



F·R·I·E·N·D·S

"The One Where It's 15 Years Later & Rated R"

written by
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(a 1-hour, slightly naughty reunion special)

TEASER

SCENE A

FADE IN:

INT. WINE BAR - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

A SIGN READING "WINE BAR" IS VISIBLE.

CHANDLER IS WATCHING A WAITRESS POUR HIS GLASS OF RED, STOPS HER AT THE HALFWAY POINT WITH HIS HAND.

CHANDLER LOOKS UP FROM HIS GLASS AT JOEY. JOEY HAS A BEER.

CHANDLER

(OFF JOEY) What in the holy mother of all fucks? Where did you get a beer?

JOEY

It's a bar. They have beer.

CHANDLER

It's a wine bar. They only have wine.

JOEY

(INDICATES SELF) Not for CHEESE they don't.

CHANDLER

First of all, you were Mac. Second of all, you told me your last royalty check from that show was 18 cents.

JOEY

That doesn't matter. It's on the streamers. All the streamers. It's having a renaissance! (NODS PROUDLY)

I'm having a Joe-aissance! (BEAT)
Yeah, I read InStyle! Everywhere you
look online, all 14 episodes. Kids
are watching Mac and CHEESE, adults
are watching Mac and CHEESE, college
dudes, dudettes -- rewatching Mac
and CHEESE while completely high to
see if it has any deeper meaning.

CHANDLER

(SINCERE) Does it?

JOEY

(INCREDULOUS) No! It's a show named
after a dinner that comes in a box.

(BEAT) Actually.

HE SIGNALS. WAITRESS COMES OVER; JOEY WHISPERS IN HER EAR.

CHANDLER SIPS HIS WINE, ADMIRES THE BOUQUET FOR A LONG BEAT.
WHEN HE LOOKS BACK TO JOEY -

REVEAL - THERE'S A PITCHER OF BEER AND A BOWL OF MAC 'N'
CHEESE. CHANDLER REACTS, LOOKS AROUND CONFUSED.

CHANDLER

Hey, can I get some of that beer?

JOEY SLIDES HIS GLASS OVER TO CHANDLER AND THEN TAKES A BIG
SWIG FROM THE PITCHER.

JOEY MAKES A FACE OF DISTASTE AS CHANDLER TAKES A SIP FROM
THE GLASS.

JOEY

Mmm. Tastes like piss!

JOEY SMACKS HIS LIPS AND PUTS THE PITCHER DOWN.

CHANDLER PAUSES WITH THE BEER IN HIS MOUTH. AS HE SPEAKS, IT
DRIBBLES OUT.

CHANDLER

Then why are we drinking it?

JOEY

Gotta drink more beer. I'm in a new biopic -- playing the patriarch of a beer family, Mister Anheuser-Busch himself!

CHANDLER

It's not one guy.

JOEY

Sure it is. It's, like, Jack. Jack. Anheuser. Busch.

CHANDLER

It's definitely not--

JOEY

Alright, maybe it's Steve. Or Dave. Whatever.

CHANDLER

Dave? Dave Anheuser-Bu-- you know what? That's great. Good for you, man. Just don't do that comic book movie sequel you were talking about -- the blowback you got online from the first one. It's not worth it.

JOEY

Oh, I'm doing the sequel. If they do a sequel, I'm doing a sequel. A

man rarely gets to play The Black Fairy twice in his life!

CHANDLER NODS IN SARCASTIC AGREEMENT.

CHANDLER

(LONG BEAT) Hey, can I talk to you about something?

JOEY

Is it about the kids?

CHANDLER

No.

JOEY

Is it about, like, how you or Monica took one of the kids to some kid place and they had their first kid experience doing something all cute?

CHANDLER

No. They're teenagers!

JOEY

Are you going to ask me to donate money or something for the school? Because I don't understand why private schools are constantly looking for donations. If they want handouts, they should become a public school, like any good ol'

school here in the good ol' USA in
good ol' South America!

CHANDLER

North America.

JOEY

(CONFIDENT) South of Canada!

CHANDLER

Are you done? Or should I sit here
another 28 minutes while you go on
next about Northern Flooper Dorp?

JOEY

Yeah, alright. Go ahead.

CHANDLER

(WHISPERING) So, it's about--

JOEY

(CALLING OUT) Bar maid! Beer me!

(TO CHANDLER, NORMAL) Please.

CHANDLER

(WHISPERING) It's about me and
Monica.

JOEY

Butt stuff?

CHANDLER REACTS, SHOCKED. A LITTLE DISGUSTED. LOOKS AROUND.
LEANS IN.

CHANDLER

Yes! How did you do that?

JOEY

(POINTS TO SELF WITH THUMB) Jo-dar.
Continue.

CHANDLER

OK. So, you know, Monica, I mean,
for the first time, like, ever, has
said she wants to.

JOEY

Wants to do butt stuff?

CHANDLER

Yeah.

JOEY

I am so proud of you! (CALLS OUT)
Bar maid! Beer for my friend! (TO
CHANDLER) Good for you, man. So you
going for it?

CHANDLER SHRUGS, MAKES A WEIRD NOISE.

JOEY

Is that your "I dunno" squeak or
your "we tried it and I feel icky"
squeak?

CHANDLER

The first.

JOEY

What's the problem?

CHANDLER

I dunno. You know, you get so used
to opening the refrigerator door

and knowing the milk is on the left
and the butter is on the door and
the leftover meatloaf is on the
second shelf.

JOEY

(DISGUSTED) Dude. Why is there
anything left over?

CHANDLER

It's just an analogy.

JOEY

I don't care what kind of fungus it
is. Don't tell me that stuff!

CHANDLER

I'm just not sure if I'm
comfortable with a new refrigerator
is all.

JOEY

What do you care? You're just the
husband. You do what you're told!

CHANDLER

(BEAT) But won't it hurt?

JOEY

Not if you're gentle with her.

CHANDLER

No, I mean me. Won't it hurt me?

JOEY

(CONFUSED) Only if she clenches?

CHANDLER

Oh. Okay, I'm seeing the problem.
Take that picture you have in your
head and flip it.

JOEY

(THINKS; DELIGHTED) Yeah, I will!
Now that's weird...

CHANDLER

Nooo. Flip it.

CHANDLER MAKES A MOTION WITH HIS HANDS, AND EVENTUALLY HIS
FINGER TIP LANDS ON THE TOP OF THE PHALLIC WINE BOTTLE.
CHANDLER GIVES A NOD TO THE WINE BOTTLE THEN A NOD TO HIS
OWN BACKSIDE.

JOEY THINKS HARD. IT SINKS IN.

HE LOOKS HORRIFIED. SHOUTS:

JOEY

Up YOUR butt?

CHANDLER FLATTENS HIS FACE INTO HIS HANDS.

FADE OUT.

END TEASER.

ACT ONE

SCENE B

FADE IN:

INT. WINE BAR - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

JOEY

Man, I am so glad I never got married. You know how boring sex has to be for you to want to try that?

CHANDLER

(WHISPERS) It was Monica's idea!

JOEY

But you're thinking about it.

CHANDLER

I do not want anything up my--

ROSS AND RACHEL ENTER.

ROSS

RACHEL

Hey! Guys!

Oh my god! It's my fellas!

THEY ALL LEAN IN FOR HUGS AND KISSES. ROSS HOLDS RACHEL BACK.

RACHEL

(OFF ROSS) What're you doing?

ROSS THROWS A SUSPECT LOOK AT JOEY AND CHANDLER.

ROSS

Oh, come on! Here? You're talking about butt stuff here?

THE GUYS ARE SHOCKED.

CHANDLER

How-- how did you do that?

ROSS

(POINTS TO SELF WITH THUMB) Ro-dar.
And no. No, we are going to go sit
over there and wait for Phoebe and
Mike. (BEAT) And no talk of butt
stuff!

Rachel sits with the guys.

RACHEL

I like butt stuff. (BEAT, TO ROSS)
You like butt stuff. (TO JOEY,
CHANDLER) Both ways. All the time!

ROSS

OK! No, we're done here! You are
the mother of two-thirds of my
children!

