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01x11 - Paris Is Burning

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01x11 - Paris Is Burning

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1.11 - Paris is Burning

written by Joan Binder Weiss

directed by David Petrarca

(Lorelai and Rory are walking down the street)

RORY: L?

LORELAI: L-laryngitis. M?

RORY: Mumps. N?

LORELAI: Narcolepsy! O?

RORY: Are we going to have to go through this every time we decide who cleans out the refrigerator?

LORELAI: Do you want to go back to thumb wrestling?

RORY: Osteoporosis. P?

LORELAI: (gasps) Puppies! (runs across the street)

RORY: That's not a disease. Oh boy. (runs after her)

LORELAI: (to all the puppies) Hi! Oh hi! Hi! Oohh! Rory look at the baby! (in front of one)

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Aw, Buttercup was found cold and wet hovering under a hydrangea bush along highway 26. It's a sad highway.

RORY: As compare to all the other happy highways she could've been abandoned by.

LORELAI: Her lineage includes cocker spaniel, golden retriever, bouvier des flandres -

RORY: Gesundheit

LORELAI: Thank you - and rottweiler.

RORY: Buttercup is a special dog. She's extremely skiddish and tends to react badly towards blonde haired females, brunette males, children of either sex, other animals, red clothing, cabbage or anyone in a uniform.

(Luke walks up to them)

LORELAI: (to Luke) Hey, we just found the doggy version of you.

MAN: Can I help you?

LUKE: Do not let these two anywhere near a dog. They can barely feed themselves.

LORELAI: Shut up you! We'd be excellent pet owners, thank you.

RORY: You cannot be serious.

LORELAI: We could get him a pretty bowl...

RORY: It's a her.

LORELAI: ...and a new name...

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: ..cause this 'Buttercup' thing really has got to go.

RORY: Do I need to remind you of Skippy?

LUKE: Skippy?

LORELAI: I can't believe you would bring up Skippy.

RORY: Skippy was our hamster.

LORELAI: He doesn't care.

LUKE: What happened to Skippy?

LORELAI: Nothing happened to Skippy.

RORY: Every time mom would put her hand in his cage, he'd bit her.

LORELAI: And laugh.

LUKE: Hamster's can't laugh.

LORELAI: Oh this one laughed - trust me.

RORY: So finally she got fed up.

LUKE: Of being laughed at by a hamster?

LORELAI: Well yeah.

RORY: So she stopped cleaning it's cage. Instead everyday she would stuff some Kleenex in there.

LUKE: You didn't?

LORELAI: It was the quilted kind (with a small smile)

RORY: So this keeps going on and the cage is just a cage full of Kleenex that moves a little, and the smell? Really good.

LUKE: I can imagine.

LORELAI: Oh no you can't

RORY: So then she takes the cage to the place where we bought him, waits for the sales guy to go behind the desk and dumps it on the counter then bolts.

LUKE: You abandoned your hamster.

LORELAI: Look, I know it was bad, but this was a vicious hamster. This was like a Damien hamster with little beady eyes and a big forked tail and...a cape with a...hood...and bye bye Buttercup. Bye Luke.

RORY: You did the right thing. (both walking away from the puppies with arms around each other)

LORELAI: Oh (in a whiny tone). I want a pet.

RORY: You have me.

LORELAI: You won't bring me my slippers in the morning.

RORY: I might if you had slippers.

LORELAI: Will you wear a collar?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: It'll be pink!

RORY: You're sick.

LORELAI: Hey watch how you talk to me. Remember what happened to Skippy.

(Cut to Max Medina's apartment. He's cleaning while Lorelai sits on the counter eating out of a pot.)

LORELAI: Mmm...God this is good!

MAX: OK. Correct me if I'm wrong.

LORELAI: Salt please.

MAX: Twenty minutes ago we were sitting at the dinner table were we not?

LORELAI: Yes we were.

MAX: There were candles and flowers and plates and knives and cloth napkins.

LORELAI: I love the little sombrero napkin holders, very ole.

MAX: And the whole time we were at said dinner table, you ate two maybe three bites of this amazing dinner I made for you.

LORELAI: Pass the bread.

MAX: And yet, as soon as that dinner's over and I start cleaning up, suddenly that's when you're starving.

LORELAI: What can I say - watching someone work makes me hungry. If I hadn't stopped watching "This Old House" I'd be 500 lbs right now.

MAX: Hmm.

LORELAI: What are you doing?

MAX: Passing these to you?

LORELAI: In the dish please. Ha ha ha. (as Max puts food into pot.)

LORELAI: So where did you learn to make osso bucco anyway?

MAX: Um, from this very old Italian woman...who used to live upstairs...um, s-she had lost her husband a couple of years before and she kinda looked at me as like a son.

LORELAI: Sweet!

MAX: She was.

LORELAI: So an old girlfriend huh?

MAX: Yep.

LORELAI: Mm hm.

MAX: So would you like some coffee?

LORELAI: Yes please. (Walks by Max and their faces come very close together)

(Lorelai walks over to his desk)

LORELAI: Hey did you read Rory's paper yet?

MAX: Not yet.

LORELAI: It's really good.

MAX: I'm sure it is.

LORELAI: Oh and look! It's right on top.

MAX: Isn't that a coincidence?

LORELAI: (laughs) Wow, there are some really big words in here. I just hope you have a dictionary with you when you read it.

MAX: Oh I will.

LORELAI: You know I could just save you the time and uh, put an 'A' on it for you.

MAX: Well that really wouldn't be fair to the other students who's mothers aren't here tonight would

it?

LORELAI: Yes you're right. (pause) Although, life isn't fair and the sooner those kids learn that the better.

MAX: Well I'll take that advise into account.

LORELAI: (giggles). (turns around to look at his books) Wow these are beautiful!. Hm, I never read Proust, I always wanted to. Every now and then, I'm seized with an overwhelming urge to say something like "As Marcel Proust would say.." but of course I have no idea what Marcel Proust would say so I don't even go there. I could do, uh, "As Micheal Crichton would say.." but it's not exactly the same you know.

