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06x17 - I'm OK, You're OK

by **bunniefuu**

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[Before the teaser there is a montage of scenes from previous episodes.]

PARIS'S APARTMENT

[Paris and Rory are on the couch eating take out food, it is the same night as the last episodes.]

PARIS: I say we repaint.

RORY: Did you ever paint?

PARIS: No, Doyle doesn't believe in improving someone else's property.

RORY: Men!

PARIS: Yeah, men.

RORY: Well, we will repaint.

PARIS: A new color scheme for a new era.

RORY: I'll eat to that.

[They toast by knocking chopsticks together]

PARIS: Hey this is gonna be great. You and me and a freshly painted apartment, no men -- just lots and lots of Chinese food.

RORY: We are going to get huge.

PARIS: That's okay. We'll get a treadmill.

RORY: Yeah, you always wanted a treadmill.

PARIS: I did. Doyle thought, "why get a treadmill when you can walk outside?"

RORY: With all the murderers and rapists.

PARIS: Exactly what I would say. I'm glad you're back.

RORY: Me too... You know, Paris, I'm really sorry about the whole editorship thing.

PARIS: It's okay.

RORY: I didn't lobby for the job. I mean, I swear I had no idea.

PARIS: Forget it. I mean, who are we kidding? I am not cut out to deal with people. I was made to

be in a lab or an operating room or a bunker somewhere with a well-behaved monkey by my side. I'm sorry, too, you know, for throwing you out.

RORY: Consider it even.

[Knock on door]

PARIS: Did we actually order that pizza?

RORY: I thought it was just discussed.

PARIS: [shouting] Who is it?

LOGAN: It's Logan.

RORY: I don't want to talk to him.

PARIS: I got it. [Paris gets up and opens the door] Well, well, if it isn't new haven's favorite whore hound.

LOGAN: Is Rory here?

PARIS: Yes.

LOGAN: Can I talk to her?

PARIS: No. You can talk to me. [She shuts the door to unchain it] What do you want to talk about -- life, love, common symptoms of sexually transmitted diseases?

LOGAN: Rory.

PARIS: Rashes, sores, insanity.

LOGAN: Five minutes, please!

PARIS: You know, there's a few things I've always wanted to say to you, but out of respect for my friend Rory here, I've refrained. However, the circumstances seem to have changed.

LOGAN: You don't know what you're talking about Paris...

PARIS: I know you cheated on Rory.

LOGAN: I did not cheat on Rory.

PARIS: Are you going to deny it? Are you serious?

LOGAN: We were apart.

PARIS: Oh, please!

LOGAN: We were! We weren't together! And why the hell am I arguing with you? I don't want you back.

PARIS: You, Logan Huntzberger, are nothing but a two-bit, [he tries to push past Paris] spoiled waste of a trust fund. You offer nothing to women or the world in general. If you were to disappear from the face of the earth tomorrow, the only person that would miss you is your Porsche dealer.

LOGAN: Want to chime in here?

RORY: No, I think Paris has got it covered.

LOGAN: [Pushing his way past Paris] Okay, that's it.

PARIS: Wait! Hey!

LOGAN: Rory, I just need 60 seconds.

RORY: Go away, Logan.

PARIS: No one invited you in. Get out right now before I go Bonaduce on your ass.

LOGAN: I'm not going anywhere. I', not going anywhere. We're gonna talk.

DOYLE: What the hell is this door doing unlocked?

PARIS: What are you doing here?

DOYLE: [shuts the door] I want to talk to you.

PARIS: I told you to go.

DOYLE: You did, and I did. I left, and I got drunk, and I thought about why I left and got drunk, and I realized that you are wrong.

PARIS: I am not! And what are you wearing?

DOYLE: Don't change the subject!

LOGAN: [to Rory] Can we go in the other room?

DOYLE: We're supposed to be together, Paris. You know it, I know it, your life coach knows it.

PARIS: Terrence has been wrong before. When I wanted to get the pageboy haircut, remember?

DOYLE: Paris, listen to me. I'm the best thing that ever happened to you.

PARIS: Well, if that's true, then it's all uphill from here.

DOYLE: I didn't have to come back here begging you to talk to me. I have options.

PARIS: Right.

DOYLE: I do! In fact, I almost hooked up with a really hot chick tonight.

RORY: I don't see how that's gonna help your case, Doyle, at all. [to Logan] Know what Fine. Let's take this out into the hall.

PARIS: You could have hooked up with a hot chick?

DOYLE: Yes.

PARIS: In rhinestone buttons? Who was it -- Sheila E.?

[in the hall]

RORY: Two minutes. Go.

LOGAN: Look, I understand that you're upset, and I really wish you hadn't found out like that, but I love you. You know that I love you. When I said that I was your boyfriend, I agreed to be faithful to you, which was a first for me. And I thought it was gonna be hard, but it wasn't. Then I asked you to move in with me, I asked you to move in with me, and I thought that was gonna be hard, but it wasn't. I have been completely faithful to you, Rory. I have not been with another girl.

RORY: Ha!

LOGAN: I've not even thought about another girl.

RORY: Except for Walker, Alexandra...

LOGAN: We were broken up, Rory.

RORY: No, you were.

LOGAN: I thought we were broken up. I thought that's what the fight was. I thought that's what the separation was. Do you believe me? Do you believe that I honestly thought we weren't together?

RORY: I guess.

LOGAN: So then, if you believe that, that I thought we weren't together, then do you believe that, in my mind, I was not cheating on you?

RORY: I guess.

LOGAN: So then if you believe that, in my mind, I was not cheating on you, do you think you can forget what those vipers said today, put it behind you, and just come home with me? Come on, Rory. Just come home with me. Let's forget this crappy day ever happened, just go home. [pause] You want to make a pro/con list?

RORY: Do not mock my pro/con list.

LOGAN: I am not mocking your pro/con list. I actually think the list will come out in my favor.

RORY: [Sighs] Well, I'd have to tell Paris I'm going.

LOGAN: Absolutely, tell Paris you're going.

RORY: [opens the apartment door] Whoa! Oh!

LOGAN: What?

RORY: They made up. Either that or Krav Maga is way kinkier than I thought it was.

LOGAN: Well, you can tell her tomorrow. After all, it is tomorrow.

RORY: Yeah, yeah, I can just call her from home.

LOGAN: Hey. We okay?

RORY: Yeah.

[Logan puts his arm around Rory and they walk out]

OPENING CREDITS

LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Luke is on the Phone, Lorelai comes out of the bathroom]

LUKE: Yeah sure, we'll see.

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: [puts his hand up] Okay. [Lorelai looks amusingly at his hand] Call you later. [hangs up the phone.]

