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03x03 - Application Anxiety

by **destinyros2005**

Page **1** of **1**

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3.03 - Application Anxiety

written by Daniel Palladino

directed by Gail Mancuso

transcript by Stacy

OPEN AT LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory are on the sofa watching "The Brady Bunch Variety Hour"]

RORY: This is sublime.

LORELAI: It was the golden age of television.

RORY: The music, the costumes, the sets.

LORELAI: All cylinders were fired on this one, boy!

RORY: And who knew that they all had such musical talent?

LORELAI: And such far out booty shaking abilities, as well.

[The mailman walks through the front door and sets the mail on the bench]

EDDIE: Mail, ladies.

LORELAI: Thanks, Eddie!

[Eddie walks back out; Rory walks over to get the mail]

RORY: Did you see that TV Guide had this on their list of the worst fifty shows of all time?

LORELAI: I know! Who are they to judge?

RORY: I know, it's on my top fifty best.

LORELAI: Yeah, right after "Holmes and Yoyo" and "Hee Haw Honeys." Oh, Rory, get back here! They're in clown suits and headed for the pool.

RORY: Oh my God.

LORELAI: Honey, come here.

RORY: It's here.

LORELAI: What's here?

RORY: My application to Harvard.

LORELAI: Oh my God. [walks over to look at it] It's beautiful.

RORY: Impressive letterage, huh?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, it's so. . .

RORY: Very.

LORELAI: Can I hold it?

RORY: Be careful.

LORELAI: Oh, it's heavy, heavy with importance.

RORY: I feel dizzy.

LORELAI: Are you sure that's not just the sight of Robert Reed in the tight clown pants?

RORY: Oh, geez. Let the record show that when my application to Harvard arrived, we were watching "The Brady Bunch Variety Hour."

LORELAI: You don't lose points for that, do you?

RORY: I hope not. Man, this morning I was reading Dead Souls □ it couldn't have come then?

LORELAI: Well, we'll just tell people that's what you were doing, and that I was studying a really big globe. They'll never know.

RORY: You can keep a secret?

LORELAI: Not so far, but there's always a first.

RORY: Dead Souls and a really big globe.

LORELAI: Deal. [looks at TV] Oh, kayaks!

[opening credits]

CUT TO LORELAI'S KITCHEN

[Lorelai sits at the table with the Harvard application while Rory gets a drink from the refrigerator]

LORELAI: Come on, come on, I wanna get started.

RORY: Hold your horses there little Miss Horsie Holder.

LORELAI: They're going to expect a higher level of wit when you're at Harvard. Oh, watch that drink.

RORY: I'm nowhere near it.

LORELAI: Well, keep it that way. This is an uncontaminated area. I even cleaned the table using something other than the sleeve of my sweater and spit. [shows her a bottle of cleanser]

RORY: Lovely image. I'll be careful.

LORELAI: All right, here we go. First question. Uh! Oh my God.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: "What were you doing the moment you received this application?" counts for fifty percent of your eligibility.

RORY: Stop.

[Lane walks out of Rory's bedroom]

LANE: I need help.

LORELAI: With what?

RORY: She's writing her drummer-seeks-rock-band ad.

LANE: And it's not reading right to me. Could you guys look it over?

RORY: Let's see □ "Drummer with strong beat seeks band into the Accelerators, the Adolescents, the Adverts, Agent Orange, the Angelic Upstarts, the Agnostic Front, Ash. . ." You went alphabetically.

LANE: Seemed tidy.

LORELAI: And a little OCD.

RORY: And a little long.

LANE: I can't make cuts.

RORY: It's three pages, single spaced □ make cuts.

LANE: But this is the cut-down version. I mean, just from the letter A, I excluded AC/DC, the Animals, and A-Ha, footnoted as a guilty pleasure.

RORY: If we can't get through it, no one can.

LANE: Okay.

RORY: Okay.

LANE: I'll try to make cuts, but no guarantees. [goes back into Rory's bedroom]

LORELAI: Okay, personal information. . . state your full name. Better not get that one wrong.

RORY: I'll try.

LORELAI: And nickname, if any.

RORY: That would be Rory.

LORELAI: Or Droopy Drawers.

RORY: That was never my nickname.

LORELAI: Wrong, I called you that as a baby.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: That's right. You had these little OshKosh cords and they were way too big and once at the mall, they fell right down to your knees and I said, "Whoa, there, Droopy Drawers!" ▯ and I'm just afraid if we don't answer everything accurately, the Harvard police will come and hit you with an atlas and say something mean in Latin.

RORY: How would they know that you called me Droopy Drawers?

LORELAI: Well, we could be at a Harvard event and I could slip up and say, "Pass me a lobster puff, Droopy Drawers," and they could hear me, and that'll be that.

RORY: How ▯bout you don't drink at any of these Harvard events?

LORELAI: Okay, parental information. Mother ▯ breathtaking.

RORY: I think they just want your name.

LORELAI: Father ▯ ostracized. Personal statement.

RORY: Oh, the essay ▯ the big kahuna.

LORELAI: You can evaluate a significant experience that's had an impact on you. How ▯bout that time your drawers dropped at the mall?

RORY: Enough with the drawers.

LORELAI: Or you can write about a person who has had a significant influence on you.

RORY: You?

LORELAI: Or one of your authors, Faulkner or. . .

RORY: Or Sylvia Plath.

LORELAI: Hm, might send the wrong message.

RORY: The sticking her head in the oven thing?

LORELAI: Yeah. Although she did make her kids a snack first, shows a certain maternal instinct.

[Lane walks out of Rory's bedroom]

LANE: Okay, I just crunched the numbers and at two thousand words and twenty-five cents a word, this stupid ad's gonna cost five hundred dollars! That's five months worth of Minwaxing end tables at my mom's store. I give up.

RORY: No, don't give up. Just cut down your influences to the most important ones, like with David Bowie.

LANE: Gotta have Bowie.

RORY: But do you have to list every album he ever recorded plus your personal rating between one to ten?

LANE: Maybe not.

LORELAI: And what's with Jackson Browne making the list?

LANE: Ah, see, cool people know that he's more than a mellow hippie-dippy folkie, that he actually wrote some of Nico's best songs and was in fact her lover before he bored us with "Doctor My Eyes." That will separate the poseurs from the non-poseurs.

RORY: Wax on, wax off.

LANE: I hate this. [goes back into bedroom]

LORELAI: Okay, what activities interest you?

RORY: All of them except for the sports.

LORELAI: I thought you were the lacrosse kid.

RORY: Mom, just a modicum of seriousness as we do this would be much appreciated.

LORELAI: Hm, so, circle all of them except sports. Oh, they want a picture. How about the one of us sticking our heads through the carved out holes of Johnny Bravo and SpongeBob Squarepants?

RORY: There's the seriousness I crave.

[Lane opens the bedroom door]

LANE: I'm going to have to crank the Ramones if I have to make deep cuts.

[Lane shuts the door, and a second later, music starts blaring from the room]

RORY: We'll move outside.

LORELAI: The outside's contaminated.

[Rory grabs the bottle of cleanser and they walk out the back door]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Dean and Rory are sitting at a table. Luke refills Rory's coffee mug]

RORY: Thank you.

LUKE: Do they let kids drink coffee before school?

RORY: Why, do you think it might lead to harder stuff? Lattes, cappucinos. . .

LUKE: Forget I asked. [walks away]

RORY: So, what are you doing Saturday?

