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05x15 - Jews & Chinese Food

by **bunniefuu**

YALE CAMPUS

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Posted: **03/06/05 12:38**

[Lorelai is walking around. A student hands her a flier.]

LORELAI: Oh, sure. Thanks.

[She continues walking. Busy students are everywhere. She knocks on Rory's dorm room door. A male voice answers.]

VOICE: Come in.

[Lorelai opens the door and sees Doyle on the couch.]

LORELAI: Hi! Hello. I'm sorry, do I have the wrong room?

DOYLE: I wouldn't know.

PARIS [coming out of her room]: How delightful to have all of my towels used and then deposited in my hamper with my dry clothes to create a pungent musty combo. Hey, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Paris, good, I have the right room.

PARIS: This is Rory's mother.

LORELAI [leans over to shake Doyle's hand]: Hi. Lorelai.

DOYLE: I'm Doyle, Rory's editor.

PARIS: And my lover.

LORELAI: Okay, well, super.

DOYLE: I don't think lover is exactly the correct term, Paris.

PARIS: Really? What is the correct term, Doyle?

DOYLE: At a later time, Paris.

PARIS: Doyle and I haven't defined the social aspects of our relationship yet.

LORELAI: Ah.

PARIS: Although we're having sex three or four times a week, so apparently the sexual aspects of our relationship are crystal freaking clear.

DOYLE: Paris, I beg you.

LORELAI: Is Rory here? 'Cause I could wait outside, or -

PARIS: I'm making you uncomfortable.

DOYLE: Yes.

PARIS: Her. Not you.

LORELAI: No, I'm fine. You two should be alone.

PARIS: I'm so sorry. I shouldn't be talking about love, or sex, especially since you -

LORELAI: Since I -

PARIS: Don't have any.

LORELAI: Rory! Are you here?

RORY [OS]: Yeah, I'm just getting my coat!

LORELAI: Ah! Can I watch?

RORY [OS]: Oh, is Paris out there?

LORELAI: She sure is.

RORY [OS]: Come on in.

LORELAI: Nice meeting you, Doyle.

DOYLE: Nice to meet you, too.

[Lorelai enters Rory's room. Doyle and Paris look at each other.]

PARIS: Yes?

DOYLE: You look so hot when you find me annoying.

PARIS: Then I must be Gisele Bündchen to you 24/7.

RORY'S ROOM

[Rory is putting on lipstick. Lorelai waits near the door.]

RORY: Sorry, I thought she and Doyle were indisposed.

LORELAI: No, no, plenty of disposal going on. So I notice you told Paris about my breakup.

RORY: Ah. I'm sorry, I didn't tell her on purpose. It's very difficult to keep anything from Paris. It's very close proximity and I swear she has a dog's ears.

LORELAI: That's fine.

RORY: I didn't mean to blab.

LORELAI: I know. But, hey, don't worry about me. Things are starting to look up. [She holds up the flier she received outside.] They think I'm a student.

RORY [peering at the flier]: And they also think you're Polynesian and potentially sexually undecided.

LORELAI: Yeah. Well, still an improvement.

RORY: Okay. Ready.

LORELAI: This was a good idea, having dinner.

RORY: Well, it is Friday night.

LORELAI: Yeah, but Friday night dinner without Ava and Adolf. Lovely.

RORY [indignant]: It's really not fair calling Grandpa Adolf!

LORELAI: No, no, that was Grandma.

RORY: Oh.

[They enter the common room.]

RORY: We're going.

[Doyle is standing near the fridge eating out of a giant bag of chips.]

DOYLE: Rory, are these your chips?

RORY: Yes, Doyle.

DOYLE [crunching]: Can I have some?

RORY: Knock yourself out, Doyle.

PARIS: Listen, Lorelai? If you decide that your breakup is something that you want to talk about, please let me know.

LORELAI: Okay, Paris.

PARIS: And let me know before Tuesday, because I'm doing a paper for my Emotional Mental Health class about how women of a certain age cope with loneliness, and I think you'd be a great lead-off antidote.

[Lorelai, stunned, looks at Rory meaningfully.]

RORY: You can't take her. She's trained in Krav Maga.

LORELAI: Damn it.

[They leave.]

OPENING CREDITS

YALE CAFETERIA

[Lorelai and Rory are carrying trays of food, looking for a place to sit down.]

LORELAI: Okay, so where do the cool kids sit?

RORY: This is Yale. There are no cool tables.

LORELAI: Oh, come on. Point out the cliques. The geeks. The stoners. The Plastics. Give me the scoop.

RORY: The scoop is that this is Yale. There are no cliques, we are beyond cliques.

LORELAI: So you get to college, and everybody just loves each other?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: It's Haight Ashbury all over again.

RORY: Except the tie-dye is done by Prada.

LORELAI: Okay. [She starts to sit down at a table.]

RORY: Hey, not that one.

LORELAI: See, that was the clique table.

RORY: No, it's under an air vent. [They sit at the next table.]

LORELAI: Seriously, Grandma, buy a shawl.

RORY: Hey, one good cold can set you back a month in studying.

LORELAI: Mmm. See, in my mind, I heard 'partying', but okay.

RORY [Raising her glass]: Here's to our very own special Friday night dinner.

LORELAI: Hear, hear. [They clink their glasses.] This stuff looks pretty good.

RORY: It is. So what's going on at home?

LORELAI [gasps dramatically]: Big grapefruit shortage. The hurricanes wiped them out and Taylor is completely freaking out.

RORY: I'm sure.

LORELAI: And Patty and Babette are organizing Stars Hollow's first botox party.

RORY: Are you invited?

LORELAI: Are you insinuating I should be?

RORY: So the Hollow's low on grapefruits.

LORELAI: Uh-huh. And I'm doing costumes for the Stars Hollow Elementary School production of Fiddler on the Roof.

RORY [meaningfully]: So, how are you doing?

LORELAI: I'm doing fine.

RORY: How are you doing?

LORELAI: I'm doing fine. I swear. I'm getting better.

RORY: No word from Luke?

LORELAI [sighing]: Not waiting on word from Luke.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Anyhow, I'm fine. I mean, not that I'm over it, but little by little it's getting easier to pretend it's easier, which means easier must be right around the corner.

RORY: I'm sure it is.

LORELAI: And I'm working on getting down a new routine. I've settled on Weston's in the morning.

RORY: Decent coffee, excellent strudel.

LORELAI: Yeah. So, that's me. How are you?

RORY: Hmm, well, I study, then study, then after a little study break, I study.

LORELAI: Uh-huh. How's, um, Logan?

RORY: He's been out of town for a while so I haven't seen him.

LORELAI: Hmm. And what else?

RORY: Mm. [Avoiding eye contact]

LORELAI: What?

RORY: I got an e-mail from Dad.

LORELAI [surprised]: Oh, you did? Huh. When?

RORY: Monday.

LORELAI: Only two weeks after the fact. Very speedy.

RORY: I'm sure he was just nervous.

LORELAI: You know, you don't need to hide that from me.

RORY: Well, I wasn't sure if you wanted to hear about it, or hear Dad's name -

LORELAI: Hey, it's part of the whole 'moving on' thing, right? So what did he say?

