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03x04 - One's Got Class And The Other One Dyes

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03x04 - One's Got Class And The Other One Dyes

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3.04 - One's Got Class and the Other One Dyes

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OPEN IN LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting at a table]

LORELAI: So, I think I'm in touch with the other side.

RORY: The other side of. . .

LORELAI: The other side.

RORY: With republicans?

LORELAI: No. Lately I've been having these dark premonitions.

RORY: Oh, about what?

[Luke brings their plates]

LUKE: Dead cow, dead cow. [walks away]

LORELAI: That's weird.

RORY: He's always weird.

LORELAI: No, I mean, my premonitions have been about death, about my death.

RORY: I don't wanna hear this.

LORELAI: And the thing is, they're all silly.

RORY: What do you mean, silly?

LORELAI: In one, I slip on a banana peel and fall into a giant vat of whipped cream.

RORY: Silly and fattening.

LORELAI: In another, a turtle eats me.

RORY: A turtle, how?

LORELAI: Very slowly. There's lots of chewing.

RORY: And in your premonition, you didn't run away from what is perhaps the slowest land animal on the earth?

LORELAI: His first bite injects me with immobilizing poison.

RORY: Well, you left that part out.

LORELAI: Now, this last one's a little more gory. I'm out hunting ▯

RORY: A favorite Lorelai Gilmore pastime.

LORELAI: And my shotgun backfires and my whole face spins around a bunch of times and winds up in the back of my head like Daffy Duck.

RORY: That's the silliest one yet.

LORELAI: Now, if that's how I go, you gotta promise to move my face back to the front of my head like Daffy did with his beak.

RORY: I should be writing this down.

LORELAI: You can remember to move my face to the front of my head.

RORY: It depends on what I have going on that week.

[Lane walks into the diner]

LANE: Hello Stars Hollow, are you ready to rock?

LORELAI: Let me guess, band practice tonight?

LANE: Yes, we're going to learn our fourth song. That's practically a set.

[Lane sits down with them and takes a bite of Rory's burger]

LORELAI: Hm, I'm impressed.

LANE: And then once we have a set, we'll get a gig, and then once we get a gig, we'll get a record deal.

LORELAI: Swallow.

LANE: And then after we get a record deal, we'll get really famous and then we'll have to give all of these interviews about how horrible it is to be really famous and how we never wanted this in the first place, all we care about is the music, and fame is gonna tear us apart. It's gonna be great!

LORELAI: And rehearsing in the music shop's been working out?

LANE: Perfectly ▯ it's totally time efficient, being a thirty-second commute from my house. We practice for two hours, I'm home in time to watch reruns of Johnny Yune's talk show on Korean television with my mom, who thinks I hooked up with you guys ▯ which I did, so I'm not even lying.

LORELAI: Well, you're kinda lying.

LANE: I'm fibbing, but a fib is not a lie.

LORELAI: Hm, I'd say it's a fib-slash-lie.

LANE: No, no, it's not a lie, and I can always tell because of the few times that I've out and out lied to my mother, I'd get this feeling in my gut like a wild animal was burrowing into it, and I'm not getting that.

LORELAI: Wild animals burrowing into my stomach □ another one of my premonitions.

RORY: Pretty spooky.

LANE: I've gotta go. I'm single-handedly improving the reputation of drummers everywhere by being on time for every rehearsal. [takes Rory's burger] Thanks for the food. [leaves]

[Rory takes Lorelai's burger]

LORELAI: Uh, excuse me.

RORY: Lane took mine.

LORELAI: Okay, this band thing is really not working out for me. Let's go. See ya, Luke.

LUKE: See ya.

[Lorelai and Rory walk to the door as Shane walks in]

LORELAI: Turn sideways!

[Shane rushes past them over to Jess at the counter]

LORELAI: That girl's a freak.

[Jess and Shane start kissing]

LUKE: Make a hole.

[Jess and Shane stop kissing long enough for Luke to walk past them]

[opening credits]

CUT TO THE MUSIC SHOP

[Lane and her band are practicing]

ZACH: [sings] London calling to the faraway towns, now that the w*r's declared and battle come down. London calling to the underworld, come out of the cupboard, you boys and girls. . .

DAVE: Whoa whoa whoa, can you guys hold it? It doesn't sound right.

LANE: It sounded good to me.

DAVE: No, it's wrong. Something's missing.

ZACH: Yeah, volume.

LANE: We can't play any louder, guys.

ZACH: We've got to.

LANE: But that's the agreement □ free practice space, but we have to play quietly.

DAVE: Just try and live with it, Zach.

ZACH: Dude, Brian's breathing is louder than the song.

BRIAN: I've got a deviated septum. All the women in my family and me have it.

ZACH: Well, it's throwing me off.

LANE: Hold your breath when we're playing, Brian. There, problem solved. Okay, come on, now, let's rock. One, two, three □

ZACH: Wait. The bottom line here is that breathing should not be louder than a rock band. Am I right or am I right?

BRIAN: You're right.

ZACH: Rygalski?

DAVE: Well, it □

ZACH: We need to crank it up.

LANE: Just listen harder, that'll make it sound louder.

DAVE: Can't we turn it up at all?

LANE: Well, maybe we could possibly turn the amps up from three to, say, three and a half, but that's it.

ZACH: Forget it.

DAVE: Zach, come on, we just got started.

ZACH: Dude, Lawrence Welk cranked louder than this. It's a waste of time.

LANE: Wait, Zach, no, you don't understand. We can't play louder. See, my mom has this special antenna that can pick up non-Christian music being played within a football field's distance of our house, and she'd immediately come looking for me in order to shield me from the perversion.

BRIAN: If Zach's going, I'm going.

LANE: Wait, no, Brian, I'm not exaggerating. Once, a guy in our town named Kirk was practicing Bohemian Rhapsody with his band, the Kirk Gleason Five, and my mom shut them down so fast that the band fled without their instruments and never came back for them. To this day, Kirk can't listen to Queen without tearing up.

BRIAN: Sorry.

ZACH: Having a free practice space was cool and all, but not like this.

BRIAN: We should just rent a space in Hartford.

LANE: Hartford, Connecticut?

ZACH: It's not that far.

LANE: Yeah, or maybe, how about France? We could practice in France, too, or Iceland!

DAVE: Lane.

LANE: The moon's probably available, we could crank it way up on the moon!

DAVE: A word, please.

[Dave leads Lane outside onto the sidewalk]

LANE: Dave, talk to them. You're the leader, that's flat out insubordination going on in there! They show be flogged, heel-hogged, strung up from the highest yardarm!

DAVE: No, I can't.

