

Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

Thousands of current or popular TV shows and movie transcripts for online research and education.
<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/>

02x04 - The Road Trip To Harvard

<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?t=4976>

02x04 - The Road Trip To Harvard

by **destinyros2005**

Page **1** of **1**

Posted: **11/04/01 06:15**

2.04 - The Road Trip to Harvard

written by Daniel Palladino

directed by Jamie Babitt

OPEN INSIDE LORELAI'S JEEP

LORELAI: Ah. No music. I can't believe we forgot to bring tunes.

RORY: Do you realize that neither of us has the vaguest idea where we are?

LORELAI: What is a road tip without tunes?

RORY: The sun is directly behind us.

LORELAI: Never been in this car for any extended period of time without playing AC/DC.

RORY: I have no idea which way it's going.

LORELAI: I need my "Highway to Hell."

RORY: It's right out the windshield there.

LORELAI: There's nothing on the radio but Top 40 and Christian Rock. Christian Rock, there's an oxymoron for you. I need my tunes.

RORY: Stop complaining about the tunes!

LORELAI: Stop complaining about our whereabouts.

RORY: Well, my complaint is legitimate, yours is infantile.

LORELAI: Okay, you're right. [turns on radio] Ooh, ooh, yee-haw, yes. Country music, must be my lucky day.

RORY: [turns off radio] We have to figure out where we're going.

LORELAI: No we don't.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: The point of this is to be spontaneous. To drive and land someplace we've never been and never expected to be.

RORY: Sounds risky.

LORELAI: Sounds exciting.

RORY: Serendipity has never been kind to us.

LORELAI: Ah, yes, but I talked to serendipity on the phone last night. She feels bad about how she's treated us in the past. We had a nice chat. It's all gonna be different now.

RORY: What did that sign say? It said "Don't" or "Death" on it.

LORELAI: Relax.

RORY: We're doomed!

LORELAI: Wrong. We're being guided by fate.

RORY: I think we're lost.

LORELAI: We can't be lost. We don't know where we're going.

RORY: You're going to stop before we drive into the Atlantic Ocean.

LORELAI: I'll try.

RORY: At least we'll know where we are.

LORELAI: Unless it's the Pacific. [turns on radio]

RADIO: "Coming up, a three song super set from Hootie and the Blowfish."

LORELAI: Aghhh!

RORY: Whaaaat!

[Opening Credits]

CUT TO FOOD STAND

[Lorelai and Rory are at a roadside food stand.]

LORELAI: You know what, I love road food.

RORY: I love it too.

LORELAI: I mean, what can be better than what they serve at a Haden's Nut House?

RORY: Unless you don't like nuts.

LORELAI: As if those people exist. You know, if I was in a rock band touring and stuff, I'd make the bus driver stop at every Haden's Nut House we pass.

RORY: Wow, your Behind the Music is gonna be really wild.

CUT TO INSIDE JEEP

RORY: Okay, so if we continue on the way we've been going—who are you calling?

LORELAI: [dialing her cell phone] Uh, Sookie.

RORY: Now?

LORELAI: Uh, well, I didn't get a chance to call her before we left so she doesn't know about the

RORY: Oh.

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: You okay?

LORELAI: Oh, I guess. It's just, um—Hi Sookie, it's me.

SOOKIE: [at the Inn] Hi Sweetie, you on your way in?

LORELAI: Um, no, not yet. Actually, I'm um, I'm gonna be out of town for a couple of days.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: Yeah, Rory and I decided to hit the road.

SOOKIE: But how can you be hitting the road? You're supposed to be getting

LORELAI: The engagement is off, Sookie.

SOOKIE: What? What happened?

LORELAI: Well, it's a long story. I don't really wanna go into all the whats and whys and gory details right now, but you should know we all still love Max, and to figure out exactly what happened, you'd have to dig up Freud himself and have him work on me full time.

SOOKIE: Aww, honey, I'm so sorry.

LORELAI: Thanks. So I hope you didn't get too far on that cake.

SOOKIE: [looking at almost-completed 5-tier cake] No, no, no. That's one thing you can be thankful about. You caught me in plenty of time.

LORELAI: Good. I know the kind of work you were gonna put into it, and I just would've k*llled myself if you'd gone to all that craziness for nothing.

SOOKIE: Yeah, well, I've been so busy lately, I actually forgot about it.

LORELAI: Listen, do me a favor. Mention canceling the wedding to Miss Patty, will you? That way, by the time we get back

SOOKIE: The whole town will know within the hour.

LORELAI: Then hopefully they will all have chatted it out of their systems before we get home.

SOOKIE: Consider it done. So where you going?

LORELAI: We have no idea.

SOOKIE: Ah, my favorite kind of trip.

LORELAI: Well, thanks. I'll talk to you soon. Just call the cell if you need anything.

SOOKIE: Okie dokie. Buh bye.

LORELAI: Bye. [hangs up]

SOOKIE: You were a good cake Clyde. I never should've named you.

CUT TO INSIDE JEEP

LORELAI: That had better not be a map.

RORY: I'm sorry, but I'm openly defying your no map policy.

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: Mom, it's gonna be dark in a couple of hours and I don't want to sleep in the car.

LORELAI: Ugh, my sense of adventure did not translate to my offspring.

RORY: Now, to the best of my map reading abilities, we're headed towards Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

LORELAI: Portsmouth. Huh.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I actually have a friend in Portsmouth. Donald, uhh, something-or-other Stein.

RORY: A close personal friend, huh?

LORELAI: Donald moved there a couple of years ago and opened a B&B.

RORY: Ughhh.

LORELAI: No, it's actually supposed to be pretty cool.

RORY: A cool B&B?

