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04x17 - Girls in Bikinis, Boys doing the T

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OPEN WITH LORELAI & RORY RIDING IN KIRK'S PEDI-CAB

RORY: This is humiliating.

LORELAI: Oh, no, we passed humiliating two minutes ago.

RORY: Luke's gonna be completely out of doughnuts by the time we get there.

LORELAI: I don't why he won't just buy six extra sprinkled ones, so we'd never have to have the conversation which we're going to have- if we ever get there.

RORY: I got school in two hours. I'm never gonna make it.

LORELAI: Kirk, how you doing? [Kirk nods head] You sure? You seem to be having a little trouble forming words there.

KIRK: [Strained] No...fine...me.

LORELAI: You know, you don't have to take us all the way to Luke's.

RORY: Yes, Kirk, listen to her.

KIRK: I offered you the first ride in Kirk's new Stars Hollow Pedi-cab, and that is exactly what you're gonna get.

LORELAI: Okay.

KIRK: Time just whizzes by when you're riding in a pedi-cab.

GYPSY: Hey, guys.

RORY: Hey, Gypsy.

LORELAI: Hey, Gypsy.

RORY: Gypsy just out-strolled us.

LORELAI: We've gotta get outta here.

KIRK: How we doing back there?

RORY: We're doing fine, Kirk.

KIRK: I figure this baby's gonna be a real money...

LORELAI: A real money- moneywhat, Kirk?

RORY: Kirk, can you breathe?

[Kirk gasps for breath.]

LORELAI: Talk to us.

RORY: Hit the handlebars three times if you can breathe and two if you can't. He hit once.

LORELAI: What does once mean?

RORY: That he couldn't make it to twice?

LORELAI: Kirk. Kirk, stop, please.

KIRK: Just for a second. Then we'll be on our way... like the wind.

LORELAI: Okay, you know what, Kirk? This has been really fun, but I think we'll just hoof it the rest of the way.

KIRK: But the ride wasn't over yet.

RORY: Yeah, but we don't want to hog the cab.

LORELAI: 'Cause there's only one.

RORY: But we'll tell our friends.

KIRK: What was wrong with the ride?

LORELAI: Uh, nothing. I mean, it's great for tourists who are new to the town and want to make sure they don't miss a thing.

KIRK: I wasn't going that slow.

LORELAI: No, you just maybe need a little more training before tourist season kicks in. You know, take a spinning class or buy some legs.

RORY: Sorry, Kirk.

KIRK: You will be sorry. [Calling after them] You'll be sorry you turned down the chance to ride in Stars Hollow's first...

RORY: Now he's gonna hate us forever.

LORELAI: No, he's not. He's just gonna hate us till something shiny comes by.

KIRK: [Riding past them with ease] Well, well, well. I guess it wasn't me that was slowing things down. I guess it was my big, fat cargo.

RORY: Hey!

KIRK: Freshman 15!

LORELAI: Kirk!

KIRK: Can't wait to get my doughnut!

LORELAI: Stay away from my doughnut, Kirk! I mean it! It's my doughnut! Freak!

CUT TO YALE CAFETERIA

PARIS: You might as well stick your head in a sugar bowl.

RORY: If you can find one big enough.

PARIS: You won't be able to eat like that forever, you know.

RORY: What are you getting?

PARIS: All bran. Asher turned me on to it.

RORY: He's a romantic.

PARIS: He wants me to live a long time and be healthy. That is romantic.

RORY: Okay. Just a joke. No reflection on your man-friend.

PARIS: So after breakfast, I'm going to pick up the sign for our table, and then I'll meet you in the courtyard. [Holding teabag] Antioxidants.

RORY: Yeah, I'll meet you in the courtyard.

PARIS: I'm actually really excited about this. I mean, it's our first social protest of significance in college.

RORY: I know, it's so exciting. We actually get to do something important, make a difference, have a say in the world.

PARIS: Wouldn't it be amazing if we could just get one Burmese political prisoner released because of our petition?

RORY: You're thinking small, Geller. Let's get 'em all out.

PARIS: Even the guilty ones.

RORY: Hell, yeah.

GLENN: Seriously? 'Cause that'd be great, really great. Okay, so I'll pick you up at 7:00, Saturday morning.

JANET: Okay, Glenn.

GLENN: Thank you, seriously.

JANET: No problem, Glenn.

GLENN: This is a turning point. You know how you have them, when even the angry voices in your head have to shut up for just a minute?

RORY: Sure.

PARIS: Why is he so happy?

JANET: Oh, I couldn't get away earlier for spring break. My friends are leaving without me. I need a ride, Glenn has a van, and there you go.

PARIS: You're going to ride to Florida with a guy who's bummed that he got turned down by that German cannibal?

JANET: That was just a rumor and, yes, I'm desperate.

RORY: Glenn's not that bad. I'm sure you'll be fine.

JANET: Hey, there's extra room in the van, in case you guys need a ride.

RORY: Oh, no, thank you. I don't think we're gonna do the whole spring break thing.

PARIS: Ever since I broke up with Moondoggie, soakin' up the rays hasn't been the same.

JANET: It's going to be really fun. You're missing out.

RORY: I'm not really a spring break kind of gal, but thank you for the offer.

JANET: Okay, but if you change your mind...

PARIS: Gary Gilmore's got room in the car -- got it.

RORY: Oh, Janet, if you have a chance, you should stop by and sign our petition for political prisoners in Burma.

JANET: I'll try. Actually, I have to run out and get a new bathing suit before my class this afternoon.

RORY: Okay.

PARIS: [Calling after Janet] Think of all the tortured souls festering in Burma while you're at the size-2 rack. [To Rory] I hate that she's thin.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

LORELAI: [Sighs] Hey, Luke.

LUKE: I saw you come in. I was gonna get to you, okay?

LORELAI: Sorry?

LUKE: If you don't like the service, you can go somewhere else.

LORELAI: Who could not like the service?

LUKE: I'm busy. You ready to order?

LORELAI: Coffee for now. Is everything okay?

LUKE: You're not gonna eat?

