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05x22 - A House is Not A Home

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05x22 - A House is Not A Home

by **bunniefuu**

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POLICE STATION

[Lorelai walks up to the counter.]

LORELAI: Hi. Hello. Yes, I'm here to pick up my daughter.

OFFICER: Your daughter's name?

LORELAI: Rory Gilmore. Lorelai Gilmore. She goes by Rory. I don't know what you have her under.

OFFICER: Rory Gilmore.

LORELAI: Oh, that's good, because she only answers to that. Not that she won't to the other, but -

OFFICER: She'll be out in a minute.

LORELAI: Okay. Thanks. [Pause.] Sorry, when you say she'll be out, do you mean out of a cell?

OFFICER: Yep.

LORELAI: So she was in a cell.

OFFICER: That's where we usually put people when they're arrested.

LORELAI: Was she in the cell alone?

OFFICER: It was a slow night. She had the place to herself.

LORELAI [relieved]: Oh, that's good. I mean, not that she's a snob. She can get along with anyone, it's just, it was her first time in a cell, so I didn't want her to be att*cked, you know, like in Caged Heat? Or was it Switchblade Sisters? Anyway. I mean, my daughter never gets into trouble. Except, you know, now. But on the whole, the kid is an angel. She goes to Yale.

OFFICER: She'll be out in a minute.

LORELAI: Right. [She looks around.] I'm sorry. Are you, like, solving something?

OFFICER: What can I do for you?

LORELAI: I was just wondering. Is Rory in the system now? Because I just remember when Sipowicz's son accidentally got arrested because he looked like a drug dealer. Sipowicz was freaked out that the son was going to wind up in the system. And I just wonder, you know, should I be freaked out? And also, what exactly is the system?

OFFICER: She's got to go to court. They'll figure out what's going to happen.

LORELAI: And am I going to have to pay anything? I mean, bail? Does she need bail?

OFFICER: They're releasing her on a P.T.A. A promise to appear.

LORELAI: Oh, she will. She will appear. She might be there before you will.

OFFICER [losing patience]: I won't be there.

LORELAI: Right. But she will, 'cause she promised. I'll be over there.

[She walks over to sit on the other side of the room. Finn and Colin enter the station, chatting with each other.]

FINN: Well. This is much nicer than the last place we picked him up from.

COLIN: Yes, we definitely need to keep this one in mind for future infractions. Excuse me, Officer, we were wondering if one Logan Huntzberger has been released from your fine custody yet?

OFFICER: Nope. Have a seat.

COLIN: We'll be over here.

FINN: And if you have a moment we'd like to order some appetizers.

[The officer stares at him. He turns around. He and Colin sit near Lorelai, who listens to their conversation with a worried look on her face.]

FINN: So typical. Logan would have to get busted during the one time I almost got Rosemary to agree to go home with me.

COLIN: It's vintage Huntzberger, my friend. Friday nights end in jail.

FINN: The boy knows how to party.

COLIN: Stealing Richardson's boat. Genius.

FINN: Let's not forget the lovely Rory.

COLIN: Yes. Maxwell Smart finally found his Ninety-Nine.

OFFICER: Rory Gilmore is coming out now.

LORELAI: Oh, thank you.

COLIN: You're here for Rory?

LORELAI: Yeah.

FINN: Oh, well, we would have taken her home.

COLIN: Just so you know she was covered.

LORELAI [sarcastic]: Wow. The relief.

COLIN: I'm Colin. This is Finn. And you are?

LORELAI: Her mother.

FINN: My God, those are good genes.

[The door buzzes and Rory comes out. Lorelai gets up. They look at each other for a minute.]

LORELAI: You've got everything?

[Rory holds up her envelope of personal effects.]

LORELAI: Let's go.

[Rory follows her to the door. She glances at Colin and Finn in the corner. They kneel and worship her. She shakes her head at them. Once Lorelai and Rory are gone, they burst out laughing.]

OPENING CREDITS

STARS HOLLOW TOWN SQUARE

[Volunteers are setting up flags and outhouses in the Square. Lorelai's Jeep pulls up in front of Dooze's market. Lorelai and Rory sit awkwardly for a moment.]

LORELAI: What's on your hands?

RORY: Fingerprints.

LORELAI: Right. [Pause.] Do you want to go in and eat, or take it home?

RORY: Home.

LORELAI: Okay. [Pause.] We're having a bike race. Bike race through town, first one ever. Taylor's really excited. Maybe Sheryl Crow will come.

RORY: Maybe.

LORELAI: Probably not. [Pause.] I'm running out of small talk, kid. Got to get around to the main event here soon.

RORY [sighs]: I know.

LORELAI: Rory, what happened?

[Rory's cell phone rings. She takes it out.]

LORELAI: No, don't answer it.

RORY: It's Logan.

LORELAI: Rory, don't answer it.

RORY: I have to.

LORELAI: Well, I don't want you talking to him right now.

RORY: Why not?

LORELAI: Why not? He just got you arrested.

RORY: He did not.

LORELAI: Don't protect him.

RORY: It was my idea!

LORELAI: Oh, come on.

RORY: Logan was at his sister's engagement party having a perfectly lovely time when I showed up and dragged him off. He spent the night in jail because of me. I have to take this call. [She flips open the phone.] Hey. Are you okay? Yeah, I'm fine. I'm good. I was just worried about you.

[Lorelai, angry, gets out of the car and slams the door. Rory looks after her. Lorelai walks down the street towards Luke's. Taylor jogs up behind her.]

TAYLOR: Lorelai. Yoo-hoo! Behind you! Back here! Turn around! Turn around, turn around!

[Lorelai, frustrated, turns around.]

LORELAI: Yes, Taylor.

TAYLOR [gasping for breath]: You know we have a race coming through here tomorrow.

LORELAI: Uh, yeah, it says it on the banners.

TAYLOR: The fifth annual Connecticut Bike Race. It's a very prestigious race.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm sure.

TAYLOR: Now, I don't know if you've noticed the no parking signs I've been putting out.

LORELAI: I didn't, Taylor.

TAYLOR: I swear, if something doesn't have a Marc Jacobs label on it, you girls just don't notice it. Well, I have just put no parking signs all up and down the street here, in hopes of clearing a safe and unobstructed path through Stars Hollow.

LORELAI: Well, what a super goal, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Thank you. Now, if you notice, your Jeep is currently parked in what is about to become a no parking zone.

LORELAI: Really.

TAYLOR: As of ten o'clock tonight. At 10:01, we will be towing. [He points to Kirk in a tow truck.]

KIRK: I'm coming for you!

LORELAI: Okay, Taylor, it's nine fifty-five. I still have six minutes.

TAYLOR: Yes, but it would be easier if you would just move the car now.

LORELAI: If it's easy then anyone could do it, and I'm a maverick.

[She turns and keeps walking. Taylor looks to heaven.]

TAYLOR: Look what Jane Fonda hath wrought.

[He checks his watch.]