RORY: He wanted to give me his side of the story.

LORELAI: Oh, well. Unless his side of the story includes having his long-lost evil twin lock him in the

closet and come to the wedding in his place, his side of the story doesn't exist.

RORY: He said it was all a misunderstanding.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: He said the only reason he came was to celebrate Grandma and Grandpa's vow renewal.

LORELAI: And 'cause Adolf told him to.

RORY: He says he likes Luke.

LORELAI: Yeah, he's proven that.

RORY: He just wants you to be happy.

LORELAI: So, he got me dumped.

RORY: And, basically that the whole thing was just a misunderstanding.

LORELAI: You know, the more he defends himself, the more he needs to defend himself.

RORY: Hey, do you think Grandpa knew about it?

LORELAI: About Christopher coming?

RORY: Do you think he planned it with Grandma?

LORELAI: Look how panicked you are. No, honey, honestly, the whole thing reeks of Emily. I mean, not that I think he would have discouraged it, but I'm pretty sure she's the one who poisoned the apple and gave it to Dopey to bring to the party.

RORY: Yeah.

[Two girls sit down at their table. They look weak and shaken, and are holding their heads.]

GIRL #1: Oh my God.

GIRL #2: Never again.

GIRL #1: Never, never again.

LORELAI [quiet, to Rory]: See, we are at the cool table. [Rory looks at her.] I'm telling you, if she throws up you're golden.

YALE COURTYARD

[Lorelai and Rory are walking, eating ice cream.]

LORELAI: You are so not starving here at Yale.

RORY: My lips are frozen.

LORELAI: Look, while it might seem a little eccentric to eat ice cream in forty degree weather -

RORY: You'd think!

LORELAI: There are several advantages to the concept. For example, since it's cold out, the ice cream won't melt, therefore it'll last longer.

RORY: So then my lips will stay frozen for double the amount of time.

LORELAI: Mm-hmm. Okay, I lost the feeling in my tongue!

RORY: I'm throwing the ice cream out now.

LORELAI: Oh, my God, it's frozen. It's like an ice cube. A tongue-shaped ice cube and it'll never thaw.

RORY: Then why don't you shut your mouth? Let the heat stay inside?

LORELAI: That was hostile. [Pause.] And useful. Thank you. [Points across the quad.] Hey, isn't that your naked guy?

RORY: Oh, yeah. Marty, hey! He's not my naked guy.

[Marty sees Rory, and as her attention is turned to Lorelai he runs in the other direction.]

LORELAI: Well, you don't really want a communal naked guy, nowadays, you know, it's too sketchy. [They look over. Marty is gone.] Huh. Well, I guess he didn't hear about you sitting at the cool table.

RORY [distracted]: Yeah.

LORELAI: You guys rumbling?

RORY: No, we're just not as close lately.

LORELAI: Aw, that's too bad. He seems like a nice guy.

RORY: Yeah, he is.

LORELAI: All right, honey. Thank you for dinner.

RORY: You're leaving?

LORELAI: Yeah, I should get back.

RORY: Okay. You can come in and watch T.V. for a while if you want.

LORELAI: It's okay.

RORY: You can even stay over if you don't feel like driving back.

LORELAI: Are there monsters under your bed again?

RORY: I'm just saying.

LORELAI: Look, Miss Nightingale. I appreciate your concern. And the offer to spend the night is much nicer than the suggestion that I shut my mouth, but I'm fine.

RORY: You sure?

LORELAI: Big girl.

RORY: Yeah. It's still new.

LORELAI: Angel, I have been dumped before.

RORY: Not by Luke.

LORELAI: No, not by Luke. But a dump is a dump. The process is still the same. Don't worry, Mom's cool.

RORY: I know Mom's cool.

LORELAI: 'Cause you heard about the table?

RORY: Exactly.

LORELAI: All right, kid, I'll see you later.

RORY: Okay, bye. [They kiss on the cheek and Lorelai goes.]

WESTON BAKERY

[A couple carries their order toward the door.]

LORELAI: Wow, looks good. Hey, I'm Lorelai, I'll be here every morning.

[They leave.] 'Kay, see you guys tomorrow.

WOMAN: Here we go. Three coffees.

LORELAI: Oh, no, I'm sorry. I only ordered one.

WOMAN: You said "Coffee, coffee, coffee".

LORELAI: Haha, no, see, I said "coffee-coffee-coffee".

WOMAN: Right.

LORELAI: As in I really need coffee-coffee-coffee. You know.

WOMAN: No.

LORELAI: Coffee-coffee-coffee is a saying, like an exaggeration. It's a funny, desperate cry for caffeine. It's just my thing. 'Cause everybody knows I drink a lot of coffee, so the day can't start until I've had my jolt. It's a bit. My bit. [The woman stares blankly at her.] It's not a particularly funny bit unless you know me, then - you know what, three coffees would be great. What do I owe you?

STARS HOLLOW STREET

[Lorelai is driving her Jeep. She drives past Luke's and sees his boat parked out front. She looks hurt. She keeps driving.]

YALE NEWSPAPER OFFICE

[Doyle is leading a staff meeting.]

DOYLE [upset]: I don't know what other words I should use. Perhaps I should talk slower, or have a woman sit in a circle above my head signing my words to you.

GLENN: That would be fresher than you yelling at us.

DOYLE: Glenn.

GLENN: Sorry. But every time I hear you I hear my mother. See my mother -

DOYLE: Stop comparing me to your mother.

GLENN: Stop acting like her.

DOYLE: Anyhow, as I was saying -

GLENN: Pick up your socks!

PARIS: Hey! Our editor's talking!

GLENN: He's your boyfriend, not mine.

PARIS: That has yet to be determined.

RORY [To Glenn]: You're particularly sassy today.

GLENN: I know. It must be my new glasses prescription.

DOYLE: I need all of you to hand in a hard copy of your stories in addition to filing them electronically. Last week our mail server was down and we very nearly missed our deadline. Now how would that have looked?

GLENN: Blank.

DOYLE: Glenn!

GLENN: Sorry. Mom. [He and Rory snicker.]

DOYLE: New system starts today. [Rory sees Marty through the window and gets up to go talk to him.] I want all articles in hard copy on my desk - where are you going?

RORY: I'll be right back.

DOYLE: I'm talking!

RORY: And very well, might I add.

DOYLE: Gilmore!

RORY: Doyle, I could be back by now!

YALE CAMPUS - OUTSIDE THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE

[Marty is buying a coffee. Rory comes outside.]

RORY: Now that's a manly sized cup of coffee.

MARTY: Uh, yeah. I, uh, I worked late, and I had a paper and I didn't get a lot of sleep -

RORY: Marty, you never have to apologize for a huge cup of coffee to me.

MARTY: Right. I know. [He turns and starts walking away. Rory stays with him.]

RORY: So you've been pretty busy lately, huh?

MARTY: Uh, yes.

RORY: Working a lot?

MARTY: Yes.

RORY: Studying a lot?

MARTY: Yes.

RORY: So that's probably why I haven't seen you very much.

MARTY: Yes. Probably.

RORY: I missed you. A lot.

MARTY: Well, I'm sure you've been a little busy yourself.

RORY: I guess. Hey listen, are you working this weekend?

