chandler) Find the one where you make your bedroom eyes. Ohh, there it is.

Chandler: Oh my God! Those are my bedroom eyes?! Why did you ever sleep with me?

Monica: Do you really want to pull at that thread?

(Phoebe enters with Hums While He Pees also known as Kyle.)

Phoebe: I'm having a really good time!

Hums While He Pees: Me too! I'm sorry that guy in the subway licked your neck.

Phoebe: Ohh. No that's okay, he's a friend.

Hums While He Pees: Hey uh, I don't mean to be presumptuous but I have these two tickets to the ballroom dancing finals tomorrow night if you want to go?

Phoebe: Yeah, I... Well y'know I—I mean I missed the—the semi-finals, so I'd just be lost.

Hums While He Pees: I know it's really lame, but I got these tickets from my boss and—Oh no! No! No! My God!

Phoebe: Okay, don't freak out. I'll go.

Hums While He Pees: No it's... Uh, my ex-wife Whitney is out there. I cannot deal with her right now. That woman is crazy!

Phoebe: Okay, I know. Hold on. (She walks over to the couch.) Hey Ross?

Ross: Yeah?

Phoebe: Yeah, umm that's Whitney (Points), Kyle's ex-wife out there, now do you think that you can y'know divert her so that we can slip out?

Ross: What?! No!

Phoebe: Well okay but I have two tickets to the ballroom dance finals. (She holds up the tickets that Kyle gave her.)

Ross: Look, I don't think so Pheebs. (Pause) All right, I'll do it. But just because you're a friend. (Grabs the tickets and heads to divert Whitney.)

[Scene: Ross's apartment, Ross is dancing around his living room as Phoebe enters, catching and startling him.]

Phoebe: Hi Ginger.

Ross: All right! I want my key back!

Phoebe: I don't have it!

Ross: It's right there! (Points to her hand.)

Phoebe: Ugh, okay Sherlock! (Hands over the key.)

Ross: Look, I'm sorry but you—you—you better go Pheebs.

Phoebe: All right, well I just wanted to say thank you though for diverting Kyle's ex.

Ross: Oh yeah—No—You're welcome. We'll talk about it later.

Phoebe: Okay.

(Ross opens the door to reveal Whitney standing there.)

Ross: Hi Whitney.

Whitney: Hi Ross! You ready for breakfast?

Ross: Yep. (Phoebe slams the door shut.) Okay.

Phoebe: (To Ross) Kyle's ex-wife? You were supposed to divert her not date her!

Ross: (opens the door and to Whitney) Hi! I'm sorry, but can you give me a second while I talk to this woman, who by the way did not spend the night.

Whitney: Sure.

Ross: Okay. (Closes the door.) (To Phoebe) I **did** divert her and we ended up having a great time! Okay?

Phoebe: Watching ballroom dancing?

Ross: Yes! That's where we realized we were both super cool people!

Phoebe: Well look—look, okay Ross, Kyle just told me some **really** bad stuff about her.

Ross: Like what?

Phoebe: Like she's really mean, and she's over critical, and—and—No! She will paint a room a **really** bright color without even checking with you!

Ross: Okay.

Phoebe: And! She uses sex as a weapon!

Ross: Fine! Thank you for warning me. At breakfast I'll be on full alert for room painting and sex weapons.

Phoebe: You're still gonna go out with her?!

Ross: Yeah!

Phoebe: Well, didn't you just hear what I said?!

Ross: Pheebs come on! I mean, consider the source! Of course her ex-husband's gonna say that stuff. Now, if you'll excuse me...

Phoebe: (interrupting him) No listen to me! She is **crazy**!

Whitney: (outside the door) Uh, your door isn't sound proof.

Phoebe: You see? Nothing is good enough for her!

[Scene: Rachel's Office, Tag is arriving as Rachel is standing there.]

Tag: Good morning.

Rachel: Hi Tag! Hey, so did you have fun with uh, with Joey last night?

Tag: Oh yeah! We went to the Knicks game.

Rachel: Ohh that's nice.

Tag: Then we went to this bar and he hooked us up with all these women!

Rachel: Wo-women? You mean like old women?

Tag: Well kinda old, like 30.

Rachel: (Pause) Oh.

Tag: And I never used to be able to just talk to girls in bars, but I got like 20 phone numbers last night.

Rachel: That's great! Wow man, so Joey must've really taught you some stuff huh?

Tag: A little.

Rachel: Yeah?

(A beautiful women walks up.)

Tag: (To her, in the Joey voice) How you doin'?

Commercial Break

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is teaching Chandler how to smile. Chandler is smiling.]

Joey: See? That's a great smile! Easy. Natural. Now, pretend I have a camera. (Chandler immediately does The Face.) You're changing it!

Chandler: I can't help it!

Joey: All right, all right, all right, all right, you wanna know what I do when I take resume shots?

Chandler: Borrow money from me?

Joey: Okay, first—first of all, you want to make it look spontaneous. I look down (Looks down), look down, keep looking down; then I look up. (Looks up and smiles.) See? All right, now you try. Look down (Chandler looks down), you're looking down, keep looking down...

Chandler: Why is there jelly on your shoe?

Joey: I had a donut. (Chandler nods.)

Rachel: (entering) Hi!

Joey: Hey!

Chandler: Hey!

Rachel: So uh, heard you had some fun with Tag last night.

Joey: Yeah! That guy's all right!

Rachel: Yeah and you had fun teaching him how to be all Joey.

Joey: What?

Rachel: Y'know, all the women.

Joey: Hey well, you can't teach someone to be good with women. Y'know, that's why I never had any luck with Chandler.

Chandler: (Pause) I'm right here!

Rachel: All right, would—would you mind just not going out with him again? Okay, just the idea of you and he and all these women, it's just—And I know he's my assistant and I can't date him—but it just bothers me, all right?!

Joey: Hey! No—no—no—no, you can't take him away from me! I got a great partner to pick up girls with! Finally!!

Chandler: I'm still right here!

Rachel: All right, will you, will you at least tell him how hollow and unsatisfying this, dating tons of women thing is!

Joey: (shocked) What?!

Rachel: I just don't want him to meet anybody until I am over my crush—And I will get over it. It's—it's not like I love him, it's just physical! But—I mean I get crushes like this all the time! I mean hell, I had a crush on you when I first met ya!

Joey: I know, Monica told me.

Chandler: Did you have a crush on me, when you first met me?

Rachel: Yeah. Sure. (Joey nods his head questioningly and Rachel nods no.)

Chandler: Can you people not see me?! (He waves his arms around to get their attention.)

Rachel: (To Joey) So, will you talk to him?

Joey: I don't know Rach.

Rachel: Oh, come on! I'll give you ten free *Ralph Lauren* shirts.

Joey: One! (Pause.) No ten! You said ten! You can't take that back!

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey is there as Tag enters carrying a bag.]

Tag: Hey Joey, you wanted to talk to me?

Joey: I don't know. You uh, you got something for me?

Tag: Oh, yeah, this is from Rachel.

(He hands Joey the bag and he quickly counts its contents.)

Joey: Ten. Okay. Now Tag there's such a thing as to many women.

Tag: Really?

Joey: Yeah, for you!

[Scene: The Portrait Studio, Monica is waiting for Chandler to make another attempt at taking a good picture.]

Monica: (seeing him approach) Hey! There you are!

Chandler: There I am!

Monica: Are you okay?

Chandler: Yeah, Joey said I uh, I needed to relax so he gave me an antihistamine.

Monica: What?!

Chandler: Yeah, and then I fell asleep on the subway and went all the way to Brooklyn. Brooklyn is f—far!!

Monica: Chandler, what were you thinking?

Chandler: I don't know, but don't worry, don't worry, because I know how to take a picture now. (They get ready) Okay, see? Look down (Looks down), look down, look down... (He falls asleep.)

Monica: Chandler?

Chandler: (awakens) Yeah! (Looks up and does The Face.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross and Phoebe are there.]

Phoebe: Hi.

Ross: Hi.

Phoebe: So, how are things going with crazy? Has she cooked your rabbit yet?

Ross: Listen, you are hearing **one** side of the story, okay—and F.Y.I she must've shown Kyle over 30 paint samples before she painted that room! And his response to each one was, "I don't give a tiny rat's ass."

Phoebe: Yeah well, maybe she should've spent a little less time decorating and a little more time in the bedroom.

Ross: Well, I don't think **we** are gonna have that problem, but maybe that's just because I am not emotionally unavailable!

Phoebe: You think he's emotionally unavailable?

Ross: I think he can be.

Phoebe: Well, maybe he wouldn't be she didn't bring the office home every night!

Ross: Well, excuse her for knowing what she wants to do with her life!

Phoebe: Yeah well, she certainly knew what she was doing New Year's Eve 1997.

Ross: (angrily) I **knew** you were gonna **throw** that in my face!! That was three years ago! She apologized and she apologized! What more do you want?!!

Phoebe: (gets up and starts to leave) We want the last six years back!!

Ross: So do we!! So do we!! (Ross notices a couple has been staring at them.) I'm sorry you had to see that.

[Scene: Rachel's Office, Tag is entering.]

Tag: Good morning Rachel.

Rachel: Hi! (He hands her, her mail) Thanks, hey so uh what'd you do last night?

Tag: Went out with Joey.

Rachel: Oh yeah? Another night of birdogging the chickas?

Tag: No. We had a really good talk. I don't think I'm gonna do that bar scene anymore.

Rachel: Wow! I did not see that coming.

Tag: It's just not really who I am. Y'know, I've always been happier when...Why am I telling you this? You don't care about this stuff.

Rachel: Oh no, yes I do! I do! I mean, come on go on, you were, you were saying I am happier when uh, y'know?

Tag: When I'm in a relationship, I love having a girlfriend.

Rachel: Really?

Tag: Someone I can spoil, y'know?

Rachel: Sp-spoil?

Tag: Uh-huh! Let me ask you something?

Rachel: Uh-huh.

Tag: Do you believe that there is one perfect person for everyone?

Rachel: Well, I-I'm startin' too.

Tag: And if that person is already in your life, you should do something about it right?

Rachel: Yes! Hell yes!

Tag: All right then, it's settled.

Rachel: Okay.

Tag: I'm gettin' back together with my ex-girlfriend.

Rachel: I'd love to!

Tag: What?

Rachel: (panics, turns around, picks up the phone, and pretend to talk on it) Hello?! (Listens) Oh, yeah!

(To Tag) This is gonna be a while. Excuse me. (Tag leaves and she closes the door behind him,

disgustedly.) Yeah!

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross and Phoebe are there again, only now they're not talking to each other.

Phoebe is loudly stirring her coffee.]

Ross: My God!

Phoebe: Oh, I'm sorry. Is that annoying? And speaking about being selfish in bed, how's Whitney?

Ross: Well maybe she wouldn't have to be selfish in bed if someone else knew where everything was!

Phoebe: Oh he knows! (Quietly) For the most part.

(Kyle and Whitney enter.)

Kyle: Oh hey! Good, you're both here.

Whitney: We kinda need to talk.

Phoebe: Both of you together?

Ross: Wh-what's up?

Whitney: Well, I went over to Kyle's last night to pick up a few things and we got to reminiscing...

Kyle: ...we talked through most of the night and we realized that the reason we were so angry at each other was because there are still feelings there. So... (Pause)

Ross: Oh just say it Kyle!

Kyle: We're gonna give it another try.

Phoebe: What about her whining and her constant need for attention?!

Whitney: I'm gonna work on that.

Phoebe: Oh right, because you're so capable of change.

Ross: (To Whitney) Y'know, he hums when he pees!

Whitney: I do know.

Ross: It makes him miss the bowl, but whatever.

Whitney: We're so sorry. (They get up to leave.)

Ross: That's all right, we-we don't need you. In fact, hey I'm over it already.

Phoebe: Yeah, and y'know what? I don't give a tiny rat's ass.

Kyle: Yeah, we're gonna go. (They leave.)

Ross: (To Phoebe) I'm sorry. Ugh, Pheebs, you were, you were right about her. Y'know, she **did** try to use sex as a weapon! Yeah, I hurt my back a little.

Phoebe: Oh. Y'know, he hums while he does other stuff to.

Ross: Yeah, were better off without them.

Phoebe: And y'know, even if they break up again, you'd better not let him in your sad men's club!

Ross: Divorced men's club.

Phoebe: Potato, Potaato. (She's pronounces potato with the both the short and long As.)

Ending Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe, Chandler, and Joey are there as Monica enters with the local paper that has the engagement picture in it.]

Monica: Hey guys check it out! My mom sent me the paper!

Phoebe: Ooh, let's see it!

Chandler: Ahhh.

Monica: Okay. (She opens it up and shows it to them.)

Chandler: Oh yeah, that looks good.

Phoebe: You guys make a **very** attractive couple. (The camera cuts to a shot of the picture and we see that Monica is posing with Joey instead of Chandler.)

Joey: Yeah, we look great together.

Monica: Yeah, we **really** do!

Chandler: Okay.

Monica: Wow! Imagine what our kids would look like!

Joey: Y'know, we don't have to imagine.

Chandler: I'm marrying her.

Joey: We'll just see.

End

706. The One With The Nap Partners

Written by: Brian Buckner & Sebastian Jones

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: A Restaurant, Phoebe, Rachel, and Monica are having brunch.]

Monica: Okay, the reason why I asked you guys out to brunch today is because I have been doing some thinking about who should be my maid of honor.

Rachel: Oh my God! This is it! (She and Phoebe hold hands.) (To Phoebe) I really hope it's you!

Phoebe: I hope it's you.

Rachel: Me too!

Monica: First of all um, I love you both so much and you're both so important to me...

Rachel: Okay, bla-bla-bla-bla!! Who is it?!

Monica: Well umm, I was thinking that maybe we could come up with a system where we trade of being maid of honor for each other. Like hypothetically, if Phoebe were mine...

Phoebe: Yes!!! Oh!!

Rachel: Hypothetically!

Phoebe: Still.

Monica: If Phoebe were my maid of honor...

Rachel: Uh-hmm.

Monica: Rachel would be Phoebe's, I would be Rachel's, that way we all get to do it once and no one would get upset.

Rachel: Yeah that's actually a pretty good idea.

Phoebe: Yeah, I'll do that. So who gets to be yours?

Monica: (laughs) Well that's the best part. Umm, **you** guys get to decide!

Phoebe: Wh-why is that the best part?

Monica: Because then I don't have to!

Rachel: Well of **course** we will help you decide! We will do anything we can to help you! Now, I would like to make a toast, to the future Mrs. Chandler Bing (A woman at the table behind them overhears Chandler's name and starts listening closer), my best friend, and truly one of the nicest people that...

Monica: I'm really not deciding!

Rachel: Fine!

(The woman gets up and walks over to their table.)

Woman: Excuse me, I-I couldn't help overhearing, you're marrying Chandler Bing?

Monica: Yeah that's right.

Woman: (sarcastically) Huh, good luck!

Phoebe: Aww, and good luck to you too! (To Monica and Rachel) What a nice lady!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Ross's apartment, Chandler, Joey, and Ross are finishing watching *Die Hard* on video.]

Chandler: *Die Hard* still great!

Joey: Yep. Hey, what do you say we make it a double feature?

Chandler: What'd you rent?

Joey: *Die Hard 2*.

Chandler: (looking at the tape) Joey, this is *Die Hard 1* again.

Joey: Oh, well we watch it a second time and its *Die Hard 2*!

Ross: Joey, we **just** saw it!

Joey: And?

Ross: And it'll be cool to see it again! Yeah!

Joey and Ross: *Die Hard!!!!!!*

Ross: Dude, you didn't say *Die Hard*. Is everything okay?

Chandler: Yeah, I just got uh, got plans.

Ross: Well, John McLane had plans!

Chandler: No, see the thing is I want to get out of here before Joey gets all worked up and starts calling everybody bitch.

Joey: What are you talking about? Bitch.

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe is bringing Rachel some coffee.]

Phoebe: Hey Rachel?

Rachel: Yeah?

Phoebe: Umm, when I get married will you be my maid of honor?

Rachel: Really?!

Phoebe: Uh—hmm.

Rachel: Oh my God Phoebe! I mean I'm just—Wait a minute. If I'm your maid of honor that means you are Monica's.

Phoebe: Oh! Well, if that's what you want...

Rachel: Ohh! No way Phoebe! I want to be Monica's!

Phoebe: But why does it even matter?!

Rachel: Why does it matter so much to you?!

Phoebe: Because **this** one is now! And—and it's **two** of our best friends! Who knows what you're gonna marry!

Rachel: What—what if I marry Ross—Or Joey?

Phoebe: (gasps) You wouldn't! Okay look, Rachel I know you really want to do this, but I—I've never been maid of honor to anyone before! And I know you've done it at least twice!

Rachel: Yeah but Phoebe...

Phoebe: And no, oh please, oh please let me finish. (Rachel stops talking.) Oh I guess that was it.

Rachel: Okay. Okay. It's—since you've never done it before you can be Monica's made of honor.

Phoebe: Oh, thank you so much! (They hug.) Okay.

Rachel: I'm gonna marry someone good y'know.

Phoebe: Oh I know.

Rachel: Better than Chandler. (Phoebe exhales as if to say, "Like what isn't?")

[Scene: Ross's apartment, *Die Hard* has ended, only I don't think Joey and Ross know that yet. As you see, they are both asleep. And they're on the same couch. Which means they're sleeping together. Not like Joey is at one end and Ross is on the other, they both happen to be lying down and sleeping together. Well, there hasn't been any clothes removed so not **that** kind of sleeping together. Not that there's anything wrong with that. That is unless you're a Republican in which that kind of thing will bring about the downfall of Western society, especially if they should happen to want to get married. Anyway, let me recap. No, there is too much, let me sum up. Ross and Joey are taking a nap together on top of each other and both wake-up at the same time, realize what they just did, scream, and jump up.]

Ross: What happened?!!

Joey: Well, I don't know!!

Ross: We fell asleep! That is all.

Joey: Yeah. Yep. Yeah. All right, well uh, I'd better go.

Ross: I think that would be best.

Joey: Yeah. All right, I'll talk to you later.

Ross: Okay. But not about this!

Joey: No! Never! Never! (Pause, then Joey wants to shake Ross's hand.) Bye.

Ross: No touch! No touch!

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Monica has just gotten back from brunch and is telling Chandler about it.]

Monica: Yeah hey, a weird thing happened today when I was at brunch. This woman overheard that I was marrying you and—and then she…she wished me good luck.

Chandler: That's sweet.

Monica: No, it's more like a (sarcastically) good luck.

Chandler: So uh, what did this woman look like?

Monica: She was like 30, dark hair, attractive.

Chandler: Well, is there any chance you were looking into a bright, shiny thing called a mirror?

Monica: Come on, was it somebody maybe you dated in college?

Chandler: No, no I only dated two girls in college, both blonde, both not attractive… (Thinks a little while.)

Hold on one second; let me check this out. (He gets up and grabs a photo album.)

Monica: What are you doing?

Chandler: Well, let's see… (Finding the picture he wants.) Okay uh, is that her? (Pointing to the picture.)

Monica: Oh my God yes! Who is she?

Chandler: Julie Grath, my camp girlfriend.

Monica: Did you break up with her?

Chandler: (pause) No, we're still together. Yeah we went out for two summers, and then I broke up with her.

Monica: Why?

Chandler: Well, 'cause she came back the third summer and she'd gotten really fa-aa-aw-ow…

Monica: Fat?!

Chandler: I did not say fat! I said, "Fa-aa-aw-ow…"

Monica: You broke up with a girl because she was fat?!

Chandler: Yeah. Yeah, but it was a really, really long time ago! Does she still feel bad?

Monica: Well, apparently she does.

Chandler: Well, you know what they say, elephants never forget. (Monica is not amused by that statement.)
Seriously, good luck marrying me.

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

Joey: Hey! What's going on?

Rachel: Phoebe is gonna be Monica's maid of honor!

Joey: Hey! Well I hope it goes better than the last time you did it for that girl downstairs, remember?
(Phoebe glares at him.)

Rachel: (shocked) **You** have been maid of honor before?!!

Phoebe: See? This is exactly why you shouldn't lie!

Rachel: All right that's it! I am maid of honor!

Phoebe: Na-uh, I am!

Rachel: How come you are?!

Phoebe: Because I cared enough to lie!

Joey: Hey-hey-hey-hey, I can help you decide who should do it! Yeah, we could have like uh, like an audition and see how you'd handle maid of honor type situations.

Phoebe: What are you talking about?

Joey: Like when I want a job, I go to an audition and if I'm the best of the people they see, they give me the part.

Phoebe: Okay, so after this audition, who decides who gets it?

Joey: Oh uh, me and Ross can be the judges.

Phoebe: (To Rachel) Well, it's better than us deciding.

Rachel: Oh, come on! This is crazy! Can't we just flip a coin?!

Phoebe: No! Coins hate me!

Rachel: Okay. Okay fine, y'know what? We will let Ross and Joey decide. (Ross enters.) (In a sexy voice.)
Hiiiiii, Ross! Sweetie.

Phoebe: Hey there, you handsome thing. (Rachel and Phoebe exit.)

Ross: Wow, this cologne really **is** every bit as good as *Georgio*.

Joey: Hi.

Ross: Just uh, brought back your videos.

Joey: Uh hey look uh Ross, look I think we need to talk about before.

Ross: No! No we don't!

Joey: Yes we do! Now look, that was the best nap I ever had!!

Ross: I... I don't know what you are talking about.

Joey: Come on! Admit it! That was the best nap you ever had!

Ross: I've had better.

Joey: Okay! When?!

Ross: All right! All right! It was the best nap ever!

Joey: Uh-huh!

Ross: I've said it! Okay?! But it's over Joey!

Joey: I want to do it again.

Ross: We **can't** do it again.

Joey: Why not?

Ross: Because it's weird!

Joey: Fine! Do you want something to drink?

Ross: Sure, what do you got?

Joey: Warm milk and *Excedrin P.M.* (Ross just leaves.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Monica is approaching the bathroom door behind which Chandler is using the facility.]

Monica: Chandler! (Knocks on the door.) Chandler! I just figured out who you are!

Chandler: Can you figure out what I'm doing?

Monica: You're Lewis Posin.

Chandler: Who?

Monica: Lewis Posin! He was my best friend in fifth grade, and—and then one day I asked him to be my boyfriend and he said no. Do you know why?

Chandler: Because you kept talking to him while he was trying to go to the bathroom?!

Monica: No! But because he thought I was to faaaaa... (Chandler emerges, without flushing by the way.) And every time I think about it, it makes me feel as bad as I did in fifth grade! Y'know, I—I really think that you should apologize to Julie.

Chandler: What? Are you kidding? That was like 16 years ago.

Monica: No, I know. But y'know what? It would make me feel better if Lewis apologized to me.

Chandler: Okay, I will do it. But I have to warn you; this may make me a better person and that is **not** the man you feel in love with!

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey and Ross are laying out the ground rules for the maid of honor auditions to Rachel and Phoebe.]

Joey: Okay, all right, this is how it's going to work. We're gonna give you hypothetical maid of honor situations and you will be scored on a scale of 1 to 10, 1 being the highest.

Ross: No, 10 is the highest.

Joey: Why is 10 the highest?

Ross: Because it's the highest. (Joey shrugs his shoulders) Okay, Rachel you're up first. (Rachel stands up and gets ready.) Situation No. 1: You're with Monica, the wedding is about to start when Monica gets cold feet. Go! (Joey is playing the part of Monica.)

Joey: (crying) I don't want to marry Chandler!

Rachel: Okay, uh...

Joey: I've got cold feet.

Rachel: ...it's gonna be okay!

Joey: No, one man for the rest of my life? I don't know if I can do it! This means I'll never get to sleep with Joey!

Rachel: Look Monica, getting cold feet is very common. Y'know, it's—it's just because of all the anticipation and you just have to remember that you love Chandler. And also, I ran out on a wedding. You don't get to keep the gifts.

Joey: (out of his Monica character) Very good! Drawing on your own experience, I like that!

Rachel: Thanks!

Ross: Yes, very nice Rachel.

Rachel: Thank you judges.

Phoebe: Ugh, what a kiss ass.

Rachel: Oh!

Joey: Okay, Phoebe...

Phoebe: Yes! Your honor?

Joey: We're now in the ceremony, Monica is about to say, "I do" when her drunk uncle starts yelling. What do you do? Go!

Ross: (playing the drunk uncle) When Monica was a little girl, I remember that—(Phoebe screams and tackles him)—Ooh!! Ow! Very good!

Phoebe: Oh!

Joey: Yes! Excellent! Perfect score!

Rachel: Wait a minute! She just made a scene in the middle of the ceremony!

Phoebe: Hey! Do you want do you want a little taste of Pheebs?!

Ross: It is time for you to give your maid of honor speech.

Rachel: Ohh, wait a minute, we haven't pre...

Ross: Go!

Rachel: Okay! Okay! Umm, *Webster's Dictionary* defines marriage as... (Ross and Joey start writing.)

Okay!! Forget that! That sucks!! Okay, never mind! Forget it! Umm, umm, okay, uh... I met, I-I met, I met Monica when we were just a couple of six year olds and I became friends with Chandler when he was 25, although he seemed like a six year old.

Ross and Joey: Oh! That's nice.

Rachel: Thank you. Thank you very much. Umm, I've known them separately and I've known them together and—and to know them as a couple is to know that you are truly in the presence of love. So I would like to raise my glass (Grabs a glass and holds it up) to Monica and Chandler and the beautiful adventure they are about to embark upon together. I can think of no two people better prepared for the journey.

Joey: Wow. (To Ross) Good speech.

Ross: Yeah, it really was!

Rachel: Aw, thanks!

Ross: Okay Phoebe, I guess you're next (To Joey) although I really don't see the point.

Joey: Yeah.

Phoebe: Okay, I can't believe that Monica and Chandler are getting married. I remember talking about this day with Rachel while we were showering together, naked. (Raises her glass and drinks.)

(Joey and Ross pause while they picture the event.)

Joey: And she's back in the game.

[Scene: A random apartment building, Chandler and Monica are knocking on the door of the woman from the beginning.]

Chandler: (she opens the door) Julie hi! Chandler Bing, I, I guess you remember me.

Julie: Hello Skidmark.

Chandler: (To Monica) It's a nickname, I'll explain later.

Monica: It's pretty clear.

Chandler: Ah, uh, I owe you a long overdue apology. I never should have broken up with you because you were overweight.

Julie: That's why you broke up with me?

Chandler: You—you—you didn't know that. (Pause as she nods no.) Well, I guess my work here is done!

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey and Ross are giving Phoebe and Rachel the results of their election. Somewhat faster than Florida I might add.]

Joey: All right, well first of all I would like to say that you both performed very well. Okay? You should be proud of yourselves. And—and I would also like to say that in this competition there are no losers. Well, except for Rachel—Damn it!

Phoebe: Really?! I won!

Rachel: What?!

Ross: I'm sorry Rach, it was, it was really close.

Rachel: Well then I demand a recount! (Hmm, I wonder where I've heard that before.)

Ross: Actually, it wasn't that close.

Rachel: No! Y'know what? No! No! Your thing was so stupid anyway, this was ridiculous—We're gonna flip a coin! (Phoebe gasps.) All right?! (She flips the coin.) Heads! (Looks at the coin and grunts in disgust.)

Phoebe: The coins have finally forgiven me!

Rachel: Well y'know what? I hope Monica forgives you after you throw her, her vegetarian, voodoo, goddess circle shower! (Runs out.)

Phoebe: (running after her) Rach, it's gonna be okay! (To Ross and Joey) You guys are the best!

Joey: Boy I tell ya, that judging stuff took a lot out of me.

Ross: Yeah?

Joey: Yeah! I was thinking about maybe going upstairs and taking a little nap on my couch. (Raises his eyebrows, questioning Ross to see if he wants to join him.)

Ross: Why—why would I care about that?

Joey: No reason, I'm just saying that uh... That's where I'll be.

(Joey gets up and heads for the door. After a pause Ross decides to join him.)

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Chandler and Monica have returned from Julie's.]

Chandler: As bad as that went I actually enjoyed myself. I think that I'm going to apologize for all of the stupid things I do.

Monica: Why don't you just stop doing stupid things? Then you wouldn't have to apologize.

Chandler: I would really love it if I could do both.

Monica: All right, I...I have to ask.

Chandler: What?

Monica: Are you gonna break up with me if I get fat again?

Chandler: What?!

Monica: Well, you broke up with Julie Grath! How much weight could she have gained?

Chandler: A hundred and forty-five pounds.

Monica: In one year?! My God what did she eat? Her-her family! That's not the point.

Chandler: Look I know it was a stupid reason to break up with somebody, but I was 15!

Monica: Well... That's not the only time this was an issue. You remember when umm, you spent Thanksgiving with us? You called me fat.

Chandler: Okay. Okay, now wait a minute that was totally different.

Monica: How?

Chandler: You were not supposed to hear that! I said that behind you back!

Monica: What if I have babies, okay? I mean I'm gonna look different. I'm okay with that, but I'm not sure that you are!

Chandler: Look you have to realize I don't think of you as a thin, beautiful woman. (Monica glares at him.) See this is one of things that I can apologize for later! Look, what I mean is you're Monica! Okay? And I am in love with Monica.

Monica: Keep going.

Chandler: So you can balloon up or you can shrink down and I will still love you.

Monica: Even if I shrink down to two inches tall?

Chandler: I'd carry you around in my pocket.

Monica: I love you. (They hug and kiss.)

Chandler: Skidmark's still got a way with the ladies.

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe is there as Rachel enters carrying a shopping bag.]

Rachel: Hi Pheebs.

Phoebe: Hi!

Rachel: Hi! I just want to apologize. I'm really sorry I was a baby.

Phoebe: That's ridiculous Rachel, we were all babies once. (Rachel looks at her.) Oh, you mean today.

Rachel: Yeah. Yeah, and y'know you-you deserve to win. And-and y'know I was thinking about it, if-if you're Monica's maid of honor that means I get to be yours.

Phoebe: Oh yeah!

Rachel: Yeah! Oh, umm when-when Monica and Chandler got engaged I started putting some stuff together, y'know just in case...

Phoebe: Oh that's so sweet thanks.

Rachel: Here is a book of poetry that I know Monica loves. And-and ohh God this is funny, look, this is a picture of one Halloween where she dressed up as a bride. (Shows Phoebe the picture.) And look, she made me carry her train, which was weird because I was *Wonder Woman*. Oh and here's a little purse that I found. (Hands her the purse) Y'know I just thought that maybe they could hold the rings in there.

Phoebe: Ohh.

Rachel: And umm, vintage handkerchiefs y'know 'cause, people cry at weddings. (Starting to cry.) I'm just gonna grab a couple of these.

Phoebe: This stuff is great!

Rachel: Oh, I forgot this was in here. Umm, this was the uh garter that I was saving for my wedding and I wanted it to be Monica's something borrowed and it's blue. (Starts to cry again.) Yeah...

Phoebe: Y'know Rach, I think that, I think you should be Monica's made of honor.

Rachel: You do? Why?

Phoebe: Because I think it means more to you.

Rachel: But Pheebs, y'know you earned it.

Phoebe: Its fine. I mean, this is something that you've been thinking about since you were what, 14? (She's referring to the Halloween picture.)

Rachel: No, I was ten. I just developed early.

Phoebe: (looking at the picture again) Man alive!

Monica: (entering) Hey, what's going on?

Rachel: Hey!

Phoebe: Well, we just decided that Rachel is gonna be your maid of honor.

Monica: (gasps) Ohh, wow! That's great! (Rachel and Monica hug.) Oh wow! We really have to start planning! I have, I have a lot of really specific ideas! We should probably get together like four times per week. You can come over to my place; we'll get together before work! What do you say, 6:30, my place? I'm so excited! (Runs out leaving Rachel completely stunned and Phoebe laughing.)

Rachel: Yeah okay, you laugh now, but she's gonna be yours. (Phoebe gets suddenly scared.)

Ending Credits

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey and Ross are napping together again and both wake up at the same time.]

Joey: Great nap.

Ross: It really was.

(Suddenly Rachel clears her throat and the camera cuts to the rest of the gang staring at them. Needless to say Joey and Ross are shocked and slowly turn their heads to see the gang.)

Joey: (reacting first by jumping up) Dude! What the hell are you doing?! God! (Heads for his room leaving Ross.)

Ross: (slowly stands up and says quietly) Excuse me. (Exits.)

End

707. The One With Ross's Book

Written by: Scott Silveri

Directed by: David Schwimmer

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is eating breakfast as Rachel enters having just woken up.]

Joey: Morning!

Rachel: Hi! Oh, how was your date last night?

Joey: Pretty good.

Rachel: Oh good. (She walks to the closed bathroom door, opens it, and finds a naked woman wrapped in a towel.) Ahhh! My God, sorry! (She closes the door and confronts Joey.)

Joey: Okay, really good. Anyway I gotta go: I'm late for work.

Rachel: What-what?! You're gonna leave this person with me?!

Joey: Yeah—Hey, don't worry, she's a terrific girl. And hey listen, could you do me a favor? When she comes out could you just mention that I'm not looking for a serious relationship; that'd be great.

Rachel: Why?! What?! Are you kidding?!

Joey: Just casually slip it in, y'know lay the groundwork. Tell her uh, I'm a loner—No! An outlaw! Tell her she doesn't want to get mixed up with the likes of me.

Rachel: Y'know what? That's a lot to remember, can't I just tell her you're a pig?

Joey: Hey, I'm gonna call her later! Honest! Oh come on, Chandler used to do it! He'd even make the girl pancakes! Plus, he'd make extras and leave 'em for me.

Rachel: Well forget it, I'm not telling that girl anything. That is not my responsibility.

Joey: Fine! (Pause) Now, where'd we land on those pancakes? (She chases him out the door as his date emerges from the bathroom.)

Joey's Date: Hi!

Rachel: Hi.

Joey's Date: Sorry about that, but I couldn't get that lock to work on the door.

Rachel: Yeah, Joey kinda disabled it when I moved in.

Joey's Date: You must be Rachel, I'm Erin.

Rachel: Hi.

Erin: Hi. I don't mean this to sound like high school, but did he say anything about me?

Rachel: (pause) Would you like some pancakes?

Opening Credits

[Scene: N.Y.U's University Library, Ross is entering with Chandler.]

Chandler: ...Come on! Why are we here?!

Ross: Okay, okay take a guess.

(An old woman pushes a cart full of books past.)

Chandler: The hot chicks?

Ross: Okay, okay, I was typing names into the library computer earlier, y'know-y'know for fun, and I typed mine in and guess what came up? My doctoral dissertation! It's here! Yeah, it's right-it's right down here! In the biggest library in the university! (They start heading that way, towards a secluded section behind the racks.)

Chandler: Wow that's actually pretty cool.

Ross: (stopping quickly) Oh umm, there's also a book here by a woman named Wendy Bagina. (They both laugh, but stop when they hear moaning coming from the next aisle.) What is that?

Chandler: Sounds like two people are really enjoying the Dewey decimal system.

(They go around the last row of bookshelves and find a couple doing what college coeds do in secluded corners of university libraries. For those of you who don't know what I'm talking about, let's just say that clothing is undone. Ross gasps and the couple gets up and runs away.)

Female Student: (as they are moving past Ross) I'm so sorry!

Male Student: Sorry!

Chandler: You didn't bring me here to do that, did you?

[Scene: Monica's Restaurant Kitchen, Monica is cooking as a waitress enters carrying a plate of food that has been sent back.]

Monica: She sent the chicken back again?!

The Waitress: She says it's to dry now and she wants to come back here and explain to you **exactly** how she wants it.

Monica: Well fine! I want to meet this chicken expert! Send the Colonel in!

(The waitress lets her in as Monica is about to throw a lobster into a pot of boiling water (Although, she hasn't taken off the rubber bands that hold the claws, so she can't be **that** good of a chef). Anyway, guess who the Colonel is by the following phrase.)

The Colonel: OH...MY...GAWD!!!! (Yep, it's Janice.)

Monica: (to the lobster) Lucky bastard! (Throws the lobster in and turns around to face the planet's most annoying woman, next to Dr. Laura and Kathy Lee Gifford of course. She's the most annoying female TV character however.) Janice.

Janice: How are you Ms. Hot Shot chef with the big fancy restaurant with the best chicken ever! (Does the laugh.)

Monica: I'm fine.

Janice: (notices Monica's engagement ring) Ohh! What is that on your finger?! I'm blind!

Monica: Oh... Uh...

Janice: So, who's the lucky guy?

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's just after Monica has finished telling Chandler what happened.]

Chandler: OH...MY...GAWD! I am so sorry sweetie, are you okay? You didn't tell her we were getting married, did you?

Monica: Well, she saw the ring.

Chandler: Did she freak out?

Monica: Well, she was shocked when I told her, but then again so were most people.

Chandler: Right.

Monica: Well, she actually has a boyfriend y'know herself, named Clark. Uh, she also kinda invited herself to our wedding. Clark too.

Chandler: (laughs) You said no right?

Monica: Huh?

Chandler: You said **no** right?!

Monica: Well, she corned me! She asked if the wedding was in town! I mean, what was I supposed to do?!

Chandler: Lie!!! How hard is that?! The check's in the mail! Oh your baby is so cute! I can't wait to read your book Ross!!

Monica: Come on! So she comes to the wedding! I mean it won't be so bad.

Chandler: What do you think she's just gonna sit there quietly? You don't think she's gonna want to make a toast? You don't think she's gonna want to grab the microphone and sing *Part-time Lover*?!

Monica: Oh my God, she's not gonna like the chicken that night either is she?!

Chandler: Y'know what? It's gonna be okay. Y'know what? She's probably not gonna even want to come.

Monica: Really?

Chandler: No! That was a **lie**! See how easy that was?

Monica: So—so you would've just lied?

Chandler: Yes!!

Monica: Would it really have been that easy?

Chandler: Yes!!!

Monica: Good, so do it Saturday night because we're going to dinner with her and Clark.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is coming back from work to find Phoebe, Rachel, and someone else with her back turned is there.]

Joey: Hey! What's up?

Phoebe and Rachel: Hey!

Joey: Hey—hey, who's your friend? (Erin turns around to face Joey, startling him) Hey!!

Erin: Hey Joey!

Joey: Erin! Still here!

Rachel: Yeah, we ended up spending the day together and had such a great time!

Joey: Why wouldn't ya? Erin is great! Then—then there's you guys.

Erin: Ohh, listen. I've got to get going. Today was great, thanks!

Rachel: I know!

Phoebe: Okay!

Erin: Bye Joey. (Kisses him.) Last night was fun.

Joey: Yeah. I'll uh, I'll call ya.

Rachel: Oh and I'll call ya too!

Erin: Or I'll call you!

Phoebe: And call me!

Joey: (to Erin) Okay, good to see you again.

Erin: Bye.

Joey: Bye—bye.

Rachel: Bye!

(Joey closes the door behind her.)

Joey: So, system kinda broke down huh?!

Rachel: Oh Joey, I'm sorry I just couldn't tell her all those things you wanted me to tell her. And y'know we got to talking and I...

Phoebe: We want you to marry her!

Joey: What?!!

Phoebe: She is so amazing! You have no idea.

Joey: No idea? Who do you think brought her here?

Rachel: Cupid.

Phoebe: Joey, she's so cool. She speaks four languages.

Joey: Man, do **you** know what guys want!

Rachel: Look Joey, come on she's so perfect for you! I mean she's sweet, she—she likes baseball, and she—she had two beers at lunch.

Joey: My beers?! Look you guys, she's a very nice girl. Okay? We had a good time, but I just—I don't see it going anywhere.

Phoebe: Yeah, but you always say that.

Rachel: Yeah, maybe if you gave this girl a chance it would go somewhere.

Joey: Look I'm sorry you guys, I—I just don't think so.

Phoebe: Whatever.

Rachel: Fine. (They start to walk away.)

Joey: Hey, don't start judging me! (To Rachel) Huh? You're the one who's in love with her assistant! (To Phoebe) Huh? And you, you're the one having the affair with the guy who keeps the pigeons on the roof!

Rachel: Phoebe!

Phoebe: **Secret** affair!

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

Ross: People are doing it in front of my book!

Rachel: I'm sorry?

Ross: My doctoral dissertation is in the library at school, I went to see it, and there were students makin' babies right in the middle of the Paleontology section!

Rachel: Oh my God! Did you get to see anything good?

Ross: Let me ask you something, at your school was there a like uh a place on campus where students went to uh, fool around.

Rachel: Yeah, there was. It was—there the corner of the library where—where all these dusty books that nobody ever read—Yes, there was.

Ross: Great! Because people kept showing up, I think it's like uh—a thing!

Joey: Now hold on a second, fifth floor against that back wall?

Ross: Oh for cryin' out loud! (He storms out.)

Joey: All right, so we should go catch our movie.

Rachel: Well now what's the rush?

Joey: I like to see the previews. (Rachel looks at him.) The candy.

Phoebe: (entering with Erin) Oh. Hey!

Rachel: Well look who's here!

Erin: Hey!

Joey: Hey!

Erin: Joey.

Joey: Erin.

Erin: Hey Rachel.

Rachel: Hi! Well, we were just about to take off and see a movie. Oh no!

Erin: What's wrong?

Rachel: Oh Phoebe, we forgot that party we have to go to.

Phoebe: Oh no.

Joey: (skeptical) What party?

Phoebe and Rachel: A birthday party.

Joey: Who's birthday party?

Phoebe and Rachel: Allison's birthday party.

Joey: (still skeptical) Oh, and how is Allison?

Phoebe and Rachel: 32. (Joey's not buying it.)

Rachel: (does a retching sound) Wait a minute! Why don't you guys do something?!

Joey: (still skeptical) Yeah, look how that worked out.

Commercial Break

[Scene: The Library, Ross enters and heads to the desk to talk to the male librarian on duty.]

Ross: Excuse me. Hi, I'm a professor here. Do you know the Paleontology section, fifth floor, stack 437?

The Librarian: Well, yes! Just give me five minutes, I just have to find someone to cover my shift.

Ross: No! No!! No! Can I speak to someone in charge please?! (The librarian brings his boss over.)

The Head Librarian: How can I help you?

Ross: Hi, I was wondering if it is possible to increase security in the Paleontology section? See I—I wrote a book up there and instead of reading it people are—are—are well, rolling around in front of it.

The Head Librarian: We are aware of the problem you are referring too. (He turns to look at the previous librarian.) But as far as increasing security, I'm afraid the library is very understaffed. I, I can't help you.

Ross: Well, fine. Fine! If—if I'm the only person with any appreciation of the sanctity of the written word, I'll go up there and defend it myself! (Starts to do so, but stops and to the previous librarian) And don't you follow me!

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel and Phoebe are doing dishes as Joey enters.]

Joey: Hey.

Phoebe: Hey!

Rachel: How did it go with Erin?

Joey: Oh, unbelievable! We had the best time!

Phoebe: Yay!! Oh so, you're not, you're not mad at us anymore?

Joey: No! No! No! You guys were totally right! This is so much better than the first time we went out. Y'know? That was so awkward, we were really nervous.

Phoebe: Didn't you sleep together?

Joey: Yeah that really calms me down. And! We have so much in common! She loves sandwiches, sports, although she is a Met fan, not much of an issue now but if we ever to have kids, well that's a...

Rachel: (gasps) Oh my God! Listen to you talkin' about having kids. Oh my Joey. (She goes over and hugs him.) Oh, please don't get married before I do.

Joey: Okay.

[Scene: A Restaurant, Monica and Chandler are on their date with Janice and Clark, however Clark is a no show and Janice is crying the Mississippi River about it.]

Janice: Oh. Oh I just cannot believe Clark stood me up!

Monica: He might still show up.

Janice: Oh, what are you, stupid? It's been three hours.

Monica: Is that all?

Janice: I should just go on to happier things, okay? Umm, why don't you tell about your lovely wedding?

Chandler: Well actually uh, there was something we wanted to tell you about the wedding. Um, it's going to be a small ceremony. Uh, tiny! We're not even sure why we're having it.

Monica: It's actually going to be just family.

Janice: Oh...wait...you two think of me as family?! Oh, I have to ask you something now and be honest; do you want me to sing *Careless Whisper* or *Lady In Red*?

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey is entering and arguing baseball with Erin. Phoebe and Rachel are already there.]

Joey: How can you say that?! The *Mets* have no closer!

Erin: What about Benitez?

Joey: What about Game 1 of the Series?

Erin: What about shut up?

Joey: You shut up! (To Phoebe and Rachel) I love arguing with her. (To Erin) I'll be right back.

Erin: Okay. (Joey goes to get some coffee and Erin sits down.)

Rachel: So how's it goin' with Joey?

Erin: Uh, okay.

Rachel: Okay? Wait okay, tell-tell me that you like him, please? I mean tell me that you like him.

Erin: Look, he's a really great guy and I know that **you** really want this to work out, but I just don't see this having a future.

Rachel: But you said that you liked him! I mean what happened?! Did ya just change your mind?!

Erin: Kinda.

Phoebe: Then change it back!

Erin: I'm sorry I... It's just there's no real spark.

Phoebe: No spark? Didn't you sleep together?

Erin: Yeah.

Rachel: Ugh, tramp!

Phoebe: Does Joey have any idea?

Erin: I really don't think he does. And y'know what? Maybe you guys could help clue him in. Y'know, tell him I'm—I'm not interested in a serious relationship or something.

Phoebe: Yeah, you mean like that you're kind of a loner.

Erin: Yeah! That would be great!

Phoebe: Yeah, and maybe that you're a real (She says something in Italian, and it doesn't matter what she said. It's not important so I don't need everyone who speaks Italian telling me what she said.)

Erin: I'm sorry?

Phoebe: Oh well, I guess Italian isn't one of the four languages you speak.

Joey: (returning) Hey! You wanna go?

Erin: Yeah, let's go.

Joey: Okay. See you guys later.

Erin: Bye guys.

Rachel: Yeah, see ya.

Joey: (whispers to Phoebe and Rachel) Hey, thank you so much. (They both exit.)

Rachel: Wow. Well, I guess it was Cupid who brought her here.

Phoebe: No, just a regular old flying dwarf.

[Scene: The library's Paleontology section, Ross is patrolling as a couple walks up.]

Ross: Yes? Yes?! How can I help you?

Guy: Yeah, we were...we were just looking around.

Ross: Oh—oh, you're—you're fellow scholars. What exactly were you looking for, hmm? Perhaps, (Grabs a book from the shelf behind him) perhaps Dr. Chester Stock's musings on the Smiledon Californicus?

Guy: Uhh...

Ross: Ah... Ah...Get out of here! (The couple retreats. Ross starts looking through the previously mentioned book as a beautiful woman walks into the section.) Uh, meeting someone? Or—or are you just here to brush up on Marion's views on evolution?

Woman: Uh, actually I find Marion's views far to progressionist.

Ross: I find Marion's views far to progressionist.

Woman: I'm sorry, who are you?

Ross: I'm a professor here uh, Ross...Geller.

Woman: Ross Geller, why do I know that name? It's uh—Wait! (Grabs his book off of the shelf.) Did you write this?

Ross: Yes! You're the person who checked out my book?!

Woman: Y'know, you look nothing like I would've thought. You're...you're so young.

Ross: Well I uh, I skipped forth grade.

[Time Lapse, Ross and the woman are now in a state of partial undress and are standing in front of the head librarian with two security guards watching them.]

Ross: I am very...very sorry.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Phoebe and Rachel are watching TV as Joey enters.]

Joey: Hey!

Phoebe: Hey!

Rachel: Hi!

Phoebe: So how was, how was your date?

Joey: Oh, it was great! I mean we walked all around the village. We went to this ice cream place, split a milkshake, 70/30 but still... And guess what, I'm thinking about taking her upstate to one of those bed and breakfasts.

Phoebe: Oh really? She said she wants to go away with you?

Joey: No-no-no-no-no! It's a surprise, but it's gonna be tricky thought because she said she was gonna be pretty busy at work for a while.

Phoebe and Rachel: Oh no, yeah.

Rachel: Jo-Joey, look honey we-we need to talk okay? Umm, I kinda got the feeling from her today that uh, she's not lookin' for a serious relationship.

Joey: Where are you gettin' this?

Rachel: Well, she told me. She said she's kinda a loner.

Joey: Oh. Oh.

Rachel: Joey...

Joey: No hey Rach, it's cool okay? Y'know I'm a loner too! (Heads for his room.) Right?

Phoebe: Hey Joey, y'know what? You are way to good for her.

Rachel: Yeah and honey I promise next time that I will just say good-bye and tell 'em you're not looking for a relationship.

Joey: No! No. Don't do that, just next time make sure she really likes me.

Rachel: Well that too. (Joey goes into his room.) Joey?

Joey: Yeah?

Rachel: Do you want some pancakes?

Joey: (coming back out) Finally!

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Chandler and Monica are sitting at the kitchen table and are still trying to decide what to do about Janice.]

Monica: What are we gonna do?

Chandler: I say we go with *Careless Whisper*.

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

Janice: Chandler?

Chandler: (To Monica) Did she see us yet? Did she see us?

Monica: Janice, what umm, what are you doing here?

Janice: Well umm, I thought I was going to go back to my apartment but then I just felt I couldn't really be alone tonight. (Joey walks into view of the open door behind Janice, sees her, gets a terrified look on his face, and flees in horror.) I was wondering if I could maybe stay here with you, just I really feel that I need to be with family.

Monica: (To Chandler) Our kids are gonna call her Aunt Janice aren't they?

Janice: Please, it's because otherwise I really don't know what I might do.

Chandler: Aren't you just a tinsy bit curious?

Janice: (starting to cry) Do you have any tissues?

Monica: Yeah, in-in-in the bathroom.

Janice: Okay! (She runs for the bathroom)

Monica: We'll just...we'll just let her stay.

Chandler: No-no-no-no, if we let her stay, she will stay **forever!**

Monica: Kinda like your Barca lounge.

Chandler: Is that what you're thinking about right now?

Monica: I **never** stop thinking about it.

Janice: Hey you guys, umm do either one of you want to get in there before I take my bath.

Chandler: Janice, I'm sorry but umm, you can't stay here tonight.

Janice: Why not?

Chandler: Honestly? Our apartment is a hotbed for electromagnetic activity. Now Monica and I have been immunized, but sadly **you** have not.

(And she does the laugh.)

Janice: Okay, I'm going to need a comforter, but did you have a hypoallergenic one because otherwise I get very nasal. (Makes some weird sound) Do you have a cat? 'Cause it's already happening. (Makes a nasal sound) Do you hear that? (She keeps making the nasal sound.)

(Chandler does the same nasal sound to Chandler.)

Monica: Oh my God! Oh my God! You have to go!

Janice: Why?

Monica: Because Chandler still has feelings for you!

Janice: He does?

Chandler: Say again?

Monica: That's right. That's right. And that is why you can't stay here tonight. And probably why you shouldn't come to the wedding.

Chandler: Feelings, such strong feelings.

Monica: I mean, I realize that his feelings may never completely go away, but **you** can.

Janice: Oh...my Gawd, I-I understand. I-I am so sorry, I'll go. (Starts for the door.) Good-bye Monica (hugs her), I wish you a lifetime of happiness with him. Chandler, (hugs him) you call me when this goes in the pooper. (Hurries out.)

Ending Credits

[Scene: The library's Paleontology section, Ross is on patrol and stops a security guard through the stack of books.]

Ross: (to the guard) Don't sweat it, I've got this section covered. Yeah, in fact I've got this little baby (Turns on a mini-flashlight) to shine in people's eye—(The guard walks away)—Okay, see you later.

(Ross resumes his patrol when his best friend and sister walk up and start to take off their coats, but they stop when they see him.)

Chandler: I just wanted to show Monica your book. (Ross just glares at him.)

End

708. The One Where Chandler Doesn't Like Dogs

Written by: Patty Lin

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[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Monica is in the kitchen, Joey, Rachel, and Phoebe are sitting around the table writing one notepads while Chandler is looking over their shoulders.]

Ross: (entering) Hey everybody! Happy Thanksgiving!

Chandler: No, no, no. No-no-no.

Joey, Rachel, and Phoebe: Shhhh!

Ross: What, are we keeping Thanksgiving a secret this year?

Chandler: No, we're playing this game I learned at work. You have to name all the states in six minutes.

Ross: What? That's like insanely easy!

Chandler: Now, that's a lot harder than it sounds. You always forget at least one, or in some cases... fourteen (looks over to Monica).

Monica: It's a stupid game and I wasn't playing against other people, so technically I didn't lose.

Ross: What? You forgot fourteen states?

Monica: Nobody cares about the Dakotas. (That's true in so many ways, trust me, I've lived in one and been to the other.)

[Chandler's watch beeps]

Chandler: Oh, okay, time's up!

Rachel: All right, I got 48.

Chandler: Oh that's not bad, Pheebs?

Phoebe: Oh, I got tired of naming states. So I decided to list the types of celery, and I have one: regular celery.

Chandler: Okay, so Rachel's got 48 and Phoebe has the lead in...vegetables, Joey?

Joey: Say hello to the new champ of Chandler's dumb states game.

Ross: Wow, how many have you got?

Joey: Fifty-six!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's. Ross is sitting in the couch doing Chandler's game. Chandler is sitting in his barca-lounger. The girls are in the kitchen.]

Joey: Hey! How is New England not a state? Huh? They have a sports-team!

Chandler: Does South Oregon have a sports-team? (Joey strikes one from his list) There you go.

[Cut to the girls in the kitchen.]

Rachel: (counting the place settings) How come we have one extra place setting?

Monica: 'Cause you invited your assistant.

Rachel: Oh, right. Sorry. But Tag's not coming; his girlfriend came into town, so he's spending Thanksgiving with her.

Monica: Oh! Why didn't you tell me? I made him his own individual sweet potato stuffed pumpkin.

Rachel: Well, I was going to, but then I figured, you know... you're food is so delicious and perfect, you can never have too many of those pumpkin things.

Monica: Now you think I wouldn't enjoy that, because it is so fake, (Laughs) but I still do.

Phoebe: Regular Celery! (Starts to write that on her list) Oh, I already have that. (She gets up and heads for her room)

Ross: Done! With time a-to-spare.

Chandler: Oooh that may be a New World's record (Looks at his watch and picks up Ross' pad)

Ross: You know, I hate to lecture you guys, but it's kinda disgraceful, that a group of well-educated adults and Joey can't name all the states. Did you ever see a map, or one of those round, colorful things called "a globe?" Hmm?

