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05x10 - But Not as Cute as Pushkin

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05x10 - But Not as Cute as Pushkin

by **bunniefuu**

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OPEN IN STARS HOLLOW - SIDEWALK

[Lorelai is carrying a large garbage bag full of shoes and not looking where she is going. Miss Patty exits a shop.]

PATTY: Whoa, honey.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't see you there.

PATTY: Goodness, what's left to wear on your feet?

LORELAI: I know it's a sickness. Everyone thinks it started with Bradshaw but actually it came over on the Mayflower.

PATTY: What a wonderful history lesson.

LORELAI: Anytime.

[Man shouting in a foreign language inside a shop. Lorelai drops her bag as something flies out the door at her.]

PATTY: Pasqualie's feeling unappreciated again.

LORELAI: We had 'Stars Hollow Loves Pasqualie Day' last week.

PATTY: Didn't stick. Oh, listen. I want to invite you to my anniversary party.

LORELAI: Absolutely. Which husband?

PATTY: Oh, no husband, honey. I'm talking about a lover that's been much more loyal and seductive than a husband. I'm talking about that business we call show.

LORELAI: Ah.

PATTY: Forty years.

LORELAI: No.

PATTY: Forty years ago today I did my first play off Broadway.

LORELAI: [awed] Off Broadway.

PATTY: Cleveland.

LORELAI: That is off Broadway.

PATTY: Anyhow, I thought I'd throw a big party. Food, booze, a little song, a little dance. A little salsa down your pants.

LORELAI: Well, count me and my pants in.

PATTY: Oh, wonderful!

LORELAI: [picking up her bag] I will even drag Luke there. So if there's any audience participation, please pick on him.

PATTY: Oh, Luke won't come.

LORELAI: Sure, he will. I have very effective methods of persuasion. They include extremely high heels and all of Jessica Simpson's bath products.

PATTY: Oh, no, honey. The party's on Tuesday the 30th.

LORELAI: So?

PATTY: So, the 30th is the dark day

LORELAI: [dropping her bag again] What dark day?

PATTY: Luke's dark day. The day that he disappears.

LORELAI: Disappears where?

PATTY: Nobody knows. Nobody knows where he goes or what he does. All we know is not to try and find him.

LORELAI: Why didn't I know about this?

PATTY: I don't know, honey. Everyone else does. Anyhow you come yourself, ok? Eight o' clock.

LORELAI: I'll be there. See you Tuesday, Patty. [Walks into shop] Oh Pasqualie, the maestro! My god, you look virile today. Are you sure your wife won't share you?

PATTY: [watching Lorelai] Oh, she's good.

CUT TO YALE - RORY'S DORM ROOM

[Paris and Terrance are sitting on the couch in the common room.]

PARIS: I don't agree.

TERRANCE: You're living in a fantasy world.

PARIS: I have classes all day long.

TERRANCE: I hear you protesting.

[Rory enters]

PARIS: I've got a double major of Poly Psy and Bio Chem, Terrance.

TERRANCE: I see you over-scheduling.

RORY: Sorry, I'm just getting water, here.

TERRANCE: Paris, you're not yelling at me. You're yelling at the world.

PARIS: I'm not yelling at all. This is the natural register of my voice.

[Rory looks around the room and in cupboards.]

TERRANCE: It's the register of a timid little girl, who is not putting her self out there.

PARIS: I am putting myself out there.

TERRANCE: Why are you arguing with Terrance? Why?

PARIS: Look, I know I haven't dated lately but Asher was very important to me.

RORY: Hey Paris? I can't find my notebook. The black one with all my yellow notes in it.

TERRANCE: You have not put yourself out there.

PARIS: He just died.

TERRANCE: Oh for god's sake! He was halfway dead when you met him. [to Rory] Rory, has she been putting herself out there or not?

RORY: Out where?

TERRANCE: Out in the world. Has she tried to meet men since Asher died?

PARIS: You don't just meet people. It doesn't happen.

RORY: Um, I'll just go in my room now.

TERRANCE: Look at your dream log. You are months behind. And your pretty-thoughts journal.

PARIS: Ok, fine. I have neglected thinking pretty, but I hardly think I should be penalized for time lost while you were in court ordered rehab.

RORY: [picking up a note by the phone] Hey, Paris? What's this?

TERRANCE: I had a back problem. The prescription was at home in my Filofax.

RORY: This is a message from Headmaster Charleston. When did Headmaster Charleston call?

PARIS: Earlier.

RORY: And you didn't tell me?

PARIS: I'm in session.

RORY: [on phone] Hello, Headmaster Charleston? This is Rory Gilmore. I'm sorry it took so long to call you back. I just got your message.

TERRANCE: [to Rory] Sweetie, that was a little passive-aggressive. We should talk later.

RORY: So, um, how are you? [Rory goes into her room and closes the door]

HDM. CHARLESTON: I'm very well. How are you enjoying Yale?

RORY: I love it.

CUT TO CHILTON - HEADMASTER CHARLESTON'S OFFICE

[Scene switches between Rory's room and Chilton]

HDM. CHARLESTON: Is it everything you thought it would be?

RORY: It's nothing like I thought it would be. It's better actually.

HDM. CHARLESTON: I have no doubt. Now, I'm calling because we often ask a former Chilton student to host a prospective Yale student for a few days. Show them around. Let them observe classes, campus life. That sort of thing. I was wondering if you'd be interested.

RORY: Me?

HDM. CHARLESTON: Yes. This is a very special young lady. Bright, focused, quietly determined. She reminds me a great deal of you.

RORY: Thank you.

HDM. CHARLESTON: I assume you haven't changed.

RORY: Well, I've upgraded the wardrobe a little bit but I'm basically still me.

HDM. CHARLESTON: Excellent. Then I hope you'll consider accepting. I know your workload must be substantial.

RORY: That's ok I can handle it.

HDM. CHARLESTON: So I can take that as a yes?

RORY: Yes. Take it as a yes and thank you. I'm honored.

HDM. CHARLESTON: Her name is Anna Fairchild. She's 16 years old and she'll be arriving Monday morning at nine o' clock. Does that work for you?

RORY: That works perfectly.

HDM. CHARLESTON: Very well, it's a date. I'm very glad to talk to you again, Ms. Gilmore. Yale certainly sounds like its agreeing with you. I hope it will also agree with Ms. Fairchild.

RORY: Like Sabrina!

HDM. CHARLESTON: I beg your pardon?

RORY: Sabrina Fairchild. That was her name.

HDM. CHARLESTON: Have we segued into discussing a movie?

RORY: And we can segue right out again.

HDM. CHARLESTON: I'm very grateful for that. All right then, my office will be contacting you with the particulars. I hope you have a wonderful time. I'm sure Ms. Fairchild will.

RORY: Thank you, Headmaster Charleston. I won't let you down.

HDM. CHARLESTON: What a nice thing to hear. I'm sure we'll be talking soon. Goodbye.

RORY: Goodbye. [Hangs up]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORES' RESIDENCE - POOL HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory sit on a couch across from Richard in a chair.]

RICHARD: Well this is a very big honor, you know.

