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04x11 - In the Clamor and the Clangor

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04x11 - In the Clamor and the Clangor

by **bunniefuu**

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OPEN, CHURCH FUNERAL

[Miss Patty sings solemnly to the town sitting in pews]

RORY: [Sniffles]

LORELAI: Kleenex. [Hands her a Kleenex.]

RORY: I'm gonna miss Stan.

LORELAI: I know, I'm gonna miss him too.

RORY: He was so cute, with his fedora and his Hush Puppies. Everyday, the fedora and the Hush Puppies.

LORELAI: Yeah, if he just would have added some pants.

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: I'm sorry, I'm just trying to lighten the mood.

RORY: 'Cause you wouldn't want a downer funeral.

LORELAI: Ok, we're being serious now.

SOOKIE: You remember every Tuesday, Stan came to the Independence Inn for lunch?

LORELAI: I remember.

SOOKIE: That was a total waste because he couldn't eat dairy, or salt, or meat, so he basically just came in every week for a salad, with no oil, and no mushrooms. [Quietly] He hated mushrooms.

RORY: [Choking up] I hate mushrooms too.

LORELAI: [Giving a Kleenex to Rory] Oh, here you go. [To Sookie] You know, he called last week and made the first lunch reservation at the Dragonfly.

RORY: He did?

SOOKIE: Don't cancel it.

LORELAI: No, of course not. We'll save a seat for Stan.

RORY: [Choking up again] Save him a seat...

[Patty finishes singing, the rabbi now steps up to the platform]

RABBI: You'll find The Mourners' Kaddish on page 453. "May his illustrious name become increasingly great and holy..."

LORELAI: Hey, did you ever notice that in Stars Hollow death comes in fives?

RORY: Do not try to lighten the mood!

LORELAI: I'm not, it's true!

SOOKIE: It is?

LORELAI: Yeah, last year: Chester Thompson, Sarah Merrymen, Fran, and the Dublin twins.

SOOKIE: That's right.

LORELAI: Yeah, year before: Chuck O'Mishner, Santos Perez Jr, Santos Perez Sr -

SOOKIE: [Gasps] ...Perry Lewis and Charlie Slater, you're right!

LORELAI: And now, Pinochle Downs, Mr. Angelotopolous -

SOOKIE: Mrs. Krenz!

LORELAI: And Stan.

RORY: Wait a minute, that's only four.

LORELAI: It is only four.

SOOKIE: That means the fifth hasn't happened yet.

RABBI: Blessed, praised, glorified, exalted -

SOOKIE: Number five could be in this room right now.

LORELAI: Oh, no.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Hank Krutzman!

RORY: Hank Krutzman?

SOOKIE: Why would it be Hank Krutzman?

LORELAI: Because he's 110!

RORY: [In disbelief] Hank's 110?

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Why would you say that?

LORELAI: Because, that's the age you say when someone is really old.

RORY: I don't.

LORELAI: What age do you say?

RORY: I say the age they are, otherwise I would seem cruel and insensitive.

LORELAI: Fine, the point is he is very, very old.

RORY: Well that doesn't make him number five.

LORELAI: I don't know...

SOOKIE: Hank Krutzman. He was such a happy guy.

LORELAI: He had such a good life.

SOOKIE: He owned those horses.

LORELAI: He loved his golf.

RORY: Stop!

LORELAI: What?

RORY: You guys just eulogized Hank! He's not even dead yet.

RABBI: At this time, I would like to call up Stan's dear friend and fellow Rotary Club member, Reverend Skinner.

LORELAI: Ok, but if we do think it's Hank -

RORY: We don't think it's Hank.

SOOKIE: Why not?

RORY: Because if we think it's Hank, and then something happens and it turns out to be Hank, then we caused it.

LORELAI: She's right.

SOOKIE: It's not Hank.

RORY: So now, let's just focus on Stan because he's dead, and we had nothing to do with that.

LORELAI: Fine.

SOOKIE: Right.

REVEREND SKINNER: My good friend Stan Green lived here for 56 years. He loved this town and it's friendly people, charming stores and beautiful church bells. Now, many of you don't remember the

church bells. They fell into disrepair about 20 years ago and have been quiet ever since. But Stan remembered those bells, and it was his wish that they ring out over Stars Hollow once again, so he generously bequeathed the funds to make that dream come true. [The church whispers excitedly.] We're going to restore the bells in honor of our dear friend Stan, and every time they ring we'll think of him. He will be missed, but never forgotten.

RORY: [Crying into her Kleenex] Oh, Stan.

RABBI: Thank you, Reverend. [Shakes his hand] And now, please join us in saying goodbye at the cemetery.

[Everyone stands and makes their way to the door]

SOOKIE: That's so sweet.

LORELAI: Yeah, do you remember the bells?

SOOKIE: No, it was before my time.

LORELAI: Me too, sounds great.

MISS PATTY: Oh, they were fantastic. One of my most romantic memories happened during those bells.

RORY: Your first kiss?

MISS PATTY: Uh, sure. Oh-kay.

[Hank Krutzman stumbles and falls behind them]

LORELAI: Oh, no!

SOOKIE: Hank!

LORELAI: Okay. He's okay, he's okay.

RORY: Oh, thank god.

LORELAI: We are going to be very stressed out for the rest of Hank's life.

RORY: Serves us right for making him the fifth.

LORELAI: Hey, we did not make him the fifth, we do not have the power.

SOOKIE: Yeah, we just speculated.

LORELAI: Yeah, that was it, for all we know anyone could be the fifth.

SOOKIE: That's right, it could be anyone. I mean Taylor, or Reggie, or Andrew or Kirk.

[Kirk falls into the flowers and hits the ground]

KIRK: OW! Oh! Going dark, going dark!

LORELAI: We are the Witches of Eastwick.

[Opening Credits]

GILMORE GARAGE

[Lane's band is practicing. They are finishing a song.]

LANE: Yeah!

BRAIN: Perfect.

GIL: That middle-A drum roll was awesome!

LANE: So keep it?

GIL: Keep it!

LANE: Zach, you seem less than thrilled?

GIL: Yeah man, you look like my seven year old when she's all grumpy-puss.

ZACH: Look, far be it from me to complain -

BRIAN: Since when?

ZACH: Don't be a putz.

BRAIN: But you complain a lot.

ZACH: I just think we're a little too on the beat, that's all.

LANE: Too on the beat. That's crazy.

BRIAN: How can we be too on the beat?

LANE: We should be off the beat?

ZACH: Hey, fine, sorry I brought it up. Let's just play perfectly on the beat and add a laser show and a flute and be "prog" rock, if that's what you want.

LANE: We're just trying to figure out what you mean, Zach. So, we're too perfect?

ZACH: I think.

BRIAN: Are we practicing too much?

LANE: We don't practice too much, we're just good.

ZACH: I don't want to sound all fake and computerized, alright? I don't wanna be N*Sync.