LANE: Why?

DAVE: Because we're supposed to be a one-for-all band like the Clash or U2 □ it's a democracy.

LANE: Democracies are overrated. Now get in there and kick some butt.

DAVE: It's not how it works.

LANE: I'll fix Brian's deviated septum □ I'll ram one of my sticks up his nose!

DAVE: Lane, think about this, do you really believe this is working?

LANE: No, it's not working. We sound like a bunch of wankers.

DAVE: We need a real practice space. We need to be able to really play. Wouldn't you like to actually be able to hit both the cymbals?

LANE: Yeah.

DAVE: Okay, then, we need to do this.

LANE: I know, I just don't wanna leave the band.

DAVE: What? You can't leave the band. That's not what anybody wants, especially me. Lane, listen to me, okay □ you're perfect for us, it's working.

LANE: So I have to figure out a way to rehearse in Hartford two or three nights a week.

DAVE: Yeah, that's not so tough.

LANE: No, it's not so tough. And maybe at the same time I'll attempt to master quantum physics, and throw Sanskrit in there, too.

DAVE: Do your best. Not with the Sanskrit thing, that's pretty worthless ▯ but with the band.

LANE: I'll try.

DAVE: There's no way you're gonna become our Pete Best. There's no way.

LANE: You're sweet.

DAVE: We should get back in there.

LANE: Okay, um, I'll be in in a minute.

CUT TO LANE'S BEDROOM

[Lane is in her closet talking on the phone]

LANE: Wrack your brain. I mean, we've really gotta think here.

RORY: It's quite a pickle.

LANE: No, Rory, pickles are smaller. This is much bigger than a pickle.

[At Lorelai's house, Rory is in her bedroom on the phone]

RORY: Okay, let's stop saying the word pickle.

LANE: Fine.

RORY: Now, how many nights a week would you have to go to Hartford to practice?

LANE: Two, plus a weekend afternoon.

RORY: Okay, so that's three big blocks of time that you'd have to account for.

LANE: Very big blocks of time.

RORY: Plus, you have no car to transport your drums anywhere as of yet.

LANE: Or a driver's license.

RORY: Or any drums because you're borrowing them from the shop.

LANE: Temporarily until I can buy my own set ▯ with money that I don't know where I'm gonna get.

RORY: Yup, you're right ▯ that's more than a pickle.

LANE: You're making light ▯ now stop and focus. And turn down the Cornershop, it's distracting.

RORY: No, your Coltrane is distracting, turn that down.

LANE: Hey, I'm in angst here and Coltrane speaks to my soul. I can't turn it down.

RORY: Fine, in deference to your soul, I'll turn mine down. Hey, here's a crazy thought. How about you tell your mom the truth and insist that she lets you play with the band and rehearse in Stars Hollow loudly as long as your schoolwork doesn't suffer?

LANE: Oh, I'm sorry, was that a serious suggestion?

RORY: Hey, it's worth a shot.

LANE: No, you're thinking your mom, here, Rory. If I said that to mine, she'd start waving a crucifix at me.

RORY: If she says no, she says no, but right now you're out of options. We have another call, just think about it?

LANE: Okay, I will. And hey, you know I like Cornershop.

RORY: I know. Bye.

LANE: Bye.

[Rory answers the call waiting]

RORY: Hello?

DEBBIE: Hi, Rory?

RORY: Yes.

DEBBIE: This is Debbie Fincher □ Kathy's mom from Stars Hollow High.

RORY: Oh, hi Mrs. Fincher.

DEBBIE: Well, hi right back to you. You know, we miss you since you started that fancy school of yours. Is it fun?

RORY: It's hard but I like it.

DEBBIE: Oh well, super. Uh, listen, is your mom home?

RORY: Oh, sure, just a second. Say hi to Kathy for me.

DEBBIE: I will.

RORY: Hold on.

[Rory walks into the kitchen; Lorelai is sitting at the table]

RORY: Phone. It's Debbie Fincher.

LORELAI: Who?

RORY: From Stars Hollow High. Kathy Fincher's mom.

LORELAI: Oh, I remember Kathy.

RORY: You met Debbie many times, had many conversations with her at bake sales, school plays, the PTA.

LORELAI: Not ringing a bell.

RORY: I used to go swimming at her house all the time. You and Debbie had long chats when you dropped me off.

LORELAI: No. . .no.

RORY: Blonde hair, medium height, drove a Range Rover.

LORELAI: Does she also breathe and have toes?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Well, narrow it down to less than eight thousand possibilities.

RORY: I did with the swimming.

LORELAI: I remember the water.

RORY: Come on, blonde hair, medium height.

LORELAI: See, even you can't think of another way to describe her.

RORY: You have no memory of this woman?

LORELAI: All those Stars Hollow moms looked alike, except for Lane's mom and that one mom with the freaky glass eye that never moved.

RORY: Take the phone.

LORELAI: [on phone] Hi Debbie, how are you?

DEBBIE: Great, Lorelai, and yourself?

LORELAI: Just fine, thanks.

DEBBIE: The g*ng and I have missed you so much at school events. You were always such a kick.

LORELAI: Aw, well, I really miss you and the g*ng.

DEBBIE: Hey, listen, I have a proposition for you. The PTA likes to ask prominent locals in business if they could talk to the students about how they got to where they are ▯ you know, all the hard work it takes, success stories, you know. And we thought about you.

LORELAI: To suggest people I know who have success stories, or. . .

DEBBIE: No, silly, we'd like for you to address the class.

LORELAI: Me, really?

DEBBIE: Well, yes. You're a young woman and you run that beautiful inn, it's a huge responsibility, and you do it with such style.

LORELAI: Wow, well, that's really sweet. It's always nice to be well thought of.

Oh, Debbie, before we go any further, I'm dying to know ▯ how's Kathy? What's she up to?

DEBBIE: She is just terrific. She's applied to a couple schools in California, so she's really excited,

although. . .

[Lorelai covers the mouthpiece of the phone and talks to Rory]

LORELAI: So she wants me to speak to some kids about my business success.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: That's great. What are you doing with the phone?

LORELAI: Oh, she's blabbing about her kid. We probably got another thirty seconds or so.

RORY: You're awful.

LORELAI: No, I'm a kick. Should I do it?

RORY: Yeah, toot your own horn, you little missy.

LORELAI: I'm a success, who'd have thought?

RORY: I suspected you had it in you.

LORELAI: From rags to riches. . .I wonder why Larry King hasn't called.

RORY: Mom, Debbie, please.

[Lorelai brings the phone back up to her ear]

DEBBIE: . . .so the internship will keep her local, which is a nice bonus for Bill and me, you know?