JOEY

Not if you've been doing that way
she's not.

RACHEL, JOEY, AND CHANDLER LAUGH.

ROSS GETS UPSET, FOLLOWS A WAITRESS.

ROSS

(TO WAITRESS) Hi, can I follow you
to the wine cellar, please?

HE EXITS.

RACHEL

(TO CHANDLER) So...Monica wants you
to try pegging, huh?

CHANDLER

Wh-- How did-- I never said that.

RACHEL

Come on! (POINTS TO SELF) Ray-dar!

CHANDLER

(MULLS) Oh my god! Oh. My. God!
Monica told you! She told--

CHANDLER'S EYES GO WIDE.

CHANDLER

You! This. This was your idea!

RACHEL

It really was!

RACHEL AND JOEY SHARE A LAUGH AND HIGH FIVE.

CHANDLER

Don't you high-five her. No high-
fiving. This is not a high-fiving
thing.

JOEY

He's right.

THEY DO "TENS", UP AND DOWN.

CHANDLER

I'm going to the bathroom!

LONG BEAT.

RACHEL

Hey, Joey!

JOEY

How you doin'?

RACHEL

Good! Emma's good, getting ready for college. Faith's doing her music thing. Ben is probably getting engaged!(BEAT) Ugh. It all goes so fast, doesn't it?

JOEY'S CHECKING OUT SOME WOMAN'S BUTT.

RACHEL

Joey!

CAUGHT, JOEY SMIRKS, SHRUGS.

CUT TO:

SCENE C

INT. WINE BAR CELLAR

ANGLE ON - ROSS, TALKING TO SOMEONE O.S.

ROSS

I must tell you, I had no idea. I mean, I really had no idea. And then to run into you here, what a crazy coincidence.

REVEAL:

ANGLE ON - GUNTHER! SITTING AMIDST WINE RACKS, SMOKING.

GUNTHER

Oh yeah. "Coincidence." (BEAT) I know, right? Crazy world.

ROSS

And you had a thing for Rachel from day one?

GUNTHER

Pretty much.

ROSS

Well, why didn't you say something?

GUNTHER

It was hard to find a chance. There was always things getting in the way, like hairless cats and Italian guys, and you.

ROSS

That's...well, that's...that's just insane.

GUNTHER

You think I should say something now?

ROSS

Wh-- No! We've been married for, like, a dozen years. OK. You know what, Gunther? You need to put out that cigarette, grab that tray, go back upstairs, get back to work, and just forget about all this, and finally move on.

GUNTHER

Grab the tray? Why do I have to
grab the tray?

ROSS

Well, I mean, you're a waiter.

GUNTHER

"Waiter"? Fuck you, Ross, I own
this place. How about you and your
"friends" take your "Oh. My. Gods"
and your "Could I BE any mores" and
all your other shit catch phrases...

ROSS

(SOTTO) Haven't said that stuff in
years but whatever.

GUNTHER (CONT'D)

And your "but whatevers" and get
the hell out of my place! OK? OK!

ROSS

OK. You don't have to shout.

ROSS CROSSES TO STAIRS, HEADS UP STEPS.

GUNTHER MOVES TO FAR CORNER, LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER, SEEING
COAST CLEAR, PUSHES A FAKE WINE RACK ASIDE.

UNSEEN BY GUNTHER, ROSS HAS CREPT HALFWAY BACK DOWN STEPS,
BENDING DOWN TO PEEK, HE SEES -

SERIES OF INSERTS:

- WALL OF PHOTOS - PICS OF RACHEL, ROSS FROM "FRIENDS"
- CLOSE: ROSS'S EYES WIDE
- MORE PHOTOS RACHEL, ROSS, BUT RECENT
- CLOSE: ROSS'S EYES WIDER
- EVEN MORE PHOTOS OF RACHEL, ROSS ON WALL!
- CLOSE: ROSS'S EYES EXTRA-WIDE

BACK TO SHOT - ROSS RUNS UP STEPS.

SCENE D

INT. WINE BAR HALLWAY

ROSS BARRELS THROUGH CELLAR DOORWAY, RUNS INTO CHANDLER EXITING BATHROOM.

ROSS

(PANICKED) Hey! Good. Hey! We have to get out of here.

CHANDLER

Geez, I didn't think you could smell it out here.(NONCHALANT; SNIFFS) Alright, yeah, probably a good idea.

CHANDLER CASUALLY CROSSES OFF.

ROSS REACTS, LOOKS TOWARD THE BATHROOM, SNIFFS, WINCES, COVERS HIS FACE AND MOVES ALONG - QUICKLY.

SCENE E

INT. WINE BAR - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PHOEBE ENTERS!

CHANDLER

Phoebe's here!

RACHEL

Pheeb's!

PHOEBE

Yay! Phoebe's here, let the fudge begin!

RACHEL

You mean the fun?

PHOEBE

Fuck no -- I mean fudge!

SHE REACHES INTO THE BAG ON HER SHOULDER, PULLS OUT A BIG TIN-FOIL BLOCK, TOSSES IT AT JOEY.

PHOEBE

That's for you, sweet Joey!

JOEY

Aw. You're still my favorite
Phoebe.

HE HUGS HER.

PHOEBE

I know.

HUGS ALL AROUND.

RACHEL

Where's Mike?

PHOEBE

Oh shit, I had him here a second
ago!(LOOKS AROUND) I'm just
kidding. Yeah, Mike's, like,
totally dead.

REST OF GROUP LOOKS AT EACH OTHER, SHOCKED.

END ACT ONE.

ACT TWO.

SCENE F

INT. WINE BAR - MAIN ROOM

ROSS APPROACHES THE GROUP OF CHANDLER, PHOEBE, RACHEL, JOEY.

ROSS

Hey, guys, we need to get out of here. Like, right now.

RACHEL

Ross, did you know Mike's dead?

ROSS

Is he buried in the wine cellar?

RACHEL

What?

ROSS

Seriously, let's get to Monica's restaurant. Fast.

ROSS SCOOTs EVERYONE OUT. JOEY'S INTO THE TINFOIL BLOCK AS THE WHOLE GROUP IS PUSHED OUT THE DOOR BY ROSS.

JOEY

Come on! Don't push! I'm eatin' fudge here!

SCENE G

EXT. WINE BAR - CONTINUOUS

EVERYONE IS FORCED OUT THE FRONT DOOR BY ROSS.

JOEY TRIPS INTO CHANDLER.

JOEY

Whoops.

CHANDLER

Joey. Did you just push fudge into
me?

JOEY SMILES BIG, GIGGLES.

JOEY

Yeah...it's packed in there good.

BEAT.

CHANDLER

Alright, shut up!

JOEY GIGGLES SOME MORE.

RACHEL

Could you all please stop acting
like twelve year olds for, like,
five minutes.

PHOEBE

Yeah, you dicks!

THE GUYS REACT AND CALM DOWN AS ALL WALK ON...

DISSOLVE TO:

SCENE H

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SIDEWALK - CONTINUOUS

MOVING -

WALKING DOWN STREET.

RACHEL

Now, Phoebe, tell us what happened
to Mike.

PHOEBE

Oh yeah, that's right. So, as you know, Mike toured playing piano with that big orchestra.

CHANDLER

Yeah, the New York Philharmonic.

PHOEBE

(LAUGHS) Oh god no! Is that what I told you? No, the New York LGBTQ-harmonic. (BEAT) Although, there is a questioning man named Phil in it who has just fantastic taste in shoes.

JOEY'S CLEARLY TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT ALL THE LETTERS STAND FOR.

CHANDLER

You figure it out yet?

JOEY

(DEFIANT) Yes!

HE COUNTS IT OUT ON HIS FINGERS.

JOEY

Lesbian. Gay. Builders. Truck drivers.(BEAT) Cute boys!

CHANDLER AND ROSS MULL.

ROSS

Yeah. That's close.

CHANDLER

Close enough.

RACHEL

(TO PHOEBE) I live with this every day. (FAKE SMILES) Please continue.