LUKE'S DINER

[Luke is wiping counters. Lorelai enters.]

LORELAI: Rory stole a yacht. How's your night been?

LUKE [turns around]: What? What do you mean, Rory stole a yacht?

[They sit down.]

LORELAI: I, uh, just got back from picking Rory up from the Bridgeport police department where she was brought following her arrest for grand theft boating.

LUKE: Tell me what happened.

LORELAI: I don't know what happened. I haven't gotten the details yet. I did get a piece of paper with a court date on it, though. June third. Sounds like a good day to go to court, don't you think?

LUKE: Was she with that Logan kid?

LORELAI: Yes, he was arrested too.

LUKE: Well, there you go. He got her into this.

LORELAI: That's what I said. I need hand soap.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Oh, she got ink all over her hands from the fingerprinting and I'm out of soap.

LUKE: I have soap.

LORELAI: Maybe she needs special soap. Is there special soap? Is it special ink? It must be special ink, right?

LUKE: I don't -

LORELAI: I mean, of course. [She gets up and walks behind the counter.] They're not going to use normal ink for fingerprinting, it's supposed to brand you and humiliate you. Normal ink wouldn't humiliate you, unless you're Rory and your mother has no soap.

LUKE: What are you doing?

LORELAI: I should make a list. I'm going to forget things. I just need a pen. [She grabs a notepad from beside the register.]

LUKE: Here.

LORELAI: Okay, so, okay. Buy soap. Let's see, what else? Buy soap, buy soap, uh, get lawyer -

LUKE: I can help you with a lawyer.

LORELAI: Oh, crap, Rory's car! It must still be at the marina. She's going to have to pick it up. If it hasn't been impounded! How do I find out if it's been impounded?

LUKE: I'm sure you can call down there, and -

LORELAI: God, every ten seconds something else pops into my head. I'm just not prepared for this. I mean, Rory never even shoplifted. Not a candy bar, not a lipstick. She forgot to return a library book once. And she was so guilty about it that she grounded herself. I mean, can you imagine? She's just sitting there in her bedroom yelling at me, "Now no one else got to read the Iliad this week because of me!"

LUKE: What can I do?

LORELAI: Rory hasn't eaten.

LUKE: I can make you some burgers.

LORELAI: No, no, no. Just donuts. We need to get home and get to the bottom of this. [She takes a deep breath as Luke gets the donuts ready.] Okay. This is not the end of the world, right? I mean, Rory's young. Young people do stupid things. I got pregnant. This is better, it's not so permanent. Unless it's on her permanent record, and then, oh, God, does that mean she can't vote?

LUKE: Oh, I don't think -

LORELAI: I thought I read that if you commit a felony you can't vote.

LUKE: I think that's -

LORELAI: Rory loves to vote! She switched her 'I voted' sticker from outfit to outfit this year, and then she scotch taped it to her purse! She has to be able to vote!

LUKE: You want me to come with you when you talk to her?

LORELAI [distant]: No. Thanks, she's in the car. I should go. Thanks for the donuts.

[She grabs the bag and walks out.]

LUKE: Yeah. Sure.

LORELAI'S JEEP

[Lorelai gets back in. Rory is off the phone.]

RORY: Kirk just came by and gave us a two minute warning. Any idea what he's talking about?

LORELAI: Who ever has any idea what Kirk's talking about? Here. [She hands her the bag of donuts.]

RORY: Thanks.

LORELAI [sighs]: Rory, what happened tonight?

RORY [after a pause]: I stole a yacht.

LORELAI: Yes, I know. The nice men with the g*ns told me. Why?

RORY: I just - I was really upset and I felt like I had to do something.

LORELAI: Okay, sure, I get that. But when I'm upset and I need to do something I eat a lot of pound cake. They don't have pound cake at Yale?

RORY: No, they have pound cake at Yale. [She sighs. Lorelai looks at her expectantly.] Mitchum Huntzberger talked to me today. About my performance.

LORELAI: And?

RORY: And he said that I was very smart and competent and would someday make someone a great assistant.

LORELAI [scornful]: Uh-huh.

RORY: But as a journalist, he just doesn't think I have it.

LORELAI: It? Who is he, Louis B. Mayer?

RORY: No, he says he has like a sense for this kind of thing. I just - I don't know, it was a surprise. I mean, I thought I was doing really well. I thought I was impressing him. I thought he was going to offer me a summer job at the paper, I thought -

LORELAI: Oh, God, I hate this guy.

RORY: It's not his fault. I mean, if he doesn't think I could be a journalist, it's probably best that he tells me before -

LORELAI: Before what?

RORY: Before I go out there and fall on my face.

LORELAI: But, Rory, he is wrong. He doesn't know what he's talking about.

RORY: He does this for a living.

LORELAI: Not after I k*ll him, he doesn't. Big, fancy, arrogant creep. Handing down these all-knowing proclamations. I mean, how the hell does he know if you have 'it' or not? Has he seen your writing? Has he talked to you, I mean really talked to you? Has he talked to any of your teachers? Has he talked to anyone who knows how much 'it' you have? No. He's spent exactly two weeks with you, ordering you around, sending you on coffee runs, playing the big shot!

RORY: He is the publisher!

LORELAI: I know what it says on his business card. I'm going to kick his ass.

RORY: Should we be at all concerned that Kirk's trying to tow us away right now?

LORELAI: No. He is not God! This is one man's opinion. He did not invent journalism. He's just a guy with a really good parking space.

RORY: I'm so, so sorry.

LORELAI: I know you are.

RORY: I was so stupid. I'll never be that stupid again.

LORELAI: Aw. Sure you will.

RORY: Oh my God. I got arrested. I have to go to court! I have to go get my car. No - do you have soap at home? Because I have all this ink all over my hands, and -

LORELAI: Honey. Relax. We will figure it out.

[She smiles reassuringly and squeezes Rory's wrist. Rory looks ahead nervously as they drive away, just as Kirk is about to attach the chains from the tow truck. He drops them, defeated.]

STARS HOLLOW TOWN SQUARE

[The troubadour is singing on a corner.]

TROUBADOR [singing]: I turned twenty-one in prison, doing life without parole. No-one could steer me right, but Mama tried, Mama tried. Mama tried to raise me better but her pleading I denied, that leaves only me to blame, 'cause Mama tried. Leaves only me to blame, 'cause Mama tried.

LANE'S HOUSE

[Lane knocks on the bathroom door.]

LANE: Brian! I need to get in there!

BRIAN [opens the door, wearing a suit]: I was only in there fifteen minutes. I clocked it.

[Brian walks over to the bunk beds, where Zach is laying in bed.]

ZACH: Time, dude?

BRIAN: Seven thirty.

ZACH: Crap. I overslept.

BRIAN: You're saying that like it's my fault.

ZACH [getting up]: Shut up. It is your fault.

BRIAN: I told you to get a clock you don't have to wind.

ZACH: I told you to shut up.

