

F.R.I.E.N.D.S



Warner Bros. Television
300 S. Television Plaza
Burbank, CA 91505

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS:
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Alan Myerson

FRIENDS

"The One with the Stoned Guy"

Written by

Jeff Greenstein

&

Jeff Strauss

Episode #13

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TABLE DRAFT (Pink Revs.)
December 8, 1994

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TABLE DRAFT (Pink Revs.) 12/8/94

Rachel.....Jennifer Aniston
Monica.....Courteney Cox
Phoebe.....Lisa Kudrow
Joey.....Matt LeBlanc
Chandler.....Matthew Perry
Ross.....David Schwimmer
Ms. Tedlock.....
Celia.....Melora Hardin
Lowell.....Stuart Fratkin
Steve.....
Marcel.....Monkey

SETS

INT. COFFEE HOUSE
INT. MONICA AND RACHEL'S APARTMENT
INT. ROSS'S APARTMENT
INT. CHANDLER AND JOEY'S APARTMENT
INT. CHANDLER'S CUBICLE
INT. CHANDLER'S NEW OFFICE
INT. PHOEBE'S MASSAGE CUBICLE

FRIENDS

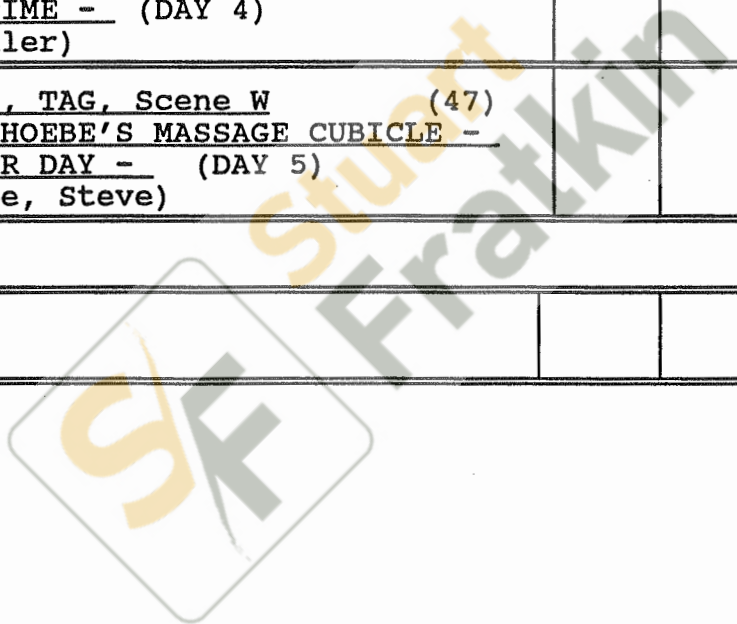
"The One with the Stoned Guy"

**TABLE DRAFT (Pink Revs.) - 12/8/94
Short Rundown**

1.	<u>ACT I, Scene A</u> (1) <u>INT. CHANDLER'S CUBICLE - DAY -</u> <u>(DAY 1)</u> (Chandler, Ms. Tedlock, Lowell)				
2.	<u>ACT I, Scene B</u> (3) <u>INT. COFFEE HOUSE - THAT EVENING-</u> <u>(NIGHT 1)</u> (Monica, Phoebe, Rachel, Joey, Chandler, Ross)				
3.	<u>ACT I, Scene C</u> (9) <u>INT. MONICA AND RACHEL'S APT. -</u> <u>SATURDAY - (DAY 2)</u> (Monica, Rachel, Phoebe, Joey, Chandler, Ross)				
4.	<u>ACT I, Scene D</u> (14) <u>INT. ROSS'S APARTMENT - LATER -</u> <u>(NIGHT 2)</u> (Ross, Celia, Marcel)				
5.	<u>ACT I, Scene E</u> (15) <u>INT. MONICA AND RACHEL'S APT. -</u> <u>SAME TIME - (NIGHT 2)</u> (Monica, Phoebe, Rachel, Joey, Chandler)				
6.	<u>ACT I, Scene H</u> (20) <u>INT. ROSS'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT</u> <u>NIGHT - (NIGHT 2)</u> (Ross, Celia, Marcel)				
7.	<u>ACT II, Scene J</u> (23) <u>INT. CHANDLER AND JOEY'S APT. -</u> <u>THE NEXT DAY - (DAY 3)</u> (Joey, Ross, Chandler)				
8.	<u>ACT II, Scene K</u> (29) <u>INT. CHANDLER'S NEW OFFICE -</u> <u>MONDAY - (DAY 4)</u> (Phoebe, Chandler, Lowell, Helen)				