LORELAI: No, I just came in for coffee and to show you something. We got the sample stationery and postcards for the inn.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: You know, the stationery and the postcards that you leave in the guests' room so that they can write a letter home saying, "Having a great time- wish you were here." Which, of course, they don't, because you were the thing they were trying to get away from in this first place.

LUKE: Nobody uses that stuff.

LORELAI: Oh, sure they do.

LUKE: I have never once stayed in a hotel and used the stationery or written a postcard. Are you gonna order?

LORELAI: I did order, and what is with you?

LUKE: Nothin'. I'm fine. The paper's fine. The postcards are fine. I don't know why you're showing them to me anyhow.

LORELAI: Because you are an investor in the inn. I want to keep you apprised of the goings-on.

LUKE: I am not an investor. I loaned you money.

LORELAI: That is what investors do.

LUKE: An investor goes to meetings.

LORELAI: We're having a meeting.

LUKE: They're involved in the business decisions.

LORELAI: Hello...stationary. Decide -- yes, no.

LUKE: [Sighs] I'll get your coffee.

LORELAI: Um...do you want to talk about it?

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Whatever it is that's put you in this charming mood.

LUKE: [Clears throat, lowers voice] I am not wearing my socks.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: I am not wearing my socks.

LORELAI: So, what are those, someone else's?

LUKE: Yes.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: I am wearing someone else's socks.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, I need more.

LUKE: I spent the night at Nicole's place.

LORELAI: Also known as "your place".

LUKE: Got up a little late, grabbed a pair of socks, and it wasn't until I was halfway to work that I realized they were someone else's socks.

LORELAI: And you're sure about this?

LUKE: Hey, if there's one thing in this life I am sure about, it's my socks. I buy the same brand in bulk, and I've been doing this for as long as I can remember. My socks are all white with a red stripe. These are white with a gold stripe and some sort of fruity padding in the toe.

LORELAI: Maybe they're Jess' socks.

LUKE: They are not Jess' socks.

LORELAI: Well, maybe when you went to the laundromat, someone accidentally left a pair of socks in the dryer, and then your --

LUKE: I don't go to a laundromat.

LORELAI: Uh, maybe they're Nicole's socks. You know, her gym socks or... you're not wearing your socks.

LUKE: I am not wearing my socks.

CUT TO PARIS & RORY OUTSIDE AT YALE IN A RAINSTORM AT THEIR PETITION TABLE

RORY: Show your support for the Burmese prisoners.

PARIS: Sign up now- take a stand.

RORY: This bowl of rice is all a Burmese prisoner gets to eat in a day. One bowl- that's it. No butter or soy sauce...

PARIS: Enjoy your "Maxim." You couldn't read that in Burma!

RORY: I'm freezing.

PARIS: Me too.

RORY: [Sighs] Look at all these hypocrites passing by. Everyone claims to be so politically aware, but not one person can stop by for two seconds to sign a stupid petition.

PARIS: People suck. [Jumps up] You all suck!

RORY: Paris, the rice!

PARIS: Great, we have one prop, and it's blowing away.

RORY: You knocked it over.

PARIS: Well, you put it right in front of me.

RORY: How was I supposed to know you were gonna jump out of your seat like a maniac?

PARIS: You know me. You room with me. You should have known.

GLENN: Hey, Rory, Paris.

RORY: Oh, Glenn, I'm so glad you stopped by because this is an issue that affects every person that has a heart and a soul.

PARIS: A great injustice is being perpetrated on our watch, and we've got to do something to stop it.

RORY: Aren't you gonna sign the petition?

GLENN: No, I just needed a place to put my sandwich down.

RORY: Is that a raindrop?

PARIS: Yep.

CUT TO PARIS & RORY RUNNING INTO THEIR DORM

PARIS: Out of the way.

RORY: Move, move, move!

FEMALE STUDENT: [Walking out of dorm] Is it raining?

PARIS: No, it's National Baptism Day. Tie your tubes, idiot.

RORY: Wet.

PARIS: Cold.

RORY: Go, go! I get the radiator.

PARIS: No way.

RORY: You got it last night.

PARIS: I did not!

RORY: Paris, you took up the whole thing with your "Hey, Gore, do not endorse me" sweatshirt, and my blue sweater is still soaked.

PARIS: Fine! Take half.

RORY: Oh, my god, I'm cold!

PARIS: Can't stop shaking.

RORY: We're wimps -- we would last two seconds in Burma.

PARIS: At least it's warm in Burma.

RORY: Yeah. Okay, we're horrible.

PARIS: This is the kind of cold you read about in a Dickens novel. We should be in a workhouse or shilling for Fagin.

RORY: It's supposed to be spring. Why is it still cold?

PARIS: It's been the coldest winter in the history of winter.

RORY: My brain- I think it's frozen. Is that possible?

PARIS: And these gray skies- it's a blanket of misery.

RORY: All I can think about is getting warm. That's all I can think about.

PARIS: It's warm in Florida.

RORY: What?

PARIS: Nothing.

RORY: Did you say "Florida"?

PARIS: No. [Pauses] Yes.

RORY: Seriously?

PARIS: Maybe.

RORY: But it's spring break.

PARIS: I know.

RORY: It's "girls gone wild," and boys doing the twist. We're not spring-breaky people, are we?

PARIS: I don't know what we are, but I am so cold right now that the thought of spending a week with a bunch of drunken bimbos and rattle-headed frat boys seems like a very good trade off for being warm.

RORY: Warm...

PARIS: Warm...

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

RORY: Mom, where's my bathing suit?

LORELAI: Uh...do you have a bathing suit?

RORY: Of course I have a bathing suit.

LORELAI: When was the last time you wore it?

RORY: I don't remember.

LORELAI: Uh, did it involve a rubber ducky?

RORY: No...I don't think.

LORELAI: Check the bottom drawer, and I will look in your closet. So now, tell me again- who's driving?

RORY: Glenn. It's his mom's van.

LORELAI: And this Glenn- he's a good driver?

RORY: I have no idea.

LORELAI: Kid- you've got to learn to lie.

RORY: Glenn's a very responsible guy. I'm sure it will be fine.

