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02x14 - It Should've Been Lorelai

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02x14 - It Should've Been Lorelai

by **destinyros2005**

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2.14 - It Should've Been Lorelai

written by Daniel Palladino

directed by Lesli Linka Glatter

OPEN IN STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai and Rory walk down the street towards Luke's]

LORELAI: But my question is, how did that happen? How was it that suddenly everyone in the world was saying 'music has charms to soothe the savage beast' when it was written breast.

RORY: I don't know. At some point someone misspoke and it just caught on.

LORELAI: How do things like that catch on?

RORY: Mom, please, you're driving me crazy.

LORELAI: I mean, did some guy like say it at a big rally of some sort and everyone went home and started saying it that way and then it just spread from there?

RORY: Yes, exactly.

LORELAI: Oh, now you're just trying to shut me up.

[they walk into Luke's Diner, no one's in there except Luke]

LORELAI: Oh my God.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Look.

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: Empty.

LUKE: Just one of those weird lulls, happens occasionally.

LORELAI: Ugh.

RORY: Can we sit wherever we like?

LUKE: Wherever you like.

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: Such luxury I never dreamed of.

RORY: Where do you wanna sit?

LORELAI: I don't know. Um, how about this table with it's unobstructed westward view of the wide cosmopolitan expansive Klump Street?

RORY: Tempting. Do you know that on a clear day you can see all the way to the garbage cans behind Al's Pancake World?

LORELAI: Hm. Or we could sit in the corner - you know, the Mafia table so that no one can come up behind you and whack you with a cannoli.

RORY: Whack you with a cannoli? Oh, because he left the g*n and took the cannoli.

LORELAI: You're so my daughter.

LUKE: Aye aye aye.

LORELAI: Hey, let's sit at the counter.

RORY: Nah, the counter, those are not the power seats.

LORELAI: Yes, but with no one here we can sit at either end and play bagel hockey.

RORY: Ooh, bagel hockey! Oh boy!

LUKE: Just sit at a table.

LORELAI: Oh, you're awfully rude for a guy who only has two paying customers.

RORY: Okay, 3:30 on Friday - my debate at Chilton. Write it down.

LORELAI: Already written.

RORY: Good.

LORELAI: Are you prepared?

RORY: Please. Paris has us beyond prepared. I now know more about doctor assisted suicide than I ever cared to.

LORELAI: Cheery topic

[phone rings]

LUKE: Luke's. Uh huh. Hold on a second. [to Rory] It's for you.

RORY: What?

LUKE: Yup.

RORY: But who knows we're here?

LORELAI: This whole morning has been a little Twilight Zone-y.

LUKE: Or Outer Limits-y.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: Great show, just as eerie, same era, but no one ever references it.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm sorry, I don't speak geek.

LUKE: Yup, stepped right in it.

RORY: Hello?

LANE: Rory?

RORY: Lane. How did you know I was here?

LANE: Telescope. I got a clean shot at Luke's. I saw you and your mom go in.

[Rory walks over to the window, stretching the phone cord across the diner]

LUKE: Hey, watch it.

LORELAI: Yeah, duck Harvey.

RORY: So I guess you're still grounded over that whole Henry thing, huh?

LANE: Are you kidding? It's the mother of all groundings. My mom's done everything but slap a Dr. Dre ankle bracelet on me. I'm not even going to school.

RORY: Isn't it illegal to keep a kid out of school?

LANE: Well, she talked all my teachers into allowing me to be home-schooled for two weeks. I believe the words 'highly contagious' were batted about. I only get five minutes a day of outside phone time but unlimited time to call the Psalm a Day line. A big ripoff, by the way, because psalm 79 has been on there for three straight days. That's not in keeping with what their name clearly implies, which is a new psalm per day, every day. Not the same tired one from the previous two days.

RORY: I've never heard anyone get so riled up about psalms before.

LANE: My world has become very small. Okay, I'm dying for news. Give me some headlines.

RORY: Oh, well, I've got a debate coming up. And, um, Dean's been working extra hours lately saving up for a new motorcycle, so I hardly see him. Mom and I haven't done laundry in three weeks, but I have taken to jumping into the gigantic pile of dirty clothes while we play our Reader's Digest World's Famous Polka CD that we got used for ninety-nine cents. Sorry if that's all boring.

LANE: Are you kidding? It's the most stimulation I've got in a week.

MRS. KIM: Lane, come down for your snack!

LANE: It's tea and melba toast time, gotta go. Don't forget me in my solitude.

RORY: Never.

LANE: Bye. [hangs up]

RORY: Think fast.

[Rory tosses the phone to Luke, who catches it cleanly]

LORELAI: Whoa, impressive. Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Goalie for the bagel hockey team?

RORY: And bump Schmitt?

LORELAI: Schmitt's over the hill, he's washed up, put him in Cooperstown. Suit up kid!

LUKE: Call me if anyone sane walks in.

[opening credits]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting on the living room couch watching TV]

RORY: There's nothing on.

LORELAI: There's always something on. Uh! Struck gold!

RORY: Not Two Fat Ladies again.

LORELAI: Why not? They're brilliant.

RORY: Because it's a cooking show and you don't cook.

LORELAI: That might change.

RORY: Not a chance.

LORELAI: Probably not.

RORY: Plus, we've seen all of them like five times. They're all repeats.

LORELAI: Yeah, sadly because one of the fat ladies met her maker.

RORY: Really? Which one?

LORELAI: The fat one.

RORY: Come on, which one? The one on the motorcycle or the one in the sidecar?

LORELAI: See, it's fun just talking about the Two Fat Ladies.

[doorbell rings]

RORY: Can't we find some other really fat people to watch?

LORELAI: Wow, that sounded really insensitive.

[Rory answers the door]

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: Can I come in?

RORY: I guess. So?

PARIS: You couldn't possibly be wondering what I'm doing here.

RORY: I couldn't?

PARIS: The debate's Friday and we need more preparation.

RORY: More preparation? Paris -- no two people know more about assisted suicide than the two of us. Kevorkian called today for a couple of tips.

PARIS: I know we know the material but there's issues of presentation that need to be addressed.

RORY: Presentation?

PARIS: I was listening to the CD I burned of the cassettes I made of our mock debates against the make-believe team and I realized that you were not talking fast enough.

RORY: What?

PARIS: You're only doing 135 wpm.

RORY: Wpm?

PARIS: Words per minute.

RORY: Of course.

PARIS: That's slow.

RORY: That's not slow.

PARIS: It's Jimmy Bob slow.

RORY: I talk normally.

PARIS: For the average Willie Nelson roadie, yes, but not for a winning debate team member. As a comparison, I speak an average of 178 wpm.

RORY: Okay, word speed isn't everything. Sometimes I will add a dramatic pause to prove a point, undercutting my wpm.

PARIS: Let's not harbor any Pinteresque fantasies here, Rory. We'll have scant minutes to make our arguments and we have to maximize our collective wpm.

RORY: Okay, okay. Let's just get going.

