

*(Chandler attempts to feed Corn Pops to the chick in a box)*

CHANDLER: I'm sorry, but I will not chew these up for you. *(Joey enters)*. Hey Joey.

JOEY: Hey buddy. Hey, chick. How's she doing?

CHANDLER: She?

JOEY: Well, yeah. Don't you think it's a she?

CHANDLER: I don't know. *(Chandler picks up the chick, turns it upside down, blows on its bottom)*. Can't tell. Whatever it was went back in too quick.

JOEY: Anyway, I gotta change. I'm meeting some of the cast for drinks.

CHANDLER: Excuse me?

JOEY: What?

CHANDLER: I stayed home from work today so, while you were at rehearsal, someone could be here with our chick.

JOEY: Don't even start. Who was up from two o'clock this morning to five o'clock this morning trying to feed this chick bugs and get her back to sleep?

CHANDLER: You think I don't get up when you get up?

JOEY: But you got to sleep in.

CHANDLER: Yeah, but then I spent the next ten hours cooped up in this tiny apartment with no one to talk to. Then you finally come home, spend two seconds with me and expect to go out gallivanting with your friends? I don't think so.

JOEY: Hey, I need to relax. I was working all day.

CHANDLER: And you don't think taking care of a chick is work?

JOEY: I didn't say that. I just meant—

CHANDLER: I know what you meant.

*(Chandler and Joey retreat to separate corners.)*

CHANDLER: Have you noticed that ever since we got the chick, we've been fighting a lot?

JOEY: God, you see them with other people and they look so cute and cuddly. You don't realize how much work they are.

CHANDLER: Maybe we weren't ready to have a chick.

JOEY: Maybe some day we will be.

CHANDLER: I'll bring it back tomorrow.

JOEY: Do you think we'll get our three bucks back?