

Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

Thousands of current or popular TV shows and movie transcripts for online research and education.
<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/>

03x07 - They sh**t Gilmores, Don't They?

<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?t=4907>

03x07 - They sh**t Gilmores, Don't They?

by **bunniefuu**

Page 1 of 1

Posted: 11/23/02 23:46

3.07 - They sh**t Gilmores, Don't They?

written by Amy Sherman-Palladino

directed by Kenny Ortega

transcript by Stacy

OPEN IN STARS HOLLOW

[Signs and banners are displayed in the town square promoting the upcoming 24-hour dance marathon. Lorelai is in Luke's Diner, staring out the window at the people walking by]

LUKE: What about that one?

LORELAI: Hm, no.

LUKE: Why not?

LORELAI: Too pale.

LUKE: So what?

LORELAI: Pale means sickly.

LUKE: Or sunscreen.

LORELAI: Or Mad Cow Disease.

LUKE: Pale does not mean Mad Cow Disease.

LORELAI: Have you ever had Mad Cow Disease?

LUKE: Twice last week and my coloring was wonderful.

LORELAI: I need a great dance partner this year. Someone strong, non-clutzy, with lots of stamina. Ooh, how tall is that guy?

LUKE: Mrs. Coulter's about 6'2".

LORELAI: Oh. Four years in a row, I have come this close to winning. Last year, I swear to God, I had it!

LUKE: I know the story.

LORELAI: It was hour twenty-three.

LUKE: I know the story.

LORELAI: I'm dancing with Henry Ho-Ho McAphie the third.

LUKE: How many people heard me say I know the story?

[several customers raise their hands]

LORELAI: And Ho-Ho's fading, so I'm trying to buck him up, saying "Come on, Ho-Ho. Stay with me Ho-Ho," and then all of a sudden he starts yelling, "Stop calling me Ho-Ho, it's making me hungry!"

LUKE: Oh, hey, look, there goes Tommy Tune.

LORELAI: And out of nowhere, Kirk comes dancing by, waving a McDonald's hot apple pie in the air and of course Ho-Ho lunges for the pie and drops my hand and that was it. Kirk wins, I'm out. I'm gonna get that Ho-Ho someday.

LUKE: I'll help ya.

LORELAI: I wanna win.

LUKE: I know you do.

LORELAI: I need a partner.

LUKE: You'll get one. Keep looking.

LORELAI: Mm. [she stares up at him]

LUKE: Out there. [turns her head toward the window]

LORELAI: But, but, wait ▯

LUKE: Pancakes, right? Coming right up.

[walks to another table as Taylor walks in]

TAYLOR: Breathe in deep, folks. Smells like fall.

LUKE: Get out, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Why?

LUKE: Just a code I live by.

TAYLOR: Oh. . .pffft. . .you. Listen, I'd like to run a little something by you.

LUKE: I'm busy, Taylor.

TAYLOR: I was just thinking how nice it would be if you could set up a little coffee stand at the marathon.

LUKE: Coffee stand.

TAYLOR: Yes. I mean, these people have to try and stay up for twenty-four hours. What better to

help you stay up than a cup of nice strong cup of coffee, huh? What do you say?

LUKE: Sure.

TAYLOR: Really?

LUKE: For a buck a cup.

TAYLOR: Luke, this marathon is a charitable event.

LUKE: Taylor, we have been raising money to restore that stupid bridge for eight years.

TAYLOR: We're not raising money to restore the bridge.

LUKE: We're not?

TAYLOR: No, we have that money. The Tennessee Williams lookalike contest last month put us right over the top.

LUKE: Then what the hell is this dumb thing for?

TAYLOR: A tarp.

LUKE: A what?

TAYLOR: To cover the bridge.

LUKE: This is a first, Taylor. I actually need to sit down.

TAYLOR: Well, Luke, you know as well as I do that if we start renovations now, heading right into the snow and rainy part of the season, then everything we do is gonna get ruined, and there we are □ back at square one. If we are gonna do this right, then we are going to need a tarp.

LUKE: Taylor, you are asking me to donate free coffee to hundreds of people so you can raise money to buy a tarp.

TAYLOR: How □bout fifty cents a cup?

LUKE: How □bout I charge for cream?

TAYLOR: You would kick Tiny Tim's crutch out from under him, wouldn't you?

LUKE: If he asks for a free cup of coffee, gimpy's going down.

[Taylor storms out of the diner as Luke walks over to Lorelai's table]

LORELAI: Oh, whoa □ look at Taylor go. I wonder who he's dancing with.

[opening credits]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai, Rory and Emily are eating dinner]

LORELAI: This is amazing chicken, Mom. I mean it, really great.

EMILY: Thank you, Lorelai.

LORELAI: It's like super chicken. I bet it could fly. Have you tried tossing it out the window?

EMILY: All right, what's going on?

LORELAI: What? I like the chicken.

EMILY: Nobody likes the chicken that much, Lorelai.

LORELAI: I'm in a good mood.

EMILY: Why?

LORELAI: My God, it's my ninth grade homecoming dance all over again.

RORY: Homecoming dance?

LORELAI: In ninth grade, I got asked to the homecoming dance and I didn't think I would, and I was in a really good mood, and Mom got so annoyed that she made me go to my room.

RORY: Grandma?

EMILY: She was sitting at the table giving all the peas voices.

LORELAI: With a little encouragement, I could've been the Senor Wences of the vegetable set.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Okay, okay, okay. It'll come out soon enough. Today, ladies and gentlemen, I found a dance partner.

RORY: You did?

LORELAI: A good one.

EMILY: What are you talking about, a dance partner? A dance partner for what?

LORELAI: Our town is having a dance marathon this weekend.

RORY: It lasts twenty-four hours and the last couple left standing gets a trophy.

LORELAI: A big trophy.

EMILY: Well, that sounds very nice.

RORY: All the proceeds go to charity.

LORELAI: Which is great □ but did I mention the trophy?

RORY: I believe you did.

LORELAI: □Cause it's big.

EMILY: Charitable events are wonderful things to take part in. There's nothing more rewarding than devoting yourself to making someone else's life better.

LORELAI: And whose life isn't better with a truly gigantic trophy around?

RORY: So who'd you get to dance with you?

LORELAI: Stanley Appleman.

RORY: Who's Stanley Appleman?

LORELAI: Oh, he's brand new in town. He works over at the hardware store, and the best part is, he used to be part of the touring company. . .of Riverdance.

RORY: Score!

LORELAI: I know! I'm completely jazzed. How about you, Mr. Potato? I'm completely jazzed, too.

[a phone rings]

EMILY: What's that?