BRIAN: You never wind it, then you yell at me.

ZACH: Dude, you keep nagging me, I'm going to have to buy you a ring.

[He turns on some music. Lane comes out of the bathroom.]

LANE: I get off work at six.

ZACH: I'll alert the media.

LANE: I mean, that's early enough to have band practice. Are we having band practice tonight?

[Zach turns on the T.V. and starts playing a video game.]

ZACH: Maybe.

BRIAN: I may have to work late.

LANE: Brian.

BRIAN: I have my temp review, Lane. I think they might be ready to offer me the full-time receptionist job.

LANE: It's been a while since we've practiced.

ZACH: We've been busy.

LANE: Tomorrow, then?

ZACH: Definitely a conversation to have.

LANE: Fine, we'll talk tonight. Have you seen my jeans jacket?

ZACH [at the T.V.]: Oh, come on! I threw the troll!

[Lane sees her jacket behind her drum set. She walks over and realizes that her drums are covered by drying clothes and empty beer bottles. She looks at Brian, reading the paper in the kitchen, and then at Zach, absorbed by his video game. She looks dejected.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

[Rory comes out of her room.]

LORELAI: Morning!

RORY: God, I feel like I could sleep through the entire day.

LORELAI: Coffee will be ready soon.

RORY: What are you doing?

LORELAI: Well, I'm updating the refrigerator.

[She steps back from the fridge to display Rory's mug shot attached to the door.]

RORY: Where did you get that?

LORELAI: Oh, the nice lady at the police station e-mailed it to me. I thought it would look really nice next to your kindergarten handprint collage. I got you a copy if you're thinking Christmas cards.

RORY: Very thoughtful.

LORELAI: You hungry?

RORY: I'm starving. I've had nothing but donuts for two days. [Lorelai brings her some bread and water.] Funny.

LORELAI: Hold on.

[She turns on some music.]

RORY: I'm really glad you're enjoying this.

LORELAI: Rory, the penal system is not something we enjoy, It's something with a name that makes us giggle.

RORY: I assume there's pop-tarts? [She gets up.]

LORELAI: Now, what's on the agenda for today? I hear there's a shipment of plutonium coming in at the docks, and I thought we could dress up as nuns and I could distract them with a fake stigmata, you could shove the plutonium under your habit, and -

RORY: I have to got back to school. I have one last final, plus -

LORELAI: Oh, wait.

[She grabs two telephones and sets them on the table, as if they are separated by glass. She picks up one of the phones and looks up at Rory. Rory decides to play along.]

RORY: Plus I have one last load of stuff that I need to pick up and transport back here. And now I have to hang up. Visiting hours are over. [They hang up the phones.] Thanks for letting me borrow the Jeep.

LORELAI: Figured if I didn't give it to you voluntarily you'd just heist it anyway.

RORY: This bit's going to last for a while, huh?

LORELAI: Mm. Twenty to life. Time off for a well-placed Tom Sizemore Whizzenator joke.

RORY: Don't let the movies fool you, kiddies. Crime doesn't pay.

[She walks toward the door. Lorelai follows her.]

LORELAI: Listen, uh, later today I'm going to try and track us down a lawyer. I thought I'd call that guy who got Robert Blake off, what was his name, Houdini? [Rory stares at her.] What?

RORY: Where are you really going to get this lawyer?

LORELAI: The emergency room. Ambulance dispatch center?

RORY: You're not going to tell -

LORELAI: No. I'm not going to go through Mom and Dad. There's no reason they need to know about this.

RORY: Did I say I'm sorry in the last five minutes?

LORELAI: Hm. I think not slugging me when I pulled out the telephones said it for you.

RORY: I love you, mom.

LORELAI: I love you, kid.

[Rory kisses her cheek and leaves as the phone rings. Lorelai answers it.]

LORELAI: Hello.

LOGAN: Uh, hi. Is Rory there?

LORELAI: She just left, who's calling?

[Scene cuts to Logan at the Yale campus.]

LOGAN: It's Logan.

LORELAI [hesitates]: Oh. She's not here.

LOGAN: I've been trying to get her, her phone must be off or dead or something.

LORELAI: Well, she's heading back to school. You can just catch up with her there.

LOGAN: Yes, I'll do that.

LORELAI: Okay. Bye.

LOGAN: Oh, listen, I'm sorry to call your house. I just had this number and I wanted to talk to Rory.

LORELAI: It's okay, Logan.

LOGAN: And listen, I know you must be really upset by this whole thing, but I want you to know my father's lawyers are all over the situation, and -

LORELAI: Hey, you know what? I think your father has done just about enough here, okay?

LOGAN: Done enough?

LORELAI: Yes. So, thank your father for this. And I do mean all of this. But I think I can handle it from here.

LOGAN: But -

LORELAI: His help isn't needed, Logan. I've got it.

LOGAN: Okay. You got it. Sorry, I was just -

LORELAI: Rory should be back at school soon.

LOGAN: Right. Sorry to bother you.

LORELAI: No problem. Bye.

[She hangs up.]

YALE CAMPUS

[Rory walks around the corner to her dorm. Logan is sitting on the bench by her door.]

RORY: Hey.

LOGAN: What'd he do?

RORY: What?

LOGAN: My father. What'd he do?

RORY: Who told you that he did anything?

LOGAN: I called your house. I talked to your mom.

RORY: Great.

[She unlocks the door and they go inside.]

LOGAN: I should have known something happened, the way you showed up at Honor's party like that. I should have known.

RORY: My mother shouldn't have said anything.

LOGAN: She didn't say anything specific.

RORY: Then what'd she say?

LOGAN: Rory, just tell me what happened.

RORY: It's stupid. I feel stupid.

LOGAN: Rory.

RORY: I overreacted. You'll think I'm three.

LOGAN: Tell me.

RORY: He just doesn't think that I've got what it takes to be a journalist. He says he knows when someone has it, and I apparently do not have it.

LOGAN: He said that to you?

RORY: Yeah.

LOGAN: Just like that.

RORY: Pretty much.

LOGAN: I knew it. I knew this was going to happen. I didn't want you to take that internship.

RORY: I had to take the internship. Your father's the top guy in the business.

LOGAN: My father is a jackass! He's a bully! He has zero interest in people's feelings. It's always just say what you feel, right or wrong, who the hell cares who you hurt. Whatever. I'm going over there right now.

RORY: Logan, no.

LOGAN: You're my girlfriend, Rory, he should have treated you better than that.

RORY: I don't want you to say anything!

LOGAN: I have to!

RORY: Logan, no! Please! I just want to forget this. I just want it to go away! And please don't make a big thing between you and your dad, I don't want that!

LOGAN: Rory.

RORY: Don't put me in that position, please.

LOGAN [sighs]: I'm sure he'll give me a crappy present for my birthday. Maybe I can pick a fight with him over that.

RORY: Thank you.

LOGAN: You should have told me.

RORY: I didn't want to tell you.