<p>9. <u>ACT II, Scene M</u> (32) <u>INT. MONICA AND RACHEL'S APT. -</u> <u>LATE THAT AFTERNOON - (DAY 4)</u> (Monica, Rachel)</p>				
<p>10. <u>ACT II, Scene P</u> (34) <u>INT. MONICA AND RACHEL'S APT. -</u> <u>LATER - (DAY 4)</u> (Monica, Rachel, Phoebe, Steve)</p>				
<p>11. <u>ACT II, Scene R</u> (42) <u>INT. COFFEE HOUSE - LATER THAT</u> <u>NIGHT - (NIGHT 4)</u> (Monica, Rachel, Phoebe, Joey, Ross)</p>				
<p>12. <u>ACT II, Scene T</u> (46) <u>INT. CHANDLER'S NEW OFFICE -</u> <u>SAME TIME - (DAY 4)</u> (Chandler)</p>				
<p>13. <u>ACT II, TAG, Scene W</u> (47) <u>INT. PHOEBE'S MASSAGE CUBICLE -</u> <u>ANOTHER DAY - (DAY 5)</u> (Phoebe, Steve)</p>				

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SCENE A

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. CHANDLER'S CUBICLE - DAY - (DAY 1)
(Chandler, Ms. Tedlock, Lowell)

CHANDLER IS AT HIS DESK, ENTERING STUFF ON THE
COMPUTER, SORTING THROUGH FILES, ETC. MS. TEDLOCK, A
SERIOUS-LOOKING WOMAN, COMES UP.

MS. TEDLOCK

Chandler.

CHANDLER

Ms. Tedlock. Don't you look nice.
And may I say, that is a very
flattering sleeve length on you.

MS. TEDLOCK

Yes. Well. Mr. Kostelic would
like you to stop by his office at
the end of the day.

CHANDLER

Big Al wants to see me?

MS. TEDLOCK

Mr. Kostelic would like to
discuss your future with this
company.

CHANDLER

Okay, look. If this is about those
prank memos, I had nothing to do
with them. Nothing.

MS. TEDLOCK LOOKS AT HIM SUSPICIOUSLY, THEN MOVES
OFF.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

(CALLING AFTER HER) And frankly, I
think those kind of shenanigans
have no place in an office
environment.

JUST THEN, CHANDLER'S CO-WORKER LOWELL AND ANOTHER
FEMALE EMPLOYEE PASS BY. BOTH HAVE AUGMENTED THEIR
BUSINESS CLOTHES WITH VARIOUS PIECES OF PIRATE GARB.

LOWELL

Hey, Chan. Whoa. Someone forgot
it was "Pirate Day".

CHANDLER

(SMILES, SHAKES HIS HEAD) I guess
I didn't get the memo. But, uh...
avast, ye hardies.

HE TURNS AWAY, HIDING HIS SMILE. THEN HEADS OFF TO
SEE MR. KOSTELIC. AS HE PASSES OTHER CUBICLES,
WE SEE PEOPLE IN PIRATE COSTUMES.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

(TO GUY TYPING IN CUBICLE) Hey,
Ned. Nice parrot.

FADE OUT.

ACT ONE

SCENE B

FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - THAT EVENING - (NIGHT 1)
(Monica, Phoebe, Rachel, Joey, Chandler, Ross)

MONICA, JOEY AND ROSS ARE THERE. RACHEL COMES OVER WITH A TRAY OF DRINKS.

RACHEL

Coffee. Cappuccino. And a nice
hot cider for Monica.

MONICA GOES TO DRINK, HESITATES, LOOKS IN THE MUG.

MONICA

Rach, why does my cinnamon stick
have an eraser?

RACHEL LOOKS CONFUSED FOR A MOMENT. THEN PULLS A
CINNAMON STICK FROM BEHIND HER EAR.

RACHEL

(WITH A LAUGH) That's why.

SHE PUTS THE CINNAMON STICK IN MONICA'S CIDER, REMOVES
THE PENCIL, LICKS IT OFF AND STICKS IT BEHIND HER EAR.
PUT OFF, MONICA SETS DOWN HER MUG. PHOEBE
RUSHES IN.

*

PHOEBE

*

Hey, you guys. Chandler's coming with, like, this really incredible news. So, when he gets here, let's all act like we --

CHANDLER ENTERS.

*

CHANDLER

*

Hey.

PHOEBE

*

Never mind. It would have been good.

RACHEL

*

(TO CHANDLER) What's up? What's going on?

CHANDLER

All right. It's a typical day at work. I'm inputting the numbers, people are walking around in pirate costumes... Then Big Al calls me into his office and tells me they want to make me Processing Supervisor.

*

EVERYONE

Hey, great! Congratulations! I like that news!

CHANDLER

*

So I quit.

EVERYONE

What?? Oh my god. Why?

CHANDLER

*

Why?? 'Cause this was supposed to be a temp job. If I'd taken that promotion, it'd be like... like admitting that this is what I actually do.

JOEY

*

Oh, man. Does this mean we gotta start buying our own toilet paper?

ROSS

*

Uh, Joey, remember we had that talk about trying to see the "big picture"?

MONICA

*

(TO CHANDLER, CRINGING) Was it a lot more money?

CHANDLER

Doesn't matter. I just don't want to be one of those guys who's at the office 'til eleven o'clock at night, worrying about the WEENUS.

*

RACHEL

The WEENUS?

CHANDLER

Weekly Estimated Net Usage
Statistics. It's a processing
term.