GIL: [Slowly] N*Sync, what's that?

BRIAN: N*Sync is one of those sucky boy-bands.

GIL: Oh, I'm rock and roll, I don't know anything about boy-bands.

ZACH: I don't either, I've just read about them.

LANE: You read about N*Sync?

BRIAN: What are they, like a guilty pleasure for you or something?

GIL: Hey, if we're getting confessional and all, I kinda like Simon and Garfunkel.

LANE: I've always had this thing for Fleetwood Mac, I'm embarrassed to say.

BRIAN: [Shyly] Sarah McLachlan. [Puts a hand on Zachs shoulder.] So, N*Sync?

ZACH: [Shrugs off his hand] I'm not into N*Sync!. I just read a lot about music, and I've read about them, and I don't read, I skim!

GIL: Hey, as far as the beat goes, we can loosen things up a bit. I mean, I know I can.

ZACH: That's all I'm saying. A little more Stones, a little less Kraftwerk.

GIL: Well, are we takin' a break now? I gotta make a call.

LANE: Yeah, let's take a break. [Gil leaves] You're so mean to him.

ZACH: No, I'm not.

LANE: He knows exactly who you're talking about, and he's so nice.

BRIAN: Yeah, I mean he gets here early, he brings sandwiches from his shop.

ZACH: Never an Italian sub with pickles, which is what I like, I must say.

LANE: I would rather you gave me the hard time instead of Gil, since I'm the one who let him in the band.

ZACH: Hey, we all let him in, we're a democracy, we all let him in the band.

LANE: Fine, we all let him in, so we should all remember that.

[Gil runs into the garage]

GIL: You guys are not going to believe this, not in a million years.

LANE: Xander win a soccer match?

GIL: No, that's at 4:00 tomorrow. We, the band, are booked ... at CBGB's.

ZACH: We're what?

GIL: Dude, we have a gig at CBGB's.

LANE: CBGB's in New York?

GIL: No, in Hackensack. Joke, dudes, the one in New York.

LANE: Oh My God!

ZACH: Gil, come on, are you serious?

GIL: Dude, I am always serious about rock and roll.

LANE: How did this happen?

GIL: My buddy Pete works sound there? I got him a tape, he slipped it to the booker, and BAM, we're in.

LANE: Holy bam!

BRIAN: I need my inhaler.

GIL: Now, it's not a great slot; It's 1:00 on a Tuesday night.

LANE: Who cares? It's CBGB's!

BRIAN: The Ramones started there!

ZACH: Wow.

LANE: Blondie, Sonic Youth, Television, Talking Heads...the list goes on and on.

GIL: I said yes. It's okay to say yes? [Lane looks at him in disbelief before grabbing and hugging him] I guess it's okay...

BRAIN: [Puffs his inhaler and gives Gil a thumbs up.]

STARS HOLLOW TOWN SQUARE

[The ground is covered in snow, and children make snowmen and snow angels as Lorelai and Rory walk along the sidewalk.]

LORELAI: Sure is pretty, isn't it?

RORY: Yes, it is.

LORELAI: I love the first snow of the year.

RORY: I know, me too, although this isn't actually the first snow of the year.

LORELAI: It isn't?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: What happened to the first snow of the year?

RORY: I had a philosophy final.

LORELAI: Oh, right.

RORY: And the second snow of the season was on Wednesday.

LORELAI: Yeah, I had my walkthrough of the inn.

RORY: So, actually this is the third snow of the season.

LORELAI: Fourth, the third was on Saturday.

RORY: It was? Why didn't you call me?

LORELAI: Because, it happened in the middle of the night.

RORY: Well, you still could have called me.

LORELAI: In the middle of the night?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: You wanted me to call you, at Yale, in the middle of the night so I could say, "Hey, drive 20 miles to stand in the snow with Mommy?"

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: And then take the craziest mother-daughter title from Judy and Liza.

RORY: So fourth snow of the season.

LORELAI: Yup.

RORY: Still pretty.

LORELAI: Yes, we are. [The bells begin to ring from the church.] The bells, they fixed the bells.

RORY: Oh, Stan.

[Reverend Skinner looks up from the church stairs. People emerge from stores and children stop playing to listen. As the bells finish, people applaud.]

LORELAI: See, if we had taken our traditional "first snow of the season" walk, we wouldn't have heard the bells.

RORY: Bless our oppressive schedules. I have to go drop something off at Lane's.

LORELAI: Good, 'cause I have to go drop something off at Luke's. [Begins to cross the street]

RORY: What?

LORELAI: [Turns around.] I'm just dropping off some stuff, and a few things and -

RORY: Mom?

LORELAI: I need coffee.

RORY: I'll meet you there.

LORELAI: Hurry, we can come back out for the bells in half an hour.

RORY: Order me some coffee, a muffin and some onion rings.

LORELAI: Look what I pass on to the next generation.

RORY: Eating habits from Hades.

LORELAI: [Calling after her] Love that DNA!

KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Lane and other students from the Adventist College sit in chairs in a small circle]

MARLA: Pursue an interview with a distinguished leader with great influence on the community state or nation.

LANE: Well, that sounds like it should be interesting. Who should we interview? [Jordan raises a finger] Oh, Jordan!

JORDAN: Pastor Cho is available.

LANE: Yes! [Mock enthusiasm] Pastor Cho would be interesting and ...convenient since his house is right on campus, so okay, good option in Pastor Cho. Any other suggestions?

ANDY: [Eagerly] Assistant Pastor Eric?

LANE: Yes. Assistant Pastor Eric, also a fine idea, he lives next door to Pastor Cho. Would anyone like to think outside the clergy?

MARLA: Why?

JORDAN: Pastor Cho did it last year.

MARLA: Pastor Cho does it every year.

LANE: So then perhaps Pastor Cho might like a rest?

ANDY: Then it would be Assistant Pastor Eric!

LANE: Hey, I have an idea. How about we send a letter to Bill Clinton. It's probably be a long shot, but you never know!

MARLA: Bill Clinton?

LANE: Yeah!

JORDAN: But Pastor Cho is expecting our call.

ANDY: Unless he's sick, in which case it would be Assistant Pastor Eric!

LANE: Yes, but I -

MRS. KIM.: Lane! Rory is here to see you.

[Rory stands near the door with a large book in her arms]

LANE: Rory! Hi, and bless you.

RORY: Lane! Hi and ... thank you.

LANE: Rory, this is Andy, Sarah, Jill, Marla and Jordan.

RORY: Nice to meet you all. I didn't mean to interrupt, I just wanted to return your book and get another one.

LANE: Oh, of course. [To Mrs. Kim] I'll be right back

MRS. KIM: Please hurry, the tea is almost ready.

LANE: I will.

[Enters her room and Rory follows.]

LANE: So, how did you like it?

[Rory opens the book to reveal a hollow space where a CD is hidden.]

