

friends: ross' sandwich

The Museum of Prehistoric History

DR. LEEDBETTER: Ross, may I have a word with you? We've been getting reports of some very angry behavior on your part. Threatening letters, refusal to meet deadlines, apparently people now call you mental. We want you to speak to a psychiatrist.

ROSS: Oh no, you don't understand. This is so silly. This is all because of a sandwich. You see, my sister makes these amazing turkey sandwiches. Her secret is, she puts an extra slice of gravy-soaked bread in the middle; I call it the Moist Maker. Anyway, I put my sandwich in the fridge over here...

DR. LEEDBETTER: Oh, you know what? I believe I ate it. I'm sorry about it.

ROSS: What do you mean you ate it? Are you saying you ate my sandwich?

DR. LEEDBETTER: I didn't mean to, it was a simple mistake. It could have happened to anyone.

ROSS: Oh really? Did you confuse it with your own turkey sandwich? Did you mistake it for a piece of old bread? Do you maybe remember seeing a note on top of it?

DR. LEEDBETTER: There may have been a note of some kind.

ROSS: Didn't the note say it was my sandwich?!

DR. LEEDBETTER: Now calm down. Come look in my office, some of it may still be in the trash. Why are you looking at me like that? Well, it was quite large. I would have burst if I'd eaten all of it so I had to throw most of it away.

ROSS: You threw my sandwich away?! My sandwich? The one that I was looking forward to eating so much? I can not believe my sandwich is gone.