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## 03x19 - Keg! Max!

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### 03x19 - Keg! Max!

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3.19 - Keg! Max!

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OPEN AT LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting on the couch]

LORELAI: Oh, I know! How about . . .no.

RORY: No, no, you can't keep doing that. You can't just start a thought and then say no. Finish them or don't start them at all.

LORELAI: You're very totalitarian today.

RORY: No, it just drives me crazy. It's like if you do "shave and a haircut" without the last part, you know?

LORELAI: Come on, do it.

RORY: Will you stop giving me half-finished thoughts?

LORELAI: I promise. Come on, do it.

RORY: Two bits.

LORELAI: Thank you.

RORY: Now what were you thinking?

LORELAI: Pizza and TV.

RORY: That's our fallback.

LORELAI: That's why I said not, I remembered it was our fallback.

RORY: When did we become so old and pathetic?

LORELAI: Hey, hey, we're neither. We're momentarily stuck on what to do tonight.

RORY: It's a Friday night. We should be out, I don't know, partying with the homies.

LORELAI: Our Stars Hollow homies are all in bed by now.

RORY: Not Kirk. He'll be playing video trivia at the pizza place. We could go and watch.

LORELAI: Okay, we're old and pathetic. How did it come to this?

RORY: Well, it's our first Friday night that we haven't had to go to Grandma and Grandpa's for dinner.

LORELAI: I cannot for the life of me remember what we did before we started doing those.

RORY: It feels like a million years ago.

[Rory walks over to get the phone]

LORELAI: Ooh, who are you calling?

RORY: It just feels weird for me not even to say hello to them on a Friday night.

LORELAI: No, don't call them.

RORY: Hey, this rift is between you and them. I'm still on friendly terms.

LORELAI: I know, it's just that they're probably sitting there eating alone, shivering in an unheated room, the only illumination a single light bulb just so they can make us feel spectacularly guilty at the thought.

RORY: [on phone] Hey Grandpa, it's Rory. . . Rory.

LORELAI: He's pretending not to remember you?

RORY: No, it's loud there.

LORELAI: Loud?

RORY: What's going on there?

RICHARD: Oh, we're having a party.

RORY: A party?

LORELAI: A party?

RICHARD: Sort of a last minute thing. Couldn't get too big a crowd here. I think we wound up with 55 or 60, something like that.

RORY: 60 people.

RICHARD: Oh, here come the mushroom caps everybody!

RORY: There's singing and mushroom caps.

LORELAI: I am appalled by this.

RORY: Sounds like a lot of fun.

RICHARD: Oh, it is. Oh, now, your grandmother would come and say hello, but she's in the next room dancing with Lloyd Sandstone. Watch where you put those hands, Lloyd.

RORY: A guy named Lloyd is feeling up Grandma.

LORELAI: You're making this up.

RORY: Well, um, I'll let you go, okay?

RICHARD: Okay. Now, you're coming to visit after school on Monday, aren't ya?

RORY: Yes, I'll see you then.

RICHARD: Ah, can't wait. Bye now.

[they hang up]

RORY: The Gilmore house is partying like it's 1999.

LORELAI: And here it's "At Home with The 700 Club."

RORY: Well, we didn't tell them to stop living their lives.

LORELAI: How could they bounce back so quickly?

RORY: I don't know, but bounce they did.

LORELAI: Okay, they win this time. But we've gotta think of something super big and fantastic and cool for next Friday night, okay?

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Now think.

RORY: Mushroom caps sound really good.

LORELAI: Sh.

RORY: Sorry.

[opening credits]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai is sitting at the counter playing with her camera. Rory walks in]

RORY: Hi.

LORELAI: Say cheese. [takes a picture] I love my little digital camera. I wanna marry it.

RORY: Do you ever wanna put it away?

LORELAI: Oh, you'll hurt little DigitalDan's feelings.

RORY: Sorry, D.D.

LORELAI: [takes another picture] Gotcha! Oh, no, wait. Oh, missed. [to customer next to Rory] Got a good one of you, though. Nice cheekbones.

RORY: So, could you focus on something non-photographic for a second?

LORELAI: Aw, I'll try.

RORY: I was asked to pass this along to you. [hands Lorelai an envelope]

LORELAI: Something from Chilton? You've been dipping girls' hair in the inkwells again?

RORY: Read it and see.

LORELAI: [reads letter] "Dear Ms. Gilmore, with your daughter's final days of Chilton fast approaching, yours are, too." Hm, not feeling the love here. Yadda, yadda, yadda. "The Booster Club could use your help. We would greatly appreciate - " Greatly's underlined three times. Trying to emphasize the word there. Got it, guys. Thanks. " - your involvement, especially in light of your previous paucity of participation." Ooh, they got me with alliteration and an obscure word.

RORY: The b\*stards.

LORELAI: I've been summoned to duty.

RORY: Sounds like it.

LORELAI: I feel like I should pack my rucksack, kiss my loved ones goodbye.

RORY: So, don't do it, then.

LORELAI: Yeah, you're as good as outta there. Yale's grabbed you. It's too late. We don't need anything from Chilton.

RORY: Except my graduation tickets.

LORELAI: We already got 'em.

RORY: But we need extras. I just put in the request, and it's up to them now.

LORELAI: So we do need one kind of big thing.

RORY: And then there's my diploma.

LORELAI: You'll get your diploma at graduation.

RORY: No, I get my diploma holder at graduation.

LORELAI: Do you think they would withhold your diploma based on my participation paucity?

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: Oh man, I'm screwed. I guess I gotta do it.

[Luke walks over]

LUKE: Hey guys.

[Lorelai takes a picture of him]

LUKE: Was that necessary?

LORELAI: Oh man, you do not photograph well.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: You've been getting some sleep, brother? 'Cause that's forty miles bad running.

LUKE: I wasn't ready. Plus, it was a bad angle. Plus, this is a harsh light. A soft light would help with the thing with the eyes.

LORELAI: Look who knows what light he looks best in.

LUKE: You ready to order?

LORELAI: I'm gonna take a picture of the menu and then order off the camera.

LUKE: Yell when she's tired of the thing.

RORY: Give it time.

LORELAI: Now I'm gonna zoom in on just the breakfast meats.

RORY: Go to town.

CUT TO LORELAI'S GARAGE

[The band is practicing. Rory and Jess are watching]

ZACH: Whoa, cool.

DAVE: We all finished at the same time.

LANE: That has never happened.