PHOEBE

So! Mike was travelling around with the LGBTQ-harmonic--

CHANDLER

Wait, Phebes, I have to ask. Was Mike actually gay?

PHOEBE

You wish, princess. But fuck no, Mike had more man in him than you ever wish you had in you.

CHANDLER LOOKS AROUND FOR AN EMPATHETIC FACE.

JOEY

Holy-- did Monica tell you what she wants Chandler to do?

PHOEBE

Oh we'll definitely get back to that! (TO RACHEL) Long story short, a cellist accidentally shot Mike.

ROSS

Shot him? Oh my god. Like, with a gun?

PHOEBE

Oh. No. No, with his bow.

THEY REACT, CONFUSED.

CHANDLER

Ah yes. The .38-caliber bow. If only congress would finally ban them.

RACHEL

(OFF CHANDLER) Shush! (TO PHOEBE)
Explain that...bow thing.

PHOEBE

Well, there was a protest, Mike got in the middle of it and boing! Slam! Now he's dead.

ROSS

What kind of protest? Like an anti-gay protest? Or an antifa protest? Or a white supremacy protest?

JOEY

Woah, you know a lot about philharmonics.

CHANDLER

(OFF JOEY) And you actually know how to pronounce philharmonic.

JOEY RESPONDS WITH A PROUD SMILE.

RACHEL

Oh my god, do you bozos never fucking stop?

JOEY

Hey. Language!

RACHEL

I'm sorry. (GETS IN JOEY'S FACE)
Bozos. Please. Shut. Up! (TO
PHOEBE) So what happened?

PHOEBE

It was a strings versus percussion
protest. Apparently the strings
were being paid more than the
percussion, and there was a big
angry fight, so the percussionists
walked. And the strings decided to
go to the picket line outside their
little rehearsal space downtown.
And, to sort of needle the
percussionists, they played Haydn's
Farewell Symphony, and that's when
the wrestling started.

RACHEL

The...wrestling?

PHOEBE

Oh sure. Musicians are violent as
fuck. They cray-cray. (NUDGES ROSS)
Hey, remember when people used to
say that?

ROSS REACTS.

PHOEBE

Anyway, one thing leads to another,
and a bow shoots out of someone's

hand and goes flying right into
Mike's chest. And kapow!

CHANDLER

Oh my god.

PHOEBE

Tell me about it. Apparently, his
last words were "This is no way to
rosin a bow."

THEY ALL TAKE THAT IN FOR A MOMENT.

ROSS

Well, you sure seem like you've
dealt with it OK, Phoebe.

PHOEBE

You know, after your mom kills
herself, and then you find out your
real mom's not dead and your
father's just some short guy that's
really into indie movies - never
mind the estranged twin sister who
used your name to make pornos -
there's just so little that'll phase
you.(BEAT) Also, it happened, like,
seven years ago.

THEY ALL REACT OFF THAT, CONFUSED.

CUT TO:

SCENE IINT. MONICA'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

IT LOOKS LIKE A BEAUTIFUL HOME -- THERE'S AN INFLUENCE OF THE OLD APARTMENT IN THERE, MAYBE OF CENTRAL PERK TOO.

EVERYONE SITS ON COMFY LOVE SEATS AND SOFAS, WITH TABLES THAT HAVE GRILLS BUILT INTO THEM IN FRONT. IT'S COZY.

MONICA HOLDS COURT WHILE COOKING AT A RAISED STATION OVERLOOKING THE ENTIRE DINING ROOM.

MONICA

(TO PATRONS) So then I tried calling back again, and it turns out the last message I left was now his outgoing message. Yeah, the message where I said I was on my-- well, you know.

EVERYONE LAUGHS.

MONICA

So then I killed myself. (MOTIONS WITH KNIFE) Actually, that's not funny. There are people suffering in the world who wonder every night if this will be their last.(BEAT) Naw, I'm just kidding, we're all here to have fun. Forget about all that!

MONICA TURNS TO HER SOUS CHEF.

MONICA

(QUIETLY) Oh god. How many times
have I mentioned suicide, murder,
or death tonight?

SOUS CHEF

Including you whispering this to me
right now?

MONICA

No!

SOUS CHEF

Oh. Then only eleven times.

MONICA

Shoot. This whole landlord thing
really has me rattled. What if I
just teach everyone here how to
make a lasagna. Cooking lasagnas
always relaxes me.

SOUS CHEF

Hey, it's your place -- but it is a
Brazilian churrascaria theme. No
one's really here for lasagna.

MONICA

(TO PATRONS, LOUD) Hey, who's up
for some free lasagna?

PATRONS CHEER.

MONICA

(TO SOUS CHEF) Now we do lasagna.
(TO PATRONS) Yay, I'm making

lasagna! And who wants to learn how to make a perfect classic Italian red sauce while I'm cookin' up a storm over here?

CRICKETS. NOT A SOUND FROM PREVIOUSLY BOISTEROUS PATRONS.

MONICA

(SOTTO) Well fuck all y'all. (BEAT; ALOUD) Yay, I'm making lasagna alone!

CHANDLER (O.S.)

Oh no you're not!

MONICA

Chandler! (BEAT) Where's everyone else?

CHANDLER

Oh, they're right behind--

LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER, NO ONE THERE. LOOKS BACK TO MONICA.

CHANDLER

Yeah, they're parking the-- (BEAT) Alright, they all got into a big fight with Joey because they wanted to nosh on the fudge Phoebe brought for him.

MONICA

Phoebe brought him fudge when she knew you were all coming to my restaurant? Uh!

CHANDLER

Shut up and kiss me hello.

SHE GIVES HIM A LOOK, THEN LEANS IN AND KISSES & HUGS HIM.

MONICA

Hello.

CHANDLER

Hi. (PAUSE) Hey, two things: One, stop planning our sex life through Rachel, your cruise director.

MONICA

(TO SELF) I knew I shouldn't let all of you meet up without me!

CHANDLER

(TERSE) Yeah. And two: Did you know Mike died?

MONICA

Yeah, like, seven years ago.

CHANDLER

What? How come you didn't tell me?

MONICA

I did tell you. You actually said "What happened, did his piano fall on him?" Then you giggled, farted, and went back to the director's commentary on your Baywatch blu-ray.

CHANDLER

To be fair, you can't fully understand the show until you hear the commentary.

MONICA

I'm sure there's a lot of insight on how they taped everyone's nipples down.

CHANDLER

It's an art.(BEAT) So how come Phoebe didn't have a funeral or anything for Mike?

MONICA

Well, when you get lost at sea and presumed eaten by dolphins, it's probably a little weird to--

CHANDLER

That's not--

THE GROUP ENTERS, EXCITED AND LOUD, INTERRUPTING CHANDLER.

MONICA

Welcome!

THE GROUP AD-LIBS "HI'S" AND "HEYS" AND HUGS WITH MONICA.

JOEY, HIS FACE COVERED IN FUDGE, STEPS FORWARD.

MONICA

Hi, Joey. Got a little something.
(INDICATES HIS FACE; TO ALL) OK,
come sit-sit!

JOEY

(WIPES FACE, WAGS A FINGER) Mon,
you naughty little...

MONICA

Joe, I'm a little busy. Also,
whatever you think I'm doing with
Chandler, I'm doing to you next.

JOEY RECOILS, COVERS HIS BUTT AND MOVES AWAY.

MONICA

(TO ALL) Follow me over here. I've
prepped a special table for us.

MONICA CROSSES WITH THE GROUP TO OTHER SIDE OF DINING ROOM -
REVEAL: THE CENTRAL PERK SOFA.

ROSS

Oh my god, is this what I think it
is?

JOEY

It's the Coffee Perk sofa!

RACHEL

You're gettin' old, Joe. It was
called Central Perk.

JOEY

(INCREDULOUS) Oh-ho, don't tell me.
I hung out with my friends at
Coffee Perk, I worked at Coffee
Perk, I had sex in both bathrooms
at Coffee Perk, and I totally wet

that sofa on more than one
occasion. I know the name.

PHOEBE

Oh so what? I did all those things
there!

JOEY

You had sex in both bathrooms?