LORELAI: And the place you're staying is safe?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Now you're catching on. Ahh! Aha! Bathing suit. Now we just have to find the wimple that goes with it.

RORY: Give me that, please. Hey, was I supposed to clear this with you first?

LORELAI: Clear what with me?

RORY: Going away.

LORELAI: Oh, I don't know.

RORY: I mean, I don't live here anymore, so I'm not sure what the protocol is.

LORELAI: Ah, well. I think as long as I know now, and I feel as if I have veto power, we're good.

RORY: You have veto power?

LORELAI: No. I feel as if I have veto power- very different statement.

RORY: Got it.

LORELAI: But you'll call me a lot while you're there, right?

RORY: You're not worried, are you? Because I'm just going for the sun and to read, nothing more.

LORELAI: I know, I know. It's just it's always the good kids who've never had a drink that take one sip of Kahlua and fall out of a window.

RORY: So you're sad you never taught me how to drink?

LORELAI: Exactly!

RORY: Well grab a bottle and some quarters and let's go.

LORELAI: No falling out of windows.

RORY: Not even a first floor one.

LORELAI: And don't drink. And after you're done not drinking, drink tons of water and take two aspirin before you go to bed.

RORY: Got it.

LORELAI: And take Paris with you everywhere. Not much can happen with that girl along.

RORY: Got it. [Horn honks outside.] They're here.

LORELAI: Oh. Maybe they can stop by a bathing suit store along the way.

RORY: My suit is fine.

LORELAI: No, sure it is. It's nice to be able to go from the beach to the mosque without having to change.

GLENN: Seriously, Paris, get out!

PARIS: No! I have to drive.

GLENN: You drive exactly like you look like you drive.

PARIS: What's that supposed to mean?

GLENN: You speed like a maniac. You zip in and out of lanes. You tailgate.

PARIS: They were going two miles an hour.

GLENN: It was a driving-school car.

PARIS: Well, they went to school to learn a lesson. I was just giving them their money's worth.

RORY: Hey, guys.

PARIS: Let's go. We're on a schedule. Get away from Glenn.

JANET: Thank god you're here.

RORY: Glenn, this is my mom.

LORELAI: Hi, I'm Lorelai. Hey, congratulations on being student of the month at Grandville Middle School.

GLENN: Thanks.

LORELAI: You lookin' forward to the beach?

GLENN: Yes, I am.

LORELAI: You know, you don't have to show up in what you're going to wear. They'll let you change when you get there.

GLENN: I'm not cold.

LORELAI: No, of course not. [Hands Glenn Rory's bags] Could you? Thanks.

RORY: So, how come Paris is driving?

PARIS: Are we gonna go through this again?

RORY: I didn't know we'd already gone through it.

PARIS: I can't be in a car if anybody else is driving, okay? If I die in a car crash, it's going to be at my own hand.

LORELAI: Hi, Paris.

PARIS: Hi, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Bye.

RORY: No windows.

LORELAI: No windows. Oh, hey, um, Glenn, would you mind if Rory sits up front? She gets carsick.

GLENN: Oh. Okay.

LORELAI: Airbags. Okay, um, have fun. Drive safely.

PARIS: Let's go...and say a prayer for the road k*ll. [Tires screech as she pulls away.]

CUT TO VAN PULLING INTO SEA SPRITE HOTEL

GLENN: You're a lunatic!

PARIS: Hey, I shaved three hours off the MapQuest estimate. How about a "thank you" for that? Who's in charge here?

RORY: I'm guessing pink shirts and white shorts?

GLENN: I think my clothing choice has been vindicated.

PARIS: Swank attire and desperation for approval. The chicks are gonna eat you up. It is warm. Are you feeling the warmth?

RORY: I'm definitely starting to thaw.

JACK: Name, please.

JANET: It's under "Billings."

JACK: Okay... okay, we have you girls in room 6.

PARIS: Room 6, okay. And what is your name?

JACK: Jack.

PARIS: Jack. Well, Jack, hello. I'm Paris, and this is Andrew [Holds up a \$20 bill]. And we just want to make sure that we're getting your very best room.

JACK: Actually, room 9 has a better view, and it's closer to the ice machine.

PARIS: Let's go with 9. Now, who's gonna help with our bags? Good. Okay, those four bags... Uh, Rory, your book bag?

RORY: Um, sure.

JANET: I'm gonna go for a run.

RORY: Now?

JANET: Just a short one around the block.

RORY: She looks so normal, and then that happens.

PARIS: Come on. Paris Geller, room 9. Remember that. See, a lot of people make the mistake of tipping at the end of a trip. But I always tip as you go along. That way, they never know when the honey pot dries up, and it keeps them from going through your stuff and robbing you blind. Paris Geller, room 9. Remember that.

RORY: Oh, man, look at that. We're right on the ocean. Paris, look at it. It's right there.

PARIS: I see it. Oh, hey, we're in room 9. Feel free to keep the sheets clean and the towels coming. [Goes into room 9] Okay...not bad. Hey, you know what would be swell? A VCR to go with that television set. You mind? You're aces, pal...really. I'm giving the toast at your wedding.

RORY: Well, at least it doesn't smell bad in here.

PARIS: Pull your covers down and roll on the bed.

RORY: Why?

PARIS: We are sharing this room with four other girls, Rory. Plus 10K Barbie- we have to stake out our territory.

RORY: Yes, and then we need to up your dosage.

PARIS: Look, a person comes in, they see a dent in the bed, possibly a hair on the pillow...

RORY: So the person's David Caruso?

PARIS: They'll figure that bed is taken. They will then move on to the couch or the rollaway.

RORY: That's insane.

PARIS: Okay, suit yourself. [Starts to bounce on the bed. Rory soon follows suit on the other bed.]

RORY: And I was worried I would I feel stupid.

PARIS: Stupid but well rested.

RORY: How long do we have to do this?

PARIS: I think we're good.

RORY: I'm really comfortable right now.

PARIS: Yeah, me, too.

[Indistinct yelling]

RORY: Sounds like more are arriving. Where are you going?

PARIS: To see what all the ruckus is about.