LORELAI: Hey Paris. Were we expecting you?

PARIS: You should've been. I'm going to get set up. [walks to Rory's room]

RORY: We're going to my room to work on my wpm.

LORELAI: Do I wanna know?

RORY: No.

[Rory walks towards her room as the phone rings]

LORELAI: I'll get it! Hello?

CHRISTOPHER: Hey Lor, it's Chris.

LORELAI: Hey you, how's it going?

CHRISTOPHER: Good, good. I'm on a little business trip here and I thought I'd call and check in on Rory.

LORELAI: Oh, she went to some biker party a few days ago and never came back.

CHRISTOPHER: Again?

LORELAI: Yeah, we gotta start disciplining that girl.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, who's got the time?

LORELAI: Actually, she's right here. I'll pass you to her. So where'd this business trip take you?

CHRISTOPHER: Your neck of the woods, actually. I'm in the Litchfield area.

LORELAI: Really? How long?

CHRISTOPHER: I don't know, a couple of days, or for as long as it takes for them to succumb to my infinite charms.

LORELAI: Well, if you're still here on Friday, you should come on down and see Rory in a debate at Chilton.

CHRISTOPHER: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah. It starts at 3:30 and it's first come, first serve. They're expecting like 20,000 people so I'd get there early.

CHRISTOPHER: Wow, Chilton up close, huh?

LORELAI: Yeah, it's your chance to see the famous Paris in action. There might even be casualties.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, tell Rory I'll be there.

LORELAI: Really?

CHRISTOPHER: Why not?

LORELAI: Aw, she'll be excited. Here, tell her yourself.

CHRISTOPHER: Pass me on.

[Lorelai stands at the doorway to Rory's bedroom]

PARIS: Dairy's bad too because of the mucous. You haven't had any dairy in the last forty-eight hours, have you?

RORY: In my cereal this morning.

PARIS: Geez! Okay, well there's a solution of salt water and vinegar that can help cut that.

LORELAI: Girls, I'm sorry to interrupt vinegar hour, but it's your dad.

RORY: [takes phone and walks away] Dad, hi.

PARIS: Did you give her the cereal?

LORELAI: Um, I'd rather not say.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[In the center of town, Rory walks down the sidewalk as a pay phone rings. She answers it]

RORY: Hello?

LANE: It's me.

RORY: Lane, this is flat out stalking.

LANE: Look, I don't have much time. I've already used up my five minutes of phone time so this is totally illicit, but I have to talk to you. There's a new Belle and Sebastian single coming out today.

RORY: I know.

LANE: I have to have it.

RORY: Okay, well -.

LANE: No, I mean I have to have it.

RORY: I don't know if I have time to pick it up.

LANE: What? Rory, do you wanna hear how I used up my five minutes of phone time today? Talking to Amazon.com trying to get them to overnight it to me in a plain package with a return address referencing something Korean and religious.

RORY: They wouldn't do it, huh?

LANE: I think they notified the government.

RORY: Can't you just wait for your grounding to be over?

LANE: Hey, I am a fanatic audiophile. That comes with responsibilities that a grounding doesn't alter. Now, I have to have this single and you have to figure out how to get it to me.

RORY: Okay, okay, I'll do my best.

LANE: Thank you, I have to go. Oh, and hey.

RORY: What?

LANE: You've got something in your teeth.

RORY: Stop that.

CUT TO CHILTON

[Before the debate starts, Lorelai and Sookie enter the auditorium looking for Rory]

LORELAI: Hey, there you are. Where were you?

RORY: Oh, hi.

LORELAI: I thought we were gonna meet by the vending machines for a little, uh, pre-debate nondairy snack.

RORY: Yeah, sorry, Paris wanted to do a sound check and she found some problems with the acoustics in the room.

PARIS: It's the layout on this row of seats that's causing a bass problem. We've got to move this whole row over a foot. Esta! Just move these people out. Mueva esta gente, mueva, mueva!

RORY: Better find a seat before she moves them all.

LORELAI: Have fun.

RORY: Thanks. I'm glad you came.

SOOKIE: No you're not!

RORY: What?

SOOKIE: I'm just getting you in the mood.

[Rory walks away as Lorelai and Sookie sit down]

LORELAI: So do you see Christopher anywhere?

SOOKIE: [looks around] Uh, well, no, no, no. Hey, what does he look like?

LORELAI: If you don't know, why are you looking?

SOOKIE: I'm looking for a guy that looks like a guy that you could be with, only I'm deducting seventeen years off his age and I'm adding an all-boys private school uniform and a Yankees cap.

LORELAI: And does your head hurt?

SOOKIE: Yeah.

MRS. O'MALLEY: If everybody could please take their seats, we'll begin. That includes all the

members of the debate team.

[Rory takes her seat on stage. She sees Brad sitting across from her]

RORY: Brad, hi.

BRAD: Hi Rory. I didn't think you'd remember me.

RORY: Oh, of course I do. How's the new school?

BRAD: I love it. It's way more mellow there and I made a ton of new friends.

RORY: Good for you.

PARIS: Well, Brad.

BRAD: Paris.

PARIS: Guess we're going mono a mono today, huh?

BRAD: Oh God.

MRS. O'MALLEY: All right, the topic for today's debate is doctor-assisted suicide.

SOOKIE: That's pleasant.

MRS. O'MALLEY: Let me introduce the debaters. On the Hillside Academy team, we have Brad Lankford and Nancy Waterford.

NANCY: You look sick.

BRAD: I feel sick.

MRS. O'MALLEY: And on the Chilton team, we have Rory Gilmore and Paris Gellar.

[Sookie and Lorelai cheer loudly]

LORELAI: Oww!

SOOKIE: Whoo!

LORELAI: Oww!

[Everyone else is silent]

SOOKIE: Were we not supposed to do that?

LORELAI: Maybe no one noticed.

MRS. O'MALLEY: Each team will have three minutes for their openings, three minutes for rebuttals, and two minutes for their conclusions. They will be judged on the basis of content, strategy, and style. I will be the judge, along with Mrs. Gladstone.

PARIS: Mrs. O'Malley is impregnable but yesterday I complemented Mrs. Gladstone's dumpy outfit and bought her an ice cream sandwich and she practically licked my hand in gratitude.

RORY: Nice going.

MRS. O'MALLEY: We choose which team will take the pro or con side with the toss of a coin. A member of Hillside will make the call.

BRAD: Heads. No, tails, I mean tails!

MRS. O'MALLEY: Uh, it's heads. Chilton will pick pro or con.

PARIS: Pro assisted suicide.

BRAD: What a shock.

MRS. O'MALLEY: All right. Whenever you're ready, you may commence.

PARIS: Thank you. [to Rory] Keep it snappy.

[Rory walks to the podium]

RORY: There are many vantage points from which to consider doctor assisted suicide. Serious consideration draws from ethics, law, medical practices, philosophy, psychology, public policy and religion, all topics I plan to explore in the next two minutes and forty-six seconds.

LORELAI: Geez, look at that kid, he's shaking.