BRIAN: The middle of that song didn't even sound like us.

DAVE: Yeah, it sounded good.

RORY: It sounded great, guys. All of it. Didn't it?

JESS: Not too shabby.

DAVE: We are so ready for this gig.

LANE: We've got a gig. I just love the sound of that.

JESS: Where is it?

LANE: Kyle from school. His parents are going to Marriage Encounter for the weekend so he's throwing this mondo party.

JESS: You got enough songs?

DAVE: We have enough for two half-hour sets. What we need is a name.

BRIAN: I made my suggestion.

ZACH: Yeah, and we vetoed "The Harry Potters." Next.

BRIAN: So yours is better?

ZACH: "Follow Them to the Edge of the Dessert" is memorable and classy.

BRIAN: I run out of breath every time I say it.

ZACH: You've got asthma, dude. You run out of breath saying your name.

DAVE: Yeah, Brian, we can't work our name around your respiratory illnesses.

BRIAN: Even without an inhaler, "Follow Them to the Edge of the Dessert" is too long.

ZACH: Yeah, but when we get famous, our fans will shorten it to FTTTEOTD.

DAVE: Do you guys have any suggestions?

RORY: Oh, we wouldn't dare.

BRIAN: Hey Lane, how are you gonna play a party like this with your mom being so strict?

LANE: Easy. Rory and Jess are gonna deliver my drums to Kyle's house for me, then my friend Young Chui is going to pick me up to take me to a fictional Seventh Day Adventist bowling party that will conveniently last the length of our gig.

ZACH: Nice going.

BRIAN: I've got my own ball and shoes.

ZACH: Dude, don't tell people that.

RORY: See you guys.

JESS: Yeah, see ya.

BAND: Bye.

BRIAN: How about "The We"?

ZACH: We?

BRIAN: Yeah. We are "The We."

ZACH: I can't talk about this anymore.

[Rory and Jess walk out of the garage]

RORY: So, any word on your car?

JESS: Nothing.

RORY: You'd think someone would've found it. It was pretty one of a kind.

JESS: It's probably holed up in some chop shop. Say goodbye, it's gone. Whatever. Let's talk about something else.

RORY: I like that you're getting to know Dave a little.

JESS: Yeah, he's a cool guy.

RORY: Good. It's going to make the four of us going to prom together even more fun.

JESS: Ah, yes, I almost forgot about the prom.

RORY: No, you were trying to forget about the prom.

JESS: I agreed to go and I am a man of my word.

RORY: How's that arm I twisted?

JESS: I got the feeling back in it.

RORY: It's just if there was one more dance I wanna go to in my whole life, it'd be the Stars Hollow High prom, with Lane. That's a big part of it.

JESS: I'm getting the tickets this week.

RORY: And I'll pay, okay?

JESS: Not a chance.

RORY: It means a tux, you know. I know it's geeky.

JESS: Tuxes are also James Bond. That's not geeky.

RORY: You're kind.

JESS: And going to stash a change of clothes in the limo.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

[Luke is on the floor examining the wall behind the stove as Sookie looks on. Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Sookie.

SOOKIE: Yeah?

LORELAI: I need love and a hug. I just had to lay off Julio.

SOOKIE: Oh, poor thing.

LORELAI: That's the third one today. All I'm doing is crushing people's spirits.

SOOKIE: But you told them that we all love them and will hire them back as soon as all the repairs are done.

LORELAI: And I gave them their severance checks and they were all very gracious, which made it

that much harder.

SOOKIE: We're gonna get 'em back. It'll all be good again.

LORELAI: I had to lay off Frank, too, but I just couldn't do another one, so Michel offered to do it.

SOOKIE: Did he say he'd be nice?

LORELAI: Yes, and then he skipped off to do it.

SOOKIE: Oh, boy.

LORELAI: So, what's going on with Luke here?

SOOKIE: I don't know. I've been keeping my distance because of what happened.

LORELAI: What happened?

SOOKIE: Well, he was lying on the floor pretty much like that, tinkering with stuff back there, and I got down and leaned in to see what he was doing, and after a while, I realized that the whole time, my hand was on his butt.

LORELAI: Sookie!

SOOKIE: It was an accident.

LORELAI: It's getting very Cinemax at night in here.

SOOKIE: It was embarrassing.

LORELAI: Uh huh. So, how was it?

SOOKIE: His butt?

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: It's got a nice shape to it.

LUKE: Will you two stop talking about my butt?

LORELAI: It's all positive.

LUKE: And in bad taste.

[Luke walks over to them]

LORELAI: We'll just talk about it after you leave.

LUKE: Which is now, because I'm done.

LORELAI: So what's the prognosis?

LUKE: It's the same as what the stove company told you. The wall back here is burned from the fire. You're gonna have to rebuild the whole thing before you can even think of reconnecting the gas. It's gonna take awhile, sorry.



LORELAI: No, Luke, thanks for doing this. It's exactly what the contractor said. We just wanted a guy with a good butt's opinion.

SOOKIE: Yeah, Tom has a terrible butt.

LUKE: Please stop that.

LORELAI: So Rory and I will see you Saturday for breakfast?

LUKE: Actually, you won't. Nicole and I are going skiing and we're getting a ridiculously early start.

LORELAI: That sounds fun. Why ridiculously early?

LUKE: Because she has to drive in from her place in New York first because she can't stay at my place because of Jess.

LORELAI: Hey, if you want, why don't you have her come in Friday night, you guys can stay here at the inn. It'll be on the house.

LUKE: Nah, that's okay.

LORELAI: No, do it, Luke. I mean, I know we have rooms available, and it's my way of saying thanks for parading that nice butt around here.

LUKE: Geez.

LORELAI: No kidding, really, it's a great butt.

LUKE: Stop it.

LORELAI: No, really, it's no problem.

LUKE: Well, I don't know, maybe. Either way, thank for the offer.

LORELAI: All right. I'll tell Michel to keep a room available in case you decide to do it.

LUKE: Okay. See ya.

LORELAI: Thanks, bye.

[Luke leaves, Michel walks in]

MICHEL: Did you know that Frank rescues Chow puppies?

LORELAI: Uh, no.

MICHEL: He feeds and houses them on his own dime 'til he finds an owner. We can't fire him. And they are so cute. [shows her a picture] Chin-Chin and Pau-Pau. Pau-Pau's the one with the squatty little nose. I took them both.

LORELAI: Oh, okay, good job.