PHOEBE

Yes!

JOEY

You worked there?

PHOEBE

Yes!

FROM O.S. SHE PULLS OUT A GUITAR, AS IF FROM NOWHERE, SHOWS
IT TO JOEY WITH A SORT OF "DUH!" EXPRESSION.

JOEY

You accidentally wet the sofa?

PHOEBE'S GUITAR IS GONE AS SUDDENLY AS IT APPEARED.

PHOEBE

Yes! (BEAT) Well, I mean, not
accidentally. (BEAT; TO ALL) Don't
you judge me! Don't any of you
truck nuts judge me! We were
hanging out in there for, like,
literally fifteen hours a day,
drinking a diuretic, and sometimes
there were people in that bathroom
who would just not get out!

PHOEBE LOOKS TO RACHEL.

RACHEL

What? OK, sorry.

ROSS

Sorry.

CHANDLER

Sorry.

JOEY

So. Not. Sorry.

PHOEBE PLAYFULLY HITS HIM.

MONICA

If everyone doesn't sit down, there
is no dessert.

EVERYONE FINDS A SEAT.

MONICA

(SERIOUS) There's something I need
to tell you. And, Chandler, just so
you know, I only found out about
this today.

CHANDLER

Oh fuck. We're finally pregnant.
We're pregnant?

SHE SMACKS HIM ON HIS HEAD.

ROSS

Monica, please tell me you're not
changing the font on the menus
again.

MONICA

No. (BEAT) I mean, maybe. But no!
 (TAKES A DEEP BREATH) Okay, so,
 there's good news and bad news. The
 good news is, the restaurant is
 doing great. But, the bad news is,
 I might kind of have to move to a
 new location.

RACHEL

What? Why?

CHANDLER

Woh. What--?

JOEY

(FRUSTRATED) This is a great
 location! Why would you do that?

PHOEBE

Is it rats? Do you have rats?
 (CHECKS UNDER TABLE)

MONICA

(AT PHOEBE) It's not! And don't say
 that word in here again! (TO ALL)
 See, well, it's not really a
 choice, I'm sort of being forced.

ROSS

Forced? By whom?

CHANDLER

(OFF ROSS) Really? "Whom"?

ROSS

Oh, well, pardon me for knowing the
 English language.

JOEY

Monica, whom is doing this? Whom is
making you move? Whom?

JOEY WINKS AND NODS AT ROSS.

RACHEL'S EYES GO WIDE AT SOMETHING O.S.

RACHEL

Holy-- I think I know.

ROSS

How do you know?

RACHEL

Because I'm looking at...whom.

REVEAL:

ANGLE ON - RICHARD!

RICHARD

Hi, gang!

END ACT TWO.

ACT THREESCENE JINT. MONICA'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

RICHARD APPROACHES THE GANG.

CHANDLER

Hey, Richard. You're still a big
and strong big manly man-thing.

MONICA GIVES CHANDLER A HARSH "SHHUSHH!"

RICHARD

Wow, I've got to admit I'm
surprised. Not only are all of you
still friends but Joey hasn't yet
electrocuted himself in a bathtub
with his electric toothbrush.

CHANDLER

(FRUSTRATED) Ahhh, shit.

CHANDLER CROSSES OVER TO RICHARD, COUNTS OUT FIFTY BUCKS
FROM HIS WALLET, SLAPS IT INTO RICHARD'S HAND.

RICHARD

Thank! You!

JOEY

(FLABBERGAST) You bet against me?

CHANDLER

No one thought you'd make it past
forty-five, man.

MONICA

To be fair, we made the bet the
same day we found you in the

apartment building a tiny hole in
the microwave door in order to poke
the food to see if it's hot.

JOEY

That was a solid idea!

ROSS

You were covering it with tin foil.

JOEY

Because tinfoil beats microwave.

CHANDLER

It's not Rock/Paper/Scissors.

JOEY

Dude, life is Rock/Paper/Scissors.

RICHARD

Cute. Which mediocre movie is it from?

CHANDLER

(TO JOEY) Not Without My Schnauzer?

JOEY

Not Without My Schnauzer 3, Puppies
in Busan!

RICHARD

Those were terrible films, Joe.

(BEAT) Hey, Phoebe.

PHOEBE

Hi!

RICHARD

Sorry about what happened to Mike.
That's really tragic.

PHOEBE

Oh. What'd you hear?

RICHARD

Well, mostly just that he's dead.

PHOEBE

Oh OK, then you've got at least
half the story. I mean, the
important half for sure.

MONICA

Richard, what're you doing here? You
already bought the building to force
me out of it. I don't even understand
why you'd do something so terrible.

(APPROACHES RICHARD) How could such a
nice guy and really great optometrist
grow into such a (POKES HIM WITH EACH
WORD) bitter, frustrated, angry,
strapping older man who still looks
great in a moustache, and-- (FEELING
FAINT; TO GROUP) Where was I?

CHANDLER ESCORTS HER AWAY FROM RICHARD.

CHANDLER

Oh-ho-ho-kay.

ROSS

What are you doing here, Richard?
Just rubbing Monica's nose in it?

RICHARD

Listen, Ross, you might find this
hard to believe, but this was never
the plan. Monica broke my heart.
Three marriages later, I'm still
trying to find the woman who not
only lived up to the first wife I
idealized, but who raised the bar.
The woman who, decades later, I
still couldn't get out of my head.

MONICA, RACHEL, PHOEBE

(MOONY-EYED) Uh-huhhh...

RICHARD

No one ever told me life was gonna
be this way--

O.S. WE HEAR A FAMILIAR "CLAP, CLAP, CLAP, CLAP!" - ALL TURN.

REVEAL: A GROUP OF WAITSTAFF: STANDING TOGETHER AT A TABLE,
CLEARLY CELEBRATING A PATRON'S BIRTHDAY, ONE WAITER HOLDING
AN OVERSIZED CUPCAKE WITH A LIT CANDLE.

BACK TO SHOT.

MONICA

Uck. Just ignore them. They get
over-excited for birthdays.

RICHARD

As I was saying, I never thought it
would be so much trouble getting

over Monica. And, frankly, losing her to someone who's last name is a mating call for 1960s cartoon character Ricochet Rabbit, well, it's hard to swallow.

JOEY

So's my fist, Richard. How about you get to the point.

ROSS

Yeah, and mine too!

RICHARD

(TO ROSS) You want me to get to your point?

ROSS

No. My...my fist!

RICHARD

(BEAT) You're still incredibly awkward, Ross.

ROSS

I'm rubber and you're glue -- you know the rest!

JOEY AND RACHEL GIVE ROSS A SUPPORTIVE PATS ON THE BACK.

RICHARD

I'm afraid I do. Well, this has been fun, but I need to get back to the wife. She's parking the Tesla.

(ASIDE TO MONICA) I've made some

really fab investments. And, sorry,
Mon, but this is one of them.

RICHARD STARTS OFF.

MONICA

Hey, Richard. I-- I'm not angry for
you forcing me out of here. I mean,
I get it. I can't imagine what it's
like to find the love of your life
and, still, decades later, feel like
you've not found that again. I'm
sorry...but if you and your new,
uh, newest wife want to join us...

RICHARD

(MULLS) No, that's alright. But
you're still very kind-hearted.

HE TURNS TO EXIT.

RACHEL

(TEARING UP) Why is this so sad?

JOEY

(PAINED) Richard! Don't go!

RICHARD PAUSES AT THE DOOR, HEAD DOWN. HE PERKS UP, TURNS -

RICHARD

I just-- another time. Rain check!

RACHEL

Well, at least bring your wife in, so
we can meet her, wish you two well.

MONICA AND OTHERS NOD OFF THAT.

RICHARD

That's kind of you. But it's not
necessary.

ROSS

(ASIDE) She must be an uggo.

CHANDLER NODS, LAUGHING SILENTLY.

MONICA

I can hear you.

RICHARD

And so can I. I just don't think
it's appropriate. Why create
unnecessary tensio--

RICHARD IS INTERRUPTED BY A VOICE O.S.

VOICE (O.S.)

