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## 02x01 - Sadie, Sadie

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### 02x01 - Sadie, Sadie

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2.01 - Sadie, Sadie

written by Amy Sherman-Palladino

directed by Amy Sherman-Palladino

[OPEN IN STARS HOLLOW]

[Camera pans around the center of town, which is covered in yellow daisies. Lorelai and Rory are crossing the street.]

RORY: You should get married in Italy.

LORELAI: All the way from home, same topic. There's tons of stuff going on in the world. Big stuff.

RORY: Like?

LORELAI: Balkans.

RORY: That was ages ago. Read a paper.

LORELAI: Ugh. They make my hands black.

RORY: Oh! You should walk down the aisle to Frank Sinatra with a huge bouquet of something that smells really good.

LORELAI: Pot Roast.

RORY: And you should wear a long veil with your hair up.

LORELAI: Ugh, I'll take any other subject in the world for two hundred Alex.

RORY: Why don't you want to think about this?

LORELAI: Because I haven't made my mind up about the yes or no part, so I don't want to start fantasizing about dresses and flowers or doves and tulle until I do, so please change the subject.

RORY: I think the bridesmaids should be able to pick their own dresses.

LORELAI: You know how on All in the Family when Edith would be yapping about something and Archie would pretend to make a noose and hang himself or sh\*\*t himself in the head?

RORY: Yeah?

LORELAI: I don't know. Something about this moment just made me think of that.

RORY: Fine, I'm done. I'm taking these to Lane.

LORELAI: Okay. Meet me at Luke's.

RORY: Oh, get me a paper please.

LORELAI: But my hands!

[OPENING CREDITS]

[CUT TO LANE'S HOUSE]

[Rory walks in carrying flowers as Lane is arguing with her mother.]

MRS. KIM: No!

LANE: A time frame?

MRS. KIM: No, no more talking.

LANE: But Mama, please just tell me!

MRS. KIM: It's not for you to think about. All under control.

LANE: Just give me a hint.

MRS. KIM: Children will know what their parents think they can handle.

LANE: I'm sorry, was that the hint?

MRS. KIM: I have to work. [walks away]

RORY: Hey, I came to bring you some of my mom's flowers.

LANE: Thanks.

RORY: Are you okay?

LANE: No, I'm not okay.

RORY: What's wrong? Did she find your CD burner?

LANE: My mother and father are sending me to Korea for the summer to visit my cousins.

RORY: So?

LANE: They're sending me to Korea and they won't tell me when I'm coming back.

RORY: What do you mean they won't tell you when you're coming back?

LANE: I mean, they bought me a one way ticket. One way! The plane goes there and stops!

RORY: Are you sure?

LANE: I called the airline to confirm it, and my parents were in their room whispering all morning. And when my mother came out, she looked very happy. She was humming. I swear, they're planning

to send me Korea for the rest of my life.

RORY: Lane, come on.

LANE: It's gonna be just like that Sally Field movie when her husband took them to Iran and wouldn't let them come back, except that I won't have to keep my head covered.

RORY: Okay, calm down.

LANE: Calm down? Are you listening? I am being shipped off to Korea!

RORY: Yes, I think you're freaking out a little prematurely.

LANE: Oh really?

RORY: Yes, I mean, let's think about this. Maybe there's some deal with the airline and that's why the ticket's one way. Or maybe they haven't worked out the plans with your cousins yet. Or there's a weather consideration or a holiday you don't know about or. . .Wow, I'm really gonna miss you.

MRS. KIM: [calls] Lane, come here please!

LANE: I have to go. You've been a good friend.

[CUT TO NEWSSTAND]

LORELAI: Hey Bootsy.

BOOTSY: So, apparently they sh\*\*t a gland from a pig's head in Ivana Trump's read end twice a month to keep her looking young.

LORELAI: Wow, hope she's not Kosher.

BOOTSY: I don't know, doesn't say here.

[Lorelai buys a paper, then stops to stare at the bridal magazines]

BOOTSY: Hey.

LORELAI: [startled] Hey, what, nothing, what. . .pas?

BOOTSY: You a Leo?

LORELAI: No.

BOOTSY: Thank God. Those guys are screwed this week.

[Lorelai takes one of the Bridal Magazines, starts flipping through it]

RORY: What'cha reading?

LORELAI: Oh God, do not sneak up on a person like that.

RORY: InStyle Weddings. Very interesting.

LORELAI: No, not very interesting.

RORY: Get any ideas?

LORELAI: Yes, we should have cake more often.

RORY: Hey Bootsy, I'll take this.

LORELAI: Oh, no. I just. . .don't. . .

BOOTSY: It's six bucks.

MISS PATTY: Lorelai!

LORELAI: Oh geez.

MISS PATTY: So□.

LORELAI: Hi Patty.

MISS PATTY: InStyle Weddings! You said yes!

LORELAI: Oh no, not yet!

MISS PATTY: Yet! She said yet!

RORY: I know!

LORELAI: I'm right here.

MISS PATTY: He's a good man?

LORELAI: Oh yeah, he's a great man.

MISS PATTY: Oh I love this! I just love this! Have you told Luke?

LORELAI: Well, no, it just happened last night. Oh Patty, stop it. I'll tell him. It's not that big a deal if he just finds out.

MISS PATTY: Well, whatever you say.

LORELAI: Well, uh, it just so happens we are on our way over there now to have some breakfast, and I'll tell Luke them.

MISS PATTY: Be gentle.

LORELAI: Patty, me and Luke are just friends.

MISS PATTY: Just friends. Yes, yes, I know.

LORELAI: It's true.

RORY: Okay lets go.

[Lorelai and Rory start walking towards Luke's. A group of townspeople follow them.]

LORELAI: Well it is.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: What is with this place? Why will nobody believe me?