RORY: It's great, I burned a copy for my Mom.

LANE: You know, its people like you who are destroying the music industry!

RORY: Oh, now. Britney's gotta shoulder some of the blame.

[Lane opens up one of her floorboards]

LANE: Let me see. How about The New Pornographers?

RORY: Sold. [Lane hands her a CD, and Lane opens another floorboard to return the CD Rory borrowed] So, it's quite a lively bunch you got down there.

LANE: Oh yeah, I'm kind of worried, all of those breakables.

RORY: What are you working on?

LANE: Oh, the usual: how to avoid any contact with the outside world.

RORY: Hmm, those guys must really be screwing up the curve.

LANE: Yes, it's annoying.

RORY: Everyday?

LANE: Yes, but I could care less because today, all I can think about is the gig! I mean, I can't believe it! I'm actually going to be on stage at [high pitched] CBGBs!

RORY: I know, but how are you going to [high pitched] get there?

LANE: Oh, I will get there. As we speak, I am working on the perfect alibi.

RORY: Oh, what do ya got so far?

LANE: [motions for Rory to sit] Mama, may I run something past you? That's it.

RORY: I like it.

LANE: Yeah, so I was originally gonna start with "Can I run something past you," but I thought the may I added a certain level of respect.

RORY: I agree. However, you now need to add an excuse.

LANE: [pacing] I've come up with lots of, you know, mid-afternoon and evening alibis, but so far no 1:00 AM alibis.

RORY: You can always tell your Mom that you're sleeping over at my dorm.

LANE: She knows they're co-ed. By the way, she's praying for you. So, you wanna borrow the new Sparks?

RORY: Please! Oh, now how about this? Tell your Mom that you're taking an astronomy class, and you have to go on a field trip to look at the stars.

LANE: There are no astronomy classes at Adventist College. That would imply the universe is old.

RORY: Not a lot of loopholes in your world, huh?

LANE: It's okay, I'll come up with something. My entire life has been a training session for this very event.

RORY: I have faith in you.

LANE: Thank you.

[They head to the door. Lane stops Rory.]

LANE: Wait! [Lane takes out a new book cover to make it look like Rory has borrowed a new book]

RORY: Oop! Getting a little sloppy, there.

[They get the cover on the book when the door bursts open.]

MRS. KIM: Lane! Your classmates are waiting.

LANE: Sorry, Mama.

RORY: Um, well, I gotta go. Thank you for the book. Bye, Mrs. Kim.

MRS. KIM: Wait! [Rory stops. Mrs. Kim takes the book and looks at the cover] "Jane -- One woman's harrowing journey to God." Good choice!

RORY: Thank you, ma'am. [Hurries out]

YALE

[Rory and Paris are walking through the hallways]

PARIS: Smart move, jumping on my bandwagon with the International Relations Association.

RORY: Like I had a choice.

PARIS: What?

RORY: You dragged me here, Paris.

PARIS: You'll thank me when you're interviewing for grad school in a few years and find those

waifish looks of yours aren't quite as charming.

RORY: Whatever that means.

PARIS: It means these kind of clubs look good on your resumé.

RORY: You know what also looks good on a resumé? Passing your classes.

PARIS: No one studies more than you do, you're fine. Now, remember to argue, even if you have nothing to say, or add, be vocal. Very few people in life listen to what anyone else says anyhow. It's all about volume.

RORY: Can I ask why you're suddenly so interested in international relations? You're pre-med.

PARIS: It's critical to step out of one's major and experience our world's sweeping expanse. Plus, a certain fellow told me about it.

RORY: Okay, enough with that.

PARIS: [Looks at the advisor for the discussion] Oh, this is too much. [She signs her name to a clipboard.]

RORY: What?

PARIS: Our advisor, Professor Friedman.

RORY: You know her? [Rory signs as well]

PARIS: Of her. Her daughter was busted last spring by New Haven police for growing pot in their basement, right during harvest season. Strangely, it never made the papers.

RORY: Then how do you know about it?

PARIS: A certain fellow told me.

RORY: I have got to stop asking questions.

[They walk around the table. Rory looks over and sees the guy she asked out for coffee in the laundry room enter. Rory looks at him, but he catches her eye and she quickly looks away, embarrassed.]

LUKE'S DINER

[Kirk is sitting at one end of the counter while Luke is leaning over the counter at the opposite side, looking at some papers.]

KIRK: Luke?

LUKE: [Irritated] Yeah, Kirk.

KIRK: What time is it?

LUKE: I'm not saying, Kirk.

KIRK: Why not?

LUKE: Because I just told you 30 seconds ago!

KIRK: More like 45 seconds if you add in all the bickering.

LUKE: [Sighs] 3:58.

KIRK: Only two minutes until the bells.

LUKE: Unless of course, I'm fast.

KIRK: You're cruel at times, Luke.

LUKE: Only when poked with a stick.

[Lorelai walks in and sits at a stool.]

LORELAI: Coffee, big cup and hello!

KIRK: Lorelai, what time do you have?

LUKE: Do not tell him. He already knows.

KIRK: I do not!

LUKE: If you just wait for the bells, then you'll get to hear the bells, and then you'll know what time it is.

KIRK: Actually, that's not true. The other day I stood too close to the bells and they rang so loud that there's now a persistent ringing in my ears. Now I can't tell which are the church bells and which are the Kirk bells.

LORELAI: [Mock concern] Oh, no. Did you go to the doctor?

KIRK: Yes, he said I have tinnitus. I looked it up on the web at "Celebrities Who Share Your Disease" and found that William Shatner is likewise afflicted.

LORELAI: Really, Kirk and Captain Kirk?

KIRK: The irony wasn't lost on me. [He hears Luke place two plates onto a table. Looking up,] Was that them?

LUKE: Relax, the church bells will be the loud obnoxious ones. [Walks behind the counter.]

LORELAI: Uhp somebody doesn't like bells.

LUKE: Not everyone likes bells.

LORELAI: No, actually they do.

LUKE: They enjoy the constant interruptions of conversations, the monotonous drone of the same tones, hour after hour?

LORELAI: Yes! Can you believe it? These are the same freaks who also like sunsets and the moon and the stars ... [Sees Luke ruffling through the papers again.] What are the paint chips for?

LUKE: Oh, I'm just doing some painting.

LORELAI: Oh, really? You're not gonna collect and trade them amongst your friends? What are you painting?

LUKE: Um, our apartment.

LORELAI: You and I, we're getting an apartment?

LUKE: No. Me and Nicole. We're getting an apartment.

LORELAI: [pause] Oh! That's great. When?

LUKE: When what?

LORELAI: Well, when are you getting an apartment?

LUKE: Three weeks ago.

LORELAI: Three weeks ... You moved already?

LUKE: Yes.

LORELAI: Huh. Uh, wow. So, where is the apartment?