MICHEL: I have to go buy dog food. Will you fire Frank for me?

LORELAI: Sure thing.

CUT TO CHILTON CAFETERIA

[Lorelai is at a Booster Club meeting]

TERRY: With that last function, we raised just enough to put us in the black, which got the school controller off our back, which is going to make our last endeavor that much easier.

CARRIE: Haven't we already talked all this stuff to death?

TERRY: Yes, but we need to fill in our last minute Booster Club add-ons here.

LORELAI: You get the scary threatening letter?

DOUG: Yup.

TERRY: So, onto Grad Night, our last event of the year.

JOAN: God, this year's gone by fast.

CARRIE: I can't believe my Farrah's eighteen.

DOUG: My kid was eighteen was she was ten.

CARRIE: Men.

DOUG: What?

LORELAI: Lay low, Doug. They're setting traps. So, um, what are we doing this year?

TERRY: We're throwing a big party on a yacht.

LORELAI: Fun.

TERRY: The party starts while it's in dock, then it sails for three hours and concludes with a fireworks show.

CARRIE: How's the fundraising going?

TERRY: Terrific. The last fashion show alone brought in half of what we need, and the bake sale today brought in way more than I expected. Oh, that reminds me. [pushes a box toward Lorelai]

LORELAI: What's this?

TERRY: Our cash box. You are the Grad Night treasurer.

LORELAI: I'm the what?

TERRY: Before you got here, we took a little vote and you won.

LORELAI: Well, uh, maybe there should be a recount 'cause I stink with money.

TERRY: The vote was unanimous.

LORELAI: I was late, can we revote?

CARRIE: Doug was late, too, and he was voted lead chaperone.

DOUG: Goody.

LORELAI: Come on, we can take 'em.

CARRIE: It's really not a tough job, Lorelai. You just manage the cash, keep the simple books, it's easy.

TERRY: Although, it does mean if you don't show up at our next meeting, we're going to assume you ran off with our money.

LORELAI: No, no, I wouldn't do that.

[Max walks into the cafeteria]

MAX: Hello, ladies. Hope I'm not too late. Oh, and gentleman, sorry.

CARRIE: Oh, Doug's one of the ladies now.

MAX: Well, good to see you all. Terry, Carrie. Lorelai, good to see you.

LORELAI: Yeah, good, same here.

MAX: So, what'd I miss?

TERRY: Nothing much. Lorelai's been made our Grad Night treasurer.

MAX: You up to the challenge?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. I'll watch the little box here.

MAX: And let me guess, other than that, they've been picking on you mercilessly.

DOUG: Pretty much.

MAX: Well, I'm here to lend you gender support, my friend. So, Terry, why don't you continue?

TERRY: Great. We were discussing Grad Night.

MAX: The yacht. Sounds great.

TERRY: Now, we've already spoken to six caterers, they're all excited to bid on the project, but a couple are so expensive that I know they'll price themselves out of the running.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai and Sookie are walking through the town square]

SOOKIE: Weird. Very weird.

LORELAI: It's as if we had no history. He treated me the same as he treated what's her name and the overly coifed lady and the one who kept jiggling her leg the whole time.

SOOKIE: Ugh, I hate that.

LORELAI: It's like an earthquake. And he was so nonchalant.

SOOKIE: So, standoff-y?

LORELAI: No, he was just Max. And I wanted to hook up with after to talk, but very conveniently, he excused himself five minutes early for an appointment and I couldn't walk out early with him because I'm the stupid treasurer and it would look fishy.

SOOKIE: They made you treasurer. Are they insane?

LORELAI: I tried to tell them. And what's with this appointment nonsense? And no eye contact.

SOOKIE: You mean he never once looked at you?

LORELAI: Oh, he looked, but it was very lacking in meaning.

SOOKIE: Were you looking at him meaningfully?

LORELAI: No. I was trying to play it cool.

SOOKIE: Well, there you go. He was doing the same thing. You were both James Dean-ing it, trying to keep it professional.

LORELAI: No, he was not playing at it, I was. He was really it.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: Cool.

SOOKIE: Got it.

LORELAI: So. . .

SOOKIE: Maybe you two never kissed.

LORELAI: Me and Max? Oh no, we kissed.

SOOKIE: Maybe it was an illusion.

LORELAI: It was not an illusion, Doug Henning. We kissed.

SOOKIE: Don't be so sure because something like this happened to me when I was like ten. I was so into Leif Garrett and I fantasized about kissing him so much that at some point, I really thought it happened.

LORELAI: I kissed Max, Sookie.

SOOKIE: I can still feel Leif's lips on mine.

LORELAI: I kissed him.

SOOKIE: Well, what is Rory's take on all this?

LORELAI: Oh, I told her about the kiss at first, but it's weird. I mean, he's back at Chilton and I'm back having some sort of involvement with her teacher. She's dealing with finals and everything. I don't wanna stress her out about this.

SOOKIE: Lorelai, what's the ultimate thing here? Do you wanna get back together with him?

LORELAI: I don't know. I don't know what I'm feeling or what I'm looking for these days, and I hate that. 'Cause it's so wishy-washy, but it's true. I mean, technically, I'm still seeing Alex, although it's more intermittent than ever. I'm not even sure I wanna get back together with Max. The kiss just happened out of the blue.

SOOKIE: The alleged kiss.

LORELAI: Sookie, we kissed.

SOOKIE: Okay, calm down.

LORELAI: If I knew where Max was on all this, I would know better where I was. It's like when you go to a steak and lobster place, it's easier to know what you want once you know what your date wants. Like, you want steak if he's getting lobster, 'cause then you can share. Or if he's not, you can get surf and turf, though you risk looking like a pig, but some guys aren't turned on by a big appetite, and now I'm not just confused, I'm massively hungry.

SOOKIE: Me, too. Maybe lunch will take your mind off it a bit.

LORELAI: Hope so.

SOOKIE: Are you sure there was really an Alex?

LORELAI: Stop.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW HIGH

[The principal is in his office. There's a knock at the door]

PRINCIPAL: Come in.

[Jess opens the door]

PRINCIPAL: Well, well. Jess Mariano. What a pleasure. Sit down.

JESS: I was just trying to buy prom tickets and they told me to go see you.

PRINCIPAL: Sit down. So, the prom, huh? I wouldn't have taken you for someone who'd wanna go to the prom.

JESS: My girlfriend wants to.

PRINCIPAL: Oh, that's too bad.

JESS: What, why?