DEAN: Just my usual chores.

RORY: Your usual chores, John-boy?

DEAN: Well, what else do you call house jobs?

RORY: I call them the stuff you avoid until the Environmental Protection Agency steps in.

DEAN: Why do you ask?

RORY: I thought we could see a movie or something.

DEAN: You're not free.

RORY: How do you know?

DEAN: 'Cause you'll be working on your application all weekend.

RORY: No, I'm not.

DEAN: Really?

RORY: It's not due for weeks, and I already have my essay topic picked out.

DEAN: Which is?

RORY: Hillary Clinton.

DEAN: Sounds perfect.

RORY: I know. She's so smart and tough and nobody thought she could win New York but she did and she's doing amazing, and have you heard her speak?

DEAN: Only when you've played me the thousands of hours of C-SPAN footage you taped.

RORY: She's a great speaker, strong and persuasive with a wonderful presence, and even those suits of hers are getting better.

DEAN: I'd include that in the essay.

RORY: Anyhow, now that I have Hillary, all I need is a date for Saturday. Suggestions?

DEAN: You're on.

RORY: Great. Oh, there's my bus. Sip. [sips coffee] Kiss. [they kiss] And bye.

DEAN: Bye.

[Rory exits the diner and runs to catch her bus as Luke walks over to the table]

LUKE: Fast runner.

DEAN: It's the coffee.

LUKE: Not your face?

DEAN: Excuse me?

LUKE: Sorry, just missed my youth for a second. I'm back. Coffee?

[Luke looks out the window and sees Taylor taking photographs of the store next to the diner]

CUT TO CHILTON HALLWAY

[Rory is waiting outside the auditorium while Paris argues with a teacher]

PARIS: Everyone always says that! This is my speaking voice. This is its natural volume! Fine, fine!
[walks over to Rory and they walk into the auditorium]

PARIS: Short-sighted morons.

RORY: What now, Paris?

PARIS: We went to all this trouble to set up this stupid seminar. I say we, but let's face it, I did most of the work, and Mr. Hunter won't let me do it the way I want.

RORY: The panelists are up there. We sit across from them and ask questions. What's the problem?

PARIS: It's boring and predictable and done to death. I wanted Charlie Rose.

RORY: To ask the questions?

PARIS: His style. I wanted us sitting at a round table with black backdrops.

RORY: But the audience won't be able to see anything.

PARIS: I was working with the losers in the AV club to project it on a giant video screen. And all Mr. Hunter said was, "Paris, this isn't the Beatles at Shea Stadium." Nice anachronism, huh? Like they had video screens in sixty-three. His references are as topical as his suits.

MR. HUNTER: [on stage] Ladies and gentlemen, can I have your attention please? We can get this seminar started. I'd like to bring up the organizers of this little event, Paris Gellar and Rory Gilmore.

[There are two tables on the stage. A man and a woman are seated at one of them; Rory and Paris walk on stage and sit at the other]

PARIS: Thank you, Mr. Hunter. Everybody, this is a seminar called "The Business of Getting In." Its goal is to help guide us through the torturous process of applying to, and getting into, the right college. My panelists are Jim Romaine, admissions officer at Princeton University, and Ivy-League college consultant, Rose Samuels. Welcome, panel.

RORY: Yes, welcome.

PARIS: Now, panel, you're addressing a group of kids just beginning the stressful process of applying to college. Question ▢ what is the biggest mistake a person can make on his or her application? Mr. Romaine?

MR. ROMAINE: Well, forgetting to send it in would be the worst mistake, but perfunctory answers would be high on my list.

PARIS: Explain.

MR. ROMAINÉ: I'm talking about run of the mill responses, a lack of originality, particularly in the essay category. If I read one more over-adulating piece of prose about Hillary Clinton and her profound influence, my head will explode.

MS. SAMUELS: I hear that. Sometimes a mistake like that comes from writing what one thinks an admission officer wants to read.

MR. ROMAINÉ: Big mistake.

MS. SAMUELS: And sometimes it's just a lack of original thought.

MR. ROMAINÉ: Just as big a mistake.

PARIS: Personal anecdote □ when I was twelve and I was writing the first of my trial essays in practice for the day I'd write my real essay, I chose Hillary Clinton. Then I realized every braindead bint in a skirt would be writing about Hillary, but it was good to clear the pipes. Now, what are some other mistakes?

MR. ROMAINÉ: Well, small thing, but if your printing is bad, that says something we don't like. If your extracurriculars and volunteer activities are too by-the-book, that says something we don't like.

MS. SAMUELS: Yes, those activities should have a personality behind them □ a focus, a direction. I've seen applications where the student has circled every activity listed. Again, you're trying too hard there. One can't be interested in everything.

MR. ROMAINÉ: They're the ones who've had college paraphernalia on their walls their whole lives.

MS. SAMUELS: Too hungry, it's a little immature.

PARIS: Interesting, interesting. Rory, do you wanna ask a question?

RORY: No.

PARIS: What?

RORY: No, thank you.

PARIS: Okay. So, how early should a student get an application in?

MR. ROMAINÉ: By the due date. Earlier makes no difference. It's a complete myth that there's a benefit to be derived from early admission. I do think it's important to talk about the interview process. I believe it's an opportunity to weed out the hyper-intense candidate. . .

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai and Emily walk into the living room]

EMILY: So, she's meeting you here?

LORELAI: Yeah, she had a thing after school, a rumble or something. She said she'd be over after.

EMILY: A rumble?

LORELAI: Yeah, a bunch of kids meet in an alley, they pirouette, they pull knives, it's a whole to-do.

EMILY: So she's meeting you here?

LORELAI: Yes, she's meeting us here. Where's Dad?

EMILY: The magazines. [walks away]

LORELAI: That was weird. . .and unresponsive.

[Lorelai walks over to the couch as Emily returns with a stack of magazines]

EMILY: These are college issues of various magazines. I've been collecting them for a couple of months now.

LORELAI: Oh, well, Rory's probably seen all those, but thanks anyway.

EMILY: Have you read these?

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: Well, you should. I've unearthed some shocking statistics. I mean, do you have any idea how hot the competition is to get into a school like Harvard?

LORELAI: Well, yeah, it's very hot. It's one of the top schools in the country.

EMILY: In the world. People from China, Russia, India, children from every country apply to Harvard. There's more competition than ever before.

LORELAI: Really, Mom, I know all this.

EMILY: With the dot-com bust and the job market dwindling and the stock market going up and down like a yo-yo, everyone and his brother knows the best chance for success and financial security is not just to go to college, but to go to a top college.

LORELAI: Thank you, got it, appreciate the info.

EMILY: Every child that applies has the same high grade point average, they've taken the same AP classes, and they're all on the student council.

LORELAI: They're not all that identical.

EMILY: One college admissions officer said that he sometimes puts a random stack of applications in the yes pile and the rest in the no pile because he knows it doesn't make any difference. He doesn't even so much as glance at them.

LORELAI: That does not sound real.

EMILY: And now it's the in thing for young Hollywood celebrities to go to universities. What do they call themselves, the Brat Pack?

LORELAI: About a hundred years ago.

EMILY: They get into wherever they want based on name recognition. I was watching TV and that insipid Kate Hudson was talking about going to a university. If she decides to go to Harvard, she'll get right in over Rory, who we know is more qualified.

LORELAI: How about a drink, Mom? You want a drink, because I sure do.