Chandler: Uh, Magellan? You got 46 states. (Smiles and hands Ross back his pad)

Ross: What? That's impossible.

Joey: 46. Wow! Who's well educated now, Mr. I-forgot-ten-states?

Monica: All right, I'm out of oven space. I'm gonna turn on Joey's. Please, watch him! Do not let Joey eat any of the food!

Chandler: I am only **one** man! (Monica heads out) Okay Ross, time is up!

Ross: No, just give me another minute.

Chandler: Look Ross, if you don't know them by now, you will never know them, okay? That is the beauty of this game. It makes you want to kill yourself.

Ross: This-this is crazy! I can do this! All right, uhh, I bet I can get all 50 before dinner.

Chandler: Okay, but if you can't...no dinner!

Ross: You're on!

Joey: (gets up) All right. Don't look at my list, Ross, 'cause there's a lot on there that you don't have.

Monica: (entering, to Joey and Rachel) Hey, did you guys know, that your oven doesn't work?

Joey: But the drawer full of take-out menus is okay, right?

Monica: Ross, I'm gonna use yours, okay?

Ross: Pshhshhh!

Monica: Chandler? Can you give me a hand? (Grabs her jacket)

Chandler: Sure, and Joey; do not let Ross look at any of the maps or the globe in your apartment.

Joey: Don't worry, Chandler, it's not a globe of the United States.

[Chandler and Monica head out with some stuff. Phoebe comes out of her room with a bag.]

Phoebe: Hey you guys I'm gonna go out and take a walk.

Ross: Phoebe, why is your bag moving?

Phoebe: Oh, it's not!

Rachel: Seriously, it's moving!

Joey: What the hell is in there?

Phoebe: It's just my knitting that's all! (A dog sticks its head out of Phoebe's bag. Everyone looks puzzled.)
Yes! I knit this. I'm very good.

[Scene: Ross' apartment, Monica and Chandler enter.]

Monica: Ross's apartment is nice! How come we don't hang out here more often?

Chandler: I don't know. Maybe it's because it smells a little weird. It's like old pumpkins or something.

Monica: That's my pie!

Chandler: Which smells delicious!

Monica: Uh-oh! Uh-oh!

Chandler: What?

Monica: We left Joey alone with the food! (Walks towards the window and looks out) Yep! Yep, I knew it!
There he is... feeding stuffing to a dog!

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Ross is still doing his list. Rachel and Joey are feeding the dog as the phone rings.]

Phoebe: (answering the phone) Hi Geller-Bing residence. How can I help?

Monica: Phoebe, why is there a dog in our apartment?

Phoebe: I'm sorry, who's this?

Monica: Phoebe, there's a dog sitting on my couch!

Chandler: Tell her, I'm allergic, and I will sue!

Phoebe: No, there's no dog here?

Monica: Yes there is! He's black and white and shaggy and [Cut to Monica's apartment] he's sitting next to Rachel and licking Rachel's hand.

Phoebe: Oh my god! Where are you? (Looks around.)

Monica: I'll be right there!

Phoebe: (Phoebe hangs up and someone knocks on the door. She gasps.) They're here already? How are they doing this?

Rachel: (gets up and opens the door) Hi Tag! What are you doing here?

Tag: I, uh, wanted to see if your offer to spend Thanksgiving with you is still good.

Rachel: Well, sure! Come in! (He enters) Well, what-what happened to your girlfriend?

Tag: We kinda broke up this morning.

Rachel: Oh, I'm sorry.

Tag: Yeah, so she went back to Ohio.

Ross: Ohio!! Thank you!

[Time lapse, Chandler and Monica enter.]

Chandler: Huh! Where is the dog?!

Ross: What dog? There-there's no dog here.

Joey: Yeah that dog left!

Monica: (walks to Phoebe's door) Phoebe! Phoebe, open up!

Phoebe: There's no dog in here.

[The dog barks.]

Chandler: Phoebe, we can hear the dog barking!

Phoebe: No that's just me coughing! (Doing some weird coughing noises and the dog barks again. Phoebe comes out of the room.) Oh, good, there you are! Listen, um, I have a dog in my room.

Chandler: What is it doing here?

Phoebe: Well, I'm watching it for some friends who went out of town. Wait. (She bends down, picks up the dog, and waves with one of its paws) Hello, my name is Clunkers. May I please stay with you nice people?

Monica: Oooh, I wish she could stay here, but Chandler is allergic!

Chandler: Extremely allergic, okay? If I'm anywhere near a dog for more than 5 minutes, my throat will just close up!

Phoebe: That's odd, 'cause this dog's been living here for the past 3 days

Chandler: (gasping) Really?

Monica: Chandler, if that dog's been here that long, and you haven't had a reaction, maybe you're not allergic to this dog?

Chandler: Well, it still has to go, right?

Monica and Phoebe: Why?

Chandler: Okay, it's um...

Joey: (interrupting him) Don't do it!

Monica: Don't do what?

Chandler: (to Joey) I have to! Okay? It's time! (Joey shrugs as if to say, "Do what you have to do") Okay, I hate dogs.

All: What?

Phoebe: Are you crazy?

Ross: Are you out of your mind?

Phoebe: Why?

Joey: Told ya. (Waves bye-bye.)

Chandler: They are needy, they are jumpy, and you can't tell what they are thinking, and that scares me a little bit.

Ross: Right, they are scary. (He jumps up, screaming) Ahh, she just ate a treat out of my hand!!!

Rachel: Wait a minute. Do you not like all dogs? I mean, not even puppies?

Chandler: (scared) Is there a puppy here?

Tag: You don't like puppies?

Chandler: (to Tag) Okay, you are new!

Joey: Look, Chandler, I told you, never tell anyone about this dog thing. It's like Ross not likin' ice cream.

Phoebe: You don't like ice cream?

Ross: It's *too* cold.

Chandler: Okay, it's just that dogs make me a little uncomfortable.

Ross: (to Phoebe) It hurts my teeth.

Chandler: And I don't wanna say this, I don't you guys to hate me, but uh, I don't think, I can be around that dog anymore. Okay, so either the dog goes, or I go. (An awkward silence ensues.) Oh my god!!

[Time lapse, Ross is still doing Chandler's game. Tag is heading for the balcony.]

Ross: How can I not get this? I'm a college professor: I got 1450 on my S.A.T.s.

Monica: 1250.

Ross: Damn, I forgot you were here.

Phoebe: All right. We're gonna take Clunkers to Ross's. We'll be back in a minute. (Gets up with Monica to do so.)

Rachel: Oh, wait before you guys go, can I just ask you a question?

Monica: Yeah.

Rachel: When a guy breaks up with his girlfriend, what is an appropriate amount of time to wait before you make a move?

Phoebe: Oh, I'd say about a month.

Monica: Really? I'd say 3 to 4.

Joey: Half hour. (Rachel turns to look at him and he nods yes.)

Rachel: Interesting.

Monica: When it's your assistant, I would say never.

Joey: All right, Rach, the big question is, does he like you? All right? Because if he doesn't like you, this is all a moo-point.

Rachel: Huh. A moo-point?

Joey: Yeah, it's like a cow's opinion. It just doesn't matter. It's moo.

Rachel: (to Monica and Phoebe) Have I been living with him for too long, or did that all just make sense?

Monica: Please, don't listen to Joey, okay. Would you look at him? He—he's obviously depressed. He's away from his family; he's spending Thanksgiving with strangers. What he needs right now is for you to be his friend.

Rachel: You're right, I'm sorry. Thank you. Okay, that's what I'm gonna do.

Joey: Fine! Take their advice. No one ever listens to me. When the package is this pretty, no one cares what's inside.

[Cut to the balcony, Tag is looking down while Rachel enters.]

Rachel: Hey!

Tag: Hey.

Rachel: How are you holding up?

Tag: Not bad.

Rachel: Yeah? I'm sorry about your girlfriend.

Tag: Thanks.

Rachel: So were you guys together a long time?

Tag: A year. On and off. I kinda thought we'd end up together. I don't anymore.

Rachel: Now that she broke up with you?

Tag: Yeah.

Rachel: Yeah. Hmmmm.

Tag: It's weird. I always used to assume, that I would meet someone and fall in love and be happy and all that was just a given. But lately it's like what if it's not. Do you ever have that feeling?

Rachel: No...Yeah, all the time, constantly. It's terrifying. But you know that I figure it...it has to work out.

Tag: Why?

Rachel: Because, uh—it has to.

Tag: You have all the answers, don't you?

Rachel: Yeah, I know, I do. I really do.

Tag: Hey, thanks for talking to me.

Rachel: Well, what is a boss for? Hug it out! (They hug)

Joey: (through the window) All right, he likes you back! Huh? Told ya, you should go for it!

Tag: What?

Joey: (realizes what he said) Street noise drowned any of that out? (Rachel moves madly towards him) No, all right, I see you later, okay... (Turns away embarrassed)

Commercial Break

[Scene: The Balcony, continued from earlier.]

Tag: What did Joey say? I like you back?

Rachel: Uh, yeah, well, see, he... Joey knows, that I'm—I'm very insecure about my back and, and...you're hugging me, so obviously you are not repulsed by it, yeah!

Tag: Wait—wait a minute; that doesn't make any sense.

Rachel: No? (He shakes his head) All right, here's the truth um, Joey said what he said, because um, I'm attracted to you.

Tag: Wow. (He starts to walk towards the railing.)

Rachel: Yeah, I admit it. I have a crush on you, and uh, and, and I know that's crazy because we work together, and—and nothing could ever happen, and the last thing I want to do is—is to freak you out or make you feel uncomfortable. Which is why it would be really great if you said something right about now.

Tag: (looking at the street) Oh my god! Those guys are stealing my car! (He points down to the street)

Rachel: What?

Tag: Right there! That's my car! (Sound of a breaking car—window) Hey!!

Rachel: Okay, that's gonna take them a minute. Do you have anything else you wanna get off your chest?

Tag: I can't believe this! (He walks back in again)

Rachel: (she hurries after him) Wait, we still have time to talk and they're—they're not even in the car yet! (She takes a quick look down the street.) Oh look, there they go, okay. (She hurries in, too)

[Scene: Ross' apartment, Monica and Phoebe sitting on the floor next to Clunkers basket.]

Monica: Okay Phoebe, we should probably go back now.

Phoebe: (doing Clunkers) Please don't leave me, I'll be lonely.

Monica: Stop it. Stop! Okay let's go. We can be strong.

Phoebe: Yeah, okay.

[They both get up and head for the door. Clunkers whines a little]

Monica: Oh my god! Did you hear that? She said Monica! (She goes back to Clunkers again) Oooh, I can't leave her!

Phoebe: You know if you want, we can sneak the dog back in and Chandler wouldn't even know.

Monica: That's not gonna work.

Phoebe: I've had that dog there for three days and Chandler had no idea. He's not so smart.

Monica: Hey! I didn't know either.

Phoebe: Yeah, but you kinda knew that something was going on, didn't you?

Monica: Yeah, I knew.

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's. Ross lays a lot of small papers, shaped like the U.S. states onto the floor making a map with the states. Phoebe enters]

Phoebe: Where's Chandler?

Chandler: (comes out of the bathroom) Here I am.

Phoebe: Wash your hands!!!

Chandler: How did you...know? (Heads back into the bathroom)

[Phoebe waves Monica in. Monica sneaks in with the bag with Clunkers in it and heads for Phoebe's room.]

Ross: Hey! What's she doing back here?

Monica: Relax, Ross. She's not made of ice cream!

Ross: Hey look, Phoebe. I, uh, I laid out the states geographically...

Phoebe: (interrupts him) No, no, we don't really have time for this right now. Okay, we have to keep Chandler away from my bedroom.

Ross: Yeah, but, but look what I'm...

Phoebe: See, this is exactly what we do not have time for. (She rushes into her room)

Chandler: (comes out of the bathroom) Where's Monica?

Ross: Um, in Phoebe's room. You can't go in there.

Chandler: Why not?

(We can hear the dog whining at a high pitch.)

Ross: Monica's crying. She's very upset about this whole Clunkers thing.

Chandler: Well, I, I should go in there.

Ross: No. No, no. She doesn't want to see **you** right now.

Chandler: Why not?

Ross: Because you sent away the dog!

Chandler: This is ridiculous. (He heads for Phoebe's bedroom)

Ross: Oh, is it? **Is it?** Look, when Monica and I were kids, we had a dog named Rover. And, uh, one day, my dad decides, he doesn't like dogs. So Monica and her friend...Phyllis...take away the dog. And that was the last time we ever saw him. Don't you see? This is just like that. Only with a few details changed.

Joey: (entering) Okay, I'm in my sweat pants. Bring on the food! (Sees that Chandler has a worried look on his face) What's the matter?

Chandler: Monica's all upset, because I sent Clunkers away.

Joey: So? Bring the dog back, you're a hero.

Chandler: Yeah, I can be a hero, I could do that. I could, I could do... I, w-w-what if, what if it attacks me?

Joey: Chandler, it's like a big gerbil.

Chandler: And that doesn't scare you? (He walks out)

Joey: Ross, you need some help?

Ross: From you? (He does a weird desperate laughter, like he's almost crying) Yes, please!

Joey: (sits down next to Ross) First of all, Utah? Dude, you can't just make stuff up!

[Time lapse, Ross still laying a lot out the states.]

Ross: I hate America! When I finish this game, I swear I am moving.

[Joey stands up again. Rachel enters the door]

Joey: Hey! Tag's still talking to the police.

Rachel: Yeah, ohh! Why, damnit, why did I open my mouth? (In a girlish voice) I have a crush on you; I am attracted to you. (Back to normal again) Gee, I-I know that I freaked him out

Joey: If you said it like that, you probably did, yeah.

[Rachel walks past Joey towards the couch]

Phoebe: (opens her bedroom door and peeks out) Hey, is Chandler here?

Chandler: No, no he went for a walk.

Phoebe: Okay, but you cannot tell him... but look whose back!

[The dog barks, runs out of Phoebe's room and jumps onto the couch]

Rachel: (gasps) Hi!

Joey: Oh No-no-no-no-no-no-no! He went over to Ross' to bring the dog back here!

Phoebe: Oh no, the dog's not going to be there!

Joey: You think?

[The door opens and Chandler comes in. Rachel covers the door with a blanket]

Monica: Hi, honey.

Chandler: Please, please, please, don't be mad at me.

Monica: What? Why, why would...

Phoebe: (interrupts her, to Monica) Shh, wait and see. Maybe we will, maybe we won't.

Chandler: Okay, I went over to Ross' apartment to bring back Clunkers. Y'know, for you, and... (Clears his throat) I left the door open and she must have gotten out and I looked **everywhere**, all over the apartment, including the roof, which FYI Ross, one of your neighbors, growing weed. I couldn't find him, and I am so, so, so, sorry. **But** I do know where we could all go ease the pain. (Points up and then over to the street)

Phoebe: We have good news, look whose back!

Rachel: (uncovers the dog) Hi!

Chandler: Clunkers?! Oh my god!

Monica: That's right, she came back all by herself.

Phoebe: It's a Thanksgiving miracle!

Chandler: (to Clunkers) It is so good to see you!

Phoebe: Yeah, she came all the way back from Ross' building. Oh, the things she must have seen! And then she climbed up the fire escape and she tapped on the window with her teeny little paw and then we ran to let her in... (Realizes, that Chandler starts to not believing her) I went to far, didn't I? When should I have stopped?

[Time lapse, after dinner. Ross stands up from his self-made map.]

Ross: Okay, maybe this is so hard, because there aren't 50 states. Let me tell you something, I have 49 states, and there are **no** more! I-I think, I should be able to eat something.

Chandler: It's up to you.

[Ross whines and starts working again. The door opens and Tag enters.]

Rachel: Oh, hi! How are you doing?

Tag: I'm okay. I gotta go down to the police station and look at mug shots.

Rachel: Oh.

Tag: Thanks for having me over, you guys.

Ross: Tag? Y-You're going? (Comes over to Tag) Uh we didn't, uh we didn't get the chance to talk. Uh, so, where did you say you're from again?

Tag: Colorado.

Ross: Ah, what good are you. (Walks back to his map dejectedly.)

[Rachel and Tag go into the hall.]

Rachel: Look, um, I think we should talk about what happened on the terrace.

Tag: Okay.

Rachel: Ah, I-I never should have said what I said. It—y'know what? It just doesn't matter how I feel. I mean we work together, so nothing could really ever happen between us, and what I would love is just to go to work on Monday, and—and never talk about this again, okay? **Big** day Monday **lots** to do. So, we're okay?

Tag: Um, I'm not.

Rachel: Oh, god, I know it, that I freaked you out.

Tag: No, you didn't. The only thing that freaked me out was you saying that nothing could ever happen between us.

Rachel: Really?

Tag: Yeah, so, please don't fire me for doing this. (He kisses her)

Rachel: Okay, well, that's one less thing we have to do on Monday.

Ending Credits

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, later that night, there is someone knocking on the door and Chandler stumbles out into the living room, turns on the light, looks through the peephole, and opens the door.]

Ross: Delaware! (Starting to cry.) Delaware!

Chandler: All right.

Ross: (hands Chandler his pad and walks in) I want my turkey now!

Chandler: You got it. (Starts looking at the pad, while Ross got the turkey out of the fridge and starts to unwrap and it) You got Nevada twice.

Ross: (pauses) I know.

Chandler: Yeah. (Throws the pad on the table and heads for the bedroom)

End

709. The One With All The Candy

Written by: Wil Calhoun

Directed by: David Schwimmer

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Central Park, Ross is teaching Ben how to ride a bike. Chandler, Monica, and Phoebe are they also.]

Ben: (on the bike) I'm ready!

Ross: You sure?

Ben: Uh-huh!

Chandler: Okay, let me just straighten out your helmet there. (Does so.)

Ben: (To Chandler) Thanks daddy.

Ross: No-no, one daddy, two **mommies**. All right, it's all yours. (Ross pushes him off.)

Chandler: Okay. Okay.

Ross: Yes! Yes! Yes!! (Everyone stands and claps.)

Phoebe: His first big kid's bike, this is so exciting!

Monica: Oh yeah, I remember mine! Ohh, it was my sixth birthday, my dad took me to the park, I got it, and...it bent.

Ross: Yeah.

Phoebe: I never had a bike of my own.

Ross: (shocked) What?!

Phoebe: Well, we didn't have a lot of money. But the girl across the street had the **best** bike! It was pink and it had rainbow colored tassels hanging off the handle grips, and-and-and a bell and this **big**, white wicker basket with those plastic daisies stuck on.

Chandler: That sounds like my first bike. (They all turn and look at him.) My dad gave me his old one.

Ross: Ohh.

Monica: Did the girl ever let you ride it?

Phoebe: No! But she gave me the box that it came in. It had a picture of the bike on the front. (They're all speechless) So I would sit on it and my step-dad would drag me around the backyard.

Ross: That is so unfair!

Phoebe: Not really, I got to drag him around too! (They all nod, "Oh.")

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Monica is cooking, Joey is eating, and Chandler is entering from the bedroom.]

Chandler: Hey! What are you guys doing?

Joey: Hey.

Monica: Making holiday candy for the neighbors.

Chandler: I'm sorry, who?

Monica: I'm gonna hang this basket (Points to the one sitting on the table) on the door and when the neighbors walk by they can all take a piece.

Chandler: But we don't know the neighbors.

Joey: I do. There's uh, let's see, Guy With a Mustache, Smokes-A-Lot Lady, Some Kids I've Seen, and A Red-haired Guy Who Does Not Like To Be Called Rusty.

Monica: See? This is **exactly** why I'm making this candy. We can learn their names and get to know our neighbors.

Chandler: Wouldn't it be easier if we just moved?

Rachel: (entering, happily) Gooood morning!!

Chandler: Eh, somebody's in a good mood!

Rachel: Well, why shouldn't I be? I have great friends! I have a wonderful job!

Monica: Where you can make out with your assistant.

Rachel: Come on, it's not a big deal! We stayed up all night coming up with a plan so that us dating will not be a problem.

Monica: Oh yeah, what's the plan?

Rachel: (pauses as she thinks and exhales loudly) We... We are not... going to let it... be a problem.

Monica: Wow! It took you all night to come up with **that** plan?!

Rachel: Well y'know, we did other stuff too. (Joey and Chandler start to giggle.)

Monica: Did you two...

Rachel: Oh Monica come on, y'know I don't sleep with guys on the first date!

Monica: Matt Guire, Mark Lynn, Ben Wire...

Rachel: Anymore!!

Monica: Okay.

[Scene: Rachel's Office, she's at her desk while the mailman delivers her mail and calls Tag in.]

Rachel: Hi. Tag, I have a conference call today is that correct?

Tag: Yes, at 4:00.

Rachel: Okay, thank you. That'll be all. (The mail guy leaves and Tag starts to follow, but Rachel stops him.) (Excitedly) Wait! Wait! (Rushes over and closes the office-door.) Did you see that? That mail guy had no idea there was something going on between us. (They kiss.)

Tag: I'd better get back to my desk.

Rachel: Okay, you hard worker! I'll remember to put that in your evaluation.

Tag: My what?

Rachel: Well, you've been here for two months now and your boss is required to hand in a performance evaluation. But y'know, there is one thing that I have yet to evaluate. (She turns around and sweeps the stuff off of her desk and hops up onto it.)

Tag: Are you serious?

Rachel: No, I've just always wanted to do that. Can you help me clean this up?

[Scene: The Hallway, Monica and Chandler are returning and Monica finds her basket is empty.]

Monica: The basket is totally empty! My God, the neighbors ate all the candy!

Chandler: Well, either that or uh...(Motions towards Joey's door.)

Monica: Joey!!

(She storms into his apartment to find him with a towel around his shoulders, a bowl on his head, and Phoebe with scissors in her hand.)

Joey: Yeah?

Monica: Did you eat all the neighbor candy?!

Joey: Uh well yeah, that was the plan, but by the time I got to it there was only a couple of pieces left!

Phoebe: Yeah, and they've been coming by all day. They love it!

Monica: They love my candy? Oh man!!! I've gotta go make more!! (Starts to do so.)

Joey: Hey Mon, you might wanna make some more lasagna too, because something might've happened to a huge chunk of it.

(Ross enters.)

Monica: Ross! The neighbors ate all my candy!!

Ross: Mine stole my newspaper! It's like a **crime** wave!! (Monica runs to make more candy.) Pheebes, you uh, you got a second.

Phoebe: Sure!

Ross: Yeah, ever since you uh, told me that story about that bike I-I couldn't stop thinking about it. I mean, everyone should have a--a **first** bike, so...

(He goes out into the hall and re-enters with a bike exactly like the one Phoebe described earlier.)

Phoebe: (gasps) Oh my God Ross!!

Ross: You like it?

Phoebe: I love it!!

Ross: Yeah?

Phoebe: Ohh!! Ohh!! And I love you!

Ross: Ahh.

Phoebe: Not that way! But the bike brought you a lot closer!

Ross: Ah! (She hugs him.) Well uh-uh, t-take it downstairs, y'know give it a test ride.

Phoebe: Okay! Oh my God! My first bike! Thank you for the best present I've ever gotten.

Ross: (stunned at the complement) You're welcome.

Phoebe: (starts to leave, but stops) Oh and Chandler's about to cry.

Chandler: (about to cry) Am not!

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, the middle of the night, there is someone knocking on the door and Monica and Chandler get up to answer it.]

Monica: (turning a light on) Who is that?!

Chandler: Don't worry, I'm brave! I am brave! I...I am brave! (They get to the door and Monica goes to open it.) No-no-no-no!! (He stops her.) (Through the door.) Can you tell me who is there please?

The Knocker: My name is Gary, I live upstairs.

(Monica opens the door.)

Gary: Hi!

Monica: Hi. Do you know what time it is?

Gary: It's candy time! My roommate says that they taste like little drops of heaven.

Monica: Oh please! (To Chandler) Did you hear that? Little drops of heaven.

Chandler: (laughs) 4:00 A.M.

Gary: So, can I get some candy?

Chandler: I am sorry, but some of us have to **get** up early and go to work! (Monica looks at him) (To Monica) He does **not** know that I am not some of us.

Monica: Umm, listen I am sorry, but I'll put some out first thing in the morning.

Gary: Well okay, I'll swing by later. Do you live in this building?

Monica: Um-hmm.

Gary: (looking at Monica.) Mm! Seems like I would've remembered you!

Chandler: Mm! Night Gar'! (Monica closes the door.)

[Scene: Rachel's Office, she's slinking out to where Tag works and checks to make sure no one is coming.]

Rachel: (hugging him) So did you read your evaluation yet?

Tag: No! It was marked confidential I just sent it down to Human Resources.

Rachel: (worried) Okay please, you're kidding right?! I wrote that one as a joke for you!

Tag: A joke they would appreciate?

Rachel: I'm thinkin' no.

Tag: What did you say?!

Rachel: Umm, I said I thought you were a good kisser, and uh, and that I like your tiny-tiny touchie.

Tag: No, not my touchie.

Rachel: Well, it gets worse. When asked if you take initiative I wrote, "Yes, he was able to unhook my bra with minimal supervision," and under Problems with Performance I wrote, "Dear God, I hope not," and then uh, then I drew a little smiley face, and then a small pornographic sketch.

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey, Monica, Ross, and Chandler are watching Phoebe polish the daisies on her bike outside.]

Monica: Ross! That is so sweet of you to get Phoebe that bike! When I heard the story, I almost cried.

Joey: Almost cried huh? Hear that Chandler? Almost cried!

Chandler: Hey, you cry every time somebody talks about *Titanic*!

Joey: (about to cry) Those two only had each other!

Ross: Phoebe really likes the bike huh?

Monica: Oh yeah! I saw her walkin' it down the street the other day. She had uh, these flowers in the basket. It was so cute.

Joey: Yeah, I saw her this morning walkin' it by the park.

Ross: Wait a minute, she was walking the bike? Both times?

[Cut to outside, they're going to talk to Phoebe about walking the bike.]

Joey: Hey Pheebs?

Phoebe: Oh hi!

Chandler: Hey! So are you enjoying the bike?

Phoebe: Ohh, uh-huh so much!

Ross: Pheebs you uh...you do know how to ride a bike don't you?

Phoebe: Of course!

Monica: Umm, can we see you ride it?

Phoebe: Okay. (The gang giggles then Phoebe gets the bike out of the rack, gets on, pushes off, rolls a few feet, and falls over.) See?

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Monica is making candy while Chandler and Rachel are taste testing and Joey is on the couch doodling.]

Monica: See, this is why I told you never get involved with your assistant! And here is no such thing as keeping secrets when it comes to affairs. (To Chandler) Did you hear that Chandler? No such thing!

Chandler: (with his mouth full) What happened? I'm just eating candy.

Rachel: Maybe it's not as bad as I think. Y'know, maybe they didn't take it the way I meant it.

Chandler: Absolutely! Y'know, because touchie can mean both ass and good worker.

Rachel: Ugh, I just gotta get the thing back!

Joey: Hey Rach?

Rachel: Yeah?

Joey: That sketch you mentioned? Might it have looked a little something like this? (He shows her what he's been drawing.)

Rachel: Oh my God! Joey!

Chandler: What is the matter with you?

Rachel: Ugh!

Joey: Boy I tell ya, this little talent came in handy before I could afford porn.

(There is a knock on the door and Monica answers it. There is a woman standing there.)

The Woman: Hi! I'm sorry, I know it's after hours but I really need candy.

Monica: I'm sorry, I can't help you. See? (Points to her new sign.) Rules are rules.

The Woman: Please! I have people coming from out of town today! And, I told them all about your candy!

Monica: No kidding, out of towners huh? What did you tell 'em?

The Woman: I told 'em your candy is absolutely indescribable!

Monica: Some people have been saying its y'know little drops of heaven, but whatever.

The Woman: Please, can't you help me out?

Joey: (watching the discussion) Hey Chandler, do we know that lady?

Chandler: Maybe, isn't she the woman who lives below you and has sex really loud?

Monica: (still talking to the woman) All right, I'll do it just this once! But you can't tell anybody!

The Woman: (exasperatedly) Yes! Yes! Please, just give it to me!

Joey and Chandler: Yeah, that's her.

The Woman: (after Monica gives her the candy) Thank you.

Monica: (closing the door) It's unbelievable! I-I can't believe that sign didn't work!

Chandler: Y'know what would work?

Monica: Hmm?

Chandler: Stop making candy!

Monica: But they like it!

Chandler: You mean they like you.

Monica: Maybe.

Chandler: Is that why you became a chef? So that people would like you?

Monica: Oh, you really want to talk about getting people to like you huh, funny man? (Joey laughs but stops when Chandler turns to glare at him.)

[Scene: Central Park, Ross is teaching Phoebe how to ride her bike.]

Ross: Okay, now just remember everything I taught you and you'll be fine. Okay? Here we go. Ready...Set...

Phoebe: (hopping off the bike) Wait! This seat is really uncomfortable! Yeah, maybe before we start we should just get another one. Perhaps, like an airplane seat—or a beanbag chair!

Ross: Phoebe, you can't get out of this! Okay? You **have** to learn how to ride a bike!

Phoebe: Why? Why do I **have** to learn?

Ross: Well...In—in case of emergency.

Phoebe: What kind of an emergency?

Ross: Well let there—what if a man comes along and puts a gun to your head and says, "You ride this bike or I'll sh...I'll shoot you."

Phoebe: Okay, I would ring the bell to distract him and then I would knock the gun out of his hand with a Chinese throwing star.

Ross: Okay, Phoebe just—just get—get on the bike and—Hey! I'll hold you up and—and push you. Okay?

Phoebe: You won't let go?

Ross: No!

Phoebe: Swear?!

Ross: I swear!

Phoebe: (thinks it over) Okay.

Ross: Come on. (She gets on the bike.) All right, here we go. All right? (They start.)

Phoebe: All right.

Ross: All right. Feel good?

Phoebe: Well...

Ross: All right, try pedaling.

Phoebe: Okay. (Does so.)

Ross: That's it, your doing great.

Phoebe: Okay.

Ross: Doing great! Yes—yes—yes! Take control! Yes!

Phoebe: Weeee!!! (Ross pushes her and lets go.)

Ross: Yes!! Yes!!! (He starts clapping and Phoebe turns around to look at him and falls off the bike.)

Phoebe: Oh! Oh! Oh no!! You swore!

Ross: I—I just thought you were doing so well. I...

Phoebe: I am shocked! Shocked!! (She storms off leaving Ross to defend himself from the angry looks from onlookers.)

Ross: It's a legitimate learning technique. (Looking around and seeing the woman behind him glaring at him.) Wow!

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Monica is making candy like mad as Ross enters.]

Ross: Hey, there's uh, some people outside, askin' about candy.

Monica: Well, they're just gonna have to wait aren't they? I've only got two hands!!

Ross: Need some help?

Monica: No! You don't know the system! There'll be nobody messing with the system!

Ross: By the way, the week before your wedding you may not see a lot of me. (She glares at him and he quickly makes his way to Phoebe's room.)

[Cut to Phoebe's room, Phoebe has put her helmet on one of her teddy bears and is playing around with it. Ross knocks and pokes his head in the door.]

Phoebe: (seeing him) Oh, hello liar.

Ross: (entering) Look, I-I'm really sorry I let go of the bike.

Phoebe: I could've been killed I hope you know!

Ross: I know. I know. But, can we please try it again? Huh? I mean, you were **so** close Phoebe!

Phoebe: Well, I would love to but...the bike got stolen and the police have no suspects. (Ross just happens to have his hand on a sheet that is covering something that suspiciously looks like a bike.)

Ross: Phoebe.

Phoebe: What?! (Ross rings the bell.) What the hell?!

Ross: All right, y'know what? If you are not going to learn how to ride this bike then I'm sorry, I'm just gonna have to take it back.

Phoebe: What?! Why?!

Ross: Because! Because, it-it-it's... It'd be like you having this guitar (Points to hers) and-and never playing it. Okay, this guitar **wants** to be played! And-and this bike wants to be ridden and-and if you don't ride it you-you're-you're killing its spirit! (Pause) The bike is dying.

Phoebe: All right. If you care enough to make up that load of crap, okay.

Ross: Great! Great! (He runs to the door.) You're making the bike very happy.

Phoebe: (sarcastically) Okay Ross! (Ross exits and she says quietly to the bike) Please don't die!

[Scene: Rachel's office, Tag and her are planning how to get the review back.]

Rachel: Okay, I think we can get the evaluation back before they see it, but we're gonna have to get into Mr. Zelner's office. Now, he doesn't get in until 10, so he's no problem, but his assistant, Betty, she comes in early to eat her breakfast at her desk.

Tag: That's kinda sad.

Rachel: Yeah, well Betty's kinda sad. Which is why I believe I can lure her away with these chocolates. (Holding up the box of chocolates.) Now, while I distract her, **you** get in the office.

Tag: Got it!

Rachel: Let's roll!

(They start towards the door but are stopped when Mr. Zelner enters.)

Mr. Zelner: Hello Rachel, you uh, got a minute?

Rachel: (worried and shocked) Yeah, sure Mr. Zelter, for you anything—minute. Okay. Fine. (To Tag) Abort the plan, abort the plan. (She start to usher Tag out.)

Mr. Zelter: Uh actually, I'd like to speak with both of you.

Rachel: Okay. Uh, well can we, can we get you anything Mr. Zelter? Maybe some chocolates? (Holds up the box.)

Mr. Zelter: Umm, no. Thanks, but I'll give these to Betty. (Rachel glances at Tag to say, "See?") So I read your evaluation of Tag, or to use his full name, Tag Sweetcheeks Jones. Is something going on with you two?

Rachel: (laughs) Oh my God. Can you imagine if there was?! I mean, (getting serious) what would happen exactly.

Mr. Zelter: Well, I'd be forced to file a report. I'd have to consult with the legal department, and your future at the company would be in jeopardy.

Rachel: Well...

Tag: (interrupting) Uh Mr. Zelter, I'm the one who filled in that evaluation.

Rachel: Oh no-no-no...

Tag: (interrupting again) Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah, I thought it would be funny.

Mr. Zelter: You wrote that you have a cute touchie?

Tag: (pause) Yes. I have a **weird** sense of humor, and I'm kinda strangely proud of my butt.

Mr. Zelter: It's kind of a risky joke Tag, and what is—what is this drawing I can't figure out what this is?

Rachel: You're lookin' at it upside down—y'know what? (Grabs the evaluation and throws it out.) It doesn't matter.

Mr. Zelter: Yeah, it's not like I don't have a sense of humor, huh? Hell, I even enjoy a naughty limerick now and then. But there's a time and a place, huh?! Unless you uh, have a limerick right now? (They both nod no.) No? Okay, well uh, you've (Grabs the chocolates.) got my fax number. (Exits.)

Rachel: Whoa! I can't believe you did that. That was really sweet.

Tag: No, don't worry about it.

Rachel: No, you could've lost your job.

Tag: Are you kidding me?! With a cute butt like this, I'd find work.

Rachel: Thank you! You're great! (They kiss.)

Tag: Y'know what?

Rachel: What?

Tag: I feel great. (Rachel laughs) In fact! (Walks over to her desk, sweeps its contents onto the floor and Rachel just glares at him.) What?

Rachel: I... It just—it took me so long to get that desk organized.

Tag: Oh, I'm sorry. (He bends over to pick the stuff up.)

Rachel: (looking at his butt) There it is. (They hug.)

[Scene: The Hallway, Chandler is returning from work to see the hallway jammed full of people waiting outside their door.]

Chandler: (asking a man leaning against the wall) What is going on?

The Man: We're waiting for the candy. (Yelling at the door.) Bring out the candy!

Joey: Yeah lady! Give us candy!!

Chandler: Joey!

Joey: What's up buddy?

Chandler: What are you doing?

Joey: Waiting for candy.

Chandler: Get in here! (They head for the door and Chandler sees Smokes-A-Lot Lady standing next to the door and smoking, to her) Hey, and you can not smoke in here! (Takes the cigarette and takes a drag for himself.) (Exhaling in ecstasy) Merry Christmas.

Monica: (opening the door and frantically) Okay, guys! The candy is coming; I just need another 15 minutes for the chocolate to cool!

All: We want candy! We want candy now! (And other general commotion sounds.)

Chandler: All right everybody! Just be quiet! Be quiet! Be quiet!! Pipe-pipe-pipe down! (They settle down) What is the matter with you people?! This woman was trying to do a nice thing for you. She was making candy so she could try to get to know all of you, and I'll bet that not one of you can tell me her name! Am I right?

The Man: (from earlier) Candy Lady?

Chandler: No not (imitating) Candy Lady.

Joey: (stepping in and knocking the man over) Hey, if we know it can we have candy?!!

Chandler: All right, y'know what? Forget it, all of you forget it! You've ruined it! Go home! You've ruined it! You've ruined it!

Joey: That's right, it's all ruined! You guys ruined everything! You ruined it! (Steps into the apartment and Chandler closes the door.) (Joey struts over to the candy and starts eating it.)

Monica: (To Chandler) Thank you.

Chandler: You're welcome. (They kiss.)

Monica: Did you smoke?

Chandler: No! Smokes-A-Lot Lady blew smoke directly into my mouth. Eh-uh—are you okay?

Monica: I'm fine now, but it was really scary there for a while. I mean, someone slipped a-a threatening note under the door.

Joey: (with his mouth full) Oh yeah, sorry about that. Mob mentality or whatever, I don't know... (Grabs the note.)

Ending Credits

[Scene: Central Park, Phoebe is now riding her bike with ease and stops in front of Ross. They both giggle.]

Phoebe: I can't believe it! I did it! I rode a bike! I never thought I'd be able to do that! Thank you Ross.

Ross: Oh hey, don't thank me, thank yourself. You're the one who faced her fears and ultimately overcame them.

Phoebe: Don't be so corny Ross, it's not an after-school special. (She rides off and the camera pans down to reveal two shiny, silver training wheels firmly attached.)

End

710. The One With the Holiday Armadillo

Written by: Greg Malins

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Chandler is on the phone, Rachel and Monica are sitting in the kitchen.]

Chandler: Buh-bye. (Hangs up the phone) I just got us reservations at Michelle's and tickets to the *Musicman* to celebrate our first holiday season as a betrothed couple.

Monica: Betrothed... (Corrects him)

Chandler: ...betrothed couple.

Phoebe: (entering carrying a skull) Hey!

Chandler: Hey!

Rachel and Monica: Hi!

Phoebe: Haaaa... (Puts the skull on the table) ... ahhhh!

Chandler: Pheebs?

Phoebe: Huh?

Chandler: Skull?

Phoebe: Oh, yeah, it's my mom's.

Rachel: (freaking out) Oh my god!!

Phoebe: No, no, no. It's not! It's not my mom. It belonged to mom. Yeah, no, she used to put it out every Christmas to remind us, that even though it's Christmas, people still die. And, you can put candy in it. (She grabs the skull, pulls out a stick of licorice, and takes a bite.)

Ross: (entering) Hey!

All: Hey!

Monica: (Offering Ross the skull) Licorice?

Ross: (Thinking it over) Sure! (Takes one) Hey, I just found out, I get Ben for the holidays this year.

All: Ohh! That's great!

Monica: Are you gonna dress up as Santa?

Ross: Nope. I mean, I know Susan does every year, but I think I wanna take this year to teach him all about Hanukkah.

Phoebe: And maybe I could teach Ben about the Christmas skull and how people die.

Rachel: You may need to use this year to teach Ben about Phoebe.

Ross: Hmm.

(Joey comes out of the bathroom reading a newspaper)

Joey: Hey. (He exits)

Rachel: (to Monica) Did you know he was in there?

Monica: No.

Chandler: How long have we been home?

Monica: About a half an hour.

Chandler: Lovely!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler is getting a cup of coffee and sits down next to Monica.]

Chandler: Hey, you know what I was thinking? When we get married, are you gonna change your last name to Bing?

Monica: No.

Chandler: Why not?

Monica: Bing's weird.

Phoebe: (entering) Oh, hey, you guys!

Chandler: Hey!

Monica: Hey!

Phoebe: Hey. Guess what! My landlord just called and my apartment is gonna get ready soon, so I guess I'll be moving out.

Monica: Ahh, Phoebe, I'm gonna miss you!

Phoebe: Yes, you will be very sad. All right, well I gotta go tell Rachel the good news.

Chandler: Ohh! You guys gonna be living together again?

Phoebe: Yeah, why not?

Chandler: Well, she's just so much fun with Joey, I just assumed, she'd still be living with him.

Phoebe: Why do you think, she's having so much fun living with Joey?

Chandler: No reason, except...she...told...me.

Phoebe: Really? So she said, she didn't wanna live with me anymore?

Chandler: No! No, she didn't say that. I-I-I think you should talk to Monica now.

Monica: Phoebe, don't worry about it. I'm sure she wants to live with you.

Phoebe: You're sure? You're absolutely sure?

Monica: Well, no. But, um, I bet she probably does.

Phoebe: Probably? Yeah, I don't like that word. (Chandler and Monica look surprised) Kind of what 'probably' really means. Yeah, uh-huh. Yeah, oh, "Your mom probably won't kill herself," y'know? I'm sorry, but I'm not hanging all my hopes of Rachel and I living together on-on "Probably!" Y'know? You gotta take care of yourselves! (She starts to walk out) In **this** world history teaches us nothing! (Exits)

Chandler: Bing doesn't seem so weird now, does it?

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is sitting behind a red drum set.]

Rachel: (entering) Hey!

Joey: Hey! Great, you're home! Guess what Phoebe got me for Christmas! (Starts drumming.)

Rachel: Drums?

Joey: (yelling) No! Drums!

[Scene: *Michelle's*, Chandler and Monica enter.]

Chandler: (to the Maitre d') Hi, could we get two burritos to go, please? (Laughs.)

Monica: I'm sorry. But not that sorry, 'cause you don't have to live with it. Um, we have a reservation under the name Chandler Bing.

Maitre d': Oh-kay, we'll have a table for you in about 45 minutes.

Chandler: Forty-five minutes? We have tickets to the *Musicman* at 8:00.

Maitre d': I'm sorry. Christmas is a very busy time, sir.

Chandler: Is this because of the burrito thing?

Monica: (pulling Chandler away from the Maitre d') You need to give him money.

Chandler: Give him money? It was a joke!

Monica: No, to get a table! Places like are always shakin' you down. Everybody wants to be paid off.

Chandler: Right, calm down, O'Mally. I'll slip him some money.

Monica: You've got to be smooth about it.

Chandler: Hey, I can be smooth. (Walks back to the Maitre d', very smoothly) Listen, we're a little bit in a hurry, so, if you can get us a table a little quicker, I'd appreciate it. (Shakes his hand)

Maitre d': Of course, sir.

Chandler: Okay. (Walks back to Monica)

Monica: How did it go?

Chandler: Had the money in the wrong hand. (Shows her his left hand with the money in it)

[Scene: Ross's apartment, Ross is whirling Ben around.]

Ross: Wooooooo, hehehe. Hey, ahh, you don't feel like you're gonna throw up, do ya?

Ben: No.

Ross: Well, I do, so let's... (Ben and Ross sit down on the couch) So, Ben, you uh, you know what holiday is coming up, don't ya?

Ben: Christmas.

Ross: Yep, and you know what other holiday is coming up?

Ben: Christmas eve.

Ross: Yes, but also (Pauses to let Ben answer, but he doesn't.) Hanukkah! See, you're part Jewish, and—and Hanukkah is a Jewish holiday.

Ben: Santa has reindeers that can fly!

Ross: Right, um, but, on Hanukkah, Hanukkah is a celebration of a miracle. See, years and years ago there were these people called the Maccabees.

Ben: (singing) *Jingle bells, jingle bells...*

Ross: (interrupts him) Okay, that's right, yes, but on Hanukkah, uh, we sing, uh (Sings) *Dreidel, dreidel, dreidel, I made you out of clay.*

Ben: (singing) *Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer...*

Ross: (interrupts him again) Okay, it's not a contest.

Ben: When is Santa coming?

Ross: Well, how about this year, instead of Santa, we have fun celebrating Hanukkah?

Ben: No Santa? Was I bad?

Ross: No! Oh, no-no-no. Hey, you weren't bad, you've been very good, Ben.

Ben: Santa's mad at me.

Ross: No, hey-hey, come on, (He grabs Ben and sits him on his lap) Ben, Santa is not mad at you, okay? Hey, you're—you're his favorite little guy!

Ben: So Santa's coming?

Ross: (disappointed) Yes! Santa's coming!

[Scene: *Michelle's*, Chandler and Monica are discussing how to bribe the Maitre d'.]

Monica: It's easy! Just keep it casual! Give him a kind word, shake his hand and give him the money!

Chandler: How do you know so much about this?

Monica: I don't know.

Chandler: Richard used to do it, didn't he?

Monica: We'd be eating our soup right now.

Chandler: Mustached bastard...

Monica: (sees two people exit) Okay, those people just left, come on! Quick! Give him the money and get their table!

Chandler: (walks up to the Maitre d') Excuse me...

[Chandler can't find his money in the pocket. In the meantime, another couple shows up, and Chandler turns away to look for his money]

Male Guest: (to the Maitre d') Good evening. (Shakes his hand)

Chandler: (finds his money) Ahh-hahaha! (Turns around to give the Maitre d' his money, but he isn't there anymore)

[Scene: The Hallway, Phoebe comes up the stairs and hears drumming coming from Joey and Rachel's, so she enters smiling and then sees that Rachel, not Joey, is the one playing.]

Rachel: (stopping at Phoebe's entrance) Ha!

Phoebe: So you like the drums! That's, that's great! Y'know, I was worried, that, you know, they would maybe be an unbearable living situation. All right, okay, well, apparently not! So, yay!

Joey: Hey-hey, Pheebs, check it out, we already learned a song. (To Rachel) Ready? One, two, three, four...

[Rachel hits some tom-toms and ends up on the 'crash'-cymbal, which is in fact a ride-cymbal, but whatever...]

Rachel and Joey: Tequila!!

Phoebe: That's fun. (She exits disappointedly.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Central Perk, Gunther is serving Chandler and Monica coffee.]

Gunther: Here you go.

Chandler: Thank you Gunther, put it there. (He gets up, and shakes Gunther's hand. A bunch of coins fall out his hand. He sits down next to Monica.) Definitely not easier with coins. (Joey gets up and picks up the coins. Chandler thinks, Joey is just helping him to pick them up.) Thank you.

Joey: Thank you. (He gets up and puts on his jacket.) (Phoebe enters) Hey Pheebs!

Phoebe: Hey!

Joey: Here. (Gives her the coins) Now I only owe you \$49.50.

Chandler: Hey Pheebs!

Phoebe: Hey! (she sits down next to him)

Chandler: If you wanna give Joey a Christmas present that disrupts the entire building, why not get him something a little bit more subtle, like a wrecking ball, or a vile of small pox to release in the hallway?

Monica: It's not just the drum noise. Every five minutes, Joey throws his sticks in the air, and I have to hear, "Oh my eye! Oh god, my eye!" I mean, it is so annoying.

Phoebe: Yes, thank you. You see, this is how normal people are supposed to react to drums.

Monica: Phoebe, you got Joey drums to annoy Rachel, so she wouldn't wanna live there anymore?

Phoebe: Maybe on some level.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is sitting behind the drums wearing safety goggles, hitting them with his sticks as Rachel watches.]

Rachel: Joey, y'know that you could just not throw the sticks up in the air.

Joey: What is Rock 'n' Roll about that?

Phoebe: (entering with an aquarium covered by a towel) Hey, Joey, I got you another present. (She puts it on the counter)

Joey: Oh wait, before you tell me what it is! (He plays a drum-roll) Okay, what is it?

Phoebe: It's a...tarantula! (Joey almost falls down from his drum-stool jumping up) Oh! God! Rachel, look, I'm sorry. What was I thinking giving Joey this big, gross, scary spider in such a poorly constructed cage?

Rachel: What are you talking about? I love them! (Looks into the cage) Yeah, I had a tarantula when I was a kid. But it—it died, because my cat ate it. And then, then my cat died. But Joey, isn't this cool?

Joey: Is it on me? I feel, I feel like it's on me! I got, hey! (He storms into his room)

Rachel: Oh, isn't that adorable? Joey is afraid of the tarantula.

Phoebe: (sarcastic) Ah, yeah, he's so adorable, God, he's just so much fun, Joey is the best, I'm glad you're having so much fun here. (She turns around, about to leave)

Rachel: What? Wait—wait a minute, what? Phoebe, what's the matter?

Phoebe: Our apartment is ready.

Rachel: And that makes you angry because...

Phoebe: Because you would rather live here with Joey.

Rachel: Where did you get that?

Phoebe: Monica and Chandler said that you were having so much fun here. And apparently no amount of drums or tarantulas is gonna change that.

Rachel: Phoebe?

Phoebe: Hm?

Rachel: Did you get all this stuff for Joey to try and drive me out of the apartment? Honey, if you wanted to do that, you might as well just gotten him a fish, you know how fish freaked me out!

Phoebe: (nods along) Fish!

Rachel: It wouldn't have mattered anyway, Phoebe, you and I are, are gonna live together, we're roommates; that's the deal.

Phoebe: Yes, but I wanted you to want to live with me, but okay, if you're having so much fun over here...

Rachel: Oh, it's so much more fun with you.

Phoebe: We did have fun, didn't we?

Rachel: We did!

Phoebe: Oh, anyway, they say, if we want, we can see it tonight.

Rachel: Oh, I would love to!

Phoebe: Yay, okay!

Rachel: Good, good, good, good, good. (She runs to the drums and gets the sticks)

Phoebe: Great, all right, okay, and Monica ask me to make the drumming stop.

Rachel: (with the sticks in her hands) Um... (She goes to the tarantula-cage and puts the sticks into it)
Done!

[Scene: *Halloween Adventure*, a costume shop, there is a salesman behind the counter, Ross enters.]

Ross: Hey!

Salesman: Hello, Sir. You're here to return those pants?

Ross: No, these are my pants.

Salesman: Oh. Okay! How can I help you?

Ross: Well, uh, do you have a Santa-outfit left?

Salesman: Two days before Christmas? Sorry, man.

Ross: Okay look, do-do, you have anything Christmassy? I promised my son, and I really don't want to disappoint him, um, come on, I...uh, you gotta have something.

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Monica has just opened the door for Ross who is costumed as an Armadillo. Ben is standing next to her.]

Ross: I'm the holiday armadillo! I'm a friend of Santa's and he sent me here to wish you (Points to Ben) a Merry Christmas!

Monica: What happened to Santa, Holiday Armadillo?

Ross: (to Monica) Santa was unavailable so close to Christmas.

Monica: Wow, come in, have a seat. You must be exhausted coming all the way from...Texas.

Ben: Texas?

Ross: That's right, Ben. I'm Santa's representative for all the southern states. And Mexico! But, Santa sent me here to give you these presents, Ben. (He tries to bend down to pick up the bag with the presents, but can't because of the costume) Maybe the Lady will help me with these presents.

[Monica picks up the bag, while Ross closes the door and hits Monica with his tail. They walk into the living room, and Monica empties the bag.]

Ben: Wow! Thanks!

Ross: You're welcome, Ben. Merry Christmas, ooh, and Happy Hanukkah!

Ben: Are you for Hanukkah, too? Because I'm part-Jewish.

Ross: (gasps) You are? Me, too!

Monica: Because Armadillos also wandered in the desert?

Ross: (to Monica) You wanna wander in the hall? (to Ben) Ooh, hey Ben, what if the Holiday Armadillo told you all about the festival of lights?

Ben: Cool!

Ross: Yeah!

Monica: Come on Ben.

[Monica and Ben sit down on the couch.]

Ross: Years and years ago there were these people called the Maccabees...

Chandler: (entering in a Santa costume) Ho, ho, ho! Merry Christmas!

Ben: Santa! (Runs to Chandler and hugs him)

Chandler: Hey! (Grunts as Ben hits him at full speed.)

Ross: What are you doing here, Santa?

Chandler: Well, I'm here to see my old buddy Ben. What are you doing here, weird...turtle-man?

Ross: I'm the Holiday Armadillo, your part-Jewish friend. You sent me here to give Ben some presents. Remember?

Chandler: What?

Ben: Did you bring me any presents, Santa?

Chandler: You bet I did, Ben, put it there! (He shakes Ben's hand, but the money falls out of his hands) (to Monica) Well, it would have worked this time, if his hands weren't so damn small! (Realizes, that Ben is standing right there) Ho, ho, ho!

Monica: Okay Ben, why don't you come open some more presents, and Santa, the Armadillo, and I have a little talk in the kitchen? There's a sentence, I never thought I'd say.

[They walk to the kitchen; everyone is lowering their voices]

Ross: (to Chandler) What are you doing?

Chandler: You called everyone and said you were having trouble finding a Santa costume, so I borrowed one from a guy at work!

Ross: Thank you, but, but you gotta leave.

Chandler: Why?

Ross: Because, I'm finally getting him excited about Hanukkah, and, and you're-you're wrecking it.

Chandler: But I didn't get to shape my belly like a bowl full of jelly.

Ross: I'm sorry, Chandler but this, this is really important to me.

Chandler: Fine, I'll give the suit back.

[Ross turns around and walks back to Ben.]

Monica: (to Chandler) Hey, you think, you can keep it another night? (She has a really teasing look on her face and keeps twirling Chandler's beard.)

Chandler: Santa? Really?

Monica: Yes, is that okay?

Chandler: Did your Dad ever dress up like Santa?

Monica: No.

Chandler: Then it's okay! (They kiss.)

Ross: Okay Ben, Santa has to go. Say good-bye!

Ben: No! Why does he have to go?

Chandler: Because, if Santa and the Holiday...Armadillo? (Ross nods) ...are ever in the same room for too long the universe will implode. Merry Christmas!

Ben: No! Why can't the Armadillo leave? I want Santa!

Ross: Fine, I-I give up. Santa, Santa can stay.

Chandler: Well, I'll stay, but only because I wanna hear about Hanukkah. Ben, will you sit here with Santa and learn about Hanukkah?

Ben: Okay, Santa!

(Ross mouths to Chandler, "Thank you," and he mouths, "You're welcome," back.)

Ross: All right, it's time for the story of Hanukkah. Years and years ago, there were these people called the Maccabees.

[Joey enters in a Superman-costume]

Joey: (entering wearing a *Superman* costume) Merry Christmas!

