

# The One with the Fountainhead - Part 1

[ Written by:[Shlomi Fish](#). ]

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## Joey Reading the Fountainhead

[ The girls' apartment: Ross and Chandler are by the chair watching TV., Joey is reading a book on the sofa. Monica is at the counter, preparing food. Rachel is sitting on a stool by the counter. ]

**Ross:** I can't believe he could not tell the other guy wasn't really a dinosaur.

**Chandler:** Well, cartoon characters usually have a difficulty seeing through disguises.

**Rachel:** [Walks over to the sofa.] Joey, what are you doing?

**Joey:** Reading a book.

**Rachel:** Which book? [bends over to look at the open pages]

**Joey:** *The Fountainhead*.

**Rachel:** ~~The~~ *The Fountainhead* by Ayn Rand?

**Joey:** Yes.

**Monica:** So, you're dedicating some time to catch up with your reading?

**Joey:** Actually, I've already read it once, but I'm reading it again because there's a play brewing about it, and I have an audition for it today.

**Ross:** You've already read it?

**Joey:** Yeah [puts the book down]. I was in acting school, and the guys decided to throw a discussion about it. So, I decided that I'll read the book so I can make a good impression on the ladies, if y'know what I mean...

**Rachel:** Yep, we know what you mean.

**Monica:** So, did you get laid that night?

**Joey:** No. I spent the entire night discussing *The Fountainhead*. [pause] Interesting book.

**Chandler:** Must have been one of the most stimulating nights of your life.

**Joey:** Not quite as much as the next night.

[ Opening Credits ]

## Let's role-play our own version

**Phoebe:** [Entering.] Hiaaa, did I miss anything?

**Chandler:** Well, Joey has an audition for a play version of *The Fountainhead*.

**Phoebe:** Oooh, [approaches] good for Joey [pats his head]. Did you read it already?

**Joey:** Hey, know what we can do, so I can get prepared for the audition? Let's role-play our own version of *The Fountainhead*.

**Rachel:** Our own version? Why would we want to write our own version of it! This book is great.

**The others:** "Yes." "One of the best books I ever read." "Can't get better than this"

**Joey:** Come on, if you wanted to write it today, would you write the same book?

[ Silence. ]

**Phoebe:** Well, for one: didn't it bother you that Dominique Francon, the main female character, didn't do anything in the best years of her life, except like... sleeping with people?

**Ross:** Yeah. All the characters in fact do nothing in the 20's and 30's, except maybe build some buildings.

**Joey:** If you ask me: the book is too slow-paced for the 90's. I mean, in the 60's it may have worked, but we're in the information age now.

**Ross:** Joey, *The Fountainhead* was written in 1943.

**Joey:** Yeah, but it was still good enough in the 60's right? OK: our own version of *The Fountainhead* - here's what I think it should look like

[ The screen becomes liquid-like and blurry to indicate an imagined sequence. Then: some dramatic music is being heard, and a black and white screen appears with the title *The Fountainhead* and several building around. The slide changes to “Starring: Chandler Bing, Phoebe Buffay, Monica Geller”. ]

**Ross’ Voice:** Let’s skip the opening, OK.

## **Roark Quitting Stanton Tech**

[ The screen changes to a long shot of a provincial university and then the dean office is shown. The dean is standing in the middle holding one picture in each one of his hands.

Ross enters the room in informal clothes, and with an Orange-colored hair. ]

[ Cut to the girls’ apartment. ]

**Chandler:** Hey! How come you’re playing Roark?

**Ross:** Cause... cause... I was the first!

**Chandler:** Oh good, and who do we get to play? Why don’t I play the overwhelmingly exciting role of Austen Heller. I’m doing it so Joey can have the role of Mike the Electrician.

