

Monica: (Poking her head in) Rach? Can I talk to for just a minute? I-I dropped some socks.

Rachel: Yeah. (She goes out to join her in the hall and starts looking for the dropped socks.)

Monica: What is the matter with you?! Do you want to fall into the trap? Do you want to fall **into** the trap?!

Rachel: Ohh! **You** did not drop any socks!

Monica: I just ran into Dave and he told me that you blew him off! I mean, you listen to me! Now, I'm calling the shots! I say you leave Ross alone and go get Dave! What the hell were you trying to do?

Rachel: Well, ultimately, I was trying y'know, I-I wanted...tell him y'know, that I'm still in love with him.

Monica: (Gasps) What?!! You **cannot** tell him that!!

Rachel: Why? Why not?! People love to hear that!

Monica: I make the decisions, and I say no.

Rachel: Well, y'know what, no, you do not make my decisions because y'know what, you're fired.

Monica: You can't fire me. I make **your** decisions and I say, "I'm **not** fired!" Ha!

Rachel: Well... (At a loss for words, she grabs some of Monica's laundry and throws it on the floor as a diversion to allow Rachel to run back inside and close the door. Monica chases her to find that Rachel had locked the door.)

Monica: Rachel!! Come on! Let me in!

Joey: (Poking his head out.) Havin' some trouble?

Monica: Rachel locked the door.

Joey: I'll kick that door in if you give me a little sugar.

Commercial Break

[Scene: The hallway, continued from earlier. Monica is still locked out.]

Monica: Rachel! Let me in! Rachel!

[Cut to inside the apartment, Ross decides to let Monica in and goes over and opens the door in mid-pound.]

Monica: Thank you. Rachel, can I talk to you outside for a sec?

Rachel: No.

Monica: I really need to talk to you.

Rachel: Well, then talk!

Monica: Okay, I will. Remember that thing that we just discussed that you wanted to do?

Rachel: Yes!

Ross: What thing?

Monica: Well, Rachel wants to take swing dance lessons. Which I think is a really stupid idea! It's dangerous, she's never gonna get what she wants, and who knows who she might (Turns to look at Ross) end up hurting.

Ross: Monica's right, swing dancing can be tricky. I'm gonna use the phone. I gotta cancel those five giant teddy bears I sent to Emily. (Looks at the rose mulch.) My God, think of the massacre.

Rachel: I'm gonna do it.

Monica: All right, Rachel, I know-I know you think I'm crazy, please, before you tell him you love him, just-just try to find one person who thinks this is a good idea. Because I bet you, you can't.

Rachel: But I...

Monica: Please!

Rachel: All right, fine.

(There's a loud bang on the door.)

Monica: Joey, I'm in!