MARTY: Uh, no.

RORY: Great, because I was thinking. It's been ages since we've had a good hangout night.

MARTY: Oh, well -

RORY: We could watch DVD's, order food. Oh, I just got the new Marx Brothers box set. You love the Marx Brothers, Duck Soup!

MARTY: I don't know if I can -

RORY: Did you hear me? I just said Duck Soup.

MARTY: Rory -

RORY: We could watch them all. You know, start early. Make a major marathon thing out of it. Just us. We haven't done this in a long time. Please?

MARTY: Okay. Sounds good.

RORY: Really? Oh, great! [She gives him a hug.] Okay, so on Saturday? Three-ish?

MARTY: Three-ish it is.

RORY: Excellent. Really. Okay, I have to get back, and you have a lot of coffee to drink. So I'll see you Saturday.

MARTY: See you Saturday.

RORY [heading back inside]: Okay!

[Marty smiles and keeps walking.]

LUKE'S DINER

[Luke serves Andrew his meal.]

ANDREW: Hey Luke, great boat you got out there.

LUKE: Oh, yeah. Thanks.

ANDREW: Are you selling it, or [he covers one eye with his hand and talks in a pirate voice] is it some kind of seafood promotion?

LUKE: I don't want to talk about it!

ANDREW [mumbling]: Good thing you parked it right outside the diner, then.

LUKE: What?

ANDREW [coughs]: Nothing. Nothing.

[Lulu enters with a little boy. Luke is wiping a table.]

LULU: Go on. He's right over there.

[The boy stands very near to Luke but says nothing. Luke finishes wiping the table and suddenly notices him.]

LUKE: Geez, kid! Don't just stand there, you'll give me a heart attack.

[He takes a plate behind the counter, and when he turns around, the boy is standing at the counter looking at him.]

LUKE: Hey.

BRADLEY: Mr. Danes.

LUKE: Yeah, speak up, there, kid. We've got a bit of a height difference here.

BRADLEY: I need to ask you something.

LUKE: Bathrooms are in the back. They're for customers only, so you have to order something. You want to order something? [Bradley shakes his head.] You want to use the bathroom? [Bradley shakes his head again.] Well then what do you want? [Bradley starts sucking on his inhaler.] What are you doing? What's he doing?

LULU: Don't worry. This always happens when he's terrified.

LUKE: What the hell is he terrified of?

LULU: Bradley, would you like me to tell him for you? [Bradley nods.] Okay. Luke.

LUKE: Why's he doing that?

LULU: Oh, he's fine.

LUKE: He doesn't look fine.

LULU: Luke. Luke! [She snaps her fingers] Eyes on me! Eyes on me. Thank you. Now, as you know, I teach third grade over at the elementary school. And our production of Fiddler on the Roof is on Saturday. And Bradley here is in charge of set design. Right, Bradley? [Bradley nods.] So, he just wanted to come here and tell you that he will need you at the school tomorrow at three o'clock. And please bring your own tools. Okay? You did that very well, Bradley!

LUKE: What are you talking about?

LULU: I thought Bradley was very clear.

LUKE: What do you mean, he needs me at the school tomorrow? He needs me at the school to do what?

LULU: To help build the sets.

LUKE: I'm not going to help build any sets.

LULU: But -

LUKE: I have a diner to run. I don't have time to build any sets.

LULU: But Lorelai signed you up weeks ago.

LUKE: She did?

LULU: Yes, she did. She signed you up to build the sets and she signed herself up to make the costumes.

LUKE: Oh, I must have forgot about that.

LULU: Yeah. I know you two are having a little trouble, I mean, I saw the boat. But I figured since it was for the kids you'd still be willing to help.

LUKE: Lorelai's still making the costumes?

LULU: Oh, of course she is. A lot of the parents are helping out, with costumes, make-up, lighting, programs -

LUKE: But you've spoken to her recently, and she's going to be there, making the costumes?

LULU: Look, Luke. If it's going to be too hard for you to be in the same space as Lorelai, I totally -

LUKE: No, it's fine. I'll be there.

LULU: You sure?

LUKE: Yeah, I mean, if other people are going to be helping out, I might as well, you know. It's for the kids - I'll see you tomorrow at three, right?

BRADLEY: With your tools.

LUKE: With my tools.

LULU: That's great. Thank you, Luke. The kids'll be thrilled.

LUKE: Well, that's what matters, right?

LULU: Let's go, Bradley.

BRADLEY: I hope he's not late.

LULU: Oh, I hope so too.

[They exit.]

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Lorelai enters, carrying a large bag. Sookie is sitting at the table.]

SOOKIE: No more pork!

LORELAI: Finally, something to put on our business card.

SOOKIE: I'm tired of it. I am out of interesting ways to serve it and I'm not buying it anymore.

LORELAI: Hmm.

SOOKIE: I want another other white meat.

LORELAI: Mugsy raised the price on you again, huh?

SOOKIE: That pig-hoarding bastard.

LORELAI: Well, cut it out for a month. I bet he comes around.

SOOKIE: I guess. Ooo, what's in the bag? [Lorelai opens the bag and displays its contents.] And that is -

LORELAI: A bag of Santa beards.

SOOKIE: Naturally.

LORELAI: I need twenty-five dark beards for Fiddler on the Roof. I drove to four different towns and six different costume shops and this is all I could find. Apparently Lieberman's the only Jew in Connecticut. [Sookie giggles] Hey, can I borrow some tea?

SOOKIE: Why?

LORELAI: I thought I'd use it to dye them.

SOOKIE: Oh, very clever. Up on the shelf.

LORELAI: Thanks.

SOOKIE: So, other than the great beard search, how was your morning?

LORELAI: Fine.

SOOKIE: Yeah? Good! So, what route did you take to work today?

LORELAI: Oh, the usual. You know, Main Street to Oak and then a sharp starboard turn at the marina and four nautical miles to the Inn.

SOOKIE: You saw it.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah.

SOOKIE: Rats.

LORELAI: I saw the back of the boat driving from Weston's, I saw the front of the boat from the bank and then I went upstairs to the post office and I got a nice aerial shot of the boat. Basically I took the White House tour of the boat.

SOOKIE: I can't believe Luke did this. I mean, what was he thinking?

LORELAI: I don't know.

SOOKIE: When did he come get it?

LORELAI: Beats me. I didn't notice it gone when I left this morning, so -

SOOKIE: Did he tell you he was going to take it?

LORELAI: No.

SOOKIE: Well, I think that stinks. He's a jerk for pulling something like that.

LORELAI: It's his boat. He can do what he wants with it.

SOOKIE: Not if it's something mean. He can't.

LORELAI: Well, I caused the situation in the first place. I bought the boat. I put it in my garage.

SOOKIE: I know, but he broke your heart and now he's rubbing your face in it.

LORELAI: Geez, I sound pathetic.

SOOKIE: I know!

LORELAI: Look, Sookie, please. You don't have to be mad at Luke. Okay? You don't have to hate him.

SOOKIE: Oh, I don't mind hating him.

LORELAI: I appreciate that, but I don't really want to talk about it anymore. [She picks up the bag of beards.]

SOOKIE: Where are you going? Did I drive you out? I'm sorry! I'll stop talking about it.