RACHEL

Oh, that WEENUS.

ROSS

So, what are you gonna do? *

CHANDLER

I don't know. See, that's the
thing. I don't know what I want
to do. I just know I'm not gonna
figure it out working there. *

(THEN) Although I'm sad I'm gonna
miss "Characters-From-The-Bible
Day".

PHOEBE

Ooh, ooh. I know something you can
do. I have this massage client,
Steve? Anyway, he's in real
estate, and he was crossing Fifth
Avenue, and he was hit by a bike
messenger.

SHE PAUSES.

CHANDLER

Are you pitching "real estate" or
"bike messenger"?

PHOEBE

No no. He's opening a restaurant,
and he's looking for a head chef. *

MONICA

Um, hi there.

PHOEBE

(TO MONICA) Right, yeah. I know
you're a chef. That's why I
thought of you first. But now
Chandler's the one who needs a job.

CHANDLER

I don't really have a lot of
cheffing experience. Unless this
is an all-toast restaurant.

MONICA

(TO PHOEBE) What kind of food is
he talking about?

PHOEBE

He wants to do something eclectic.
He's looking for someone who can
create the whole menu.

MONICA

Oh my god!

PHOEBE

Yeah. (TURNING TO CHANDLER) So
what do you think?

CHANDLER

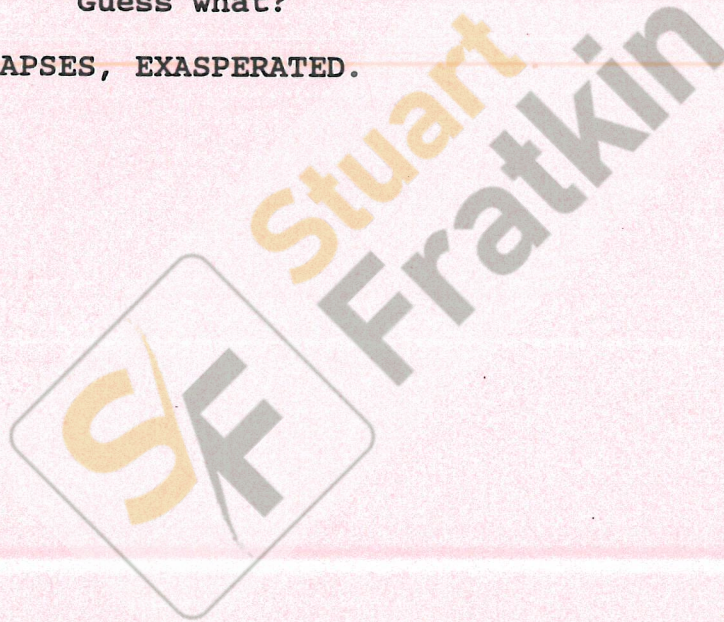
Thanks, Pheeb, but I really don't
see myself in a big white hat.

PHOEBE

Okay. (BEAT, THEN) Hey, Monica.
Guess what?

MONICA COLLAPSES, EXASPERATED.

DISSOLVE TO:



SCENE C

INT. MONICA AND RACHEL'S APARTMENT - SATURDAY - (DAY 2)
(Monica, Rachel, Phoebe, Chandler, Joey, Ross)

CLOSE ON THE TV. THE SPORTS CHANNEL IS ON. IT'S A LUMBERJACK COMPETITION. LARGE MEN ARE HURLING SMALL TREES. PULL BACK TO REVEAL RACHEL, PHOEBE, ROSS AND JOEY WATCHING, FASCINATED.

ROSS

You watch something like this, and you realize why evolution is just a theory.

ROSS CROSSES AND TURNS OFF TV. CHANDLER ENTERS, WEARING A NICE SUIT AND CARRYING TWO NECKTIES. HE HOLDS UP ONE, THEN THE OTHER.

CHANDLER

Which tie? This one? This one?
This one? This one?

RACHEL

I don't know. Stop moving them.

(HE DOES) That one.

CHANDLER PUTS ON THE TIE.

PHOEBE

Where are you going, Mr. Suity-Man?

CHANDLER

Well, I'm off to see... (PULLING
OUT A CARD) ...Dr. Robert Pillman,
Career Counselor A-Go-Go. (OFF
THEIR LOOKS) I added "A-Go-Go".

JOEY

A career counselor?

CHANDLER

Hey, you guys all know what you
want to do.

RACHEL

I don't.

CHANDLER

(TO ALL BUT RACHEL) Hey, you guys
all know what you want to do.
You've got, like, goals. You've
got dreams. I don't have a dream.

ROSS

Ah. The lesser known "I Don't
Have A Dream" speech.

MONICA BOUNDS IN, PSYCHED.

MONICA

I love my life! I love my life!

PHOEBE

(GUESSING) Brian's Song!

(THEN, OFF THEIR LOOKS) No?

RACHEL

The meeting with the guy went great?

MONICA

Great. He showed me where the restaurant's gonna be. It's this cute little place on Tenth Street. Not too big, not too small... just right.