LORELAI: Did you not hear me screaming?

LUKE: You were screaming?

LORELAI: Yes like Janet Leigh in "psycho."

LUKE: I was on the phone, why were you screaming?

LORELAI: There was a spider in the shower. I trapped him under a soap dish. I need you to go in and get him and take him outside.

LUKE: Right.

LORELAI: Scoop him up gently. You do not want to break his little legs. Spiders are all about their legs. [takes a breath] I was shampooing. Everything was fine. I looked up, and there he was!

LUKE: Holy mackerel.

LORELAI: Yeah, he's a big boy. Don't hurt him.

LUKE: I won't.

LORELAI: I was talking to the spider. [Sighs...something crashes in the bath room] What happened? Are you okay?

LUKE: Yeah, he's got a posse.

LORELAI: You're kidding.

LUKE: Arr, I am not kidding.

LORELAI: What are you gonna do?

LUKE: There isn't a soap dish in town big enough for these guys.

LORELAI: Be careful.

LUKE: I just got to trap them, move them out of the shower, and then sell the building.

LORELAI: Ha.

LUKE: So, that was April on the phone.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: April called. Seems their math team made it into some national contest.

LORELAI: Oh, well, good for her.

LUKE: Yeah, it's pretty big. They're all going to Philadelphia next week. Bunch of the parents are supposed to chaperone. Anna was gonna go, but now she can't, so April called me.

LORELAI: Oh.

LUKE: Yeah, it's weird, 'cause usually it's me calling her to do things. This is the first time that she's called me.

LORELAI: Well, good. That's progress, right?

LUKE: I think so, but I can't take a week off from the diner. Plus, you and I probably have all sorts of plans next week.

LORELAI: Not that we I of, oh, wait was next week the week we were gonna start our lives as outlaws?

LUKE: Well, I just assumed we had stuff to do next week.

LORELAI: No.

LUKE: Oh.

LORELAI: You should go.

LUKE: You think?

LORELAI: Yeah, she asked you. She called you and I know that traveling across country in a bus full of little man Tates has been a lifelong dream of yours.

LUKE: Well, okay. I think I will go.

LORELAI: Good.

LUKE: Yeah you know I looked up the route last night. Sounds like a great trip. They'll be visiting constitution hall and stopping in Gettysburg. Do you know I have never seen the liberty bell?

LORELAI: Communist.

LUKE: Okay I'm gonna take these guys outside. Any particular place you want them?

LORELAI: Yeah, someplace shady, shelter from the elements and, ideally, near a talking pig.

LUKE: I asked. I have no one to blame but myself.

THE BANDS APARTMENT

[Zach and Brian are playing a video game, Lane is unpacking]

ZACH: There's still a glare, right?

BRIAN: Huge glare, I can't make out all the details of castle siege.

ZACH: And those trolls, you've got to squint to see them.

LANE: The TV's fine, guys. It's in exactly the same place it used to be.

ZACH: Dude, wait till you hear how I soundproofed Lane's old room. Pier 1 cushions wall-to-wall, perfect acoustics.

LANE: Band practice officially starts back up tomorrow.

ZACH: Dude, you want this bottom drawer, too?

BRIAN: Sure, a sock drawer.

ZACH: Nothing is gayer than a sock drawer.

BRIAN: Really, there's got to be something gayer than a sock drawer.

LANE: Okay, before you guys get too deeply entrenched in the "what's gayer than a sock drawer" conversation, I'm gonna say goodbye. [kisses Zach] Goodbye.

ZACH: Goodbye.

LANE: Bye, Brian.

BRIAN: Bye, Lane. Thanks for the help.

LANE: Hey, make sure you behave yourself out there. You're almost a married woman.

BRIAN: Hey, what happens when you guys get married?

ZACH: Well, we finally get to have sex.

LANE: [embarrassed and quietly] Zack.

BRIAN: No, I mean, I just moved in here. But when you guys get married, do I move out again?

[Lane and Zach look at each other]

LANE: We haven't really discussed that yet.

ZACH: Yeah, well, we can move the band equipment back out here, me and Lane will take the room. You can have the bunk beds all to yourself.

BRIAN: Cool!

LANE: Ah Zach, don't you think we should get our own apartment when we get married?

ZACH: But this is a great apartment.

LANE: I know this is a great apartment.

BRIAN: I thought you liked Brian.

LANE: I do. I just think maybe we'd want our own place.

ZACH: Our own place? Okay. Wow. I tell you, this marriage thing major. Every day, something huge to think about.

LANE: Speaking of huge, you need to talk to my mom.

BRIAN: You haven't told Mrs. Kim yet?

ZACH: Don't worry I'm heading over there today.

LANE: You are? Are you ready? You have a clean shirt? You sewed up your pants?

ZACH: Everything's under control, hunter and gatherer and all that crap. Go to work. Okay. Call me the minute you talk to her. [they kiss again, then Lane leaves]

BRIAN: You got yourself a good woman there.

ZACH: Yep, I do. You are officially moved back in.

BRIAN: Cool. [they look at the TV] Hey wasn't the TV facing the other way?

ZACH: Yes that's it. It's good to have you home man. It's good to have you home. [They move the TV and agree it's right now "Oh, yeah".]

LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai enters]

LORELAI: Hey, when you come over later tonight, I have a cricket cornered under a paper cup in the living room. I poked holes in the top, so he could breathe and then I taped it to the floor 'cause he kept jumping out. And I put books on top of the tape, incase it wasn't sticky enough so don't move the books until you're ready for transport. What are you doing?

LUKE: I'm sewing my duffel bag.

LORELAI: That's crazy.

LUKE: That's crazy?

LORELAI: Yeah that thing's 100 years old. Just throw it away.

LUKE: The bag is fine.

LORELAI: That is not a bag. That is a collection of molecules tethered together by dirt.

LUKE: I'll get you your coffee in a minute.

LORELAI: Luke, come on. You're going on a major trip next week. Spring for some real luggage.

LUKE: I don't need any luggage.

LORELAI: I'll go shopping with you. We can hit the mall later.

LUKE: I don't want to go shopping. I don't want to hit the mall. I will fix this bag, and it will be fine.

LORELAI: All right I'll so shopping alone I can pick something out for you.

LUKE: I appreciate the offer, but I'm fine. Ow! [he pricks him self with the needle.

LANE: Ooh, that's the third time he's stabbed himself this morning.

LORELAI: Maybe we should put him on suicide watch.

LANE: Couldn't hurt.

LUKE: Hey, there's customers to talk to if you're lonely. Ow!

LORELAI: I can't believe you think shopping is more painful than this!