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: That's like saying an understated Nicholas Cage movie.

LORELAI: Listen, I myself am not usually a fan of the B&B, but Donald's place is different.

RORY: Captain Corelli's Mandolin.

LORELAI: I'm serious.

RORY: 'Bella bambina at 2 o'clock.'

LORELAI: Every room is decorated in a different weird style for a different century.

RORY: That is kinda cool.

LORELAI: Okay, let's go.

RORY: Let's call.

LORELAI: Let's go.

RORY: Let's call.

LORELAI: Sense of adventure.

RORY: Let's go.

CUT TO B&B

[Lorelai and Rory walk into the B&B carrying their bags. A woman is sitting behind the front desk.]

LADONN: Hello there.

LORELAI: Hi.

LADONN: Would you like to ring the bell?

LORELAI: What?

LADONN: Would you like to ring the bell, you or your daughter?

LORELAI: I don't understand.

LADONN: I'm not usually sitting here when guests arrive, so people ring the bell and they love to ring the bell, and you didn't get to ring the bell.

LORELAI: Uh. . . [rings bell]

LADONN: Well done.

LORELAI: Uh, do you have a room available?

LADONN: Yes, we most certainly do, you lucky pretty things you.

LORELAI: See they have a room.

RORY: Good.

LORELAI: Um, does Donald happen to be here?

LADONN: Oh no no, I bought this place from Donald last year. It's my place now. I'm LaDonn.

LORELAI: Hi. Oh, yes, I noticed it was a little different. Actually, very different.

LADONN: Oh, did you see it before?

LORELAI: Pictures.

LADONN: Well, it was wacky, just like Donald. It was fun, you know, but just a little too woo-woo. It was just too eclectic. I don't care for eclectic. I don't think B&B-ers do either.

LORELAI: No, you wouldn't want anything out of the normal.

LADONN: Okay, room number 3 is all yours. Welcome to the Cheshire Cat.

LORELAI: Nice name. I'm gonna consult with my daughter for just one second. [walks away from the desk] We must leave this place immediately.

RORY: And sleep where?

LORELAI: Uh, a hollow tree, a riverbank, I don't care.

RORY: Mom, I'm tired and I'm starving.

LORELAI: Okay, she's named the place after an Alice in Wonderland character. This is my worst nightmare.

RORY: And dying of exposure in a Jeep is mine.

LORELAI: Okay, okay.

[They walk back to LaDonn at the desk.]

LORELAI: So, just point the way to room three.

LADONN: I'll take you there myself. Let me just grab your bags.

RORY: Oh, we can do that.

LADONN: No no no no no, you are my guests. I won't hear of it. There you go.

LORELAI: Oh.

LADONN: Do you wanna ring the bell? You haven't rung the bell.

RORY: Maybe some other time.

LADONN: Follow me. [walks to staircase] Watch out for Sammy.

LORELAI: Wowsie wowza.

RORY: That's either Sammy or the cat that ate Sammy.

[They walk up the steps past the cat.]

CUT TO INSIDE ROOM 3

[LaDonn walks through the door carrying the bags, followed by Lorelai and Rory.]

LORELAI: Aghhh!

LADONN: What is it, dear?

LORELAI: Uhh, there's just a lot

RORY: A lot of flowers.

LORELAI: Yeah, like a ton of flowers.

RORY: A plethora of flowers.

LORELAI: A load of flowers.

LADONN: Thank you! I get so many compliments on this room.

LORELAI: Yeah, are they moving?

LADONN: It looks like it, doesn't it? There's foil in the paper and it gives it that illusion. Isn't it terrific?

LORELAI: Unbelievable.

LADONN: B&B-ers love a peaceful setting so that they can unwind from their hectic lives. What business are you in, dear?

LORELAI: Oh, me? Uh, publishing.

LADONN: How interesting.

LORELAI: Mm.

LADONN: Now if you need anything, you just ring down or come down 'cause I love company. And, oh, I don't want to forget to give you our activity list. Never a dull moment around here.

LORELAI: Thanks LaDonn.

RORY: Yes, thank you.

[LaDonn leaves]

LORELAI: Okay, I think we just found the first room in the history of the world that would've made Liberace say 'Whoa. Step back. No one's that gay.'

RORY: Oh, look. This is a book that past guests have written in.

LORELAI: Mmm.

RORY: 'This room made my soul soar.'

LORELAI: Ugh.

RORY: Ech.

LORELAI: All right, enough grossness. Let's go eat.

RORY: Oh food. I'm starving.

CUT TO STAIRCASE

[Lorelai and Rory start to walk down the steps, but stop when they see a bunch of people downstairs.]

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Dentists. Boston dentists. Cocktail hour at the Cheshire Cat.

RORY: So?

LORELAI: So our exit is blocked.

RORY: Let's just rush pass them.

LORELAI: Too risky.

RORY: They're not assassins.

LORELAI: Rory, if they catch us they'll clamp onto us like leeches, and you know what that means.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Chitchat. Stomach-churning, mind-numbing, soul-deadening chitchat.

RORY: Mom, I'm starving. I'm going down there, you can stay here.

LORELAI: You're that hungry, huh?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Hungry enough to answer a hundred probing but only slightly differentiated from each other questions about Chilton, life in a small town, and your hunky hunky boyfriend?

[Rory walks back up the steps. Lorelai follows.]

CUT TO ROOM 3

[Lorelai sits on the bed looking through her purse while Rory is in the bathroom.]

LORELAI: Ohh, ahhh, I struck gold! [pulling something out of her purse]

RORY: What is it?

LORELAI: Certs.

RORY: Let me catch my breath.

LORELAI: I cannot for the life of me remember the last time I bought Certs.

RORY: Which would make those really old.