CHANDLER

Was it formerly owned by a blonde woman and some bears?

MONICA

I'm cooking him dinner Monday night. Sort of an audition. (TO PHOEBE) Oh, and he asked if you could come. Which would be really good, 'cause then you could "ooh" and "aah" and make yummy noises.

*
*

RACHEL

What are you going to make?

PHOEBE

Yummy noises.

RACHEL

Aaaand, Monica, what are you going to make?

*

MONICA

I don't know. It's got to be
so great...

SHE STARTS PULLING OUT COOKBOOKS.

ROSS

Does anyone know a good date place
in the neighborhood?

JOEY

How 'bout Tony's? If you can
finish a thirty-two ounce steak,
it's free.

ROSS

Okaaaay, does anyone know a good
place if you're not dating a puma?

CHANDLER

Who are you going out with?

PHOEBE

Is this the bug lady?

RACHEL RUBS HER HANDS TOGETHER FURIOUSLY LIKE A FLY.

*

RACHEL

*

(AS THE BUG LADY) "I love you,
Ross."

ROSS

Her name is Celia. And she is
not a "bug lady". She's curator of
insects at the museum.

MONICA

So, what are you guys doing?

ROSS

I thought we'd go out to dinner.
And then maybe after, we'd go back
to my place and I'd introduce her
to my monkey.

CHANDLER

And he's not speaking
metaphorically.

JOEY

(ASIDE TO ROSS) Soooo. Back to
your place. You thinkin' maybe...
heh-heh?

ROSS

I don't know, heh-heh. We'll have
to see, heh-heh.

JOEY

I'm thinking heh-heh. (OFF
ROSS'S LOOK) I'm telling you,
she's gonna take one look at
Marcel's furry little face, and it
will seal the deal.

ON ROSS'S SMILE...

CUT TO:

SCENE D

INT. ROSS'S APARTMENT - LATER - (NIGHT 2)
(Ross, Celia, Marcel)

MARCEL IS SCREAMING, HANGING ON TO CELIA'S HAIR FOR ALL HE'S WORTH. CELIA, TOO, IS SCREAMING.

CELIA

Aaaaaaahhhh! Get it off me! Get
it off me!

ROSS

(OVERLAPPING) Celia. Please stop
screaming. You're scaring him.
Please stop -- (BABY TALK;
OFFERING A BIT OF BANANA) Marcel?
Want a 'nana? Want a 'nana?

CUT TO:

SCENE E

INT. MONICA AND RACHEL'S APT. - SAME TIME - (NIGHT 2)
(Monica, Phoebe, Rachel, Joey, Chandler)

MONICA IS WORKING IN THE KITCHEN, EXPERIMENTING WITH DIFFERENT DISHES. JOEY, RACHEL AND PHOEBE ARE HANGING OUT.

MONICA

(TO JOEY, OFFERING A SPOONFUL) Try
this salmon mousse.

JOEY

Mmm. Good.

MONICA

Is it better than the other
salmon mousse?

JOEY

Well, it's... creamier.

MONICA

Yeah, but is that better?

JOEY

I don't know. We're talking about
whipped fish, Monica. I'm just
happy I'm keeping it down.

CHANDLER ENTERS, TIE ASKEW, A BEATEN MAN. HE HOLDS
A LARGE ENVELOPE AND A THICK STACK OF PAPERS.

RACHEL

Oh my god. What happened to you?

CHANDLER

Eight and a half hours of aptitude tests, intelligence tests, personality tests, and what do I learn? (READING) "You are ideally suited for a career in data processing for a large multinational corporation."

PHOEBE

Oh, that's great! 'Cause you already know how to do that.

CHANDLER

Can you even believe it? Don't I seem like someone who should be doing something really cool? I mean... I don't know. I always thought I'd end up doing something... (SEARCHING)
...something.

HE SITS, DESPONDENT.

RACHEL

*

(CONSOLING) I know. (THEN) Well,
listen, until you figure it out,
could you tape "Days Of Our Lives"
for us?

CHANDLER GIVES HER A LOOK.

*

MONICA

Here. Maybe this'll cheer you up.
SHE OFFERS HIM A TINY APPETIZER.

CHANDLER

(NOTING ITS TEENSINESS) Uh, I had
a grape about five hours ago.
Maybe I'd better split this with
you.

MONICA

It's supposed to be that small.
It's a pre-appetizer. The French
call it an amuse bouche.

*

*

*

CHANDLER

(POPS IT IN HIS MOUTH, THEN) Well,
it is "amoozing".

SFX: PHONE RINGS

MONICA PICKS IT UP.

MONICA

Hello? Oh, hi, Wendy. Yeah,
eight o'clock. What did we say,
ten dollars an hour? Great. Okay,
see you then.

*

SHE HANGS UP.

PHOEBE

"Ten dollars an hour." For what?

MONICA

Oh, I asked one of the waitresses
at work to help me out Monday
night.

*

*

RACHEL

(POINTEDLY) Waitressing?

JOEY

Uh-oh...

