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02x16 - There's The Rub

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2.16 - There's the Rub

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OPEN IN LUKE'S DINER

[Luke's apartment is under construction. Luke delivers food to some customers, a chunk of the ceiling falls onto the table.]

LUKE: Here you go. Geez, uh, sorry folks. Uh, here. . .there we go. Free coffee all around. You might wanna put your hand over that. There we go. [walks over to construction worker] Tom, what the hell is going on up there?

TOM: We're redoing your apartment. What do you think is going on up there?

LUKE: The ceiling's falling in. I've got customers eating drywall here.

TOM: Oh, well, that can't be good.

LUKE: You said minimal disruptions.

TOM: Hey, this is minimal disruptions. Look, I need you to sign this change order.

LUKE: What happened now?

TOM: Well, we broke through this wall and we found some pipes that shouldn't be there. We gotta move them.

LUKE: Move them where?

TOM: Not sure. We gotta find out what they do first.

LUKE: You're kidding?

TOM: Oh yeah. There's nothing I like more than a good 'moving a pipe' joke.

LUKE: Fine, one more week, that's it.

TOM: Oh, sure, construction ultimatum. Ha, that's even funnier than my moving pipe joke.

[Lorelai and Rory walk in]

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: Hey.

LORELAI: Geez, look at this place.

RORY: It's a mess.

LORELAI: How long □ .

LUKE: Nope □ can't sit here.

LORELAI: Why not?

LUKE: Three people got nailed in the head here earlier.

LORELAI: But their food was okay, right?

LUKE: Will you just move? [Lorelai's cell phone rings] Outside.

LORELAI: You know, if I sit here one more second, I just might be outside. Order me some coffee.

[Lorelai walks away; Jess walks over to the table and hands Rory an open umbrella]

LUKE: Oh, you are really funny. You and Tom should put an act together. I'd leave it open.

[cut to outside]

LORELAI: Go ahead Mom, I can hear you now.

EMILY: I wanted to know if you'd like a gift certificate for a weekend at the Birch Grove Spa.

LORELAI: Are you serious?

EMILY: I bid on it at the DAR Symphony Fundraiser and I won.

LORELAI: Birch Grove? That's supposed to be an amazing place, why don't you go?

EMILY: Oh, I've never had any real desire to go to a spa.

LORELAI: Why'd you bid on it then?

EMILY: It was for charity, I had to bid on something. And I certainly didn't want another portrait of George Washington. I've got four in the attic already.

LORELAI: Well, I'd love it.

EMILY: Good.

LORELAI: Two days of total mind-numbing pampering. Massages, facials, aromatherapy.

EMILY: My goodness, you make it sound like heaven.

LORELAI: It's as close as you'll ever come to being a dog.

EMILY: I beg your pardon?

LORELAI: You know, a whole life of nothing but eating, sleeping, lying on your back and getting

rubbed.

EMILY: I'd love the comparison to stop there.

LORELAI: Deal. Um, hey, when's it for?

EMILY: This weekend, actually.

LORELAI: Oh, well, I'll be there.

EMILY: So will I.

LORELAI: Excuse me?

EMILY: Well, the certificate is for two, and since you make it sound like the most wonderful place in the world, I might as well try it with you.

LORELAI: Oh, but - .

EMILY: That's all right, isn't it, if I join you? You don't mind?

LORELAI: No, I don't mind at all.

EMILY: Wonderful. I'll pick you up tomorrow morning. You know, I'm actually looking forward to this.

LORELAI: Oh yeah, me too. Thanks Mom. Buh bye.

CUT TO INSIDE LUKE'S

[Rory is sitting at the table holding the umbrella over her head. Lorelai walks in and sits down]

LORELAI: I'm going to a spa with my mother.

RORY: Lean forward.

[opening credits]

CUT TO LORELAI'S BEDROOM

[Lorelai is sitting on the bed as Rory walks around packing a suitcase]

LORELAI: [on phone] So, then we're all confirmed. Uh, great. Thanks so much for your help. Okay, bye. [hangs up] Yeeessss!

RORY: That was an evil yes.

LORELAI: Not an evil yes. It's a 'yes, I'm pretty, but hello, I'm smart' kind of a yes.

RORY: Oh, my mistake.

LORELAI: So here's the deal □ I go into my facial just as my mother is finishing her salt glow, which will end ten minutes after I've hit my scalp treatment which puts me in the watsu massage pool at least six minutes into her back facial. Uh, in fact, the day is so well planned, I won't see her until dinner which will be cut tragically short by the food poisoning I plan to contract.

RORY: You are twelve and disgusting.

LORELAI: I am trapped and desperate.

RORY: You really think you can avoid Grandma the entire weekend?

LORELAI: Hey, I'm nothing if not a great organizer. Now, let's talk about what you're gonna do tonight. Throwing a party, I hope? Inviting hundreds of bikers and lowlives who are gonna trash the place?

RORY: I am going to do laundry, watch TV, order Indian food and go to bed early.

LORELAI: And then come the bikers and lowlives who are gonna trash the place?

RORY: I may even fall asleep on the couch with the TV on.

LORELAI: When do the bikers and lowlives get to trash the place?

RORY: You're all packed.

LORELAI: Rory, you have to do something bad when Mommy's out of town. It's the law. You're seen Risky Business, right? Now I'm not asking for a prostitution ring, but how about a floating craps game or something?

RORY: I'll see what I can do.

LORELAI: I would greatly appreciate it.

[a car honks from outside]

RORY: I think Grandma's here.

LORELAI: What's she honking for? She hates honking. She calls it a mechanical bodily function.
[looks out window] Ugh, geez.

RORY: [looks out window] Oh, cool!

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Emily is standing in front of a limousine as Rory and Lorelai walk out of the house]

EMILY: Hello, hello, hello!

LORELAI: What, are we going to the prom?

EMILY: I just thought since this weekend is all about relaxing, we should start with the ride.

RORY: This is cool, Grandma.

EMILY: Thank you, Rory. So, are we all ready to go?

LORELAI: I guess so, Miss Daisy. Bye sweets.

RORY: Bye. Bye Grandma.

EMILY: Goodbye Rory.

RORY: Have a good time.

LORELAI: Bikers and lowlifes.

RORY: I'll get right on it.