LORELAI: Fuzzy.

[Lorelai puts it back in her purse. They both sit at the head of the bed. They hear music coming from downstairs.]

RORY: Perfect.

LORELAI: A nice capper to the day.

RORY: In the course of three hours, they've participated in every inane B&B group activity known to man.

LORELAI: Let's just hope they finish with a mass suicide.

RORY: We get cranky when we're hungry.

LORELAI: Well, plus we're above everyone else on the planet.

RORY: Clearly.

LORELAI: Hm.

RORY: So what do you want to do?

LORELAI: I don't know. We could go to sleep.

RORY: Mm, it's 8:23.

LORELAI: Good Lord.

RORY: I'm not really sleepy.

LORELAI: Me neither. We could sing.

RORY: Sing?

LORELAI: Yeah, we could sing "Anarchy in the UK" at the top of our lungs.

RORY: Oh, that would be good. Or, uh, we could talk.

LORELAI: Oh, okay.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: What about?

RORY: Oh, I don't know. Umm, Max?

LORELAI: Uhh, no.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: Because I don't want to.

RORY: You said we could talk.

LORELAI: Yes, well I thought you meant about makeup or something.

RORY: When have we ever talked about makeup?

LORELAI: Never, that's why I thought now would be a good time.

RORY: I just need to know if

LORELAI: Goodnight Rory.

RORY: But□

LORELAI: Goodnight. [turns off light]

RORY: [turns on light] Are you sure that you're not just running scared?

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: Because I think that you really love him but you're just freaked out□

LORELAI: Enough! [turns out light]

RORY: □and you don't know what to do! [turns on light] Because you did this before. With Max, in fact.

LORELAI: Rory, I don't want to talk about this. I thought that by saying 'enough' and turning off the light, you would get the message. Apparently not. The skywriter will be here in a minute.

RORY: I'm asking you a question.

LORELAI: I am a grown woman.

RORY: Says the woman with the "Hello, Kitty" waffle iron.

LORELAI: I have earned the right not to be quizzed about my social life by my sixteen-year-old daughter.

RORY: I thought I was your best friend!

LORELAI: When we're at a U2 concert, you are my best friend. But right now you are my sixteen-year-old daughter and I am telling you I do not want to have this conversation.

RORY: Well I do.

LORELAI: Well tough.

RORY: Everything was planned! Everyone was excited, including you, and then all of a sudden, you're out!

LORELAI: Well, I changed my mind.

RORY: This is our life that you just tossed off!

LORELAI: Hey, I didn't just toss off anything!

RORY: We had plans! We made space in the closet!

LORELAI: Oh Rory, just because we moved a couple of boxes is not reason enough for me to get married!

RORY: Max was counting on this! I was counting on this!

LORELAI: Rory, stop it! We are not gonna have this fight in a flowery bedroom with dentists singing "Gypsies, Tramps and Thieves" in the background. It's too David Lynch!

RORY: I think you love him!

LORELAI: Rory, go to sleep!

RORY: I think you love him, and you got scared and you ran, but you're really going to regret it. And soon!

LORELAI: Rory!

RORY: Fine! [turns out light] Goodnight!

[They both lay in the bed staring at the ceiling.]

LORELAI: I'm sure. I wish I did love him. You have no idea how much.

[Rory gives Lorelai a kiss on the cheek.]

CUT TO ROOM 3

[The next morning, Lorelai sits on a trunk at the edge of the bed as Rory walks out of the bathroom.]

RORY: What's with the face?

LORELAI: Hmm, they're taller.

RORY: Not this again.

LORELAI: There's more of them.

RORY: Mom, the flowers on the wallpaper are not growing or reproducing.

LORELAI: Hm.

RORY: Wait a minute. You weren't writing in this thing, were you?

LORELAI: Maybe some random thoughts.

RORY: [reading guestbook] 'Satanic forces are at work here.' Mom.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: What? What? We cannot write that in here. [changes it] Here. 'Sat and forever am at work here.'

LORELAI: That doesn't make any sense.

RORY: And it doesn't invoke the Dark Prince so I think it's preferable.

LORELAI: Whatever.

RORY: Hey?

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Last night?

LORELAI: Oh, we're good.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: You know what isn't good?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I ate the fuzzy Certs.

RORY: Gross!

LORELAI: They tasted like keys.

RORY: Okay, enough. I have got to eat. Do you think the coast is clear downstairs?

LORELAI: Let's check the schedule. Early morning nature walk, 7:30. Regional history talk, 8:15, bluppity blah bah bah bah. We're in luck. Breakfast just ended and the arts and crafts workshop doesn't begin for another thirteen minutes.

RORY: We've got a window!

LORELAI: It must be when they all shower.

RORY: Grab your bag!

LORELAI: Go go go!

CUT TO DOWNSTAIRS

[Lorelai and Rory walk down the steps thinking there's nobody around, but are suddenly stopped by LaDonn and some guests who are standing at a window.]

LADONN: Hello strangers!

RORY: Uh!

LORELAI: Uhh, geez.

LADONN: We've all been so worried about you two.

LORELAI: What are you people doing?

LADONN: We're watching hummingbirds.

WOMAN: They're still out there if you wanna scooch in.

MAN: They're the darndest things. Flap their wings a hundred times a second. It's an engineering marvel.

LORELAI: That was not on the freaking list.

LADONN: We don't put things like this on the freaking list, because the delights of nature aren't on any kind of time schedule.

LORELAI: No, Lordy.

WOMAN: So push in some chairs. We're gonna make some fresh scones.

LADONN: Yeah, they're for tea this afternoon. I just brought out the first test batch. Have a taste.

RORY: A taste would not be bad.

LORELAI: Uh, maybe just a quick taste.