LORELAI: Oh, sure, yeah. Well, be sure to say hi to her and to Bill, and by the way, yes, I'd be happy to talk to the class.

DEBBIE: Terrific! Oh, the g*ng will be so thrilled. Now, there'll probably be a second speaker with you, do you mind?

LORELAI: Oh, that's fine, who's it gonna be?

DEBBIE: Uh, well, we've had some suggestions, but do you know anyone?

LORELAI: Well, you know, my friend the Sultan of Brunei is so hard to pin down.

DEBBIE: Ha-ha, there's that sense of humor. Well, we were considering Luke Danes, but he usually turns these things down.

LORELAI: I could talk to him if you'd like.

DEBBIE: That would be just terrific. The two of you together would be a kick.

LORELAI: Well, then, I'll just kick him until he agrees to do it, how does that sound?

DEBBIE: Okay, Thursday at four p.m., is that okay?

LORELAI: I'll be there, Deb.

DEBBIE: Oh, you rat! You rat!

LORELAI: What?

DEBBIE: You remembered how much I hate being called Deb.

LORELAI: I'm wicked.

DEBBIE: Well, thank you Lorelai, and I'll talk to you soon.

LORELAI: Okay, bye. [hangs up] Huh. She hates being called Deb.

RORY: I'll make a mental note. [pinches Lorelai's cheeks]

LORELAI: Ow, ow, ow!

RORY: I'm so proud of my little success!

CUT TO KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Lane walks down the steps. She starts to walk toward her mother in the kitchen, then walks back to the steps and starts talking to herself]

LANE: Stop it, don't run, just walk in there and tell her what you want. After all, she's your mother and she wants you to be happy . . . on some level, I think. Maybe not. What are you doing? Do not back off. Just move. Come on, move. Move your foot, move your foot, one foot. Lane, move your foot, right.

[her mother comes up behind her]

MRS. KIM: Lane!

LANE: Yeah?

MRS. KIM: Come with me.

LANE: Okay.

[They walk to the kitchen.]

MRS. KIM: Sit, sit. You want tea?

LANE: Mama, I wanna □

MRS. KIM: Sit.

LANE: Sorry. I wanted to talk to you about something, um, an idea I had. . . have, for me to do something that would be very beneficial to me, and you by extension because well, if one person is happy, then the other person is happy, and so I had an idea that, of how I could be and then you could be and then we would be and. . . tea would be good.

MRS. KIM: Here, I want you to fill these out. [hands her a stack of papers]

LANE: What are these?

MRS. KIM: College applications.

LANE: What?

MRS. KIM: Don't worry. Every one in this pile approved by me and Reverend Melmin.

LANE: I haven't heard of one of these schools.

MRS. KIM: They're all good religious programs, and I've already thrown out the ones that let boys and girls sit in the cafeteria together, the party schools.

LANE: Oh, great.

MRS. KIM: I will help you fill them out and we'll mail them on the way to choir practice, okay?

LANE: Yes, Mama.

MRS. KIM: Good. Now, if you meet Jesus walking on the street, what are the three questions you would like to ask? Ah.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai is at the front desk organizing some index cards]

MICHEL: Hm, your speech for that class?

LORELAI: Just some talking points.

MICHEL: And this speech is about your success in business, yes?

LORELAI: Pretty much.

MICHEL: You must be very fortunate to live in this tiny town where people make very little money. It elevates you by comparison.

LORELAI: Mmhmm.

MICHEL: I wonder who their last speaker was -- the fellow in short pants that walks up and down the square with a metal detector?

LORELAI: Hm, I wouldn't know.

MICHEL: And if they find someone who drives a car that is less than eight years old, what will they do □ crown him king of successful people?

LORELAI: Unless it's a woman, and then they'll crown her queen.

MICHEL: Mm, and if they are □

[phone rings]

LORELAI: Go away. [answers phone] Independence Inn, Lorelai speaking.

LUKE: I'm backing out.

LORELAI: Too late, sorry.

LUKE: I'm not speaking to that stupid class.

LORELAI: But you agreed.

LUKE: I'm out, case closed, no debating.

LORELAI: Great, fine, do what you want. I guess I'm just out the thousand-dollar deposit.

LUKE: What deposit?

LORELAI: For the room.

LUKE: What room?

LORELAI: For the thing, for the afterwards thing. . .

LUKE: Oh, wait, now, you're talking crazy talk trying to confuse me, aren't you?

LORELAI: Aren't you?

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Who?

LUKE: Stop.

LORELAI: Bye.

LUKE: Uh, hold on a sec! I agreed to this under coercion.

LORELAI: You said yes on your own.

LUKE: I said yes because when I said no you talked baby talk loudly in front of all my customers until I got so sick of it I just agreed to do it to shut you up.

LORELAI: I'm incorrigible!

LUKE: It's not a binding agreement, it's coercion.

LORELAI: Well, you gave in just in time because, uh, I was about to transition out of baby talk and into my Louis Armstrong voice, and that, my friend, is a whole lot worse than baby talk.

LUKE: I hate that building.

LORELAI: What, the school?

LUKE: Three years of going there, I have no good memories.

LORELAI: You must have some.

LUKE: None. Kids were as dumb then as they are now.

LORELAI: I think you'll enjoy this.

LUKE: Think about going back to your high school to give a talk. How would that feel?

LORELAI: Okay, not all your points are bad, but it's not my school, it's your school, and if you cancel, this whole town will know and when you walk down the street people will point and whisper, 'There goes that Luke, he's a real talk-canceler guy.'

LUKE: Ouch.

LORELAI: Plus, I promised the PTA, so my fragile reputation is on the line.

LUKE: I think you'll live.

LORELAI: Oh, Luke.

LUKE: No!

LORELAI: [in Louis Armstrong voice] Hello, Dolly!

LUKE: Stop that.

LORELAI: [in Louis Armstrong voice] This is Louis, Dolly!

LUKE: I'll just hang up.

LORELAI: [in Louis Armstrong voice] I'll be coming around the diner singing soooooooooongs.

LUKE: Have you been diagnosed?

LORELAI: See you tomorrow at four.

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Rory and Lane are walking down the street]

LANE: Oh, it was a fine collection, believe me.

RORY: She made you apply to every one?

LANE: And measured my head for a wimple.

RORY: Out of twenty-three schools, there wasn't one that you might want to go to?

LANE: It depends on what I'm looking for. Of course, all the great Seventh Day Adventist schools were represented, with their ban on dancing, gum chewing and bowling. Quaker College was a delightful surprise, with its special appeal to Richard Nixon, who's dead but still deeply involved in campus recruiting. Oh, and the piece de resistance! She found an Amish school in Nicaragua. Nicaragua! A big shout out to Mama Kim on that one!