LORELAI: I think that's me.

EMILY: Lorelai, I've told you a hundred times to turn that thing off when you come to dinner here.

LORELAI: I know, Mom. I'm sorry.

EMILY: Can't you let it go to voice mail?

LORELAI: Well, see, I left Michel alone at the inn, and he's dealing with the roofers. I told him to call me if there was any trouble. [goes to answer the phone]

EMILY: Is that true?

RORY: I'm gonna let Mr. Potato field this one.

EMILY: I thought so.

[Lorelai answers the phone in the next room]

LORELAI: Hello? . . . What? . . . Oh, no no, no no, don't tell me that. . .Well, did you tell her how big the trophy is, because I am really not exaggerating here. . . How did your wife get a picture of me? Stanley, that is crazy! I don't wanna sleep with you. . . Did you tell her I don't wanna sleep with you? . . . Well, put her on the phone. I'll tell her I don't wanna sleep with you. . . Well, somebody has to tell her I don't wanna sleep with you. . . Why are you insulted all of a sudden? . . . Stanley? . . .

[Lorelai hangs up and walks back to the dining room]

LORELAI: Great.

RORY: What happened?

LORELAI: Stanley bailed.

RORY: No! Why?

LORELAI: Apparently, Miss Patty showed his wife a picture of me, and she thinks I look like Elizabeth Taylor, which makes her Debbie Reynolds, and Stanley Eddie Fisher.

RORY: That's crazy.

LORELAI: Especially if you've seen Stanley. He's no Eddie Fisher, trust me. Fisher Stevens, maybe.

RORY: Can't you talk to her?

LORELAI: Apparently, only at my own risk.

EMILY: Well, at least she thought you looked like Elizabeth Taylor. That was nice.

LORELAI: I have no partner.

RORY: You'll find another one.

EMILY: Elizabeth Taylor always did.

RORY: There's someone else out there, trust me.

LORELAI: I guess.

EMILY: Here. Have some more chicken.

LORELAI: Thanks, Mom.

EMILY: And if you'd like, later on, you can make my asparagus talk.

LORELAI: Well, maybe next week.

CUT TO CHILTON HALLWAY

[Rory and Paris are standing at Paris' locker. Louise and Madeline are behind them, each kissing a guy]

PARIS: Okay, so, let's talk about Saturday.

RORY: What about Saturday?

PARIS: I think we need to work. The seventy-fifth anniversary issue of the Franklin comes out next month and I want it to be amazing.

RORY: I've got some great cover art lined up.

PARIS: Old pictures, new pictures?

RORY: Collage style with kind of a sepia-toned finish to it. Very classy.

PARIS: Okay, I like it. Time!

[Louise and Madeline stop kissing the guys and say goodbye to them]

LOUISE: See ya.

MADELINE: Bye.

[the four girls start walking down the hall]

MADELINE: So, what were we talking about?

PARIS: Working Saturday on the seventy-fifth anniversary issue.

LOUISE: Thanks for asking.

MADELINE: But you guys already have some decent stuff planned out, right?

PARIS: Madeline -- or may I call you Spicoli?

MADELINE: If you have to.

PARIS: This is the seventy-fifth anniversary issue. There is only going to be one seventy-fifth anniversary issue ever, and it's on our watch. We screw this up and we basically mooned a piece of history. Is that what you want? To B.A. history?

MADELINE: But I don't understand. Last year was the seventy-fourth anniversary issue of the Franklin.

PARIS: So?

MADELINE: So there's only gonna be one seventy-fourth anniversary issue ever and we didn't do anything special for it.

LOUISE: I think the cover was of a deep-fried Mars bar.

PARIS: That's because nobody cares about the seventy-fourth anniversary issue.

MADELINE: I bet the person who worked on it seventy-four years ago did.

PARIS: We're working Saturday!

[Paris and Rory walk outside]

PARIS: "Why are we working Saturday, Paris? What's so special about the seventy-fifth issue, Paris? Why does my head feel so light and yet not float away, Paris?"

[Paris sees Jamie across the courtyard]

RORY: What?

PARIS: What's he doing here?

RORY: I bet he's here to see you.

PARIS: He hasn't called me once. I haven't seen or heard from him since we had our date in Washington three months ago.

RORY: Maybe he wants to explain why.

PARIS: He was supposed to go away and never come back. I already wrote his name in my revenge notebook.

RORY: Paris, he knows you're standing here talking about him.

PARIS: What does he want?

RORY: Go over there and find out.

[Paris walks over to Jamie]

PARIS: What do you want?

JAMIE: I'm on break from school, I thought I'd come down and see you.

PARIS: But you never called.

JAMIE: I know.

PARIS: You lost my number?

JAMIE: Nope, I memorized your number.

PARIS: You didn't wanna use my number?

JAMIE: I was starting classes.

PARIS: In phone dialing? How's it going?

JAMIE: Look, Paris, this year's very important for me. I thought the last thing I needed was a distraction.

PARIS: Well, I totally understand. This year's very important for me, too. I'm focusing on getting into Harvard, and the last thing that I need is a distraction. . . so, good move. You saved us both a lot of distractions. Thank you, and good luck. [they shake hands, but Jamie doesn't let go] I need my hand.

JAMIE: If I let go, how fast will you run away?

PARIS: 3.2 seconds.

JAMIE: I thought so. Hey Rory.

RORY: Hey Jamie. How's Princeton?

JAMIE: It's good. Crazy, but □

PARIS: Let go.

JAMIE: No.

PARIS: Yes.

JAMIE: Paris.

PARIS: Look, you don't have to be nice, you don't have to tie up loose ends. I get it, I'm a distraction. Now either pull a Boxing Helena, or give me back my hand.

JAMIE: Yes, talking to you would've been a distraction.

PARIS: I know. I heard you already. My God, find a pirate to sit on, okay?

JAMIE: However, not talking to you has turned out to be impossible.

PARIS: What?

JAMIE: I flunked a pop quiz in poli-sci because I couldn't stop thinking about you. Still want your hand back?

PARIS: I've got another.

JAMIE: I've thought a lot about this, and apparently you're a distraction that I'm supposed to have.

PARIS: You didn't have a bad time on the date?

JAMIE: Are you busy right now?

PARIS: Well □

RORY: No, we're done. She's free.

JAMIE: Good. Let's go get some coffee. Bye Rory.

RORY: Bye Jamie.

[Jamie takes Paris' books from her and walks away]

PARIS: He took my books.

RORY: Well, go get them back.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory, Dean, and Lane are in the living room. Lane is on the phone]

RORY: Well?