Oh. My. God.

REVEAL:

ANGLE ON - JANICE!

CHANDLER

Janice!

ROSS

Janice?

JOEY

(HEAD IN HANDS) Janice...

MONICA, RACHEL, PHOEBE

Oh. My. God.

END ACT THREE.

ACT FOURSCENE KINT. MONICA'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

JANICE

(TO RICHARD) Hey, my sweet Marlboro man!

RICHARD

(SOTTO) Oh my god. (TO MONICA) I'm actually a little sorry about this.

JANICE

(TO THE ROOM) I call him my Marlboro man because he's smokin'!

THE ENTIRE GANG IS JUST STARING IN SILENT BEWILDERMENT.

LONG BEAT. UNTIL -

PHOEBE

(SHOUTS) THIS IS TOTALLY FUCKING BONKERS! I mean, what's next, they introduce their adopted son, and it's Ben?

ROSS GIVES HER THE "SKUNK EYE" AT THAT.

JANICE

Hey, Chandler Bing! Hello, Monica Geller-Bing! Hello, friends a ring-a ding-a-ling! (LAUGHS)

LONG BEAT.

RICHARD

We should be going now.

EVERYONE AGREES WITH AD-LIBBED "YESES" AND SUCH.

MONICA

Wait.

MONICA PULLS RICHARD ASIDE.

MONICA

You can't be that heartbroken. Her?

RICHARD

She's a dynamo in the sack.

MONICA

(SMACKS RICHARD'S ARM) Uhh! No, she's not. When I got him (MOTIONS TO CHANDLER) he barely knew how to do hand-stuff let alone anything a "dynamo" would have taught him. It was like sleeping with a 14-year-old boy.

RICHARD COCKS HIS HEAD AT THAT.

MONICA

Mentally, I mean. Ew!

CHANDLER'S SUDDENLY OVER HER SHOULDER.

CHANDLER

Thanks for that, sweetie.

SHE WAVES HIM OFF. CHANDLER CROSSES BACK TO HIS SEAT.

RICHARD

OK, fine, she's not a dynamo. But she's really good with finances. It was actually her idea to kick you out of here.

MONICA

For what, a nicer restaurant?

RICHARD

No, probably a Walgreens or a Lady Footlocker. Something that'll pay through the nose for a great location.

MONICA

Fine. Whatever. Get out of here.

JANICE

Chandler, see this? (MOTIONS TO RICHARD) I'm definitely over you!

CHANDLER

OK, nice seeing you too, goodbye
Janice, ta!

JANICE LAUGHS. RICHARD CARESSES MONICA'S SHOULDER, BUT SHE SLINKS AWAY. HE CROSSES TO JANICE, JOINS HER AS THEY EXIT.

EVERYONE SITS IN SILENCE, STARING AT THE DOOR.

BEAT.

PHOEBE

Is it me or has Janice become a
total dick?

EVERYONE AGREES WITH "YEAHS" AND THE LIKE. CHANDLER GIVES MONICA A HUG, AS SHE GETS BACK TO HER JOB, MOVING IN AND OUT OF THE GROUP.

JOEY

She was always like that. You all
just thought it was cute. (SHOUTS)
It was never cute!

CHANDLER

Well, it was a little cute.

MONICA SMACKS HIM FOR THAT.

CHANDLER

You just called me a 14-year-old
boy!

MONICA

Oh quiet down and take it like a
man.

RACHEL

(TO CHANDLER) Which is also what
she'll be saying to you tonight!

CHANDLER OFFERS A "SHUT UP!" LOOK.

PHOEBE

Oh, what's happening tonight?

ROSS

You do not want to know!

PHOEBE

Are we talking butt stuff?

CHANDLER AGAIN REACTS.

PHOEBE

(TO ROSS) You like the butt stuff!

ROSS

Could you people please stop saying
that?

PHOEBE LOOKS TO RACHEL WHO MOUTHS THAT HE DOES.

JOEY

Yeah, Ross is right, lay off.

ROSS

Thank you!

JOEY

You got it, Ross. (TO ALL) Let's talk about how his hair hasn't changed in all this time instead.

ROSS

Wha-- no.

RACHEL

As long as we don't talk about my hair, I'm fine.

ROSS

You know, there is a lot going on in the world. Certainly a lot since the last time we all had a chance to really sit down like this. I've known at least half of you for nearly my whole life, and I have no idea where you stand on virtually any issues of the day.

PHOEBE

Well, I'm for them.

MONICA

You're for who?

PHOEBE

The issues of the day. I think it's important we remember them.

JOEY

Hear, hear! I'm with Phoebe!

ROSS

You're with Phoebe on what?

JOEY

I'm with Phoebe on everything!

PHOEBE

Thank you, Joey.

HE THROWS A JOEY-STYLE WINK HER WAY. BEAT.

MONICA

Richard's a Republican.

THAT'S MET WITH A MYRIAD OF "OHHHS!" AND "OF COURSE!" AND OTHER DISAPPROVING NOISE.

CHANDLER

Hey. I'm a Republican!

MONICA

(LAUGHS) No you're not! I would not have married a Republican!

CHANDLER

Well, I've voted Republican in, like, most of the elections since we're married.

BEAT.

MONICA

And that's why you'll be my bottom tonight, bitch!

SHE SMACKS HIM PLAYFULLY ON THE FACE AND CROSSES BACK TO HER STATION TO COOK.

CHANDLER LOOKS AROUND EMBARRASSED AT THE GROUP.

ROSS

So, as I try to expunge ninety-eight percent of this night out of my head, hey, uh, Phebes, so are you dating anyone?

PHOEBE

Oh yeah. I'm in a throuple now.

RACHEL

A throuple? Why would you be in something so messy?

PHOEBE

Because, like Ross and Chandler, I like it both ways.

JOEY OFFERS A VERY APPROVING NOD.

JOEY

I've been in a throuple.

CHANDLER

No. You haven't

JOEY

Yes, I have!

CHANDLER

No, you were having sex with a guy's wife while he cried and videoed it for her.

JOEY

So? Same thing?

CHANDLER

It is not.

JOEY

Well, it's close.

CHANDLER

Nuh-uh.

JOEY NODS WITH CERTAINTY. CHANDLER ROLLS HIS EYES.

CHANDLER

So, Phoebe. If you don't mind me asking, how come you never had a service for Mike?

PHOEBE

Oh. Well, we don't believe in those in my religion.

ROSS

Aren't you Pagan? They have a ritual for pretty much everything.

PHOEBE

(FLUSTERED) Oh, oh, so, like, you just, just like know everything about Paganism now because, what, you studied it?

ROSS

Yes. A group at the Connecticut Museum of Natural and Preternatural History had an entire wing dedicated to Pagan rituals for some time.

RACHEL

Did I go to that?

ROSS

You did.

RACHEL

Did I enjoy it?

ROSS

You said, and I quote, "For the people who invented all the most fun holidays--"

RACHEL

"This is some boring-ass shit."

Yeah, I remember that now. (BEAT)

Although, to be fair, I say that at every museum.

ROSS

That is true.

RACHEL

I said it at your museum.

ROSS

That you did. To my co-head curator.

RACHEL

Yeah, she did not like me.

ROSS

That might have to do more with the other thing.

PHOEBE

What was the other thing?

RACHEL

I fought her for a parking spot,
ramming her car with my Mercedes.

PHOEBE

Oh my god.

RACHEL

Well, she was taking too long to
park.

ROSS

That's not how it works.

RACHEL

That's how it works to me!

CHANDLER

Wait, was she in a spot, and you
wanted the spot she was in?

RACHEL

You're not in the spot, until
you're done parking the car. Unless
that stick is in park and your key
is out of the ignition it's all
just...up for grabs!

ROSS

She was in th--

RACHEL

(POINTS ANGRY FIGURE TO ROSS)

Don't!

JOEY

So you rammed her?

RACHEL

It is a dog eat cat world out there, fella! If you don't take life by the ball sack and give it a firm tug, you might as well just be flicking the taint with your finger.

SHE FLICKS HER GLASS; EVERYONE JUMPS, THEN NODS.