LUKE: Litchfield. [Walks around the counter]

LORELAI: [Taken aback] You moved to Litchfield?

LUKE: Yes.

LORELAI: [Turning to face him] Three weeks ago you moved to Litchfield?

LUKE: Yes.

LORELAI: Litchfield is another county.

LUKE: Yes.

LORELAI: Well, [sighs as she turns again and he goes behind the counter.] Three weeks ago you moved to another county?

LUKE: Yes.

LORELAI: Well, were you gonna mention this to me anytime soon?

LUKE: Sure.

LORELAI: When?

LUKE: When it came up.

LORELAI: When it came up.

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Okay, so if I hadn't asked for the next twenty or thirty years and I sent you a nice fruit

basket upstairs you just never would have gotten it.

LUKE: It's not that big a deal.

LORELAI: Okay.

LUKE: I mean it's not like we tell each other everything.

LORELAI: No! Of course we don't! I mean, I tore a pair of panty hose this morning and I didn't tell you about it. Oh wait, I guess I just did.

LUKE: Hey, you know now, right?

LORELAI: Yeah. Right.

LUKE: Look, nothing's changed.

LORELAI: Yeah nothing's changed, except you don't live here!

LUKE: So what?

LORELAI: So? I don't even have your phone number.

LUKE: I'll give you my phone number.

LORELAI: I don't even know what you live in! An apartment, a trailer, a batcave -

LUKE: A townhouse.

LORELAI: A townhouse? Sure, 'cause when I look at you I think "common driveway".

LUKE: It's fine, you'll come over and see it eventually.

LORELAI: Will I? Will I come over, because me coming over implies we're friends!

LUKE: We are friends!

LORELAI: No, we're not! We're not friends! Friends tell each other at least the most basic things like where you live and when you moved away. I thought we were friends but I guess we're not! [Stands and reaches for her coat.]

LUKE: Where are you going?

LORELAI: I can't stay! [Leaves]

LUKE: [Calling after her] Lorelai! [The bells ring.] Damn bells!

YALE

[Rory and two other girls sit around a coffee table as one girl sorts through a box.]

GIRL: Oh! This is the tragedy that results when your mom goes out of town leaving your dad in charge of the care package.

RORY: [Looking at a can] Cling peaches in light syrup.

GIRL: They make Rice Krispies Treats in foil packs now, how hard is that?

RORY: Oh, hey, want your smile back? [Holding up a package] Pork Top Ramen.

GIRL: For that, you share your care package.

RORY: Fine. My mom doesn't bake but she knows people who do.

GIRL #2: [Holding the ramen] This makes great packing material...

GIRL: Look, look, look. The guy over by the vending machine.

[Pan to the laundry room guy pouring himself coffee]

GIRL #2: Two thumbs up!

GIRL: That is my friend Josh's roommate, William.

GIRL #2: [Fanning herself] Ah! Hello your highness.

GIRL: I'm seriously debating a move here.

GIRL #2: Nakedness tends to work.

GIRL: I met him at this party this weekend. He's pretty cool - and funny! He tells this story about a girl in this dorm. She doesn't even know him, she just comes up to him and starts talking to him, and he's talking to her, you know, just to be nice, but she thinks he's into her or something, so like three seconds later she asks him out. [Rory begins to look uncomfortable] Of course he said no. But I guess to her no doesn't mean 'no', so now she's showing up everywhere he is. He calls her his "adoring fan."

GIRL #2: Did he say who it was?

GIRL: Someone cranked up the karaoke machine right at that moment so no, no names. But his impression of her asking him out, all flitty eyelashes and 'look how hot I am' is hilarious. [Rory is looking very uncomfortable now.]

GIRL #2: Oooh, intrigue. Psycho girl in the dorm. I wonder who it can be?

GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Sookie and Lorelai sit on the couch. Sookie is flipping through decorating magazines.]

SOOKIE: So, now that he lives in Litchfield, what's that supposed to mean?

LORELAI: According to Luke, nothing!

SOOKIE: But what about the diner?

LORELAI: Oh, he said the diner's fine, everything's fine!

SOOKIE: And he's gonna continue working here even though he's living there?

LORELAI: Yes, apparently he'll go from being grumpy Luke to grumpy-commuter Luke.

SOOKIE: Luke plus road-rage, there's a healthy combination. Ooh! [Holding out magazine] What do

you think of that scone?

LORELAI: Oh, it's too British. I swear, that guy should work for the CIA. He gives away nothing, absolutely nothing!

SOOKIE: I have friends there.

LORELAI: What? Where?

SOOKIE: The CIA.

LORELAI: [laughs] No, you don't.

SOOKIE: Yes, I - Ah, you didn't mean the Culinary Institute of America?

LORELAI: No.

SOOKIE: Okay, then. Oh! [Holding out magazine] What about this?

LORELAI: No, too Spanish. Three weeks he's been living there! Three weeks, and not a single word, and he looked at me like I was completely insane to be upset.

SOOKIE: What about this one?

LORELAI: Too German.

SOOKIE: How can a scone be too German?

LORELAI: It's shaped like an knockwurst.

SOOKIE: It is not. Oh, it is. Why would they do that?

LORELAI: Maybe I am insane, I mean what's the big deal right? Just because I go in there for coffee every day that doesn't make us friends.

SOOKIE: You are friends!

LORELAI: Yes, but I thought we were 'friend' friends, and apparently we're just coffee friends. I buy the coffee and he's my friend. It's like a dog and a liver treat. If you have a liver treat, the dog will like you and, that's us.

SOOKIE: Which one are you, the dog or the liver treat?

LORELAI: Well, I was the liver treat, and I thought I was a collar or at least a really cute leash and I'm not.

SOOKIE: I wanna chime in and be supportive, but I don't know what you're talking about.

LORELAI: I'm talking about nothing, nevermind.

[Davie begins to cry.]

SOOKIE: Oh. I'm coming, Cookie.

LORELAI: What's the matter, is he hungry?

SOOKIE: No, it's the bells.

LORELAI: The bells aren't ringing.

SOOKIE: No, but they're about to.

LORELAI: He's crying in anticipation of the bells?

SOOKIE: He hates them. At first he just cried when they rang, and now he knows their schedule.

LORELAI: Oh, that's terrible!

SOOKIE: Believe me, the 5:00 AM-ers are the worst.

[The bells begin to ring]

SOOKIE: Oh, oh, I know.

LORELAI: Poor thing. [Looking to the window] Hey, Sookie. [Walking to the window] Look, it's Luke.

SOOKIE: What's he doing?

[Luke is outside on her front path shovelling snow]

LORELAI: Hmph, he's shovelling my walk. [smiles]

SOOKIE: He's good.

LORELAI: I'll be right back.

OUTSIDE GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai walks out the front door, pulling on her jacket.]

LORELAI: Oh, you missed a spot. [Luke doesn't stop shovelling] This is really nice Luke. Hey, can we fight again 'cause I need my rain gutters cleaned.