CUT TO CHILTON CLASSROOM

TEACHER: In general, the lab reports weren't bad □ but they weren't great either, which leads me to question whether everyone has the grasp of electrochemistry I prefer before we move on. To that end, I will be giving another test on Tuesday covering chapters fourteen through eighteen in your textbooks, as well as the material from lab. Now please proceed with the assignment we all started yesterday, as that too will be included on the test.

PARIS: Madeline?

MADELINE: What?

PARIS: What are you guys doing tonight?

MADELINE: It's Friday night.

PARIS: So you've got dates?

MADELINE: Well, yeah, why?

PARIS: I was kind of hoping you could study with me.

MADELINE: On a Friday night?

PARIS: Yes.

MADELINE: But we've got dates.

LOUISE: What is she saying?

MADELINE: She wants us to study with her.

LOUISE: On a Friday night?

MADELINE: Yeah.

LOUISE: But we've got dates.

PARIS: I know you have dates, I was hoping maybe you'd cancel them.

MADELINE: To study?

PARIS: Yes.

MADELINE: On a Friday night?

LOUISE: What'd she say?

MADELINE: She wants us to cancel our dates to study.

LOUISE: On a Friday night?

MADELINE: That's what she said.

LOUISE: But we have - .

PARIS: Oh my God, forget it! [walks over to Rory] So, I suppose that you have big Friday night plans also?

RORY: Well, kind of.

PARIS: So the fact that I'm seeing my entire Harvard career slip away apparently is of no interest to anyone?

RORY: What are you talking about?

PARIS: I got an A-minus, okay?

RORY: So?

PARIS: What do you mean, so? I got an A-minus. I have never gotten an A-minus. I just can't focus lately. Things are so weird at my house. My dad finally figured out exactly how much it was gonna cost him to divorce my mom, so now he's back and it's bad enough that I wasted all that time crunching the numbers with him, but now that he's back, they're fighting and redecorating. The place is a mess. I need help.

RORY: Look, I can't tonight, but if you're still freaked out after the quiz on Tuesday, I will spend everyday next week helping you prepare for the final, okay?

PARIS: I guess.

RORY: Relax. It will be fine, I promise.

PARIS: All I had to do was move a decimal point and none of this would've happened.

CUT TO BIRCH GROVE SPA

[Emily and Lorelai walk into the lobby]

EMILY: Oh, look at this place. It's lovely. And that smell □ what is that, eucalyptus?

LORELAI: I don't know.

EMILY: Well, it's lovely. Oh Lorelai, come over here, look. They have cucumber slices in the water.

LORELAI: Oh wow! Now if they have ranch dressing in the soap dispensers, this place is great.

EMILY: You know what? I love it here.

LORELAI: Hm. Careful Mom, that's how they get you in the Moonies.

EMILY: I feel more relaxed already. Mm, that's the most delicious water I've ever had. Have a sip.

LORELAI: Let's just check in, shall we?

EMILY: Okay. [they walk to the front desk] Hello, I'm Emily Gilmore. This is my daughter, Lorelai.

BOBBY: Ah, yes, welcome to Birch Grove. My name is Bobby. I have everything all set for you. Do you have luggage?

LORELAI: Yes, it's in the Luca Brasi mobile out front.

BOBBY: Okay, well, we can take care of that for you. Here are your room keys and a copy of all of your spa activities. You ladies are booked solid, I see.

EMILY: Well, we intend to leave here completely different people.

LORELAI: Yes, I'm going to be Ted Nugent.

BOBBY: Anyhow, your rooms are right down this hall. Fruit and yogurt is served by the pool in the mornings, and your lunch and dinner seatings are on that itinerary. Any questions?

LORELAI: Yes, where can one get a cup of coffee around here?

BOBBY: Ah, we don't serve anything with caffeine here.

LORELAI: And you think that's safe?

EMILY: Thank you, Bobby. We're sure we're going to have a wonderful time.

LORELAI: Mom, there's no coffee.

EMILY: It won't k*ll you to go two days without coffee, Lorelai.

LORELAI: No, I think it will.

EMILY: Lorelai, just focus on all the pampering we're going to have. Look at all the wonderful things we have to look forward to.

LORELAI: Oh no.

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: Oh, um, I'll be right back. They screwed up our appointments.

EMILY: Again?

LORELAI: What do you mean, again?

EMILY: Well, on the way to your house I called to confirm our schedule and found out they had us booked separately for every single one of our treatments. Luckily, I insisted on speaking to a manager and was able to straighten everything out. Yes, those are right.

LORELAI: They are?

EMILY: I even had them move the pedicure tubs together in the same room so we can talk during it.

LORELAI: Okay, I'm really gonna need a cup of coffee.

EMILY: Have some cucumber water.

LORELAI: No, see, that's not gonna do it because it's □ .

EMILY: Drink, Lorelai.

LORELAI: ▯ cucumber water. Yuck.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[Rory and Dean are kissing by a tree]

RORY: Wow, your lung capacity certainly has improved.

DEAN: Well, I've been playing a lot more basketball lately.

RORY: Yet another reason to continue the fight to keep physical education in schools.

DEAN: So, tonight.

RORY: Yes?

DEAN: I was thinking.

RORY: Yes?

DEAN: Since your mother's gonna be gone.

RORY: Mm hmm.

DEAN: Maybe I'd come over.

RORY: Oh.

DEAN: What?

RORY: Actually, I was thinking of pulling kind of a hermit thing tonight.

DEAN: Why?

RORY: I don't know. J.D. Salinger seems to dig it.

DEAN: You don't want me to come over?

RORY: No, I just. . . I almost never get the house all to myself and I thought with my mom gone, I can finally do my laundry exactly the way I like it. You know, not just separated into whites and colors, but the colors separated into darks, mediums, and lights, with a separate pile for white T-shirts and T-shirts with some kind of writing on them, like, you know, Rock Star, Evil, or Kafka was here.

DEAN: You wanna be alone to do laundry?

RORY: And watch TV and eat the Indian food that I love but my mom hates the smell of and go to bed early and. . . are you mad?

DEAN: Why would I be mad? You wanna spend tonight alone.

RORY: But hey, tomorrow, the whole day is all about you. I mean it, from morning ▯til night. You plan it, or I'll plan it, or we can get a professional to plan it, whatever you want. Just don't be mad.

DEAN: I'm not. I'm not mad.

RORY: Good.

DEAN: I'm confused, but I'm not mad.

RORY: Fine

DEAN: I'm a saint, but I'm not mad.

RORY: Thank you.