PRINCIPAL: Because you flunked out.

JESS: I what?

PRINCIPAL: You're not graduating, Jess. Prom tickets are for graduating seniors only. Guess your girlfriend's outta luck.

JESS: Now wait a minute. I'm just a little behind. I can catch up, no sweat.

PRINCIPAL: You can't, you missed too much.

JESS: It hasn't been that much.

PRINCIPAL: Thirty-one days you've been out. Cutoff's twenty.

JESS: So that's it, just like that?

PRINCIPAL: That's it.

JESS: Thanks for the warning.

PRINCIPAL: You mean the nine warning slips we gave you weren't enough? All the meetings that I tried to set up between you and your guidance counselor, between you and me that you blew off, that wasn't warning enough?

JESS: I can catch up, I'm smarter than anyone here.

PRINCIPAL: And humble, too.

JESS: I can catch up, you'll see.

PRINCIPAL: There's nothing to see, you're out.

JESS: Fine, I'll take summer school if that's what you want.

PRINCIPAL: Good, but it's not enough. You have to take the whole year over.

JESS: The whole year? No way.

PRINCIPAL: Then no diploma.

JESS: At least let me go to the prom, what's the big deal?

PRINCIPAL: We're done here.

JESS: Come on.

PRINCIPAL: You wanna talk about coming back next year, my door's open.

JESS: I'm not gonna miss this place.

PRINCIPAL: Vice versa.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai walks to the living room where Rory is getting ready to leave]

LORELAI: No, no, it's impossible.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I just counted the money in the cash box and I'm eighteen dollars short.

RORY: Weren't you supposed to deposit all that at the bank?

LORELAI: Uh, be judgmental later. Help me in my fiscal crisis here.

RORY: Did you count the money when they gave it to you?

LORELAI: Ah, I glanced at it.

RORY: Boy, you are a sucky treasurer.

LORELAI: The job was forced on me.

RORY: Well, the cash box must've been short when you got it.

LORELAI: Or maybe a burglar broke in here. That could've happened.

RORY: A burglar who bypassed out TV, our stereo, and our jewelry and went straight for the Booster Club cash box and took eighteen dollars and left the rest?

LORELAI: Some burglars are less greedy than others.

RORY: Well, I'm out of answers.

LORELAI: Great. I'm gonna have to put eighteen of my own dollars in to ward off suspicion. You're off to the party this early?

RORY: Jess and I are helping the band set up. I do the cymbals.

LORELAI: You're not taking your purse.

RORY: I'm not?

LORELAI: You don't need money, you don't need ID.

RORY: Well, where will I keep my house key?

LORELAI: You'll put your house key through the metal thingy on your belt. You'll only lose it if you take off your belt, and if you're taking off your belt for any reason at the party, I'm not sure I want you coming home.

RORY: Brilliant.

LORELAI: Uh, your shoes okay? You got good traction?

RORY: Traction?

LORELAI: Well, there'll be liquids of various textures and disgustingness. You eating there?

RORY: Oh, if they have stuff.

LORELAI: Do not eat chips out of a communal bowl. You might as well stick your hand in a toilet.

RORY: Nice.

LORELAI: If you're desperate, offer to be the person who replenishes them with new bags and grab a handful out of the new bag and dump the rest in the communal bowl.

RORY: Got it.

LORELAI: And keep in mind that getting up on a table and performing a song of any kind will haunt you for the rest of your life. Trust me. Been there, done that.

RORY: I wasn't planning on doing that.

LORELAI: Hm, those things are never planned. You going now?

RORY: Yup.

LORELAI: I'm going, too. I'll lock it up.

RORY: Otherwise I'd have to undo my belt. Enjoy your Booster Club meeting.

LORELAI: I will. Hey, hon?

RORY: Yeah?

LORELAI: I promised myself I wasn't gonna ask you about Max anymore considering the history and that he's back teaching you and all. . .and I'm gonna keep my promise. Good, huh?

RORY: Very good.

LORELAI: Okay, well, that's all I wanted to say.

RORY: Okay.

[they both leave]

CUT TO KYLE'S HOUSE

[The band is setting up before the party]

DAVE: Does this set up feel right to everybody?

LANE: Cool by me.

BRIAN: Me, too.

DAVE: How's it look out there?

RORY: Like you're gonna b\*ll\*et straight to the top of the charts, with a b\*ll\*et or a - a g\*n's gonna sh\*\*t a b\*ll\*et, and I'm not, uh, familiar with the precise terminology, but it's working, right?

JESS: They look like a band to me.

ZACH: You need to move back more.

BRIAN: Why?

ZACH: Because when I do my double jump kick off the amp with slashing windmills, I'm gonna need more room.

LANE: Well, don't do that then.



DAVE: Yeah, sounds a little too Milli Vanilli, Zach.

BRIAN: And if I back up anymore, my extension cord might damage the miniature date palm.

LANE: The what?

BRIAN: It's what that's called. My aunt's got one.

ZACH: Dude, don't call plants by their specific names, it's very not rock and roll.

DAVE: Let's finalize the set list, guys.

[Rory walks over to Kyle, who is putting breakable objects away in a box]

RORY: Need any help hiding the valuables, Kyle?

KYLE: Nope. We stashed the snow globes, hid the Lladros, now we're just packing up the Hummels.

MARSHALL: Two to go.

KYLE: Marshall, watch it! Boy with Toothache is mom's favorite.

MARSHALL: Sorry.

KYLE: Hey, did I hear the singer say something about a double jump kick?

RORY: We'll talk him out of it.

KYLE: Good.

MARSHALL: Zealous Xylophonist, that's sweet.

DAVE: Starting off with a slow tune won't work, Brian.

ZACH: Yeah, man, it's so emo, it makes me sick.

BRIAN: I was just playing devil's advocate.

DAVE: Devil's advocate.

ZACH: Not a bad name.

[Two boys enter the house with a keg]

BOYS: Keg!

KYLE: That's my cousin Rick. He just turned twenty-one. Pretty awesome.

RICK: Twenty-one, yeah!

LANE: What is that, beer?

ZACH: No, it's one of those milk kegs.

BRIAN: Good one.

LANE: There's beer, is that legal?

DAVE: Well, apparently Rick is twenty-one.

RICK: Twenty-one, woo-hoo-hoo-hoo!

DAVE: Or just really into that particular integer.

LANE: Beer.

ZACH: It's a party, Lane. What were you expecting, Tang?