CHANDLER, STILL NODDING, CASUALLY TURNS HIS GAZE TO ROSS, WHO'S TURNED HIS GAZE TO CHANDLER. WHEN THEIR EYES MEET, CHANDLER FLINCHES. EMBARRASSED, HE TURNS AWAY FROM ROSS.

JOEY

That was really beautiful, Rach. Man, I have really grown to appreciate poetry.

PHOEBE

(OFF JOEY) Aw.

MONICA RETURNS WITH APPETIZERS.

MONICA

OK, everybody. I've three lasagnas cooking. These are buffalo meat meatballs braised with a mild chimchurri sauce.

SHE PRESENTS ANOTHER TRAY.

MONICA

And these are miniature Brazilian cheese breads.

SHE REACHES INTO THE POCKET OF THE CHEF'S JACKET SHE WEARS.

MONICA

And these are three packets of
freshly purchased Chocodiles from
the Bodega across the street.

SHE TOSSES THEM TO JOEY, WHO'S ALREADY DUG INTO THE OTHER
FOOD.

JOEY

You're the best, Mon.

MONICA

I KNOW!

JOEY

(TO CHANDLER) If she were one of my
groupies, I'd totally do it with
her.

CHANDLER

Yes. I know. You've texted those
exact words to me, like, forty-
seven times.

ROSS

Yeah, me too. Man, you have to stop
doing that!

JOEY SHRUGS.

PHOEBE

(TO ALL) Isn't it weird that
someone you know has groupies?

RACHEL

It sure is. (TO JOEY) So, OK, Joe. You've been a biggish movie star for a few years now.

JOEY

That's what it says on my gravestone.

THEY REACT.

JOEY

I bought it to be prepared. It's all the rage now. Go ahead, Rachel.

RACHEL

What's, like, the craziest thing a groupie's wanted to do?

JOEY

You mean that I did or that I turned down.

RACHEL

Oh! (MULLS) Turned down.

PHOEBE

No! Both! Do both!

JOEY

Well, OK. Let me think.

CHANDLER

What about the woman who wanted you to lick her childhood ballet slippers so she could "wear your saliva"?

JOEY

(MULLING) No, I'm gonna try and come up with one I turned down first.

THEY ALL WINCE IN DISGUST.

ROSS

How about that trans woman who wanted you to dress like Leslie Ann Warren from the movie Clue as part of foreplay?

JOEY

(THINKING) No, I did that...

MONICA

Oh, I know! What about the time that couple asked you to do a striptease for them to see if it could, you know, get their motors running.

JOEY

Hey, you guys made me promise not to tell anyone about that!

CHANDLER PUTS HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS. MONICA SHRUGS UNCOMFORTABLY.

MONICA

(TO ALL) What? So we like to experiment.(BEAT) Ross likes all the butt stuff!

SHE STORMS OFF, BACK TO HER COOKING STATION. ROSS SHRUGS AND MAKES A MOTION LIKE MONICA'S CRAZY.

PHOEBE

I am learning more about sex tonight than I did even at the Swedish Institute.

ROSS

What? Phoebe, that's one of the most prestigious organizations for teaching massage.

PHOEBE

(PATRONIZING) Yeah, OK, Ross!

ROSS SHAKES HIS HEAD IN DISBELIEF. NEARBY, SEVERAL NEW PATRONS ARE BEING SEATED.

ONE OF THE PATRONS, UNSEEN, SPEAKS:

PATRON (O.S.)

Wait. Did I hear "Ross"?

SHE STEPS FORWARD, PATRON REVEALED AS:

DR. CHARLIE WHEELER, ROSS'S EX FROM SEASON 9.

CHARLIE

Ross Havanese Geller!

ROSS

Charlie! (BEAT) "Havanese"?

RACHEL

(UNCERTAIN) Hey, Charlie!

MONICA CROSSES BACK TOWARD THE GROUP.

MONICA

Hey, Charlie!

CHARLIE

Hi. Mon. Hey, Rachel!

CHANDLER

"Mon"?

MONICA

Yeah. Charlie and her son are
regulars here.

ROSS

(DELIGHTED) Oh! You have a little
boy?

CHARLIE

Sure do. Hold on, I'll grab him.

JOEY

(ASIDE TO CHANDLER) When did Ross
date a dude named Charlie? 'Cause
he's seriously hot!

CHANDLER DOESN'T RESPOND. INSTEAD, HIS EYES GROW WIDE, HE
SMACKS JOE AND MOTIONS TO -

CHARLIE PRESENTING HER TEEN SON TO EVERYONE: THE SON LOOKS
LIKE A 17-YEAR-OLD ROSS.

RACHEL GIVES ROSS A LOOK, THEN PUNCHES HIM IN THE ARM.

END ACT FOUR.

ACT FIVESCENE 1INT. MONICA'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

THE TEENAGER, CHARLIE'S SON, IS INTO HIS CELL PHONE, EAR BUDS IN.

CHARLIE

Are you going to say hi?

CHARLIE'S SON

'Sup.

JOEY

'Sup!

CHARLIE

Hey, Joey.

JOEY

'Sup, dude?

CHARLIE

""Sup, dude"? Really?

JOEY

Listen, I'm not judgin', I'm just very confused right now. I never met any guys named Charlie that look like you.

CHANDLER

Really? Because my dad knows, like, five.(MULLS) No, no...six.

CHARLIE

Joey, you have to be the ding-iest motherf--

JOEY

Woh-woh-woh. Language, dude!

ROSS, RACHEL

Oh Joey.

CHARLIE

Seriously, Joe? We had sex. You
virtually begged me to (COVERS
SON'S EARS), y'know, do butt stuff.

JOEY'S FACIAL EXPRESSION IS CASUAL DENIAL.

JOEY

(TO ROSS) Who is this guy?

CHARLIE

(ANGRY) Have you really (RE-COVERS
SON'S EARS) banged that many chicks
you can't remember the six-foot-
tall paleontology professor and, it
seems, quite literally only black
person ANY of you have ever known?

JOEY

Listen, mister--

CHARLIE

Charlie! I'm a woman!

JOEY

So your preferred pronoun is "she"?

CHARLIE

(STEAMED) My preferred pronoun is
my foot up your ass.

SHE LUNGES.

PHOEBE

Fight! Fight! Fight!

MONICA HAS RUSHED OVER WITH A KNIFE. RACHEL STANDS.

RACHEL

Alright! Alright. Enough! (TO CHARLIE) You! Come with me. (TO ROSS) You! Don't you move an inch.(BEGINS CROSSING; TO MONICA) You! Put that down, and boy, are you gonna get it(MOCKING): "Charlie and her son are regulars."(ESCORTING CHARLIE AWAY; LOOKS OVER SHOULDER TO JOEY) And you, you horny dog, have to start remembering just one-tenth of the women you've nailed.

RACHEL CROSSES WITH CHARLIE -

ANGLE ON - JOEY:

JOEY

(TO PHOEBE) That is so definitely math I cannot even do.

PHOEBE

Tell me about it.

ACROSS THE RESTAURANT -

RACHEL

Alright, Charlie, give it to me straight, I'm a big girl.

CHARLIE

(BEAT) OK...I think you can do better than Ross. I never understood the connection. And, frankly, I'm shocked you're still--

RACHEL

(INTERRUPTS) Wait! First, that is the father of my children. Second, (BEAT) you really think I can do better? Even now? I mean, I'm not the hot, young thing I used to be.

CHARLIE

Sure you are!

RACHEL

Oh you! (GETS HOLD OF SELF) OK. Hold it, missy! I brought you over here to ask you about that kid of yours. (BEAT) Is he half Ross?

LONG BEAT.

CHARLIE

(LAUGHS) Oh no. Definitely not.

RACHEL

Oh, thank god.

CHARLIE

Every. Day!

RACHEL SQUINTS HER EYES - SHE DOESN'T LIKE THAT REPLY.

RACHEL

(BEAT) But the resemblance...

CHARLIE

Yeah, I know. After Ross and I broke up, I got together with an old flame. But, turned out he was still an asshole--

RACHEL

They all are.