RORY: Look, Mama Kim always starts out super serious on everything but then lightens with time.

LANE: But I don't have time. Schools that I like will fill up and my band, my beloved band, will find another drummer, and if it's a girl I'm gonna be twice as mad.

RORY: Look, Lane, just try to calm down.

LANE: No, calm is for losers. I've spent my whole life compromising and being the good little girl and not doing what I want. Or doing what I want and hiding it and feeling guilty for doing it, and

I'm sick of it. I'm sick of it. I mean, I even lost my first boyfriend because of all this.

RORY: What boyfriend?

LANE: Henry.

RORY: Oh, right, Henry.

LANE: See, that's how pathetic my life is. I'm calling a boyfriend a guy that I never even went out on a date with, and that my own best friend doesn't even remember, which is not your fault because there's nothing to remember.

RORY: Okay, so besides power walking, what are you gonna do about it?

LANE: Take a stand!

RORY: What kind of stand? [Lane walks into the beauty supply store] Lane!

[Rory follows her inside]

CUT TO INSIDE BEAUTY SUPPLY STORE

RORY: Lane.

LANE: Follow my anger.

RORY: What are you doing?

LANE: Choosing a color.

RORY: You're gonna dye your hair?

LANE: Yes, I am. Lots of choices here. Help me narrow it down.

RORY: You can't do this.

LANE: Of course I can.

RORY: And what, walk around in a hood all the time? How are you gonna hide this from your mom?

LANE: I'm not gonna hide it, that's the point.

RORY: Lane, think about this for a second, at least.

LANE: Rory, I've been thinking about this my whole life. Nothing's gonna change unless I change it, and now's the time. I need to make a clear statement, one I can't go back on or chicken out on, one that everyone can see. And this is my instrument, it says "This is me, this is Lane Kim." [holds up a container of dye]

RORY: That is you, it's black hair dye.

LANE: This is merely a prop until we find my true color. Now, what do you think? Pink? Or is that too Pink the singer and Kelly Osbourne and Gwen Stefani. . .man, there's a lot of cheese associated with the color pink. Okay, pink's out. There. . .there's blue " what about blue?

RORY: Blue's probably not right for your skin tone, and I agree with you about pink. What about

purple?

LANE: Yes, purple, you're brilliant.

RORY: And bleach, don't forget the bleach.

LANE: Bleach, right, okay, I'll get the bleach. Thank you.

[Rory walks to the checkout counter]

RORY: And make sure that you get some. . . gloves.

[Rory is surprised when she sees that Shane is the cashier. Lane walks to the counter with a pile of supplies]

LANE: Got them.

RORY: Good, good.

LANE: You all right?

RORY: Yeah, fine, let's go.

LANE: It's a good day today, isn't it?

SHANE: Mmhmm. Twelve fifty-two.

LANE: And I've got exact change for you.

SHANE: Super. [sees Rory staring at her] You need something?

RORY: No. No, I just, um. . . I was wondering if there's a money-back guarantee. You know, in case her hair falls out or something.

SHANE: Um, sure. If your hair falls out, we'll give you your money back.

RORY: Good. You heard that. The second you go bald, you can come get your money back.

LANE: Rory, you're putting a damper on my Independence Day.

RORY: Sorry, let's go.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[The next day, Lorelai walks into Luke's]

LORELAI: Lucas, la escuela!

LUKE: Hey.

LORELAI: Hey. Did you lose track of time?

LUKE: What? Why?

LORELAI: It's four o'clock.

LUKE: I know.

LORELAI: We were supposed to be at the school, like, now.

LUKE: I know.

LORELAI: But you're not ready.

LUKE: What? Oh, right, right, sorry. [removes apron] Okay, I'm ready.

LORELAI: Au contraire.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: You are so not ready.

LUKE: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: The grunge look is out.

LUKE: Hey, I'm not dressing up for this.

LORELAI: Well, you need something better than that.

LUKE: The whole point of this stupid class talk was for us to talk about our work and our success. This flannel shirt is my most successful outfit. I've closed many a deal in this outfit. It's my power outfit.

LORELAI: Come on.

[Lorelai grabs his shirt collar and pulls him upstairs]

LUKE: Hey, hey, hey, hey, let go, let go, hey, you're pinching me!

LORELAI: Go!

[cut to upstairs hallway]

LUKE: I don't wanna change.

LORELAI: Be a good boy and I'll buy you a toy afterward. You wanna toy?

[cut to inside Luke's apartment; Lorelai and Luke walk in, Jess is inside]

LORELAI: Sorry to barge in.

JESS: No problem. What was that about a toy?

LORELAI: Your Uncle Luke is getting one if he's a good boy.

LUKE: Can we make this more demeaning? Hey, why don't you go downstairs and help out Caesar?

JESS: I think my education comes first, don't you?

[Lorelai pulls a shirt out of Luke's closet]

LORELAI: Oh my God.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Jimmy Buffett?

LUKE: Put that back.

LORELAI: You like Jimmy Buffett? He's so mellow.

LUKE: I've just been to a few shows, that's all.

LORELAI: A few shows? Oh my God, you're a Buffetthead.

LUKE: Is that the one you want me to wear or not?

LORELAI: Sing Margaritaville.

LUKE: No.

JESS: That attitude's gonna lose you that toy.

LUKE: Stay outta this!

[Lorelai pulls another shirt from the closet]

LORELAI: We've got ourselves a winner.

LUKE: Fine, fine, come on. [takes the shirt and walks toward the bathroom]

LORELAI: Just change in here.

LUKE: I'll be more comfortable in here. [goes into bathroom]

LORELAI: I've seen you swimming at the lake so I've seen you with your shirt off.

JESS: Lately? 'Cause he's really let himself go.

LUKE: [from bathroom] I'll be one second.

LORELAI: Lose the baseball cap, too.

JESS: You run the risk of his head falling off without it.

LORELAI: I think he'll be okay.

[Lorelai looks at Jess' closet curiously]

JESS: Something wrong?

LORELAI: Uh, no. . .no, I just. . .no.

[Luke walks out of the bathroom]

LUKE: Happy?

LORELAI: Thrilled. Now a tie with that would be just great.

LUKE: We're leaving. And it's gotta be something I don't have to put together.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: My toy.

LORELAI: Got it.

JESS: Talk good.

[Luke and Lorelai walk out of the apartment]

[cut to hallway]

LORELAI: Wow, we're late. Oh, by the way, Jess had a girl in the closet.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Come on, pip pip!