RORY: They believe you.

LORELAI: No they don't.

RORY: I promise they believe you.

LORELAI: You are pacifying me.

RORY: Just a little.

LORELAI: Well, I don't like it

RORY: I'll see if I can stop.

[They turn around and see all the townspeople behind them.]

LORELAI: I can't wait for the movie theater to reopen.

[CUT TO INSIDE LUKE'S DINER]

[Lorelai and Rory sit down. The townspeople press themselves up against the windows.]

LORELAI: Hmm. Let's see, what looks good. I'm so unbelievably hungry I'm gonna have to order breakfast and lunch, crazy huh?

RORY: Mom, go tell him.

LORELAI: I will.

RORY: Now.

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: Because in five minutes somebody's about to be pushed through that window.

LORELAI: This is crazy. Why is everybody making such a big deal about this?

RORY: Because everyone knows that Luke has a thing for you.

LORELAI: Luke does not have a thing for me.

RORY: Tell him.

LORELAI: Uh, we can barely get through a single conversation without biting each other's heads off.

RORY: Tell him.

LORELAI: Everything about me repulses that man. My coffee drinking, my eating habits. Remember when I called him Ranger Bob last week, he hated that!

RORY: Will you get me a muffin when you're up there?

LORELAI: Okay. God. Fine. [walks over to Luke at the counter] Hey.

LUKE: Fresh coffee will be ready in a minute unless you wanna just roll up a dollar bill and go nuts.

LORELAI: No thanks, I can wait.

LUKE: [sees the people in the window] What the hell's going on with them?

LORELAI: Oh, I don't know.

LUKE: Crazy people. Whole town should be medicated and put in a rec room with ping pong tables and hand puppets. What?

LORELAI: Nothing. I. . . well, I have something to tell you. No I have something to share with you actually.

LUKE: To share with me.

LORELAI: Yes, 'cause when exciting things happen in your life, you want to share them with the people in your life who you think will find them exciting, which I think you will.

LUKE: What is it?

LORELAI: Well, it's very. . .

LUKE: Exciting, I've heard. I'm all prepared to jump up and down if necessary.

LORELAI: Okay, here it is. Um, Max has asked me to marry him.

LUKE: Yeah, I figured.

LORELAI: You did?

LUKE: Well, it was obvious. You know, you too were getting kind of close. He was around a lot. Then last night with that life changing thing comment, you know, I put two and two together and figured it out.

LORELAI: Oh.

LUKE: Congratulations by the way.

LORELAI: Thank you.

LUKE: You set a date?

LORELAI: No, I haven't answered him yet.

LUKE: You're gonna say yes.

LORELAI: How do you know?

LUKE: Well, you're making a big deal about telling me he proposed.

LORELAI: Uh, I don't think I'm making a big deal.

LUKE: And you wouldn't do that if you weren't gonna say yes.

LORELAI: Okay, I'm sharing something with you. Sharing is not making a big deal, sharing is a nice gesture. Like when you're a kid and you have one of those popsicles and you break it in two and offer half to another kid. That is sharing, that is what I'm doing.

LUKE: You offered me half a popsicle?

LORELAI: Yes. Okay, so now you know.

LUKE: Now I know.

LORELAI: Uh, I guess I'll just have two blueberry muffins and some coffee.

LUKE: Coming right up.

LORELAI: Okay.

LUKE: You know, I think it's good you're doing this.

LORELAI: You do? Good, me too. I mean, not that I'm definitely doing it, but if I do, then it'll be good.

LUKE: Where you gonna live?

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: Here? Hartford?

LORELAI: Here. I don't know, we haven't talked about it actually.

LUKE: Hartford's probably good, closer to Rory's school.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, I guess.

LUKE: Of course, it is a little far from the inn.

LORELAI: Uh, yeah.

LUKE: But who knows how long you'll work after you're married.

LORELAI: Excuse me?

LUKE: Oh, but you probably already talked about that, right?

LORELAI: Uh, no, but I do think he and my father have come to an agreement on how many goats I'm worth.

LUKE: Hey, I'm just talking here. It's great, really. You gonna have more kids?

LORELAI: Hi, personal.

LUKE: I mean, he wants kids right?

LORELAI: In the world? Yes, he wants kids.

LUKE: You haven't talked about that either.

LORELAI: Okay, you know, what we have and have not discussed is none of your business.

LUKE: Joint checking accounts?

LORELAI: Luke!

LUKE: You do know his last name don't you?

LORELAI: I want my popsicle back.

LUKE: Fine, it's your business.

LORELAI: Yes it is. It's my business.

LUKE: Hey, some people go their entire lives without having these kinds of conversations. My parents didn't discuss a damn thing my entire childhood. Worked fine for them. Of course, when my mom died she had to tell my dad where the coupon drawer was. Took him ten years to find it. Used a coffee can the whole time.

LORELAI: Okay.

LUKE: I don't care what anybody says, a coupon can is not as good as a coupon drawer.

LORELAI: How are those muffins coming?

LUKE: But you know what, you might like a coupon can. You never know. Here you go. Two blueberry muffins.

LORELAI: Thank you.

LUKE: And congratulations again.

[Lorelai walks back to the table.]

LORELAI: Now what's going on?

RORY: Kirk passed out.

LORELAI: Here's your muffin.

RORY: Thanks. How'd he take it?

LORELAI: Fine, he took it fine.

[CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE]

[Rory and Lorelai pull up out front]

RORY: Are you okay?

LORELAI: Fine, I'm just tied to the emergency break.

RORY: How did you do that?

LORELAI: With a flourish and a big ending. Okay, I got it. Let's go. Oh, my coat.



RORY: It's pretty warm out for a coat.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, it tends to cool off the minute I get in that house.