SOOKIE: Ooh, and pale.

LORELAI: He looks all white and tiny.

RORY: ... provides either information or the actual means, such as medication or other supplies to a person who wishes to terminate his or her own life. The patient must then initiate the process. The goal is euthanasia, a term with its roots in ancient Greek. . .

[As Rory speaks in the background, Lorelai turns around and sees Christopher in the hallway. A few seconds later, Sherry joins him.]

CUT TO LATER IN THE DEBATE

PARIS: And referencing their last point, which erroneously cited South Carolina as a state that has neither a statute nor common law which prohibits assisted suicide when we know that North Carolina is the proper citation, their subsequent argument falls short of even a level of speciousness due to the fact that it doesn't even have a ring of factual truth, let alone a substance. And after all, the absence of prohibition against assisted suicide is a far cry from a statute that actually legitimizes the practice, a state of affairs that exists only in Oregon, sadly enough, under the 1977 Death Without Dignity Act.

[While Paris is speaking, Sookie tries to subtly look at Sherry, who's sitting towards the back of the audience]

LORELAI: Hey, circus lady, what's with the contortions?

SOOKIE: I'm trying to sneak a peak at the girl Christopher's with.

LORELAI: But you see, the entire concept behind the word sneak is not having people notice you, and what you're doing is shouting 'notice me.'

SOOKIE: Tell me you're not curious.

LORELAI: I'm not curious.

SOOKIE: You are too.

LORELAI: We'll meet her in a matter of minutes. Now, come on, watch the tiny shaking boy get shorter.

MRS. O'MALLEY: Two minutes for conclusion.

[Lorelai purposely drops her tissue.]

LORELAI: Ooh. [She leans over to pick it up while glancing back at Sherry]

SOOKIE: You sneak a little peak?

LORELAI: Shh.

PARIS: Professor Bomar of Willamette University of Law has prepared a lengthy summary that I'd like to use in my remaining time.

MRS. O'MALLEY: Time.

PARIS: What?

MRS. O'MALLEY: That's it, time's up.

PARIS: Oh, but if I could just have a few seconds to rebut their charge of the cruelty of the act.

BRAD: We take it back!

PARIS: You can't take it back, it's a debate.

MRS. O'MALLEY: Okay, that's enough cruelty for one day, Paris. Your team has won. Congratulations.

PARIS: Really? Thank you. Thank you very much. [walks over to opposing team] You put up a good fight. Better luck next time.

RORY: You okay?

BRAD: I'm sweating. I'm completely soaked through. And I think I'm catching a cold.

RORY: Do you need a hug? Or a towel?

BRAD: No, thanks. I think I'm just gonna sit here quietly.

[cut to Lorelai and Sookie standing near the doorway]

SOOKIE: Uh! There they are.

LORELAI: I see them. What do you think?

SOOKIE: She's got good hair.

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: Plus she's been sitting for an hour and her dress is perfect. Not a wrinkle? How does she do that?

LORELAI: She must be a witch.

SOOKIE: And she's doing that no-hose thing.

LORELAI: Yeah. She's a chic, good hair, wrinkle-free, no-hose-wearing witch.

SOOKIE: You ready?

LORELAI: Yeah.

[they walk towards Christopher and Sherry]

LORELAI: Hi there, you two.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey Lorelai. You guys get to meet at last. This is. . .

LORELAI: Sherry.

SHERRY: Nice to finally meet you.

LORELAI: Yeah, I recognized you from your Christmas card.

CHRISTOPHER: Which I'm sure you mocked mercilessly.

LORELAI: Did not. Others, yes, but not yours. You guys were cute, and the puppy was cute. [Sookie clears her throat] Hey, this is Sookie.

SHERRY: Nice to meet you.

SOOKIE: Nice to meet you. You have a very smooth dress.

SHERRY: Oh, well thank you. It's the fabric.

SOOKIE: The fabric. Uh huh.

LORELAI: Hm. Uh, Chris, I've told you about Sookie.

CHRISTOPHER: Yes you have, the famous Sookie.

SOOKIE: The famous Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER: I hear you're the greatest chef after Alan Ducass.

SOOKIE: After Alan Ducass? Who □ who said after?

RORY: Hi Dad! You came.

CHRISTOPHER: Of course I did.

RORY: Sorry, I'm still getting used to it. I'm glad.

LORELAI: Honey, um, look who Dad brought.

CHRISTOPHER: This is Sherry. Sherry, this is Rory.

SHERRY: Oh, finally, finally, finally. I am so beyond thrilled, I can't tell you. All he does is talk about you. I couldn't wait to meet this amazing person.

LORELAI: Well, she lives up to the hype, let me tell ya.

RORY: Is my face turning red?

LORELAI: Oh yeah, beet red.

SHERRY: Oh, I'm sorry. I put you on the spot. I've just been really looking forward to this.

RORY: No, no, it's okay.

LORELAI: Um, will you excuse us for a minute? Rory just wanted to show me something around the corner here and we'll be right back.

CHRISTOPHER: So Rory was great, huh?

SOOKIE: Brilliant. So, who said I was after Alan Ducass?

[Lorelai and Rory walk down the hall and into the auditorium]

RORY: He brought Sherry.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: This is a little. . .

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: Did you talk to her? Is she nice?

LORELAI: She's a witch.

RORY: Oh, good.

LORELAI: So, what do we do?

RORY: What do you mean?

LORELAI: Come on, come on, come on. We gotta put on our hostessing hats and set a game plan here.

RORY: Oh yeah, I guess it would be impolite if we didn't ask them to hang out with us.

LORELAI: So what do we do? Hit the vending machines?

RORY: Invite them to Luke's?

LORELAI: Does she look like a diner chick to you?

RORY: Probably not.

LORELAI: I wish he had told me she was with him.

RORY: Where else can we invite them?

LORELAI: Al's Pancake World.

RORY: No, it's Friday. He does his prefix menu on Fridays.

LORELAI: Ugh. Well, there's always our house.

RORY: It's a mess.

LORELAI: Might be the safest?

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Why didn't he mention that she was with him?

RORY: I don't know.

[they walk back towards them]

CHRISTOPHER: It's really just more of an impression than something I probably actually heard.

SOOKIE: But maybe someone implied that I was after him?

LORELAI: Oh, Sookie?

SOOKIE: Yeah?

LORELAI: You know what, you are the greatest chef in the world, bar none.

SOOKIE: Uh, thanks.

LORELAI: So, um, are you guys doing anything now?

CHRISTOPHER: Not really.

SHERRY: No, we're pretty free for the rest of the day.

LORELAI: Well, why don't you come back and see our place?

SHERRY: Oh, that would be great.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, Sherry would love that. Thanks Lor.

SHERRY: I was hoping we'd get a chance to see where Rory lives and her room.

RORY: Oh, my room's really no big deal.

SHERRY: Oh, and the books. I've heard all about the books. I can't wait to see the books.

LORELAI: Well, let's go and see the books.