LANE: Oh, I'll be right back.

[Lane goes out side]

LANE: Rory, I can't believe you're here!

RORY: Oh, I just thought I'd, whoa! Wow, these small towns are mighty friendly.

LANE: I have some really, really big news.

RORY: What? [Lane shows Rory the ring] You've become a Shriner.

LORELAI: Bleeding stop yet?

LUKE: It's fine.

LORELAI: You sure you don't want me to call an ambulance, or a Tumi store? [Lorelai here's the girls shrieking outside] Rory's here!

LUKE: She is?

LORELAI: Yeah, she's outside bouncing around with Lane.

LUKE: How come she came home?

LORELAI: I don't know, bouncing lessons?

RORY: Did you hear?

LORELAI: Did I hear what?

RORY: Show her, show her, show her!

LORELAI: You won the super bowl?

LANE: I'm engaged.

LORELAI: No!

RORY: Yes!

LORELAI: Let me see the ring again.

LANE: It's all Zach could afford, but I think it's rock 'n' roll. It's the rocking and the rolling-est. I'm so excited for you, Lane. That's awesome!

LANE: Thanks I would have told you earlier, but I thought you knew.

LORELAI: Why would I know?

LANE: Well Luke was standing right there when it happened.

LORELAI: You knew?

LUKE: Um, yeah.

LORELAI: Did you forget to tell me?

LUKE: No, I just thought that Lane would want to tell you herself.

LORELAI: You forgot to tell me.

LUKE: Fine, sure. I forgot to tell you. So what? I remember being engaged to you. Isn't that enough?

CUSTOMER: Can I get some more coffee?

LANE: I'll be right back.

RORY: Oh, I am so hungry. Do you think Luke would be willing to make us S'mores today?

LORELAI: Hey, for you, anything. So, nice surprise.

RORY: What Lane?

LORELAI: No, you showing up. I didn't expect it, you being such a modern, busy woman and all.

RORY: Well, I can bring home the bacon and fry it up in a pan.

LORELAI: So, any special occasion I should know about?

RORY: No, I just thought I could use a good Stars Hollow fix for a couple days. How crazy are things at the inn?

LORELAI: Absolutely insane. However, for you, I can play a little hooky.

RORY: What a role model.

LORELAI: Well, I try. So, what's new? You okay?

RORY: Yeah, why?

LORELAI: Well, Logan and moving out.

RORY: Oh, right. About that. Remember the new address?

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: Cross it out. I'm back to the old one.

LORELAI: What? Back at Logan's?

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: How did this happen?

RORY: He came over to Paris' last night, and we talked. He explained everything.

LORELAI: So there's an explanation?

RORY: Yeah, and we're fine now.

LORELAI: You're fine. But what about the bridesmaids?

RORY: Misunderstanding. Everything's good.

LUKE: Here, start on these. I'm making you some S'mores.

RORY: He's the most beautiful man in the world.

LORELAI: Yeah, you should see him carry a spider outside.

DRAGONFLY INN - FRONT DESK

[Rory is on her cell phone and Michel is behind the desk]

RORY: A.K., It's a lacrosse piece. It's fine. Well I'm sorry I can't give you more feedback, but until five minutes ago, I didn't even know Yale had a Lacrosse team. So when I criticize a piece, you think I hate it. When I don't criticize a piece, you think I hate it. Do you want me to hate you, A.K.? Because it's becoming a possibility. Wonderful, in that case, I will continue to be a fan of you and your work. Goodbye.

MICHEL: You're quite the busy bee.

RORY: Oh, yeah, well, writers can be temperamental.

MICHEL: I'm sure... You like neon?

RORY: Sorry?

MICHEL: I see you're making liberal use of my pink neon post-it notes.

RORY: I'm sorry. Would you like me to reimburse you for the seven pink neon post-it notes that I have used? 'Cause I'd be happy to if you can break a penny.

MICHEL: No, little Lorelai, it's not the cost that is the problem. It's the disruption.

RORY: Disruption?

MICHEL: Of the system.

RORY: I see.

MICHEL: Do you?

RORY: No.

MICHEL: The pink neon post-it notes are used for guests who are checking in. The green neon post-it notes are for guests checking out. And the watermelon post-it notes are for guests who have altered or cancelled their reservations. As you can see, the pink neon stack is now woefully out of balance with the green neon stack, creating the illusion that more guests have been checking in than checking out, which, of course, is a physical impossibility unless we have begun murdering them.

LORELAI: [They are stare at each other as Lorelai enters the room,] Are you guys having a staring contest? 'Cause I think for it to be official, you have to be seated.

MICHEL: I was just filling your daughter in on the inner workings of the dragonfly.

LORELAI: Oh, what did she do?

RORY: I took some post-its.

LORELAI: But the system!

RORY: It will never happen again.

LORELAI: Michel, you have my deep and sincere apology. She was raised better than that. [slaps Rory on the wrist]

RORY: Oh, actually, I did it with the other hand. [Lorelai slaps the other wrist]

MICHEL: I'm going on my break.

RORY: He seems good.

LORELAI: Yeah, it's the yoga. [cell phone rings] So, you ready for the movie?

RORY: Yeah. Let me get my stuff.

LORELAI: [answering the phone] Hello.

EMILY: Lorelai, it's your mother! I'm calling you from the car!

LORELAI: You're not calling to me from a car, so stop yelling.

EMILY: But you're on speakerphone!

LORELAI: I stand by my earlier position.

EMILY: Fine. How far is it from Preston to New London? [the car navigation system, woman speaking German]

LORELAI: What's going on? Where are you?

EMILY: In Preston, apparently, though we're supposed to be at an estate sale in new London.

RICHARD: This bag of bolts.

EMILY: And this GPS contraption your father insisted on buying is speaking German.

LORELAI: Well, New London's right near Stars Hollow, and Preston's not.

EMILY: I knew it!

LORELAI: Still yelling.

EMILY: Richard, what are you doing? Why are you stopping?

RICHARD: Because this contraption, as you call it, can only be used when the car is stopped.

EMILY: So every time we want to ask the machine for directions, we have to pull over to the side of the road?

RICHARD: It would appear so. I thought the point of the machine was to avoid pulling over to ask directions.

LORELAI: If I told people, they wouldn't believe it.

RORY: What's going on?

LORELAI: Apparently, there's a fight to the death between Richard and Emily and an evil German supercomputer.

RORY: I want to hear.

LORELAI: Oh. [Lorelai puts the cell on speaker phone]

EMILY: I thought we paid \$4,000 for a computer to give us directions, not to babysit us and make decisions for us about how to live our lives. I mean what's next, the radio won't turn on if it doesn't like the song? The engine won't start if the cup of coffee I'm holding is too hot? Maybe the car won't go in reverse if it doesn't like my perfume?