LOGAN: Hey. If this relationship thing is going to work, then it goes both ways. You have to tell me why we're committing a felony before we do it. Not that that's going to stop us, but at least I'll have all the facts, okay?

RORY: Okay. I'm sorry.

LOGAN: Come here. [He pulls her into a big hug.] You need some help packing?

RORY: No. I've got my last final today. I should go over my notes.

LOGAN: Okay. Call me after.

RORY: I will.

LOGAN: You're good?

RORY: I'm good.

LOGAN: Okay. Oh, and try and talk to your mother. My father's lawyers should really handle this thing. They've had a lot of practice, believe me.

RORY: Okay. I'll talk to her.

[He leaves.]

LUKE'S DINER

[The bikers cycle past, calling out to their followers as they round the corner.]

BIKERS: Big hole! Big hole! Big hole!

[Inside, spandex-clad bikers are everywhere. Taylor and Luke sit together at a table with a pile of papers.]

TAYLOR: You, uh, signed on the wrong line.

LUKE: Oh, sorry.

TAYLOR: Cross it out, initial it, and sign again.

BIKER [outside]: Big hole!

LUKE: What the hell is wrong with them? Why can't they just let the bozo in back of them figure out for himself there's a big hole there!

TAYLOR: You're awfully crabby for a man whose business is booming because of this race.

LUKE: I don't want this kind of business. It's too shiny.

TAYLOR: I myself am finding the whole thing rather intoxicating. Our little town, the site of an international sports event like this? You have no idea how much wrangling it took to get them here.

BIKER [outside]: Big hole!

LUKE: Ah, geez. I smudged! He made me smudge!

TAYLOR [patiently]: Cross it out, initial the smudge, then start again. [Luke sighs.] I lobbied the race coordinators for weeks. It was a lot of ouzo and karaoke, but I bagged our town the coveted first stop, last stop slot.

LUKE: Wait, first stop, last stop meaning -

TAYLOR: They start here today, circle the state, then end here later this week. Every one of them will be coming back.

BIKERS [outside]: Big hole! Big hole!

LUKE: Unbelievable.

TAYLOR: Uh, don't press too hard, there, buddy, I don't want to start all over again.

LUKE: That's the last one.

TAYLOR: Excellent. [He gathers up the papers.] Well, I guess congratulations are in order, Luke. You've just bought yourself the Twickham house.

LUKE: Thank you, Taylor.

[They get up and Taylor heads for the door.]

TAYLOR: Now, remember, there's a three day cooling-off period, meaning you have three days from today to change your mind.

LUKE: I'm not going to change my mind.

TAYLOR: Well, it's been a pleasure doing business with you, Luke! I certainly hope it works out for you and your future plans.

[He leaves.]

BIKER [outside]: Big hole!

LANE: I'm taking my break! [She sits down with the band and a plate of fries.] I have fifteen minutes.

ZACH: No chili?

LANE: Where's Gil?

ZACH: It totally needs some chili.

BRIAN: Gill called. His delivery boy didn't show so he has to make some stops on the way. He said he may not be able to make it.

LANE: Of course he can't make it. Why should he make it? I mean, it's only a band meeting, right? Nothing important.

ZACH [eating the fries]: Oh, my God, I can taste the potato!

BRIAN: So?

ZACH: So I hate the potato. The chili hides the potato.

LANE: Zach!

ZACH: Nice screech.

LANE: This right here, this attitude! It's exactly what I'm talking about.

ZACH: What do you mean, what you're talking about? You haven't said anything yet.

[Gil enters the diner, wearing his work uniform.]

LANE: I think we have a problem.

BRIAN: We do?

GIL: I just got totally boned by this sixteen year old Three Doors Down fan. My week sucks.

LANE: I started the meeting already, Gil.

GIL: Gee, sorry Lane. I dropped off the hoagies as quickly as I could. Next time I won't wait for the money, and my kid can just paint himself silver and do the robot on the street corner for tuition fees.

LANE: What's going on here? Are we breaking up?

ZACH: What? Oh, you mean the band. Okay, cool. Wow. Go on.

BRIAN: We're not breaking up. Are we breaking up?

LANE: Well, I don't know. It just seems to me that lately the band doesn't seem to be as important to everyone as it used to be.

ZACH: I don't agree.

LANE: We hardly practice anymore. Everyone else has all these other things to do. There were clothes on my drums this morning.

BRIAN: Sorry. After I Woolite that sweater I have to lay it out flat or else it loses its shape.

GIL: Lane, relax. Things have just been a little crazy lately.

BRIAN: Oh, that reminds me. I got offered that full-time receptionist job today.

ZACH [pleased]: Really?

GIL: Welcome to the grind, my friend.

BRIAN: They're giving me a raise and I get to keep the blazer.

GIL: Awesome blazer!

LANE: I'm sorry, does anyone else see what's going on here? Brian's talking about talking a full-time job.

BRIAN: So?

LANE: The band's supposed to be your full-time job!

ZACH: Lane.

LANE: No, no Lane! [To Zach] You have your Americana banjo band, [to Brian] and you have Century 21, [to Gil] and you have a really stupid hat on. And what do I have, huh? According to my mother I am going to hell for this. That's commitment, my friends! Eternal damnation is what I'm risking for my rock and roll!

ZACH: Lane, calm down. We all care about the band.

LANE: So I'm just imagining all of this?

[They all look at each other guiltily.]

LANE: I think we need to play more.

BRIAN: We've played every club around here a hundred times.

LANE: Well, then maybe we need to tour!

GIL: Tours are rough, Lane. They have to be planned. Venues must be booked, you need publicity. Transportation. Money.

LANE: Well, we have to do something.

BIKER [outside]: Big hole!

LUKE: That's it!

[Luke heads out the door with a baseball bat.]

BIKERS [outside]: Big bat! Big bat! Big bat!

DRAGONFLY INN - LOBBY

[The place is overrun by bikers. Michel walks through a crowd of them carrying a large gift basket. He looks objectionably at two bikers. One is poking the other's butt muscle.]

BIKER #1: Six hundred lunges every night.

BIKER #2: Impressive.

LORELAI [getting off the phone]: Thank you! [To Michel] We are booked, booked, booked. I now love bike riders so much, that from now on when driving I will no longer consider how many points I'd get if I took them out. What's this? [Michel sets down the gift basket.]

MICHEL: This is for you, apparently.

LORELAI: A present? I love presents! I wonder who it could be from? [She reads the card.] Lorelai, a little something to make the trip over to the Durham Group a bit more fun. Mike Armstrong. Thank you, Mike Armstrong!

MICHEL: That is the man who wants to buy the inn, no?

LORELAI: Oh, my God! Look at all this stuff! Travel soap, travel candles, a travel blanket, cashmere travel pillow, cashmere socks, oh my God. This is La Mer youth serum. Apparently you put this on before you get on a plane, and by the time you get off you're Dakota Fanning. Michel, take something! What do you want?