EMILY: Lorelai, hold on here. What are we gonna do about this?

LORELAI: Look, there is no we, okay? It's me and Rory that's the we. I appreciate your concern and your prodigious research, but it's all gonna be fine. Rory's special.

EMILY: Well, you know that and I know that but those idiots at Harvard may not necessarily know that.

RORY: [calls from hallway] Hello?

LORELAI: Uh, we're in here, honey, and hurry!

[Rory walks into the living room]

RORY: Hi Grandma.

EMILY: Hello Rory. You look flushed.

RORY: I ran from the bus stop, I'm okay. Mom, hey, I've been trying to call you can I talk to you for a second?

EMILY: Is something wrong?

RORY: No, I just need to talk to Mom about something, that's all. We'll be quick.

LORELAI: Okay, hon. We'll be back.

CUT TO RICHARD'S STUDY

[Rory and Lorelai walk in]

RORY: I'm not getting into Harvard.

LORELAI: What? Who says?

RORY: Well, I'm completely unprepared, and I have no original thoughts!

LORELAI: No, no, don't blame yourself, it's not you. It's those jerks at Harvard I hate them!

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Well, apparently, it doesn't matter how qualified you are, those lazy-ass admissions officers just take applications and stick it in the yes and no piles without even glancing at them!

RORY: Well, it won't matter because my Hillary Clinton essay will be just like every other girl's Hillary Clinton essay because apparently that's all we can think of. I'm such a hack.

LORELAI: Is it true everyone has the same GPA? How is that possible?

RORY: Because we all take the same classes and we all give the same perfunctory run-of-the-mill responses. And I'm interested in too many things, I have to limit them. I'm gonna circle travel on my application. From now on, that is what I am interested in, travel.

LORELAI: No, no, don't do that, no! Because all those people coming from China and India and God

knows where else, they're all nuts for traveling ▯ that's why they're traveling here! And▯and jobs are dropping and dot-com bombing and something's acting like a yo-yo, I don't know what but it's not good! And over my dead body is Kate Hudson getting your spot, let me just say that right now!

RORY: Mom, you're freaking out!

LORELAI: Yes, I'm freaking out!

RORY: Well, you can't freak out, I'm freaking out! [cell phone rings] Hello?

PARIS: What the hell did Romaine mean when he was going on about weeding out the hyper-intense in the interview process? He stopped just short of calling me by name, I'm losing it!

RORY: Not now, Paris.

PARIS: I tried to throw the questioning over to you because I was about to heave and you left me hanging so I had to come home and heave.

RORY: I'll talk to you tomorrow, Paris. [hangs up]

PARIS: Wait!

LORELAI: Okay, we gotta calm down here.

RORY: So, set an example.

LORELAI: Hey, I'm human, too.

RORY: My forehead is burning up.

LORELAI: My heart is beating so fast, it's gotta slow down.

RORY: Okay, just. . .let's take a breath.

LORELAI: Okay. This freaking out is not good.

RORY: It sucks.

LORELAI: We can do this. If others can do this, we can do this!

RORY: Well, I'm not so sure anymore.

LORELAI: That is unacceptable!

RORY: Well, I don't wanna accept it.

LORELAI: Then we won't.

RORY: Well, what do we do?

LORELAI: I don't know. We definitely need some sort of perspective.

RORY: I think we need therapy.

LORELAI: And booze! For those of us over twenty-one. Okay, are we calming? Are we less-freaked?

RORY: I'm totally freaked out.

LORELAI: Well, hide it!

RORY: I can't hide it.

LORELAI: Then prepare yourself for an evening of magazine recitations by Emily "DJ Doom-meister" Gilmore.

RORY: I'll hide it.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is making coffee in the kitchen when the phone rings]

LORELAI: [answers] Hello? . . . No, Lane should be here any minute. Is this about the ad? . . . Well, uh, give me your number and she'll call you back. . . Okay, then, what's the number of the dude whose couch you're sleeping on? . . . Uh! Dude doesn't have a phone? Well, try back later, dude. Thanks. [hangs up] Rory, are you up? If not, get up! [phone rings again] And where's Lane? She's supposed to be fielding these. [answers phone] Hello? No, she's not, may I take a message? [Lane walks in through the back door] Oh, wait a minute □ here she is, hold on. [holds out the phone toward Lane]

LANE: Sorry. [answers phone] This is Lane. [walks out of kitchen]

[Rory walks out of her bedroom]

LORELAI: Hey.

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Aw, what's up?

RORY: I didn't sleep so well.

LORELAI: Poor thing.

RORY: I'm fine. I'm just a little bummed.

LANE: [on phone] No, wait, wait, wait, progressive rock is a really passé style now but I listed it as an influence because it was a progenitor of great things that came afterwards. I mean, I contend that you can draw a straight line from Yes to Jethro Tull to the Jam to Nirvana, bing bang boom. . . Who are the Jam? [to Rory and Lorelai] That's disturbing. [walks away]

LORELAI: Hey, maybe instead of going to college, you should drop out and I could quit my job and we can form an all-girl band with Lane, you know, like Bananarama. We could call it Tangerinarama or Banana-fana-fo-fana-rama. . .or something. Honey, I'm just kidding, you gotta go to college.

RORY: I'm up for anything at this point. I gotta go. I'll see you later?

LORELAI: Feel better, okay?

RORY: I will.

LANE: You are not telling me that you did not know that Kim Deal was in the Pixies before the Breeders! I refuse to accept that! [hangs up] These kids have no sense of history.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Luke walks up to a customer at the counter]

LUKE: Hey Tom, what's up?

TOM: Nothing much. Why don't you get me a ham on rye, mustard, no mayo.

LUKE: You got it.

[A young boy walks up to the counter]

BOY: Hi.

LUKE: You got money?

BOY: Yes, sir.

LUKE: What can I get ya?

BOY: Let's see. How about a nice, cold egg cream?

LUKE: A what cream?

BOY: An egg cream. A nice and cold one.

LUKE: What is that?

TOM: It's like, uh, milk and soda water with flavoring, isn't it?

LUKE: You asking me?

BOY: Nice and cold.

LUKE: I heard that part.

TOM: Used to get them at Coney Island.

LUKE: Go to Coney Island, kid.

[The boy leaves, and another boy walks up to the counter]

BOY: Sir, can I get something to go?

LUKE: You got money?

BOY: Uh huh.

LUKE: What do you want?

BOY: A black cow.

LUKE: Aw, now, come on.

BOY: It's just root beer and ice cream.

LUKE: Root beer and ice cream?

BOY: Uh huh.

LUKE: Well, I can do that.

BOY: As long as the ice cream's made the old fashioned way □ on the premises.

LUKE: Now wait a second.

[Kirk walks up to the counter]

KIRK: Hey, Luke, can you whip me up something in a hurry?

LUKE: What, Kirk?

KIRK: A chocolate phosphate.

LUKE: Okay, now, what the hell is this? Why do you want a phosphate?

KIRK: Because nothing says refreshment like a phosphate.

LUKE: This is Taylor, right? Is he behind this?

KIRK: I'm not at liberty to say.

LUKE: [to boy] Okay, then, you tell me. And remember, if you lie, you'll go to hell.

BOY: He didn't say you'd get mad.

LUKE: Come on.

[Luke drags Kirk and the boy out of the diner]

CUT TO DOOSE'S MARKET

[Luke pulls Kirk and the boy into the market]

TAYLOR: What is this?