RORY: Oh, I know.

RICHARD: Of all the Chilton alumni at Yale they're asking you?

RORY: I know, I know.

RICHARD: Well, have you thought about what kind of things you'd like to show her?

RORY: Well, she'll go to all of my classes with me, of course. And I thought maybe she'd go to the paper with me and then I thought maybe a trip to the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library.

RICHARD: Oh, you're going to show her the Gutenberg.

LORELAI: Steve?

RICHARD: Bible.

LORELAI: Right.

RORY: Then I was torn between taking her to the Hewitt Memorial Quadrangle or the Science Center and Gymnasium.

RICHARD: Huh, that is a conundrum.

LORELAI: Yeah, especially since she'll be snoring by then. You'll just be dragging her dead body weight around the campus.

RICHARD: Lorelai, these things are of great interest to any young person considering attending Yale.

LORELAI: Oh, I am sure.

RORY: I, personally, would enjoy every single thing on my list.

LORELAI: Yes, I know, but it wouldn't hurt to maybe throw a little something fun in. I'm not talking a kegger, but just walk her by the crazy drama students yelling "Give me a location," or something

like that.

RICHARD: You know, your mother may be right.

LORELAI: Who heard that?

RICHARD: Well, a good college experience is a well-rounded college experience. It's important for you to show her that Yale students have fun too. Oh! Have her touch the toe!

RORY: Yeah!

LORELAI: Touch the toe?

RORY: The toe! The statue of Theodore Woolsey. It brings good luck to everyone who touches his feet and for that reason he has one left toe that's been rubbed completely shiny.

LORELAI: Wow! That is fun. Make sure you get a parent consent form for that one.

RICHARD: Oh, its so exciting watching you at Yale. It was such a wonderful time for me. The people that you meet there will stay with you for the rest of your life, mark my words. Tell me are you making good friends?

RORY: Yeah, I have some good friends.

RICHARD: And what about Mr. Huntzberger?

LORELAI: Who is Mr. Huntzberger?

RORY: Um, Logan Huntzberger is a boy I go to school with.

RICHARD: A fine boy from a fine family.

LORELAI: You know him?

RICHARD: His parents are very good friends of ours. Oh, you know Mitchum Huntzberger, Lorelai.

LORELAI: No.

RICHARD: He's been coming to our Christmas parties for years.

LORELAI: No.

RICHARD: His mother's on the pediatric hospital committee with your mother.

LORELAI: Oh! No.

RICHARD: Well, Logan is their son and I noticed that you two seemed to be hitting it off the other night.

LORELAI: The other night?

RORY: He's very nice, Grandpa.

RICHARD: Now I don't want to be too forward, but you made a handsome couple.

LORELAI: Uh, was Logan at the male-Yale party that you guys threw?

RORY: He was the one that gave me a ride home, Mom.

LORELAI: Oh! Limo boy. Swell.

RORY: He's also on the paper with me.

RICHARD: You know, his father owns some of the finest newspapers in the country.

RORY: I know.

RICHARD: Not a bad connection, huh? Nope, not a bad connection at all.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORES' RESIDENCE - OUTSIDE

[Lorelai and Rory are walking to the main house]

LORELAI: Hey. So tell me about this Logan.

RORY: Its three degrees out here!

LORELAI: Uh, as of tonight, my father knows way more personal dish about you than I do. That's not right or fair. He doesn't get as much enjoyment out of the dish as I do. With him the dish is always half empty.

RORY: You're just talking to keep yourself warm, aren't you?

LORELAI: What is the deal with this guy? Are you dating?

RORY: No, we're not dating. He's just a friend.

LORELAI: How close? For example, if you freeze to death will he come to the funeral or just send a nice fruit basket?

RORY: I know him from school. He's just a casual friend. That's it.

LORELAI: Do you think he's cute?

RORY: It doesn't matter if I think he's cute.

LORELAI: Uh, it matters to me. I don't want ugly grandchildren.

RORY: Mom, I'm not dating Logan or anyone. I'm taking a boy break. Okay? I'm just concentrating on school. That's it.

LORELAI: Fine, but if that changes?

RORY: You'll be the first to know.

LORELAI: Okay, thank you. Cause there are not many ways I can outdo my father. Info on you and looking better in chiffon, that's about it. Oh and my pole dance is way hotter.

RORY: I'm frozen now.

LORELAI: Okay, let's go.

CUT TO LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Lorelai walks in wearing Luke's flannel shirt and carrying a whole pie on her arm. Luke is at the kitchen table pouring juice.]

LORELAI: In my hand, ladies and gentlemen, sits the true advantage of dating a diner owner. I am never more than ten feet away from pie.

LUKE: Ah. See, I thought it was the way we always smell faintly of meat.

LORELAI: [climbs into bed] Ah! Its heaven! One quick trip downstairs and I have all the treats I want. You're like Willy Wonka, but hotter.

LUKE: I am not hotter than Willy Wonka.

LORELAI: Slap on a purple top hat and you're close. [Luke gets into bed] This is nice.

LUKE: Mm-hmm.

LORELAI: I think its going very well, you and me. Do you think its going very well?

LUKE: [rubbing Lorelai's leg] I have very few complaints.

LORELAI: Hmm, I'm going right past the "very few complaints" comment because I know you're just trying to bait me. What complaints? [Luke chuckles] Hey, so Luke, Miss Patty is celebrating her forty year anniversary.

LUKE: Which husband?

LORELAI: With the business we call show.

LUKE: Oh, him.

LORELAI: And she's having a big party and I told her we'd go.

LUKE: Oh man.

LORELAI: It'll be fun.

LUKE: It will not be fun.

LORELAI: She'll be wearing tap shoes. There'll be songs and punch and at least one story about Milton Berle's p*nis.

LUKE: Only one?

LORELAI: Come on! I have to have you there. Otherwise people will think I made you up.

LUKE: Fine, I'll go.

LORELAI: Thank you. Okay, so its Tuesday at Eight o' clock.

[Luke sits up and climbs under the covers]

LUKE: I can't go Tuesday.

LORELAI: Why not?

LUKE: I have to go out of town.

LORELAI: Why?

LUKE: Business.

LORELAI: Business? Now your Willy Loman?

LUKE: Banking business in Woodbury. Standing appointment. Sorry. Hit the light, will ya? [kisses Lorelai] I have to get up early. Night.

LORELAI: [disappointed] Ok, night.

CUT TO YALE - RORY'S DORM

[Rory enters the room. Paris is at her craft table.]

RORY: Wait 'til you see all the stuff I got for Anna. Yale t-shirt, bulldog sweatshirt, Yale baseball cap, visor, coffee mug. I told you to open a window when your hot-gluing in here.

PARIS: Its freezing outside.

RORY: Oh wait. This is new. They just came out with these. The Yale soda-cozy. How cute is that?

PARIS: I can't believe you. You don't even have your loser card-swiping job anymore and you're buying all this crap for some kid you don't even know.

RORY: I'm trying to make her feel welcome.

PARIS: Oh she'll feel welcome. They all feel welcome.

RORY: Whose they?

PARIS: The enemy.

RORY: What enemy?

