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## 01x09 - Rory's Dance

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### 01x09 - Rory's Dance

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1.09 - Rory's Dance

written by Amy Sherman-Palladino

directed by Lesli Linka Glatter

(Emily, Rory, and Lorelai are having dinner.)

EMILY: Your grandfather called last night and told me to let you know he's bringing you back something very special from Prague.

RORY: Wow, Prague. How amazing is it that he's going to Prague?

EMILY: It's supposed to be lovely, very dramatic castles everywhere.

RORY: Did you know the cell that Václav Havel was held in is now a hostel? You can stay there for like \$50 a night.

(Rory turns to Lorelai, who is playing with her food.)

RORY: Hey, maybe on our big trip to Europe we could go to Prague and stay in his cell.

LORELAI: Absolutely. And then we can go to Turkey and stay in that place from Midnight Express.

EMILY: Lorelai, what are you doing?

LORELAI: Getting rid of the avacado.

EMILY: Since when do you not like avacado?

LORELAI: Since the day I said, "Gross. What is this?" and you said, "Avacado."

EMILY: (to Rory) I'm focusing on you now. Tell me all about the Chilton formal next week.

LORELAI: There's a formal?

RORY: How do you know about the formal?

LORELAI: Yeah, how do you know about the formal?

EMILY: I read my Chilton newsletter.

LORELAI: Since when do you get a Chilton newsletter?

EMILY: Well as a major contributor to Rory's education I figured I had the right to ask for a newsletter to be sent to my house.

(Emily goes to get her copy of the newsletter.)

LORELAI: Are you serious?

EMILY: And it's a good thing, too, since you don't bother to read yours. One of us should be up to date on the goings-on at Rory's school.

LORELAI: Hey, Mom, I read my newsletter.

EMILY: You did?

LORELAI: That's right.

EMILY: What was the picture on the cover?

LORELAI: (uncertainly) It was a picture of a really rich kid in plaid.

EMILY: (shows Lorelai the cover) It was a spotted owl.

LORELAI: In plaid.

(Rory holds back laughter.)

EMILY: The owls are endangered and Chilton is taking donations to help them. (to Rory) You gave a very nice one, in case you're interested.

LORELAI: Mom, don't be giving donations on Rory's behalf. I'll do that.

EMILY: How can you do that when you don't bother to read the newsletter?

LORELAI: I read the newsletter.

EMILY: You didn't know they were taking donations.

LORELAI: It's a private school. They're always taking donations. They teach a class in it. I'll get them next time.

EMILY: Well what about the owls?

LORELAI: They'll live.

EMILY: Well apparently they won't, dear. That's why they need the donations in the first place.

LORELAI: (to Rory) So, you have a formal coming up?

RORY: Yeah, but I don't think I'm going to go.

EMILY: Nonsense. Of course you're going.

LORELAI: Mom, if Rory doesn't want to go she doesn't have to go.

EMILY: Well I don't understand why she wouldn't want to go.

LORELAI: I know you don't.

RORY: I'm gonna go get another Coke.

EMILY: What did you say to her?

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

EMILY: If she doesn't want to go it must be because of something you said.

LORELAI: Mom, I promise. All I ever said to her about dances is that you go, you dance, you have punch, you eat, you take a picture, and then you get auctioned off to a biker g\*ng from Sausalito.

EMILY: Lorelai, this is serious.

LORELAI: Mom, I said nothing, OK? Rory's disdain of formals is totally her own. Let's just drop it, please.

EMILY: Fine.

LORELAI: Fine.

(They both go back to their food.)

EMILY: What's wrong with the tomato?

LORELAI: It was fraternizing with the enemy.

(Cut to the interior of a car. Lorelai and Rory are driving home.)

LORELAI: Why didn't you mention the dance?

RORY: 'Cause I'm not going.

LORELAI: Oh. But why aren't you going?

RORY: 'Cause I hate dances.

LORELAI: Good answer. Except you've never actually been to a dance.

RORY: So?

LORELAI: So you really have nothing to compare it to.

RORY: No, but I can imagine it.

LORELAI: That's true. However, not really, since you've never actually been to one you're basing all your dance opinions on one midnight viewing of Sixteen Candles.

RORY: So?

LORELAI: So you should have a decent reason for hating something before you really decide you hate it.

RORY: Trust me, I'll hate it. It'll be stuffy and boring, the music will suck and since none of the kids at school like me, I'll be stuck in the back listening to 98° watching Tristin and Paris argue over which one of them gets to make me miserable first.

LORELAI: OK. Or it'll be all sparkly and exciting and you'll be standing on the dance floor listening to Tom Waits with some great-looking guy staring at you so hard that you don't even realize that Paris and Tristin have just been eaten by bears.

RORY: What guy?

LORELAI: I don't know -- maybe the guy who hangs out in our trees all day waiting for you to come home?

RORY: Dean does not hang out in trees.

LORELAI: He bashed his head on a branch last week when I came out of the house too quickly.

RORY: Why do you care all of sudden if I go?

LORELAI: I don't care if you go. I just don't want you to miss any experience because you're too afraid.

RORY: I'm afraid? Of what?

LORELAI: Of asking Dean. Of him saying 'no.' Of going to a dance with a bunch of kids who haven't accepted you yet. Of dancing in public. Of finding out you should never be dancing in public.

RORY: OK, OK, I get it.

LORELAI: Listen, I know you are not Miss Party Girl, and I love you for that, but sometimes I wonder -- do you not join in because you really don't want to or because you're too shy? If the reason you don't want to go is because you really don't want to go and not because you are in any way afraid, then this is the last time I'll mention it, I promise.

RORY: (uncertainly) I don't have a dress.

LORELAI: I could make you one.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Oh yeah. We could get some great shoes and some new earrings. You could get your hair done.

RORY: You won't think I'm an idiot?

LORELAI: Depends on what hairstyle you choose. This dance could be great for you.

(Cut to Lane and Rory walking in the snow.)

RORY: He's gonna say no.

LANE: Why would he say no.

RORY: Why would he say yes?

LANE: Rory, listen to me. There's absolutely no point in having a boyfriend if you can't get him to go to the dance with you.