LORELAI: No, it's fine. I'm fine, I just have stuff to do. I have costumes to make and beards to convert, so I'll see you later.

SOOKIE: Okay.

[Lorelai leaves.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

[She pulls the Jeep into the driveway. She walks over to the empty garage. She shakes her head and heads into the house.]

STARS HOLLOW ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

[Lulu is talking to two boys on the stage. Luke walks uncertainly around the curtain.]

LULU: Hey, Luke! We are so glad you to see you.

BRADLEY: You're ten minutes late.

LUKE: Yeah, uh, sorry about that. Hey, I brought my tools.

LULU: Great. Well, this is Damon.

LUKE: Hey there Damon.

DAMON: My mother's a lesbian.

LUKE: Oh. [Pause] I brought my tools.

LULU: And you remember your supervisor, Bradley.

LUKE: Yeah, Bradley. Nice to see you again, Bradley.

LULU: Well, you boys should get started. I'll be right over here if you need my help. Have fun!

LUKE: So, where do we get started, men?

BRADLEY: First we have to build Tevye's house.

LUKE: Okay, we can do that.

BRADLEY: There's plans for the house over here.

LUKE: Uh, yeah. Show me the plans.

[Bradley runs off to get the plans.]

DAMON: Do you know any lesbians?

LUKE: Uh, uh, sure, I do.

DAMON: How many?

LUKE: Three, maybe four.

DAMON: Maybe four?

LUKE: Well, waiting on confirmation.

DAMON: I like lesbians.

LUKE: Yeah, they're, they're swell.

BRADLEY: Here are the plans.

LUKE: Okay, let's see what we got. [Luke looks at the plans.] All right. Looks pretty simple. Looks like the boards are already cut. Okay, let's get started. Uh, everyone grab a Philips-head screwdriver. [The boys dig around in a box.] Okay, once you have your screwdriver - what are you holding? Bradley, that's a hammer.

BRADLEY: It is?

LUKE: Damon, that's tape.

DAMON: Oh.

LUKE: I can't believe this. No one ever taught you what a Philips-head screwdriver is?

DAMON: My mother's a lesbian.

LUKE: Uh-huh, okay. Come here. See, this is a Philips-head screwdriver. And this is a flathead screwdriver. See, 'cause it's got a -

DAMON and BRADLEY: Flat head!

LUKE: Yes, exactly. Now, we need a Philips-head screwdriver, so go ahead and find that, and we'll get started. Okay? Hurry up, we get done by five, beers are on me.

[Damon and Bradley go back to digging through the box. A woman enters the backstage area.]

CARRIE: Well, well, well, look who Santa stuffed in my stocking.

LUKE: Yeah, Carrie. What a surprise.

CARRIE: Isn't life a scream? My God, you look fantastic. Breakups agree with Luke Danes. Give me a hug. [She throws herself on him, he looks

uncomfortable.]

LUKE: Yeah, easy there, kids are here.

CARRIE [breathy]: So, how are you? I heard all about it. I tell you, that Lorelai is out of her mind. I mean, that's apparent from the outfits alone, but to let one of the last real He-Men go free, she should up that dosage, baby.

LUKE: Carrie, what are you doing here?

CARRIE: Oh, I'm the director, isn't that fabulous? Jenny got me into it.

LUKE: Jenny is your -

CARRIE: My youngest, she's seven. [Hushed] God help her, the spitting image of her father.

LUKE: Yeah, where is she?

CARRIE: Oh, she's hiding under a chair somewhere. She's so odd, that girl. She's always hiding from me.

LUKE: Yeah, crazy. Anyway, I gotta build Tevye's house, here.

CARRIE: Oh, I have to get rehearsals started anyway. It's good to see you Luke, we'll have to catch up later.

LUKE: Yeah, sure, we sure will, Carr. [She goes out onto the stage. Bradley and Damon rejoin Luke.] Don't you ever leave me alone with her again! [They nod.]

CARRIE: Okay, kids. I need my cast right here in the middle of the stage.

Everybody, let's gather right here.

KIRK: Hey, Luke. You're helping out here?

LUKE: Oh, yeah. Sets. How about you?

KIRK: I'm playing Tevye.

LUKE: You're -

CARRIE: Come on, kids. Chop, chop.

KIRK: Excuse me, my director's calling.

CARRIE: Okay, now, before we start rehearsal, I just want to ask, has anybody seen Jenny?

[They all shake their heads.]

CARRIE: Okay, never mind. Now, I need to remind you that I need to know whose mommies and daddies are going to be coming to the show. [Damon waves his hand.] Yes, Damon, I know your mommy's a lesbian, but is she coming to the show? [Damon nods.] Okay, great. And everyone else, I need to know so I can issue your tickets. [Kirk puts up his hand.] Yes, Kirk.

KIRK: My mother's going to be in Florida.

CARRIE: Okay, fine. Everybody else, tell me or Miss Kushner by the end of the day. Now before we start, does anybody have to go potty? [Several kids, and Kirk, put up their hands.] Well, go now and go fast, we have a lot of work to do.

KIRK: I'll just be two minutes and then it's L'Chaim to Life.

[The kids, and Kirk, run off.]

LUKE: Hey, Lulu?

LULU: Yes?

LUKE: I was just wondering, where are all the other tall people?

LULU: Excuse me?

LUKE: You know, other people to help out with the lighting, the makeup, the costumes.

LULU: Oh, they'll be here. They all come in at different times.

LUKE: Okay, I was just asking. No biggie.

[Kirk and the kids come running back from the bathrooms.]

KIRK: I'm here! I'm done, I flushed.

CARRIE: Good boy, Kirk! Okay, everyone take your places for the top of the show!

LUKE [To Lulu]: What is Kirk doing in the play?

LULU: Oh, we couldn't find a boy who could handle the part.

LUKE: But it's an elementary school play. How hard could the part be?

LULU: Tevye is a very demanding role.

LUKE: But -

LULU: We looked and looked. We even opened up auditions to the scary extension school kids, but nothing. And you know, we had a terrible experience last year when we did Jesus Christ Superstar.

LUKE: Oh, yeah.

LULU: Jesus was allergic to peanuts and stuffed one up his nose and broke out in terrible hives during intermission. The second act was all Judas and Pontius Pilate - pure disaster. We had to refund money, it was a nightmare. So this year, we went with a ringer. [She looks lovingly at Kirk, who has started rehearsing.]

KIRK: A fiddler on the roof? Sounds crazy, no?

LUKE: Oh, boy, does it.

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Sookie gets out of her car.]

SOOKIE: I got 'em! I'm here!

LORELAI [from the garage]: Oh, great. Get in here.

SOOKIE: I got all the glue and glitter they had.

LORELAI [reading a design magazine]: Perfect.

SOOKIE: So, what are you thinking here?

LORELAI: I don't know. Something colorful, or something peaceful. You know, it could be a Zen sort of space, or a yoga studio. Drew Barrymore has one.

SOOKIE: Oh, and she looks very calm.

LORELAI: Yeah. I just want it to be a special all-me alone place. Here, look in this for ideas.

SOOKIE: Ooo, classic Hollywood homes.

LORELAI: Oh, and look what I found.

