

ROMY AND MICHELE

Michele: Oh. Which one of these guys... will I have sex with at the reunion?
Ooh! Casey Degan! Aaah!

Romy: Come on! Now were running out of time.

Michele: Boy, There's a lot of questions to answer.
Why do we have to fill these out?

Romy: They want to know what we've been doing for the last ten years.

Michele: Oh.

Romy: Okay, here we go.

Michele: Ahh!

Romy: "NAME."

Michele: Ohh, we're having so much fun already!

Romy: Oh, I know!

Michele: I can not wait for this reunion!

Romy: (Gasps) Me too!

Michele: Oh! Uhh!

Romy: "Occupation." Cashier.

Michele: Unemployed.

Romy: No. Don't write that. Um, your last job was as a salesgirl? So say you were a freelance fashion consultant.

Michele: Ooh! Clever.

Romy: "Relationship Status... Married."

Michele: Nope.

Romy: "Engaged."

Michele: No.

Romy: "Living with someone"

Michele: Should I say you?

Romy: I guess so.

Michele: Okay.

Romy: You know, Michele,

Michele: Yeah?

Romy: Now that I'm looking at this,

Michele: Uh-huh?

Romy: Our lives don't seem as impressive as I thought.

Michele: They don't?

Romy: Well, do you think it's impressive... that we're still single, we've been living together for ten years, I'm a cashier and you're unemployed?

Michele: Well, not super impressive.

Romy: Well, what's the point of going if we're to going to impress people?

Michele: Well... oh.

Romy: We're just gonna have to make ourselves more impressive, that's all.

Michele: Okay

Romy: I know. Why don't we say that we own our own company? Who's gonna know? They're in Tucson, we're here.

Michele: Ooh good, like what?

Romy: Like, what if we invented something?

Michele: Like what?

Romy: Well, I think it should be something that everybody has heard about... but nobody really knows who invented it.
(Gasps) I've got it! Post-its! Everybody knows what post-its are!

Michele: Yeah! They're the little yellow things with the stickum on the back, right? Okay.

Romy: Okay, we're working in this advertising agency after college.

Michele: Ooh, college! Good one!

Romy: Yeah. And we have like, this big, like, presentation... to make to, like, a client.

Michele: Hmm!

Romy: So we're, like, brainstorming... and all the sudden we're out of paper clips!

Michele: Good!

Romy: And so, okay.... So then I, I like... Okay, I say... I say... Okay... wouldn't it be great if there was this stickum on the back of this paper, so if I laid it on top of that other paper it would just stay, like, without a paperclip?

Michele: Yes!

Romy: Aah! So you've got this grandfather or this uncle... that has, like, a paper mill and he's really into it. The rest is history! Oh my god! It's perfect! Wow! Don't you think?

Michele: Well, yeah, but... (snorts)

Romy: "Well, yeah, but" What?

Michele: I don't know. It just sounds like you invented post-its all by yourself, you know. I mean, what did I do?

Romy: Well, it was your grandfather or uncle.

Michele: Yeah?

Romy: Okay, you know, so we could say that... you we're, like, the designer. Like, I thought of them, but you thought of making them yellow.

Michele: (scoffs)

Romy: Well, no, but it's like most of these people... have known us since elementary school. I just think you're more believable as a designer, rather than an inventor. You know?

Michele: Uh huh.

Romy: Look, you're obviously pissed at me.

Michele: No. Uh-uh. Why should I be pissed at you? Just because now I know how you really feel about me.

Romy: Oh my god, I knew this would happen. I mean, I try, for once, to be honest with you... and it blows up in my face. (Sighs)

Michele: God! You wanna be honest? Okay, good! Let's be honest! I let you have the ideas!

Romy: What?

Michele: Yeah, I let you have the ideas... so you won't feel so bad that I'm cuter.

Romy: You are not cuter, Michele.

Michele: I am so cuter. It's, like, common knowledge, Romy. Everybody thinks so. I'm Mary and you're the Rhoda.

Romy: That's ridiculous. You're the Rhoda. You're the Jewish one.

Michele: Oh, my god. I'm talking cuteness-wise, ok? And cuteness-wise, I'm Mary.

Romy: That's crazy! You have absolutely no proof that you're cuter!

Michele: Oh, proof? You want proof? Okay, fine. Who lost their virginity first?

Romy: Oh. Big wow! With your cousin Barry... I wouldn't brag about it.

Michele: Okay, so who always gets asked to dance first when we go to clubs, huh? No wonder you couldn't find us boyfriends, Romy.

Romy: Well, so what? You can't even get a job! I carry you, Michelle! Without me, you'd be lost!

Michele: That is such a lie!

Romy: Well, let's just see. Let's split up and see what happens.

Michele: W..What do you mean, split up?

Romy: When we get to Tucson, we're going our own separate ways.

Michele: Okay, good. Fine, I don't care.

Romy: Fine!

Michele: Fine!

Both: Fine,fine,fine,finr, fine fine fine!

Romy: As of Tucson, we're finished.

Michele: Well, drive fast!