[Scene: Phoebe and Rachel's, they are entering to check out the newly refurbished apartment.]

Rachel: Oh wow! Look at this place!

Phoebe: Oh, this is terrible. Oh, they've made so many changes I can't even feel my grandmother's presence anymore—Ooh! New sconces!

Rachel: (yelling from another room) Oh my God!

Phoebe: What?

Rachel: (returning) Okay, remember uh, remember how you told me that your grandmother put up that wall to make that into two bedrooms?

Phoebe: Yeah?

Rachel: And remember how you always said you were afraid the landlord would find out and then tear it down?

Phoebe: Yeah?

Rachel: Do you really not know where I'm going with this? (Phoebe nods, "No.") It left! It's one huge room!

Phoebe: Oh no! (She runs to see.) (Running back, excitedly) Oh! Wow!!!

Rachel: See?

Phoebe: Well, I guess we'll just have to put the wall back up.

Rachel: You can't, because of the new skylight!

Phoebe: There's a skylight?! (Runs to see and yells from the bedroom.) Wow!!

Rachel: So what should we do? Should we start looking for a new place?

Phoebe: (returning slowly) Y'know I'm—I'm sensing that um, my grandmother would not be comfortable with that.

Rachel: Oh yeah? Startin' to feel her again there are we?

Phoebe: A little bit, yeah.

Rachel: Pheebs is your grandmother maybe saying that you should live here alone?

Phoebe: You heard her too?! You have the gift!

Rachel: Phoebe, it's okay. I like living with Joey.

Phoebe: Are you sure?

Rachel: Oh please, I hate packing, it's closer to work, and we do have fun. Although, I'm really gonna miss living with you.

Phoebe: Oh me too.

Rachel: I know. (They hug.) Oh–oh, wait did you hear that–hear that? Listen, I’m gettin’ something from your grandmother, she said that since you get to keep the one bedroom apartment you should give Rachel the purple chair?

Phoebe: No, I do not hear that.

[Scene: Monica, Chandler, and Phoebe's, Santa (Chandler), *Superman* (Joey), Ben, and Monica are listening to the Holiday Armadillo (Ross) finish telling the story of Hanukkah.]

Ross: …and the miracle was that that little bit of oil that should’ve just lasted just one day, burned for…

Ben: (answering him) Eight whole days.

Ross: That’s right, and that’s why we celebrate Hanukkah today. The end.

Ben: Awesome!

Ross: Yeah?

Chandler: My favorite part was when *Superman* flew all the Jews out of Egypt. (Glaring at Joey who’s nodding.)

Ross: The Armadillo was actually not so **thrilled** about that part! Okay Ben, it’s time to light the Hanukkah candles! (Santa, *Superman*, Monica, Ben, and the Holiday Armadillo go over to the menorah to light the candles.)

Rachel: (entering with Phoebe) Hey!

Phoebe: Oh.

Rachel: (seeing the collection of characters.) Wow! It looks like the Easter Bunny’s funeral in here.

Ross: Come on, come on, we’re–we’re–we’re lighting the candles!

Rachel: Oh.

Phoebe: Oh.

(They both go over to light the candles.)

Phoebe: Okay, I understand why *Superman* is here, but why is there a porcupine at the Easter Bunny’s funeral?

Ending Credits

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is closing the door on the tarantula cage.]

Rachel: I got it!

Joey: (yelling from the bedroom) Is it back in the cage?

Rachel: Its back in cage!

Joey: Cage closed?

Rachel: Joey, would you just come out here and stop being such a baby!

(Joey throws open his door and stands there still in the *Superman* costume then slowly makes his way to the bathroom while keeping both eyes on the cage.)

End

711. The One With All The Cheesecakes

Written by: Shana Goldberg-Meehan

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[Scene: Chandler and Monica's, Chandler is sitting at the kitchen table eating cheesecake. The box it came in is also on the table.]

Chandler: Ohh. Mmm.

Rachel: (Comes in the front door and walks towards the kitchen.) Hi.

Chandler: Hey, you have got to try this cheesecake.

Rachel: Oh, y'know I'm not that much of a sweet tooth. I—(Chandler puts a forkful of the cheesecake in her mouth.)—Wow. My God, so creamy. Oh my God, this is the best cheesecake I have ever had. Where did you get this? (She reaches over to look at the label on the box.)

Chandler: (nervously) It was at the front door. When I got home. Somebody sent it to us.

Rachel: Chandler, this is not addressed to you. This is addressed to Mrs. Braverman downstairs. (Gasping) Thief.

Chandler: I—no! I didn't read the box before I opened it. And you can't return a box after you've opened the box.

Rachel: Why, why not?

Chandler: Because it's too delicious.

Rachel: Chandler, you stole this cheesecake. That is wrong.

Chandler: No-no-no! It is going to be okay, because Mrs. Braverman is gonna send away for a free one and that way we **all** win! The only losers are the big cheesecake conglomerate, (Reading the label) Momma's Little Bakery. (Pause) I feel terrible, I'm a horrible, horrible, horrible person.

Rachel: (taking a bite) Oh, I'm sorry what?

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone except Rachel is there as Joey gets up and starts putting on his coat.]

Joey: All right, I should get going, big day a work. Y'know I'm in a coma? Today, they do this test on me and it turns out I'm not brain dead.

Chandler: So...

Joey: Ah-ah-ah Mr. Smartie Pants, it's just not my character that's not brain dead. Hey, so Pheebs, we still on for tonight?

Phoebe: Absolutely!

Joey: I'll see you at 8:00.

Phoebe: Okay. (Joey exits.)

Chandler: Oh, what's at 8:00?

Phoebe: Oh, I have dinner plans with Joey. We get together about once a month to discuss the rest of you guys.

Ross: Wow, did not know that! May I say how lovely you look today?

Phoebe: Duly noted.

Ross: Thanks. (Phoebe gets up to get a refill.) (To Monica) Oh! So for tomorrow, do you want to rent a car and drive down together or what?

Monica: What are you talking about?

Ross: Cousin Frannie's wedding, its tomorrow night.

Monica: You were invited?!

Ross: No.

Monica: My God, I can't believe this! I mean I knew that mom and dad were invited, but I thought that was it! I mean from the ages 7 to 9 Frannie and I were inseparable!

Chandler: Well, maybe since the age of 9, Frannie's made some new friends.

Ross: Well I—look okay, it's probably just a mistake. Let me call Aunt Sheryl okay? Maybe you are invited and the invitation just got lost in the mail.

Monica: Yeah, well you call her and tell her that y'know when we were kids her precious little Frannie tried to undress me several times, okay? And if I hadn't have stopped her, there probably wouldn't even be a wedding to go too.

Ross: Y'know, she tried to undress me too.

Chandler: I used to undress my cousin Glenn. (Monica looks at him then sushes him.)

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Monica, Chandler, Rachel, and Ross are playing *Monopoly* as Phoebe enters angrily.]

Phoebe: Joseph Francis Tribbiani are you home yet?!!

Rachel: Umm, I think he's still out. What's wrong?

Phoebe: Well, I'll tell you Rachel Karen Green, I had plans with Joey tonight and he left me this note. (Hands it to Rachel.)

Rachel: (reading the note) "Pheeb, can't make it, got a date. Talk to you later. Big Daddy." (Laughs) Big Daddy?

Phoebe: Oh that's a nickname we were trying out.

Ross: Hey, y'know what nickname never caught on? The Ross-A-Tron! (Monica shakes her head in disgust.)

Joey: (entering) Hey!

Phoebe: Oh! Here's Joseph Francis!

Joey: Oh—Wha—Ho! What are you middle naming me for?! I left you a note!

Phoebe: So what?! That doesn't give you the right to ditch me!

Joey: Hey, you can cancel plans with friends if there is the possibility for sex!

Ross: Phoebe he's right, that is the rule.

Phoebe: I don't accept this rule. When me make plans, I expect you to show up. Okay, I can't just be a way to kill time 'til you meet someone better! Y'know boyfriends and girlfriends come and go, but this (Motions that their friendship) is for life!

Joey: Wow! I'm so sorry; I had no idea it would bother you this much.

Phoebe: Well, it does.

Joey: Okay, can I—can I make it up to you? Huh? I'm sorry. (They hug.) How about uh, dinner tomorrow night?! I'll pay for myself!

Phoebe: Okay, you wore me down.

Ross: Hey Joe, while you're over there how about another beer for the Ross-A-Tron?

Joey: The Ross—Is that back?!! (Chandler motions no.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Rachel enters to find Chandler staring at another cheesecake box.]

Rachel: Hi!

Chandler: Another cheesecake came! They delivered it to the wrong address again!

Rachel: So just bring it back downstairs, what's the problem?

Chandler: I can't seem to say goodbye.

Rachel: Are you serious?! Chandler, we ate an entire cheesecake two days ago and you want more?

Chandler: Well I've forgotten what it tastes like okay?!

Rachel: It was cheesecake. It was fine. It had a buttery, crumbly, graham cracker crust, with a very rich yet light, cream cheese filling... (Pause) Wow! My whole mouth just filled with saliva!

Chandler: (closing the box) Y'know what? Forget it! **We** are just hungry! We have not had lunch! We are just light-headed! So let us go out and have lunch and forget about the cheesecake.

Rachel: Yeah and we'll drop it off downstairs so that we're not tempted.

Chandler: Good idea. Where do you want to go to lunch?

Rachel: Momma's Little Bakery, Chicago, Illinois. (They exit with the cheesecake.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica and Joey are there. Joey is reading a newspaper.]

Joey: Awww! Mel Torme died.

Monica: Joey, that paper's like a year old!

Joey: Aw! Does that mean the *Sam Goody's* sale is over?!

Ross: (entering) Hey.

Joey: Hey.

Monica: Hey.

Ross: So I finally heard back from Aunt Sheryl and apparently it **wasn't** a mistake. Ahh, there's—there's limited seating in the hall.

Monica: Limited seating?! (Screechingly) I am just one tiny person!

Ross: Well yeah, but she doesn't know that. I mean, the last time she saw you—you would've turned one of those little wedding chairs into kindling.

Monica: (disgusted) Limited seating! Oh, that is such a lame excuse! That's not the reason she's not inviting me!

Ross: Oh what's the big deal?! I wasn't even invited to the ceremony, just the reception. And—and y'know what? If it makes you feel any better, Joan and I will just make an appearance and then, and then we'll—we'll leave early as a sign of protest.

Monica: Joan?

Ross: Yeah, Joan Tedeski my date. She's an assistant professor in the Linguistics department. Tall, very beautiful, and despite what some people say, **not** broad backed!

Monica: Wait a minute, you got Ross Gellar and guest?! I wasn't invited and you got "and guest?!"

Joey: Uh—uh, excuse me, I do have to interrupt on Ross's behalf. I—I think the rule applies here y'know, since she has a chance to get on broad back...

Ross: (interrupting) **Not** broad backed!

Monica: Wait a minute, y'know, you're bringing me!

Ross: What? I can't cancel on Joan!

Monica: Why not?!

Ross: Bec—Did you not hear me?! She's an assistant professor in the Linguistics department, okay? They're wild! Why do you want to come anyway?

Monica: Because! She's my cousin. I mean, we grew up together! We're family y'know? Well that's important to me.

Ross: Okay, all right, I'll take you. I'll go call Joan. (Does so.)

Joey: Aww that's nice. Family should be there, huh? This is her wedding, happiest day of her life.

Monica: (laughs) We'll see.

[Scene: The Lobby of Chandler and Rachel's building, Chandler and Rachel are returning from lunch.]

Chandler: Well, thank you for lunch.

Rachel: What? Wait a minute, I didn't pay, I thought you paid!

Chandler: So apparently we just don't pay for food anymore. (Rachel laughs then Chandler notices something.) Do you see what I see?

Rachel: (gasps) Its still there! (The cheesecake they returned to Mrs. Braverman is still lying in front of her door.)

Chandler: Mrs. Braverman must be out. (They move closer to it.)

Rachel: She could be out of town. Maybe she'll be gone for months.

Chandler: By then, the cheesecake may have gone bad. We don't want her to come back to bad cheesecake.

Rachel: No that could kill her.

Chandler: Well, we don't want that.

Rachel: No so we're protecting her.

Chandler: But we should take it.

Rachel: But we should move quick.

Chandler: Why?

Rachel: Because I think I just heard her moving around in there.

Chandler: Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! Go! (Rachel grabs the cheesecake and they take off upstairs.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica and Phoebe are entering. As Phoebe is sitting down, she recognizes someone sitting at the counter.]

Phoebe: (gasps) (whispering) Oh my God! That's David!

Monica: David who?

Phoebe: David the scientist guy, David that I was in love with, David who went to Russia and broke my heart David!

David: (noticing Phoebe) Oh my God!

Phoebe: Oh, you say someone's name enough, they turn around.

David: Phoebe?

Phoebe: David! (He kisses her cheek) What-what are you doing here? Aren't you supposed to be in Russia?

David: Yeah, I'm just, I'm just in town for a conference. Umm, **God** you look phenomenal!

Phoebe: Well... Yeah. You look great too. Did you get a haircut?

David: Yeah. Well I-I got like thirty of them.

Phoebe: Yeah.

David: Umm, look I-I-I got a confession to make...

Phoebe: Uh-huh.

David: Uh, I-I-I was hoping to run into you here. I didn't know whether I should call or not, y'know I-I was only in town for a few days. And y'know, I didn't want to intrude on your life or-or anything like that, but I-I really wanted to see you and—but I didn't know if you wanted to see me.

Phoebe: Well, of course I would want to see you. I...I think about you all the time.

David: Really? Because I think about you all the time.

Phoebe: Really?

David: I mean, there's a statue in Minsk...

Phoebe: Uh-huh.

David: That reminds me of you **so** much, I mean umm, it-it's actually of Lenin. But, y'know at certain angles...

Phoebe: Yeah.

David: Umm, anyway...Do you want to have dinner tonight?

Phoebe: (excited) Yes! Oh no!

David: (disappointed) Oh. Uh, what?

Phoebe: I can't. I can't believe I have plans, I can't. Can you do it tomorrow night though?

David: Uh no, I have to go in a few hours. I have to be on the red-eye. Well listen, y'know, next time you're in Minsk umm...

Monica: Phoebe, can I talk to you for a second?

Phoebe: Uh-huh. (They go over and talk.)

Monica: What are you doing?

Phoebe: Well, I have plans with Joey tonight.

Monica: So! He'll understand!

Phoebe: No he won't. And that's not even the point! Monica, I made a whole speech about you do not cancel plans with friends! And now y'know what? Just because, potentially, the love of my life comes back from Russia just for one night, I-I should change my beliefs?! I should change beliefs! No! No! No, if I don't have my principles, I don't have anything!

Monica: God, you are so strong.

Phoebe: Or! I should rush through dinner with Joey and I can meet David at 9:00!

Commercial Break

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel and Chandler are eating the cheesecake right out of the box.]

Rachel: (taking a bite) Oh my God! That is so good!

Chandler: I'm full, and yet I know if I stop eating this, I'll regret it.

Joey: (entering) Hey!

Rachel: Hey!

Joey: (seeing what they're doing) What do you got there?

Rachel: Oh it's umm, it's tofu cake. Do you want some? (He makes a disgusted noise and heads for his room, Chandler follows him in.)

Chandler: What are you doing tonight?

Joey: Huh? Uh... (He starts taking off his pants.)

Chandler: Dude! Dude! (Motions that Joey should pull up his pants.)

Joey: Oh! (Pulls up his pants.) Sorry. Uh, I've got those plans with Phoebe, why?

Chandler: Oh really? Uh, Monica said she had a date at 9:00.

Joey: What?! Tonight?!

Chandler: That's what Monica said.

Joey: After she gave me that big speech?! She goes and makes a date with a guy on the same night she has plans with me? I think she's trying to pull a fast one on Big Daddy!

[Scene: Cousin Frannie's Wedding Reception, Monica and Ross are entering and finding their table.]

Ross: Oh here, I think this is us. (Reading the name cards.) Yeah.

Monica: Limited seating my ass. Let's see who made the cut. (To the couple sitting to her right.) Hi!

The Wedding Guest: Hi!

Monica: I'm Monica Gellar. Who do you know the bride and groom?

The Wedding Guest: Oh, I used to work with Frannie.

Monica: Used to work with her. Used to! I'm a relative and I didn't get invited! A **blood** relative! Blood!!

Ross: (To Monica) Stop saying, "Blood" to strangers.

Monica: (to the couple on her left) So, how about you huh? How do you know the happy couple?

The Second Guest: We went to college with both of them and now we live next door.

Monica: Okay, you're fine.

[Scene: *Iridium* Restaurant, Phoebe and Joey are looking at the menus as the waiter comes to take their order.]

The Waiter: Hey!

Phoebe: Hey!

The Waiter: Are you guys ready?

Phoebe: Yes! I will have the green salad, umm the house salad, and water's fine.

The Waiter: Okay.

Phoebe: Okay.

The Waiter: (To Joey) And for you sir?

Joey: Yeah, this slow roasted salmon, just how slow are we talkin' here?

The Waiter: It's uh, it's already been roasted.

Joey: Ohh, then no. Maybe I should hear those specials again.

Phoebe: Oh Joey, we've heard the specials three times! Okay? There's prime rib, mahi mahi, and a very special lobster ravioli. (She grabs his menu and hands it to the waiter.)

The Waiter: Actually we're out of the lobster ravioli. (Putting Joey's menu under his arm.)

Joey: Oh well, that changes everything! (Grabs his menu and starts looking at it again. The waiter leaves.)
Y'know what Pheebs?

Phoebe: Huh?

Joey: You were right before. I mean, friends are so important.

Phoebe: (checking her watch) Yeah, I'm very wise. I know.

Joey: Y'know-y'know what I really want?

Phoebe: What?

Joey: Is to have a long, long talk. Y'know? Get Joey out on the open road and really open him up.

The Waiter: (returning) Any progress?

Joey: Yes! I will have the lobster ravioli.

Phoebe: God Joey, this is taking forever!

Joey: What's the rush? What?

Phoebe: W-w—I just—it's that—I have—y'know I have—I have an appointment. And it's very important.

Joey: Whoa-whoa, what is it?

Phoebe: Well... It's a date.

Joey: A date?! No, no Pheebs you—you must be mistaken, because I know you wouldn't schedule a date on the same night you have plans with a friend!

Phoebe: Come on Joey, don't make me feel badly about this.

Joey: No, I'm gonna!! That's right! Yeah, you made me feel really guilty about goin' out with that girl! Like-like-like I did something terrible to you! And now Pheebs, you're doing the same thing!

Phoebe: That—it's not the same thing! This is **totally** different! This is with David! Remember David, the scientist guy? Okay, he's very special to me.

Joey: Okay, well my girl from the other night was special. She was a scientist too!

Phoebe: She was?

Joey: Well, she graduated from high school!

Phoebe: Okay, whatever. Y'know what? I don't have time have time to convince you because he's only here for four hours, and I'm gonna go see him! (Gets up and leaves.)

Joey: Fine!

Phoebe: Yeah!

Joey: Fine!

Phoebe: Yeah! (She exits.)

Joey: (to the waiter) What are you still doin' here?! I told you, lobster ravioli!

[Scene: Outside Central Perk, Phoebe is running up to meet David.]

Phoebe: Hey!

David: Hey! Oh, I was just about to leave. I-I-I-I didn't think you were coming.

Phoebe: Oh, I wouldn't miss this.

David: Well, I'm very glad you're here. (Kisses her hand.)

Phoebe: Oh, you're such a gentleman. (Grabs his arm.) Come on! We're going to my place! (Drags him off to her place.)

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is eating the cheesecake and Chandler enters and catches her in the act.]

Chandler: Are you eating the cheesecake without me?!

Rachel: (with a mouthful) Mm-mmm. (Nods no.)

Chandler: I will give you a hundred dollars to whistle right now. (She tries to whistle and blows little chunks of cheesecake out of her mouth.) How can you eat the cheesecake without me?!

Rachel: Oh, what are you going to do?! Are you gonna go run tell Monica?! Are you gonna tell Joey?! No! Because then you will have to tell them what we did! We are desert stealers! We are living outside the law!

Chandler: Y'know what? I don't trust you with this cake anymore! And I got it first, and I'm takin' it back! (Grabs the cheesecake and heads for his apartment.)

Rachel: What?! What?!

Chandler: Oh yes!

Rachel: Wait a minute!

Chandler: Oh yes!

Rachel: Oh no-no-no-no-no, no you don't!

[Cut to Chandler and Monica's as they enter.]

Chandler: Oh yes! Oh yes!

Rachel: You think I trust you with it?! No! We're gonna split it! You take half and I take half!

Chandler: Well that's not fair, you've already had some!

Rachel: What? Oh, well then y'know what? I think Monica would be very interested to know that you called her cheesecake dry and mealy.

Chandler: What do we **use** to split it?

Rachel: Okay! (Grabs a knife and cuts it in half.) All right, pick a half.

Chandler: (examining the cake) Okay well, this side looks bigger. Uh... There's more crust on this side. Y'know? So, maybe if I measured...

Rachel: Oh for God sake just pick a piece!

Chandler: All right, I'll pick that one. (Points.)

Rachel: That's also the smaller piece. (Puts the piece onto a plate.) Okay, there you go. Enjoy your half my friend, but that is it. No sharing. No switching, and don't come crying to me if **you** eat your piece too fast. (As she's saying that she is backing out the door, when she finishes she turns around to return to her place, stumbles and drops the cheesecake on the floor.) Oh!!!!

Chandler: (gloatingly and holding his piece) Ohhh!

Rachel: Okay, you gotta give me some of your piece.

Chandler: Oh-ho-ho-ho-no! No! No switching! No sharing, and don't come crying to me! Ha-ha-ha! I may just sit here and have my cake all day! Just sit here in the hallway and eat my... (Rachel knocks the plate from his hand and it falls on the floor. That process leaves just the forkful Chandler has, Rachel starts to go after that little bit and Chandler retreats into his apartment.)

[Scene: Cousin Frannie's Wedding Reception, Monica and Ross are sitting at the table, alone as a woman approaches.]

The Woman: Ross, sweetheart!

Ross: Oh, hey Aunt Millie.

Aunt Millie: Isn't it a beautiful wedding?!

Ross: Yes, yes it is. It's uh... (Aunt Millie uses this opportunity to grab Ross and kiss him on the lips. After she leaves Ross quickly wipes his mouth with a napkin.) Every time on the lips! Why?! Why on lips?! (Cousin Frannie and her husband enter.)

Monica: Here's Frannie. Hmm, won't she be happy to see me? (Starts to get up and greet Frannie.)

Ross: Now wait a minute, you be nice! All right? I didn't bring you here so you can ambush her.

Monica: Frannie was the one who found your *Playboys* and showed them to mom.

Ross: That bitch! (He gets up and they go over to ambush Frannie. Monica taps on Frannie's shoulder.)

Frannie: (turning around) Monica! What...

Monica: Am I doing here? Why? Surprised to see me? Ross brought me. How do you like that?!

Ross: (to Frannie) Hi Frannie, congratulations.

Monica: You invite my brother, you invite my whole family, and not me?! Why?! What—Why wouldn't you want me at your wedding? What could I have possibly done?! (Frannie's husband walks up.) Stuart!

Frannie: I believe you know my husband.

(Monica is shocked into silence.)

Ross: So it's really a question of **who** could you have possibly done.

[Scene: Outside Central Perk, David has a cab waiting to take him to the airport and he's saying goodbye to Phoebe.]

David: Oh, I **hate** this but I—I have to go. I—I can't miss my flight.

Phoebe: Are you sure? I'll bet there's another flight to Minsk in like...

David: July. Umm, (He speaks Russian.)

Phoebe: That's really beautiful. What does it mean?

David: Please, clean my beakers. I don't get out of the lab much.

Phoebe: That's good. I got to admit, I thought it was something else.

David: Yeah, I... Well I really actually wanted to say umm, that, but um, I figured I probably shouldn't because y'know, I...have to leave.

Phoebe: You're right! You're right. Don't say it.

David: I—I do though.

Phoebe: I do too. (They kiss.)

David: Bye Phoebe. (He gets in and the cab drives off. Joey walks up and witnesses that event.)

Phoebe: (seeing him) Okay, now's not the time Joey. All right? You can yell at me tomorrow.

Joey: No! No! No Pheebes, I'm not gonna yell at you. I just y'know, started thinking about you and David and I...remember how bummed you were the first time he left. And I just... Oh Pheebes, come here. (He hugs her.) Are you okay?

Phoebe: No I'm not okay. The only guy I've ever been crazy about has gone to Minsk and I may never...I may never see him again. (Crying.)

Joey: Hey, y'know you could always visit him.

Phoebe: Oh right, like they're gonna let me have a passport.

Joey: Anything I can do? Whatever you need.

Phoebe: Well—But—Now, if—if you can achieve positronic distillation of sub—atomic particles y'know before he does, then he can come back. (They hug again.)

Joey: I can give it a shot.

[Scene: The Hallway, Chandler and Rachel are on their knees with forks trying to salvage what they can of the cheesecake off of the floor.]

Rachel: Oh! Yay! Look! There's a piece that doesn't have floor on it!

Chandler: Stick to your side!

Rachel: Hey, come on now!

(Joey finishes climbing the stairs and sees them. Chandler and Rachel both stop and look up at him. Joey sits down on the step.)

Joey: (pulls out a fork) All right, what are we havin'?' (Starts digging in.)

Ending Credits

[Scene: Cousin Frannie's Wedding Reception, Ross and Monica are at the door and about to leave.]

Monica: Oh wait I forgot my wrap.

Ross: What? Oh, okay. Wait here. (Goes to get it, but before he gets there Aunt Millie sits down on it forcing him to pull it out from behind her which gets her attention.)

Aunt Millie: Hi sweetie! Are you leaving?

Ross: Well...

Aunt Millie: Give us a kiss. Come on! Come on!

(Ross hesitates then leans down trying to get her to kiss his cheek, but she moves his head around and kisses him on the lips again.)

Ross: Why?! Why on the lips?! (He wipes his mouth on Monica's wrap and walks off, leaving Aunt Millie stunned.)

End

712. The One Where They're Up All Night

Written by: Zack Rosenblatt

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: The Building's Roof, the entire gang plus Tag are there to look for a comet. They're looking for a comet on a roof of a New York apartment building. Yeah, that's realistic. You might as well look for the moon on a bright sunny day.]

Monica: (looking up) Ross, when's this comet thing start?

Ross: Well, technically it seven **billion** years ago... (Well, technically you'd be able to see it for days, well nights; that is if you could see it with all of the bright lights of New York.)

All: (groaning) Oh no! Oh no! (They all start to get up a leave.)

Ross: Okay! Okay! Fine, I'll stop! No teaching, okay? We'll just watch the pretty light streaking across the sky. (Comets don't streak across the sky, meteors do.) Okay? Who's official name is Bapstein-King.

All: Okay! Okay! (They start to leave again.)

Phoebe: (looking up) There it is! Oh, look at that! Isn't Mother Nature amazing?

Chandler: (looking up with her) That's a plane!

Phoebe: Well, all right. 1700 bags of peanuts flying that high, that's pretty amazing too.

Tag: Hey, I wonder if you can see my apartment from up here.

Rachel: No. No, you can't.

Tag: What?

Rachel: Oh I don't—I don't know.

Ross: Man, look at all those stars! (Yeah, you can see what? Five of them from the city?) Infinite space. It really, really makes you wonder, doesn't it?

Joey: (looking through his binoculars at a nearby building) Y'know what else makes you wonder?

Ross: Huh?

Joey: Check out the rack on this chick! (Turns around to point it out to Ross and finds that Ross is glaring at him. So he quickly puts his binoculars to his eyes and starts looking for the comet.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: The Roof, continued from earlier.]

Monica: Okay, we've been out here for two hours and we haven't seen any stupid comets. Can we go now? I mean, Chandler's getting chilly. (She walks over to where Chandler is bundled up in a big coat and shivering.)

Chandler: (with a quivering voice) No, I'm not!

Joey: Then why are you wearing Monica's jacket?

Chandler: Because it's flattering! (Shivers harder) Come on Monica! Come on Monica! (He goes inside.)

Rachel: Yeah actually, I think we're gonna take off too. We rented a movie.

Phoebe: Oh! I won't say, 'no' to a movie!

Rachel: Uh Pheebs, we just actually kinda wanted to be alone.

Phoebe: Shh! Get me out of here.

Rachel: Oh. (They leave, leaving just Joey and Ross.)

Joey: (whispering) Ross!

Ross: What?

Joey: Come here, check this out!

Ross: What? Is it the comet? (Runs over to where Joey's standing.)

Joey: No! No-no. Look, there's a bug stuck in tar right here. (Bends down to get a closer look.)

Ross: Joey come—I can't believe—I bring you here to see the Bapstein-King comet, one of nature's most spectacular phenomenon, and all you care about are bugs stuck in tar and—and some woman!

Joey: (standing up) Y'know, there's **two** women dude.

Ross: Show me where?

Joey: Right-right up here. (Starts looking at them through a piece of pipe.)

Ross: (noticing the pipe and looking at the door) Joey where's the pipe that was holding the door open?

Joey: (annoyed) I don't know! (Goes back to looking through the pipe.) (Pause) Yeah, I do.

Ross: Joey!

Joey: What?! All right—Hey! Don't look at me! You're the one who wanted to come up and look for some stupid *Burger King* comet!

Ross: It's called the Bapstein-King comet, okay? (Joey starts to groan.) Hey! Hey! Bapstein was a very well respected astronomer!

Joey: (covering his ears and yelling) Oh no! No! No! (He starts banging on the door.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's bedroom, Monica is sleeping and Chandler's sitting in bed, wide awake.]

Chandler: (whispering) Monica!

Monica: She's sleeping.

Chandler: I know, just quick-quick question, quick question. Which one was *Deep Impact* and which one was *Armageddon*?

Monica: *Deep Impact* was the one with Robert Duval, *Armageddon* is what's going to happen to you if you wake me up.

Chandler: Sorry, I just...can't sleep. Ooh! (Turns on the light and Monica groans.) Where is that book that you are reading with the two women who were ice-skating and wearing, wearing those hats with the flowers on it? Because every time I look at that cover I'm like...(Fake snores.)

Monica: It is in the living room where there is also a light! And no one will kick you in the shin.

Chandler: What?! (Monica kicks him in the shin.) Ow! (He gets out of bed and heads into the living room.)

[Scene: Phoebe's apartment, there is a beeping noise coming from the living room and Phoebe sleepily goes to investigate.]

Phoebe: (crossing her fingers and closing her eyes) Please don't be a space ship. Please don't be a space ship. (She turns on the light and looks around and finds that it's the smoke detector that's beeping.) Oh thank God! (She moves a chair over and starts to investigate how to make the beeping turn off, in frustration she yanks the thing off of the wall. She sets it down and heads for bed, just as she gets there it beeps again. She opens the cover and removes the battery, but it still beeps.) How could you be beeping?! I just disconnected you! I took out your battery! How can...

Smoke Detector: Beep!

Phoebe: Don't interrupt me!!

[Scene: The Roof, Ross and Joey are banging on the door.]

Ross: Rachel!! Monica!!

Joey: Come on!

(Ross gets fed up with Joey's banging and stops him by pulling him away from the door.)

Ross: I can't believe this!!

Joey: All right well, y'know...I guess we know what we have to do to get down.

Ross: (standing at the edge of the roof) Yeah, I guess we don't have a choice. (Screaming to the street) Help us! Please help us! We're stuck up on the roof and we can't get down!!!

Joey: Ross. I was thinking we could just go down the fire escape. (Points it out.)

Ross: (To Joey) I know, I wasn't finished. (Joey motions him to finish.) (Yelling at the street) But don't worry! We're gonna go down the fire escape!!

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's kitchen, Chandler has a jug of milk in his hands and decides to make some warm milk. He opens up the cabinet to get a pot and manages to knock several other pots onto the floor making a lot of noise.]

Chandler: Shhhhhhhhh!!! (Monica enters) I'm sorry, I thought maybe I'd make some warm milk and it would help me sleep.

Monica: With a wok? (Chandler's holding a wok.) I thought you were going to read my boring book to put you asleep.

Chandler: It got interesting! Damn you Oprah!

Monica: Here, let me make the milk, I'm up anyway.

Chandler: Hey, y'know what we can do? Y'know, now that we are up? We can just like talk to each other all night long, y'know like we did when we were first going out. It'd be fun!

Monica: Okay that does sound like fun.

Chandler: Okay, so how bummed were you when the second sister died huh?

Monica: The second sister dies?!

Chandler: (Pause) No. No, I-I was, I was talking about the book I was reading.

Monica: The second sister dies in *Archie and Jughead Double Digest*?

Chandler: That's correct.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel and Tag are making out on the couch.]

Rachel: You wanna go in the bedroom? It's a little more comfortable.

Tag: Sure.

Rachel: Okay. (They start to head for the bedroom) Oh wait! Umm, did you send those contracts to Milan?

Tag: If this is your idea of sexy talk? (Shakes his head that it's not working.)

Rachel: No seriously, y'know the contracts I gave you, did you overnight them?

Tag: What contracts?

Rachel: Okay please tell me that this is just one of your jokes that you do that I don't get.

Tag: Like what?

Rachel: Y'know, like the thing when you put the phone in your pants? (He starts laughing.) Tag! I'm serious! This isn't funny! Those contracts absolutely had to go out today!

Tag: Rach, I'm sorry, but you didn't give me any contracts!

Rachel: Yes I did! And I put a little *Post-It* on it that said, "Must go out today," and underlined today three times and, and then I put a little heart in the corner because I didn't want to seem to bossy.

Tag: I'm telling you, you never gave them to me.

Rachel: Y'know what Tag, if we went down to the office you would see those contracts sitting on your desk.

Tag: No, I would see you looking embarrassed because they are **not** on my desk!

Rachel: Or maybe you would see me looking embarrassed because you are talking on the phone with your crotch!

Tag: You wanna go down to the office right now?

Rachel: No! Come on its late, we're not gonna go down to the office.

Tag: Okay I understand. (Sits down.) I wouldn't want to be proved wrong either.

Rachel: Okay get your coat! (They get their coats and start to leave. Rachel suddenly stops and sticks the hand up the back of her shirt.) Oh! When did you unhook this? (Her bra.) Nice work!

[Scene: The Fire Escape, Joey and Ross have reached the last landing. Joey is tugging on the ladder that extends to the ground, but it won't budge.]

Joey: All right, it won't go down any further. It's stuck.

Ross: Ugh. Well, we're just gonna have to jump. (Joey looks at him.) Yeah. Now, we're gonna have to make sure to land to the right of that patch of ice, okay? Not hit the dumpster on the other side and uh, and try to avoid that—that weird brownish red stuff in the middle. So, when **you** get down there...**you** go up to the roof and **you** let me in.

Joey: Oh whoa—whoa wait a minute! I have to do it?!

Ross: Yeah! Oh yeah, you'll be fine! It—it'll be uh, just like bungy jumping. Y'know? But instead of bouncing back up you—you won't.

Joey: What if I smack my head on the concrete?

Ross: Well, I'm gonna lie to you Joey, it's a possibility.

Joey: (looks at the ground and at Ross) I don't know Ross! I—I tell you what, let's flip to see who does it, okay? You—you call it in the air, all right?

Ross: Oh, all right. (Joey flips the coin.) Tails! (The coin bounces off of the landing above them and falls to the ground.) Can you—can you see what it is?

Joey: No.

Ross: Okay. Well, you be careful.

Joey: What? No! No Ross! No-no! Stop! I'm not jumping! Okay, look I have an audition tomorrow and I can't go if I break my leg.

Ross: Well I'm jumping! I have a son! Okay? He won't have a father if—if I die!

Joey: Well all right so, it looks like we're even!

[Scene: Phoebe's apartment, Phoebe is still investigating the smoke detector trying to figure out how to stop the beeping.]

Phoebe: Okay. So, this wire is connected to this wire which plugs into here. (She points at each as she says it.) Okay so, to get the beeping to stop all I have to do... (She picks up a shoe and proceeds to pummel the smoke detector. She then gets up and heads to bed, stops, quickly turns around, and is satisfied that the beeping has stopped.) Well done, Pheebs. (She resumes her trek to bed, but is stopped at the entrance to the hallway by the now steady and extremely loud tone emanating from the smoke detector.) (Yelling.) **What do you want from me?!!!!!!!**

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's bedroom, Monica is entering with a mug.]

Monica: Okay, here's your milk. What do you want to talk about? (She sees that Chandler has fallen asleep and slams the door loudly to wake him up.)

Chandler: (startled) What? What? What?

Monica: Ohh! Ohhhh! Were you sleeping sweetie? I'm sorry. Here. (Hands the mug of milk to him.)

[Scene: Rachel's Outer Office, Tag and her are arriving.]

Tag: Okay! Feel free to look, but I'm telling you those contracts are not on this desk.

Rachel: Oh **how** can you possibly know? Look at this mess, Tag! I mean, this is what I'm talking about! You have to be organized! You've got newspapers! You've got magazines! You got—Ohh! (Finds a picture.) And who is this chippy? A little young for you Tag, but whatever.

Tag: It's my sister.

Rachel: Okay, very cute braces. Anyway y'know what, the **point** is Tag, start looking because you are going to find those contracts on your desk. (She goes into her office.)

Tag: So when do you imagine you gave them to me? In the morning or in the afternoon?

Rachel: In the afternoon. Mr. Zelner came into my office after lunch. He put them on my desk, and then I put a *Post-It* on it (Looks down onto her desk and finds the folder with the *Post-It* on it that contains the contracts she imagined she gave Tag) that said, "Must go out today." So you just keep looking in there! All right?

Commercial Break

[Scene: Rachel's outer office, Tag has finished searching his desk and Rachel comes out to try to plant the folder on the desk.]

Tag: It's not here.

Rachel: Puzzler. A bit of a puzzle. Why don't you um, check the copy room, maybe you left the contracts in there?

Tag: How could I have left them in the copy room?

Rachel: I don't know Tag! How can your genitals make phone calls? Okay? It's not a perfect world! Just go please.

Tag: Fine.

Rachel: Thank you. (He leaves and she proceeds to plant the folder in his bottom drawer. She then picks up the phone and holds it to her breasts.) Hello? (Hangs up the phone.) I still don't get it.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's bedroom, Chandler has his eyes closed, while Monica is fully awake.]

Monica: Are you still awake?

Chandler: Yeah! You?

Monica: You do know that was me who just said that right? (He doesn't respond and she turns on the light, waking him.) Hey. As long as we're both up...

Chandler: (intrigued) Yeah? (Monica nods yes.) I hope you're not thinking about cleaning the living room.

[Scene: The fire escape, Joey and Ross are still trying to figure out how to get down.]

Joey: Man, I'm starving! What the hell was I thinking at dinner?! "Do you want soup or salad?" Both! Always order both!

Ross: (looking in the window behind them) Y'know, y'know I'm lookin' and I don't think anyone's home here. I say we just break the window, crawl through, and—and y'know explain later.

Joey: Yeah? Really? No one's home?

Ross: I don't think so. Hello? (Knocks on the glass, which angers the big, large, angry dog behind the glass and causes them to jump to the other side of the landing.) When you get in there... (Joey nods his disapproval.)

[Scene: Phoebe's apartment building, in desperation she has wrapped up the smoke detector in a blanket and is going to throw it into the trash chute.]

Phoebe: Okay, this is where you and I part ways. (She drops the blanket into the chute.) Noisy bitch!

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's bedroom, Chandler is turning on the light to awaken a now sleeping Monica.]

Monica: What?! What are you doing?!

Chandler: Do you know what just happened?

Monica: Yeah. We—we had sex and then we fell asleep.

Chandler: No. We were in the middle of sex...and **you** fell asleep.

Monica: Nooo! No, that's not true. No, best time ever! Yeah, you rocked me world! (She turns out the light to go back to sleep.)

Chandler: (turning the light back on) Monica?

Monica: What?!

Chandler: I was giving you some of my best moves, and you missed it. So please wake up so **we** can do it right!

Monica: Okay. Okay, I'm ready. Come on big fella!

Chandler: Okay.

Monica: Give me the good stuff.

Chandler: Yeah! (Monica falls asleep) No! No! No! Don't fall asleep! Okay, I am going to make you some coffee. (Monica doesn't move as he gets out of bed and as he's heading for the door.) And I probably won't spill coffee grounds all over the kitchen floor.

Monica: Okay, I'm up! I'm up!

[Scene: Rachel's outer office, she's returning with two coffee cups in hand to find Tag sitting there.]

Rachel: Hi! I got you some coffee. To, uh... (She looks for a place to set it on his messy desk and he clears a spot for her to set it down.) ...fair enough. So! Do you got anything for me?

Tag: Still no luck.

Rachel: Oh my God! Did you check your entire desk! Did you check **all** the drawers!

Tag: Do you want me to check again?

Rachel: Well yeah, I wish that you would. (He opens the top drawer.) Well, no it's not in there! (Closes it.) How about that drawer? (She points to the bottom one and he opens it. She doesn't see the folder she planted and bends over to check.)

Tag: Well, it's not out here. Is there any chance it could be in your office?

Rachel: (thinks) Y'know, I don't—I don't know. Let me, let me check. (As she heads for her office, she stops glances over her shoulder at Tag, looks into her office, and finds the folder on her desk.)

Tag: (smirking) Any luck?

Rachel: Can I see you in my office for a minute?

Tag: (entering) Yeah? (She holds up the folder) You found them!! (Rachel is not amused, because she's still going to try to blame him for her mistake like every 'good' boss.) Y'know what? I'm not even going to gloat. I'm just really relieved this whole thing is over.

Rachel: You put these on my desk!

Tag: I did not!

Rachel: Oh really? So you're saying they just **slid** out of your bottom drawer, crawled across the floor, then jumped on to my desk?! (I think *Dogbert* should have a line here.)

Tag: How did you know they were in my bottom drawer?

Rachel: (pause as she realizes her lame attempt to shift the blame has failed) I am so hot for you right now. [Scene: Phoebe's apartment, there is someone pounding on the door and Phoebe sleepily walks over and answers it. As she nears the door, the pounding stops and she can hear the smoke detector's wail.]

Phoebe: Oh my God! How did you get back here?!

A Disembodied Voice: (yelling through the door) Phoebe Buffay?!

Phoebe: (scared) Fire alarm? (She opens the door to reveal a fireman holding the blanket with the smoke detector.) Oh! Hi, officer—fireman, can—can I help you?

The Fireman: We found your fire alarm in the trash chute.

Phoebe: That's not mine.

The Fireman: Yes it is.

Phoebe: How do you know?

The Fireman: The next time you want to dump a fire alarm in a trash chute, don't wrap it in a blanket that says, "Property of Phoebe Buffay not Monica."

Phoebe: Okay do you—Okay, do you have a search warrant? Because the last time I checked this was still America!

The Fireman: Please reattach this, it's against the law to disconnect them.

Phoebe: Fine! (She takes the blanket.) But please God: tell me how to stop them from going off!

The Fireman: There's a reset button under the plastic cover.

Phoebe: There's a reset button?! Ugh, thank you! Thank you! (He exits and she goes to shut it off.) There's a reset button! My God! Why didn't I see that! (She takes off the plastic cover and looks for the button.) Reset button, reset button, where is there a reset button? (Finds it.) Oh here it is! (Picks it up off of the floor.) Oh! (She presses it hard, but of course it would help if the button was still attached to the detector. In frustration she presses it so hard it causes pain in her thumb.) Ohh, God!

[Scene: The fire escape, Joey is now hanging off of the bottom rung of the ladder that won't move and Ross is watching from above.]

Ross: Okay, do—do you have a good grip?

Joey: Yeah!

Ross: Okay, I'm going to start climb down you now.

Joey: All right! Just hurry up!

Ross: Okay. Now—now—now should I climb down your front so we're face to face or—or should I climb down your back so we're—we're butt to face.

Joey: I think face to face.

Ross: I would say that.

Joey: Face to face, yeah!

Ross: Okay, here I go.

Joey: All right.

(Ross steps onto the bottom rung of the ladder and then steps on Joey's chest.)

Joey: (grunting) Oh my... How much do you weigh Ross?!

Ross: I prefer not to answer that right now, I'm still carrying a little holiday weight.

(Ross continues to climb down. He puts his other foot further down on Joey's torso, but that doesn't work very well and he's forced to wrap his legs around Joey. Which then forces Joey to get a nice and close view of Ross's crotch.)

Joey: Y'know, when we talked about face to face, I don't think we thought it all the way through.

Ross: So what do you want me to do?

Joey: Well, just shimmy down me and drop!

(Ross continues his trek south, and when they get face to face.)

Ross: Hi.

Joey: Hi.

Ross: (looking down) M—maybe I should hang and you can climb down me.

Joey: (angrily) Yeah? Maybe we should talk about that for a little while!

Ross: It's still looks pretty far!

Joey: It's not that far! Just drop!

Ross: Do not **rush** me!!

(Ross continues south and his now wrapped around Joey's legs.)

Joey: Ross, you should know that my pants are startin' to come down and I'm not wearing any underwear!

(Ross panics and falls off, dropping to the ground with a huge crash.)

Ross: Oww!! My ankle! I really hurt my ankle! I think I twisted it when I—Ooh, a quarter!

Ending Credits

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's bedroom, they're cuddling.]

Monica: That really was some of your best work.

Chandler: Hm—hmm, I told you! (Looks at the clock) I can't believe that I've only got two hours before I call in sick for work.

Monica: I have to be up in seven minutes.

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Chandler: Well, you're not gonna believe this, but if you have seven minutes...

Monica: Really?!

Chandler: Do you wanna?

Monica: Okay! You get the vacuum cleaner and I'll get the furniture polish!

(She runs off leaving a stunned Chandler behind.)

End

713. The One Where Rosita Dies

Teleplay by: Brian Buckner & Sebastian Jones

Story by: Sherry Bilsing & Ellen Plummer

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is trying to move Joey's chair and not having much luck at it as Joey enters.]

Joey: Hey.

Rachel: Hey.

Joey: What are you doing?

Rachel: Well, y'know I was thinking of moving the couch over here.

Joey: (laughs) Why would you want to do that?

Rachel: So that there will be a decent place for me to sit.

Joey: Rach, there **is** a decent place to...

Rachel: And your **lap** does not count! Okay? Come on help me move this.

Joey: No. No. No.

Rachel: No?

Joey: No. Rosita does not move.

Rachel: I'm sorry, Rosita? As in...

Joey: As in Rosita does not move.

Rachel: Joey, it's just a chair! What's the big deal?

Joey: The big deal is that it is the exact equal distance from the bathroom to the kitchen and it's at the perfect angle so you don't get any glare coming off Stevie.

Rachel: Stevie the TV?

Joey: (glaring at her) Is there a problem?

Rachel: No! (Joey sets his beer and bag of chips down and heads into his room.) Oh what does he know! Come on Rosita, us chichas got to stick together! (She tries pulling on the back of the chair, until the hinge breaks and the back falls off.) You bitch!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler and Ross are on the couch talking. Phoebe is getting coffee.]

Ross: Hey, y'know what's weird? After you guys get married, when you introduce me to people you're gonna have to say, "This is my brother-in-law Ross." Not, "My friend Ross," "brother-in-law Ross." That's weird isn't it?

Chandler: Couldn't I just say, "This is Ross?"

Ross: (disappointed) Sure, do whatever you want.

(Phoebe sits down between Chandler and Ross.)

Monica: (entering, carrying a newspaper) Hey Ross! So, I was checking out the uh, real estate section...

Ross: Yeah?

Monica: Look at this. (Hands him the newspaper.)

Ross: Oh, it looks like mom and dad's house. Oh, it even has a tree with a broken limb out front and the uh, the window in the attic is...Oh my God!!

Phoebe: What? What happened to the window in the attic?!

Monica: I can't believe mom and dad are selling the house!

Ross: I can't believe they—they didn't even tell us!

Phoebe: I can't believe I still don't know what happened to the **window** in the attic!

(Ross calls his parents on his cell phone.)

Ross: (on phone) Uh, hello dad! Monica and I just saw the house in the paper! (Listens) Yes we're surprised! (Listens) Who did you leave a message with?

Chandler: (knocking on the window while outside) Sorry! (Runs off.)

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is examining the injury to Rosita while Rachel is apologizing to him.]

Rachel: Joey, Joey I am so sorry.

Joey: I told you not to move it! Rach, how would you feel if say, I wanted to move you mom, and you said don't, and I did it anyway and her **head** fell off?

Rachel: Okay, come on—Joey, I'll buy you a new one! All right? We'll go down to the store right now and we'll—we'll get you a new chair.

Joey: (slowly turning and glaring at her) She's not even cold yet!

Rachel: But don't you think Rosita would've wanted you to move on? I mean y'know, she did always put...your comfort first.

Joey: That's true.

(Rachel turns for the door and makes the "Wow!" face.)

Rachel: (grabbing her coat) Okay? You ready?

Joey: Yeah, I... (Shuts off the TV.) I don't want Stevie to see her like this.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Ross and Monica are still going on about the house.]

Ross: I can't believe we have to say goodbye to the house we grew up in. Man, some—some stranger's gonna be living in **my** room.

Monica: Well, after 15 years of mom and dad keeping it as a shrine to you, it's time the velvet ropes came down.

Ross: They kept your room for a while.

Monica: Oh please! Dad turned my room into a gym 20 minutes after I moved out! I gotta say, a tanning bed and a stack of *Victoria's Secret* catalogues, not a gym!

Ross: Come on, you know they love you.

Monica: As much as they love you?

Ross: I was their first born! They thought she was barren! It's not my fault.

Phoebe: (entering) Hey.

Ross: Hey.

Monica: Hey!

Phoebe: Ugh, I hate this year!

Ross: What's wrong with this year?

Phoebe: Well okay, it's already February and I've only given two massages and they were both the worst tippers in the world!

Monica: That was me and Ross.

Phoebe: Oh that's right!

Ross: Hey, y'know if you want to pick up some extra cash? Some friends of mine made good money doing telemarketing.

Monica: Oh that's a great idea. You're really good on the phone.

Phoebe: Yeah and yeah, and it would probably be better than the last telephone job I had. Y'know, I probably wouldn't have to say spank as much. (Monica and Ross are shocked.)

Ross: What?

Phoebe: Oh yeah, like you never called!

[Scene: The telemarketing office, Phoebe is getting shown to her desk by the supervisor.]

Supervisor: So basically this is very easy. You read from the script and try to sell as much toner as you possibly can.

Phoebe: Okay, I can do that! Oh, by the way, I **love** my office.

Supervisor: (laughs) Why don't we do a trial run.

Phoebe: Oh okay. Umm, all right. (Picks up the phone and starts reading from the script.) Hi, this is Phoebe from Empire Office Supplies, can I speak to your supply manager please?

Supervisor: I'm the supply manager.

Phoebe: Umm, okay I would like to talk to you about your toner needs.

Supervisor: We don't need any toner.

Phoebe: Oh okay, well I'm sorry to bother you. Bye-bye. (Hangs up the phone.) Yeah you're right, this is easy.

Supervisor: Okay, what was wrong with that call?

Phoebe: Oh well, all right...um, no offense, but you were kind of rude.

Supervisor: They're always going to tell you they don't need toner, but that's okay because whatever they say, you can find the answer to it here in this script.

Phoebe: Oh.

Supervisor: So, I think you're ready to sell toner, do you have any last questions?

Phoebe: No. (Pause) Oh wait yes! I do, I do have one question. What is toner?

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Chandler is entering.]

Chandler: Joey! Joe! (Sees that he's not here and starts investigating. He picks up the bag of chips.) Full bag. (He picks up the beer.) Beer's still cold. Something **terrible** must've happened here! (He decides it's not that important; sits down on Rosita, and the back falls off causing him to flip over.) Oh no-no-no-no-no-no! (Runs over to Stevie.) Stevie, I was never here! (Runs out.)

[Scene: Ross and Monica's parent's garage, Ross and Monica are arriving to go through their things. Mr. Geller is in the garage.]

Ross: Dad?

Mr. Geller: I'm here!

Ross: (entering with Monica) Hey!

Mr. Geller: Hi. God, it seems like just yesterday you guys used to come out to watch me work.

Ross: Dad, we—we can't believe you're selling the house.

Mr. Geller: Well, it's time for a new family to start their memories here and hopefully their check will clear before they find the crack in the foundation and the asbestos in the ceiling.

Ross: (To Monica) Let's grab our stuff and get the hell out of here.

Mr. Geller: I'm sorry we can't store your childhood things anymore.

Monica: Oh, that's okay, I can't wait to see everything again! All of the memories...

Mr. Geller: Well, I don't know what's in the boxes down here, but I do know there are six or seven *Easy Bake Ovens* in the attic.

Monica: I used to **love** to play restaurant.

Ross: Yeah, not as much as you used to love to play uncooked batter eater.

Monica: Hey, it is unreasonable to expect a child to wait for a **light** bulb to cook brownies! (She goes to the attic.)

Mr. Geller: So, I think you're boxes are over here. (They walk over to them.)

Ross: Wow! Great! (Finds a pack of cigarettes.) Wait, dad who—who's cigarettes are these?

Mr. Geller: I don't know. They—they must be your mother's, but please, please don't ask her. I'll throw these away. (He puts them in his pocket as Ross finds something of interest in one of his boxes.)

Ross: Cool! Dad! My report cards! Hey, check this out dad, (reading his grades) Math, A. Science, A. History, A. Gym... (He puts it away and finds something else.) Oooh, my **rock** polisher!

Mr. Geller: Oh look, look there's your old makeup kit!

Ross: It's a clown kit! Clown kit!

Mr. Geller: Well, the white seems to be untouched. (He throws it back into the box as Mr. Geller moves a tarp and makes a discovery.) Uh—oh.

Ross: What?

Mr. Geller: Y'know how the garage floods every Spring?

Ross: How are you ever going to sell this place?

Mr. Geller: I think I accidentally used Monica's boxes to keep the water away from the *Porsche*.

Ross: Oh no. Dad! Dad! What... (He goes to open one of her boxes and it rips apart.) Oh God...everything's ruined! Dad, she's gonna be crushed!

Mr. Geller: You don't secretly smoke do you?

Ross: No!

Mr. Geller: So it's just your mother then.

[Scene: The telemarketing office, Phoebe is hard at work.]