CHARLIE

(AGREEING) Girl. So then I was out at a coffee house, similar to Central Perk actually, had a sort of rebound thing with this really sweet guy. Russ.

THERE'S RECOGNITION IN RACHEL'S EYES.

RACHEL

A rebound...with Russ?

CHARLIE

Yeah. Resemblance to Ross. Crazy.

RACHEL

Definitely familiar-- I mean crazy.

CHARLIE

On the plus side, a lot sharper than Ross. And, if I'm being honest, better under the sheets.

CHARLIE NODS. RACHEL GIVES A KNOWING NOD, PLAYING IT COOL.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RESTAURANT -

ROSS

(TO CHARLIE'S SON) So dinosaurs.
Not your thing then?

CHARLIE'S SON

I mean, I'd do one. They have
vaginas, right? (LAUGHS)

PHOEBE AND CHANDLER ARE DISTURBED BY THIS. ROSS TURNS TO JOE FOR A SUPPORTING GLANCE, BUT HE'S IMPRESSED BY WHAT HE HEARD.

ROSS

(HESITANT) Sure. But I was
inquiring about your studies.

CHARLIE'S SON

Oh. Got it.

HIS ATTENTION BACK TO HIS CELL PHONE, THEY WAIT FOR A REPLY.

LONG BEAT. HE GLANCES UP, GIVES A PEACE SIGN. PUTS HIS EAR BUDS IN, GOES BACK TO HIS PHONE.

ROSS

(TO OTHERS) Yeah. Not mine.

BACK TO - RACHEL & CHARLIE - NOW SHARING A LAUGH:

CHARLIE

(ANNOYED) I don't know if it's a
good idea--

RACHEL

I'm doing it. (CALLING OUT, ANGRY; TO
ROSS) Ross Geller! Get over here right
now. (TO CHARLIE) Just go with it.

ROSS CROSSES TO RACHEL & CHARLIE.

ROSS

Yes, my honeybear?

RACHEL

That kid over there. He's yours!

ROSS IS SHOCKED, BUT QUICKLY RECOVERS AND SMILES BIG.

ROSS

(TO CHARLIE) This...is...the happiest day of my life. (BEAT; CORRECTING, OFF RACHEL) After my marriage, the birth of my two daughters and then son -- in that order!

HE HUGS CHARLIE.

CHARLIE

Well, um, yeah, so...guess you owe me fifteen years of child support.

ROSS

Not a problem. (FEELS POCKETS; PULLS OUT CELL) Take Venmo?

CHARLIE

Sure!

RACHEL

OK! Break it up.(TO ROSS) We were just joking with you.(TO CHARLIE) And you! (WAGS FINGER)

MONICA APPROACHES, HOLDING TWO COOKING PANS - INTERRUPTS:

MONICA

Hey, guys, um, we've freaked out my customers long enough with all our cute antics, so can you go sit the heck down before one of these pans

ends up in a place where the sun
don't shine and Ross begs for more?

ROSS REACTS, NONE TOO HAPPY.

THEY ALL BEGIN TO CROSS BACK TOWARD THEIR RESPECTIVE SEATS.

RACHEL

Sure, Mon. (TO CHARLIE) So. It was
good seeing you, Charlie, but I'm
guessing this'll be awkward for you.

CHARLIE

No, I'm fine. We do eat here a lot.

RACHEL

Oh. (BEAT) Mon? You deal with that
rat problem then?

CHARLIE

The what?

MONICA

She's kidding. Completely kidding.

BEHIND HER: RACHEL PANTOMIMING THEY'RE GIGANTIC AND AWFUL.

CHARLIE

(OFF RACHEL, ANNOYED) OK! Maybe
another night'd be better.

CHARLIE STOPS AT THE TABLE OF PEOPLE SHE WALKED IN WITH. BUT
AS SHE'S ABOUT TO TALK TO THEM -

PHOEBE

Hey, Charlie! I always wanted to
ask you...

CHARLIE

Yeah, Phoebe?

PHOEBE

What'd you think of Green Book?

Y'know, the movie.

CHARLIE

The white savior movie?

PHOEBE

(DELIGHTED) YEAH! That's the one!

CHARLIE

(TO HER TABLE) Who likes sushi?

HANDS GO UP.

CHARLIE

Great! Great.

THEY ALL START TO LEAVE. ROSS NOTICES.

ROSS

(INSINCERE) Oh, Charlie! You and
your really fuh-- fuh-- fun son
leaving? Shame. Wish you'd stay.

CHARLIE TAKES A BREATH, USHERS HER GROUP TOWARD THE DOOR.
RACHEL PROUDLY OFFERS A SMALL, QUIET WAVE GOODBYE AS THEY GO.

JOEY CROSSES WITH THEM.

MONICA

Joey!

JOEY

(DISAPPOINTED, TO MONICA) Sushi!

SHE GIVES HIM A LOOK; HE MARCHES BACK IN. CHARLIE'S BOTHERED
BY THE GOINGS ON (JOEY'S GOTTEN ON HER LAST NERVE).

EVERYONE ELSE THROUGH THE DOOR, CHARLIE TURNS, CALLS OUT -

CHARLIE

Hey, lily-white friends!

THEY ALL TURN.

CHARLIE

Go suck a bag of dicks!

SHE FLIPS THEM OFF WITH BOTH BARRELS AND EXITS.

LONG BEAT AS THEY REACT.

JOEY

Language!

END ACT FIVE.

ACT SIXSCENE MINT. MONICA'S RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

GANG IS SEATED, SAVE FOR MONICA, WHO'S SEEING A GROUP OUT.

MONICA

Thank you for being patient
tonight. Don't worry, the new
location'll have a separate room
just for our drama.(LAUGHS)

THE FOLKS LEAVING NOD, INDICATING THEY HOPE SO & EXIT.

MONICA TURNS TO ALL. BIG WINDOWS OF RESTAURANT FRAMING HER.

MONICA

Man, I can't believe I'll have to
find a new location for this place.

BEHIND HER, RICHARD RUNS INTO VIEW. PANICKED, HE STOPS FOR A
QUICK SECOND AND TURNS TOWARD THE RESTAURANT -

THE GANG IS SHOCKED.

BUT BEFORE THEY, OR RICHARD, CAN SAY ANYTHING - HE RUNS OFF.

MONICA

Why do you all look so shocked?

THEY AD-LIB "OH, NO REASONS" AND "NOTHING," THINKING
WHATEVER DRAMA THAT WAS HAS PASSED. BUT -

GUNTHER RUNS PAST THE WINDOWS, A KNIFE RAISED.

GUNTHER

SHE'S RACHEL'S BEST FRIEND!

THE GANG ALL GLANCE TO EACH OTHER WITH CONCERN.

MONICA SPINS, SEEING NOTHING. TURNS BACK TO EVERYONE.

MONICA

What the hell was that?

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW - JANICE RUNS BY, CHASING GUNTHER, MAKING A CONCERNED WHINY NOISE.

THE GANG WATCHES HER, MONICA SPINS AND CATCHES A GLIMPSE.

ROSS RUSHES TO THE WINDOW AND TO MONICA, PHONE IN HAND.

ROSS

(INTO PHONE) Yes, 911?

AT THE TABLE -

THE GANG WATCHES FOR A BEAT. THEN -

CHANDLER

Meh. (TURNS TO HIS FOOD, THEN) You know what? Phoebe, I never got an answer to my question.

PHOEBE

Ugh, OK, yes, Chandler, I think it's perfectly normal that you suck your thumb when Monica's working late nights but there are other things happening right now!

CHANDLER

Wh-- Wait. No. No, not that.

RACHEL

(TO CHANDLER) You are so fuckin' weird, dude. How do you even function?

HE SHRUGS UNCOMFORTABLE.

JOEY

We have all wondered that! I mean,
you should see Chandler's thing --
it, like, curls in!

ROSS CROSSING BACK TO TABLE, OVERHEARS WHILE STILL ON PHONE.

CHANDLER

OK, what? Wow. No.