MAX: Well, take it.

LORELAI: Oh no! It-it looks so valuable

MAX: It's a book. It's meant to be read.

LORELAI: You sure?

MAX: Take it, read it.

LORELAI: Ok, I will.

(She takes the book and sits down and starts to read)

MAX: (laughing) Not now!

LORELAI: What?

MAX: I'd rather you didn't read it now.

LORELAI: But um, what about (Max kisses her) my required reading (stands up, moving towards the bedroom, between kissing..) But I won't make the cheerleading squad! (kissing) Mr. Medina, is this my extra credit work because Missy just had to take a test!?! (laughing through kisses. Door closes.)

(Cut to Lorelai sneaking in with shoes in hand)

(Rory's waiting up on the couch)

RORY: Where do you think you're going?

LORELAI: Hi.

RORY: It's one o'clock in the morning.

LORELAI: I know but my watch stopped during a terrible car wreck and I had to save kittens and small children and four baby chicks.

RORY: Did you have a nice time?

LORELAI: Not bad. (smiling)

RORY: That's a very big smile for a not bad night. (Lorelai sits on the couch)

LORELAI: Yeah well...Hey he loaned me a book.

RORY: What book?

LORELAI: 'Swann's Way'

RORY: Aren't we ambitious.

LORELAI: Yes we are.

RORY: You know what it means when a man loans you a book don't you?

LORELAI: That he's already read it?

RORY: Yep.

LORELAI: (laughs a little) How was your night?

RORY: Homework.

LORELAI: How many times did Dean call.

RORY: Not that many.

LORELAI: How many?

RORY: Three (Lorelai looks at her)...Five.

LORELAI: (laughs) Not an all time high but very respectable. I'm going to bed. You staying here?

RORY: Yeah. I'm comfortable. I've got the pillows in a perfect mushed position.

LORELAI: Ok. Night mom. (kissing Rory)

RORY: Yeah you just go think about what you've done.

LORELAI: (with big smile) I will.

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: You look happy.

LORELAI: I am kid.

RORY: Just checking.

(Cut to Chilton - Mr. Medina's class)

MAX: "There's a certain slant of light, winter afternoons that oppresses like the heft of cathedral tunes." That, my friends is the first verse of a poem by Emily Dickinson. Now read some of those tonight, and as you do, consider the fact that Emily Dickinson writes convincingly about passion and about the world in spite of the fact that she lived as a virtual recluse. It'll help you appreciate her mind. (bell rings)

MADELINE: I could listen to him talk about passion all day. Do you think he's dating anyone?

LOUISE: Of course he is.

MADELINE: A teacher?

LOUISE: Please.

MADELINE: Why not?

LOUISE: Have you seen teachers?

MADELINE: He's a teacher.

LOUISE: Male teachers are different. They can still be mysterious.

MADELINE: I bet his girlfriend's pretty.

LOUISE: I bet she's dumb.

MADELINE: Why?

LOUISE: Dumb girls crave smart men. It's that whole Marilyn Monroe - Arthur Miller syndrome.

MADELINE: I still think she's lucky

PARIS: Whoever he's dating is a loser, who doesn't care that he's a teacher in this ridiculous school making a ridiculous teacher's salary. (to Rory) What are you looking at? (walks away)

LOUISE: Guess someone read the paper today.

MADELINE: I know. Paris' parent's divorce is getting very ugly!

LOUISE: Her dad should've just paid her mom everything she wanted and this whole thing would've been over.

MADELINE: That's what my dad did. (to Rory) Hi!

LOUISE: Hi.

RORY: Hey.

MADELINE: Is it true Paris' mom had the entire back of her body surgically reconstructed?

LOUISE: Well it doesn't match the front now does it?

(Cut to Grandma's house)

(Dinner time)

GRANDMA: How's the squab?

RORY: It's good.

GRANDMA: Lorelai?

LORELAI: It's the best tiny, weird bird I have ever eaten.

GRANDMA: I'm glad.

LORELAI: Why are you smiling like that?

GRANDMA: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: You're smiling.

GRANDMA: I'm happy.

LORELAI: That's not your "I'm happy" smile.

GRANDMA: Well what smile is it Loerlai?

LORELAI: That's your "I've got something on Lorelai" smile.

GRANDMA: Rory your mother must be very tired.

RORY: She works a lot.

LORELAI: I grew up with that smile - I know that smile.

GRANDMA: Tell me about school.

RORY: Well, my French final went pretty well.

LORELAI: You can change the subject. I know the smile.

GRANDMA: Whatever you say dear.

LORELAI: I've used it a few times myself.

RORY: Mom.

GRANDMA: So tell me about parent's day?

LORELAI: What?

GRANDMA: Parent's day? Next Wednesday? When all the parents are supposed to go to the classes with their children all day long?

LORELAI: The Chilton newsletter came out today!

RORY: Yup.

LORELAI: Right.

GRANDMA: You didn't read yours?

LORELAI: Not yet.

GRANDMA: Ah.

LORELAI: But you knew that -

GRANDMA: Well -

LORELAI: Hence the smile.

GRANDMA: Lorelai, you're really being silly. There's no evil plan a foot here. I simply brought up a subject I thought we could all talk about.

LORELAI: Oh right.

GRANDMA: I'll try another subject - the colour blue is very pleasant isn't it?

LORELAI: Mom not everybody can wait outside the mailbox for the Chilton newsletter to arrive and then instantly memorize the contents in three seconds.

RORY: I'd like to weigh in on the blue colour subject please.

GRANDMA: You have your priorities far be it from me to question them.

LORELAI: Just because I don't read the newsletter doesn't mean I don't care about my daughter.

GRANDMA: So are you going?

LORELAI: To what?

GRANDMA: To parent's day!

LORELAI: Why don't we talk about it next Friday when I've actually read the newsletter. I guarantee it'll be more fun.

GRANDMA: We could except for the fact that parents day is next Wednesday.

LORELAI: Wednesday?

RORY: Yup.

GRANDMA: If we talked about it on Friday then you would've missed it.

LORELAI: Wednesday huh?