**Joey:** Thanks, bud.

**Monica:** Hey, give him some slack. We’ll see how it develops.

[ Cut to the dean office ]

**Dean:** Oh, Mr. Roark, please come in. [Roark approaches him] Now, which picture do you like better?

**Roark:** Hmm... this one [points to a picture].

**Dean:** OK. Can you please climb this chair, and put it on top of the fireplace instead of the other photograph? [Roark does so, and replaces a photograph of the Parthenon, with a black and white photo of the Taj Mahal]

**Dean:** Thanks. Could you believe that it’s some gigantic grave in India that no-one ever heard about?

**Roark:** Well, it’s quite inspiring... at least aesthetically.

**Dean:** Well, back to why I called you here... Oh yes... about you being kicked out of this school.

**Roark:** Yes.

**Dean:** I'd like to let you know that I'll do everything I can so you'll be admitted back.

**Roark:** What?

**Dean:** Mr. Roark, you have the will, character, and maybe even the talent of a genius. Therefore, I cannot afford the Stanton Institute of Technology to lose a man like you. In fact, I'd like to recommend them to extend your scholarship, so you can...

**Roark:** Sir, I'd like to leave, but thanks for your concern anyway.

**Dean:** Wha ... wha ... what? Are you sure?

**Roark:** Yes. I am.

**Dean:** Anything I can do to change your mind?

**Roark:** No, I feel like I've learned everything I needed to learn here.

**Dean:** Very well. [he's puzzled]

**Roark:** I think I'm going to leave now. Thanks again.

## **Roark and Keating Planning Their Future**

[ Roark leaves the room, and on his way out meets Chandler who is wearing a black graduation cloak. ]

**Peter Keating:** Oh, hey Howard. How did it go?

[ Cut to Chandler. ]

**Chandler:** Peter Keating? Me? [Thinks for a moment] Hey, does this mean I'll be role-playing the most physically attractive male character in this story?

**Ross:** I guess.

**Chandler:** [Joyfully.] Peter Keating it is.

[ Cut to Roark and Keating ]

**Roark:** Well, as far as you're concerned - I quit.

**Keating:** Hey - I knew this place wasn't big enough for you. What are you planning to do now?

**Roark:** Travel to New-York, and um... work for Henry Cameron.

**Keating:** That loser? ... I mean: well, you're the architectural genius around here. Listen, why don't we get to the big apple together, and keep in touch. I'm going to find myself a nice job and all, but I suppose I can arrange you guys a commission or two. I'm good at those things.

**Roark:** [Unenthusiastically] Yes, Peter. You are.

## Catherine and Toohey

**Phoebe's voice:** Oooh, now I want to continue. Let's see... yes! [The scene changes to Ellsworth Toohey's home] Keating and Roark, were not the only ones to arrive at New-York at that time. Catherine Halsey, Peter's valentine for many years, who had just lost her mother, was moving to reside with her uncle. The latter was Ellsworth Toohey, a creepy academic and journalist of the so-called "humanitarian" kind.

[ The door is ringing. Toohey (depicted by Mr. Heckels) goes to open it. Catherine (Phoebe in a casual dress, made to look very young) is standing behind it. ]

**Catherine:** Hey Uncle Ellsworth!

**Toohey:** Catherine, my dear, come in please. You seem so cheerful despite the fact your mother died.

**Catherine:** [Puts her suitcase on the floor.] Oh, you know... It's been two weeks, and I met this really funny woman on the train.

**Toohey:** Well, as you know, I'm a very busy man, I receive very little money, and my work is crucial to the welfare of, well... mankind. Still, hosting you is my moral duty, and I'll let you stay here and finance all your needs. I'll even put you to school or college if that is what you want.

**Catherine:** [Turns to face him.] Fuck you, Uncle Ellsworth!

**Toohey:** I... beg your pardon?

**Catherine:** Give me two or three days to find a job, I'll pay you the rent, and we'll share the bills. Otherwise, you'll probably use my "gratitude" to psychologically manipulate me and leave me incapable of surviving in the real world for at least ten years.