MICHEL: The memory of those bikers poking each other in the buttocks

'Eternal Sunshine'd out of my mind.

LORELAI: Come on, Michel, take something. You love products.

MICHEL: You're going to do it, aren't you?

LORELAI [sniffing a candle]: Do what?

MICHEL: You're going to sell the inn to Mike Armstrong.

LORELAI: Ooh, Euros. Cool.

MICHEL: You're going to sell the inn to Mike Armstrong, and then you're going to go off and have a wonderful life and I'm going to be unemployed. A very attractive asset on the dating scene. You know, we have our own little section at Match.com.

LORELAI: Michel, stop it. I'm probably not going to take the deal.

MICHEL: You're not?

LORELAI: This is my inn. I love it here. It's just fun being wooed, you know? Having someone want you enough to send you Prescriptives misting lotion.

MICHEL: Fine. If you say so.

LORELAI: Oh, hey, did the handyman get here yet? That loose banister's making me nervous.

MICHEL: He has not come. Should I call him again?

LORELAI: No. Forget it. I'll call Luke. He'll come fix it, and all it'll cost me is my honor.

MICHEL: Hm. What a lovely arrangement you two have. [He picks a bottle out of the basket and leaves.]

YALE CLASSROOM

[Students, sitting in rows of desks, are busily writing an exam. The professor sits at the front of the class reading a book. He checks his watch.]

PROFESSOR: And the countdown continues. Twenty-five more minutes, people. Can you stand the excitement? I know I can't.

[The camera moves down the aisle to Rory, who is leaning her head in her hand and gazing out the window. Her paper is blank.]

DRAGONFLY INN - LIVING ROOM

[Luke enters with his toolbox.]

LUKE: I've only got ten minutes. What do you need?

LORELAI: Oh! The banister's loose upstairs.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: The window in room three is stuck. The barn door's off its tracks again, and ooh, hey, did you bring your jackhammer?

LUKE: Did you hear the part about I've only got ten minutes?

LORELAI: Window in room three is stuck.

LUKE: Let's go.

[They walk over to the front desk to get the key to room three.]

LORELAI: But, if you fix it really quickly, the banister is right on your way back down, so really you might as well take a look at that, too.

LUKE [referring to the gift basket]: What's all this stuff?

LORELAI: That is my big, fancy present.

LUKE: From who?

LORELAI: From Mike Armstrong.

LUKE: Who the hell is Mike Armstrong?

LORELAI: He's my other lover. He owns a diner in Woodbury. I didn't want you to find out this way, but -

LUKE [reading the card]: The Durham Group.

LORELAI: Yeah, they're the hotel chain who wants to buy the inn.

LUKE: What are they sending you gifts for?

LORELAI: Well, either they're disproportionately worried about my cuticles, or they can't live without me and they are begging me to accept their offer.

LUKE: To buy the inn.

LORELAI: Yeah. They've been after me ever since that meeting.

LUKE: What meeting?

LORELAI: The meeting with Mike Armstrong.

LUKE: I didn't know you had a meeting with Mike Armstrong.

LORELAI: Yes, you did.

LUKE: No I didn't.

LORELAI: Yes you did. You told me to have a meeting with Mike Armstrong.

LUKE: I know, but you never said anything, so I figured it went away.

LORELAI: Oh. Well, I had a meeting with Mike Armstrong.

[She heads over to the stairs. Luke follows her, mystified.]

LUKE: And?

LORELAI: And what?

LUKE: And what happened?

LORELAI: Nothing. He talked, I listened. I told him I'd think about it.

LUKE: Think about it.

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: About selling the inn. And then, after you sell the inn, then what?

LORELAI: I'd be like a consultant for their company.

LUKE: Is that what you want?

LORELAI: I don't know.

LUKE: Are you going to take this job?

LORELAI: Probably not. I'm still mulling.

LUKE: Mulling! You're still mulling? She's still mulling!

LORELAI: Why are you so upset?

LUKE: I'm not upset! I just can't believe you're still mulling!

LORELAI: Luke!

LUKE: I mean, you're seriously considering selling the inn and taking this job. I mean, where's their office, anyway?

LORELAI: They've got a bunch of them. I don't know where exactly I'd be.

LUKE: Well, shouldn't you ask?

LORELAI: Hello, mulling.

LUKE: I mean, they could send you anywhere!

LORELAI: Luke!

LUKE: And then there's all that travel. There's travel, right?

LORELAI: Yes. No, I don't know. What are you freaking out about?

LUKE [hysterical]: Well, what about the kids?

LORELAI: What kids?

LUKE: Uh, nothing. Never mind, forget it. I'm going to - [He points up the stairs.] Fix the window.

LORELAI: Luke.

LUKE: Room three. Got it.

[Lorelai looks after him, stunned.]

KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Lane enters.]

LANE: Mama! It's me, Lane!

MRS. KIM: Over here, in the twenty percent off section.

LANE: Am I disturbing you?

MRS. KIM: No. But it is past their bedtime. [She holds up two dolls, which she is putting away in a dollhouse.] That was a joke.

LANE: You're in a good mood.

MRS. KIM: I had a good day.

LANE: Sell a lot of things?

MRS. KIM: You would like to see my receipts?

LANE: No.

MRS. KIM: My inventory reports?

LANE: No, Mama, I was just making small talk.

MRS. KIM: You would like some tea?

LANE: No, I just want to tell you something.

MRS. KIM: All right. [They sit.] Tell me something.

LANE: It looks like the band may be breaking up. We've hit a rut. We can't get enough gigs to get any momentum, and, I don't know. It's just not working.

MRS. KIM: I see.

LANE: I think I may need to move back home. I realize that if you allow me to do that, then I will have to abide by any rules you feel necessary. I also anticipate the words 'Seventh Day Adventist college' will come up, so I'll go shopping for some Peter Pan collared shirts tomorrow.

MRS. KIM: No more band?

LANE: No more band.

MRS. KIM: You are not the daughter I raised!

LANE: What?

MRS. KIM [standing]: Kims don't give up!

[She marches away. Lane watches her.]

WESTON'S BAKERY - OUTSIDE

[Rory is waiting for Lorelai at a table. Lorelai walks up.]

LORELAI: Sorry, sorry, sorry. The inn was swamped. These bikers are like rabbits who don't eat carrots, too much sugar. [She sits down.]

RORY: Mm, sugar!

LORELAI: The fitness craze is completely lost on us.

RORY: I'm starving.

LORELAI: Me too. [She picks up a menu.] Hey, so how'd your final go?

RORY: It went well.

LORELAI: Yeah? And you finished packing?

RORY: All packed, all boxed. I just have one more trip to school and home and then I'm done.

LORELAI: Ah. It's going to be nice to have you home for a while.

RORY: I'm glad you feel that way.

LORELAI: Yeah. The place hasn't had a decent dusting since you left. [Rory rolls her eyes.] Hey, do

you think today is the day we're finally going to go through all twelve layers of the twelve-layer German chocolate cake? The bikers have demonstrated the importance of challenging oneself.