LUKE: That's my question. Now what the hell's going on here?

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

LUKE: They're asking for phosphates and egg creams and black cows, and they already gave you up, so tell me what's going on.

TAYLOR: Who finked?

KIRK: Him, him.

BOY: Snitch!

KIRK: Well, you did.

LUKE: It's not the kid's fault, Taylor. Now what is this about?

TAYLOR: Well, you are so close-minded to new things, Luke, that I decided to make an admittedly desperate attempt to convince you of the need for something that I think is a terrific idea.

LUKE: Which is?

TAYLOR: An old fashioned, turn of the century soda shop!

LUKE: Aye yi yi yi yi!

TAYLOR: It's just the kind of wholesome hang today's teens need to keep them off the streets.

LUKE: And our streets are so wild and out of control?

TAYLOR: If you ask me, yes □ and I have proof. [hands Luke an envelope of pictures]

LUKE: What are these?

TAYLOR: Surveillance photos of town goings-on, the dark side of Stars Hollow, Luke □ not a pretty picture.

LUKE: These are kids on skateboards.

TAYLOR: Slaloming around pop bottles right down the middle of the street. I'm telling you, Luke, if we don't quick furnish these skateboarding z-boys with a moral distraction, they're gonna turn Stars Hollow into Dogtown.

LUKE: [points to a picture] This is the space next to the diner.

TAYLOR: I know.

LUKE: I own the space next to the diner.

TAYLOR: I know.

LUKE: You wanna open the soda shop in the space next to the diner?

TAYLOR: It's the only one that's appropriate.

LUKE: Taylor, no, no, no, no, and every day from now on □til the end of my life, I am gonna come in here and say, "Taylor, no!" And when I die, I'm gonna have them freeze me next to Ted Williams, and when they find the cure to what I died of and they unfreeze me, my first words are gonna be, "How's Ted?" followed closely by, "Taylor, no!"

TAYLOR: But the space is empty!

LUKE: Not for long.

TAYLOR: And what are your plans for it?

LUKE: A skateboard and pop bottle shop.

TAYLOR: That's not funny.

LUKE: With in-house experts to teach the craft of street slaloming.

TAYLOR: Still not funny.

LUKE: Well, I'm not in a very funny mood!

KIRK: Luke, are you taking applications for jobs at your skateboard and bottle shop?

LUKE: Yeah, I'm interviewing people today, Kirk.

KIRK: Great. Shall I go home and change or will casual suffice?

LUKE: I like the going home part.

KIRK: I don't understand.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is sitting on the couch when Rory walks through the front door]

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Hey. Guess who I actually had a very productive conversation with today? Headmaster Charleston.

RORY: You're kidding.

LORELAI: No, and I think we came up with the solution to our application anxiety, you wanna hear it?

RORY: I guess.

LORELAI: Well, we spent the first ten minutes on him bugging me to volunteer for more stuff at school, or in lieu of that to make a donation to build the new basketball court, and then another couple of minutes of me convincing him that what sounded like me going "Ha!" was really me clearing my throat, but after that we had a very pleasant, productive conversation.

RORY: And?

LORELAI: He suggested setting up a meeting with a Harvard graduate, like a dinner or something. He even gave me the number of someone he knows.

RORY: An alumni dinner?

LORELAI: Yes, exactly.

RORY: Do they do that?

LORELAI: According to Charleston, it's done all the time.

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: Yeah, it would be an opportunity to talk with someone who's been through it all and did it successfully. You can ask questions, he can give some perspective, it seems perfect.

RORY: It sounds a little weird.

LORELAI: Yeah, a little, but I'll go with you and what's the worst that can happen? We're bored and we blow a meal, but if this person can help, then that's a good thing, right?

RORY: I do have some questions. . . a lot of questions.

LORELAI: Well, let's call him.

RORY: Now?

LORELAI: Yes, yes, there's no time like the present, come on. [they walk over to desk] His name is Darren Springsteen of Westport, Connecticut, Harvard class of 74. Uh! Ask if he has a brother named Bruce.

RORY: I'm not gonna ask him that. [dials phone number] It's ringing.

LORELAI: Hee!

[Rory hangs up the phone]

LORELAI: Why'd you hang up?

RORY: I'm not good at these things.

LORELAI: Did he answer?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Yes? Rory, that's a really terrible first impression. [phone rings] Uh oh.

RORY: Him?

LORELAI: Maybe.

RORY: He star sixty-nined us?

LORELAI: Well, the Harvard people can afford all the latest technology. Answer!

LORELAI: [on answering machine] Hey, you've reached Suffragette City, and if you're calling about Lane Kim's ad, sorry we're not in, but don't commit rock and roll su1c1de □ just crank a message with some feedback.

RORY: Oh geez.

LORELAI: Well, if he is related to Bruce, he can dig it.

DAVE: [on machine] Hey, my name's Dave Rygalski, I'm calling about the ad. I left my number before, so call when you get a chance.

GIRL: [in background on machine] Where's my □

DAVE: [on machine] Relax, I'm coming.

[Lorelai stops the message]

LORELAI: Let's try this again. [dials number]

RORY: Can we please just do this later?

LORELAI: No, let's get it done now. It's ringing.

RORY: Let's do it later.

LORELAI: It's ringing. [hands her the phone]

RORY: I'm gonna say the wrong thing or have the wrong tone in my voice. I'm not in good first impression mode right now. [hands phone back to Lorelai] Unh!

LORELAI: [answers phone in high voice] Hello? Hello, um, this is Rory Gilmore. I believe you were expecting my call. . . Um, oh, well, this is such a wonderful opportunity for me. . . Whatever's good for you will be great for me. . .

RORY: Not so breathy.

LORELAI: That's how chickens talk! [on phone in high voice] Lunch? Oh yes, let me just check my organizer. . . oh, perfect. My mother will be there, too. She's terrific. . . All right, I'll see you this weekend. . . Mm, bye. [hangs up]

RORY: You're no Danny Gans.

LORELAI: I never claimed to be.

RORY: He's gonna be expecting Chilton High School senior Trixie McBimbo.

LORELAI: And her mother, Bambi McBimbo.

RORY: But I guess it can't hurt, right?

LORELAI: It can only help.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: And look, if it's a total bust, we'll grab a pole and Trixie and Bambi'll take it on the road. That's something to put on your application, huh? It'll set you apart.

RORY: Thanks Mom.

LORELAI: [in high voice] Bye Trixie!

CUT TO OUTSIDE THE SPRINGSTEEN RESIDENCE

[Lorelai and Rory walk up the pathway to the house]

LORELAI: So, alumna is a girl graduate.

RORY: Right.

LORELAI: And alumnus is a man.

RORY: Singular.

LORELAI: So an unmarried man?

RORY: No, not not-married. He can be married or single, all alumnus means is one man singular as opposed to many men plural.

LORELAI: And plural is alumni.

RORY: Right, and that can be girls and guys.

LORELAI: Kinky!

RORY: No, not kinky, just what it is. [rings doorbell]

LORELAI: Ugh, you're no fun when you're nervous.

RORY: Oh yes, because you and I usually have so much fun with Latin.

LORELAI: So what do we call this guy, alumnus Darren, you know, like you'd say farmer John or the butcher Lazar Wolf?

RORY: Hish-kabibble.

[A man opens the door]

DARREN: Hello there.

LORELAI: Hello, I'm Lorelai Gilmore.