Phoebe: (on phone) Hi, this Phoebe from Empire Office Supplies, can I speak to your supply manager please? (Listens) Earl, thanks. (Listens) Hi Earl, this is Phoebe from Empire Office Supplies I'd like to talk to you about your toner needs. (She's reading from the script.)

[Cut to Earl's office, who is played by Jason Alexander, George from *Seinfeld*. They cut back and forth between Phoebe's and Earl's offices with each of their lines.]

Earl: I don't need any toner.

Phoebe: I'm hearing what you're saying, but at our prices everyone needs toner.

Earl: Not me.

Phoebe: May I ask why?

Earl: You wanna know why. You wanna know why?

Phoebe: I surely do!

Earl: Okay, I don't need any toner because I'm going to kill myself.

(Phoebe desperately tries to find the scripted response to that line.)

Phoebe: (doesn't have any luck) Umm, is-is that because you're out of toner?

Commercial Break

[Scene: The telemarketing office, Phoebe is still talking to Earl.]

Earl: Okay, so...no toner today. Thanks anyway, bye-bye.

Phoebe: No-no wait-wait! I can't just let you hang up! Just please talk to me.

Earl: Well...I only have one thing to do today. (He looks at his board in his office that reads, "Today's Tasks: KILL SELF.") I guess I could push it back.

Phoebe: Yeah! Now, why do you want to kill yourself?

Earl: It's just that I uh, have been working for ten years now at this meaningless, dead-end job and nobody here even knows I exist!

Phoebe: Chandler?

Earl: I-I'm sorry?

Phoebe: No look, I-I'm sure that people know you exist!

Earl: Oh yeah? I work in a cubicle surrounded by people. I've been talking to you for five minutes now about killing myself and no one's even looked up from their desk. Hang-hang on. (To the people standing around his cubicle.) Hey everybody! Uh, I'm gonna kill myself! (There's no response; no one even looks up.) I'll get back to ya. (To Phoebe) I got nothing. Wait. (He sets the phone down.) Uh, hey Marge! (Mimes putting a gun to his head, pulling the trigger, and splattering his brain on the wall behind him. Then points to himself. Marge watches this, then goes back to work.) (To Phoebe) Ehh, nothing. Nothing.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Chandler has replaced Rosita with his chair.]

Chandler: My chair. Now, if anybody asks, your name is Rosita! (He runs out the door, grabs the back of Rosita, and we can hear Joey and Rachel talking as they are coming up the stairs. Neither of them have reached the landing yet.)

Rachel: You will like it!

Joey: No I won't.

(Chandler runs to check on them coming up the stairs.)

Rachel: You don't even know!

Joey: Because, I know what I like and what I don't like! It's not the same thing!

(Chandler throws the back of Rosita into his apartment and quickly starts pushing the base into his apartment.)

Rachel: Well look, if you don't like this... (The audience's laughter at Chandler's progress cuts out the rest of Rachel's line.)

Joey: I don't know why you say that so soon.

(Joey and Rachel reach the landing just as Chandler closes the door.)

Rachel: Come on Joey, I just bought you a new chair! The most expensive one in the store! Hey, y'know what I was thinking? We could name her Francette.

Joey: Francette? What is she? A couch?

(They enter their apartment.)

Joey: Poor thing. Cut down in her prime.

Rachel: Joey, the new chair will be here in an hour. Maybe we should actually move Rosita out of here. Y'know, start the healing process?

Joey: Well, I guess you're right. Maybe, maybe I'll take her down to the incinerator. It's gonna be so said, and kinda cool. (He goes to remove the back, but it doesn't come off. So he sits down in it, puts his feet up, stands up, and looks back at it.) She's heeled!

Rachel: That's weird.

Joey: No it's not weird, it's a miracle!

Rachel: It's not a miracle Joey! I'm sure there's some explanation.

Joey: Oh there is! If you want something enough and your heart is pure, wondrous things can happen!

Rachel: Joey, I really don't...

Joey: (interrupting her) Can you tell me how this happened?

Rachel: Well no.

Joey: Miracle!

Rachel: No, y'know what? Maybe somebody came in here and fixed it! Or something!

Joey: Someone like an...angel?

Rachel: That's right Joey, the chair angel came in and heeled your chair. (She sits down in the chair.)

Joey: (angrily) Get your non-believer ass outta my chair! (She gets up and heads for her room.)

[Scene: The Geller's Garage, continued from earlier. Ross and Mr. Geller are still deciding what to do.]

Mr. Geller: Well, she'll understand right? It's not like I did it on purpose.

Ross: Dad that won't matter to her. Look, all my stuff is safe and dry and all her is-is, is growing new stuff! See, this is exactly the kind of thing that makes her think you guys love me more than you love her.

Mr. Geller: Oh my God, does she really thinks that?

Ross: Well, can you blame her?

Mr. Geller: Well I don't know, I-I suppose we may have favored you unconsciously, you were a medical marvel! The doctor said your mother could...

Ross: Dad, dad I don't want to hear about it.

Mr. Geller: Really?

Ross: Well, not right now. Okay look, Monica came here for some memories and damnit, we're gonna give her some! Okay, grab...grab some empty boxes. Okay? We'll-we'll take stuff from mine and whatever we can pass off as hers we'll-we'll put 'em in their.

Mr. Geller: Great!

Ross: Like uh y'know like this! This! (He picks up one of those art projects that kids make in kindergarten and first grade.) She-she could've made this!

Mr. Geller: Sure!

Ross: Right? And this! (He picks up a trophy) She-she could've won this!

Mr. Geller: (grabbing a glove) This could've been hers!

Ross: Sure! Ooh-ooh, what about this?

Mr. Geller: Your make-up kit? I'd feel better.

(Ross angrily throws the kit into one of Monica's new boxes.)

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is sitting the now heeled Rosita as Rachel is sitting in the newly arrived Francette. Francette is one of those new chairs from *La-Z-Boy* that has and does everything except cook and go to the bathroom for you. It's got a small refrigerator under one armrest it has phone jacks for the Internet and regular phone, and so much more.]

Rachel: (grabbing a beer out of the chair's fridge) I am so psyched I kept this chair for myself!

Joey: Yeah, me too. (He flips up his armrest in disgust.)

Rachel: Hey, how's...how's the uh, miracle chair?

Joey: Fine.

Rachel: Yeah? Wow! Y'know, that this thing has speakers in the headrest!

Joey: No. Really?

Rachel: Yeah! You can hook it up to your TV **and** you get radio!

Joey: (quietly) My chair heels itself.

[Scene: The telemarketing office, Phoebe is still trying to talk Earl out of suicide.]

Phoebe: Earl, you're not hearing me! All I'm saying is that you're not alone all right? Everybody hates the people they work with! (One of her coworkers overhears that, and she mimes that she didn't mean him.)

Guy: (walking past Earl's desk) Hey guy!

Phoebe: Wait, what was that? That sounded like someone being nice to you.

Earl: No! That's just the "Hey Guy" guy. He says that to everybody! He's the worst! I'd like to take him with me!

Phoebe: All right so Earl, let's just forget about the people at the office, okay? There-there's gotta be someone else in your life worth sticking around for! What about-what about your family, your friends, or maybe your girlfriend?

Earl: (laughs) Yeah! Right!

Phoebe: Oh sorry, boyfriend!

Earl: Oh no.

Phoebe: No, whatever! Anything!

The "Hey Guy" Guy: Hey guy!

Phoebe: Yeah, he's gotta go.

Earl: Okay, I should, I should probably be getting back to my thing now. See ya. (Hangs up.)

Phoebe: No! I'm not finished yet! Don't! Don't you dare hang up on me!!!

Supervisor: (walking by and overhearing that) (to the rest of the staff) The new girl's good.

[Scene: The Geller's Garage, Mr. Geller and Ross are finishing up recreating Monica's memories as Monica enters.]

Monica: Hey guys! Hey!

Ross: Hey.

Monica: Hey, I just whipped us up some *Easy Bake* treats, they should be ready in about three days.

Mr. Geller: (overacting) That's a good one! Do you hear that Ross? Three days!

Ross: (overacting as well) Yeah! Yeah! (Laughs.) Oh, this will make a great memory.

Monica: (wary) Okay. So, which boxes are mine?

Ross: Well, these. These are yours right here. (Pointing to the boxes they just created for her.)

Monica: Okay. (Starting to go through them) Oh! A coloring book! (Holding it up.)

Ross: Yeah. Yeah, oh you loved that thing. You always had it with you. You never went anywhere without—without that coloring book.

Monica: (looking through it) Really? Wow! It looks like I had some trouble staying inside the lines.

Ross: Nu—uh! (Grabs it and examines it.)

Monica: (holding up a glove) Oh, an old glove?

Mr. Geller: Oh, yeah you loved that glove! You took it every place you went. You never went any place without that glove.

Monica: Wow! Look at this! (Picking up a shirt.) I can't believe I even fit into this shirt! (She holds it up and it reads: Tyrannosaurus Ross.) (She turns it around and looks at it.) Oh, this is yours. (Hands it to Ross.)

Ross: Oh, I don't know how that got in there.

Monica: (holding up a small cowboy hat) This isn't mine. (Sets it down and looks at the rest of the boxes.) Hey, this isn't, this isn't my stuff! Ugh, Ross! (Grabs and holds up a doll.) These are **your** boxes! Where are my boxes?

Ross: Umm, your boxes are umm...

Monica: What?

Ross: Dad?

Mr. Geller: Well, the garage flooded sweetie and it ruined everything in your boxes. I'm sorry.

Monica: Just mine?

Mr. Geller: I'm afraid so.

Monica: So why—why wasn't Ross's stuff ruined? (Pause) And if you say the words medical marvel I'm going to *Easy Bake* your head!

Mr. Geller: Well, I used your boxes to divert water away from the *Porsche*.

Monica: So wait, Ross's stuff is fine, but I have no memories because you wanted to keep the bottom two inches of your car away from water!!!

Mr. Geller: There was also leaves and guk and stuff.

Monica: I can't believe this! (Storms out.)

Mr. Geller: (To Ross) Screw it! I'm having one. (Takes out and lights a cigarette.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Chandler is writing a letter by the bay window as Rachel enters.]

Rachel: Hey Chandler!

Chandler: Hey!

Rachel: How would you like to sit in a chair that fully reclines, has a rolling massage, and speakers in the head rest?

Chandler: Yeah, I'd love to but I've tried that so many times they won't even let me in the store anymore.

Rachel: Well what if I told you, you can do it in my apartment?

Chandler: (excitedly) Are you telling me that you bought the chair that is making all other lounge systems obsolete? The chair that Sit magazine called the Chair of the Year?

Rachel: I just purchased the *La-Z-Boy E-cliner 3000*. (Which is an actual product by the way, I'm not sure about the 3000 part.)

Chandler: That's awesome! That's great! What made you do it?!

Rachel: Well, it's a long story, but umm I broke Joey's chair...

Chandler: Whoa-whoa-whoa! **You** broke Joey's chair?

Rachel: Yeah.

Chandler: I thought I broke Joey's chair! That's why I replaced it with mine!

Rachel: Ohhhhh. That's how it got fixed!

Chandler: Well, what did you think, that-that elves came in and fixed it?

Rachel: Noo! (Laughs) Angels.

Chandler: I'm gettin' my chair back! (Heads for Joey and Rachel's.)

Rachel: What? Wh-hey!

(They enter Joey and Rachel's to find that Joey has broken Chandler's chair.)

Joey: Well, it looks like it wasn't heeled after all! Yeah! So, I guess this chair is mine now! (Sits down in it and groans.)

Chandler: Joey you broke my chair!!

Joey: **Your** chair?!

Rachel: Yeah, he thought he broke your chair so he switched the chairs!

Joey: So, there was no miracle?!

Rachel: No Joe, no miracle.

Joey: (sarcastic) Oh no this is devastating! My faith is shaken. I'm so glad I have the new chair to get my through this difficult time in my life.

Rachel: Uh-huh! Nice try, but you don't get that chair anymore! All right? That is my chair now! You can sit on my lap! (Joey starts to get up.) No I take that back!

Chandler: I think I should get the chair!

(Rachel and Joey both laugh at that suggestion.)

Joey: How do you figure?

Chandler: Because **you** (Points to Joey) broke a chair and you (Points to Rachel) broke a chair! The only one around here that hasn't broke a chair, is me!

Rachel: No-no-no! This chair's not going anywhere.

Chandler: Well, where's the logic in that?!

Rachel: The logic is, that there are two of us and we are both strong enough to break a chair in half!

Chandler: So Joey breaks my chair and I get nothing!

(Joey whispers in Rachel's ear to confirm his response.)

Joey: That's right!

Chandler: What are you guys? Like a **gang** or something?!

(They confer again.)

Joey: Yeah! We are!

(Rachel whispers in Joey's ear.)

Rachel: We're the Cobras!

[Scene: Earl's Office, Earl has his head in his hands as Phoebe enters.]

Phoebe: (to Marge) Excuse me! Can you tell me where I can find Earl? He's the supply manager around here.

Marge: Sorry, I don't know any Earl.

Earl: (screaming) I'm right here!!!!

Phoebe: (goes over to his desk) Earl! I'm Phoebe.

Earl: Phoebe? The lady who sells toner?

Phoebe: Umm, look it, you—you can't kill yourself.

Earl: (exhales) Look, um I really appreciate your coming down...

Phoebe: No—no I can't! I can't let you do it!

Earl: Why?!

Phoebe: Because it was fate that made me call you today!

Earl: I thought it was toner.

Phoebe: No! Think about it okay? **This** isn't even my regular job! Okay? And my first day on the job, you're my first call! And—and somebody else might've hung up on you, but I wouldn't do that because I know about this stuff. My mom killed herself.

Earl: Really?!

Phoebe: Yes.

Earl: How?

Phoebe: I'm not gonna give you tips! Look don't you see that this—this...this all came together so that I could stop you from doing this.

Earl: Couldn't it just be a coincidence?

Phoebe: No, it's fate!

Earl: It doesn't really seem like enough to be fate.

Phoebe: Oh. Well umm, okay here's a weird thing. My mother was also a supply manager.

Earl: I'm actually the office manager.

Phoebe: Oh my God! So was she! And! Get this, okay? Your—your name is Earl, right? Her name was Pearl, P—Earl.

Earl: Well, was there anything else?!

Phoebe: Sure! (Thinks.) Umm, where are you from?

Earl: Philadelphia.

Phoebe: Oh my God! So was she! Oh, I've got—I've got goose bumps. (She holds out her arm.)

Earl: (inspecting it) Really?

Phoebe: Well, y'know I'm wearing layers and it's warm.

Earl: Yeah—yeah.

Phoebe: But if—no look, okay. These jerks might not care about you, but the universe does! And that says a lot!

Earl: (To All) Did you hear that?! I don't need you guys to care about me! Because the universe cares! The whole universe! (Laughs as everyone ignores him.) (To Phoebe) I really wished they'd care just a little bit though.

Phoebe: Y'know, I don't—I don't think it's you. This is a freaky place. (To All) Hey! Guys! (Everyone looks up.) (To Earl) Oh no, it's you.

Earl: Yeah.

[Scene: The Geller's Garage, Monica is picking through her ruined childhood heirlooms with Ross.]

Monica: Oh, this terrible! **Everything** is destroyed! Look at this. (She picks up some kind of furry thing.) It obviously meant enough for me to save it, and I don't even know what it is! Ohh, it's still soft. (She rubs it against her cheek.) What do you think this is?

Ross: All right. I think it was a mouse.

(Monica screams, throws the mouse down, and rubs her hands on Ross's sweater to clean them.)

Mr. Geller: (entering) How are you honey?

Monica: How do you think I am?! You've wrecked all my childhood memories. You love Ross more than me. And I just rubbed a dead mouse on my face!

(Ross gets up to let his dad sit next to Monica.)

Mr. Geller: Sweetheart, we love you just as much as Ross! Now, I'm sorry about everything that happened and I'd probably never be able to make it up to you, but here's a start. (He hands her a small box.)

Monica: (opening it) What's this?

Mr. Geller: It's the key to my *Porsche*. Well, the key to your *Porsche*.

Monica: (shocked) What?!

Ross: (even more shocked) What?!!!

Mr. Geller: I've been thinking about getting rid of it. I was driving it the other day and saw my reflection in a store window. Your mother's right, I **do** look like an ass.

Monica: Wait, you're giving me your *Porsche*, you're kidding me right?!

Ross: Well w-w-w-w-wait, w-wait, wait, wait a minute! I mean a couple of stupid boxes get wet and she gets a *Porsche*?!

Mr. Geller: (To Monica) Why don't we take it for a spin?

Monica: All right!

Ross: Well, what about me?! I'm a medical marvel!!

Ending Credits

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is sitting in Joey's lap on Francette, and they're both groaning.]

Joey: Oh yeah.

Rachel: Ahhhh...

Joey: Ahhh..... (To Rachel) Eh?

Rachel: Uh-huh.

Monica: (entering) Hey guys!

Rachel: Hey!

Joey: Hey!

Monica: Do you guys know what happened to Chandler's barca lounge?

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Rachel: Oh yeah, Joey broke it. Had to get rid of it.

Monica: Are you kidding?! I get a *Porsche* and the barca lounge's gone?! This is the best day ever! (Runs out.)

End

714. The One Where They All Turn Thirty

Teleplay by: Sherry Bilsing & Ellen Plummer

Story by: Vanessa McCarthy

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is knocking on Rachel's door, whose door frame is decorated with balloons. The rest of the gang is there as well. Rachel opens the door and the gang blow on noisemakers.]

Ross: Happy birthday!!!

Monica: Happy birthday!!!

(Rachel glares at them and goes back into her room, closing her door.)

All: Rach! Come on! Rach!

Monica: It's your birthday!

Tag: (entering from her room) Hey.

Chandler: (To Monica) She's not as pretty as she was when she was 29.

Tag: Ms. Green would like to establish some ground rules before she comes out. She would appreciate it if you don't use the words old or downhill or (To Joey) they still look pretty damn good. (Joey smiles and everyone glares at him.)

Joey: They do!

Phoebe: Rachel! Come on out! Monica made breakfast!

Monica: Chocolate-chip pancakes!

(There is no response from Rachel.)

Ross: We've got presents!

(She opens the door.)

Rachel: Good ones?

Monica: They all came from the list you handed out to us two weeks ago.

Rachel: Well, can I keep the presents and still be 29?

Joey: Come on Rach! Look, turning thirty is not that big a deal.

Ross: Oh really. Is that how you felt when you turned thirty?

[Flashback to Joey's thirtieth birthday party. It is being held in Monica and Chandler's apartment.]

Joey: (screaming) Why God?!! Why?!! We had a deal!! Let the others grow old! Not me!! (He buries his head in Phoebe's lap for comfort.)

[Cut back to Rachel's party, everyone is now eating breakfast, except Rachel.]

Rachel: Y'know, I'm still 29 in Guam.

Ross: Hey, 30 is not that old! Do you know how old the Earth is?

Rachel: Late thirties? Oh come on you guys! Is it just me? Am I overreacting to this?

Chandler: No Rach, it's not just you. My thirtieth birthday certainly wasn't that much fun.

[Flashback to Chandler's thirtieth birthday party. It is also being held in Monica and his apartment. He is about to blow out the candles on his birthday cake.]

Joey: (screaming) And now Chandler! We're all gettin' so old! (Looking up) Why are you doing this to us?! (Turns away crying.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, breakfast is finished but Rachel's still down.]

Monica: Rach, you're in a great place in your life. Come on, you've got a great job! Good friends...

Joey: Yeah, you're roommate is a soap opera star.

Rachel: Look, y'know I know my life's going pretty well, but I look around and I just see so many people who've accomplished so many other goals by the time they're thirty.

Phoebe: Yeah, but you shouldn't compare yourself to me.

[Flashback to: The Street in front of Central Perk, Ross and Joey are holding a yellow tape across the road and everyone is cheering Phoebe as she bounces around the corner on a hippity-hop.]

All: Come on Phoebe! You can do it Phoebe! Come on!

Rachel: There you go!

(She crosses the line and they all cheer again.)

Phoebe: I did it! One mile on a hippity-hop! That's it!! That's everything I wanted to do before I was thirty. Oh, except I wanted to patch things up with my sister. But oh well. Yay!! (They all cheer again.) And—and girls this thing is a Godsend if you know what I mean. (Rachel and Monica look intrigued and as they all head into Central Perk, Rachel picks up the hippity-hop that Phoebe left behind.)

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, continued from earlier.]

Rachel: Thirty. Ugh, I mean thirty! Monica, do you remember mean, old Mrs. Kreeger in the fifth grade? She was thirty!

Tag: Come on, let's have some fun. Huh? (To Rachel) What do you want to do today?

Rachel: Nothing. I don't want to do anything.

Monica: Well, doing nothing on your thirtieth is better than doing something stupid, like Ross.

Ross: Hey! That was a practical purchase! I needed that car for transportation! Okay? I—I have a child!

[Flashback to: A street, Ross is sitting in his newly purchased *MGB*. Which is one of the better British sports cars ever made. Of course, 'better' is a relative term. Which reminds me of a joke. Why don't the British make computers? Because they couldn't figure out how to make them leak oil. Anyway, the gang is all staring at his new purchase.]

Ross: How hot do I look in this, huh?!

Chandler: Ross, a sports car? Wouldn't it have been cheaper to just stuff a sock down there?

Ross: That's not what this is about okay? I—I am a sports car enthusiast. I have **always** been into cars.

Joey: Hey, what's the horsepower on this thing?

Ross: (giddy) I don't know, but—but look how shiny!

Monica: I can't believe you bought this.

Rachel: Really! God Ross, what were you thinking? (To Phoebe, quietly) I know it's really shallow, but a part of me wants him again.

Phoebe: Oh, well get in line missy. (To Ross) So, can I have a ride stud?

Ross: Hop in. (Phoebe hops in.) Get ready for the smoothest ride of your life.

(He starts the car and surprisingly in fires right up and comes to a nice idle. (Both can be rarities with British sports cars with their lovely *Lucas* ignition systems, which tend not to work especially in the rain.) Anyway, this being New York he is parallel parked on a street with the car in front of him only inches ahead of his bumper, likewise with the car behind him. He's completely boxed in and can't move more than two inches. He tries to get out several times by bumping the bumpers of both cars to no avail.)

Ross: Damn it! (Shuts the car off.)

Phoebe: (getting out) Okay, who's next?

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Phoebe is pouring Rachel some coffee.]

Rachel: Y'know what? I am going to do something today. I'm not just gonna sit around like some old lady. I'm gonna get something pierced. Like my uh, like my nose or my tongue or something.

Phoebe: Really?! 'Cause y'know that hurts.

Rachel: So what?! Y'know what? The way I see it—(Phoebe pulls out a hair from the back of her head)—Ow! Son of a bitch!!

Tag: Look Rachel, I know what you're going through. I'm totally freaked about turning 25.

Rachel: (glares at him) Get out, get out of my apartment.

Monica: All right Rach, for what it's worth, I think that you're doing great. I mean y'know let's face it, no one handles this well.

Phoebe: Least of all you.

Tag: Why? What you'd do?

Monica: Weren't you asked to leave sonny?

[Flashback to Monica and Chandler's apartment. Chandler has a bunch of people over in formal wear to give Monica a surprise birthday party. Joey is coming out of the bathroom and removing his tie.]

Chandler: (To Joey) Would you put that back on?! Monica's gonna be here any minute!

Joey: But it hurt's my Joey's Apple.

Chandler: (frustrated) Okay, for the last time. It's not named for each individual man.

(Joey walks away and Mr. and Mrs. Geller walk up. Mr. Geller is wearing this ancient velvet tuxedo.)

Mrs. Geller: (To Chandler) You've done a wonderful job with this party Chandler. Everything looks so lovely.

Chandler: Oh well, not as lovely as you. I mean, I can't believe that you would have a thirty-year-old daughter! (To Mr. Geller) And you! I can't believe that you would have a tux that's thirty years old! (Puts his hand on Mr. Geller's shoulder.)

Mr. Geller: It's older than that. Ross was actually conceived right near this tuxedo.

Chandler: Ohh! (He quickly removes his hand and looks at it.)

Rachel: (entering) Hey! Everybody hide! Hide! I saw her! She's coming!

Chandler: Okay! Okay! Everybody down! Everybody down! (Rachel turns off the lights and everyone crouches. As everyone crouches, a ripping noise erupts from the assemblage.)

Mr. Geller: Crap.

(We hear some fumbling at the door, then silence.)

Chandler: (getting up to investigate) Okay, everybody stay here. I will find out what's going on.

(He goes out into the hall and finds a very drunk Monica lying up against Joey and Rachel's door.)

Monica: Heyyy!! You got the door open!! (Giggles.)

Chandler: Hey—hey are you drunk?

Monica: Nooo! (Giggles) Okay. (She tries to pull herself up by Rachel and Joey's doorknob, but the door opens and she almost falls into the their apartment. She manages to catch herself.) Whoa! (Stands up, unsteadily) Okay. See I was, I was a little nervous about turning (whispering) thirty. (Giggles.) So the bus boys took me out for some drinks. (Pause) I wanna puke on you later!

Chandler: Okay, here is the thing. We have thrown a **very** formal surprise party for you in there! All of your friends are in there and your parents!

Monica: Noo!!!

Chandler: Yes!

Monica: Noo!!

Chandler: Yes!!

Monica: Oh no! My parents have never seen me drunk! (Pause) That they know of.

Chandler: Okay, here's the thing. We're gonna get you some coffee and they will never know that you're drunk.

Monica: Really?! You promise?

Chandler: Yeah, I'll take care of it.

Monica: Okay. I love you so much. (Kisses him.)

Chandler: (laughing) Okay we have to do something about your breath.

Monica: What about **your** breath?! (Breathes on him.)

Chandler: That's still yours. Okay, now remember it's a surprise party. So, when you go in, act surprised.

Monica: Okay. I can do that.

Chandler: Okay.

(Chandler opens the door and Monica sneaks up on it. They go inside.)

All: Surprise!!!

(Monica screams and they all stare at her.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Ross's birthday, Joey is now trying to get his car out while Ross is directing him.]

Ross: Okay, forward. Forward—Stop! (The car moves an inch and Ross runs to the back of the car.) Okay, back—Stop! (The car barely moves and Ross runs back to the front.) Okay, forward—Stop! Stop! Stop!

Monica: Ross, just forget about it. This guy's got you totally wedged in.

(A beautiful woman approaches.)

Woman: (To Joey) Is this yours?

Joey: Well actually...

Ross: No—no—no! It's mine! It's—it's mine. (The woman walks away.)

Joey: Dude, you soooo need this car.

Phoebe: (running up) Okay. Okay, here's what we're gonna do. Okay, I'm gonna break into this mini-van and put it in neutral. You guys push it forward so Ross can drive out of his spot. Okay? All right, here we go. (She opens her coat and reveals that thing car thieves use to break into cars as Ross jumps in behind

the wheel. She inserts the device, unlocks the door, opens it, and the alarm goes off.) Haul ass!!!! (Runs off.)

(The rest of the gang runs away, except for Ross who's tramped inside his car. To hide he puts the top up as Monica, Rachel, and Joey come running past.)

[Scene: Phoebe's birthday, she's taking the hippity-hop to Ursula's apartment as a gift. She knocks on the door and Ursula answers it.]

Phoebe: Happy thirtieth birthday! Here! (Hands her the hippity-hop.) It's for the child in you, and the woman. Happy thirtieth!

Ursula: Right, why do you keep saying that?

Phoebe: Because it's our thirtieth birthday.

Ursula: Yeah, no we're not thirty. We're 31. Okay. (She closes the door.)

Phoebe: Wait! (Knocks on the door and Ursula opens it.)

Ursula: Oh, it's you.

Phoebe: Yeah. What?!

Ursula: Yeah, we're not thirty, we're 31.

Phoebe: Nu-uh!

Ursula: Yea-huh! That's what is says on my birth certificate.

Phoebe: You have your birth certificate?

Ursula: Yeah, I got a big box of family stuff when my mom died.

Phoebe: Our mom.

Ursula: (sarcastic) Right! Okay. (Hands Phoebe her births certificate.)

Phoebe: Do you have my birth certificate?

Ursula: No, I sold it to a Swedish runaway.

Phoebe: (reading the certificate) Oh my God! Oh my God, we are 31.

Ursula: Yeah.

Phoebe: I just lost a whole year of my life.

Ursula: (sarcastic) Okay.

Phoebe: Your middle name is Pamela?

Ursula: Yes.

Phoebe: Well, I never knew mine. Do you remember what it is?

Ursula: Yes! Phoebe.

Phoebe: That's my first name.

Ursula: Right, okay, then no.

[Scene: Monica's birthday, it's just after the surprise.]

Chandler: Okay before we start the celebration, Monica has to go put on her party dress.

Monica: Yay!

Chandler: See? (Does his laugh.) Here we go. (Starts walking her to their room, and has to pass in front of Mr. Geller who's sitting at the table and Mrs. Geller who's standing next to him.)

Mr. Geller: Happy birthday, sweetie! Give us a hug! (Starts to get up.)

Mrs. Geller: (stopping him) Don't get up Jack! The safety pins are about to blow.

(They continue their trek.)

Monica: (sees someone) Paul!

Chandler: (correcting her) Phil.

Monica: Phil!

Chandler: Now, there is a dress laid out on your bed. (Monica stumbles on the steps.) Okay, (catches her) you're doing great. You're doing great. You're doing fine.

(Phoebe approaches as they almost get to their room.)

Phoebe: Hey, what's going on?

Chandler: Monica's a little drunk.

Phoebe: Yay! I love drunk Monica!

Monica: Awwwww... (Giggles.)

Chandler: (To Monica) Go change! (To Phoebe) She doesn't want her parents to know she's drunk.

Phoebe: Ohh! All right! All right. Here's what we'll do, I'll get twice as drunk as Monica and then no one's will even notice her.

(Chandler walks over to where the rest of the gang is.)

Rachel: What's--what's going on? Phil's really pissed!

Chandler: Monica's wasted.

Ross: Maybe that will liven up this party.

Chandler: (To Rachel) Okay, will you just go help her change please!

Rachel: Okay, but taking care of a drunk, naked woman seems like a job for Joey.

Joey: Yep. (Starts for Monica's room, but Chandler stops him.)

[Scene: Rachel's birthday, everyone is presenting their presents to Rachel.]

Tag: (handing his to her) This one's from me.

Rachel: Ahh!

Tag: It wasn't on your list, but hopefully you'll think it's really fun.

Rachel: (opening it) A scooter! (She's not happy.)

Ross: (to Tag) Stick to the list. Always stick to the list.

Rachel: No! No--no, I love it. Thank you. (Kisses him.)

Chandler: Okay, open ours next. Open ours next!

Rachel: Okay.

Joey: Now that you're a couple, we don't get two presents from you guys?

Chandler: For my last birthday you gave me a hug! (To Rachel) Okay, read the card! Read the card!

Rachel: Okay. (Opens the card and reads it.) Happy birthday Grandma! It's better to be over the hill (starting to cry) then buried under it. (Breaks down as everyone glares at them.) All our love Monica and Chandler. (Crying) That's funny, yeah!

Chandler: No--no--no--no! That was the joke!

Rachel: (crying) No, I know! I get it! It's funny!

Chandler: No, because you're not a grandmother!

Rachel: No I know, because to be a grandmother you have to be married and have children and I don't have any of those things. That's why it's so funny. (Runs into her room crying.)

Monica: All you had to do was buy the card!

[Scene: Rachel's birthday, a time lapse has occurred. Rachel is coming back into the living room carrying a notepad.]

Ross: Hey! Look who's back! It's the birthday girl! How's the birthday girl feeling?

Rachel: Well, I feel fine, but I think you're bumming out the rest of the kids.

Ross: What? (Glances over and sees the faces of the rest of the group, then goes and sits down.)

Rachel: Okay! Y'know what? I realized it was stupid to get upset about not having a husband and kids. All I really needed was a plan. See I wanna have three kids...

Phoebe: Oh let me guess, and you wanna have them all at the same time and you wanna have them for your brother.

Rachel: As I was saying... I should probably have the first of the three kids by the time I'm 35 which gives me five years. I love this plan! I wanna marry this plan!

Phoebe: If you could do that, I'd marry the hippity-hop.

Rachel: So, if I wanna have my kid when I'm 35, I don't have to get pregnant until I'm 34. Which gives *Prada* four years to start making maternity clothes! Oh wait, but I do want to be married for a year before I get pregnant...

Monica: Really! That long?! (Chandler slowly turns and looks at her.) (To Chandler) Look all you want, it's happening!

Rachel: No, so I don't have to get married until I'm 33! That's three years, that's three whole years—Oh, wait a minute though. I'll need a year and a half to plan the wedding, and I'd like to know the guy for a year, year and a half before we get engaged... Which means I need to meet the guy by the time I'm thirty.

Ross: Which is fine! Because **you** just turned—(Removes two candles from the cake)—twenty-eight!

Rachel: No! Ross, no! It is not fine! Eh-eh—according to my plan I should already be with the guy I wanna marry!

(We hear Tag scream out in the hallway and jump into view of the open door on the scooter. He gives a hearty thumbs up to the group and rides off, with Joey following breathlessly behind.)

Joey: Will you quit hoggin' it!

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica's birthday, Monica is now dressed and is being helped out by Chandler and Rachel.]

Rachel: (To Chandler) I'm telling you it's like watching Bambi learn how to walk.

Ross: (To Monica) You're drunk! Mom and dad are gonna be maaaaadd! Maybe I'm a little drunk. (Monica sits down on the barca lounge.)

Chandler: (to a waiter) Oh that's great! Right there! Can we get some of that over here please? (The waiter comes over) There we go.

Joey: (to the waiter) Hey! Are those crab cakes? (The waiter nods) Did I not tell ya to come straight to me when more crab cakes were ready?

Chandler: (To Monica) How are you feeling?

Monica: You are **so** handsome! I wanna make love to you right here, right now! (Growls and pulls him into a kiss.)

Ross: I really wish that you wouldn't.

Chandler: (To Monica) Now all you have to do is just get through a little bit more, okay? Then we can put you in bed, okay? Just smile and don't talk to **anyone**.

Phoebe: (clinking two glasses together) Speech! Speech! Let's hear from the birthday girl! Huh?

Chandler: Pheebs!!

Phoebe: Don't you see? Everyone's looking at me! The plan's working! I didn't even have to take off my top yet!

Mrs. Geller: Speech! Come on Monica!

Ross: Come on!

All: Come on! Speech!

(Monica stands up and wobbles slightly and Chandler runs over to catch her.)

Mr. Geller: (filming this) Hey Chandler, you can't keep your hands off her for one second!

Mrs. Geller: Oh-ho, I think it's nice.

Chandler: I think it's necessary. (Backs away anyhow.)

Monica: I-I-I wanna thank you all for coming. My family and my friends...

Phoebe: (screaming) Woo!! Hoo!!

Monica: I really like to say that I'm-um... (Pause) Y'know what I'd really like to say? I'm drunk!! (Mrs. Geller pulls the camera down.) That's right mom and dad your little Harmonica is hammered!! (Ross grabs the camera out of his dad's hands.) And guess what! I've been drunk before! And I've smoked a cigarette! And I got a box of *Ding-Dongs* hidden in my underwear drawer! It's all okay. It's okay because I turned thirty today. And, and I can do anything I want! Because I am a grown up. (Falls over sideways with Ross filming the fall.)

Phoebe: (To Joey) Okay quick, help me get this off! (Motions to her top.)

Joey: Yeah!!

(Ross pans the camera over to Phoebe.)

[Scene: Phoebe's birthday, she's telling everyone what she found out at Ursula's while sitting in Central Perk.]

Phoebe: I lost a whole year! I can't believe it! This is so unfair!

Joey: Oh, I don't know Pheebs. It'll be okay.

Phoebe: Will it? Will it?! I mean, how would you feel if you found out you were 31?

Joey: That's not gonna happen. No. (Looks up) Because we have a new deal!

Phoebe: Plus, it totally ruined my schedule! I...I haven't done any of the things I wanted to do by the time I was 31!

Joey: Like what?

Phoebe: Like okay I-I-I, I haven't met any Portuguese people! I, I haven't had the perfect kiss! And I haven't been to sniper's school!

Monica: Phoebe, y'know why don't we just go upstairs and have some birthday cake?

Phoebe: No, I just feel like being by myself for a while. All right? I'll see you guys later. Thanks. (Gets up and exits.)

Rachel: Hey. (After she leaves.) Oh, poor Pheebs.

Joey: Hey, y'know what you guys? I think I'm gonna go walk her home. (Gets up and runs out.)

Monica: Oh man!

Chandler: What?

Monica: He's gonna eat the cake!

[Cut outside, Joey is catching up with Phoebe.]

Joey: Pheebs! Wait up! (She stops.) Listen uh, close your eyes. (She does so and Joey passionately kisses her.) Maybe that's one thing you can cross off your list.

Phoebe: Oh yeah.

(Joey starts to walk away, but stops.)

Joey: Oh, and plus I'm 1/16th Portuguese.

Phoebe: Oh! (Phoebe walks away smiling.)

[Scene: Ross's birthday, his car is still trapped in it's spot. Now Joey, Phoebe, and Ross are at the front of the car with Monica, Rachel, and Chandler at the rear of the car.]

Ross: Okay, is everybody clear? We're gonna pick it up...and move it. Now all we need is teamwork, okay? We're gonna **lift** the car...and slide it out. Lift and slide!

Rachel: Ross, I really don't think...

Ross: (interrupting her) Lift!! And slide!

Chandler: Okay, here we go.

Ross: All right everyone, lift! (They and try to lift the car, of course it doesn't raise up) And slide!! (Everyone leans over, but the car still does not move.)

[Scene: Rachel's birthday, she is coming into the hallway where Joey and Tag are playing with the scooter.]

Rachel: Hey Joey, can I...

Joey: Oh, come on Rach! My turn just started!

Rachel: Actually, I just wanna talk to Tag.

Joey: Oh. Okay. Hey, can I ride this outside?

Rachel: Whatever! Okay, I'm not your mother.

Joey: Okay! (Runs off downstairs.)

Rachel: Not in the street!!

Joey: Yes!

Rachel: (to Tag) Hi.

Tag: Hey.

Rachel: Hey.

Tag: How are you doing? Are you feeling any better?

Rachel: Yeah, I'm doing okay. I'm um...let's talk.

Tag: Okay. (They sit on the step.)

Rachel: Umm...

Tag: What's up?

Rachel: Ohh Tag, umm...you're such a great guy and we have sooo much fun together but I don't-I don't...

Tag: Wait! I think I see where you're going, but before you say anything else, can I just say one more thing? (Kisses her.)

Rachel: Well said. And a uh good example of the fun I was referring to uhh, but I just think I'm past the point where I think I can y'know, just have fun.

Tag: Rachel, don't do this. This is just because you're turning thirty.

Rachel: Yeah, it is! But you're just a kid! I mean you're 25!

Tag: Twenty-four actually.

Rachel: Oh God! Y'know what I wish? I wish you were six years older. Well actually, if I'm wishin' for stuff, I actually wish I was six years younger.

Tag: Me too.

Rachel: Yeah, I'm sorry. (They hug.)

[Time lapse, Rachel is entering her apartment after breaking up with Tag.]

Chandler: Hey! How'd it go?

Rachel: Oh, if I only want two kids, can I keep him for another year?

Phoebe: You did the right thing.

Joey: (entering, limping, and holding his arm) I don't like this anymore. (He sits down with them in pain.)

Chandler: Well, here we are, just a bunch of thirty year olds.

Ross: God, do you realize in ten years we're gonna be 40?

Joey: (crying) Why God?! Why are you doing this to us?! (He buries his head in Ross's shoulder.)

[Scene: Ross's birthday, night has fallen and Joey and Ross are walking by where his car is parked to find that both cars blocking him in have left.]

Ross: Yes! My baby's finally free!

Joey: All-all right! (They run and jump in the car.) Start it up! Let's go!

Ross: (starting it) Woohoo!

(Just as they are about to pull away, a big, fat, bald guy pulls up in the exact same car as Ross and stops next to him.)

The Man In The Sportscar: How hot are we? (He drives off.)

Ross: You wanna buy a car?

Joey: No.

(Ross shuts it off and they get out.)

Ending Credits

{Transcriber's Note: There was no credits scene with this episode.}

End

715. The One With Joey's New Brain

Teleplay by: Andrew Reich & Ted Cohen

Story by: Sherry Bilsing & Ellen Plummer

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica, Chandler, Ross, and Rachel are sitting around the table.]

Monica: I'm glad you're here, we have a couple of things to ask you about the wedding ceremony.

Rachel: (starting to cry) Ohh...

Ross: What's the matter? You okay?

Rachel: Yeah, it's just y'know...

Chandler: (To Ross) Monica said wedding.

Monica: Uh, so anyway, we thought one of you could read something during the ceremony.

Rachel: Oh! I would love to read a poem.

Chandler: Do you think you could get through a poem?

Rachel: (crying) It'll be a short one.

Monica: Okay, so Ross will be doing the reading.

Rachel: Ohhh...

Ross: Okay. Yeah, I guess, I guess I could do that too.

Chandler: Too?

Ross: Yeah, I kind of uh, have something else planned for you guys.

Monica: Do you mind telling us what it is?

Ross: Sorry, I'm kinda keeping this one on the Q.T.

Chandler: Well, whatever it is, I hope it involves winking. (Winks in a spy-type manner.)

Joey: (entering, excited) Hey!

All: Hey!

Joey: So I just talked to one of the DOOL writers today, and...

Monica: What is DOOL?

Joey: *Days Of Our Lives*. Anyway, you're not gonna believe it! My character is coming out of his coma!!

All: Oh!!

Chandler: That's great!

Joey: And-and-and not only that, I'm gettin' a new brain!!

Chandler: So great things are happening at work **and** in your personal life!

Rachel: Wait, what do you mean you're getting a new brain?

Joey: Oh well, they're killing off one of the characters on the show, and when she dies her brain is being transplanted into my body.

Ross: What? A brain transplant?!

Joey: (seriously) Yes, it's a highly controversial procedure.

Ross: It's ridiculous!

Joey: Well, I think it's ridiculous that you haven't had sex in three and a half months.

Ross: (to Monica and Rachel) It's winter, they are fewer people on the street. (Rachel and Monica smile and nod, knowingly.)

Monica: Who are they killing off?

Joey: Uh Cecilia Monroe, she plays Jessica Lockhart.

Rachel and Monica: Noo!!

Monica: She's my favorite character on DOOL.

Joey: Nice.

Rachel: She is so good at throwing drinks in people's faces, I mean I don't think I've ever seen her finish a beverage.

Monica: And the way she slaps all the time!

Rachel: Oh!

Monica: Wouldn't you love to do it just once?! (Raises her hand towards Chandler.)

Chandler: Don't do it.

Rachel: Cecilia Monroe man, what a great actress.

Joey: Oh, tell me about it. And she's been on the show forever, it's gonna be really hard to fill her shoes.

Ross: Yeah-yeah, help me out here, when you come out of the "brain transplant," you are going to be her?

Joey: Yes, but in Drake Remoray's body. (Ross laughs unbelievably.) Why is this so hard for you to get? I thought you were a scientist!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Phoebe and Rachel sitting on the couch in Central Perk]

Phoebe: (Clears Throat) Rach, so, that guy there. Straight or gay?

Rachel: (They both look behind them.) Well, I'd have to say gay.

Phoebe: Yeah? Why?

Rachel: Well mainly because he's kissing that other guy.

Phoebe: Oh no not that guy there. That guy right there. (Pointing to an attractive man sitting at a table behind them.)

Rachel: Oh yeah he's too cute to be straight.

Phoebe: (A woman with large breasts walks in the door) Ohh knockers will help us figure it out. (She walks by and he checks her out.)

Rachel: All right, straight, and not subtle. (The man gets up and leaves.)

Phoebe: Ohh, he left his cell phone.

Rachel: Oh, well, we can hand it to Gunther and he'll put it in lost and found.

Phoebe: Or we could use it to call China. See how those guys are doing.

Rachel: What if, um, if he calls his own cell phone to find out who found it and I answer and we start talking and we fell in love. I mean wouldn't that be a great story? Kind of like a fairy tale for the digital age.

Phoebe: Yeah... That does sound great. I'm going to get the phone. (They both get up.)

Rachel: What? Wait! Why...why do you get the story?

Phoebe: I don't know. I haven't been out on a date in so long.

Rachel: Phoebe, you had a date three days ago.

Phoebe: That wasn't a date! That was, that was just friends getting together... (quietly) having sex.

Rachel: Okay. Okay, see? I get the phone.

Phoebe: No way! No way! You **just** broke with Tag a week ago.

Rachel: Yeah! (Breaking up) And until now, I didn't think I'd love again.

Phoebe: Nice try.

Rachel: Oh hey-hey wait! How do we fairly decide who gets the phone?

Phoebe: I don't know.

(They edge closer to the phone on the table.)

Rachel: Well umm, maybe we could uhh... (Grabs the phone) Ah-ha! Too slow!!

(She holds the phone out and starts taunting Phoebe. Phoebe calming knocks the phone out of Rachel's hand and catches it.)

Phoebe: Ah-ha! Too cocky!

[Scene: Silvercup Studios, Joey is watching Jessica Lockhart perform a scene.]

Dina: I'm going to keep dating him Mother, and there's nothing you can do about it!

Jessica Lockhart: Oh yes there is!

Dina: What are you going to do? Kill him? Like you did with Charles?!

Jessica Lockhart: (gasps) That was an accident! And so were you.

Dina: Well, at least I'm not a murderer! (Jessica slaps her.)

Jessica Lockhart: (crying) Oh, my baby! (Hugs Dina, but moves Dina's head to her other shoulder so that she's the only one in the picture.)

The Director: Cut!

(Joey walks up to Cecilia Monroe who plays Jessica.)

Joey: That was a great scene! And-and-and that slap looks so real! How do you do that?

Cecilia: Oh, just years of experience.

Dina: (crying) Can I get some ice here?!

Joey: Oh anyway, I just wanted to say how wonderful I think you are.

Cecilia: You're not the fan who's dying are you?

Joey: Say what?

Cecilia: I'm supposed to meet and hug a fan whose dying, but that's not supposed to be until (to no one in particular) later!

Joey: No. No, I'm Joey Tribbiani; we did a scene together yesterday. I-I'm the guy in the coma!

Cecilia: Oh that was a real person?!

Joey: An-an-anyway I-I just wanted to say that since I'm getting your brain when you leave the show, I was wondering if there was any tips you can give me...

Cecilia: I-I-I'm leaving the show?

Joey: (quickly) I don't know. Why? Did you hear something?

Cecilia: Who told you that?

Joey: Oh uh, one of the writers.

Cecilia: Which one? Was it bald or was it tall?

Joey: Umm...

Cecilia: Y'know what? It doesn't matter! Because it is not true!

Joey: Okay.

Cecilia: And if it were true, how **dare** you come to me ask me for tips about a character that I've been playing for 20 years—I'll give you a tip! (She throws her drink in his face.)

Joey: Ms. Monroe... (She slaps him) Oh there you go. (She storms off, leaving Joey standing next to Dina. They share a nod at the ferocity of the slap they just received.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe and Rachel are still arguing over the phone.]

Rachel: No Phoebe! You cannot get the phone that way; that's not fair! Okay look, I have an idea. Why don't we, why don't we see what kind of number he has on his speed dial, and then from that we can tell who has more in common with him. And then whoever does gets the phone.

Phoebe: Or, we can decide by whose ever name is closer to the word phone.

Rachel: I don't think so.

Phoebe: (handing Rachel the phone) Fine all right, but I'd bet you'd be singing another tune if we were fighting over a ratchet.

Rachel: (checking the speed dial) All right, first name on the speed dial is mom.

Phoebe: Ohh, I lost my mom to suicide.

Rachel: Okay no way, you cannot use that to get the cute guy and the last blueberry muffin.

Phoebe: Did I use that already today? I'm sorry.

Rachel: Yes okay. (Checking the speed dial again.) Well now see this isn't telling us anything. (Reading the speed dial) Joe. Carlos. Peter. Ooh! Peter Luger! That's a steak house!

Phoebe: Okay, a meat eater. Fine, that's one for you.

Rachel: (looking at the speed dial) Oh, I win! He's got *Barney's* on his speed dial.

Phoebe: So you don't know that's *Barney's* the store! That can be y'know his friend's house, or a bar. Who has *Barney's* the store on their speed dial?

Rachel: (showing Phoebe her phone) His new girlfriend!

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica and Chandler are eating lunch, when they start to hear a horrible screeching noise. It sounds like someone is skinning a cat.]

Monica: What is that?

Chandler: I think it's the dying cat parade.

Monica: It sounds like it's coming from across the street.

Chandler: (turning around and looking) Oh my God!

Monica: What?

Chandler: Y'know that thing that Ross was gonna do at our wedding?! He was hanging out with me yesterday and he turned to me and said, "You're half Scottish right?"

Monica: Nooo!!

Chandler: Yes!!

[Cut to Ross's apartment, he his playing the Bagpipes, badly. He's worse than that whole keyboard thing a few years ago.]

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, scene continued from earlier. They both get up and move to the window.]

Monica: No, there is no way! It can **not** be Ross! (She looks through the window and sees Ross practicing and fumbling around with the pipes.) Unbelievable! **Why** is your family Scottish?!

Chandler: Why is your family **Ross**?!

Monica: He cannot play at our wedding! I mean everyone will leave! I mean come on, that is just noise! It's not even a song!

Chandler: If you listen very carefully, I think its *Celebration by Cool and the Gang*.

[Scene: Phoebe's apartment, Phoebe is putting out some Sunflower seeds as Rachel enters.]

Rachel: Hi Pheebs!

Phoebe: Hi!

Rachel: How are ya?

Phoebe: Good.

Rachel: Umm Pheebs, remember when we were in the coffee house we decided that I was going to keep the uh, the cute guy's cell phone?

Phoebe: Yeah.

Rachel: And remember how I said I was going to keep it in my purse so that if it rang I could just pick it up?

Phoebe: Yeah!

Rachel: And do you remember going into my purse and stealing the phone?!

Phoebe: Ooh, now you lost me.

Rachel: You stole the phone!

Phoebe: No I didn't!

Rachel: No? So you're saying that if I called it, it wouldn't ring?

Phoebe: No.

Rachel: Umm, okay. But while you dial, let me show you the features of my new ringing handbag. (Rachel dials her phone and Phoebe's bag starts to ring.) Oh, it does work! (Rachel grabs the phone and takes it out of Phoebe's handbag.)

Rachel: Phoebe!

Phoebe: That is a different phone.

Rachel: Oh is it?! (She answers the cute guy's phone.) Uhh, hello? (On her phone) Yes hi, is Rachel there? (On the other phone) Yes she is, just one moment please. (To Phoebe, holding out both phones.) It's for me!

Phoebe: That is damning evidence.

(The cute guy's phone rings.)

Rachel: Oh my God! I bet that's him. My digital fairy tale is about to begin. I wonder how I should be? Should I be uh (In a sexy voice) Hello? Or should I be (Happily) Hi! It's Rach... (Phoebe knocks the phone out of Rachel's hand, catches it, and answers it.) Would you stop doing that?!

Phoebe: (on phone) Hello? (Listens) Yes, I'm the one who found your phone.

Rachel: Phoebe! You can't do th...

Phoebe: (To Rachel) Shhh! I'm on a call! (On phone) Umm well yeah, you can pick it up tonight, say 8:30? At-at my apartment. It's umm, it's umm 5 Morton Street, Apartment 14, umm and then maybe y'know after

we can grab a bite to eat or whatever. (Listens) Okay, well okay I'll see you then. (Listens) Bye. (Hangs up.)

Rachel: You do know that I will be here when he comes over.

Phoebe: Oh? And how will you know what time to come over?

Rachel: You just said it!

Phoebe: Oh. Okay, well I—I was kinda hoping that I would just...be alone y'know to think about my mom and her suicide.

Rachel: Oh Phoebe!

Phoebe: What?! That's the first time today!

Rachel: Ohh! (Exits.)

[Scene: Silvercup Studios, Dina is at the craft services table getting some food as Joey walks up.]

Joey: So you like the nachos uh? Myself I'm partial to...

Dina: (interrupting) I'm 16.

Joey: See you in 2003. (She walks away.)

Cecilia: (walking up) You're absolutely right they are writing me out of the show. They don't know exactly when it's going to happen, but apparently going to be very soon and that's it.

Joey: I'm so sorry. Look, if it was up to me you would never leave the show.

Cecilia: Yeah, thanks.

Joey: No I mean it! I can't believe they would do this to you! And to your fans! I mean they are going to be devastated! Heart broken! They love you so much!

Cecilia: Oh you're right. Thank you! What's your name again?

Joey: Joey.

Cecilia: Joey, well thank you. That is so sweet. Oh, excuse me. (She throws her drink on a passing writer.)

The Writer: It wasn't my decision!

Cecilia: (to him) I'm having a conversation here! (To Joey) You were saying?

Joey: Uh yeah-ye-ye-ye-ye-ye—I-I-I-I-I-I-I-I-look the-the-the only reason that I, that I came up to you before was because well, I'm really nervous about—about being you. Y'know if you can help me capture the essence of the character. Y'know? Help me keep Jessica alive. Please?

Cecilia: All right Joey, I will help you. Not because I—I owe it to this **stupid show**, but because I owe it to Jessica.

Joey: Oh that's great! Oh thank you so much!

Cecilia: You're so welcome.

Joey: Hey! Now, I've been watching some tapes, how's this? (In a British accent.) "Jessica Lockhart will never step foot in this place again! Ever!!"

Cecilia: Is that supposed to be me?

Joey: Yeah.

Cecilia: Yeah but Jessica doesn't have an English accent.

Joey: (shocked) I can do an English accent?! That baby's going on my resume!

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica and Chandler are sitting on the couch. Ross is sitting on the armchair.]

Chandler: Well, I feel like a snack!

Monica: Do you want some shortbread? Eh that's Scottish like you are.

Chandler: Oh no thanks. I don't like **any** thing from my Scottish heritage.

Ross: What?!

Chandler: Well it's just my entire family was run out of Scotland by...Vikings. Anyway, lots of bad memories. (Makes a few unintelligible noises.)

Ross: Oh well, it sounds to me like your family is ready to uh, rediscover its Scottish roots.

Monica: No! No—no they're not. They're still very angry! But y'know Chandler is also half-Swedish. You know what the Swedish people are famous for? Sitting down and being quiet.