LANE: Still ringing. [a moment later, she hangs up] He's home.

RORY: How'd he sound?

LANE: Homey.

RORY: Nice.

DEAN: I know this is a stupid question, but why can't you just talk to him?

LANE: Because yesterday he called to say that they were still looking for a rehearsal space and, uh, that he'd call when he had more news. So now I have to wait until he calls about the band □ and in between, I call and hang up on him. Pathetic.

RORY: Not so pathetic. I used to hang up on Dean all the time.

DEAN: You did?

LANE: I remember that.

DEAN: When did you hang up on me?

RORY: Right when we first met.

DEAN: You should've just said something.

RORY: I couldn't do that.

DEAN: Why not?

RORY: Because then you would've known that I was calling and therefore that I liked you.

DEAN: Yes, but I liked you, too.

RORY: Well, I know that now.

DEAN: You could've known that then.

RORY: Dean, please. This is a girl thing.

DEAN: Uh, okay. Tell me when I'm supposed to pay attention again.

LANE: I'm gonna love him forever and he's never gonna know it.

DEAN: He would if you coughed.

RORY: Dean.

DEAN: Sorry.

LANE: At least he's at home and not out with a girl.

RORY: Very true.

DEAN: He could be home with a girl.

RORY: Dean.

DEAN: Sitting here, staring at my pizza.

LANE: You think he was at home with a girl?

RORY: No, no, I don't.

LANE: I'm gonna call again.

RORY: Good idea, and pay attention to the background noise this time.

[Lorelai walks through the front door]

LORELAI: Ooh, cool, pizza.

RORY: Shh. She's calling Dave to see if she can hear a girl in the background.

LORELAI: Oh.

DEAN: I voted that she actually say something.

LORELAI: You're a boy, you know nothing about this.

RORY: Well, what'd you hear?

LANE: Quadrophenia.

RORY: Classy, but not date-like.

LANE: You think?

RORY: Definitely.

DEAN: What if he met a girl who's a major Who fan?

LANE: What?

RORY: Why are you causing trouble?

LORELAI: Rory, can I talk to you in the kitchen?

RORY: Oh, sure. [to Dean] Be good.

[Rory and Lorelai leave the room; Lane sits next to Dean on the couch]

DEAN: Go ahead.

[Lane starts dialing the number again]

[cut to Lorelai and Rory in the kitchen]

RORY: Okay, so, what's on your mind?

LORELAI: I think I figured out who can be my dance partner for the marathon.

RORY: Great! Who?

[Lorelai stares at Rory]

RORY: Bye.

LORELAI: Come on!

RORY: Forget it.

LORELAI: Just hear me out. First of all, you love me.

RORY: Not right at this moment, I don't.

LORELAI: You know how much this contest means to me. You'd never fall asleep or chase a pie.

RORY: I do not dance.

LORELAI: It'll be fun. We'll get all dressed up, and you're light □ easy to hold up when you get tired.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Plus, we got the whole mother/daughter gimmick going for us. The crowd'll eat that up.

RORY: I cannot dance with you.

LORELAI: Why not?

RORY: Because this is Dean's first marathon. We were gonna go and watch and hang out, he's totally looking forward to it. I told him about how Andrew gets in a fight with his date in the first fifteen minutes and storms off the floor. I told him about Taylor getting punch-drunk at hour fifteen and telling stories about how he always wanted to be a magician.

LORELAI: Rory, please.

RORY: And ooh, I told him about how when Kirk wins, he likes to take his victory lap around the floor to the theme from Rocky. I was gonna show him all those things, and I was gonna show them to him sitting down.

LORELAI: He can still come, and he can still see all those things, except if you dance, maybe that victory lap will be you and me instead of Kirk.

RORY: Okay, I'll tell you what. I was supposed to work on the Franklin this weekend with Paris.

LORELAI: But?

RORY: I will ask her if we can reschedule. If she says yes, then I will dance with you.

LORELAI: Oh, I love ya!

RORY: You should sell cars.

LORELAI: I should, shouldn't I? Hello, big fancy trophy.

CUT TO CHILTON CLASSROOM

[A teacher is addressing the class as Paris walks in late]

TEACHER: Take note of its form before treated. Make sure that your notes are completely legible since you will be turning them in with your result. Miss Gellar, hello.

PARIS: Sorry I'm late, Mrs. Savitt.

TEACHER: Is everything okay?

PARIS: Yes. I overslept.

TEACHER: You're kidding.

PARIS: No, it won't happen again.

TEACHER: Well, good. Okay, everyone, let's get to work.

[Rory walks up to Paris]

RORY: Paris, hi. Listen, I need to ask you something.

PARIS: sh**t.

RORY: Well, there's this big event that's happening in my town. . .

PARIS: Pig race?

RORY: Dance marathon.

PARIS: I was close.

RORY: It's on Saturday, and it's a twenty-four hour thing and my mother really wants to win, and her partner bailed on her and, long story short, I was wondering if there was anyway we could move this Saturday's Franklin thing to next Saturday.

PARIS: Okay.

MADELINE: What did she say?

LOUISE: I don't know. What did you say?

PARIS: I said yes.

LOUISE: She said yes.

MADELINE: She said yes.

LOUISE: [walks up to a guy] Are you free on Saturday?

GUY: Uh, no.

LOUISE: [to another guy] What about you? Come on □ speak.

MADELINE: [from across the room] Louise, I got two over here!

PARIS: So, we're done, right?

RORY: You had a good time yesterday.

PARIS: What was yesterday?

RORY: Yesterday was the day that you were all freaked out about the seventy-fifth anniversary issue of the Franklin and today's the day you're not.

PARIS: Rory, just because I agreed to postpone a newspaper session does in no way imply □

RORY: You can't even stop smiling.

PARIS: I can, too.

RORY: Tell me.

PARIS: Okay. Well, we went for coffee, and he talked about how he had a great time on our date, and how he finds me fascinating, and how he thought about me all the time. Okay, there, happy?

RORY: Wow, he likes you.

PARIS: I left an impression.

RORY: You sure did.

PARIS: I still don't understand why he'd wanna date me. He's surrounded by college girls all day long who must be prettier than I am, and more experienced than I am. I mean, I'm sure they're all idiots, but usually that's the last thing a guy thinks about when he's looking for a date for the big game.

RORY: Well, Jamie must be special.

PARIS: Or Ted Bundy.

RORY: Absolutely. It's either one or the other.

PARIS: Hey. Can you do me a favor?

RORY: Okay.

PARIS: Don't say anything to Madeline or Louise about this.

RORY: About Jamie?

PARIS: Yeah.