RORY: Wait for me- I like ruckus. Man, that's a lot of people stuck in that tiny car.

PARIS: They should all be wearing Shriner hats.

[A cute guy walks past.]

SEAN: Hey.

RORY: Hey.

PARIS: Hmm, that was subtle.

RORY: What are you talking about?

PARIS: The Joanie loves Chachi moment.

RORY: He said "hey."

PARIS: I heard.

RORY: I said "hey" back.

PARIS: You did.

RORY: I was being polite.

PARIS: In Burma, you'd be married...or brutally k*llled.

RORY: I'm gonna go make your bed.

PARIS: Don't you dare. Man, I'm thirsty. [Hands money to guy walking by] Root beer?

RORY: Paris, that guy doesn't work here.

PARIS: Not yet. But look at that mug of his, it's only a matter of time.

CUT TO JASON'S APARTMENT

LORELAI: I overslept again.

JASON: I know.

LORELAI: Why didn't you get me up?

JASON: I tried, and you bit me.

LORELAI: I did not bite you. [Jason holds out hand, she looks.] I did bite you -- cool!

JASON: Here, eat this before it gets cold.

LORELAI: You made French toast?

JASON: Well, I had a lot of energy after my run, so...

LORELAI: You went running?

JASON: Well, I had to wait for the laundry to dry. And I had already read the papers.

LORELAI: You had an entire day before I woke up.

JASON: Here, you want bacon?

LORELAI: You went out and slaughtered a pig between the running and the French toast?

JASON: Yes, and by the way, that whole ozone-layer problem... taken care of.

LORELAI: You're my Green Party hero.

JASON: [Handing her a plate] Here.

LORELAI: Oh, no - can't. I have to get to the printers and pick up the brochures because today is mailing day. But do you have a baggie?

JASON: Uh, yeah, here.

LORELAI: Perfect. Mmm.

JASON: What are you doing?

LORELAI: This is French toast on the go. The other drivers on the road love it. Come here. [Kisses him.] I'll call you later. We'll plan our weekend.

JASON: [Looking awkward.] Um, hey, Lorelai, hold on a second. Here.

LORELAI: A key.

JASON: Yeah, it's a key to the apartment.

LORELAI: Oh...good. Do you want me to let someone in?

JASON: No, it's just an extra key. I thought, you know, if you were coming over and I was running late this way you didn't have to wait in the hallway.

LORELAI: Okay.

JASON: Or if you were carrying something, and you couldn't wait for me to get to the door... this way, you're all set.

LORELAI: Okay...good. Makes sense.

JASON: Yeah, it's just a practical thing. It's not a big deal.

LORELAI: Oh, good.

JASON: Or you don't have to take it.

LORELAI: No, I'll- I'll take it.

JASON: I mean, I know how it is. You've got your keys on your ring just so, and then you put in a new one- it throws off the whole balance.

LORELAI: Well, if you think --

JASON: Or you can keep it.

LORELAI: You sure?

JASON: If you want.

LORELAI: I can go either way.

JASON: It's fine with me.

LORELAI: Well, which way?

JASON: Either way.

LORELAI: Well, I'll take it, [Chuckles] Okay? Thanks for the French toast.

JASON: Uh...thanks for the hand injury.

LORELAI: Anytime. Bye.

CUT TO THE BEACH

PARIS: Here- it's over here.

RORY: Whoa, how did we get a tent?

PARIS: Toby, again. Classic tip whore.

RORY: Which one's Toby?

PARIS: The one with the bandaged hand. He cut it setting this up. I popped him another sawbuck.

GLENN: Cool tent! How'd we get it?

RORY: Stay ignorant, Glenn. It comes with the oppressive guilt of the ruling class.

GLENN: Okay. Hey, Janet. I like your suit.

JANET: Thanks, Glenn.

GLENN: Hey...hot dogs.

RORY: Man, it is so loud out here. You never think of the beach as being loud.

PARIS: You do when there's a band of Huns re-enacting "Top g*n" in back of you.

GUY PLAYING VOLLEYBALL: Hey! Throw it back.

PARIS: No! [To Rory] What are you doing?

RORY: Putting a towel down.

PARIS: Don't.

RORY: Why? We have, like, a hundred towels in the room. There's so many towels, there's basically no room for us.

GUY: I need my ball.

PARIS: You need a couple of 'em, pal.

JANET: [Picks up ball & throws it back.] Here. Ignore her. She likes it.

PARIS: Rory, stop.

RORY: I'm not gonna sit in the sand, Paris.

PARIS: [Employees of the Sea Sprite come carrying table & chairs.] Over here. Great...okay. Thanks. Now, we're going to need a fruit plate in about an hour and keep the ice tea coming. [Looks at Rory] What?

RORY: Nothing but admiration here.

JANET: I'm going to go do my laps in the ocean.

RORY: You're gonna work out on spring break?

JANET: Exercise is a high. You should try it.

RORY: Sure. I'll meet you out there.

PARIS: Are you properly sun-screened? Ten minutes in the sun can cause irreparable skin damage.

JANET: And constant shoulder tension creates a hunchback.

PARIS: Fine, go. I hear melanoma is very in this year. Here, Casper, you better use this.

RORY: You're just lucky you got a fruit plate coming.

[Madeline and Louise pull up in lifeguard truck]

MADELINE: Rory, Paris! Oh, my God!

LOUISE: Hello, ladies!

RORY: Unbelievable. What are you guys doing here?

MADELINE: Spring break!

LOUISE: Actually we came for Tulane's spring break and just stayed.

MADELINE: We've been here a month.

LOUISE: They have great lifeguards.

MADELINE: I'm so excited to see you guys.

LOUISE: Paris, you missed a spot. I can see skin.

MADELINE: So, when did you get here?

PARIS: 2:00 this morning.

LOUISE: I love 2:00 in the morning.

RORY: You guys are having a good time?

LOUISE: Uh, way better than most other people.

MADELINE: We're very competitive.

LOUISE: It took a couple of weeks to get the right routine down, but now we own this town.

PARIS: The chamber of commerce must be thrilled.