SOOKIE: A disco ball! Where'd you find a disco ball?

LORELAI: In my closet.

SOOKIE: Wow. [Her cell phone rings.]

LORELAI: I should have done this years ago.

SOOKIE [answering her phone]: Hello?

[The scene cuts between Lorelai's garage and the front desk at the Dragonfly, where Michel is cleaning his pants with a lint roller.]

MICHEL: I heard a noise in the kitchen.

SOOKIE: What kind of noise?

MICHEL: A 'bam', or a 'clang'. Possibly a 'crash'. It might have a 'wham' or a 'kapow'.

SOOKIE: Well, did you go check it out?

MICHEL [Running the lint roller over the top of the computer monitor]: Excuse me, I'm extremely busy. Someone here has to work, I mean, the two of you just run off to do your little decorating project and you leave me here alone.

SOOKIE: Michel! Did you actually hear a noise?

MICHEL: Of course I heard a noise. It was a 'thwap' or a 'vroom'.

SOOKIE: Gotta go, Michel. [She hangs up.] Oy.

LORELAI: What's a matter?

SOOKIE: Apparently Batman's attacking the inn.

LORELAI: Hmm. [She holds up a shimmering gold fabric.] Hey, Moulin Rouge, what do you think? Jeweled elephant in one corner, Ewan McGregor in the other.

SOOKIE: Ooo, sounds yummy. [Her phone rings again. She answers it.] What, Michel?

MICHEL: I'm smelling something very funny coming from the kitchen. Could be a pungent cheese, could be arson. Should I call the firemen to come, or should I just fetch some crackers?

[Lorelai and Sookie roll their eyes at each other.]

YALE DORMS - RORY'S COMMON ROOM

[Rory is setting up bowls on the table. Doyle enters.]

DOYLE: Ah, Rory. Good. I'm glad you're here. I wanted to talk to you about something. [He tosses his keys and jacket on the chair.] I think we need to discuss the incident at the Daily News the other day. [He grabs a soda out of the fridge.]

RORY: What incident, Doyle?

DOYLE: We were in the middle of a meeting. I, your editor, was talking, and suddenly, without warning, you flew out of the room.

RORY: I was gone for five minutes, Doyle.

DOYLE: Yes, but the very fact that you felt comfortable enough to leave signals a big problem.

RORY: I had to talk to a friend.

[Doyle sits down on the couch and takes off his shoes.]

DOYLE: This is a matter of respect, Rory. Respect for the paper, respect for me. Frankly, respect for yourself. [He takes off his sock.]

RORY: Doyle -

DOYLE: I have a pebble in my shoe. Damn thing's been driving me crazy all day long. [He pulls the pebble from the sock and places it on the table. Rory looks disgusted.] Anyhow, where was I?

RORY: My lack of respect for you.

DOYLE: Yes, good, thank you. You have to remember that this is college. You're dealing with real life here. You have to start developing boundaries between your work and your personal life.

RORY: Doyle!

DOYLE: What?

RORY: Your sock is on my coffee table!

DOYLE: Just for a second.

RORY: You want to talk about boundaries? You are here every day. You eat my food. You drink my soda. You have a key and you don't even live here.

DOYLE: Paris said 'mi casa su casa'.

RORY: Great. Well, Paris' casa is right in there, so go in or get lost, because I have company coming, and I don't want the first thing he sees when he walks in to be your feet or your face.

DOYLE: But - but I'm your editor.

RORY: Out! And take your pebble with you!

DOYLE [grumbling while collecting his things]: Bet Woodward and Bernstein never tossed Ben Bradley out of their room.

RORY: Ben Bradley kept his shoes on! [She slams the door.]

LORELAI'S GARAGE

[Michel is up on a ladder, painting. Lorelai and Sookie are sitting and watching.]

MICHEL: I don't know if anyone's noticed, but suddenly I am the only one working.

SOOKIE: You're right, no one noticed.

MICHEL: My arm is cramping up.

LORELAI: We offered to take over, Michel.

MICHEL: These stencils are antiques. They've been handed down from generation to generation of Girards. No one touches these stencils but me.

SOOKIE: Okay.

MICHEL: The fumes are making me sick.

LORELAI: Oh, my God, you had a fit to be included, and you've done nothing but complain since you got here.

MICHEL: I did not have a fit to be included. I have a life. I have plenty of friends. And I dare you to find anyone who has a larger collection of techno and world music than I do. Feel that I need nothing from either one of you.

LORELAI [To Sookie]: Poor Michel.

MICHEL: No, do not 'poor Michel' me. No.

SOOKIE: Well, I have to say, for only a few hours' work, this place looks pretty snazzy.

MICHEL [climbs down from the ladder]: Ah, I have finished with this wall.

SOOKIE: Super, three more to go.

MICHEL: Well, yes. Sometimes doing one wall makes it the focal point, the place of interest.

LORELAI: All four walls, Michel.

MICHEL: You tricked me into this.

LORELAI: Just like Tom Sawyer.

SOOKIE: So, what do you think? Is it turning into exactly what you had in mind? Your special, all-you, alone place?

LORELAI [sadly]: Yeah. It sure is.

YALE DORMS - HALLWAY

[Marty, carrying trays of hors d'oeuvres, knocks on Rory's door. She opens the door wearing a white curly wig and a top hat.]

RORY: What's up, Doc?

MARTY: What's up Doc?

RORY: Well, Harpo doesn't talk, so there's no catch phrase.

MARTY: Well, then, do Groucho.

RORY: Everybody does Groucho. Come in!

MARTY [looking around] I like what you've done with the place.

[Rory has set up Marx brothers posters on easels around the common room.]

RORY: Well, it's all about the vibe. What'd you bring?

MARTY: Just some leftovers from the Cartina engagement party.

RORY: I told you I would take care of the food.

MARTY: And I see you did.

RORY: Pretzels of the world. San Francisco sourdough, German pumpernickel, chocolate covered Swiss, and the wasabi bites are very intriguing. I also ordered a pizza before you got here.

MARTY: Okay, well, at least we got the food part covered.

RORY: Yes, we do. Sit, sit, sit.

[They sit. There is an awkward silence for a moment.]

MARTY: You going to stay like that all night?

RORY: Oh, no. Sorry. [She takes off the wig and hat.]

MARTY: I mean, you can.

RORY: No, it's okay.

MARTY: I mean, it works for you.

RORY: No, I'm good. [Another awkward pause.] I guess we should start the movie.

MARTY: Okay.

[She turns it on. They sit uncomfortably watching the movie.]

RORY: Wasabi nugget?

MARTY: Thanks. [He grabs a handful, without looking, and shoves them in his mouth. A horrified look crosses his face.]

RORY [concerned]: You in a little bit of pain there?

MARTY [mouth full]: Uh-huh. Much, much more than a little!

RORY: Well, don't worry! Your mouth will get numb in about a minute.

MARTY [mouth full]: I'm really looking forward to that.

RORY: How about a soda?

MARTY [mouth full]: That would be terrific, thanks.

[Rory rushes over to the fridge, as Paris enters the dorm, hurrying to pack a bag.]

PARIS: Oh, thank you very much for kicking my undefined sexual male partner out of the room that we share.