[They start walking down the hall as Paris walks over]

PARIS: Rory! So, great job. We pretty much wiped the floor with them.

RORY: Yeah, we turned them into cleaning products, definitely.

PARIS: Listen, the verbatim transcripts of the debate will be ready in about a half hour. I thought we could wait for them and sit and talk about what we did right, what we did wrong, compare wpm's.

RORY: Well, I'm actually heading with my group back to our house, so I really can't.

PARIS: Oh. Okay, whatever. If you don't want to celebrate with me, that's just fine.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory rush through the front door]

LORELAI: You get the living room, I'll get the kitchen!

RORY: What about the upstairs?

LORELAI: I'll body block the fool who tries to go upstairs.

RORY: Company is stressful.

LORELAI: Ugh, don't forget about your room!

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Your room! She wants to see the books!

RORY: Well, I'll hit it next.

LORELAI: Ugh, they're probably gonna want something to eat and drink.

RORY: Well, company usually does.

LORELAI: We have nothing.

RORY: We must have something.

LORELAI: Not unless Divine Providence has placed a miracle brie and cr*cker plate in the fridge.

RORY: We have leftover Halloween candy.

LORELAI: Aw, waste that on company?

RORY: Well, having company is about making sacrifices.

LORELAI: Martha Stewart?

RORY: I paraphrased Proust.

LORELAI: I should've known. Fine. Presentation is everything.

CHRISTOPHER: [calls from front door] Hello?

RORY: Hi Dad!

CHRISTOPHER: You guys need some more time to clean up?

LORELAI: He knows us too well.

RORY: Come on in. How'd you know we were cleaning?

CHRISTOPHER: Uh, well, when you cut us off in the parking lot and sped off doing sixty, I figured you were trying to beat us home for a reason.

SHERRY: I hope we're not completely ruining your day.

LORELAI: Oh no, we love company. Please come in.

SHERRY: Your house is great.

LORELAI: Thanks, we like it. Have a seat.

[they all sit down in the living room]

SHERRY: Rory, you were wonderful in the debate today.

RORY: Thanks.

CHRISTOPHER: Uh, that Paris was a little intense.

LORELAI: Ha, a little? The opposing team could bring her up on w*r crimes.

RORY: Yeah, her approach will come in handy when she becomes a CEO or a dictator of a country or something.

SHERRY: Mm hmm. Well, you were very poised up there, very sure of yourself, just like your dad.

CHRISTOPHER: And your mom.

LORELAI: Aw shucks, Pa.

SHERRY: And your uniform is darling, really. I love the blue. Of course, I'm sure you look good in anything.

LORELAI: Oh yeah, you should see her in chaps.

SHERRY: Really?

RORY: No, that was just my mom being funny.

SHERRY: Oh.

LORELAI: Yeah, it comes and goes. You'll learn to notice the signs.

CHRISTOPHER: The waves get really still, the animals start to act funny.

SHERRY: You know, I went to private school too.

RORY: Really?

SHERRY: Except that our colors were white and bright red. I looked hideous.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, she's being self-deprecating. You looked cute in that outfit.

SHERRY: No no, I looked like a peppermint stick. I swear, that's where my addiction to clothes comes from. Trying to make up for all the years of having to wear the same thing everyday.

RORY: Yeah, I can understand that.

SHERRY: Well, we should go shopping sometime for clothes or whatever.

RORY: Yeah, we could do that.

SHERRY: Soon, okay?

RORY: Sure.

LORELAI: Hey, drinks. Who wants something to drink? I've got water, soda. . .

CHRISTOPHER: Uh, just water for me

SHERRY: Me too.

LORELAI: Oh, making it easy, I love it.

SHERRY: I'll help you.

LORELAI: Oh, no, uh, well, okay. Sherry, you don't have to help me.

SHERRY: No, I want to.

LORELAI: Great.

[Lorelai and Sherry walk into the kitchen]

LORELAI: So, uh, do you want flat water or sparkling? I hope it's flat because I don't have sparkling. Or flat. Or ice cubes. I have cups, I think.

SHERRY: It's a little awkward, isn't it?

LORELAI: What?

SHERRY: Us, you and me, our being here.

LORELAI: Aw, no, not really.

SHERRY: But kind of, right?

LORELAI: Well, we're just not used to having company.

SHERRY: I mean, you and Christopher were so close. I know it was years ago but these things are never simple.

LORELAI: Well, just in general, things like this are always awkward slightly, but only slightly. [opens fridge] Agh, look. Apple juice - with a perfectly respectable expiration date.

SHERRY: Look, I just want you to know that you should not feel like you need to get to know me.

LORELAI: Oh.

SHERRY: At all.

LORELAI: Okay.

SHERRY: I mean, just because Christopher and I are close doesn't mean that we need to be close, or friends or anything for that matter.

LORELAI: No, I guess not.

SHERRY: I mean, except for our unexpected visit, we may never have even met.

LORELAI: I think we probably would've met eventually.

SHERRY: Perhaps, at some function or other.

LORELAI: Yeah - you, me, Martin Sheen all chained to the same tree.

SHERRY: But I do desperately wanna get to know Rory.

LORELAI: Well sure, she's a great kid.

SHERRY: And that's okay with you?

LORELAI: Yeah, that's fine.

SHERRY: Oh, I'm so glad to hear that. Because things are kind of speeding up between me and Christopher and □

LORELAI: Really?

SHERRY: Rory is so important to him.

LORELAI: Yeah, I know, she is.

SHERRY: And he told me about how he wasn't really a presence in her life for years and how he'd like to make up for all that time that he wasted.

LORELAI: Well, he's been doing really well lately.

SHERRY: I know. He is obsessive about his call dates to her. I mean, it doesn't matter where we are or what we're doing, he's gotta call Rory Wednesday nights at seven o'clock. I like that about him.

LORELAI: Yeah, me too.

SHERRY: And he really wants me to bond with her too. It's important with everything we have coming.

LORELAI: I totally understand.

SHERRY: Good, I'm glad.

LORELAI: Yeah.

SHERRY: So what are the chances of Rory and I getting together on this trip?

LORELAI: This trip?

SHERRY: How about tonight?

LORELAI: Tonight?

SHERRY: Rory seemed up for it.

LORELAI: Tonight huh? Well, uh, it's kind of last minute and we're supposed to go somewhere.

SHERRY: The Friday night dinner with your parents.

LORELAI: You know about those?

SHERRY: All about them, but Christopher said that you can get her out of them if there's a pressing need.

LORELAI: Well, that's true to a certain extent but - .

SHERRY: Well this is pressing. I am so forcing myself here it's embarrassing, but that's how important it is. I mean, who knows when this opportunity's gonna present itself again, right?

LORELAI: Right.

SHERRY: So?

LORELAI: Well, um, sure. You'll have to ask Rory but if it's okay with her, it's okay with me.

SHERRY: You know, you're as great as Christopher said you were.

LORELAI: Well, he's an excellent judge of character.

SHERRY: Okay, I'll see you back out there? Okay.