RORY: He's not my boyfriend.

LANE: Really?

RORY: No.

LANE: What is he then?

RORY: He's my...gentleman caller.

LANE: OK, Blanche.

RORY: I don't know what he is. But he's not my boyfriend. Do you think he's my boyfriend.

LANE: I think you guys spend a lot of time not kissing other people if this isn't a girlfriend/boyfriend thing.

RORY: Girlfriend.

LANE: You.

RORY: Boyfriend.

LANE: Him.

RORY: No. It sounds weird.

LANE: Look, have you had the talk yet?

RORY: Yes, Lane, babies come from the stork.

LANE: The other talk.

RORY: What other other talk?

LANE: "We've been dating a few weeks no. Where do we stand? What are we to each other? If another girls asks you out, do you feel free to go?"

RORY: How is it that you know so much about this?

LANE: Those who can, do. Those who can't, teach.

(They look in the window of the market and see Dean with a customer.)

LANE: There he is.

RORY: I should do this later.

(Rory starts to leave. Lane stops her.)

LANE: No. No, you have to do this now.

RORY: Why?

LANE: Because I have to go home soon and my mom threw out our TV when she caught me watching V.I.P. So I'm bored and I need some entertainment.

RORY: (takes a deep breath) OK. Here I go.

LANE: Good luck! Oh, and Rory, remember to enunciate. I'm reading lips out here.

(Rory goes into the market, leaving Lane with her face plastered to the window. Rory walks up to Dean.)

RORY: Hey.

DEAN: Oh, hey.

RORY: You're busy.

DEAN: Yeah. I just have to put the new green bean shipment on the shelves. You want to help?

RORY: Yeah, sure. I, uh, I love stocking beans.

DEAN: OK. Uh, follow me.

RORY: So do you work on Saturdays? I forget.

DEAN: Well it depends. Sometimes I come in if I don't have any plans. Why?

RORY: No reason. See, there's this thing at my school on Saturday. Well it's not really at my school, it's kind of given by my school .

DEAN: What is it?

RORY: Well it's this thing where you go and they play music and you're supposed to get all dressed up and do some kind of dance and then there's chicken.

DEAN: Chicken?

RORY: Well I don't know if there's chicken. But at these kinds of things they often serve chicken because it's probably cheaper and people eat it, so the logic behind the chicken choice really isn't that bad.

DEAN: I'm lost

RORY: It's a dance.

DEAN: Ah.

RORY: And it's not like I'm dying to go or anything, but it is a new school and being a part of the social activities is really important at Chilton.

DEAN: So are you asking me to go to the dance with you?

RORY: No. Yes. I mean, if you wanted to go, I would go too.

DEAN: Well that would probably be good since it's your school.

RORY: Right. So do you want to go?

DEAN: Honestly?

RORY: Yeah.

DEAN: I've actually never gone to a dance before.

RORY: Because they're lame?

DEAN: Yeah. And it's just not the way I ever wanted to spend my time. I mean, I'm not a big joiner.

RORY: OK, fair enough. More beans please.

(They stack beans in silence.)

DEAN: You want to go, don't you?

RORY: No. I don't. I have no desire to go at all. I was just thinking out loud, that's all.

DEAN: So, uh, what would I have to wear?

RORY: What?

DEAN: To this dance. What would I have to wear?

RORY: Anything you want.

DEAN: Come on.

RORY: No, really whatever you're comfortable in is fine.

DEAN: Rory...

RORY: Some sort of pants would be nice.

DEAN: Rory...

RORY: It's coat and tie.

DEAN: Oh man.

RORY: But you could probably get away with a coat and no tie.

DEAN: OK

RORY: Really?

DEAN: Yeah.

(Rory kisses Dean.)

RORY: Thank you.

DEAN: You're welcome.

(Rory goes back outside where Lane is waiting.)

(Cut to Lorelai making a dress on a dressmaker's dummy. While she's bending down, she falls over, bringing the dummy down on top of her.)

LORELAI: Aaaah!

(The doorbell rings.)

LORELAI: Ow.

(Lorelai gets up and goes to answer the door.)

SOOKIE: Extra thread.

LORELAI: Oh, God bless. I've been working so hard to finish Rory's dress I haven't been to get out.

SOOKIE: Jeez, you are walking funny.

LORELAI: I know. Rory's dress made a pass at me and I think I pulled something getting up.

SOOKIE: Here, sit, sit sit. Hey, you know what, I've got an Ace bandage in my bag. I'm not sure how we can wrap it but maybe we can do something kind of creative and --

LORELAI: Sookie. Ow

SOOKIE: Let's see.

(Sookie pulls bottles of pills out of her purse.)

LORELAI: Wow!

SOOKIE: OK, I've got Percodan, Vicodin, Darvocet, and, uh...Take this one. It's a muscle relaxer. Very mild, I promise.

LORELAI: Thanks. Maybe later.

SOOKIE: OK. I've got to go. You sure you're going to be OK?

LORELAI: I'm sure.

SOOKIE: OK.

LORELAI: Bye.

SOOKIE: Bye.

(The phone rings.)

LORELAI: Yeah.

EMILY: You sound terrible.

LORELAI: I'm fine, Mom, I just stubbed my toe.

EMILY: Maybe you should get rid of some of that clutter in your living room.

LORELAI: Maybe

EMILY: That room is a hazard.



LORELAI: Ah, you know, I've seen the light. Everything goes. What else have you got?

EMILY: I want to talk about Rory's dance. It's just k\*lling me that she's not going.

LORELAI: Uh-huh.

EMILY: It may seem frivolous and silly to her now but believe me, these are the kind of experiences you regret missing later.

LORELAI: OK.

EMILY: And regret can make you bitter. Do you want Rory to be bitter?

LORELAI: Well, sort of.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: What, Mom? She can make some cash off of it. Become a crazy Oscar Levant kind of celebrity, go on talk shows, heckle Regis.

EMILY: I wish you would take this seriously.

LORELAI: Mom, Rory is going to the dance.

EMILY: She is?

LORELAI: Uh-huh.

EMILY: Oh, that's wonderful. I'm thrilled.

LORELAI: I'm making her dress right now.