RORY: It's ok mom, you don't have to be there.

GRANDMA: I guess we can talk about how you missed it.

LORELAI: I'm won't miss it.

RORY: Mom it's not a big deal, you're busy.

GRANDMA: You know what - I'll go!

LORELAI: What?

GRANDMA: Why not? You have to work. I, as you have insinuated, have no life, therefore I will go sit with Rory at parent's day.

LORELAI: I'm not busy, I'm going. I will be there - that's it. End of story ok?

GRANDMA: Fine.

LORELAI: Fine.

GRANDMA: So did you read on page two about the mother/daughter talent show?

(Lorelai chokes on her food)

RORY: You ok? (smiling)

(Cut to Gilmore house)

RORY: Mom I have to go! It's almost 8 o'clock!

(Lorelai running around her room getting ready)

LORELAI: Wait! Have you seen my orange suede clip thingy?

RORY: Top right hand drawer.

LORELAI: It's not there.

(Rory huffs and goes upstairs to help)

RORY: Did you check in your purse?

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: Under your scarves?

LORELAI: Yes.

(at the bedroom door)

RORY: In your sock drawer?

(Lorelai looks in the sock drawer and finds it.)

LORELAI: (gasps) I love you.

RORY: I'm gone.

LORELAI: Bye (give Rory a kiss)

LORELAI: Hey wait!

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Blue disco sequence bag?

RORY: No!

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: Bad.

LORELAI: Really?

RORY: Bye.

LORELAI: Bye! (pause) Wait-wait-wait!

RORY: Mom come on! Mr. Medina's going to be here any minute!

LORELAI: Ok, just tell me one more thing. Where's the silver dangly bracelet?

RORY: I'm wearing it.

LORELAI: Why are you wearing it?

RORY: Because it's mine.

LORELAI: Oh...right...Hey can I borrow your silver dangly bracelet?

RORY: I'll leave it on the table for you.

LORELAI: Thank you.

(Rory heads for the door and the doorbell rings)

LORELAI: What was that?

RORY: The door bell rang?

LORELAI: Why did the door bell ring?

RORY: Because someone's at the door.

(Lorelai comes down the stairs while Max listens from outside.)

LORELAI: It's 8 o'clock. Who shows up at 8 o'clock for an 8 o'clock date?

RORY: I don't know, maybe a Chilton teacher?

LORELAI: Everybody knows that 8 o'clock means 8:20, 8:15 tops!

RORY: Well obviously he was raised in a barn.

LORELAI: I tell you, he's cute but this punctuality thing has knocked 10 points off the dream guy quotient.

RORY: Mom what do I do? I'm not even supposed to be here.

LORELAI: Ok so go!

(Rory turns to leave)

LORELAI: Oh wa-wa-wait! You have to get the door.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Yeah, because I'm not ready.

RORY: I'm not supposed to get the door remember, we agreed. I don't get the door when you have a date.

LORELAI: I know but...

RORY: I'm not even supposed to be here. That's the first rule of the 'Gilmore Dating Handbook'. (as Lorelai fiddle with her skirt zipper). Daughter shall be nowhere near house when said man materializes. It's a good rule, it 's been working.

LORELAI: Ok, but he's standing out there and it's cold and my slip is now completely stuck in my skirt zipper and they'll have to bury me like this.

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Just this once! (as she runs upstairs)

(Rory opens the door)

RORY: Hi.

MAX: Rory.

RORY: Come on in.

MAX: Thank you (clears his throat)

RORY: Can I get you something, I mean we don't really have anything but if you wanted something and we had it, I'd be happy to get it for you.

MAX: I'm fine.

RORY: We have water.

MAX: That's ok.

RORY: It's not bad water actually. I mean it's not a funny colour or anything.

MAX: I'm good. Really.

RORY: We have bottled water.

MAX: No thanks,

RORY: One bottle actually.

MAX: I-it's quite alright.

RORY: We really need to go to the store.

MAX: So..should we...

RORY: Sit? Right. Yeah let's sit.

(They move into living room)

MAX: So, uh, what are your plans tonight?

RORY: I'm going over to my friend Lane's house.

MAX: Sounds good.

RORY: And you guys are...?

MAX: Dinner, movie - the usual.

RORY: Right.

(Both look upstairs. Max clears his throat.)

MAX: This is a little uncomfortable.

RORY: Yes it is.

MAX: But the thing is, if things go well, the way I hope they're going, then we might be doing this again.

RORY: Sitting uncomfortably?

MAX: (laughs) Seeing each other outside of school.

RORY: That's ok. I am fine with this whole you and my mom thing.

MAX: Well good. I'm glad.

RORY: Well, better go. (gets up to leave)

MAX: It's good to talk to you Rory. (standing up)

RORY: You too Mr. Medina. (She turns to leave)

MAX: why don't you call me Max? Just when we're out of school.

RORY: (turning back) I don't think I can do that.

MAX: Why not?

RORY: It just sounds wrong - disrespectful. I mean, you're my teacher Mr. Medina, and if I start to think of you as a 'Max' - even as a part-time 'Max', it just seems lit it would get too confusing.

MAX: How 'bout then, we'll come up with non-Chilton names for each other. When we're not in school, I'll call you Rebecca.

RORY: Rebecca.

MAX: And you'll call me...

RORY: Norman?

MAX: Norman?

RORY: Well...

MAX: I look like a Norman to you?

RORY: I'm sorry, 'Psycho' was on earlier and it was just the first name that came to mind. I'll think of something else. How about Alfred?

MAX: You know what...Norman's fine.

RORY: Are you sure?

MAX: I'm positive, I love it. I might make a legal change.

RORY: Ok. Well I better go.

MAX: I hope you and Lane have a good time.

RORY: Thanks. Oh, would you give this to my mom for me?

MAX: Absolutely.

RORY: Thanks.

(Rory starts to leave.)

RORY: Oh and Norman - have her home by 10.

(Max waves her off)

(Cut to Luke's)

(Rory's sitting at the counter as Sookie and Jackson enter)

SOOKIE: I can't believe you won't just sell them to me.