DARREN: Darren Springsteen, nice to meet you. And this must be the reason we're all here.

RORY: Yes, hello. I'm hope we're not putting you out.

DARREN: Putting us out? Today you are the Springsteen family's raison d'être. Come in, come in. [they walk inside] Was your drive long?

LORELAI: Not too.

DARREN: Stars Hollow is charming. The last time we drove through there, there was a pumpkin patch.

LORELAI: Sounds like us.

DARREN: In March.

LORELAI: Oh, that would be the year the pumpkins arrived late.

DARREN: Sounds like a Dr. Seuss book. You came bearing gifts?

RORY: What? Oh, this. No, this is not a gift. These are my records □ grades, SATs.

LORELAI: It's Rory in a bag □ you add water and her brilliance springs out.

DARREN: Why don't I just glance at this some other time, mm? This afternoon, why don't we just talk and get to know one another, okay?

RORY: Sounds good.

LORELAI: You're a very nice alumni.

DARREN: Thanks. [walks down the hall]

RORY: That's the plural.

LORELAI: Ah, rats!

[they follow him into the living room]

DARREN: Lorelai, Rory, say hello to Marie, my wife.

MARIE: Hello, so good to have you here.

LORELAI: Hi.

RORY: Thank you.

MARIE: How about drinks? Iced tea, water?

RORY: Iced tea's good.

LORELAI: Same here.

MARIE: Okay. [leaves room]

DARREN: Do you like art, Rory?

RORY: Very much.

DARREN: Modern painting is my passion. I've got a Hockney, a Kline □ what I don't have is a Diebenkorn so please don't ask, "Where's the Diebenkorn?"

LORELAI: Uh, you warned me just in time.

DARREN: I only recently got into sculpture. My latest acquisition, it's a Zoltan Kemeny. Very provocative. Don't you just love its audacity?

LORELAI: Yes, it's very audacious.

DARREN: So, what are some of your other interests, Rory?

LORELAI: Oh, well, pull up a comfy chair there, Darren, because they are widespread and extensive.

RORY: I read a lot. I'm into the Russians lately.

DARREN: Tolstoy, Turgenev?

RORY: Gogol is my thing right now □ Dead Souls.

DARREN: One of my favorites.

LORELAI: You were reading that when we got your Harvard application in the mail, weren't you sweetie?

RORY: Yes, yes I was.

LORELAI: I saw that Harvard logo on the envelope and I said, "Rory, get your nose out of your Gogol and get over here!" Of course, we have a TV somewhere, but it's really more of a funny little table to put a cup of chai tea on, you know what I mean?

DARREN: I'm afraid I don't. I watch way too many sports, and I go to all the Harvard games. How about you □ do you like sports?

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: No.

LORELAI: That is, we follow certain things.

RORY: We enjoy various aspects of certain sporting endeavors.

LORELAI: But it wouldn't be the kind that you could ask any follow-up questions on.

RORY: It's a general interest.

DARREN: Got it. It's pretty much a waste of time, but it's how I waste my time. I collect memorabilia, too. I've got each year's Harvard team pennant going back to 1927.

LORELAI: Lots of displayed Harvard paraphernalia, huh?

DARREN: It's all over the walls at the rec room.

LORELAI: See, see, lots of paraphernalia.

RORY: Watch the ribs there.

[Two kids walk in from the backyard]

DARREN: Ah, here are the kids. Jack, Jennifer, this is Lorelai and Rory.

JACK: Hi there.

JENNIFER: It's nice to meet you.

LORELAI: Likewise.

RORY: Hi.

DARREN: Jack's premed at Princeton and Jennifer is bound for Harvard like you Rory.

JENNIFER: Oh, we should talk.

RORY: Sure.

JENNIFER: If not today, another day, okay?

RORY: Okay.

JENNIFER: Uh, do you wanna pick a time now or later. . .

RORY: Later's fine.

JENNIFER: I'll make a note in my palm pilot.

RORY: Cool.

MARIE: [enters room with a tray of drinks] Here are your teas.

RORY: Thank you.

MARIE: Ah, Darren, we should really get the chicken going.

DARREN: Right, right. You're getting my famous chicken today □ I hope you like chicken.

RORY: Love it.

DARREN: I'll be right back. Here's some of my Harvard yearbooks, peruse them if you like.

LORELAI: Oh.

[Marie and Darren leave the room]

JACK: Yeah, and we should go clean up, Jen.

JENNIFER: Mm, definitely. [to Rory] I will see you in a jiff.

[Jack and Jennifer leave the room]

LORELAI: Ew!

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Did they just leave to take a shower together?

RORY: Oh, gross!

LORELAI: What? They bounced in together, they bounced out together.

RORY: New topic.

LORELAI: Can't take gritty reality?

RORY: Or slanderous postulating.

LORELAI: And how is it they just came off the tennis court and they're not even sweating?

RORY: I don't know. Maybe when you're that white, you don't sweat.

LORELAI: Darren's nice though, isn't he?

RORY: He's very nice. Hey, do you think I'm making a good impression?

LORELAI: Great impression. He loves you, especially when he found out you share his love of various aspects of certain sporting endeavors.

RORY: Hey, you started it. We could have just told the truth and said we weren't into sports.

LORELAI: I was trying to humanize us.

RORY: Yeah, with our funny looking chai tea table. Very humanizing.

LORELAI: [in robot voice] Zoltan Kemeny.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: That artist's name □ it sounds like robot language, doesn't it? Zoltan Kemeny.

RORY: Don't say it again.

LORELAI: Zoltan Kemeny, Zoltan Kemeny.

RORY: Stop, don't!

LORELAI: Zoltaaaan □

MARIE: [enters room] Oh, I'm sorry. I'm interrupting the fun.

LORELAI: No, that's all right, you're not. We were just laughing at all the funny haircuts, that's all.

MARIE: I know, aren't they a blast?

LORELAI: It's just a sea of goofy sideburns.

MARIE: Lunch will be ready in just a few minutes. [leaves]

LORELAI: Zoltan.

RORY: Stop!

CUT TO DINING ROOM

[Lorelai, Rory, Marie and Darren walk into the room]

LORELAI: Aw, wow, what a beautiful table.

RORY: Yes, you didn't have to do that.

DARREN: Oh, Rory, honestly, it's our pleasure.

[Jack and Jennifer walk in wearing similar outfits]

DARREN: Perfect timing, kids.

JACK: Excellent.

JENNIFER: Nice looking lunch, Mom.

LORELAI: [to Rory] Color coordinated.

RORY: Shh!

DARREN: Guests of honor, why don't you sit over there.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: Aw, family pictures. You have another girl, don't you?

MARIE: Yes, we do.

LORELAI: Well, where is she? What does she do?

DARREN: Oh, um. . .

MARIE: She's not here.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, I shouldn't have asked.

DARREN: Oh, no no, it's all right. That's Carol. She's a year ahead of Rory. She's. . .

MARIE: She's following her own path.

DARREN: Right. Carol's doing her own thing.

LORELAI: Okay.

DARREN: Well, let's eat everybody. Honored guests, please choose from the chicken first.

RORY: Thank you very much.

DARREN: [to his kids] You two are gonna have to fight over the breast as you always do. So, Lorelai, what's your alma matter?

LORELAI: Well, I was too preoccupied to go to college, what with weighing a couple hundred pounds and having feet twice my normal size and all.

DARREN: I see.

RORY: But she took night classes and graduated last year. She has an AA degree in business.