[Rory is fidgeting nervously.]

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: I have to tell you something.

LORELAI: Okay. Wow, there's something about Weston's, it's always the place where we 'talk'.

RORY: We could go somewhere else.

LORELAI: No, no, no. Tell me.

RORY [pauses, breathes deeply]: I have decided that I'm not going back to Yale next year.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, I don't think I heard you correctly

RORY: I'm not going back to Yale next year.

LORELAI: But why?

RORY: Because I'm not sure that it's the right place for me. And I'm not exactly sure what I'm going to do with my life, and -

LORELAI: Since when are you not sure what you're going to do with your life?

RORY: Mom -

LORELAI: You've known what you wanted to do with your life since you were three. Be a journalist.

RORY: Maybe not.

LORELAI: Oh. This is about Mitchum Huntzberger.

RORY: No, it's not.

LORELAI: Rory, honey, I know that what he said hurt you, and that shook you up and you lost your confidence, but that was just one man's opinion.

RORY: It has nothing to do with what he said. And Mitchum Huntzberger happens to be the top newspaper guy in the country.

LORELAI: So what?

RORY: So if you're going to get one man's opinion, he's the one man you get.

LORELAI: You're not thinking. This is the man who doesn't want you to marry Logan.

RORY: That wasn't him. It was Logan's mother and his grandfather.

LORELAI: And you really think he's okay with it? I mean, his whole family looks at you and sees Anna Nicole Smith, and they tell you that to your face, but he thinks you're swell and wants to pay for

the honeymoon.

RORY: That's not why he said what he said.

LORELAI: He's messing with your mind. He has so many motives that have nothing to do with your abilities!

RORY: That's not true! He said I can't do it, so I can't do it!

LORELAI: Why are you so willing to believe this guy?

RORY: Logan agrees with him.

LORELAI: He said that? He told you he agrees with his father? Because if that's so, he's a fantastic boyfriend. Really, quite a catch.

RORY: No, he didn't say it. I could just tell.

LORELAI: How?

RORY: I could tell. He ranted about his father being a jerk, and speaking his mind, but he never said that he was wrong.

LORELAI: Rory, come on. What kind of logic is that?

RORY: It doesn't matter. This isn't about that. I told you. I just need some time.

LORELAI: You're making a mistake.

RORY: No, I'm not! This is normal! College kids take breaks like this all the time. You didn't go to college, so you don't understand.

LORELAI: No, I didn't go to college. I wasn't lucky enough to go to college.

RORY: Trust me, this is very normal.

LORELAI: No. You are not quitting Yale.

RORY: Yes I am!

LORELAI: You're acting incredibly immature. And I know it's because you're hurt, but you have got to get a grip! This is too important! You've been working towards Yale your whole life!

RORY: No. I was working toward Harvard my whole life.

LORELAI: Okay, fine. Then go to Harvard. That's cool.

RORY: I don't want to go to Harvard!

LORELAI: Then go to Princeton or Stanford or Columbia!

RORY: I want time off!

LORELAI: If you leave Yale now, you'll never go back. You'll lose momentum.

RORY: Momentum toward what? All I've been doing is working toward being a journalist! I'm not

going to be a journalist, so what momentum am I losing exactly?

LORELAI: You don't want to be a journalist, fine! I don't care about that! But you stay in school, you take some classes, you figure out what you do want to be!

RORY: That's not what Yale is for!

LORELAI: That's what college is for!

RORY: Yale's expensive!

LORELAI: Are you paying?

RORY: I don't want to do that! I don't want to wander around a school where everyone else is focused and working toward something and I'm just floating!

LORELAI: So what's the great master plan, then, huh? You're going to move back home, live in your room, work part-time at the bookstore? Forget it. Not an option.

RORY: I'll figure it out.

LORELAI [grabs her purse]: I'm not hungry.

RORY: Look, I'm not going back. I just wanted you to know.

LORELAI: Message sent.

[She walks away. Rory leans back in her chair, miserable.]

LUKE'S DINER

[Caesar looks out the window.]

CAESAR: Luke, you were looking for Taylor?

LUKE: Yeah.

CAESAR: He's right outside.

[Taylor is standing in front of Luke's window, cheering on the bikers.]

TAYLOR: Go, Connecticut!

LUKE: I'll be back in a minute.

[He goes outside and follows Taylor across the street, not looking. Bikers fall all over the road trying to avoid him. Oblivious, he reaches Taylor on the other side.]

LUKE: Hey, Taylor?

TAYLOR: Uh, hello, Luke.

LUKE: You said I had three days, right?

TAYLOR: Three?

LUKE: For the house. Three days to back out.

TAYLOR: Well, I didn't say that, the law did.

LUKE: Fine, whoever said it, I want out.

TAYLOR: What?

LUKE: Forget the house! Forget the whole damn thing! I don't need it anymore.

TAYLOR: Why, Luke!

[Luke walks back to the diner, stepping over the fallen bikers.]

ELDER GILMORE'S HOUSE

[Richard and Emily have a quiet breakfast. They read the paper. Emily looks up.]

EMILY: I have a lunch with Sunny Kingsman today. And then I have to stop by the club at four. Some of the girls are having an impromptu birthday cocktail with Melly Rutkers. Though the last thing Melly needs is another excuse for a midday cocktail. [Richard continues to read silently.] I can stop by the cleaners on my way home if you want to have something pressed for your trip this weekend.

RICHARD: Uh-huh.

EMILY [realizing he's not listening]: And then after the cleaners I thought I'd run off with Marshall, the golf instructor at the club. Do you think you could manage to get your own dinner tonight?

RICHARD: That'll be fine, Emily.

[Emily rolls her eyes. The doorbell rings.]

EMILY: I wonder who that could be, first thing in the morning?

RICHARD: Perhaps it's Marshall, the golf instructor, unable to wait until after Melly's party to have you. I know I couldn't.

EMILY: You do surprise me, Richard Gilmore.

[Lorelai enters the dining room.]

LORELAI: Hey, um, I'm sorry to interrupt your breakfast.

EMILY: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Uh, I need to talk to you guys about something.

RICHARD: Is everything all right?

LORELAI: Well -

EMILY: Sit down, Lorelai. Davita, bring a coffee cup for my daughter!

RICHARD: I have to call the office if this is going to take long.

LORELAI: No, Dad, it won't, I just, um. I need your help.

EMILY: Call the office, Richard.

LORELAI: No, Dad. I promise, it'll be quick. Rory's quitting Yale.

RICHARD: What? What are you talking about?

[The maid brings Lorelai a cup of coffee.]

LORELAI: Thank you.

EMILY: What do you mean, Rory's quitting Yale? Why would you joke about something like that?

LORELAI: What makes you think I'm joking?

EMILY: Because Rory would never quit Yale! This must be one of your bits. You scare us with something horrible, like Rory's quitting college, and then after we have a heart attack, you tell us you were just kidding. You're having a sex change operation.