JACKSON: And I can't believe you're being so small minded.

SOOKIE: My stuffed fried squash blossoms are extremely popular with the customers.

JACKSON: Yes I know.

SOOKIE: People come from all over and demand the fried stuffed squash blossoms.

JACKSON: That's exactly my point!

SOOKIE: What'll you have sir? Anything that comes with the stuffed fried squash blossoms. That's what I hear day in and day out.

JACKSON: Yes, great, I know, but all I'm asking you is to try stuffing something a little different this time huh? (holds up a zucchini tush)

SOOKIE: A zucchini tush?

JACKSON: Just a temporary name.

SOOKIE: You want me to serve my customers a genetically engineered vegetable that's named after

a butt?

JACKSON: Hey this is an all natural vegetable hybrid that's perfectly safe, completely delicious, and yes it looks a little odd but you can put in on the map!

SOOKIE: I want the blossoms.

JACKSON: Fine. You wanna think small, think small. I'm done. (leaves)

(Sookie sighs and sits next to Rory)

RORY: Jackson invented a new vegetable again?

SOOKIE: Yup.

RORY: It's too bad that bowling league didn't work out for him.

SOOKIE: Yeah.

(Lorelai enters with skates over her shoulder)

LORELAI: Hey, look I found them.

RORY: Where?

LORELAI: They were in that drawer with the roasting pans.

RORY: Cool.

SOOKIE: Oooh skates!

LORELAI: Rory and I have a skating date.

RORY: I'm Nancy Kerrigan.

LORELAI: And I'm Tonya Harding. I'm gonna do the whole shoe lace coming untie - nervous break - let me start again act and everything.

LUKE: (laughing) When was the last time you put those things on?

LORELAI: Oh, you are constantly trying to ruin my fun.

LUKE: Do they even fit anymore?

LORELAI: Yes they fit.

LUKE: They look rusted.

LORELAI: Well...can I just have some coffee please?

LUKE: (sighs) Hand them over.

LORELAI: Why?

LUKE: I'm gonna clean them and tighten the blades.

LORELAI: Really!?!

LUKE: Yes.

LORELAI: Can you make them really shiny?

LUKE: The skates please.

LORELAI: Maybe add a couple of pompoms.

LUKE: Just hand them over.

LORELAI: Thank you!

SOOKIE: You get really good service here.

LORELAI: Yeah I do.

(Sookie's pager goes off.)

SOOKIE: Gotta go.

LORELAI: Anything wrong?

SOOKIE: Too much yeast, too little bowl.

LORELAI: Enough said.

LORELAI: (to Rory) So I think I'm just going to go for it and wear the fur-trimmed skating skirt, pride be damned.

RORY: Hey, what if we invite Max to go skating with us?

LORELAI: M-max?

RORY: Yeah, I thought maybe he'd want to go.

LORELAI: When did you start calling him Max?

RORY: Well the other night he said that I should probably call him something other than Mr. Medina when we're outside of school. Which makes sense, so I'm getting used to saying 'Max'.

LORELAI: W- you don't see him that much outside school.

RORY: No, but I probably will since you guys are obsessed with each other.

LORELAI: Yeah, well I wouldn't say 'obsessed'.

RORY: No. It's ok, I mean of all the guys to have hanging around, he seems like a good choice. I like him.

LORELAI: Good, well that's good.

RORY: So what do you think about the skating?

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Mr. Medina - I'm sorry, Max? Do you think he'd wanna go?

LORELAI: I don't thin he skates. (to Luke) Thanks.

RORY: Well maybe we could all do something else together.

LORELAI: Yeah, good. Something else is good. I love something else.

(Cut to Gilmore house)

(Kettle whistles.)

SOOKIE: Ok, tea is ready. How are the feet?

LORELAI: I don't know. They stopped talking to me.

SOOKIE: What on earth were you thinking?

LORELAI: That I could still skate.

SOOKIE: It's not like riding a bike you know.

LORELAI: Now you tell me.

SOOKIE: So, (sitting at table) what are you up to tonight.

LORELAI: Well, I'm going to do a little line dancing, then run a 10K, then just jump up and down really hard for about an hour.

SOOKIE: No Max?

LORELAI: No.

SOOKIE: Taking a night off?

LORELAI: I don't seem him every night Sookie.

SOOKIE: He seems like a great guy.

LORELAI: He is.

SOOKIE: That didn't sound very convincing.

LORELAI: No, he is. He is a great guy - for someone.

SOOKIE: For someone?

LORELAI: Yes.

SOOKIE: Someone else?

LORELAI: Yes.

SOOKIE: Someone else who is not you although you're the person spending every waking hour with him.

LORELAI: Right.

SOOKIE: Aha. How long have you been dating?

LORELAI: Why?

SOOKIE: Two months you've been seeing him right?

LORELAI: Point Sookie?

SOOKIE: Mmm. Just right on schedule that's all.

LORELAI: I have no idea what you're talking about.

SOOKIE: This is about the time you start doing you little getaway dance. Two months right on the nose - you're good.

LORELAI: I do not do a dance.

SOOKIE: You're cha-cha-cha-ing right now.

LORELAI: I'm not cha-cha-cha-ing. I'm being practical. Rory is starting to get attached to Max and that's not good.

SOOKIE: Oh Rory's getting attached to Max?

LORELAI: Yes and since I've decided that Max is probably not the guy for me, I think it's better that we break it off before she gets hurt.

SOOKIE: Practical

LORELAI: Yes.

SOOKIE: Uh, can I say something here?

LORELAI: Of course you can.

SOOKIE: Cha-cha-cha.

LORELAI: Stop that.

SOOKIE: (singing) Livin' la vida loca.

LORELAI: Sookie.

SOOKIE: Shake your bon-bon, shake your bon-bon.

LORELAI: Hey, you will not stand there singing Ricky Martin songs to me. This is not a pattern ok? I'm not doing what I always do. This is not the same.

SOOKIE: Actually you're right. Usually you don't get so upset and defensive during the cha-cha talk.