Ross: Well yeah—yeah the Scottish history is so much more...

Monica: (interrupting) You can not play bagpipes at the wedding!!

Ross: How did you know about that?!

Chandler: We heard you play all the way from your apartment!

Ross: Were you the ones called the cops?!

Chandler: That's not really important right now. What is important is: while we appreciate the gesture, we just don't feel bagpipes are appropriate for our wedding.

Ross: Why not?

Chandler: Because we hate them.

Ross: Come on that's not fair! I mean you haven't even heard me play!

Chandler: We **have** heard you play.

Ross: No, you've heard my practice. Okay? Just—just give me a chance to perform for you and then decide whatever you want. And I'm not going to tell you what song I'm gonna play either. But uh, let's just say when it's over I'll bet there will be a we bit o' celebration.

[Scene: Silvercup Studios, Joey is getting pointers on how to play Jessica Lockhart.]

Cecilia: So, the essence of the character is rooted in her confidence. So, when Jessica enters a room for instance, she owns everything and every person in that room. (Joey is nodding.) You try.

Joey: Okay! (He scurries out the set door and re-enters, extremely impressed) All right!

Cecilia: No, he already knows that he owns everything in the room! He's not finding it out for the first time! So, try it again.

Joey: Okay. Okay. (He goes out and comes back in, glaring at everything.)

Cecilia: Right. He's not angry at the room either. Try it again, he owns it! He owns the room. It is his. He owns, owns, owns, **owns** the room! He owns it!! (Joey gets a snooty look on his face.) All right, it's a little weird, but it's getting better. (Joey is pleased.) Oh well, I'm gonna miss this woman so much. I don't know what I'm going to do! I mean, it's been 20 years of my life.

Joey: Oh well—Hey—hey! Maybe, maybe uh, maybe this is a good thing. Y'know? It'll—it'll give you a chance to shake things up, play different characters. You're so talented.

Cecilia: I am. I am, but I don't know you know. An actor of a certain age is not that easy.

Joey: Hey that's not true! Look at uh, look at Angela Lansb—Angelina Jolie!

Cecilia: I probably should've just left years ago when the offers were pouring in, but y'know I just got so comfy here! And... Ohh, I turned down some amazing work!

Joey: Like—like what?

Cecilia: Well, let's just say if I left 15 years ago, the landscape of Mexican cinema would be very different today!

Joey: (impressed) Wow!

Cecilia: But... Well now, now's a different time for me. (Starts to cry.)

Joey: Oh hey come on, don't-don't-don't do this! Umm, look let-let me tell you something, okay? Now when I watch you do a scene, I'm thinking, "Boy, she-she is a great actress!" (She's not buying it.) Uh but-but, I am also thinking, "She is hot!"

Cecilia: (intrigued) You think I'm hot?

Joey: You own the room. (She smiles and stares longingly into his eyes.) We should probably get-get uh...

Cecilia: Oh yeah-yeah, we should get the... (Pause) So when Jessica kisses a man, she usually puts umm, both her hands on the man's face. (She does so.)

Joey: Yeah-yeah, I noticed that! Is that 'cause she's so passionate?

Cecilia: No! It's because that way the camera only sees her! (She takes her hands off his face.) Do you wanna try it?

Joey: Yeah! Okay. (He puts his hands on her face and they kiss.)

Cecilia: That was good, that was really good. But I-I think your hands maybe a little off, they should be maybe right like... (She grabs the back of his neck and kisses him passionately causing them to fall onto the couch.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Phoebe's apartment, Phoebe and Rachel are waiting for the cute guy to show up for his cell phone. Rachel is putting on perfume by spraying it ahead of her face, and moving into it. Phoebe tries to steal some.]

Rachel: Hey! Hey!

(There is a knock on the door.)

Phoebe and Rachel: (simultaneously) Who is it?

Guy: Hi! It's Tom, I'm here to pick up the phone.

(Rachel excitedly jumps up and heads for the door.)

Phoebe: Whoa! Why do you get to answer the door?

Rachel: Well why shouldn't I?!

Phoebe: Because it's my apartment!

Rachel: Well, then I get to give him the cell phone.

Phoebe: Okay. All right. (Hands her the phone.) Good luck explaining all the calls to China.

(Phoebe opens the door and Tom, an older gentleman with white hair, enters.)

Tom: Hi!

Phoebe: (To Rachel) Wow! How long were we arguing for?

Rachel: (laughs) You're not the man who left the cell phone.

Tom: No that's my assistant.

Rachel: Is-is he coming? (Looks hopefully out the door.)

Tom: Umm, no.

Phoebe: Could you-could you umm, give us one second?

Tom: Sure!

Rachel: We'll be right back sir.

Tom: Sure.

(They walk into the living room.)

Phoebe: Wh—what do we do?

Rachel: I don't know!

Phoebe: Can you believe this? (Rachel exhales in amazement.) We were waiting for a hot guy and then an even hotter one shows up!

Rachel: I know! (Realizes what Phoebe said.) What?!

Phoebe: Hmm, they just don't **make** 'em like that anymore!

Rachel: (turning and looking at Tom again) No—no they do but, you just have to wait.

Phoebe: Rachel, listen—I mean, if you let me have him then I will **really** owe you one.

Rachel: (fake disappointment) All right. All right Phoebe I will let you have him, but you owe me; you owe me big!

Phoebe: Yeah! You're such a great friend!

Rachel: Ohh...

Tom: So, which one of you lovely ladies am I going to take to dinner huh?

Phoebe: Oh that'd be me. Sir. (Hands him the cell phone.) After you.

Tom: Okay. Okay. (Exits and Phoebe checks him out.)

Phoebe: (whispering) Nice!

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Cecilia is entering the living room from Joey's room followed by Joey.]

Cecilia: Well, you certainly own that room.

Joey: Actually I rent the whole place and, I just got what you meant. Thank you.

(She laughs as Rachel enters.)

Rachel: Hi.

Joey: Hey!

(Rachel stops dead in her tracks when she sees whom Joey is with.)

Rachel: Oh my God! Oh my God!! Ohh, Jessica Lockhart!! In my apartment!! I am such a huge fan! I am such a huge fan!

Cecilia: Well, it's nice to know that you...

Rachel: (screaming) **MONICA!!!! MONICA!!!!** (Runs to Monica's.)

Joey: That uh, that is my roommate Rachel.

Cecilia: Oh that explains all the women's underwear.

Joey: (shrugs) Sure. Yep.

Monica: (entering with Rachel) Oh my God! It's true!! Oh my God you are so amazing! Oh my God, can I just ask you to do me oh, just one favor?

Cecilia: Certainly.

Monica: Would you slap me? Would you slap me right here in the face?! (Points to her cheek.)

Cecilia: I'd love to, but my lawyer said I can't do that anymore.

Rachel: God. You seem really, really nice.

Joey: Okay, bye-bye.

Rachel: I mean n-not-not fake at all like most famous people.

Joey: All right, here we go. (He grabs them and starts to pull them out of the apartment.)

Rachel: Okay.

Monica: (breaks away) Oh wait, just one more thing! One more minute! (To Cecilia) Umm, you're a stupid bitch.

Cecilia: I really can't slap you. (Monica walks away angrily)

Rachel: You are so beautiful.

Monica: Nice to meet you! My **God** you're great!

Joey: Thanks for stopping by. See ya! (Throws them out and closes the door.) (To Cecilia) I-I am so sorry. I...

Cecilia: Oh no-no-no-no, being adored. I'm used to it, don't worry about it.

Joey: (notices something in the mail that Rachel brought in) Oh my God!

Cecilia: What?

Joey: They sent me today's script! They never send the script!

Cecilia: They don't?

Joey: Well no, I'm just in a coma. This must mean I have lines! (Realizes what that means.) Oh...

Cecilia: How does it happen?

Joey: (flipping to the last page) Ew, you get thrown from a horse into an electric fence.

Cecilia: Ah what?! Jessica hates horses!

Joey: Yeah well, I'm guessing after this she's not going to be crazy about electricity either.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Rachel, Phoebe, Chandler, and Monica have gathered to hear Ross perform his interpretation of *Celebration by Cool and the Gang* on the bag pipe.]

Ross: ...now remember you have to imagine me in a kilt.

Rachel: (giggles) (To Ross) I can imagine you in a short plaid skirt and knee socks.

Ross: (To Rachel) Do you wanna start telling secrets?

Rachel: No!

Ross: (stands up) Now umm, remember I'm still learning.

(As he prepares to start, he makes several horrible noises that scares Rachel into retreat.)

Ross: One, two, three, four!

(He starts. And well, *Celebration* was never meant to be played on the bagpipe, so even the best bag pipe players in the world would have trouble with that particular song. So of course, for a beginner like Ross, it sounds absolutely dreadful. The assembled audience minus Phoebe, are horrified. Phoebe, immune to bad music, seems to enjoy it.)

Ross: You know the song! Sing along!

(Ross resumes playing, this time accompanied by Phoebe screeching out E's in tune with Ross. While Phoebe is singing along, Rachel is having a very difficult time keeping a straight face. Thankfully, Ross gives up after a little while.)

Ross: So?

Monica and Chandler: No!

(Ross throws the bagpipes down in disgust.)

[Scene: Silvercup Studios, a scene is being shot where Dina and Fredrick are celebrating Jessica's horrible accident by drinking champagne.]

Dina: Loosening the saddle on mother's horse was brilliant Fredrick. And the electric fence, inspired.

Fredrick: Thank you sweetheart. (They clink glasses.)

Dina: I can't believe she's really gone. Look around you, all of this is ours. (They move into kiss but they're stopped by Joey entering with a huge bandage wrapped around his head.)

Joey: (as Jessica) I don't think so.

Dina: Who are you?!

Jessica Lockhart: What's the matter Dina? Don't you recognize your own (Does a hair flip) mother?!

The Director: Cut! That was great everybody! Thank you!

Cecilia: (running out to Joey) That was so wonderful! (Hugs him) Ohh, I think that you're a better Jessica than I ever was!

Joey: Oh noo...

Cecilia: Well of course not, but you were very good.

Joey: Thanks!

Cecilia: And guess what? Good news! I got another job!

Joey: Great! Hey! All right! Well—well what is it?!

Cecilia: A film in Guadalajara!

Joey: The airport?

Cecilia: No that's La Guardia. (Joey nods in recognition.) This is Mexico.

Joey: Ohh. Wow! Well how—how, how will you be gone?

Cecilia: Eight months.

Joey: That's a really long time.

Cecilia: Yeah, but you can come and visit me. I bet that you could uh, own a few places down there.

Joey: Well I tell ya, I should probably buy a place in the city first. (Realizes.) And I just got what you meant again—That is—I tell ya, that is a tricky one!

Cecilia: That is a tricky one. Well, Joey I really wanna thank you. You've, well you made a very difficult time for me a little less painful.

Joey: Good luck.

Cecilia: You too.

(They kiss and both put their hands on the other's face like Jessica would do.)

Ending Credits

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Rachel, Phoebe, Chandler, and Monica have gathered to hear Ross perform his interpretation of *Celebration by Cool and the Gang* on the bag pipe. Yes, I typed that earlier. We're seeing this again, only this time Ross as already started playing.]

Ross: You know the song! Sing along!

Phoebe: Eeee!!! Eee!! Eee!!

Season 7

(Monica (Courtney Cox) and Chandler (Matthew Perry) are laughing. That then causes Lisa and Jennifer come out of character and start laughing hysterically. And **that** finally causes David Schwimmer to come out of character and start laughing as well. Matthew decides to sing along now as well.)

Matthew Perry: Eee!! (This causes more laughter.)

Lisa Kudrow: Do it again!

(Matthew mimics the sound again.)

End

(Why was this the trailer? Well, that's because it was an introduction into the special out takes episode that immediately followed the show. The entire out takes episode, [Friends: The Stuff You've Never Seen](#) can be read by following this link.)

Friends: The Stuff You've Never Seen

Hosted by: Conan O'Brien

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

This is a special out takes episode. The cast and Conan are sitting around the set of Central Perk, talking about the stuff we've never seen.

Transcriber's Note: This is stuff we never saw from all of the seasons, so for all of the scene settings I will be using the current arrangements. Even though some of the out takes take place when Chandler was living with Joey and Rachel was living with Monica, when Joey and Chandler were living in Monica and Rachel's, and the current arrangements.

[Scene: Central Perk, the cast of Friends along with Conan O'Brien are sitting and talking.]

Conan: It's a tradition here on *Friends* after every taping for me to hang out with you guys, (They all laugh) talk down the episode umm... The point of this whole thing is what people see in America is: they see *Friends*, they love the show, it looks like a smooth running machine, but behind the scenes there's deceit, mistrust, and hate. And I thought, I thought we'd actually take a look at uh, y'know some of these moments where you guys are—there are mistakes. You make mistakes.

Jennifer: Once and a while.

Lisa: From time to time.

Conan: For example, I don't have to memorize lines. You guys actually have to remember what to say and you probably forget from time to time. Yes?

Matthew: Our energy just comes way up when there's an audience here and when that happens, something happens between your brain and your mouth sometimes and it just doesn't, it just doesn't work.

[Cut to Central Perk, Ross, Phoebe, Monica, and Chandler are there. I think it's The One With The Joke.]

Ross: Uh, oh-oh, umm no you didn't. I did.

Chandler: Oh uh-uh, no-no-no-no-uh-uh. (He starts laughing, causing everyone else to laugh.)

[Cut to Joey and Rachel's, Phoebe is talking. It looks like when Rachel and Monica lived in this apartment.]

Phoebe: So, we realize that—Oh no... (She resets herself) I'm telling it! I'm telling it... (She loses it.)

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, Joey is talking to Monica and Chandler.]

Joey: Ha-ha. Look—Come on, I don't know what to do...or say. (He laughs.)

[Reset]

Joey: Ha-ha, very funny. I don't know what to do! Y'know? Holy crud!

[Reset]

Joey: Ha-ha-ha, very funny. Look, I don't know what to do! (Long pause, as everyone cracks up.)

Courtney: It is one of those days!

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, Phoebe is speaking Italian to Joey's grandmother. I'm spelling phonetically.]

Phoebe: 'Xcusa seniora, voulez-bere quakay—[Beep]—uck it!

Matt: Wow Pheeb, you—you speak gutter?

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Conan: You still get nervous everybody just before a show?

Matthew: Absolutely.

Lisa: Everybody.

Courtney: It's amazing like all week long we've—we've been saying the same lines and then the audience is here and we will mess up, and if you mess up once, then you'll get nervous because you'll—you know you'll probably mess up again.

[Cut to Central Perk, first season Monica is talking.]

The Director: Action!

Monica: (holding her hand in front of her face) When you were little you slept through—through the Grand Canyon.

The Director: Watch again that hand.

Courtney: This'll be five/ten takes.

The Director: Okay.

Courtney: Okay. You know it's gonna happen.

The Director: Once again, and action!

Monica: (the hand's still there) When—when you were little you slept through the Grand Canyon. (She actually itches her nose this time.)

Courtney: Oh! Okay! I'm gonna try it without the coffee cup 'cause I think it's the left hand that's messing me up.

[Reset]

Monica: When you were little you slept through the Grand—(Pointing again)—Oh ffffff...

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, Monica and Phoebe are talking.]

Monica: Sorry, let's go back! 'Cause you've got more to say.

Lisa: Do I? Absolutely. Absolutely. Yeah, that's your fault. I...say.

(They both laugh.)

Lisa: I love you.

Courtney: I love you! (They hug.)

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Conan: But there must be, there must—are a lot of moments over the years where you're just trying to do your job, something goes wrong.

[Cut to Joey and Rachel's, Joey is giving Chandler the bracelet from season 2.]

Joey: Hey and, this is a little extra something for y'know, always being there for me.

(Suddenly there's a noise off stage and the camera on Joey swings around.)

Matthew: Hey Joey! The camera hit our wall!

Matt: What?!

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, Chandler and Joey are living here and Ross is writing on the *Magna-Doodle* when Rachel opens the door causing the door knob to hit his hand.]

David: Ahh! Sh—(Beep)—it that hurt!

Jennifer: Are you okay?

[Reset]

[When he hears Jennifer try to open the door he jumps back, and Jennifer is unable to open the door this time.]

[Cut the hallway, Rachel is exited from Monica's when the door closes on her skirt.]

Chandler: Hey Rach! (She breaks up and goes back into Monica's.)

[Cut to Joey and Rachel's, with the giant entertainment center Joey is exiting from his room.]

Joey: Oh yeah? Then how come I keep—(He notices that the marker board they use has been left on the entertainment center and holds up his discovery.)

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, first season, Monica is making a giant sub-sandwich and is talking to Rachel. I think it's The One With Fake Monica.]

Monica: It was so wild! We told 'em we were the Gunderson's in 16...

(Jennifer starts laughing.)

Courtney: (laughing) I spit on her!

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Jennifer: (to Lisa) *Operation*. You had a fun one.

Lisa: Oh yeah!

Jennifer: With *Operation*.

Conan: It was a little game. Yeah, with an electric buzzer.

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, The One With George Stephanopoulos, Phoebe is showing Monica and Rachel that she brought *Operation* to their slumber party.]

Phoebe: Oh-ooh, and I brought *Operation*, but umm I lost the umm... (It starts buzzing) It's making a noise.

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Lisa: But le Blanc really doesn't mess up much.

Conan: You don't verbally mess up, but sometimes physically? You mess up.

Matt: I have had some clumsy moments I guess you can call 'em.

[Cut to Central Perk, to the theme from *The Dick Van Dyke* show Joey runs into Central Perk carrying a stack of *Soap Opera Digests* and falls on the step. He does bounce right back up making it all that much funnier.]

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Lisa: He fell down once! And we re-did it and we went back. And he—(laughs)—he was afraid he was gonna fall down...

Conan: You could actually see him trying not to fall down.

[Cut to Central Perk, same as before Joey is entering.]

Joey: Pheeb! (He looks down as he goes down the step to make sure he didn't fall again.) Check it out! (He starts laughing when he realized what he did.)

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Courtney: This particular time when he continued to fall or y'know, try not to fall, I was in the room with Matthew and Matthew was like, "Should I do it?"

[Reset from before, Matt doesn't fall or look down.]

Joey: Pheebs! Check it out! Check it out! Check it out! Check it out! (Hands her one.)

Phoebe: Ooh, *Soap Opera Digest!*

(As she's saying that Joey is to pull out a chair and sit down, only Matthew comes running in from off camera and dives for the same chair.)

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Conan: Matthew, you have a reputation with the rest of the cast that sometimes you like to, you like to fool around a bit. I mean like if something's naturally going wrong you like to get in there and juice it a little bit. True or false?

Matthew: I don't necessarily like to juice things...

Courtney: He said true or false!

[Cut to Monica's restaurant kitchen, it's the episode where Joey is working as a waiter at Monica's restaurant. Joey is patting her breast from when she set it on fire.]

Joey: Oh! Ooh-ooh!

Monica: What are you doing?!

Joey: You're still a tiny bit on fire there.

Monica: Oh geez! Okay! Thanks!

(Matthew runs in and starts patting the other breast, then walks away. Matt slowly stops patting her breast.)

[Cut to that same kitchen, only this is The One With The Proposal, Richard is telling Monica something.]

Richard: It was great seeing you the other night.

Monica: Well, it was good to see you too. Did you come down here to tell me that?

Richard: Noo! I came down here to tell you something else. I came here to tell you I still love you.

(Suddenly the door flies open and in walks Chandler!!)

Chandler: What the fu—(beep)—ck are you doing?!

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Conan: Now you guys work with animals a lot. You had to work early on with a monkey...

Jennifer: That damn monkey.

Conan: That damn monkey.

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, The One Where The Monkey Gets Away, Rachel is watching a soap opera with Marcel.]

Rachel: Okay. Okay, see now the one with the feather boa? That's Dr. Francis. She used to be a man. Oh look! There—(Marcel (Katie) jumps away)—Okay. (And runs behind her on the back of the couch for a little while.)

Jennifer: Katie. Geez! See Katie, come here—Katie! (Katie spills some popcorn.) Katie, come here Katie.

(She obeys and sits where she's supposed to.) Very good.

[Reset, they're about to start the scene when Katie suddenly jumps up startling Jennifer.]

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Jennifer: Lisa's laugh though...There's—It's so infectious. It's one of those things...just forget about it. Once it starts, it's all gone.

[Cut to Joey and Rachel's, it's actually Joey and Rachel's. Phoebe is trying to convince Rachel to switch with her and live with Monica as Joey looks on.]

Rachel: No y'know, I don't want to switch! Come on! I can throw wet paper towels here!

Phoebe: Well at Monica's you can eat—(Suddenly cracks up.)

Lisa: Okay, shh yeah. 'Cause it's not silly.

The Director: Here we go.

Jennifer: Okay.

The Director: And...action!

Rachel: No—no Ph—Ph—Ph—Ph... (She starts laughing.)

[Reset]

Jennifer: (to Lisa) Ready?

Lisa: Yeah.

(They all start laughing.)

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Conan: And then it just builds on itself and there's no doing the scene after. I mean you probably wait and really get it together and do it.

David: For me, I have a hard time with le Blanc in particular. When—when—I mean when...

Conan: (to Matt) You bastard.

Matt: Yeah, what did I do?

David: ...I keep a straight face he—he delivers like this look, a reaction to you, or a certain take, I—I mean I find it **so** funny.

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, Ross is eating breakfast with Joey and Monica. Joey is walking towards Ross.]

Joey: Mornin'

Ross: Mornin'

(Joey hugs Ross's neck and has a look of complete contentment on his face which, after a short while, causes David and Matt to start laughing.)

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, Monica is throwing a party. Joey is talking to Ross about the bad audition he just had while pouring booze onto a snow cone.]

Joey: I mean what kind of an actor, what kind of an actor can't even say, "Hmm, noodle soup?"

(David smiles.)

Matt: That's a good one? (They both laugh.)

David: Now, we should go back and take the other line.

Matt: Okay, I'll just put a little more booze on there. (Pours some more on.)

Ross: I think, subconsciously...

Joey: (cracking up) Nope, you lost me.

[Reset, Joey is about to pour more booze on.]

David: No! Come on!

[Cut to Joey and Rachel's, Joey and Ross are giving Phoebe and Rachel the bride's maid test.]

Joey: Okay, the next situation is for Rachel. The wedding is about to start you walk into the back room and you find Monica taking a nap with Ross. (Ross lies on the floor.) I'll be Monica. Go! (He jumps down and cuddles up with Ross.)

Ross: (jumping up) No! No! No!
(David and Matt just lose it then.)

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Conan: We'll be right back with more *Friends*, less me.

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, Courtney and Matthew are getting ready to do a scene where Monica's sick.]

Courtney: I'm doing my brother.

Matthew: That's...gross.

Commercial Break

[Conan and the cast in Central Perk.]

Conan: You uh, you've worked with—They always say a performer should never work with pets or children.

Jennifer: Aww, the kids.

[Cut to Carol and Susan's apartment, from next week's episode Rachel is talking to Ben.]

The Director: Action.

Rachel: Okay. Now—What is my first line?

Ben: (prompting her) What did we agree?

Jennifer: Okay...

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

David: The good thing about the young kids though, they're completely unpredictable. Which is a lot of fun as an actor to respond with. But there was one story...

Jennifer: Oh little Ben.

David: Where the story was that I was anticipating that I would be around to hear my son's first words spoken. But the scene was about that he wasn't supposed to be able to speak and, uh for some reason when we started doing the show...

[Cut to Central Perk, Ross is taking Ben to visit Rachel who's working there.]

Ross: Hi! We're visiting!

Rachel: Yay!

Ross: It's Ben and his Da-Da. Da-Da? Can you say Da-Da? Y'know, you might as well say it because I told your...

Ben: Da...Da.

[Reset]

Ross: Can you say Da-Da? See, I'm gonna tell your mommies you said it anyway, so you might as well try...

Ben: Da...Da.

Ross: Huh?

Ben: Da...Da.

David: Yeah, he's saying Da-Da.

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Matt: And then sometimes during the show y'know but you're like, the scene's going one way but you're just tempted to say something another time. Like, do you remember that one where Monica's baking cookies in our old apartment?

Jennifer: She's trying to intrigue us to hang out with her.

Matt: Yeah, she's trying to waft the smell across the hall to get us to come hang out in her new place, and we're sitting there eating pizza and I think it was you (Points to Lisa) that said...

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, the scene described above.]

Phoebe: What do I smell?

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Matt: I think I was supposed to say, "I don't know," and go over and open the door. And I went...

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, same scene.]

Phoebe: What do I smell?

Joey: (Pause) Sorry. (Raises his hand in shame.)

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Matt: (everyone laughs) And then it was like four takes later before we could get through it with a straight face.

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, same scene.]

Phoebe: What do I smell?

(Pause.)

David: Le Blanc.

[Reset]

Phoebe: What do I smell?

Joey: I don't know, but it smells good. (He gets up and heads for the door only to stop short and start laughing.)

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Conan: But audiences—You have a live studio audience and they must love that. They must love it when they see you guys playing.

[Cut to Joey and Rachel's, Ross is living with Chandler and Joey. Joey and Ross have built a fort out of boxes, Chandler enters and they stand up slowly.]

Chandler: What are you guys doing?

(Ross and Joey both reach down and pull up their pants.)

Ross: Nothing.

Joey: Nothin'.

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Conan: So that you will intentionally do something that—they'll—they'll intentionally screw it up?

Courtney: Yeah!

David: Yeah!

[Cut to Monica and Ross leaving Joey and Chandler's hotel room in London. As they exit Joey and Chandler enter from the bathroom with both of their pants down around their ankles.]

Matt: (noticing the laughter) Why? What's the matter?

(They both bounce back into the bathroom.)

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Conan: (to Courtney) You—you've worn a fat suit on the show. And, a lot of people love you in the fat suit. Do you like wearing the fat suit? Is it fun?

[Cut to Central Perk, Fat Monica and Rachel are on the couch.]

Courtney: I'm melting!

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Courtney: They made me dance, in the fat suit.

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, Courtney is dancing in the fat suit and after shaking her groove thing sits down in exhaustion.]

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Conan: I—I heard some of you guys talking about this earlier, but sometimes there's just a word that someone has to say that you'll get hung up on. And it'll just—the way you say the word is funny to everybody else.

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, is the one where Rachel screwed up the desert and Ross and Joey are trying to enjoy it.]

Ross: That tastes like feet!

(David puts his napkin up to his mouth and starts laughing at his own line. Matt notices him after a while and starts laughing as well.)

Matt: It tastes like (mimicking him in a high-pitched voice) feet!

David: Okay, we're good.

The Director: Action!

Ross: That tastes like feet!

(Matt starts laughing.)

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Matt: Sometimes the dialogue itself is just so funny and you'll—we'll be rehearsing during the week and you just—whatever—whatever the joke is; it's so funny we can't get through it in rehearsal and just...

Jennifer: You just know.

Matt: You—you mentally make a flag on it and you say, "Okay show night, I'm just—I'll never be able to get through this."

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, Sick Monica is trying to entice Chandler to have sex with her.]

Monica: Are you saying that you don't want to get with this?

Chandler: You see, I don't say—(Starts laughing.)

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, it's the one with the fake chocolate. Monica has baked some cookies and Phoebe is trying them.]

Phoebe: (spitting the cookie out onto a napkin) Oh, sweet Je—(Beep)—sus! Oh! Monica, these are the (laughing) cookies they serve in hell!

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, the gang is watching Joey's debut on *Days*.]

Chandler: (noticing the woman on the screen) Whoa! She's purty!

Joey: Oh yeah, and she's really nice too! She taught me about y'know, how to work with the cameras and smell-the-fart acting.

Monica: Joey?

Rachel: I'm sorry...

Ross: Excuse me, what?

(Matt turns back and looks at them, but instead of his next line he starts laughing.)

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Conan: When you have to do physical business for a scene, I mean there must be: there must be a lot of funny moments when you have to physically do a task as part of a scene.

David: Yeah, Rachel, Chandler, and Ross had to try to get a couch up a stair—a very narrow New York stairwell and that was probably—I—I think it was the hardest I've—I've laughed in my life period.

[Cut to the scene described above.]

Ross: Pivot! (They pivot) Pivot! (They pivot) Okay, pivot! Piv—at! (He starts laughing.)

[Reset]

Ross: Pivot! Piv—at! Piv—at!!

Chandler: Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!!

(David is laughing.)

David: Pivat!! (In a high pitched voice) Pivat!!!

Commercial Break

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Conan: You've done over 150 episodes, but your favorite moments that 80 years from now you'll be thinking about?

Matthew: It is when we're able to crack each other up.

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, Chandler is cleaning the apartment for Monica and is frustrated with things not lining up.]

Chandler: Monica's gotta have the phone in the right place and—(Frantic babbling.)

Ross: (To Chandler) All right! All right! All right! (To Joey) We **are** fixing it.

(Matt starts laughing.)

David: He's gone. He's...

(Matt mimics Chandler.)

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

David: We enjoy watching each other. And I settle for watching each other's performance, and we like each other.

[Cut to Ross's second wedding reception, Joey has just told him the band is ready with Rachel looking on.]

Ross: Oh the band's ready! And well—I—I—we gotta do what the band says, right? I don't care about the stinkin' band!!

(Jennifer starts laughing.)

[Cut back to the cast and Conan.]

Conan: Okay *Friends* gang, thanks for doing it.

David: Well thank you so much.

Jennifer: Thank you Conan!

Matthew: Well thank for coming here, it's good to see you.

[Cut to Central Perk, Phoebe at the mike.]

Phoebe: Thank you my babies. (Waves good-bye.)

Ending Credits

[Cut to Monica's work kitchen, she's on fire again and Joey is putting her out.]

Monica: Oh what are doing?!

Joey: You're still a tiny bit on fire there!

Monica: I think you got it!

Courtney: I'm sorry, I messed up.

Matt: I'll do it again and again if you want.

[Cut to Monica and Chandler's, the bad desert Ross is quickly eating the mound on his plate.]

Ross: No-no! I'll-I'll... (He takes too much and some falls out of his mouth, which starts him laughing.)

David: That is too much!

(Matt grabs his plate and takes some of what's on Ross's plate.)

[We close with a bunch of scenes where they screw up and make weird noises. It finishes with.]

Matthew: Let me start that again.

End

716. The One With The Truth About London

Teleplay by: Zachary Rosenblatt

Story by: Brian Buckner & Sebastian Jones

Directed by: David Schwimmer

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is filing her nails as Ross and Ben enter.]

Ross: Hi.

Rachel: Hi! Hi Ben!

Ben: Hi.

Ross: Hi, we have a little bathroom emergency.

Rachel: Oh, yeah go ahead.

(Ben starts to go, but Ross stops him.)

Ross: Uh, before we do uh, are any of Joey's special romance magazines in there?

Rachel: No. No.

Ross: (to Ben) Okay! All clear!

Ben: (running to the bathroom) Thanks Phoebe!

Rachel: Ben, its Rachel! (He closes the door.) But whatever.

Ross: (to Ben) Everything okay in there?

Ben: Don't talk to me now!

Rachel: Awww, just like his daddy.

Ross: Hey listen can you do me a big favor? The dean's office just called and said there was an urgent meeting. Can you watch Ben for like an hour?

Rachel: What—what about Monica?

Ross: Oh, she isn't home.

Rachel: (nervous) So it would just be, me alone?

Ross: Well, Ben would be there.

Rachel: Huh umm...

Ross: What's the matter?

Rachel: Well that—y'know it's just uh, I've never done that before. Me and him alone.

Ross: Rach, he's not an ex-con.

Rachel: Okay. Okay. Okay. Uh, what do I, what do I do with him?

Ross: I don't know! Just—just talk to him—entertain him and keep him alive.

Rachel: Okay.

Ross: Okay. (Ben enters) Ben? Come here. All right, I'm gonna leave you here with Aunt Rachel for about an hour. Okay? Are you gonna be okay?

Rachel: Yeah I think so.

Ross: (To Rachel) I wasn't talking to you.

Ben: I'll be okay.

Ross: Okay, I'll see you soon buddy. (He hugs and kisses him.) Be back in an hour.

Ben: Bye dad.

Rachel: Bye. (Ross exits.) Ahhh... (Silence) So this is fun, huh?

Ben: Not really.

Rachel: Okay. Uh, want something—want something to drink?

Ben: Okay.

Rachel: Uh great! How do you feel about *Diet Coke*?

Ben: I'm not allowed to have soda.

Rachel: Okay. Well that's pretty much all that we have—Oh! Oh! Have you ever had a virgin margarita?
(Holds up a bottle of margarita mix.)

Ben: What's a virgin?

Rachel: Water it is.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica and Chandler are talking. Joey and Phoebe are getting coffee.]

Monica: What about the second minister we meet with? I kinda liked him.

Chandler: You mean the spitter?

Monica: Come on! It wasn't that bad!

Chandler: Easy for you to say; you'll be wearing a veil.

Monica: All right, what about the third guy?

Chandler: You mean the guy who kept staring at your chest?

Monica: Can you blame him?

Chandler: Sorry, I just don't like the idea of when I say, "I do," he's thinking, "Yeah, I'd do her too!"

Monica: Well then we still have a problem.

Chandler: Yeah!

Phoebe: (returning with Joey) With what?

Monica: Well, we're trying to find someone to perform our wedding and they're all either boring or annoying or y'know, can't stop staring at the ladies. (Points to her chest.)

(Joey nods his approval.)

Phoebe: Oo! You should have one of us do it!

Monica: Phoebe, we're getting **married**, married; not sixth grade married.

Phoebe: No! No! It's—it's uh a real thing! Anyone can get ordained on the Internet and perform like weddings and stuff!

Monica: Are you serious?

Phoebe: Yes! A friend of mine did it and it's totally legal!

Joey: I call it!!

Phoebe: What?! No! It was my idea!

Chandler: Guys thank you very much but neither of you is marrying us.

Joey: Does calling it not mean anything anymore?!

Chandler: We are going to have a legitimate member of the clergy! And when I say legitimate I mean, gay and in control of his saliva!

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel and Ben are sitting on the couch bored out of their minds.]

Rachel: Ben y'know when uh, when you were a baby, you and I used to hang out all the time. 'Cause I was, I was your daddy's girlfriend.

Ben: But you're not anymore!

Rachel: No, I'm not.

Ben: 'Cause you guys were on a break.

Rachel: Hey! We were **not** on a—Okay. That's fine! Fine. Y'know what Ben? One day when you are a lot older I am going to tell you that entire story over a pitcher of real margaritas, okay?

Ben: When's my daddy coming back?

Rachel: (checks her watch) Fifty-two minutes. (Pause) So no-no brothers and sisters, huh? That must be nice. You don't have to share stuff.

Ben: Sharing is good.

Rachel: Oh, you're one of **those**. But y'know what? I have two sisters of my own and we just-just tortured each other.

Ben: Really? Like how?

Rachel: Well y'know, we would umm, repeat everything the other said, or uh, we'd jump out of closets to scare each other, or switch the sugar for the salt so they'd put salt on their cereal.

Ben: (laughs) That's a good one.

Rachel: Yeah? You like that one?

Ben: Yeah, you're funny.

Rachel: I'm funny? Oh thank God! Well hey, I've got a ton of these! Umm, oh hear—Do you want a good one? Here's a good one. Umm, you uh, you take a quarter, take a quarter and, and you blacken the edge. Right? (Does so.) And then you say to person, I bet you can't roll this quarter from your forehead to your chin without it leaving your face. And then when they do it, they're left with a big black pencil line right down the center of their face.

Ben: Can I do it to you?

Rachel: Yeah, I-I-I-I'm funny Ben, but I'm not stupid. Okay?

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica and Chandler are eating lunch as Joey enters.]

Joey: So, did you uh, find anyone to marry you guys yet?

Chandler: No, but Horny for Monica Minister called, wanting to know if we were still together.

Monica: We're never gonna find anybody.

Joey: Well then let me do it!

Chandler: Joe...

Joey: No-no-no! Look, I've been thinking about it. I'm an actor right? So I won't get nervous talking in front of people.

Monica: Joey look it's really sweet...

Joey: No-no-no-no look no! I won't spit, and I won't stare at Monica's breasts! Y'know? Everyone knows I'm an ass man!

Monica: That is true.

Joey: Yeah and the most important thing is that it won't be some like, stranger up there who barely knows you. It'll be me! And I swear I'll do a really good job. Plus, y'know I love you guys and—and it would really mean a lot to me.

Chandler: (To Monica) Y'know, we haven't found anybody else.

Monica: It might be kinda cool.

Joey: So I can do it?

Chandler: Yeah you can do it.

Joey: All right!!! Okay!! All right! Okay—okay, I gotta get started on my speech! Oh, wait a minute, Internet ministers can still have sex right?

Chandler: Yeah.

Joey: Okay.

(Phoebe enters slowly.)

Monica: Hey Pheebs, how's it going?

Phoebe: Oh, I have a headache. A horrible headache!

Monica: Oh, I'm sorry. Can I get you something?

Phoebe: Oh my God, you've **got** to stop chattering!

Monica: Here, take a couple of these. (She gets up to grab a couple of pills.)

Phoebe: What is it?

Monica: It's Hexadrin.

Phoebe: Oh no, I don't believe in Western medicine. No, if you just apply pressure to these points right here. (She's pinching the bit of skin between her right thumb and forefinger with her left hand.) Then your hand starts to hurt and you still have a headache, so thanks. (Takes the pills.)

Monica: Okay, while we're waiting for these pills to kick in, I'm gonna sit you down on the couch. Come on. (Phoebe gets up and goes with her.) Get some nice soft pillows under your head, I'm gonna turn the TV on and you can watch whatever you want. And I'm—Sit down—(She sits down on the couch)—gonna make you some tea. And then, I'm gonna rub your feet.

Phoebe: Oh.

Joey: Oh! My head! Oh! (He's sitting on the chair, lies back, and puts his feet up for Monica to rub.) Oh!

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is reading and there is knock on the door which she answers.]

Rachel: Coming.

(She opens the door to reveal Ross with a pencil mark from his forehead to his chin.)

Ross: I have a bone to pick with you.

Rachel: Uh—oh.

Ross: Yes! Ben learned a little trick.

Rachel: Oh yeah? Did he pull the old... (She is waving her hand up and down her face. She's thinking about the pencil mark.)

Ross: That's right! That's right! *Saran Wrap* on the toilet seat so the pee goes everywhere!

Rachel: Oh that.

Ross: Yeah that! You know I hate practical jokes! They're mean and they're stupid and—and I don't want my son learning them!

Rachel: Oh, come on! *Saran Wrap* on the toilet seat, you don't think that's just a little funny?!

Ross: I was barefoot. Now tell me, the toilet thing is the only thing you taught him right?

Rachel: (looking at his mark) Yes.

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

Phoebe: It's amazing! My headache is completely gone! What are those pills called?

Monica: Hexadrin. (She gets the box out of her purse.)

Phoebe: Oh, I love you Hexadrin! (She kisses the box.) Oh look! It comes with a story! (She pulls out the instructions and side affects paper.)

Monica: No Phoebe, those are like the side affects and stuff.

Phoebe: Say what?

Monica: Y'know, the possible side affects.

Phoebe: Oh my God! (Starts reading them.) Dizziness, nervousness, drowsiness, facial swelling, nausea, headache—Headache. Vomiting, stomach bleeding, liver damage! Now okay, I don't recall any of this coming up when you gave me these little death capsules! Oh I'm sorry, extra strength death capsules!

Monica: Phoebe, relax none of that stuff ever happens! They just put it on there for legal reasons!

Phoebe: Why?

Monica: In case it happens.

Joey: (entering) Hey!

Chandler: Hey!

Joey: Say hello to Reverend Joey Tribbiani! (Holds up the piece of paper bearing the proof of his ordination.)

Chandler: Hey!

Monica: You did it! You got ordained?!

Joey: Yeah, I just got off the Internet! Man, there is a lot of porn out there!

Chandler: Our minister...

Phoebe: I have liver damage. Ow! Oh! (She grabs the left side of her torso.)

Monica: Phoebe, your liver is right here. (She points to the right side of her torso.)

Phoebe: Okay, then I must be disoriented.

Joey: Anyway, I started working on what I'm going to say for the ceremony, do you wanna hear it?

Chandler: Okay.

Monica: Yeah!

Joey: Now—now, listen this is just a first draft so... (Starts to read the piece of paper he brought.) "We are gathered here today on this joyous occasion to celebrate the special love that Monica and Chandler share." (Monica and Chandler like it so far.) Eh? (He continues reading.) "It is a love based on giving and receiving. As well as having and sharing. And the love that they give and have is shared and received. And through this having and giving and sharing and receiving." (Phoebe nods her approval.) "We too can share and love and have and receive."

Chandler: (To Monica) Should we call the spitter?

Commercial Break

[Scene: Carol and Susan's, there is a knock on the door and Carol opens it to reveal Rachel.]

Carol: Hey Rachel! (The camera cuts to her face and we see that Ben pulled the quarter trick with her as well.)

Rachel: Hi!

Carol: What a nice surprise! What are you doing here?

Rachel: Well y'know I was just in the neighborhood and I passed by your building and I thought to myself, "What's up with Carol and sweet, little Ben?"

Carol: Can I ask what—Come on in.

Rachel: Okay.

Carol: Umm uh, I'll make some coffee and we can uh, chat.

Rachel: I'd love that. I would loooove... (Carol goes to make the coffee and she sits down.) So uh, so where is sweet little Ben? I would love to have a little...

Ben: (jumping up from behind her chair) Gotcha!! (Rachel jumps up startled.)

Rachel: I found him! (To Ben) Very funny, come here! (She sits down on the coffee table and Ben walks up.) That is exactly why I've come here to talk to you okay?

Carol: (from the kitchen) Rach, do you want some sugar in your coffee?

Rachel: Yes oh—(To Ben)—Do I want sugar in my coffee? (Ben nods no.) No, just some milk would be good Carol. Thanks. (To Ben) Okay, do you remember all that stuff I taught you yesterday?

Ben: (mimicking her) Remember all that stuff I taught you yesterday?

Rachel: Don't do that.

Ben: Don't do that.

Rachel: Seriously, your dad doesn't like pranks.

Ben: Seriously, your dad doesn't like pranks.

Rachel: Oh damnit!

Ben: Oh damnit!

Rachel: No! Don't say that! Don't say that!

Ben: Damnit!

Rachel: No don't! Go back to repeating!

Ben: Damnit!

Rachel: Oh crap!

Ben: Oh crap!

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Phoebe, Joey, Chandler, and Monica are returning from Central Perk.]

Phoebe: I feel like my face is swelling. (To Monica) Is my face swelling?

Monica: Phoebe, your face is fine! Come on, none of this stuff is going to happen to you! Stop being such a baby!

Phoebe: Oh, interesting you should call me that! Now that I may never have one! (Holds up the warning label.)

Joey: Okay you guys, I got a little more written. Are you ready?

Chandler: Yeah. O-okay.

Joey: (reading) "When I think of the love that these two givers and receivers share, I can not help but envy the lifetime ahead of having and loving and giving and..." And then I can't think of a good word for right here. (He points to the stop on the paper where he left off.)

Monica: How about receiving?

Joey: Yes!

Chandler: See Joe, not that that's not grrreat! But, one of the cool things about having somebody we know perform the ceremony is that it can be about us! Y'know, it can be more personal. You can tell stories about us!

Joey: Ooh, like the time you and I went to Atlantic City and I made you laugh so hard you threw up your whole steak?! Remember?

Chandler: No, not us... (Motions Joey and him.) Us! (Motions Monica and him.)

Monica: I gotcha. Sorry. (To Monica) So, did you ever make him throw up a whole anything?

Phoebe: Did you ever feed him a poison capsule that made him bleed from the eyes?

Monica: It doesn't say that!

Phoebe: Oh! Suddenly somebody knows all about the side affects!

Chandler: See Joe, we want you to tell stories but y'know, romantic stories. Nice stories.

Joey: Oh. Okay. Ooh! Ooh! Okay, maybe I'll talk about London! Y'know when you two hooked up! Only, only I won't say hooked up. I'll say, "Began their beautiful journey..."

Monica: There you go!

Joey: "...by doin' it."

Chandler: Joe?

Joey: Okay. All right. Umm, so uh, so how did it happen? Did your eyes meet across the room? And then the next thing y'know you're in the bathtub together and she's feeding you strawberries?

Chandler: Isn't that what happened with you and the bride's maid?

Joey: Yeah!! I call that London style.

Monica: No that is not what happened with us. Well, I was umm, I was really sad that night because this guy that I was Ross's mom.

Joey: Oh.

Monica: And then Chandler was, was really sweet and he consoled me. And well we drank too much...

Joey: Yeah baby!

Chandler: And I was a perfect gentleman and I walked her to her hotel room and said goodnight.

Joey: Oh.

Chandler: But then later that night...

Joey: Yeah baby!

[Cut to London, Chandler's hotel room. He is getting ready for bed by doing push-ups. One push-up. Just as he gets under the covers, there's a knock on the door.]

Chandler: (answering the door) Hey!

Monica: (standing outside) Cute PJ's! You're really livin' it up here in London huh?

Chandler: Well I was... I was exactly expecting company after...(He looks at his watch.) 9:15.

Monica: (entering) Is Joey here?

Chandler: Well, last time I saw him he was heading out the door with the bride's maid and a bucket of strawberries. So uh, you're not still upset about what that guy told ya are ya?

Monica: Wouldn't you be?

Chandler: Well, look it's been a really emotional time y'know, and you've had a lot to drink. And you've just got to let that **go** okay? I mean you were the most beautiful in the room tonight!

Monica: Really?

Chandler: You kidding? You're the most beautiful woman in most rooms... (She jumps up and kisses him.) (Breaking the kiss.) Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! What's going on? You and I just made out! You and I are making out?

Monica: Well, not anymore.

Chandler: But we don't do that.

Monica: I know, I just thought it would be fun.

Chandler: How drunk are you?

Monica: Drunk enough to know that I want to do this. Not so drunk that you should feel guilty about taking advantage.

Chandler: (thinks) That's the perfect amount!

Monica: Okay!

(They run to the bed, sit down, and start making out again.)

Monica: (breaking the kiss) Y'know what's weird?

Chandler: What?

Monica: This doesn't feel weird!

Chandler: I know.

Monica: You're a really good kisser.

Chandler: Well, I have kissed over four women. (They kiss again.) Do you wanna get under the covers?

Monica: Hm-hmm!

Chandler: Okay!

(They do so and they take off their clothes.)

Monica: Wow! You are really fast!

Chandler: It bodes well for me that speed impresses you.

Monica: We're gonna see each other naked.

Chandler: Yep!

Monica: Do you wanna do it at the same time?

Chandler: Count of three?

Monica: One!

Chandler: Two!

Monica: Two!

Monica and Chandler: Three! (They lift up the covers and check each other out, then come back up with silly grins on their faces.)

Chandler: Well I think it's safe to say that our friendship is effectively ruined.

Monica: Eh, we weren't that close anyway!

Chandler: Eh!

(They start making out again, and it takes Joey trying to enter to stop them.)

Chandler: Joey! Joey! Joey! J-J-Joey-Joey-J-Joey! (Monica hides under the covers as Joey enters. Remember?)

Joey: Hey!

Chandler: Hey Joe! I was just watching a movie-e-e... (Notices that the TV is turned off.)

Joey: Oh, dude I'm so sorry!

Chandler: No! No! No!

Joey: Hey no-no-no-no! It's cool! It's cool! I-I'll only be a second, I'm still with my bride's maid, I just—
Where are those condoms you brought?

Chandler: They're in my bag over there. (Points.)

Joey: Ah. (Joey walks to Chandler's bag by getting as far away from Chandler's bed as possible.)

Chandler: Uh, could you leave me one?

Joey: (pause) For just you?

Chandler: Yeah.

Joey: Hey listen, why don't you come downstairs with me? There's some really nice girls down there.

Chandler: No I-I-I'm fine.

Joey: All right, here you go buddy. (He tosses him one.) Go nuts. (Exits.)

[Cut back to Monica and Chandler telling Phoebe and Joey the story.]

Joey: That's what that was?! 'Cause that other thing? I thought you were on to something, but it did nothing for me.

Monica: Okay, can we change the topic? Because it's **really** doing nothing for me.

Joey: Oh... (To Chandler) Can you imagine if I hadn't left you that last one? You two might've never gotten together. Ooh-ooh! Could you imagine if I sent that hooker up to the room like I was gonna?! It's like it was in the stars!

Phoebe: Yeah, it's totally meant to be. (To Monica) Tell him who you originally wanted to hook up with that night.

Monica: What?!

Chandler: What?

Phoebe: (To Joey) What?!

Chandler: Who did you originally want to hook up with?

Monica: Okay, fine but **please** don't be upset! Okay? I was really depressed okay? And really drunk! I just wanted something stupid and meaningless. I just wanted...just sex. So, when I...went to your room that night...I was actually looking...for Joey. (Joey smiles.)

Joey: Yeah baby! (Chandler glares at him.) No baby!

Commercial Break

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

Chandler: (To Monica) So you came to the room looking for Joey? Did you ever in-intend on telling me about this?

Monica: No because it-it didn't seem important.

Chandler: Oh, it's not important? It's not important?! If it wasn't for a bride's maid you'd be marrying him (Points to Joey) not me!

Monica: Noo!! The point is that it was **you** that was there that night! It is **you** that I am marrying! It is **you** that I feel in love with!

Joey: And it is a love that is based on having and giving and receive—(Shuts up on Monica's glare.)

Chandler: I don't believe it. The most romantic night of my life and I'm runner up.

Monica: Chandler, please! Do you know how unbelievably glad I am that Joey was not there that night?!

Joey: Hey! (Monica turns and looks at him) Now I'm a man of the cloth, but I still have feelings!

Chandler: (To Joey) Look there is no way you're doing this wedding now. Okay?

Joey: What?! That's not fair! It's not my fault! I was off with my bride's maid! And who's to say I would've even said yes?! (To Monica) I mean I would've said yes. Chandler look y-y—you are making way to big a deal out of this, all right? Look, everything worked out okay!

Chandler: Okay, it's just weird! Okay? I don't want to be standing there saying my vows and then having the mental image of you and Monica! I—I need...I don't know what I need. I need a walk.

Monica: Wait Chandler come on, let's—it's not a big deal!

Chandler: It is to me. You wanted to sleep with *Batman*, and instead you had to settle for *Robin*. (Walks out and slams the door.)

Joey: This is crazy.

Phoebe: I know! *Robin* is so gay!

[Scene: Carol and Susan's, Rachel is talking with Ben.]

Rachel: So now what have we agreed?

Ben: No more pranks.

Rachel: And—and what else?

Ben: That you and daddy were not on a break.

Rachel: Very good.

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

Ross: Rachel! What are you doing here?

Rachel: I'm just visiting my good friend Carol.

Ross: Your good friend?

Rachel: Yeah!

Ross: What's her last name?

Rachel: Carol...Lesbian?

Ross: Nice. And by the way that uh, that line down my face?

Rachel: What line?

Ross: Wh-wh-what line? The **line** that prompted a student in my last class of the day to say uh, (In a college frat boy voice) "Dude, don't you ever was your face?"

Rachel: All right, I'm sorry. I'm sorry I didn't tell you but you were so mad already!

Ross: Of course I was mad! I told you I-I hate this stuff! Okay? It-it's not funny!

Carol: (entering from the kitchen) Hey Ross!

Ross: Hi.

Carol: What's not funny?

Ross: Practical jokes.

Carol: Oh I...I think they're funny.

Ross: You have a line down your face.

Carol: What? (Goes and checks.)

Rachel: Okay, maybe they are not funny to you...

Carol: (yelling from the bathroom) Oh my God!

Rachel: Or Carol! But they're funny to kids and who is it hurting?!

Ross: Uh, y'know what? I'll tell you who it hurts! It hurts the kid who has all his clothes stolen in gym class so he has to go to the principal's office wearing nothing but a catcher's mitt!

Rachel: That was **you**?! We heard about you in Junior High! Did you really just shake your fist in the air and shout, "I will be revenged?!"

Ross: I will be! Listen, I don't want you teaching my son that stuff anymore. Okay?

Rachel: Fine. Fine, but I'll have you know that once I taught him that stuff he called me Fun Aunt Rachel. And I loved being Fun Aunt Rachel but I'll go back to being Boring and Uncomfortable Aunt Rachel if that's what you want!

Ross: No that's not what I want. Uh, I'm glad you guys were bonding but I...

Rachel: Look he doesn't have any brothers or sisters, somebody's gonna have to teach him this stuff! And I haven't taught him anything that a normal 6-year-old doesn't know anyway!

Ben: (yelling from off camera) Crap!!

Rachel: I gotta go! (Runs out.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler is sulking on the couch as Joey enters to talk with him.]

Joey: Hey.

Chandler: Hey. Do you want this scone? (Holds up his plate) It came for me but it would probably rather sleep with you!

Joey: Chandler, come on nothing even happened!

Chandler: Look Joe, I know you wanted to do the wedding...

Joey: No-hey-no! If you don't want me to do it, I except that. I don't care about that. I just...I don't want you to be upset.

Chandler: How can I not be upset? Okay? I **finally** fall in love with this fantastic woman and it turns out that she wanted you first!

Joey: Yeah for like a half an hour one night! Chandler, she wants you for the rest of her life! You're so lucky! Look what I missed out on by not being there! Although you know what? It could never have worked like you guys did, 'cause you guys are perfect for each other. Y'know, we look at you and-and we see you together and it just...it-it fits. Y'know? And you just know it's gonna last forever.

Chandler: That's what you should say.

Joey: What?

Chandler: When you're marrying us; that's what you should say.

Joey: Really? I can do it?

Chandler: I'd love it if you would do it.

Joey: Hey! (They hug.)

Chandler: But those are the words! Those **exact** words!

Joey: Well I don't know remember exactly but, it's—it's pretty much about having and giving and sharing and receiving.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Rachel is in the kitchen as Ross and Ben are entering.]

Ross: Hey!

Rachel: Hey!

Ross: Hey I'm sorry to do this to you again but uh, is there any way you can look after Ben for a little bit? I—I've got this meeting at school. And—and he—he asked for his uh, 'Fun Aunt' Rachel, so...

Rachel: Ohhh! Well of course I will watch him! We have fun, don't we Ben? (He nods yes.)

Ross: Okay, I'll see you later pal.