RICHARD: At the moments Emily, I would be happy if I could just get the damn thing to stop barking at me in German.

LORELAI: Hi! Hi! Remember me? Yeah, you called me like 45 minutes ago.

EMILY: Yes, Lorelai, I'm still here.

LORELAI: Right, in Preston, about 20 miles off course.

EMILY: 20 miles! I told you, Richard!

RICHARD: What you said, Emily, was to turn south when I wanted to turn north.

LORELAI: Next time, you guys should call before you head out. You could have stopped by. [Lorelai starts laughing]

GPS SYSTEM: At the next light, turn right.

RICHARD: Ha! There we are, English at last.

EMILY: [to Lorelai] Well, we still could. We were only staying at the estate sale for a little while.

LORELAI: [panicked] What? No, no. You guys have already gone way past Stars Hollow.

EMILY: It's not problem we don't mind going a little out of our way, do we, Richard?

RICHARD: Certainly not.

EMILY: When should she expect us?

RICHARD: Oh, about 4:30. Wait, wait! I don't want you guys to have to make a special trip. That really, really wouldn't make any sense. That's crazy! That's like asylum crazy. Besides, Rory and I were just about to head out for a movie.

EMILY: Rory's there?

LORELAI: Damn!

EMILY: Excuse me?

LORELAI: Damn straight.

EMILY: Wonderful! We'll see you both around 4:30.

LORELAI: [hangs up the phone] Damn it.

KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Mrs Kim is dusting and Zach comes in]

MRS KIM: What are you doing here?

ZACH: Oh, uh...

MRS KIM: Lane is not here right now and anyway there are laws against stalking. You could go to jail.

ZACH: No, I'm not stalking. I'm just looking for A...doorknob.

MRS KIM: \$75.

ZACH: Wow. Could you throw in a door?

MRS KIM: Cash or credit?

ZACH: Actually, could I talk to you first?

MRS KIM: About what?

ZACH: I want to marry Lane.

MRS KIM: I see.

ZACH: I know Lane's your only daughter and I know how important she is to you, but I really love her. I mean, really love her. She's smart and hot [Mrs Kim looks at Zack] well, not hot. I don't mean hot, like, in a slutty way. She's beautiful and cool and an awesome drummer. Now I know you may have questions, and I totally get that, so I brought some stuff to answer them. First thing, I'm a

good worker. That's a letter of recommendation from my manager at Quest Copying. Notice the part where he wrote, "Zach's a good worker." I didn't tell him to say that. He doesn't dig me that much personally, so you know he means it. I'm also in line for a promotion, assistant manager, which comes with medical benefits, so I can buy cheap medicine and get my teeth cleaned and stuff. That's my latest bank statement. It's not a lot, I know, but it grows a little every month well, except for maybe this month. The doorknob's gonna set me back a bit.

MRS KIM: I thought you were a musician.

ZACH: Well, yeah, I am.

MRS KIM: And that is your true calling?

ZACH: Yes, but that doesn't mean I'm into dr*gs or looking to do the whole baby shambles thing. I just like to play.

MRS KIM: You have a demo?

ZACH: Sure. But, I swear, the music never interferes with my day job, you can call my manager.

MRS KIM: Bring it to me.

ZACH: What?

MRS KIM: I need to know whether you can provide for Lane.

ZACH: But I can. I showed you. I can.

MRS KIM: As a musician! This is what you want to do with your life, yes?

ZACH: Yeah.

MRS KIM: Then you will bring me your demo.

ZACH: But what are you gonna do review it? Because rock it's very subjective.

MRS KIM: I will evaluate it.

ZACH: Evaluate it? And you haven't mentioned anything about marriage to Lane yet, right?

ZACH: Oh...no. I came to you first.

MRS KIM: Good. Don't tell her. No need to get her hopes up in case this doesn't work out.

ZACH: You don't think it's gonna work out?

MRS KIM: We take one step at a time.

ZACH: [Sighs]

MRS KIM: You still want the doorknob?

ZACH: Not really.

LORELAI AND LUKE'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory are cleaning]

RORY: Are you sure this whole thing isn't just an elaborate scheme to get me to help you clean your house?

LORELAI: Just throw away or hide anything that might be incriminating.

RORY: Incriminating?

LORELAI: Yes anything that can, could, or might lead to a conversation about anything.

RORY: How about this? Are you kidding me? A freckled, half-naked Lindsay Lohan on the cover of vanity fair? Uh, skin cancer, drug abuse, anorexia, bra shopping just dump it.

RORY: You're hiding your flowers?

LORELAI: Yes, 'cause when people see flowers, they feel happy and welcome. It's important that my parents have as few positive associations about being here as possible.

RORY: We could hit them over the head with mallets when they walk in the door.

LORELAI: No, but I do have this incredibly bad-smelling perfume that Luke gave me for Christmas last year that I could spray around the house. It's like a cross between love's baby soft and curious by Britney Spears, with just a hint of Lysol thrown in.

RORY: Delightful.

LORELAI: Well, god bless him. He tries. [Doorbell rings, Lorelai goes and answers it]

SOOKIE: Food!

LORELAI: No, I'm Lorelai.

SOOKIE: Heavy.

LORELAI: That's just mean.

SOOKIE: Falling.

LORELAI: Right. [Takes some items] Follow me.
[cut to the kitchen]

LORELAI: You are a lifesaver, Sookie.

SOOKIE: I try. Okay, we've got mac and cheese. We've got Taquitos. We've got little biddy hot dogs...

LORELAI: Wait, Sookie, what is all this stuff?

SOOKIE: What? I made your favorites.

LORELAI: But my parents aren't gonna eat any of this.

SOOKIE: Your parents? I thought this was for you.

LORELAI: You thought I wanted to sit by myself and eat an entire buffet of the world's most fattening food?

SOOKIE: I don't know I just figured it was just one of your cravings or maybe just a fun way to announce that you're pregnant.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: Well, you were saying something about being a sudden parent or expecting or being due soon. It's impossible to hear anything over that damn Cuisinart and all those gossiping busboys. So you're not pregnant?

LORELAI: No, I'm just expecting my parents over any minute.

SOOKIE: Oh, yeah, that makes sense, too.

LORELAI: That's okay. We'll make do. [Sookie looks at Lorelai funny] I'm not pregnant!

SOOKIE: Okay! Okay!

LORELAI: Now, the food...