DEAN: You're welcome.

RORY: So, deep breath and. . .

CUT TO BIRCH GROVE SPA

[Lorelai is in her room unpacking. She hears knocking and opens the door to the hallway. No one's there, so she opens another door. Emily walks in wearing a bathrobe.]

EMILY: How do I look?

LORELAI: Like a landlady. What is this?

EMILY: I got adjoining rooms so we don't have to go out in the hallway to get to each other.

LORELAI: Great thinking!

EMILY: God, this robe is fabulous. How do they get it so soft?

LORELAI: Well, I think having about forty other people wear it first is part of the secret.

EMILY: Oh, stop it. So are you all ready for our skin rejuvenating and revitalizing collagen facial and eye treatment?

LORELAI: Almost.

EMILY: It has vitamin C and plant extracts in it, which is the hottest thing in skin care these days. And the eye treatment is supposed to reduce puffiness and minimize the appearance of fine lines.

LORELAI: Okay, no more brochures for you. All right, I'm ready, let's go.

EMILY: Aren't you gonna wear your robe?

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Your robe, you're supposed to wear your robe.

LORELAI: Oh, well, I'm sure they'll give me one when I get there.

EMILY: But these robes are wonderful.

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: They help you relax.

LORELAI: We're late, Mom.

EMILY: They're wonderful, relaxing robes.

LORELAI: Oh my God.

EMILY: And yet, you stand there like it's some badge of honor not to put on your robe like everyone else in this place. [Lorelai goes into the bathroom to change] This isn't for me, you know, it's for you. I already have on my robe. I'm already relaxed. What are you doing?

LORELAI: [from bathroom] You're kidding me, right?

EMILY: Well, hurry up, we're gonna be late.

LORELAI: [opens bathroom door] Happy?

EMILY: Apparently you didn't see the matching slippers.

CUT TO FACIAL ROOM

FACIALIST: So, how are we doing?

LORELAI: So good.

FACIALIST: Okay. Well, I'm gonna leave you to sit for a few minutes, so just relax and enjoy, and I'll be right back.

LORELAI: Thanks.

[As the facialist leaves, Lorelai closes her eyes. Emily quietly enters the room and sits down next to Lorelai.]

EMILY: Are your feet sweating?

LORELAI: Mom?

EMILY: Those booties make my feet sweat. Don't they make your feet sweat?

LORELAI: What are you doing in my room?

EMILY: Magda left me sitting for twenty minutes. Fine time to take a coffee break.

LORELAI: She's not taking a coffee break. Your skin is supposed to be absorbing the moisture in your mask □ in your room.

EMILY: Let's see what's next on our agenda, shall we? Stop moving Lorelai, you'll electrocute yourself. Ooh, the Egyptian mud bath. I wonder if the mud bath is one of those things you see in brochures where they wrap you in towels like you're in a cocoon of some sort. That might be nice. Especially if their towels are as good as their robes because I just love these robes. I wonder where they get these robes. Shouldn't be so hard to find the manufacturer. I could order a few of them. One for me, one for you and one for Rory.

CUT TO HALLWAY

[Lorelai and Emily walk down the hallway in their robes]

EMILY: I still can't get over it, it really was mud. I mean, I know it said mud bath but I didn't really think they meant a real mud bath. And the odd thing is I should've been more repulsed by it. Sitting in a tub of hot dirt, which is basically what mud is, should've made me ill, and yet I really enjoyed it. Did yours have twigs? Mine had twigs, and when I asked the woman about them, she told me they were there because of the healing qualities. . .

[they walk through a door marked 'Quiet Room.' A few seconds later, the door opens and Lorelai ushers Emily out into the hall]

EMILY: What are you doing? Lorelai, stop it! You're pushing me!

[Lorelai bangs on the door, showing Emily the 'Quiet Room' sign, then they walk back into the room]

CUT TO MASSAGE ROOM

[Lorelai and Emily are both getting massages.]

MASSEUR: How's the pressure □ too much?

LORELAI: Yup.

MASSEUR: Sorry, I'll go lighter.

EMILY: Your hands are amazing. Compliment your masseur's hands, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Oh my God.

EMILY: Excuse me?

LORELAI: Nothing.

EMILY: You were muttering under your breath. Years of experience have taught me that when you do that, it's usually about me.

LORELAI: Mom, you signed us up for a couple's massage.

EMILY: So?

LORELAI: A couple's massage is for a couple □ not a couple of people.

EMILY: It's more efficient this way. We'll both be finished at the same time.

LORELAI: Mom, do you know what most people who get these massages do about five minutes after it's over? They have sex, together, probably while wearing their robes.

EMILY: Could the two of you excuse us for a moment please? Thank you. [the masseurs leave] Well, that was appalling!

LORELAI: Well, that was true!

EMILY: You're just determined to spoil this, aren't you, Lorelai?

LORELAI: Why, because I want a quiet, private massage?

EMILY: You've been pouting and sulking and sighing.

LORELAI: Oh, I have not been sighing.

EMILY: Rolling your eyes, mumbling.

LORELAI: Well, that's how I detox.

EMILY: Ever since we got here, you've made it your mission to be as miserable as possible.

LORELAI: That's not true.

EMILY: It's completely true. And if you don't care that you're hurting my feelings, maybe you care that you're wasting all your relaxing time acting like a petulant four-year-old.

LORELAI: Well, I'm sorry.

EMILY: Do you want me to try to get myself another room?

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: I saw a supply closet down the hall. Maybe my masseur could finish me in there.

LORELAI: Okay, Mom.

EMILY: Or perhaps I could just roll myself against a stucco wall, eliminate the need for a masseur altogether.

LORELAI: Lie down Mom, please.

EMILY: If you say so. Lorelai?

LORELAI: Yes, Mom?

EMILY: Would you go get the boys, please?

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory, while on the phone, is sitting on the living room floor surrounded by piles of clothes]

RORY: No, that's two orders of garlic gnosh, three simosas, and a chicken vindaloo. And rice, and the green sauce, and no salad, and. . . oh wait, sorry. Can you hold on a sec? [answers the call waiting] Hello?

LORELAI: Hi, this is Phil's Liquor. I'm supposed to be delivering a keg there tonight.

RORY: Hold on. [switches to other call] Hi, sorry. Yeah, that's it. Forty minutes, great. Bye. [switches back] Hey.

LORELAI: Who was that?

RORY: Sandeep's.

