

The One With The Fake Monica

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[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, everyone is looking at papers.]

Joey: How could someone get a hold of your credit card number?

Monica: I have no idea. But look how much they spent!

Rachel: Monica, would you calm down? The credit card people said that you only have to pay for the stuff that you bought.

Monica: I know. It's just such reckless spending.

Ross: I think when someone steals your credit card, they've kind of already thrown caution to the wind.

Chandler: Wow, what a geek. They spent \$69.95 on a Wonder Mop.

Monica: That's me.

Phoebe: Oh! The yuk! Ross, he's doing it again! (Points to a lamp which is shaking behind the sofa)

Ross: Marcel, stop humping the lamp! Stop humping! Now Marcel, come back- (Marcel runs toward Rachel's room) come here, Marcel-

Rachel: Oh no, not in my room! I'll get him.

Monica: Ross, you've got to do something about the humping.

Ross: What? It's, it's just a phase.

Chandler: Well, that's what we said about Joey...

Ross: Would you all relax? It's not that big a deal.

Rachel: (Out of shot) Stop it! Marcel! Bad monkey!

Ross: What?

Rachel: Let's just say my Curious George doll is no longer curious.

Opening Credits

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, late at night Monica is still examining her bill as Rachel emerges from her room.]

Rachel: Oh, Monica. You are not still going over that thing.

Monica: This woman's living my life.

Rachel: What?

Monica: She's living my life, and she's doing it better than me! Look at this, look. She buys tickets for plays that I wanna see. She, she buys clothes from stores that I'm intimidated by the sales people. She spent three hundred dollars on art supplies.

Rachel: You're not an artist.

Monica: Yeah, well I might be if I had the supplies! I mean, I could do all this stuff. Only I don't.

Rachel: Oh, Monica, c'mon, you do cool things.

Monica: Oh really? Okay, let's compare, shall we.

Rachel: (Yawning) Oh, it's so late for 'Shall we'...

Monica: Do I go horseback riding in the park? Do I take classes at the New School?

Rachel: (Yawning) Nooo...

Monica: This is so unfair! She's got everything I want, and she doesn't have my mother.

[Scene: Central Perk, Joey and Chandler are discussing stage names.]

Chandler: How about Joey... Pepponi?

Joey: No, still too ethnic. My agent thinks I should have a name that's more neutral.

Chandler: Joey... Switzerland?

(The waitress brings their coffee.)

Joey: Plus, y'know, I think it should be Joe. Y'know, Joey makes me sound like I'm, I dunno, this big. (Waitress looks at him funny) Which I'm not.

Chandler: Joe...Joe...Joe...Stalin?

Joey: Stalin...Stalin...do I know that name? It sounds familiar.

Chandler: Well, it does not ring a bell with me...

Joey: (Writes it down) Joe Stalin. Y'know, that's pretty good.

Chandler: Might wanna try Joseph.

(Joey visibly thinks 'Of course!' and writes it down.)

Joey: Joseph Stalin. I think you'd remember that!

Chandler: Oh yes! Bye Bye Birdie, starring Joseph Stalin. Joseph Stalin is the Fiddler on the Roof.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica is there as Phoebe and Rachel enter.]

Rachel: Hey.

Phoebe: Hey.

Monica: Hi. (On the phone) Hi, uh, yes, this is Monica Geller. Um, I believe I'm taking some classes with you and I was wondering what they were.

Phoebe: What are you doing?

Monica: (Hushes her) Alright, great. Thanks a lot. (Hangs up) I'm going to tap class.

Rachel: What, what, so that you can dance with the woman that stole your credit card?

Monica: This woman's got my life, I should get to see who she is.

Rachel: Go to the post office! I'm sure her picture's up! ...Okay, Monica, y'know what, honey, you're kinda losing it here! I mean, this is really becoming like a weird obsession thing.

Phoebe: This is madness. It's madness, I tell you, **for the love of God, Monica, don't do it!!** ...Thank you.

[Scene: A Tap Class, the girls are standing at the door.]

Monica: What d'you think?

Phoebe: Lotsa things.

(They go in and sit down.)

Rachel: Which one do you think she is?

(The teacher comes up to them.)

Teacher: May I help you?

Monica: Oh, no thanks, we're just here to observe.

Teacher: You don't observe a dance class. You **dance** a dance class. Spare shoes are over there.