LUKE: [Stops shovelling and walks up to the foot of the stairs.] You think everything is your business. Everything is about you! Well, here's a newsflash. Some things are not about you.

LORELAI: Why are you yelling at me?

LUKE: If I want to move in with Nicole, it concerns her and it concerns me, and that is it.

LORELAI: Yeah, I know.

LUKE: It does not concern you! It is none of your business! I don't have to tell you anything! And you do not have the right to make me feel guilty because I didn't tell you anything.

LORELAI: I wasn't trying -

LUKE: I have been tying my own shoes since I was I was four, I have repairing my own car since I was fourteen, and I have been making my own decisions since I could crawl!

LORELAI: What does any of that have to do with anything?

LUKE: I owe you nothing!

LORELAI: Fine.

LUKE: Nothing!

LORELAI: Fine!

LUKE: And shovel your walk! It is a safety hazard and you can't just walk past it and ignore the fact that the snow is up to your ass!

LORELAI: You've got my shovel!

LUKE: [Holding up the shovel] I loaned it to you three years ago!

[Luke stomps off and Lorelai goes into the house]

INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS ASSOCIATION

[Rory, Paris, William the laundry room guy and other students all sit around a table]

PARIS: When you boil it down, isn't the whole Israeli-Palestinian problem a case of sibling rivalry?

FRIEDMAN: Follow up?

PARIS: The Old Testament, it's all there. Israelis are descendents of Abraham and Sarah. Arabs are descendents of Abraham and his maid Hagar. So Israelis and Arabs both have the same dad, and both want the great nation God promised Abraham. They might as well be fighting over who gets the TV remote. [Rory drops her pencil and it roll in from of William. He picks it up.]

FRIEDMAN: Your Biblical facts are correct, Paris, but your arguments disregard the complexities of the last 4000 years. I know research takes time.

PARIS: At least I don't have to worry about Cheech growing Thai stick in the rec room.

FRIEDMAN: What?

PARIS: Nothing.

FRIEDMAN: Okay. Anyone else?

WILLIAM: It's just a power struggle, nothing mysterious.

FRIEDMAN: Follow up?

WILLIAM: Who wins in this game? And in whose best interest is it to keep the kids fighting?

RORY: Right, like they're some all powerful entity, manipulating the entire population of Israel. There's a good thought process for you.

WILLIAM: Excuse me?

RORY: It's more complex than that.

WILLIAM: But if you disregard power -

RORY: That's not what I said. Maybe if you sat up straight for a minute you could hear a little more clearly.

FRIEDMAN: Decorum, people.

RORY: Israel is made up of over 6 million individuals, each with a unique view on the situation. You know something about a unique view of a situation, don't you?

WILLIAM: I guess -

RORY: Because propaganda and the spreading of blatant, heinous, ridiculous lies can cause more damage than g*ns or bombs or any sort of weaponry.

WILLIAM: Personally, if I'm in an alley with Osama, I'd rather he was armed with a blatant, heinous lie than an U*i.

RORY: That's cause you're an idiot.

WILLIAM: You know, you didn't look scary when you came in here.

RORY: Oh yeah, give me back my pencil. [He throws the pencil in front of her.]

FRIEDMAN: Okay, you two. Let's take a cooling off period and hear from someone else. Sarah, your thoughts on this.

GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Night, Lorelai lies on the couch talking to Rory on the phone, who is lying in bed studying at Yale]

LORELAI: I'm starving.

RORY: Order a pizza.

LORELAI: No, it's snowing, they won't deliver.

RORY: Then go to Al's.

LORELAI: It's curry night!

RORY: China Charlie's sounds pretty good.

LORELAI: I hate Chinese.

RORY: Since when?

LORELAI: Since tonight!

RORY: You're acting like a four year old.

LORELAI: I don't care, I'm bored.

RORY: This is stupid, just go to Luke's.

LORELAI: No. Way.

RORY: Oh, come on, you guys always fight.

LORELAI: Not like this.

RORY: And then you make up.

LORELAI: No, I'm not going to Luke's.

RORY: You're gonna starve to death.

LORELAI: Well fine, I will starve to death, because I'm not going to reward bad behavior.

RORY: Is there something in the fridge?

LORELAI: Nothing edible.

RORY: There's Beefaroni. You like Beefaroni.

LORELAI: I'm not in the mood for Beefaroni.

RORY: Mom, you have to do something.

LORELAI: I need a suggestion.

RORY: Have you read The Bell Jar?

LORELAI: Huh! Not funny!

RORY: Okay, you know what, you're on your own.

LORELAI: No, no! Come on!

RORY: I have to study and you're in your stubborn mood.

LORELAI: Hey! I sat up with you all night when you had the chicken pox. I held your hands so that you couldn't scratch your face and scar your perfect skin. You look that way because of me.

RORY: Night, mom.

LORELAI: But, ah, the chicken pox!

RORY: Beefaroni, it's calling you!

[Rory hangs up. Lorelai scoffs.]

STARS HOLLOW, NIGHT

[The bells ring the hour as Lorelai walks past Doose's Market, which displays sales on earplugs and aspirin. Two people walk by her and shout out, "Shut up!" Patty is teaching a class.]

MISS PATTY: [claping] One, and two, and three and four. Ignore the bells, they aren't the beat. The bells will screw, it all to hell.

[Lorelai looks into Luke's diner and sees Luke disappear behind the curtain with a box]

MISS PATTY: And one, and two, and three, and four... [The bells stop.] and ... one... and two and three and four...

[Lorelai walks into Luke's diner and as the bells jingle, Luke steps back out from the curtain. He folds his arms when he sees Lorelai and she walks towards him.]

LORELAI: You want to help me break the bells?

LUKE: I'll get my toolbox.

[Luke goes upstairs, Lorelai gets a donut and follows him.]

LUKE'S APARTMENT

[They both walk in]

LUKE: I'll just be a sec.

LORELAI: 'Kay.

[Luke walks away for a second. Lorelai looks around quizzically as she notices that all of his belongings are still in the apartment. There are even dirty dishes in the sink and on the table, and his bed in the corner is not made. Lorelai walks over to Luke, who has just gotten his toolbox out of the closet.]

LUKE: Got it, let's go. [Walks to the door]

LORELAI: Right behind you.

CBGBs

[Lane and the rest of the band are in a back room waiting to go on. Lane is drumming on the walls as she walks around. She drums on Zach's lap.]

ZACH: Hey!

LANE: Sorry, Zach, anything immobile is fair game. [To Gil] I'm so hyped.

GIL: Me too.

LANE: Did you find Blondie anywhere?

GIL: No, I think they repainted at some point.

LANE: Repainting is so not rock and roll! [As Zach walks by, she drums on his back.]

ZACH: [Turning on her] You have seriously gotta stop that.

LANE: Sue me.