SOOKIE: Right. Okay, the mini hot dogs can be bratwurst. The mac and cheese can be pasta La Sookie. And, presto, the Taquitos are Blinis.

LORELAI: And the chili fries?

SOOKIE: Are chili fries.

LORELAI: Right.

RORY: Hey, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Hi, Rory. Blini?

RORY: Yes, please. [Sookie giggles] So, I cleared out all the magazines, newspapers, and most of the books and I hid away all the throw pillows and blankets and I lowered the heat to 55 to ensure minimal post-meal lingering.

LORELAI: Yale-educated. I'll go do one final walk-through.

SOOKIE: Last chance before I stash them.

LORELAI: I'm not!

SOOKIE: Okay, okay.

RORY: Grandma and grandpa's jag is here.

LORELAI: What? [In a panic] I didn't hear them drive up. Did you?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Well, where the hell are they?

RORY: I don't know!

SOOKIE: Maybe they've been taken.

LORELAI: Don't tease me.

SOOKIE: Go! I'll finish setting up.

[cut to outside]

RORY: The engine's cold.

LORELAI: [Gasps] Maybe they have been taken!

EMILY: Hello, Lorelai, Rory.

RORY: Hi, grandma.

LORELAI: When did you get here?

EMILY: Oh, just a few minutes ago. You didn't tell me you were painting.

LORELAI: I know. It's part of the remodel.

EMILY: And is that the final color?

LORELAI: Yep.

EMILY: Hum must be so nice not having to worry about a homeowner's association.

RICHARD: There's a boat here.

LORELAI: Dad!

RICHARD: Lorelai, Rory.

RORY: Hi grandpa.

RICHARD: When did you get a boat, Lorelai?

EMILY: Oh Richard, I've seen that boat. It's Luke's.

RICHARD: Well, it doesn't look very seaworthy.

LORELAI: It's a work in progress. It was his father's.

RICHARD: Arr.

EMILY: Luke keeps his dead father's boat locked away in your garage?

LORELAI: Mother.

EMILY: What? I'm just saying, isn't that kind of morbid?

LORELAI: It's not like he's using it to hold his bones.

RORY: You guys must be hungry. Let's head inside.

EMILY: Well, well. I had no idea you'd had so much work done.

LORELAI: Oh, it's nothing extensive, a nip here, a tuck there.

EMILY: This room's been completely redone.

LORELAI: A nip, nip, nip, tuck, tuck, tuck.

EMILY: Apparently you haven't installed the heat yet. [Paul Anka runs in and jumps on a chair to get a snack] What's this?

RORY: That's Paul Anka.

EMILY: You have a dog?

LORELAI: I just got him.

EMILY: When?

LORELAI: Yesterday. Oh, well, fast learner, that one.

EMILY: You should open an obedience school. You'd make a fortune.

LORELAI: Oh, mom, dad, you remember Sookie.

EMILY: Of course, hello, Sookie.

RICHARD: Will you be joining us for dinner?

SOOKIE: Oh no, I'm just helping. The wainscoting here is substandard. If you had called me I could have recommended a real professional.

LORELAI: Well since mine was a fake professional, I got to pay him in monopoly money.

EMILY: Is that veneer? Tell me that's not veneer.

LORELAI: So, Sookie, Tapas in the kitchen?

SOOKIE: Right this way.

EMILY: You're still eating in the kitchen?

LORELAI: Yes we always eat in the kitchen. That's where the food is.

RORY: Grandpa, could I offer you something to drink?

RICHARD: I suppose it's not too early for a scotch.

RORY: And what about you, grandma? Grandma?

EMILY: Up here. Richard, come have a look.

RICHARD: Where are you?

EMILY: In the bedroom.

LORELAI: Three minutes gone, they're already in my bedroom.

RORY: Impressive, by the way, with all the throw pillows, blankets, magazines, and books.

LORELAI: Piled up on the bed?

RORY: Bathtub.

LORELAI: That's gonna take some explaining.

KIM HOUSE

[Zach comes in, Mrs Kim is listening to his demo tape.]

ZACH: Hey, Mrs. Kim. Still on the first song, huh?

MRS KIM: No, I've listened to the whole thing many times.

ZACH: Yeah? And?

MRS KIM: Nothing catchy.

ZACH: Nothing out of those songs?

MRS KIM: There are good bits here and there, and Lane can really pound the skins, but you need a hit.

ZACH: But tons of great bands don't have hits.

MRS KIM: I don't care about other bands. I care about your band, Lane's band. Don't you care about your band?

ZACH: I care a butt load.

MRS KIM: Then write a hit.

ZACH: Okay, not a problem. McCartney hasn't written a hit in 20 years, but I'll just sit down and crank one out.

MRS KIM: You will if you want to marry Lane.

ZACH: That's just not how it works.

MRS KIM: I'll tell you how it works. You write a hit. You get a record contract. You write a hit. You get representation. You write a hit. You become husband. Can you do it? Can you write a hit?

ZACH: I don't know, maybe. I can try.

MRS KIM: Don't try, do. 3 1/2 minutes, tops, and radio-friendly. [Zach leaves]

LORELAI AND LUKE'S HOUSE

[Kitchen Lorelai, Rory Emily and Richard are eating at the kitchen table]

RICHARD: This pasta La Sookie is very good, Lorelai.

LORELAI: It's a big hit around the inn.

RICHARD: There's something very familiar about it. I can't quite place it.

EMILY: It's similar to the pasta La Fromage at De L'étoile'S.

LORELAI: Ah, yes, De L'étoile'S sounds like my kind of guy.

EMILY: [cell phone rings] What's that noise that keeps happening?

RORY: That's my cell phone, grandma. I'll turn it off.

LORELAI: Or you can just take it in the other room, if you want.

RORY: Nope, it's off. Pass the Blinis.

EMILY: So, Lorelai, a new dog, a new bedroom, a new bathroom. It's like a whole new house.

LORELAI: Except that it's the same house.

EMILY: It doesn't look the same. It's lucky we had your address. We would have driven right by.

LORELAI: Well, I was waiting till it was all done to show you.

EMILY: All done? There's more that you're doing?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, the mailbox is crooked, and I was gonna plant a bush in the yard.

EMILY: Forgive me. I had no idea such a stunning makeover was ahead of me. I feel terribly involved. [Knock on door, Lorelai get up to answer it.] Mom, come on. You were gonna be invited over. I just wanted to make sure everything was done and ready and that I could have you over when I could spend the maximum amount of time showing you around. [It's Luke, he starts to come in, turns and leaves, quietly to Luke] My parents are here. [To Emily] I was hoping to have a nice, little catered affair, you know, with guys in black coats carrying trays, 'cause I know how much you love guys in black coats carrying trays.