LOUISE: I think the last place on earth I would ever expect to find Paris Geller is at spring break.

PARIS: Hey, I'm up for new things.

MADELINE: Okay, well then we have to make sure you do this right.

LOUISE: There are rules.

RORY: There always are in a civilized society.

LOUISE: First of all, it is very important to find the right hot club every night and it changes. What was hot last night is not tonight.

MADELINE: Also, adjust your sleeping patterns for maximum partying. Mid-to-late-afternoon sleeping allows the best all-night stamina.

RORY: Okay. You got that, Paris?

PARIS: Were we really friends at one point?

MADELINE: They do card at the clubs, but there's a million ways around it. Major flirting...

LOUISE: A sexy voice...

MADELINE: And, if all that fails, make out.

RORY: With who?

LOUISE: Each other.

PARIS: Excuse me?

MADELINE: We found that if we kiss each other, we can get anything we want from guys.

LOUISE: Free drinks, food...

MADELINE: T-shirts, boat rides, Frisbees...

LOUISE: Earrings, Seadoos...

RORY: Okay. Well, that is a good tip.

PARIS: Yeah, maybe later I'll pants you for an Altoid.

MADELINE: Hey, where are you staying?

RORY: The Sea Sprite.

MADELINE: That's cute.

LOUISE: We've made out there.

MADELINE: Louise, it's 1:00.

LOUISE: We've got to go get to bed.

MADELINE: We'll come see you tonight. [To lifeguard truck] Hey, guys!

LOUISE: How 'bout a lift?

RORY: I liked the pants-you-for-an-Altoid thing.

CUT TO LATER THAT NIGHT IN HOTEL ROOM.

RORY: Oh, my God, I'm starving.

PARIS: I can't believe what a great video store that was.

RORY: A little research before a trip never hurts.

PARIS: Pizza and "The Power of Myth"

RORY: A perfect evening. [Sees Paris checking the phone.] What?

PARIS: Nothing- just checking the messages, that's all.

RORY: Are you expecting a call from Asher?

PARIS: No, I'm not expecting a call. He's at a conference in Denver, so I'm not expecting a call. I mean, he knows I'm here, and I left him a contact number in case of emergencies, but not expecting a call. [Goes and puts movie in.] God, I love this. I've seen it four times.

RORY: Five.

PARIS: Seriously?

RORY: It was almost six, but my mom tried to be funny one day and hid it.

PARIS: I thought you and your mom got along?

RORY: Even we have our dark periods. [Looking & listening outside.] Wow, it sounds like quite a party out there.

PARIS: Yep.

RORY: I think someone just got thrown in the pool.

PARIS: I hope it's the guy who took my five bucks and never brought me a root beer.

RORY: This is a good song. Okay, I'm sorry, are we doing this right?

PARIS: Doing what right?

RORY: Spring break. I mean, we're in here alone with Joseph Campbell and Bill Moyers, and everyone else is out there with...

PARIS: Everyone else?

RORY: Yeah.

PARIS: But...we love Bill Moyers.

RORY: Yes, we do love Bill Moyers. But we did come here for spring break, and I'm just wondering if we're not spring-breaking the way you're supposed to spring break.

PARIS: You're probably right.

RORY: I mean, if we're here, we should probably commit.

PARIS: Try to experience the entire event.

RORY: With other people, outside this room.

PARIS: Okay. Let's do it. Let's commit.

RORY: Okay. Starting now?

PARIS: Starting now.

MAN'S VOICE IN BACKGROUND FROM MOVIE: ...To explain the universe and their place in it. The 20 books he wrote or edited and have influenced artists and performers...

RORY: Tomorrow's fine, too.

PARIS: Absolutely.

CUT TO RORY, PARIS, MADELINE & LOUISE POOLSIDE.

MADLINE: I got \$5 on the blond with the tattoo.

LOUISE: You always go for the tattoos.

PARIS: God, I'm starving. I haven't had anything but vending-machine junk. There's nothing around here. I would k*ll for something non-synthetic. [Gets splashed] Ohh! Perfect.

RORY: [Talking on cell phone]: Okay, forget I said "giant Q-tips." They're not hitting each other with giant Q-tips.

LORELAI: But now I can't get giant Q-tips out of my head. It's too powerful a visual.

RORY: I know, I'm sorry.

LORELAI: So how is it?

RORY: It's good so far.

LORELAI: Yeah, how good?

RORY: I haven't had a drink yet.

LORELAI: Okay, are you sure you weren't drinking, and that's why you think they're giant Q-tips?

RORY: [Watching Sean go by] Um...maybe.

LORELAI: Hello? What just happened?

RORY: Hmm?

LORELAI: You sound distracted. Did something cute just walk by?

RORY: Um...no. No, I was just trying to think of something better to describe the, uh, the giant Q-tips. So I'll call you later, okay?

LORELAI: No windows.

RORY: No windows. [Hangs up. Madeline and Louise stare at her.] What?

LOUISE: Excellent taste.

MADELINE: What's his name?

RORY: Whose name?

LOUISE: The guy you were just staring at.

RORY: I wasn't staring.

MADELINE: [Looks across the pool] Oh, no.

LOUISE: The twins.

MADELINE: God, they're everywhere.

RORY: So?

MADELINE: We can't compete against twins.

LOUISE: Especially once they caught on to the whole kissing thing. Let's find another pool.

MADELINE: We'll see you guys tonight.

RORY: Okay.

PARIS: Hey, why don't you go get us something at the bar?

RORY: What?

PARIS: Then you can go talk to that guy.

RORY: Uh, that's okay.

PARIS: Come on- go. Flirting seems to be a very big part of this spring break ritual, and I'm taken. I can't flirt. I have to live vicariously through you.

RORY: Well...

MAN ON LOUDSPEAKER: The banana-eating contest is about to start on the upper level.

PARIS: Oh, real food. Thank god.

RORY: Um...Paris. [Paris leaves.]

CUT TO POOLSIDE BAR

RORY: [To Sean] Hey, um, do you know what those things are called that they hit each other in the pool with?

SEAN: No, I don't.

RORY: Oh, just wondering.