RORY: You good?

LORELAI: I'm good. My keys.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: They're in the ignition. Okay, I got 'em. Let's go.

RORY: What is wrong with you?

LORELAI: Nothing.

RORY: You got lost coming here.

LORELAI: I took a wrong turn.

RORY: Six times.

LORELAI: Well, my self preservational instincts at work ladies and gentlemen.

RORY: And then the coat and the keys and the . . .

LORELAI: I got stuff on my mind.

RORY: Max stuff?

LORELAI: No, stuff stuff.

RORY: You're lying.

LORELAI: I'm being mysterious. That's what women do.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Oh look, doorbell. Pretty sound.

RORY: You know, you always make me tell you what I'm thinking.

LORELAI: Yes, and the lesson we have learned from that is you should never become a spy.

[Emily opens the door]

EMILY: You're here. Richard, they're here.

RICHARD: [from another room] Wonderful!

EMILY: Come in, come in, come in.

LORELAI: Uh, no.

EMILY: Why?

LORELAI: Because you're scaring Rory.

EMILY: Oh stop that. Get in here. Scaring Rory, you're so silly sometimes. Let's get you a drink. Put your coat down. Oh, and are you hungry? I had Antonia make some Roqueford puffs. Antonia, bring the puffs! Come, sit down, sit down. Richard!

RICHARD: Say nothing until I get there.

EMILY: Well, hurry up!

LORELAI: Mom, what's going on? Ooh, the nails, the nails, the nails.

EMILY: So, tell me what's new with you girls.

LORELAI: Uh, nothing.

RORY: Hey Grandma, what about you? Did something special happen?

EMILY: Well, as a matter of fact. Oh for goodness sake. Richard, dammit!

LORELAI: Mom, why don't you just tell us what's happening now?

EMILY: Oh, all right. I can't wait for your grandfather any longer. Well, you know I'm very good friends with Bitty Charleston, the headmaster's wife.

LORELAI: Mm Hmm.

EMILY: Well, we had this little arrangement where she keeps me apprised of all the goings on at Chilton. You know, she tells me all the gossip on the students and their parents, and any piece of information I might find useful. Well, this afternoon she called to tell me the class list just came out, and Rory has finished in the top three percent!

LORELAI: I know.

EMILY: You do? Well, who do you know at Chilton?

LORELAI: Um, Rory.

EMILY: Oh.

RORY: It wasn't definite, but I had a pretty good idea.

[Richard walks in]

RICHARD: Rory, wonderful news. You finished in the top three percent of your class.

LORELAI: Oh yeah, Dad, J. Edgar Hoover over here was just telling us.

RICHARD: What? I told you not to say anything before I got here.

EMILY: Well, you took too long.

LORELAI: No, no, we already knew.

RICHARD: It's a simple request.

EMILY: Just hang up the phone.

LORELAI: Okay, good news either way. Let's all agree on that.

RICHARD: I am immensely proud of you Rory.

EMILY: Yes, we knew you could do it.

RICHARD: Oh, we certainly did.

EMILY: We have to celebrate. Next week we will have a special dinner.

RORY: Grandma, all of your dinners are special.

EMILY: Well, this one will be extra special. We'll make all your favorite foods, and you can invite some of your friends.

RICHARD: There's an excellent chance that presents might be involved.

RORY: You guys do not have to do this.

RICHARD: For the top three percent?

EMILY: We most certainly do.

RICHARD: You start late, have to catch up, and by the end of the year, you've overtaken everyone. A true Gilmore.

EMILY: Through and through.

ANTONIA: Dinner is ready.

EMILY: Thank you Antonia. Shall we?

RICHARD: Ah ah ah ah, after the top 3 percent in her class.

RORY: Well, thank you very much.

LORELAI: Uh, just go ahead and Start without me. I gotta check in at the inn. Michel's there by himself, people could die.

EMILY: Well, hurry up.

[Lorelai dials her cell phone and walks out onto the back patio.]

MAX: Hello?

LORELAI: Where are we gonna live?

MAX: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Where are we gonna live?

MAX: Well, I. . .

LORELAI: Your house, my house?

MAX: I don't know.

LORELAI: I mean, we should figure this stuff out. I have a life and a kid, and both of them require a house of some sort.

MAX: Okay, but. . .

LORELAI: And I have stuff. I have a lot of stuff. You haven't seen my closet yet, but you would not believe the amount of stuff one person can accumulate. I don't even know what this stuff is, but it's there and it's mine and it needs a place to live.

MAX: Well. . .

LORELAI: And I want to work.

MAX: What?

LORELAI: And I like my bank.

MAX: Okay hold on.

LORELAI: It's small and the teller's name is Margie and she can't count. And I think there's something so poetic about banking at a place where the teller can't count.

MAX: Lorelai.

LORELAI: What?

MAX: Calm down. Talk to me.

LORELAI: It's just. . . . If I die, I want you to know where the coupon drawer is.

MAX: Well, I would like that too. I think.

LORELAI: Well, we need to figure these things out before. . .

MAX: Before what? Are you saying yes?

LORELAI: What?

MAX: Are you saying yes?

LORELAI: Why are you asking me that?

MAX: Because you call me, out of the blue, completely panicked about where we're gonna live and bank and coupon drawers and Margie.

LORELAI: Well, these are important things to discuss.

MAX: I agree. They're extremely important things to discuss, especially if you're saying yes. Are you?

[CUT TO DINING ROOM]

EMILY: I am extremely thrilled about this. Do you think you'll get a certificate?

RORY: I'm not sure.

EMILY: Well, they certainly should give you a certificate or a plaque or something. I'll talk to Bitty about that tomorrow.

RICHARD: I can't wait to tell Tellman McCabe about this.