[ Toohey is bewildered ]

**Toohey:** Fine, pay the rent if you like. But where did you get that idea about the psychological manipulation and stuff?

**Catherine:** Duh! It's in every second-class romantic novel. What do you think about each of us cooking dinner on alternate days?

**Toohey:** Okay. Remember my cabbage pie?

[ Pause. ]

**Catherine:** On second thought: I'll do all the cooking.

## Meet Cameron

[ Cut to Cameron's Office door. Roark and Keating arrive there after climbing the stairs. ]

**Cameron:** [Shouting from behind the door] You bastard, can't you do a basic design the right way? One day I'll have you fired. On second thought, one day I'll have all of you fired.

**Keating:** [Looking at the sign on the door] Well that's the place.

[ Roark opens the door and they both enter. Cameron (depicted by Mr. Geller) is sitting at his desk looking at a design. ]

**Cameron:** [To Roark and Keating] What do ya want?

**Roark:** Good morning, Mr. Cameron. My name is Howard Roark, and I just quit Stanton Tech so I can work for you. I have some designs which you may want to look at. [Hands him his designs.]

**Cameron:** [While inspecting the designs] Very impressive... best ones I've seen in years. OK: you've got the job. Start working tomorrow. I'll give you 20 dollars per week.

**Keating:** Sir, I was wondering if you could...

**Cameron:** Sure thing. In that case, I'll give each of you 10 bucks a week.

[ Keating shrugs, and smiles stupidly. ]

**Chandler's Voice:** With Roark by his side, and with Peter Keating doing the public-relations work, Cameron became the hottest architect in New-York by the end of the year. However, after Roark and Cameron had a long fight of whether the steps of a certain house should be white or light beige, Peter suggested that they all go separate ways. Thus, Roark quit to open his own office, while Peter started his own public relations company. and is now regarded as the father of American publicists. [During this speech there are various slides: Cameron, Roark

and Keating smiling; Roark and Cameron fighting while Peter tries to calm them down; a photo of the Keating Foundation.]

## **Book Discussion about Jane Eyre**

[ Cut to Catherine's apartment. She is hosting a book discussion with many of her female friends. Sophie (depicted by Bonnie, the friend Phoebe fixed up with Ross) with long blonde hair and looking in her prime is there. ]

**Catherine's Female Friend No. 1:** So I was thinking Jane has no choice but to go back to Mr. Rochester. Otherwise, the readers will say: hey, it was a great story, but the ending is **so** out of place.

[ There's a knock on the door and Catherine rises to answer. It's Peter. ]

**Catherine:** Oh, hello Peter. Ahmm... you can't come in now.

**Peter:** [With a tone of casual interest] Why, what are you doing now?

**Catherine:** Ahmmm.. I'm having a book discussion.

**Peter:** About which book?

**Catherine:** Ahmmm... "Jane Eyre".

**Peter:** Really? I love "Jane Eyre"! [Steps in] Oh, hello all! My name is Peter Keating, I'm a friend of Catherine's, and I'd really like to join you so you'll excuse me for interrupting. By the way, you can call me Peter.

**Most of the other participants:** Hhhhiiiiiii...

[ Cut to end of the discussion. ]

**Peter:** So you see why I think that Brontë purposely wrote the book so we'll wonder whether she is being anti-religious or pro-religious?

**Catherine's Female Friend No. 2:** Yes. Good bye, Mr. Keating!

**Peter:** Good-bye to you too, Miss Wellington.

[ Short pause. Catherine lowers her look, and looks around nervously. ]

**Catherine:** So...

**Peter:** Did you have anything else planned for the evening?

**Catherine:** [Reluctantly] No.

**Peter:** Well, then since it's rather late, I'll be going now. It was a wonderful evening [kisses her on the cheek]. Good Bye!

**Catherine:** Bye. [she closes the door after Peter, and lies against the door.]  
Ehmmmm... I'm going to die an old maid at this rate. [Walks forwards, off the door.]