[Lorelai and Rory both sit down and take a scone. The man and woman join them at the table.]

WOMAN: So, LaDonn says you're in publishing.

LORELAI: Huh?

WOMAN: Publishing, you're in publishing?

LORELAI: Oh yes, I am.

MAN: Books, huh? You should find a field with less paperwork.

LORELAI: Good one. [reaches for another scone]

RORY: Mmm! Hey!

LORELAI: You have two, I still have one!

WOMAN: So, uh, publishing?

LORELAI: Mm hmm. Yes, I do publish. Um, it's kind of a dry line of work, not much to talk about.

LADONN: Oh, nonsense. It's fascinating.

WOMAN: So what kind of books do you publish?

LORELAI: Umm, mainly youth-oriented ones.

WOMAN: Children's books?

LORELAI: Sure.

WOMAN: Oh, any that we've heard of?

LORELAI: Probably not.

WOMAN: No, wait, please. Give me some titles. I'll write them down and then when I get home, I'll look them up. Dave, do you have your space pen?

MAN: Do you have to ask?

WOMAN: Oh, he loves his space pen.

MAN: They write under water.

RORY: Cool.

WOMAN: So, what are the titles?

LORELAI: Well, there's um, 'Goodnight, Spoon' and um, 'The Horse that Wanted to Bark'.

WOMAN: Oh, I think I've read that to my grandson. The horse learns to bark, and then he. . . oh, what happens at the end?

LORELAI: He dies.

RORY: But he learned to bark though, so it's actually an upper.

WOMAN: So, where are your offices?

LORELAI: They're in the umm—in the building with the uhh, over on the road—would you guys excuse me for just a second? I have to make a very important call concerning publishing.

LADONN: Oh, well that's just fine. It'll give us a chance to get to know your lovely daughter here.

WOMAN: She's so quiet. But we'll change all that.

RORY: Mom, you promised not to do any business while on vacation.

LORELAI: Honey, publishing waits for no man. Gotta keep the presses pressing. [walks away]

WOMAN: So, tell us about your school.

CUT TO STAIRCASE

[Lorelai sits on the steps next to the cat and talks on her phone.]

LORELAI: Hey Sookie, it's me.

SOOKIE: [sitting at Luke's counter] Hey sweetie, how's the trip going?

LORELAI: It's fine. Where are you?

SOOKIE: Luke's. Got a nice little show going on here.

[Kirk is sitting at a table with a cup of coffee. Luke is giving him his check. Sookie holds up the phone so Lorelai can hear them argue.]

LUKE: You're been sitting there for two hours.

KIRK: I just want a little more coffee.

LUKE: You've had eight refills.

KIRK: You know, in France, when you sit and order, you can have the table as long as you want.

LUKE: I bet you know what I'm gonna say next.

KIRK: That we're not in France?

LUKE: Give or take a profanity.

KIRK: Fine, I'll go. Can I have my check?

LORELAI: So, um, how's the spreading of the news going?

SOOKIE: Well, it worked just like you wanted, with one notable exception.

LORELAI: Ooh, what?

SOOKIE: He's just such a loner lately, the news hasn't gotten to him.

LUKE: Is there anyway to speed this up Kirk?

KIRK: Sorry. I'm trying to figure out the tip and I've always been terrible with math. What's six percent of four forty three?

LORELAI: Could you just tell him now Sook, so I can cross this off my list?

SOOKIE: Well, I—ugh, he's coming over, hang on. Hey Luke?

LUKE: Yeah?

SOOKIE: Have you heard the latest news, kinda sad, Lorelai and Max?

LUKE: What about them?

SOOKIE: The wedding's off.

LUKE: What? What happened?

SOOKIE: You know, I don't really know. It was all kinda sudden. This is actually her now.

LUKE: Oh, well, uh, tell her I'm sorry. That's tough.

SOOKIE: He says he's sorry.

LORELAI: Thanks. Talk to you later. Bye.

SOOKIE: Buh bye. [hangs up]

[Luke walks over to Kirk's table and serves him more coffee.]

KIRK: What's this?

LUKE: Refill number nine

KIRK: I thought you said I had to go.

LUKE: You can hang a bit.

KIRK: Really?

LUKE: Welcome to France. Coffee's on the house too.

KIRK: Thanks. Or should I say gracias.

LUKE: In fact, everyone's coffee's on the house today. I like your hat.

MAN: Oh, thank you.

CUT TO B&B

[Rory is still sitting at the table with LaDonn and the older couple.]

WOMAN: We have a son just a bit older than you.

MAN: He's not good enough for her.

WOMAN: Oh, Dave. He's a freshman at Brown.

MAN: He majors in MTV.

WOMAN: Oh you're horrible!

MAN: Honey, we don't even know if she's on the market.

RORY: Oh, I'm not on the market. I'm definitely off the market.

LADONN: She has a boyfriend.

WOMAN: How cute!

LADONN: Tell us all about him.

[Lorelai returns to the table]

RORY: Mom! I saved you a scone, you love me right?

LORELAI: Uh, sorry everybody. I'm gonna have to drag her away now.

RORY: Aww shucks. It was so nice talking to you. [leaves]

WOMAN: Lovely talking to you dear. Oh, so cute.

CUT TO ANOTHER DOWNSTAIRS ROOM

RORY: I now have abandonment issues.

LORELAI: I had to make a call.

RORY: You left me hanging.

LORELAI: I owe you one.

RORY: Big time.

LORELAI: All right. Well, you're out now, what do you wanna do?

RORY: k*ll you.

LORELAI: And?

RORY: I don't know. What do you wanna do?

LORELAI: Bounce tennis balls off of Sammy?

RORY: Seriously?