LORELAI: (painfully) Ah! (as Sookie pours hot water into foot basin)

SOOKIE: You must really like this guy.

LORELAI: When did you become the relationship expert? You haven't been in a relationship in years. (Sookie looks sad as Lorelai realizes what she said). Wow! Zero to jackass in 3.2 seconds.

SOOKIE: That's alright, your feet hurt.

LORELAI: No it isn't. It's never ever ok for me to talk to you like that. I'm so so sorry. Please honey.

SOOKIE: (sighs) I understand - really. You know it's not like I don't want a relationship.

LORELAI: I know. I didn't mean anything by it.

SOOKIE: (sighs) It's just - it's hard with my hours. I'm always at the inn, or at the market or at the hospital.

LORELAI: Please - forgive me. Do you wanna...sing some more Ricky Martin to me?

SOOKIE: No.

LORELAI: You can you know - I deserve it.

SOOKIE: (quietly) 'She's into superstition, black cats and voodoo dolls. (louder) I've got a premonition, that girl's gonna make me fall.' (imitates guitar tunes)

(Cut to Chilton)

TRISTIN: You know I heard that Paris' dad's actually got a second family in Paris.

GUY: Whoa.

TRISTIN: Yeah.

(Rory rolls her eyes as she walks by.)

MAX: Uh, Rory?

RORY: Hey Mr. Medina.

MAX: I enjoyed your paper on Dickenson.

RORY: I had fun writing it.

MAX: It showed.

RORY: Thanks.

MAX: You're welcome (Rory turns to go) Um, Rory?

(Rory turns back)

RORY: Yeah?

MAX: No, that's it. That's all I wanted to say.

RORY: My name?

MAX: Yes.

RORY: Ok.

MAX: Actually I just wanted to see if Lore- (looks around) if your mom is coming to parent's day.

RORY: Oh well...

MAX: Cause I'm just trying to get an accurate number of parents who are coming - you know for the cookie count.

(Rory smiles at him)

MAX: Forget it. (sighing)

RORY: She's coming.

MAX: (relieved) I hadn't heard from her for a while about it and -

RORY: She'll be here.

MAX: Ok, good. Good.

RORY: But you should put us down for four.

MAX: Four what?

RORY: Four cookies.

MAX: Ok, good. I will.

RORY: Bye.

(Max sighs)

(Cut to Gilmore house)

(Lorelai is cleaning out the fridge.)

LORELAI: Four slices pepperoni pizza.

RORY: From?

LORELAI: Tuesday?

RORY: Last Tuesday?

LORELAI: The Tuesday in the not so distant past.

RORY: Toss it. (sits at table) So you remember Paris Geller.

LORELAI: Your very best friend in the whole world?

RORY: Her parents are getting a major divorce.

LORELAI: Really.

RORY: Her dad's like this big wig at a huge pharmaceutical company and they're printing all the sordid details about it in the paper.

LORELAI: Ooh how sordid?

RORY: Well, it's not the Rich James incident, but Hugh Grant should be feeling pretty good about himself.

LORELAI: If she was anyone else in the entire universe I might feel bad for her.

RORY: Actually I kind of do feel bad for her.

LORELAI: That's because you are the nicest kid ever to walk the earth.

RORY: The whole school's talking about it. And the weird thing is that the whole dynamics there has changed for me.

LORELAI: Really? How so? (gets up to go towards fridge)

RORY: Well, Madeline and Louise, Paris' best friends, they said hello to me the other day.

(Both munching on cold fries)

LORELAI: Really? Like a normal hello? Not like a 'Here's Johnny' kind of hello?

RORY: Normal, friendly, no acts.

LORELAI: Wow, you're the new 'Heather'

RORY: I guess.

(Lorelai pulls out another pizza box)

LORELAI: Oh, hey, this is the pizza from mystery Tuesday. That one's completely fine (pointing to the one in the garbage bin.)

RORY: Don't.

LORELAI: It's in the box!

RORY: Oscar!

LORELAI: Felix!

RORY: Forget it!

LORELAI: Fine.

(Rory goes back to table.)

RORY: So how's 'Swann's Way' coming.

LORELAI: Oh finished.

RORY: You're kidding! It took me forever to read that. I had to renew it 10 times.

LORELAI: The first sentence - I finished the first sentence.

RORY: Aha.

LORELAI: Yeah - it's just - I'm so swamped right now you know, it's the totally wrong time to start reading the longest book known to man. Hey maybe you could give it back to Max for me?

RORY: Just bring it with you tomorrow.

LORELAI: Tomorrow?

RORY: Parent's day?

LORELAI: I know (she didn't) I'm just - I'm not sure I'm going to be able to make it.

RORY: What do you mean?

LORELAI: Well I have that thing at the inn and I thought I could get away and now I can't.

RORY: What thing?

LORELAI: The thing - the inn thing?

RORY: What inn thing?

LORELAI: You know.

RORY: No I don't.

LORELAI: The thing at the inn with the flags and the little men and the peanuts - the thing.

RORY: Little men?

LORELAI: Forget it, it's not important - I just don't think I can go.

RORY: Ok, fine.

LORELAI: So, if you could give this book back to Max tomorrow - that would be great.

RORY: Why don't you just give it back to him the next time you see him.

LORELAI: Because I'm not sure when that would be and he should have his book. (getting a bit upset)

RORY: You see him all the time.

LORELAI: Rory, could you just (drops book on table) give it back to him ok?

RORY: Are you breaking up with him?

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

RORY: Well he hasn't heard from you and now you're asking me to give him the book back.

LORELAI: How do you know he hasn't heard from me?

RORY: He wanted to know if you were going to Parent's day and then he mentioned that you guys hadn't talked lately.

LORELAI: He shouldn't be asking you about me.

RORY: Why are you breaking up with him?

LORELAI: Because it's not working out.

RORY: But you seemed so happy.

LORELAI: It's not right - that's all.

RORY: So that's why you're not going tomorrow?

LORELAI: No, I'm not going tomorrow because of the thing at the inn.