LORELAI: Mom. Dad. I'm not having a sex change operation.

RICHARD: I don't understand this. Rory's doing beautifully at school. Why would she want to leave?

LORELAI: Okay, look. I know you love Logan and the Huntzbergers, and you already have the wedding invitations printed and ready to go, but I have to tell you these are not good people.

RICHARD: Meaning what?

LORELAI: Logan's mother and grandfather att*cked Rory at that dinner they invited her to. They told her she wasn't good enough to marry into the Huntzberger family, and she wasn't who they wanted for Logan.

EMILY: Not good enough?

LORELAI: Then Mitchum Huntzberger gave Rory that internship, theoretically to make up for that evening. He let her work for a while, he built her up, and then he clobbered her. He told her she doesn't have what it takes to be a journalist, and she needs to find something else to do with her life.

RICHARD [shocked]: What?

LORELAI: This happened on Friday night, Mom, that's why Rory wasn't at dinner. She was devastated. Then she went to find Logan at the yacht club, and the two of them stole a yacht!

RICHARD: No, stop it! Stop it, right now!

LORELAI: They were arrested and I had to pick Rory up from the Bridgeport police department.

EMILY: Oh, no.

LORELAI: Ever since she got involved with these people, things have been bad. She's up and she's down and she should be stronger than this, I know, but she's young and she's Rory and she's come so far, she's worked so hard. I just don't want her to lose this.

[Emily and Richard look at each other.]

RICHARD [pulls a notebook out of his pocket]: What do you want us to do?

LORELAI: Well, I've already told her that just coming home and bumming around Stars Hollow is not an option, and I was thinking Friday night at dinner we could triple-team her. I bet between the three of us we could knock some sense into her. But I really need the two of you to back me up on this.

EMILY: Well, of course we'll back you up! This is not happening!

RICHARD: How much trouble is she in with this yacht incident?

LORELAI: She's going to need a lawyer.

RICHARD: I'll call Charlie Newman.

EMILY: Are we sure we want to wait until Friday? Should we confront her now?

LORELAI: No, I think we should give her a chance to cool off a little, maybe some time will make her more receptive.

RICHARD: I agree with Lorelai. Give the girl some time.

EMILY: All right. Friday night it is.

LORELAI: Thank you. Just, thank you. [Richard smiles at her.] I should get going. Dad has to get to work.

EMILY: Would you like something to eat?

LORELAI: No. I just got everything I need.

[She gets up and leaves.]

ELDER GILMORE HOUSE - LATER

[Richard comes down the stairs.]

RICHARD: Davita, could you come here please?

[The maid hurries over to him.]

RICHARD: Look at these shoes and tell me, do these look like the same color to you? They're supposed to be the same color, they were bought at the same time, they've been residing in the same box. However, on closer examination, one of them seems a little faded. What do you think?

[The maid shakes nervously.]

RICHARD: What's the matter? I was just asking your opinion. Davita, stop that shaking right now. This is not a trick question. I just wanted an opinion from - oh, for heaven's sake. Go back to your work.

[She nods and leaves. The doorbell rings.]

RICHARD: So I guess I'll get that.

[He opens the door. It's Rory.]

RICHARD: Rory.

RORY: Can I come in?

RICHARD: Oh. Well, all right. Come in. I didn't expect to see you until dinner tonight.

RORY: I needed to talk to you.

RICHARD: Yes, well, your grandmother is running some errands and I was just doing some work in the house, so -

RORY: Well, I assume you've heard about everything by now.

RICHARD: Yes. Well, I believe I've heard some bits and pieces. You know, I really was in the middle of something. Can this possibly wait until tonight? I'll give you my full attention, I promise.

[Rory starts to cry. Richard doesn't know what to do.]

RORY: Everything's falling apart. I messed everything up, I don't know what to do.

RICHARD: Your grandmother should be back any minute. [Rory cries.] I can have a maid make us some tea.

RORY [hugs him]: I'm so sorry, Grandpa! I'm so sorry about everything! I just, I don't know what to do. I don't.

RICHARD [hugs her back]: It's all right. Everything will be all right.

LANE'S HOUSE

[The members of the band are waiting for Lane. Gil is pacing, Brian is reading a book and Zach is playing video games.]

GIL: Where is she, dude?

ZACH: Don't know, man. I'm not a warden.

BRIAN: This is the second emergency band meeting in a week.

GIL: And time is pressing. I have a ten-pound salami sitting out in the van.

[Zach snickers.]

GIL: Do not giggle. [He gestures to his delivery uniform.] This is not nerdy. This is a job.

BRIAN: Hey, can one of you quiz me on the open house procedures?

ZACH: Level twelve, dude.

GIL: I'll do it. [He takes the book from Brian.] True or false. Simmering some apple juice and a couple of cinnamon sticks makes a pleasant aroma indicating 'home' to prospective buyers.

BRIAN: True.

GIL: I'd add a little potpourri to the johns, too.

[Mrs. Kim bursts into the room, followed by Lane,]

ZACH: Geez!

MRS. KIM: All boys here?

ZACH: Yes.

MRS. KIM: Good.

LANE [smiling]: Guys. Guess what.

ZACH: Your mother just took ten years off my life?

LANE: We are going on tour.

BRIAN: We are?

GIL: What are you talking about?

[Mrs. Kim sits at the table and opens a thick binder.]

MRS. KIM: All of you. Gather round, please. [They look at each other, dumbfounded.] Do not stand there looking stupid! Move! [They obey.] Okay. You start at the First Lady of Our Sacred Heart on the fourth. The Church of the Open Hand on the sixth. Chapel Hill on the tenth. The big auditorium, not the Sunday school room.

ZACH: Are you sensing a pattern here?

GIL: Well, they do have kind of a horseshoe shape. It looks pretty well thought out.

ZACH: No. They're all churches.

LANE: Not churches. Theatres in churches.

MRS. KIM: I have contacts with the entire east coast's Seventh Day Adventist entertainment circuit. Dates back to my days in an all-girl Christian tambourine band.

ZACH: What?

MRS. KIM: I have you booked solid for two months. Families in each town will take you in, feed you, put you up -

GIL: I don't know. This seems a little weird.

MRS. KIM: Weird? What weird? You need to play, here's places to play. Nice places. Clean places. [She points at Gil.] Don't wear that outfit on stage.

GIL: It's my delivery outfit! Lane, tell her I don't dress like this.

MRS. KIM: I need to see your songs.

ZACH: Why?

MRS. KIM: To see if you need to make any adjustments. Lyrics must be clean.

ZACH: Okay, that's where we draw the line. We will not change our lyrics.

MRS. KIM: Oh, please. Prince made fifty-seven million take home last year. He didn't swear, and he mentioned God. Catch up. Okay, last problem. Transportation.

BRIAN: Hey, what about the van?

MRS. KIM: What van?