*

MONICA

(SCRAMBLING) Well, of course I
thought of you, but... but...

*

RACHEL

*

But-but?

MONICA

But this has to go perfect.
And... Wendy's more of a
professional waitress.

*

RACHEL

Oh, and I'm maintaining my amateur status so I can still qualify for the Olympics?!

SHE STORMS OFF.

*

CHANDLER

(TO MONICA) Quick! Give her one of those little things! She needs to be amoozed!

*

ON MONICA'S DARK LOOK...

*

DISSOLVE TO:



SCENE H

INT. ROSS'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT - (NIGHT 2)
(Ross, Celia, Marcel)

ROSS, HOLDING MARCEL, OPENS THE BEDROOM DOOR. WE HEAR
THE SOUND OF A TV FROM WITHIN.

ROSS

Look, Marcel. Entertainment

Tonight is on.

HE TOSSES THE MONKEY IN AND QUICKLY SHUTS THE DOOR.
THEN REJOINS CELIA ON THE COUCH.

ROSS (CONT'D)

Sorry. He's been a little out of
sorts since he ate my deodorant
stick. So, you feel like a movie?
I rented -- (OFF HER SMILE) What?

CELIA

Uh, you've got a little banana in
your hair.

SHE REACHES OVER TO PICK IT OUT. THEY ARE NOW VERY
CLOSE.

ROSS

Thanks.

CELIA

I'm really glad you asked me out.
Yesterday, when I was gluing the
legs back on the tarantulas, all I
could think about was you.

ROSS

Uh... I think that's good.

CELIA

(LAUGHS) It's pretty good.

SHE LEANS IN AND KISSES HIM. IT'S ONE OF THEM GOOD
KISSES.

ROSS

(BREATHLESS) Bwah.

AND THEN HE RETURNS IT. THINGS GET MORE PASSIONATE.
CELIA RUNS HER HANDS OVER ROSS'S CHEST. SHE STARTS TO
UNBUTTON HIS SHIRT. THEN NUZZLES HIS EAR AND WHISPERS:

CELIA

Talk to me.

ROSS

Um... O.K... The, uh, the
weirdest thing happened to me on
the subway this morning --

CELIA

(WITH A SEXY SMILE) No no. Talk
dirty.

ROSS

What? Now?

CELIA

(BREATHY) Come on, Ross. Come on.

Say something hot.

ROSS

(SEARCHING) Um -- I -- Uh --

CELIA

(OVERLAPPING, LEANING CLOSER)

What? What?

AT A LOSS, ROSS BLURTS OUT:

ROSS

Vulva!

ON HER PUZZLED REACTION:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE



ACT TWO

SCENE J

FADE IN:

INT. CHANDLER AND JOEY'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY -
(DAY 3)

(Joey, Ross, Chandler)

ROSS IS TELLING JOEY ABOUT THE DATE AS THEY FIX
BAGELS. *

JOEY

"Vulva"??

ROSS

All right! I panicked! She -- she
took me by surprise! Look, it
wasn't a total loss. We ended up
cuddling.

JOEY

Whoa. You cuddled. How many
times?

ROSS

Shut up. It was nice. (THEN) I'm
just not a dirty-talkin' kinda guy.

JOEY

What's the big deal? You just say what you want to do to her, or what you want her to do to you, or what you think other people might be doing to each other. Tell you what. Try something on me.

ROSS

Please be kidding.

JOEY

Why not? Come on. Just close your eyes and tell me what you'd like to be doing right now.

ROSS

(THINKS, THEN) Okay. I'm in my apartment...

JOEY

(COAXING) Yeah? What else?

ROSS

That's it. I'm in my apartment. You're not there. I'm not having this conversation.

JOEY

Come on. You like this woman. You want to see her again, right?

*

*

ROSS

Yeah.

JOEY

Well, if you can't talk dirty to me, how are you going to talk dirty to her? Now tell me you want to caress my butt.

ROSS

Okay. Turn around. (OFF JOEY'S RAISED EYEBROW) I just don't want you looking at me while I'm doing this.

JOEY

(TURNING AROUND, WITH A SMILE) All right. All right. I'm not looking. Go ahead.

ROSS

I -- I want to kiss your neck.

JOEY

That's nice. Now go a little lower.

ROSS

(DEEP VOICE) I want to kiss your neck.

JOEY

How old are you, six?

ROSS

Fine, fine. (GIVING IT HIS BEST)
I want to feel your soft, hot skin
with my lips.

JOEY

There you go. Keep going. *

CHANDLER ENTERS, UNOBSERVED, AND TAKES IN THE SCENE.

ROSS

I want to take my tongue and --
and --

JOEY

Say it. Say it!

ROSS

Run it all over your body until you
tremble with --

HE STOPS, AWARE THAT CHANDLER IS IN THE ROOM. CHANDLER
JUST SMILES.

CHANDLER

With...?

JOEY/ROSS

We were just --

CHANDLER

(HOLDS UP HAND) Shhh. Don't
explain. I just want to remember
you like this. Forever.

