

The One Where Rachel Quits

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[Scene: Central Perk, Chandler and Rachel are sitting on the couch.]

Chandler: (reading the comics) Eh..., I don't, I don't know.

Rachel: What?

Chandler: Well, as old as he is in dog years, do you think Snoopy should still be allowed to fly this thing?

Gunther: Rachel?

Rachel: Yeah.

Gunther: Do you remember when you first came here, how you spent two weeks getting trained by another waitress?

Rachel: Oh, sure! Do you need me to train somebody new?

Gunther: (laughs) Good one. Actually, ah, Terry wants you to take the training again, whenever.

Rachel: (to Chandler) Eh, do you believe that?

Chandler: (thinks about it) Yeah?

OPENING CREDITS

[Scene: The hallway of Ross's building, there is a Brown Bird girl selling cookies, as Ross and Chandler come up the stairs.]

Sarah: So that's two boxes of the Holiday Macaroons. On behalf of the Brown Birds of America, I salute you. (Does the Brown Bird salute, she blows on a bird call, then holds her hand, palm facing out, next to her face, and then waves it like a bird flapping it's wings.)

Ross: Just admit it Chandler, you have no backhand.

Chandler: Excuse me little one, I have a very solid backhand.

Ross: Shielding your face and shrieking like a girl... is not a backhand.

Chandler: I was shrieking... like a Marine.

(they both start up the stairs.)

Ross: All right here. Watch me execute the three 'P's of championship play. Power. (swings the racquet) Precision. (swings the racquet.) and penache. (does a backswing and hits Sarah who's started up the stairs, knocking her down, they both watch in horror.)

[Scene: Central Perk, the gang's all there discussing the incident.]

Monica: You broke a little girl's leg?!!

Ross: I know. I feel horrible. Okay.

Chandler: (reading the paper) Says here that a muppet got whacked on *Seasame Street* last night. (to Ross) Where exactly were around ten-ish?

Ross: Well, I'm gonna go see her. I want to bring her something, what do you think she'll like?

Monica: Maybe a *Hello Kitty* doll, the ability to walk...

(Rachel starts to laugh, and Ross notices her.)

Rachel: I'm gonna get back to retraining. (gets up)

Ross: All right, see you guys. (starts to leave)

Chandler: Look out kids, he's coming! (Ross continues to leave with his head down in shame.)

Joey: And I gotta go sell some Christmas trees.

Phoebe: Have fun. Oh wait, no, don't! I forgot I am totally against that now.

Joey: What? Me having a job?

Phoebe: No, no, I am against innocent trees being cut down in their prime, and their, their corpses grotesquely dressed in like tinsel and twinkly lights. (to Joey) Hey, how do you sleep at night?

Joey: Well, I'm pretty tired from lugging the trees around all day. Hey, Phoebe listen, you got this all wrong. Those trees were born to be Christmas trees, their fulfilling their life purpose, by, by making people happy.

Phoebe: Really?

(Phoebe turns and looks at Monica, while Joey frantically motions to Chandler

to help him out.)

Chandler: Yes. Yes, and ah, ah, the trees are happy too, because for most of them, it's the only chance to see New York.

[cut to Gunther retraining Rachel.]

Gunther: ...and after you've delivered the drinks, you take the empty tray....

Rachel: Gunther, Gunther, please, I've worked here for two and a half years, I know the empty trays go over there. (points to the counter.)

Gunther: What if you put them here. (sets the empty tray on another stack of empty trays on the back counter.)

Rachel: Huh. Well, y'know that's actually a really good idea, because that way they'll be closer to the mugs. Y'know what, you should have the other waitresses do that too.

Gunther: They already do. That's why they call it the 'tray spot.'

Rachel: Gee, I always heard them talk about that, I just always thought that it was a club they went to. Oh God, I'm, I'm sorry. (walks away)

Gunther: It's all right. Sweetheart.