Rachel: What does she mean?

Phoebe: I think she means (Imitates) 'You **dance** a dance class'. Oh, c'mon, c'mon. (They put on some spare shoes)

Monica: Okay, d'y'see anybody you think could be me?

Teacher: (To the class) People! Last time there were some empty yoghurt containers lying around after class. Let's not have that happen again!

Rachel: She could be you.

(Music starts)

Teacher: Let's get started. Five, six, a-five six seven eight...

(Everyone starts to dance in unison. Monica flounders)

Monica: Okay, I'm not getting this!

Phoebe: (Dancing in a swirly, Phoebe kind of way) I'm totally getting it!

Monica: Did you ever feel like sometimes you are just so unbelievably uncoordinated?

(Rachel taps into view; she is in perfect sync with the rest of the class)

Rachel: What? You just click when they click.

Teacher: Alright people, now everyone grab a partner.

(The girls are unsure how to pair off. Phoebe settles it)

Phoebe: Okay. And, my, dead, mother, says, you, are, it. I'm with Rachel.

Monica: Great. It's gym class all over again.

Phoebe and Rachel: Aww.

Teacher: Well that's all right, you can come up to the front and dance with me.

Monica: Why don't I just take off my clothes and have a nightmare.

(She starts to walk very slowly toward the front of the room. The teacher grabs her hand and pulls her. Suddenly a woman bursts in)

Woman: It's okay, it's okay, I'm here, I'm here. Sorry I'm late, okay, here I am. Who's the new tense girl?

Teacher: She's your partner.

Woman: Hi. I'm Monica.

Monica: Oh. Monica! ...Hi. I'm Mo- ...nana.

Woman: (Fake Monica) Monana?

Monica: Yeah. It's Dutch.

Fake Monica: You're kidding! I-I spent three years in Amsterdam. (Asks her something in Dutch)

Monica: Um, Pennsylvania Dutch.

Teacher: And we're dancing. A-five, six, seven, eight...

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross is entering.]

Ross: (Mortified) Hi.

Chandler and Joey: Hey.

Joey: Where've you been?

Ross: At the vet.

Chandler: She's not gonna make you wear one of those big plastic cones, is she?

Ross: She says Marcel's humping thing's not a phase. Apparently he's reached sexual maturity.

Joey: (To Chandler) Hey! He beat ya.

Ross: She says as time goes on, he's gonna start getting aggressive and violent.

Chandler: So what does this mean?

Ross: I'm gonna have to give him up.

[Scene: Central Perk, scene continued from earlier. They guys are sitting there like the Three Monkeys.]

Joey: I can't believe it, Ross. This sucks!

Chandler: I don't get it, I mean, you just got him. How can he be an adult already?

Ross: I know. I know. I mean, one day, he's this little thing, and before you know it, he's this little thing I can't get off my leg.

Joey: Isn't there any way you can keep him?

Ross: No, no. The vet says unless he's in a place where he has regular access to some... monkey lovin,' he's just gonna get vicious. I've just gotta get him into a zoo.

Joey: How do you get a monkey into a zoo?

Chandler: I know that one! ...No, that's Popes into a *Volkswagen*.

Ross: Well, we're applying to a lot of them. Naturally our first choice would be one of the bigger state zoos, y'know, like, uh, San Diego... right? But that might just be a pipe dream, because, y'know, he's out of state. Uh, my vet, uh, knows someone at Miami, so that's a possibility.

Chandler: Yeah, but that's like two blocks away from the beach. I mean, it's a total party zoo.

(Phoebe, Monica, and Rachel enters.)

Phoebe: Hey. We found her, we found the girl.

Chandler: What?

Joey: Did you call the cops?

Rachel: Nope. We took her to lunch.

Chandler: Ah. Your own brand of vigilante justice.

Ross: What?! Are you insane? This woman stole from you. She stole. She's a stealer.

Monica: Y'know what? After you're with this woman for like ten minutes, you forget all that. I mean, she is this astounding person, with this, with this amazing spirit.

Ross: Yeah, which she probably stole from some cheerleader.

Chandler: ...Take off their hats!

Phoebe: Popes in a *Volkswagen*! ...I love that joke.

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

Rachel: No way. No way did you do this.

Fake Monica: Monana was very brave.