LUKE: Who? What was that? Lorelai? What about the closet?CUT TO LANE'S HOUSE

[Lane and Rory are in the bathroom preparing to bleach Lane's hair]

LANE: Okay, combs, rags, instructions, timer, towels, tunes.

RORY: All systems a go.

LANE: So far, so good.

RORY: Now, are you sure about this?

LANE: Will you stop?

RORY: I'm just making sure.

LANE: I'll sign a waiver if you want. Hit play please.

RORY: We should open a window, shouldn't we?

LANE: It's freezing outside.

RORY: Yeah, but the bleach is gonna stink up the whole house.

LANE: Let it. Let it be the first clue that something's happened for when my mom gets home. Let the thick smell of bleach meet her at the doorway like a force that'll usher her into the next chapter of Lane Kim's life. The smell of bleach is the smell of freedom!

RORY: You're very dramatic today.

LANE: To hell with the floor! Oh, that felt good to say.

RORY: You done?

LANE: I'm done.

RORY: Take your seat, please. [Lane sits] And here we go. [Rory starts applying the bleach] How you doing?

LANE: Fine.

RORY: Feeling good?

LANE: Feeling great. This is such a catharsis. I have never felt so naturally high in my life. Stings a little, though.

RORY: Yeah, that happens.

LANE: But just a little, no biggie. More than a little actually, it's kind of a big little.

RORY: Just keep me posted.

LANE: In that case, it's kind of a lot. Yup, yup, a lot of sting happening here.

RORY: Try thinking about something else. God, this smells awful.

LANE: Okay, thinking about something else, something else. Thinking about puppy dogs. Thinking about getting things in the mail. I love getting things in the mail, letters and packages.

RORY: Got a package.

LANE: What's that?

RORY: Oh, Jim Carrey says that in Ace Ventura.

LANE: Good distraction. Still thinking. . .thinking about world events, lots going on there. Thinking about the last movie I saw. Vin Diesel was in it. Thinking about Vin Diesel now. Thinking about where Vin Diesel got the name Vin Diesel. Thinking about Vin Diesel's mysterious ethnicity. Thinking about how surprising it is to have so much to think about with Vin Diesel. Who knew, who knew? Okay, now I'm just thinking about the pain, we're into pain here.

RORY: Back to Vin Diesel.

LANE: I've exhausted Vin Diesel, but the pain □ that's not exhausted!

RORY: What kind of pain is it?

LANE: Ever light your head on fire? I haven't, but I don't have to now □cause I know how it feels.

RORY: I'll rinse it out.

LANE: No, we'd have to start all over again and now that I know how much pain there is, I'll chicken out for sure!

RORY: I'm getting dizzy from the smell.

LANE: Let's focus on my pain. Now read the bottle, tell me what to do in case of pain.

RORY: Um, blah blah blah, do not apply to a broken scalp □ is your scalp broken?

LANE: I don't know, maybe. I don't know my scalp that well.

RORY: There's nothing else about pain. Oh, a girl told me once that if your scalp is hurting from bleach, drink a 7UP. It's something to do with the bubbles.

LANE: The Kim household does not have soft drinks.

RORY: Well, what do you got?

LANE: Something called Salad Water imported from Korea. Believe me, it's nothing like 7UP.

RORY: Oh my God, we have to open this window.

LANE: Okay, I have got to do something!

RORY: Run around the block!

LANE: Why?

RORY: I don't know!

LANE: Good enough for me!

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW HIGH

[Lorelai, Luke, and Debbie are walking down the hallway]

DEBBIE: It's so good of you both to do this, really.

LORELAI: Oh, we're happy to be here, right?

LUKE: Yup, zippity doo dah.

DEBBIE: Oh, Luke, it must be fun to be back at your old alma mater, huh?

LUKE: Oh yeah, I'm feeling all warm and fuzzy here.

LORELAI: Don't let him fool you. He told me he was so excited about today, he couldn't sleep last night.

DEBBIE: Oh, we're all excited, too. It's been so long since we saw you, Lorelai. We had some laughs with this one, let me tell you.

LUKE: Oh yeah, she's a funny one.

DEBBIE: The book fair of '97. . . what you said to that one rude customer □ uh! Priceless how you put him in his place.

LORELAI: Yeah, I put that man in his place, all right, zing!

DEBBIE: Oh oh oh, what you said to him! How could anyone forget?

LORELAI: Huh, yeah.

DEBBIE: Hey, Old Man. . .

LORELAI: . . .old man. . .

DEBBIE: Stick a crowbar -

LORELAI: . . .crowbar. . .

DEBBIE: - in your wallet -

LORELAI: . . . in his wallet. . .

DEBBIE: - and cough up some dough -

LORELAI: . . .dough. . .

DEBBIE: - 'cause this is for our kids!

LORELAI: . . .our kids! Ha ha!

DEBBIE: You do remember!

LORELAI: What, it's emblazoned up here Debbie, all those good times.

DEBBIE: Definitely. Now everyone's gathered. The vice-principal will finish up in a second and then we'll call you in. Lorelai, you wanna go first?

LORELAI: Yeah, sure. Is that okay?

LUKE: It's okay by me.

DEBBIE: Great. See you in a minute. [walks away]

LORELAI: I couldn't pick that woman out of a lineup if my life depended on it.

[While Luke walks over to a chair and sits down, Lorelai looks out the door of the school and sees Lane running through the street with bleach on her head. Lorelai walks over to Luke.]

LORELAI: Will you lighten up?

LUKE: No, I won't lighten up.

LORELAI: Aw.

LUKE: I hate this place. Still smells the same □ old, repressive.

[Lorelai sits down next to him and pulls her notecards out of her pocket]

LORELAI: Being back here doesn't make you nostalgic at all?

LUKE: I liked the final bell, that's about it. What are those?

LORELAI: They're, uh, my notes for the talk.

LUKE: You put thought into this?

LORELAI: Yeah, don't you have notes?

LUKE: I run a diner, what are my notes? I open the door, people come in, they order food, I cook the food, I serve the food, they eat the food. Then there's a terrific action sequence where I refill coffee and water. And oh, my big finale is a description of the whole end of the evening mopping up ceremony.

LORELAI: Hey, you're sure you don't mind me going first?

LUKE: Are you kidding? There's a good chance you'll yack so much they won't even get to me.

[Lorelai looks inside a display case]

LORELAI: Oh my God.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Nothing, nothing at all, Butch.

[Luke walks over to her. His high school picture is hanging in the display case with the caption "State High Hurdles Champion □ 1985 - Butch Danes"]

LUKE: For the love of. . .what's that doing there?