SEAN: Do I lose points for that?

RORY: No, no points lost.

GUY: Hey, Sean, man, come on!

SEAN: Comin'. See ya.

RORY: Oh, okay. See ya.

[Young men shouting]

PARIS: I must be crazy for thinking a banana-eating contest was about eating a banana!

CUT TO RORY, PARIS, MADELINE & LOUISE ENTERING CLUB

[The band The Shins are playing the club. Madeline & Louise walk up to a random guy, lick his hand with over 21 stamp and press it to theirs]

MADELINE: You guys want something?

RORY: Maybe later.

LOUISE: We'll be back.

[Cheering while The Shins play on stage]

RORY: Wow, quite a scene.

PARIS: Yeah, I guess we found the hot place tonight.

RORY: Yep, no one can sniff out the hip like we can.

PARIS: Okay, so, here we are. We should do something.

RORY: What?

PARIS: I don't know.

RORY: We could dance.

PARIS: Dance... okay, sure. Let's- let's dance.

RORY: Okay, let's dance. [Both start dancing.] This is fun.

PARIS: Yep. [Sees Sean in the background.] Hey, I think your husband's here.

RORY: What? Where?

PARIS: Why don't you go buy him a drink?

RORY: What, like a nice ginger ale?

PARIS: Well, maybe you could get Madeline and Louise to buy a drink for you, and then you could go bring it to him.

RORY: [As Sean walks off] Well, that was the shortest relationship ever.

PARIS: What?

RORY: He looked, he saw, he changed his mind.

PARIS: Sorry. [Looks around the club.] Okay, what is going on here?

RORY: What?

PARIS: Why is every single person in this place having a better time than we are?

RORY: Well, I don't know that they are.

PARIS: Look around. Every single person in this place is having a better time than we are. Why? I mean, we've been doing everything everybody else is. We're here, in the hot place.

RORY: So we're not great dancers. We did the hanging out at the pool part pretty well.

PARIS: We're not trying hard enough.

RORY: What are you talking about? This is not a test.

PARIS: We came here to do spring break, and we are going to do spring break.

RORY: Well, what else do you suggest we do? [Paris kisses Rory] [Rory squeals] What are you doing? Are you crazy?

PARIS: Well, Madeline and Louise do it.

RORY: Madeline and Louise wear their underwear outside of their clothes. I don't want to do what Madeline and Louise do.

PARIS: I just thought-

RORY: Just stop thinking, okay? Your thinking is very, very dangerous. [Starts to head for the exit]

PARIS: Rory...

RORY: Get away from me! You're not my type.

PARIS: Will you just wait?

RORY: [Stops] What?

PARIS: How was I?

RORY: What?

PARIS: As a kisser?

RORY: [Starts for the exit again] Oh, man!

PARIS: Well, I've always wanted to know, and you can't ask a guy 'cause that's a sign of low self esteem, which I've read is really not sexy. So tell me- how am I? Too stiff? Do I need to relax my lips a little, maybe open my mouth more, make it more inviting?

RORY: I need some fresh air.

SEAN: Hey. Where you goin'?

RORY: Um, outside.

SEAN: Can I come with you?

RORY: Oh, well...

SEAN: Maybe your girlfriend wants to come, too.

RORY: My girlfriend?

SEAN: I gotta tell you- that was some kiss.

RORY: Oh, my God!

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE.

LORELAI: So the movie was good. Nice to see Michael Caine working again. Which was sarcastic...

'cause he works a lot... constantly. [Chuckles] Never says "no" to anything, which can be risky, you know? Lowers your batting average.

JASON: Well, I'm glad you liked it.

LORELAI: [Sighs] Jason, you're making me work too hard tonight.

JASON: [Sighs] I know.

LORELAI: I mean, I wore the cute boots, you know? Do you see the cute boots?

JASON: Very cute boots.

LORELAI: Well, I've had a full night, what with the walking straight, the balancing, and the not yelping out in pain. If I'd known I'd also had to do all the talking, I-

JASON: I think I did it wrong.

LORELAI: You did what wrong?

JASON: The key that I gave you.

LORELAI: The key...to your apartment?

JASON: The key was supposed to say something.

LORELAI: So it's a talking key.

JASON: Look, you and I are hitting that point in a relationship where I usually break it off.

LORELAI: Oh, well, gee, should we get a cake?

JASON: Every single time with every other woman I've been involved with, this is about the time that I would...

LORELAI: [Sighs] Bolt?

JASON: I was gonna say "run," but "bolt" sounds much more masculine, so yeah, sure, "bolt."

LORELAI: Well, it's time to bolt. Okay, good thing you're not wearing my boots.

JASON: [Sighs] I don't think I'm doing this right, either.

LORELAI: No, no, you're doing it just fine. It's cold, so...

JASON: The other night I woke up and the timer went off in my head- "Hey, buddy, it's about that time." So I did what I always do. I thought about you, and I thought about us, and I thought about all the things that bother me, and I came up with nothing.

LORELAI: Nothing?

JASON: I went over it and over it in my head. That feeling, that "I want out" feeling- it wasn't there. What was there was the very strong sense that if I did...bolt... I might as well go out and find a pointy hat, a stool, and a classroom full of sixth graders, because I'd be an absolute idiot to screw this up. So I went out and made the key.

LORELAI: The talking key.

JASON: And I was hoping that the key would say that this is different, and that I want you in my life a lot more than you are now.

LORELAI: Wow. Well, I mean, it would have been more interesting to hear that from the key... it's definitely more romantic hearing it from you.

JASON: I'm gonna go take care of Mr. Caine for you now.

LORELAI: I would appreciate that.

JASON: Good night.

LORELAI: Good night, Jason. [Goes inside house, check answering machine]

LUKE: [On answering machine] Hey, it's Luke. I'm sorry to be calling you like this, but I was wondering if, when you get this message, you could come pick me up 'cause I need a ride. I'm in Litchfield, the corner of Mason and Pine. It's a big, white building. You'll recognize it by the police sign outside because, oh, hell, I'm in jail. Okay, there I said it. Long story. I'll tell you when you get here. Thanks... if you come. Oh, one more thing. I need to borrow a little money- 300 bucks. It's just a loan, and, oh, hell, it's for my bail. [Yells into background] I'm gettin' off now! Relax!