JOEY TURNS TO ROSS. *

JOEY

The trembling thing was nice.

ROSS

Shut up.

JOEY

(TO CHANDLER) Hey, while you were
sleeping, that guy from your old
job called.

*
*

CHANDLER

Again?

JOEY

And again and again and again.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

JOEY (CONT'D)

(INTO PHONE) Hello? And again.

*
*

JOEY TOSSES THE PHONE TO CHANDLER.

CHANDLER

Hello? Oh, hi, Mr. Kostelic.

How's life on the 15th floor? ...

Yeah, I miss you, too. It's a lot
less satisfying to steal pens from
your own home... Wow. Uh, that's
very generous. But, listen, I've
got to do something else.

(MORE)

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

I just think it'd be too depressing if I'm still in the processing game when I'm fifty. (OOPS) No, I didn't. Happy Birthday. ... Look, this is not about the money. I just -- I just want to do something that's more than a job. Something I actually care ab-- And that's on top of the bonus structure you mentioned earlier?

*

*

ROSS/JOEY

(WHISPERING) What about the dream? You gotta find your dream.

CHANDLER

Al. Listen to me. I am not "playing hardball" here. This is not a negotiation. This is a rejection. No! Stop saying numbers! I'm telling you, you've got the wrong guy. You've got the wrong guy! I'll see you Monday.

HE HANGS UP THE PHONE. ON ROSS AND JOEY'S STUNNED REACTION...

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE K

INT. CHANDLER'S NEW OFFICE - MONDAY - (DAY 4)
(Phoebe, Chandler, Lowell, Helen)

A SMALL OFFICE WITH A WINDOW AND NEWER FURNITURE.
CHANDLER IS SHOWING PHOEBE AROUND.

PHOEBE

Wow. It's huge. Oh my god, this
is so much bigger than the
cubicle. This is a cube.

*
*
*

CHANDLER

(OPENING BLINDS) And look...

PHOEBE

You got a window!

CHANDLER

Yes, indeed. With a view of...

(NOTICING) ...a man urinating. But
hey, some people can't see him at
all.

LOWELL STICKS HIS HEAD IN.

LOWELL

Hey, Chan, just heard.

Congratulations. Director of
NERPS.

CHANDLER

(TO PHOEBE) Northeast Regional
Processing Services.

PHOEBE

Oh, I wasn't really asking, but...
neat.

CHANDLER

(TO LOWELL) Hey, don't forget,
Wednesday's "South-of-The-Border
Day".

LOWELL

Is it? I didn't get a memo.

CHANDLER

I'm sure it'll get to you.

LOWELL EXITS. CHANDLER TURNS TO PHOEBE.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

Sit here, sit here. Check this
out: (INTO INTERCOM, VERY
PROFESSIONAL) Helen, could you
come in here for a moment?

HELEN, A WEARY-LOOKING SECRETARY, ENTERS. CLEARLY
CHANDLER'S BEEN DOING THIS ALL MORNING.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

Thank you, Helen. That'll be all.
(OFF HELEN'S LOOK) Okay, that was
the last time, I promise.

SHE SIGHS AND EXITS. PHOEBE WHISPERS TO CHANDLER:

PHOEBE

*

She didn't seem very warm.

CHANDLER

*

I know. She has no personality.

HE REALIZES HIS FINGER IS STILL ON THE INTERCOM
BUTTON. HE QUICKLY PULLS IT AWAY.

*

*

CUT TO:



SCENE M

INT. MONICA AND RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LATE THAT
AFTERNOON - (DAY 4)
(Monica, Rachel)

IT'S AN HOUR BEFORE THE MEAL. MONICA STIRS A POT HERE
AND SHAKES A PAN THERE AS SHE TALKS ON THE PHONE.

MONICA

(INTO PHONE, DESPERATE) Wendy,
don't do this to me.

RACHEL ENTERS FROM HER BEDROOM, CARRYING HER COAT.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Wendy, we had a deal. You
promised -- Wendy -- Wendy --
Wendy! Fine!

SHE SLAMS DOWN THE PHONE.

RACHEL

(ALL INNOCENCE) Who was that?

MONICA

(PISSSED) That was Wendy.

RACHEL

The professional waitress?

MONICA

She was invited to this party, and
apparently there is a remote
possibility that Christian Slater
will be there, so...

RACHEL

(SYMPATHETIC) Oh, that's too bad.
Bye-bye.

SHE HEADS FOR THE DOOR. MONICA IS DESPERATE.

MONICA

Ten dollars an hour. Twelve
dollars an hour.

RACHEL

Oh, I wish I could. But I made
plans to walk around.

MONICA

Rachel, when you ran out on your
wedding, I was there for you. I
put a roof over your head. And if
that means nothing to you... I'll
give you twenty dollars an hour.

RACHEL

Done.

CUT TO:

SCENE P

INT. MONICA AND RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LATER - (DAY 4)
(Monica, Rachel, Phoebe, Steve)

RACHEL, NOW DRESSED FOR WAITRESSING, IS OPENING THE DOOR. PHOEBE IS THERE WITH STEVE, A PROFESSIONAL-LOOKING GUY IN AN EXPENSIVE SPORT COAT.