EMILY: You're making her dress?

LORELAI: Yep.

EMILY: But why?

LORELAI: Well, so she'll look really ugly and people will point and throw rocks.

EMILY: Why don't you let me buy her a dress?

LORELAI: Mom, you were thrilled five seconds ago, remember?

EMILY: You're not using the curtains are you?

LORELAI: Mom, I gotta go.

EMILY: Just one more thing. Take a picture of Rory for me, will you please?

LORELAI: I will.

EMILY: On the stairs. And one by the front door. And one as she's getting ready, you know, putting her hair up, putting her makeup on?

LORELAI: OK, do you want one when she's shaving her legs? You know, one leg up in the tub, waving

the disposable razor in the air?

EMILY: This is a once in a lifetime event. You get to be there and I don't.

(Lorelai lies down on the floor, trying to get comfortable.)

LORELAI: Oh, boy.

EMILY: I figure if I got enough pictures I could at least line them up in chronological order and pretend I was there.

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: Maybe bind them together, make a flipbook out of them.

LORELAI: Mom, would you like to come over on Saturday and see Rory go to the dance?

EMILY: Why, what a nice idea, I'd love that, thank you. I'll see you at 7.

(Emily hangs up the phone. Lorelai sighs.)

(Tristin walks up to the table where Paris is selling tickets to the Chilton Winter Formal.)

PARIS: Hi, Tristin.

TRISTIN: Paris.

PARIS: Two, I assume.

TRISTIN: You assume right.

PARIS: So, who are you taking?

TRISTIN: Why, are you free?

PARIS: I'm, uh...

TRISTIN: Nah, what am I thinking? You wouldn't be free this close to the dance.

(He hands her some money and she hands him the tickets.)

PARIS: Here's your change.

TRISTIN: Hey, is your hair shorter?

PARIS: Yeah, a quarter of an inch.

TRISTIN: Really.

PARIS: I got it trimmed.

TRISTIN: Looks good.

PARIS: Thanks.

(Tristin walks down the hall to where Rory is reading while waiting in line to buy tickets.)

TRISTIN: And she's reading again. How novel.

RORY: Good-bye, Tristin.

TRISTIN: Did you get the novel thing? Because...

RORY: I said good-bye.

TRISTIN: What are you doing here?

RORY: I like lines.

TRISTIN: The guy's supposed to buy the tickets.

RORY: Really. Does Susan Faludi know about this?

TRISTIN: Unless of course there is no guy.

RORY: There's a guy.

TRISTIN: A cheap guy.

RORY: Well, what can I say? I like 'em cheap. Sloppy too -- bald spot, beer gut, you know, and the pants that kind of slip down in the back, giving you that good plumber shot. That sends me through the roof.

TRISTIN: So who is he?

RORY: How many languages can you say 'none of your business' in.

TRISTIN: Does he go to this school?

RORY: No, he doesn't.

TRISTIN: Uh-huh. Well, look, OK, I'll confess something to you. I don't have a date.

RORY: Well I hear Squeaky Fromme is up for parole soon. You should keep a good thought.

TRISTIN: Well I actually thought you'd like to go with me.

RORY: You did not.

TRISTIN: I did too.

RORY: You did not because you are not stupid.

TRISTIN: Why thank you.

RORY: Slimy and weasely, yes, but stupid, no. You'd have to be stupid to think that, given our history, I would ever, barring a piano or a safe falling on my head, want to go anywhere with you, ever.

TRISTIN: OK, fine. I'll take Cissy.

RORY: I'll send her a condolence card.

TRISTIN: Yeah. Well at least she won't be buying her own ticket.

(Tristin walks down the hall. Rory is next in line.)

RORY: Two, please.

PARIS: Idiot.

RORY: Excuse me?

PARIS: He was totally nice to you and you couldn't be a bigger jerk.

RORY: You like Tristin so much, you go out with him.

PARIS: I don't have enough change.

RORY: Pay me later.

PARIS: What am I, your Versateller? Wait for change. (yells at the boy sitting next to her) I need change! Now! (to Rory) There's no way you're going with someone better than Tristin.

RORY: Whatever.

PARIS: You probably don't even have a date. You're probably going to come down with some very rare form of flu that only hits losers on dance night.

RORY: You know what? I don't want my change. Money makes people shallow.

(Rory walks away from Paris.)

PARIS: I've got your change. Hey! Hey! If you think I'm keepig this dollar, I'm not!

BOY: I'll take it.

PARIS: Shut up!

(Saturday night. Lorelai is sitting on the couch reading a magazine.)

LORELAI: (calls to Rory) Come on already!

RORY: (from her room) I'm primping.

LORELAI: You're 16. You have skin like a baby's ass. There's nothing to primp.

RORY: OK, OK, here I come.

(Rory comes into the room wearing her dress for the dance.)

LORELAI: Wow. Someone hit you with a pretty stick.

RORY: This dress is amazing. You outdid yourself.

LORELAI: It's beautiful, babe, you look beautiful. Come here.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Stray hair.

RORY: Fix, please.

LORELAI: Yes. Hm. I think my favorite part is the shoes.

RORY: The heels hurt.

LORELAI: Well, beauty is pain

RORY: I'll just throw them on on my way out

LORELAI: No, you should put them on now and let your feet get really numb.

RORY: That's sick.

LORELAI: Go get me the hair spray.

RORY: OK.

(Rory runs to get her shoes. The doorbell rings.)

LORELAI: It's open!

SOOKIE: It's me! I got tacos!

LORELAI: Yay!

SOOKIE: I got extra hot sauce and a couple of extra burritos to put in the fridge in case you get hungry later.

LORELAI: You take such good care of me.

RORY: Hey, Sookie. Look.

SOOKIE: (gasps) Oh my God! You're a movie star! I'm serious. Oh my -- At some point tonight, walk down a flight of stairs. Movie stars always walk down staircases.

LORELAI: OK, come on, let me spray while you try to figure out what she just said.

SOOKIE: You, don't move. I got it.

(Sookie points the bottle in the wrong direction and ends up spraying her eyes instead of Rory's hair.)

SOOKIE: Ow!

LORELAI: Sookie.