LORELAI: Oh, you're ordering the Indian food?

RORY: Yup.

LORELAI: Good, enjoy. Can you burn the house down afterward, 'cause that's the only way we'll get the smell out.

RORY: Absolutely. How's the spa?

LORELAI: Tranquil.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: I wasn't done. Tranquilizers, uh, will be required if I have to spend one more minute with my mother.

RORY: Please tell me you're at least trying to get along with her?

LORELAI: Oh, hey, I'm being a peach.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Well, I smell like a peach. Was that the doorbell?

RORY: Yeah, I'll call you later.

LORELAI: Oh wait, I wanna find out who it is.

RORY: The sooner you get back to your weekend, the sooner it'll be over.

LORELAI: Okay, but before you go, can you get out my address book and count how many friends I have? I'll wait.

RORY: Bye.

LORELAI: Mean!

RORY: Steal me soap! [hangs up the phone, then opens the front door] Paris. What -.

PARIS: I tried to stay home and study myself but I can't. I don't know what anything means anymore. I mean, I can't even read my own handwriting. What does this say? The person who wrote this should be dressed in a clown suit stuffing bodies under their porch. You're in your pajamas.

RORY: I know.

PARIS: This was the big night you had planned - a rendezvous with Mr. Peanut?

RORY: Well...

PARIS: You're doing laundry.

RORY: Yes.

PARIS: You're doing laundry in your pajamas.

RORY: My mom is out of town and I never get the house all to myself.

PARIS: You mean you never get to go months on end without seeing your parents, just getting an

occasional postcard that doesn't even have a courtesy "Wish you were here" written on it? That does suck. Don't let me stand in your way.

RORY: Paris, wait.

PARIS: No, forget it, I don't want to get in the way of your big night. I hear there's gonna be some hot knitting going on later.

RORY: Fine, I'll study with you.

PARIS: You will?

RORY: For one hour, that's it. We can do a quick review and a pop quiz and then you are going home. Deal?

PARIS: Deal.

RORY: Okay, so, go sit on the couch. I'll be out in the minute.

PARIS: Where are you going?

RORY: I'm going to go change.

PARIS: Okay, but my hour doesn't start until you get back out here, right?

CUT TO BIRCH GROVE SPA

[Emily walks into Lorelai's room]

EMILY: Are you ready?

LORELAI: Wow, you look great, Mom.

EMILY: Are you being sarcastic?

LORELAI: No, I'm being completely serious.

EMILY: Oh, well, thank you. That's a pretty color. What is that?

LORELAI: It's called Vicious Trollop.

EMILY: Oh, stop it! Now why would you name a lipstick something like that?

LORELAI: 'Cause 'dirty whore' was taken?

EMILY: You frighten me.

LORELAI: You wanna try some?

EMILY: No, thank you.

LORELAI: Go on, Mom, try it.

EMILY: It won't look good on me.

LORELAI: Sure it will.

EMILY: Well, all right, but if I look ridiculous. . .

LORELAI: I'll be the first one to point it out. You're a vicious trollop, you're a vicious trollop.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Sorry.

EMILY: Well?

LORELAI: I like it.

EMILY: You do? I like it too.

LORELAI: Good, let's go then, I'm starving.

EMILY: Oh, me too. What are they serving for dinner tonight?

LORELAI: Well, let's see. [looks at menu] Hmm.

EMILY: They certainly do like their tofu here, don't they?

LORELAI: And the word steamed. Well, they have dessert at least. Cookies sweetened with sprouted mungbean.

EMILY: That sounds dreadful.

LORELAI: Yes, it does.

EMILY: Where are you going? You aren't going to change, are you? Our seating's in ten minutes.

LORELAI: Get your coat.

EMILY: I don't need a coat to go to the dining room.

LORELAI: We're not going to the dining room.

EMILY: Well, where are we going?

LORELAI: Out.

EMILY: Out where?

LORELAI: We're gonna leave the spa, find a restaurant, and have a steak.

EMILY: A steak?

LORELAI: Who's gonna stop us?

EMILY: A steak.

LORELAI: Come on, Mom. What's it gonna be ▯ vicious trollop or the wide world of mungbeans?

EMILY: Let's go.

LORELAI: I'm right behind you.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory and Paris are studying in the living room]

RORY: So, given that those are the reactions occurring in the two half-cells, what do you do next?

PARIS: Well, if we add them together, doubling the coefficients of the silver half equation but not the voltage, we get the equation for the complete reaction.

RORY: Well, you're in much better shape than you wanna think you are.

PARIS: Impossible. [doorbell rings; Rory walks toward the door] Where are you going?

RORY: That's my food.

PARIS: Another half hour, please!

RORY: No, you got your hour. You need to go.

PARIS: But □ .

RORY: Go!

PARIS: Fine.

[Rory opens the door. Jess is holding a box of food]

JESS: Delivery.

RORY: What are you doing here?

JESS: Well, Luke figured since you're along tonight that maybe you wouldn't have any food in the house, so he sent over a care package.

RORY: I don't need a care package. I ordered food from Sandeep's.

JESS: Really? Planning on burning down the house afterwards?

RORY: Jess.

JESS: The only way to k*ll the smell. Where should I put this? [walks into house]

RORY: Well. . .

JESS: Kitchen?

RORY: Um. . .sure.

[cut to kitchen]

RORY: God, how much food is in there? This could feed twelve.

JESS: Excuse me, I've seen you eat.

RORY: Fine, six.

JESS: Yeah, well, he wanted you taken care of. He wasn't sure how long your mom was gonna be gone for.

RORY: Just tonight.

JESS: Oh, he didn't know that.

RORY: Well, now you can tell him.

JESS: I will.

RORY: So how come Caesar didn't bring this over?

JESS: I volunteered.

RORY: Why?

JESS: Just wanted to get out of the construction zone. There's nothing but banging and yelling. That place gives me a headache.

RORY: Oh.

JESS: Why □ did you think I wanted to come over here and see you?

RORY: No.

JESS: Just needed some quiet.

RORY: Fine.

JESS: That is all.

RORY: Got it.

JESS: Clear my head.

RORY: I understand.

JESS: So, aren't you gonna eat?

RORY: Eventually.

JESS: It gets cold fast.

RORY: I can heat it up.

JESS: Reheated French fries really suck.

RORY: Hm, they do suck.

JESS: Yeah, so, eat.

RORY: Okay, I will. You're still standing there.