CUT TO POOLSIDE AT SEA SPRITE

MADELINE: I think the two of you would make a great couple.

RORY: No way.

PARIS: Why not?

RORY: You're way too high maintenance for me.

LOUISE: The whole place was buzzing about the kiss.

MADELINE: Even the twins were jealous.

RORY: Super, great. Love to hear that.

MADELINE: Who needs more? Everybody? Good. I'll be right back.

LOUISE: So, Paris, how's the Princeton man?

PARIS: Jaime and I broke up.

RORY: Paris has a different man now.

LOUISE: You do?

PARIS: I'm dating a professor.

LOUISE: Tenured?

PARIS: Ages ago.

LOUISE: [Chuckling] Well, Anna Nicole, look at you.

PARIS: He's brilliant, a writer, very distinguished, handsome. Don't you think he's handsome?

RORY: Handsome? Sure, very handsome.

PARIS: He's a real man. He's just so amazing. I still can't believe that we're together, you know?

MADELINE: I made them a little stronger this time.

RORY: Oh, cool, it will be fun to watch the cups dissolve.

LOUISE: Paris bagged herself an older man.

MADELINE: Oh, I love older men. They take you to the best restaurants.

PARIS: He went to a conference in Denver this week. He was so nice, you know- really excited about me coming to Florida. He thinks it's a good idea to hang out with people my own age. I kind of hoped that he would invite me to go to Denver with him but, you know, he didn't.

RORY: He had to work, Paris.

PARIS: I know, or he's sick of me.

RORY: No.

PARIS: Maybe he's going to dump me.

LOUISE: Mmm -- does he still buy you jewelry?

PARIS: He's never bought me jewelry.

MADELINE: He hasn't? How much money does he have?

PARIS: Asher isn't rich.

MADELINE: Not rich?

LOUISE: Oh, curiouser and curiouser.

RORY: You're just being paranoid. He wants you to have fun. And someone who wants you to have fun is someone who cares about you... both of you because there are two of you, and they're spinning.

[They all laugh.]

MADELINE: Good punch.

RORY: Just keep me away from any windows, please.

LOUISE: Whatever happened to that boyfriend of yours?

RORY: Who, Jess?

LOUISE: No.

RORY: Oh, Dean.

MADELINE: Dean, that's it.

LOUISE: How's Dean? God, he was gorgeous.

RORY: He's fine.

MADELINE: Is he still gorgeous?

RORY: Oh, yes. Definitely, yes.

LOUISE: You two aren't together?

RORY: No, actually he's married.

MADELINE: What?

LOUISE: Why?

RORY: Well, he met Lindsay, and they got married. She's pretty, blond, tall, leggy.

PARIS: Oh, good, just what the world needs -- another one of those.

RORY: She's nice, too.

LOUISE: Prediction...

MADELINE: She's psychic.

PARIS: Since when?

LOUISE: Since about six months ago. I think it's not gonna last.

PARIS: Two married 19-year-olds won't make it- boy, that's a risky bet.

LOUISE: I think it's not gonna last because he was way too in love with you.

RORY: No. But we've been broken up for a long time.

LOUISE: But he only had eyes for you, girlfriend- a deep, long, soulful Rory-eyes.

RORY: No, not anymore.

PARIS: You don't talk at all anymore?

RORY: No, we still talk. We're still friends.

MADELINE: Yes, you are. Cell phone friends.

LOUISE: You have your ex-boyfriend's number in your cell phone?

RORY: I told you we were friends.

LOUISE: First loves are very intense.

MADELINE: My mom's still in love with her first love. She tells my father that over and over and...

oops, I think I just dialed his number.

RORY: Madeline, no!

MADELINE: Oh, my God, it's ringing!

RORY: Hang up!

MADELINE: It's his voice mail. Oh, sexy voice. Oops, I think it's gonna... it beeped.

MADELINE: Talk.

RORY: Dean, hi. [Laughs nervously] It's Rory. I'm sorry to call you like this, but we're on spring break... [Laughs] ...And, um, I don't know if you remember Madeline and Louise, but they're evil, and we were just talking about you. Um, hi. How are you? I'm gonna hang up now, so bye. Sorry, good-bye. [To Madeline] I'm going to k*ll you! Oh, my God, I'm so gonna k*ll you! It's going to be bad and death-like, and... I'm gonna go for a walk because this punch is starting to live up to its name.

PARIS: I'll go with you.

RORY: Don't move because I'm going to come back to k*ll you.

MADELINE: We'll be here. [Laughs]

CUT TO LUKE & LORELAI OUTSIDE LUKE & NICOLE'S APARTMENT

LUKE: There- my truck.

LORELAI: [Sighs] You know, Luke, you don't have to tell me what happened unless you want to. But I promise I won't ask you about it again... ever... in this lifetime or the next. You know, I'll just tell Shirley MacLaine, "Hey, look, back off, Shirl. If Luke had wanted me to know, he would have told me back in my other lifetime, and I certainly don't expect-"

LUKE: I wanted to see who owned the socks.

LORELAI: And did you?

LUKE: I think so. I just had a feeling tonight. Nicole was kind of vague on her plans, so I told her I'd stay at the diner. And then I drove up here, and I parked, and I waited. And then this car pulled up, and she got out with him. And, uh, they went inside, and I watched them go.

LORELAI: And you're sure he's the owner of the socks?

LUKE: Well, I didn't ask him, but he's the owner of the socks. And if he isn't, the picture's still not looking very good.

LORELAI: I agree with you there.

LUKE: Anyway, I sat here and watched them go inside. I had all these thoughts rolling around in my head. I mean, how could she do this, you know? In there- in our house. I mean, I... I put bookshelves up in there.

LORELAI: If it makes you feel any better, I don't think he's using your bookshelves.

LUKE: I suddenly just got so mad, you know, I lost it. I had to do something, so I got out and marched up to his car, and I kicked it.

