

Lingo this.

**NT. THE CHANDLER KITCHEN--DAY**

The sound of a lock being jimmied is heard moments before VERONICA and J.D. burst through the door.

**VERONICA**

(quietly)

Trust me. She skips the Saturday morning trip to Grandma's even when she's not hungover.

**J.D.**

Then let's just concoct ourselves a little hangover cure that'll induce her to spew red, white, and blue.

VERONICA opens the refrigerator. J.D. opens the cupboard beneath the sink.

**VERONICA**

What about orange juice and milk?  
What's the upchuck factor on that?

J.D. holds up a bottle of Pine-Sol.

**J.D.**

I'm a Pine-Sol man, myself.

**VERONICA**

Don't be a dick. That stuff'll kill her.

VERONICA and J.D. make queasy eye-contact. VERONICA descends back into the refrigerator with some worked-up enthusiasm as J.D. suavely pours bits of various toxic containers (detergent, scouring powder) into a glass beer mug.

**VERONICA**

O-kay. We'll cook up some soup and put it in a Coke. Sick, eh? Now should it be Chicken-Noodle or Bean-with-Bacon?

**J.D.**

Man Veronica, pull the plug on that shit. I say we go with Big Blue.

J.D. raises the glass filled with what is now a strange blue liquid. VERONICA stares at the glass, scared by her own thoughts.

**VERONICA**

What are you doing? You just can't go.....Besides, she'd never drink anything that looks like that.

**J.D.**

Okay we'll use this. She won't be able to tell what she's drinking.

J.D. pulls down a ceramic cup and triumphantly pours the poisonously blue beer glass contents into it. An eerie pause ensues. VERONICA takes out a milk carton and a container of orange juice. She struts back to the counter in anger, icily muttering.

**VERONICA**

Just give me a cup, jerk.

J.D. sheepishly pulls down an identical ceramic cup. VERONICA tears it from him and pours some milk and then some orange juice into the cup.

**VERONICA**

Milk and orange juice. Hmmm. Maybe we could cough a phlegm globber in it or something.

**J.D.**

Yeah, great.

They both start coughing harshly.

**VERONICA**

No luck? Well, milk and orange juice'll  
do quite nicely. Quite nicely.

**J.D.**

Chick-en.

**VERONICA**

You're not funny.

J.D. turns on his heel and slinks away. VERONICA glares down at the mess of toxic containers. With both arms, VERONICA clumps the toxic containers together and drops beneath the sink to put them away. J.D. swaggers back into the kitchen as VERONICA bobs back into view.

**J.D.**

I'm sorry.

J.D. kisses the back of her neck. VERONICA closes her eyes with a grudging smile.

**VERONICA**

Bonehead.

VERONICA dreamily reaches out to one of the two ceramic cups.

Not the one with milk and orange juice in it.

**HEATHER CHANDLER'S BEDROOM**

HEATHER CHANDLER angelically sleeps as VERONICA and J.D. enter.

**VERONICA**

Morning, Heather.

Like a lion, HEATHER CHANDLER rouses herself up.