GIL: [Pointing to the wall] Hey, here are The Strokes!

ZACH: Yawn. [To Brian.] Hey, you almost done, you've been tuning for a half hour.

BRIAN: [Holding a guitar.] Almost. Geez, I'm nervous.

ZACH: Yeah, you're shaking like the Pope.

BRIAN: [Handing him the guitar.] You do it for me.

ZACH: Fine.

BRIAN: So, do we get to sign the wall?

LANE: Oh, we are signing the wall! It's the whole reason to be in the band, that and the loose chicks.

GIL: [Pointing to the wall.] Here are The Strokes again!

ZACH: Yeah, they're over there too.

BRIAN: Man, they're overexposed, even on walls. [Puffs his inhaler]

[Darryl wearing a CBGB's shirt and carrying a clipboard enters.]

DARRYL: Hey guys, uh, bad news. I'm gonna have to bump you.

LANE: [Running up.] What?

BRIAN: What does that mean?

DARRYL: Uh, it means you're bumped. You're not playing. We'll reschedule, okay?

GIL: Drag!

ZACH: I guess I can stop tuning.

LANE: No, no, don't stop tuning. I don't get this, why are we being bumped?

DARRYL: Well, there's like two people out in the audience and they're born again or something, and they're not even drinking.

LANE: Well, I'll get 'em drinking, I'm very good at working around religious mandates.

BRIAN: Older couple?

DARRYL: Yeah.

BRIAN: That's my parents. They don't drink.

LANE: We'll just play for Brian's parents, that's fine with us.

ZACH: This is unbelievable!

GIL: Look guys, it happens.

LANE: I'm sorry, we're playing tonight.

GIL: To an empty room.

LANE: Every band plays to empty rooms at some point. They can be the most classic gigs.

DARRYL: Look, I've already sent people home. The doorman, the waitresses-

LANE: You don't need them, there's no one out there.

DARRYL: The sound guy.

LANE: We don't need sound!

DARRYL: Look, it's not up to you. We'll reschedule, okay?

ZACH: [To Gil] Nice goin', dude.

BRIAN: Don't dump on Gil!

LANE: [Catching Darryl before he leaves.] Excuse me, we're not done.

DARRYL: Oh, I think we are.

LANE: No, we are not just little gnats that you can flick away. We are professionals and some of us have gone through a lot of trouble to be here tonight, a lot of trouble.

DARRYL: Well, then you have a lot of my sympathies. [He leaves] I need a cigarette.

LANE: [Screaming after him] Get cancer, Darryl!

GIL: Wow, Lane! Come on, you gotta roll with the punches.

LANE: No, we have to play tonight.

GIL: We can't!

LANE: [Sees the guys packing up their stuff] What are you doing?

BRIAN: Packing up?

LANE: Just because Darryl said to?

BRIAN: He's the booker.

LANE: No, he's the man, and rock and roll is about saying no to the man!

ZACH: This is a lot of trouble for nothing!

LANE: Guys!

GIL: I said I'm sorry!

BRIAN: It's not Gil's fault!

ZACH: Then whose is it?

GIL: Look, you gotta roll with the punches too, Zach.

ZACH: [To Brian] You just stepped on my guitar!

BRIAN: I didn't see it.

ZACH: What are you blind?

BRIAN: Pretty much.

GIL: Dude, get it together.

ZACH: I cannot believe that your parents don't drink.

[Lane is wringing her hands and looking very worried.]

STARS HOLLOW, NIGHT

[Lorelai and Luke walk up to the church. Lorelai tries the door but it is locked.]

LORELAI: [Gasp] What, they lock the door to a church, are they serious? What if I need to do something holy?

LUKE: Like commit vandalism?

LORELAI: Even she's sick of hearing the damn bells.

LUKE: I'm gonna have to break the lock

LORELAI: No wait. [Gets out her wallet]

LUKE: What are you doing?

LORELAI: All those years of watching Hart to Hart are about to pay off.

LUKE: What is that?

LORELAI: It's my gym card.

LUKE: You joined a gym?

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: When?

LORELAI: After I had Rory, to lose the pregnancy weight.

LUKE: Did you go?

LORELAI: God, no. I was way too fat. [Manages to unlock the door with the card] Ah, praise be to Him and all the little lambs that frolic the earth with their frankincense and myrrh and -

LUKE: Would you get inside?

LORELAI: Okay.

STARS HOLLOW CHURCH

[The church is in darkness as Lorelai and Luke walk up the aisle.]

LORELAI: Oy! Would it k*ll God to dust?

LUKE: Okay, now just hold the flashlight, do not do any moving spotlight gags and point it at me and yell "Freeze, drop your weapons."

LORELAI: [laughs] How about if I shine it on the wall and do a dirty hand puppet show?

LUKE: Just stand back so the lightning only strikes you.

LORELAI: So, what's the game plan here? Personally, I thought we could whack the bells really hard with a hammer.

LUKE: Uh, you don't break bells with a hammer.

LORELAI: Okay, I'm out. What's your plan, Clyde?

LUKE: Well, I was thinking we could just jam the turnbuckle, or wedge the main mechanism, just for fun disconnect a few of the clappers; Contrary to popular belief you don't have to break every bell. If you just damage a couple, say the tierce and the prime, you pretty much ruin the set.

LORELAI: You must have been the top of your class at hunchback school.

LUKE: Well, let's just say you can wait your whole life waiting for bells to fall into disrepair. Sometimes they need a push.

LORELAI: No way! You broke the bells.

LUKE: You're welcome. It's a little narrow up there, so we should just take the tools that we need, leave the toolbox down here.

LORELAI: God, these things are heavy. Don't you have a smaller toolbox?

LUKE: No, why would I have two toolboxes?

LORELAI: 'Cause then you'd have a big one and a small one.

LUKE: Well, if you have a big one you don't need a small one. [Lorelai opens her mouth to speak] Don't say 'dirty', it's too easy. Hold these. [Gives her tools]

LORELAI: So, um, why wasn't your toolbox at your new place?

LUKE: I needed it here.

LORELAI: Huh. Usually moving requires lots of tools; hanging things, putting things together.

LUKE: Nicole hired a professional picture-hanger and we didn't have anything to put together. Hand me a screwdriver.

LORELAI: Phillips or flathead? [Luke looks at her in surprise] I know things.

LUKE: Phillips. [She hands it to him and Luke smiles.]

LORELAI: Luke, how come you told me you moved?

LUKE: I did move.

LORELAI: Well, you may have moved, but none of your stuff did.

LUKE: What are you talking about? Uh, hand me the open-ended wrench.

LORELAI: Luke, I was in your apartment. It's exactly the same.

LUKE: No, it's not.

LORELAI: I just think it's weird you're pretending you moved when you didn't.

LUKE: [Stopping working] I did move.

LORELAI: Luke, your bed wasn't even made.

LUKE: So?