JESS: I know. You didn't give me a tip.

RORY: You want money?

JESS: No, I'll take a fry though.

RORY: Okay, yeah, have as much as you want.

JESS: Okay, great. [takes off jacket]

RORY: What are you doing?

JESS: Getting ready to eat.

RORY: You're staying?

JESS: Didn't you just invite me?

RORY: No, I -.

JESS: No, you told me to have all I wanted. That sounded invitation-like.

RORY: You wanna stay here and eat?

JESS: Beats being at Luke's.

RORY: But □ .

PARIS: [walks in from living room] I can't find my flashcards.

JESS: I didn't know you had company.

RORY: This is Paris. We were just studying.

JESS: Huh.

PARIS: Don't worry, I was just leaving. If you find my flashcards, call me, okay?

RORY: No.

PARIS: What?

RORY: Stay for dinner.

PARIS: But I thought. . .

RORY: We have a ton of food, and we can go over the notes more later.

PARIS: You're sure?

RORY: Positive.

PARIS: Is that mac and cheese?

RORY: It sure is.

PARIS: I love mac and cheese.

RORY: Great.

PARIS: I'm not allowed to have mac and cheese.

RORY: Splurge. Come on Paris, stay.

PARIS: Do you have a twenty-four hour pharmacy just in case I have an allergic reaction to something?

RORY: Believe it or not, we do.

PARIS: Okay, can I borrow your phone?

RORY: It's by the door.

[Paris walks away]

JESS: Interesting.

RORY: What is?

JESS: You think we need a chaperone?

RORY: No, I don't.

JESS: You just invited one.

RORY: I'm just being polite. Paris is alone tonight and you yourself just said we have enough food for six.

JESS: With me around, it's down to four.

RORY: With Paris around, it's down to two.

JESS: Works out well.

RORY: I think so.

PARIS: [on phone] Hola, es Paris. Voy a comer la cena de casa de Rory. Hay mucho mac and cheese!

CUT TO RESTAURANT

[Emily and Lorelai check their coats, then walk toward the hostess]

EMILY: My goodness, look at this place.

LORELAI: I bet there's no cucumber slices in the water here. [to hostess] Hi there, party of two.

HOSTESS: Okay. Uh, well, I can take your name, but I probably won't have a table for about an hour.

LORELAI: An hour!

EMILY: I can't wait an hour.

LORELAI: Me either.

EMILY: I'll pass out.

LORELAI: Go first, you can break my fall.

EMILY: Can we bribe you?

HOSTESS: Sorry.

LORELAI: Please? She's loaded.

EMILY: Lorelai!

HOSTESS: You know, a couple of stools just opened up at the bar, and we do serve our entire menu there.

LORELAI: That is a great idea. Thanks. Come on.

EMILY: We cannot eat dinner at a bar.

LORELAI: I don't wanna wait an hour, and I'm wearing the wrong shoes for a drive thru.

EMILY: But what are people going to think?

LORELAI: That we're loose women with questionable morals.

[they sit down at the bar]

EMILY: Doesn't seem right to eat dinner when your feet aren't touching the floor.

BARTENDER: What can I get you ladies?

LORELAI: Hi Steve, nice to meet you. We will have two. . . martinis?

EMILY: Why not?

LORELAI: Two vodka martinis, straight up with a twist, very dry, very cold, and a couple of menus, please.

EMILY: And some peanuts.

LORELAI: Ah, peanuts, good idea.

BARTENDER: Here you go, I'll get your drinks.

LORELAI: Thank you. You're a good man, Steve. Okay, I'm thinking steak and Caesar salad if it's not too anchovy-y, and hey □ do you wanna split a shrimp cocktail to start?

EMILY: That sounds fine.

LORELAI: Ah, I just love the idea of shrimp cocktail with a steak dinner, you know? It's so Casino, Big Joe, steak and shrimp □ hey, save some for winter, there.

EMILY: I never realized how wonderful peanuts were before.

BARTENDER: Want a refill?

EMILY: Oh, yes, please.

LORELAI: Cheers, Mom.

EMILY: Cheers. I must tell you, I never expected this.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Me inhaling peanuts at a singles bar.

LORELAI: This isn't a singles bar, Mom. It's a sixty-forty bar.

EMILY: A what?

LORELAI: Sixty-year-old men hitting on forty-year-old women, divorcees mostly.

EMILY: Really?

LORELAI: Look around.

EMILY: Hm. Oh, now, she can do better than that. What does she see in him?

LORELAI: Big will, short life span, the usual draw. Hey Mom.

EMILY: I wonder if they have pretzels, too.

LORELAI: Don't look now, but I think you're passing for a forty-year-old woman.

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: Two o'clock, silver fox, totally checking you out.

EMILY: Oh, he is not.

LORELAI: Well, he's not staring at Steve.

EMILY: You're being ridiculous. He's definitely not looking at me.

LORELAI: He's still looking.

EMILY: Drink your martini, Lorelai.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory, Paris, and Jess are eating at the kitchen table]

PARIS: A tragic waste of paper.

JESS: I can't believe you just said that.

PARIS: Well, it's true, the Beat's writing was completely self-indulgent. I have one word for Jack Kerouac ▯ edit.

JESS: It was not self-indulgent. The Beats believed in shocking people, stirring things up.

PARIS: They believed in dr*gs, booze, and petty crime.

RORY: Well, then you can say that they exposed you to a world you wouldn't have otherwise known. Isn't that what great writing's all about?

PARIS: That was not great writing. That was the National Enquirer of the fifties.

JESS: You're cracked.

PARIS: Typical guy response. Worship Kerouac and Bukowski, God forbid you'd pick up anything by Jane Austen.

JESS: Hey, I've read Jane Austen.

PARIS: You have?

JESS: Yeah, and I think she would've liked Bukowski.

PARIS: What are you doing?

JESS: Salt and pepper dip. Only way to eat a fry.

PARIS: Really?

RORY: It's fast food gospel.

PARIS: Mm. That's good. That's really, really good.

[phone rings]

JESS: You like hot sauce?

PARIS: I don't know. Should I?

JESS: I think it's wise.

RORY: [answers phone] Hello?

DEAN: Hey.

RORY: Oh, hey. Where are you?

DEAN: On my way to see you □ if that's okay?

RORY: Oh, well -

DEAN: I know you wanna be alone, so I'll only stay a minute. I just wanna say hi.