LORELAI: I'm not sure. Why don't you pull out the map you're hiding?

RORY: I'm not hiding a map.

[Lorelai stares at her]

RORY: Well, I didn't want to drive around aimlessly again today. [pulls out map]

LORELAI: I got it, I got it. So what's near?

RORY: Um, Concord.

LORELAI: What is that, like look at grapes?

RORY: Manchester.

LORELAI: Uh, been there, done that.

RORY: You've never been there.

LORELAI: Well I feel like I have.

RORY: Salem.

LORELAI: Ooh, witches and stonings! There's something there.

RORY: Boston, Newton, Needham□

LORELAI: Oh, go go go go back.

RORY: What? Boston, Newton?

LORELAI: I know where we're going.

RORY: Where are we going?

LORELAI: You will love it.

RORY: [starts folding map] Well, if you tell me where we're going I can chart a course and I can□

[Lorelai walks over and crumbles up the map]

RORY: You're folding it wrong!

LORELAI: Is it smaller?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Then it's not wrong. Let's go. I will get you a new one when we get there.

RORY: Where are we going?

CUT TO HARVARD UNIVERSITY

[Lorelai and Rory stand in front of the entrance gate for Harvard.]

RORY: I don't believe it.

LORELAI: Believe it, 'cause there it is.

RORY: Harvard University.

LORELAI: It's really real.

RORY: It looks just like the pictures.

LORELAI: Beautiful.

RORY: What are we doing here?

LORELAI: We are beholding your future.

RORY: It's big.

LORELAI: You have a big future.

RORY: I can't believe it. I'm actually standing outside of Harvard.

LORELAI: Come on.

RORY: Wait. Come on where?

LORELAI: Inside.

RORY: We can't go inside.

LORELAI: Why, is there a force field or something around the place?

RORY: This is Harvard.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: This is Harvard.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: You can't just go inside. You need a guide.

LORELAI: I'll be your guide.

RORY: What do you know about Harvard?

LORELAI: I know this. Look, there's Harvard.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Hey, don't you want to see it? Huh? The place where you'll be living and studying and

developing very naïve but pretentious world views that will come crashing down the minute you graduate?

RORY: Yeah, I do.

LORELAI: So? Come on, you know you want to. All the other kids are doing it.

RORY: Harvard.

[They walk through the gate.]

CUT TO HARVARD COURTYARD

[Lorelai and Rory are walking as Lorelai reads through a guidebook.]

LORELAI: Wow! Harvard is over 300 years old.

RORY: Founded in 1636.

LORELAI: That means that almost everyone who ever went to Harvard is dead now. Are you sure you still want to go here?

RORY: Yes, I'm sure.

LORELAI: They developed the pacemaker here. Also, discovered how electromagnetism and radioactivity are two manifestations of the same force and postulated existence of a charmed quark. I was wondering who did that.

RORY: The smarties at Harvard.

LORELAI: Holy smokes. They get an average of 18,000 applicants every year and only 2,000 get in. Those are not good odds.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: No no no, you're different. Past graduates. Henry James— isn't that a beer?

RORY: And a novelist. Go on.

LORELAI: John Adams. That's a beer!

RORY: Our second president. He's very in right now.

LORELAI: W.E.B. Du Bois, Yo-Yo Ma. Oh cool! Fred Gwynn.

RORY: Who?

LORELAI: Herman Munster. Now I'm impressed.

RORY: Do you want something?

LORELAI: Yeah, a nice cold Henry James.

RORY: Or some coffee?

LORELAI: Or some coffee.

RORY: I'm ordering coffee at Harvard.

[Rory goes to order from a vendor. Lorelai starts reading a bulletin board.]

LORELAI: Hey, there's people looking for roommates. Tons of them. 'Wanted, girl to share a two bedroom apartment located on trial bridge, quiet street, quiet building, so quiet roomie a must.' Join a convent and cloister yourself you loser.

RORY: [walks back] Mom, it's gonna be two years before I go to Harvard. These people will have roommates or have graduated by then.

LORELAI: Who says these are for you?

RORY: Who are they for?

LORELAI: Me. If you're gonna live in a dorm, I need a room nearby so I can come visit.

RORY: How often are you gonna visit?

LORELAI: I don't know, every other day. Too much? What's too much?

[Rory walks back to the vendor. A male student walks up to the bulletin board.]

STUDENT: Man, there are a lot of postings here.

LORELAI: Oh yeah, there sure are.

STUDENT: You looking for a place to live?

LORELAI: Uhh, maybe.

STUDENT: Well there's a lot of choices. Something for everybody.

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah. Unless you're one of those existentialists who can't really figure out what they want.

STUDENT: Good point, good point. Hey, I think we have a class together. Contract Law, Professor Chefferson?

LORELAI: Oh yeah, Chef's class.

STUDENT: Right. I've been meaning to say hi to you.

LORELAI: Really?

STUDENT: Yeah.

LORELAI: Oh, hi.

STUDENT: Hi.

LORELAI: Hi.

STUDENT: So do you like the class?

LORELAI: Um, it's not too bad.

STUDENT: He's kinda got a monotone voice. If I don't caf up he puts me right to sleep.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm about to caf up right now just for the hell of it.

STUDENT: Okay. So I'll see you in class. And maybe at that Phi Cap party tonight?

LORELAI: Ginchy!

STUDENT: Cool. Bye.

LORELAI: Bye.

[Student leaves. Rory walks back with coffee.]

LORELAI: I think I'm gonna like college! Ooh, did you hear? I used existentialist in a sentence!

RORY: I heard!

LORELAI: I've always wanted to do that.

RORY: It was very impressive.

LORELAI: Ah!

CUT TO COURTYARD

[Lorelai and Rory walking along. Rory suddenly stops to stare at a building.]

RORY: Oh my.

LORELAI: What's this?

RORY: It's the library.

LORELAI: Oh.

RORY: The biggest library I've ever seen.

LORELAI: Uh oh. Brace yourself.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: This is just one of the libraries.

RORY: One of the libraries?

LORELAI: This building is one component of a thirteen million volume collection housed in more than ninety different libraries. It's the oldest library in the United States and the largest academic library in the world. Breathe, breathe.

RORY: I'm a failure.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: I am stupid.

LORELAI: Oh stop.

RORY: I am uninformed and ignorant and. . .I can't even think of a second synonym for uninformed. I suck.

LORELAI: Honey.

RORY: Thirteen million volumes? I've read like, what, three hundred books in my entire life and I'm already sixteen? Do you know how long it would take me to read thirteen million books?

LORELAI: But honey, you don't have to read every one of them. "Tuesday's with Morrie?" Skip that. "Who Moved My Cheese?" Just stuff you already know.

RORY: Okay, but every kid coming to Harvard is inevitably reading books, and different books, and I want to be able to converse intelligently with each of them and I can't do that unless I read books, at least a few from every genre and sub-genre.

LORELAI: Okay, come on. I'm getting you out of here.

RORY: I sleep too much.

LORELAI: No you don't.

RORY: I've been frittering away my whole life.

LORELAI: You don't fritter.

RORY: Did I mention I suck?

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: Well I do.

LORELAI: No.

CUT TO RESIDENCE HALL

[Lorelai and Rory are walking past a dormitory.]

LORELAI: This is a dorm? Not bad, huh?

RORY: Pretty, actually.

LORELAI: Come on, let's see what it looks like on the inside.

RORY: It says "Residents Only" in plain English.

CUT TO INSIDE DORM

RORY: We're gonna get in trouble.

LORELAI: You're such a worrywart. Ooh, get in character.

RORY: What?

[Two female students are walking down the hall.]

LORELAI: Hey there!

GIRL 1: Hi.

LORELAI: I'm Angie, this is Trish.

GIRL 2: Hi.

LORELAI: How's it going?

GIRL 1: Not bad.

LORELAI: Oh, cool. We're just kinda hanging out between classes. We got Chef next. So, we'll probably see you at the Phi Alpha Beta thing tomorrow, right?

GIRL 1: Maybe.

LORELAI: Yeah, I know, we're not sure either. They can be so totally lame. Gag me.

GIRL 1: Yeah. See ya. [Students leave]

RORY: You do realize that all of your college kid jargon comes from 'Happy Days' and the 'Valley Girls' song?

[They stop in front of a room with the door open.]

LORELAI: Unh! Lookie lookie here.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Ooh, I wanna see a room. Hello!

RORY: They have pictures of their rooms on their website.

LORELAI: So I prefer reality, thank you. Hello! Coast is clear. [walks into the room]

RORY: The coast is not clear.

LORELAI: Susie!

RORY: We're now officially breaking and entering.

LORELAI: Susie!

RORY: Why are you saying that?

LORELAI: 'Cause it's our cover in case we get caught. Plus there's a thirty percent chance that the girl living in this room is named Susie. Wow, tiny.

RORY: It is tiny.

LORELAI: Your Oxford English Dictionary's gonna need a room of it's own.

RORY: It'll fit somewhere.

LORELAI: One window, brick wall. You're gonna need a better view.

RORY: Well, this isn't my room to begin with.

LORELAI: At least there's two beds. Somewhere for me to sleep.

RORY: That would be my roommate's bed.

LORELAI: Oh, you don't want a roommate.

RORY: I don't think I have a choice.

LORELAI: They just force someone on you?

RORY: It's all part of the socializing experience.

LORELAI: What if it's a lemon?

RORY: Then I'm stuck with a lemon.

LORELAI: Hari Krishna banging a tambourine all night?

RORY: Then I have to get earplugs.

LORELAI: Serial m*rder*r?

RORY: Then I sleep with a gat strapped to my ankle.

LORELAI: Someone who likes Linkin Park?

RORY: Then I have to drop out.

LORELAI: Mm hmm. Ah, look! I had these same pants back in high school.

RORY: Can we just go now please?

LORELAI: I'm in again.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Okay. Just come over here and let me take a picture with you sitting at the desk.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Yeah, really get into it. Pretend like you're studying.

RORY: Uhh, okay.

LORELAI: What□ is that□you're writing in the air?

RORY: Can we just take the picture?

LORELAI: Okay, okay.

[They exit room as a girl is starting to enter.]

LORELAI: Oh, hey Susie.

[They hurry out down the hallway]

CUT TO INSIDE BUILDING

[Lorelai and Rory are walking down a hallway of one of the academic buildings.]

RORY: God, these classrooms are huge.

LORELAI: Better to fit those big Harvard brains.

[They stand in the doorway of one of the lecture halls and listen.]

PROFESSOR: . . . had given birth. Reckon on everything, expect everything. What sort of thought is this?

STUDENT: Depressing?

PROFESSOR: On the surface, maybe. But go underneath. What is he postulating beyond fatalism?

LORELAI: Are we allowed to be hearing this?

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: They wouldn't charge you a hundred bucks or something just for listening to part of a class?

RORY: I don't think Harvard would nickel and dime people like that.

LORELAI: Hey, I'm gonna find a ladies room. You know, sneak a smoke, see if anybody slipped an aspirin in my coke.

RORY: Okay, Rizzo. I'd like to listen a little bit more.

LORELAI: I'll be back.

RORY: I'll be here.

PROFESSOR: The stoics believe the greatest happiness resulted from leading a virtuous life□

[Rory drops her coffee cup, everyone turns around to see what the noise was.]

PROFESSOR: In or out?

RORY: Excuse me?

PROFESSOR: If you're going to take the class, you have to take a seat.

RORY: Oh, uhh, okay. Sorry. [sits down]

PROFESSOR: Okay, where were we?

CUT TO HALLWAY

[Lorelai walks out of the ladies room. She stops to stare at the wall of class valedictorians. A few seconds later, she hears Rory's voice from inside the classroom.]

RORY: That's an interesting point, Professor, but I'm not sure I agree with it.

CUT TO CLASSROOM

RORY: That's because stoicism was not about giving up things, of money and luxuries and stuff.

PROFESSOR: That's right. By the time he was in his early forties, Seneca had earned enough money to acquire villas, farms, he ate well, he loved expensive furniture, but he didn't consider that a non-philosophical way to live.

[Lorelai watches from the doorway.]

RORY: It's all kind of relative though.

STUDENT: Oh, here we go.

RORY: What?

STUDENT: We can't get through a class without debating relativism.

RORY: I just meant that luxury to some is not necessarily luxury to others.

PROFESSOR: A better subject for another time.

RORY: Oh sorry.

PROFESSOR: No, no, your point is well taken, but it's different than the matter at hand. What we're talking about is Seneca's choosing the better more comfortable of two options while remaining a stoic.

RORY: [to student] Thanks. This was fun. [walks out]

CUT TO HALLWAY

[Lorelai and Rory walk out of the classroom.]

RORY: Did you see me?

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: I was in college.

LORELAI: It was amazing!

RORY: Did I look like I belonged?

LORELAI: Completely. You're a natural

RORY: I can't even believe how it happened. I just sort of got swept up and then the teacher asked a question, and before I knew it□

LORELAI: You were blowing them away.

RORY: Well, I don't know if I was blowing them away but suddenly I was talking and I couldn't stop.

LORELAI: I know that feeling.

RORY: College is gonna be amazing. I can't wait. I love college. I love Harvard. I love fatalism.

CUT TO B&B

[LaDonn carries their bags down the stairs while Lorelai and Rory follow.]

LORELAI: Oh, please LaDonn, we can carry the bags.

LADONN: Nonsense.

RORY: But they're so heavy.

LADONN: I'll just get them down the stairs for you. Whew. Let me catch my breath here.

LORELAI: Oh, wow! Sammy's AWOL, huh?

LADONN: Hmm?

LORELAI: Oh, Sammy. It's like the first time that she hasn't been there on the stairs.

LADONN: What, my Sammy?

LORELAI: Yes.

LADONN: Oh, she's rarely ever on the stairs.

LORELAI: Oh no, she's always right there.

LADONN: On the stairs?

LORELAI: Yes.

LADONN: No, she has her favorite places, but not on the stairs.

LORELAI: There has not been one moment over our entire stay when she has not been right there.

LADONN: On the stairs?

LORELAI: Yes.

LADONN: Oh, she's hardly ever on the stairs.

RORY: Forget it Jake, it's Chinatown.

[They walk to the front desk.]

LADONN: Everything's on your card. I hope you enjoyed your stay. Did you enjoy your stay?

RORY: Very much.

LADONN: Aw, very much?

LORELAI: I sat and forever am at work here.

LADONN: What?

RORY: It was great.

LADONN: Well, there you go. Drive safely, and tell all your friends about the Cheshire Cat.

LORELAI: Oh, you bet we will.

LADONN: As soon as you leave, I'm gonna do my favorite part of the job.

LORELAI: Oh, what's that?

LADONN: I'm gonna read what you wrote in our guestbook.

LORELAI: Give us a five minute headstart?

LADONN: Beg pardon?

RORY: Thank you.

[They pick up their bags and walk out the front door.]

CUT TO INSIDE JEEP

[Back in Stars Hollow, Lorelai and Rory are driving to their house.]

RORY: You know what I love most about Harvard?

LORELAI: No, what?

RORY: They don't sell giant foam fingers.

LORELAI: No, they've got class out the wazoo. Home.

RORY: Feel like we've been gone a long time.

LORELAI: You know what's weird? Every time I leave town, even for just a little while, I always expect everything to look different.

RORY: And it never does.

LORELAI: It never does.

[They drive by townies offering sympathetic looks, including Miss Patty dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief, and Kirk with his arms wide open.]

KIRK: Need a hug?

LORELAI: Patty's good.

[They pull in their driveway.]

LORELAI: So, what about dinner?

RORY: It should probably be something healthy since we've been eating junk the whole trip.

LORELAI: We had lettuce on our burgers last night.

RORY: You picked it off.

LORELAI: But it left its essence.

RORY: There was lettuce essence on our burgers?

LORELAI: Definitely.

RORY: And that satisfied our vegetable requirement?

LORELAI: For the week.

RORY: We can't argue with cold hard facts.

[Lorelai notices the chuppah in the front yard and stares at it.]

RORY: What? Oh, I forgot about that.

LORELAI: Me too. Well, everything's the same.

[Lorelai walks over to the chuppah and starts to cry as she stares at it.]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai is showing slides of the road trip as Emily and Rory sit on the couch.]

LORELAI: This is Sever Hall, one of the oldest buildings in Harvard.

EMILY: Focus the picture Lorelai.

LORELAI: It is focused.

RORY: That's how it came out.

EMILY: It's hurting my eyes.

LORELAI: Come on Mom, they're supposed to be a little arty.

RORY: Plus she doesn't know how to use her camera.

LORELAI: I've only had it six years.

EMILY: It's like I have glaucoma. What's that?

LORELAI: That is a Harvard squirrel.