EMILY: Who was at the door?

LORELAI: Oh, it was Ed McMahon. He's always showing up with these big cardboard checks. They are impossible to endorse, by the way.

EMILY: I am never not sorry that I ask these questions. So I'm guessing all this means that you and Luke will be staying?

LORELAI: Staying?

EMILY: In Stars Hollow.

LORELAI: Mom, I've lived in Stars Hollow for 21 years.

RICHARD: You can live somewhere your entire life and never truly feel at home, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Well, I do. I feel at home here, mostly 'cause it is my home and has been for 21 years.

RICHARD: Yes, well...

EMILY: This house does have charm. It feels very homey. I can see you and Luke here.

LORELAI: Wow. Thank you, mom.

RORY: How about I make some coffee?

RICHARD: Thank you, Rory, but we'll have to take a rain check. Look at the time Emily.

EMILY: Oh, goodness! I had no idea it was so late.

LORELAI: Yes, who knew that 3 hours and 14 minutes could go by so fast? [Rory gives her a look]
Well, I certainly didn't.

[cut to the front door, Emily and Richard are already in their car.]

RORY: Drive safe.

LORELAI: Bye-bye, now. [shuts the door]

RORY: Your parents are exhausting.

LORELAI: Not as exhausting as your grandparents. [Sighs]

RORY: That was Luke at the door, wasn't it?

LORELAI: Yeah. Okay, second wind. Now, the early-bird dinner made immediate eating unnecessary, so I say we go straight to the movie and pick up a pizza on the way home.

RORY: Perfect.

LORELAI: Or perhaps we could get pizza on the way there and sneak it in, just in case.

RORY: You in the market for some luggage?

LORELAI: What? Oh. That's for Luke. He's going on a trip, and his stupid duffel bag is in shreds.

RORY: What trip?

LORELAI: He is going to chaperone April's field trip to Philadelphia.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah, he's really excited about it. But that excitement might end when he gets there and discovers that his underwear fell out somewhere around Amish country. The Amish however would be psyched, All right, what do we want a comedy, a tragedy, or a tragedy that makes us laugh?

RORY: Have you met her yet?

LORELAI: Met who?

RORY: April.

LORELAI: Hum, not officially.

RORY: What about her mom, what do you know about her?

LORELAI: Not much. Err Apparently, she's incredibly beautiful, she grew up here, she owns a store

in Woodbridge, and Miss Patty thinks she was Mata Hari in a former life.

RORY: What kind of store?

LORELAI: I don't know.

RORY: Hmm, hey I have an idea, a really good idea.

LORELAI: Ew, you have evil face.

RORY: No, we should go to Woodbridge and go to her store.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Yeah. She won't know who we are. We could just go in there and see what she looks like.

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Why not?

LORELAI: Because I'm not spying on Luke's old girlfriend.

RORY: You mean the mother of your fiancé's daughter.

LORELAI: Whatever, it's weird and creepy.

RORY: You're telling me you're not at all curious about the other woman?

LORELAI: She's not the other woman. She's another woman.

RORY: Come on. Where's your adventurous spirit?

LORELAI: Hey, this is Luke's thing okay. He wants me to keep out of it for now, so I'm staying out of it, for now. Come on, troublemaker, put that evil mind to better use here.

RORY: Fine. [looks at the paper] Last half of "Nanny McPhee," first half of "final destination 3."

LORELAI: Brilliant. Now, that is what a mind is for, my friend.

STARS HOLLOW TOWN SQUARE

[Lorelai and Rory are walking through the town square]

LORELAI: I am sorry, but after you almost get k*llled on a plane and on the freeway, why would you choose to go on a crazy, terrifying roller coaster?

RORY: Oh boy.

LORELAI: I mean, at that point, just stay home, right?

RORY: It's a horror movie.

LORELAI: Yes but it doesn't make any sense.

RORY: It's not supposed to. It's supposed to make you sick.

LORELAI: Fine whatever. I'm heading to the inn. Do you want to come over and hang?

RORY: No, I got to run some errands. I'll meet you there later.

LORELAI: All right, but watch out that a streetlight doesn't accidentally break off, swing down, and decapitate you.

RORY: Will do.

LORELAI: [sighs and starts to walk away, then returns] I mean, why even bother calling it "final destination 3"? At that point, just call it "now you're really, really, really dead."

RORY: [holds her hand up like a phone] Hello, Hollywood? Boy, have I got a picture for you.

[They both walk away, Zach is writing his song strumming a Guitar on the steps of the gazebo. But is not doing very well.]

ANNA'S STORE

[Rory enters]

WOMAN: T-shirt or top?

ANNA: What do you need most?

WOMAN: Both.

ANNA: Then go for broke, not literally, of course. We like our customers solvent. Keeps them coming back.

WOMAN: [reading a t-shirt] "Your boyfriend wants me"?

ANNA: What can I say? It's our biggest seller.

WOMAN: Okay, I guess I'll try these on.

ANNA: Dressing room's right through there, sweetie. Call if you need sizes.

[Rory is looking at a few things]

ANNA: 1960s PAN AM stewardess bag.

RORY: Oh. Really? A stewardess bag? Huh.

ANNA: Yeah, I have the stewardess that goes with it, too, but it'll cost you.

RORY: It's really cute, all of your stuff is really cute.

ANNA: Thank you. I try to stock mostly one-of-a-kind things. I'm really into the whole "this is mine, you can't have it" scene. Must be only-child syndrome.

RORY: Ah, yes, I know it well.

ANNA: Okay, well, take your time.

RORY: Okay.

ANNA: Everything in that corner of the store smells like vanilla, freaky and unplanned. [Rory looks toward the corner with a weird face, then continues looking through the story]

ANNA: [To other customer while Rory looks on.] No.

WOMAN: What?

ANNA: No.

WOMAN: But...

ANNA: Trust me, at this moment, I am your best friend in the world.

WOMAN: Should I just look...

ANNA: No.

WOMAN: Okay, well...

ANNA: Not that, either. [Hands her so other clothes to try on]

DRAGONFLY INN - SITTING ROOM

KIRK: Look, Mrs. Kingston, Kirk will not rest until you are satisfied. Your demands are Kirk's demands. Your needs are Kirk's needs. Kirk is here for you.

LORELAI: Um, Kirk?

KIRK: [Points to the wireless ear piece] Kirk appreciates that, Mrs. Kingston. We'll talk soon. [Ends the call]

LORELAI: What are you doing here?

KIRK: Trying to bag a whale. Kirk's in the real-estate game now.

LORELAI: Stop doing that.

KIRK: What?