Monica: It was so wild. We told them we were the Gunnersens in room six fifteen. Only to find out the Boston Celtics had taken over the entire sixth floor!

Fake Monica: So once they caught on to the fact that we're, y'know, short and have breasts...

Monica: ...They threw us out! I was thrown out of a hotel! Me!

Rachel: Go Monana! Well, you ladies are not the only ones living the dream. I get to go pour coffee for people I don't know. Don't wait up. (Exits)

Fake Monica: Oh, by the way, tomorrow we're auditioning for a Broadway show.

Monica: 'Scuse me?

Fake Monica: There's an open call for *Cats*. I'm thinking we go down there, sing *Memories* and make complete fools of ourselves. Whaddya say?

Monica: Nononononono. Think who you're dealing with here. I mean, I'm not like you. I-I can't even stand in front of a tap class.

Fake Monica: Well, that's just probably 'cause of your Amish background.

Monica: What?

Fake Monica: Well, you're Pennsylvania Dutch, right?

Monica: Right. Till I bought a blow dryer, then I was shunned.

Fake Monica: I-I used to be just like you. And then one day I saw a movie that changed my life. Did you ever see *Dead Poets' Society*?

Monica: Uh-huh.

Fake Monica: I thought that movie was so incredibly... **boring**. I mean, that thing at the end where the kid kills himself because he can't be in the play? What was that?! It's like, kid, wait a year, leave home, do some community theatre. I walked out of there and I thought, 'Now, that's two hours of my life that I'm never getting back.' And that thought scared me more than all the other crap I was afraid to do.

Monica: Wow. Then I would definitely not recommend *Mrs. Doubtfire*.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, time lapse. Everyone but Joey and Monica are there.]

Ross: (Reading letters) Oh God. (To Marcel) We didn't get into Scranton. (To the others) That was like our safety zoo. They take like dogs and cows. See? I don't know who this is harder on, me or him.

Phoebe: I'd say that chair's taking the brunt.

Ross: Marcel! Marcel! Marcel, no! Good boy. See, how can nobody want him?

Rachel: Oh, somebody will.

Joey: (entering) You know there already is a Joseph Stalin?

Chandler: You're kidding.

Joey: Apparently he was this Russian dictator who slaughtered all these people. You'd think you would've known that!

Chandler: Y'know, you'd think I would've.

Joey: Phoebe. Whaddya think a good stage name for me would be?

Phoebe: ...Flame Boy.

[Scene: Central Perk, Ross is talking to Dr. Baldhara, a zookeeper.]

Ross: Where exactly is your zoo?

Dr. Baldhara: Well, it's technically not a zoo per se, it's more of an interactive wildlife experience. Let me ask you some questions about, is it, uh, Marcel?

Ross: Yes.

Dr. Baldhara: Does he, uh, fight with other animals?

Ross: No-no, he's, he's very docile.

Dr. Baldhara: Even if he were... cornered?

Ross: Well I, I don't know. Why?

Dr. Baldhara: Uh, how is he at handling small objects?

Ross: He can hold a banana, if that's whatcha mean...

Dr. Baldhara: How about a hammer, or a small blade?

Ross: Why- why- why would he need a blade?

Dr. Baldhara: Well, if he's up against a jungle cat or an animal with horns, you've got to give the little guy something. Otherwise it's just cruel.

(Chandler and Joey burst in, with Marcel)

Chandler and Joey: He- he- he got in, he- he got in to San Diego.

Joey: We, we come back from our walk and the- the phone was ringing...

Chandler: ...He's in.

Ross: He's in! Oh, did you hear that, Marcel? San Diego. San Diego!

Dr. Baldhara: You're making a big mistake here. I mean, San Diego's all well and good, but if you give him to me, I'll start him off against a blind rabbit and give you twenty percent of the gains.

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Rachel is dusting. She comes to the table, lifts all the magazines and wipes under them, then just puts them down again. Monica bursts in, obviously drunk.]

Monica: Yo- hooo!

Rachel: Where the hell've you been?

Monica: Monica and I just crashed an embassy party.

Rachel: Are you drunk?!

Monica: Noooo! (Comes closer and whispers) I'm lying. I am so drunk.

Rachel: Oh God, oh. Great, Monica, y'know what, you could've called, I have been up here, I've been worried...

(Monica is drinking from the tap)

Rachel: Monica? Monica!

Monica: Water rules!