PARIS: Any girl under the age of 17 is the enemy.

RORY: Ok, I'm opening a window now. [walks to the window]

PARIS: They're coming for everything. They're going to take our jobs, our thunder, our starter husbands.

RORY: Don't you have a class to get to? [opens the window]

PARIS: They're coming, Rory. They're coming and they're going to keep on coming like the locusts descending on Mankato. We'll be beating them off for the rest of our lives.

RORY: Please don't be here when she arrives. I don't want you to scare her off.

PARIS: Me scare her off? Please, she's the one with the alabaster skin and perky breasts.

[Knock at door]

RORY: Do not say perky breasts to her. Do you understand me?

PARIS: Eve Harrington has arrived.

[Rory opens the door]

ANNA: Hi. I'm looking for Rory Gilmore.

RORY: I'm Rory. You must be Anna.

ANNA: Yes.

RORY: Great, come in. Did you find it okay?

ANNA: I got lost a couple of times, but people were really nice and got me here.

PARIS: Yeah, it's a friendly world out there. Isn't it?

RORY: Anna, this is my roommate, Paris, and I'm sorry.

ANNA: For what?

RORY: Trust me.

ANNA: Ok.

RORY: Ok, let me show you around the place. That is Paris' room.

PARIS: Don't go in.

RORY: That is my room and this is the common room, which is also your bedroom. Bathroom is literally outside the door and there's a fridge with water or soda or whatever you want. Oh and I got you some 'Welcome to Yale' gifts.

ANNA: Oh, really? Thank you.

RORY: I'm really glad you're here. You are going to love Yale. It's an amazing place. I mean I was excited when I first started here, but every day is different and better. You have no idea how much there is to learn. It's -- Well you'll see.

[Knock on the door. Marty enters with a bag of food.]

MARTY: Okay, I actually snagged us some caviar. They were all out of toast points, but I think we can use Doritos and achieve a very similar result. [seeing Anna] Hey.

RORY: This is Anna.

MARTY: [gasps] Did Paris move?

PARIS: I'm right here, Marty.

MARTY: I know, Paris.

RORY: Anna, is from Chilton, my alma mater and I'm showing her around Yale for a couple of days.

MARTY: Oh, cool.

MARTY: I'll put this in the fridge... [Paris coughs] ...in my room.

RORY: Thanks. Ok, you ready?

ANNA: I'm ready. You have boys bringing you food!

RORY: Yale is a magical place, Anna. A magical, magical place.

[Rory and Anna exit.]

CUT TO YALE - OUTSIDE COURTYARD

[Rory and Anna are walking. Rory is talking, Anna writing down everything she says.]

RORY: The oldest part of the campus is, of course, the old campus. And it houses much of the undergraduate freshman class. It was begun by Theodore Dwight Woolsey, president of Yale from 1846 to 1871. [Stops at bench] Over here is the Elihu Yale bench. Now Eli Yale was an officer in the British East India Company. He gave what was then called the Collegiate School 562 pounds, 417 books and a portrait of King George the first and so it was renamed in his honor. He actually gave an additional 500 pounds to the school, but Yale College never received it because he mistakenly sent it to the non-existent Collegiate School, apparently forgetting that Yale was named after him. [stops] Oh wait. This is the wrong bench. So keep the story but cross out the diagram. Moving on.

CUT TO YALE - HALLWAY OUTSIDE NEWSPAPER OFFICE

[Rory and Anna walk down the hallway.]

RORY: There's actually an ongoing rumor that you can automatically graduate and earn your degree if you become sufficiently fluent in Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Imagine all the tables you could wait with those skills, huh? [stops at door] Okay, you are about to get a first-hand feel of what it's like to work on a real newspaper. Now, be prepared. It can be an extremely hectic and fast-paced environment. Don't get intimidated and don't get in the way. Ready? Here it is. [They enter the room. It is mostly empty, save for a few people sitting around, doing nothing.] Everyone must be out getting a scoop or something, but you just wait. It could heat up in a second and when it does, man, watch out. My desk is over here.

[Paris and Doyle enter, arguing. Rory and Anna watch from the side of the room]

PARIS: I do not care.

DOYLE: Hey! I am the editor, Paris, and I demand that you tell me.

PARIS: I won't tell you where I got it, Doyle.

DOYLE: You will if you want to stay on this newspaper.

RORY: Okay, you are now privy to one of the classic journalist dilemmas between reporter and editor, the right to withhold and protect sources.

DOYLE: Dammit, Paris, you tell me where you got that pen right now.

PARIS: The pen fairy.

DOYLE: That was one of my personal fine point, gel tip pens from my bottom right-hand drawer and

you went into that drawer and you took that pen and its mine.

RORY: Ok, for 'fine point gel tip' substitute 'confidential source deep within the administration.'
Hmm, you get a little thrill. Don't you? [Phone rings]

DOYLE: And so help me . . .

RORY: Hang on a second. [on phone] Hey

CUT TO DRAGONFLY INN

[Scene switches between Yale and the inn.]

LORELAI: Question. Have you ever heard anything about Luke's dark day?

RORY: His what?

LORELAI: Well, one day a year he apparently has a dark day. No one knows where he goes or what he does. He just disappears.

RORY: I've heard nothing about this.

LORELAI: Ok, well, did we see him on November 30th last year?

RORY: How am I supposed to know?

LORELAI: Because, you keep all those crazy, a**l, Bob Graham kind of notebooks.

8:00 a.m. - Got up. 8:15 - Brushed teeth. 8:25 - Had impure thoughts. 8:36 - Sent dwarves off to work.

RORY: I do not have my diaries from last November on me, at the moment.

LORELAI: But you do have them?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: And they will contain where we ate breakfast that morning?

RORY: [embarrassed] Yes.

LORELAI: I love my little circus freak.

RORY: I'll call you later.

LORELAI: Hey! Did your mini-me show up?

RORY: Yeah, Anna. She's right here.

LORELAI: How's the tour going?

RORY: Its going great!

LORELAI: How many boring bench lectures did you give?

RORY: Two, but they were about the same bench.

LORELAI: [Kirk appears in front of her.] You know what, I have someone standing abnormally close to me right now. I'll call you later.

RORY: Ok, say 'Hi' to Kirk for me.

LORELAI: Ok, bye. [hangs up] Kirk, what can I do for you?

KIRK: I have a business proposition for you.

LORELAI: Okay.

KIRK: How often do you slip in your tub?

LORELAI: Never.

KIRK: Okay, it doesn't work if you answer like that.

LORELAI: Constantly. I never stop slipping even when I get out.

KIRK: I thought so. Then my new line of bath and shower adhesive decals are for you. [Hands her a catalog]

LORELAI: Huh! Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow.

KIRK: Yesterday's retro designs in today's fashion colors with tomorrow's traction technology.

LORELAI: Well, Kirk, this looks very impressive. . . [flipping through catalog] and, wow, very expensive.

KIRK: Well its yesterday's retro designs in today's fashion colors with tomorrow's traction technology.

LORELAI: Hmm, well, why don't you leave the catalog with me and I'll look it over.