## **Dominique and Roark commence their relationship**

### **Enter Dominique**

[ Cut to an office desk. ]

**Monica's voice:** However, Peter was not alone. Romance was waiting for Howard too in the form of Dominique Francon, a newly employed journalist in the New-York Banner, the city's most popular second-class newspaper.

[ The camera zooms out to reveal Dominique (depicted by Rachel) organising her desk. Cut to Monica and Rachel's ]

**Rachel: What?** Me? "Perfect beauty"? The most sought-after spinster in New-York city? As if!

**Joey:** Why not?

**Rachel:** For one, I'm not slim enough to fit into Rand's description.

**Ross:** See, see, even you admit that you're chubby!

**Monica:** The thing is, Roark... Ross is my brother.

**Rachel:** All right. [sarcastically] In order to prevent adultery, I'll be Dominique Francon.

[ Cut to Dominique's office. Toohey approaches. ]

**Toohey:** Hello, Miss Francon.

**Dominique:** Hello Mr. Toohey! Do you want anything?

**Toohey:** Well, just to inform that it has been my observation that you are very fond of Mr. Howard Roark.

**Dominique:** Roark? What of all things made you think that I'm attracted to that orange-headed talentless architect?

**Toohey:** For instance the last party of Mrs. Holcombe.



**Dominique:** What about that party? I hardly looked in his direction more than once.

**Toohey:** Exactly.

**Dominique:** Mr. Toohey, I should say it is my diagnosis that you over-estimate your “powers of observation”.

**Toohey:** Miss Francon... to be frank, I’m getting tired of this pointless mind war of ours. What do you say about us being fully sincere with one another?

**Dominique:** Yeah, OK - that’s a good idea.

**Dominique:** OK, Mr. Toohey, here’s the thing about Roark: [grabs Toohey by his collar and shakes him] I WANT HIM **BAD!**

**Toohey:** [Releases her hands off his collar.] Calm down, Miss Francon. I dare say my experience in this field has been... inadequate... but it is a common belief that sometimes it is best to simply tell one’s object of affection about it.

## **Dominique Seducing Roark**

[ Cut to Roark’s house. He is sitting at a desk at the back of the frame, hears a door bell, opens the door. It’s Dominique. ]

**Roark:** Oh, Miss Francon, please come in.

**Dominique:** [Enters] I want to sleep with you.

**Roark:** [Interrupting her] That’s very nice. I’d like to sleep with you too. But I’ve got some work to do, so I can’t right now. [sits back at his desk.]

**Dominique:** Hrrr... all right - pretend that I’m not here. Pretend that you’d rather work on your stupid buildings. You wouldn’t even be distracted if I stood naked in the middle of the room!

**Roark:** Actually, that **would** distract me.

**Dominique:** Why?

**Roark:** I can see your reflection in the window. [Pause.] I should have thought about it when I designed this room.

## **Dominique Telling Toohey about her Love Life**

[ Cut to Dominique’s office. She is talking to Toohey ]

**Dominique:** Anyway, then we were tired of fooling around, so we went to bed, and I started telling him about my day, but you know men: he fell asleep immediately.

**Toohey:** As much as I enjoy it, Miss Francon, I do not understand why you are telling me all that.

**Dominique:** [Holding his hands] Mr. Toohey, you know that I know that you are the most hideous, devious, and destructive man in New-York city. But knowing every detail of my love life would not help you a bit, now would it? [She lets go of his hands, walks to her desk, and grabs her typewriter]

**Dominique:** Wanna have lunch together?

## **Sophie's sex advice.**

[ Cut to the arbour of Sophie's mansion. Sophie is sitting on a chair next to a glass table. She is reading a book. The New-York Banner is laid on the table. Sophie is dressed in a light but very chic and elegant dress. Catherine enters, dressed much more plainly and in less style. ]