LORELAI: There were dishes in the sink, some kind of shake in the blender, Mega-Man protein powder on the counter. Remind me to mock you for that later, by the way.

LUKE: Can we talk about something else? Or better yet, let's not talk and just get this done.

LORELAI: Does Nicole think you moved?

LUKE: Of course she thinks I moved, I did move.

LORELAI: Do you sleep there?

LUKE: Of course I sleep there.

LORELAI: When was the last time you slept there?

LUKE: I live there.

LORELAI: So, last night?

LUKE: I had an early delivery and it didn't make sense to sleep there.

LORELAI: The day before?

LUKE: I was there for dinner.

LORELAI: And after dinner?

LUKE: Nicole was getting a sore throat so it made sense to go back to my place and not get sick.

LORELAI: Your place?

LUKE: My old place.

LORELAI: You didn't say your old place, you said your place.

LUKE: Well, I meant my old place.

LORELAI: Luke, you don't live with Nicole.

LUKE: Yes, I do.

LORELAI: You watch her TV, you eat her food, you keep stuff in a duffel bag at her house; you're a rude guest, not her boyfriend!

LUKE: Husband.

LORELAI: Whole other discussion.

LUKE: You know what, you're doing it again.

LORELAI: Doing what again?

LUKE: You're passing judgment on my relationship with Nicole.

LORELAI: I'm not passing judgment.

LUKE: You passed judgment on our marriage, you passed judgment on our divorce and now you're passing judgment on our living together.

LORELAI: I'm not passing judgment on you living together. You're passing judgment on you living together... by not living together.

LUKE: You know, I was a little tipsy on that cruise ship, but I don't remember anyone pronouncing us husband and wife and Lorelai.

LORELAI: Well, they may as well have, because I spend as much time with Nicole as you do.

LUKE: And the judgment's back!

LORELAI: I could move in with you guys. You wouldn't know.

LUKE: You know, none of this is any of your business.

LORELAI: It's absolutely my business.

LUKE: How?

LORELAI: Because! I wasted a week of my life adjusting to the idea that you had moved only to find out that you haven't moved.

LUKE: How much adjusting did you have to do? Nothing's changed! I still see you everyday, I still cook your food, I still serve your coffee. What do you care?

LORELAI: I care.

LUKE: Why?

LORELAI: Because I don't want you to move.

LUKE: Why? Why don't you want me to move?

[Lorelai stares at him for a second, but a door opens behind them and Lorelai and Luke lower their heads guiltily. Reverend Skinner walks in.]

REVEREND: Lorelai? Luke? [Sees the tools.] Oh, thank God! Carry on.

[He leaves.]

YALE

[There is a knock on Rory's dorm door.]

RORY: Paris! It's 4:00 in the morning! [She opens the door and finds Lane standing there.]

LANE: Hi.

RORY: What are you doing here?

LANE: Well, funny you should ask, because I didn't know what to do and you always seem to know what to do, so I thought I'd drop by and ask you what to do.

RORY: About what?

LANE: I didn't come up with one.

RORY: One what?

LANE: One alibi.

RORY: What?

LANE: I couldn't think of anything! [She sits down]

RORY: Lane!

LANE: I swear, I tried, but nothing I came up with sounded like she would believe it so I just left.

RORY: What do you mean you just left?

LANE: I mean I waited until she went to bed, which was about 9:15, and then I left.

RORY: You didn't leave a note?

LANE: No.

RORY: You didn't call?

LANE: I don't even think I locked the door behind me.

RORY: Lane, this is bad.

LANE: I know, but I couldn't miss the gig, Rory. I mean it was CBGB's! I had to go and she wouldn't let me go. [Rory gets up and goes into her room.] Where are you going?

RORY: You have to call your mom.

LANE: No way.

RORY: [Handing her the phone.] Lane, she could be freaking out right now.

LANE: I can't tell her. I can't call her.

RORY: Well, what are you gonna do, just never go home again?

LANE: You say that like it's a bad thing.

RORY: It is a bad thing, a really bad thing!

LANE: I can't talk to her.

RORY: Fine. [Rory dials a number.] Who are you calling?

[Lorelai is sleeping and slaps the phone as it rings. She picks it up and hold it to her ear.]

LORELAI: I hate you.

RORY: Mom, are you awake?

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Could you be awake?

LORELAI: What's the matter?

RORY: Lane's here.

LORELAI: What? Why?

RORY: She snuck out of her house tonight, and she's scared to go home.

LORELAI: She snuck out?

RORY: She had something to do with the band.

LORELAI: Urgh! She snuck out!

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Bye.

RORY: What are you doing?

LORELAI: I'm calling Mrs. Kim.

RORY: Mom, no.

LORELAI: Rory, if I woke up and you weren't there, I would have a friggin' heart attack. Now keep Lane there and tell her I am pissed as hell at her. Goodbye. [Hangs up. She dials a new number.]

MRS. KIM: Hello?

LORELAI: Hello, Mrs. Kim, it's Lorelai Gilmore. I am so sorry to be calling so late and, um, I don't know if you know this or not, but Lane isn't there.

MRS. KIM: [She's at home. There are firemen and a group of people praying in a circle with candles behind her.] Where is she?

LORELAI: Well, she went out tonight, and I think she was just scared to tell you about it, but she is fine. She's with Rory at Yale and they're safe and they promise to stay put.

MRS. KIM: Give me the address!

LORELAI: 198 Elm Street, Durfee Hall, suite five. Do you need directions?

MRS. KIM: I have a navigational system.

LORELAI: Okay, well, call me if you need anything. [Mrs. Kim hangs up.]

STARS HOLLOW, NIGHT

[Mrs. Kim drives in the snow, and stops outside Luke's when she sees him coming outside. Luke has just gotten a shipment of bread from a man. She gets out of her car.]

MRS. KIM: Luke!

LUKE: Hey, Mrs. Kim. You're up early.

MRS. KIM: I just want to tell you that Lane will not be coming to work today.

LUKE: Oh, yeah. Yeah, I know.

MRS. KIM: You know?

LUKE: Yeah, she called.

MRS. KIM: She called?

LUKE: Twice. She left a message last night and she called again a minute ago just to make sure I got it. I tell you, that is one responsible kid.

MRS. KIM: She called you?

LUKE: Twice.

MRS. KIM: She called you, she called Lorelai.

LUKE: Is everything okay?

MRS. KIM: Everything's fine. I'm going home.

LUKE: Okay.

[Luke looks after her strangely as she drives home.]

YALE

[Rory and Lane walk outside in the snow with cups of coffee.]

LANE: Let's not stray too far from the coffee cart. I can barely feel my feet this morning.

RORY: The floor wasn't too comfortable, huh?

LANE: No, it was fine until Paris came home and stepped on my face. The stepping on my face wasn't too comfortable.

RORY: Well, at least Paris doesn't tend to wear heels.

LANE: Where was she so late?