EMILY: Oh Richard.

RICHARD: Oh, he's always bragging about that simpleton grandson of his.

EMILY: William is a lovely boy.

RICHARD: His head is shaped like a football.

EMILY: It is not.

RICHARD: If he fell asleep in the park, someone would try to punt him.

EMILY: Tellman is a very dear friend of yours.

RICHARD: Yes he is. And one should always share wonderful news with one's very good friends.

EMILY: You just want to brag.

[Lorelai walks to dining room doorway. Rory looks at her.]

RICHARD: Well, I think I have a right, don't you?

EMILY: Well goodness, you'd think you were the one who finished in the top three percent of your class.

[Lorelai smiles and nods to Rory]

RICHARD: Well it was my genes, I get to claim a little responsibility.

[Rory screams, jumps up, and runs over to hug Lorelai]

RICHARD: Oh!

EMILY: Goodness.

RICHARD: I just spilled on my shirt. What are you doing? What are they doing Emily?

EMILY: I have no idea. Stop that you too!

LORELAI: Sorry.

RORY: Yeah sorry.

EMILY: What is going on?

LORELAI: Uh, I'm just really jazzed about this whole three percent thing.

RORY: Yeah, really really jazzed.

LORELAI: Yeah. [more screaming and hugging]

EMILY: Don't even try to understand Richard. Antonia, please bring some club soda for Mr. Gilmore's shirt.

[CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN'S KITCHEN]

SOOKIE: Carlito, we're running out of clarified butter. Ooh, chop that finer. No hard boiling. Yo profiero tener los huevos suave. Ooh, that looks good. Add a little pinch of oregano, I think we've got it.

DELIVERY MAN: Okay, I got your lobsters.

SOOKIE: Yeah? Are they good? Ooh, they look good. Yes they do. Ow! It's got my hand. It's got my hand. Thanks. Okay, I'll be fine, I'll be fine. I'm a good cotter, don't worry. You are fresh, aren't you? Okay, in the back, in the back, in the back. Michel, I'm gonna need you to move.

MICHEL: In a minute.

SOOKIE: What are you doing?

MICHEL: I am weighing my turkey.

SOOKIE: Why?

MICHEL: A group of scientists did a study on rats where they cut their daily calories by thirty percent.

SOOKIE: And you felt left out?

MICHEL: No, the rats lived thirty percent longer. And the scientists were so impressed that they cut their own calories just like the rats.

SOOKIE: That was a very nice display of solidarity.

MICHEL: I have decided to do the same. I figure if I stay alive long enough, these scientists, they will be able to cure anything including death, therefore ensuring my indefinite existence.

SOOKIE: So you're gonna live forever, like on Fame?

MICHEL: Don't speak to me.

SOOKIE: Give me back my scale.

[Lorelai walks into the kitchen.]

LORELAI: Hey. I have an announcement to make, and it's big and it's fabulous and you are not gonna believe it.

MICHEL: Goodbye.

LORELAI: Wait, I got news.

MICHEL: Oh, well I'm sure it's very exciting. Excuse me.

LORELAI: But. . . What's with the turkey?

SOOKIE: Oh, Michel thinks he's gonna live forever.

LORELAI: Like on Fame?

SOOKIE: That's what I said!

MICHEL: Hmm, a hundred years from now I will sit around telling my fellow man of science about the two of you and we will giggle like little girls at your ignorance. Now I have work to do. [Michel leaves]

LORELAI: He did say "giggle like little girls" right?

SOOKIE: Forget him. Tell me about your fabulous news.

LORELAI: I'm engaged.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: I'm getting married.

SOOKIE: No!

LORELAI: Yes!

SOOKIE: No!

LORELAI: Yes!

SOOKIES: No!

LORELAI: Yes!

SOOKIE: No!

LORELAI: No?

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: Sookie!

SOOKIE: God, this is amazing! Oh my God, I'm shaking! Max is a wonderful man. It is Max, right?

LORELAI: Yes, it is Max.

SOOKIE: Okay, good good good. Oh, I knew it. I knew you'd get engaged.

LORELAI: Really? God, I didn't.

SOOKIE: You're gonna be a sadie.

LORELAI: A what?

SOOKIE: A sadie. [sings] "Sadie, sadie, married lady. Meet a mortgagee."

LORELAI: Funny Girl!

SOOKIE: Streisand!

LORELAI: Love it!

SOOKIE: Who's catering?

LORELAI: Um, Bobby Flay?

SOOKIE: Not funny. I'm making the cake also.

LORELAI: Absolutely.

SOOKIE: Okay, let's start a menu. Something light and romantic to start with. Something that will go wonderful with champagne. Truffles go wonderful with champagne. And scrambled eggs. [starts to cry]

LORELAI: Sookie? Honey?

SOOKIE: I know scrambled eggs don't sound very festive, but when you put them in a little quail's egg shell and you put cavier on top, they are quite a crowd pleaser.

LORELAI: Hey, what's with the waterworks lady?

SOOKIE: It's just. . . I don't know. You raised that little girl all alone, and she is so great, and you work your butt off here and you go to school and you put up with me.

LORELAI: Aww, honey.

SOOKIE: You just really deserve this.

LORELAI: Thank you.

[Jackson walks into kitchen carrying a crate of brussel sprouts.]

JACKSON: Prepare yourself for the most gorgeous brussel sprouts ever. Sookie, are you okay? Are you hurt? Have you been making cutlets again?

SOOKIE: Lorelai's getting married! Married! Uh, I love saying that! Married, married, married!

JACKSON: Oh, that's great. Congratulations.

LORELAI: Thanks Jackson.

JACKSON: Uh, hey, do you wanna look at the brussel sprouts?