LORELAI: What's it doing? It's yelling, □Mock me, mock me!'

LUKE: It shouldn't be there.

LORELAI: Oh no, you're right. It should have its own special display at the diner with a big old spotlight on it.

LUKE: Don't they need my permission for this? This should be illegal.

LORELAI: No, those shorts with that t*nk top should be illegal.

LUKE: Okay, stop now.

LORELAI: What was your girlfriend's name, Sissy?

LUKE: As a matter of fact, no.

LORELAI: Oh, the girls just swooned when Butch Danes took the field.

LUKE: I knew there was another good reason not to do this.

LORELAI: Oh no, don't walk away, Butch. Well, if I thought you didn't care, I'd die, oh, I'd just die.

CUT TO LANE'S HOUSE

[Rory and Lane are in the bathroom. Lane's hair is blond.]

LANE: It's weird.

RORY: Like straw.

LANE: I feel like I should be singing □If I Only Had a Brain.'

RORY: Now, you feel better? Burning's completely gone?

LANE: Completely. I even think the Salad Water's helping.

RORY: Okay, here goes nothing. [starts applying the purple dye] So have you mentioned dyeing your hair to the band yet?

LANE: No, but they'll be cool with it. They've all got tattoos. Dave and Zach have musical themes and Brian's got Snoopy.

RORY: Poor guy.

LANE: Yeah, but he's a slamming bass player.

RORY: So you haven't even mentioned it to Dave?

LANE: I just said I didn't tell the band.

RORY: Not even Dave?

LANE: No, not even to Dave. And what's with all the pressing?

RORY: I don't know, Dave's just different from the other two.

LANE: Of course, he's the defacto leader.

RORY: I know, but it also seemed like from the day you guys met there was a little something happening there.

LANE: I don't know what you're talking about.

RORY: You're always talking about him. You always seem to be thinking about him. And now with this hair emancipation of yours, you're going to unheard of lengths to make a statement to your mother about who you are so you can have a shot at staying in the band □ all roads lead to Dave.

LANE: Rory, Dave and I are professionals.

RORY: I know.

LANE: Plus, the rock and roll highway is littered with casualties of band members who have dated and broken the band apart.

RORY: That's a sensible attitude.

LANE: Very sensible, very sensible. Dave and I are very sensible people. I'm in love with him.

RORY: I know.

LANE: Is it that obvious?

RORY: Only to a guy with sunglasses and a dog selling pencils.

LANE: He's so cute.

RORY: Definitely cute.

LANE: And smart □ you know, that's such a rare package. It's usually one or the other.

RORY: It's wrong, but that's the way it usually is.

LANE: It just increases the amount of competition for the Daves of the world.

RORY: You're rare, too, don't forget.

LANE: I've never really felt this way before. I mean, Henry ▯ yes, but we never spent any real time together. It's not just puppy love, you know, it's different. I mean, I get butterflies in my stomach when I think about him, and when I call him to work out times for band practice, the ring of his telephone gets me really excited. And last week, someone said Dave at school ▯ it wasn't even about my Dave, and I almost lost it, I got so shaky.

RORY: My Dave ▯ that's so cute.

LANE: Stop it.

RORY: This sounds like love to me.

LANE: It does, doesn't it? My first love, wow.

RORY: Yeah, wow.

LANE: I finally have a first love, like what you and Dean have.

RORY: Right. . . exactly.

LANE: Of course, I don't exactly have what you and Dean have because you love Dean and Dean loves you back. In my situation, I love Dave and Dave thinks that I have a decent sense of rhythm.

RORY: Don't move, you'll drip.

LANE: God, you're so lucky ▯ to love a guy who actually knows you love him and who loves you back. That's gotta be the best feeling ever.

RORY: I think this purple's gonna look good.

LANE: I want that. I want that really bad.

RORY: You'll have that. You will have your perfect first love and second love and any other love you want because you're great and purple heads will not be denied.

LANE: Now that should've been put on the box.

RORY: Okay, now, head down please.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW HIGH

[Lorelai and Luke are waiting in the hallway. Debbie comes out of the classroom]

DEBBIE: Okay, we're all ready for you guys.

LORELAI: Great, excellent.

[they walk into the classroom]

DEBBIE: Okay, uh, Luke, you can have a seat here while Lorelai's talking, okay?

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: [points to desk] Hey, what's that? Luke plus Sissy.

LUKE: Start your speech.

DEBBIE: Okay, everyone, we're ready to begin. We have two local luminaries here to talk to us today. You probably all recognize Luke Danes from his fabulous diner, but we're really excited to begin with a former Stars Hollow High mom, Lorelai Gilmore.

[applause]

LORELAI: No, no, save it for when I wow you with my brilliance. I'm really happy to be here with you all today. I recognize a lot of you from over the years and you're all getting taller and older □ stop it. Anyhow, as some of you know, I run the Independence Inn. Sounds simple, running an inn. Well, the sentence is simple, the job is not. Like most jobs, mine involves many other people, people it is my job to hire, to train, and to inspire because when you have good employees it makes you look good. Oh, questions already □ are questions okay?

DEBBIE: They're encouraged.

LORELAI: Yes?

GIRL 1: You're Rory Gilmore's mom, aren't you?

LORELAI: Yes I am, and proud of it.

GIRL 1: Oh.

LORELAI: Oh, is that it? Well, I hope all your questions are that easy. Okay, now, why is it necessary to inspire employees? Why can't you just train them and let them do their jobs? Well. . .yes?

GIRL 2: Didn't you get pregnant when you were sixteen?

LORELAI: Um, sixteen. . .it was around that age. Sixteen, that sounds right. Okay. Different people working for you will have different needs. . .yeah?

BOY: Well, what about school?

LORELAI: School? I'm sorry.

BOY: Did you drop out when you got pregnant with Rory?

LORELAI: No, technically, I didn't drop out. I, uh, I kept going as long as I could while I got pregnant, which I would recommend to any girl. Not the getting pregnant part, obviously. Um, although, uh, if that happens, um, you know. . . it shouldn't. I mean, it could but you should try to avoid it. . . um, anyway, uh, I got my GED, yeah.

DEBBIE: Lorelai, why don't we move this along?

LORELAI: Yes, oh, moving it along, moving it along. Okay, okay, okay. Boy, I should've been more organized here.

GIRL 1: Well, are you sorry you got pregnant?

LORELAI: No, it brought me Rory, but timing is everything. I mean, I could've. . .sixteen, you guys are sixteen, right . . .and hey, is that clock right?

GIRL 3: What do you mean by timing?

GIRL 1: Yeah, if you had waited and had a baby with another man at a different time. . .