RORY: But they're your best friends.

PARIS: Theoretically, yes, but the second I mention a guy they're gonna both start singing the theme from the Trojan Man commercial, and I just can't take that, okay?

RORY: No one knows until you give the word.

PARIS: Thanks.

CUT TO OUTSIDE STARS HOLLOW

[The morning of the dance marathon, Lorelai and Rory are walking down the sidewalk toward the high school]

LORELAI: I have to say, for a couple of modern girls, we have time-warped with the best of them.

RORY: Mm.

LORELAI: How ya doing there, champ?

RORY: Early.

LORELAI: Yes, it's a tad early.

RORY: No sun.

LORELAI: Well, he's not up yet.

RORY: I can't even open my eyes.

LORELAI: That's okay, there's nothing to see. Kirk's in a Speedo, Taylor's in a skirt, Al's in assless chaps.

RORY: Oh my God, stop. I'm never gonna be able to close my eyes again.

[Babette is sitting at the sign-up table in front of Stars Hollow High]

LORELAI: Morning Babette.

BABETTE: Oh, morning sugar. You guys look terrific.

LORELAI: Thank you.

RORY: Babette, can I lay down on the table while Mom signs in?

BABETTE: Not an early bird, huh?

LORELAI: I need to get some coffee in her and we'll be fine. Kirk, however, is gonna be crying like a little teeny girl.

BABETTE: So what else is new? Okay, now you two go get your physicals, bring your release forms inside, and they'll get you a number.

LORELAI: Thanks. Come on, Snoozy.

[they start walking down the sidewalk toward Miss Patty's, and Sookie runs up behind them]

SOOKIE: Hey, wait up!

LORELAI: Oh, wow, look at you!

SOOKIE: Is it fabulous?

LORELAI: It is fabulous.

SOOKIE: Wait 'til you see Jackson's suit. It makes me want to ration sugar.

LORELAI: Where is Jackson?

SOOKIE: Oh, we already had our checkups, so he's going to sign us in and scope out a good spot on the floor.

LORELAI: Oh, it's so cool to be married. You have your own spot-scooper.

RORY: I'm gonna go say hi to Lane.

LORELAI: Okay, hon, hurry back. Remember, the sooner we get inspected, the sooner we get coffee.

RORY: Yeah, coffee. [walks into Miss Patty's]

SOOKIE: Okay, I have a problem.

LORELAI: Sookie, it's five-thirty in the morning. How can you already have a problem?

SOOKIE: Because I'm a multi-tasker.

LORELAI: Hit me.

SOOKIE: Last night, I made coq au vin for dinner, so of course the subject of children came up.

LORELAI: Of course.

SOOKIE: All of a sudden, completely out of the blue, Jackson announces he wants four in four.

LORELAI: He wants what?

SOOKIE: Four in four. Four kids in four years.

LORELAI: Good Lord!

SOOKIE: I know!

LORELAI: Well, who's he gonna have these kids with?

SOOKIE: Me, apparently.

LORELAI: What did you say?

SOOKIE: See, here's where, uh, the problem comes in.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: I think I said yes.

LORELAI: How is that possible?

SOOKIE: Well, I was totally shocked when he announced it and I sort of said, "O. . kay" and . . but I think he took it as, "Okay!" So, apparently, now I have to get busy.

LORELAI: Do you want four in four?

SOOKIE: No. But, I mean, I want kids. You know I want kids.

LORELAI: I know you want kids.

SOOKIE: But I thought maybe one. Two if the first one is really quiet.

LORELAI: Well, honey, you have to tell Jackson that.

SOOKIE: I can't.

LORELAI: Sookie, this is not like the fruit bowl his mother gave you. You can't stick four kids in the attic and just pull them out at Christmas.

SOOKIE: I know, but Jackson and I have never had a real fight. We're still newlyweds. We still sneak out of bed in the morning to brush our teeth, then get back in bed and pretend we just woke up smelling like that.

LORELAI: You don't have much of a marriage if you can't talk about the important things.

SOOKIE: I know. Do you think I'm crazy to not want four in four?

LORELAI: Four kids is a lot, and four years without a cocktail . . .

SOOKIE: Wow, hadn't thought of that.

LORELAI: Glad to shed some much-needed perspective on the situation.

SOOKIE: We'll take care of this today.

CUT TO INSIDE MISS PATTY'S

[Rory is standing next to Lane, who is stirring a big bucket of something]

RORY: Are you sure you don't need some help?

LANE: Yeah, it's okay. I finally got a really good footing.

RORY: What is that stuff?

LANE: Eggless egg salad. Though this year my mom added food coloring to make the egg-like product look more eggy.

RORY: Smart.

LANE: And every sandwich comes with your own personal pamphlet "Dancing for the Devil," an illustrated look at the effect of dancing on your chances of spending all eternity in hell.

RORY: Boy, her flames are getting really good.

LANE: Well, she just bought a new color printer. You can do a ton of stuff with it.

RORY: Cool.

[Mrs. Kim walks over carrying several bags]

MRS. KIM: Lane, get scooping! The minute air hits the bread, it starts to stale.

LANE: Okay, Mama.

RORY: I'm gonna stop by later and say hi.

LANE: Please do.

RORY: Bye, Mrs. Kim.

MRS. KIM: You have a pamphlet?

RORY: Yes, I do.

MRS. KIM: Take one to your mother.

[Across the studio, Lorelai is next in line for physicals as Rory walks over]

NURSE: Next.

LORELAI: Oh, good, just in time.

RORY: Sorry.

LORELAI: Hi there. Um, this is Rory Gilmore and I'm Lorelai Gilmore.

NURSE: Lorelai Gilmore?

LORELAI: Yeah, L o r . . .

NURSE: You don't look like you've recently suffered a face-altering car crash.

LORELAI: Uh, excuse me?

NURSE: You're also supposed to have buck teeth, a club foot, and alopecia.

LORELAI: Oh. I'm sorry, who told you this?

NURSE: My husband.

LORELAI: Your husband? Well, who's . . . Stanley Appleman. Your husband is Stanley Appleman.

NURSE: Mmhmm.

LORELAI: Okay, well, it's very nice to meet you. Stanley's said the nicest things about you. In the one tiny short conversation we had, you know, standing way far apart. You know, too far to touch, but close enough to hear all the wonderful things he said about his adorable, sweet-tempered, lovable. . . can we have someone else do our physical?