SOOKIE: Wrong way! I got it.

RORY: Are you OK?

SOOKIE: Yeah, sweetie, hand that to your mother, and my eyelashes are all stuck together.

(Sookie stag

LORELAI: Honey, are you sure you're alright?

SOOKIE: I'm fine.

LORELAI: (to Rory) Shield the tacos. OK, ready?

(Rory puts the tacos under the table and covers her eyes. Lorelai sprays her hair.)

RORY: God!

LORELAI: OK, that will be good for six slow dances, four medium ones, one lambada, but if you plan on doing any moshing I suggest another coat.

RORY: I think I'm good.

SOOKIE: Rory, sweetie, is this soap by the sink in the silver bottle?

RORY: No!

LORELAI: Go in there, quick.

(The doorbell rings.)

LORELAI: We're in here!

EMILY: We're in here? That's how you answer the door?

LORELAI: Well I was all out of Saran Wrap.

EMILY: I don't even want to figure that one out. I just want to see my granddaughter. Where is she?

LORELAI: Kitchen.

EMILY: Oh, perfect. I want to be all ready for the big entrance. How's the light in here? Never mind. I'll just take one with the flash and one without to make sure we got it right.

LORELAI: Wow, Mom, look at you. You'd think Anne Taylor was having a sale or something.

(Emily, armed with a camera, gets into position.)

EMILY: OK, Rory, come in here please.

(Rory comes into the living room wearing a kitchen towel as a bib and eating a taco.)

RORY: Hey, Grandma

EMILY: (to Lorelai) She has lived with you too long.

LORELAI: Honey, lose the bib and the taco, put your shoes on, come back out, and let Grandma take the pretty picture.

RORY: OK.

(Sookie comes in.)

SOOKIE: I'm gonna get going.

LOREAI: You are not driving.

SOOKIE: I walked. (to the staircase) It was nice to see you again, Mrs. Gilmore, or at least make out your shape.

LORELAI: Call in fifteen minutes or I'm sending out a search party.

SOOKIE: (to the wall) And you call me if I can come over and help you up the stairs or something.

LORELAI: No, I'll be fine.

SOOKIE: Bye.

EMILY: Why would you need help up the stairs?

LORELAI: No reason. Rory, let's go, your public awaits!

EMILY: Why aren't you moving?

LORELAI: I'm comfortable, that's all.

EMILY: Are you hurt?

LORELAI: I have a little back spasm, that's it. It's no big deal.

EMILY: What sort of back spasm?

LORELAI: I don't know, Mom, just a normal one.

EMILY: There is nothing normal about a back spasm. The very fact that it has the word spasm in it means it's not normal.

LORELAI: Alright, here she is, Mom, get your camera moving.

EMILY: What? Oh, my, you're gorgeous. Oh! Smile!

(Emily takes several pictures of Rory.)

EMILY: I'm so glad you decided to buy her a dress.

(Lorelai and Rory exchange a look. A car horn sounds outside.)

RORY: That's Dean!

LORELAI: Hey, come here. Have an amazing time.

(Rory kisses Lorelai and Emily and then Rory runs for the door.)

RORY: I'll chronicle the whole evening for you, I promise. Bye, Grandma.

EMILY: Where are you going?

RORY: To the dance.

EMILY: You do not go running out the door when a boy honks.

LORELAI: Mom, it's fine.

EMILY: It certainly is not fine. This is not a drive through. She's not fried chicken.

RORY: But I told him to honk and I'd meet him out there. We agreed.

EMILY: I don't care what you told him. If he wants to take you out, he will walk up to this door, and know, and say 'good evening,' and come inside for a moment like any civilized human being would know to do.

LORELAI: Now, Mom, this is silly, I have met him already.

EMILY: Well I haven't.

LORELAI: Yeah, but--

EMILY: We will wait until he comes to the door.

RORY: He doesn't know he's supposed to.

EMILY: He will figure it out.

(Rory sighs and crosses her arms. They wait in silence. A minute or so later, Dean honks again.)

EMILY: He's not a very bright boy, is he?

LORELAI: Mom, please.

(The doorbell rings. Rory starts to run to the door.)

EMILY: Don't rush. A lady never rushes.

(Rory runs to the door anyway.)

RORY: Hey.

DEAN: Hey, uh, I thought I was supposed to honk.

RORY: I know, I'm sorry.

EMILY: Young man, come in here please.

LORELAI: Hey, Dean, meet my mother, Emily Post.

EMILY: Emily Gilmore

DEAN: Hi.

EMILY: Hello.

LORELAI: Great rap session. Alright, you guys are out of here. Have fun.

EMILY: Be home by eleven



(Lorelai mouths 'twelve.')

RORY: Bye Mom, by Grandma.

(Rory and Dean leave.)

EMILY: What do you know about this boy?

LORELAI: I know that Rory likes him and that his parole officer has high hopes for his rehabilitation.

EMILY: Does he drink?

LORELAI: Like a fish.

EMILY: That's not a crazy question.

LORELAI: It is a crazy question, Mom, because if I had knowledge of him being a drinker, he would not be with Rory now.

EMILY: Yes, but--

LORELAI: Mom, please relax. Dean is a good kid. Rory's gonna have a great time. You got your pictures and tomorrow I will call you and give you all the details.

EMILY: What are you going to do?

LORELAI: What do you mean?

EMILY: Well you certainly can't be left alone.

LORELAI: Yes I can.

EMILY: You can barely move. You've been sitting on that couch since I got here.

LORELAI: That's because this is a right comfy couch.

EMILY: Maybe I should stay.

LORELAI: No, no, Mom, you really don't have to do that.

EMILY: I'm not leaving my daughter stranded on the couch. What if you need to get to the bathroom?

LORELAI: I don't go anymore, Mom. I gave it up cold turkey.

EMILY: I'm staying.

LORELAI: No, Mom...Look -- I can stand, OK?

(Lorelai, obviously in pain, stands slowly.)

LORELAI: See? I'm up. OK, see? I'm fine.

EMILY: Move.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Move. If you're fine, than move.

LORELAI: I can move. This is me moving. (nothing happens) Any second now the moving will begin. (nothing happens) Rats.