SOOKIE: Yes, I do. [giggles] No. Ooh, what about some nice brussel sprouts with like a garlic olive oil for the wedding? That sounds like a 'til death do us part' kind of side dish, doesn't it?

JACKSON: Yeah, I wouldn't know.

SOOKIE: Well, what do you think is the most romantic vegetable?

JACKSON: You know, I'm the wrong guy to ask.



SOOKIE: You're the vegetable guy.

JACKSON: Yeah, but the normal vegetable guy, not the romantic vegetable guy. I mean, I would have no idea what an appropriate vegetable would be to serve at a wedding. I've never even been to a wedding. One, my cousin BonBon. Yes, that's his real name. And I didn't stay long, and I didn't notice the vegetables, so I would not be the guy to ask about wedding vegetables. I'm not the wedding vegetable guy! [leaves]

LORELAI: Uh oh. Jackson's got panicked "my girlfriend wants me to get married" face on.

SOOKIE: Yup. Hey, next time he's here, tell him that you're pregnant.

LORELAI: With twins.

SOOKIE: Why not?

[CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE]

[Rory's in the living room on the phone with Lane, who's sitting in her closet.]

RORY: Okay, so what's the latest?

LANE: I just got off the phone with the American consulate.

RORY: And?

LANE: Can you say Hyung-hyung?

RORY: No, and what is that?

LANE: My Korean name.

RORY: There must be something you can do.

LANE: I'm a minor. I've been put in the custody of family by my parents. That's it, it's over.

RORY: You have to at least try to talk to your family.

LANE: I don't know.

MRS. KIM: [calls from downstairs] Dinner!

LANE: I have to go. Last meal.

RORY: Call me later.

MRS. KIM: [calls] Lanie!

LANE: Coming Mama!

[CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE]

[Rory walks into the kitchen]

LORELAI: Do you want tater tots also?

RORY: That's a rhetorical question right?

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: So, what kind of dress are you thinking of?

LORELAI: Um, the one Stephanie Seymour wore in the g\*ns N' Roses video.

RORY: What about colors? Did you pick your colors yet?

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: Really? What?

LORELAI: Spumoni.

RORY: Okay, I am planning this wedding without you. You will have no say and I may not even let you come.

LORELAI: Uh!

[phone rings]

RORY: Hello?

MAX: Rory, good, it's Max.

RORY: Oh, hey Max.

MAX: Oh look, I've been out ring shopping all day.

RORY: Ring shopping. Very interesting.

MAX: Now I've narrowed it down to three different rings, but I want to get her something she's really gonna like, not just something that she tells me she likes but really hates, and you know her taste in jewelry better than I do, so I thought maybe you could give me some advice.

RORY: Okay, well, anything with the word "Foxy" on it is a big crowd pleaser.

MAX: Oh, maybe for our first anniversary.

RORY: Okay, I'm listening.

MAX: Okay. The first ring has a gold band and sort of a square diamond. It's simple, but very classic.

RORY: Gold band, square diamond, simple, classic. [Lorelai shakes her head] I'm not sure that's really her.

MAX: Okay, the next one is sort of an engagement band with small diamonds all around it, white gold, and there's a wedding band that sort of fits into it like a set.

RORY: White gold engagement band, small diamonds around it, with wedding band that fits into it. [Lorelai gestures that she might like it] That's a possibility. What's the third one?

MAX: The third one is from the twenties.

RORY: From the twenties, hmm.

MAX: Large diamond in the middle.

RORY: Large diamond in the middle.

MAX: Diamond clusters on the sides.

RORY: Diamond clusters on the sides.

MAX: A little deco.

RORY: A little deco. [Lorelai pants and barks like a dog] That sounds great. Uh, good going. She's gonna be ecstatic.

MAX: She's right there with you isn't she?

RORY: What? No.

MAX: No, I thought I heard her bark.

RORY: No, that's just a wild jackal that hangs out here sometimes.

MAX: Mm hmm. Put Cujo on the phone please.

RORY: One sec. [hands phone to Lorelai] Here boy.

[knock at front door]

LORELAI: Oh, hello Max, what a pleasant surprise. I just walked in.

[Rory answers door]

RORY: Hi.

DEAN: Am I late?

RORY: Nope, right on time.

DEAN: Good.

RORY: Are you coming in?

DEAN: In a sec. Ah, where's your mom?

RORY: In the kitchen on the phone.

DEAN: Beginning, middle, or end of a conversation?

RORY: Well, it concerns jewelry so there may not be an end to the conversation.

DEAN: Good. Hi.

RORY: Hi. [they kiss]

DEAN: I missed that.

RORY: Me too.

DEAN: So, uh, ya know, this whole breaking up thing, we tried it. . .

RORY: Yeah we did. Didn't really work for me.

DEAN: Me either.

RORY: Okay good, so it's decided. Breaking up, not for us.

DEAN: I mean, hey, not that it's a bad thing. I'm sure some people like it.

[they walk into kitchen]

RORY: Oh sure, Cher, Greg Allman, bet they'd give it a big thumbs up. [To Lorelai] Did you pick out your ring?

LORELAI: Yup, he's gonna surprise me with it tomorrow.

RORY: Twenties deco?

LORELAI: Supposedly ripped right off of Zelda Fitzgerald's cold dead hand. Hey Dean.

DEAN: Hey.

RORY: When is dinner ready?

LORELAI: Do I look like a timer?

RORY: I thought you might have set one.

LORELAI: Silly rabbit.

RORY: Timers are for kids.

LORELAI: I say 10 minutes, we're there.

RORY: I'll get us set up.

DEAN: So what's the movie for tonight?

LORELAI: Oh my god, a classic.

RORY: The Joan and Melissa Rivers Story, starring. . .

LORELAI: Joan and Melissa Rivers. A mother and daughter torn apart by tragedy.