GIRL 4: It wouldn't have been Rory, right?

LORELAI: Hey, you know what's fun to talk about? Late checkout.

GIRL 2: But it was good you got pregnant when you did because you got Rory.

LORELAI: Look, you guys, this is a very important subject, and I promise that another time I would love to take you all for a cup of coffee and, and talk about . . .if you should even be allowed to drink coffee because coffee is for older. . . [sighs] . . .Butch Danes, everybody.

CUT TO LANE'S HOUSE

[Rory is standing in the hallway; Lane laughs excitedly from inside the bathroom]

RORY: What?

LANE: It's perfect, I love it.

RORY: Well, stop primping and get out here. [Lane opens the door and reveals her purple hair] Whoa.

LANE: It's everything I hoped it would be.

RORY: It's very rock and roll.

LANE: We've gotta take a picture.

RORY: Get the camera.

LANE: I am a Kodak picture spot.

[they run to Lane's bedroom]

LANE: Should I scowl or smile?

RORY: Surprise me.

LANE: This is the most radical thing a Kim has done since my cousin Nam got caught reading Maxim at summer camp.

[Rory takes Lane's picture, then they hear the front door open]

RORY: That must be your mom. Lane? Lane, you're turning white. What's wrong? Lane!

LANE: I can't do this.

RORY: Can't do what?

LANE: Dye my hair.

RORY: Um, it's kinda too late.

LANE: This is gonna k*ll her.

RORY: It won't k*ll her, it'll just shock her.

LANE: But the shock will k*ll her and then she'll k*ll me, we're talking bloodbath here. We've gotta put it back.

RORY: Put it back?

LANE: Back to black, right now, hurry! Go, go!

RORY: Go where?

LANE: Back to the store to get the black hair dye.

RORY: No!

LANE: Yes!

RORY: No!

LANE: Yes!

RORY: This is insane.

LANE: Rory, I just drank a gallon of liquid salad. Insanity is a daily staple at the Kim house. Go, go!

RORY: Okay, I'm going. [walks to the door]

LANE: Where are you going?

RORY: You're messing with my mind here.

LANE: You can't go out that way, my mom will see you.

RORY: My head is my normal color, she can see me.

LANE: But if she sees you, she'll come looking for me. [points to the window]

RORY: You owe me.

LANE: Big time forever. Now make like the wind. Go go, go go go go!

CUT TO BEAUTY SUPPLY STORE

[Rory shops for the hair dye as Shane talks on the phone at the counter]

SHANE: [on phone] Uh huh. . .All I know is I don't have it, so it's gotta be at your place. . .You're not looking for it, you're watching TV, I can tell. . .Yeah, whatever. I'll just get a new one. So, what are we doing tonight? . . . I don't know, I'm sick of eating. I've been eating like a pig, I feel all bloaty. . . It is so a word, it's a word 'cause I said it. That's how words get invented, 'cause people say them and then other people say them. . . You're such a jerk sometimes and I'm always nice to you. . .

[Rory is waiting at the counter for Shane to help her]

RORY: Excuse me?

SHANE: [on phone] I get off at the same boring time.

RORY: Excuse me?

SHANE: Yeah?

RORY: I don't have all day.

SHANE: [on phone] Hold on a sec. [to Rory] Will this be all?

RORY: Yeah, that'll be all. I'm growing a beard here.

SHANE: What's your problem?

RORY: What's your problem? I'm a customer, I'm in a hurry, and you're supposed to assist me.

SHANE: I am assisting you.

RORY: Yeah, after you took your sweet time getting off the phone, which by the way, clearly was not a business call.

SHANE: Un-freaking-believable.

RORY: Yeah, it is, it is. The level of service in this place is just that ▯ un-freaking-believable.

SHANE: Have a nice day.

RORY: Yeah, thanks, you too. And by the way, bloaty is not a word. There's bloated, there's bloating, but no bloaty.

SHANE: Thanks, that's fascinating.

RORY: Well, for you, how ice is made is probably fascinating. See ya.

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Lorelai and Luke are walking down the street. Luke is laughing]

LORELAI: Don't.

LUKE: I'm trying not to, I swear. [laughs] I'm not trying hard, I'll grant you that.

LORELAI: What was with those kids? So curious, so full of questions. Shouldn't their brains be completely fried on TV and video games by now?

[Luke laughs again]

LORELAI: It wasn't funny.

LUKE: Not from your angle. From mine, it was an evening at the Improv.

LORELAI: I'm not gonna be allowed within a mile of the school ever again.

LUKE: On the positive side, you did me a favor. Now I have a pleasant memory from that school □ you being nailed like a two by four by a group of sixteen-year-olds.

[Lorelai sees Debbie and a group of women walking toward them]

LORELAI: Oh no, what's this?

LUKE: Looks like high noon in Stars Hollow.

LORELAI: They're not carrying tar and feathers, are they?

[the women walk up to them]

LORELAI: Oh, hi everybody. Wow, the whole g*ng. What's up?

DEBBIE: Well, I felt obligated to tell the other moms about your little performance at school before they heard about it elsewhere.

LORELAI: Really, □cause usually I like to meet up at Sardi's after a performance, wait for the reviews. I hope The Times liked me. Nothing, huh?

LADY 1: So, you're preaching to our daughters that it's okay to get pregnant at sixteen, am I getting that right?

LORELAI: No, not at all, I was just answering their questions.

LADY 1: Well, it's your answers we didn't like.

LORELAI: Hey, I was talking about my job like I was supposed to, but your kids kept asking about my pregnancy. What was I supposed to do?

DEBBIE: Fend them off, change the subject!

LORELAI: I tried, Debbie, but they kept coming at me like I was Poland and they were Nazis. Remember the old days, girls, when I used to make you laugh?

LADY 2: There's nothing funny about this.

LORELAI: Their questions just threw me off, that's all.

LADY 1: Sounds like you just flaunted your mistakes.

LORELAI: Now, hold on. You have no right to judge me. All I said was that for my particular circumstances things worked out okay. I advocated nothing to them. You're all acting like I walked into that room tossing condoms in the air.

LADY 2: You might as well have.

LORELAI: Fine, next time I will. I'll bring a banana and we'll have a little show and tell. How □bout that?

LADY 1: What kind of mother are you?

LORELAI: The kind that doesn't gloss over things just because they're a little uncomfortable.

DEBBIE: This whole incident was awkward and unnecessary.

LORELAI: No, Deb, I'd say, Deb, that what's awkward and unnecessary, Deb, is that you all seem to go to the same lousy hairdresser. How about mixing it up a little, huh, girls?

LUKE: I gotta get going. You good here?