LANE: No, I guess not.

KYLE: The carpet, guys. Lift it, lift it.

RICK: Oh, we got it.

KYLE: Marshall, go get towels to set it on. And not the good towels, the swim towels.

[Young Chui walks up to the band]

YOUNG CHUI: Anything I can help you with, guys?

DAVE: Uh, we got it covered. Thanks, Young Chui.

YOUNG CHUI: How about you, Lane? You need water or anything?

DAVE: Uh, Young Chui, you should probably stay away from the band area. We got a lot of cords and stuff, and I don't want you to get electrocuted and die.

YOUNG CHUI: Oh, okay. [walks away]

DAVE: So, is he staying for the whole thing?

LANE: He's got nowhere else to go.

KYLE: These are the good towels.

MARSHALL: These are the swim towels.

KYLE: The swim towels have stripes and they're oversized. Now, come on, hurry. We still have to put away my dad's military icon collector plates.

JESS: We're here a little early, don't you think?

RORY: No, we're with the band. We're the roadies and the sound crew and I'm advising on makeup for Lane and I'm the keeper of Brian's sandwich and thermos. So we're busy backstage-type people.

JESS: We're dork-early.

RORY: Come on, get into the spirit of things. Hello Cleveland!

JESS: Guess I'll wander around a little.

[Zach jumps off the amp and knocks over the microphone]

DAVE: And you couldn't even work your slashing windmills in.

ZACH: Yeah, maybe I'll skip it.

DAVE: Good thinking.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai walks past a group of guests and over to Michel at the front desk]

LORELAI: Uh, Michel, are you okay?

MICHEL: Do I look okay?

LORELAI: Are those people waiting for a bellman?

MICHEL: No, they're waiting for a unicorn to sing to a rainbow. Yes, a bellman. But there's only one because we had to lay off the others. And a maid called in sick, so not only am I dealing with answering phones and checking people in and out, but I'm going to have to do turn down service and carry people's bags to their rooms and. . .

LORELAI: You're going to a bad place. Now just take a breath and go to a good place.

MICHEL: Plus, I had to run home and play with my Chow puppies because the Chow book said they need love and stimulation or else they'll m\*rder you later on. And Pau-Pau had fallen in her water bowl and was soaking wet so I had to blow dry her and. . .

LORELAI: Okay, the nice place, and I can stay and help a little bit, okay?

MICHEL: She could've drowned. I'm a bad daddy.

LORELAI: Pau-Pau's fine. Just watch the desk, get the bellman back here. I'll do turn down.

MICHEL: [to guest checking in] Have you ever seen Chow puppies? You want to eat them up.

CUT TO KYLE'S HOUSE

[Rory walks up to Jess]

RORY: They're getting ready to go on. They're all hyperventilating to the same rhythm, so that's a positive sign. What are you looking at?

JESS: The happy family. Kinda depressing if you ask me.

RORY: Oh, Mr. Sunshine. You're spreading so much joy around, you're embarrassing yourself. You've got to get a little more moody.

JESS: I'll try.

RORY: Let's look around a little bit.

JESS: Okay. [they walk past a crying girl] Seems a little early for that.

RORY: It never is.

JESS: Bathroom line.

RORY: Figures.

[they walk into the kitchen; some boys are standing around the keg]

JESS: Hey. What's up with you guys?

KYLE: Stupid keg.

MARSHALL: It's not working.

JESS: Where's the tap?

KYLE: The what?

JESS: It's a keg, it's sealed. You need to hook up a tap to pump the beer out.

KYLE: I told you the thing in the bag did something.

RICK: [pulls the tap out of a bag] No instructions.

JESS: Jeez. [he attaches the tap to the keg] There, start pumping.

MARSHALL: All right. To Jess!

KYLE: To Jess.

RICK: To Jess.

JESS: Yeah.

KYLE: Yeah.

RORY: You and Springsteen, the working man's hero.

[they walk up to the band]

RORY: You ready to go on, guys?

DAVE: Only if Brian rallies.

RORY: What's wrong, Brian?

BRIAN: I don't feel good.

DAVE: It's his heartburn again.

ZACH: I told you, dude, it's your citrus intake. Stop eating oranges.

[Lane walks up to Rory]

LANE: Rory. Uh, you've gotta do me a big favor.

RORY: Name it.

LANE: Young Chui's driving me crazy.

RORY: What do you want me to do?

LANE: Uh, if you see any unattached girls who you think would go for a very available, uh, needy, self-delusional guy, send 'em Young Chui's way.

RORY: I'll keep a lookout.

DAVE: Lane.

LANE: Oh my God, this is it.

RORY: Knock 'em dead.

DAVE: Brian, you with us?

BRIAN: I have completely forgotten how to play the bass.

ZACH: Perfect.

DAVE: Brian, you're just nervous. Take a deep breath and use your inhaler.

ZACH: Yeah, and don't forget that the hair and fingernails on John Entwistle's body were still growing when they brought in his replacement.

BRIAN: You're gonna replace me?

DAVE: We're not gonna replace you. Just relax and let the music flow through you.

RICK: Come on, let's go!

GIRL: Yeah, come on - rock and roll!

LANE: Zach, start.

DAVE: Wait, wait, someone's gotta introduce us. Rory, introduce us.

RORY: Me? Why me?

RICK: Come on, let's go!

MARSHALL: Yeah, crank it!

DAVE: Go, go.

RORY: All right. Uh, now, who wants to hear some tunes? [the crowd cheers] Okay, good, there's a consensus. Here they are, Stars Hollow's rockiest band. Although they're not all from Stars Hollow, but they, um, they practice there, so we kind of consider them our own. Here they are. . . [to the band] What's your name?

ZACH: "Follow them to the Edge of the Dessert."

DAVE: "The Chops." "Follow them to the Edge of the Dessert."

ZACH: "The Chops."

[Rory mumbles into the microphone and walks away. The crowd cheers and the band starts playing]

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai knocks on a guest room door]

LUKE: Yeah?

LORELAI: Turn down.

LUKE: Come on in.

[Lorelai walks into the room]

LORELAI: Hello there. This won't take long. Luke.

LUKE: Lorelai.

LORELAI: What are you doing here?

LUKE: You invited us, remember?

LORELAI: Us?

[Nicole walks out of the bathroom]

LORELAI: Oh, hey. Hi Nicole. There's the "us".

NICOLE: Hi, Lorelai.