MARIE: Well, that's wonderful.

DARREN: In fact, it's refreshing. It might even be to Rory's benefit. Good things didn't come to your family in one fell swoop, you struggled for it.

LORELAI: That's true.

DARREN: One fell swoop, interesting phrase.

JACK: Very.

DARREN: Origin?

JACK: It was coined in MacBeth and derives from Middle English.

DARREN: Very good, son. You know your Shakespeare then, do you?

JACK: More than most.

DARREN: In which play does Falstaff appear?

JACK: That would be plays.

DARREN: Mm.

JACK: Henry the Fourth, part one and two, and The Merry Wives of Windsor.

DARREN: So that was a different Falstaff than Henry the Fifth?

JACK: Aw, sh**t!

DARREN: This is a little tradition with us, quizzes at meals. It keeps the Springsteens sharp.

LORELAI: Very Kennedy-esque.

JENNIFER: Mm, we love the Kennedys!

LORELAI: As do we all.

DARREN: Now, the person questioned can challenge me with a follow-up if he gets his question right. Gets pretty competitive.

LORELAI: Well, if pistols are drawn, we're ducking.

DARREN: Jack, which Polish composer □

JACK: Chopin!

DARREN: Patience. . .became Prime Minister of his country?

JACK: Paderewski.

DARREN: That's right, but your impetuosity cost you a follow-up. Jennifer, can you give me the three sub-classes of the Mesozoic Era?

JENNIFER: Triassic, Jurassic, and Cretaceous.

DARREN: Good.

JENNIFER: Follow-up □ what preceded the Mesozoic Era?

DARREN: Paleozoic.

LORELAI: He's good.

MARIE: It's hard to stump Darren.

JENNIFER: Impossible, he's brilliant.

DARREN: Open question □ which mythological figure has the head of a man, the body of a lion, and the tail of a scorpion? Here's a hint □ it's also the title of a novel by Robertson Davies.

RORY: Oh, Manticore.

DARREN: Very good, Rory.

JACK: Yes, very good, Rory.

JENNIFER: Yes, very good, Rory.

MARIE: More water, Lorelai?

LORELAI: Please, thank you.

DARREN: Do you know which French city famous for its water was the capital of collaborationist France?

LORELAI: Oh, me? Um, Evian, Perrier, uh, Le Crystal Geyser?

DARREN: Jennifer, you wanna help Lorelai out?

JENNIFER: Vichy.

DARREN: That's correct.

LORELAI: Oh, that's right. Vichy water, I knew that.

DARREN: What about the year of Germany's victory in the Franco-Prussian w*r?

LORELAI: Huh, me again?

DARREN: If you wish.

LORELAI: I don't know that one. I do know Istanbul is Constantinople, so if you've got a date in Constantinople, she'll be waiting in Istanbul.

DARREN: That's true.

RORY: You know, um, sorry to interrupt, but I'd like to wash my hands.

DARREN: Our fault, we rushed you in here.

MARIE: Our downstairs is being remodeled, you have to use upstairs. End of the hall.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: Hurry back.

RORY: I will. [leaves room]

LORELAI: So, that painting there, wow. The colors are so great, I can't stop staring at it. It's just beautiful.

DARREN: It is. It's by a student of Matisse. I think he caught the master's colors wonderfully.

LORELAI: Oh, Matisse, love him.

DARREN: I think only a charlatan wouldn't. Anyone know the artistic movement Matisse championed and referred to as the Wild Beast?

JENNIFER: Oh, fauvism!

DARREN: Correct.

JENNIFER: Follow up?

DARREN: And then we'll go round robin.

CUT TO UPSTAIRS

[Rory stops outside a bedroom when she hears music inside. A girl rushes past her and goes into the bedroom]

CAROL: Coming through!

RORY: Oh, sorry. I just heard music and . . . [follows her into the bedroom] Cool room.

CAROL: Tom Waits.

RORY: What?

CAROL: The music.

RORY: Oh, I thought so. I love him.

CAROL: I worship him. I even mildly stalked him once.

RORY: Really?

CAROL: Last year, I heard he was staying at this hotel so I went there everyday and sat in the lobby drinking massive amounts of coffee waiting for him to walk by.

RORY: Did you see him?

CAROL: Nope, never came down. For all I know, he's still there. Hand me that brush?

RORY: Oh, here.

CAROL: Stupid manager made me cover for Fiona today. That girl's a major pie crust. Ears?

RORY: What?

CAROL: On the chair. What time is it?

RORY: Um, three. [hands her a pair of bunny ears]

CAROL: Oh, totally late for my next job. Oh well, guess Grandma had to take another trip to the emergency room, right? Are they on straight?

RORY: I think so.

CAROL: Good. Who are you?

RORY: I'm sorry, I'm Rory Gilmore.

CAROL: You're one of the Harvard bound?

RORY: Yeah. At least, I hope so.

CAROL: [starts pulling on a bunny costume] Oh, trust me, you are. You've got that really good, straight, shiny Harvard hair. Zip me up?

RORY: I'm sorry, are you Carol?

CAROL: Yeah, why?

RORY: I don't know, I just didn't expect. . .

CAROL: What?

RORY: Well, you.

CAROL: Why?

RORY: I don't know. Your parents just made it sound like. . .

CAROL: Like I was holed up in the Chelsea with a needle sticking out of my arm screaming Sid at the top of my lungs?

RORY: Kind of.

CAROL: Well, to them, this is pretty close.

RORY: Can I ask you what exactly you are dressing up like this for?

CAROL: Morgan Tanner's fourth birthday party.

RORY: You're kidding.

CAROL: Nope, this is my fifth birthday party this week. Great tips, all cash, and of course, there's cake.

RORY: So you're a waitress and a birthday bunny and you go to school. That's pretty amazing.

CAROL: I don't go to school.

RORY: Oh, sorry, I just assumed. I mean, your family . . .

CAROL: My brother and sister got stuck on that conveyor belt. I, however, escaped somewhere around the eleventh grade, thank God.

RORY: Huh.

CAROL: Oh, hey, but no offense. I mean, that's just me. If you like being on the conveyor belt, then good for you.

RORY: I'm not on the conveyor belt.

CAROL: Okay.

RORY: I'm not. I want this. I've dreamt of going to Harvard since I was a little girl.

CAROL: Yeah, a lot of four year olds dream of that. It comes right after meeting Harry Potter.

RORY: Hey, I am not gonna justify myself to someone with a tail.

CAROL: You're right, I'm sorry. It's just that around here the Harvard brainwashing starts in the womb. If you were to tell either of my siblings that there was another life choice outside of the Ivy League, I think their khakis would wrinkle.

RORY: Well, maybe they really want it.

CAROL: Nope, my parents want it and they wanna please my parents. Have you seen a carrot?

RORY: Don't you wanna please your parents?

CAROL: Yeah, but not at the expense of finding myself.

RORY: Or your carrot.

CAROL: You gotta have your carrot. So, tell me something, Harvard hair ▯ how bad do you wanna please your parents?

RORY: My mom, and really bad, but it's not hard to please my mom. She's okay with anything I do. As long as I'm happy, she's good.

CAROL: You're sure?

RORY: I'm very sure.

CAROL: Then you're lucky.

RORY: Yeah, I am lucky.

[Lorelai walks into the room]

LORELAI: Oh, Rory, quick, uh, what are the three major Hindu deities, because I've missed four questions in a row and if I miss another one, I don't think I get dessert.