RORY: We just said hi.

DEAN: Well, I wanna say hi a little closer.

RORY: But, I'm a mess, really. It's not pretty. You won't recognize me.

DEAN: Well, then put a name tag on □cause I miss you.

RORY: I miss you too, but □

DEAN: But what?

RORY: But. . .Paris is here.

DEAN: Why?

RORY: She freaked out about a grade and she wanted to go over some notes, and you know Paris □ she will not be denied.

DEAN: Okay, then I'm not really ruining your alone night, someone else did that.

RORY: Yes, but □

DEAN: I'll see you in a sec. [hangs up]

JESS: I can't get into poetry. It's kind of like, geez, just say it already, we're dying here.

RORY: Wow, you know, I just noticed the time, and it's getting really late.

JESS: It's seven o'clock.

RORY: I know, but Paris and I still have a lot more studying to do. Jess, please thank Luke for me. It was really nice of him.

JESS: Who was on the phone?

RORY: No one.

JESS: No one wouldn't happen to be heading over here now, would he?

RORY: Jess.

PARIS: What's going on?

RORY: Nothing.

JESS: Dean's on his way over and Rory doesn't want him to find me here.

RORY: Why?

JESS: Yeah, why?

RORY: You know why.

JESS: We're just eating dinner.

RORY: Jess, I'm asking you as a friend, just please leave now.

JESS: You really want me to go?

RORY: I really wanna avoid a fight with Dean.

JESS: Okay, I'm going.

RORY: Thank you.

JESS: Ow!

RORY: What?

JESS: Ooh! I just twisted my ankle. I better go lie down.

RORY: Jess!

JESS: God, you're no fun when you're tense. Are you sure you want me to go? 'Cause maybe this whole thing can be solved between me and Dean if we just sat down and had a little heart to heart. He can tell me his issues, I'll tell him mine.

RORY: Jess!

JESS: I promise I'll speak slowly.

RORY: Bye! [pushes him out the front door]

JESS: Okay, well, give him my best, would ya? [sees Dean in the front yard] Actually, I guess I could do that myself.

RORY: Dean, Jess just came by to bring me some food.

JESS: From Luke's.

RORY: He wanted to make sure I ate.

JESS: Luke did.

RORY: Right, Luke did.

JESS: Personally, I could care less if she eats.

RORY: Yeah, true, he could care less.

JESS: I see you brought a little something, too. Is that ice cream? That's so nice. A tiny little ice cream package just big enough for two. Hey, are you guys gonna feed each other 'cause that's just so darn cute. Oops. You're doing that towering over me thing. Huh. I tell you, you've really got that down. It helps that you're twelve feet tall, but this Frankenstein scowl really adds to the whole .

RORY: Jess.

JESS: Okay, I'm going. Look, man, I really was just dropping off some food, so don't get all West Side Story on me, okay? [leaves]

RORY: So, do you wanna. . . [Dean walks into the house] . . .come in?

[cut to kitchen]

DEAN: What the hell is going on?

PARIS: Hi.

RORY: Dean, you remember Paris, right?

DEAN: Yeah, hi. So Jess just dropped this off, huh?

RORY: Oh, well. . .

DEAN: Now I know you eat fast, but this is a lot of food to put away that quickly, even on your best day.

RORY: Okay, so he didn't just drop it off but - .

DEAN: You told me you were doing laundry tonight.

RORY: I was.

DEAN: And now you are here with Jess.

RORY: And Paris!

DEAN: Jess, Rory!

RORY: Ah, well, I swear, I didn't ▯

DEAN: You didn't what? You didn't know he was coming over?

RORY: I didn't.

DEAN: And you also didn't know he was gonna stay, right?

RORY: It just happened.

DEAN: How does that just happen?

RORY: Well, he was. . .and the diner, the diner was. . .and I. . .

DEAN: And you what? What? Say something!

RORY: Stop yelling!

DEAN: You totally lied to me!

RORY: I didn't!

DEAN: Turn the situation around, Rory! How's it looking?

RORY: It's looking complicated and I'm trying to explain it to you.

DEAN: Ugh, that's crap.

PARIS: It's my fault.

DEAN: What?

PARIS: It's my fault that Jess was here. I saw him in the diner the day I came to Stars Hollow and I thought he was cute and since I'm not great at the whole ▯batting the eyelashes, look at my belly shirt' kind of thing, I asked Rory to help me. I thought if she could maybe get him over here, we'd have a chance to talk and. . .I don't know, it seems totally stupid now and it obviously didn't work ▯

shock, but that's why he was here. Thanks for trying to cover for me.

RORY: That's okay.

PARIS: Anyway, I should get going. I'm probably gonna break out in some sort of rash any second now. [leaves kitchen]

DEAN: So Paris likes Jess?

RORY: Yeah.

DEAN: Rory, is this true?

RORY: Yes it is.

DEAN: Paris and Jess?

RORY: I know. There's no explaining attraction. Dean, listen to me, if I was going to have anyone over tonight, it definitely would've been you.

DEAN: Okay.

RORY: Really?

DEAN: Well, if you say so, then I have to believe it, don't I?

RORY: Yes.

DEAN: Well, okay then. I'm sorry that I yelled.

RORY: Completely justified under the circumstances.

DEAN: I'm gonna get going.

RORY: No, wait, don't you wanna stay for ice cream? We could hang out.

DEAN: Nah, I'm just gonna go.

RORY: I'm still seeing you tomorrow, right?

DEAN: Yeah, sure.

RORY: Hey.

DEAN: See you tomorrow. [leaves]

[Rory walks into the living room]

RORY: What was that?

PARIS: What?

RORY: That, the story, the save? You helped me. Why would you do that?

PARIS: I don't know, it just came out.

RORY: You have no idea what you did.

PARIS: It was no big deal.

RORY: No, it was a very big deal. It was a huge deal.

PARIS: Well, you helped me tonight when you didn't want to, so I owed you.

RORY: Thank you.

PARIS: You're welcome. Okay, well, I'll let you get back to your alone night.

RORY: You should stay.

PARIS: Stay?

RORY: Yeah. We could hang out, maybe watch some TV. You can even spend the night if you don't wanna drive all the way back to Hartford.

PARIS: Spend the night, like a slumber party?

RORY: Sort of.

PARIS: You're just doing this because I lied to Dean for you, right?

RORY: I'm doing this because it's what you do with friends.

PARIS: We're friends?