KIRK: Could you look at it now? It's the only one I have. [They sit.] I like that one. If you put the fish's faces together, it looks like they're kissing.

LORELAI: [chuckles] Oh! Hey, Kirk, do you know anything about Luke's dark day?

KIRK: Everyone knows about Luke's dark day.

LORELAI: Do you know what it is?

KIRK: Not the details. Just that he has it once a year. I think it goes back a long, long time.

LORELAI: Yeah?

KIRK: Sure, I mean Luke's always had a touch of darkness in him. I guess we all do but Luke's a little more touched than some. He's kind of grabbed actually.

LORELAI: What do you think it's about?

KIRK: When I was in 7th grade, Luke knocked the books out of my hands.

LORELAI: [intrigued] Because of his dark day?

KIRK: No, everyone knocked my books out of my hands. I was kind of a target. I used to wear a cape to school.

LORELAI: Hmm.

CUT TO YALE - LIBRARY

[Rory and Anna walk through the library stopping in an aisle.]

RORY: Now, outside, we just passed the women's table which was designed by Maya Lin. She's also the one who designed the Vietnam w*r Memorial which, by the way, originally was a class project for which she received a B. The teacher who gave her the B also submitted a design for the w*r memorial, but hers was chosen. His was not. That's a life lesson to remember. This is Sterling Memorial Library, one of my favorite places on campus. It was built in 1930 and it houses over one third of the university's ten million volumes. I love libraries. I spend I can't tell you how many hours just -- [looking at Anna] You're not writing.

ANNA: Oh, sorry.

RORY: So, I come her sometimes late at night --

ANNA: I just love how everybody's dressed.

RORY: What?

ANNA: No uniforms. I love that there's no uniforms. College to me means no more uniforms.

RORY: Oh, right. However, wait 'til you're late to class and it takes you 20 minutes to put together an outfit. Suddenly you'll miss those uniforms.

ANNA: How many guys have you dated since you've been here?

RORY: Oh. Well, none from Yale. Anyhow, the books. Are you seeing the books? Everything you'd want to read is right here? [Picking up book] Feel it. Feels good, right? Now smell it. [inhales and sighs] Nothing, nothing smells like that! [Logan enters]

LOGAN: I'm sorry, excuse me, did I just see you smell that book?

RORY: [embarrassed] Hey, Logan.

LOGAN: Hey, Ace. Who's your friend?

RORY: Oh, um, Anna, this is Logan. Logan, this is Anna. She's from my high school. I'm showing her around campus.

ANNA: Hi

LOGAN: High school? No, I would've sworn you were a college girl. [Anna giggles] So is she showing you a good time?

RORY: I'm showing her everything important.

LOGAN: Hmm, good. Make sure she takes you by the pub. Local place, everyone goes there.

RORY: I'm not taking her to the pub.

ANNA: Oh, please? The pub sounds fun.

LOGAN: You don't have to drink. They do have coffee. It's a cool scene. Make her take you. Bring a book to sniff.

RORY: What are you doing in the library anyhow?

LOGAN: I got lost. Don't tell anyone I was here. It'll ruin my rep. Anna, it's been a pleasure. See you, Ace. [Logan exits]

ANNA: He's cute.

RORY: Yes, he is. But not as cute as Pushkin. Right this way, missy.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW - SIDEWALK

[Lorelai is driving down the street and sees Luke arguing loudly with a little old lady.]

LUKE: Fine! Do whatever you want!

MRS. THOMPSON: Well, I'm sorry you're so upset.

LUKE: You're giving me a week's notice! What am I supposed to do with a week's notice?

[Lorelai gets out and walks up to them.]

MRS. THOMPSON: Well, my son just called me from Florida to tell me about the condo, Luke.

LUKE: Fine! Go enjoy Florida. I hear they have great weather there. Terrific hurricanes. Make sure you bring plenty of plywood and bottled water!

LORELAI: Hey, hi, hello.

LUKE: What are you doing here?

LORELAI: I was just driving down the street and saw you and thought I'd stop by and say "Hey, hi, hello." Hello, Mrs. Thompson.

MRS. THOMPSON: Hello, dear.

LORELAI: So, what's going on?

LUKE: Nothing. Nothing's going on.

MRS. THOMPSON: Luke, please understand. There's nothing I can do. I've already found someone to rent the house and they have cars.

LUKE: And you just agreed to that?

MRS. THOMPSON: It seemed rather reasonable to me.

LUKE: Oh, come on.

LORELAI: [confused] Um . . .

MRS. THOMPSON: Luke's very upset with me.

LORELAI: Why?

MRS. THOMPSON: Well, his father rented the garage. He was building a boat and he didn't have room at his place. So he paid me to do it here and then when he died Luke continued to pay for the garage and now I'm moving to a nursing home and I need him to move his boat.

LORELAI: [to Luke] Wait, you're mad because this little, old lady is moving to nursing home and you have move your boat? Is this really the story you want to stick to?

LUKE: She called me out of blue and I paid for an entire month.

MRS. THOMPSON: I can give you a partial refund if you like.

LUKE: Where am I supposed to find a space to store a boat on a moment's notice, huh? Did you think about that for even a second?

MRS. THOMPSON: Could we sit down? The doctor says the screw in my hip is loose.

LORELAI: Yes. Yes, let's sit. Let's sit and calmly try to figure this out.

LUKE: No. No, I've got it figured out. Just haul it off. Trash it.

MRS. THOMPSON: Haul what off?

LORELAI: The boat?

LUKE: Yes, the boat. Scrap it. Find somebody to drag it away and cut it up for firewood.

LORELAI: Oh, now Luke.

MRS. THOMPSON: Who's going to haul it off?

LUKE: Anyone. Just find a guy with a truck and a hook. He'll strap it on and drive it away and send me the bill. I'm done. [Luke walks away]

LORELAI: Luke! [to Mrs. Thompson] I'll be right back. [Chasing Luke] Luke, stop! What, what and what?

LUKE: I have been paying that woman every month for 15 years.

LORELAI: Luke, she moving to a nursing home.

LUKE: And my dad was paying her every month 20 years before that!

LORELAI: Nursing home, Luke.

LUKE: I know where she's going!

LORELAI: She's not trying to hurt you.

LUKE: Whatever. [Starts to walk away]

LORELAI: Hey! Where are you going?

LUKE: Back to the diner.

LORELAI: Let me drive you.

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: Luke, I can drive you back to the diner. I promise if we pass any senior citizens I'll let you jump out and pants them.

LUKE: Fine.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER - STREET OUTSIDE

[Lorelai pulls up in front of the diner. They sit in the Jeep.]

LORELAI: And over here we have the world famous Luke's diner, home of the best coffee on the east coast and the most delightful and chatty proprietor since Mel kissed Flo's grits. [Luke is quiet and makes no attempt to get out.] Okay, well, I should get back to the inn. [Luke is still quiet] I hope you've enjoyed your tour and don't forget to buy yourself a souvenir plastic monkey on the way out.

LUKE: Tomorrow's the anniversary of my dad's death.

LORELAI: [sympathetic] Ugh. Oh, hon.