(Lorelai flops back on the couch.)

EMILY: I'll go start some tea. Please tell me you have something besides Lipton.

LORELAI: (muttering to herself) Oh, a stroke would be so good right about now.

(Cut to Rory and Dean. They are in the car on the way to the dance.)

RORY: Maybe we should just forget about this

DEAN: OK.

RORY: I mean, it's just a dance. What's the big deal?

DEAN: Beats me.

RORY: And these kids at my school -- awful. Have you seen The Outsiders?

DEAN: Yeah, I have.

RORY: Just call me Ponyboy. I heard this place is beautiful though -- old and historic.

DEAN: Huh.

RORY: Maybe we could just go in for a minute.

DEAN: Fine.

RORY: Or not.

DEAN: Fine too.

RORY: I don't know. Why can't I decide? This is stupid. What do you think?

DEAN: I think that you look amazing.

RORY: Maybe just a couple minutes won't hurt.

(Cut to Lorela and Emily. Emily is on the phone. Lorelai is still on the couch.)

EMILY: Yes, Marta. Just make sure everything's locked up before you leave. (pause) No, I won't be home tonight.

(Lorelai groans.)

EMILY: (to Lorelai) Was that a pain?

LORELAI: Yes. A big one.

EMILY: (to Marta) Alright. That's it. Bye.

LORELAI: So, Mom, you really, really don't have to do this.

EMILY: Don't be silly. I couldn't possibly leave you alone like this.

LORELAI: What are you doing, Mom?

EMILY: I'm trying to find the candlesticks I bought you.

LORELAI: What candlesticks?

EMILY: The Baccarat candlesticks I bought you last year for Christmas. I assumed you stuffed them in the back of the closet somewhere.

(Lorelai sits up and looks worried.)

LORELAI: Uh, well, no, I did not stuff them in the back of the closet.

EMILY: Well then where are they? I don't see them out.

LORELAI: (hesitantly) Well, see, we didn't actually have a...big use for the crystal candlesticks so I kind of...exchanged them.

EMILY: For what?

LORELAI: A monkey lamp.

EMILY: Pardon me?

LORELAI: It's a lamp with a bunch of monkeys on it.

EMILY: Baccarat candlesticks for a moneky lamp?

LORELAI: They're really, really happy monkeys, Mom.

EMILY: Where is this lamp? I want to see it.

LORELAI: It's right there on the desk.

(Emily walks over to the lamp and looks closely at it.)

EMILY: Oh my God! They're holding coconuts and leering!

LORELAI: It's funny.

EMILY: You traded my lovely gift for for a semi-pornographic leering monkey lamp? How could you?

(Lorelai shrugs.)

EMILY: This is not just about the bad breeding of returning a gift. This goes right to the heart of the question of taste. You were given something of substance and you cast it off for a ridiculous, slightly sinister barroom decoration. Explain this to me, Lorelai.

(As her mother rants, Lorelai's smile turns to a frown. She sinks lower on the couch and covers herself with a blanket.)

LORELAI: My back hurts.

(Cut to the Chilton dance. Rory and Dean are standing near the back of the room.)

RORY: Well it's a very good room.

DEAN: Looks historical.

RORY: I commend the person that suggested this very location.

DEAN: So, we could just get our picture taken and leave.

RORY: We could.

DEAN: Or we could dance a little first.

RORY: Yeah?

DEAN: I stress a little.

RORY: Something slow.

DEAN: That sounds good.

(Madeline and Louise are sitting at a table at the dance.)

LOUISE: Can we go yet?

MADELINE: We haven't even eaten dinner.

LOUISE: I'm bored.

MADELINE: We have to wait for Paris anyway.

LOUISE: Fine. Give me your roll.

MADELINE: Wow.

LOUISE: What?

MADELINE: Rory Gilmore. God, she's got good hair.

LOUISE: Who's the dish?

MADELINE: Beats me.

LOUISE: He's not of the manor born, that's for sure. Let's go.

(Madeline and Louise saunter over to Rory and Dean.)

RORY: So, should we dance or should we sit first?

LOUISE: Rory...you came. Oh, great dress. Who's it by?

RORY: Lorelai Gilmore.

MADELINE: You made it yourself?

RORY: No, my mom made it for me.

MADELINE: (impressed) She did? Really?

RORY: Yeah.

LOUISE: So you traveling with a bodyguard now?

RORY: Oh, no. This is my -- this is Dean. Dean, this is Louise and Madeline.

DEAN: Hey.

MADELINE: My mom can't make anything.

LOUISE: (flirting) How tall are you?

DEAN: Uh...

MADELINE: Soup! She can make soup!

LOUISE: You know, my whole family is really tall. The men, mostly. What are you -- 6'1", 6'2"?

RORY: What, does he get like a prize if he guesses?

MADELINE: One kind of soup, actually. It's green, lumpy.

DEAN: I'm 6'2".

MADELINE: Actually, she can't make soup either.

LOUISE: Six-two's a good height.

DEAN: You think?

LOUISE: I think.

DEAN: Huh.

(Dean moves behind Rory and puts his arms around her waist.)

DEAN: What do you think? Too tall?

RORY: Not in heels.

DEAN: Good.

RORY: Although the saddle shoes make it kind of difficult.

DEAN: Well I'll just have to stoop then.

RORY: I guess so.

LOUISE: OK. I'm bored.

(Louise turns and walks away.)

MADELINE: I like your dress.

RORY: Thanks.

(Madeline follows Louise. A slow song starts as Rory turns in Dean's arms.)

RORY: Hey, you're nice.

DEAN: Slow song.

RORY: Let's go.

(Rory and Dean are about to dance when Paris and her date walk up to them.)

PARIS: Rory.

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: I see you came.

RORY: You sold me the ticket.

JACOB: I'm Jacob.

RORY: Hi, I'm Rory. This is Dean.

DEAN: Hi.

JACOB: Hi.

PARIS: Excuse us.

(Paris drags Jacob away.)

PARIS: Those are not friends.

JACOB: I was being polite.

PARIS: Well don't

DEAN: So, that's Paris?

RORY: Yes, it is.

DEAN: She seems fun.

RORY: Oh, yeah, she is.