RORY: I don't know, Paris's business is Paris's business.

LANE: I wish I lived in a dorm.

RORY: Hey, have you called your mother yet?

LANE: Nope.

RORY: Oh good, because the longer you wait, the easier it's going to be.

LANE: I still can't believe she didn't just show up in the middle of the night, kick down the door, douse the place with holy water.

RORY: Maybe she wanted a chance to cool off.

LANE: No, that's your mother. My mother's the kicker and the douser. No, Mrs. Kim is sending a message.

RORY: What message is that?

LANE: The message is, "You messed up, kid, and now you get to sit there and panic about what's gonna happen next, and while you're panicking thinking about what's gonna happen next, you get to find your own way home, cause the Mrs. Kim shuttle van service is closed for business."

RORY: So, it's a wordy message.

LANE: Everything's so screwed up: my life, everything I'm doing.

RORY: It's not that bad.

LANE: It is that bad. I mean, look at this. Look at where you are, look at what you have. [Losing her voice.] I'm so jealous you have a life.

RORY: You have a life too.

LANE: Yeah, just not a very good one.

RORY: Lane, come on. You're healthy, you have a band and a boyfriend, and so what if school is boring? You won't be in school forever. You have a good life.

LANE: I'm weak. I have no spine.

RORY: [Gently] If you had no spine you'd be walking funny.

LANE: I wanna thank you for letting me crash here last night.

RORY: Of course, any time.

LANE: I gotta get going.

RORY: Well, hey. Do you want to wait till this afternoon? I can give you a ride home when I'm done with classes.

LANE: Now. I have to get home. I have to take care of this.

RORY: Okay, come on.

LANE: Where are we going?

RORY: Well, I can't send you home to Mrs. Kim without a purse full of mini donuts.

LANE: You know, I believe that's how Mother Theresa got started.

RORY: Really, I heard it was Pixie Stix.

YALE CAFETERIA

[Rory has just gotten her lunch and is walking to her table. She walks past William.]

WILLIAM: Hey, it's Madeline Albright.

[Rory slams down her tray on a table and walks back to him.]

RORY: You know what? I do not appreciate you calling me that. In fact, I don't appreciate you talking to me, or about me at all.

WILLIAM: Fine.

RORY: I know you've been telling the story.

WILLIAM: What story?

RORY: The laundry room story. Remember the laundry room?

WILLIAM: Machines, rinse cycle -

RORY: I asked you to get coffee, that's it. I did not ask you to get married, or say that I loved you, or ask to have your children. And I'm not stalking you! It was a complete coincidence that I happened to go into a meeting that you happened to be in. I had no idea you were there. And it's hard to ask someone out and it puts you in an incredibly vulnerable position! So, it's cruel to use that incident as a funny cocktail story. So from now on, I would appreciate it if you would refrain from telling the hilarious laundry room incident to anyone, anywhere, ever again. [She picks up her coat and begins to walk off.]

WILLIAM: I wasn't talking about you.

RORY: What?

WILLIAM: There was this girl from the third floor, she asked me out like a 100 times. She followed me to class. She baked me a cake every day for a month, then she snuck in my window and hid in my closet, covered in whipped cream.

RORY: Oh, well - that is a little ... extreme.

WILLIAM: I didn't tell anybody about the laundry room.

RORY: Well, good. [She turns to leave, but turns back.] Um, do you think that you could maybe not tell anyone this story also, 'cause, that would be great. Thanks. [She leaves.]

KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Mrs. Kim walks into Lane's room. She sits down on the bench at the end of Lane's bed. Looking around, she notices that a floorboard is loose. She lifts it up and realizes that there are CDs hidden there. Downstairs, Lane opens the front door of the house and walks upstairs to her room. Mrs. Kim has now found everything in her room, and 'contraband' is scattered everywhere.]

MRS. KIM: Is this all?

[Lane walks over and lifts one more floorboard, pulling out a turntable.]

LANE: That's all. [Pause] I'm sorry.

MRS. KIM: About what?

LANE: I'm sorry about last night. I don't want to keep secrets from you.

MRS. KIM: [Gesturing to the room.] You don't?

LANE: My band had this amazing chance to play this really famous club last night and I didn't know how to tell you about it. I knew you wouldn't approve, you wouldn't approve of me being in the band or the music we were playing and I can't even imagine what you would have said if I had asked you to let me stay out 'til four in the morning.

MRS. KIM: I would have said no.

LANE: Well, then I guess I could have imagined it after all.

MRS. KIM: How long?

LANE: How long what?

MRS. KIM: How long ... this.

LANE: I started it when I was six, the day you told me the Cookie Monster was one of the seven deadly sins.

MRS. KIM: Gluttony.

LANE: Yes, gluttony.

MRS. KIM: So, I made you do this?

LANE: No, I just - I want to please you so badly, but I can't. I mean, look at you, look at what happened last night. It's not good. I don't want anything like this to ever happen again. I've been thinking a lot about this, our situation, and I think I figured out a way to make everything better.

MRS. KIM: You have?

LANE: I don't want to go to Seventh Day Adventist College anymore. I want to be able to play with my band. I want to be a drummer. [smiling] I will happily go to community college, and I will happily live at home and adhere to your curfew, except on the nights when the band plays or practices. This way, I can get what I want and I won't be lying to you or sneaking around. This way we can both be happy.

MRS. KIM: Children do not make the rules. You may ... move out and live like that somewhere else. [She leaves Lane in her room.]

WESTON'S BAKERY

[Lorelai is on the phone to Rory, who is at Yale.]

LORELAI: Well, I think you handled that very well.

RORY: I was so humiliated.

LORELAI: You didn't know.

RORY: How self-centered am I that I just assumed that he was talking about me?

LORELAI: Well, I would have assumed the same thing, so, incredibly self-centered.

RORY: All I know is I can't show my face in International Relations Club again, or the laundry room, or the dining room, or anywhere.

LORELAI: Well hey, if that nut job who jumped out of his closet Reddi-Whipped is still hanging around, I think you're fine.

RORY: Hey, it's 4:00.

LORELAI: So?

RORY: Where are the bells?

LORELAI: They, uh, stopped.

RORY: What happened?

LORELAI: I don't know, they just haven't been working all day.

RORY: Oh. Too bad.

LORELAI: Yeah, ain't it though.

[Someone knocks on the door of the Yale suite.]

RORY: Someone's at the door. Call me tomorrow.

LORELAI: [Half-heartedly] You bet.

RORY: You okay?

LORELAI: Yeah, why?

RORY: You just sound a little distracted.

LORELAI: Do I? No, I'm good, I just didn't get much sleep last night, that's all.

RORY: Okay, see you later.

LORELAI: Bye.

[Rory answers the door. Lane is there with a suitcase.]

LANE: Hi.

RORY: What are you doing here?

LANE: Well, funny you should ask. [Lane rolls her suitcase in the door.]

END