RORY: That's crap and you know it (upset)

LORELAI: Hey -

RORY: There is no thing at the inn, you're avoiding Mr. Medina and you're trying to lie to me and you promised you would go and - hey, do whatever you want. I don't care, just leave me out of it. And give him the book back yourself. (Rory goes to her room and slams the door.)

LORELAI: Fine I will. (takes the pizza out of garbage.)

(Cut to Chilton)

LORELAI: Hey, not so fast.

RORY: The bell's gonna ring.

LORELAI: Before you go one more step - tell me you like me?

RORY: You bug me.

LORELAI: I'll take that as a yes. And I want you to know that I will deal with my issues with Max myself.

RORY: Fine.

LORELAI: Really.

RORY: I believe you.

LORELAI: So where are we going?

RORY: To my locker to drop off some of this stuff.

LORELAI: Great, let's do it.

(see Paris and her mother by Paris' locker arguing)

PARIS: You can't just leave now.

MOM: Paris please.

PARIS: At least come to my lit class.

MOM: This place is giving me a headache.

PARIS: Mom.

MOM: Is your face breaking out?

PARIS: No.

MOM: You have not been using that cleanser have you? Now Dr. Yanalari prescribed that cleanser for a reason - to cleanse.

PARIS: Just lit class.

MOM: Paris with everything I have going on right now the last thing I need to do is face a bunch of bored people who are gossiping about me. I'll see you later at home. Use that cover stick I got you.

(Paris sighs)

LORELAI: I bet I'm looking pretty good to you right now.

RORY: Yes you are.

LORELAI: Hmm. So what's first? Wait don't tell me.

RORY: English lit with Mr. Max Medina.

LORELAI: Ok see I told you not to tell me.

RORY: Sorry

LORELAI: Mr. Medina's class huh?

RORY: The fancy book owner himself.

LORELAI: How does first annual mother/daughter ditch day sound?

RORY: Not happening.

LORELAI: Yeah yeah, ok - let's go.

(Cut to Mr. Medina's class)

MAX: On Monday we will start a two week of creative writing exercise, but that doesn't mean we stop reading. One of the greatest inspirations of working writers is the writing of other that they admire. Walt Whitman read Homer, Dante, Shakespeare. And the novelist Edna O'Brien has been quoted as saying 'that every writer should read some Proust every day' Now, at this point, normally I would impress the partens by pulling out a copy of Proust's 'Swann's Way' and reading a particularly difficult passage but alas, you're all saved. I have misplaced my copy. (bell rings) Oh that does is - parent's thanks for coming, students - papers on Whitman are due tomorrow and those of you who are just starting tonight - I'll be able to tell.

LORELAI: So you go on ahead ok? I'm going to talk to Max for a second.

RORY: Please be nice.

LORELAI: I will, I will.

LORELAI: (to Max) Hi.

MAX: Hi - it's nice to see you.

LORELAI: Yeah. I've been really busy.

MAX: Oh sure - I assumed.

LORELAI: I wanted to give this back to you.

MAX: Keep it.

LORELAI: I really liked it. I like the first 20 pages anyway, then I got busy and I can see you really need it so - (tries to give him the book)

MAX: What's going on Lorelai?

LORELAI: Nothing. I just don't think a book whose first sentence is 20 pages long is for me.

MAX: Well I left four messages

LORELAI: I know - I've been meaning to call.

MAX: What's been keeping you?

LORELAI: I don't know - things.

MAX: Uh huh.

LORELAI: Sorry.

MAX: Sorry?

LORELAI: That I didn't call.

MAX: Ok.

LORELAI: So - here. (tries to give him book again)

MAX: Why do you keep on trying to give me the book?

LORELAI: Because it's yours.

MAX: Is there something going on here that I don't know about?

LORELAI: Yeah, uh I hate Proust.

MAX: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Look, um Rory's out there waiting for me so... (tries to give him book again)

MAX: Wa-wait a minute...Oh my God! I cannot believe what an idiot I am.

LORELAI: What?

MAX: You're breaking up with me aren't you?

LORELAI: I don't know.

MAX: Not only are you breaking up with me, you're doing it really badly.

LORELAI: Am I being graded?

MAX: No, I'm a little disappointed. I would've expected a better dumping from you.

LORELAI: Nobody's dumping anyone.

MAX: Really? Then what is this?

LORELAI: I just need space.

MAX: Well I don't. In fact I want as little space as possible. 100 clowns crammed into a Volkswagen. That's the kind of non-space I'm talking about.

LORELAI: It's not working.

MAX: It was working pretty good the other night.

LORELAI: Look it is what I've been trying to tell you all along. This is a family. Rory and I, you walked into a family, but you weren't listening and now she's getting attached and I'm afraid she's gonna get hurt.

MAX: So your solution to all of this is not to return my calls

LORELAI: It just took me a while to figure things out and it all came clear when I realized how much we could hurt Rory.

MAX: Don't you mean how much we could hurt Lorelai?

LORELAI: Hey - I can take care of myself.

MAX: I don't understand this. I thought we went through this. W-we decided she could handle it.

LORELAI: Well maybe she can and maybe she can't. I'm not ready to find out.

MAX: I'm not going to let you off that easily.

LORELAI: Well there's nothing you can do about it.

MAX: There has to be.

LORELAI: There isn't.

MAX: There is.

LORELAI: Well no there isn't.

MAX: Yes there is.

LORELAI: What are we in high school? Well I know we are in a high school.

MAX: This is so not you.

LORELAI: Well, you don't know everything about me.

MAX: I guess not, because I would've thought that blaming this all on Rory and giving me these lame apologies was weak, pathetic and beneath you.

LORELAI: Just take you damn book

MAX: You've missed me.

LORELAI: Stop it.

MAX: I know you did, you're missing me right now aren't you?

(Lorelai sighs)

MAX: Answer me.

LORELAI: Look class is over -

MAX: Well we're back in session.

LORELAI: Well I didn't raise my hand so don't call on me! I came here to give you this book back, please take it.

MAX: I swear to God if you try to give me that book one more time...