LORELAI: I don't usually do this turn down service. I mean, I did when I started many moons ago, but that's when I was a maid. Wow, you guys are here.

LUKE: You didn't know?

LORELAI: No. I mean, I remember inviting you. It's great that you're here. Um, but when I told Michel I would do the turn down service, it must've slipped his mind that you were here. Pau-Pau fell in her water dish.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Never mind. I'll just do this and get out of your way.

LUKE: Hey, you don't have to.

NICOLE: Yeah, Lorelai, really, we can do all this.

LORELAI: No, you are our guests and you deserve to get what you're paying for.

LUKE: We're not paying.

LORELAI: No, no, but this is where you start paying - in sweat.

LUKE: What?

NICOLE: Fame, right?

LORELAI: Yeah, Debbie Allen. In sweat. I just loved how she said that. Let's see. . .uh, you need towels.

LUKE: You can just give 'em to me.

LORELAI: Okay, here are your towels. And, let me see. . . oh, I'll draw your curtains closed. What else, what else? It's been a little while since I've done this. Oh, do you want a fire?

LUKE: I don't know. Nicole?

NICOLE: Uh, a fire would be nice.

LORELAI: Okay, I'll light it for you. We have these new log bags now, makes it real easy. Uh, okay. [tries to light the fireplace] So, nothing like a fire on a cold night like this, huh?

LUKE: Mm.

LORELAI: Hm, I'm not having much luck here. And, uh, you know what, we laid off the person who was able to light these things no problem, now we can't light these things, and ironically we laid him off because of a fire.

LUKE: It's okay, forget it. I can light it.

LORELAI: Okay. What else, let's see. Oh, um, well, turn down. I need to turn down the bed.

LUKE: Really, Lorelai.

LORELAI: No, no, no. Up, up, up. Okay, I'll get ya all settled here, nice and comfy. Great lines with these covers here. Pillows, nice and plump. And a couple of pillow mints. There you go, now you're all ready to. . .uh, you're all ready for your evening.

LUKE: Fine, good, that's good.

NICOLE: Yes, great, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Well, you're all set. Just call if you need anything, and have fun.

CUT TO KYLE'S HOUSE

[The band finishes up a song and the crowd cheers]

DAVE: Okay, thanks. Uh, we're gonna take a short break and then we'll be back.

RORY: Guys, that was amazing. Really, it was awesome.

DAVE: Thanks.

ZACH: Dude, you did good, you really did. But you got a little too close to me when you were singing into the mike.

BRIAN: I got as close as I had to.

ZACH: Your nose touched my cheek, man. That's too close.

LANE: Guys, come on, just be happy. We played and we didn't suck, right?

DAVE: Yeah, it was good.

KYLE: Come on, let's spread the word. All drinks on coasters, please.

MARSHALL: Hey, the coasters are there to be used.

LANE: Dave, what's wrong? I mean, we totally rocked.

DAVE: We sounded great.

LANE: Then what is it?

DAVE: It's this Young Chui thing. It's driving me crazy.

LANE: Why?

DAVE: Why? Lane, when are you. . .when are you gonna break up with him?

LANE: It's complicated. Young Chui's very sensitive right now.

DAVE: I'm sorry, but I don't care.

LANE: If you got to know him, you'd understand.

DAVE: I don't want to get to know him. I just want him to do his part and break up with you so that I can take you to your prom. He's acting like he's in love with you or something.

LANE: Well. . .

DAVE: Oh, no. Is he?

LANE: Kind of.

DAVE: Kind of?

LANE: Apparently, totally.

DAVE: Young Chui is in love with you and that's why he won't break up with you, so that he gets to take you to your prom. And he knows that your mom likes him and that we're running out of time.

LANE: No, we're not out of time.

DAVE: The prom's in two weeks.

LANE: I'll make it happen, I swear.

DAVE: It's too late. I'll see you for the next set. [walks away]

LANE: Dave.

[cut to Rory and Jess]

JESS: So, what now?

RORY: What do you mean, what now?



JESS: Let's go, let's get out of here.

RORY: Go where?

JESS: Anywhere.

RORY: It's early.

JESS: It's boring.

RORY: Jess, we can't just go.

JESS: Yes, we can.

RORY: The band's playing a whole other set.

JESS: They can do it without us.

RORY: I don't wanna leave. Now, come on, try to have fun. Talk, mingle.

JESS: I don't wanna talk to anybody else. I don't like anybody else.

RORY: I don't wanna leave. I need to stay here for Lane, come on. Gloomy.

JESS: We'll go right when they get done playing, okay?

RORY: Sure, Grandpa.

JESS: Rory.

RORY: We'll go then, I promise.

KYLE: Hey, you drop a chip, you pick it up. It's common courtesy folks.

CUT TO LATER AT THE PARTY

[Rory and Jess run into Dean and Lindsay]

RORY: Hi guys.

DEAN: Hey.

LINDSAY: Hey.

RORY: So, Lindsay, what did you think of Lane's band?

LINDSAY: I liked 'em. Although I didn't recognize most of the songs.

DEAN: She's not a music freak like you.

RORY: Well, we all can't be freaks.

DEAN: True.

RORY: So what kind of music do you like?

LINDSAY: I don't know. . .uh, Michelle Branch, Matchbox 20.

JESS: Jeez.

RORY: I like them, too. I mean, I like all kinds of things.

LINDSAY: You used to go to our school.

RORY: He still goes.

DEAN: Really? I haven't seen you around much.

JESS: What are you, the attendance monitor? I'm gonna go see what the hell's holding up this line.  
[walks away]

RORY: He's not feeling well.

LINDSAY: That's too bad.

DEAN: Uh, well, we'll see you later.

LINDSAY: Bye.

RORY: Bye.

[cut to Lane in another room]

MARSHALL: Hey, Lane. There's some guy looking for you.

LANE: Good, where?

[he points across the room to Young Chui, who waves to Lane; Lane walks to the kitchen]

KYLE: Oh, oh, and the part where Gimli the Dwarf is riding his horse, then Legolas grabs the front straps and swings himself up on top of it.

RICK: Dude, dude, that was awesome!

LANE: Any more left in that thing?

KYLE: Plenty. Foam or no foam?

LANE: Anything you hand me, Kyle, I'm downing.

[he hands her a cup of beer and she takes a sip]

LANE: Very refreshing.

KYLE: Oh, oh, and at the end when the tree is on fire and then he puts himself out in the flood. Oh!