LANE: Gil's delivery van.

MRS. KIM: You have van?

GIL: Yeah. Right outside. Full of salami.

MRS. KIM: Let's see this van!

[She gets up and goes outside. Everyone follows her.]

ZACH: Lane! We can't go on some crazy Christian crusade tour!

LANE: It's a tour, Zach! It's a chance to play, to keep our band together. Isn't that important? Who cares where we're playing? Our music will be out there.

BRIAN: A tour would be kind of neat.

GIL: Brian, if you do a tour right, it could be way more than neat.

MRS. KIM: Gil, get over here!

GIL: Yes, ma'am!

MRS. KIM: This is your van?

[She opens the side door of the Volkswagen van.]

GIL: Yes. But it's not really big enough for a tour van.

MRS. KIM: What are you talking about? All twenty-seven girls and their tambourines would fit very nicely in here. Legs crossed, of course.

GIL: But -

MRS. KIM: Drums go there, bass goes there, guitars go there, Lane rides up front, and we get rid of the big salami. Pop the hood, I need to check the engine!

[She goes around to the back of the van.]

LANE: Okay, okay! I know. It's not perfect. It's not the Festival Express, but it could be really great. What do you say?

GIL: I think it's freaking crazy. Which also happens to be completely rock and roll. Let's do it!

LANE: Seriously?

GIL: Totally!

BRIAN: Century 21's been around for over thirty years. I'm sure they'll be here when I get back.

LANE: Zach?

ZACH: Well, geez, Dorothy, if Tinman and Lion are going to go, I guess I have to go too. [He pulls himself up like the Scarecrow.]

LANE: Yay!

GIL: Yeah!

[They group hug.]

MRS. KIM: Gil, get over here and pop the hood, now!

GIL: Yes, ma'am.

MRS. KIM: I haven't got all day.

GIL: I'm sorry.

MRS. KIM: You'll need new hoses, spark plugs, oil change.

GIL: Wait, let me write this down.

[Lane smiles. She is clearly thrilled.]

ELDER GILMORE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

[The maid opens the door for Lorelai. Lorelai smiles at her.]

LORELAI: Hi.

DAVITA: Can I take your coat?

LORELAI: Thank you.

[She takes the coat and scurries off.]

EMILY [OS]: Lorelai, we're in here.

LORELAI: Oh, hey! I thought I'd come a little early so we could strategize.

[She walks into the living room.]

RICHARD: Sit down, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Okay. Uh, Rory should be here pretty soon, so -

RICHARD: Your mother and I have been talking about the situation. We have discussed the matter thoroughly, and we have come to a decision. [He pauses.] Rory will be taking some time off from Yale. She will be moving into the pool house here with us. We will find her some sort of suitable job through one of our friends, and then after a suitable amount of time has passed, we will revisit the subject of her returning to school.

[Lorelai looks blankly at her parents, then gets up and walks into the dining room.]

EMILY: Where are you going?

[They get up and follow her. Lorelai stares at the table.]

LORELAI: I was sitting right here. I came in, I sat right here, and we had the conversation, right? I mean, I'm not imagining it, right?

EMILY: Lorelai -

LORELAI: I had coffee, you had grapefruit -

RICHARD: Lorelai -

LORELAI: Dad was reading the paper, he had to go, so I said I'd make it quick, and we sat here, and we talked about how we were going to stick together and convince Rory to go back to school! That did happen, right? I mean, I'm not completely whacko.

RICHARD: Yes, it did happen.

LORELAI: I mean, obviously I'm a little whacko, because I came here for help in the first place, but I'm not totally delusional!

RICHARD: There were other things to consider.

LORELAI: You said you would back me on this! You said you weren't going to let this happen!

RICHARD: Rory is young. And I'm sure, once she's had some time and some space she will change her mind. But for now, this is what she wants to do. And we need to respect that.

LORELAI: Have you talked to Rory about this? Your great plan, does she even know about it?

RICHARD: Yes! She's fine with the arrangement.

LORELAI: So you went to her. Behind my back.

RICHARD: She came to me, Lorelai. She told me what she wanted in her own words!

LORELAI: Wow, so that does work occasionally with you, huh?

EMILY: This makes sense. We don't want her to move in with Logan, do we? And since you don't want Rory to move back home to Stars Hollow it just makes sense that she move in here with us!

LORELAI: I don't under -

RICHARD: To watch her. Keep her from getting into trouble. We can get her back on track! [Lorelai walks out.] You'll understand that once you calm down and think about it rationally!

[The front door closes.]

RORY'S POOL HOUSE

[Through the window, Lorelai sadly watches Rory unpacking boxes. Rory looks up and sees her. They look at each other for a moment. Rory breaks away and goes back to unpacking. Lorelai, hurt, walks away slowly.]

STARS HOLLOW TOWN SQUARE

[The town is still decorated for the bike race. It is night time and Taylor is waiting at the finish line.]

TAYLOR: This is unacceptable! Completely unacceptable! What time is it?

KIRK: Ten o'clock.

TAYLOR: It's not! It is not ten o'clock! Is it ten o'clock?

KIRK [hesitates]: No.

TAYLOR: They were supposed to finish the race at twelve. That's twelve noon! When the sun is out and the press are here and the people are interested in buying t-shirts. Nobody buys t-shirts at ten o'clock at night!

KIRK: Sweatshirts, maybe.

TAYLOR: Well, we're not selling sweatshirts, are we? All that planning. I finally had to send the marching band home. It was past their bedtimes! I have never met such soft, whiney six-year-olds in my entire life. If this was Dickens' day, they all would have been sold to a cobbler by now.

KIRK: I think I see someone coming.

TAYLOR: Oh, really? At ten-ten they come rolling in, huh? [Yelling at the bikers] You're late! You're late! You're all late! You, and you, and you!

LUKE'S DINER

[Luke wipes the counter. Lorelai enters.]

LORELAI [quietly]: Rory dropped out of Yale.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: She dropped out of Yale and she moved in with my parents, who I went to for help, and they stabbed me in the back. Everything we worked for. All these years. Her whole future. She was supposed to have more than me. She was supposed to have everything. That was the plan. We had a plan.

LUKE: Okay, I'm sorry. I have to jump in here. Uh, I know you think you have this thing handled, but I can help. First off, we call Yale and we tell them something like, uh, Rory had a chemical imbalance and she was mentally out of her mind when she told them she was dropping out. And then we get her out of your parents house whatever way we can. We lock her up in her room with you, because you can talk anybody into anything. And if worse comes to worst, we will drive her to school every day and we will follow her to class and camp out there to make sure she goes. I'll take morning classes, you take afternoon classes, or the other way around, if it works out better for your schedule. And I know there's a few kinks to work out, the kidnapping thing might be a little problematic but either way, she is not quitting school. This was her dream. I am not going to let this happen.

[He takes a deep breath. Lorelai is gazing at him.]

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Luke, will you marry me?

LUKE: What?

END