CUT TO INSIDE THE STARS HOLLOW HIGH GYMNASIUM

[Dancers start to gather on the dance floor as Taylor makes some announcements over a microphone]

TAYLOR: Any couple without a number will be disqualified. All couples must be touching at all times. All couples must remain moving at all times. The only time you may stop moving or stop touching is when you hear this horn. [blows air horn] That sound means you have ten minutes. Ten minutes to get a drink, to eat a snack, take a rest, or whatever it is you can do in ten minutes. And in addition to the ten-minute rest periods, every person participating has been issued a yellow emergency card. In case of emergency, a contestant may hold up the card and leave the floor for ten minutes. If your partner remains on the floor and moving the entire time, then the owner of the yellow card may rejoin them and the contest. First aid is available in Miss Patty's. Please, remember, that if you feel yourself getting lightheaded or having sh**ting pains or any other stroke-like symptoms, please move off to the side so that your collapse will not get in the way of the other dancers. All right, people, lace your shoes, pin those curls, because we only have three minutes left until we start.

LORELAI: Well, I believe three minutes is plenty of time for some coffee.

RORY: Yes, coffee, please.

[they walk over to Luke's coffee table on the side of the dance floor]

LORELAI: Hey, we're dying, load us up.

LUKE: It isn't ready yet.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Mommy.

LORELAI: What do you mean it's not ready? It's six in the morning. Nothing says coffee like six in the morning.

[Luke picks up a thermos and hands it to them]

LUKE: You did not get this from me.

LORELAI: Then who do we send our kisses of gratitude to?

LUKE: The eternal question asked yet again.

RORY: Thanks Luke. Strong.

LORELAI: Yeah? Hello.

TAYLOR: All right, folks. Everybody on the floor. We're two minutes away. I repeat, everybody on the floor, we are two minutes away.

[On the dance floor, Kirk and his partner walk up to Lorelai and Rory]

KIRK: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Kirk.

KIRK: Good luck to you.

LORELAI: And to you.

[Kirk and his partner walk away]

LORELAI: He's going down.

RORY: I hate to bring this up.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Kirk has very little in his life.

LORELAI: Uh huh.

RORY: He has no career, no girlfriend, no pet, no car. He lives with his mother, she won't even let him have his own key. The only thing he does have in his whole lonely pathetic existence is this marathon. If we win, if we take him down, if we take away that last little piece of dignity, then we leave him with nothing.

LORELAI: I wonder if he'll cry.

RORY: My mother, the Howard Roark of Stars Hollow.

TAYLOR: All right, everybody, grab your partners, make sure your numbers are securely fastened,

and let the countdown begin!

EVERYONE: Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one!

TAYLOR: It's showtime!

[All the couples start dancing]

[Babette taps Morey on the shoulder]

BABETTE: I'm done, let's go.

MOREY: Okay.

CUT TO LATER IN THE MARATHON

[Six hours have passed. Kirk and his partner dance by Lorelai and Rory]

LORELAI: Hey Kirk, relax. Dancing's supposed to be fun.

KIRK: You know what will be fun, Lorelai? Jogging around your prostrate body with that shiny temple of silver importance hoisted in the air for all to see. That will be fun. [dances away]

LORELAI: Do you think serious Kirk is more disturbing than non-serious Kirk?

RORY: Actually, I think they're both about the same.

LORELAI: Come on.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Follow me.

[they dance over to Dean]

DEAN: Wow, you guys look great.

RORY: Hey, you came.

DEAN: Hey, you're standing.

LORELAI: Hey, we had coffee.

DEAN: I can tell. So, how's it going?

RORY: Oh, it's been pretty quiet so far. However, I do believe ▯

ANDREW: [in background] You went out with Liam Neeson! Are you kidding me?

LORELAI: Right on time!

ANDREW: Why would you ever tell me that you went out with Liam Neeson? Why would you do that?

WOMAN: Because I was trying to be honest.

ANDREW: I don't believe that A, you actually went out with Liam Neeson, and B, that you would choose to tell me now at this moment that you went out with Liam Neeson!

WOMAN: Andrew!

ANDREW: No!

WOMAN: Andrew!

ANDREW: I can't stand Liam Neeson! [storms off]

RORY: See, fun!

LORELAI: And no one's even thrown up yet.

DEAN: Okay, well, uh, I'm just gonna go sit over there and watch for awhile. Maybe I'll get lucky.

RORY: Great.

LORELAI: Well, that's sweet. Spectator Ken.

RORY: Just keep dancing, you.

[Kirk dances by and flips his partner]

LORELAI: Flip all you want, pal. This ain't the Olympics. It's who's left standing at the end that matters, not how fancy you are getting there.

[Kirk and his partner dance away]

LORELAI: Let me flip you.

RORY: No way.

LORELAI: Come on!

RORY: You are not flipping me.

LORELAI: Fine.

RORY: Fine.

LORELAI: You flip me.

RORY: No need, you've already flipped.

LORELAI: One cartwheel.

RORY: Silence.

[Jess and Shane walk across the dance floor to the bleachers]

TAYLOR: Unauthorized persons on the dance floor. Unauthorized persons on the dance floor. Security! Security! Security!

LORELAI: Well, look who's suddenly interested in dance.

RORY: Yeah, he's a regular Martha Graham.

[Rory watches Jess and Shane kiss]

CUT TO LATER IN THE MARATHON

[Fourteen hours have passed. Everyone is tired and dancing very slowly. Rory is trying to sleep on Lorelai's shoulder. Lorelai sees Kirk dancing toward them.]

LORELAI: [to Rory] Kirk.

RORY: Mm?

[they start dancing more lively until Kirk passes by]

RORY: How much longer?

LORELAI: Oh, chin up soldier. We should be getting a break pretty soon.

RORY: I hope so.

[Jackson and Sookie dance over to them]

JACKSON: Oh good, there she is.

SOOKIE: Jackson, please.

LORELAI: Hey guys.

JACKSON: Well, hey to you, too. Listen, I wanted to ask you, what do you think of my hair?

LORELAI: What?

JACKSON: My hair. How's it look to you? Any opinion?

LORELAI: It looks fine.

SOOKIE: Jackson, you're overacting.

JACKSON: You think? How about you, Lorelai? You think I'm overreacting?

LORELAI: Jackson, what?

[a horn sounds]

LORELAI: Oh my God.

RORY: What, what?

LORELAI: The runaround.

RORY: The runaround? That does not sound good.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, baby. I'm so, so sorry.

TAYLOR: Ladies and Gentlemen, on your marks. . .get set. . .and go!

[all the dancers start running in a circle around the gym]

TAYLOR: Round and round they go, but when the song stops, nobody knows! But the last five couples that finish behind the red line are automatically out, so hold onto your partner and move, move, move!