RORY: I had company coming, Paris.

PARIS: You insulted him, you demeaned him. You mad him feel unwelcome.

RORY: He was unwelcome.

PARIS: And now, thanks to you, he refuses to come back here which means I have to spend the night over at his place with his three roommates! The place is a health violation. Things grow on the windowsill without the help of pots or soil and there is the faint aroma of sweat socks and starter cologne lingering in the air at all times, and yes! I have to bring my own toilet paper over there because it is a third world country. Thank you! Very, very much!

[Paris storms out of the dorm. Rory heads back to the couch with a soda for Marty.]

MARTY: God, I missed this place.

[They lean back on the couch.]

STARS HOLLOW ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

[Luke is backstage. The construction is well underway.]

LUKE: Now that is a counter-sunk screw, Damon. Good man. Your lesbian mother will be proud.

[The boys run off. Luke grabs Lulu as she walks by.]

LUKE: Oh, hey. Lulu. It's a big day, you know?

LULU: I know. It's so exciting.

LUKE: Yeah. But, uh, I'm still wondering where the other adults are.

LULU: They'll be here.

LUKE: Yeah, you've been saying that for days and I'm still the only person in here that doesn't have to hang his sheets out the window in the morning.

LULU: I don't understand.

LUKE: They wet their beds, Lulu.

LULU: Oh, right. Well, I promise you, Luke. By tonight, there'll be lots of grownups here for you to talk to.

LUKE: It's not about having someone to talk to, it's -

KIRK: Luke, we've got a problem.

LUKE: Yeah, what is it, Kirk?

KIRK: Well, this dairy cart you made me -

LUKE: What's wrong with it?

KIRK [lifting the handles]: It pulls too easily and the wheel doesn't wobble.

LUKE: So what?

KIRK: Well, it's too good. You built me a twenty-first century dairy cart.

LUKE: There's no such thing as a twenty-first century dairy cart.

KIRK: Exactly. Look, Tevye's a poor man. You've heard the song.

LUKE: Yes, I've heard the song, Kirk.

KIRK: Okay, so he's poor. He's tired. He's suffering, and his horse is lame. His life is hard, so pulling this cart should be hard.

LUKE: You're an actor. Pretend it's hard.

KIRK: I'm not that kind of actor. For my type of work, it has to be legitimately hard.

[Luke kicks the cart and breaks the wheel.]

LUKE: There you go. Remember to thank me in your acceptance speech. [Luke leaves.]

KIRK: Thank you, Luke. [He tries to push the cart. He seems impressed.] Hey, this is impossible!

CARRIE: All right, kids, break's over! Kirk, let's take it from the last part of your first monologue. All right, places, everyone! [The kids run to their places in the wings.] And - music.

[The music starts.]

KIRK: Because of our traditions, we've kept our balance for many, many years. Here, in Anatevka, we have traditions for everything. How to eat, how to sleep, how to wear clothes. For instance, we always keep our heads covered, and always wear a little prayer shawl. This shows our constant devotion to God. You may ask, how did this tradition start? I'll tell you. I don't know. But it's a tradition.

[The kids start dancing onto the stage.]

KIRK: Because of our traditions, everyone knows who he is and what God expects him to do.

[They start singing.]

EVERYONE: Who, day and night, must scramble for a living? Feed his wife and children? Say his daily prayers? And who has the right, as master of the house, to have the final word at home. The papa, the papa! Tradition! The papa, the papa! Tradition!

[They start dancing around again. A girl stumbles a little.]

LUKE [rushing onto the stage]: Hey, she tripped! Yente tripped!

KIRK: Damn it! I was feeling it, people! I was feeling it!

LULU: Anna, honey, are you okay?

LUKE: No, she's not okay! She tripped!

CARRIE: She's fine, Luke.

LUKE: How would you know if she's fine? Your kid's under a chair somewhere.

LULU: Luke -

LUKE: Her costume doesn't fit.

LULU: We'll fix it before the show!

LUKE: It should've been fixed by now! I mean, this shouldn't have happened! There were supposed to be other adults here! This is ridiculous! This is completely unacceptable! [He storms off the stage.]

KIRK: He takes his work very seriously. I mean it. Just try and pull this cart.

LORELAI'S GARAGE

[Luke's truck pulls into the driveway. He slams the door of his truck as he gets out. Lorelai is putting appliqué flowers on the wall. Luke approaches her.]

LUKE: Hey.

LORELAI: Hey. Luke, what are you -

LUKE: Yente tripped!

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: She tripped, just as she was heading out to tell Avram about Ruchel.

LORELAI: The shoemaker's daughter?

LUKE: Yeah, she's trying to fix him up with Avram's son.

LORELAI: She's almost blind, she can hardly see.

LUKE: Hey, I am not doing a bit with you here. The kid tripped, because her dress was too long!

LORELAI: Okay, is she hurt?

LUKE: Of course she's not hurt, but she completely blew her entrance. All the people of Anatevka are standing around with their goats, she tripped and they have to reset the goats!

LORELAI: Luke -

LUKE: And if you were there where you were supposed to be, her costume would've fit, and Yente wouldn't have tripped.

LORELAI [getting mad]: What do you mean, where I was supposed to be?

LUKE: You're making the costumes. At least that's the rumor. I'm making the sets, and I'm there.

LORELAI: Yeah. I am making the costumes. I'm making the costumes here and then I'm bringing them there when they are done.

LUKE: Oh, sure. A likely story.

LORELAI: Hey, what is your problem?

LUKE: My problem is that I'm spending the day teaching a bunch of kids to use tools which won't properly fit in their hands for another eight to ten years, because you signed me up to do it, and then you're not even there when you're supposed to be!

LORELAI: Well, you could've said no.

LUKE: I could've said no. Have you tried saying no to Bradley when he's got a giant inhaler shoved in his mouth?

LORELAI: No.

LUKE: Well you can't! [He notices the decorated garage.] What the hell am I looking at?

LORELAI: It's my new special alone space.

LUKE: Oh, yeah? Well, you got a whole house of special alone space.

LORELAI [hurt]: Not like this.

LUKE: So, what, are you going to hang out in your garage, now?

LORELAI: I don't know, maybe! I mean, why not? It's not like I have a boat that needs storage, or anything!

LUKE: You could park your car in here.

LORELAI: I never park my car in here! I have never, ever parked my car in here, Luke! And you know that! But I come home to this big, huge, suddenly empty space, and I thought I would try to do something nice, so it wasn't just a giant hole of depression sitting out here!

LUKE: I thought I was doing you a favor.

LORELAI: Oh, please.

LUKE: I did!

LORELAI: Well, gee, thanks a lot.

LUKE: It's your garage!

LORELAI: Whatever.

LUKE: I mean, what was I supposed to do, leave the thing in here forever?

LORELAI: Oh, no. Absolutely not. Much better to sneak it out of here and park it in front of the diner like a giant "they broke up" billboard for the whole town to see.

LUKE: I didn't mean it like that.

LORELAI: Well, how did you mean it, Luke?

LUKE: I can't believe you're mad at me for getting my boat out of your garage!

LORELAI: I'm not mad at you for getting your boat out of my garage. I'm mad at you for the way you got the boat out of my garage.