(Ross turns to leave.)

Rachel: Ohh, okay. (Ross has a sign on his back that reads 'Poop.') Wh—Ah—ha! (Ross stops and turns.) Wait a minute. Uh Ben, I can't do it.

Ross: What?

Rachel: I can't let him go out that way, he's got a meeting. (To Ross) You've got something here on your back.

Ross: What? (She takes the sign off and hands it to him.) That's great. That is great. (Crumples up the paper and throws it down in anger.) What did we just finish talking about Ben?!

Rachel: Oh I...

Ben: What did we just finish talking about Ben?!

Ross: All right, that's it! (He runs over to Ben, but he runs past him and out the door.) Come—you—no! You are in big trouble young man!

Rachel: No! Wait! Come on!

[Cut to the hallway, Ben runs upstairs with Ross in pursuit.]

Ross: Wait! No! Ben, come here! I am **not** kidding!

Rachel: No you guys... (She walks out into the hallway.)

Ross: I—I—am—(Suddenly Ross starts screaming and comes falling down the stairs landing just in front of Rachel.)

Rachel: EHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!! My God!!!!!!!!!!!! Oh my God!!!!!!!! (She runs over to him and finds that it was a dummy and that she had been had.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler and Monica are entering. Phoebe and Joey are sitting on the couch.]

Joey: Hey!

Monica: Hey—hey.

Joey: So are guys doing okay?

Chandler: Yeah, we talked and Monica made me see that I over reacted a little bit and some things in life are more important.

Monica: Yeah baby! (Phoebe and Joey nod.)

Phoebe: I'm really glad you guys are okay but, I just keep thinking what would happen if—if you two (Points to Monica and Joey) actually had hooked up.

[Scene: Monica and Joey's, Monica is cooking.]

Monica: Honey! Dinner's ready!

(Joey, whose new diet is working out great, he looks like he only weighs 375 down from 420 enters from the bedroom.)

Fat Joey: What's my little chef got for me tonight?

Monica: Your favorite!

Joey: Ho-ho-ho, (pausing for a rest next to the fridge) fried stuff with cheese!

Monica: Yep! And lot's of it!

Fat Joey: Thanks sweetheart. Give me a little sugar here. (They kiss.) Okay.

(Joey sits down.)

Monica: Okay, in we go.

(Monica gets behind him and in combination with his sliding the chair forward and her pushing with her leg manages to get up to the table.)

Fat Joey: Here we go! Here we go! Here we go! (Groans and picks up a piece of food.) How you doin'?

Ending Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey is getting Phoebe some coffee.]

Joey: Here you go.

Phoebe: (still reading the label) Oh my God! This is a six-hour pill! (Checks her watch) That's it! I'm out of the woods! Ohh! What a relief!

Joey: Good for you!

Phoebe: Oh, it's like huge weight has been lifted! 'Cause look, (reads the side affects) no hair loss, not a rash, no hives, I'm just so happy! Because no shortness of breath, no temporary euphoria—Oh.

End

717. The One With The Cheap Wedding Dress

Teleplay by: Andrew Reich & Ted Cohen

Story by: Brian Buckner & Sebastian Jones

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica, Chandler, Phoebe, and Joey are there. Monica is holding a piece of paper.]

Monica: So the wedding caterer sent me this list of twelve appetizers and I have to narrow it down to six.

Joey: Food? Uh-huh gimme! (She hands him the paper.)

Chandler: So did Monica tell you about this great band called the Swing Kings that we're trying to get to play at the wedding?

Phoebe: Since when are you into swing music?

Chandler: Oh since forever! I used to go all over town listening to bands!

Monica: Chandler.

Chandler: *Gap* commercial. (To Monica) So did you book them? Did you call?

Monica: I will.

Chandler: Do you want me to call?

Monica: No, I'll do it. You just stick to your job.

Phoebe: What is your job?

Chandler: Staying out of the way.

Joey: This is impossible Monica, why don't you just pick all 15? (Hands back the paper.)

Monica: There were only twelve.

Joey: Oh yeah, I added three.

Monica: What are peanut butter fingers?!

Joey: Oh yeah... (He mimes sticking his fingers into a jar of peanut butter, scooping some out, and eating it off his fingers.)

Opening Credits

[Scene: A Street, Chandler and Ross are at a newsstand.]

Ross: (noticing a beautiful woman moving in down the street) Well hello! She's cute! Should we uh, go try to talk to her?

Chandler: Sure! That's one of the great things about being engaged. I'm not nervous talking to pretty girls anymore.

The Woman: Could you guys help me? (Chandler shyly exhales and looks away.)

Ross: Uh yeah! Let me, let me get that for you.

The Woman: It-it's really heavy.

Ross: (exhales) I got it. (He lifts the box and grunts under the strain.) (Calmly) So hi, I'm uh, I'm Ross and this is my friend Chandler. (He shyly waves.)

The Woman: I-I am Kristen.

Ross: Kristen, hi. Are you uh, new to the area, 'cause if you are...I'd love to show you around sometime.

Kristen: I...I uh, actually just moved from four blocks over.

Ross: Ah.

Kristen: But-but this block is like a whole other world.

Ross: Y'know actually it does have a very interesting history. Uh, this street is the first street in the city to have an underground sewer system. (Kristen crinkles her nose at that.) Before that sewage and waste would just flow right down the street. Yeah, sometimes ankle deep! (He stops when he realizes what he's talking about.)

Chandler: (To Ross) Smooth.

Kristen: (To Chandler) Excuse me? (Chandler does the shy thing again.)

Ross: Umm, say you're gonna be starving after all this moving. What do you say I take you to dinner tonight?

Kristen: Oh I'd like that.

Ross: Yeah?

Kristen: Yeah.

Ross: Great! Uh, let me take this up for you. (The box he's holding.)

Kristen: After you.

Ross: Oh no-no, after you. (She grabs a chair and heads upstairs.) (When she's gone.) Oh my God! (He drops the box and Chandler can't pick it up.)

[Scene: A Bridal Shop, Phoebe and Rachel are waiting for Monica who is trying on her wedding dress.]

Phoebe: (wearing a veil) Am I crazy or does this totally go?!

(Monica enters from the dressing room wearing her gown.)

Rachel: Oh my God! You look so beautiful!

Phoebe: (To Rachel) Thank you Rachel but, look at Monica!

Monica: This is it. Yeah, this is the one. I can't believe I found it!

(Another woman walks up.)

The Woman: Wow you look so beautiful! If I knew you, I'd cry.

Monica: Well I'm Monica Geller, ball like a baby.

The Woman: I'm Megan Bailey.

Monica: Have you found your dress yet?

Megan: Oh no, these dresses are all so amazing but there is no way I could afford one.

Monica: No, I can't afford this either. No. I-I-I'm, I'm just to figure out which one I want then I'm gonna get it at Kleinman's, this discount place in Brooklyn, day after tomorrow they are having a huge sale.

Megan: Oh, thanks for the tip.

Monica: Yeah! So-so when are you getting married?

Megan: Oh I'm not, I just like to try these on.

Rachel: I do the same thing.

Megan: I'm just kidding. I'm getting married July 25th.

Rachel: I'm just kidding too. (Laughs) I'm getting married in December. (Turns away not happy with herself.)

Megan: (To Monica) So when are you getting married?

Monica: Oh May 15th.

Megan: Oooh it's getting close!

Monica: Yeah!

Megan: So uh, who's your photographer?

Monica: Jeffery.

Megan: We met with him. Did he show you the photos of the nude wedding he did?

Monica: The best man? Wow!

Megan: I know! I almost called off my wedding. Oh, who's your band?!

Monica: Oh, my fiancée wants the Swing Kings.

Megan: Oh, you're so lucky. My fiancée wants the heavy metal band Carcass.

Phoebe: Ooh, is that spelled with a 'C' or a 'K'? Oh my God! It doesn't matter; they're both great!

(Another woman walks past Rachel carrying a wedding dress.)

Rachel: Oh y'know what? Y'know what? Now that you know what you want you should go to Kleinman's and get it half off. This place is so overpriced.

The Woman: I own this store.

Rachel: So, does this (The dress) come in another color or... (The store owner walks away.)

[Scene: A Street, Joey is walking by Kristen who is still moving in.]

Joey: (checking her out) Hi! You uh, movin' in or movin' out?

Kristen: I'm moving in.

Joey: Oh uh, can I give you a hand?

Kristen: Oh okay. But y'know what? Be careful. Because a guy was helping me before had to leave because he hurt his back.

Joey: Boyfriend?

Kristen: No.

Joey: I'm Joey. (They shake hands.)

Kristen: Kristen.

Joey: Oh wow, what a beautiful name! (Pause) What is it again?

Kristen: Kristen.

Joey: Got it! (He picks up a lamp.) So...

Kristen: So uh, do you live around here?

Joey: Yeah! Yeah! Right down there. (Points.) Hey listen; let me give you a little tip. Do not take a nap on this stoop (Points to hers) or you can wake up with your shoes gone.

Kristen: I'll remember that.

Joey: Okay. Yeah. Listen would you uh, would you like to have dinner with me tonight?

Kristen: Oh I, I have plans tonight.

Joey: Oh.

Kristen: But how about tomorrow?

Joey: Sounds great! Okay all right, well where does this go? (The lamp he's holding.)

Kristen: You look strong, why don't I take that and you grab one of the boxes.

Joey: Okay. Yeah. (She leaves and he goes to pick up a box marked books, but decides to take the box marked pillows instead.) Yeah, I'll grab this one. (He follows her upstairs.)

[Scene: Kleinman's, a horde of women including Rachel, Phoebe, and Monica are waiting for the store to open.]

A Woman: What is taking so long?! I mean whatever!

Rachel: (To Phoebe) So this is Brooklyn.

Monica: All right, listen up. There is usually only one dress in each size so when they open those doors, fan out. Now, this is what you're looking for! (Holds up a picture of it.) Memorize it! When you locate the dress, blow on these. All right? (She passes out whistles to them.) Three short blasts, when you hear it. Come running.

Rachel: Okay.

Phoebe: Got it.

Monica: All right.

(A worker comes to open the door and the horde starts to press forward.)

A Woman: Here he comes! Hurry!

Rachel: Oh they're pushing! They're pushing!!

Monica: (To Rachel) Hey! **Don't** be a baby!

Rachel: Well I...

(The door opens allowing the horde to charge in, knocking Rachel out of the way and to the ground.)

A Woman: Let's go!!

Phoebe: (coming back out) Hey! Rachel! Come on!!!!

[Time lapse, inside the store, Monica is frantically looking for her dress.]

Monica: No. No. Not it. Not it. Not it. (Checks another rack and another woman tries to reach around her.) (To the woman) Don't crowd me! (Finds it) This is it! This is the dress! Oh my God, it's perfect! (She takes it off of the rack and someone has a hold of it on the other side of the rack and tugs on it.) I'm sorry, this one's taken! (The other woman tugs harder pulling Monica through the rack.) Whoa!

Monica: Megan!

Megan: Monica!

Monica: You came?!

Megan: Yeah!

Monica: This is my dress!

Megan: No!

Monica: Yes it is! You saw me wearing it!

Megan: And now you'll see me buying it.

Monica: What? You freak! You wouldn't even have known about this place if it wasn't for me!

Megan: Look, you don't want to fight me.

Monica: Maybe I do! I'm pretty feisty! (She blows the signal.)

[Cut to Phoebe in another part of the store.]

Phoebe: (hearing the signal) I'm coming! I'm coming! (She takes off towards the signal and almost knocks another woman over.)

Woman: Hey!

(She hears another signal in another direction.)

Phoebe: Okay! (Runs that way and hears another whistle blast.) Hey! (Heads the other way and hears another blast.) What do I do?!! (She runs in the second direction and finds that the whistling is coming from inside a rack. She moves the dresses out of the way to find Rachel curled up in a fetal position frantically blowing on the whistle.) What are you doing? (Rachel doesn't stop.) Did you find the dress? (Rachel won't stop so Phoebe pinches her nose shut which causes her to spit the whistle out.)

Phoebe: Did you find the dress?

Rachel: No! You gotta get me out of here Phoebe! These bargain shoppers are crazy!

Phoebe: I—We gotta get Monica. (She starts to leave.)

Rachel: No! You gotta hold my hand!!

Phoebe: Oh my God!! (She grabs Rachel's hand and drags her towards Monica.) Excuse me! Excuse me! (She's knocking women and veils out of the way as she moves.)

(She gets to Monica who has the dress balled up in one hand and is sitting on Megan who is sprawled out on the floor.)

Monica: (handing Phoebe the dress) Go! Go! Go!

Rachel: (seeing who's trapped) Hey...

Monica: NOW!!!!!!!!!! (Rachel runs off and Monica gets up to follow her.)

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

Chandler: So Ross, how was your date the other night? Did you tell her about the magical ride that starts with the flush of every toilet?

Ross: Laugh all you want but uh, she actually left me a message saying she'd like to go out again.

Chandler: Huh.

Ross: Yeah in fact, I'm gonna go call her right now. And I'll make sure to tell her my friend Chandler says... (He mimics the shy reaction Chandler did.)

Joey: (entering) Hey Chandler!

Chandler: Hey!

Joey: Listen, sorry I didn't stop by last night but I had a date.

Chandler: Uh Joe, when it's one o'clock in the morning and you don't come by? That's okay!

Joey: Well check it out, I was with this really hot girl who just moved in right across the street!

Chandler: Really? Right across the street?

Joey: Yeah!

Chandler: When'd you meet her?

Joey: Two days ago.

Chandler: Excellent! Y'know Ross met somebody too!

Joey: Oh yeah?

Ross: (returning) Hey.

Chandler: Hi! How'd it go?

Ross: Oh great! We're going out again Saturday. But I just found she's also seeing some other guy.

Chandler: (sarcastically shocked) Really?! Joe? What would you do if you were in Ross's situation?

Joey: Well, I sorta am. I mean yeah, I'm dating this girl who's also seeing another guy. But, I don't know, I'm not too worried about it.

Ross: Well you shouldn't be. Believe me I wouldn't want to be the guy who's up against you. (Chandler laughs.) I mean that doofus is going to lose!

Chandler: So this is nice! I wish I didn't have to go, believe me! But unfortunately I have to. (He gets up and Joey moves over next to Ross.) Oh uh, by the way, what's the name the girl you're dating?

Joey and Ross: Kristen Lang.

Chandler: Bye! (Exits.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Central Perk, time lapse from the earlier scene.]

Ross: Well obviously only one of us can keep dating her.

Joey: Obviously! So, how do we decide?

Ross: Well now let's—let's look at this objectively, I think I should date her...

Joey: (not buying it) Uh—huh. Uh—huh. Or, or I'm the one who dates her.

Ross: That's interesting, but check this out. I date her...

Joey: Yeah—yeah I like that but just to go in another direction...

Ross: Okay, okay. This can go on for a while.

Joey: Yeah well we should order some food then.

Ross: No Joey! Look why don't, why don't we just let her decide? Okay? Hey—hey, we'll **each** go out with her one more time. And—and we'll see who she likes best.

Joey: (smiling) That sounds fair.

Ross: Maybe I'll take her to that new French restaurant down the street...

Joey: Ah yeah—wait a second now! Look we're gonna have to set a spending limit on the date. I don't have the money to take her to a fancy place like that.

Ross: Well sorry, that's what I do on dates.

Joey: All right, well I guess I'll just have to do what I do on dates.

Ross: So let's decide on the spending limit...

Joey: Yeah. Uh, (thinks)...a slice...(Thinks)...six dollars?

Ross: I was thinking more like a hundred.

Joey: Okay. Can I borrow 94 dollars?

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica, Phoebe, and Rachel are admiring Monica's wedding dress.]

Monica: Oh...

Phoebe: I know. Hand me a tissue. (Monica hands her one.)

(Rachel goes to the fridge, opens it, and blows on the whistle Monica gave her at the store, which causes Phoebe and Monica to turn around and look at her.)

Rachel: You're out of *Diet Coke*.

(The phone rings and Monica answers it as Rachel goes into the bathroom.)

Monica: Hello? (Listens) What?! (Listens) You what?! (Listens) Hey you listen here missy! (Listens) Wh— (She is hung up on.)

Phoebe: What?!

Monica: That was that girl Megan! She booked the Swing Kings on the day of our wedding and said that I couldn't have them back unless I gave her the dress!

Phoebe: (gasps) Does that mean Carcass is available?

Monica: What am I gonna do?! That is the dress! That is **the** dress! Wh...Chandler wants the band. What do I do?

Phoebe: Well just figure out a way to talk him out of it.

Monica: How?

(There are three short whistle blasts from the bathroom.)

Rachel: You're out of toilet paper!

[Scene: Ross's apartment, Ross is getting ready for his date with Kristen.]

Joey: (entering) Hey!

Ross: Hey! What's up?

Joey: I just wanted to come by and y'know, wish you good luck on your date.

Ross: Oh thanks!

Joey: Yeah. What time are you meeting her?

Ross: We have 8:00 reservations at Grammercy Bistero.

Joey: Wow, that's in like 20 minutes. You'd better get dressed.

Ross: I am dressed.

Joey: Oh. Well good! (To himself) For me. (He picks up a jar of lotion.) What is this? Did you give yourself a facial?

Ross: I have an oily T-zone!

Joey: Okay dude! (Finds a receipt.) Hey you uh, you sent Kristen flowers.

Ross: That's right.

Joey: You spent a hundred dollars. That's the limit. You're screwed!

Ross: Uh actually, I sent the flowers before the actual date. So technically, **technically** I didn't break any rules. Thanks for stopping by though.

Joey: Oh-oh! So that's the way it's gonna be huh? Yeah I can break the rules too y'know!

Ross: Oh yeah? What are you gonna do?

Joey: I don't know.

Ross: Why am I not surprised?

Joey: Y'know what Ross? I'm not gonna let you get away with this!

Ross: I don't think you have much choice.

Joey: Well we'll see!

Ross: Bye-bye!

Joey: Yeah bye-bye! (Exits and comes back in still holding the lotion.) Hey! So just a light layer?

Ross: Yes. Yes. Just here (Runs his fingers down the bridge of his nose) and there (Runs his fingers across his forehead).

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Chandler is entering without touching anything with his hands. Phoebe, Monica, and Rachel are there.]

Chandler: Joey got meat sauce on the banister again! (He goes into the bathroom to wash his hands.)

Phoebe: Yeah, swing music is so out.

Monica: Phoebe, he's gotta be in the **room** for that to work.

Chandler: (returning) What are you guys talking about?

Monica: Well umm, we were just talking about the y'know, the Swing Kings and just wondering whether y'know, they were the right way to go.

Rachel: Yeah, I went to a wedding once where they had swing music and uh, two months later the couple got divorced. And now I'm not saying that there's any connection here y'know, but they did tell me that's why they got divorced.

Chandler: But I love swing music!

Phoebe: Yeah but the Swing Kings? Y'know they suck so much that people actually die at their concerts— They just stop living.

Chandler: Look all I know is when Monica and I went to see them, we had fun! And there's another reason too.

Rachel: Well, what is the other reason?

Chandler: I don't want to say.

Rachel: Well you have to because maybe it's stupid.

Chandler: Well it's just while Monica and I were dancing to them it was...the first time I knew that...you were the woman I wanted to dance all my dances with.

Monica: Oh crap!

[Scene: Grammercy Bistero, Ross and Kristen are waiting for their table to be ready. Ross is returning from talking to the matire'd.]

Ross: So they said our table will be ready in just a few minutes.

Kristen: Oh great!

Ross: Yeah.

Kristen: Is your back feeling better?

Ross: Oh yeah it's fine. I guess the more muscles you have the more they can spasim out of control.

Joey: (entering) Kristen?

Kristen: Joey!

Joey: Hi!

Kristen: Hi! What are you doing here?

Joey: Oh I like this place. And technically, technically I'm not breaking any rules so I...

Kristen: Well uh, Ross? This is Joey. Joey? Ross.

Joey: Hi!

Ross: Hi. (They shake hands.) It's nice to meet you. I used to have a friend named Joey. I don't anymore.

Kristen: Our table will be ready in a couple minutes.

Ross: Yeah. So...

Joey: Sure! I would love to wait with you guys! Thanks! (Sits down.)

Ross: So Joey umm, you look familiar. Are uh, are you on TV or something?

Kristen: Well Joey doesn't like to talk about it but, he's one of the stars of *Days Of Our Lives*.

Ross: That's right! That's right, don't you play a woman?

Joey: A woman in a man's body.

Ross: Much better.

Joey: So y'know Ross it's funny 'cause, you look familiar to me too. Have you ever been married?

Ross: Well yes, yes I have. In fact umm, just the other day Kristen and I were talking about how I've been married **and** how I have a son.

Kristen: Yeah, little Eric.

Ross: That's right! Wait no, Ben.

Joey: So you've just married the one time then?

Ross: Well umm...

Kristen: You've been married twice?

Ross: Yes. And another time after that. Boy I'm getting hungry! Hey Joey, have you ever been so hungry on a date that when a girl goes to the bathroom you eat some of her food?

Kristen: You said the waiter ate my crab cake.

Joey: (laughs that one off) Yeah. So uh Ross, well now—why did that first marriage breakup? Was it because the woman was straight or she was a lesbian?

Kristen: Do you two know each other?

Joey and Ross: No. No.

Joey: No. It just seems like Ross is the kind of a guy that would marry a woman on the verge of being a lesbian and then push her over the edge.

(Kristen is not enjoying this.)

Ross: Wait a minute! Were you on a poster for gonorrhoea?

Joey: Have you ever slept in the same bed as a monkey?!

Ross: Hey you leave Marcel out of this!

Joey: Fine! Have you ever got stuck in a pair of your own leather pants?!

Ross: Hey—hey have you ever locked yourself in a TV cabinet VD boy?!

Joey: Monkey lover!

(They both notice that Kristen has left.)

Joey: When do you think we lost her?

Ross: Probably around gonorrhoea.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Chandler is entering.]

Chandler: Hi, honey! I'm home!

Monica: (from the bedroom) Don't come in here!

Chandler: Why? Do you another boyfriend in there or something?

Monica: No! We only mess around at his place!

Chandler: Y'know it's funny I started it but, now it's scary me. So could you come out here please?

Monica: No, I'm wearing a wedding dress.

Chandler: Oh you got a wedding dress? That's great!

Monica: Yeah but I'm not keeping it.

Chandler: Well then why can't I see it?

Monica: Oh. I guess you can. Okay but: I—I have to return it, so you can't like it.

Chandler: Okay I promise. I'll—I'll hate it. (She enters.) Wow! You—you look...hideous.

Monica: Really?

Chandler: Yeah, that's like the most ugliest dress I've ever seen. Wh—why do you to return it?

Monica: Oh because it doesn't...really fit. Oh by the way, I—I booked the Swing Kings.

Chandler: Oh that's great! Great! Thanks! But that dress I mean it's like yuck! It's terrible! It makes me wanna just rip it right off of you!

Monica: Okay! But you can't rip it. Well, maybe a little.

Chandler: Okay!

Ending Credits

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Chandler, Joey, and Ross are watching a basketball game on the couch.]

Monica: (entering) Hey guys! Do you wanna look at the song list for the wedding? (They ignore her.) Guys?

Chandler: (without turning around) I thought you were gonna be gone all day.

Monica: All right? What's going on?

(They all slowly turn around to reveal that they are giving themselves a facial.)

Monica: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I—I should probably leave you girls alone. (She heads for the bedroom.)

Ross: Yeah, laugh all you want but in ten minutes we're gonna have younger looking skin!

Joey: Yeah! (Monica goes in the bedroom.) Y'know, she could use a little... (Whistles that she needs to do what they're doing.) (Something happens on the game.) Oh nice shot!!! (They all cheer.)

End

718. The One With Joey's Award

Teleplay by: Brian Boyle

Story by: Sherry Bilsing & Ellen Plummer

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe and Monica are there as Joey is entering excitedly.]

Joey: Hey! You guys! You're not gonna believe this! I just got off the phone with my agent...

Phoebe: Oh my God! (Joey looks at her.) I'm sorry, too soon. You go.

Joey: Okay. I got nominated for my part on *Days of Our Lives*!

Monica: Joey!

Phoebe: Good for you!

Monica: Congratulations! Wow! I can't believe you're nominated for an *Emmy*!

Joey: No-no.

Monica: Oh *Soap Opera Digest* award!

Joey: No! I'm up for a Soapie!

Monica: Honey? Is that something you're making up?

Joey: No, no, no! It's real! And it has been since 1998. (Rachel returns from the bathroom.) Hey Rach! Rach! I'm up for a Soapie!

Rachel: (gasps) Oh my God! Oh my God!! That is like the third most prestigious soap opera award there is!

Joey: Thank you! Well, I guess now I know who I'm taking to the awards. (Points to Rachel.)

Rachel: Oh, stop that! Don't kid about that! (Gasps) Will all the stars be there?

Joey: Many are scheduled to appear.

Rachel: Oh my God! Oh my God! I can't go! I'm gonna be too nervous!

Monica: (to Joey) Okay, I'll go!

Rachel: No!! You are getting married! This is all I have.

Opening Credits

[Scene: N.Y.U, Ross is giving a lecture.]

Ross: ...and it was Ernst Muhlbrat who first hypothesized that the Velociraptor would expand it's collar and emit a high pitched noise to frighten it's predator. (A student raises his hand.) Yes Mr. Lewis?

Lewis: What kinda noise?

Ross: Just a high pitched intimidating noise.

Lewis: But like how?

Ross: Well we—we don't know for sure. But in my head it—it sounded something like this. (He makes a high pitched noise and Alan doesn't know what to make of it.) Of course, this is just conjecture. Okay, that's uh, that's all for today. (Everyone starts to get up.) Uh Mr. Morse, can I see you for a moment?

Morse: Yes sir.

Ross: Mr. Morse I need to talk to you about your mid-term exam, I'm afraid I—I had to fail you.

Morse: (shocked) Why?!

Ross: Well you need 60% to pass...

Morse: What'd I get?

Ross: Seven.

Morse: That's not so good.

Ross: No-no it's not. What-what happened there Ned?

Morse: Well maybe you can cut me some slack. I'm sort of in love.

Ross: Well I'm sorry but, that-that's really not my problem.

Morse: I'm in love with you.

Ross: Well that brings me in the loop a little.

Morse: You see, that's why I did so bad on this test. I'm having a hard time concentrating. When you're up there (Points to the podium) and you're teaching and your face gets all serious...you look so good. (In a sexy voice) You wear that tight little turtleneck sweater...

Ross: Okay! (Walks away from him.) Umm, I uh, I'm your teacher. I'm sorry, you're-you're a student and I-and I like women. In spite of what may be written on the backs of some of these chairs.

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica and Phoebe are drinking coffee and Phoebe notices a cute guy checking them out.]

Phoebe: Oh my God! That guy at the counter is totally checking you out!

Monica: Really? (Looks.) My God, he's really cute.

Phoebe: Go for it.

Monica: Phoebe, I'm engaged!

Phoebe: I'm just saying, get his number just in case. But no Chandler is in an accident and can't perform sexually and he would want you to take a lover to satisfy the needs that he can no longer fulfill.

The Cute Guy: (To Monica) Hi!

Monica: Op, can I just tell you something? Very flattered but umm, I'm engaged. (Points to her ring.)

The Cute Guy: Wow! Uh, this is kind of embarrassing. I was actually coming over to talk to your friend.

Monica: Well you should be embarrassed. (Leaves.)

The Cute Guy: (To Phoebe) I thought you knew I was looking at you.

Phoebe: I did, but that was really fun.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is sitting in the chair.]

Joey: (pretending to be an announcer) And the winner is...Joey Tribbiani! (He then gets excited and goes over to the counter to practice his acceptance speech using a bottle of maple syrup as the award.) Oh... Wow! I honestly never expected this. I uh, I didn't prepare a speech. But umm, I'd like to thank (Rachel enters quietly) my parents, who've always been there for me. I'd also like to thank my friends, Chandler, Monica, Phoebe, Rachel...

Rachel: I'm fourth! (Joey is startled.) Look at you with your little maple syrup award!

Joey: Yeah may-maybe you don't tell anyone about this.

Rachel: What? No! It's not a big deal! I do that too, with my shampoo bottle.

Joey: Really?

Rachel: Yeah.

Joey: What award are you practicing for?

Rachel: *Grammy*, Best New Artist.

Joey: Oh, hey listen! The Soapie's called today and I also get to present an award.

Rachel: Ohh that's great!

Joey: Yeah!

Rachel: So you'll definitely get onstage, even if you don't win.

Joey: (confused) What you—you don't think I'm gonna win?

Rachel: Well of course I do! But y'know, favorite returning character is a tough category Joey. I mean you're up against the guy who survived his own cremation.

Joey: Yeah. No—no I—I know I might not win, but it's just—I've never even been nominated before! I want it so much.

Rachel: Well Joey, you'll probably get it. But you should probably your—your gracious loser face. Y'know when like the cameras are on you and you wanna look disappointed but also that your colleague deserved to win. Y'know? So it's sorta like... (Does it, you'll have to see it.)

Joey: Hey! (Likes it.)

Rachel: Y'know?

Joey: You practice losing the *Grammies* too?

Rachel: Oh no, at the *Grammies* I always win.

Joey: Ah.

[Scene: Monica's Restaurant Kitchen, she's cooking as Phoebe enters.]

Phoebe: Oh hey!

Monica: Hey! How'd your date go with Jake?

Phoebe: Oh, great! We couldn't keep our eyes off each other all night and then every once and a while y'know, he'd kinda lean over and stroke my hair and touch my neck. (Does that to Monica.)

Monica: Okay, stop it Phoebe, you're getting me all tingly.

Phoebe: (laughs) All I could think of was y'know, "Is he gonna kiss me? Is he gonna kiss me?"

Monica: And did he?

Phoebe: I'm a lady Monica, I don't kiss and tell. But this hickey speaks for itself. (She starts to open up her blouse.)

Monica: Okay—okay, I got it. I got it.

Phoebe: I just like him so much that I just feel like I've had 10 drinks today and I've only had six.

Monica: Oh, I haven't had that feeling since I first started going out with Chandler. Wow, I'm never gonna have that feeling again am I?

Phoebe: You sound like a guy.

Monica: No, a guy would be saying, "I'm never gonna get to sleep with anyone else." Oh my God! I'm never gonna get to sleep with anyone else! I've been so busy planning the wedding that I forgot about all the things that I'd be giving up! I mean, I—I'm never gonna have a first kiss again.

Phoebe: You'll have a last kiss.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Ross is helping Joey with his tie.]

Ross: Can I ask you something? Have you ever had a guy have a crush on you?

Joey: Is that why you wanted to tie my tie?

Ross: There's this kid in my class who said he's in love with me.

Joey: Whoa!

Rachel: (entering from her room) Whoa what?

Joey: Ross has a boyfriend.

Ross: I do—I do **not** have a boyfriend. There's a guy in one of my classes who—who has a crush on me.

Rachel: Really?

Ross: Yeah! I don't know. I mean, last year Elizabeth now—now this kid. What—what—what—what is it?! Am I giving out some kind of…sexy professor vibe? (Rachel and Joey both look at him.)

Rachel: Not right now.

Ross: It—it—The point is my natural charisma has made him fail his midterm.

Rachel: Oh, see now I feel bad for the kid! I had a crush on a teacher once and it was so hard! Y'know you—I couldn't concentrate and I blushed every time he looked at me. I mean come on, you remember what's it's like to be 19 and in love.

Ross: Yeah. I guess I can cut him some slack.

Rachel: Yeah.

Joey: How'd you get over that teacher?

Rachel: I didn't. I got under him.

Joey: (To Ross) Problem solved.

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe is saying good-bye to her boyfriend Jake at the door to Central Perk.]

Jake: Bye Phoebe.

Phoebe: Okay bye. (They kiss.)

Jake: All right. Bye. (Backs out the door.)

Phoebe: Bye! (Phoebe goes over and joins Monica on the couch.) We said good-bye at the door so as not to flaunt our new love.

Monica: Phoebe, it's okay. You don't have to tip toe around me. I—I've been thinking about it and umm, y'know what? I'm okay about not having that new relationship feeling…

Jake: (yelling through the window to Phoebe) I miss you already!!

Phoebe: (yelling back) I miss you too!!!! (He walks away.)

Monica: See? That's what I mean. I mean **that**, that's great! But I wouldn't trade in what I have for that. I mean I'm gonna be with Chandler for the rest of my life, and that's what makes me happy. (Chandler approaches.) Hey sweetie, come here! Come sit down. Hey Phoebe and I were just talking about how our relationship is deep and meaningful. It really is don't you think?

Chandler: Oh totally! (Holds up his finger.) Pull my finger.

[Scene: The 2001 Soapie Awards, Joey's category is up next and the presenter walks to the podium.]

Announcer: Presenting the award for Favorite Returning Male Character is McKensize…

[Cut to Joey and Rachel's table.]

Joey: (To Rachel) This is it! This is my category.

Rachel: I know! My God! Do you have your speech?

Joey: Yeah, I got my speech!

Rachel: Do you got your gracious loser face?

Joey: Yeah. (Does it.)

Rachel: Now Joey remember, if you win you have to hug me! You hug me!

Joey: Okay. Can I squeeze your ass?

Rachel: On TV?! Yeah!

Joey: 'Kay!

[Cut to the presenter.]

The Presenter: ...in the category of Favorite Returning Male Character the nominees are: John Wheeler from *General Hospital* (Applause), Gavin Grant from *The Young and the Restless* (Applause), Dunkin Harrington from *Passions* (Applause), and Joey Tribbiani from *Days of Our Lives* (Applause). And the Soapie goes to...(She opens the envelope)...Gavin Grant from *The Young and the Restless!*

Joey: What the?! (Joey pounds the table and starts yelling at Rachel, and which is drowned out by applause. Rachel is desperately trying to tell Joey that he's on TV right now. He finally notices and he does his gracious loser face.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: The 2001 Soapie Awards, the announcer is introducing the next presenter.]

Announcer: Presenting the award for Favorite Supporting Actress is Joey Tribbiani from *Days of Our Lives*. (Applause as Joey angrily walks to the podium and eyes the trophy.)

Joey: (angrily and monotone) Any one of the brilliant actresses nominated for this award tonight deserves to take it home. Unfortunately only one can. (Shakes his head in disgust.) The nominees for Best Supporting Actress are from *Passions* Erin Goff. (There is applause, which Joey disgustedly waits to dye out.) From *One Life to Live* Mary Loren Bishop (They start to applaud again, but Joey interrupts in with the rest of the nominees), from *All My Children* Sarah Mchann, and from *Days of Our Lives* Jessica Ashley. And the winner is...(Opens the envelope)...Jessica Ashley from *Days of Our Lives*. (Applause) Uh, unfortunately Jessica couldn't be with us tonight so I'll be accepting this award on her behalf. (Realizes something) And I'm sure that Jessica would like to thank my parents who always believed in me. She'd also like to thank my friends, Chandler, Monica, Ross, Phoebe, and Rachel who's sittin' right there! (Points at Rachel.) (The music starts and his microphone is turned off, this angers Joey again and he disgustedly exits.)

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

Rachel: Joey! Why did we have to rush out of there so fast?!

Joey: Rach we had to get out of there because, look what I won! (He whips out the award for Best Supporting Actress that he accepted for Jessica.)

Rachel: Oh my God you stole her award!

Joey: No-no! No, I'm accepting it on her behalf. (He puts it up above the TV to display it.)

Rachel: Joey I don't think you know what behalf means.

Joey: Sure I do! It's a verb! As in, "I behalfin' it!"

Rachel: Joey, you have got to take this back!

Joey: But why?! I should've won one and I really want it and she didn't even care enough to come to the thing! It could also be a *Grammy*.

Rachel: (looking at the award) No! Joey!

Joey: Come on Rach! No one saw me take it! There was a whole table full of 'em.

Rachel: Do you really want an award you didn't win?

Joey: No! I want an award I did win! But nobody's giving me any of those! Plus—Hey Rach, if—if I put it up there (Points to the TV) right? When people come over they'll see it and they'll think I won it.

Rachel: Joey is says Best Supporting Actress!

Joey: I can scratch that right off.

Rachel: Joey no, this is wrong! You have to take it back, okay? You don't want to win an award this way. You're very talented. And someday you're gonna win one of these for real and **that** one is gonna mean something.

Joey: All right!

Rachel: All right? (He sets the award down.) Thank you.

Joey: I'll take it back tomorrow.

Rachel: Thank you.

(He goes into his room and closes the door. Rachel goes to pick it up and...)

Joey: (opening his door) If I can't have it you can't have it! (Rachel walks away angrily.)

[Scene: Ross's Classroom, he is writing on the board and Alan is coming in to see him.]

Lewis: Professor Geller?

Ross: (turning towards him) Yes Mr. Lewis, how can I help you?

Lewis: I know I didn't do well on my midterms and stuff but, I was kinda hoping you could change my grade.

Ross: And why exactly would I do that? (Goes back to writing on the board.)

Lewis: Because I'm in love with you.

Ross: (turning around and dragging the chalk down the board) What?!

Lewis: Yeah, I'm all...in love with you and stuff. So could you change my grade?

Ross: No!

Lewis: Well why not you changed Ned's grade!

Ross: Well that's different! Okay? Because he, he was actually in love with me!

Lewis: No he's not! He's totally yanking your chain! He's done this with three other teachers!

Ross: What?

Lewis: He's got a girlfriend!

Ross: I can't believe someone would do that for a grade.

Lewis: I know! It's awful. I love you.

(Ross glares at him.)

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

Monica: Have you seen Chandler?

Phoebe: No. Why?

Monica: 'Cause I just keeping thinking about all these things that I'm not gonna have and it's freaking me out. I don't know what to do about it.

Phoebe: Okay, don't sweat it. (Looking around her.) Chandler is nowhere around so go ahead get it out of your system. That guy's cute. (Points to a guy sitting behind Monica.)

Monica: Phoebe! Come on I'm serious! I just got to talk to him about all this.

Phoebe: No that is the **last** thing you want to do!

Monica: Why?

Phoebe: Because you're marrying him!

Monica: You gotta help me out here Pheeb.

Phoebe: All right, I've never been engaged and I've never really been married, but I can only tell you what my mother told me. Whenever you have doubts or fears or anxieties about a relationship, do **not** communicate them to your husband.

Monica: So I'm not supposed to share my doubts and fears with the guy I'm gonna spend the rest of my life with?

Phoebe: That is correct! Yes, you're supposed to take all of that stuff and put it in a little box in your mind and then lock it up tight.

Monica: Your mother told you this?

Phoebe: Yes!

Monica: The woman that got married a bunch of times and killed herself when you were 13?

Phoebe: Oh my God! You're right! Go! (Monica starts to leave.) Go tell Chandler! Hurry before it's too late! Wait no! (Monica stops.) Does this also mean putting out doesn't get you love? (Monica is shocked.)
[Scene: Silvercup Studios, Joey and Rachel are there to give Jessica her award.]

Rachel: I cannot believe I'm gonna meet Jessica Ashley!

Joey: Okay wait-wait p-please be cool! Okay? I work with this woman.

Rachel: Okay, I'm totally cool! (She coolly knocks on the door)

Jessica Ashley: Come in.

(The enter.)

Joey: Hey Jessica.

Rachel: (coolly) Hey Jess.

Joey: Ah, this is my friend Rachel.

Jessica Ashley: Hi.

Rachel: 'Sup? (Joey glares at her.)

Joey: Uh listen, here's your Soapie. I accepted it for ya. (Hands it to her.)

Jessica Ashley: (shocked) Oh my God! I won! Do you have any idea what this means?! (She rolls her eyes and throws it onto the couch.)

Joey: Well, that-that-that's it? You're gonna, you're gonna put it on your self or anything?

Jessica Ashley: No, I try to save that for real awards. Now, if you'll excuse me. (She exits.)

Joey: (To Rachel) Take it back?

Rachel: Absolutely.

Joey: Y-y-yeah! (As they start to leave, Rachel pauses and steals a vase with flowers in it.) Yeah you do. (They exit.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica is talking to Chandler.]

Monica: Honey, as we get closer to the wedding, is there anything that you would like to talk about or share?

Chandler: Okay. Well, I think the centerpieces are too big

Monica: You're wrong! The centerpieces are fine! Do you ever get scared at all?

Chandler: Kinda. They're really big.

Monica: Doesn't it ever just freak you out that—that you're never gonna be with anybody new again?

Chandler: What?

Monica: Just, I love you so much. Just...It's just sometimes it bothers me that I'm never gonna have that feeling. Y'know when you meet someone for the first time and it's new and exciting? Y'know that rush?

Chandler: No. No, see when I first meet somebody it's uh it's mostly panic, anxiety, and a great deal of sweating.

Monica: Okay, but all right you're a guy, does it not freak you that you're never gonna sleep with anybody else?

Chandler: Sleeping with somebody new, anxiety, panic, and I'm afraid even more sweating.

Monica: Even with me?

Chandler: I was dangerously dehydrated during the first six months of our relationship. (Monica laughs.) Look, for me the rush is knowing that we are gonna be together for the rest of our lives.

Monica: Really?

Chandler: Well yeah! But now that I know that you're having these thoughts, I'm back to panic, anxiety, and uh I'm definitely gonna need some kind of sports drink.

Monica: Come here! Come here! (They hug.) Sweetie you don't have to worry. No, besides y'know what? I'm gonna have a lot of new things with you. The first time we buy a house. Our first kid. Our first grandkid...

Chandler: (hoarsely) Water! Water! Water!

[Scene: Ross's classroom, he has just finished his lecture and the students are filing out.]

Ross: Uh Mr. Morse, can I speak to you for a moment?

Morse: (walking up) That was a great lecture today. Did you get a little hair cut?

Ross: Uh—hmm, yeah—yeah do you like it? Do—do you looove it? I just want you to know that I'm changing your grade back.

Morse: What?! Why?

Ross: 'Cause I know what you're trying to pull here. Okay? It's not gonna work.

Morse: I'm not trying to pull anything. Look I love you dude.

Ross: Y'know what? I—I'm not even gonna talk about this. Okay? This little thing is over. I **know** you have a girlfriend! Okay—(Ned looks shocked)—Yeah! And I know about the other professors! How do you think that makes me feel Ned?! You used me! You don't love me and you never did! (Ross turns around to make a grand exit but runs into two colleagues.) Ah Professor Winston, Professor Fredrickson, I'll be right with you. (To Ned) Don't make this worse and I'll give you a C. (To the professors) Shall we? (They leave.)

Ending Credits

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

Phoebe: Rach?

Rachel: I'll be out in a second.

(Phoebe notices the Soapie on the counter.)

Phoebe: Oh. (Picks it up.) It's just so unexpected! I...uh...Boy I'll tell you it's just such an honor to be nominated for a *Nobel Prize* and y'know to win one for a massage. Especially after having just won a *Tony* award for best actress in...

Rachel: (entering from her room) Honey, we have to go. Our reservations are at 8:00.

Phoebe: ...in Reservations at 8:00 by Neil Simon. (To an imaginary Neil Simon) Thank-thank you Neil. Thank you for the words. (Blows him a kiss.)

Rachel: Okay honey, you can finish this later we're gonna be late. We gotta go.

Phoebe: Please, don't play the music. Just uh one more. **LIVE FROM NEW YORK! IT'S SATURDAY NIGHT!!**

End

719. The One With Ross and Monica's Cousin

Written by: Andrew Reich & Ted Cohen

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica and Phoebe are on the couch as Joey enters.]

Phoebe: (To Joey) Oh hey! How was your audition?

Joey: I'm sorry, do I know you?

Phoebe: What are you doing?

Joey: Nothing, I'm just practicing blowing you off because I'm gonna be a big movie star!

Phoebe: Oh! You got it?!

Joey: Well, no not yet. But the audition went really good.

Monica: What was it for?

Joey: Oh, it's this big budget period movie about these three Italian brothers who come to America around the turn of the century. It's really classy! Oh, and the director is supposed to be the next, next Martin Scorsese.

Phoebe: The next, next?

Joey: Yeah, there's this guy from Chicago who's supposed to be the next Martin Scorsese, all right? But then this guy's right after him. (Joey's cell phone rings and he answers it.) Hello!

Estelle: Joey! It's Estelle! I just talked to the casting people: they **loved** you!

Joey: (to Monica and Phoebe) They loved me!

Estelle: Yeah, they wanna see you again tomorrow.

Joey: (on phone) Oh my God!

Estelle: There's just one thing. Do you have a problem with full frontal nudity?

Joey: Are you kidding me? I never rent a movie without it! (Listens) Oh. (Listens) Uh, okay uh let me call you back. (Hangs up.)

Phoebe: What's the matter?

Joey: They want me to be totally naked in the movie!

Monica: Wow!

Joey: I know! My grandmother's gonna see this!

Phoebe: Grandma's gonna have to get in line.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, (although its really just Monica's now with Matthew Perry in rehab) Monica is folding her laundry with Ross reading the paper and Phoebe standing in the kitchen.]

Phoebe: Hey the wedding is so close! Are you getting nervous?

Monica: Yeah. But a part of me also can't wait 'til it's over. Chandler and I have this pact not to have sex again until the wedding.

Ross: A no sex pact huh? I actually have one of those going on with every woman in America.

Monica: Hey Phoebe, will you give me a hand?

Phoebe: Sure.

Monica: I gotta make up the guest bedroom. (To Ross) Hey, Cousin Cassie is coming to stay with us a few days.

Ross: Cassie?

Monica: Uh-hmm.

Ross: Wow, I haven't seen her for like forever. I wonder if she still carries that *Barbie* everywhere she goes.

Monica: Ross, she's 25 years old.

Ross: So what! I still have—No you're probably right.

Rachel: (entering) Hi!

Monica: Hey!

Phoebe: Hey!

Rachel: Hey Pheebs, can I talk to you over here for a second?

Phoebe: Yeah!

Monica: Subtle guys!

Phoebe: What?!

Monica: I know you're planning my surprise bridal shower.

Rachel: (laughs) Well okay—Well don't ruin it! Just play along at least!

Monica: Okay. Sorry. (She goes into the guest bedroom.)

Rachel: (To Phoebe) Oh my God! We have to throw her a shower?!

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Joey is entering.]

Monica: Hey! What did you decide to do about the movie?

Joey: I don't know! It's not like it's porn! This is a serious, legitimate movie. Y'know? And the nudity is really important to the story.

Monica: That's what you say about porn.

Joey: You're right. Maybe I shouldn't even go on the call back.

Monica: No! No you should! A lot of major actors do nude scenes! I mean the chance to star in a movie? Come on!

Joey: Well that's true. And I am only naked in one scene. Plus it sounds really great. My character's catholic and he falls in love with this Jewish girl. Who run away together and they get caught in this big rainstorm. So we go into this barn and undress each other and hold each other. It's really sweet and—and tender.

Monica: Plus, everyone's gonna see your thing. (Giggles.)

[Scene: Phoebe's apartment, Phoebe and Rachel are trying to plan Monica's shower.]

Phoebe: Well when can we have this shower?

Rachel: She has got so much going on we—we have only two options. We have Friday...

Phoebe: Well that's only two days away. What is the other option?

Rachel: Yesterday!

Phoebe: Well if we make it yesterday, woo-hoo! We're done!

Rachel: Oh my God Phoebe, this is impossible! We can't do this by Friday! We have to find a place. We have to invite people! We have to get food! There's just too much to do! It's impossible! We can't do it! We cannot do it! We cannot do it!

Phoebe: Rachel, calm down!

Rachel: (calmly) Okay. I'm sorry. You're right, you're right.

Phoebe: (grabs and shakes Rachel) Just calm down woman!

Rachel: Phoebe, I already, I already did.

Phoebe: Oh okay. All right, then I need to calm down a little.

Rachel: Okay. Okay. (They sit down.) I think we can do this if we just get organized. All right? We have two days to plan this party. We just need to make fast decisions! Okay? All right, where are we gonna have it?

Phoebe: Uh, here. What time?

Rachel: 4 o'clock. Food?

Phoebe: Finger sandwiches and tea.

Rachel: Ooh great! Very Monica.

Phoebe: And chili!

Rachel: Ah you went one too far. Uh, flowers or balloons?

Phoebe: Both!

Rachel: We're paying for this y'know.

Phoebe: Neither.

Rachel: Okay. Umm, what should we do for the theme?

Phoebe: Lusts of the flesh.

Rachel: (pause) What?

Phoebe: I don't know. (Timidly) A cowboy theme?

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica is on the couch writing when Chandler enters to make his brief cameo.]

Chandler: Hey!

Monica: Hey!

Chandler: Y'know I'm—I'm really glad we decided not to sleep together before the wedding.

Monica: Oh boy me too!

Chandler: Y'know I was thinking if we had a...a big fight and uh we broke up for a few hours...

Monica: Yeah?

Chandler: Technically we could have sex again. What do you think, bossy and domineering?!

Monica: The wedding is off, sloppy and immature!

Chandler: That's me! Come on!

Monica: Okay. (They both jump up to head for there room, but Monica stops.) But wait, we can't. My Cousin Cassie is in the guest room, we're supposed to have lunch.

Chandler: Well get rid of her, obsessive and shrill.

Monica: Shrill?! The wedding is back on!

(Cassie enters from the guest room, with her hair up. The extremely beautiful and sexy Denise Richards is playing Cassie. Woo hoo! For those of you who don't know who she is, rent *Wild Things* and she was also the last *Bond* girl in *The World Is Not Enough*.)

Cassie: I thought I heard voices. You must be Chandler.

Chandler: (transfixed) Hi! Nice to meet you!

Cassie: Nice to meet you too.

Monica: So, are you ready to go?

Cassie: Yeah.

(She lets her hair down and whips her hair around in *Baywatch*-esque slow motion with a Barry White song in the background. Chandler needless to say can't help but stare along with the rest of the male and lesbian population of North America.)

Monica: (catching him) Chandler!

Chandler: I'll be right with you.

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross is there as Chandler and Monica enters.]

Monica: (To Ross) Cassie needs to stay at your place.

Ross: What—why?

Monica: Because Purvry Perverson over here can't stop staring at her.

Ross: What?! Chandler she's our cousin!

Chandler: I was not staring at her. Okay? I was just listening intently. It's called being a good conversationalist. Watch. (Stares at Monica's eyes.) Say something.

Monica: You were staring about eight inches south of there.

Ross: Fine, she can stay at my place. By the way, what—what does Cassie even look like now.

Monica: She looks exactly like Aunt Marilyn.

Chandler: Umm, so this Aunt Marilyn is—is—is—is she coming to the wedding?

Monica: Wafer thin ice!

[Scene: A Casting Director's Office, Joey is entering for his callback.]

Joey: Hey, I'm back!

The Casting Director: Hi—hi Joey.

Joey: Uh so, will—will I be reading the same scene again?

The Casting Director: Actually, I tried to call to you. You didn't need to come down here today.

Joey: Oh great! Y'know I would've been perfect for this part, but whatever! Y'know, thanks for making a bad decision and ruining your movie! Good day! (Starts to leave.)

The Casting Director: Wait Joey! You didn't need to come down because the director saw your tape from yesterday and loved it.

Joey: And scene! Huh? Wasn't that fun? We did a little improv there. Yeah! Okay! So you—you—you—you were saying?

The Casting Director: Well, the director thinks you're really right for the part and wants to meet you tomorrow.

Joey: Wow! Sure! That's great!

The Casting Director: Oh and your agent said you were okay with the nudity.

Joey: Yeah! Yeah sure, just long as it's handled tastefully and that barn is not too cold.

The Casting Director: Terrific! Well uh, there's one more thing. Uhh, uh it's really important to the director that everything in this movie is authentic. Yeah and so in your love scene with Sarah she talks about how she's never seen a naked man who wasn't Jewish. So... (Laughs.)

Joey: So...What?

The Casting Director: So uh well the director is insisting that whoever play that part be authentically, anatomically not Jewish. Do you know what I'm saying?

Joey: Yes!

The Casting Director: Okay.

Joey: No. What?

The Casting Director: An Italian Catholic immigrant at this time would not be...

Joey: Barmifsaed?

(The casting director shakes her head.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Joey is telling Monica what the casting director was trying to get too.]

Monica: So to get this part you can't be?

Joey: Nope.

Monica: But you are?

Joey: Yep.

Monica: But you told them you weren't?

Joey: That's right.

Monica: Wow! Wow! And it's definitely all gone? There's nothing there to work with? (Joey glares at her.) What were you thinking?

Joey: I don't know! I really want this part! And they tell you no matter what you get asked at an audition you say yes. Like if-if they want you to ride a horse, you tell 'em you can! And just figure out how to do it later.

Monica: Joey! This is not like learning to ride a horse! This is like learning to...grow a turtleneck!

Joey: I kn-I know! I know! Okay? And apparently tomorrow when I go in to meet the director I have to take off my clothes so that they can see what my body looks like.

Monica: Oh my God, what are you gonna do?!

Joey: I just have to call my agent and tell her I can't do the part. (Gets up for the phone.)

Monica: Unless!

Joey: Unless what?

Monica: Well, this may sound crazy, but there maybe something we could fashion.

Joey: Like what?

Monica: Well I'm not sure yet, but umm of the top of my head I'm thinking double sided tape and some sort of luncheon meat.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Phoebe is entering and Rachel is still planning.]

Phoebe: Hey! I've got a great idea for party favors for the shower. Okay, we get some uh mahogany boxes and carve everyone's names in them and inside is everyone's individual birth stone.

Rachel: Okay. Okay. All right, you take care of that. And meanwhile, the party is tomorrow and we still don't have a guest list.

Phoebe: Okay. Okay! Well okay, who do we know that's coming? Me. Are you?

Monica: (entering) Hey!

Phoebe: Hey!

Rachel: Hey! What's up Mon?

Monica: Well uh, I'm trying to make something for Joey. Do you mind if I raid your fridge?

Rachel: Have at it.

Monica: Okay. (Opens the fridge.) All right, turkey. Eh, that won't work. Cheese? (Picks it up) That won't work. Olive loaf? (Picks it up) I hope that won't work.

Rachel: Are you makin' him a sandwich?

Monica: No it's umm, more like a wrap. Okay so uh, I'm gonna go guys.

Phoebe and Rachel: Okay.

Monica: I guess you can get back to deciding on what to get me for a present! (Runs out.)

Rachel: (To Phoebe, after Monica's gone) We have to get her a present?!