MISS PATTY: You're getting too much pleasure out of this, Taylor.

[Jackson and Sookie are running behind Lorelai and Rory]

JACKSON: Hey Lorelai, just wondering, how's my running? Got an opinion on that?

LORELAI: Jackson, what's going on?

SOOKIE: Nothing. He's mad at me and he's taking it out on you.

JACKSON: Oh, I'm not mad. I just didn't realize that when I married Sookie, I also married you. I didn't realize I was a Mormon, my mistake.

RORY: I need to interject for one second to tell you that I hate you!

LORELAI: Thanks, honey.

SOOKIE: Quit trying to drag Lorelai into this.

JACKSON: Fine, I will. [walks off the dance floor]

SOOKIE: Jackson, wait! Yellow cards, right here! I've got them for the both of us. We'll be right back! [follows after him]

TAYLOR: One of you is supposed to stay here. Hey!

RORY: I think I'm going to die.

LORELAI: Me first.

RORY: How much longer?

LORELAI: I don't know. I just know that every year I block this part out.

RORY: From now on I'm going to remind you of it.

[Lorelai notices Kirk running right on their heels]

LORELAI: Kirk, what are you doing?

KIRK: I'm drafting you.

LORELAI: Well, stop it!

KIRK: You can't tell me where to run!

LORELAI: Kirk, I swear to God, don't make me come back there!

[a horn sounds]

TAYLOR: Ten minute break everyone, ten minute break. Well run. Ten minute break, everyone. Ten minute break.

[Several people, including Lorelai and Rory, collapse on the gym floor; Rory starts moving her leg around]

LORELAI: What are you doing?

RORY: I'm trying to kick you but I can't reach.

LORELAI: I would help you but I can't move.

RORY: Can I owe you one?

LORELAI: Yeah, no problem. Okay, okay, heart returning to normal. I have to go find Jackson and Sookie.

RORY: I'll get us a couple of sandwiches.

LORELAI: Good idea. [they stand up] This is fun, huh?

RORY: Uh huh, big fun.

CUT TO MISS PATTY'S

[Jess walks up to Lane's table]

JESS: So, not dancing?

LANE: Nope.

JESS: Why not? Too cool?

LANE: Go away, Jess. No one asked for a Tony Manero wannabe to drop by.

JESS: Hey, I'm just here for the food.

LANE: [hands him a sandwich] Here, enjoy, buh-bye.

JESS: I noticed Rory's not dancing with Dean.

LANE: Nothing gets past you, does it.

JESS: How come? Trouble in paradise?

LANE: Rory's dancing with her mother. Nothing's wrong with her and Dean, and you're blocking my sandwiches from the rest of the room.

JESS: I know. They're erecting a statue to me in the park next week.

MRS. KIM: Who are you?

JESS: Jess. . . ma'am.

MRS. KIM: [to Lane] Scoop more.

[Mrs. Kim walks away. Rory and Dean walk up to the table]

RORY: The sandwiches are for the dancers.

JESS: I'm dancing on the inside.

RORY: What are you doing here?

JESS: I live here.

RORY: You have nothing better to do than to sit around inside a gymnasium all day staring at a dance marathon?

JESS: I don't know. [to Dean] Do you have nothing better to do than sit inside a gymnasium all day staring at a dance marathon?

DEAN: I wouldn't direct any sort of comment toward me if I were you.

JESS: I'm just trying to support my town.

RORY: Good, then go back to New York.

JESS: Ooh. Zing. I've been snapped.

RORY: You think you're bugging me sitting in front of me staring like that?

JESS: You think you're bugging me dancing in front of me staring like that?

RORY: I'm not staring at you.

JESS: Then how do you know I'm staring at you?

RORY: I am dancing. I cannot control where my glance goes. And the few moments that I can control it, my glance goes to Dean, not to you.

JESS: So you can't control when you look at me, but you have to force yourself to look at him? Sorry, man. That's cold.

DEAN: My former comment still stands.

RORY: Go home.

JESS: No, thanks.

RORY: Then get out of my way.

JESS: Didn't realize I was in your way. There you go. It's all yours. God help you.

[Shane walks over to them]

SHANE: Where did you go? I've been sitting out there for twenty minutes.

JESS: The break's only for ten.

SHANE: It's just a saying.

JESS: I came to get food.

SHANE: Good, I'm starved.

RORY: The food is for the dancers.

SHANE: Who are you, Bobby Brady? Get a life.

JESS: Rory's feeling a little territorial today.

SHANE: Whatever. God, what is this thing?

DEAN: Rory, get your stuff and let's go.

JESS: Ooh, that was good. Now say "then get in there and make me my supper."

RORY: I got them.

DEAN: Come on.

JESS: See you in there. [they leave] I'm gonna get a soda.

CUT TO INSIDE THE GYMNASIUM

[Lorelai walks up to Luke's coffee table]

LORELAI: Have you seen Sookie and Jackson?

LUKE: Nope.

LORELAI: I've looked everywhere for them.

LUKE: Have you tried the insane asylum where everybody in this room is supposed to be?

[Jackson and Sookie walk up to them]

JACKSON: Okay, I need to say something here.

LORELAI: Oh, I've been looking all over for you.

SOOKIE: I wish you would just drop this.

JACKSON: Contrary to your belief, there are some things in life that you do not have the right to have an opinion on.

LORELAI: What?

JACKSON: And the rate at which I have kids and the amount of kids I wish to have falls directly under that category

LORELAI: Sookie, what did you tell him?

SOOKIE: Okay, you see, once again, my communication skills □ not so good.

LORELAI: Jackson, I didn't mean to get involved in any of this.

JACKSON: No? Telling Sookie that she needs to immediately inform me that four in four is crazy?

LORELAI: Aw, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Yeah, it did come out something like that.

LORELAI: Aw man.

LUKE: What's four in four?

LORELAI: Four kids in four years.

LUKE: That is crazy.

JACKSON: Oh good, yes, let's open this up to even more discussion.

LUKE: One kid in four years is crazy.

JACKSON: Hey.

LUKE: Sorry, go ahead, drop another sucker in this mess.

LORELAI: Okay, raise your hand if you're not helping.

JACKSON: Does anyone here understand that a man has a right not to have his personal life debated in a public forum? I am not Winona Ryder.

SOOKIE: Well, I know that.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, Jackson, I didn't mean ▯

JACKSON: My child-bearing arrangements are between me and Sookie.

LUKE: And the Lord. Still not helping?

SOOKIE: Jackson, just please calm down.

JACKSON: I will calm down. I'll calm down at home.

SOOKIE: But what about the contest?

JACKSON: To hell with the contest! I'm quitting the contest. That is, if it's okay with Lorelai, or Luke, or that strange man in the corner who I've never met. Excuse me, strange man in the corner? Is it okay if I quit this contest? [storms off]

SOOKIE: I'm so sorry. I got tongue-tied and things just started coming out and I couldn't stop them and. . .

LORELAI: Go.

SOOKIE: Jackson, honey, wait! [runs after him]

LUKE: Oh, they're gonna make great parents.

TAYLOR: All dancers back on the dance floor. All dancers back on the dance floor.

[Rory walks up to Lorelai and hands her a sandwich]

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Let's go.

CUT TO LATER IN THE MARATHON

[Twenty-three hours have passed. Taylor is drunk at the podium, babbling to Miss Patty]

TAYLOR: And then I'd say 'what is this in your ear' and I'd pull out a bright shiny penny and then whole room would laugh and clap.

MISS PATTY: Yeah, I'm sure they did, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Yeah. Have you ever levitated a rottweiler?

MISS PATTY: No.

TAYLOR: Not easy. But in a cape with a wand and a shiny black top hat. . .

[Taylor falls asleep. Patty tries to take his megaphone, but he wakes up]

TAYLOR: What are you doing?

MISS PATTY: Well, I was just. . .

TAYLOR: You tried to take my megaphone.

MISS PATTY: No, I just didn't want you to drop it.

TAYLOR: No one touches my megaphone. No one.

MISS PATTY: What do you mean □

TAYLOR: Guards!

MISS PATTY: - no one touches your megaphone?

TAYLOR: Guards!

MISS PATTY: [pokes the megaphone] How's that. . .take that!

TAYLOR: Hey! Hey!

[cut to Lorelai and Rory on the dance floor]

LORELAI: Tell me a joke.

RORY: Knock knock.

LORELAI: [giggles] That was a good one. Ow!

RORY: You okay?

LORELAI: Oh no!

RORY: What?

LORELAI: My heel broke.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: My heel just broke off. Damn, these are brand new shoes, too.

RORY: They were made in 1943.

LORELAI: Well, I just bought them Tuesday.

RORY: I told you not to wear vintage shoes.

LORELAI: But the lady at the store said that they hadn't been worn a lot.

RORY: Yeah, but not a lot in sixty years is still a lot.

LORELAI: I gotta fix them. I'll use my emergency card. I'll be right back.

RORY: No, stop. If you leave, there's no way I'll be able to stand up on my own.

LORELAI: Ten minutes.

RORY: Nighty-night.

LORELAI: Fine, hold on. Dean, come here! Dean!

RORY: What are you doing?

[Dean walks over to them]

DEAN: Is everything okay?

LORELAI: Yeah, it's great. Stand here.

[Lorelai drapes Rory's arm across Dean]

DEAN: Whoa.

LORELAI: Look, I'll be back in ten minutes. Do not let her stop or lay down, do you understand me?

DEAN: But I ▯

LORELAI: I need you, Dean. The team needs you.

DEAN: What team?

LORELAI: Pick a team ▯ it needs you. I'll be right back.

[Lorelai walks away]

RORY: I'm really sorry about this.

DEAN: Yeah, uh, it's okay.

RORY: Are you sure?

DEAN: Yeah. Actually, it's not bad at all.

[cut to Luke's coffee table]

LUKE: [to woman on the bleachers] I think that one's a goner, Miss.

[Lorelai walks up to him holding the heel of her shoe]

LORELAI: Hey, my shoe broke.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: I need you to fix it.

LUKE: Do I look like a cobbler to you?

LORELAI: If I say yes, will you fix my shoe?

LUKE: Let me see it.

LORELAI: I only have ten minutes □ please.

LUKE: I think I have some glue back at the diner.

LORELAI: Glue, yes □ we love glue!

LUKE: I wouldn't say that too loudly if I were you.

LORELAI: Thank you.

[Luke leaves, Sookie walks up to Lorelai]

SOOKIE: Hey. Are you guys out?

LORELAI: No, my shoe broke. Luke's fixing it.

SOOKIE: Oh, good. Listen, I just feel terrible about what happened.

LORELAI: I know. How's Jackson?

SOOKIE: Oh, he's fine. We went home, and he calmed down, and we talked. He totally understands and he's open to anything I want.

LORELAI: That's great.

SOOKIE: Now, tell me what I want.

LORELAI: No way.

SOOKIE: But I'm not sure.

LORELAI: Then flip a coin □cause I am staying so far out of this.

SOOKIE: You're my best friend.

LORELAI: Yes, I am, and I can only remain your best friend as long as Jackson doesn't k*ll me.

SOOKIE: Lorelai. . .

LORELAI: Sookie, he's a produce man. They'll never find the body, but the squash will be especially chatty that year.

SOOKIE: Okay, fair enough.

LORELAI: Hey, take your time. That's it. That's all I have to say.

SOOKIE: Thank you.

[Luke returns with the glue]

LUKE: Got it.

LORELAI: Ah, good.

SOOKIE: Well, I'm going home to figure out what I want. Good luck. Call me tomorrow.

LORELAI: I will.

[Sookie leaves]

LUKE: So, how's that situation going?

LORELAI: Oh, it'll be okay.

LUKE: Good. Uh, listen, uh, I didn't really mean all that stuff I said earlier.

LORELAI: What stuff?

LUKE: Uh, the kid stuff, you know.

LORELAI: Oh, it's no big deal.

LUKE: Yeah, I know, I just. . .I'm not really as anti-kid as I might have come off.

LORELAI: Drop another sucker in. . .

LUKE: Okay, yes. I don't always have the patience for them. They tend to be a little squishy, and that freaks me out a little.

LORELAI: You don't have to want kids, Luke. Or like kids. It's not for everybody.

LUKE: I know, but. . .although I'm quite happy going an entire day without having to deal with somebody else's bodily functions, if I ever happen to meet the right person. . .well, it would be a discussion.

LORELAI: A discussion.

LUKE: Yes. Probably a short discussion, but still. Here, hold this. So what about you □ you ever think about having another kid?

LORELAI: Oh, I don't know how much fun it would be without biology finals and headgear. . . but sure, if I ever happen to meet the right person, another kid might be nice.

[they stare at each other for a moment]

LUKE: Your shoe'll be ready in a minute

LORELAI: Thank you.

CUT TO MISS PATTY'S

[Lane is sitting out front. She gets up and walks back inside to the food table, and Dave walks up to her]

DAVE: One sandwich please.

LANE: Hi.

DAVE: Hi.

LANE: What are you doing here?

DAVE: Uh, well, you mentioned this thing last time we talked and it sounded very Blue Velvet so I figured I would come by and check it out.

LANE: What do you think?

DAVE: Uh, I think you held back.

LANE: Yeah, well. . .

DAVE: Anyhow, I hadn't seen you in awhile, and I thought I'd come down and maybe we could figure something out on this band issue.

LANE: Sure, we could do that.

DAVE: Plus, I missed you.

LANE: You did? You missed me?

DAVE: Well, yeah. Did you miss me?

LANE: Oh, yeah, definitely. I definitely, definitely missed you.

DAVE: Glad and relieved to hear it.

[Mrs. Kim walks over to them]

MRS. KIM: Who are you, what do you want?

LANE: Mama.

MRS. KIM: Do you know this boy?

LANE: Well □

DAVE: Uh, no, actually, I just heard a bunch of people talking outside about the sandwiches and I thought that I would come in and maybe try one. I'm sorry, may I? [Mrs. Kim hands him a sandwich] Thank you. [takes a bite] That's delicious.

LANE: Really?

DAVE: May I have another one for later please?

MRS. KIM: Yes, that's fine. Take another one.

DAVE: Thank you. You know, my parents would love these sandwiches. I wish I could bring them by but unfortunately they're in private bible study right now.

MRS. KIM: Bible study?

DAVE: Say, how long are you serving?

MRS. KIM: Why?

DAVE: Well, I thought that if they got out in time I could bring them on over.

MRS. KIM: Well, the bread is only good for another twenty minutes, after that there's no point. You chip a tooth.

DAVE: Okay. So if I can get my parents back here in twenty minutes, then you'll still be serving, but in thirty you're done?

MRS. KIM: That's right.

DAVE: Great. So if for some reason I'm not back here in twenty minutes, that means that I'm gonna be over there, on the church steps, waiting for my parents to get out so that I can tell them about the great sandwiches that they missed. Okay? Okay, great. Thanks a lot and I hope to see you soon. [leaves]

MRS. KIM: I hope he comes back. He seemed hungry.

CUT TO INSIDE THE GYM

[Rory and Dean are still dancing. Jess and Shane sitting on the bleachers]

RORY: He's still there.

DEAN: What?

RORY: Jess. He's still there. I can't believe he's still there.

DEAN: Just ignore him.

RORY: Yeah. You know, this is a dance marathon. You're not supposed to come and sit and watch, you're supposed to dance. He's just trying to bug me, sitting there right in front of me, staring. Jerk.

SHANE: I'm bored.

JESS: Okay.

[they start kissing]

RORY: There they go again! God, I swear, why can't they just get a room? Or forget a room □ get a park bench, or a doorway, or even a strategically placed telephone pole would probably suffice. I mean, girls like Shane □ what is it with them? Don't they see what they look like? I know they have mirrors.

JESS: Hey, you talking about me?

RORY: No.

JESS: I heard you mention Shane.

RORY: Shane isn't you.

JESS: Shane concerns me.

RORY: Shane concerns me, too □ and all women, for that matter.

JESS: You got a problem here?

RORY: Nope. Just a little sick of seeing the two of you sitting there. If you're not gonna participate, then why don't you just leave?

SHANE: That works for me. Let's go.

JESS: No.

RORY: Why not?

JESS: Because I'm not ready to go.

RORY: Oh really?

JESS: Yes, really. I'm gonna sit here as long as I like, and I'm gonna do whatever I like, and if you don't like it, then just ignore me and pay attention to your boyfriend.

DEAN: Sorry, she can't. I'm not her boyfriend anymore.

RORY: What?

DEAN: You know, I tried to ignore this. I really did, but I don't know what the hell I was thinking.

RORY: What are you talking about?

DEAN: You don't wanna be with me, Rory.

RORY: Yes, I do.

DEAN: Oh, please! You've been into him since he got to town, and I have spent weeks □ months, actually □ trying to convince myself that it wasn't true, that everything was fine between us. But now I know that I was an idiot. You're into him and he's into you, and Shane, who by the way, should be listening to this □cause it's so damn obvious.

RORY: What's obvious? What did I do?

DEAN: Everyone can see, Rory! Everyone. And I'm tired, but I'm over it, so go ahead, go. Be together. There's nothing standing in your way now, 'cause I'm out.

[Dean grabs his jacket from the bleachers and leaves]

TAYLOR: I don't see a yellow card. I don't see a yellow card. Excuse me, young lady. . .whose name I don't remember right now. . .ugh, no one listens to me.

MISS PATTY: I know, honey.

CUT TO THE BRIDGE

[Rory is sitting on the bridge as Jess walks up to her]

JESS: Dean's a jerk. Yelling at you like that, breaking up in front of everybody. . .the guy's a total jerk.

RORY: No, he's not. He's right. Everything he said. All those things about you and me, all those things about me lying to him, and messing with his head. He was right. Well, wasn't he? Fine, he was right about me, then. Now go away.

JESS: He was right. . . about all of it.

RORY: So, what now?

JESS: You're definitely broken up with Dean?

RORY: Yeah, I'm definitely broken up with Dean.

JESS: Okay. I have to go take care of something then.

CUT TO INSIDE THE GYMNASIUM

[Only two couples are left: Kirk and his partner, and another couple. The woman of the other couple falls to the ground]

KIRK: They're out! They're out! We won! We won! [runs over to Miss Patty and wakes her up]

MISS PATTY: Oh, oh, oh. Taylor, wake up! It's over. Taylor, blow the horn.

TAYLOR: [asleep on some chairs] . . .a quarter right out of your ear.

MISS PATTY: Taylor, the horn. Oh, for Pete's Sake. [Patty blows the air horn] Okay, Ladies and Gentlemen, we have a winner!

[Lorelai rushes over to them]

LORELAI: Wait, what are you doing? I'm here, I'm standing, I used my yellow card!

KIRK: I win, I win! I win, I win, I win, I win!

LORELAI: You didn't win! I'm still here! Patty, where's Rory?

MISS PATTY: Oh, she ran off the floor a little while ago, honey.

LORELAI: What? No!

KIRK: Yes!

MISS PATTY: For the fifth year in a row, ladies and gentlemen, the marathon winner is Donna Delain and Kirk!

[Lorelai sees Rory across the gym, and she walks over to her]

LORELAI: Rory, what happened? Where did you go? [sees that Rory is crying] Oh, Rory, honey! Oh.

[Lorelai and Rory hug while Kirk runs around the gym with the trophy]

THE END

Powered by phpBB® Forum Software © phpBB Limited

All times are UTC-05:00

Page **1** of **1**