LUKE: And every year on that anniversary I, uh, I disappear. I don't work. I don't talk to anyone. I get in this kind of a funk. Its like I'm --

LORELAI: You have a dark day.

LUKE: Yeah, I have a dark day. I thought I should tell you this because we're in relationship and I thought you might wonder why I suddenly don't answer the phone or I'm not around. Why you can't flip your hair and con me into going to Miss Patty's crazy anniversary party.

LORELAI: The hair flip is that effective, huh?

LUKE: Combine that with your black dress and you could probably get me to be your backup dancer.

LORELAI: I'll remember that.

LUKE: I've never told anyone this before. I don't really like to talk about it.

LORELAI: I guess that explains the thing with Mrs. Thompson.

LUKE: Yeah. Some timing, her springing this boat thing on me now. I'll apologize to her. [Sighs] You know he never finished that boat. It's been sitting there half done for 15 years.

LORELAI: Hey, Luke, don't you think you might have been a little too hasty about the boat decision. I mean your upset and I bet someday you're gonna be really sorry you don't have that boat anymore.

LUKE: No, its better she gets rid of the thing now.

LORELAI: But --

LUKE: I haven't even looked at that boat since my dad got sick. Not a glance, nothing.

LORELAI: Even more reason.

LUKE: If its gone then I don't have to deal with it. Its time to move on. You know?

LORELAI: But --

LUKE: I'm fine. Really. Thanks for the ride.

LORELAI: Anytime.

[They kiss. Luke gets out.]

CUT TO YALE - THE PUB

[Rory and Anna enter.]

ANNA: I love it here.

RORY: You love it here? We just walked in.

ANNA: I know but it feels so collegiate.

RORY: Actually, you know what is great about this place?

ANNA: Eli Yale drank here?

RORY: No, they make amazing cappuccinos. Do you want one?

ANNA: Yeah.

RORY: Ok you go sit and I'll get the coffees. [Anna sits and Rory walks up to the bar.] Two cappuccinos, please.

[Marty walks up]

MARTY: Hey.

RORY: Hi. You just get here?

MARTY: Yep.

RORY: You want a - [gestures to the bar]

MARTY: Yes, please.

RORY: [to bartender] I'm sorry, could you make that three cappuccinos?

MARTY: So, how's it going?

RORY: I think I may have overwhelmed Anna. Her hand cramped up about an hour ago and its been spasming ever since.

MARTY: Where is she?

RORY: She's right - [sees Anna at a table talking to two boys.] I turn around for one minute.[walks to table] Excuse me.

ANNA: Oh, Rory! Mark and Matthew were just telling me about a great party tonight.

RORY: Really? Well, that was very nice of them. Thank you. Matthew and Mark, was it?

MARK: That's right.

RORY: Well, how biblical. Ok, well, our schedule is completely full at the moment. [Anna's face falls] But if that changes, if things lighten up or if she suddenly ages two years in the next three hours, then we'll know where to find you. Ok? Bye-bye now. Bye-bye.

MARK: [getting up] We'll be over here, just in case.

ANNA: Rory!

RORY: Anna!

ANNA: Well, this is so not fair. [Marty sits down with the coffees.] You get to talk to boys.

RORY: What?

ANNA: Well, you were over there talking to Marty.

RORY: That's different. Marty is just a friend. [Marty's face falls.] Which is another great thing about college. You learn to have guy friends. Nothing romantic, just a good pal. Those boys are not interested in your friendship, unless the word friendship is tattooed on your butt. Now, drink your coffee. It's good, huh?

[Anna nods.]

CUT TO YALE - RORY'S DORM ROOM

[Rory's common room. Rory and Anna are in their pajamas.]

ANNA: Can I sleep with the TV on?

RORY: Um, yeah, as long as you don't wake Paris up, and that advice is for your own good.

ANNA: And if I can't go to sleep?

RORY: Then you don't go to sleep.

ANNA: I love that! I love not having someone to tell me when to go to sleep.

RORY: Yes, it's great.

ANNA [Giddy]: I love sleeping with the TV on, and I love having no parents around, and I love cappuccino, and I love apple muffins, and I love college!

[Paris comes out of her room, dressed to go out.]

PARIS: What's she on?

RORY: Four cappuccinos and three Red Bulls from the fridge.

PARIS: Enjoy your night. How do I look?

RORY: Where are you going?

PARIS: I'm putting myself out there, Rory.

RORY: Now?

PARIS: Yes now.

RORY: Its eleven o' clock at night. Who are you hoping to hook up with now? Spike and Drusilla?

PARIS: Just tell me if my lipstick looks too whore-ish.

RORY: Nope, just whore-ish enough.

ANNA: [excited] Going out at eleven o' clock at night! I love college!

PARIS: I may suffocate her when I get back.

RORY: If you can catch her.

PARIS: Bye.

RORY: Good luck.

RORY: Goodnight, Anna.

ANNA: Goodnight.

[Anna sits on the couch bouncing with excitement.]

CUT TO YALE - CLASSROOM

[Rory and Anna sit in a classroom. Anna is dozing off.]

PROF. BELL: Which brings us to this question, does Campbell's work successfully resolve the disparate stances of Jung and Freud when it comes to the collective unconscious?

RORY: Hey, pay attention. Professor Bell is one of the foremost philosophy professors in the country.

PROF. BELL: . . . All right. Let's call that close enough. But, now, Campbell can point to the repetition of the hero myth in culture after culture and say "Hey, Sigmund, like it or not here are the same basic characters over and over -"

[Colin enters]

COLIN: Excuse me, I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

PROF. BELL: I'm right in the middle of a class, young man.

COLIN: I know, I'm sorry, I just -- [Runs up to stand by Rory's desk.] Rory, you can't just walk out like that. Not after everything we've been through. You just left. I was still in bed. I mean what is that all about?

PROF. BELL: Ok, you need to do this later.

COLIN: I can't do this later. Rory I love you. I love you, dammit! How many times to I have to tell you? God! Just talk to me.

PROF. BELL: Ok, out right now! Out! Just get -

[Logan enters.]

LOGAN: Colin! What are you doing, man?

COLIN: Get the hell out of here!

LOGAN: She's with me now. I told you that. Let it go.

COLIN: I will not let it go!

LOGAN: She doesn't love you. Rory, tell him you don't love him!

COLIN: Everything was fine until you came along!

LOGAN: Oh, don't blame me because you couldn't keep her.

COLIN: I swear to god, I'm gonna k*ll you!

LOGAN: Oh, I'd love to see you try.

[Colin lunges at Logan. Boys begin fighting]

PROF. BELL: Stop it! Stop it, right now! Anthony, get security! Break it up! What are you -- Gentlemen, you are losing control! [Logan throws Colin over a desk and jumps onto him.] You are in a classroom!

[Finn enters wearing an old-time police uniform.]

FINN: [blows whistle] All right, that's enough! Break it up, you two! [Grabs the boys, while the Professor realizes this is all a joke.] Rory Gilmore, you should be ashamed of yourself, toying with these boys like this! They used to have pride! They used to have dignity! They used to have balls! [Starts to leave, but stops.] Dammit Gilmore, give them back their balls. [Boys exit room, but re-enter and bow, while class cheers and applauds]

CUT TO GILMORE RESIDENCE - OUTSIDE

[Lorelai and Sookie drag a tree across the lawn towards the garage.]