RACHEL

Welcome to Monica's. May I take your coat?

MONICA

(COMING OVER) Steve. Come on in.

PHOEBE

Shhh.

SHE INDICATES THAT STEVE IS TALKING ON A CELLULAR PHONE.

STEVE

(INTO PHONE) That's insane. Two point three million for a Brownstone on East 83rd? Tell him I hung up on you when you told me. ... Okay, I'll talk to you in the morning.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

*

(HANGING UP; TO THE WOMEN) I know what you're thinking. Real Estate is for suburban ladies with no lives and rhinestone glasses. Well, girls, that used to be me. What's for dinner?

PHOEBE

(OVERSELLING) Mmmmm! Everything smells so delicious! I can't remember when I've smelled such a delightful combination of... smells!

MONICA GIVES PHOEBE A LITTLE "OKAY, WE GET IT" LOOK.

MONICA

(TO STEVE) Would you like some wine?

STEVE

That'd be great.

THEY MOVE OFF. PHOEBE PULLS RACHEL ASIDE AND DROPS HER CHEERFUL FACADE.

RACHEL

What's up?

PHOEBE

(WHISPERED) In the cab on the way over, Steve blazed up a doobie.

RACHEL

What?

PHOEBE

Smoked a joint? Lit a bone? *

Hemp? Weed? Ganja? *

RACHEL *

I'm with ya', Cheech. So... do you
think he's gonna be cool?

PHOEBE

(LOUDLY) Mmmmm. Is that salmon
mousse? (THEN, SOTTO TO RACHEL)

I don't know. He seems cool.

You think we should tell her?

RACHEL

Nah. She's got enough to deal
with. Look, if he starts laughing
at something that isn't funny,
we'll just laugh, too, and
Monica'll think she didn't get it.

PHOEBE

Oh, god. I wish I had something to
help me relax.

MONICA

(CALLING OVER) Uh, Rachel, I
believe we're ready for our first
course?

RACHEL

(BRIGHTLY) I'm there.

RACHEL MOVES TO THE KITCHEN. STEVE AND PHOEBE SIT AT THE TABLE.

PHOEBE

My mouth is watering. Mmmmm! *

RACHEL SETS OUT A PLATE WITH FOUR MINUSCULE AMUSE BOUCHES.

MONICA

Okay, these are rock shrimp ravioli in a cilantro ponzu sauce with just a touch of minced -- *

STEVE SPEARS ALL FOUR ON HIS FORK AND POPS THEM INTO HIS MOUTH.

MONICA (CONT'D)

-- ginger.

STEVE

(CHEWING) Holy crap! These are fantastic!

MONICA

(EAGER) Really?

STEVE

Oh my god! These are the best ponzu things I've ever eaten.

MONICA

(THRILLED) Oh, I'm glad you like them. *

STEVE

Are you kidding? I could eat,
like, a hundred of them!

MONICA

(PULLED UP SHORT) Oh, well...
that's all there is of this. But
in about eight minutes, I'll be
serving some delicious onion
tartlets.

STEVE

Oh, that sounds great!

WITH THAT, HE GETS UP AND STARTS LOOKING THROUGH THE
CABINETS.

RACHEL

Can I get anything for you?

STEVE

Nah, I don't know what I'm looking
for.

MONICA LOOKS PUZZLED. PHOEBE AND RACHEL EXCHANGE A
SILENT LOOK. RACHEL TURNS TO MONICA AND MIMES A GUY
SMOKING A JOINT. INTERPRETING THIS AS THE "OKAY" SIGN,
MONICA GIVES HER A THUMBS-UP. RACHEL ROLLS HER EYES
AND TRIES AGAIN. THIS TIME MONICA UNDERSTANDS HER.
SHE LOOKS TO PHOEBE FOR CONFIRMATION. PHOEBE NODS.
HOWEVER, MONICA SHAKES HER HEAD, DISMISSING THE IDEA AS
RIDICULOUS. JUST THEN:

STEVE (CONT'D)

Cool! Taco shells!

HE STARTS MUNCHING A TACO SHELL. MONICA GIVES A
DESPERATE LOOK TO THE OTHER WOMEN, REALIZING THEY'RE
RIGHT.

STEVE (CONT'D)

These things are great! You don't
even need the taco stuff!

MONICA

You, uh -- you don't want to spoil
your appetite.

SHE GINGERLY TAKES THE TACO SHELLS OUT OF HIS HAND. HE
GIVES THEM UP WILLINGLY BECAUSE HE HAS SPOTTED...

STEVE

Hey, Cheerios!

HE PULLS OUT THE BOX. BEFORE HE CAN EAT ANY, MONICA
TAKES IT FROM HIS HANDS.

MONICA

You know, if you can just wait
another six and a half minutes --

STEVE

Macaroni and cheese! We have to
make this!

MONICA

(SWEETLY) No, we don't.

STEVE

Okay.

HE HANDS THE BOX OVER TO MONICA.