RORY: su1c1de.

LORELAI: Not getting The Tonight Show.

RORY: Mean boyfriends.

LORELAI: Identical noses.

RORY: You'll laugh, you'll cry.

LORELAI: Because you're laughing so hard.

RORY: It'll be an evening to remember.

LORELAI: And in the pivotal scene where a very distraught Joan gets locked out of High Holiday Services because she's late, I will be forced to rewind it and play it over and over about four thousand times.

RORY: You'll never be the same. [Rory leaves the kitchen]

LORELAI: So□

DEAN: So.

LORELAI: It's nice to have you back.

DEAN: Thanks, it's nice to be back.

LORELAI: We missed you.

DEAN: I missed you guys too.

LORELAI: No, I mean we really really missed you.

DEAN: You need the water bottle changed, don't you?

LORELAI: Desperately.

DEAN: Rag.

LORELAI: [hands him a towel] Thank you.

[Dean walks out the back door. Rory walks back into the kitchen.]

RORY: Where's Dean?

LORELAI: Getting water.

RORY: You're shameless.

LORELAI: He offered.

RORY: Please.

LORELAI: The first thing he said to me was 'Hey Lorelai, can I change your water?' What can I do? The kid's a freak.

[Cut to back porch. Rory walks out the back door.]

DEAN: Hey.

RORY: Hey, I'm so sorry she's got you doing chores already.

DEAN: Aw, I don't mind.

RORY: You will. She pulled out the mower this morning.

DEAN: Well if that movie is anything like you described, mowing might be a good alternative.

RORY: Hey, I wanted to ask you something.

DEAN: Yeah?

RORY: My grandparents are having this special dinner for me next week. It's nothing big, but they said I could invite someone, and I thought, you've never seen my grandparents' house and I'd really like you to meet my Grandpa. What?

DEAN: Well, ah, it's just the last time I met your Grandma was the night of the dance and you know how that turned out, so...

RORY: The dance was a long time ago. She's over it by now. I'm sure everything would be fine.

DEAN: You want me to go?

RORY: Yeah, I want you to go.

DEAN: Then I'll go.

RORY: Good.

LORELAI: [from inside house] Oh my, that coffee can is just so high up there, whatever will I do!

DEAN: Coming!

[CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE]

EMILY: Antonia, take this and put it in the dining room please. Oh, I like that tie!

RICHARD: It's rather snappy, isn't it? Oh, oh, oh.

EMILY: Richard, don't you dare get on that phone. They'll be here any second.

RICHARD: I'm not getting on the phone. I'm going to give Rory that first edition of Mencken's Chrestomathy.

[doorbell rings. Emily answers door]

EMILY: Well, hello there! Well, hello there.

RORY: Grandma, you remember Dean right?

EMILY: Yes I do, nice to see you again.

DEAN: Thanks. Uh, your house is great. It's huge. I've never seen a house this huge before.

EMILY: Well thank you. So few people bother to notice the hugeness of the house anymore.

LORELAI: Mom, it was so nice of you to tell Rory to invite a friend tonight, seeing as this is her night. That was really nice of you.

EMILY: It was my pleasure.

LORELAI: Good.

EMILY: Well, don't just stand there. We have a celebration to attend. Come in, come in.

[They walk into the living room. Emily walks over to make drinks while the others sit down.]

EMILY: So, what would everyone like to drink?

LORELAI: Uh, well, I'll have a white wine and Dean'll have a beer.

DEAN: What?!

LORELAI: Corona right?

DEAN: No, I don't want a beer! I don't drink beer. I'll have water or soda or anything. Or nothing. Not beer. Never beer. Beer is. . beer's bad.

EMILY: Relax Dean, that's just Lorelai's little sense of humor. You're very cruel.

LORELAI: Well, yes, keeps me young.

DEAN: I'm just gonna sit here and stare at my hands.

EMILY: Soda Dean?

DEAN: Please.

EMILY: Rory?

RORY: Oh, I'll have a beer. [Emily and Lorelai laugh] I'm sorry Dean, we're not laughing at you.

LORELAI: Oh wait, I think I was.

EMILY: I think I was a little too. [Richard enters] Oh Richard, there you are. Come join us.

LORELAI: Hey Dad.

RORY: Grandpa, hi. This is Dean. Dean, this is my Grandpa.

DEAN: Hi. Sorry, uh, hi. [walks over to him]

RICHARD: Hello.

DEAN: [offers to shake his hand] It's uh. . it's nice to meet. . .

RICHARD: Does everyone have drinks?

LORELAI: Uh yeah, we all have drinks. Thanks.

DEAN: [sits down, whispers to Lorelai] Should we do the beer thing again?

LORELAI: Uh, I don't think so.  
[CUT TO DINING ROOM]

RORY: Grandma, I can't believe you found the recipe for Beefaroni.

EMILY: It wasn't easy. Antonia thought I'd gone insane.

LORELAI: Well . . .

EMILY: No one needs a comment from you.

LORELAI: No, I was just gonna say, what's the secret?

EMILY: Well, let's just say it's not beef.

LORELAI: Oh, okay, I'm done.

RORY: Me too.

EMILY: Dean, would you like some more?

DEAN: Uh, no. I'm fine, thanks.

EMILY: Well, then I guess it must be present time.

RORY: You didn't have to.

LORELAI: Oh yeah, Mom, you didn't have to. Unless you got something that'll fit me too, in which case, good going.

EMILY: [hands her a gift] Here you go, Rory. Congratulations, we're so proud.

RORY: Thanks Grandma. Thanks Grandpa.

EMILY: Now go on, open it.

RORY: Okay. [opens gift]

LORELAI: Oh, pens. All yours.

RORY: It's beautiful.