SOOKIE: God, this is a lot of junk.

LORELAI: I know.

SOOKIE: I mean, who has three Thigh Masters besides Suzanne Somers?

LORELAI: Well, Mrs. Thompson apparently.

SOOKIE: You'd think if you had three Thigh Masters, you'd wear slacks once in a while. I'm sorry, why exactly, did you have to take all this crap?

LORELAI: It was the only way I could get her to give me the boat. Some guy wanted it and she got him to buy all her other crap. So, if I wanted the boat I had to take everything and that's what I did. I just have to hide it for a few days. Then, I'll move it.

SOOKIE: Where?

LORELAI: I don't know. Somewhere. The inn. I'll put it in the old stable out back.

SOOKIE: Are you ever gonna tell Luke?

LORELAI: Yes.

SOOKIE: When?

LORELAI: A week, a year. I haven't thought that far in advance. I just couldn't let her get rid of his dad's boat. What if we hang the Thigh Masters on it?

SOOKIE: Or get more trees!

LORELAI: Yeah! Or get more trees.

SOOKIE: Jackson's got some trees at home.

LORELAI: Think I could borrow them?

SOOKIE: Sure. We'll just wait 'til he lies down for his nap and sneak 'em right out of there.

LORELAI: Great! Then, I'll hop a fence and get Richard Widmark to sign my grapefruit.

CUT TO YALE - CLASSROOM

[Boys are sitting at tables, while the women stand in front of them.]

WOMAN: I'd like to welcome you all to today's speed-dating session. Many of you have been with us before. Many of you are first timers. So, for the latter group, here are the rules. Each couple will have one minute to talk and get a sense of the person across from them. When the bell rings, the women will get up and switch tables. Men, stay where you are. This will continue until every woman has met every man and after that it's up to you. Are you all ready? Then, let the dating begin.

[Bell rings. Paris sits down.]

JACK: I'm Jack.

PARIS: I'm Paris.

JACK: Did your parents travel a lot?

PARIS: Why?

JACK: Your name's Paris.

PARIS: No. Did your parents change flat tires a lot?

JACK: What?

PARIS: Or plug the phone into the wall a lot?

JACK: No.

PARIS: Great! So, we've cleared up that mystery. What's next on your fascinating list of talking points?

JACK: Uh, what's your major?

PARIS: Seriously, you've got one minute to make an impression and that's all you can come up with? You want to know my sign too, Jack? Or how about my favorite color? Or if I'm a Britney or a Christina? Here, I'll ask you a question. Was the last time you had an interesting thought, when you considered flinging yourself off a building? [bell rings] Bye, Jack. I'll write Mother immediately. [Sits down at the next table.] Paris, and no my parents didn't travel.

BILLY: Billy, and I have no idea what that means.

PARIS: Never mind. So, what's your story, Billy?

BILLY: Well, I'm a drama major.

PARIS: Ding, ding, ding! [stands up and moves to next table, seeing Doyle] Doyle.

DOYLE: Paris.

PARIS: Surprised to see you here. [Sits down]

DOYLE: I could say the same for you.

PARIS: So, you find any good prospects?

DOYLE: Oh, yes. One girl wants to have 11 children.

PARIS: Good god!

DOYLE: And the second one was cut off quickly, thank you by the way. I think the words 'latter day saints' were about to come out of her mouth.

PARIS: I can't believe I came here.

DOYLE: This is my third time.

PARIS: You ever meet anyone you actually wanted to date?

DOYLE: My bar is so not that high.

PARIS: [Looking around] I don't see one person in this room that shouldn't be sterilized immediately.

DOYLE: Right there with you.

PARIS: So you've been reading about those skeletons they've been finding on the island of Flores, right?

DOYLE: Oh, yeah, and they're only 13,000 years old. That's nothing in geological time.

PARIS: They made tools and probably had a language. And - [Bell Rings and the next girl tries to join] Keep moving sister.

DOYLE: They were supposed to be master hunters.

PARIS: Even though they were diminutive in size.

CUT TO YALE - HALLWAY OUTSIDE RORY'S DORM

[Rory and Anna are walking down the hall. Anna looks excited. Rory looks tired.]

ANNA: And then when that other guy came in, in that outfit! How great was that?

RORY: We also studied Dylan Thomas today. Why don't we talk about that for a while?

ANNA: Yeah, that was cool, but when Logan and Colin started to fight, that was so amazing! [They enter the dorm room.] The teacher had nothing to say. Nothing! He just stood there. Think they'll get in trouble for that?

RORY: Oh, probably not.

ANNA: Oh god, that's great! The freedom! I mean you can do anything in college. No rules, no consequences.

RORY: Well, Anna, there are always consequences. You're getting the wrong idea. College is not just a crazy, wild, sleep-deprived hedonistic society.

[Doyle exits Paris' bedroom in her robe.]

DOYLE: Oh, it wasn't the TV.

RORY: No, it wasn't the TV.

DOYLE: This isn't what it looks like.

RORY: I hope not.

[Paris enters in only a pajama top]

PARIS: I told you it wasn't the TV.

RORY: [brightly] Hi, Paris.

PARIS: All right, fine. Doyle and I had sex.

RORY: Okay, Anna, get your coat.

PARIS: We met at speed dating and we considered having dinner first, but we both knew where it was going to end up, so we figured we'd just cut to the chase and save the calories.

RORY: Hurry up, Anna.

ANNA: Where are we going?

RORY: Dinner.

ANNA: Its only five.

[Rory and Anna exit]

PARIS: You have no right to be repulsed by my sex life!

DOYLE: [to Paris] This is an exceptionally comfortable robe.

ANNA: [in the hallway] Dinner whenever you want. Random sex whenever you want. I can't wait to go to college!

CUT TO YALE - CAFETERIA

[Rory and Anna sit at a table]

ANNA: Ice cream and cereal for dinner!

RORY: Yeah, yeah, yeah college rocks.

[Logan enters.]

LOGAN: Ladies.

ANNA: Hi, Logan.

LOGAN: How are we doing this fine evening?

ANNA: Oh, we're doing great. Do you want to join us?

LOGAN: Sure. [Sits down next to Rory] So, dull day, huh?

ANNA: Not for me.

LOGAN: [Looking at Rory] Someone's quiet.

RORY: Got nothing to say.

LOGAN: [to Anna] Do you get the sense that she's mad at me?

ANNA: Yes.

RORY: Hey, Anna, why don't you head on over to the fro-yo social. You remember where it is right?

ANNA: Yeah, but I just had three scoops of ice cream.

RORY: Kid, you're in college now, ok? Now go get yourself some yogurt.

ANNA: Are you going to come Logan?

LOGAN: Uh, I'm not sure how well I'll be walking here in a minute, Anna.

ANNA: Oh, ok. Bye.

[Anna exits]

LOGAN: That's not a good look.

RORY: I have no words.

LOGAN: It was just a joke.