[Sherry brings two of the glasses into the living room]

CHRISTOPHER: Everything okay?

SHERRY: Yup, she found apple juice.

[phone rings]

LORELAI: [from kitchen] Hey Rory, can you get that!

RORY: Let the machine pick it up.

LORELAI: No, it could be important.

RORY: Okay. [answers phone] Hello?

LORELAI: Hi, it's me.

RORY: Oh, hi.

LORELAI: I'm still in the kitchen. Um, listen, I just wanted to tell you that Sherry just asked me if she could go out with you tonight just the two of you, and she sort of trapped me into saying that I could get you out of the Friday night dinner, which she knew all about. But I told her she had to run it past you first, so I can still get you out of it. Although, it might be a good idea to get a Sherry night out of the way because it seems kind of inevitable. So if you're okay going with her, just say, um, "Sorry Leonard, we've got company, I have to call you back."

RORY: Sorry Leonard, we've got company, I'll have to call you back.

LORELAI: Oh, okay. Bye. [walks into the living room] Okay, here's your drink. Who was that?

RORY: Um, that was Leonard.

LORELAI: Oh, did you tell him we have company?

RORY: Yeah.

CHRISTOPHER: Uh, who's Leonard?

RORY: Oh, just a friend.

CHRISTOPHER: A friend of yours or a friend of Lorelai's?

LORELAI: A mutual friend.

RORY: Yeah, it's pretty much equal.

CHRISTOPHER: A mutual Leonard?

LORELAI: Yeah, we're constantly fighting over him.

SHERRY: Rory, can I run something by you?

RORY: Oh sure.

SHERRY: Your dad and I are around for another night, and he's totally sick of me.

CHRISTOPHER: Not true.

SHERRY: Anyhow, I was wondering if you wanted to do something with me tonight, just the two of us.

RORY: Oh, sure, that would be nice.

SHERRY: Really?

RORY: Yeah. I mean, um, if it's okay with my mom because we do have a Grandma/Grandpa dinner tonight.

LORELAI: It's fine by me.

SHERRY: Great. Oh, of course this does leave you a sad little orphan.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh, that's okay. I'll have one of my patented White Castle bachelor dinners.

LORELAI: Or you can come with me tonight. Uh, if you want.

CHRISTOPHER: To your parents?

LORELAI: Yeah, 'cause with Rory not there I might need a hostage.

SHERRY: Oh, yes, do it.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, it's good grub. You sure they won't be mad?

LORELAI: Hi, they like you.

CHRISTOPHER: True.

SHERRY: Great. Well, we should go get cleaned up for tonight then. Thanks for having us over like this.

LORELAI: Any time.

SHERRY: So we'll swing by around six?

RORY: Oh, sounds good.

SHERRY: Okay.

CHRISTOPHER: Bye sweetie.

RORY: Bye Dad.

CHRISTOPHER: Bye Leonard.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Later that night, Rory is in the living room as Lorelai walks down the stairs]

LORELAI: Honey, hurry, they said six.

RORY: Yeah but it's six Dad time so it's more like six-thirty.

LORELAI: But Dad time is now linked to Sherry time and that Sherry seems awfully punctual.

RORY: That is so annoying.

[phone rings]

LORELAI: We have to learn to live with each other's deficiencies.

RORY: I'll get it.

LORELAI: Oh, if it's Leonard, tell him I'll call him back.

RORY: He's so needy. [answers phone] Hello?

LANE: Humongous snag in the CD drop plan.

RORY: What happened?

LANE: Bible class has been moved an hour later, all to accommodate the reverend's handball schedule.

RORY: The reverend plays handball?

LANE: I'm just as appalled. So it's at ten instead of nine.

RORY: Okay, I'll make the necessary adjustments.

LANE: Thank you, thank you, thank you. So, anything new?

RORY: My dad brought his girlfriend to my debate.

LANE: The potential stepmom? Oh my God. Tell me what she's like, what'd she say and tell me in like eleven seconds 'cause it's all the phone time I have left.

RORY: That's too much pressure!

LANE: Well, then write a long descriptive letter about it all and slip it into the CD booklet. Oh, and try to include a candid Polaroid of her if you can.

RORY: I'll try.

LANE: Gotta go.

RORY: Bye. [hangs up]

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, can we come in?

LORELAI: Yeah, come on in. Hey.

SHERRY: You look great.

LORELAI: Oh, thanks, you too.

SHERRY: Hi there, you ready to go?

RORY: All set.

SHERRY: Okay, so we won't be too late, probably around ten.

LORELAI: Okay, well, if you wanna grab a drink after the movie, Rory's got the list of places that serve minors.

RORY: Nah, I got a flask in my purse.

LORELAI: Ooh.

SHERRY: Okay, I'm gonna have to drink a lot of coffee to keep up with you two.

LORELAI: Damn, our secret's been revealed.

SHERRY: Bye love.

CHRISTOPHER: Have fun

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Bye Sweets.

RORY: Bye.

[Rory and Sherry leave]

CHRISTOPHER: There they go.

LORELAI: Yeah, there they go.

CHRISTOPHER: Sherry's really excited about this. It's such a great opportunity Lor. Thanks for making it happen.

LORELAI: That's what I'm here for. Let me just get my coat and we can go.

CHRISTOPHER: Great.

LORELAI: Can I just ask you a quick question?

CHRISTOPHER: Sure, what?

LORELAI: When I invited you to Rory's debate, was Sherry with you?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, of course. She's been with me the whole trip. Why?

LORELAI: It's just that you gave me no indication that she was with you.

CHRISTOPHER: What? I must have.

LORELAI: Nope, singular pronouns all the way.

CHRISTOPHER: I actually don't remember what I said.

LORELAI: I do. You said, 'I'll be there', as in just you.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, I may have said that but I wasn't making a point of saying that. It just came out that way.

LORELAI: Okay, whatever, I was just wondering.

CHRISTOPHER: It's okay that I brought Sherry along, isn't it?

LORELAI: Absolutely. It was just a surprise, that's all.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay.

LORELAI: So you weren't trying to hide the fact?

CHRISTOPHER: No. I mean, obviously you were gonna find out she was with me once we arrived.

LORELAI: Obviously.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay then.

LORELAI: Okay.

CHRISTOPHER: So what do you think of her?

LORELAI: Oh, I don't know her well enough to judge.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, that's never stopped you from judging people before.

LORELAI: Hey buddy, I'm trying to grow here.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, if it helps, she was saying really nice things about you.

LORELAI: Really?

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah. She said you guys had a really nice talk in the kitchen.

LORELAI: Well, if that's what she said, then I guess we did.

CHRISTOPHER: Lorelai, come on.

LORELAI: What?

CHRISTOPHER: You're being very cryptic. Did something happen between you two?

LORELAI: No, I just. . . I thought our conversation in the kitchen was a little odd.

CHRISTOPHER: And this is being less cryptic?

LORELAI: It's just that she went on and on about how we never have to be friends or get to know each other at all or try to force any kind of relationship.