MONICA

Now, why don't we just sit back
down and...

SHE NOTICES THAT HE HAS SURREPTITIOUSLY SNEAKED A BAG OF GUMMI BEARS.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Okay. Give me those.

STEVE

(ALL INNOCENCE) What?

MONICA

Come on. Hand over the bears.

STEVE

We'll share.

MONICA

Give them to me.

SHE REACHES FOR THE BAG.

STEVE

Hey!

THEY STRUGGLE OVER THE BAG.

PHOEBE/RACHEL

Uh, guys... It's not worth it...

THE BAG TEARS OPEN, SCATTERING GUMMI BEARS ABOUT THE KITCHEN. SEVERAL FALL INTO MONICA'S SOUP POT.

MONICA

Oh, man...!

STEVE

(LOOKING IN SOUP POT, PLAYFUL) Oh,
no! Bears overboard! Swim! Swim
for your lives!

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

(TOSSING IN CHEERIO "LIFE
PRESERVERS") Grab onto one of
these!

MONICA

Okay, that's it. Dinner's over.

STEVE

What? Why?

MONICA

"Why"?? How would you like it if
you were building one of your
buildings, and I came in and --
and -- and -- I don't have an
example! It's just -- I've waited
seven years for an opportunity like
this, and you can't wait four and a
half minutes for a stupid onion
tartlet??

SFX: OVEN GOES "DING!"

STEVE

(PLEASANTLY SURPRISED) Hey.

ON MONICA'S EXASPERATED EXPRESSION...

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE R

INT. COFFEE HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT - (NIGHT 4)
(Monica, Rachel, Phoebe, Joey, Ross)

EVERYONE BUT CHANDLER IS THERE. MONICA IS RECOUNTING
HER EVENING TO THE GUYS. SHE IS BUMMED.

MONICA

...so he said he really loved the
food, but that we could never work
together because I "harshed his
buzz". Then he tried to eat a
handful of mothballs and left.

ROSS

Oh, man. I'm sorry.

JOEY

What a tool.

RACHEL

You don't want to work for a guy
like that, anyway.

MONICA

(MOROSE) I know. I was just
hoping this would be, you know...
it.

ROSS

You'll get there. You're an
amazing cook.

PHOEBE

(YUMMY NOISE) Mmmm. And I mean
that.

A BEAT. THEN RACHEL TURNS TO MONICA:

RACHEL

(GINGERLY) By the way, am I still
getting paid for the full three
hours? (OFF MONICA'S LOOK) Just a
question. We'll talk later.

ROSS

Can I get some coffee?

RACHEL

Uh-huh.

SHE POINTS TO THE COUNTER. ROSS ROLLS HIS EYES AND
GOES. JOEY FOLLOWS. THEY SPEAK CONFIDENTIALLY.

JOEY

So? So? How'd it go with Celia?

ROSS

I was unbelievable.

JOEY

All right!

ROSS

I was the James Michener of dirty talk. It was the most elaborate filth you've ever heard. There were different characters, plot lines, themes, a motif. At one point there were villagers...

JOEY

And the... heh-heh?

ROSS

Well, by the time we were done with the dirty talk, it was kinda late, and we were pretty exhausted, so...

JOEY

You cuddled.

ROSS

Which was nice.

THEY REJOIN THE WOMEN.

PHOEBE

You guys wanna catch a late movie or something?

RACHEL

Maybe. Shouldn't we wait for Chandler?

JOEY

(GLANCING AT HIS WATCH) Where the
hell is he?

CUT TO:



SCENE T

INT. CHANDLER'S NEW OFFICE - SAME TIME - (DAY 4)
(Chandler)

CHANDLER IS, IN FACT, IN HELL. HE'S YELLING AT ONE OF HIS SUBORDINATES ON THE PHONE.

CHANDLER

Yes, Fran, I know what time it is, but I'm looking at the WEENUS, and I'm not happy. ... (WITH RISING INTENSITY) Oh yeah? Oh yeah?? Well, let me tell you something. You're gonna care about it, 'cause I care about it! You got that? Good!!

HE SLAMS DOWN THE PHONE. THEN SLOWLY PUSHES HIS CHAIR BACK FROM THE DESK, EYEING THE PHONE AS IF IT WERE AN ALIEN POD.

CHANDLER (CONT'D)

Whoa...

AS CHANDLER WONDERS WHAT HE HAS BECOME...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

SCENE W

FADE IN:

INT. PHOEBE'S MASSAGE CUBICLE - ANOTHER DAY - (DAY 5)
(Phoebe, Steve)

PHOEBE HAS A VINDICTIVE SMILE ON HER FACE AS SHE
MASSAGES STEVE.

PHOEBE

How's this? (OFF HIS YELP) Oooh,
sorry. How 'bout over here? (WHEN
HE YELPS AGAIN) That means it's
working. Does this hurt?

STEVE

No.

PHOEBE

How 'bout this? (OFF HIS CRY OF
PAIN) There you go.

ON PHOEBE'S CONTENTED SMILE...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW

