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03x14 - Swan Song

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3.14 - Swan Song

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OPEN AT ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai, Rory, and Emily are eating dinner]

EMILY: And then she just brushed me off with a wave of her regal hand. Not even a word, just a . . . like I'm her cabana boy. Next thing you know, instead of just walking out of the room, she'll make me bow and back out. Imperious attitude, she never gives it a rest. I schlepped her to the doctor the other day □ by command, not request □ and the elevator operator there greeted us nice and friendly. Her doctor's on the second floor and by the time we got there, that operator was in tears.

LORELAI: Whew.

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: Well, Mom, you just did twenty straight minutes on Gran.

EMILY: It wasn't twenty minutes.

RORY: It was getting there.

LORELAI: How about a moratorium on the Gran stories for a bit?

EMILY: Fine. I'd rather not spoil the meal with talk of her.

LORELAI: Good.

EMILY: I should just wash my hands.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: We'll wait.

EMILY: I mean of her.

LORELAI: Oh, good, wash those hands.

EMILY: She sucks her olive pits.

LORELAI: Short moratorium.

EMILY: Trying to extract every last ounce of flavor out of them like she does people.

LORELAI: She sucks flavor out of people?

RORY: Can we change the subject?

EMILY: Life, not flavor.

LORELAI: Hey, you know what Gran needs?

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: A fella.

RORY: With or without an umbrella.

EMILY: He'd have to look like an olive pit to get her attention.

LORELAI: It's like a Dean Martin Roast.

RORY: Those are never funny to me.

LORELAI: Yeah, they're mean.

RORY: Except for Don Rickles.

LORELAI: Totally except for Rickles.

EMILY: I think she did have a man for a time squiring her around to her biddy affairs. Richard thought so, too, and it horrified him.

LORELAI: Didn't want a new Daddy, huh?

EMILY: And then he seemed suddenly out of the picture.

RORY: So Great Grandma never talked about him?

EMILY: Never. Even though I could tell practically the day she stopped seeing him. Those kinds of things are always obvious.

RORY: Yeah, I guess.

EMILY: When a couple is in a relationship and then suddenly isn't.

RORY: Right.

LORELAI: Right.

RORY: Is she still looking?

LORELAI: Yup.

RORY: Right. Um, you know, Grandma, did I mention that unfortunately I'm not with Dean anymore?

EMILY: No, you didn't.

RORY: Well, I'm not.

EMILY: Well, yes, I've known for weeks actually. But it's good that you confirmed it.

RORY: How did you know?

EMILY: Well, you very abruptly stopped mentioning him eleven dinners ago, so I figured that was the case.

LORELAI: Eleven dinners, you kept count?

EMILY: Eleven.

LORELAI: Eleven.

RORY: Well, I'm sorry I didn't tell you Grandma.

EMILY: Well, I think you should have. I mean, what if I had invited Dean to an event and you were no longer with him, and that's how I found out? It would've been embarrassing.

LORELAI: What sort of event would you have invited Dean to?

EMILY: I don't know, a wedding.

LORELAI: For who?

EMILY: A mutual friend or something.

LORELAI: You and Dean have mutual friends in common that Rory and I don't? Who would that be, the Talbotts or that senior partner at Deloitte and Touche?

EMILY: You know what I meant. It's always best to tell each other major life events so that there's no awkwardness.

RORY: Well, then, Grandma, I probably also failed to mention that I'm seeing someone else.

EMILY: Who?

RORY: Jess.

EMILY: Jess?

LORELAI: Luke's nephew. Luke from the diner.

EMILY: Oh, I see. Well, am I going to get to meet him soon?

RORY: Oh, I don't know.

LORELAI: Yeah, Mom, that might be hard to arrange.

EMILY: Well, how hard can it be? Just bring him over for dinner sometime. How about next Friday?

RORY: Oh, I don't know.

LORELAI: Uh, yeah, Mom, that might be hard to arrange.

EMILY: It's perfect timing. Richard will still be out of town and it would be nice to round off the group with a fourth.

LORELAI: He works Fridays, doesn't he?

RORY: Yeah, that's his usual night. Friday night. It's a bad night.

EMILY: Oh, okay. Well, I suppose I'll eventually meet him someday at some function.

LORELAI: Perhaps a wedding.

EMILY: Or Rory's graduation. That's good. That way we'll all get to meet him at once. Myself, Richard, Gran. Maybe I'll bring a couple of girls from the DAR. Reverend Mahoney might like to come also.

RORY: You know what, Grandma, now that I think about it, I think Jess does have next Friday night off.

EMILY: Really?

RORY: Let's make it a foursome.

EMILY: That'll be nice.

RORY: Yeah, it will be nice, right Grandma?

EMILY: Very nice. We'll have lamb.

RORY: So, it will be nice for everybody? Everybody will be nice to everybody? The key word being nice.

EMILY: Yes, very nice.

RORY: Really, really nice?

EMILY: Of course it'll be nice. That's what I just said.

RORY: Good. Nice would be nice.

EMILY: And a nice night it'll be.

LORELAI: Well, not so nice for the lamb.

[opening credits]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting at the kitchen table]

LORELAI: Okay, Saturday morning I've got hair appointment, nails, and Jim.

RORY: You don't go to the gym.

LORELAI: No, Jim is coming here to fix the garbage disposal.

RORY: Jim Dunning, got it.

LORELAI: I also have resha plebisham.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I don't know, I can't read it.

RORY: Shouldn't you change your system, go electronic or something? You're a busy woman.

LORELAI: Uh, hey, my system works.

RORY: Yeah, tell that to the guy who calls tomorrow because you missed your resha plebisham appointment.

LORELAI: I hate that we have to coordinate schedules. You're my daughter.

RORY: But if we don't, we may never see each other.

LORELAI: We didn't use to have to do this.

RORY: Well, we're busier now.

LORELAI: Let's just run away together and leave all this behind.

RORY: You mean our house?

LORELAI: No, we'll take the house, we'll leave everything else.

RORY: Put it on your list.

LORELAI: So what's your day like tomorrow?

RORY: Hanging out with Jess for most of the day, studying at night.

LORELAI: Cool. Alex and I are having dinner tomorrow night.

RORY: Good. That'll make it nice and quiet for when I study.

LORELAI: I'm that loud?

RORY: You are when you dance around singing 'Rory's Studying' songs.

LORELAI: Oh, what's this I have down for Sunday 'slatha bang trafficking'?

RORY: Lane's band practicing.

LORELAI: And underneath it 'net fracks'?

RORY: Get snacks.

LORELAI: Right 'for the band. See, see, it works. So, uh, you're actually bringing Jess to dinner on Friday?

RORY: It's as good a time as any. There'll only be one grandparent to contend with.

LORELAI: Man, that was some stealthy little maneuver she pulled there, huh? Applying the guilt over not knowing about the Dean breakup and making you all weak, and then using that to get Jess to come to dinner on Friday. She's like Lyndon Johnson with the Senate, effortless.

RORY: So, Sunday's for us, right?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. I have you down right here □ Cokie.

RORY: Good. Hey, it's still early. Do you wanna watch more of the extra supplementary stuff on the Lord of the Rings DVD?

LORELAI: Well, it's just the drawings and that fat guy talking.

RORY: Well, let's watch Footloose again.

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: Hey, you dropped some of your notes.

LORELAI: Oh, who cares? You can't read them anyway.

CUT TO TOWN SQUARE

[Rory and Jess are sitting on a bench looking at a book]

RORY: Do you love it?

JESS: It's great.

RORY: The Holy Barbarians. I mean, what a title. And it's by a Venice Beach beatnik about Venice Beach beatniks, and to top it off, the beatnik who wrote it is the father of the guy that does those Actor's Studio interviews on TV.

JESS: The guy with the beard?

RORY: Yeah, the pointy beard. That's his dad writing at his desk.

JESS: Oh, it's weird that a weird beatnik-y guy would have a conservative son like that.

RORY: Maybe he's not that conservative. Maybe at night, he, like, takes off his clothes and parties.

JESS: Aw, man, now get that picture out of my head.

RORY: It's a cool book, you've gotta admit.

JESS: It is. Thanks.

RORY: Oh, I'm not lending it. I'm not done.

JESS: Well, why'd you show it to me?

RORY: I like showing you the stuff I'm reading.

JESS: But you knew I'd wanna read it. You're a book tease.

RORY: You'll get it when I'm done.

JESS: Cruel woman.

RORY: So, are you going to work now?

JESS: Back to the salt mines.

RORY: So, you're not tied to the hours you have, right? You can trade if you want to.

JESS: There's some flexibility.

RORY: You got any flexibility next Friday night?

JESS: Yeah, why?

RORY: I thought maybe you could come to dinner with us.

JESS: Us?

RORY: To my Grandma's.

JESS: To meet your grandmother.

RORY: Yeah, she'll be there, so yeah, it might be rude not to introduce the two of you.

JESS: I can't, I gotta work.

RORY: You just said you could get out.

JESS: I didn't know what for.

RORY: Jess.

JESS: No.

RORY: But I already kind of agreed.

JESS: Aw, man.

RORY: So I'm kinda jammed here.

JESS: Does she know what I look like?

RORY: I don't think so.

JESS: Perfect. Find someone who vaguely resembles me. Take him. Just don't kiss him goodnight.

RORY: That's not going to work.

JESS: Andy Warhol did it all the time. [Rory gives him the book] We're just five bucks away from a deal.

RORY: [kisses him] That's worth five at least.

JESS: You Gilmores think a lot of yourselves. Okay.

RORY: Thank you, thank you, thank you.

JESS: Manipulator.

[They both walk away in opposite directions. Rory walks past the dance studio as Miss Patty walks out]

MISS PATTY: Rory, get in here.

RORY: What?

MISS PATTY: Get in here now. No questions.

RORY: Okay.

[they walk into the dance studio. Rory sits down next to Dean.]

MISS PATTY: Okay, now, for those who just arrived, I'm trying out some material for my one-woman show and I need some feedback. You are my randomly picked audience.

DEAN: Randomly shang-hai'ed.

MISS PATTY: It's part stories, part songs. Kind of like what Elaine Stritch did on Broadway, but without the bitterness. My working title □ "Buckle Up, I'm Patty."

RORY: How long have you been here?

DEAN: An hour.

RORY: Poor thing.

DEAN: It's been mostly her and Kirk arguing about stuff. Apparently, he's the director.

KIRK: Patty, let's try one of your reminisces.

MISS PATTY: That's what I'm looking for, Kirk.

DEAN: Sorry I didn't save you. I didn't see you until it was too late.

RORY: I don't think anybody could've saved me.

MISS PATTY: Okay, here we go. Hey, did you know that I once met the great Bette Davis? I was a chorus girl in a bus-and-truck tour of "Guys and Dolls." Beantown, I love that town. And there I was, me and the girls backstage after the show, and in she comes. And who does she walk right up to, but little old me. And she sized me up, exhaled some smoke from that regal mouth of hers, and said, "Doll, you don't got the high notes but you sure got the gams." I'll always treasure that moment with Bette and I wanna dedicate this song to her. Uh, Ethel, key a D.

KIRK: We're gonna have to rewrite that.

MISS PATTY: What?

KIRK: It got no response. It needs a rewrite.

MISS PATTY: Kirk, it's my reminiscence. I can't rewrite it.

KIRK: How about if she says, "Doll, you've got the gams, but I've got a body in the trunk of my car."

MISS PATTY: Why would she say that?

KIRK: Because she's a m*rder*r. I think it works.

MISS PATTY: I'm not rewriting my memories, Kirk.

KIRK: It died. Build a coffin for it, put some pennies on its eyes 'cause that stiff ain't breathing.

MISS PATTY: Well, I think that we should discuss this later, now go back to your light booth.

KIRK: Fine, start the song.

MISS PATTY: [sings] It's a quarter of three, there is no one in the place, except you and me. [strobe light starts flashing] Kirk, would you fix this?

KIRK: Fix what?

MISS PATTY: This flashing.

KIRK: That's my choice for the song.

MISS PATTY: It's disco.

KIRK: I'm trying to subvert expectations.

MISS PATTY: Well, don't. Just give me a simple spot.

KIRK: Something more obvious, got it.

RORY: This is a hit.

DEAN: It'll run for years.

KIRK: Something on the nose and expected, got it.

MISS PATTY: Kirk!

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Later that night, Rory and Dean walk out of the dance studio]

RORY: It was nice of you to step in like that.

DEAN: Well, she could've hurt herself trying to throw the podium at him like that.

RORY: I think "work in progress" is the key phrase.

DEAN: I like that she tries.

RORY: The woman taught me everything I've already forgotten about dancing, baton twirling and gymnastics.

DEAN: Well, I'm this way.

RORY: I'm this way.

DEAN: See you later.

RORY: See ya.

DEAN: You know, I kind of liked the body in the trunk thing.

RORY: Me, too. Peppier.

DEAN: Night.

RORY: Night.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory is studying on the couch when she hears a noise outside. She walks to the door and opens it. Lorelai and Alex are kissing on the front porch]

RORY: Oh, sorry.

LORELAI: It's okay.

ALEX: It's okay.

RORY: I can just shut the door so you can carry on.

ALEX: No, we've carried on enough.

LORELAI: Yeah, I think we've carried on pretty good out here. I'll call you about the weekend.

ALEX: Okay.

LORELAI: Bye.

ALEX: Bye. Bye Rory.

RORY: Goodnight.

[Alex leaves. Lorelai walks into the house]

RORY: We need a signal.

LORELAI: A kissing signal?

RORY: Something to avoid this.

LORELAI: Okay, um, how about I sh**t off a flare when I'm outside necking with a boy?

RORY: You know what I mean.

LORELAI: Or I could bang on the door and yell, "Hey, we're necking out here!"

RORY: I still say we need a signal.

LORELAI: We'll think of something. Hey, listen. Alex and I were talking about going to New York next weekend.

RORY: Fun.

LORELAI: Yeah. He's got four tickets to a show and he's heard me talk about Sookie and Jackson so much that he wants to invite them, too.

RORY: It's not "Buckle Up, I'm Patty," is it?

LORELAI: Huh?

RORY: Nothing.

LORELAI: We'd have to leave Friday day.

RORY: So?

LORELAI: Meaning it's just you and Jess alone at dinner with the glorious Emily.

RORY: Oh, that's totally fine.

LORELAI: Are you sure?

RORY: Yeah, it might even make things easier.

LORELAI: What does that mean?

RORY: Nothing. Just, it might make it less pressure-packed.

LORELAI: So I'm loud when you study and make social gatherings worse?

RORY: Out of the goodness of your heart, you would be trying to shield me all night, and that might makes things worse. Out of love. And I love you, I hope you know that.

[phone rings]

LORELAI: Okay, I think I get it. I have the best intentions.

RORY: Bingo. [answers phone] Hello?

JESS: Hey.

RORY: Hey. How was work?

JESS: I toted the barge, lifted the bale.

RORY: Well, you're a great barge toter, I can attest to that.

JESS: How was your day?

RORY: Fine. A lot of studying.

JESS: Oh yeah? Is that all you did?

RORY: Yeah, basically.

JESS: Basically?

RORY: Jess, what?

JESS: I heard that you were basically hanging out with Dean today.

RORY: Where did you hear that?

JESS: It's all over town.

RORY: Well, I was with him for awhile. What do you mean, it's all over town?

JESS: You haven't seen the fliers?

RORY: I've been home all night. What fliers?

JESS: It says, "People are already raving about Miss Patty's one woman show."

RORY: And?

JESS: There's some blurbs. One says, "Rory and Dean couldn't stop talking about it."

RORY: We're on a flier?

JESS: You and a bunch of others. "The mailman says, even without proper postage, this show delivers."

RORY: Well, now she's making that up because Ralph's not that witty.

JESS: Were you hanging out there with Dean?

RORY: I was not hanging out with Dean. We were both hauled in there to watch her try out material and we were sitting in the same area so we talked a little, and then we left at the same time. That was it. It was all by accident.

JESS: Yeah?

RORY: This is an old subject, Jess. You know that Dean and I are friendly.

JESS: I know you're friendly. That doesn't mean I don't wanna punch him.

RORY: This was not a plan. I was kidnapped by Miss Patty, so was he, that's it.

JESS: Then you two should press charges.

RORY: I think we should.

JESS: Just □

RORY: What?

JESS: Just tell me these things first so I don't have to read about them on telephone poles.

RORY: I will, I promise.

JESS: Okay.

RORY: Okay.

JESS: So, how was the show?

RORY: It's gonna need a lot of postage.

JESS: Why does it say, "Not in any way affiliated with Kirk" down at the bottom?

RORY: Oh, they had a showbiz spat.

JESS: Fill me in.

CUT TO LORELAI'S KITCHEN

[Lorelai gets out snacks for the band, who are sitting at the table]

LORELAI: Help yourselves to drinks in the fridge, guys. We've got chips, pretzels, and Brian, I remembered your allergies and got you the melba toast.

BRIAN: That's nice, thanks.

DAVE: We got a lot done today.

LANE: We've almost got a full set.

ZACH: But you know what we're missing? A straight-ahead love song.

BRIAN: Yeah, all our songs are pretty much about property destruction and a general dislike of right-wing causes.

LORELAI: Not one love song, huh?

DAVE: I think we can add one or two, that are good ones.

LORELAI: Boy, you'd think love songs are all you and Lane would wanna play.

ZACH: Man, this crunch just now sounded like the drum-fill in Baba O'Reilly.

LANE: Cool, way to go Zach.

DAVE: Yeah, Zach, a musical mouth. That's awesome.

ZACH: But why would Dave and Lane wanna play just love songs?

LORELAI: Because, I was just thinking, you know, with Dave's name □ Dave □ you've got the last two letters in love. V, E. And with Lane's name, you have the L. You can just dump the A and add an O and there you go.

ZACH: Makes sense.

BRIAN: Totally. We should probably start breaking stuff down. I gotta get home for dinner.

ZACH: One day soon, you're not gonna go home from dinner.

BRIAN: What, I'll be dead?

ZACH: No, we'll be on tour.

BRIAN: Right, right.

ZACH: That was a negative "right, right," man.

[Zach and Brian go outside]

LORELAI: Guys, I'm so sorry. It just slipped out.

LANE: That's okay.

DAVE: Luckily Zach and Brian are. . .well, Zach and Brian.

LORELAI: How long are you gonna keep it a secret?

LANE: For awhile, at least. It's easier.

LORELAI: Are you sure it would be so bad if they knew? I mean, keeping this a secret seems awfully complicated.

LANE: Not really, we've got a system.

DAVE: Um, speaking of which, it's 3:18. We'll have the stuff packed by 3:40, what's the situation?

LANE: At 3:40, my mom will be on her way to the yarn store for her bimonthly sew-a-thon with Lacey Schwartz and Bick Ho.

DAVE: The yarn store's on Peach.

LANE: Plum.

DAVE: That cuts us off from our usually route to the interstate.

LANE: There's a back road that circles around it, but it's gonna be muddy from the rains.

DAVE: How about I have the guys take the usual route, I'll go by foot on Peach, down the alley behind Al's, over the fence, and they can pick me up a half a mile down by the Shell station.

LANE: Perfect. Uh, what, that's not complicated.

LORELAI: Sorry I doubted you.

LANE: Well, okay, then.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: Hey. Coffee?

LORELAI: Please, and hurry. I am going to Manhattan this weekend and I need to shop for some

warm clothes.

LUKE: You already have warm clothes.

LORELAI: I have nothing.

LUKE: We're in Connecticut. It gets freezing here same as in New York.

LORELAI: No, it's not the same.

LUKE: Exactly the same.

LORELAI: Well, I have nothing stylish enough.

LUKE: That's not true, you got the black cashmere coat.

LORELAI: But it needs cleaning.

LUKE: So clean it.

LORELAI: But I need some sweaters, too.

LUKE: You've got the purple, you've got the powder blue, you've got three shades of red, you've got a ton of black, all of which will go with that coat. Plus, you've got a dozen scarves to mix and match with any of those tops.

LORELAI: Let me shop for some clothes.

LUKE: Okay. So what are you doing in New York?

LORELAI: Oh, a bunch of us are going. It'll be dinner and a show.

LUKE: Oh, what show?

LORELAI: Levittown, it's a new musical.

LUKE: Right, yeah. It's in previews, doesn't officially open for a couple weeks.

LORELAI: Wow, so informed.

LUKE: Nicole likes the theater. Her firm has an office on Madison. I've met her there a couple times. Saw Hairspray last week.

LORELAI: I cannot picture you watching Hairspray.

LUKE: It was okay. I liked The Producers better.

LORELAI: Well, aren't we just a Broadway baby.

LUKE: Gonna have any time to k*ll there?

LORELAI: Some.

LUKE: Got a great book, it has walking tours of old historic Manhattan. You know, before Disney got a hold of it. The Soho one's pretty good.

LORELAI: Oh, I love stuff like that.

LUKE: It's upstairs on my dresser if you wanna run up and grab it.

LORELAI: Cool, thanks.

[Cut to upstairs. Lorelai walks into Luke's apartment and finds Rory and Jess kissing on the couch]

LORELAI: Oh, oh!

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Surprise.

RORY: What are you doing here?

LORELAI: I came up for a book.

JESS: A book?

LORELAI: Yeah.

JESS: Got a lot of books here. Anything in particular?

LORELAI: It's one of Luke's.

JESS: Well, if it doesn't have Encyclopedia Brown in the title, that narrows it down a lot.

LORELAI: Walking tours, New York.

JESS: On the table. [hands her the book]

LORELAI: Good, here it is, okay, so, thanks. Sorry about this.

RORY: It's okay.

LORELAI: We should probably come up with a system or something.

RORY: Probably.

LORELAI: Déjà vu, huh?

RORY: Déjà vu.

LORELAI: Although, why I'd be walking into Luke's apartment like this in the future, I don't know, so put the system on the back burner.

JESS: Okay.

LORELAI: Mmkay. Carry on, or. . .see ya.

[Lorelai walks back down to the diner]

LORELAI: Dude!

LUKE: Hey. Find it okay?

LORELAI: Yeah. I found everything -- including a couple coupling.

LUKE: Oh, Rory and Jess?

LORELAI: No, Ben and J. Lo. Yes, Rory and Jess.

LUKE: I guess I should've told you.

LORELAI: You knew they were up there?

LUKE: They're up there all the time.

LORELAI: On the couch. . .horizontal, on the couch?

LUKE: They come up for air every so often.

LORELAI: And you just allow this? Luke!

LUKE: Settle down. I go up there every ten minutes pretending to get something to keep them from doing something we don't want. "Oops, I forgot my pocketknife." "Oops, uh, I'm out of ones." "Uh, hey, you see a case of mustard up here?" I put the stuff in a box. I take the box upstairs every couple days and start all over again.

LORELAI: And you think that suffices?

LUKE: Look, it's better that they're safe and upstairs than someplace else. And you going up there just now saved me a trip, so thanks.

LORELAI: Glad to be of service.

LUKE: I got a good system, it works.

LORELAI: Every ten minutes?

LUKE: Like clockwork, never a minute more.

LORELAI: Even if you're serving a customer, it's every ten minutes?

LUKE: If I'm in mid-pour, I stop and go up.

LORELAI: Ten minutes. Yeah, that's pretty much the time it took to create Rory. And that included getting dressed and freshening my lipstick.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Thanks for the book.

LUKE: Caesar, cover for me.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory walks toward the staircase]

LORELAI: [from upstairs] Rory?

RORY: I'm coming.

LORELAI: Toute de suite, and I don't mean the candy.

[Rory walks into Lorelai's bedroom]

RORY: Okay, what's the packing crisis?

LORELAI: That's the thing. I have no packing crisis. For the first time in my life, there is no packing crisis. See? This has never happened to me before. I'm all packed, ready to go, and fully confident that I have everything I'll need or desire.

RORY: So you're creating a crisis out of nostalgia?

LORELAI: No, see, Alex and I talked about everything we plan to do and how he expected to dress and how I expected to dress, and we coordinated to the point where I knew each piece of clothing I had to bring, down to the Spice Girls necklace I plan to wear Saturday morning for breakfast because we agreed to keep it a little whimsical.

RORY: So, not your Jonas Salk necklace?

LORELAI: I'm trying to become as good a planner as you.

RORY: So, what's the problem?

LORELAI: I have no idea what to wear on the drive. I wanna look good, obviously, but not too good that it steps on my night outfit, and I also wanna be comfortable.

RORY: What's he wearing, a jogging suit?

LORELAI: Yeah, and then after, he and Paulie are hitting the Bada Bing.

RORY: Your point being, it's probably not a running suit.

LORELAI: Right.

RORY: And tonight's a dress?

LORELAI: And, uh, my cashmere coat and a hat.

RORY: Your stretchy jeans and your Bunnyranch T-shirt.

LORELAI: Comfort and raunch, I love it. Good. So, um, how are you guys working the logistics tonight?

RORY: I am going to study at school, then I'm going straight to Grandma's from there. Jess is driving straight from work, and then he's driving me home.

LORELAI: Home? Home here?

RORY: Yeah, he's gonna drop me off here.

LORELAI: Well, I guess that makes sense.

RORY: I thought so.

LORELAI: Although, hm, I don't know.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Are you sure that's the best way to do it?

RORY: Yeah, why?

LORELAI: Well, it just means you're coming home to an empty house.

RORY: Well, that's your doing, not mine.

LORELAI: Yeah, but it might be kind of lonely here. Did you think about staying at Mom's?

RORY: Overnight?

LORELAI: Yeah. They've got those fancy beds that don't sag, and you're guaranteed a great Norma Desmond style breakfast the next morning. You don't have school, it works out perfectly.

RORY: I'd rather just come home.

LORELAI: Okay, sure. But, you know, staying at your grandmother's would also mean that Jess wouldn't have to go out of his way at the end of the night to drop you off. It would be much more convenient for him.

RORY: Our house is two-tenths of a mile out of his way.

LORELAI: Are you sure he's gonna have enough gas?

RORY: I'll make sure.

LORELAI: But if you can't get a hold of him, it might be safer to plan on staying at Mom's. I mean, if you run out of gas, you're stuck. And at the mercy of the Orcs.

RORY: Mom, why are you so freaked?

LORELAI: This is not freaked.

RORY: Is it because you won't be here and he will?

LORELAI: Uh, it might've crossed my mind.

RORY: And what are you worried about happening?

LORELAI: Well, what you guys were on the on-ramp for up at Luke's the other day. Your basic boy/girl stuff. Especially with this new boy, you girl stuff.

RORY: Well, the boy is different, but I'm still me. That hasn't changed.

LORELAI: Yeah, I know.

RORY: And I have so much on my mind, so many things going on in my life, that I don't ever have time to think about that.

LORELAI: No thinking at all?

RORY: None, I swear.

LORELAI: Mmhmm, sure, sure.

RORY: And we talk about everything together, you and me, remember? So it's not like something will happen that you won't know about.

LORELAI: Good. [doorbell rings] That's Alex. Come on.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Emily and Rory are sitting in the living room]

EMILY: You know, you didn't have to change.

RORY: Well, I feel kind of dumb being in my uniform when I'm not in school.

EMILY: But you look darling in it. I'm going to miss it when you go to college.

RORY: Yeah, I am, too, in a way. I mean, I like not having to think about what I'm going to wear.

EMILY: And you'll have plenty of years to stress yourself out about that.

RORY: I'm sorry he's late.

EMILY: We're fine. Dinner will keep.

RORY: I know how you like things to be punctual.

EMILY: There was a big tie-up on the 84 earlier. He's probably smack dab in the middle of that. Why don't you try him on his cell phone, see what's going on.

RORY: He doesn't have one.

EMILY: Really?

RORY: He doesn't believe in them.

EMILY: Well, I find that refreshing. Technology is encroaching too fast on every aspect of life, if you ask me. It's getting to the point where people will want robots to carry them from place to place.
[the doorbell rings] There he is.

[they walk to the door. Jess is standing on the porch with a black eye]

RORY: What □

JESS: Sorry I'm late.

EMILY: Oh, that's all right. Come in, come in. It's cold out.

RORY: Um, Grandma, this is Jess. Jess, my grandmother.

EMILY: Nice to meet you.

JESS: Same here.

RORY: Uh, what happened to your eye?

JESS: It's a long story, I don't wanna bore you.

EMILY: Oh, this is new?

RORY: Brand new.

EMILY: It looks bad. Does it hurt?

JESS: I'm fine.

RORY: Is it why you were late?

JESS: No, 84 was jammed.

EMILY: We knew that, too. There was something with a big rig. Oh, those things, they scare the life out of me. And apparently, all the men who drive them are hopped up on bennies and goofballs. Come, come, have a seat at the table. I'll go check on dinner. [walks away]

JESS: Shouldn't we go with her?

RORY: Were you in a fight?

JESS: Dinner's waiting.

RORY: Jess, were you in a fight?

JESS: I told you, it's a long story, I don't wanna talk about it.

RORY: Why?

JESS: Look, Rory, I'm already in a crappy mood. Traffic sucked. Traffic I hit going to a function I didn't particularly wanna go to. And I'm thirsty. And I'm hungry. So let's eat.

[they walk to the dining room]

JESS: So do we eat standing up?

RORY: Over there.

[they sit at the table. Emily walks into the room]

EMILY: The roast looks perfect. Oh, Jess, you eat meat, I hope. I forgot to ask.

JESS: I'm a carnivore.

EMILY: Good. I don't see how anybody can resist eating meat.

JESS: It's why we have teeth.

EMILY: That's how I feel. Dinner parties used to be simple. Now every time we give one, I have to run my menu down with every person on the list. It's tiring. This one eats just about anything.

RORY: Grandma.

EMILY: I'm sorry, but the way you and your mother eat, and those slim figures of yours □ it's a medical marvel.

JESS: They should be studied.

RORY: I don't think so.

EMILY: So, Rory tells me you're part of the Wal-Mart corporation.

JESS: Only out of necessity.

EMILY: They sound like wonderful stores.

JESS: Oh, yeah, I wanna be buried there.

EMILY: We've never actually been inside one, but we own the stock.

JESS: Thanks for the paycheck.

EMILY: Oh, that's very funny.

RORY: Did you just get it?

JESS: Huh?

RORY: The eye □ did it just happen?

JESS: You know, we should eat these salads so the roast doesn't get cold.

RORY: I mean, it must be sometime between nine last night and now.

EMILY: Hm?

RORY: His eye.

JESS: Yeah, it was sometime in there.

RORY: But you can't narrow it down?

JESS: Rory, come on.

EMILY: Oh my God, there's no salt and pepper on this table. We'll need it for the meat. These people are supposed to be trained before I get them, but God knows that's never the case. [leaves room]

JESS: What is your problem?

RORY: You're not telling me the truth, that's my problem.

JESS: I don't wanna get into it here.

RORY: And it's obvious why.

JESS: Oh, is it?

RORY: You got into a fight with Dean.

JESS: Unbelievable.

RORY: Is that it?

JESS: It always comes back to Dean.

RORY: Because you bring it there.

JESS: You brought up Dean.

RORY: Because you got into a fight with him.

JESS: Why are you pressing this? Why? I'm trying to make some kind of quasi-positive impression on your grandmother per your request and you're forcing me to do otherwise. And what the hell are raisins doing in a salad? Why can't people leave well enough alone?

RORY: Well, in that whole speech, I didn't hear you deny it.

[Emily walks back into the room]

EMILY: We've got great choices on the prime rib. How do you like your prime rib, Jess?

JESS: Cooked.

RORY: He's not picky, Grandma.

EMILY: Good, that'll make it easier. So, what did I miss?

JESS: Nothing. Absolutely nothing.

RORY: Grandma, would it be all right if I speak to Jess for a second? We can go to the study.

JESS: We're eating.

RORY: Well, I want to talk.

JESS: You're being a little rude to your grandmother, Rory.

EMILY: I can leave the room for a minute if you want.

RORY: No, Grandma, we'll be right back.

[Rory and Jess walk to the study]

RORY: I told you nothing happened at Patty's, but you just wouldn't believe it. You had to get into a fight with Dean tonight right before meeting my grandmother. This is a disaster.

JESS: I did not get into a fight with Dean.

RORY: Bull.

JESS: Believe what you want.

RORY: I'm going to find out eventually, so why keep it from me?

JESS: What if Dean had sucker-punched me and I had to defend myself? You're not even considering the possibility that that's what happened?

RORY: Dean wouldn't do that.

JESS: Oh, no, he might get his big white Stetson dirty.

RORY: You're being a jerk to my grandmother, too.

JESS: Hey, I'm doing my best. If that means I'm being a jerk, then that's what I am. I didn't even wanna come.

RORY: No one made you.

JESS: You made me. Now I've seen it all.

RORY: You embarrassed me in front of her.

JESS: That's it, I've had it.

RORY: So have I.

JESS: If you're gonna harp on this, I'm leaving.

RORY: Oh, great, so now I have to explain to my Grandma why my boyfriend who showed up a half-hour late with a black eye is walking out.

JESS: Well, you like making up stories in your head so that should be easy for you.

[they walk to the front door. Jess leaves. Emily walks up to Rory]

EMILY: Is he fetching something from his car?

RORY: I don't think so.

EMILY: He left.

RORY: Yeah, he left.

EMILY: Well, you can take some prime rib back for him if you want. What do you say the girls have some dinner, huh?

CUT TO NEW YORK

[Lorelai, Alex, Sookie, and Jackson walk out of the theater]

JACKSON: So, good, good show.

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah. Alex, thank you for getting us those tickets.

SOOKIE: Great production value.

JACKSON: Oh, amazing. I mean, the way they do lighting on these things.

SOOKIE: It's magical, it's magical.

ALEX: This is the worst piece of crap I've ever seen.

LORELAI: What?

ALEX: I saw Moose Murders. This stinks worse.

SOOKIE: I thought it was me.

JACKSON: I was dying in there.

LORELAI: Every song is the same.

SOOKIE: The same two notes.

LORELAI: How does that happen?

SOOKIE: I feel so very bad. Yes, I feel so very sad.

LORELAI: I'm sad, I'm mad, I'm sad, I'm mad.

SOOKIE: I'm mad, I'm sad, I'm mad, I'm sad.

JACKSON: I'm sorry □ that's better, rent a theater.

ALEX: Look, I say we hit a bar, get some drinks, continue plotting out this musical you guys are writing.

LORELAI: Cool. We'll need pens and paper.

SOOKIE: Just memorize it. I'm mad, I'm sad, I'm mad, I'm sad.

JACKSON: We'll grab a cab.

SOOKIE: Hey, that fits right in.

[Sookie and Jackson walk away to hail a cab]

LORELAI: You're nice.

ALEX: I try.

[Lorelai pulls out her cell phone]

ALEX: Who are you expecting?

LORELAI: Oh, Rory. I mean, not that I'm expecting a call because a call could mean something bad, so, um, not getting a call is probably best.

ALEX: Probably.

LORELAI: I'm just gonna give her a call.

ALEX: You know, on the drive down here, you made me promise to stop you if you were gonna call Rory for the wrong reason.

LORELAI: But I left the iron on.

ALEX: She'll turn it off.

LORELAI: She's got this boy.

ALEX: I know.

LORELAI: I shouldn't call her.

ALEX: It's up to you.

JACKSON: Hey guys, we got a cab, and the driver likes our song.

LORELAI: Putting away phone now.

ALEX: Good girl.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Rory is asleep in bed. Her cell phone rings and wakes her up]

RORY: Hello?

LORELAI: Good morning.

RORY: Hey. It's early. Why are you calling so early?

LORELAI: Oh, I don't know. I must've screwed up the time difference. What time is it there?

RORY: The same time it is there.

LORELAI: Ah, sorry.

RORY: How's it going?

LORELAI: Good. A lot of walking. We all had pizza at John's in the village and wrote a musical.

RORY: Good for you.

LORELAI: Then we picked the same Dean Martin song on the jukebox twenty-five times and people started complaining, so we picked the Bee Gees' "New York Mining Disaster" and they begged for Dean Martin back.

RORY: Sounds fun.

LORELAI: So, how'd the dinner go?

RORY: Uh, not well. Far from well.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: I'm at Grandma's.

LORELAI: You stayed the night?

RORY: Yup.

LORELAI: What did she do? Did she make you stay because she didn't want Jess to drive you home? She is so untrusting. And to ruin this dinner □ I'm gonna k*ll her.

RORY: No, Grandma was great. The whole time, even when Jess was late.

LORELAI: You're kidding.

RORY: She was a saint. Staying over was my idea.

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: Jess and I got into the most horrible fight of my life and it was. . .ugh. I can't even say.

LORELAI: I don't believe this.

RORY: He showed up with a big black eye.

LORELAI: A black guy?

RORY: Eye, a black eye. He got into a fight.

LORELAI: With who, Dean?

RORY: He wouldn't say, but yes, and he was all standoffish about it and things got worse and worse and he walked out. It was all horrible.

LORELAI: Wow, honey. I'm sorry. Are you okay?

RORY: I'm upset, but I'm okay.

[Emily opens the door]

EMILY: Oh, I thought I heard you up. How □bout some breakfast?

RORY: Sure.

EMILY: Is that Jess?

RORY: No, it's Mom.

LORELAI: Hey, put her on.

RORY: She wants to talk to you. Bye.

LORELAI: See ya tonight.

[Rory hands Emily the phone, then leaves the room]

EMILY: Hello?

LORELAI: Mom, hi, listen. Rory kind of explained what happened last night, and how you were really great about it. I just wanted to thank you. I mean, I don't know all the details, but I'm sure it all could've been way worse, and you keeping your cool like that was really, really nice. Thanks.

EMILY: How can you let your daughter be with that abominable thug?

LORELAI: Mom □

EMILY: First he arrives late, how disrespectful is that? Then he's rude to Rory, rude to me.

LORELAI: Mom □

EMILY: Oh, and that attitude □ I wanted to slap that monosyllabic mouth of his. And God forbid they're in another accident together or his heap of a car breaks down and Lord Jim has decided cell phones are beneath him and they're stranded in the middle of nowhere. How can you let this happen? He had a black eye. He belongs in jail!

CUT TO TOWN SQUARE

[Dave, Zach, and Brian drive down the street and stop at a stop light. Dave turns off the car radio]

ZACH: Yo, dude, that's disrespectful.

DAVE: We're really early. Let's get something to eat.

ZACH: Sure, what do we want?

BRIAN: I've only got three bucks.

ZACH: You always only got three bucks. What is it, you go to an ATM that only gives out three bucks at a time?

DAVE: Let's just pick.

BRIAN: Well, I'm sick of burgers, so if it could be a place that has more than burgers □

ZACH: What do you want, like a three-dollar sushi place?

BRIAN: It doesn't have to be sushi.

[Dave sees Mrs. Kim walking toward them]

DAVE: Guys, shut up and be cool. Don't say a thing.

BRIAN: What, why?

DAVE: Mrs. Kim, hello.

MRS. KIM: David.

ZACH: David?

BRIAN: Mrs. Kim. You're Lane's mom?

MRS. KIM: How do you know Lane?

ZACH: She's a great dr □

DAVE: Girl. We all think so.

MRS. KIM: Who are you? What is all this, David? Who are all these unwashed boys?

DAVE: Well, see, Zach and Brian here play in a combo with me when I don't play solo.

MRS. KIM: A combo?

DAVE: A Christian combo.

MRS. KIM: Oh, good. With just a guitar it can sound thin.

DAVE: Well, that's why we play music together. Uh, the light's turned, we should probably get □

MRS. KIM: Wait, I want to warn you about something.

DAVE: Yes?

MRS. KIM: About Lane. She has a crush on you.

DAVE: She does?

MRS. KIM: I thought you should know. She's a good girl, but flighty sometimes. Be careful around her. I know you're a serious boy, I don't want you to be shocked.

DAVE: Oh, no, thank you. I'll be very careful, I promise.

MRS. KIM: Okay. Maybe I'll book your combo sometime, mix it up a little.

DAVE: It would be our pleasure. Right, guys?

ZACH: Yeah.

BRIAN: Sure.

MRS. KIM: Don't speed. [walks away]

DAVE: Okay, so, uh, where do we wanna eat?

CUT TO DOOSE'S MARKET

[Rory walks up to Dean]

RORY: Hey.

DEAN: Hey there. Did you see those fliers? Apparently, I clicked my heels for joy after one of her songs. I don't remember that.

RORY: Me neither. Can I talk to you for a sec?

DEAN: Well, yeah, what's wrong?

RORY: Dean, this whole friend thing with us isn't going to work if we're not honest with each other.

DEAN: I agree.

RORY: Okay, so, anything you wanna tell me?

DEAN: Corn's two for a dollar?

RORY: Jess has a black eye.

DEAN: Oh yeah?

RORY: Any idea where he got it?

DEAN: That would be an extremely long list.

RORY: It wasn't you?

DEAN: It wasn't me.

RORY: You swear?

DEAN: I swear. Did he say it was me?

RORY: No, he's not saying anything. He's less talkative than some.

DEAN: Yeah, sorry, I have no idea. Look, I really don't like talking about □

RORY: I know, sorry, I □

DEAN: I should get back to work.

RORY: Okay, thanks.

DEAN: Sorry I couldn't solve the mystery.

RORY: Me, too.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Luke is behind the counter, Jess walks down from upstairs]

LUKE: Whoa.

JESS: What?

LUKE: You're Petey the dog.

JESS: I prefer to not talk about this.

LUKE: Is that why you snuck in last night?

JESS: I did not sneak in. Now, could we get back to work here?

LUKE: Fine, start clearing some stuff. So when'd you get into a fight with Dean?

JESS: It wasn't a fight with Dean.

LUKE: Whoa, where's that coming from? I just asked.

JESS: What's with everybody making assumptions? I'm sick of it.

LUKE: So it wasn't Dean.

JESS: No.

LUKE: When did it happen, yesterday?

JESS: Yes.

LUKE: You went to Rory's grandmother yesterday. She punch you?

JESS: Stop.

LUKE: Where'd you get it?

JESS: Santa Claus.

LUKE: So you're not gonna tell me?

JESS: That's right.

[phone rings]

LUKE: [answers] Hello? Yeah, hey Rory, hang on a sec. [to Jess] It's Rory.

JESS: I'm not here.

LUKE: What?

JESS: Get a clue, Columbo. I don't wanna talk to her.

LUKE: You don't wanna talk to Rory? [to Rory] Yeah, Rory? Yeah, he just went someplace. Yeah, I'll tell him. Bye.

[Luke hangs up the phone, then grabs Jess by his shirt]

LUKE: Come on.

JESS: Hey.

[Luke pulls him to the storage room]

JESS: Come on, what is this?

LUKE: Look, you're my responsibility. You're exhibiting signs of violent behavior and I don't care how much you don't wanna talk about it, you're not leaving until you tell me. Now, tell me, where'd you get the black eye?

JESS: You wouldn't believe it anyway.

LUKE: Try me, tough guy.

JESS: A swan.

LUKE: Excuse me?

JESS: I was att*cked by a swan. Okay, you happy? A stupid swan.

LUKE: Now, how about the real story?

JESS: That is the real story. It hangs out by Larson's Dock. I was just walking by and the thing came out of nowhere and bam □ beaked me right in the eye.

LUKE: It beaked you?

JESS: You still don't believe me.

LUKE: I just never heard anyone use the word beaked as a verb before.

JESS: No, no, this isn't funny. That stupid bird att*cked me. He could've blinded me. It's a vicious, vicious bird, and . . .fine. Forget it.

[they walk back into the diner. Jess retrieves a ladle from under the counter]

LUKE: What are you doing? Where are you going?

JESS: I'm gonna do a little beaking of my own.

LUKE: Jess, not the ladle. That's a brand new ladle. Take the baster!

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Luke and Jess are in a rowboat in the middle of the lake]

LUKE: I don't see a swan.

JESS: Put your oars down.

LUKE: They don't like oars?

JESS: Just lay low, it'll come.

LUKE: Does it act all peaceful and Bambi-like and then suddenly attack like the rabbit in Monty Python?

JESS: Your voice is probably scaring it away.

LUKE: So how'd you explain the black eye to the Gilmores?

JESS: I didn't. The whole night sucked. I'm happy it's behind me.

LUKE: Behind you? You ain't got nothing behind you.

JESS: What do you mean?

LUKE: You'll have plenty more events like that in your future.

JESS: No way.

LUKE: When you date a girl like Rory, you're involved with her whole family. Just like that last girl you dated, you were involved with her whole petri dish.

JESS: At least she was easy to figure out.

LUKE: And you were bored from day one.

JESS: I'm dating Rory, not her family.

LUKE: All these people come in a package with this girl. The mother comes with this girl. The grandmother comes with this girl.

JESS: And apparently a bunch of others. Everybody she's ever met, including Dean.

LUKE: She picked you.

JESS: God knows why.

LUKE: She knows, that's all that matters. Jess, being jealous of Dean □

JESS: I am not jealous of Dean.

LUKE: Being jealous of Dean is pointless. You're just gonna drive Rory away. You wanna have a relationship with someone, you're gonna have to learn to open up your mouth and say something.

JESS: Give it a rest, Dr. Phil.

LUKE: You can't shut down, you can't avoid her calls.

JESS: I didn't wanna talk.

LUKE: Well, when are you gonna wanna talk?

JESS: I don't know.

LUKE: So, what are you gonna do, just keep avoiding her and never take her calls again?

JESS: She'll find me eventually.

LUKE: If she keeps looking for you.

JESS: Hey, I'm not gonna be a wuss like Dean.

LUKE: Dean had that girl for two years. You have a little fight after two months, you walk out, and it's over?

JESS: I don't care.

LUKE: Okay, fine, you don't care, that's obvious.

[Jess sees a swan]

JESS: Shh!

LUKE: Is that the one?

JESS: That's it. Watch it.

LUKE: I'm watching it. It's pretty.

JESS: Shh!

LUKE: Is it gonna double back?

JESS: Maybe.

LUKE: So it's lulling us into complacency.

JESS: He's vicious, I'm telling you.

LUKE: Yeah, his butt's terrifying.

JESS: It's outnumbered. That's the problem. It knows there's two of us.

LUKE: So you want me to get under water, swim along with the boat, breathe through a straw?

JESS: Forget it.

LUKE: Maybe it's gonna get another swan and come back and make a fight of it, huh?

JESS: Forget it.

CUT TO LORELAI'S GARAGE

[Rory is talking to Lane as she sets up for band practice]

LANE: He's not even calling you back, huh?

RORY: No, and I'm not sure what to do.

LANE: Well, Dave and I have never had a fight because we haven't really truly begun dating, so I have no perspective on this.

RORY: Well, you'd better hurry up and start having bad boy troubles so I can get some feedback.

[The band walks into the garage]

DAVE: Hey there.

LANE: Hi guys.

RORY: How's it going?

ZACH: I think it's going a little weird, to tell you the truth.

LANE: Weird, why?

BRIAN: I think we need to get something out in the open here.

ZACH: Definitely.

DAVE: We ran into your mom.

LANE: My mom?

RORY: Oh boy.

ZACH: Yeah, and we're well aware that there's a situation here that you guys have been hiding.

BRIAN: We should get it out in the open here or else it's gonna get weirder.

DAVE: Yeah, I guess so. We didn't mean anything by hiding it guys.

ZACH: Well, what pisses us off is that you felt you had to hide it.

DAVE: Really?

ZACH: Yeah. Dave, you're a Christian. So what? That's cool.

BRIAN: It's nothing to hide.

ZACH: Christians can still rock.

DAVE: They can?

LANE: Yeah, yeah, Dave. Christians can still rock, don't hide it.

ZACH: Marshall Stacks don't know Christians from atheists.

DAVE: Gosh, I just wasn't sure if you guys would be accepting of my devoutness.

BRIAN: Dave, it's a part of you, and we think you're cool, so it's cool.

DAVE: Great. Thanks, guys.

ZACH: But no way are we playing Creed, man.

DAVE: Oh, no, of course not.

ZACH: Or Amy Grant. That's where we draw the line.

LANE: This is very accepting of you guys.

BRIAN: And we'd be totally into playing that gig for your mom if it pays.

LANE: Oh, Mrs. Kim pays. Uh, she's very good about that.

[a car horn honks from the yard]

RORY: That's my mom. I'm glad this all worked out.

LANE: Yeah, me too.

[Rory walks to the front yard. Alex is getting Lorelai's suitcase out of the trunk of his SUV]

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Oh, my little daughter.

RORY: I'm happy to see you. Thanks for bringing her back in one piece.

ALEX: No problem.

LORELAI: I'm very weak.

ALEX: She hasn't eaten in awhile.

RORY: I warned you to keep to her feeding schedule.

LORELAI: I'm drifting, drifting.

ALEX: She wanted to wait to have dinner with you.

RORY: That's sweet.

LORELAI: Must have food now.

RORY: I'll take it from here.

ALEX: Thanks.

LORELAI: Bye. [to Rory] You're not food.

ALEX: Revive her.

RORY: I will. I'm gonna run and get take out.

LORELAI: Oh, make like the wind.

RORY: Can you make it to the door?

LORELAI: I'll struggle.

CUT TO TOWN SQUARE

[Rory walks by the diner with some takeout bags. Jess walks out]

JESS: Rory.

RORY: Oh, hey.

JESS: Hey. Your mom home?

RORY: I'm bringing supplies.

JESS: Should've brought a mule.

RORY: What?

JESS: A pack mule, to carry it.

RORY: Oh, yeah.

JESS: So, sorry I missed your calls.

RORY: You were always out.

JESS: Yeah. I was getting ready to call you just now, but you would've been out.

RORY: Ironical.

JESS: Yeah.

RORY: So, I know there was no fight with Dean.

JESS: Really? How? You asked Dean.

RORY: It was the only thing I could think to do.

JESS: To go to the source.

RORY: Yup. I'm sorry I doubted you.

JESS: It's okay. I would've doubted me, too.

RORY: I need to trust you as much as I trusted □

JESS: Him.

RORY: Yeah.

JESS: This black eye screwed everything up.

RORY: Yeah.

JESS: Next time I go to your grandmother's, I'll try not to have one.

RORY: Next time?

JESS: Next time.

RORY: So what happened?

JESS: I don't □

RORY: Come on. It wasn't Dean, you can say.

JESS: Will that make you happy?

RORY: Yes, very.

JESS: Okay, I'll tell you the truth, since we're both so into the truth tonight. That's what good relationships are about, right?

RORY: Right.

JESS: But you've gotta promise not to mock me ever, and please don't tell anyone else.

RORY: Promise.

JESS: I was throwing a football with a buddy and got hit in the eye.

RORY: You poor thing.

JESS: Yeah.

RORY: But that's not embarrassing.

JESS: Yeah, now that you mention it, it's not.

RORY: I have to go.

JESS: Don't go.

RORY: I don't want to.

JESS: Then don't. Let's go somewhere.

RORY: I've got takeout.

JESS: I'll reimburse you.

RORY: My mom's waiting. Keep thinking what you're thinking.

JESS: I don't have a choice.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is lying on the couch, Rory walks in with the takeout]

RORY: Mom?

LORELAI: Hm? Is that you, Rhett?

RORY: I bring food.

LORELAI: Oh, thank God. Ha! One of everything at Al's. Bless you with gluttony. Aren't you hungry?

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: Well, come on, dig in. What's wrong?

RORY: Nothing. Um, listen.

LORELAI: I'm listening.

RORY: When I said before that I was too busy to think about it, I realized now that I'm not too busy to think about it.

LORELAI: Think about it?

RORY: About it.

LORELAI: Oh, it.

RORY: Yeah, it.

LORELAI: Ha, it.

RORY: Nothing's happened yet, but. . .it might. Maybe.

LORELAI: Maybe?

RORY: Maybe. . .with Jess.

LORELAI: Hm, with Jess.

RORY: You still want me to tell you everything, right?

LORELAI: Yeah. Uh, no. Well □

RORY: Which is it?

LORELAI: We're doing this now.

RORY: Yes. Which is it?

LORELAI: I don't know.

RORY: You'll let me know?

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: Was that, yeah, you'll let me know, or yeah, that's your answer, you wanna know?

LORELAI: I guess, I wanna know, yes, and now, sure.

RORY: Well, nothing's happened.

LORELAI: I heard.

RORY: But it might.

LORELAI: Okay. Could you tell me before it does?

RORY: Right before, or □

LORELAI: No, just. . .just before.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Okay, good. Is that it?

RORY: For tonight, yeah.

LORELAI: Good. This. . .this is good.

RORY: Yeah, it is good.

LORELAI: Okay, well, let's eat.

RORY: Good.

[They start eating. Lorelai puts her arm around Rory. Rory puts her arm around Lorelai. They continue eating.]

THE END

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