RORY: Oh no, wait. I found some. Jerk, ass, arrogant, inconsiderate, mindless, frat boy, lowlife, buttface miscreant.

LOGAN: Buttface miscreant?

RORY: Why would you do something like that?

LOGAN: I'm sorry, buttface miscreant?

RORY: Here I am, trying to show Anna what college life is really like.

LOGAN: That is what college life is really like.

RORY: Maybe your college life, not mine. That was my class, Logan. That was my professor, who decides my grades and you made me look ridiculous to him.

LOGAN: No, I made me look ridiculous to him.

RORY: Oh, you don't think he thinks I was a part of it?

LOGAN: I'll talk to him. I'll tell him you were an innocent bystander.

RORY: The whole class was in a frenzy the entire time. We never got back to what we were talking about.

LOGAN: There's another class next week.

RORY: Ugh, I know that classes and the paper and Yale in general mean nothing to you, but it means something to me. Professor Bell's course is only six weeks long and you blew one of those weeks for me. I won't get that week back.

LOGAN: Look, you want to pull some personal time with Bell? My dad knows him. He'll arrange --

RORY: Please stop talking.

LOGAN: I'm sorry you're so bent out of shape. I didn't mean to upset you.

RORY: Anna thinks that Yale is just a big joke.

LOGAN: If Anna thinks that Yale is just a big joke after spending five minutes with you, then she was always going to think that Yale was just a big joke. Relax.

RORY: You and me? Very different people. I have to go.

LOGAN: To the fro-yo social?

RORY: Yes, I have to go to the fro-yo social. And yes, I do realize how incredibly stupid that just sounded. Excuse me.

[Rory exits]

CUT TO YALE - RORY'S DORM ROOM

[Paris and Doyle sit on the couch, in front of the phone]

PARIS: All I'm saying is, I just want a little information. Is this a relationship? A one night stand? The

beginning of a series of late night bootie calls? I think I have the right to know.

TERRANCE: [on speaker phone] I hear you. Doyle, do you hear her?

DOYLE: I do hear her. I just don't understand why we can't decide this amongst ourselves.

TERRANCE: Because you can't, Doyle. Now, please tell Paris how you feel.

DOYLE: Well, I feel --

TERRANCE: Into the phone, Doyle. I can't hear you.

[Rory enters.]

RORY: Is Anna here?

PARIS: No. Why?

RORY: She didn't show up at the fro-yo social.

DOYLE: Eww. Do you blame her?

RORY: I have to find her.

PARIS: Why? Did you loan her money or something?

RORY: Just go back to what you were doing, please

RORY: [dials phone] Hey, Marty? Um, I lost Anna. I don't know where. Um, just -- Thanks. [to Paris]
If she comes back here, call me.

CUT TO YALE - HALLWAY OUTSIDE RORY'S DORM ROOM

[Marty comes down the stairs]

MARTY: Any idea where she'd go?

RORY: No, she was supposed to meet me. I can't believe I let her go off by herself.

MARTY: Well, we'll find her.

RORY: [dialing phone] Mom?

CUT TO GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Scene switches between Yale and Gilmore's.]

LORELAI: Hi.

RORY: Where would a 16 year-old girl go for a good time?

LORELAI: Oh, how sad you had to come to me for this conversation.

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: You were 16 a lot more recently than I was.

RORY: I lost Anna.

LORELAI: How did you lose Anna?

RORY: She never showed at the fro-yo social!

LORELAI: Oh, ok. Relax. Sixteen year old girl at college? Uh, you have to check parties. Bars and Chinese restaurants rarely card.

RORY: No Chinese restaurants around.

LORELAI: The pub? Did you check the pub?

RORY: No. [to Marty] The pub. We have to check the pub. Parties and the pub.

LORELAI: Ok, call me when you --

LUKE: [off-screen] Ow!

LORELAI: Uh . . .

LUKE: Ow!

LORELAI: I have to go, hon. Call me when you find her.

RORY: Okay. Bye.

LORELAI: Bye. [hangs up]

CUT TO GILMORE RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH

[Lorelai exits house. Luke is rubbing his leg.]

LORELAI: Oh my god, are you ok?

LUKE: I smashed my leg on a Thigh Master.

LORELAI: I'm so sorry.

LUKE: Then, I tripped and smashed my other leg on another Thigh Master.

LORELAI: Sorry.

LUKE: Why the hell do you have so many Thigh Masters?

LORELAI: I have a really bad thigh complex. Are you bleeding? Do you want to come in?

LUKE: No, I'm fine. I just -- You left your glasses at my house. I thought you might need them.

LORELAI: [Luke hands her, her glasses] Thank you.

LUKE: I didn't you think would be here. I thought you were going to Patty's.

LORELAI: I am. I was just leaving but I don't have to go if you want to come in.

LUKE: No, its ok. I'm still going through my dark day. I'm gonna go.

LORELAI: Ok, sorry about your foot.

LUKE: [Looking at her garage.] What's going on with your garage?

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: Your garage door looks all weird.

LORELAI: Oh. No, it's fine. It's just jammed a wee bit.

[Luke limps toward the garage]

LUKE: You can't leave it open like that. You could ruin all your stuff.

LORELAI: [Following Luke.] No, no that's ok. Too much stuff anyhow. If a little bit gets ruined, it serves me right for being so darn materialistic.

LUKE: What are all these trees doing here? [Begins to pull trees away.]

LORELAI: No, just stop. Go back to your dark day. No, no, don't, don't. There's clowns in there. And puppies wearing costumes. And they'll cheer you up and then your dark day will be ruined.

LUKE: [seeing his boat] What is this?

LORELAI: It's your boat.

LUKE: I thought I told her to get rid of this boat.

LORELAI: She did. She sold it to me, along with all of her other crap. She made quite a k*lling actually. I just couldn't stand the idea that you might regret, someday, giving this boat away.

LUKE: Even though I said I wanted it gone?

LORELAI: Yes, I know, but you were upset.

LUKE: No, I was cranky. Now, I'm upset.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, I just thought --

LUKE: You thought about you. You thought about you and how you'd feel. You didn't think about me or the fact that I said I wanted to get rid of this damn boat. I mean I said it, Lorelai. I said it, you heard it and you ignored it.

LORELAI: Because I didn't want you to --

LUKE: You have no respect for what I wanted! This was my dad. This was his boat and this decision was mine. This was not yours!

LORELAI: I know.

LUKE: This is who I am. I don't want to hang onto things or stare at things.

LORELAI: Except my horoscope, which is absolutely the wrong thing to bring up right now. I'm sorry.

LUKE: I'm getting out of here.

LORELAI: No, I'm sorry. Please, just stay and yell at me.

LUKE: Why? What's the point? You don't listen to anything I say, anyhow.

[Luke exits.]

CUT TO YALE - OUTSIDE A BAR

[Rory and Marty exit a bar]

RORY: She's nowhere!

MARTY: She not nowhere.

RORY: This is all my fault!

MARTY: Well, there's more bars. We'll find her.

RORY: God, I'm so stupid. If I didn't have to confront Logan like that, I wouldn't have had to send her off on her own and we wouldn't be looking for her right now.

MARTY: We'll find her.