CUT TO CHILTON CAFETERIA

[Lorelai walks in for the Booster Club meeting]

LORELAİ: Hi, sorry I'm late. Actually, I'm not late. I was right on time, but then I remembered I left

the cash box in the car. I mean, I was not used to having to carry a cash box. So I went back and got it, and I was carrying it by the handle and the stupid thing flew open and money flew everywhere, and I may have lost eighteen bucks in the process. Anyway, here I am. So where's Doug?

TERRY: I believe we scared Doug away.

CARRIE: I love scaring the Dougs away.

JOAN: So, you were telling us about these ridiculous dock fees.

TERRY: Right. We got what was supposed to be a final quote from the yacht owner, who then remembers he failed to mention an exorbitant dock fee.

JOAN: Unbelievable.

TERRY: And I don't wanna pay. I made some calls and I have several suggestions on how to get around it. Oh, but first, let me bring in a student from the senior class who wanted to give her own thoughts about the yacht trip. Come on in.

[Paris walks into the cafeteria]

CARRIE: [quietly] Oh no.

JOAN: [quietly] Paris Gellar.

PARIS: Ladies, thank you for seeing me. I know you're busy with work and have families to get home to, so I really appreciate your courtesy, and I'll make it brief. Having Grad Night on a yacht is the worst idea since Neville Chamberlain told the people of England, "Hey, don't worry about Hitler. He's a stand-up chap." Forget the inconvenience of being at sea with guests unable to leave if the party is dull or if the band, which will inevitably be composed of accountants with semi-mullets, decides to do a half-hour tribute to Kenny G. The seasickness factor alone, abetted by snuck-in flasks and badly cooked food, could lead to an epidemic, which may lead to lawsuits the school could ill afford. These points conclusively call for a change in venue to a hotel ballroom, a restaurant facility, several of which I've already called. Here are the results of my research. I've also included a list of maritime disasters from the past fifty years -- capsizings, onboard fires, et cetera -- and trust me, it'll put you off your lunch. Thank you for your time and cooperation. [leaves]

TERRY: So, my thought is to discuss these yacht fees directly with the yacht owner first.

JOAN: Absolutely.

[a woman walks in]

BARBARA: Hello everyone, sorry I'm late.

TERRY: Oh, that's okay.

BARBARA: I'm Barbara Epstein, I teach drama, and I'll be your faculty rep tonight.

TERRY: Welcome Barbara.

BARBARA: I just left Max Medina, he filled me in on everything that you're doing here.

TERRY: Good, then we'll get a running start. We're dealing with a fee that we do not wanna pay for this yacht.

LORELAI: Keep going, girls. I just need. . .um, I'll be right back.

TERRY: Okay.

LORELAI: Joan, you gotta watch the cash box.

JOAN: Will do.

[Lorelai leaves. In the hallway, she walks up to janitor]

LORELAI: Oh, sorry. Um, nearest bathroom? [he points] That way, huh? I'm gonna go this way. I think the farthest one is the one I'm looking for. I told a friend I'd meet her there, so I'll just go. . .

[she walks down the hall and sees Max inside a classroom. She opens the door.]

LORELAI: Gotcha.

MAX: You sure did.

LORELAI: Bad time?

MAX: Kind of.

[she walks in]

LORELAI: Busy?

MAX: Real busy.

LORELAI: You're avoiding me.

MAX: No, I'm not.

LORELAI: Then what's with the 'I'm busy' thing?

MAX: I can't be busy?

LORELAI: Ah, but that's avoiding me, saying you're busy.

MAX: No, it's descriptive of my current state. These essays are due back tomorrow, I'm way behind on my reading, so I'm eating my day-old vending machine at my desk in my futile attempt to try and catch up.

LORELAI: Two rotations.

MAX: What?

LORELAI: It's in the Booster Club bylaws, my friend. I looked it up myself. Faculty advisors are supposed to do a minimum of two consecutive rotations with the Booster Club and you did only one.

MAX: I did three.

LORELAI: What?

MAX: I did three. You went to my third one. I did the previous two you weren't at.

LORELAI: I'm assuming you have documentation?

MAX: Lorelai.

LORELAI: With Lorelai Gilmore, it's trust but verify.

MAX: Well, I'm sure I can scrounge up a witness.

LORELAI: Why did you treat me so weird at that last meeting?

MAX: I treated you with respect and kindness.

LORELAI: That's why it was weird. It's how you treated Terry and Joan, too. I mean, did you also kiss Terry and Joan?

MAX: Yeah, I did. And Doug. He was the best of the three.

LORELAI: Max.

MAX: I was playing it cool. You were, too. I was just following suit.

LORELAI: No, I was playing it cool because you were playing it cool. And I'm the treasurer and the treasurer has to be cool or it just looks suspicious.

MAX: Wait, wait, wait. Ten feet.

LORELAI: Ten feet?

MAX: That's a safe distance for us, and the more furniture in between, the better.

LORELAI: I'm not gonna attack you.

MAX: I'm not worried about you, I'm worried about me. I mean, there are people still walking the halls and this is my workplace and I can't be held responsible for what I do around you. I mean, you are like a - like a - like a mythological creature that casts some kind of spell on me and makes me act stupid. I'm not stupid. I don't act stupid with anyone else. Uh, we're too close again.

LORELAI: Okay, I didn't bring a frickin' tape measure. I'm not good at judging distances. You'll have to help me out with the ten feet thing.

MAX: Well, it's a little bigger than a basketball player. Just keep a really big basketball player between us.

LORELAI: Wow, I bet there's a sentence that's never been uttered before.

MAX: There are other complications with this whole thing, you know. Just thought I'd tell you.

LORELAI: What other complications?

MAX: I was seeing someone in California. There, I said it.

LORELAI: You mean, you weren't living like a Trappist monk while you were in California? I'm shocked.

MAX: That doesn't bother you?

LORELAI: Max, we weren't together. I mean, I have been seeing someone, too.

MAX: Well, I would probably still be seeing Diane if I hadn't moved back here. That's something to think about.

LORELAI: So you can't date anyone for the rest of your life because if you'd stayed in California, which you didn't, you might still be dating Diane?

MAX: Yes. No. Ugh!

LORELAI: Do you want an aspirin? I probably have a . . . Tic Tac. Sorry, I shouldn't have teased you with that aspirin thing.

MAX: You know, I thought we were both going to just pretend to ignore the kiss. Wasn't that the deal?

LORELAI: We had a deal? I don't remember a deal.