LUKE: What, did I ruin the lawn?

LORELAI: You didn't even call me, Luke. You didn't leave a message or a note or anything. You just snuck in and took it, and I got to come home and find it gone. Although, I didn't come home and find it gone! I drove by the diner and assumed it was gone! You know what, it doesn't matter. 'Cause it's done. We're done. It's fine. I'm not mad.

LUKE: I can tell.

LORELAI: Well, I have dresses to make, so I'll see you at the theater. [She walks to the house.]

[Luke shakes his head.]

YALE DORMS - RORY'S COMMON ROOM

[Rory and Marty are watching a movie. They appear much more comfortable than they were. Rory's legs are in Marty's lap.]

MARTY: I am going to say something that will upset possibly everyone in the entire world.

RORY: Wow.

MARTY: I thought the I Love Lucy episode with Harpo Marx was lame.

RORY [gasps]: Get out.

MARTY: There's no way Harpo even for a second would have believed he was looking in a mirror. And the last time they made that 'popping up from behind the partition' move, Lucy was totally slower than him.

RORY: You've carried this with you for a very long time.

MARTY: I mean, we had to believe a lot during those Hollywood shows. Dori Shary just happened to be hanging out in their pool. And I'm sorry, I was totally with Lucy when Ricky took those women to the premiere of his movie. What an ass.

RORY: You've got to stop watching I Love Lucy.

[They hear someone knock on the door.]

MARTY: Oh, man, I hope that's Paris. Maybe she and Doyle had a fight. That would be great.

RORY [getting up]: There's so much darkness under this bosom buddies exterior of yours. [She opens the door.]

LOGAN: Hello stranger.

RORY: Hi. You're back.

LOGAN: Just rolled in.

RORY: So, how was it? Was it fun?

LOGAN: No, very dull. Let's not talk about it. We're all going to China

Palace for food. Grab your coat, let's go.

RORY: Oh, um. I can't.

LOGAN: What? Sure you can. Come on. I missed you, let me buy you a fortune cookie.

RORY: I kind of have company.

LOGAN: Really, anyone I know? [He looks in over Rory's shoulder. Marty stands up.] Hey, Marty, good to see you.

MARTY: Uh, yeah. You too.

LOGAN: Well, you come too. The more the merrier.

RORY: Oh, well -

LOGAN: Come on, Marty. If you're going to be hanging with Ace like this, it's time I get to know you without a waiter's uniform on. Let's go. Car's waiting outside. [He leaves.]

RORY: We do not have to go.

MARTY: But you want to.

RORY: No. Well, I mean, if you do. But you don't, so forget it.

MARTY: Uh, it's cool. Let's go.

RORY: Really? Are you sure? Because you don't look sure.

MARTY: Sure. I'm sure. Car's waiting outside.

RORY: Okay. But if we get bored, or if Dori Shary happens to be there then we bail.

MARTY: Deal.

RORY: Okay, I'll get my coat.

[Marty takes a deep breath.]

CHINA PALACE

[The group is laughing and talking.]

LOGAN: I swear, I thought he was never going to wake up.

COLIN: If I knew the hangover was going to last that long I wouldn't have.

ROSEMARY: There's nothing like a 'you wouldn't believe how drunk I was' story to get the girls all hot.

COLIN: It always worked before.

JULIET: Oh, God, the smell of this food is making me ill.

RORY: Mmm, I think it's delicious.

JULIET: How can you eat like that?

ROSEMARY: Juliet hasn't eaten a meal since 1994.

JULIET: My metabolism simply doesn't accept food.

LOGAN: Yes, that must be it. A modern medical miracle. May I? [He pours some of his beer into Rory's glass.]

RORY: Sure. Hey, Marty, do you want some beer?

LOGAN: Here you go, man. I got you. [He pours.]

MARTY: Thanks.

FINN: Rosemary's going home with me tonight. I just thought everyone at this table should know.

ROSEMARY: Oh, Finn, you do hallucinate.

JULIET: Are you going to eat that fried shrimp?

RORY: I think I am.

JULIET: Oh, God, can I watch?

LOGAN: Juliet, just eat something!

JULIET: No! I am not eating until I get married to some gorgeous but very poor man who will sign an iron-clad pre-nup and get very, very fat, but he won't ever leave me because he would be cut off without a penny and die in a trailer park.

FINN: My God, that is brilliant.

ROSEMARY: That is sick.

FINN: I agree with anything Rosemary says tonight.

ROSEMARY: Not going home with you, Finn.

[Logan starts twirling Rory's hair.]

COLIN: You know where they had the best Chinese food in the world? This tiny little place outside of Zugerberg.

LOGAN: Aw, Zugerberg.

FINN: The golden days of Zugerberg.

MARTY: What's Zugerberg?

COLIN: Zugerberg is the boarding school I went to in Switzerland.

RORY: Really?

COLIN: Yep. Grade seven through twelve.

RORY: Wow. Living in Switzerland? That sounds exciting.

MARTY: Boarding school. Man, that must've sucked.

COLIN: Sucked? Are you kidding? Those are the greatest days of my life. Oh my God, the partying that went on there. Insane.

LOGAN: I did a year at Andover. Not bad.

MARTY: So you didn't miss your home, your family?

COLIN: My family? Did I miss my family? [chuckling] Logan, did I miss my family?

LOGAN: Huh, let's see. Which mom were you on then?

COLIN: I believe it was the blonde.

LOGAN: Ah, yes.

FINN: She was hot.

COLIN: You didn't know her, Finn.

FINN: All your mothers have been hot, Colin.

COLIN: No, Marty, I didn't miss my family.

[They all laugh.]

STARS HOLLOW ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

[The play is going on.]

BOY: Tevye. I suppose you know why I've come to see you.

KIRK: Yes, I do, Rabbi Lazar, but there's no use talking about it.

BOY: Why not?

KIRK: Why yes? Why should I get rid of her?

BOY: Well, you have a few more without her.

KIRK: I see. Today you want one, tomorrow you may want two.

[BACKSTAGE, Lorelai is fixing a costume.]

LORELAI [hushed]: Hold still, hold still. Looks good. There you go. Now, no more bottle butting till the show's over.

[Luke brings out a chair and gives it to a child.]

LUKE: Here you go, Paulie. Sneak that out there when they start dancing.

[ONSTAGE]

KIRK: Why is it so important to you?

BOY: Frankly, because I'm lonesome.

KIRK: Lonesome? What are you talking about?

BOY: You don't know?

KIRK: We're talking about my new cow! The one you want to buy from me.

[BACKSTAGE, Carrie has approached Luke. She stands next to him and pinches his butt.]

LUKE [threatening]: I've got a hammer.

CARRIE: Oh, I know you do.

[ONSTAGE]

BOY: A milk cow? So I won't get lonesome? [laughs]

KIRK: What's so funny?

BOY: I was talking about your daughter.

[BACKSTAGE, Luke and Lorelai look at each other. They each seem about to say something. Lulu hurries over.]

LULU: I need that schwanza.

LORELAI: Oh, I got it. I got it.

LULU: Sarah - where'd Sarah go?

LORELAI: Relax, we'll find her.

[Lorelai goes with Lulu.]

