

[Scene: Monica and Rachel's, Monica and Phoebe, still defying reality, are now **throwing** a bouquet at each other, pretending to catch the **actual** bouquet at an **actual** wedding.]

Monica: Okay, ready?

Phoebe: Yeah.

Monica: Okay.

(She turns around and throws the bouquet to Phoebe.)

Phoebe: (catching it) I got it! Mine! (They both hug)

Monica: Congratulations!

Phoebe: Thank you!

Monica: Okay! My turn! My turn!

Phoebe: Okay! (Gets into position) Okay, ready?

Monica: (cocking her head from side to side in some pre-bouquet-catching ritual) Yeah.

Phoebe: Okay. (Phoebe turns and throws it on the couch.)

Monica: (upset) That was a terrible throw!!

Phoebe: I'm not gonna right to you! That's not real!

Monica: Look at me! My big concern is what's real?! (Finally realises) Oh my God. We're really sad, aren't we?

Phoebe: Yeah, I think we are.

Monica: This isn't even my dress.

Phoebe: Well, at least you didn't **rent** yours from a store called, "It's Not Too Late."

Monica: I'm changing out of this.

Phoebe: Me too.

Monica: In like a half-hour?

Phoebe: Me too.

Monica: Okay, throw it straight this time.

Phoebe: Okay.

(She throws it straight, and Monica makes a big deal about catching it.)

Monica: I'm getting married next!!

Phoebe: Yay!

[Scene: Central Perk, Monica and Phoebe, back to reality, are sitting in normal clothes.]

Phoebe: I **hate** my regular clothes now! Y'know? I look down and-and I know that this isn't gonna be the most special day of my life.

Monica: Yeah. I mean it was kinda fun for a while, but didn't you start feeling silly?

Phoebe: I guess.

(Monica crosses her legs and is still wearing the garter belt.)

Phoebe: Oh my God!

Monica: Oh God.

Phoebe: Oh, you're such a cheater!