MAX: You had your shot, okay? You had the ring and you said no.

LORELAI: Yes, I did. And you said that that was right for you, too. You went to Stanford, you dated Diane, it was right for both of us.

MAX: Well, what is this, now, right here?

LORELAI: It's us. Tada.

MAX: Well, us needs to stay apart.

LORELAI: Oh, Max, we had a whole country between us for a year. That's like eleven-thousand basketball players lying end to end, and yet, here we are. We can't avoid each other.

MAX: I thought I was over you. I thought it was safe to come back here, but no, not the deal. I just, I think we should stay apart and never see each other ever again.

LORELAI: That's impossible.

MAX: No, it's not.

LORELAI: Well, I'll be at the Chilton graduation and so will you.

MAX: Well, I'll sit behind a tree.

LORELAI: We could run into each other at a drugstore again.

MAX: Well, I'm gonna order all my dr\*gs online.

LORELAI: If my car breaks down next to yours, will you stop?

MAX: I will stop, and keep my eyes straight forward, call a garage and then stay in my car with the radio on really loud 'til they come, and then I'm gone. And I say we start being apart right now.

LORELAI: Okay. Whatever you want.

MAX: This is what I want. And when I walk out that door, it could very well be the last time we see each other.

LORELAI: Okay. I'll abide by your wishes.

MAX: Goodbye, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Goodbye, Max.

[Max leaves the classroom and walks down the hall. As he walks by the other door from the classroom, Lorelai walks out and bumps into him.]

LORELAI: You said you were leaving.

MAX: My car is that way.

LORELAI: Well, I have to go that way, too.

MAX: After you.

LORELAI: Two seconds, we've already run into each other.

MAX: Doesn't count.

CUT TO KYLE'S HOUSE

[Rory walks over to Young Chui]

RORY: Young Chui, have you seen Jess?

YOUNG CHUI: Uh, I think I saw him go upstairs. Have you seen Lane?

RORY: Not for awhile. She's probably with the band. Why don't you go see?

YOUNG CHUI: Oh, I don't wanna lose these seats.

RORY: Right, right.

[in the kitchen, Lane is refilling her beer, Kyle is on the phone]

KYLE: It's just me and Marshall, Mom, honest. . . okay, kiss Uncle Newtie for me. Bye. [hangs up]

LANE: Hey Kyle. Mind if I use your phone there?

KYLE: As long as it's local.

LANE: Oh, it's local distance, yeah, don't worry.

KYLE: Okay.

[Lane picks up the phone and dials a number]

LANE: [on phone] Hello, Mama? Hi, how are you doing tonight?. . .It's Lane. Yeah, Lane. . . Nothing's wrong. In fact, I'm feeling pretty good right now. Had a beer and a half, nice cold beer. And I just thought I'd tell you, I'm drumming in a band tonight at a party and we rocked. We were The Clash and Rage Against the Machine and Nirvana combined. And I'm in love with Dave Rygalski. He's my

guy, not Young Chui. Young Chui's a ship in the night, Mama. Not even a ship, he's a little tugboat tooting along and I'm not gonna go to the prom with him, unh uh. I'm going with Dave, because we rock together, Mama. The charade is over.

[Dave walks in and hangs up the phone]

LANE: Hey.

DAVE: What are you doing?

LANE: What I should've done months ago, Davey.

DAVE: That was not your mother. Tell me that wasn't your mother.

LANE: Oh, that was the mother. I am liberated, my friend.

DAVE: You're drunk.

LANE: No, I'm. . .am I?

DAVE: We're going on in five minutes. Can you even play?

LANE: Oh, I can hit the sticks on those brums.

DAVE: Great, great, but what about the drums? [walks away]

LANE: Dave.

[Rory walks upstairs and finds Jess sitting in an empty bedroom]

RORY: There you are.

JESS: Hey.

RORY: I've been looking all over for you.

JESS: Just got tired of everything down there.

RORY: Are we allowed to be up here? I mean, Kyle was kind of discouraging it.

JESS: When you have a party, you get what you get.

RORY: Yeah, I guess. Sad boy, what's wrong? You were looking forward to this party, what happened?

JESS: Nothing.

RORY: Something did. Come on, tell me. [they kiss] You're not tired of me, are you? [they kiss again] That's a pretty good answer.

[They kiss again, then start making out on the bed]

RORY: Jess, wait. . . Jess, wait. . . Jess. [jumps up off the bed]

JESS: Jeez.

RORY: Not here, not now.



JESS: Fine.

RORY: What's wrong with you?

JESS: Nothing's wrong with me.

RORY: Someone could've walked in that door.

JESS: And Santa Claus could come down the chimney, whatever.

RORY: You did not think that it was going to happen like this, did you?

JESS: I don't know what I think anymore.

RORY: Jess.

JESS: Rory, stop, just stop! I did not invite you up here, you came up here on your own!

RORY: [starts to cry] I don't know what I did. [leaves room]

JESS: You didn't do anything. Rory. . .

[Rory walks down the staircase crying and Dean stops her]

DEAN: Rory. Are you okay?

RORY: Yes. No. I don't know.

DEAN: Whoa, what happened?

[Jess walks down the steps]

JESS: Figures.

[He walks away and Dean follows him]

RORY: Dean, no.

[Dean punches Jess and they start fighting throughout the house]

RORY: Stop it, guys! Stop it!

[Dave walks up to Young Chui]

DAVE: Young Chui, we gotta talk.

YOUNG CHUI: Don't touch me, Dave.

DAVE: I'm not gonna touch you. I just think it's time you and I had a real talk about the Lane situation.

YOUNG CHUI: Just a talk?

DAVE: We'll keep it friendly, honest.

[Dean and Jess burst through a door and knock Dave into Young Chui]

YOUNG CHUI: Ah, get off me!

DAVE: I'm trying.

[Dean and Jess knock into the band equipment]

ZACH: Bogus.

[Some kids push Dean and Jess out onto the front lawn. Two boys pull them apart]

RORY: Guys, just stop it!

JESS: Let go of me!

RICK: Cops.

MARSHALL: Oh, no, man. Is that. . .

KYLE: Boy with Toothache.

MARSHALL: Oh, you're dead.

[a police car pulls up to the house]

OFFICER: Okay, dump your cups and go home. Now.

RORY: Jess. . .

[Jess leaves. Rory sees Lane throwing up in the bushes and walks over to her]

RORY: Lane. . .

THE END

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