CHINA PALACE

[They are finished eating.]

LOGAN: Okay, the night's young. Where are we going next?

RORY: I don't think I can move.

JULIET: You're full?

RORY: I'm full.

JULIET: Is it fabulous?

RORY: You know, Juliet, it doesn't suck.

FINN: Let's go to the Alligator Lounge.

LOGAN: Yes. Perfect. Zydeco music. You'll love this place.

RORY: Well, I -

LOGAN: What do you say, Marty? You up for a little Cajun craziness?

MARTY: Uh, I -

COLIN: Okay. I got it. Everybody owes seventy-five bucks. Pony up, please, so we can get the hell out of here.

MARTY: Seventy-five?

LOGAN [to Rory]: I got you.

RORY: Okay. [to Marty] Are you okay? Do you have enough?

MARTY: Uh, I don't -

LOGAN: Hey, don't sweat it, man. I can cover you, too.

MARTY: No thanks.

LOGAN: It's no big deal. I invited you. My treat.

MARTY: It's okay. [He gets up.] I just need to find an ATM. I'll be right back. [He leaves.]

RORY: Marty -

COLIN: An ATM. My, how quaint.

RORY: I'll be right back.

LOGAN: You okay?

RORY: Oh, yeah. No, I'm fine. I just - I think I remember seeing a bank across the street, so I'll go catch Marty.

[She leaves. Logan glares at Colin.]

CHINA PALACE - OUTSIDE

[Rory comes outside. She sees Marty standing with his hands in his pockets, looking at the sidewalk.]

RORY: You couldn't find an ATM?

MARTY: Oh, no, there's at least six ATM's within a two block radius. And every single one of them is going to tell me that I only have eighteen dollars in my account. And then I believe they will flip me off.

RORY: Well, I think some of the more reputable banks have suspended their flipping off policies.

MARTY: I can't go back in there. I can't leave. So here I stand, frozen on the sidewalk.

RORY: Here. I have some money.

MARTY: No.

RORY: Marty, just take it.

MARTY: I'm not going to take your money.

RORY: Well, you're not going to just stand out here for the rest of the night.

MARTY: Well, why not?

RORY: Because. At the very least, when all those guys come out of the restaurant, they'll see you. Come on. Please, Marty. Look, just say you found an ATM, take the money, we'll go inside, you'll hand it to the guys, and then we'll leave. You and me.

MARTY: What about the Zydeco club?

RORY: Well, I've never felt the need for Zydeco before in my life. No need to change that now. Come on, please?

[Marty accepts the money that Rory is holding out.]

MARTY: Yeah. And I thought getting pantsed at the prom was going to be the low point in my life.

[Rory comforts him as they walk back inside.]

STARS HOLLOW ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

[The play is still going on. Kirk is onstage with his "wife". They are singing.]

KIRK: Do you love me?

GOLDE: Do I what?

KIRK: Do you love me?

GOLDE: Do I love you? With our daughters getting married, and the trouble in the town, you're upset, you're worn out, go inside, go lie down! Maybe it's indigestion.

KIRK: Golde, I'm asking you a question.

[Backstage, Luke is putting the finishing touches on a cart. Lorelai has just finished repairing a costume.]

LUKE [to kid]: Okay, go.

[They both take a moment to watch the duet.]

KIRK: Do you love me?

GOLDE: I'm your wife!

KIRK: I know! But do you love me?

GOLDE: Do I love him? For twenty-five years I've lived with him, fought with him, starved with him. Twenty-five years my bed is his. If that's not love, what is?

[Backstage, Lorelai looks close to tears. She nearly glances at Luke.]

KIRK: Then you love me?

GOLDE: I suppose I do.

KIRK: And I suppose I love you too.

KIRK and GOLDE: It doesn't change a thing, but even so, after twenty-five years, it's nice to know.

[Applause. Backstage, Lorelai applauds and she and Luke look at each other. They turn toward each other, as if to begin a conversation. Just then, the children rush toward the stage for the next scene, right between Luke and Lorelai. A child pulls Luke over to Kirk's dairy cart. The moment is over.]

YALE CAMPUS

[Marty is walking Rory home.]

MARTY: I'll pay you back next weekend.

RORY: Marty, please forget about it.

MARTY: I work a party Saturday night. I'll pay you on Sunday. There's a possibility it may all be in ones, but -

RORY [grabs his arm]: I'm really sorry about tonight.

MARTY: No need to apologize.

[They arrive at her door.]

RORY: You want to come in? We still have a few movies left to watch.

MARTY: Rory, I feel like I really need to tell you something.

RORY: Okay.

MARTY: Um, I know we're friends. [He smiles.] And I'm glad we're friends. But I don't want to be just friends anymore. I like you.

RORY: I like - Logan.

MARTY: Yeah. I figured.

RORY: I don't know why.

MARTY: Really? 'Cause I've got a few guesses.

RORY: I'm sorry. Um, I don't know what to say.

MARTY: It's okay. You don't have to say anything.

RORY: Are we still friends? Please say that we're still friends.

MARTY: Sure. We're still friends.

RORY: Please come back in. We can watch Duck Soup again. Please?

MARTY: I don't really want to watch Duck Soup right now, Rory. I really like Duck Soup, so I really don't want to associate it with this particular night.

RORY: I understand.

MARTY: Yeah. [He sighs and heads up the stairs. He stops halfway.] I'll pay you back next weekend.

RORY: Okay.

[Rory watches him continue up the stairs.]

YALE DORMS - RORY'S BEDROOM - LATER

[Rory is lying in bed. She hears a knocking on the window. She puts her book away, gets up and opens the blinds. It is Logan. She opens the window.]

LOGAN: Hey.

RORY: Hey.

LOGAN: Can I? [He gestures inside.]

RORY: Yeah, sure.

[Logan climbs in the window and closes it.]

LOGAN: Huh. That move always seems cooler in the movies.

RORY: No, I think you maneuver your way through a window quite gracefully.

LOGAN: Thank you.

RORY: I assume you've had practice.

LOGAN: No, first time.

RORY: I'm sure. [He strokes her arm.] So, how was the Zydeco music?

LOGAN: Ah, I left when Finn jumped in on vocals.

RORY: Excellent self-preservational instinct.

LOGAN: I just wanted to make sure you got home okay.

RORY: Oh, yeah, I got home okay.

LOGAN: So I see.

RORY: Thanks for the concern, I appreciate it.

LOGAN: It wasn't all concern.

RORY: Oh, really?

LOGAN: No. I don't believe I said a proper goodnight to you this evening.

RORY: No, you didn't.

LOGAN: Good night, Ace.

[They kiss.]

RORY: I thought you said a proper goodnight.

[She takes off his jacket as they kiss again.]

LOGAN: You want to get changed into something more comfortable?

RORY: More comfortable than this?

LOGAN: I actually was hoping for some feetsie pajamas.

RORY: Oh, now you know I'm not that kind of girl.

[They kiss again, more passionately.]

LOGAN: Do you want me to go?

[She kisses him.]

LOGAN: Rory, do you want me to go?

RORY: No.

LOGAN: Okay, 'cause if you think climbing in that window was hard -

RORY: Shh.

[She pulls him down onto the bed.]

END_____