LORELAI: You kicked his car?

LUKE: Oh, hey, I kicked it hard and over and over and over again.

LORELAI: Oh, you beat up his car.

LUKE: And then, all of a sudden, these cops pull up, 'cause some busybody in the neighborhood saw some lunatic attacking a car, and, well, you know the rest.

LORELAI: Did Nicole see you?

LUKE: I don't know. I don't know what she and the sock man saw. It's just...[Sighs] God, I feel like such an idiot. I mean, suddenly I became like one of those guys that gets jealous and, you know, does crazy things.

LORELAI: Yeah, you weren't "like" one of those guys. You were one of those guys.

LUKE: [Snickers] Yeah, well...

LORELAI: Was there any damage?

LUKE: No. [Pauses, then gets out of the Jeep]

LORELAI: Luke... [She follows] Hey, Luke, where are you going?

LUKE: See? Nothing- not a scratch. Those stupid dent-resistant panels.

LORELAI: This is the car?

LUKE: Yes, this is the car. He sat there. She sat there. They got out there, walked up there. I jumped out there, ran up here, was handcuffed there, was driven off there. I went to jail. And you drove all the way up here to get me... and they are still in there!

LORELAI: Oh, Luke.

LUKE: I mean, I can't believe they're still in there. What are they doing?

LORELAI: Luke, come on.

LUKE: I know what they're doing. But even if you took one of those pills that they were hawking at the super bowl, you know, they should have been done in four or five hours, tops. I mean, that commercial said it all- "If you're still active after four hours, you should call a damn doctor."

LORELAI: Come on, why don't we --

LUKE: What are they, talking? Making plans in my house? Damn son of a... [Starts kicking the car.]

LORELAI: Luke...

LUKE: [continues kicking] You lying piece of sockless garbage! Why don't you take home my socks, too?

LORELAI: Hey, hey! Luke- Luke, you were busted already once tonight -- that's it.

LUKE: All right, I'm fine. I'm fine.

LORELAI: Are you sure?

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Pretty soon, that car's gonna start fighting back.

LUKE: I'm fine...really. I'm fine.

LORELAI: [Sighs] You know, Luke, I know I've never really been Miss "This-is-great" about your relationship, but I am- I am so, so sorry. You don't deserve this. You really don't deserve this.

LUKE: Yeah. [Sighs] I guess that's it.

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Well, at least I finally got to see your house.

CUT TO RORY AND PARIS WALKING DOWN TO THE BEACH.

PARIS: Whoo, fresh air is good.

RORY: Fresh air is healthy.

PARIS: I'm feeling better.

RORY: Gotta sit.

PARIS: Me too.

RORY: What was in the punch? Did we ask?

PARIS: Nope.

RORY: Should we have asked?

PARIS: That's not what the cool kids do.

RORY: I'm loving the spinning beach. How about you?

PARIS: Oh, yeah.

RORY: So are we done?

PARIS: With what?

RORY: Spring break. Are we done?

PARIS: I don't know.

RORY: Well, let's go down the list.

PARIS: Okay, we came.

RORY: Check.

PARIS: We danced.

RORY: Check.

PARIS: We drank.

RORY: Check.

PARIS: We...threw up.

RORY: We didn't throw up.

PARIS: Give us 10 more minutes.

RORY: Right.

PARIS: Basically, we're done.

RORY: I feel like we have officially participated.

PARIS: We've experienced the entire social ritual.

RORY: I have absolutely no desire to ever feel this way again.

PARIS: Let's go home.

RORY: How? We're supposed to stay the rest of the weekend.

PARIS: Frequent-flyer miles, baby.

RORY: Cool peanuts. I'm in.

PARIS: Great. I'll call as soon as I can get up.

RORY: [Looking at ocean] What's that?

PARIS: What?

RORY: Oh, my God! Glenn! What happened to you?

PARIS: The last time we saw you, you went to get a hot dog.

GLENN: [emerging from the water] Hot dog? Hot dog. Hot dog. [Runs up the beach toward the hotel crazily.] Ahhhh! Ahh! Ahhhhhh! Ahh! Ahhhhhh!

RORY: You gotta admit, it's been a pretty good trip.

CUT TO LORELAI [AT HOME] & RORY [AT YALE] ON THE PHONE

LORELAI: So I call this place where you were supposedly staying, and some punk at the desk tells me-

RORY: I said I was sorry.

LORELAI: "I'm sorry, ma'am, she's not here anymore." My-my-my heart flew out of my chest. And not just because he called me "ma'am." Which by the way, I hate.

RORY: I didn't mean to freak you out.

LORELAI: You don't take off without telling Mommy.

RORY: I love that I didn't have to clear it with you to go on spring break, but I had to clear it with you to come home.

LORELAI: I had visions of you being swallowed by a whale or taking off with some surfers to go chase the perfect wave and not inviting me.

RORY: It just got to be way too much fun.

LORELAI: Yeah? How much is "too much?"

RORY: I had a drink.

LORELAI: And?

RORY: Paris and I took turns throwing up.

LORELAI: That's the way you girls will find yourselves a husband.

RORY: It was fine- aspirin, tons of water, mac and cheese...

LORELAI: Ahh, my baby's discovered her first hangover food. I wish I had a picture to put next to your clay handprint.

RORY: I think I still have the box.

LORELAI: Send it to me. So how was it?

RORY: It was interesting, you know? We sat on the beach, went to a club, we watched "The Power of Myth," Paris and I kissed...

LORELAI: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. You watched "The Power of Myth"?

RORY: [The other phone line beeps.] Hold on a sec.

LORELAI: I hid that from you!

RORY: Hello?

DEAN: Hey, Rory, it's me.

RORY: Hi, um, Dean. Hold on a sec. Mom, I have to call you back.

LORELAI: You did not spend spring break with Bill Moyers.

RORY: Bye. [To Dean] Hi.

DEAN: So, uh, I got your message.

RORY: Oh, yeah?

DEAN: Yeah. [Chuckling] It sounds like you were, uh, having a pretty good time out there. And I got a lot of questions. I even wrote a couple down. Are you ready?

THE END

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