DEAN: OK, so, this dancing thing is not something I want you to get used to or comment on.

RORY: Now, that goes both ways.

(They start to dance.)

DEAN: Hey, if I kiss you is a nun gonna come out here and boot me out of here

RORY: It's not a Catholic school.

DEAN: So I can kiss you?

RORY: Yeah, you can kiss me.

(Tristin is watching Rory and Dean kissing.)

CISSY: OK, I'm perfect now.

TRISTIN: (without enthusiasm) Great.

CISSY: You wanna dance?

TRISTIN: Nope.

CISSY: You wanna eat?

TRISTIN: Nope.

CISSY: You wanna go make out?

TRISTIN: Yeah, alright, let's go.

DEAN: So, Ponyboy, you happy?

RORY: Yeah, I'm happy.

(Cut to Lorelai and Emily.)

EMILY: There you go.

LORELAI: Mom, I think somebody already ate that.

EMILY: That is a mashed banana on toast.

LORELAI: OK.

EMILY: I used to make this for you all the time when you were a little girl.

LORELAI: You did?

EMILY: Yes, whenever you got sick I made this.

LORELAI: Are you sure it wasn't the other way around?

EMILY: You don't want it.

LORELAI: No, no, I want it.

EMILY: I'll just take it back to the kitchen

LORELAI: No, Mom, I said I want it.

EMILY: Are you sure? Because I can throw it away.

LORELAI: Relinquish the banana, please. Mmm.

EMILY: You can't possibly be comfortable like that.

LORELAI: Mother, please, this is the first position in 24 hours that that has not made me crazy.

EMILY: Alright. (pause) You're not eating.

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: Yes?

LORELAI: Please don't make me eat this.

EMILY: You have to eat something.

LORELAI: Well, Sookie left me a burrito in the fridge.

EMILY: I'll go warm it up for you.

LORELAI: I can eat it cold.

EMILY: Oh. Fine. I'll just go get it then.

LORELAI: Hot's better though.

EMILY: I'll be right back.

(Cut to the dance.)

DEAN: OK, uh, I need something to drink. Do you want some punch?

RORY: Sure.

(Jacob approaches Rory when Dean goes to get their punch.)

JACOB: Hi, Rory, right?

RORY: Yes.

JACOB: We met earlier with Paris...

RORY: Yes, I remember.

JACOB: Are you having a good time?

RORY: Actually I am. You?

JACOB: It's OK. So, was that your boyfriend?

RORY: Oh. I don't know. I'm not sure.

JACOB: You're not sure?



RORY: We've only been going out a little while, so...

JACOB: So, there's still a little room to play?

RORY: What?

JACOB: Would you like to dance?

RORY: Oh, no thanks.

JACOB: Maybe I could get your number.

RORY: What for?

JACOB: To call you.

RORY: I'm sorry, aren't you here with Paris?

JACOB: Yeah.

RORY: So maybe you shouldn't be over here asking me for my number then.

JACOB: Why? Paris is my cousin.

RORY: Your cousin?

JACOB: Yeah.

RORY: Paris is your cousin? You're related?

JACOB: Yeah.

RORY: Jacob, it's been very nice to meet you. I hope you have a lovely evening.  
(Cut to Lorelai and Emily watching TV.)

EMILY: Oh look -- Barbara Stanwyck. I just love Barbara Stanwyck.

LORELAI: Oh yeah, she's good.

EMILY: She had that wonderful voice -- that husky, deep voice. I just love that voice.

LORELAI: You know Mom, you have kind of a Barbara Stanwycky voice.

EMILY: Oh I do not.

LORELAI: I mean it. You could have gotten Fred McMurray to off Dad if you'd really wanted to.

EMILY: Oh you do enjoy teasing me, don't you?

LORELAI: You know, I really do.

EMILY: You know, Rory looked so lovely tonight.

LORELAI: She did, didn't she?

EMILY: I just can't get over how she's grown up into that little woman who walked out of here.

LORELAI: I know. (pause) You know what, Mom?

EMILY: You did a lovely job.

LORELAI: Thank you.

EMILY: With Rory and the dress.

LORELAI: Thank you.

EMILY: Well, let me get this out of your way. You really don't remember me making this for you when you were sick?

LORELAI: I don't. I'm sorry

EMILY: Well I did and you loved it.

LORELAI: You know what? Let me give it a try.

(Lorelai bites into the toast.)

LORELAI: Hmm.

EMILY: Yes?

LORELAI: It's even more disgusting than I thought it was going to be.

EMILY: Oh it is not.

(Emily takes a bite and makes a face.)

EMILY: Oh my God, it's horrible! What on earth was I thinking?

(Cut to the dance.)

DEAN: So, uh, you want to maybe go?

RORY: You're bored. I'm sorry. Yeah, let's go, right away.

DEAN: I'm not bored. I thought, you know, there's still a little time left, maybe we could get a cup of coffee somewhere, hang out a little, talk a walk. You know, just us.

RORY: That'd be nice.

DEAN: No, you stay. I'll get the coats.

(After Dean leaves, Paris walks up to Rory sitting at the table and leans into her.)

PARIS: So. How many people have you told? Four? Five? Everybody?

RORY: What are you talking about?

PARIS: You know that Jacob is my cousin and now you finally have all the amm\*nit\*on to pay me back, right?

(The people nearby are starting to stare.)

RORY: I don't want to pay you back. I just want to get away from you.

PARIS: (voice gets increasingly louder) Now you can just go all over the school and just tell everybody that Paris Geller couldn't get a date to the dance. That she had no one and since she couldn't just not come, she had to get her mother to ask her cousin Jacob to take and then she had to give him gas money to make him do it. Go ahead! Tell them!

RORY: I don't have to. You just did.

(Paris and Rory look around. Everyone has stopped dancing and is listening to them. Paris walks away.)

(Dean is returning with the coats.)

TRISTIN: You know, we haven't met.

DEAN: No, we haven't.

TRISTIN: I'm Tristin.

DEAN: Ah, yes we have.

TRISTIN: What are you talking about?

DEAN: Rory's mentioned you.

TRISTIN: Oh yeah?