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah, I'm good.

DEBBIE: You don't have to take that tone.

LORELAI: You ambush me, then you're offended by my tone?

CUT TO LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Jess is looking out the window as Luke walks in]

LUKE: Hey.

JESS: Hey. So what's going on out there?

LUKE: Ah, just Lorelai. . .dealing with some women about something or other. So we did that thing at the school today. [Luke looks behind a chair] Yeah, it went pretty well. All the kids seemed relatively unarmed. [he looks into the closet] Yeah, I just told them about the diner and cooking things, and I expect kids all over town will rush out tomorrow and buy a spatula.

JESS: Checking for monsters?

LUKE: Oh, no, just. . .

JESS: Just what?

LUKE: Just didn't wanna accidentally bump into someone in there.

JESS: What are you talking about?

LUKE: Jess, did you have a girl stashed in there before?

JESS: Before what?

LUKE: Lorelai said you were hiding someone here earlier, she said a girl was there?

JESS: Yes.

LUKE: Jess, you don't shove a girl in a closet.

JESS: I did not shove her in the closet. She got in voluntarily.

LUKE: Oh, sure.

JESS: Look, Shane freaked when she heard you guys coming. Next thing I know, she's in there. I personally didn't care if you guys saw us or not, but hey was women, right? You can't live with them, you can't keep them from jumping in the closet.

LUKE: Uh, you and I have got to have a little talk.

JESS: Hey, if you're gonna get all Ward Cleaver on me, I gotta go call Eddie and Lumpy and tell them I'm gonna be late.

LUKE: Shut up for a second, would ya? Look, I know you're at an age where the whole girl thing is. . you know, on your mind a lot, and it's probably not helping you to think straight with all the hormones and other things that are raging around in there. My point is that you gotta think about things a little better, you know, the way you act. I mean, if you care about a girl the way you do with this Shane □

JESS: I don't care about her.

LUKE: What?

JESS: I don't even know her last name.

LUKE: You're kidding.

JESS: She mentioned it once. It didn't stick.

LUKE: Well, if you don't care about her, what are you doing with her?

JESS: Just hanging with her, no biggie.

LUKE: Well, you gotta be doing something more than hanging with her. I mean, you got to at least be doing something with her to make her jump in a closet when people come into the room.

JESS: Relax, will ya? All is good.

LUKE: Jess, this isn't right. You can't treat a girl like this, like dirt!

JESS: If it's any consolation to you, she treats me like dirt, too. It's a pretty symbiotic relationship.

LUKE: And that's fine with you?

JESS: Yes, it is.

LUKE: To just go along in a relationship, you treat somebody bad and they treat you bad back.

JESS: That's right.

LUKE: Oh, that makes you happy?

JESS: I'd do backflips but I am way too cool.

LUKE: That makes absolutely no sense.

JESS: It doesn't have to make sense to you.

LUKE: There are plenty other of girls out there in the world, Jess.

JESS: Don't you have to get back to the diner?

LUKE: I mean, you can go out and at least find one that you actually care about.

JESS: Oh, like it's that easy.

LUKE: Yeah, it's that easy if you try.

JESS: Hey, the girls that I like don't give a damn about me! And unlike some other people I know, I'm not gonna sit around hoping that they change their minds and suddenly notice me.

LUKE: What's that supposed to mean?

JESS: You fixed any neighbor's porches lately? Or you go on a picnic or you get rooked into giving a ridiculous speech at a high school?

LUKE: Shut up.

JESS: At least I've got a little self-esteem.

LUKE: Shut up.

JESS: I'm not playing Golden Retriever, hoping one day she'll turn around and fall in my arms. If she doesn't wanna be with me, then fine.

LUKE: You have no idea what you're talking about.

JESS: Whatever. I gotta go, Shane's waiting.

LUKE: Oh, you mean what's-her-name?

JESS: Yeah, I'll bring you a new leash when I get back.

LUKE: Get outta here.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Rory and Lane are walking down the street]

LANE: Busy day, busy day.

RORY: I'm pretty exhausted.

LANE: I guess it was just too big of a statement for me to make right now.

RORY: Maybe. Oh, hey, I just thought of something.

LANE: What?

RORY: Technically, you have dyed hair.

LANE: I do, don't I?

RORY: Yup.

LANE: I mean, dyed my natural color, yes □ but dyed nonetheless.

RORY: Not one strand of real color on that head of yours.

LANE: So, I guess that means we can score this as a victory, right?

RORY: Absolutely, put it in the victory column.

[Jess and Shane walk past them]

SHANE: That girl's a freak.

LANE: What was that about?

RORY: It's been a very long day.

[Lorelai walks up to them]

LORELAI: Ah, people who like me, great.

RORY: How was your talk at the school?

LORELAI: Oh, just peachy. [to Lane] Is your hair blacker?

LANE: Uh oh.

RORY: Oh, I wish you hadn't have said that. It's not noticeable, but just stay out of bright lighting.

LORELAI: What happened?

LANE: I dyed my hair.

LORELAI: Uh!

LANE: Then I dyed it back, but for a full thirty minutes, I looked like this. [pulls out the picture]

LORELAI: Whoa, you look cool! You're insane.

LANE: I got sane again, but I will always have that picture. Oh, uh, hide it at your place?

LORELAI: Will do.

LANE: I gotta go. And remember, we still need a plan.

LORELAI: Yes, we do.

[Lane leaves]

LORELAI: Why do we need a plan?

RORY: A plan so that Lane doesn't have to quit her band.

LORELAI: Lane can't quit the band! She has to get famous and introduce me to Bono.

RORY: I told her that.

LORELAI: All right, let's go eat. . .see if we can figure out a way to salvage my future as a groupie.

RORY: Sounds good.

LORELAI: Let's go to Al's Pancake World for a change. He's doing a salute to Jamaica again.

RORY: Okay, as long as Al doesn't play the kettle drums all night.

LORELAI: We'll hide his mallets when he's not looking.

RORY: So, come on, tell me how the talk went.

LORELAI: Oh, it was great. It was one minute on my success in the business world, and that went very well. And it was ten minutes on the possibility that if I had had sex with a different man at a different time in my life, you wouldn't have been born.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I kind of got off on a tangent.

RORY: A big one. How did that happen?

LORELAI: I'll tell you about it at Al's. Just don't expect to be invited to any more swim parties at Kathy Fincher's house.

RORY: Well, don't wait 'til Al's. Tell me now.

LORELAI: Oh, I just love my little fluke.

RORY: Come on, what happened?

LORELAI: All right. Well, it started off really good and then all these kids started asking me all these questions, you know, about like. . . .

THE END

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