RORY: I'm not sure if there is an exact definition for what we are, but I do think it falls somewhere in the bizarro friends-ish realm. Come on, stay.

PARIS: Okay. But if you're doing all this so you can freeze my bra, I'll k*ll you.

RORY: Duly noted.

CUT TO RESTAURANT

[Lorelai and Emily are eating dinner.]

EMILY: This is either the greatest steak I've ever eaten, or I'm so hungry, I'm delirious. Pass the horseradish, please.

LORELAI: I never knew you were a spicy girl.

EMILY: Oh, believe me, I can handle my heat. One summer when we were first married, your father and I stayed at this little village in Thailand where we spent two weeks eating viciously hot chilies and skinny-dipping.

LORELAI: Ah, Mom!

EMILY: Well, you certainly couldn't put your clothes on after eating those things.

LORELAI: Stop it! I like to think of parents the old fashioned way ▯ separate bedrooms.

FEMALE SINGER: And now it's time for my favorite part of the evening ▯ our salute to the Chairman

of the Board.

MALE SINGER: I sure hope that's not b-o-r-e-d.

LORELAI: Uh, uh, Mom?

EMILY: Yes?

LORELAI: Remember the man who wasn't staring at you?

EMILY: He wasn't staring at me.

LORELAI: Okay, well, he's coming over.

EMILY: What?

CHAD: Excuse me, I hope I'm not interrupting, but I couldn't help but notice that you two are having more fun than anyone at the bar.

LORELAI: Well, that's true, we are.

CHAD: Well, good, I've come to the right place. Hi, I'm Chad.

LORELAI: Hi Chad. I'm Lorelai. This is my mother, Emily.

CHAD: Your mother?

LORELAI: Chad, if the next words out of your mouth are, 'you can't possibly be old enough to be her mother,' I'm gonna have to cause you severe physical pain.

CHAD: Emily, do you share this rather extreme opinion?

EMILY: I think I'll stay out of it.

CHAD: In that case, let me just say that I think you look more like sisters than mother and daughter. Yeah, I went for a variation.

LORELAI: I'll let it slide this time.

CHAD: So, are you two, uh, local or just visiting?

LORELAI: Visiting. Mom's from Hartford and I'm from a town, uh ▯

CHAD: Hartford? Great town, great town. A little of the old, little of the new. You like living there?

EMILY: Well, yes, I do.

LORELAI: And how about you, Chad ▯ where do you live?

CHAD: Here ▯ and by here, I mean this very bar stool.

LORELAI: Wow, admitting right off the bat that you spend your life at a bar. Do you find that people are impressed by that?

CHAD: Until now.

EMILY: Oh, I love this song.

CHAD: It's a great song for dancing.

EMILY: Yes, it is.

CHAD: Help me out here, will ya?

LORELAI: I think he's asking you to dance, Mom.

EMILY: What? Oh, no, I, uh, I couldn't.

CHAD: Rumor has it you love this song.

EMILY: Oh, well, yes, but I don't dance.

CHAD: Oh, come on. I can't believe that.

EMILY: And I shouldn't leave my daughter alone.

LORELAI: That's okay. The sitter'll be here any minute.

EMILY: Really, I'm serious, you should ask someone else.

CHAD: Is it my dancing? Because you two could work out some kind of 'save me' signal in case I really embarrass you.

LORELAI: Go ahead, Mom. It'll be fun.

CHAD: Come on, the song's almost over. You'll hardly have to spend any time at all with me.

EMILY: All right.

[they start dancing]

BARTENDER: Hey, your mom looks good out there.

LORELAI: Yup, she sure does.

[When the song ends, Emily starts to walk away but Chad pulls her closer for another dance. After a few seconds, Emily breaks away from him.]

EMILY: I'm sorry, I have to go.

[She quickly walks over to the coat check area. Lorelai gets up and follows her]

LORELAI: Mom, what's wrong?

EMILY: We're leaving.

LORELAI: What happened?

EMILY: I shouldn't have been doing this.

LORELAI: Doing what?

EMILY: Fraternizing with other men.

LORELAI: Oh, what are you talking about?

EMILY: I practically cheated on your father.

LORELAI: You did not cheat on Dad.

EMILY: I danced with another man.

LORELAI: You've danced with other men before.

EMILY: Not like that, not without your father present.

LORELAI: Oh, Mom, it was just a dance. You were having fun.

EMILY: I need to get out of here. How hard is it to find a coat?

LORELAI: Mom, you didn't do anything wrong.

EMILY: I don't know why I let you take me to this chop house in the first place. I don't go to chop houses. What were you thinking?

LORELAI: Need food now.

EMILY: And I certainly don't eat at bars. Hookers eat at bars.

LORELAI: Only if they can't get a table.

EMILY: You're not funny. You knew this whole evening made me uncomfortable and yet you kept pushing.

LORELAI: I was trying to do everything right. You manipulated me into taking this trip and still I came. You told me I was acting like a teenager, so I tried to be nicer. You said you needed to eat, so I made that happen.

EMILY: Yes, by sitting me at a bar where you practically forced me to engage in inappropriate behavior.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: You let me get sixty-fortied!

LORELAI: You are crazy! Do you know that? We were having dinner, Mom, a nice dinner. We were talking. Hell, we were having fun.

EMILY: Oh, so watching your mother make an ass of herself was fun for you?

LORELAI: God, you know, you don't have any right to complain about this relationship if you're not willing to let your guard down once in awhile and just be normal.

EMILY: There's a way for a mother to behave in front of her daughter. I'm sorry if you don't like it, but that's how it is.

CUT TO BIRCH GROVE SPA

[Lorelai is in her room, packing. There's a knock on the door.]

LORELAI: Come in.

EMILY: I called the bellman to get the bags. He said it would be around ten minutes.

LORELAI: Okay.

EMILY: Thank you for agreeing to leave early.

LORELAI: No problem.

EMILY: I guess this whole thing was a silly idea anyway. I don't know why I pushed it. We can't even get through a dinner without a fight. What was I thinking putting us together for a weekend?

LORELAI: It was a nice thought, Mom.

EMILY: Yes, well, I guess it's the thought that counts, isn't it?

LORELAI: You know, if you want, um, I can just bring our bags down. I mean, they're not that heavy, and then we don't have to wait.

EMILY: Well, that sounds fine. Why can't we have what you and Rory have?

LORELAI: Rory and I are different mom.