Rachel: Yes, yes, it does. Okay, look, the restaurant called, they wanna know if you're gonna be showing up for work?

Monica: Nope. Going to the *Big Apple Circus* today.

Rachel: Okay Monica, what are you doing? You're gonna lose your job! This is not you!

Monica: No, it is me! Y'know, I'm not just the person who needs to fluff the pillows and pay the bills as soon as they come in! Y'know, when I'm with her, I am so much more than that. I'm- I'm Monana!

(The phone rings and Rachel answers)

Rachel: Hello? Yes, she is, hold on a second, please. Monana, it's for you, the credit card people.

Monica: Helloooo? Yeah. Oh my God. Thanks.

Rachel: What?

Monica: They've arrested Monica.

[Scene: New York City Department of Correction, Monica is visiting Fake Monica.]

Monica: Hi.

Fake Monica: Hey.

Monica: How are you?

Fake Monica: I'm not too bad. Fortunately, blue's my colour. How-how did you know I was here?

Monica: Because... I'm Monica Geller. It was my credit card you were using.

Fake Monica: That I was not expecting.

Monica: I want you to know, it wasn't me who turned you in.

Fake Monica: Oh. Thanks.

Monica: No, thank you! You have given me so much! I mean, if it wasn't for you, I would never have gotten to sing *Memories* on the stage at the *Wintergarden Theater*!

Fake Monica: Well, actually, you only got to sing 'Memo-'.

Monica: I just can't believe you're in here. I mean, what am I gonna do without you? Who's gonna crash the embassy parties with me? Who's gonna take me to the *Big Apple Circus*?

Fake Monica: Monica, I started my day by peeing in front of twenty-five other women, and you're worried about who's gonna take you to the *Big Apple Circus*?

Monica: Well, not... worried, just... wondering.

Fake Monica: There's nothing to wonder about, Monica. You're gonna go back to being exactly who you were, because that's who you are.

Monica: Not necessarily...

Fake Monica: Yes necessarily! I mean, I dunno what it is, maybe it's the Amish thing.

Monica: Um, I'm not actually Amish.

Fake Monica: Really? Then why are you like that?

[Scene: Tap Class, Monica is standing by the door.]

Teacher: You by the door. In or out?

Monica: In. (She joins in the dancing. She still flounders)

Teacher: You in the back, you're getting it all wrong!

Monica: Yeah, but at least I'm doing it!

[Scene: The Airport, everyone but Monica is there to see off Marcel.]

PA: This is the final boarding call for flight 67 to San Diego, boarding at gate 42A.

Phoebe: Okay. Good-bye, little monkey guy. Alright, I wrote you this poem. Okay, but don't eat it 'till you get on the plane.

Ross: Aww. Thank you, Aunt Phoebe.

Phoebe: Oh!

Chandler: Okay, bye, champ. Now, I know there's gonna be a lot of babes in San Diego, but remember, there's also a lot to learn.

Joey: I dunno what to say, Ross. Uh, it's a monkey.

Ross: Just, just say what you feel.

Joey: Marcel, I'm hungry.

Ross: That was good.

Rachel: (Brings Marcel a teddy bear) Marcel, this is for you. It's, uh, just, y'know, something to, um, do on the plane.

Ross: Uh, if you guys don't mind, I'd like to take a moment, just me and him.

All: Oh, sure. Sure, absolutely. (They just stand there, then realise what he means and go to the other end of the room)

Ross: Marcel, c'mere, c'mere. (He sits down and Marcel jumps down and sits beside him) Well buddy, this is it. There's just a coupla things I want to say. I'm really gonna miss you, and I'm never gonna forget about you. You've been more than just a pet to me, you've been more like a be- (Marcel climbs down and starts humping his leg) Okay, Marcel, please, could you leave my leg alone? Could you just stop humping me for two seconds?! Marcel, would- okay, just take him away. Just take him.

(Marcel is put in a cage and taken away.)

Closing Credits

[Scene: A Theater, there is a casting session going on for a play.]

Actor: (Very melodramatically, and very badly) Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might... touch thy cheek...

Casting Director No. 1: That's fine, thank you.

Casting Director No. 2: Next. (Joey walks onstage)

Joey: Hi, uh, I'll be reading for the role of Mercutio.

Casting Director No. 2: Name?

Joey: Holden McGroin.

End

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