RORY: Brahma, Shiva, and Vishnu.

LORELAI: Brahma, Shiva, and Vishnu. Hi other daughter.

CAROL: Hi.

LORELAI: And I probably shouldn't do a gesundheit joke when I say Vishnu?

RORY: Good thinking.

LORELAI: Okay, thanks, bye. [leaves room]

RORY: Wait, I'll go with you. [to Carol] I'm glad to have met you.

CAROL: Oh, same here. Good luck with Harvard.

RORY: Thanks.

[Rory walks into the hallway and hugs Lorelai]

LORELAI: Oh. . . oh. What's that for?

RORY: For not putting me on the conveyor belt.

LORELAI: Yes, that was very big of me.

RORY: You don't know.

CUT TO OUTSIDE THE SPRINGSTEEN RESIDENCE

[Lorelai, Rory, and Darren walk out of the house]

RORY: Thank you so much for this, for answering all my dumb questions.

DARREN: You asked no dumb questions, and I hope my answers sufficed.

RORY: Definitely. Bye. [walks down the front walkway]

DARREN: Au revoir.

LORELAI: Yeah, thank you so much for everything. I know it did a world of good for her.

DARREN: She's a very impressive young lady.

LORELAI: I wholeheartedly concur.

DARREN: You molded her well.

LORELAI: Oh, no, I didn't mold her. Rory popped out that way.

DARREN: You're being modest.

LORELAI: You don't know me, do you?

DARREN: So long.

LORELAI: Bye.

[Darren goes back into the house as Lorelai walks over to Rory]

RORY: What did he say?

LORELAI: That you're Godlike.

RORY: Is that all?

LORELAI: Oh, and that his brother Bruce Springsteen would be happy to come and play at our next party or event.

RORY: That would be swell of Bruce.

LORELAI: I figured your graduation party.

RORY: I'll be very popular.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[That night, people are gathered at Miss Patty's studio for a town meeting]

TAYLOR: All in favor, say aye.

EVERYONE: Aye.

TAYLOR: All right, let the record show that the funds have been approved to close the town bank account that holds the town funds in order to open a new town funds bank account at a different banking institution.

[Lorelai and Rory walk in]

TAYLOR: Young ladies, in anticipation of your tardiness, we saved two seats for you right there in the back.

LORELAI: Thanks for thinking of us, Taylor. [they walk up to sit in the front] Whew! Okay, raise your hand if you bathed in cologne.

TAYLOR: In the interest of getting home sometime tonight, I'd like to bring up the final point of business, and that is a certain citizen's desire to open an old fashioned soda shop in town.

LUKE: Whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa.

BABETTE: Who's the guy?

LUKE: What other putz would wanna open up an old-fashioned soda shop?

TAYLOR: Dispense with the Yiddish, young man.

LUKE: This is not a town matter, Taylor. This is a private matter between you and me which was settled when I said no.

TAYLOR: This is a town matter because when this town is in need of a particular business to provide necessary services, it's up to the town to band together and lure it.

LUKE: How does a stupid soda shop count as a necessary business?

TAYLOR: Allow me to show you something that will make you wonder how we ever lived without it. Kirk, if you will.

[Kirk pushes a covered table in front of the podium]

TAYLOR: Kirk, I told you to get something decorative to cover it.

KIRK: Well, my mom wouldn't let me use one of her nice tablecloths so I just grabbed a sheet from my hamper.

TAYLOR: Take it off.

[Kirk removes the sheet to reveal a miniature model of the proposed soda shop]

LUKE: What's that, a toy?

MISS PATTY: Oh, it's awfully cute.

TAYLOR: That is a professionally manufactured diorama of the proposed business.

RORY: Wow, there's little people and everything.

SOOKIE: They look so real.

JACKSON: Hey, it's me holding a tiny zucchini!

LORELAI: Look at the horse drawn carriage.

TAYLOR: My thought was to park it out front with the name of the business painted on the side. It's very eighteen-hundreds.

BABETTE: The horse is taller than the front door.

LORELAI: Way taller.

LUKE: What are you up to, Taylor? Are you breeding giant horses?

TAYLOR: It's slightly out of proportion.

BABETTE: Slightly? That little guy there could walk right under the horse without even ducking.

TAYLOR: You're missing the big picture here, townsfolk. Now, this wonderful business belongs in Stars Hollow □ whether Luke rents the space willingly or not.

LUKE: How would I not rent it willingly?

TAYLOR: I'm talking about eminent domain, my friend. Check the town's bylaws. If a three-fourths majority finds it necessary to use the space for a specific function, the landowner must concede.

LUKE: That's for taking over houses to turn into hospitals during a national emergency like the Civil w*r. If you wanna turn this place into a Civil w*r hospital, be my guest!

TAYLOR: Some would attest that the succor that my soda shop is going to offer is on the same level as the comfort that a hospital could provide.

LUKE: You're gonna need a hospital, Taylor!

LORELAI: Hit him!

RORY: Which one?

LORELAI: Either one, I'm easy.

TAYLOR: Come on, Luke. This shop is based on the original soda shop that was in town eighty years ago. Don't you see? You are preventing the town □

LUKE: From moving backwards. Who here wants to do that?

LORELAI: [in high voice] We like ice cream.

LUKE: Oh, come on.

RORY: A nice burger from Luke's and an ice cream soda, yum!

LUKE: You want that thing?

LORELAI: With a cherry.

LUKE: With the striped awning and the giant horse?

[Lorelai and Rory nod]

LUKE: [to Taylor] Be ready to pay through the nose.

TAYLOR: We'll talk terms. We have our soda shop everybody! Meeting dismissed.

KIRK: Taylor, is it too soon to talk about management opportunities?

LORELAI: [to Luke] Hey, you get to be Taylor's landlord, that's kind of cool.

LUKE: Thanks for your lack of help.

LORELAI: Grump.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[As people file out of the town meeting, Lane walks up to Lorelai and Rory]

LANE: So, how was lunch with Harvard guy?

RORY: Great, he answered all my questions.

LORELAI: He makes a k*ller chicken, he sticks a lemon up its butt.

LANE: Nice.

RORY: And he gave me excellent tips on how to write my essay. We're very impressed with him.

LORELAI: He passes the test.

[a boy walks up to Lane]

DAVE: Excuse me, Lane?

LANE: That's me.

DAVE: Okay, great, I'm Dave Rygalski.

LANE: Right, hi. You're a guitarist.

DAVE: Yeah.

LANE: But how'd you know I was me?

DAVE: The Dead Kennedys shirt was a tip off.

LANE: Good thinking. Hey, uh, isn't it a drag that Jello Biafra isn't singing for them anymore?

DAVE: Yeah, now their front-man's that kid from the Courtship of Eddie's Father.

LANE: Yeah, what's next ▯ Urkel joining the Wu-Tang Clan?

DAVE: Or maybe Malcolm in the Middle fronting for the Butthole Surfers.

LANE: Some things are sacred.

DAVE: I'm with ya on that.

LANE: So, um, what's your band like?

DAVE: We do a lot of cool covers □ uh, the Clash, the Kinks, et cetera. Statistically, it's like thirty-eight of the forty-three bands you listed.

LANE: Nice percentage.

DAVE: I can play you a song we demo'd a couple weeks ago using a drum machine.

LANE: Great. [he takes some audio equipment out of his bag] What's all this?