LORELAI: I think the top student deserved the top tools.

RORY: Thank you so much. Really.

LORELAI: Uh, uh, well, pens are very nice, but I just bet there is a fabulous fancy dessert just sitting out there in that kitchen of yours.

EMILY: As a matter of fact there is. Twinkies.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Well, Rory told me that was her favorite dessert.

LORELAI: Emily Gilmore, you are one classy broad.

EMILY: Antonia, please bring out the Twinkies.



LORELAI: I can't believe I just heard you say those words.

EMILY: Well, don't get used to it.

RICHARD: So, Dean, where are you planning to go to college?

DEAN: Oh, uh, well I. . .

LORELAI: Geez Dad, start off with 'what's your favorite baseball team' or something.

RICHARD: I'm talking to Dean.

DEAN: I don't know yet.

RICHARD: You don't?

DEAN: No, not yet.

RICHARD: Well, what kind of grades do you get?

EMILY: Richard please, don't grill the boy.

RICHARD: I'm not grilling the boy Emily. It's an easy question. A's, B's, C's?

DEAN: I get a mixture actually.

RICHARD: Mixture? [laughs] What's the ratio?

EMILY: Richard.

RICHARD: I'm just trying to get to know the boy Emily. After all, Rory brings home a young man to dinner, the least we can do is learn something about him.

LORELAI: He changes a mean water bottle.

DEAN: I get a couple A's, couple B's, few C's.

RICHARD: Really?

DEAN: I'm not great in math.

LORELAI: Yeah, except who is really? You know, except mathematicians or the blackjack dealers, or I guess Stephen Hawking doesn't suck, but you know? You know what else is good though Mom, is a Ho-Ho. Because if you can't find a Twinkie, you know, treat yourself to a nice Ho-Ho. How long does it take to open a box?

EMILY: She's making them.

LORELAI: She's making the Twinkies? You're kidding.

EMILY: Oh Richard, wasn't there a book you wanted to give Rory?

RICHARD: In a minute. So Dean. . .

RORY: Uh, Grandpa?

RICHARD: You do know that Rory is going to an Ivy League school?

DEAN: I know.

RICHARD: Harvard, Princeton, Yale.

LORELAI: He said he knew Dad.

RICHARD: You need top grades to get into a top school.

DEAN: Yeah, well, Rory's really smart.

RICHARD: Yeah, she is really smart.

RORY: Mom?

LORELAI: Yeah, why don't we all go sit in the uh. . .

RICHARD: So, how are you planning to make a living once you graduate from this college you haven't thought anything about yet?

RORY: Grandpa, can we talk about something else?

EMILY: I'm going to get that book. [leaves]

RICHARD: I asked you a question.

DEAN: I don't know what I want to do.

RICHARD: You know, when I was ten years old, I knew exactly where I wanted to work.

LORELAI: That's because you were always picked last for dodgeball.

RICHARD: I knew I wanted to go to Yale, and put on a nice suit everyday and be a very important man in a very powerful firm. And I knew I wanted to travel and see the world.

DEAN: Well, that's great.

RICHARD: I wanted to see La Traviata at the La Scala Operahouse. I wanted to walk the ruins of Pompeii. I wanted to travel the far east . . .

LORELAI: And be a ballerina or a fireman.

RICHARD: Lorelai, this isn't funny.

LORELAI: It's a little funny to think of a ten-year-old kid dreaming of the La Scala Operahouse.

RICHARD: Rory does. Rory wants to travel. Rory has plans.

LORELAI: Rory's special.

RICHARD: Yes. Exactly. Rory is special

DEAN: Well, I know that Rory is special.

EMILY: [returns with book] I got it.

RORY: Dean is special too, Grandpa.

DEAN: Rory.

RORY: You don't even know him.

RICHARD: I know enough.

RORY: No you don't. Dean is incredible and he's special to me and I bring him here and you attack him.

RICHARD: I will not be spoken to like that in my house.

EMILY: Richard here, give her the book.

RICHARD: This family has standards. You live up to them, and you should expect that everyone that you spend time with live up to them also. You are a gifted girl with immense promise, and you should learn very early that certain people can hold you back.

RORY: Grandpa, stop it! You cannot treat Dean this way.

RICHARD: I'm sorry, excuse me, I have to work. [leaves the table]

RORY: Grandpa! Thank you for the dinner and the gift Grandma, but I really think we should be going. [leaves]

DEAN: Thanks. Sorry. [leaves]

LORELAI: Am I crazy? That's supposed to be us right?

[CUT TO LORELAI'S FRONT YARD]

LORELAI: Well, want to come in and have some dessert? You never did get your Twinkie.

DEAN: Uh, no thanks. I think I should get going.

RORY: Are you sure?

DEAN: Yeah.

LORELAI: Okay, well, Dean, all I can say is that tonight, you officially became a Gilmore Girl. Feels good, huh?

DEAN: Yeah.

LORELAI: See you later. [to Rory] Meet you inside.

RORY: I don't even know what to say.

DEAN: It's no big deal.

RORY: I had no idea—I thought he would—I am so sorry Dean.

DEAN: It's not your fault.

RORY: None of those things he said were true. None of them mean anything. I don't know what made him act that way. I just. . .

DEAN: You know what, let's just forget it. All right?

RORY: Please, don't be upset.

DEAN: I'm not.

RORY: Dean.

DEAN: I'm fine. I'm not upset. I have to go. Call you tomorrow.

RORY: Okay.

[CUT TO LORELAI'S KITCHEN]

RORY: That man is impossible.

LORELAI: Twinkie?

RORY: He just att\*cked Dean out of nowhere. And Dean is sitting there, being perfectly nice, and then all of a sudden. . . Ugh, God, I'm so mad. He's a snob.