Phoebe: Okay but look! Look at what I got! It's her address book! (Holds it up.) We have a guest list!

Rachel: Oh my God you're amazing! Did you just pull that out of her purse?

Phoebe: Uh-huh, and a little seed money for the party. (Holds up \$40.)

[Scene: Ross's apartment, there is a knock on the door and Ross opens it to Cassie.]

Ross: (shocked at her beauty) Cassie?!

Cassie: Hey Ross!

Ross: Hey!

Cassie: (hugs him) It's been so long! Last time I saw you, you were setting up your tent in line to see *Return of the Jedi*.

Ross: Oh. Oh, that's right. So—so you did see me that day because it seemed like you didn't.

Cassie: Ah yeah, sorry about that.

Ross: It's okay. Come, come on in.

Cassie: Thanks for letting me stay here! I mean Monica's place was nice, but her fiancée sure stares a lot.

Ross: Oh.

(She sets down her bag and we travel back to slow motion world. She once again whips her hair around in slow motion with the love doctor Barry White singing in the background. And I'd also like to take this opportunity to mention that she can also be seen in *Starship Troopers* and that she was born in Downers Grove, Illinois which just happens to be a few miles from where I live. Anyway Cousin Ross is now staring.)

Cassie: Oh my God! You do a great Chandler!

Ross: Uh-huh. Yeah I—I have a knack for impressions.

Cassie: Well, maybe after we get reacquainted uh, you can do me.

Ross: Yeah—No!!

Commercial Break

[Scene: Ross's apartment, Cassie is eating dinner and Ross is pacing behind her because of what she's eating.]

Ross: Cassie, how you—how you doin' on that...hot dog.

Cassie: I'm all done.

Ross: (quietly) Thank God.

Cassie: I guess the last time we really hung out was when our parents rented that beach house together.

Ross: Oh right. Right. Ooh, remember the time I uh, I pinned you down and tickled you 'til you cried? (She laughs) We're probably too old to do that now.

Cassie: I'll always remember that summer, because it's when I got all of these freckles. (She pulls her blouse open to show him her shoulder and bra strap.)

Ross: (looking then moving away quickly) Uh—huh! Uh—huh! And—and—and I'll always remember that summer because that's when I realized that we are related.

Cassie: It took you that long to figure it out, huh?

Ross: Well I'm, I'm a little slow. (To himself) Just as our children would be.

[Scene: Phoebe's apartment, it's Monica's bridal shower and Phoebe is passing out some finger food.]

Phoebe: Hi!

Woman: Hi!

Phoebe: How are you? (The woman nods) Good. (She goes over to another couple of women.) Hi, thanks for coming.

Woman: Oh thank you.

(The other woman declines.)

Phoebe: Thank you. (To the other woman) No? (She nods.) All right. (She goes to another pairing.) Oh, it's so nice to see you.

Woman: No.

The Other Woman: No thanks.

Phoebe: Okay. (Goes over to Rachel.) Hey Rach?

Rachel: Yeah?

Phoebe: Who the hell are all these people?

Rachel: Well, I don't know. I called all the people in Monica's phone book and these are the only ones who could show up on 24 hours notice.

Phoebe: Hmm, y'know there's another word for people like that. Losers!

(A woman approaches.)

Rachel: (to her) Hi! I'm Rachel. This is Phoebe. I'm the maid of honor. How do you know Monica?

Woman: I was her accountant four years ago.

Rachel: Ohhhh!

Woman: I'm very interested to find out who's been doing her taxes these last four years.

Rachel: That's great!

Woman: So, what time is Monica supposed to get here?

Phoebe and Rachel: (to each other) I don't know.

Rachel: (to the woman) Excuse us for a minute. (They go into the kitchen.) You didn't tell her to come?!

Phoebe: You were supposed to tell her!

Rachel: No I wasn't! You were supposed to tell her to come and I was supposed to bring the cake!

Phoebe: Fine, I'll go call her.

Rachel: Yes! And please tell her to bring a cake!

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is standing at the counter as Monica enters carrying a tray.]

Monica: Okay, we have a lot of options here, a number of prototypes for you to try on.

Joey: Wow! This looks great!

Monica: Yeah! Okay, this one is a mushroom cap. (Points to it.) Umm, this one is made of bologna. (Points.)

Joey: And—and—and—and—and the toothpicks?

Monica: Oh, just until the glue dries.

Joey: Thank God!

Monica: (to a whole group) Now, these are—are more realistic, but perishable.

Joey: Ah.

Monica: Okay? (To a different group) Over here we have pink suede, which is nice. But umm, if it gets wet then you know it's gonna shrink.

Joey: Well maybe we just take that one away. (Picks it up and throws it away.)

Monica: I also, did a little something in fur. But umm, that's really just for me. (Rubs it against her cheek.) Okay. So, why don't you go into your room and try these on and we'll see—get a better idea of what's gonna work.

Joey: Thanks, you are such a good friend. And this is so weird.

(He goes into his room to try them on and closes the door.)

Joey: Ow!

Monica: Toothpick?

Joey: Yeah.

Monica: What are you trying on now?

Joey: The fruit roll up.

Monica: And?

Joey: Delicious.

Monica: Joey!

Joey: Wait a minute! Wait a minute! We have a winner!

Monica: What?! Which one?!

Joey: The *Silly Putty*! It's not so silly anymore!

(They hug.)

[Scene: Ross's apartment, Cassie and Ross are watching a movie and Cassie is pouring Ross some more wine as Ross has his hands full with the glass and holding the bowl of popcorn in his lap.]

Ross: (in his head) *She's your cousin. She's your cousin! If she knew what was going on in your head she'd think you were sick!* (She grabs some popcorn.) *Or would she? Let's back up a second. She was the one who suggested opening a bottle of wine. She was the one who turned down the lights. She was the one that wanted to rent Logan's Run, the sexiest movie ever.* (She grabs the blanket from behind him and looks at him.) *Oh, I know that look. Forget it. I want it. She wants it. I'm going in.*

(They exchange looks, smile, and shrug their shoulders before Ross suddenly lunges forward in an attempt to kiss her, but she expertly backs away.)

Cassie: Hey! What the hell are you doing?! (They sit back up.)

Ross: (in his head) *Say something clever!* (Pause.) *Okay, doesn't have to be clever, it just has to be words. Say some words.* (Pause) *Any words will do.* (Pause) *Oh my God! This is the longest that anyone has not talked ever!* (Pause) *There is nothing you can say to make this worse!! So just say something!!* (Pause.) (To her) I-I, I uh haven't had sex in a **very** long time. (She leaves.) (In his head) *Yeah, you really shouldn't have said anything.*

[Scene: outside Phoebe's apartment, Monica is knocking on the door.]

Monica: Phoebe! Rachel! It's Monica! I wonder what you could possibly need me for on such short notice! (She bursts into the apartment to find only Phoebe and Rachel sitting on the couch.) Oh.

Rachel: Oh Monica, we are so sorry.

Monica: For what?

Rachel: Well first, for forgetting to throw you a bridal shower.

Phoebe: And then for forgetting to invite you to it.

Monica: You al—you already had it?

Phoebe: Yeah. Well, we called everyone in your phone book and bunch of people came, but it took us so long to get you here that they—they had to leave.

Rachel: Yeah, we wanted to throw you a big surprise and a great shower, and now you don't have either.

Phoebe: We ruined everything.

Rachel: Ugh...

Monica: Well no wait a minute that's not true! No, what did, that was really sweet. And it kinda works out for the best.

Rachel: What do you, what do you mean?

Monica: Well now, I get to spend my shower with the only people I really love! I mean, I get all those presents (Motions to the pile in the corner) without having to talk to people I don't even like! (Suddenly, everyone stands up and comes out of hiding. All of them are glaring at Monica.)

Rachel: Surprise...

Phoebe: Sur-surprise.

Rachel: ...Monica.

[Scene: The casting director's office, Joey is there to show off to the director, so to speak.]

Joey: And what's cool is, the character is from Naples, right?

The Director: Yeah.

Joey: My whole family's from Naples!

The Director: Oh that's great! Okay, well I've heard everything I need to hear. I just need to uh, Leslie...

The Casting Director: Joey, this is awkward part.

Joey: Oh! Hey right! Not a problem. (He starts taking off his clothes.) I totally understand. You need to y'know make sure I don't have any horrible scars or tattoos. Don't you worry; I have nothing to hide. (He drops his pants and stands back up and looks down.) So there you go, that's me. (We cut to a camera angle looking at the casting director and movie director through Joey's legs.) One hundred percent natural!

(Suddenly, there's a thud as something falls off.) (Everyone is shocked.) I tell ya, that has never happened before.

Ending Credits

[Scene: Phoebe's apartment, Phoebe is getting out linens for Cassie who is in the bathroom.]

Phoebe: Cassie, are you finding everything okay in there?

Cassie: Yeah! Thank you so much for letting me stay here.

Phoebe: Oh! No problem! I... (Cassie emerges from the bathroom and we once again visit slow motion Barry White background music land with the sexy hair-flipping thing going on, only this time Phoebe is entranced. For more information on Denise Richards you can visit your local library or look her up on the Internet at her official website at www.deniserichards.com.)

Cassie: (noticing her) What?

Phoebe: (in her head) *Say something! Say anything! Ask her out! She's not your cousin!*

End

720. The One With Rachel's Big Kiss

Written by: Shana Goldberg-Meehan and Scott Silveri

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey, Monica, and Rachel are sitting on the couch and Ross is sitting on the chair, and they're all talking.]

Rachel: Hey! Out of all of us, who do you think is gonna get married next?

Joey: Probably Monica and Chandler.

(A woman walks up to Gunther in the background.)

Woman: (to Gunther) Hi. Could I have a pack of *Newport Lights*, please?

Gunther: Oh umm, uh we don't sell cigarettes, but they have them at the newsstand across the street.
(Points.)

Woman: That'd be great, thanks. (Gunther goes and gets them.)

Rachel: (to the gang) Oh my God, Melissa Warburton. I don't think I have the energy for this.

Melissa: (Gasps when she notices Rachel) Oh my God! Ray-ray Green?! (Screams)

Rachel: (screaming) Melissa!

Melissa: You have been M.I.A for the past seven sorority newsletters, what's up with you?!

Rachel: Wh—(Turns and looks at the gang who's staring)—Why don't I tell you over here? (She walks Melissa away from the gang.)

Melissa: So last I heard you were gonna get married. (Grabs Rachel's hand and notices that she doesn't have a ring on it.) (Sadly) Oh poor Ray-ray.

Rachel: Oh no-no, no! It's good! It's all good! I-I actually work at *Ralph Lauren!*

Melissa: Shut up!

Rachel: I will not! I'm the divisional head of men's sportswear!

Melissa: Oh shut up more! Now, are you friends with Ralph?

Rachel: Oh please...

Melissa: (excitedly) Are you?!

Rachel: No.

Melissa: Listen, we—we have to have dinner. What—what are you doing tomorrow night?

Rachel: Oh tomorrow, oh I don't know. Um...

Melissa: You do now. You're having dinner with me.

Rachel: Shut up.

Melissa: I—I've got to go. This has been so great Ray-ray! (Gunther returns with her cigarettes.) Oh, there you are. (Takes them from Gunther.) (To Rachel) Umm, so listen, just call me. Here's my card. (Hands the card over.)

Rachel: Oh, wow thanks! (Reading the card) Oh you're in real estate!

Melissa: Oh no, that's—that's an old card. Umm, I wanted to get out of that and—and do something where I can really help people and—and make a difference.

Rachel: Wow! What do you do now?

Melissa: (quietly) I'm a party planner. I'll see you tomorrow. (Exits.)

Rachel: Okay! (Joins the rest of the gang.)

Joey: Hey guys! Look who's back! It's Ray-ray!

Rachel: Shut up that was my friend Melissa from college.

Ross: She seems **really, really** fun!

Rachel: She's actually very sweet and we used to be very close.

Monica: Wait a minute, she isn't... She's not the one who you...

Joey: (excitedly) Who you what? Who you what?!

Rachel: (To Monica) Yes.

Monica: Wow!

Joey: (excitedly) Wow? Wow what?! Wow what?! Who you—what?!!

Rachel: It's not a big deal!

Monica: (To Joey) They were lovers.

Ross: What?!

Joey: What?!

Rachel: No we weren't! It was nothing! It was one night, senior year we went to a party, had a **lot** of sangria and y'know, ended up...kissing for a bit.

Ross: So that's two of my wives.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica is working on the seating chart while Chandler looks on and Rachel reads.]

Monica: (telling Chandler the seating arrangement) Okay so this is where the band is. (Points.) And this is where the bar is. (Points) And all these pins have people's names on them. (She has pins to show the seating at each of the tables.) And Rach, here you are. (Points to Rachel's place.)

Rachel: Oh wow. Why don't we just take me (Grabs her pin) and put me with a Manhattan in my hand, talking to the cute bartender. (Puts her pin at the bar and laughs. Monica just glares at her.) These pins aren't for playing are they?

Monica: (To Chandler) Okay, the red ones are my guests and the blue ones are yours.

Chandler: This is so sad. I mean, I only have like ten pins.

Monica: Chandler, relax it's not a contest. (To Rachel) Certainly not a close one.

Joey: (entering) Hello!

Rachel: Hey!

Joey: Hey Rach. (Stares at her.)

Rachel: Stop picturing it!!

Monica: Okay, I think that's it. The seating chart is done. This is our wedding. They all look like they're having fun don't they?

Joey: Hey, so where are my parents gonna be?

Monica: Oh! (Gets up) Let's see, well...if this is the wedding hall then umm (Walks away) you're parents will be at home in Queens.

Joey: What they're not invited?! Oh no, that's terrible! They're gonna be crushed!

Monica: Why would they think they're invited?

Joey: (looking around) You got me. I don't...

Monica: Joey!

Joey: Well, I'm sorry. I thought parents were coming! Y'know? Your parents are comin'! Chandler's parents are comin'! Ross's parents are comin'!

Monica: Ross's parents are **my** parents!

Joey: Well—well—see? Parents are comin'!

Chandler: Y'know I think we should invite them.

Monica: Oh please, you just want more blue pins.

Chandler: Well this is just sad!

Monica: All right, all right. Maybe I can fit them in if I just do some rearranging. But uh, Rachel may actually have to sit at the bar!

Rachel: That is not a problem.

Joey: (leaning down to her) Maybe you'll order a little sangria?

Rachel: Oh, get out of here! (Jumps back and walks away.)

[Scene: *Ralph Lauren*, Rachel is showing Chandler the selection of tuxedos.]

Rachel: (motioning to a rack) So now, these are all the tuxedos that we make and if there's anything that you like, we can make you a deal. Anything at all. (Grabs a few) But these are the three that Monica pre-approved.

Chandler: Well, thanks a lot for hookin' me up Rach. I want you to know that I want you to attend our wedding as my guest.

Rachel: I'm Monica's maid of honor. Okay? Don't try to blue pin me!

Chandler: (sees another rack) Well, what's the deal with these? These—these look nice.

Rachel: Oh they are nice. We—we custom—make tuxedos for celebrities and then when they're done with them they just send 'em back.

Chandler: You mean like for award shows?

Rachel: Some of them.

Chandler: You mean these tuxes have been down the red carpet with people yelling, "You are you wearing?! You look fabulous!"

Rachel: Honey, might I suggest watching a little more *ESPN* and a little less *E!*?

Chandler: Okay, who wore those? (Points to the tuxedos.)

Rachel: Umm, well let's see uh, this one is Tom Brokaw.

Chandler: Not bad.

Rachel: (reading a tag) This one is uh Paul O'Neil.

Chandler: Who's that?

Rachel: He plays for the Yankees. Seriously, *ESPN*! Just once and a while, have it on in the background. (Chandler nods and Rachel grabs another tux) Ooh, this one was Pierce Brosnan!

Chandler: Pierce Brosnan?

Rachel: Uh—huh.

Chandler: Are you serious?

Rachel: Yeah.

Chandler: 007?! This is James Bond's tux?!

Rachel: Yeah.

Chandler: Oh, I have to get married in James Bond's tux!

Rachel: It's a pretty cool tux.

Chandler: Oh, it's not just that, I would be England's most powerful weapon. Jet setting heartbreaker on her majesty's secret service. A man who fears no one; with a license to kill. (Worried.) Would Monica let me wear this?

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey and Phoebe are moving chess pieces around on the board and hitting the timer at random.]

Joey: We should really learn how to play the real way. (Moves another piece.)

Phoebe: I like our way. Oh! (Grabs a piece and jumps a bunch of Joey's like in Checkers.) Chess!

Joey: Nice move.

Phoebe: Yeah.

Rachel: (entering) Hey!

Joey: Hey!

Phoebe: Hey!

Rachel: So Joey I just hooked Ross and Chandler up with some tuxedos for the wedding, do you need one?

Joey: No, I'm performing the ceremony. I'm not wearing a tux.

Rachel: Well, what are you going to wear?

Joey: Multi-colored robes! Ooh, and maybe a hat.

Rachel: Huh. Does Monica know about this?

Joey: I don't think so.

Rachel: Can I please be there when you tell her? (Joey nods yes.)

Phoebe: Hey oh, Rach wait! Do you want to go to a movie tonight?

Rachel: Oh, y'know what? I can't. I have to have dinner with that Melissa girl.

Joey: (excitedly) Can I come?! I won't even talk! You'll just hear the noise from my video camera.

Phoebe: What is this? What's going on?

Joey: Oh good! Can I tell her?! Can I tell her?!

Rachel: Well, do you want to hear what actually happened or Joey's lewd version?

Phoebe: Joey's!

Joey: Okay...

Rachel: Hey, come on! I had this friend from college and I made the stupid mistake of telling Joey that one time...she and I y'know...kissed a little bit.

Phoebe: (laughs) Yeah, I'm sure that happened.

Rachel: It-it did!

Phoebe: Sure!

Joey: Hey. (Laughs then seriously) It happened!

Rachel: Yeah, it was senior year in college. It was after the Sigma Chi luau and Melissa and I got very drunk! And we ended up kissing! For several minutes!

Phoebe: (To Joey) Which means she had a couple spritzers and a quick peck on the cheek.

Joey: Why are you taking this away from me?

Rachel: Yeah, why is it so hard for you to believe?!

Phoebe: Okay! I just—I didn't know that you are a lesbian. (Joey smiles and nods lewdly.)

Rachel: I'm not saying that I'm a lesbian! I'm just saying that this happened!

Phoebe: Okay, it just seems pretty wild and you're so—y'know so...vanilla.

Rachel: (shocked) Vanilla?!

Phoebe: Yeah.

Rachel: I'm not vanilla! I've done lots of crazy things! I mean I got—I got drunk and married in Vegas!

Phoebe: To Ross.

Rachel: All right, y'know what? If you don't want to believe me about this, why don't you just come with me to dinner tonight and she will tell you.

Phoebe: Okay! All right! Yeah! 'Cause I just can't picture it.

Joey: Oh—ho, you should get inside my head.

[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler is on the couch reading as Ross enters carrying a garment bag.]

Ross: Hey! Guess what I got for your wedding! (Holding up his garment bag.)

Chandler: A freakish thin date with a hanger for her head?

Ross: No. Rachel hooked me up with a tux! But not just any tux, Batman's tux!

Chandler: What?

Ross: That's right! Made expressly for Val Kilmer and worn by him in the hit film...that Batman film he was in.

Chandler: You can't wear that! I'm wearing the famous tux! James Bond's tux!

Ross: So?

Chandler: So—If you wear that you'll make mine less special.

Ross: Well, you need something to make this day special? Hello! You—you—you have the most special thing of all! **You** are marrying the woman you love.

(Chandler mimics him.)

Chandler: Please, don't take away my cool thing. Please?! Pretty please?!

Ross: Pretty please? Not very uh, 007.

Chandler: Look, it's my wedding day okay? If you were getting married I would never do anything to upset you.

Ross: When I got married you slept with my sister.

Chandler: That was pretty 007.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica is still working on the seating chart as Joey enters.]

Joey: Hey.

Monica: Hey. Oh good—good you're here! All right, I figured it out. I'm gonna take two tables of eight, I'm gonna add your parents, and I'm gonna turn them into three tables of six. Okay? And I called the caterer; I added two extra meals, we are good to go!

Joey: Yeah, they're not coming.

Monica: (looking at him) What?!

Joey: Somehow they got the idea that you only invited them because of me. They...feel a little unwanted.

Monica: Oh that's too bad. It's true, but too bad.

Joey: Look Mon, if you could just call my mom...

Monica: Oh Joey!

Joey: Come on! Look just—just tell—let her know that you really want them to be there. Let's not forget, this is a woman that has sent you many lasagnas over the years.

Monica: No she hasn't.

Joey: Is it her fault that some of them didn't make it to you?

Monica: Well, what am I going to say?

Joey: I don't know. Just uh, just tell 'em it was a mix-up with the invitations, or—No—no—no! Blame it on the post office. They **hate** the post office. And the Irish! But I don't think you can blame it on them so... (He dials the phone and hands it to Monica.)

Monica: (on phone) Hello? (Listens) Yeah, hi! Mrs. Tribbiani? (Listens) Hi, this is Monica Geller. (Listens) Yeah I'm just calling to say that Chandler and I uh, really hope you can make it to the wedding. Yeah, apparently a bunch of invitations that we sent weren't delivered. Umm, I guess there was some screw up at the damn post office! (Joey nods his approval.) (Listens) T—Tell me about it! (Listens) Yeah, yeah, the US Post Office? No, more like US lost office! (Listens) What are they Irish?! (Joey gives her a thumbs up.) [Scene: A restaurant, Melissa, Rachel, and Phoebe are talking.]

Melissa: ...anyway, his name is Allan and we've been going out for three years. He was my first client when I became a party planner. He was planning a party for his girlfriend at the time. Oh well. (Rachel and Phoebe politely laugh) And he was Theta Beta Pi at Syracuse.

Rachel: Oh. Oh, that's great!

Melissa: Hmm Phoebe, were you ever in a sorority?

Phoebe: Of course! Yeah, I was uh, umm Thigh Mega Tampon.

Melissa: What one?

Phoebe: Yeah! Y'know, we were really huge too, but then they had to shut us down when Regina Philange died of alcohol poisoning.

Melissa: Oh, isn't a shame when one girl ruins it for the whole bunch? (Phoebe agrees by grunting.)

Rachel: (changing the subject) Anyway, speaking of drinking too much. I was uh, tellin' Phoebe about that one crazy night after the Sigma Chi luau where you and I uh, we made out.

Melissa: (shocked) What?

Rachel: Remember?! We—come on both had the sarongs on, and we had the—the coconut bikini tops...

Melissa: Yeah?

Rachel: ...we went back the house and we got really silly and we...we made out.

Melissa: Oh wow, Ray—ray I have no idea what you're talking about.

Phoebe: Really?!

Commercial Break

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica is on the couch as Chandler disgustedly enters.]

Chandler: Ross is Batman!

Monica: Well, he did manage to keep his identity secret for a long time.

Chandler: Rachel got Ross the tuxedo that Val Kilmer wore in Batman. Okay Batman is so much cooler than James Bond!

Monica: What are you talking about?! 007 has all those gadgets!

Chandler: Batman has a utility belt!

Monica: 007 has a fancy car!

Chandler: Batman has the Batmobile!

Monica: 007 gets all the ladies.

Chandler: Batman has Robin! (Pause) We get *ESPN* right?

Monica: How about you go put on your 007 tuxedo and I'll make you a nice martini.

Chandler: Actually, I don't like martinis.

Monica: How about a *Youhoo* with a funny straw?

Chandler: Ooh, yum! (Runs into the bedroom.)

Joey: (entering) Hey.

Monica: Hey.

Joey: Listen, I know the invitation says 6:00, but does that mean that you want people to get there at six, or the show is gonna start right at six?

Monica: The show?!

Joey: Right. Right. The wedding, gotcha. But I mean, it's gonna start a little late right? I mean, weddings start late. Right?

Monica: Have you ever been to one of **my** weddings?

Joey: Ah. Yeah. Well look, the thing is it's the same day as my niece's christening and I really want my parents to be there in time to see me. 'Cause my part's just in the beginning I'm not even in the rest of the show—Wedding!

Monica: The wedding starts at six.

Joey: Okay. Okay, I totally hear ya. Oo how about this? I vamp a little 'til they get there?

Monica: You'll vamp?!

Joey: Yeah! Yeah y'know, like warm up the crowd. Ask 'em where they're from. 'Cause in Joey Tribbiani you get a minister **and** you get an entertainer. I'm a minis-tainer! (Rapping) There is no one better! There is no one greater!

[Scene: The restaurant, continued from earlier.]

Rachel: How can you not remember us kissing?!

Melissa: I don't know. I don't remember a lot of things that never happened.

Rachel: Wh... Come on! Remember? We were on the sleeping porch! We couldn't stop giggling? And our coconuts kept knockin' together?

Phoebe: Oh, somewhere Joey's head is exploding.

Rachel: Yeah—but come on—Listen, I'm sorry I don't want to make you uncomfortable, but I told Phoebe that it happened and she doesn't believe me.

Melissa: I'm sorry Ray-ray. I mean if I thought it happened I would say it. Maybe I passed out and you did stuff to me while I was sleeping.

Rachel: No!!

Phoebe: Rachel, it's okay. You don't have to do this. I believe you. All right? Okay, if—if you say that you kissed Melissa, then you kissed Melissa.

Rachel: Thank you Phoebe.

Melissa: She didn't.

Phoebe: I know.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica and Chandler are working on the seating chart as Ross enters carrying his tux around.]

Ross: Hey!

Monica: You just carry that around?

Ross: Yes. I find it to be something of a conversation piece.

Monica: Between you and...

Ross: Gunther. (To Chandler) Hey-hey! Why don't we put them on? Y'know get a picture of Batman and James Bond together.

Chandler: I would but mine doesn't fit. The pants are a little tight.

Monica: A little tight? I could see double-oh **and** seven in those pants.

Ross: Well that stinks. I was looking forward to us wearing our celebrity tuxes together.

Chandler: Well, does that mean that you're not going to wearing yours?

Ross: What are you kidding? It's Batman's tux!!

Chandler: (standing up) Let me try it on!

Ross: Okay, but just the jacket. Double-oh and seven are not gettin' in there.

Chandler: (trying on the jacket) Okay. Holy double-vented comfort Batman! (Finds something in the pocket) What's this?

Ross: What?

Chandler: An invitation for the *At First Sight* premiere? Oh my God! Val Kilmer didn't wear this in Batman! He wore it to the premiere of some tooty-fruity love story where he played a blind guy!

Ross: Let me see that! (Grabs the invitation and reads it.) Oh man!

Chandler: The only superpower you have is a slightly heightened sense of smell. (Hands him the jacket and walks away.)

Joey: (entering) Hey! Uh, Monica? Chandler? Can I talk to you guys for a second?

Monica: All right that's it, I give up! Whatever you want you can have it! You wanna sing a song? You wanna do a dance? You want your mom stand at the Alter and scream racial slurs? I don't care!

Joey: No! No, I-I just wanna thank you guys for what you did for my parents, that was really sweet. They're so happy they get to be a part of your special day.

Monica: (defeated) Oh.

Chandler: Well, you're welcome. And tell them we're really glad they're coming.

Joey: Okay. I will. Ohh! Check out what they got me to wear for the ceremony! (Runs to his apartment and returns wearing a rather silly hat.) Huh? I wear it like this when I marry you guys, and then this (He tilts it to the side of his head) is for party time.

[Scene: Outside the restaurant, Melissa, Phoebe, and Rachel are emerging.]

Rachel: It happened! I am telling you it happened!

Melissa: Okay. (To Phoebe) Well, it was great meeting you. And uh Rachel, I—I don't think I'll be calling you (hails a cab) because umm, y'know you've gotten weird. (The cab pulls up.) Take care you guys. (She's about to get in when...)

Rachel: What?! Wait a minute! No wait a minute! (She does so.) Okay? Look, **that** night was the one wild thing I have ever done in my entire life, and I'm **not** gonna let you take that away from me! Okay, so if you don't remember that, **maybe** you will remember this! (She grabs Melissa and kisses her on the lips.)

Melissa: My God! You love me!

Rachel: (shocked) What?

Melissa: Of course I remember our kiss. I think about it all the time. I can still hear the coconuts knockin' together I... (Phoebe is shocked.) I just didn't want to tell you 'cause I didn't think that you'd return my love, and now that you have... (Leans in to kiss Rachel.)

Rachel: (moving away) Whoa! Whoa—whoa—whoa—whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

Melissa: Aww, look who's being suddenly shy. You can't tell me you don't feel what I feel. Nobody can kiss that good and not mean it. (Goes in again.)

Rachel: (moves away again) I—I—I'm just...I'm just a good kisser!

Melissa: (suddenly frightened) Shut up!

Rachel: I'm sorry!

Melissa: (laughs) Oh you don't have to be (Laughs again) sorry. I'm...I'm obviously kidding. I'm not in love with you. (To Phoebe) I'm not in love with her. I don't hear coconuts banging together. Yeah, I don't...picture your face when I make love to my boyfriend. Anyway, I gotta go. Eh...kiss good-bye? (Rachel stares at her stunned.) No? Okay. (Hurries into the cab and drives off.)

Rachel: Wow! I mean I had no idea that that was gonna...

(Suddenly, Phoebe leans in and kisses her on the lips!)

Rachel: What the hell was that?!

Phoebe: I just wanted to see what all the fuss was about.

Rachel: And?

Phoebe: I've had better.

Ending Credits

[Scene: *Ralph Lauren*, Rachel is hooking Chandler up with another tuxedo.]

Chandler: (yelling from the changing room) All right! I found one that fits!

Rachel: Well y'know what they say, the 23rd time's the charm. (Chandler enters.) Aww, look at you all handsome!

Chandler: Whose is it?

Rachel: Oh does it matter?! All that matters is that you look so handsome.

Chandler: Whose is it?

Season 7

Rachel: I don't want to say.

Chandler: Oh, come on! I don't care! Come on! Whose is it?

Rachel: Diane Keeton.

End

721. The One With The Vows

Written by: Doty Abrams

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

Episodes Originally Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#), [Mindy Mattingly Phillips](#), and [guineapig](#).

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica is at the kitchen table and Chandler is in the living room.]

Monica: Do you realize that four weeks from today we're getting married? Four weeks baby!! Four weeks!!!

Chandler: Do you realize you get louder each week?

Monica: There's still so much to do. Have you written your vows yet?

Chandler: I figured I'd buy those. Pat, I'd like to buy a vow. (Laughs)

Monica: Sweetie, you know I have no sense of humor when it comes to the wedding.

Chandler: Right. So uh, have you written yours yet?

Monica: No! But I know exactly what I'm going to say.

Chandler: Do you happen to know what I'm going to say?

Monica: (handing him a pad of paper and a pen) Let's just do it right now. Okay? It won't be hard. Just say what's in your heart. (She goes back, sits down, and starts feverishly writing.)

Chandler: (watching in her) (in his head) *Look at her go! She must love me more than I love her! What's wrong with me? Ooh, don't open that door.*

Opening Credits

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Chandler is getting help writing his vows from Joey and Ross.]

Chandler: (writing) Monica, there are no words... (To Joey and Ross) There are no words! This should not be this hard!

Joey: All right, uh... (To Ross) Oh hey, you've done this before Ross, well what did you say when you made up your vows?

Ross: Well with Carol, I promised never to love another woman until the day I die. She made no such promise.

Chandler: I'm so pathetic! Monica knows what she wants to say! You should've seen her. Writing, writing, writing!

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica has hit a writer's block as Rachel and Phoebe enter.]

Rachel: Monica what?

Phoebe: What?!

Rachel: What is the emergency?!

Monica: You have to help me! I'm supposed to be writing my vows and all I have is this! (Shows them what she's been working on.)

Rachel: Well, I like the pretty little drawing of you in the wedding dress.

Monica: Thank you.

Phoebe: Yeah, except your breasts look kinda small. (Points.)

Monica: Those are my eyes! **Those** are my breasts. (Points.)

Monica: No fair. I don't even have one. How come they get two?

Chandler: You'll get one.

Monica: Oh yeah? When?

Chandler: All right. I'll tell you what. When we're 40, if neither one of us are married, what do you say you and I get together and have one?

Monica: Why won't I be married when I'm 40?

Chandler: Oh, no, no. I just meant hypothetically.

Monica: Ok, hypothetically, why won't I be married when I'm 40?

Chandler: No, no, no.

Monica: What is it? Is there something fundamentally unmarriageable about me?

Chandler: (trapped) Uh, uh.

Monica: Well?

Chandler: Dear God! This parachute is a knapsack! (throws himself over the back of the chair he was sitting in)

[Cut to Ross leaping into Chandler's Hotel room in London in The One With Ross's Wedding.]

Ross: (Screaming) I'm getting married today!! Ahh, whoo-hoo!!(He runs back out the door.)

Monica: (Comes up for below the covers and looks concerned.) Do you think he knew I was here? (Chandler quickly looks at Monica not knowing what to say.)

[Cut to Chandler opening the door to his and Joey's apartment to reveal Monica standing there with a turkey on her head in The One With The Thanksgiving Flashbacks.]

Chandler: Nice try.

Monica: Wait, wait, wait! (She puts a Shriner's hat on the turkey.)

Chandler: Look, Monica...

Monica: Look! (She puts a big, yellow pair of sunglasses on the bird.)

Chandler: This is not going to work.

Monica: I bet this will work! (She starts dancing and Chandler cracks up.)

Chandler: You are so great! I love you!

(Monica stops suddenly and turns around slowly.)

Monica: What?

Chandler: Nothing! I said, I said "You're so great" and then I just, I just stopped talking!

Monica: You said you loved me! I can't believe this!

Chandler: No I didn't!

Monica: Yes, you did!

Chandler: No I didn't!

Monica: You love me!

Chandler: No I don't! Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!

(Joey walks in and sees Monica. He freaks out and runs back into the hallway, screaming.)

[Cut to Chandler trying to hint to Monica that he wanted to move in with her in The One After Vegas.]

Chandler: Y'know I was thinking, what if I uh, unpack here?

Monica: Then all your stuff would be here.

Chandler: Well, what if all my stuff was here?

Monica: Then you'd be going back and forth all the time, I mean it doesn't make any sense.

Chandler: Okay. What if we lived together and you understand what I'm saying?

[Cut to Chandler entering his and Monica's apartment alight with a thousand candles in The One With The Proposal.]

(He walks dejectedly into his apartment to find it lit with about a thousand candles and Monica standing in the living room.)

Monica: You wanted it to be a surprise.

(He turns to look at Joey who smiles slyly and closes the door leaving them alone.)

Chandler: Oh my God.

(Monica gets down on one knee.)

Monica: Chandler... In all my life... I never thought I would be so lucky. (Starting to cry.) As to...fall in love with my best...my best... There's a reason why girls don't do this!

Chandler: Okay! (He joins her on one knee) Okay! Okay! I'll do it! Oh God, I thought... (Starting to cry,

pauses) Wait a minute, I-I can do this. (Pause) I thought that it mattered what I said or where I said it.

Then I realized the only thing that matters is that you, (Pause) you make me happier than I ever thought I

could be. (Starting to cry again.) And if you'll let me, I will spend the rest of my life trying to make you feel

the same way. (Pause as he gets out the ring.) Monica, will you marry me?

Monica: Yes.

(The crowd goes wild as he puts the ring on her finger. They hug and kiss this time as an engaged couple.)

Joey: (yelling through the door) Can we come in yet?! We're dying out here!

Monica: Come in! Come in! (Joey, Rachel, and Phoebe burst through the door.) We're engaged!!!

(Everyone screams and has a group hug.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe and Rachel are on the couch as Joey and Ross enter.]

Joey: Hey!

Ross: Hey!

Rachel: Hey!

Phoebe: Hey!

Rachel: Hey, what have you guys been up to?

Ross: Oh, we were helping Chandler write his vows, but he kicked us out because Joey kept making inappropriate suggestions.

Joey: How is "Monica, I love your sweet ass," inappropriate?

Ross: How's Monica coming along with her vows?

Phoebe: Well let's just say it's she's lucky she has a sweet ass, 'cause she's not so good at the writing.

Ross: I can't believe in four weeks they're gonna be married!

Phoebe: Well let's just hope it works. Y'know nine out of ten marriages end in divorce?

Ross: Phoebe that's not true.

Phoebe: Yeah, you're right. How's the Mrs.?

Rachel: I can't believe they've been together for three years.

Joey: (shocked) Has it been that long?!

Ross: Believe me, it seems like less because they hid it from us for so long.

[Flashback to Joey interrupting a bath Monica and Chandler are sharing in *The One With All The Kissing*. Monica dives underwater as Joey opens the door.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

Joey: Okay.

(Joey leaves and Monica comes up for air.)

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

Monica: Chicken? I could eat some chicken.

Chandler: Hey Joe!

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

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

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

[Cut back to Central Perk.]

Rachel: I don't know why they didn't just tell us.

Joey: I know! I mean it's not like we weren't cool about it.

[This starts a series of flashbacks starting with Monica and Chandler forcing Joey to keep his new found knowledge of their secret relationship in Monica's bedroom in *The One With All the Kips*.]

Joey: (To Chandler) You?! (To Monica) And-and you?!

Monica: Yes, but you cannot tell anyone! No one knows!

Joey: How?! When?!

Chandler: It happened in London.

Joey: IN LONDON!!!

Chandler: The reason we didn't tell anyone was because we didn't want to make a big deal out of it.

Joey: But it is a big deal!! I have to tell someone!

(They both grab him and stop him.)

Chandler: No-no-no-no-no! You can't!

Monica: Please? Please?! We just don't want to deal with telling everyone, okay? Just promise you won't tell.

(Joey thinks it over.)

Joey: All right! Man, this is unbelievable!

[Cut to Rachel listening to a phone conversation between Chandler and Monica in *The One With All the Resolutions*.]

Monica: (on phone) I can't wait to be with you! I'll just tell Rachel I'm gonna be doing laundry for a couple of hours.

Chandler: (on phone) Laundry. Huh. Is that my new nickname? (Rachel is absolutely stunned, she opens her mouth in absolute amazement.)

Monica: (on phone) Awww, y'know what your nickname is, Mr. Big...

Rachel: Arghh!! (She quickly hangs up the phone and starts to pace around wondering what to do.)

[Cut to Phoebe in Ross's new apartment looking at Monica and Chandler and what they're about to do in The One Where Everybody Finds Out.]

Phoebe: (looking out the window) Oh, look! There's Monica and Chandler! (Starts yelling.) Hey! Hey, you guys! Hey! (Chandler and Monica start taking each other's clothes off.) Ohh!! Ohh! Ahh-ahhh!!

Rachel: What?!

Phoebe: (screaming) Ahhh!! Chandler and Monica!! Chandler and Monica!!

Rachel: Oh my God!

Phoebe: CHANDLER AND MONICA!!!!

Rachel: OH MY GOD!!!

Phoebe: OH!! MY EYES!!! MY EYES!!!!

Rachel: Phoebe!! Phoebe!! It's okay!! It's okay!!

Phoebe: NO! THEY'RE DOING IT!!!

Rachel: I KNOW!! I KNOW!! I KNOW!

Phoebe: YOU KNOW?!!!

Rachel: Yes, I know! And Joey knows! But Ross doesn't know so you have to stop screaming!!

Ross: (entering) What's going on?

Phoebe and Rachel: Ohhh!!!

Rachel: (trying to divert his attention from the window by jumping up and down) HI!! HI!

Ross: What?! What?!

Rachel: Nothing! Oh God, we're just so excited that you want to get this apartment!

Ross: Actually, it looks really good. (Turns towards the window and now Phoebe starts jumping to divert his attention.)

Phoebe: (Screaming incoherently.) Get in here!!! (Motions to join her and Rachel.)

(Ross starts jumping and screaming incoherently and hops over and joins in on the group hug.)

[Cut to later in that episode in Central Perk, a meeting with Phoebe, Rachel, and Joey where they discuss Chandler and Monica.]

Phoebe: Okay, so now they know that you know and they don't know that Rachel knows?

Joey: Yes, but y'know what? It doesn't matter who knows what. Now, enough of us know that we can just tell them that we know! Then all the lying and the secrets would finally be over!

Phoebe: Or, we could **not** tell them we know and have a little fun of our own

[Cut to later in that episode. Rachel and Phoebe are going to a movie from Monica and Chandler's, and as Phoebe walks by Chandler she pinches him on the butt and exits.]

Rachel: All right honey, we'd better go if we wanna catch that movie.

Monica: Bye!

All: Bye!

Phoebe: Bye Chandler! (She walks up to him.) (Quietly.) I miss you already. (She pinches his butt.)

Chandler: (after they've left) Okay, did you see that?! With the inappropriate and the pinching!!

Monica: Actually, I did!

Chandler: Okay, so now do you believe that she's attracted to me?

Monica: Ohhh, oh my God! Oh my God! She knows about us!

[Cut to later in that episode. Monica and Chandler are confronting Joey in his apartment about Phoebe's knowledge.]

Chandler: Phoebe knows about us!

Joey: Well I didn't tell them!

Monica: Them?! Who's them?

Joey: Uhhh, Phoebe and Joey.

Monica: Joey!

Joey: And Rachel. I would've told you but they made me promise not to tell!

Monica: Oh man, they think they are so **slick** messing with us! But see they don't know that we know that they know! So...

Chandler: Ahh yes, the messers become the messies!

[Cut to later in that episode. Phoebe is telling Rachel in Monica and Chandler's that Chandler wants to make a date with Phoebe.]

Phoebe: I'll have to get back to you on that. Okay, bye! (Hangs up.) Oh my God! He wants me to come over and feel his bicep and more!

Rachel: Are you kidding?!

Phoebe: No!

Rachel: I can not believe he would do that to Mon—Whoa! (She stops suddenly and slowly turns to point at Joey. Joey is avoiding her eyes.) Joey, do they know that we know?

Joey: No.

Rachel: Joey!

Joey: They know you know.

Rachel: Ugh, I knew it! Oh I cannot believe those two!

Phoebe: God, they thought they can mess with us! They're trying to mess with us?! They don't know that we know they know we know! (Joey just shakes his head.) Joey, you can't say anything!

Joey: I couldn't even if I wanted too.

[Cut to later in that episode. Chandler is in his bathroom with Monica, and he's panicking on how far Phoebe is pushing him.]

Chandler: Listen, this is totally getting out of hand! Okay? She wants me to put lotion on her!

Monica: She's bluffing!

Chandler: Look, she's not backing down! She went like this! (He does a little mimic of her dance.)

[Cut to the hallway where Phoebe is conferring with Rachel.]

Phoebe: He's not backing down. He went to get lotion.

Joey: (entering the hall) Oh man! Aren't you guys done yet?!

Rachel: Joey look, just look at it this way, the sooner Phoebe breaks Chandler the sooner this is all over and out in the open.

Joey: Ooh!

Rachel: Okay!

Joey: I like that! (To Phoebe) Oh, okay! Show him your bra! He's afraid of bras! Can't work 'em! (He swiftly rips open the front of Phoebe's dress revealing her bra.)

Phoebe: Joey! (Examining the dress.) Wow, you didn't rip off any buttons.

Joey: It's not my first time.

[Cut to the bathroom.]

Monica: You go back out there and you seduce her till she cracks!

Chandler: Okay, give me a second! (Pause) Did you clean up in here?

Monica: Of course.

[Cut back to the living room. Chandler slowly exits the bathroom and gets pushed from behind by Monica and sees Phoebe closing the apartment door.]

Chandler: Oh, you're—you're going?

Phoebe: Umm, not without you, lover. (She slowly walks over to him and is showcasing her bra.) So, this is my bra.

Chandler: (swallowing hard) It's very, very nice. Well, come here. I'm very happy were gonna have all the sex.

Phoebe: You should be. I'm very bendy. (Pause) I'm gonna kiss you now.

Chandler: Not if I kiss you first.

(They move closer to together and Phoebe hesitantly puts her hand on Chandler's hip. He puts his hand on her left hip but then decides to put his hand on her left hip. Phoebe then grabs his butt. Chandler goes for her breast, but stops and puts his hand on her shoulder.)

Phoebe: Ooh.

Chandler: Well, I guess there's nothing left for us to do but—but kiss.

Phoebe: Here it comes. Our first kiss.

(They slowly and hesitantly move their lips together and kiss gently. Phoebe has her eyes wide open in shock and Chandler is squinting. He finally breaks the kiss after only a short while and pushes Phoebe away.)

Chandler: Okay! Okay! Okay! You win! You win!! I can't have sex with ya!

Phoebe: And why not?!

Chandler: Because I'm in love with Monica!!

Phoebe: You're—you're what?!

(Monica comes out of the bathroom like a bolt, and Rachel and Joey both enter.)

Chandler: Love her! That's right, I...LOVE...HER!!! I love her!! (They walk together and hug.) I love you, Monica.

Monica: I love you too Chandler. (They kiss.)

Phoebe: I just—I thought you guys were doing it, I didn't know you were in love!

Joey: So that's it! It's over! Everybody knows!

Monica: Well actually, Ross doesn't.

Chandler: Yes, and we'd appreciate it if no one told him yet.

[Cut to later in that episode. Ross is showing his boss his new place and notices something in the window.]

Ross: (He notices something through the window.) No! No! Wh... What are you doing?!! (Dr. Ledbetter is slowly backing away.) **GET OFF MY SISTER!!!!!!!!!!!!!!**

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe, Rachel, Joey and Ross are talking.]

Phoebe: Y'know, you're friend's getting married, it's gotta change things.

Rachel: You really think it would be that different?

Phoebe: How could it not be? I mean pretty soon they're gonna be having kids, and then they're just gonna be hanging out with other couples who have kids. And then maybe they're gonna have to leave the city to be near a *Volvo* dealership.

Rachel: Well, things change.

Joey: I don't want them to move to a *Volvo* dealership!

Ross: It'll be okay Joe.

Joey: I'm sorry, I just...I like things the way they are.

[Flashback to the gang in Central Perk in The One Where Nana Dies Twice, they're all going through an old photo album.]

Rachel: Hey, who's this little naked guy?

Ross: That little naked guy would be me.

Rachel: Aww, look at the little thing.

Ross: Yes, yes, fine, that is my penis. Can we be grown-ups now?

Chandler: Who are those people?

Ross: Got me.

Monica: Oh, that's Nana, right there in the middle. (Reads the back) 'Me and the gang at Java Joe's'.

Rachel: Wow, Monica, you look just like your grandmother. How old was she there?

Monica: Let's see, 1939... yeah, 24, 25?

Ross: Looks like a fun gang. (They all look at each other and smile)

Joey: Ooh, look-look-look-look-look! I got Monica naked!

Ross: (looking) Nono, that would be me again.

[Cut back to Central Perk, Monica and Chandler are entering.]

Monica: Hey, you guys!

Phoebe: Hey.

Joey: Hey.

Chandler: What's going on?

Rachel: Well, we were just talkin' about you guys gettin' married and how great it is.

Joey: Yeah, you can get a *Volvo*. If that's what you really want.

Monica: Oh that's so sweet.

Chandler: So we both finished our vows.

Phoebe: Oh!

Joey: Hey!

Rachel: Oh, can we read them?

Monica: Yeah, I don't hear Chandler's and he doesn't hear mine.

Rachel: Okay.

Phoebe: Okay.

(They spilt into their sexes and the girls read Monica's and the guys read Chandler's. The girls gasp and groan and the guys laugh hysterically.)

Phoebe: (To Monica) Oh, that's beautiful.

Joey: (To Chandler) (laughing) Funny one! That's good!

Rachel: (To Monica) Monica, will-will you marry me?

(Ross laughs.)

Joey: What? I don't get it.

(Ross points to the explanation and he gets it.)

Ross: (To Chandler) Oh man, this is hilarious.

Monica: Chandler!!

Chandler: Don't worry honey, we'll make yours funnier.

Ending Credits

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Ross and Joey are reading Chandler's new vows.]

Chandler: Okay, what do you guys think?

Ross: (quietly) Dude!

Joey: (starting to cry) I have never known love like this.

Chandler: You really like it?

Ross: Dude! How-how did you write this?

Chandler: I stole Monica's and changed the name.

Ross: You can't **do** that!

Joey: If he goes first he can!

End

722. The One With Chandler's Dad

Teleplay by: Brian Buckner & Sebastian Jones

Story by: Greg Malins

Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Phoebe, Monica, and Rachel are sitting around the kitchen table as Ross enters.]

Ross: Hey!

Monica: Hey!

Ross: Hey uh Mon, I saw the Porsche parked out front, can I get the keys? Thought I'd take that bad boy out for a little spin.

Rachel: Wait a minute! (To Monica) You let **Ross** drive the Porsche and when I ask you, you say you're the only one who's allowed to drive it.

Monica: Yeah, well he's my brother! And plus he drives so slow he could never hurt it.

Ross: It's a car Monica! Not a rocket ship!

Monica: Whatever Ross! Just replace the bulbs in the brake lights after you're done.

Joey: (entering) Hey!

Ross: Hey!

Phoebe: Hey!

Joey: Saw the Porsche out there Mon, lookin' good. When do I get to take that baby out again?

Rachel: (shocked) You let Joey drive it?!

Phoebe: I've never driven it! Okay? Not once! Okay once. Okay, I drive it all the time.

Monica: Nice work everybody! So much for the y'know, "You can drive it, but don't tell Rachel" plan!

Rachel: Wow! I can't believe you lied to me.

Phoebe: Okay, I can fix this! Okay Monica, Rachel thinks all you can talk about is the wedding. (Rachel glares at her.)

Monica: Great! Well Rachel, the reason why I won't let you drive the Porsche is because you're a terrible driver. There! That wasn't about the wedding.

Ross: Look Rach if—if you want to go for a ride in the Porsche I'll be glad to take you for a quick spin around the block.

Joey: Yeah, you got a couple hours?

Opening Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Rachel is there as Ross enters with his all his hair sticking straight up.]

Ross: Whew! That was a brisk ride!

Rachel: Take the top down did ya?

Ross: Only way to fly.

(Rachel laughs.)

Rachel: Come on Ross give me the keys! Monica does **not** know what she's talking about! I am an excellent driver!

Ross: You're fast and irresponsible. That adds up to a bad driver.

Rachel: Well in High School, that added up to head cheerleader.

(A woman walks by and smiles at Ross's hair.)

Ross: Did you see the look that girl just gave me? Huh? She must've seen me cruising in the bad boy.

Rachel: I think she's checking out your beehive Ross.

Ross: What?! (Checks his hair.) Give-give me a brush.

Rachel: Gimme the keys!

Ross: No way!

Rachel: Well no brush!

Ross: Fine! Y'know what? It doesn't matter, because, if I remember correctly, there is a comb on the floor of the bathroom.

(He goes to the bathroom and after he leaves Rachel goes through his coat and grabs the keys along with a \$20 bill. The woman from before watches her do this.)

Rachel: (to the woman) Alimony. (Runs outside.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica and Phoebe are counting the invitations as Chandler exits from the bathroom.]

Monica: Chandler, we still haven't gotten an RSVP from your dad.

Chandler: Oh! Right. Umm, maybe that's because I didn't send him an invitation.

Monica: Chandler! He's your father: he should be at the wedding.

Chandler: I don't even know the man. Okay? We're not the close. I haven't seen him in years.

Monica: Well what are you gonna do when he finds out he wasn't even asked?!

Chandler: Well he doesn't have to know! It's not like we run in the same circles. I hang out with you guys, and he stars in a drag show in Vegas.

Phoebe: Ooh, I think I wanna trade circles.

Chandler: Trust me, you don't want him there either. Okay? Nobody is gonna be staring at the bride when the father of the groom is wearing a back-less dress.

Monica: So what! As long as he's not wearing a white dress and a veil I don't care.

Phoebe: Okay, I think I need to do some shopping. (Gets up and leaves.)

[Scene: A Street, Rachel is throwing her coat into the Porsche and getting in.]

Rachel: Ahhh! (Gets in.) Ooh, nice!

(Suddenly from out of nowhere Ross dives onto the hood.)

Rachel: My God!

Ross: What do you think you're doing?!

Rachel: Just washing the windshield. (She turns on the wipers forcing Ross off of the hood.)

Ross: There is **no** way I am letting you drive this car! So why don't you just hand over the keys?

Rachel: Oh.

{Transcriber's Note: She puts the key into the ignition, which is on the left side of the steering wheel. Does anyone know why that is? It's a tradition left over from Porsche's racing history. The world's greatest

endurance race is the 24 Hours of LeMans. Which is in France and runs for 24 hours straight from noon on Saturday through the dark of night and finishes at noon on Sunday. In the 60s LeMans had a unique start where the drivers would actually start the race outside of the car and across the track. At the start of the race, the drivers would run across the track, get in the car, buckle up, start the car, and drive off. Porsche wanted to reduce the amount of time that took. Since all cars to that point had the ignition switches on the right side of the steering wheel, that required the drivers to use their right hand to grab the seat-belts, put the car in gear and start it. The driver's left hand did nothing. Porsche in order to save a few seconds in a 24-hour race; moved the ignition switches to the left side of the steering wheel so that the driver could start the car with his left hand while grabbing the seat-belts with his right hand. That's why every Porsche car built since then has the ignition on the left side of the steering wheel.}

Ross: No ah-ah-ah! Do **not** start this car! (She starts the car.) Okay! Okay! I will give you twenty bucks if you get out of this car right now! (He looks for the twenty Rachel stole and doesn't find it.)

Rachel: Look Ross, if you're so freaked out, just get in the car!

Ross: With you?! Yeah right!

Rachel: All right. (She starts off.)

Ross: (grabbing the car) Okay! Okay! Okay! (He gets in, but into the back seat.)

Rachel: What are you doing?! Get in the front!

Ross: In the death seat?!!

Rachel: Oh my...

(They drive off.)

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey and Phoebe are on the couch as a man enters.]

Man: Hey guys!

Joey: Hey!

Phoebe: Hey sweetie!

Man: Ready to go?

Phoebe: Yeah! Sure! Ooh, I left my purse up at Monica's. I'll be right back. (She goes to get it.)

Man: (stopping her) Wait a minute!

Phoebe: What? (He leans in to kiss her.) Oh. (They kiss and Phoebe pauses.) Ooh. (Pause) Whoa! That one kept going. (Exits.)

Joey: So! You and Phoebe huh? How long have you been going out?

Man: Over a month.