(They kiss passionately. Outside the class Paris walks by and sees them kiss)

(Cut to cafeteria)

(Gets noisier and noisier as Paris walks from table to table talking to people. Tristin walks by Rory and makes a 'kiss' sound to her. Paris walks up to Rory.)

RORY: What's going on?

PARIS: Oh, everyone's just talking about the mom that Mr. Medina was seen kissing just now.

RORY: What?

PARIS: And the weird thing is - she looks a lot like your mom.

RORY: What are you talking about?

PARIS: Your mom - Mr. Medina, mouths open. I saw them. How's the coleslaw? Good? (walks away)

(Lorelai walks into cafeteria)

LORELAI: Hey, did you save me some jello?

(Rory gets up and leaves)

LORELAI: What? (follows Rory out) Rory?! Hey where are you going?

RORY: Were you kissing him?

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Mr. Medina, just now, were you kissing him?

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: What the hell is wrong with you?

LORELAI: I don't know.

RORY: You said you were breaking up with him.

LORELAI: I was.

RORY: I know I told you to be nice to him but this was a little extreme don't you think?

LORELAI: It wasn't supposed to happen.

RORY: Paris saw you! It's all over the school!

LORELAI: Oh God - oh Rory, I'm so sorry. I really am. See this is exactly why I didn't want to date him.

RORY: You didn't want to date him so you wouldn't come to my school and kiss him and humiliate me?

LORELAI: Yes that's exactly it.

RORY: Why would you do this?

LORELAI: Because I'm human, because I screwed up. I'm sorry.

RORY: If you like him so much then why are you breaking up with him?

LORELAI: Look, I broke the rules when I brought him into our lives and I realize now that that was a very bad idea.

RORY: But why?

LORELAI: Why?! Because we are standing in this stairwell yelling at each other that's why! Because it's affecting you, it's seeping into your life and that is the whole reason I made these rules in the first place. Is-is to protect you!

RORY: You know what, maybe it was a good idea that you hid your personal life from me when I was a kid but I'm not a kid anymore.

LORELAI: No, you're right. You're a 40 year old divorcee - my mistake.

RORY: Ugh! I can't believe you're blaming this on me!

LORELAI: I'm not blaming you!

RORY: You made up these stupid rules years ago about the way the Gilmore women would run their lives and now you're sticking to them even though they're crazy!

LORELAI: Oh hey my crazy, stupid rules are the reason we're doing so good in our lives. They're the reason you grew up the way you did, the reason you're even in this school and the reason you're going to go to Harvard so don't you dismiss my rules.

RORY: Fine! Great! Well, maybe it's time for the rules to change!

LORELAI: Yes, well that's for me to figure out, not you!

RORY: Great! Fine! Well could you figure it out before French class because I'd rather you didn't start making out with Mrs. Collins.

LORELAI: Hey no promises until I see what she looks like!

(Cut to front of Grandma's house)

LORELAI: Look, let's just refrain from fighting in front of the grandmother ok?

RORY: Fine with me.

LORELAI: The last thing I need tonight is a confrontation with my mother

(rings doorbell)

LORELAI: Hi mom, boy the roads were a mess out there tonight. (entering)

GRANDMA: Rory go upstairs please.

RORY: Is everything ok?

GRANDMA: I have to talk to your mother, please go upstairs.

RORY: Well -

GRANDMA: Now Rory.

GRANDMA: (walks into living room) Lorelai come here!

LORELAI: Gee mom, did I do something wrong?

GRANDMA: I try to understand you, I truly do. But sometimes your behaviour baffles me beyond belief.

LORELAI: And which behaviour is this?

GRANDMA: Do you have no shame?

LORELAI: Is that intended as a rhetorical question or - ?

GRANDMA: Rory goes to school in that place, she has a reputation to protect. You're her mother.

LORELAI: How did you -

GRANDMA: You're supposed to shield her from shame not cause it.

LORELAI: Oh mom?

GRANDMA: Kissing a teacher...in a classroom...on parent's day!

LORELAI: Well...they wanted us to get more involved with the school.

GRANDMA: Are you insane?

LORELAI: No but you are if you think I'm discussing this with you.

GRANDMA: When I heard I almost fainted.

LORELAI: How did you hear mom?

GRANDMA: I have friends Lorelai. Headmaster Charleston's wife for one.

LORELAI: Oh, that's great.

GRANDMA: The entire school is talking about it. And what do I say, how do I defend this?

LORELAI: It was a mistake.

GRANDMA: A mistake? A mistake? Is that what you call it a mistake?

LORELAI: Well I tried to call it 'Al' but it would only answer to 'mistake'.

GRANDMA: A mistake is when you throw out your credit card bill - a mistake is when you forget to RSVP to a dinner party - a mistake is when the gardeners miss trash day and the barrels are full for a week. This my girl, was not a mistake! Do you even know this man?

LORELAI: Ah, no, this is the first time I'd seen him and I don't know, there was just something about the way he held the chalk and -

GRANDMA: This is not the time for your jokes.

LORELAI: Yes I knew him. I've been dating him.

GRANDMA: Why on earth would you date Rory's teacher?

LORELAI: That's none of your business.

GRANDMA: It most certainly is.

LORELAI: How do you figure that?

GRANDMA: When it affects my granddaughter it becomes my business.

LORELAI: I don't want to talk about this with you!

GRANDMA: I just want to know what you were thinking. What was the reasoning? How on earth did you justify it to yourself?

LORELAI: Max is a great guy. An amazing guy! He's smart, he's sweet (teary) he cooks.

GRANDMA: So you decided to kiss him in your daughter's school.

LORELAI: No, I decided to breakup with him in my daughter's school and the kissing part just happened.

GRANDMA: You always let your emotions get in the way. That's the problem with you Lorelai - you don't think.

LORELAI: Mom - please.

GRANDMA: He's just a man Lorelai.

LORELAI: No he's not.

GRANDMA: Oh so what are you telling me. That this was all worth it because he was the love of you life, that this was the man for you.

LORELAI: I don't know. He might have been. Excuse me (leaves room)

(Cut to Chilton cafeteria)

(Rory sitting at a table. Paris, Louise and Madeline walk up behind her.)