MONICA, FROM DOOR OF RESTAURANT, CALLS BACK TO EVERYONE:

MONICA

I think it's OK! *Janice* tackled him!

CHANDLER

Can we get back to the time before
the sun exploded and the world
ended?

JOEY (CONT'D)

(IGNORING CHANDLER; TO TABLE)

Monica's got some crazy pics she
can show you.

CHANDLER

(TO JOEY) Why?

JOEY SHRUGS, PROUD. ROSS HANGS UP HIS PHONE, TUCKS IT AWAY.

ROSS

Well, that's terrific, Joe. I'm so
glad I was able to hear all that.

RACHEL

(TO ROSS) Everything OK?

ROSS

Yup. Richard owes us one. Turns out, Gunther's wanted in six states. Some kind of alert went off when I gave the operator the name and description. Oh, and we're all probably going to have to bear witness at a sort of Federal deposition. So that should be fun.

ALL ROLL THEIR EYES, ANNOYED.

PHOEBE

Ugh, I am so glad I never went on a third date with that dude.

ROSS

You went out with Gunther?

PHOEBE

Well, if you call what we did "going out." I mean, that man's tongue was as weird as his hair.

CHANDLER

Oh that's it. We are definitely in the dark timeline.(BEAT) There must be a way out...Phoebe?

PHOEBE

No, I'm good.

CHANDLER

No, actually, I was just pushing us right back to Mike and the whole no

funeral service. So? (LOOKS TO HER FOR AN ANSWER.)

PHOEBE

Yeah, I thought about having one, but it just seemed like a lot of work for someone who was dead.

ROSS

Would it have made more sense to have a funeral service for him when he was alive?

PHOEBE

You are such a know it all.

RACHEL

(TO CHANDLER) I take it back. (TO PHOEBE) Honey, you are every single article in Cosmo about "ex-girlfriends to avoid" rolled into one.

CHANDLER

But, Phoebe, come on, how did Mike die?

RACHEL

Chandler! She told us that on the way here!

MONICA RETURNS, LAYS DISHES OUT. MEAT FOR EVERYONE EXCEPT -

MONICA

(TO PHOEBE) Seitan stew for you.

PHOEBE

Ummm...Thank you.

MONICA

Who told who what?

ROSS

Phoebe. Told us. How Mike passed
away.

MONICA

Oh yeah. Killer dolphins. So sad.

MONICA EXITS. CHANDLER LOOKS AT ALL, SATISFIED. ALL TURN TO
PHOEBE.

PHOEBE

OK. Fine. Fine. I'll tell you the
truth.(BEAT) Mike ran away from
home and, as he ran, a huge storm
approached, it was a twister! A
twister! And he called out to--

ROSS

"Auntie Em, Auntie Em"?

JOEY

Ross, don't ruin it!

VOICE (O.S.)

Forget it, babe -- the jig is up!

EVERYBODY SPINS TO THE DOOR OF THE RESTAURANT. MONICA HAS
REJOINED THE GROUP.

REVEAL:

ANGLE ON - MIKE!

HE STANDS DEAD CENTER OF THE DOORWAY THEN STUMBLES FORWARD A
FEW STEPS, AND WE NOW REVEAL -

HE'S IN HANDCUFFS, PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVES ESCORTING HIM.

CHANDLER

Oh my god. What is going on? Are we
in the nexus of all realities?

DETECTIVE 1

Is this her?

MIKE

(FRUSTRATED) Yeah.

DETECTIVE 1

(TO PHOEBE) Let's go.

MIKE

Sorry, Ursula!

MONICA, RACHEL, PHOEBE,
ROSS, JOEY

URSULA?!

PHOEBE/URSULA

Damn it, Mike! A few more hours,
and I'd've gotten some cash out of
each and every one of these idiots.

ROSS

You're Ursula?

PHOEBE/URSULA

Uhh. Yeah. Catch up, Ross!

SHE YANKS AT HER HAIR, PULLING OFF A WIG TO REVEAL - THE
EXACT SAME HAIR AND HAIR STYLE.

THE GANG ALL STAND AND EACH GASPS IN SHOCK.

PHOEBE/URSULA

Yup, I'm Ursula.

DETECTIVE 1

She stole her sister's--

PHOEBE/URSULA

Hey, I wanna tell 'em! (MAKES A
FACE OFF DETECTIVE) So, yeah, I
stole my twin sister's identity
seven years ago. Around the same
time this one (POINTS TO MIKE)
started grifting people, selling
them salves meant to give men
bigger erections.

MIKE

Yeah, sorry about that.

MONICA, RACHEL

It's OK.

ROSS AND CHANDLER EXCHANGE UNCOMFORTABLE LOOKS.

DETECTIVE 1

(TO MIKE) Alright, let's go.

THE OTHER DETECTIVE GRABS PHOEBE/URSULA, AND BOTH LEAD MIKE
AND PHOEBE/URSULA OUT IN HANDCUFFS.

MIKE

(CALLING BACK) Hey, it was really
nice seeing all of you again! You
guys all look great! Really great!

PHOEBE/URSULA

Oh shut up, Mike!

THEY EXIT. THE GANG ALL WAVES HAPPILY, AD-LIBBING FRIENDLY
"GOODBYES" AND "TAKE CARES."

RACHEL

Well, that was weird.

ROSS

Sure was.

BEAT.

ROSS

Should we eat?

JOEY

I vote yes.

ALL NOD. THEY DIG IN.

RACHEL

So where does everybody think the
real Phoebe is?

JOEY

Phoebe can take of herself. She's
OK.

EVERYONE PONDERES, AGREES AS WE...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. RIFF'S BAR - NIGHT

IT'S THE RESTAURANT/BAR FROM "MAD ABOUT YOU."

ANGLE ON PHOEBE, WITH A PAD & DRESSED LIKE A WAITRESS. SHE
STANDS AT A TABLE. THE PATRONS OF SAID TABLE UNSEEN -

PHOEBE

So, she blackmailed me into
switching my life with her life,
and goodness knows what she's said
to my friends at this point.

THE SHOT MAKES US THINK IT'S GOING TO BE A BIG REVEAL, BUT:
WE PULL OUT TO SEE: TWO PLAIN-LOOKING PATRONS, PEOPLE WE'VE
NEVER MET.

PATRON 1

That's all really interesting,
miss, but can I just get some feta
cheese for this salad?

PHOEBE

Ugh. Fine!

SHE WALKS OFF, PASSING ANOTHER TABLE -

REVEAL:

PAUL REISER & HELEN HUNT.

CAMERA WIDENS TO REVEAL: AT THE SAME TABLE:

JERRY SEINFELD & JULIA LOUIS-DREYFUSS.

THEY ALL PUT A FINGER UP, TRACING PHOEBE PASSING THEM BY,
EACH ONE SILENTLY TRYING TO GET HER ATTENTION.

PHOEBE

(OFF GROUP) Hold your horses, I see
you. You're not more important than
anybody else!

THEY ALL REACT BY EXCHANGING FRUSTRATED LOOKS, ARMS UP IN
THE AIR, ETC.

FADE OUT.

END ACT SIX.

TAGSCENE NINT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

RACHEL IN BED - HAVING SEX. WE CAN HEAR MALE GRUNTS AND GROANS, BUT WE'RE FOCUSED ON HER.

HER HAIR IS IN THE "RETURN OF THE JEDI" PRINCESS LEIA STYLE (PULLED BACK, SINGLE BRAID).

RACHEL

(PASSIONATE) You are my Luke, baby.
 You are so good! Yeah, swing that
 light saber the way I like it. Use
 the force, make me tremble like a--
 (REACHES FOR A SCRIPT ON BED) Pile
 of rocks on Dagobah. (PUTS SCRIPT
 DOWN) Yeah, sexy, find yourself
 inside my Dark Side Cave. Get that
 helmet deep inside it! Oh yeah. Oh!

CAMERA REVEAL:

ANGLE ON - MARK! RACHEL'S SEASON 3 REBOUND.

MARK

Could I be any happier I ran into
 you?

RACHEL

Oh shut up and keep going.

THEY CONTINUE. AND WE...

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW.