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06x03 - The UnGraduate

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06x03 - The UnGraduate

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by **bunniefuu**

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(OPEN in Lorelai's living room, morning. Lorelai is sleeping and PA is lying on the floor near by. Lorelai wakes up and get's out of bed)

LORELAI: (to PA) Hi! Lets get us a little breakfast. Come on. Come, Paul Anka.

(CUT to Lorelai's kitchen, continuous. PA enters the kitchen and sits on a chair. Lorelai follows him and proceeds to prep up what seems to be a breakfast bouffe)

(CUT to outside of Lorelai's house, continuous. The construction crew is working on the house while Lorelai walks out on the porch)

LORELAI: (to workers) Breakfast! Get it while it's room temperature and nutrient-free!

(CUT to Lorelai's kitchen, continuous. The crew is crammed in the kitchen helping themselves to breakfast)

LORELAI: Milk, cream, and sugar's on the table. Flo's got coffee. Who needs a jolt?

WORKER1: I do.

LORELAI: OK. (pours him coffee) Inspect the bagels closely, because the expiration date was in Braille, apparently, and either they're new or from my baby shower. I'm also sorry to report that we are currently out of the brown sugar cinnamon pop-tarts..(hold up the pop-tart bag)

WORKERS: (disappointed) Ohh!

LORELAI: Huh! Don't "ohh!" me. You guys've been playing favourites all week and now it's time to pay the piper. So someone be a man, suck it up and start eating the shredded wheat. (puts the new box of pop tarts on the table)

WORKERS: (they groan) Ah...come on...

LORELAI: Cowards. (a worker extends his watch hand to pet PA who's still sitting on the chair, Lorelai stops him) Oh, hey, ooh! Remember, people, only pet the dog with your non-watch hand. In case you don't remember: Watches cause him to freak out, jump up on the counter, and kick my once-working toaster across the room.

LUKE: (entering the kitchen holding a big box from Luke's) Your muffins.

LORELAI: My...what?

LUKE: You left me an urgent message about needing muffins.

LORELAI: Oh, Right! (to workers) Muffins, boys!

LUKE: These were for them?

LORELAI: Oh, no. They were for me. I thought I'd try to eat my weight in muffins today.

LUKE: Does the dog have to sit in the chair like that?

LORELAI: Like what? His posture's perfect.

LUKE: Chairs are for people.

LORELAI: Not that chair. That's Paul Anka's chair.

LUKE: Dogs are filthy. They have fleas and malaria on them. You shouldn't have fleas and malaria in the room that you're gonna eat in.

LORELAI: I don't eat in here, (pointing to the workers) they do.

LUKE: (to workers) Enjoying your free breakfast there, fellas? Nice free coffee there, Craig. Nice free muffin there, Benny.

LORELAI: Gee, Luke. I don't think they know what you're getting at.

LUKE: OK. That's good. You done here? Cause Tom wants to talk to us.

(CUT to outside of Lorelai's house, continuous. Luke and Lorelai walk on the porch. TJ is walking amongst the workers bossing them around. Tom is also around)

TJ: All right, Norman. I'm gonna need you to find me some cr*ppe studs for that bearing wall we're putting in.

Cause once that sucker's vertical, we got to be ready to nail in those joists.

TOM: Just keep doing what you're doing there, and then bring those tools up to Chick.

TJ: So, Steve, later today we're gonna need to dig a footing drain all around the perimeter about 5 feet deep.

That ought to keep the basement dry. Hey Jim...(walks away)

STEVE: (to Tom) This house doesn't have a basement.

TOM: No, it certainly does not. (Tom approaches Luke and Lorelai who are standing on the porch)

LUKE: OK! This is ridiculous. How long are you gonna let TJ think that he's the contractor?

LORELAI: To the very end, my friend.

LUKE: This is stupid. We have to tell him the truth.

LORELAI: No, look how happy he is strutting around in his tool belt and shiny silver helmet. You know he polishes that thing every night after work?

LUKE: Really?

LORELAI: Yes, really! With real silver polish. That's what he thinks silver polish is for: to polish anything that's silver. I think that's adorable.

TOM: And the good news is, he's got terrible instincts. But he combines that with absolutely zero follow-through, so it all works out in the end.

LORELAI: (to Luke) Huh? Terrible instincts, zero follow-through... all the qualities you want in a good pretend contractor.

LUKE: But we're paying TJ a contractor's salary to do a job that he's not actually doing. And you're paying Tom an extra 10% to pretend he's not doing a job that TJ thinks he's doing but Tom is actually doing. You should hire Blake Edwards as your contractor.

TOM: Oh, no! TJ'S playing with the circular saw. (runs towards TJ)

LUKE: (mumbling) Oh, man...

LORELAI: What!...Tom will get to him before he even finds the "on" switch.

LUKE: We're going to tell him.

LORELAI: Luke, he is your brother-in-law.

LUKE: Just because Liz married him.

LORELAI: Yeah, but this makes him happy. Which makes Liz happy, which will make you happy, which will make me happy.

LUKE: Well, just so you know, I'm gonna oversee this entire thing. OK? I'm gonna make sure TJ doesn't blow the house up.

LORELAI: And I appreciate that. Now will you please go make the guys an extra pot of coffee? I'm gonna go to Babette's and take a shower.

LUKE: Why? Your shower's working.

LORELAI: oh..well..yeah...we just had a little incident in here yesterday.

LUKE: What kind of an incident?

LORELAI: Nothing big. Some of the guys saw me naked.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: It's no big thing.

LUKE: How in hell did a couple of guys see you naked?

LORELAI: Well I was getting out of the shower, and Joe...

LUKE: Joe? Joe saw you naked?

LORELAI: And Pete.

LUKE: Pete!

LORELAI: Well Pete was with Joe, and then Slim...

LUKE: Slim saw you naked?!

LORELAI: Well I could see him, so I assume he could see me. Billy had the best view, just a straight shot right down main street.

LUKE: So four guys saw you naked?

LORELAI: Well if you don't count Teddy, then

yes!

LUKE: What in the hell were those guys doing up there in the first place?

LORELAI: TJ accidentally sent them up.

LUKE: I'm gonna k*ll him.

LORELAI: Luke, it was no big deal. Please! We all laughed about it. Look, from now on, I'm showering at Babette's, so show's over. No one sees the goods but you. OK?

(Lorelai kisses Luke and exits. She walk past Norman who then approaches Luke, pats him on the back and gives him an approving nod. Luke does not look pleased)

(OPENING CREDITS)

(CUT to Gilmore mansion dining room, morning. Rory and Emily are sitting at the table, having breakfast. A maid serves them)

RORY: They're good.

EMILY: They're stale. And the blueberries aren't even blue. They're red. My God! These blueberries are red!

RORY: They're raspberries.

EMILY: Well the box said they were blueberry. It was printed right on the side.

RORY: Actually, I was in the kitchen, and the box said...

EMILY: (cuts Rory off) She just kills me, that woman.

RORY: It really wasn't as provocative as you think, Grandma.

EMILY: (picks up a piece of paper and starts reading from it) "On my last visit to the office, I noticed the foliage on the right side of the entrance looked a little peaked. We might want to let the gardener know. Ta, ladies."

RORY: Again. It's not exactly Martin Luther nailing the 95 theses to a door.

EMILY: It's implying that I have no control over my hirelings at the DAR. I'm the president. The foliage on the right side of the door, which looks fine, by the way, is my responsibility. This is a direct frontal as*ult on my leadership. The woman's plotting a coup.

RORY: This is Constance, right?

EMILY: Constance Betterton. Ever since the Mastersons' Christmas party, when I mentioned that Constance's husband sells used cars for a living, which he does - he calls them "pre-owned", but

they are used - she's had it in for me. She's gonna run against me in the next election. You don't try to oust a president of the DAR, after one term. It's an insult!

RORY: I think you will beat her handily.

EMILY: Did I tell you she tried to push me down the stairs once?

RORY: Look, Grandma. Don't worry. You have someone on the inside now.

RORY: I do? Who?

RORY: Me.

EMILY: Oh. Yes!

RORY: I'll keep an eye on Constance, from now on. Let you know when she comes in, when she uses the computer, when she's inspecting the landscaping...

EMILY: Well, that's wonderful! But stay out of the stairwell.

RORY: Will do.

EMILY: (starts eating her breakfast) Mmm! Raspberry. I like raspberry!

(CUT to Community Service, morning. Rory is walking around doing her Community service with great ease and determination. She seems to have taken up a leading role in the whole garbage picking thing)

COMMUNITY WORKER1: Twist ties?

RORY: Twist ties over there. Is that bag half full or half empty, Jules? Oh, you're making me an optimist, my friend.

LIZA: (walks up to Rory) Rory?

RORY: Liza?

LIZA: (needy) Rory?

RORY: No! We agreed. Not until the end of your shift.

LIZA: But, I don't think the patch works on me. (she lifts her shirt a bit to reveal her stomach, and we see she's wearing several nicotine patches)

RORY: That is like a billion milligrams of nicotine.

LIZA: Is that bad?

RORY: Just, go sit by the cooler, have some water, and take those off. (Liza walks away)

ROAD SUPERVISOR: (approaches Rory) Problem?

RORY: No. I just told her to get water. She seems really dehydrated.

ROAD SUPERVISOR: Looks pretty good.

RORY: Yeah! I think we've hit a really good rhythm here. I've paired up Rinaldi and Spiro, which worked out very efficiently. Sanderson got a little grumpy toward the end of the day, but it's 'cause he wants to be noticed, and he is by far our best spearman. Also we need to remember to pack a couple of extra trash spears tomorrow. The McFarland brothers are using the trash pickup to get out some of that pent-up aggression, which is psychologically healthy but hard on the equipment.

ROAD SUPERVISOR: Got it. So, what's it looking like?

RORY: Well, our quota's up. The kids are tired. I think it's time to call it a day.

ROAD SUPERVISOR: Do it!

RORY: All right, everybody. Let's bring it in! (the community workers start gathering their stuff)

LIZA: Hey! A bunch of the girls are going out for pizza, if you want to come.

COMMUNITY WORKER2: I'll come.

LIZA: Are you a girl?

COMMUNITY WORKER2: No.

RORY: I would, but I can't. I've got a 3-hour shift at the nursing home.

LIZA: I can't believe how much community service they stuck you with. What the hell'd you do?

RORY: I shot a man in Reno. (Liza starts laughing and after bit it turns into coughing) Give it! (Liza gives Rory a pack of cigarettes, and the girls start to walk off, while Liza is still coughing)

(CUT to Dragonfly Inn, morning. Lorelai and Paris are having some sort of lunch date at the Inn dining room. They are sitting at a table, Paris is talking and Lorelai looks bored)

PARIS: The truth is, this is the first time in my life that I've consistently spent the night with a man.

LORELAI: Uh huh...

PARIS: I don't know the rules. Obviously, the clothes have to come off for the actual sex part of the evening, but, afterward, what are you supposed to do? I mean nightgowns are obviously out, but wearing nothing seems extreme. And, in case of fire, completely impractical.

LORELAI: I'm sure.

PARIS: I wore a camisole one night. It almost strangled me. And I'm definitely not a teddy girl, so what does that leave?

LORELAI: Um...t-shirts.

PARIS: But what does a t-shirt say about me?

LORELAI: Well...

PARIS: More importantly: what does it say to Doyle about me?

LORELAI: Sweetie, it's just a t-shirt. They don't tend to be that chatty.

PARIS: I don't know. Maybe I should reconsider the "completely naked" option. After all, I'm 21. If

not now, when? I mean, right now, my ass is probably as good as it's ever going to get. I should exploit that, right?

LORELAI: Absolutely! Buy a video camera and go to town.

PARIS: You know what? I'm starting to fade here.

LORELAI: Oh, me too. Listen, it's been a terrific lunch...

PARIS: I think I'll get another espresso.

LORELAI: Actually, we're out of espresso.

PARIS: You are?

LORELAI: Yes! Uh...We shut the machine down at three o'clock to give it a rest. 'Cause it's Italian, so it's a little temperamental.

PARIS: Oh. Okay. Well, then, I guess I should...

LORELAI: (cuts Paris off)...Go? Really? Okay. Well, hmm. (she gets up and Paris follows her lead, then Lorelai starts kinda pushing Paris towards the Inn's main entrance) Sweetie, it's been a blast, again.

PARIS: OK. So, I guess I'll see you Tuesday.

LORELAI: Yeah, Tuesday. Perfect. Can't wait. Mmmmmkay. (Paris exits the Inn and Lorelai walks away)

(CUT to Dragonfly Inn kitchen, continuous. Michel is standing there doing...well nothing, as Sookie is working and Lorelai walks in)

MICHEL: Is she gone?

LORELAI: Yes, she's gone.

MICHEL: Thank God!

LORELAI: I can't believe you're in here hiding from a little girl. (walks over to the coffee pot and starts pouring some in a cup)

MICHEL: Oh, yes, you can.

LORELAI: She has a tough exterior, but on the inside Paris is...

MICHEL: Tokyo Rose!

LORELAI: She's lonely. She does not have a lot of friends.

SOOKIE: No! Shocker!

LORELAI: Sookieeeee...

SOOKIE: No! No "Sookie". She's horrible. I mean, she sends everything back twice, and she makes the waiters write down exactly what she wants me to know is wrong with the food.

MICHEL: At least you're hidden in here. I'm out there, behind a desk, exposed to all of her elements.

LORELAI: Michel!

MICHEL: She mocked my accent. She called me "Canadian".

SOOKIE: It's enough already. I won't cook for her anymore.

MICHEL: (distasteful) Lunches.

SOOKIE: Twice a week for three weeks?

MICHEL: They are creepy. The next thing you know, you'll be carrying Emmanuel Lewis around on your shoulders.

SOOKIE: We don't have time for this, Lorelai. We have a wedding this week. I've got a menu to plan and a cake to design. I don't have time to map out the fish patterns for my wild salmon.

LORELAI: OK, OK! I'm sorry if she's bothering you guys. I... What can I do? I gave her my cell phone number. I told her to call, I just didn't think she'd use it sooo often.

SOOKIE: Well, cut it off.

LORELAI: I feel sorry for her.

MICHEL: No one likes to be pitied.

LORELAI: Fine. I have to cut it off. I know. I will.

MICHEL: Do you promise?

LORELAI: I promise.

SOOKIE: Good! Because I've got a lot of work to do. And we've got a ton of planning to do for this wedding next week, and the menu's a mess, and the cake... (gasps) I was thinking about doing a red velvet cake, but I don't know. And I'm using this wedding as a trial run, so it has to be perfect.

LORELAI: A trial run for what?

SOOKIE: For your wedding.

LORELAI: oh.

SOOKIE: Yeah...Which will be when?

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: When?

LORELAI: When what?

SOOKIE: When will you be getting married? I'm gonna need a date.

LORELAI: we...We haven't set one yet.

SOOKIE: well...I had Michel black out all of July for next year.

LORELAI: You what!

SOOKIE: I figured you and Luke for an outdoorsy summer wedding.

LORELAI: Who and Luke?

SOOKIE: July 23rd is my pick, but I am flexible.

LORLAI: Michel, unblack it out.

MICHEL: I told you.

LORELAI: "I told you" what?

MICHEL: I told her that you were not getting married.

LORELAI: I am getting married.

SOOKIE: (disappointed and a bit shocked) You were right. You called it.

MICHEL: The woman can't commit to a purse, much less a man.

LORELAI: I am getting married.

SOOKIE: I am so naive. I believed.

MICHEL: Live and learn.

LORELAI: Hey! I am getting married. I am. We will set a date. And we will get married on that date. And I've had the same purse for almost a year, thank you very much.

MICHEL: Of course. My mistake. Now let me go cancel your wedding plans. (exits)

LORELAI: (calls after Michel) Those are not my wedding plans. They are Sookie's wedding plans.

SOOKIE: Well! Fine, then! What are your wedding plans?

LORELAI: They haven't been formalized, yet.

SOOKIE: What does that mean?

LORELAI: Sookie, come on! I got men running around my house, a completely destroyed bedroom. Things are crazy right now. When they calm down, and Luke and I get a chance to breathe, we will talk and set the date. Until then, can we drop it, please?

SOOKIE: Fine. It's dropped.

MICHEL: (runs in the kitchen) She's back! She's coming back!

SOOKIE: No!

LORELAI: Why?!

MICHEL: I don't know why. Maybe she left her phone or her spell book. All I know is she's heading

back toward the Inn, and I'm not going out until she leaves.

LORELAI: Michel, you're being ridiculous. You're a grown man and you have a job to do.

MICHEL: So do you. And I don't see you rushing out.

LORELAI: Well, I can't, 'cause I'm not done with my coffee yet. (holds up her cup) Mmm! Good to the last drop.

(CUT to DAR office, morning. Rory is sitting at her desk typing something on her PC. The phone rings. Rory picks it up)

RORY: Daughters Of The American Revolution. Mrs. Tarkington, yes. I've got your application right here. Sandra Tarkington. Um...I guess we just need to make 100% sure that you're related to a verifiable patriot, because we couldn't substantiate it on our end. Well, see, that's the thing. The fact that you found a musket in your great-uncle's attic doesn't necessarily mean you're related to a revolutionary w*r patriot. Yeah. (Emily comes in the office) Unfortunately. Even if your great-uncle Nate swore on your aunt Kissy's grave that it was so. It's documented genealogy, preferably notarised. Could you hold on for a moment? (Puts the call on hold. To Emily) Psst. Where's Julia?

EMILY: Slinkd to the back after I tore down Constance's letter.

RORY: Good, 'cause I've got some gossip.

EMILY: (sits on a chair. Excited and in a co spiriting manor) My own little Valerie Plame. What's the news?

RORY: OK. So, I was at lunch with some of the girls, and I started sniffing around. Just casually asking if anyone had any funny stories about Constance.

EMILY: You sly fox!

RORY: So, one of the girls tells me that about three months ago, she was in the office with Constance, and as Constance was heading out for lunch, she stumbled and dropped her purse, and her altoids box popped open, spilling out enough funny-looking pills to fill a pharmacy. Constance claimed that they were all vitamins. Julia didn't buy it. Because he minute the pills spilled out, Constance threw herself on top of them to cover them up.

EMILY: A cover-up! That's good! That's what took Nixon down. Oh, this is so exciting! I love having a mole. We should go buy you a trench coat and fedora.

RORY: I suggested to the girls that next week we invite Constance to lunch. Get a couple drinks in her and see what comes up.

EMILY: Who knew that behind such a sweet face lurked the soul of a spy?

RORY: I prefer the term "woman of mystery and intrigue". (cell phone rings) Excuse me. (answers the phone) Hello?

PARIS: (on the phone) Rory?

RORY: Oh, hey, Paris. (Emily gets up)

PARIS: (on the phone) Hey. We need to talk. Is this a bad time? (Emily excuses herself)

RORY: (whispering to Emily) Okay. (to Paris on the phone) No, no, now's a fine time. What's up?

PARIS: (at the Yale coffee stand. Scene cuts between Paris at Yale, and Rory at the office) Good. This hard-to-reach thing was getting old.

RORY: I'm all yours, Paris.

PARIS: I have to put down a security deposit today, by five o'clock, or we lose the place.

RORY: What place?

PARIS: Our place.

RORY: Our place where?

PARIS: Our off-campus place. You're hard to reach in a myriad of ways.

RORY: Paris, we don't have a place. I'm not moving off campus with you.

PARIS: Why?

RORY: Because I no longer go to campus.

PARIS: So you're sticking with this "not going to Yale" thing of yours?

RORY: Yes, I am.

PARIS: Is this about the boat?

RORY: How do you know about the boat?

PARIS: Oh, come on. It's out there.

RORY: Out there? Why is it out there? How is it out there?

PARIS: I read about it on Rebecca Thurston's blog.

RORY: You're kidding.

PARIS: Dead serious.

RORY: I thought Rebecca Thurston's blog was just about all the guys she has sex with and how much she hates her mother.

PARIS: That's true. But the boat you guys stole belongs to Dr. Daniel Zimmerman, whose son is Jason Zimmerman, who Rebecca Thurston had sex with on her father's boat last semester.

RORY: I can't believe I'm in the blogosphere.

PARIS: Hey, see for yourself. Just Google "Rory Gilmore sex boat".

RORY: Oh, my god.

PARIS: Is it true you and Logan tried to outrace the Connecticut coast guard?

RORY: Rent the apartment, Paris. I'm not coming back to Yale.

PARIS: You know, you've put me in a very difficult position. Now what if I end up renting the room to a r*pist or serial k*ller?

RORY: I told you over two months ago that I was not coming back. And besides, i think Yale is pretty good about screening for rapists and serial K*llers.

PARIS: There was no sense of finality in our last conversation.

RORY: There was a total sense of finality.

PARIS: Well, you can believe that if you want to, but if I end up on the front page of the Hartford Courier btk'd to death, you'll know why.

RORY: Goodbye, Paris. (hangs up and sits on her desk. She sighs in frustration)

(CUT to Lorelai's house, night. At the door we see Luke's shape behind the glass window, knocking. From inside the house you can hear the laughter of a few men and Lorelai. Nobody is getting the door so Luke helps himself in)

LORELAI (OS) : OK guys, let me just get in character here. (the men laugh)

LUKE: (while coming in the house) Hello?

(CUT to Lorelai's living room, continuous. Luke walks in. Lorelai is apparently entertaining the workers)

LORELAI: (in a fake male voice) I will find you, no matter how long, no matter how far! I will find you!

LUKE: What the hell's going on here?

LORELAI: Hey, Luke. I'm just doing my Daniel Day Lewis retrospective for the guys.

NORMAN: You should see her rendition of "My Left Foot"

LUKE: Yeah. I've seen it. Thanks.

LORELAI: No, no! This time, I did it with my right foot. Totally different. Here, I'll show you. (to a worker) Pete hand me the paintbrush.

LUKE: That's okay. I'm good. Uh, you know, there's a bunch of open paint cans sitting out on the porch.

LORELAI: Yeah...They'll get to it. We didn't want the pizza to get cold. Hey! Check out this new trick we just taught Paul Anka. Hey, Paul Anka, pizza! (PA barks) Pizza, pizza! (PA barks twice) Salad. (PA doesn't bark. Lorelai and the men laugh. Luke doesn't look impressed) Good boy. Good boy. Oh, sh**t, I'm out of treats. Be right back. (she starts walking to the kitchen. Luke follows her)

(CUT to Lorelai's kitchen, continuous. Tom is sitting at the table looking over some plans and paper work. Luke and Lorelai walk in)

LUKE: You know those guys are here to work. You don't have to put a USO show on for them.

LORELAI: I know. I just want them to have a good time.

LUKE: Half of them have seen you naked. How much better a time can they have?

LORELAI: He's jealous of my popularity, Tom. (gets her purse)

TOM: Sure. I get that.

LUKE: Tom, do other clients feed their construction crews breakfast and lunch and buy them pizza and beer?

TOM: Nope.

LUKE: See.

TOM: Of course, the naked thing's been done to death.

LORELAI: All right, Tom. We're outie. Anything we need to discuss before we go?

TOM: Nope. We talked about everything but the kitchen.

LORELAI: What about the kitchen?

TOM: Well, do we want to make it bigger?

LORELAI: Why would we want to make it bigger?

TOM: Well, you might want a nice double oven or a sub-zero freezer. (Lorelai looks unmoved) There's room enough for an island and a cooking station with some stools around it for entertaining. (Lorelai looks a bit scared) You know, for dinner parties. Or maybe you want to cook a big holiday dinner. Thanksgiving or Christmas.

LORELAI: (to Luke) The strange man is scaring me.

LUKE: I think the kitchen's fine, Tom. (door opens)

TJ: (coming in the house) Okay. Everybody can relax because your trusty contractor has returned. Boy, what a trip. Traffic was terrible. It took me an entire day. Here you go, Tom. (produces a hammer from a paper bag he's holding) The mystic hammer.

TOM: Thank you, TJ.

TJ: I gotta tell ya. I don't see what's so special about it. It looks an awful lot like every other hammer we got lying around here. (hands the hammer over to Tom)

TOM: (takes the hammer) Well, that's the beauty of the mystic hammer, TJ. It looks the same, but it's completely different.

LUKE: Tom, make sure those cans are cleaned up out there, OK?

LORELAI: Oh, my god with the paint cans already.

LUKE: I almost tripped over the cans.

TOM: Don't worry, Luke. I'll take care of it.

TJ: (as he's inspecting the room, he first notices the door to Rory's room) Hey! (knocks on the door)

Did you guys know there was a room back here? (opens the door) Oh, yeah, look at this, a whole room! What a find, huh?

LUKE: (closes the door quickly. Lorelai looks uncomfortable) TJ!

TJ: Boy, if you knocked out this wall here, opened up this room, you would have a huge kitchen.

LUKE: Yeah, we don't want a huge kitchen, TJ.

TJ: Oh, then you could turn it into a weight room, or a workshop...Or, hey, a pork-smoker room. My uncle had a pork-smoker room. Big sides of pork hanging all over the place. We called it the dead-pig room.

LUKE: TJ, why don't you go out there and tell the guys they can go home.

TJ: It's not that big a job. I could have it up and running for you in a week. (Luke looks over at Lorelai a bit concerned, Lorelai is still uncomfortable and upset) All I got to do is drive over to Boston for one of those special sledgehammers Tom was telling me about, get a pig, and in about 10 minutes I...

LORELAI: (clearly upset) Just leave the room alone, OK! Just...it's fine. Leave it alone. (to Luke) Let's go. (Lorelai and Luke exit from the kitchen door)

TJ: (to Tom) Is she Jewish or something?

(CUT to a kind of gym or reception hall of some kind, night. Lane's band, Hep Alien, are in towards the end of one of their concerts. The crowd seems to be very into the band's performance. They are dancing and seem to be having a good time. The song the band was playing ends. The audience cheers and applauds)

ZACH: Whoo!

GIL: YEAH!

ZACH: Massachusetts, we love you!

GIL: We love you, man!

ZACH: We'd like to give some shout-outs before we go. First and foremost, to Pastor Tim. (indicates Pastor Tim who's standing at the side of the hall. Pastor Tim gestures in what he would consider a cool way)

GIL: Yeah! Pastor Tim! (Gil plays an honorary riff)

ZACH: Thanks for letting us rock the gym here at Whitfield Seventh Day Adventist Church.

GIL: Got into some very heavy talk with the Pastor about my soul and Ecclesiastes, and stuff, after sound check. And I got to say, if Christ comes back in fulfilment of prophecy, he's gonna be hooking up with you first, dude, 'cause you are awesome.(the crowd cheers and applauds. Pastor Tim looks a bit embarrassed but pleased)

ZACH: We would like to also thank the decoration committee, for making the AV Room look so cool. (as Lane gets up from her stool and comes to the front of the stage the crowd cheers and applauds)

GIL: Yeah! I've played the Whiskey before, man, and it's got a similar vibe. It does!

ZACH: But most important, we'd like to thank all of you for coming out to see us, letting us into your homes, and making us feel so welcome. (the crowd cheers again) We got to go!

GIL: We are going home, people!

ZACH: There are some t-shirts and stuff for sale on the table over there. We are zach, Gil, Brian, and Lane, and we are Hep Alien, and we are out of here! (they give the audience a bow, and they get one last cheer and a round of applause. The crowd starts scattering as Zach turns to Lane) We were so on, man.

LANE: We were beyond on. We were...ohh! (gives Zach a kiss)

ZACH: Cool.

GIL: Watch it, Lane. The Pastor's still hanging.

BRIAN: We were as tight as the Foo Fighters.

GIL: Tighter. Listen, if that pretentious little snot in Coldplay can walk around comparing himself to Bono, we can compare ourselves to the Foo Fighters.

LANE: I'm exhausted but exhilarated, you know. I'm not gonna sleep for months.

ZACH: (excited) Oh, cool! There's people buying t-shirts. We can get some food tonight.

GIL: Just leave money for gas.

LANE: We'll have money for gas, guys. Don't worry. Let's just drink this in. The last night of our first tour.

BRIAN: I can't believe it's over.

ZACH: I can't believe we survived. (Pastor Tim approaches the stage and calls Gil. he whispers something in his ear)

GIL: You got it, Pastor Tim. (to the rest of the band) We got to break it down, guys. They want to start setting up for bible study, tomorrow, and they need the stage for their big crucifix. (the band starts gathering their stuff. Lane looks very happy)

(CUT to Dragonfly Inn kitchen, morning. Sookie is hiding something tall from Lorelai with some steel trays)

SOOKIE: Okay, here we go. (excited) Aah! (reveals a very nice chocolate wedding cake)

LORELAI: Oooh! What is that? And where can I get one?

SOOKIE: That is my dark chocolate s'mores wedding cake.

LORELAI: You've been reading my diary.

SOOKIE: I got the idea in a dream. I was back in cooking school and late for my final, and I run over to an oven, and I open it, and sitting there is the s'mores wedding cake. And I present it to my teacher, he starts weeping, and the whole class is applauding and cheering.

LORELAI: That's so nice.

SOOKIE: Yeah! And then of course Katie Holmes and Tom Cruise come leaping out of the cake,

screaming about how amazing it is. So that made the whole thing a little creepy, but up until then...

LORELAI: Look, you've got a marshmallow bride and groom on the top!

SOOKIE: You think they'll like it?

LORELAI: I do.

SOOKIE: You think you'll like it?

LORELAI: Look, captain Ahab...

SOOKIE: Come on, set the date.

LORELAI: I will!

SOOKIE: Is there something you're not telling me? Because agreeing to marry somebody is just as big a commitment as actually marrying them. So don't think it's not.

LORELAI: I am committed. And you should be. So...

SOOKIE: This isn't a joking matter, missy. I want your wedding to be perfect, or I want nothing to do with it.

LORELAI: (mock disappointment) Oh, really? Wow. That might be a problem. Cause I was really hoping for one of those disastrous weddings where we lose both rings minutes before the ceremony and I get a nosebleed as I'm walking down the aisle. And then, later, at the reception, Luke is found in the coat-check room Jude Law-ing it with one of the bridesmaids.

MICHEL: (walks in the kitchen) Hey. I just received a call that the wedding party will not be getting in until midnight, and someone will need to be here to greet them. I would do it, but I don't want to.

LORELAI: All right, I'll do it.

MICHEL: Very well. I'll leave the...wait. Do you feel that?

LORELAI: Feel what?

MICHEL: An icy chill as if something sinister is approaching.

SOOKIE: What?

MICHEL: (hums the witch's theme from "The Wizard Of Oz") Ta-ta-ra-ta-ra-ra-Taraaaaaa

LORELAI: Gee, Michel, is Paris here?

MICHEL: Maybe she was coming up the walk when I fled. (starts walking away)

LORELAI: Where are you going?

MICHEL: In the opposite direction.(exits through the kitchen door)

SOOKIE: Paris? Paris is here? (at Michel who has already left) Oh! I get the humming now!(chuckles. Puts on a serious face and turns to Lorelai) What is she doing here?

LORELAI: We're having lunch.

SOOKIE: Really? Ordering pizza are ya?

LORELAI: No, Sookie. I'm breaking up with her today, all right? I'm ending it, like I promised, so back off.

SOOKIE: Grilled chicken and fries. That is all I'm making.(walks over to the fridge)

LORELAI: Thank you. (the kitchen staff walk in quickly telling each other to hurry up and move along in hushed voices) Apparently, the eagle has landed.(exits)

(CUT to Dragonfly's dining hall, continuous. Lorelai walks in and approaches Paris who is waiting for her)

LORELAI: Paris, hi. Good to see you. You look good. Something different? (they hug)

PARIS: I accidentally sprayed gasoline on myself at the service station.

LORELAI: Well that must be it. Come on, let's sit. (they sit at a table)

PARIS: Sorry I'm late, I was interviewing roommates. And all I can say is build an ark, 'cause it is seriously time for a flood.

LORELAI: Oh, well, you want some iced tea?(gestures to a waiter)

PARIS: I mean, forget the concept of intelligence or even the simple act of carrying on a conversation. (waiter comes over and starts filling glasses of iced tea for them) These people can't type a reference sheet. I mean they all have questionable morals, a complete distrust of soap products...(to waiter who's pouring her ice tea) in the glass, out of the glass. It's all semantics to you, right?

LORELAI: (excuses the waiter) Oh...well, I'm sure you'll find someone. You just have to keep looking.

PARIS: I guess. It's just, classes start next week, and things are already getting crazy.

LORELAI: Yeah. Boy. You sound really busy, Paris.

PARIS: I am.

LORELAI: You know, I feel a little bad, dragging you all the way out here when you have so much on your plate. I mean, talk about self-centred, huh? Think about someone else for a change, Lorelai.

PARIS: Oh, that's okay.

LORELAI: You know, I'll be totally fine if you need to cut back on our lunches.

PARIS: Cut back?

LORELAI: Cut back, cut out. Whatever you need, is fine with me.

PARIS: You know, this all sucks. I wouldn't be in this position if it weren't for Rory. She was supposed to room with me. It was all planned out. I even called her yesterday and gave her one more chance to change her mind, but no.

LORELAI: You talked to Rory yesterday?

PARIS: Yeah, I called her at the office.

LORELAI: (surprised) Office? What office?

PARIS: Her office.

LORELAI: She has an office. What is she doing?

PARIS: I don't know...Her job.

LORELAI: What job?

PARIS: Some job in an office with her grandmother.

LORELAI: Well, her grandmother does not have an office.

PARIS: Well, that's where I called her.

LORELAI: This makes no sense to me at all. What did it sound like?

PARIS: An office.

LORELAI: Yes, I know an office, but were there specific office sounds?

PARIS: I think I heard a fax machine.

LORELAI: A fax machine? Are you sure it was a fax machine?

PARIS: Pretty sure.

LORELAI: Well, were there people talking or traffic? Did you hear traffic, cause that could give us a location. (Paris looks at Lorelai suspiciously) City, the county or...what?

PARIS: So that's what this is all about. You're just using me to get to Rory?

LORELAI: Aw, Paris.

PARIS: You're pumping me full of espresso and pumping me for information.

LORELAI: No, that is not true. I'm not pumping. No pumping. We're completely pump-free.

PARIS: I'm so stupid. I mean why else would you want to have biweekly lunches with me?

LORELAI: There are many, many reasons. And they will come to me just in a second.

PARIS: I'm blind. I walk blindly through life.

LORELAI: No. Now, you're not blind.

PARIS: I'll leave. I'll go right now. (gets up)

LORELAI: Oh, Paris, please. (stops her from leaving) I'm sorry. You mentioned Rory, and a thing went off in my brain. It's just a mother thing. But I love our lunches. I really do. Please stay.

PARIS: Are you sure? Because I could just...

LORELAI: Yes. I'm completely positive. Everything's good. Now, won't you sit down? (Paris sits back on her chair) How does chicken sound, OK?

PARIS: OK. Just not too dry.

LORELAI: OK. (sighs)

PARIS: (looks around as no waiter is approaching them) The service here sucks.

(CUT to nursing home, afternoon. A few people from the nursing home are dancing around to some jazz playing from a vinyl record. Rory is supervising, apparently doing some of her Community Service)

RORY: (to a couple dancing) Very smooth, Mr. Hollister.

Mr HOLLISTER: That was the Susy-Q right into the Shorty George.

RORY: I thought it looked familiar.

Mr HOLLISTER: And after this song, I'll take you for a twirl.

RORY: Oh, I hope I can keep up. (to another couple) Watch those hands, Mr. Fink. (the record starts skipping) I'm on it. (fixes the problem. To couples dancing) You know, I can get this for you guys on CD. (the elders laugh) Oh, now, come on. It wasn't that funny. (notices someone at the door. It's Logan) Oh, my god. Hey, stranger! (walks over to him)

LOGAN: And hello to you. (they kiss)

Mr FINK: Watch those hands, Miss Gilmore.

RORY: Touche, Mr. Fink. (to Logan) What are you doing here?

LOGAN: Well, I was in Copenhagen this morning, and then I remembered I've a four o'clock Mambo class.

RORY: I'm so glad you're back. How was Europe?

LOGAN: Same as it was last year.

RORY: (noticing a bandage on Logan's finger) What did you do?

LOGAN: Long, embarrassing story. I'll tell you later.

RORY: OK. Oh, wait. Hold on. (stops the record player and addresses the elders) Okay, everyone. It is time for cake and punch. (a nursing home worker comes in with a trolley. The elders groan a bit) It's only a 15-minute break, and then it's back to the dance floor.

LOGAN: So you're Arthur Murray now?

RORY: No, I don't have that much training. Their dance teacher has an inner-ear infection. I'm just filling in. My job is to make sure nobody falls down.

LOGAN: Aaand, what if somebody does?

RORY: That's what the panic button is for. (indicating a red button on the wall)

LOGAN: (laughing) So, when does this crazy rock 'n' roll party wrap up?

RORY: Another 45 minutes. But if you get yourself some cake and punch, it'll only seem like 40.
(they kiss) I missed you.

LOGAN: That was my plan. (Rory chuckles as Logan walks away, and then changes a record on the player)

(CUT to pool house, night. Rory walks to the couch, from the kitchen bringing Logan a glass of...something wearing Logan's shirt. Logan is sitting on the couch covered up in a comforter. She gives him the glass)

LOGAN: Thank you. (takes the glass from her)

RORY: You're welcome. (settles down on the couch and covers herself with another comforter) I missed this.

LOGAN: Me too.

RORY: Oh, so you, Colin, and Finn didn't do a lot of cuddling in Europe?

LOGAN: Nah, mostly just hand-holding.

RORY: So is there any official record of this trip, or was all evidence confiscated at the airport?

LOGAN: I got pictures.

RORY: Yeah? Can I see?

LOGAN: (point to his bag) Hand me that. (puts the glass down as Rory reaches for the bag and gives it to him)

Now, you realize if I show you mine, you have to show me yours. (gets his cell phone out of the bag)

RORY: You saw mine about five minutes ago, mister.

LOGAN: Oh, I hate it when you work blue. (fiddling with his phone) Okay. Here's Colin sleeping on the train.

RORY: Uh huh...

LOGAN: And here's Finn shoving carrot sticks up Colin's nose as Colin sleeps on the train.

RORY: Very mature.

LOGAN: We try. This is Gloucestershire, England...

RORY: It's pretty.

LOGAN: ...where we attended the famous Gloucestershire Cheese-Rolling festival, a time-honoured tradition where brave men, such as myself, climb to the top of a hill with a large wheel of cheese, then proceed push it and run after it as it rolls all the way down.

RORY: Shut up. Why would you commit that to film? (takes the phone from Logan)

LOGAN: That's me, that's Colin, that's Finn, and that is the cheese.

RORY: So if you beat your cheese to the bottom of the hill, are you disqualified, or do you win?

LOGAN: There are no winners or losers in the Gloucestershire Cheese-Rolling festival.

RORY: Well there certainly aren't any winners.

LOGAN: Tell me about it. (indicating his bandaged finger)

RORY: Who's that?

LOGAN: Ah! Now that's the love of Colin's life.

RORY: Colin fell in love?

LOGAN: Yeah. He met her in Holland and she doesn't speak a word of English, so she has no idea how incredibly annoying she finds him.

RORY: What's with the outfit?

LOGAN: She's a milkmaid.

RORY: Stop!

LOGAN: She has cows. She has pails.

RORY: (amused) Colin fell in love with a milkmaid?

LOGAN: It's pretty serious, too. He ditched us and followed her to Amsterdam, where they've been hold up ever since. We haven't heard a word from him. I mean we assume he's gonna be back by the time...(sighs)

RORY: By the time what? By the time the cows come home? What? By the time school starts? (Logan sighs again) What? What's the matter?

LOGAN: Nothing.

RORY: Logan, you can mention school to me.

LOGAN: I don't want to bum you out.

RORY: Logan! That is ridiculous! I'm fine. I mean...Look. Yale was a wonderful chapter in my life, but I've moved on. I have my work. I have my new pad. I'm just really happy with where I am right now.

LOGAN: (disbelief) Really?

RORY: Logan, you don't have to feel weird about this. You go to Yale. Your friends go to Yale. How can we not talk about Yale?

LOGAN: I don't know.

RORY: Exactly. So, we both agree that the topic of Yale can never be off-limits.

LOGAN: OK, fine. Well if you're so cool with it, then why don't you come meet me at Yale tomorrow and I can show you my new apartment and maybe take you to lunch?

RORY: I can't tomorrow because I have my DAR induction luncheon.

LOGAN: Well, then, how about breakfast?

RORY: Breakfast sounds good.

LOGAN: I have to say, Ace, I like the new digs.

RORY: Yeah, it's really nice, huh? You haven't even seen the bedroom yet.

LOGAN: Wow!

RORY: What?

LOGAN: OK, fine! but don't think that this is gonna work a second time. (get's up from the couch and starts moving towards the bedroom)

RORY: (comprehension dawning on her) Oh, no, Logan, I didn't mean...No, I seriously meant that you hadn't seen the bedroom yet.

LOGAN: You're making me feel cheap, Ace. (keeps walking to the bedroom)

RORY: Logan! I swear, I wasn't working blue. (gets up and follows Logan)

(CUT to gas station, night. Gil is pumping the van with gas. The rest of the band seem uncomfortable squashed in the small cabin, the boys are sitting in the back with all the equipment and lane is shotgun)

BRIAN: Come on, let's go!

GIL: Martha's thirsty, guys.

ZACH: I hate that he named the van.

LANE: I think it's cute.

ZACH: Hey! You're not pumping premium, right?

GIL: It's the cheap stuff, bro. Don't worry.

ZACH: Yeah, well you said that before, and you pumped premium, and it meant no snack stop in Philadelphia.

GIL: Whoa ho ho!

LANE: What, Gil?

GIL: Well I was just watching the numbers spin by on the gas pump dial thingy here getting bigger and bigger. And I was thinking...what if that was counting all the people who were, like, dying, you know, so it's all these dead dudes spinning by?

ZACH: Every day with him is like being on "meet the press."

BRIAN: I can't feel my legs.

ZACH: Move around a little.

BRIAN: Your amp's on my foot.

ZACH: Look, I'm no better off than you are, Brian. My guitar case is jammed against my thigh.

BRIAN: I got a cymbal stand sticking in my pancreas.

LANE: Guys, we are an hour out of Stars Hollow. Hang in there.

ZACH: God, the smell of that gas is making me hungry.

LANE: Gil, hurry!

GIL: I'm coming. (closes the vans door and starts walking to the drivers seat) All right. It's the last of the gas money, so this better get us home. (gets in and starts up the van) Everybody: Lean Forward. (they all lean forward and the van drives off)

(CUT to van, continuous. They are driving on the highway)

LANE: Gil, where'd you put the map?

GIL: It's...(does a dismissive gesture) Ugh.

LANE: You're okay to drive, right?

GIL: Yeah, sure. I'm just...

ZACH: Dude, don't do that thing where you don't finish your sentences. It freaks me out.

GIL: I'll try. I'm just...ugh.

ZACH: (shoves Gil) Come on.

GIL: I guess I'm just weak from hunger. The guy I got gas from, I was talking to him, and he suddenly turned into a giant turkey leg.

BRIAN: Please don't mention food.

LANE: Let's think good thoughts here, guys. Picture yourself at home, okay? Home at last. What's the first thing you're gonna do?

ZACH: Eat.

GIL: Wash my hair. Hug the kids, set them up in front of a "Harry Potter" movie, and then do my wife for, like, an hour.

LANE: Uh, look, guys, I've got an announcement. Kind of in my capacity as band manager, and I think it's gonna cheer you up, a lot.

ZACH: What?

LANE: Well, as you know, each gig paid us a little something, and we stayed free at people's houses

along the way, and we sold a decent amount of t-shirts, so, besides food, which we consumed in moderation, there were days that we spent practically nothing.

ZACH: Yeah?

LANE: Well...I wanted us to come out of this tour with something. So I figured the best way to motivate us, to save, would be to fib a little on how much we had.

GIL: You fibbed a little?

LANE: Actually, a lot. But it paid off big, guys, because we're going home with over \$9,000. (they guys look up at Lane in disbelief and a bit pissed) Huh? \$9,000, American dollars. Why aren't you guys jumping up and down?

BRIAN: Besides the fact that my spinal cord severed somewhere back on the 95?

ZACH: And that we haven't eaten a full meal in over two months?

GIL: I thought we were broke.

LANE: See? See how it worked? And now we're reaping the rewards.

ZACH: Lane, we were starving.

BRIAN: We scrimped on everything. I stopped brushing my teeth because I couldn't buy toothpaste.

GIL: I've been washing my hair with bar soap.

LANE: But think about what we can do with the money. We can record. Make a CD. Nirvana made "Bleach" for \$600. Even factoring in inflation, if we're on our game, we could make "Bleach", 10 times over.

BRIAN: Our own "Bleach".

ZACH: It would be very cool to record.

BRIAN: Very cool.

GIL: I think...

ZACH: Dude, come on. (shoves Gil again) You gotta finish that sentence.

GIL: I can't talk and drive.

LANE: Then just drive, Gil. 30 miles. 30 miles to home. (they high five)

(CUT to Lorelai's driveway, night. The crew is still working. Lorelai gets out of her car and starts walking towards Luke and Tom)

LORELAI: Talking about how pretty I am again? Oh, get a new subject, boys.

LUKE: What are you doing home?

LORELAI: Well, I have to be at the Inn late tonight. So I thought I'd come and feed Paul Anka, take him for a little walk, work out our crosswalk issues.

LUKE: Well, Tom here was just tel...

TOM: (cuts Luke off)...it's not my fault.

LUKE: I wasn't gonna say it was your fault.

TOM: You've got "it's Tom's fault" tone in your voice.

LUKE: He's got to shut your water off for a couple of days.

TOM: We hit a pipe that shouldn't have been hit.

LORELAI: (accusingly) Tom!

TOM: See how fast the "it's Tom's fault" tone has spread?

LUKE: You can stay with me.

LORELAI: OK. Well, I got to get back to work. That wedding party's coming in tonight.

LUKE: Oh, I'll gather up some of your stuff.

LORELAI: Last time you gathered up some of my stuff, you accidentally brought me four bras and no pants.

LUKE: That could have been intentional.

LORELAI: I will get my own stuff, thank you. (starts walking to the house, but backtracks) Wooo, now I just have to figure out what to do with Paul Anka. You know, I've never left him alone so late before, and he might start doing that howling thing the neighbours are so fond of. But...well, that's okay. So...Oh! You know, I guess I could just leave him here and I can come back and get him after work, which will be, oh! two, three, four in the morning. Boy. Late. (looks for a reaction from Luke. He seems to not be getting the hint) Or I could drop him off at a kennel for a few hours. I know there's a good one in Woodbridge, 20 miles away. Of course, I'd have to leave now and pick up some dilithium crystals on the way to fix the warp drive in my jeep so that I could drive there and back in time to meet the wedding party back at the Inn, but that's doable. (looking at Luke for yet another reaction. He still looks unmoved) Yeah...and then, of course, by the time I get off work and drive all the way back ther

LUKE: (amused) I just wanted to see how long you'd go on.

LORELAI: Well, you know my babbling capabilities are infinite.

LUKE: I'll take the dog home with me. And points for the dilithium-crystal reference.

LORELAI: Well, when you sleep with geeks...(TJ approaches them with a bunch of paper lunch bags)

TJ: Hey. I just talked to my buddy, Tony Benzino, who's a contractor over in Hartford, and he says contractors don't fetch lunches for the crew. They do, however, get to answer the phone, and they do get to sign for things and order things, and Tom, there is no such thing as a mystic hammer. And after this very enlightening conversation, you know what I'm starting to think?

LORELAI: What?

TJ: I'm starting to think that I'm not really the contractor on this job.

LUKE: Look, TJ...

TOM: It's okay, Luke. I got this. TJ, we did this for your own good. We got you out of the house. You got paid. You didn't get hurt. Look at it that way.

TJ: Oh, yeah? Is that the way I'm supposed to look at it? Well, fine! (starts handing out the bags) You can keep your stupid phony contracting job. I'm through playing your patsy. I'm through running your errands. Hold on. That's no mayo. (trades some bags he's already handed out) Here, Ed. I'm done! I quit! You can all kiss any part of me that reaches your general vicinity first. You have seen the last of me. So arrivederci, Roma! (starts walking away but walks back up to them) And to repay you all for this lousy trick that you played on me, you can all reach in here and grab your own damn condiments. (drops the last bag and walks away)

TOM: That's dinner!

(CUT to Luke's diner, night. TJ is sitting on a stool at the counter, he has an empty milkshake glass in front of him)

TJ: (pushes the glass across the counter) Hit me.

LUKE: (walks up to TJ) That's your fourth milkshake, TJ.

TJ: Doesn't matter, Luke. It's not like I got anywhere to go tomorrow.

LUKE: So, you're not a contractor. Who cares? Neither am I. You don't see me crying about it.

TJ: I'm not crying about it...anymore.

LUKE: It's not your thing.

TJ: Yeah. Not my thing. I don't have a thing. I have nothing.

LUKE: You've got Liz. You've got your health.

TJ: I've got no dream. I've got no future.

LUKE: What are you talking about, you got no future? (walks over and point to the shelves TJ put up for him) Did you or did you not build these shelves?

TJ: I did.

LUKE: Those are great shelves, TJ.

TJ: Stop it.

LUKE: They are! There's some real craftsmanship that went into those shelves. Well made, you got some nice carved detail. That's a quality piece of merchandise, and you made it.

TJ: Yeah...So?

LUKE: So you should be proud of that. Not everybody can do that. So you're not a contractor. You're a craftsman!

TJ: Wow. I'm a craftsman...Like Jesus. He built stuff for a while.

LUKE: Yeah! You're exactly like Jesus. That was my point.

TJ: Yeah. What am I getting so mopey about? I mean, I build shelves. I'm a craftsman who builds shelves, like Jesus. (get up from his stool and Luke starts walking him to the diner door) And plus my day rate has just gone way up.

LUKE: Yeah, but TJ that was a contractor's rate you were being paid, not a shelfmaker's rate.

TJ: Yeah, but I wasn't really the contractor.

LUKE: I know, but that was...Have a good night, TJ.(opens the diner door and TJ exits)

(CUT to Luke's apartment, night. PA is lying on the floor. Luke walks in)

LUKE: Hey! Just lying there. What a surprise! Make sure you grind that smelly butt of yours into the rug real good. Get that aroma really locked in those fibbers there. (sees that PA has gone through the garbage) Oh, man. Wow, you are fun to have around. (he notices some chocolate wrapping paper) Oh, no. Oh, crap. Oh, god. (takes his watch off) Tell me you didn't. Tell me you didn't. There we go.(sniffs PA's breath) Oh, jeez! (picks PA up and starts running out of the apartment)

(CUT to Stars Hollow streets, continuous. Luke is running, with PA in his arms, up a street and enters a house. He starts to knock on the door frantically)

LUKE: Come on! Hey! Wake up! I got a dog out here! (the light in the house come on)

VET: (opens the door) Can I help you?

LUKE: The dog ate chocolate. And I don't know a lot about dogs, but I do know they shouldn't eat chocolate, and I went to the animal hospital, and they were closed, and I called Babette and she told me where you lived, and you got to do something. Because this is not my dog. This is my fiance's dog. She loves him. She named him "Paul Anka", which may, on the surface, not seem like a sign of love, but if you knew her, you'd get it, and believe me there's a lot of ways I could screw up, but I cannot lose her over the fact I k*llled her dog.

VET: I'll get the ipecac. Come on in. (they walk in the house)

(CUT to restaurant, morning. Rory and Logan are having breakfast)

RORY: So, I tell the guy, "Hey! There is no way all these potatoes could have been peeled if I had waltzed in here at twelve". He simply refused to believe me or credit me with the hours, so finally I just said, "You know what? There is another soup kitchen down on Hadley, and they serve more vegetables than you do, so I would rather work there anyhow", and I turned in my apron, and I walked out.

LOGAN: Wow. Rough world, the world of Community Service.

RORY: Oh, you don't know the half of it. I've done 125 hours, so I've got 175 to go, which is a little off my goal, but not by much, so I can deal. I've got the candy-striper thing starting next week. I didn't really want that, but I had to take it, because I was supposed to get on the zoo beat, which would have been gross but great cause they'll let you do a double shift. (Logan looks at his watch) But they're always full. Weird, huh?

LOGAN: Very weird.

RORY: I'm boring you.

LOGAN: Far from it. I just have to go. I have to meet with my faculty adviser and convince her that

this is the year I'm finally gonna make something of myself.

RORY: Well, don't tell her about that cheese-rolling incident. She'll never believe you.

LOGAN: You want me to walk you back to your car?

RORY: No, I think I can make it by myself.

LOGAN: (gets up to leave) OK.

RORY: OK. (Logan kisses her cheek)

LOGAN: I'll call you later?

RORY: OK. (Logan leaves)

(CUT to Luke's apartment, morning. Camera pans from PA, who's lying next to the bed, to Lorelai and Luke who are sleeping. Luke wakes up, gets out of bed and goes to the kitchen. Lorelai wakes up too and notices Luke in the kitchen drinking water)

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: Hey. Sorry. I didn't mean to wake you. Go back to sleep. (starts walking back towards the bed)

LORELAI: No, it's okay. I like to watch you hydrate.

LUKE: Oh, man. When did you get home? I didn't hear you come in.

LORELAI: Yeah, you were conked out pretty good.

LUKE: Oh yeah!

LORELAI: Both of you. (sits up bit better in bed as Luke comes closer)

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: How did it go with Paul Anka last night?

LUKE: Well, first off, he ate three pounds of unsweetened baking chocolate, so I had to rush him to the vet, to his house because the animal hospital was closed, and he forced some sort of vomit-inducing medicine down Paul Anka's throat, and then Paul Anka proceeded to throw up for the next hour and a half. (Lorelai looks concerned) After that I sat with him for another three hours, holding a bowl of water under his nose to make sure that he was re-hydrating properly, and then I chocolate-proofed the apartment and the diner to make sure that never happens again. (Lorelai looks at Luke lovingly) And now I'm gonna go downstairs and make Paul Anka some scrambled eggs because the vet said that the kibble is gonna be a little hard on his stomach for a couple of days. Does he have any particular fear of cheddar? Cause I thought I'd throw that in to make it taste better.

LORELAI: Luke?

LUKE: Yeah?

LORELAI: I don't want to set a wedding date until things are right with Rory.

LUKE: OK. (Lorelai looks relieved) So, the cheddar is...?

LORELAI: OK. (Luke walks away and Lorelai settles back in bed)

(CUT to Yale, morning. It's the freshmen orientation)

FRESHMAN COUNSELLOR: The dining-hall hours are cast in stone. You snooze, you lose. And your school-issued IDs are your new best friends. Become inseparable. You'll be asked for it constantly, so give it a nickname and learn to commit. It operates the laundry room. It is your meal card. Every new student at Yale will learn the value of the ID.

(Camera pans to Rory as the new students walk by. She looks around longingly. The scene starts to fade on Rory's face and we see a new Rory in a tweed suit at her DAR induction luncheon. Emily is giving a welcome speech for the new members)

EMILY: Every new member of the DAR Will feel instantly the sense of camaraderie that has become synonymous with the DAR. As certified members of the Hartford chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, you will hold a very special and esteemed place in this community. But with that great esteem comes great responsibility: to your chapter, to your town, and to your nation. This is a proud moment for me as I, your president, welcome the new members of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

END Of Episode 6.03 - The UnGraduate

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