CHRISTOPHER: Really? She never mentioned that part. Huh.

LORELAI: So how come she figures she never has to see me?

CHRISTOPHER: Well, I'm sure she was trying to make you feel at ease around her. Because it's true, you guys don't have to force anything.

LORELAI: Uh huh. Where'd she get this 'don't force it' philosophy?

CHRISTOPHER: Not from me.

LORELAI: You sure?

CHRISTOPHER: Yes, I'm sure.

LORELAI: So she just wants to get to know Rory, not me.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, I did steer her toward bonding with Rory, I'll admit that.

LORELAI: But not with me.

CHRISTOPHER: Rory's my daughter Lorelai, Sherry has to get to know her.

LORELAI: I know.

CHRISTOPHER: I wasn't purposely omitting you or telling her not to interact with you.

LORELAI: Oh good, so you're not having me k*ll'd or anything like that?

CHRISTOPHER: No. In fact, I was just going over my "people to k*ll" list and I don't think you were on it.

LORELAI: Because by the very fact that Rory exists, I am in the picture.

CHRISTOPHER: You can back off Lorelai. You'll be in Sherry's life.

LORELAI: Good.

CHRISTOPHER: Not that you thought to do the same thing when you were in my shoes.

LORELAI: What? What are you talking about?

CHRISTOPHER: You have a fiancé, I believe.

LORELAI: Yes, Max.

CHRISTOPHER: Right, Max.

LORELAI: That was not the same thing.

CHRISTOPHER: Really? Max knew Rory, Max got close to Rory, right?

LORELAI: Yes.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, he and I never met. I didn't even know he existed until late in the game. Hell, I didn't even know you were engaged until you called me from your bachelorette party. And I wasn't invited to the wedding or did my invitation get lost in the mail?

LORELAI: Well, you've moved a lot this past year.

CHRISTOPHER: I was never part of that equation.

LORELAI: Okay, maybe. But trust me, you would've been part of the equation eventually. Really Chris, you would have.

CHRISTOPHER: Well then, trust me Lorelai, eventually you would've been part of this one.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Doorbell rings, Emily answers it.]

EMILY: Christopher!

CHRISTOPHER: Hello Emily.

EMILY: Well, this is a surprise. Where's Rory?

LORELAI: Uh, a last minute unexpected thing came up, but I brought a good substitute or half her genes in a nice nifty Christopher package.

EMILY: Well, we're letting the freezing air get in. Come in, come in. Is she sick? There are terrible things making the rounds these days.

[they walk to the living room]

LORELAI: No, she's not sick. Hi Dad.

RICHARD: Hello Lorelai. Christopher, this is a surprise!

CHRISTOPHER: A nice one, I hope.

RICHARD: A very nice one.

CHRISTOPHER: How are you Richard?

RICHARD: You're looking well.

CHRISTOPHER: So are you. You playing a lot of golf lately?

RICHARD: Ah, well, more like it's playing me. Oh, let's not stand here. Come into the living room. Now, who wants a drink? Uh, martini, Manhattan, some scotch?

LORELAI: Yes please.

RICHARD: Uh, you wanna narrow that down for me?

LORELAI: Hooch is hooch Dad.

CHRISTOPHER: I'll have a Manhattan.

EMILY: Same here.

RICHARD: Right.

EMILY: So you never said where Rory is.

RICHARD: Rory's not here?

EMILY: Richard, you didn't even notice your own granddaughter isn't here?

RICHARD: Well, she's so quiet she sometimes slips in unnoticed. She should work for the CIA. Uh, one cherry good for everybody?

CHRISTOPHER: Fine with me.

EMILY: Me too.

LORELAI: Eight please. I'm peckish.

EMILY: Well, I noticed that Rory isn't here.

LORELAI: Well you've got that eagle eye, Mom.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm afraid it's my fault Emily. My girlfriend and I were passing through town and we dropped by Stars Hollow for a visit, and she and Rory are off doing something together.

EMILY: You have a girlfriend?

CHRISTOPHER: Sherry.

EMILY: And she and Rory are out together?

LORELAI: I'm sorry. I should've called, Mom.

EMILY: Well, that would've been thoughtful. I mean, we set a place for her at the table and everything.

LORELAI: Well, Chris is here so it won't go to waste.

CHRISTOPHER: Although normally I demand my own customized place setting.

EMILY: So how long have you been with this woman?

CHRISTOPHER: Eight months.

RICHARD: Mm, I bet she's pretty.

LORELAI: Yes, she's very pretty.

RICHARD: Uh, something in your eye Lorelai?

LORELAI: I got it.

EMILY: You've met this woman?

LORELAI: Yes, Mom, I met this woman today and she's very nice.

RICHARD: Uh, what does she do? Does she work?

CHRISTOPHER: Uh, she's the East Coast sales rep for Loreal Cosmetics.

RICHARD: Hm, that sounds like a lot of responsibility.

CHRISTOPHER: Keeps her busy, involves some travel.

EMILY: What are they doing?

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Rory and Christopher's friend ▯ what are they doing tonight?

LORELAI: Dinner and a movie, something like that. It's my fault that we didn't call.

RICHARD: Your work has you traveling too, I hear.

CHRISTOPHER: Some.

RICHARD: Everyone thinks that traveling on business is so glamorous but what they don't realize is that the business traveler never gets to see the places he visits. My last trip to Rome, I spent the whole four days in a conference room by the airport. I might as well have been in French Lick, Indiana.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, my trips are mostly local, just me and my Volvo.

EMILY: You have a Volvo?

RICHARD: That's new, isn't it?

CHRISTOPHER: I just got it.

RICHARD: Excellent choice. It's nice and safe. That's a good family car.

LORELAI: It's also excellent for cranking Metallica.

RICHARD: Cranking Metallica?

LORELAI: Mm hmm.

RICHARD: If that's some sort of drug reference, it isn't funny.

EMILY: So you're planning on having a family?

CHRISTOPHER: What?

EMILY: With this woman?

LORELAI: Her name's Sherry, Mom, and you're really putting Chris on the spot here.

EMILY: Well, he bought a family car, it's a natural question.

LORELAI: Dad called it a family car. I'm sure there's nothing in the sales contract that says you have to have a family in order to buy the car.

CHRISTOPHER: Although I didn't read all the fine print.

EMILY: You always drove a motorcycle before, didn't you?

CHRISTOPHER: I still got it.

RICHARD: Oh, oh, a family man shouldn't drive a motorcycle. The accidents I covered for the firm involving motorcycles ▯ the worst, grisly. They use this industrial machine to scrape the victims off the road like a huge spatula.

LORELAI: Hey, mouthful of cherries here.

EMILY: So are you living together?

LORELAI: Mom, get out the interrogation lamp, why don't you.

CHRISTOPHER: It's okay. Yeah, but we're looking for something bigger in the Boston area.

RICHARD: There are a lot of nice historical places up there.

CHRISTOPHER: Something historical in our price range would be perfect.