DEAN: Yeah. I wouldn't get quite so excited about it.

TRISTIN: Oh, why, did she say something mean?

DEAN: She said you're a jackass.

TRISTIN: Really?

DEAN: Actually, no, Rory doesn't use words like that. I embellished a little.

TRISTIN: Oh so you're the big strong protector? Little princess needs a protector?

DEAN: What's your problem, man?

TRISTIN: Nothing. Just don't like your girlfriend, that's all.

DEAN: Really? Doesn't look that way to me.

TRISTIN: I don't really care how it looks to you.

DEAN: Hey. You got in my path, not the other way around.

(Dean starts to walk away. Tristin steps in his way.)

DEAN: You're kidding right?

TRISTIN: Why, are you going somewhere?

DEAN: Get out of my way Dristan.

TRISTIN: Oh, aren't you clever.

(Rory steps between them.)

RORY: Hey, what's going on?

TRISTIN: Nothing. Just getting to know your boyfriend here.

DEAN: It's going really well, don't you think?

TRISTIN: Oh yeah. We're just about to build a clubhouse.

RORY: OK. Well I hate to break up the party, but we should go.

TRISTIN: Oh, why? Little girl's got to be home?

DEAN: Stop.

TRISTIN: No, I think you two make a very cute couple. Is your horse and buggy parked outside? Got to get home for the barn raising?

DEAN: Let's go.

(Dean and Rory start to walk away. Tristin steps in front of Rory. Dean shoves Tristin. People around them stop dancing and start watching the two guys.)

DEAN: What the hell do you think you're doing?

TRISTIN: OK, you will not push me again.

DEAN: Are you seriously trying to act tough? You're wearing a tie for God's sake.

TRISTIN: Outside! Now!

(The music stops abruptly.)

DEAN: I'm not fighting you. It'd be like fighting an accountant. I'll call you when I need my taxes done.

(Tristin lunges for Dean. It takes a few other boys and a man to separate them.)

DEAN: You don't want to fight me Tristin!

TRISTIN: Why not?

DEAN: 'Cause I'll k\*ll you, idiot! Come on, Rory, let's go.

(As Rory and Dean walk away, Tristin breaks free from the people holding him back. Dean turns around and gets in his face.)

DEAN: You will not come near her. Ever again.

(Dean and Rory leave.)

MADELINE: Wow. That was good.

LOUISE: Whatever.

(Paris runs up to Tristin.)

PARIS: Are you OK?

(Tristin keeps walking.)

LOUISE: Did you really bring your cousin?

(Paris walks off.)

(Cut to Lorelai's house. Lorelai is sleeping on the couch. Emily is still watching TV. She reaches over for the remote control.)

LORELAI: (sleepy) What are you doing?

EMILY: Go to sleep.

LORELAI: The movie's not over.

EMILY: I'll tell you how it ends.

(Emily tucks Lorelai's hair behind her ear and covers her with a blanket.)

LORELAI: Thank you, Mommy.

(Emily sits in a chair to read.)

(Cut to Rory and Dean walking outdoors in Stars Hollow.)

DEAN: That was quite a dance.

RORY: I seriously don't know what got into him.

DEAN: I do.

RORY: What?

DEAN: He has a thing for you.

RORY: No he doesn't. It's just a game to him or something.

DEAN: He has a thing for you.

RORY: He does nothing but insult me and make me miserable.

DEAN: He has a thing for you.

RORY: I don't know how I feel about this whole situation.

DEAN: What do you mean?

RORY: I don't know...having my boyfriend defend my honor. It's weird.

DEAN: Uh, boyfriend?

RORY: What?

DEAN: You said 'boyfriend.'

RORY: No! I just meant boyfriend in the sense that the whole defending me thing was very boyfriendly, but only in the broadest sense of the word, which doesn't even apply at all here.

DEAN: You are seriously babbling.

RORY: I didn't mean that you're my boyfriend.

DEAN: OK.

RORY: I don't think you're my boyfriend.

DEAN: OK.

(pause)

RORY: Dean?

DEAN: What?

RORY: Are you my boyfriend?

DEAN: In the broadest sense of the word way?

RORY: No, in the real, 'hi this is Dean, my boyfriend' kind of way.

DEAN: Well I am if you want me to be.

RORY: I do.

DEAN: OK.

RORY: So it's settled.

DEAN: Yes it is.

RORY: You're my boyfriend.

DEAN: That's the consensus.

RORY: I'm feeling pretty good about this decision. (The door to Miss Patty's dance studio is open.)

RORY: I guess Miss Patty forgot to lock up.

DEAN: I've never really seen in here before.

(They're inside, looking at the pictures on the walls.)

DEAN: Are all these women really Miss Patty?

RORY: Yep. She said she's done everything there is to do in show business except set fire to the hoop the dog jumps through.

(Rory drops her purse.)

DEAN: I'll get it. God, this weighs a ton. What do you have in here?

RORY: I don't know. A lipstick, five dollar bill. Gum, hair spray, a book.

DEAN: A book?

RORY: Yeah.

DEAN: You brought a book to the dance?

RORY: Yeah.

DEAN: You thought there'd be a lot of downtime?

RORY: No. I just take a book with me everywhere. It's just habit.

DEAN: So, uh, what are you reading?

RORY: The Portable Dorothy Parker.

(She shows him the book.)

DEAN: (reading) 'There's little in taking or giving. There's little in water or wine. This living, this living, this living, Was never a project of mine.' Cheery.

(They settle into a comfortable chair together.)

RORY: Funny though. (pause) Hey --

DEAN: What?

RORY: Thank you for tonight. It was perfect.

DEAN: You're welcome.

(They kiss then continue to look at the book.)

(Time lapse. They've fallen asleep.)

(Time lapse. They're still asleep. Miss Patty and a large group of women come into the dance studio.)

MISS PATTY: OK, ladies. Grab your yoga mats.

WOMAN: I don't think I'll ever get warm again.

(The women gather around Rory and Dean.)

WOMAN: (shocked) Oh, my goodness! It's Lorelai's girl!

WOMAN #2: Patty! Rory Gilmore is here!

MISS PATTY: What?

WOMAN: She's over here. Asleep with the bag boy from the market.