**Sophie:** [In a heavy aristocratic British English accent] Oh, Catherine, darling! Do come in!

[ Catherine sits next to her, and sighs. ]

**Sophie:** Catherine, are you all right? What seems to be your problem.

**Catherine:** You remember my boyfriend, Peter?

**Sophie:** Yes. Quite a dish, isn't he?

**Catherine:** Ahaa. Well, yes. He is quite a dish.

**Sophie:** So what's your problem?

**Catherine:** Well, how should I put it diplomatically...

**Sophie:** He won't have sex with you.

**Catherine:** Yes. Exactly.

**Sophie:** Well, I just read this article in The Banner by this Dominique Francon character. She is quite amusing you know. Anyway, she says here: "I believe that women should become more assertive and take control of their relationships. God knows it helped me."

**Catherine:** So, what should I do?

**Sophie:** Why not go visit him in his office for a start?

## **Catherine at Keating's Office**

[ Cut to Peter's office entrance. ]

**Keating's Secretary:** Mr. Keating, there's a Miss Catherine Halsey here to see you.

**Keating:** Let her in. [Catherine enters into Keating's office. Keating is there speaking with Roark.]

**Keating:** Hey Catherine, you remember Howard Roark, right?

**Catherine:** Yes. Nice to meet you again, Mr. Roark.

**Roark:** Nice to meet you again too, Miss Halsey.

**Keating:** Howard and I are going to Jamaica to build this hotel.

**Roark:** It would be the first building I make out of wood. Should be quite interesting.

**Keating:** So, bye Catherine.

**Roark:** Farewell, Miss Halsey.

**Catherine:** [Disappointed] Bye.

## **Sophie about Gail Wynand**

[ Cut to Sophie's house. Catherine and Sophie are sitting there talking. ]

**Catherine:** So I went there, and Howard Roark was there, and Peter said they had to go to Jamaica to build some hotel out of wood or something.

**Sophie:** Oh no. [She grabs the paper on the table.]

**Catherine:** What's the matter.

**Sophie:** Gail Wynand is in Jamaica. [Shows a copy of the New-York Banner with a picture of Joey with an all-face white beard on the cover.]

[ Cut to Monica and Rachel's ]

**Joey:** Gail Wynand? Yeah!! He's rich, powerful and has all the babes he wants.

**Chandler:** Reminds me of you. Except that you're not rich... or powerful.

[ Cut back to Sophie's House ]

**Catherine:** So?

**Sophie:** Oh, don't you know? Gail Wynand will certainly want to meet them and he will take them to somewhere hideously far away and you won't see them for months. Do you remember Albert Einstein?

**Catherine:** Yes, this physicist guy.

**Sophie:** Well, last time he met Gail Wynand, he ended up in New Guinea!

**Catherine:** In that case, there's only one thing I must do.

## **Catherine boarding an aeroplane**

[ Cut to an airport. Catherine is wearing a pilot's jacket and is walking forward. Sophie is besides her. ]

**Sophie:** Catherine, are you out of you mind?

**Catherine:** Yes!

**Sophie:** My father will kill me.

**Catherine:** Oh come on! You said your father thinks of me as his own daughter.

**Sophie:** But he won't let **me** near this thing, either!

**Catherine:** He'll understand.

**Sophie:** You won't survive.

**Catherine:** Of course I would. I'm like a cat: nine lives. [climbs on the small aeroplane] Bye!

[ Cut to the aeroplane. There's a pilot in the front seat. Catherine is seating in the back. ]

**Aeroplane's Pilot:** There's Jamaica down there.

**Catherine:** Thank God.

[ The engine stops hissing. ]

**Pilot:** Remember I showed you how to use your parachute?

**Catherine:** Yes.

**Pilot:** Do it now. [Jumps out of the plane.]

**Catherine:** Oh, oh!

[ Cut: Catherine's parachute falls down. It gets stuck on a date tree, and Catherine falls down into a greenery field. ]

**Catherine:** [Slowly] Eight lives left. [Looks and sees a four-leaf clover right in front of her eyes.] Oooohhh, [picks it up and gets up] make it nine!