EMILY: You know historical homes are infested with mold, don't you?

LORELAI: Mold?

EMILY: It gets inside the walls and grows out of sight and sh**t off spores that slowly k*ll you and your family.

LORELAI: You should get a show on the Home and Garden channel, Mom.

RICHARD: When did you become an expert on mold, Emily?

EMILY: It was in the New York Times Magazine. I'd hold off buying a place with this woman until you look into this.

LORELAI: Sherry, Sherry.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, it's actually gonna come down to whatever we can afford. It might just be a newly built place.

EMILY: With their shoddy craftsmanship? Oh, you don't want that.

LORELAI: What does that leave them with, Mom ▯ a teepee?

EMILY: I'm sorry. I just don't think that Rory should miss our dinners for something other than sickness or emergencies. That was the agreement.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm sorry Emily, really.

LORELAI: Mom, Chris has apologized like a hundred times. How many more times do you wanna hear it?

CHRISTOPHER: Listen, I can call Sherry and have her and Rory come by after their movie, that way it won't be a totally Rory-less evening.

EMILY: That's not what I want.

LORELAI: Mom, we're desperately trying to work with you here.

EMILY: Working with me is one thing, patronizing me is another. Excuse me. [leaves]

CHRISTOPHER: I feel horrible.

RICHARD: Oh, don't son. That's just Emily.

LORELAI: I'll go see what I can do.

CUT TO KITCHEN

[Lorelai walks in as Emily pours herself a drink]

LORELAI: You wanna tell me what's going on here?

EMILY: How can you let that horrible woman take Rory like that?

LORELAI: Okay Mom, calm down. It's only one night.

EMILY: That's how it starts. She's just getting her claws into her.

LORELAI: Her claws?

EMILY: We'll never see Rory again if that woman has her way.

LORELAI: Mom, hold it. Rory is my daughter, you know. I have some control over this.

EMILY: She's not getting Rory on weekends, you can't let that happen.

LORELAI: What is this about Mom? Why are you so flipped out?

EMILY: Lorelai, are you blind or just that humiliated?

LORELAI: Humiliated?

EMILY: Christopher gets his life together with that woman.

LORELAI: So, that's good.

EMILY: It should've been you!

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Don't play dumb, Lorelai. You know it too, and deep down I know you're heartbroken.

LORELAI: I'm not heartbroken.

EMILY: Well, I am.

LORELAI: Huh.

EMILY: I always had the picture in my mind of the three of you together. After all these years and after all the bad things that happened, Rory with both her parents. And now that Christopher's got his life together, it's with her and not you.

LORELAI: Mom, the timing was never right for us.

EMILY: That's because you dawdled time away. You could've had that affect on him. You could've been the person to help him get his life together, but you made no effort!

LORELAI: Oh, so now this comes down to something I didn't do? Don't put that on me Mother!

EMILY: What other explanation is there? He's always been crazy about you but you've always kept him at arms length. You keep everyone at arm's length.

LORELAI: That's not true!

EMILY: It is true! Your destiny was to be with Christopher and now it's too late!

LORELAI: Then it wasn't our destiny!

EMILY: So you're saying that you don't have feelings for him Lorelai, that all of this is just fine with you?

LORELAI: That's not important.

EMILY: It's not?

LORELAI: No. What's important is that Christopher is doing well and he's happy and we should be happy for him.

EMILY: You're impossible. I need to lie down. Tell Christopher ▯ tell him whatever you like, I don't care.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai walks through the door]

LUKE: Hey.

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: You alone this morning?

LORELAI: No, Rory's with me. She just had to run an errand.

LUKE: Well, take whatever table you want.

LORELAI: Okay.

LUKE: You okay?

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: You don't seem your chipper self.

LORELAI: I brought some sparklers. I'll light them later and do some kicks.

LUKE: You know, if you want I can clear the counter and you can play some bagel hockey.

LORELAI: You can't play bagel hockey by yourself.

LUKE: I'll play with you. You'll have to explain the rules.

LORELAI: It's okay. I'm just trying to recover from last night. It was one of those nights where you start off stepping in quicksand and end up with a sixteen-ton anvil landing on your head.

LUKE: I've had plenty of those. I'll bring some coffee.

LORELAI: Can't hurt.

[Lorelai walks towards an empty table as Rory walks in]

RORY: You order?

LORELAI: Oh, just coffee. God, I must've been sound asleep when you got home last night.

RORY: You were snoring like a buzz saw.

LORELAI: I believe that's defined as a superfluous comment.

RORY: Yes, you were sound asleep.

LORELAI: So, I'm dying to hear about your night with Sherry. How was it? Give it to me, A to Z,

beginning to end, soup to nuts.

RORY: Well, she is what she seems.

LORELAI: Details please.

RORY: She's a very cautious driver. She doesn't roll through stop signs, doesn't speed, she always signals before she turns.

LORELAI: Hm. Commendable, but not the person I want driving our getaway car.

RORY: What are we robbing?

LORELAI: Sephora. We had it all planned out.

RORY: Slipped my mind.

LORELAI: What's her music taste?

RORY: Big Bruce Springsteen fan. Seen him like twenty times.

LORELAI: Blue collar roots or is she just slumming?

RORY: Oh, her father owned a shoe store and her mom taught kindergarten.

LORELAI: Wow, you guys really got into some details.

RORY: She was definitely in bonding mode.

LORELAI: What else, what else?

RORY: She's very touchy-feely. Hand on the shoulder, lots of hugs.

LORELAI: She didn't try to get fresh, did she?

RORY: Gross!

LORELAI: Go on.

RORY: Um, she's had one prior serious relationship in her life.

LORELAI: Finally, the juicy stuff.

RORY: And it lasted eleven years.

LORELAI: Eleven years? And she never got married?

RORY: She said she never thought about it with her career and all, but now she's thinking about it more and more.

LORELAI: Tick tock, tick tock.

RORY: And the past couple of years she hasn't even dated anyone unless she thought that for sure it could be a lasting relationship, and she's got some specific goals now concerning children.

LORELAI: Oh, here we go.

RORY: She wants at least two, and before she met Dad she was seriously considering single parenthood.

LORELAI: That's wanting kids.

RORY: That's about it.

LORELAI: Yeah?

RORY: Oh, she works for Loreal.

LORELAI: Hm, I heard that.

RORY: I'm tapped. How was your night?

LORELAI: Oh, well, fine. Just took Mom a whole five minutes before she self-combusted and left the room in tears.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: She freaked out that you were with Sherry, can you believe that?

RORY: She freaked?

LORELAI: Totally. She kept calling her 'that woman'.

RORY: Well, what did she think, that you were gonna come home and find a rabbit boiling on the stove?

LORELAI: No, it had to do with her and Christopher and . . . anyway, eventually she came down and had a pouty dinner.

RORY: So it ended up okay?

LORELAI: For the most part.

RORY: Is she mad at me?

LORELAI: No, the angel child, never.

LUKE: Here you go. [brings their coffee]

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: Thanks. So, um, I wanna ask you something.