DAVE: Well, this is a headphone amp and it just boosts the volume and makes the clarity off the hook, and then these are Grado 125s, which is just really, k*ller, k*ller portable sound. I'm sort of an audio geek, sorry.

LANE: No, don't apologize, I love you. . .for that, for being that way. I love it. Um, I'm like that too.

DAVE: You wanna go over to the bench maybe and have a listen?

LANE: Yeah.

DAVE: Okay.

[they walk away]

RORY: I think a love song's in their future.

LORELAI: With lots of lyrics about snogging.

RORY: About what?

[Dean walks up behind them]

DEAN: Hey.

RORY: Hey. [they kiss] You missed everything.

LORELAI: That's snogging.

RORY: Got it.

LORELAI: Bye. [walks away]

DEAN: So, any fireworks?

RORY: Well, there was a classic Luke/Taylor dispute, but it was resolved and will result in ice cream floats and twenty foot horses.

DEAN: Good deal. And what about your lunch?

RORY: Oh, it was great. I feel so much better about things now. The application's not freaking me out anymore.

DEAN: You look unfreaked.

RORY: Well, nothing can stop me now. It's full steam ahead.

DEAN: That's great. Can I ask you something?

RORY: Of course you can.

DEAN: What happens when you leave?

RORY: When I leave when?

DEAN: When you leave for Harvard. . .do we break up?

RORY: Whoa, that was blunt and out of nowhere.

DEAN: Well, it seems like we should be blunt right now.

RORY: No, we don't break up. Do you want that?

DEAN: No, but how will we see each other?

RORY: Easy, weekends □ that's what they were invented for.

DEAN: So you'll come home, do homework all weekend, then leave.

RORY: No, I can do my homework during the week or on the train coming home to see you, who I will spend my weekends with not doing homework. Plus, we can talk during the week on the phone constantly. Trust me, it'll feel like I never left.

DEAN: Oh yeah?

RORY: Christiane Amanpour spends half of her life standing in foxholes in third world countries, and she has a husband and a kid. And she was on C-SPAN last week getting some award, so if she and her husband can make it work, we can.

DEAN: So we'll have access to the CNN jet?

RORY: No. Or hey, you can go to college in Boston.

DEAN: I'm going to junior college.

RORY: Boston has junior colleges.

DEAN: But not dorm rooms.

RORY: Well, you can rent an apartment.

DEAN: With the money I get when I win the lottery? I mean, I think access to the CNN jet is more likely.

RORY: Why are you being like this? So. . .

DEAN: Realistic?

RORY: Come on, be serious.

DEAN: I am. I am.

RORY: That's too serious.

DEAN: Yeah, uh, you know, just forget it. Come on, we were gonna go to Luke's, right?

RORY: Yeah.

DEAN: Let's go to Luke's.

[they walk past Lane and Dave on the bench]

LANE: It's great, it really is.

DAVE: Okay, cool. Well, listen, then I'll talk to the guys, uh, and we'll get together and play next week.

LANE: Sure. Um, I've gotta get home.

DAVE: All right. Well, uh, it was good meeting you, Lane.

LANE: Same here.

[Lane takes off her Dead Kennedys shirt; underneath is a shirt that says Trust God]

DAVE: Trust God □ is that a band?

LANE: No. My life.

[pan to Lorelai, Sookie, and Jackson]

SOOKIE: Oh, come on, you do not like modern art.

JACKSON: Oh, then I was mistaken, I guess I don't. I'm a mindless android, I have no opinions.

SOOKIE: Well, what kind do you like?

LORELAI: Yeah, do you like the kind that looks like someone hemorrhaged on a canvas?

JACKSON: Yes, I love hemorrhaging.

SOOKIE: Or the sculpture that looks like it was dropped and then glued back together?

JACKSON: Actually, the real love of my life is being mercilessly teased by the two of you for simply stating an opinion.

LORELAI: Oh, we're sorry.

SOOKIE: Yeah, we're sorry. Kisses!

JACKSON: Oh, in public, no less.

LORELAI: Hey, where's Rory? We need all the girls a-kissing ya.

JACKSON: Hey, that reminds me, what are you gonna do with Rory's room?

LORELAI: Her room, when?

JACKSON: When she's gone. Are you doing anything with it?

LORELAI: Well, I haven't thought about it.

JACKSON: Well, let me know. We can work something out.

LORELAI: You want her room?

SOOKIE: For what, your burgeoning modern art collection?

JACKSON: I'm talking about my tools.

SOOKIE: Oh, your tools, yeah.

LORELAI: What tools?

JACKSON: I have this collection of antique farming tools that my dad passed down to me.

SOOKIE: Pre-Revolutionary w*r. They're kind of valuable.

JACKSON: And I've got no place to put them. I've been looking for the right space.

LORELAI: In Rory's room?

SOOKIE: It's perfect!

LORELAI: But she's got all her stuff in it.

JACKSON: Not for long.

LORELAI: Yeah, right, not for long.

JACKSON: Just think about it.

LORELAI: Yeah, I will. I will.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[The phone is ringing]

LORELAI: No, no, not another band phone call!

RORY: We never gave Lane a cutoff time.

LORELAI: Let the machine get it. I cannot talk to another seventeen-year-old whose every other word is 'uh'.

RORY: Not even a word.

LORELAI: Exactly.

[They stand next to the phone and listen to the machine]

DARREN: [on answering machine] Hello, Gilmores! This is Darren Springsteen, how are ya? I just wanted to let you know that I just finished going over Rory's records here, and no shock, they're perfect. Rory, you are tailor-made for Harvard. They're lucky to have you. As far as I'm concerned, you should pack your bags. I'm gonna tell all this to the people in admissions and I'll give your headmaster a call as well, so take care and we'll talk again. Bye-bye. [hangs up]

LORELAI: That's fantastic, honey.

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: You're in.

RORY: Well, not officially.

LORELAI: He said pack your bags.

RORY: Yeah, cool.

LORELAI: So what are you up to today? You have, uh, newspaper stuff to do, right?

RORY: Yeah, a ton, and you were going to catch up with some stuff at the inn?

LORELAI: Payroll. . . a lot of check signing to do.

RORY: Are people waiting for their checks?

LORELAI: Kind of.

RORY: Right. You know, um, the newspaper stuff can wait 'til Monday.

LORELAI: Really? 'Cause I can sign the checks tomorrow.

RORY: You sure?

LORELAI: Absolutely.

RORY: So what do you wanna do?

LORELAI: I don't know, what do you wanna do?

RORY: I don't know, let's just hang.

LORELAI: That sounds great.

CUT TO TOWN SQUARE

[Lorelai and Rory walk down the sidewalk past Luke's. Luke is arguing with Taylor about a sign he is hanging over the proposed soda shop that says "Future Home of Taylor's Olde Fashioned Soda Shoppe"]

LUKE: You had to have ordered that sign weeks ago! You were that sure that I would cave in?

TAYLOR: Well, you did, didn't you? The right's too high.

LUKE: And when did it become Taylor's? It said Stars Hollow on the stupid model, and I don't like the extra P and E at the end of shop. Get rid of it!

TAYLOR: No.

LUKE: I'm your landlord, Taylor.

TAYLOR: And as a tenant, I have rights. Talk to my lawyer if you disagree.

LUKE: And how are you spelling rights, Taylor? With two E's and three S's?

[Lorelai and Rory walk down the street toward the gazebo]

THE END

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Page **1** of **1**