## Meeting Gail Wynand

[ Cut to another place in Jamaica. Roark and Keating enter the frame. ]

**Keating:** OK, let's go see the building site.

[ Gail Wynand enters ]

**Wynand:** Hey, Mr. Roark, Mr. Keating - welcome to Jamaica. My name is Gail Wynand. You must have heard of me, but here's my card, just in case. [Hands them a card.]

**Roark:** [Reading the card] "Gail Wynand. Newspaper tycoon, perpetual traveller, and famous American playboy".

**Wynand:** This card is slightly out of date. I now see myself more as an **international** playboy. Anyway: meet Elizabeth, the current love of my life. [Elizabeth, depicted by Monica enters the frame.]

[ Cut to Monica and Rachel's ]

**Monica:** So I get to be Wynand's mistress du jour?

**Joey:** Hey, do you have a better idea?

**Chandler:** You can be my... I mean Peter's mother.

[ Pause. ]

**Monica:** Wynand's mistress it is.

[ Cut to Jamaica ]

**Elizabeth:** Hey, aren't you...

**Wynand:** Howard Roark and Peter Keating. [In a Joey-like manner] Isn't it great?

[ Catherine approaches them, she's very unkempt, very angry. ]

**Catherine:** Yoooouuuu! [pointing at Keating]

**Keating:** Hey Catherine, how did you get here? Anyway, meet Gail Wynand and his emm... lady-friend Miss Elizabeth...

**Elizabeth:** Rousley.

**Roark:** Gee, it was nice meeting you, Mr. Wynand, but I have a building to build. I'll meet you all in the evening, OK?

[ Roark leaves the frame. Wynand signals a local to come over. ]

**Wynand:** Tell everybody that I ask them to help Howard Roark build his building.

## **Roark meets Dominique in Jamaica**

[ Cut to construction site. Roark is there, as well as many Jamaicans who are in the midst of building his building. ]

**Joey's Voice:** With half of Jamaica eager to help him, Roark found building the hotel went amazingly fast.

**Dominique's voice from behind:** You've certainly topped yourself this time, Mr. Roark.

**Roark:** Oh... Miss Francon, Hi. So, what are you doing here in Jamaica?

**Dominique:** I'm doing my Banner column on housing tips from Caribbean Women, this time.

**Roark:** I have met Mr. Wynand, whom I believe is your boss. I'll be meeting him again this evening. How charming.

## **Wynand's Offer**

[ Cut to a restaurant. Everybody is sitting there, dressed in a light but elegant way. ]

**Wynand:** So, I said to them: "No. I don't remember seeing anyone that looks like Woodrow Wilson passing by..."

[ Everybody laughs. ]

**Wynand:** You know, Howard, I think you're a great architect. And, Peter, you're very good as a publicist.

**Keating and Roark:** Thanks, Mr. Wynand.

**Wynand:** Call me Gail. Anyway, what did you say if I told you that I'll arrange it so you two can never work at building buildings or doing public-relations stuff again? I'll even give you a monthly allowance?

**Elizabeth:** Not again... [she puts her head in her palms.]

[ Roark and Keating look at each other, baffled ]

**Keating:** So?

**Roark:** Yes, so what?

**Wynand:** What do you mean by "So what?"

**Keating:** Well, it would give me some time to catch up with my painting.

**Roark:** And it would give me time to invest in my long-time passion of...

**Keating:** Paleontology?

**Roark:** [To Keating] How did you know that?

**Keating:** Trade's secrets. So, does your offer still stand?

**Wynand:** Giving you an allowance so you can paint some stupid paintings and dig some stupid bones. No way!

**Wynand:** In any case: I'm planning on setting sail with my Yacht tomorrow's morning. Why don't you all join me?

**Everybody else:** "Yeah", "yeah", "sounds like fun".

**Roark:** OK. Cruising with you sounds like a good idea.

## **Stranded on the Deserted Island**

[ Cut to the beach of a Caribbean island. The girls are sitting on the sand, the boys are standing to the left, a little farther from the water. ]

**Roark:** Cruising with you was a **bad** idea, Gail.

**Wynand:** Hey, relax, so the yacht drowned. I'll just use my contacts to get us out of here. Now, what island this is... ahmmm. On second thought: it's uninhabited, so I don't have any contacts here.