RORY: Ask.

LORELAI: When you've thought about me and your dad ▯ what have you been thinking all these years?

RORY: Um, what do you mean?

LORELAI: I mean, did you ever picture us potentially together, like ▯we are family' together?

RORY: Well, not really.

LORELAI: But sort of, it crossed your mind?

RORY: I feel like I'm on the Ricki Lake show.

LORELAI: Go Rory, go Rory.

RORY: Well, I'll admit that I have pictured the three of us living together at various times, but in the way that all kids picture their estranged parents living together or the way they should be together, but it's stupid.

LORELAI: It's not stupid.

RORY: Yeah, I've pictured it.

LORELAI: Hm.

RORY: But I also pictured you with Pee-Wee Herman.

LORELAI: Wow.

RORY: Yeah. We lived in his playhouse and we'd be talking to Chairy and Captain Carl would be walking by.

LORELAI: [laughs] Fun!

RORY: Yeah. Oh, and later I pictured you marrying Matthew Broderick, and we lived in New York in this great apartment in the village and we would talk about his Ferris Bueller days.

LORELAI: Just think how easy Producers tickets would be to get.

RORY: Oh, it would be fourth row center every night.

LORELAI: I'm sorry that Matthew and I couldn't work it out, honey.

RORY: I'll try to get over it.

LORELAI: So should it have been me?

RORY: Huh? Oops, sorry! Zero hour □ I have to go. I'll be right back. [leaves]

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Rory stands by the gazebo and waits for Mrs. Kim and Lane to walk out of their house. When they do, Rory nods to Kirk, who walks up to them.]

KIRK: Excuse me Mrs. Kim, I'm Kirk.

MRS. KIM: I know you're Kirk. I've known you since you were two.

KIRK: That's no guarantee that people remember me.

MRS. KIM: We're in a hurry.

KIRK: I won't take up much of your time. I was just wondering what your store hours are.

MRS. KIM: For people who come to buy things, come with cash, it's ten to six, Sunday through Friday. For people who wander around, blocking aisles, touching things with dirty hands, never buying or asking for eighty percent off, we're closed.

KIRK: I should jot this down. You said ten to six, that's ten a.m.?

MRS. KIM: Yes.

KIRK: Okay, got it, thanks for your time.

[While they're talking, a hooded jogger runs by and slips a CD into the bag Lane's carrying. Mrs. Kim and Lane walk away. The jogger, Michel, runs over to Rory at the gazebo, out of breath.]

RORY: Oh my God. Michel, are you okay?

MICHEL: I've been running around this stupid square for over an hour.

RORY: Why?

MICHEL: Why? Because the plan was to drop the CD at nine o'clock.

RORY: No, it got changed to ten. I told my mom and she said she'd pass it on. She didn't pass it on, did she?

MICHEL: Definitely not.

RORY: Oh, well the mission was a success.

MICHEL: Yes, my cardiologist will be thrilled. Ah! I've got a cramp, I've got a cramp!

RORY: Can I do anything for you?

MICHEL: Ah, get away from me evil girl!

RORY: But -.

MICHEL: Never will I do anything for you again, ever, ever, never!

RORY: Well if it makes you feel any better, you had really good form.

MICHEL: You are your mother's child.

RORY: Thank you!

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai sits at her table as Christopher and Sherry walk in]

LORELAI: Hey you guys.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey.

SHERRY: We just wanted to say a last goodbye. Rory's not here?

LORELAI: She went outside somewhere. You can probably find her.

SHERRY: Oh, okay. I think I will. We had such a great time last night. So I hear your dinner was good?

LORELAI: Uh, yeah, it was great.

SHERRY: I would love to see that house sometime, especially the portrait of Rory in the study. Any way I could get a picture?

LORELAI: I can send you one.

SHERRY: That would be great! So she's outside?

LORELAI: Somewhere.

SHERRY: I'm gonna try to corral her.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, bring her by so I can see her too.

SHERRY: Okay. Bye Lorelai. Thanks for everything.

LORELAI: Oh, you're welcome. Bye.

[Sherry walks out, Christopher sits down with Lorelai]

CHRISTOPHER: So, quaint evening of theater last night.

LORELAI: Ah yes, the Gilmore family players rival the Barrymores for their sophisticated, dramatic productions.

CHRISTOPHER: I never thought she'd freak over Rory not being there like that. I never wanted to put you in that position.

LORELAI: Oh, you couldn't have known.

CHRISTOPHER: I mean, Rory's missed the occasional dinner before.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, this was compounded by other things.

CHRISTOPHER: What other things?

LORELAI: You should know as well as I that when it comes to Emily Gilmore, it's never simple.

CHRISTOPHER: Got it. Ah, looks like they found each other. You know, Sherry had a really good time last night. I hope Rory did too.

LORELAI: Yeah, she seemed to.

CHRISTOPHER: Good, good.

LORELAI: So Chris, before you go, um, I have something I wanna say to you.

CHRISTOPHER: Uh oh.

LORELAI: It's not an uh oh.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay, what?

LORELAI: Well, I, um, I kind of realized something with you and Sherry visiting and God help me, because of something my mother said to me.

CHRISTOPHER: Wow, inspiration can come from the unlikeliest sources.

LORELAI: I was just thinking, you know, all these years, no matter what my relationship status has been, whether I've been dating or hibernating or whatever, I think I've always had you in the back of my mind - you know, the prospect of us being together. But this prospect was sort of indefinitely on hold while you, you know, found yourself and, uh, got your personal life together so that you could really be there for me and especially for Rory. But you and I have been so linked in my mind that I think I have unconsciously sabotaged every decent relationship I've had, including the one with Max, because I was waiting for you, and I shouldn't have been. And now that I see that, and I see you settling down with Sherry, I think I can move beyond it.

CHRISTOPHER: Good, I'm really glad this is good for you Lorelai.

LORELAI: It is. Chris?

CHRISTOPHER: How dare you put that on me?

LORELAI: I'm just thanking you.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, don't.

LORELAI: What's wrong?

CHRISTOPHER: What's wrong? Dammit Lorelai, you're dumping fifteen years of unhappiness on me? Fifteen years of not having healthy, lasting relationships on me? You're blaming me for breaking up with Max and not marrying him? That's all my fault?

LORELAI: No, I just - .

CHRISTOPHER: I did nothing to deserve that.

LORELAI: I'm not saying that you did.

CHRISTOPHER: You're as good as saying it.

LORELAI: No, I'm not.

CHRISTOPHER: Then what did you expect to come from this divine revelation that you've been so kind to share with me? Did you want me to apologize to you for ruining your life or comfort you and say 'there, there, everything's gonna be all right' so you can feel okay? Forget it!

LORELAI: Chris, wait!

CHRISTOPHER: Look, if there's anything else you feel bad about in your life that you wanna dump on my doorstep, just leave a note! [leaves]

[Lorelai glances at the counter at Luke, who quickly looks down. Through the window, Christopher hugs Rory goodbye]

THE END

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