EMILY: We're mother and daughter, you're mother and daughter. It shouldn't be that different.

LORELAI: It's completely different. It couldn't be more different.

EMILY: But why?

LORELAI: I grew up in a different environment.

EMILY: You mean an oppressive environment.

LORELAI: No, Mom, I mean a different environment. And plus, I was so young when I had Rory.

EMILY: So because I waited until I was grown and married, I can't have a relationship with my daughter?

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: Well, then, why?

LORELAI: Rory and I are best friends, Mom. We are best friends first and mother and daughter second, and you and I are mother and daughter always.

EMILY: I wasn't taught to be best friends with my daughter.

LORELAI: I know.

EMILY: I was taught to be a role model for my daughter.

LORELAI: I know that, too.

EMILY: I did what I thought was right. I did what I thought I had to do to protect you, and because of this we have no relationship.

LORELAI: Oh, Mom, we have a relationship.

EMILY: We do? What? What is our relationship?

LORELAI: Well, we. . .

EMILY: Exactly.

LORELAI: Maybe an intense weekend together was not the best idea for us. Maybe we need to start with something simpler.

EMILY: Like what, a brisk walk around the block?

LORELAI: No, I hate exercise.

EMILY: Oh, well, as long as you find this amusing.

LORELAI: Mom, come on. There has to be something else. Something small.

EMILY: Like what? Where are you going? Lorelai, you just don't walk out on a person. That's rude. That's a robe.

LORELAI: Yes, this is my robe. And I want you to go into your room and get your robe. And then, exactly at the same time, we are gonna shove these robes in our suitcases and we are gonna walk out that door and leave with them.

EMILY: That's stealing.

LORELAI: Yes, it is.

EMILY: You want me to steal a robe? That's how we're going to bond?

LORELAI: Mom, you love this robe. You've talked about nothing else except this robe since we got here, so this robe will be symbolic of our trip together.

EMILY: But that's crazy. As soon as they check the rooms, they're going to know the robes are gone and then they're going to charge our credit card.

LORELAI: Well, how do you know?

EMILY: Because that's what the little tag on the hanger says.

LORELAI: Well, the little tag on the hanger could be right, or the little tag on the hanger could just be there trying to scare us away from trying. Either way, whether we get away with it or not, it's something we did, you and I.

EMILY: You're serious.

LORELAI: I am folding this robe up.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: I am putting this robe in my bag.

EMILY: That's lunacy.

LORELAI: I am zipping up the bag that contains the robe.

EMILY: I have a perfectly good robe at home.

LORELAI: Now the only question is, am I doing it alone?

EMILY: Did you ever steal a robe with Rory?

LORELAI: No, Rory would never steal. She's far too moral for that. You, however, vicious trollop □ what's it gonna be?

EMILY: I should have my head examined.

LORELAI: We'll make an appointment when we get back.

EMILY: You do know, in the course of one night, you've turned me into an adulterer and a thief.

LORELAI: I'll have you working at the chicken ranch by the end of the month.

EMILY: I cannot believe I'm doing this.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting at a table.]

RORY: You actually got Grandma to steal a bathrobe?

LORELAI: Although I did catch her trying to return it while I was getting the car.

RORY: Still.

LORELAI: I know, life with my mother, one step forward, five thousand steps back. It's kinda like the spastic polka.

KIRK: Excuse me, are you done?

LORELAI: No, uh, sorry, not yet.

KIRK: So, you're gonna eat that half a piece of bacon that's been sitting there for ten minutes?

LORELAI: Kirk.

KIRK: I mean, of course, you must be if you're saying you're not done because that's the only thing left in front on you, unless you eat plates.

LORELAI: Go away.

KIRK: You are hogging the table.

LORELAI: You keep it up, I'm ordering seconds.

KIRK: Fine.

LORELAI: So, Paris looked a little green this morning.

RORY: Yeah, she had a sugar/carb hangover of monumental proportions.

LORELAI: People don't realize it, but it takes years of training to be able to eat the way we do.

RORY: Don't I know it.

LORELAI: So, what's on the agenda for today?

RORY: Let's see. Dean, Dean, and uh. . .oh, did I mention Dean?

LORELAI: Wow, he must've been crazy mad last night.

RORY: I'd say that was a fair assessment.

LORELAI: Okay, I gotta get to the inn.

RORY: Okay. Well, I'm probably gonna have dinner with Dean, so. . .

LORELAI: I'll have the house to myself tonight. Life's funny, isn't it?

RORY: I simply cannot stop laughing. I'll get the check.

LORELAI: Thanks hon.

RORY: [walks to the counter] Hey Luke.

LUKE: What, you find a nail in your food? I swear to God, Tom, you are dead! You hear me? Dead!

RORY: There's nothing wrong with the food, Luke.

LUKE: Oh, sorry Tom.

RORY: I just wanted to thank you.

LUKE: Yeah, for what?

RORY: For the care package. It was really sweet of you.

LUKE: What care package?

JESS: Hey Luke, I think they hit the water line again.

LUKE: Oh, what? [walks away] Tom, you are dead! You hear me? Dead!

RORY: Huh, interesting.

JESS: Hey, you wanna pay?

RORY: I don't think Luke knew anything about the food last night.

JESS: That'll be twelve-fifty.

RORY: Which means you lied about why you came over.

JESS: I don't have any quarters. I'm gonna have to give you nickels.

RORY: Now why would you lie about something like that?

JESS: Here's your change. Come again soon.

RORY: You wanted to come over.

JESS: I have to get back to work.

RORY: You're squirming. I've never seen you squirm. It's entertaining.

JESS: Oh yeah?

RORY: Yeah.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai walks out of the diner. Dean is standing out front.]

LORELAI: Dean, hey.

DEAN: Hey.

LORELAI: Rory's just inside paying. She's coming out to meet you after.

DEAN: Yeah, we're gonna spend the day together.

LORELAI: That's great.

DEAN: Yeah, it is.

LORELAI: So, listen, Rory told me everything that happened last night. She feels just terrible about it.

DEAN: I know.

LORELAI: Good, you should. It's just one of those freaky unfortunate things that happens.

DEAN: Freaky and unfortunate, yeah.

LORELAI: She had nothing to do with Jess coming over. Believe me, she did not want him there.

DEAN: That's what she told me. And Rory wouldn't lie, right?

LORELAI: No, Rory wouldn't lie.

THE END