

[Scene: A grocery store that Janice shops in. Chandler,
accidentally bumps into her.]

JANICE:

(to butcher) No, thank you. (Chandler makes a sound and she
notices him) Chandler!

CHANDLER:

(in a British accent) Hello, Janice.

JANICE:

What are you doing here?

CHANDLER:

(in accent) Oh, just a bit of shopping. How've you been?

JANICE:

Are you being British?!

CHANDLER:

(normal voice) No. Not anymore.

JANICE:

Why are you shopping here? You don't live in this neighborhood.
Were you here waiting for me?

CHANDLER:

Yeah, huh. I'm just uh, you know I'm just picking up some
things for a party. (grabs a bag off of the shelf)

JANICE:

Barley? What kind of party serves barley?

CHANDLER:

Well, I'm sorry if my friends aren't as sophisticated as
yours.

JANICE:

Where is this party?

CHANDLER:

Here in Chelsea.

JANICE:

Who's party is it?

CHANDLER:

A woman's

JANICE:

What woman?!

CHANDLER:
(shyly) Chelsea.

JANICE:

Okay, you know, one of two things is happening here. Either you're seeing somebody behind my back, which would make you the biggest jerk on the planet. Or, else you're pretending that you're seeing somebody, which just makes you so pathetic that I could start crying right here in the cereal aisle. So like which of these two guys do you want to be? (another guy walks by)

CHANDLER:
Can I be that guy?