RORY: He's so frustrating, that guy. I mean, I don't know what I did to get on his bad side or why he just has to come after me.

MARTY: Oh, stop it!

RORY: What?

MARTY: He's not coming after you. He likes you.

RORY: He does not.

MARTY: [annoyed] Oh, please, Rory.

RORY: Marty, he does not like me. I mean, look at what he did. Look at that stunt he pulled. He totally humiliated me.

MARTY: Attention like that from people like Logan is like being tapped. You've been anointed. You're in.

RORY: In what?

MARTY: In with him, with his group. He likes you. Stop being so naive. Its annoying.

RORY: Marty. [Rory's phone rings]

RORY: Hello?

CUT TO CHILTON - HEADMASTER CHARLESTON'S OFFICE

[Scene switches between Yale and Chilton]

HDM. CHARLESTON: Ms. Gilmore, Headmaster Charleston here.

RORY: Oh. Hi, Headmaster Charleston. What's going on?

HDM. CHARLESTON: Well, not much. Thank you for asking. I was just wondering how things were going with Ms. Fairchild?

RORY: Oh, fine.

HDM. CHARLESTON: Yes?

RORY: Everythings great.

HDM. CHARLESTON: Wonderful. Then, I can inform Anna's parents that the underage girl the Yale campus police found when they broke up a rather raucous party is, in fact, not their daughter.

RORY: I'm sorry, Headmaster Charleston.

HDM. CHARLESTON: And what a help that is.

RORY: I tried. I just -- I turned around for a moment. Did she tell you about the bench? We spent a lot of time --

HDM. CHARLESTON: I'm sorry, Ms. Gilmore. I have to go. Some angry parents will be here any moment to talk to me. I appreciate the attempt. Good luck at Yale.

RORY: [beat] Bye, Headmaster Charleston. [hangs up] The campus police got her. She came, she spent one day with me, and she got sent home by police. And I think I'm going to retroactively flunk high school.

MARTY: At least she's safe, right?

RORY: Right. Crappy, crappy day. You want to take a cab? My treat. [They walk to a cab. Marty opens the door] Thanks. [Rory gets in, but Marty stops]

MARTY: I think I'm gonna walk.

RORY: Marty . . .

MARTY: I'll -- I'll see you tomorrow.

[Marty shuts the door and walks away as Rory watches]

CUT TO MISS PATTY'S

[Lots of people are there, dressed up and socializing. Lorelai is sniffing her hand.]

SOOKIE: What are you doing?

LORELAI: I smell like trees.

SOOKIE: You do? [Sniffs Lorelai's hand]

LORELAI: Mm-hmm.

SOOKIE: [sniffs her own hand] Hey, me too!

LORELAI: Now we're the crazy, pine-scented ladies.

SOOKIE: How's your punch?

LORELAI: It's good. [Lorelai looks distant.]

SOOKIE: You ok?

LORELAI: Yeah, fine. Just fine.

[Miss Patty gets on stage as people applaud]

MISS PATTY: Thank you. Thank you, everyone. I'm honored that you came here to help me celebrate 40 wonderful years on the stage. It feels so good to be here in front of an audience and so close to a piano. [Repeats, louder] So close to a piano. Kirk!

KIRK: [looking up from a book] Sorry. [loudly] Hey, Patty, why don't you do a little something for us?

MISS PATTY: Well, if you insist. Hit it!

[Salsa begins on the piano. Miss Patty plays maracas and Kirk plays a glockenspiel]

MISS PATTY: [singing] Way down among Brazilians, coffee beans grow by the million.

So they have to find those extra cups to fill.

They got an awful lot of coffee in Brazil.

You can't get cherry soda, cause they have to fill their quota.

And the way things are, I bet they never will.

LORELAI: [seeing Luke standing outside the window] I'll be right back.

MISS PATTY: [singing] They got an awful lot of coffee in Brazil.

CUT TO MISS PATTY'S - STEPS OUTSIDE

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: See there's a reason I stay away from people on this particular day. It's because I suck.

LORELAI: Oh, Luke, I'm so sorry. I should've listened to you. I should've stayed out of it. You were right. I didn't think. I mean I didn't think like you would think. I thought like I would think and my thinking is sometimes very, very wrong if you're not me. And occasionally if you are me --

[Lukes kisses her, interrupting]

LUKE: You keep thinking like you'd think.

LORELAI: I can do that. Do you want to come in? You can get drunk just standing next to the punch bowl.

LUKE: No, I'm still kinda --

LORELAI: I get it.

LUKE: I just didn't want us to --

LORELAI: We're not.

LUKE: Yeah, you go have a good time.

LORELAI: See you tomorrow.

LUKE: Yeah, you'll see me tomorrow.

[They kiss. Luke walks away while Lorelai watches]

CUT TO GILMORE RESIDENCE - LORELAI'S GARAGE

[Luke walks in and looks at the boat. He rubs his hand along side of it, thinking]

CUT TO YALE - OUTSIDE COURTYARD

[Logan is standing with Finn and Colin, drinking coffee.]

RICHARD: Logan

LOGAN: Huh? Richard? Wow, this a pleasant surprise. Finn, Colin, you know Richard don't you?

RICHARD: Well, my boys, nice to see you. Logan, I wanted to talk to you. I just heard about the incident.

LOGAN: The?

RICHARD: I heard that you professed your feelings for Rory.

LOGAN: [confused] What?

RICHARD: Mr. Bell is a very dear friend of mine. As is the Dean of Admissions. Well, you know this place. News travels fast.

LOGAN: Yeah, look . . .

RICHARD: I have to tell you that while I understand what could have driven you to such a public display of affection, there is a proper time and place for that sort of thing. And a classroom in the middle of class is not one of them.

LOGAN: No, I know. I --

RICHARD: However, what's done is done. It's out. So I've dropped by to tell you that I've spoken to your father.

[Colin and Finn look at each other.]

LOGAN: My father?

RICHARD: We pounded out a few things. Property agreements, pre-nups, that sort of thing.

LOGAN: Ok, I think there's been . . .

RICHARD: Oh, we came to a very fair agreement. I'm sure you'll be pleased. Now, we're setting up a dinner for next week to finalize the engagement and start talking about the ceremony. Emily is handling all the newspaper announcements, so not to worry. That's all taken care of.

LOGAN: But --

RICHARD: She is a fine young lady, Logan. I want her to be happy. You'll take care of that, I assume. All right, I'll let you get back to your coffee break. Nice seeing all of you again. And Logan, welcome to the family, son.

[Richard walks away, touching his nose. Rory, hidden, signals back, touching her nose]

CUT TO YALE - INSIDE VESTIBULE

[Rory runs up to Richard, excited.]

RICHARD: I do hope one of his dopey-looking friends knows CPR or he just might not make it.

RORY: You're the best, Grandpa.

RICHARD: All right, who's next? Is Paris giving you any trouble?

RORY: Not any more than usual. However, there is a girl in my Modern Poetry class who keeps kicking my chair.

[They begin walking down the hall]

RICHARD: Ah, I do love this place.

RORY: Right back at you, Grandpa.

[Fade out.]

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