LOUISE: See, I told you he wouldn't date a teacher.

PARIS: I wish my mom would sleep with my teacher, it would make midterms a lot easier.

(Rory slams her book closed, stands up and turns to face them)

RORY: Madeline, Louise, would you excuse us for a minute?

LOUISE: Ooh cat fight.

RORY: Go.

PARIS: You're not going to kiss me are you? (smiling)

RORY: What's wrong with you?

PARIS: Nothing I'm great.

RORY: You've just spent the past two weeks with all of your family's private problems printed in the newspaper for everyone to read and talk about. I saw how you walked around here! I saw how much you hated it. And then you turn around and pull something like this? Doesn't that seem crazy to you? Do you have any idea how many people you've hurt? Forget me and my mom, what about Mr. Medina? He likes you, he encourages you. He hold up your papers and tells the class how great you are. And then you turn around and spread stories about him. (pause). Whatever, forget it. You have no idea what I'm talking about. (grabs her stuff and starts to leave)

PARIS: I do like Mr. Medina.

RORY: Well I'd take some dance lessons cause the way you express yourself needs a little work.

PARIS: I...probably shouldn't have told people what I saw.

RORY: No you shouldn't have.

PARIS: I'm sorry...things have been...well...not good lately.

RORY: I know.

PARIS: I just didn't want them talking about me anymore, that's all.

RORY: Well, it worked.

PARIS: Yeah.

RORY: You know, i-if you want to talk -

PARIS: Hey, we are not friends.

RORY: Oh that I know. But if you ever do...want to talk about -

PARIS: I will, if I want to.

RORY: Ok.

PARIS: But I probably won't.

RORY: That's fine.

PARIS: But if I do -

RORY: I'm around.

PARIS: Ok. I'm going now.

RORY: Bye.

PARIS: Bye. (Paris starts to leave and turns around)

PARIS: I doubt I will.

RORY: I'm not holding my breath. (sighs and leaves)

(Cut to Independence Inn kitchen)

(Jackson drops a box of squash blossoms on the counter)

JACKSON: There - squash blossoms. All large enough for you to stuff and fry up and serve to the desensitize masses who just want what they know. Hurrah! Mediocrity wins again!

SOOKIE: Jackson?

JACKSON: You know what, I'm not even gonna charge you for these. I am not going to profit off the death of creativity. I would rather starve myself than know that my food was paid for by the lowered expectations of the American public. (starts to leave)

SOOKIE: Jackson?

JACKSON: What?!

SOOKIE: Would you like to go to dinner sometimes...with me?

JACKSON: Ok.

SOOKIE: Ok.

(Jackson leaves, Sookie's smiling.)

(Cut to coffee shop in Hartford)

(Max sitting at the counter)

MAX: Thanks (to waiter)

(Lorelai walks in)

LORELAI: Hey Mister, wanna buy a really nice copy of Proust?

MAX: How ya doing?

LORELAI: Hmm. Well you know. You?

MAX: Well you know it also.

(Lorelai sits)

LORELAI: So that parent's day is fun.

MAX: Oh, it was a big hit this year (both laugh a little)

LORELAI: Look, the other day, we were going skating, and Rory said "Why don't we invite Max to come along with us" and that was a little weird for me.

MAX: Me too. I don't skate.

LORELAI: She's never really referred to anyone I've dated by their first name before. I always kept her out of that part of my life, so it was like "the mustache guy", "the earring guy", "the peg leg guy".

MAX: Oh so you have a thing for pirates.

LORELAI: She never called anyone by their name before. She likes you. She likes us. So my mind instantly went to "Oh my God, what if we break up, she'll be crushed" and then my next thought was "Oh my God, what if we break up, I'll be crushed". And then as you know all hell broke loose.

MAX: I understand.

LORELAI: I freaked out. I'm so sorry. I never meant to treat you like that, I'm not very good at this, ask Skippy.

MAX: Skippy?

LORELAI: (shaking her head) I'm so so sorry.

MAX: I was called into headmaster Charleston's office today.

LORELAI: Let me guess. He put his arm around you and said "I don't understand why you crazy kids can't work this out?"

MAX: He said that I was jeopardizing my career and future at Chilton.

LORELAI: Oh!

MAX: At first I was incensed, outraged and "How dare he?!". And then I realized that he was right. What happened the other day was completely unprofessional. I never in my life would've considered pulling off something like this. He should've fired me.

LORELAI: But he didn't.

MAX: Not yet, but the word 'probation' was tossed around quite a bit though.

LORELAI: I'm sorry.

MAX: I'm the one that started the kiss.

LORELAI: And I'm the one that knocked it up to NC-17.

MAX: I honestly did not think that this was going to be so complicated.

LORELAI: I know.

MAX: I mean you told it would be. I didn't listen, I didn't want to.

LORELAI: It's not your fault. If I hadn't acted like a two year old and tried to run away and pretend that you weren't what you are to me, then we wouldn't have fought, we wouldn't have kissed, I wouldn't have humiliated my daughter and the whole thing would've been fine.

MAX: (sighs) I do not know what to do here. I-I've never been in a relationship like this before. I'm not thinking straight.

LORELAI: I know, me either.

MAX: That was a great kiss.

LORELAI: Beyond great.

MAX: Maybe we need to take a little time away from each other.

LORELAI: Ok. (upset)

MAX: You know, just to figure out how to do this so it's not so hard.

LORELAI: Sure...that makes sense.

MAX: I just - I don't have any other answers right now.

LORELAI: No you're right. You're absolutely right. (pause) I really really like you Max Medina

MAX: I really really like you Lorelai Gilmore.

LORELAI: Well, as long as we got that straightened out.

MAX: Goodbye Lorelai (gets up and leaves)

LORELAI: (whispers) Bye.

(Cut to Gilmore house)

(Rory comes home)

RORY: Mom! Mom, I'm home!

(Goes upstairs)

RORY: Mom?

(Finds Lorelai laying on her bed crying. Rory strokes her hair in comfort and lays down with her and hugs her.)

The End

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