Joey: Wow! Maybe uh, maybe you and I ought to get to know each other a little better.

Man: Sure, I'd like that.

Joey: So uh, what's your name?

Man: (laughs) Its Jake.

Joey: Joey. (They shake hands.) Hey Jake, do you like the Knicks?

Jake: Yeah, big fan.

Joey: Me too! There's a game on Tuesday do you wanna go?

Jake: Yeah that would be great! Let me make sure I'm not doing anything Tuesday. (He bends over to open his bag, when he does so his pants slide down his butt revealing a pink lace secret.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica is entering from the bedroom carrying two bags of luggage.]

Monica: Here! (She sets a bag down in front of him.)

Chandler: What's this?

Monica: It's your suitcase. We're going to Las Vegas.

Chandler: Are you serious?! I mean like eloping?! No more stupid wedding stuff?! No more these flowers or these flowers or these flowers—Think of the money we'll save!! (Monica just looks at him.) We're not eloping. I love the flowers. Can our wedding be bigger please?

Monica: We're going to Las Vegas to see your dad. It's time you two talked, and I want to get to know my father-in-law.

Chandler: Y'know we already went over this and I won!

Monica: No you didn't. Oh and honey just so you know, now that you're marrying me, you don't get to win anymore.

Chandler: Look forget it okay? I don't want to go. I don't want to see him. I don't wanna.

Monica: Chandler, look I—I know that your dad embarrassed you. I know...

Chandler: No—no **all** kids are embarrassed by their parents, you'd have to come up with a whole new word for what I went through. When I was in High School, he used to come to all of my swim meets dressed as a different Hollywood starlet. Y'know it's hard enough to be fourteen. You're skinny. You're wearing speedoes—That your mom promised that you would grow into! And you look up into the stands and there's your dad cheering you on dressed as Carmen Miranda. We was wearing a headdress with real fruit that he will **later** hand out to your friends as a healthy snack!

Monica: Hey, the point is that he was at everyone of your swim meets and he was there cheering you on! Okay? That's a, that's a pretty great dad.

Chandler: He had sex with Mr. Giribaldi!

Monica: Who's Mr. Giribaldi?

Chandler: Does it matter?!

Monica: Chandler, you're not fourteen anymore. Okay? Maybe it's time that you let that stuff go. If your father's not at your wedding...you're gonna regret it for the rest of your life.

Chandler: Yeah o-okay, but I'm just doing this for you.

Monica: Yes!

Chandler: So I really never get to win anymore?

Monica: How much did ever really win before?

[Scene: Central Perk, Phoebe is there as Joey enters.]

Joey: Pheeb's!

Phoebe: Hey!

Joey: Listen, you know how uh, when you're wearing pants and you lean forward I check out your underwear?

Phoebe: Yeah!

Joey: Well, when Jake did it I saw that...he was wearing women's underwear!

Phoebe: I know. They were mine.

Joey: Oh. (Laughs.) No! No wait, that's weird!

Phoebe: No, it's not! We were just goofing around and I dared him to try them on.

Joey: That's weird!

Phoebe: I'm wearing his briefs right now.

Joey: That's...kinda hot.

Phoebe: I think so too. And that little flap? Great for holding my lipstick.

Joey: Yeah, I wouldn't know about that.

Phoebe: And! Y'know what Jake says? That women's underwear is actually more comfortable. And he loves the way the silk feels against his skin.

Joey: Yeah well next thing you know, he'll be telling you that your high heels are good for his posture!

Phoebe: There is nothing wrong with Jake! Okay? He is all man! I'm thinking even more than you.

Joey: Oh yeah, he looked like a real lumberjack in those pink laceys.

Phoebe: I'm just saying that only a man completely secure with his masculinity could walk around in women's underwear! I don't think you could ever do that.

Joey: Hey! I **am** secure with my masculinity.

Phoebe: Okay whatever.

Joey: You've seen my huge stack of porn right? (Phoebe nods.)

[Scene: The Porsche, Rachel is driving along a highway and Ross has finally moved to the death seat and is terrified.]

Rachel: God. I forgot how much I love driving. I have **got** to get my license renewed.

Ross: (shocked) You don't have a **valid** driver's license—Okay that is it! Pull over right now!

Rachel: Oh Ross you're so tense! You just gotta relax okay? Just need to relax all right? Just need to relax... (She takes her hands off of the wheel.)

Ross: (grabbing the wheel) What—what are you doing?! Are you—Okay that's not funny! Just stop horsing around!

Rachel: I am not horsing around okay? I am Porsching around.

(Suddenly a siren goes off behind them.)

Rachel: Uh—oh. (She starts to pull over.)

Ross: Okay, stay calm. Nothing is going to happen to you, you are not in that much trouble.

Rachel: Really? You think so?

Ross: I was talking to myself! You're going down!

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is walking from the bathroom to his bedroom and walks past a pile of Rachel's laundry, which just happens to include a selection of panties. He stops, goes back to the basket, looks for Rachel, picks up a lavender thong, and heads for his bedroom. However, he decides he doesn't like his selection and goes back this time picking up a red low-cut silk brief and heads for his room, flexing along the way to prove his masculinity.]

[Scene: Las Vegas, we have the typical glamour shots of Vegas and the strip before we arrive at 4 Queens bar, where Chandler and Monica are sitting at a table waiting for the show to start.

A Waiter in Drag: (to Chandler and Monica) Has someone taken your order yet?

Monica: Uh oh yeah, she did. Uh, he did. (To Chandler) She? (To the waiter) I'm—I'm sorry I'm new. I don't...

Waiter in Drag: (To Chandler) Hm—mmm?

Chandler: Yeah, I just ordered a beer! (Pounds the table.)

Waiter in Drag: You're straight. I get it. (Walks away.)

Monica: I still say that if we had called your dad we coulda gotten better seats.

Chandler: No! No! I don't want him to know we're yet! I'm not sure I'm ready for that. And besides he's not gonna be too happy to see me either.

Monica: Why not?!

Chandler: I don't know if I've told you this, but he's kinda tried to get in contact with me a lot over the last few years

Monica: What?!

Chandler: Yeah, he's made phone calls, written letters, he even came to New York, but I always said I was too busy to see him. Y'know it's all very *Cats in the Cradle*—I don't want to get into it. (The show starts.) Here we go.

Announcer: Ladies and gentlemen please welcome the incomparable Helena Handbasket!
(There's applause as Helena turns around and it's Kathleen Turner.)

Helena: Hello darlings.

Chandler: And there's daddy!

Commercial Break

[Scene: The Porsche, they have pulled over and are awaiting the cop to come talk to them.]

Rachel: Okay. Switch places with me! Switch places with me! Come on! I'll go under, you go over!

Ross: Yeah, I'll get right on that.

Rachel: Oh come on Ross!! (She tries to switch places with him and goes under his leg.)

Ross: No Rach! Come on! No—no! Yeah, I'm sure we won't get arrested for this.

(She sits back up as the policeman approaches. She undoes her top button.)

Rachel: (sexily) Hi officer, was I going a little too fast?

Ross: Oh my God.

Policeman: Can I see your license please?

Rachel: Oh yes, absolutely! Y'know, it's weird uh, but I had a dream last night where I was stopped by a policeman. And then he uh...well I probably shouldn't tell you the rest.

Policeman: Your license?

Rachel: (handing it to him) Yes. Here you go Officer uh, Handsome.

Policeman: That's Hanson.

Rachel: Oops sorry, my mistake.

Ross: Dear Lord!!

Policeman: Wow!

Ross: Here it comes.

Policeman: This is a great picture.

Rachel: Really?! You think so? Y'know, I had just rolled out of bed.

Policeman: Yeah? Well you look phenomenal.

Ross: Well she should, it was taken ten years ago!

Rachel: Y'know you're—you're probably wondering about the old date on there.

Policeman: Yes I am.

Rachel: Yeah.

Policeman: You're an Aquarius, huh?

Rachel: I bet you're a Gemini.

Policeman: Nope.

Rachel: Taurus?

Policeman: Nope.

Rachel: Virgo?

Policeman: Nope.

Rachel: Sagittarius?

Policeman: Yep.

Rachel: I knew it! I knew it, ahh...

Policeman: Well I tell you what...

Rachel: Yeah?

Policeman: You're not gonna speed anymore right?

Rachel: I won't speed.

Policeman: And you promise you'll get this taken care of right away?

Rachel: I promise.

Policeman: And in the meantime you better let him drive. Does he have a license?

Rachel: Yeah!

Policeman: Can he handle the stick?

Rachel: Oh well...

Ross: I can handle the stick!!

[Scene: 4 Queens Club, Helena Handbasket is singing.]

Helena: *I feel pretty. Oh so pretty. I feel pretty and witty and...* (She holds the mike out to the audience.)

All: Gay!

Monica: **That** can't be your father.

Chandler: Believe me, I've been saying that for years. Oh my God!

Monica: What?

Chandler: That's Mr. Giribaldi playing the piano.

Helena: (singing) *For I'm loved by a pretty wonderful boy!* (Applause.) Hello! And welcome to the show. I see some of our regulars in the audience. And a couple of irregulars. (He starts going into the audience.)

Chandler: He's coming into the audience. He's coming into the audience.

Monica: Relax! You'll be fine. (Chandler exhales and turns off the table light.) Oh much better. You're invisible now.

Helena: (standing at a table and asking the guy sitting there) Where are you from?

Guy: Bakersfield.

Helena: I'm sorry? (Holds out the mike.)

Guy: Bakersfield!

Helena: No—no I heard! I'm just sorry.

Chandler: It can't happen like this. Okay? I'll meet you back at the hotel.

(He gets up to walk out, but Helena spots and stops him.)

Helena: (to Chandler's back) Oh look, a standing ovation already! So early in the show. Oh turn around honey; let me see your pretty face. (He slowly turns around. Helena recognizes him.)

Monica: Can we have our drinks please?! Waiter—Uh, tress!

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

Joey: Hey Pheebs! (He sits down next to her.)

Phoebe: Hey!

Joey: Check it out. (He turns around, pulls down his pants, and shows Phoebe that he's got panties on.) How much of a man am I?!

Phoebe: Wow! Nice! Manly and also kind of a slut.

Joey: Y'know, I'm beginning to see what Jake was talking about.

Phoebe: Uh—huh.

Joey: The silk? Feels really good!

Phoebe: Huh.

Joey: Yeah! And—and things aren't as...smashed down as I thought they were gonna be.

Phoebe: That's great Joe!

Joey: Yeah! And you have so many more choices than you do with men's underwear!

Phoebe: Uh—huh.

Joey: Bikini, French cut, thong! And—and the fabrics! You've got cotton, silk, lace! And y'know what I've always wondered about?

Phoebe: Hmm?

Joey: Pantyhose! Y'know? They way they start at your toe and go all the way up to here... (He mimed that and stops when he realized he went to far.) I should go take these off shouldn't I?

Phoebe: I think it's important that you do.

(Joey agrees and heads to take them off.)

[Scene: 4 Queens Club, scene continued from earlier.]

Helena: So what's your name?

Chandler: (resigning himself to his fate) Chandler. (He quickly sits down.)

Helena: Chandler? **What** an unusual name! You must've had terribly **fascinating** parents.

Chandler: Oh, they're a hoot.

Helena: (To Monica) And who is your friend?

Monica: I'm—I'm Monica.

Helena: Monica! Where are you from?

Monica: New York.

Helena: I'm not very fond of New York. Queens I like. (Noticing Monica's ring.) Ooh, **what** is this sparkle something! (Shows the audience who woos.) Honey! Huh?

Chandler: Actually Monica and I are engaged.

Helena: Really?! Congratulations. When's the big day?

Monica: (looks at Chandler) In...in two weeks.

Helena: (disappointed) I see. Well, I wish you both a **lifetime** of happiness. (To a bald guy.) So you're bald?

Chandler: Wait! Wait! We'd really love it if you could be there.

Helena: We? (Looks at Monica who nods.)

Chandler: I know it would make me happy, ma'am.

Helena: Well I wouldn't miss it for the world. Oh! I'm getting all misty here! You'd think I was having my legs waxed or something. (Goes back on stage.)

Monica: (To Chandler) You okay?

Chandler: Yeah. Thanks for making me do this.

Helena: Before we go on with the show, I just want to say to the bride and groom how lucky they are to have found each other. In every life, a little rain must fall. Fortunately, in my life... (Four guys wearing rubber boots, shorts, hats, and nothing else carrying umbrellas run onto the stage.) (Singing) *It's raining men!*

The Chorus Line: *Hallelujah!*

Helena: *It's raining men!*

The Chorus Line: *Amen!*

Chandler: (To Monica) When I was growing up I...played the one on the far left.

[Scene: The Porsche, cars are whizzing by and honking their horns on both sides very quickly as Ross creeps along.]

Rachel: Remind me to introduce you to someone!

Ross: Who?

Rachel: Fourth gear!!

(Suddenly a siren goes off.)

Ross: What?! What does he want?! I wasn't doing anything!

Rachel: Well maybe he saw your hand slip briefly from the ten and two o'clock position.

Ross: Maybe it's uh Sergeant Sagittarius coming back to flirt some more! (They pull over.)

Rachel: It's a different guy!

(The policeman walks up.)

Ross: Good evening officer.

Policeman: Do you know how fast you were traveling back there?

Ross: Ah no. I don't, but it could not have been more than sixty.

Policeman: You're right. It was 37. (Rachel laughs.)

Ross: I mean you're not gonna give me a-a ticket for driving too slow are ya?

Policeman: That's right.

(There's a pause as Ross gets suddenly flirtatious.)

Ross: Y'know of-officer I uh...I had the weirdest dream last night...

Rachel: Oh my God!

Policeman: Your license please.

Ross: (laughs) You don't-you don't want to hear about my dream Officer...Pretty?

Policeman: It's Petty. (He grabs Ross's license.) I'll be right back with your ticket. (Walks back to his car.)

Rachel: (pause) You have a son!

Ross: I know. I know.

Ending Credits

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey is returning from having removed Rachel's panties.]

Phoebe: Feel better?

Joey: Yeah! Much! Listen uh, not that I'm y'know insecure about my manhood or anything y'know, but I think I need to hook up with a woman like right now.

Phoebe: Yeah, I understand.

Joey: Yeah! Okay! (He notices a beautiful woman sitting behind the couch and goes to talk to her.) Hey! Hi!

Woman: Hi!

Joey: Y'know, you look familiar. Do I know you from somewhere?

Woman: I don't think so.

Joey: Oh! Maybe it's because I'm on television. I'm an actor on *Days of Our Lives*.

Woman: Wow!

Joey: Yeah.

Woman: Really?!

Joey: Hm—mmm.

Waitress: (to the woman) \$4.50 please.

Joey: Oh, let me get this. (He takes out his wallet, but the panties come with it. The woman and waitress are shocked.) (Realizing) (To the woman) These are for you.

End

723. The One With Chandler and Monica's Wedding

Part I Written by: Greg Malins

Part II Written by: David Crane & Marta Kauffman

Parts I & II Transcribed by: [Eric Aasen](#)

[Scene: Central Perk, everyone is there.]

Monica: Do you realize this is probably the last time we'll all be here in the coffee house as six single people?

Phoebe: Why?! What's happening to the coffee house?! (Monica looks at her.) Oh! (Realizes.)

Chandler: Yep! From now on its gonna be the four of you guys and me and the misses. The little woman. The wife. The old ball and chain.

Monica: Old?

Chandler: The young hot ball and chain.

Monica: That's much better.

Rachel: (checking her watch) Op! We gotta go! (The girls stand up.)

Ross: Oh, where are you guys going?

Monica: We're gonna pick up the wedding dress then we're gonna have lunch with mom. (Joey stands up.)

Ross: Ah. Joey you're—you're having lunch with my mom?

Joey: No, I—I just heard lunch. But yeah, I can go. Sure! (They all exit.)

Ross: (To Chandler) Y'know what? Actually I'm kinda glad they're leaving 'cause uh, I need to talk to you about something.

Chandler: What's up?

Ross: Well this uh, this may be a little awkward.

Chandler: Listen, if you want to borrow money, its kind of a bad time. I'm buying dinner for 128 people tomorrow night.

Ross: No, its...Its not that. Umm, now what I'm going to say to you, I'm **not** saying as your friend. Okay? I'm—I'm saying as it as Monica's older brother.

Chandler: But you're still my friend?

Ross: Not for the next few minutes.

Chandler: During this time...are you, are you still my best man?

Ross: Nope.

Chandler: Do I still call you Ross?

Ross: Okay! You guys are getting married tomorrow and—and I couldn't be more thrilled for both of you, but as Monica's older brother I—I have to tell you this. If you ever hurt my little sister, if you ever cause her any unhappiness of any kind, I will hunt you down, and kick your ass! (Chandler laughs.) What? I'm—I'm—I'm serious! (Chandler laughs harder.) Come—Hey! Dude! Stop it! Okay? I'm—I'm not kidding here!

Chandler: (smiling) Hey, I hear what your saying, okay? And, thanks for the warning.

Ross: No problem.

Chandler: So are we…friends again?

Ross: Yeah.

Chandler: Okay. (Pause) You won't **believe** what Monica's older brother just said to me!

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, the girls are having breakfast.]

Rachel: What 'cha doing Mon?

Monica: I'm making a list of all the things that are most likely to go wrong at the wedding. Now, that way I can be prepared.

Phoebe: What are they?

Monica: Well, so far I have uh, my bride's maids dresses won't get picked up, my veil gets lost, or I don't have my something blue.

Rachel: Hey! Those are all the things I'm responsible for!

Monica: I had to go with the odds Rach.

Joey: (entering) Hey! You guys! Remember that audition I had a while ago and didn't get the part?

Rachel: The commercial?

Joey: No!

Phoebe: That play?

Joey: No!

Monica: That other play?

Joey: Nooo!

Phoebe: The movie?

Joey: Yes!!

Phoebe: Ohh!

Joey: Yes that's the one about the soldiers who fight in World War II!

Phoebe: Oh, yeah! Back then y'know, we called the Great War. It really was!

Joey: Well anyway, the guy they wanted backed out and now they want me! I start shooting today!

Phoebe: Congratulations!

Rachel: Oh that's great!

Monica: Wait! Wait! Wait! You can't start today! Today's the rehearsal dinner!

Joey: Oh no, I'll be done by then.

Monica: Oh. Well then way to go you big movie star!

Joey: I know! All right, I'll see you guys over there! I'm off to fight the Nazis.

Rachel: Oh, wait Joey! We fought the Nazis in World War II, not World War I.

Joey: Whoa! Okay. Yeah well, who—who was in World War I? (Rachel pauses as she thinks.)

Phoebe: Go ahead.

Rachel: You're gonna be late! Go! Go! (He runs out.)

Monica: Who did we fight in World War I?

Rachel: Mexico?

Phoebe: Yes! Very good.

[Scene: Pier 59 Studios, Joey is in costume and standing at the craft services table. He checks his pockets and finds some prop coins in a pouch, which he replaces with some cookies.]

The Assistant Director: (approaching) Hey Joey! We're ready.

Joey: Yeah! Me too. (He pats his pocket.)

The Assistant Director: (to another actor) Richard? We're ready for you. (Richard approaches.) Joey Tribbiani? This is Richard Crosby he's playing Vincent.

Joey: I'm doing my scenes with you?

Richard: Nice to meet you Joey.

Joey: Wow! I can't believe this! This is incredible. I mean you just won an Oscar!

Richard: No I didn't.

Joey: I think you did.

Richard: I think I lost. Three times.

Joey: Uh...Cookie?

The Director: (approaching) Okay! We're about an hour away from getting the scene lit. So uh, if you guys don't mind, can we run it a couple of times?

Richard: Yeah, sure.

The Director: Okay, all right. Let's do it. (He walks off.) And...Action!

Joey: We have to find the rest of the platoon!

Richard: Forget the platoon! The platoon is gone! (He is spitting on the hard Ps and Ts.)

Joey: (wiping his face) What?!

Richard: (still spitting) The platoon is dead! Face facts Tony!

Joey: (wipes face) So what are we gonna do?! We have no reinforcements! No—no food!

Richard: No, we still have food in the basement! I saw potatoes and some dry pasta!

(Joey wipes his eye.)

The Director: Hang on a minute! Joey, you keep touching your face. Is something wrong?

Joey: (glances at Richard) No. Nope, I uh...I th—I thought it might be kind of a cool character thing. Y'know? He's uh, he's a face toucher. (Behind his back, Richard is nodding no.)

The Director: I don't think so. Let's take it back to Richard's last line. (Walks off.) Action!

Richard: We may not have any weapons, but we still have food. In the basement I saw potatoes and some dry pasta, and a few tins of tuna! (Joey backs away and wipes his face again.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica is standing in the kitchen ready to leave for the rehearsal dinner.]

Monica: Honey, we gotta go!

Chandler: (entering from the bedroom) Okay. Here's a question you never have to ask. My dad just called and wanted to know if he could borrow one of your pearl necklaces.

Monica: (laughs) I don't have anything like that, but let me go see if Rachel does.

Chandler: Yes, include more people in this.

Monica: Hey, do you realize that at this time tomorrow we'll be getting married?

Chandler: Wait a minute! I have a **date** tomorrow night.

Monica: I just, I can't believe that we made it!

Chandler: Well you don't have to sound so surprised.

Monica: I'm sorry but...nothing.

Chandler: What?

Monica: Well...honestly ever since we got engaged I have been waiting for something to, to flip you out.

Chandler: Honestly? Me too.

Monica: Really?

Chandler: Yeah. Y'know I keep thinking that something stupid is gonna come up and I'll go all...Chandler. But nothing has.

Monica: Ohh, I'm so glad. Thank you so much for staying so calm during this. I mean it's really, it's made me stay calm. (Chandler just looks at her.) I coulda been worse!

Chandler: Okay. I'll be right there.

(She exits and as Chandler picks up his coat, the phone rings and the answering machine gets it.)

Monica: (voice on answering machine) Hi! If you're calling before Saturday, you've reached Monica and Chandler. But if you're calling after Saturday, you've reached Mr. and Mrs. Bing! Please leave a message for the Bings!

(Chandler freaks out and loosens his tie.)

[Scene: The Rehearsal Dinner, Chandler and Monica are greeting guests as they arrive. A woman enters.]

Monica: Hey Maureen! (They hug.) Gosh! Hey uh, Chandler? This is my cousin Maureen.

Chandler: We're the Bings.

(Phoebe and Rachel walk up.)

Rachel: Hi! Oh you guys look so beautiful!

Chandler: Mr. and Mrs. Bing! (Walks away.)

Ross: (walks up) Wow Monica! Hey, just so you know I had my uh, older brother chat with Chandler.

Monica: What is that?

Ross: Well I...I told him that if he ever hurt you I would hunt him down and kick his ass! (The girls all laugh.) What?! What?! What is the matter with everybody?! I am serious! I would kick his ass! (The laugh harder.)

Phoebe: Ross, please! My make-up! (He walks away angrily.)

(Chandler's Mom enters and Chandler meets her by the door.)

Chandler: Hi.

Mrs. Bing: Chandler!

Chandler: Mom. Thanks for wearing something. (They hug.) (She's wearing a tight dress with a lot of cleavage showing.)

Mrs. Bing: Oh honey! This is so exciting! I thought we screwed you up so bad this day would never come. Oh and just think. Soon there'll be lots of little Bings. (He freaks out and loosens the tie again.)

(Monica and her parents walk up.)

Monica: Mrs. Bing? Here, these are my parents umm, Judy and Jack Geller.

Mrs. Geller: (shaking her hand) It's lovely to meet you.

Mr. Geller: (shaking her hand) So are you his mother or his father?

Mrs. Geller: Jack!

Mr. Geller: What?! I've never seen one before!

Monica: Dad! There's Ross (points), why don't you go talk to him?

(Mr. and Mrs. Geller start to walk away.)

Mr. Geller: I didn't even have a chance to act as though I'm okay with it!

Mr. Bing: (entering) Hello all!

Chandler: Hi...dad.

Monica: Hi Mr...Bing.

Mr. Bing: Nora!

Mrs. Bing: Charles.

Monica: It-it's so great to see you both here.

Mr. Bing: Yes! Although, I think we may be seeing a little too much of some people. Aren't you a little old to be wearing a dress like that?

Mrs. Bing: Don't you have a little too much penis to be wearing a dress like that?

Chandler: Oh my God! (He and Monica walk away.)

[Cut to Mr. and Mrs. Geller talking to Ross.]

Mr. Geller: ...of course you can kick his ass son.

Mrs. Geller: You could kick anyone's ass you want too.

Ross: Thanks you guys. (Walks away happily and his parents smile.)

[Cut to Monica.]

Monica: Oh, Rach! Rach! Umm hey, could you do me a favor and would talk to Chandler's dad and try to keep him away from Chandler's mom?

Rachel: Yeah! But I don't know what he looks like!

Monica: He is the man in the black dress.

Rachel: Man in the black dress... (Monica walks away and Rachel looks around to find a woman in a black dress.) (To her) Hi! I'm Rachel! I'm a friend of Monica and Chandler's!

Woman: I'm Amanda.

Rachel: Oh I get it! A...man...duh!

Ross: (clinking a wine glass) Can I have everyone's attention please? I'm uh: I'm Ross Geller.

Mr. Geller: Doctor Ross Geller.

Ross: Dad...dad, please! As I was saying umm, I'm Dr. Ross Geller. Uhh, and I'm the best man. And uh, this marriage is doubly special for me umm, because not only is the groom my best friend but uh, the bride is my little sister. And, she's the greatest sister a guy could ask for. So if you'd all please join me in raising a glass to the, the couple we're here to celebrate. (Everyone does so.) To the Bings.

All: To the Bings!

(Everyone clinks glasses and Chandler freaks out again.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Monica, Phoebe, and Rachel are in the kitchen.]

Monica: All right, I'm gonna go steam my wedding dress okay? Who wants the responsibility of making sure nothing happens to it?

Rachel: I'll do it.

Monica: Who wants it? Anybody?

Rachel: I said I'll do it!

Monica: Nobody wants to do it? All right, I'll do it myself.

Rachel: Monica! I'm not gonna screw it up!

Monica: Y'know what? You're right, I'm sorry. Actually you were a big help tonight. Yeah, and thanks for putting my grandmother in the cab and making sure she got to the hotel safely.

Rachel: Well of course that is what I'm here for!

Monica: Okay. Sorry. (Monica goes into the bathroom.)

Rachel: Ugh! (To Phoebe) What grandmother?

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Joey is wearing sunglasses and as he exits his bedroom, Ross enters the apartment.]

Joey: Hey! Where have you been?

Ross: Oh, taking my parents back to the hotel.

Joey: Oh.

Ross: What? Are you going back to work?

Joey: Yeah.

Ross: Nice shades.

Joey: Thanks. Yeah, I figure if I wear these in my scenes at least I won't get spit in the eyes, y'know?

Ross: And if I remember correctly, *Ray Ban* was the official sponsor of World War II!

Joey: Great! All right. I'll see you later. (He starts to leave.)

Ross: Hey, where's Chandler?

Joey: Uh, I think he's in Rachel's room. See ya. (Exits.)

Ross: (going up to Rachel's closed door) Chandler? (He opens the door and looks inside and doesn't see him.) Chandler? (He checks the bathroom and still doesn't find him. He then finds a note on the counter. He picks it up and reads it.)

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Phoebe and Rachel are in the kitchen as there is a knock on the door. Rachel answers it.]

Ross: Hey!

Rachel: Hi!

Ross: Is uh, is Monica here?

Rachel: She's steaming her dress, why? What's up?

Ross: I think Chandler's gone. (He hands her the note.)

Rachel: What?!

Ross: He left that.

Rachel: (reading the note) Tell Monica I'm sorry.

Phoebe: (walking up) What's up? (Rachel hands her the note and she reads it.) Tell Monica I'm sorry.

(Pause) Tell her yourself!

Commercial Break

[Scene: The Hallway, Ross, Phoebe, and Rachel are discussing the note.]

Phoebe: Oh my God! Chandler just left though!

Rachel: Yeah but, maybe it's not what we think. Maybe it's tell Monica I'm sorry I...drank the last of the milk.

Phoebe: Or maybe he—he was writing to tell her that—that he’s changed his name, y’know? Tell Monica I’m sorry.

Ross: I think it means he freaked out and left!

Phoebe: Don’t be so negative! Good God! Isn’t it possible that Sorry is sitting in there (Joey and Rachel’s apartment) right now?!

Rachel: Okay. Phoebe, I—I think Ross is right. What are we gonna do?

Ross: Look—Okay, I’m just gonna—I’m gonna have to go find him and bring him back! Okay? You—you make sure Monica does not find out, okay?

Rachel: Okay.

Phoebe: (pointing at Ross) Okay **but** if you don’t find him and bring him back, I am gonna hunt **you** down and kick **your** ass!

(Ross laughs and Phoebe points harder.)

Ross: (scared) I will, I will find him.

[Scene: The Movie Set, Joey is getting his make-up touched up as Richard approaches.]

Richard: Hey Joey, could you uh, go through these lines with me? (He’s holding a script.)

Joey: Oh man! They—they just redid my make-up!

Richard: Just the last two pages.

Joey: All right.

(They go onto the set.)

Richard: I found the picture!

(He’s still spitting and Joey holds his script in front of his face.)

Joey: Picture? What picture?

Richard: Could you uh, could you lower your script? I need to see your face so I can uh, play off your reaction.

Joey: Okay uh, look I know you’re a great actor, okay? And you play all those Shakespeare guys and stuff…

Richard: Oh, thanks.

Joey: But you’re spittin’ all over me man!

Richard: Well of course I am!

Joey: You **know** you’ve been spitting on me?!

Richard: That’s what real actors do! Annunciation is the mark of a good actor! And when you enunciate, you spit! (Spits on the t)

Joey: (wiping face) Wow! Didn’t know that.

Richard: Great!

Joey: Thanks! Okay—okay check it out! (Reading from the script) Picture? What picture? (He pauses then spits) Eh?

[Scene: Central Perk, Gunther is behind the counter as Ross enters looking for Chandler.]

Ross: Gunther have you uh, have you seen Chandler?

Gunther: No. No, I haven’t seen him.

Ross: Oh damn!

Gunther: He's getting married tomorrow right?

Ross: Yes. Yes. Don't worry. Everything's fine. We'll uh, we'll see you tomorrow at the wedding.

Gunther: I wasn't invited.

Ross: Well then we'll—we'll see you the day after tomorrow. (Walks away slowly, but notices something.) Mom?! Dad?! (They're sitting by the window.) What—what...what you guys doing here?!

Mr. Geller: Well you kids talk about this place so much, we thought we'd see what all the fuss is about.

Mrs. Geller: I certainly see what the girls like coming here.

Ross: Why?!

Mrs. Geller: The sexy blonde behind the counter. (She waves at Gunther who waves back.)

Ross: (shocked) Gunther?!

Mr. Geller: Your mother just added him to her list.

Ross: What? Your—your list?

Mrs. Geller: Yeah, the list that—of people we're allowed to sleep...

Ross: Yes! No—no! I know, I know what the list is! Mom! Look if you see Chandler, could you just let him know I'm looking for him?

Mr. Geller: And if you see Rita Moreno, let her know I'm looking for her.

(Ross points at him and exits.)

[Scene: The Movie Set, Richard and Joey are doing a scene.]

The Director: Action!

Richard: I found the picture!

Joey: What picture?!

Richard: The picture of my wife! In your pack!

Joey: You went through my personal property?

Richard: Why do have a picture of Paulette in your pack?!

Joey: (pause) Because Vincent, we were lovers. (Pause) For two years!

The Director: Cut! Wonderful!

(Joey and Richard both wipe their faces and are given towels.)

Joey: Great scene yeah?

Richard: Oh you're awesome! And, in that last speech? You soaked me.

Joey: Thanks a lot.

The Assistant Director: (To Joey) Here's your call sheet for tomorrow.

Joey: Oh, I'm—I'm not working tomorrow.

The Assistant Director: You are now.

Joey: No! No! I can't! You gotta get me out of it! I've got plans! (Spits.) Important plans! (Spits on the Ps.)

(The AD walks away wiping his face.)

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

Rachel: (closing the door) Ross said there's still no word from Chandler.

Phoebe: Oh man.

Rachel: Oh but he did say that they found the grandmother wandering down fifth avenue.

Phoebe: Okay. Well there's one down.

Monica: (entering from her room, excitedly) I'm getting married today!!! (She trips and falls.) (Getting up) I think I just cracked a rib. But I don't care because today's my wedding day! My day is finally here!! (Runs back into her room.)

Phoebe: Y'know she might not even notice he's gone.

Monica: (re-entering) I'm gonna start getting ready! (Goes back into her room.)

Rachel: God! Don't—We can't let her start getting ready! This is too awful! Oh God, but wait she'll be in the gown and then he won't show up and then she's gonna have to take off the gown...

Phoebe: Shhh! Stop it! Stop it Rachel! You can't do this here! (She drags her into the bathroom.)

Rachel: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. It's just...It's just so sad!

Phoebe: Yeah, but you've got to pull yourself together! Monica can't see you like this! Then she'll know something's wrong!

Rachel: I know. I know. Oh God. (Looking around) There's no tissue! Can you grab me some toilet paper?

Phoebe: Yeah. (Looks.) Oh, that's gone too. This **is** Monica's bathroom right?!

Rachel: Oh!

Phoebe: No-no! I-I...I found one.

Rachel: Okay.

(Phoebe reaches into the trash can, pulls one out, and hands it to Rachel.)

Rachel: Oh thank you! (Wiping her nose.) Oh God! (She throws it out.) Can I have another one?

Phoebe: (looking into the trash can) Sure. (Reaching into the trash can.) Do you need some floss? (Grabs a piece of it.)

Rachel: Oh God I just can not imagine what is gonna happen if Chandler doesn't show up!

Phoebe: Oh here's a whole bunch.

Rachel: Oh, I mean she's gonna be at the wedding waiting for him and people will be whispering, "Oh that poor girl." Y'know? Then she'll have to come back here and live all alone.

Phoebe: (finding something interesting in the trash can) Oh my God!

Rachel: What?

Phoebe: There was a pregnancy test in the garbage, and it's positive. Monica's pregnant. (Rachel covers her mouth.) So I guess she won't be totally alone.

Commercial Break

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

Rachel: Oh my God!

Phoebe: I know! Monica's gonna have a baby! Hey, can this count as her something new?

Rachel: Oh my God!

Phoebe: Hey, do you think this is why Chandler took off?

Rachel: No, she had to have just taken that test because I took out the trash last night.

Phoebe: Oh God, this is turning into the worst wedding day ever! The bride is pregnant. The groom is missing. And I'm still holding this. (She throws the test back into the trash.)

Rachel: Okay Phoebe, we can not tell anyone about this.

Phoebe: Right.

Rachel: Okay?

Phoebe: Yeah, okay. Hey, wait. Do you know what kind of birth control she was using?

Rachel: No. Why?

Phoebe: Just for the future, this is hardly a commercial for it.

[Scene: Joey and Rachel's, Ross is just hanging up the phone as Rachel and Phoebe enter.]

Rachel: Anything?

Ross: No! I talked to Joey on the set, he hasn't heard from him. I—I talked to Chandler's parents again!

Phoebe: You told them he was missing?

Ross: No! I made it seem like I was just calling to chat. Pretty sure, they both think I'm interested in them.

Rachel: All right, we've got to tell her he's gone. (Starts to leave.)

Ross: No! Hey! Hey! We can't!

Rachel: Ross, she's gonna start getting ready soon!

Ross: Well, can't you at least stall her a little? I'll—I'll go back to some of the places I went last night.

Rachel: All right, well how much time do you need?

Ross: Well how much time before she absolutely has to start getting ready?

Rachel: One hour.

Ross: Give me two.

Rachel: Then why do you ask?!

(They all go into the hallway.)

Ross: Okay, wish me luck.

Phoebe: Okay. I'm going with you.

Ross: Why?!

Phoebe: Ross, you're tired. You've been looking all night. And clearly you suck at this.

Rachel: All right, I'll see you guys later.

Phoebe: Okay. Wait, do you know how you're going to stall her?

Rachel: I'll figure something out.

Phoebe: All right. Good luck.

Rachel: Thanks.

(Phoebe and Ross go to look for Chandler and Rachel enters Monica and Chandler's.)

Monica: Hey! Okay, so I thought we'd start with my make up and then do my hair.

Rachel: Okay uh, but before you do that. I—I, I need you to talk to me.

Monica: About what?

Rachel: Umm... I'm never gonna getting married!

Monica: Yeah you will! The right guy is just around the corner! Okay, are we done with that?

Rachel: No Monica! I'm serious! Oh, maybe I should just forget about it. Become a lesbian or something.

Monica: Any woman would be lucky to have ya.

Rachel: Well maybe it would make me feel better if I slept with Joey.

Monica: (jumping up) Rachel! You okay?

[Scene: The Movie Set, Joey is reporting for work.]

Joey: Excuse me, Aaron? (The director turns around.) Hi! Umm, I have a little problem with the schedules. Originally, I wasn't supposed to work today, and I have this wedding that I really have to be at. It's my best friend's, and I'm officiating so I really can't work past four.

The Director: Joey, you gotta stay until the end. We can't stop filming just for you. It's not like it's your wedding. (Starts to walk away.)

Joey: I'm having surgery!

The Director: What?!

Joey: Yeah, I—I just made up the stuff about the wedding because I didn't want you to worry about me. But, I'm having surgery today.

The Director: What kind of surgery?!

Joey: Transplant.

The Director: But you're supposed to work on Monday.

Joey: Hair transplant.

The Director: But you're not bald.

Joey: It's not on my head.

The Director: Look Joey, there's nothing I can do. Besides, you're probably gonna be out by four anyway. We've just got one short scene. It's just you and Richard, and God knows he's a pro. You'll be fine. (Walks away and sees Richard entering.) Morning Richard.

Joey: Hey! You're here! Great! Great! Great! Let's get going buddy, we've got a scene to shoot!

Richard: I'm wearing two belts.

Joey: Are you drunk?

Richard: No!

Joey: Yes you are!

Richard: All right.

[Scene: A Street, Phoebe and Ross are exiting a pizza place.]

Ross: We are never gonna find him! He's one guy in a huge city!

Phoebe: Oh my God! Is that him? (She points at someone.)

Ross: That is an old, Chinese woman!

Phoebe: He could be in disguise, y'know.

Ross: Aw, y'know...Y'know, maybe we're—we're just approaching this all wrong. If you're Chandler and—and you wanna hide, where is the last place on Earth people would think you'd go?

[Cut to an office building.]

Ross: So this is your office?

Chandler: How did you guys find me? I knew I should've hid at the gym!

Phoebe: What the hell are you doing?!

Chandler: Panicking! And using the Internet to try to prove that I'm related to Monica. How is she?

Ross: She's fine. She doesn't know you're gone. And she doesn't have to know, okay? Now come on, we're going home.

Chandler: No! No! No! I can't do that!

Phoebe: Why not?!

Chandler: Because if I go home, we're gonna become the Bings! I can't be the Bings!

Ross: What's wrong with being the Bings?

Chandler: The Bings have horrible marriages! They yell. They fight. And they use the pool boy as a pawn in their sexual games!

Ross: Chandler, have you ever put on a black cocktail dress and asked me up to your hotel room?

Chandler: No.

Ross: Then you are neither of your parents!

Chandler: It's not just their marriage! I mean, look at yours. Look at everybody's! The only person that can make marriage work is Paul Newman! And I've met me; I am not Paul Newman. I don't race cars! I don't make popcorn! None of my proceeds go to charity.

Phoebe: But look Chandler, right now, no one has a lower opinion of you than I do. But I totally believe you can do this.

Chandler: I want to. I love her so much, but I'm afr...It's too huge.

Ross: Y'know, okay. You're right. It is huge. So why don't we take it just a little bit at a time? Okay? Umm, forget getting married for a sec; just forget about it. Can you just come home and take a shower?

Chandler: Well yeah, but then...

Ross: (interrupting him) Yeah—No—but—but—but—but! We're just gonna go home and take a shower. Now, that's not scary right?

Chandler: Depends on what you mean by we.

[Scene: Monica and Chandler's, Rachel is still trying to stall Monica.]

Rachel: The nights are the hardest. (Checks her watch.) But then the day comes! And that's every bit as hard as the night. And then the night comes again...

Monica: (interrupting) The days and nights are hard! I get it! Okay? Look umm, Rachel I'm sorry! I have to start getting ready! I'm getting married today!

Rachel: I know. At dusk. That's such a hard time for me.

Monica: (getting up) I'm gonna go put my make up on, we have to be at the hotel in an hour! (Starts for the bathroom.)

Rachel: Okay. But wait!

Monica: What?!

Rachel: Let's go to lunch.

Monica: I can't go to lunch!!

Rachel: Right.

(Monica goes into the bathroom and Rachel thinks quickly.)

Rachel: Oh good God! I've fallen down! (She trips and falls.)

Monica: (entering) What's going on?

Rachel: Okay. All right. (Gets up.) Honey listen. When I tell you what I'm about to tell you, I need you to remember that we are all here for you and that we love you.

Monica: Okay, you're—you're really freaking me out.

Rachel: We can't find Chandler...(Phoebe sticks her head and motions that they found Chandler)—'s vest. We can't find Chandler's vest.

Monica: How can that be?! Oh wait! Wait! Are you, are you serious?!

Phoebe: (entering) Found the vest! I mean we're gonna have to keep an eye on it, y'know make sure we don't lose it again...

Rachel: Oh!

Monica: Oh wow! Okay. Don't scare me like that okay? I mean for a minute there I was like, "Oh my God! The worst has happened!"

(Monica goes into the bathroom and Phoebe and Rachel breathe a sigh of relief.)

[Scene: The Movie Set, Joey and Richard are in the middle of a scene. They are both holding swords.]

Joey: I would sooner die in this hellhole than see her back with you!

Richard: That can be arranged.

(Richard thrusts, misses Joey by several feet and Joey screams in pain and drops to his knees.)

The Director: Let's reset.

Joey: What?! He got me! Owwwwwww!!!

The Director: Let's take it from there.

Richard: (To Joey) Are you a little off today? It's going terribly slowly.

Joey: Look, my best friends are getting married in like an hour. Okay? And I'm the minister. Please! Please! Can you pull it together?

Richard: Of course! I'm—I'm sorry. I—I'd hate you to miss anything like that on account of me. I can do this!

Joey: Thank you. Thank you.

The Director: Still rolling, annnnd action!

Joey: I would sooner die in this hellhole than see her back with you!

Richard: Now, that can be arranged! (He brings his sword back and drops it, causing it to fly over the wall.) Slippery little bugger!

[Scene: The Hotel, Monica's room, Mr. and Mrs. Bing are staring at each other while Phoebe looks on.]

Phoebe: So—so you two were married huh? What happened? You just drift apart?

(Rachel and Mrs. Geller enter.)

Mrs. Geller: Here comes the bride.

(Monica enters wearing her wedding dress.)

Phoebe: Oh my God Monica!

Monica: I wanna wear this everyday.

Rachel: You look so beautiful.

Monica: (starting to cry) I'm so happy for me.

(The phone rings and Rachel answers it.)

Rachel: Hello?

Joey: (on phone) Hey! Did Chandler show up yet?

Rachel: Yeah, we got him back. Everything's fine.

Joey: Damnit!

Rachel: What? Why? Where are you?

Joey: I'm still on the set!

Rachel: Joey! The wedding is in less than an hour!

Joey: I know! I'm sorry! The guy's drunk, they won't let me go until we get this.

Rachel: Oh my God! I'm gonna have to find another minister.

Joey: No! No, I'm the minister! All right, look-look, put 'em both on the phone, I'll marry them right now.

Rachel: Ugh! Joey, I have to go.

Joey: Hey! Don't you hang up on me! I'll marry you and me right now! I have the power!

(She hangs up anyway.)

[Scene: Chandler's Hotel Room, Ross is getting Chandler ready.]

Ross: There you go. You put on a tuxedo! Now that wasn't so scary, was it?

Chandler: No.

Ross: I'm telling you, just a little bit at a time.

Chandler: Yeah okay. Well, what's the next little bit?

Ross: Getting married. (Chandler panics.) Okay. Okay. You can, you can do that too! Just like you've done everything else!

Chandler: Yeah. You're right. Hey I-I can do that.

Ross: Yeah.

Chandler: Okay, excuse me for a minute. (Starts to leave)

Ross: Wh—Hey—Whoa—whoa, where, where you going?!

Chandler: Ross, I am not gonna run away again! I just want to get a little fresh air.

Ross: Okay.

Chandler: Okay.

(Chandler goes out into the hall and lights up a cigarette.)

Chandler: Oh fresh air!

(He hears Phoebe and Rachel coming and hides in the ice machine room.)

Phoebe: (To Rachel) Wait! Maybe, maybe you're overreacting! You do that y'know.

Rachel: Well Phoebe, we gotta do something! (They turn the corner.) Well, y'know. I mean there's no way Joey's gonna make it in time. So I'm gonna through the hotel and see if there's any other weddings going on.

Phoebe: Okay. Oh but don't tell them Monica's pregnant because, they frown on that.

Rachel: Okay.

Phoebe: Okay.

(They head in separate directions and Chandler emerges and he's so shocked that his cigarette is hanging from his lip.)

Commercial Break

[Scene: The Hotel, Rachel is walking through the ballroom area and comes upon the sign for the Anastassakis/Papasifakis wedding.]

Rachel: Anastassakis/Papasifakis wedding, excellent! {It's a good thing Jennifer Aniston is Greek, because she had to pronounce those names. Luckily for me, they were written on a sign.}(The happy couple emerges.) Congratulations. (To the best man and maid of honor) Mazel Tov! (The rabbi emerges.) Hi! Oh, great hat. (He's wearing an interesting hat and she takes him over to talk.) Listen umm, I need you to perform another wedding. Can you do that?

The Rabbi: I don't know. Are they Greek Orthodox?

Rachel: Yeah! Yeah. They're...they're—they're my friends, uh, Monica Stephanopolus and uh, and Chandler Acidofolus.

[Scene: Monica's Hotel Room, Chandler and Monica's parents and Phoebe are there as Ross enters.]

Ross: Hi! (To Mrs. Bing) Hi! (Mr. Bing starts rubbing his arm.) Hi. Has umm, anyone seen Chandler?

Mr. Geller: I thought he was with you.

Ross: He—he was with me umm, we're playing a little game, y'know? Hide and seek.

Mr. Geller: You can't ask us son, that's cheating.

Ross: (pause) You're right, thanks for keeping me honest dad.

Mrs. Geller: Well, he better not come by here. He can't see the bride in the wedding dress.

Mrs. Bing: As I recall when we got married, I saw the groom in the wedding dress.

Mr. Bing: But that was after the wedding, it's not bad luck then.

Mrs. Bing: Honey, it isn't good luck.

(Monica enters.)

Ross: Oh my God! Monica!

Monica: I know! Hey, how's Chandler doin'?

Ross: Great. He's doing great. Don't you worry about Chandler.

Monica: Are you okay?

Ross: Uh—huh.

Monica: Well, you're—you're sweating.

Ross: These—these are beads of joy.

Monica: Oh that's sweet. Don't touch me.

Ross: Uh Phoebe, can I see you for a second?

Phoebe: Yeah!

(They both go out into the hall.)

Phoebe: What's going on?

Ross: Chandler's gone again!

Phoebe: Oh my God! Why would you play hide and seek with someone you know is a flight risk?!

(Ross just glares at her.)

[Scene: The Movie Set, Joey is walking up to the director, pleading with him to let him go.]

Joey: Aaron! You gotta let me go. The guy's hammered!

The Director: I'm sorry Joey, as long as he's here and he's conscious we're still shooting.

(He walks away and Joey does Ross's fist thing. He then enters Richard's dressing room, to find Richard cutting his steak with his sword.)

Richard: You wouldn't happen to have a very big fork?

Joey: So I uh, I just talked to the director. That's it, we're done for the day.

Richard: Well have we finished the scene?

Joey: Yeah! You...you were wonderful.

Richard: As were you.

Joey: So I got your car, it's right outside.

Richard: Why? Are we done for the day?

Joey: That's what you told me.

Richard: Oh, thank you. You're welcome. (He stands up, staggers to the couch, and starts to lie down.)

Joey: No-no-no! We gotta go! Come on! (Joey picks him up in a fireman's carry and carries him out.)
Here we go.

Richard: Is that my ass? (He's looking at Joey's.)

(And as Joey walks out the door, Richard grabs a bottle of Scotch, just as the door closes and carries it with him.)

[Scene: The Hotel, Phoebe and Ross are looking for Chandler.]

Ross: (turning a corner) There he is!!

Chandler: What?

(Ross runs over and tackles him.)

Phoebe: Hey! Oh!

Ross: You're not getting away this time mister! Unless you want that ass kicking we talked about!

Chandler: Ross! (He starts to get up.)

Ross: Hiiii-Ya!! (Chandler lies back down.) I'm serious! You're not walking out on my sister!

Chandler: (standing up) That's right! I'm not!

Ross: Then where the hell have you been?!

Chandler: I know about Monica.

Phoebe: You know?!

Ross: What?

Chandler: Yeah, I heard you and Rachel talking.

Ross: What?! What?! Talking about what?!

Chandler: You don't know?

Ross: Know what—If somebody doesn't tell me what's going on right now...

Phoebe: What? You'll hi-ya?

Chandler: Monica's pregnant.

Ross: Oh my God. Oh my God! And you're—you're...you're not freaking out?

Chandler: Well I was! Then I went down to the gift shop because I was out of cigarettes...

Phoebe and Ross: Cigarettes?!!

Chandler: Big picture please! So I was in the gift shop, and that's when I uh, saw this. (He holds up a little, tiny baby jumper that reads I (heart) New York.) Yeah, y'know what? I thought anything that can fit into this, can't be scary.

Phoebe: Well you obviously didn't see Chucky 3.

Chandler: But come on, look at how cute and small this is! So I got it to give Monica so she'd know I was okay.

Ross: Dude. (Hugs him.)

(Mr. Geller turns the corner.)

Mr. Geller: Way to go son! I knew you'd find him!

[Scene: The moment we waited for has finally arrived. It's time for Monica and Chandler's wedding. We've got violins playing *Every Breath You Take*, we've got guests seated, and Chandler starts walking down the aisle with his parents on either arm.]

Mr. Bing: Our little boy is getting married.

Mrs. Bing: Oh look at you! So handsome!

Chandler: You look beautiful mom. (His dad clears his throat.) You look beautiful too dad. I love you both. (He kisses his dad on the cheek) I'm so glad you here. (He kisses his mom.)
(He walks up onto the altar and notices the rabbi.)

The Rabbi: Are you Chandler?

Chandler: Are you Joey?

(Ross walks down the aisle with Phoebe and Rachel on his arms.)

Ross: Huh. This is nice.

Phoebe: What?

Ross: I've never walked down the aisle knowing it can't end in divorce.

(Finally, Monica with her parents on her arms start down the aisle.)

Mrs. Geller: Oh I wish you're grandmother had lived to see this.

Monica: She's right there.

Mrs. Geller: Not that old crow, my mother. (They stop and she kisses Monica on the cheek.)
Congratulations darling.

Mr. Geller: I love you sweetheart. (He kisses her and they sit down.)

(Chandler steps off the altar to greet his bride-to-be.)

Chandler: You look beautiful. Is this new? (Her dress.)

Monica: Not now.

Chandler: Okay.

(They both step up onto the altar and she notices the rabbi.)

Monica: (To Chandler) Who is this?

The Rabbi: I am Father Kalebasous.

Chandler: (in Monica's ear) He's Greek Orthodox.

Rachel: (leaning in) As are you...

The Rabbi: Let us begin. Dearly beloved...

Joey: (entering) That's my line! (He walks up the aisle and to the rabbi) I can take it from here, thanks. (To all) Dearly beloved, I'm sorry I'm a little late. You may be confused by this now, (He's still in costume) but you won't be Memorial Day weekend 2002. Well, let's get started before the groom takes off again. Huh? (Monica is shocked and looks around.) We are gathered here today, to join this man and this woman in the bonds of holy matrimony. I've known Monica and Chandler for a long time, and I can **not** imagine two people more perfect for each other. And now, as I've left my notes in my dressing room. We shall proceed to the vows. Monica?

(She turns to get her vows from Rachel.)

Monica: (To Rachel) He took off?

Rachel: Go on! Go on. (She turns back to Chandler.)

Monica: Chandler, for so long I...I wondered if I would ever find my prince, my soul mate. Then three years ago, at another wedding I turned to a friend for comfort. And in stead, I found everything that I'd ever been looking for my whole life. And now...here we are...with our future before us...and I only want to spend it with you, my prince, my soul mate, my friend. Unless you don't want to. You go!

Joey: Chandler?

(Ross leans in to give Chandler his vows.)

Chandler: (To Ross) No, that's okay. (Ross nods and retreats.) Monica I thought this was going to be the most difficult thing I ever gonna had to do. But when I saw you walking down that aisle I realized how simple it was. I love you. Any surprises that come our way it's okay, because I will always love you. You are the person I was meant to spend the rest of my life with. You wanna know if I'm sure? (He leans in and kisses her.)

Joey: You may not kiss the bride. So, I guess by the powers vested in my by the state of New York and the Internet guys, I now pronounce you husband and wife. Oh wait! Do you take each other?

Chandler: I do.

Monica: I do.

Joey: Yeah you do!

Ross: Rings?

Joey: Aw crap! Okay—uh...uh let's—let's do the rings.

(Chandler and Monica both turn, take the rings from Ross and Rachel respectively, and place them on each other's fingers.)

Joey: We good? Yeah? Good? Once again, I pronounce you husband and wife. (To Chandler) Now kiss her again.

(They kiss and everyone applauds.)

Chandler: (To Monica) I love you. And I know about the baby.

Monica: What baby?

Chandler: Our baby.

Monica: We have a baby?

Chandler: Phoebe found your pregnancy test in the trash.

Monica: I didn't take a pregnancy test.

Chandler: Then...who did?

[Cut to Phoebe and Rachel.]

Phoebe: Oh and they're gonna have a baby.

Rachel: Uh—huh.

(The camera zooms in on Rachel who has a very worried and frightened look on her face and she slowly takes a deep breath.)

[Fade to black.]

Ending Credits

{Transcriber's Note: There was no trailer for this episode. See you in season 8; which will start this fall.}

End