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: And he doesn't listen. He just wants to say horrible things and have you sit there and listen to him and then just agree with him. What is that all about?

LORELAI: Ah, that is about a hundred years worth of inbreeding.

RORY: I've never seen him be mean before. Ever, not like that. I don't know how I'll ever talk to him again. And Dean. He must be so upset right now. I hate that he did this to him, I hate it.

LORELAI: Yes, it was bad. My father was in fine form tonight. But. . .

RORY: But? There's a but, from you there's a but?

LORELAI: Twinkie. I don't think my father has ever loved anything in this world as much as he loves you. Now, that having been established, let's just consider that maybe this flipout tonight actually came from somewhere that possibly has nothing to do with Dean and very possibly has nothing to do with you.

RORY: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: You are the great white hope of the Gilmore clan. You are their angel sent from up above. You are the daughter they didn't have.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: No, it's not a 'feel sorry for me' thing. It's just the truth. I mean, you're gonna go to college. Hell, you're gonna graduate from high school. They're gonna get to watch you walk down the aisle wearing your cap and gown and get your diploma and go to Harvard and be a Phi Beta Bimbo and graduate with honors and just set the world on fire. And that is the plan, looks like it's gonna happen.

RORY: It is going to happen. Except for that Phi Beta Bimbo part.

LORELAI: But then tonight you walk in with this beautiful boy who likes you enough to brave going to your grandparents house for dinner, and Dad looks at you and sees you with him and all of a sudden, has a terrible Lorelai flashback. He sees it all going away, the college, the cap and gown and. . .

RORY: But I'm not going to get pregnant.

LORELAI: I know that.

RORY: He should know it.

LORELAI: Yes, he should, but you do have my eyes.

RORY: You do realize you just spent the last ten minutes defending your dad.

LORELAI: I know. I'm gonna have terrible nightmares all night long. But I'll tell you what. If you cut him a little slack, I'll wear my porn star t-shirt to dinner next week.

RORY: Deal.

LORELAI: Good.

[Phone rings. Rory answers it.]

RORY: Hello?

LANE: I just thought you should know that my parents just brought in the suitcase that I'm supposed to take on my trip and to paint you a picture, it can fit you and me plus everything we own and still have enough room to do a little souvenir shopping. I am never coming back.

[CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE]

RICHARD: What is Lorelai thinking letting Rory run around with a boy like that. Well, of course, she isn't thinking! She never thinks.

EMILY: Richard, please, you're giving me a headache.

RICHARD: And what were you thinking inviting him over here?

EMILY: We told her she could invite someone. You were right there.

RICHARD: I did not mean him.

EMILY: Please calm down.

RICHARD: I will not calm down. Did you hear the way she talked to me?

EMILY: Yes, I heard the way she talked to you.

RICHARD: She sounded like her mother.

EMILY: You were attacking her boyfriend.

RICHARD: A girl that age shouldn't have a boyfriend.

EMILY: You truly think a sixteen year old girl isn't gonna date?

RICHARD: Well, of course she's going to date, and she should date. The proper socialization is important to a child. But she should not date one boy and she should not date him. [phone rings] Don't answer that.

EMILY: I'm going to answer it.

RICHARD: Emily, we are in the middle of a discussion.

EMILY: I'm sure you will remember exactly where you were five minutes from now. Hello?

SOOKIE: Hi, Mrs. Gilmore? It's Sookie St. James, Lorelai's friend. I don't know if you remember me.

EMILY: Oh yes, you're the chef at the Inn.

SOOKIE: That's right. Listen, I'm sorry to call so late, but I need to ask you a question. I'm planning a surprise wedding shower for Lorelai and Max, and it's gonna be more like a big party actually. But I've cleared the date with everybody around here, so we're all set to go, but I wanted to make sure you guys were gonna be around before I finalized everything. It's going to be Saturday the 21st.

EMILY: I don't know, I'd have to check.

SOOKIE: Okay, Okay. You check, and then you call me at the inn, okay?

EMILY: Yes, I'll get back to you.

SOOKIE: Okay.

[CUT TO RICHARD'S OFFICE]

EMILY: I want you to call Rory tomorrow and apologize.

RICHARD: What?

EMILY: I want you to call her and tell her you're sorry. That you weren't feeling well and you think that Dean is a lovely boy and he's welcome here anytime.

RICHARD: Have you gone insane? Under no circumstance will I ...

EMILY: Our daughter is getting married. She's getting married and she didn't tell us. When Rory decides to get married, I'd like her to tell us. Call her tomorrow. [Emily leaves, starts to cry]

[CUT TO LORELAI'S PORCH.]

LORELAI: It was awful.

MAX: Sounds awful.

LORELAI: That's the family you want to marry into.

MAX: I must be insane.

LORELAI: Must be.

MAX: Hmm, and speaking of marrying into.

LORELAI: Yes?

MAX: I have a little something for you.

LORELAI: Let me guess. Is it gum, 'cause you know how much I like gum. How concerned I am about dental hygiene. [Max shows her the ring] Uh, oh my.

MAX: You like?

LORELAI: It's beautiful.

[Max puts the ring on her finger]

MAX: Oh, it's too big.

LORELAI: No, it's not.

MAX: Here, give it to me.

LORELAI: Oh, what? No, you can't have it back.

MAX: Well, I'll get it sized.

LORELAI: No, it's okay.

MAX: Well, it's gonna fall off.

LORELAI: I'll wear it on my thumb.

MAX: You're not gonna wear it on your thumb.

LORELAI: I'll eat a lot of salt and bloat up.

MAX: Just let me get it sized and I promise you'll never have to take it off again. In fact, I'm going to insist on it.

LORELAI: No, just in a minute, okay?

MAX: Okay.

LORELAI: I'm getting married.

THE END

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