**Keating:** So now we don't have contacts either? I guess that means we'll have to build a boat or a raft, or something.

**Wynand:** Build a raft? I think calling for help by using radio waves is a much better idea.

**Roark:** And how exactly are you going to build a radio transmitter? For one, we'll need a current source and some wires.

**Wynand:** So? I bet we can find one metal or another on this island.

**Roark:** I'm with Peter: we can use stones to cut and carve the trees, and then use twines to tie them into a raft.

[ They wander off and continue arguing. Cut to the Fountain-girls ]

**Dominique:** I can summarise my relationship with Howard in one word: sex. As much as I want it, when I want it, in any way I want it, but just sex.

**Catherine:** [While putting her hand on the ground] I hate my life!

**Dominique:** [In a caring tone] Why, what's the matter?

**Catherine:** I can summarise my relationship with Peter in three words: anything but sex.

**Dominique:** Oh! But, trust me, the anything is much better than the sex.

**Elizabeth:** My problem with Gail is entirely different.

**Catherine:** Really?

**Elizabeth:** We have enough but not too much, and, besides, he's sweet, exciting, passionate ... and he even lets me date other guys.

**Dominique:** So, what's the problem?

**Elizabeth:** I don't know... there just isn't any tension. I'll want to get married - we'll get married. I'll want to have a baby - we'll have a baby. I'll want to get a divorce - he'll give me a million dollars and divorce me.

[ Cut to the fountain-boys. ]

**Joey's Voice:** [Trying to sound dramatic in an old movie style] Will the boys ever stop discussing what is the best way to get out of the island? [Cut to the fountain-girls] Will the girls do something beside complaining about their love lives? [Split picture with both trios] Are six of the most competent men and women in America...

**Wynand:** Hey!



**Joey's Voice:** ... In the world... ever going to get out of that Caribbean island? Find out in the continuation of [The *The Fountainhead* slide is displayed] *The Fountainhead*.

## Joey Needs to Go

[ Cut to Monica and Rachel's. ]

**Joey:** I have to go to the audition now, so we'll have to continue this stuff later. [Rises and walks out] Bye!

**The others:** Bye!... Bye, Joey! Break a leg!...

[ Joey leaves. ]

**The others:** Hmmm.

**Chandler:** I say we have a masterpiece in the making.

## What did Ayn Rand do afterwards?

[ Cut. End Credits. Phoebe is sitting on the couch reading *The Fountainhead*. ]

**Phoebe:** Wow, I forgot how great *The Fountainhead* was. So what did Rand do afterwards?

**Ross:** Well, she wrote the screenplay for the movie adaptation of the book, which starred Gary Cooper...

**Phoebe:** Oooh, yummy...

**Ross:** Yes, well, and then she worked on *Atlas Shrugged*.

**Phoebe:** [In a poetical fashion] "Atlas shrugged from side to side. Alas, my end is near - the lady cried."

**Monica:** Ehmm... Pheeb's? That's the "Mirror Crack'd from side to side".

**Phoebe:** Oh! Ayn Rand wrote ["The Mirror Crack'd"](#) too?

**Ross:** No, Phoebe. That was Agatha Christie.

**Phoebe:** Oh! Everybody knows that Ayn Rand wrote all of Agatha Christie's stories.

**Chandler:** [Tongue-in-cheek] I can totally believe that, Pheeb's.