LORELAI: Referring to yourself as "Kirk."

KIRK: That's Kirk's thing. Every realtor needs a thing. This is Kirk's thing.

LORELAI: You're a realtor?

KIRK: Trainee, technically.

LORELAI: Well, Um, take your training somewhere else, okay? Your scaring away all my customers and my staff.

KIRK: Unfortunately, there is nowhere else. Trainees don't get offices or salaries or jackets, actually. I'm supposed to be having this dry-cleaned for one of the senior brokers. It smells a little funky but fits like a dream. [Takes another phone call] You've got Kirk. Yes, Mrs. Zelnor. Right, the Dragonfly Inn. See you this afternoon.

LORELAI: Wait, you're meeting clients here?

KIRK: Only a few.

LORELAI: No.

KIRK: I promise I'll be out of your hair as soon as I make my bones. I just need a temporary place to conduct my business and potentially have sex with prospective clients.

LORELAI: What?

KIRK: That's Kirk's other thing, the young, virile eye candy angle for lonely widows and aging divorcées. Works like a charm. I plan on running it by Lulu, of course.

LORELAI: Kirk, get out of here. Take your jacket and your dippy "Star Trek" device and your creepy new career and scram.

KIRK: Fine, but I would have expected a little more cooperation from you, considering what I'm doing for your parents.

LORELAI: What are you doing for my parents?

KIRK: sh**t, I should not have said that.

LORELAI: Said what?

KIRK: Nothing. I can neither confirm nor deny that your parents are looking for a place in Stars Hollow.

LORELAI: My parents are looking for a place in Stars Hollow?!

KIRK: I can't say. The realtor-trainee/client privilege is sacrosanct. The manual's very clear on that.

LORELAI: How long have they been looking?

KIRK: I've already said too much. It isn't even my account. The entire firm is working on it.

LORELAI: How long, Kirk?

KIRK: All I know is they're looking, they're pricing, they've seen three gracious single-family Tudors this week, and they have a 2:00 P.M. Showing tomorrow at 546 Oak Ridge Lane. But I cannot and will not violate their confidence.

LORELAI: This cannot be happening.

KIRK: Kirk here. Well, hello, Miss Wyatt. Lovely to hear your voice. Have I got a duplex for you.
[Kirk leaves]

DRAGONFLY INN - LIBRARY

[Rory enters with coffee]

RORY: I am getting three hot dogs tonight, and I'll tell you why. I have "Bugsy Malone" running through my head, especially the scene where Scott Baio buys Florrie Dugger a hot dog and he offers her mustard with onions or ketchup without. So I started thinking, "what would I like -- mustard with onions or ketchup without?" And then, suddenly, they both started to sound really good. But I

usually get my hot dogs with ketchup and relish. And you don't just walk out on something that has served you so well for so long. So three hot dogs it is. So what do you think happened to Florrie Dugger, anyway?

LORELAI: Oh, she moved to Stars Hollow, and her mother harped on her hairstyle so much, she jumped off a bridge.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: The Gilmore's are moving in.

RORY: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: Kirk was in here today.

KIRK: Nothing good starts with, "Kirk was in here today."

LORELAI: And he's trying to be a realtor and he told me that he's been taking my parents around to look at houses.

RORY: Around here?

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: But why?

LORELAI: Why?! Because Luke and I are getting married, and I guess they figure we'll be having kids, and they want to be near me when that happens, really near, like in the room wearing Bill Blass scrubs.

RORY: Oh, boy.

LORELAI: I don't know what to do. I moved 30 miles away from my parents for a reason. Those 30 miles act as buffer so that when my mother says something that makes me want to k*ll her, I have to drive 30 miles to do it. 10 miles in, I usually calm down or I get hungry or I pass a mall, something prevents me from actually k*lling her. That buffer is my mother's best friend. Take the buffer away and you got Nancy Grace camping out on miss patty's lawn for a month.

RORY: Okay, you need to get a grip. Maybe Kirk is wrong.

LORELAI: Maybe.

RORY: Well, don't think about it. Here, let me distract you with a present.

LORELAI: For me?

RORY: For you.

LORELAI: Well, the world stops for a present.

RORY: Mm-hmm.

LORELAI: Oh, it's so cute. I love it!

RORY: Good. You want to know where I got it?

LORELAI: Where did you get it?

RORY: At Anna Nardini's store.

LORELAI: What? It was great. I just strolled right in, looked very casual. I didn't have to pretend like I needed help or anything. She just came right up to me.

LORELAI: I told you I didn't want to go there.

RORY: Well, you didn't. I did.

LORELAI: I didn't want you to go there, either.

RORY: What's the big deal? She didn't know who I was.

LORELAI: The big deal is Luke asked me to stay out of this. He told me that he would deal with it.

RORY: But you're his fiancée.

LORELAI: Yeah and you should be able to trust your fiancée.

RORY: Oh, right, the way he trusted you when he found out about April?

LORELAI: Hey!

RORY: Okay, I'm sorry. I just think it's crazy that you don't want to know anything about this woman.

LORELAI: Rory, this conversation is over.

RORY: So you're not at all curious about her?

LORELAI: No.

RORY: So you don't want to know what she looks like?

LORELAI: No.

RORY: I'm sorry, you seriously don't care whether she's pretty or not?

LORELAI: No!

RORY: So you have no interest in the fact that she has good taste in clothes or music or...

LORELAI: Rory, stop! Drop it! I mean it!

RORY: Fine. I guess you don't want the purse then.

MRS KIM'S GARAGE

ZACH: [Zack is singing]

What's the big commotion?

What's the big commotion?

Got ahead of distortion tell me before the kettle blows you know we got another commotion [Stops

singing] so?

MRS KIM: Close.

ZACH: [grows]

MRS KIM: Last part needs work.

ZACH: Well, I don't know what else to do.

MRS KIM: What you do is try again. I've been working on this song for 20 hours. My fingers are cramping. I'm totally fried.

MRS KIM: Run in place for a minute. Gets the blood moving.

ZACH: Forget it. This is hopeless.

MRS KIM: What?

ZACH: I can't write a hit, okay?

MRS KIM: Not with that attitude you can't. Now, pick up your guitar. [He does.] Let me hear the last line of the chorus again.

ZACH: [Singing] Tell me before the kettle blows you know we got another commotion

MRS KIM: stinks.

ZACH: Great.

MRS KIM: Try going out on a minor chord.

ZACH: A minor chord, like this one.

MRS KIM: Different minor chord. [plays it] Not quite.

ZACH: How's this one?

MRS KIM: Better.

ZACH: Yeah. That is better. Very Ray Davies.