WOMAN #2: What are we supposed to do?

MISS PATTY: Rory, honey. It's Miss Patty. Rory? Rory, what are you doing here?

RORY: Miss Patty?

MISS PATTY: Yes. have you been here all night?

RORY: Oh no! Dean wake up.

DEAN: What time is it?

MISS PATTY: It's 5:30 in the morning.

RORY: Oh my God! We fell asleep. How could we have fallen asleep?

DEAN: Calm down, I'll explain it to your mom.

RORY: (hysterical) Where's my purse? Where's my purse?

DEAN: I got it. Relax.

RORY: I have to go.

(Rory runs out.)

DEAN: Rory! (runs after her) Wait up!

RORY: I have to go.

DEAN: I'm going with you. We'll explain. It'll be OK.

RORY: No you can't come with me. You shouldn't be anywhere near my house right now.

DEAN: It's not our fault.

RORY: I know. I just have to get home.

DEAN: Look, please, please let me come with you.

RORY: No!

DEAN: Rory --

RORY: I have to go home.

(Rory runs down the street towards home. Dean lets her go.)



(Cut to Lorelai's house. Emily is shaking Lorelai awake.)

EMILY: Lorelai! Get up. Now. Right now!

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Rory's not home!

LORELAI: Rory's what?

EMILY: I sat in that chair all night and I dozed off for one second and the next thing I know it's 5:30 and she's not here.

LORELAI: Rory?

EMILY: She's not there. Aren't you listening?

LORELAI: (panicked) Rory? Rory?

EMILY: Where's the phone? Call the police.

(Lorelai looks around.)

EMILY: What are you doing? Call the police! Call the police!

LORELAI: Mom, stop it!

EMILY: What are you doing?

LORELAI: I'm looking for the phone. What do you think I'm doing?

EMILY: Why don't you ever clean up around here? This is an emergency and you can't even find the phone. What if there was a fire? What if Rory was choking?

LORELAI: Mom, stop yelling!

EMILY: Rory is missing!

LORELAI: I know that and your yelling is not helping me!

(They continue looking for the phone. It rings)

LORELAI: Rory? (pause) Oh, Patty. (pause) What? (pause) OK. (pause) Thanks. (pause) No, than you so much. (pause) OK Bye-bye. (hangs up) Rory's OK.

EMILY: Where is she? What happened?

LORELAI: She and Dean were at Miss Patty's.

EMILY: What is that, a motel?

LORELAI: Um, it's a dance studio. That was Patty. She said that she found them asleep and woke them up and Rory's on her way home.

EMILY: In what state were they found in?

LORELAI: She didn't say, OK. Let's just try to be calm until we know what happened.

EMILY: What do you mean 'until we know what happened'? We know what happened.

LORELAI: No we don't.

EMILY: They were out all night!

LORELAI: I'm gonna make some coffee.

EMILY: Lorelai Gilmore, I've watched you do a lot of stupid things in your life and I have held my tongue.

LORELAI: (laughs) You've what?

EMILY: But I will not stand by and let you allow that girl to ruin her life.

LORELAI: Mom -- back off.

EMILY: She spent the night out with that boy, the one you let her run off to that dance with.

LORELAI: Mom, so help me God, I will not get into this with you.

EMILY: She's doing the same thing you did.

LORELAI: No she's not.

EMILY: She's going to get pregnant.

LORELAI: No she's not.

EMILY: She's gonna ruin everything just like you did.

LORELAI: No she's not! No she's not! No she's not! Rory is a good kid, Mom! She's not me.

EMILY: What kind of mother are you to allow this to happen to her?

LORELAI: Oh, I don't know, Mom. What kind of mother were you?

EMILY: You're going to lose her. You're going to lose her just like I lost you.

LORELAI: I am not going to lose her. Do you hear me? Even if I hadn't gotten pregnant, you still would have lost me. I had nothing in that house. I had no life. I had no air. You strangled me. I do not strangle Rory.

EMILY: Oh you're so perfect and I was so horrible. I put you in good schools. I gave you the best of everything. I made sure you had the finest opportunities. And I am so tired of hearing about how you were suffocated and I was so controlling. Well if I was so controlling why couldn't I control you running around getting pregnant and throwing your life away.

LORELAI: Get out!

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: You will not come into my house and tell me I threw my life away. Look around, Mom. This is a life. It has a little color in it so it may look a little unfamiliar to you, but it's a life. And if I

hadn't gotten pregnant I wouldn't have Rory.

(Rory sneaks in the front door and hides by the stairs.)

EMILY: You know that's not what I meant.

LORELAI: Maybe I was some horrible uncontrollable child like you say, but Rory isn't. She's smart and careful and I trust her and she's gonna be fine and if you can't accept that or believe it, then I don't want you in this house!

(Emily walks out and slams the door. Rory creeps into the kitchen.)

RORY: Mom, thank you for saying all those --

LORELAI: What were you thinking? Staying out all night! Are you insane?

RORY: I'm sorry. It was an accident.

LORELAI: You're talking to the queen of staying out all night. I invented the concept! This is no accident! You can't do this! Period.

RORY: Nothing happened!

LORELAI: Do you have any idea what it's like to wake up with my mother here and find out that you never came home?

RORY: So all this is about Grandma being here.

LORELAI: No, it's about the feeling of complete terror when your kid isn't in her bed in the morning.

RORY: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: And then it's about a whole different kind of terror when you find out that she spent the night with some guy.

RORY: I didn't spend the night with him. We fell asleep.

LORELAI: You are going on the pill.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: You're not getting pregnant.

RORY: I'm not sleeping with Dean.

LORELAI: Dammit!

RORY: What happened to all that stuff you said to Grandma What happened to trusting me? Where did all that go?

LORELAI: I think it's back on Patty's yoga mats.

RORY: This is crap! You know I didn't do anything. You know this is an accident. You're just mad because I screwed up and I did it in front of Grandma and she nailed you for it. Well I'm sorry. I'm sorry that I screwed up and I'm sorry that you got yelled at, but I didn't do anything and you know it!

(Rory goes into her room and slams the door. Lorelai sits at the kitchen table and cries.)

**The End**

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