MRS KIM: I was thinking Dave Clark Five. Now try it again, the whole chorus.

ZACH: [Singing]

What's the big commotion?

What's the big commotion?

Got ahead of distortion tell me before the kettle blows you know we got another commotion.

[Finishes Singing] whoa.

MRS KIM: Now, that is a hit song.

ZACH: It is. We wrote a hit song. Mrs. Kim, we wrote a hit song!

MRS KIM: Excellent. Now we go inside.

ZACH: You know, I try to write with Brian all the time, but it doesn't work out 'cause he gives in way too easy, you know? He just doesn't push me. I got a couple more songs I'd love for you to listen to. Maybe I can bring them by later?

MRS KIM: Lane, come down here now. Zach has something important to say to you.

LANE: Yes, Zach?

ZACH: Your mom and I just wrote a hit song.

LANE: What?

ZACH: It was incredible. We were in the garage. It was awesome. It goes out on a minor chord.

MRS KIM: Zach!

ZACH: Yeah?

MRS KIM: Don't you have something else to say to Lane? [Puts down a small step between them] Maybe something to ask her?

ZACH: Oh, right. Sorry, uh... Lane? Lane, will you marry me?

LANE: Yes, Zach, I will.

MRS KIM: Hold on. [Gets something from her pocket] This ring belonged to my grandmother. Now it belongs to you.

LANE: Thanks, mama.

MRS KIM: That one you keep in drawer so it doesn't scare the children. All right, you two are now officially engaged. There is much for you to discuss, so I will leave you two alone. You have 15 minutes.

ZACH: I can't believe it. We did it.

LANE: I know. We're getting married. [They kiss.] Now tell me about this song.

ZACH: Lane, you're not gonna believe it. Think early Kinks meets the Jam meets the Futureheads. Here, I'll play it. [singing] What's the big commotion?

THE DINER - NIGHT TIME

[Lorelai and Rory enter]

LORELAI: Okay, but, see, I'm sorry. They did not even come up with a villain. No Freddy, no Jason. The villain is death? How lame is that? Who is seeing this movie?

RORY: Apparently we are, many, many times.

LORELAI: But how can they make money off of that? I mean, where's the Halloween mask? Where's the costume? How can they keep making the same stupid movie over and over and over?

RORY: Ah, Caesar, thank god. We desperately need something to put in her mouth.

LORELAI: Hi, two cheeseburgers and a copy of Sid Fields' book, please. We are missing the boat. Where's Luke?

CAESAR: He just ran upstairs. He's got this new policy of not yelling at the vendors in front of customers.

[Rory's cell phone rings, Lorelai and Rory look at each other.]

RORY: So, what should we do after dinner?

LORELAI: Do you want to rent "Final Destination" 1 and 2?

RORY: So many things wrong with you.

CAESAR: Here, freshly made.

RORY: Excellent.

LORELAI: Hey, what kind of donuts do you have left over?

CAESAR: I think we have chocolate, one jelly, and a crumb.

LORELAI: Mmm, jelly, please.

CAESAR: Okay.

LORELAI: Hey, fancy new bag you got there.

CAESAR: Huh? Oh, that's Luke's. I Think he just got it today. [Hands Lorelai the donut] I'll go check on your burgers.

LORELAI: So, I finally wore him down, huh? [Rory looks at Lorelai} What?

RORY: Well, I don't know if you want to know this, but I saw that bag earlier at Anna's store.

LORELAI: Huh, that bag?

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: How do you know it was the same exact bag? There must be millions of places who sell it.

RORY: I guess. I mean Anna did say that she likes to stock one-of-a-kind things. It's possible.

LORELAI: Hmm. Excuse me.

[cut to the apartment]

LUKE: I ordered Swiss, Monty. Swiss has holes. It's a terrific way to identify it. Okay, Thursday's good, but tomorrow would be even better. Okay, let me put it to you like this. If it comes on Thursday, it's half price, right? I will see you tomorrow.

LORELAI: Hey. Am I interrupting?

LUKE: No, I was straightening something out. How was the movie?

LORELAI: Ugh, do not get me started. Rory's downstairs.

LUKE: Great. I'll be right down.

LORELAI: Cool. That's cool.

LUKE: You okay?

LORELAI: Sure. Great. So, I see papa's got a brand-new bag.

LUKE: Huh?

LORELAI: I saw your snazzy, new luggage downstairs.

LUKE: Oh, right. Anna sent that over.

LORELAI: Oh, wow, Coinkidink, huh?

LUKE: Well, we were talking about April's trip itinerary, and I guess I mentioned that my duffel bag's falling apart. And next thing I know, she sent the thing over.

LORELAI: Oh, that's nice.

LUKE: Sure, it's fine.

LORELAI: You know, I was serious when I said I would go out and buy you new luggage. I'm nothing if not a gifted shopper.

LUKE: Oh, I know that. But it's here, so...

LORELAI: Yeah, it's here.

LUKE: So this doesn't bother you, does it?

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: That Anna sent me the bag? Because I can send it back.

LORELAI: Oh, no, no. It's cool.

LUKE: You sure?

LORELAI: Yeah, I'm fine. So, I should get back down.

LUKE: Okay, I'll be by in a minute.

LORELAI: Cool.

[Cut back to the diner]

RORY: Well?

LORELAI: "Well" what?

RORY: Is the bag from Anna?

LORELAI: Yes, it is.

RORY: It is?

LORELAI: It is. He mentioned his duffel bag was shot, and she sent a bag over. He didn't ask for it. He explained the whole thing to me. We discussed it, and we're fine.

RORY: You're fine.

LORELAI: Yep, I'm fine.

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

[Rory enters]

LOGAN: Where the hell you been?

RORY: Oh, I went to Stars Hollow to visit my mom for a couple days.

LOGAN: You went to Stars Hollow?

RORY: Yep.

LOGAN: Well, you could have told me, ace. Left a note, called, something.

RORY: Yeah, I know, I should have.

LOGAN: I mean, I wake up, and you're gone.

RORY: I didn't mean to freak you out.

LOGAN: I kept calling your cell. I must have called it a hundred times.

RORY: Oh, yeah, well, my cell died, and my charger was here, of course. I have to buy an extra one. You keep telling me that.

LOGAN: Finally, I checked in with the paper. They told me you've been e-mailing stuff. So at least I knew you were alive.

RORY: I'm so sorry. It just became this whole thing. My grandparents stopped by unexpectedly, which took forever. And, anyhow, it's a long story. But I promise it'll never happen again. I have to take a shower.

LOGAN: Rory.

RORY: Yeah?

LOGAN: You sure everything's okay?

RORY: Yeah, it's fine.