EMILY: Good grief.

RORY: Sitting on a Harvard rock.

LORELAI: Doesn't he look smart?

EMILY: He looks dirty. Next.

LORELAI: That's Rory's dorm, and part of my finger.

RORY: It's not my dorm yet. We just saw a dorm and figured it might be mine.

EMILY: Why in the world do you insist on taking slides?

LORELAI: I like slides.

EMILY: But prints are so much easier, and faster to get through.

LORELAI: That's what I hate about prints. You give people this big pile of pictures that you're so proud of and they end up just flipping through them super fast without really seeing them or giving you a chance to narrate them like you can with slides.

RORY: I stopped her from adding music.

EMILY: I'm eternally grateful.

LORELAI: I like the bigness of slides too. Makes you feel like you're really there.

EMILY: Yes, this one makes me feel just like I'm in your finger.

LORELAI: Oh. You're just jealous that we didn't invite you to come along.

RORY: Next time.

EMILY: Next time you go to Harvard, you're going to do it properly, with a scheduled visit and a guide.

RORY: I told her about the guide.

EMILY: And why would you go out of town now so soon before your wedding? Didn't your fiancé mind?

LORELAI: Oh, well□

EMILY: I mean, you act as if this coming weekend is just going to be business as usual and not the most important day of your life.

RORY: Mom.

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: Well, it's about this weekend Mom.

EMILY: Yes?

LORELAI: I should've told you before.

EMILY: Oh my God, you didn't!

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: You did!

LORELAI: I did what?

EMILY: You eloped!

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: I knew it! I knew you'd do anything to keep me out of this wedding.

LORELAI: Mom, that's not□

EMILY: Well that is just cruel, Lorelai. A mother waits and plans for this day, even your mother.

LORELAI: Yes, but□

EMILY: I bought a new dress, I got my hair done.

LORELAI: It looks nice.

EMILY: And tonight you just waltz in here, t*rture me for hours with these ridiculous slides, only to let me know at the last possible minute□

LORELAI: Mom, Max and I are not together anymore. The wedding is off.

EMILY: The wedding's off?

LORELAI: Yes.

EMILY: Are you sure?

LORELAI: Yes, I'm sure.

EMILY: Oh.

LORELAI: Mom?

EMILY: Who called it off?

LORELAI: I did. You're thinking you're not surprised.

EMILY: No I wasn't.

LORELAI: You're thinking, 'Yes, I won that five bucks from Dad.'

EMILY: Who would like dessert?

LORELAI: What Mom? What are you thinking? Just tell me.

EMILY: I was thinking I guess I have to return your gift.

LORELAI: My gift?

EMILY: That's right.

LORELAI: You'll have to return my gift. That's□that's what you were thinking?

EMILY: That's right.

LORELAI: That's it?

EMILY: That's it.

LORELAI: Oh. So you got me a gift already?

EMILY: You were getting married. Gifts are expected. It's the proper thing to do. So how's ice cream sound?

RORY: Ice cream sounds great.

LORELAI: So what'd you get me Mom?

[Emily walks out of the room. Lorelai follows her.]

EMILY: I'm not gonna tell you that.

LORELAI: Why not? It's for me.

EMILY: But you're not getting it now.

LORELAI: Iced tea spoons, right?

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Because nobody really needs iced tea spoons ever. I mean, you probably would use 'em if you remembered to use 'em but nobody remembers to use 'em because they're always in a different drawer than the everyday silverware. Out of sight, out of mind. So people just grab a regular old everyday spoon to stir with, and you know what, they work fine.

EMILY: It wasn't iced tea spoons.

LORELAI: Oh, uhhh□oh, oh! Corn on the cob holder thingies! Sterling silver corn on the cob holder thingies?

EMILY: Nope.

LORELAI: Hah!

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: The tiny forks.

EMILY: What tiny forks?

LORELAI: The tiny forks with the tiny prongs and the tiny handles that I can only assume are used to eat the tiny food.

EMILY: They're for lobster tails.

LORELAI: So you did get the tiny forks!

EMILY: You know what, I'm not returning the gift. I'm going to put it away in a closet and you won't know what it is until you do get married someday.

LORELAI: Tell me now!

EMILY: Sorry.

LORELAI: Come on! Mom, I may never get married. I may be a free spirit my whole life or fall in love with a separated catholic guy like Katherine Hepburn did and then, and then not get to go to his funeral when he dies.

EMILY: Well then you'll never get to know what I got you, will you?

LORELAI: I've gotta know!

EMILY: No.

LORELAI: This is t*rture!

EMILY: Tough.

LORELAI: Okay, fine, forget it. I'm going to the bathroom.

EMILY: I'm going to the kitchen.

LORELAI: Hm.

EMILY: Hm.

[They both walk away. Cut to Rory, still sitting on the couch, listening to them.]

LORELAI: HAH!

EMILY: Oh God, you scared me!

LORELAI: Come on, tell me!

EMILY: Lorelai, get away.

LORELAI: Tell me now.

EMILY: I'm serious, get away from me.

LORELAI: Please tell me.

EMILY: This is not funny.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[Later that night, Lorelai and Rory get out of their Jeep across the street from Luke's.]

LORELAI: Hey, am I too far from the curb?

RORY: Oh, you're within five feet.

LORELAI: Close enough for jazz.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Huh?

RORY: Pick it up?

LORELAI: You got it.

LANE: Rory! [runs towards her]

RORY: Oh my God, Lane! [runs towards her]

LANE: I'm back!

RORY: I see!

LANE: Oh, did you ever think this day would come?

RORY: I had hopes, dreams.

LANE: I escaped from Korea, I'm home. Hi Lorelai.

LORELAI: Welcome home, sweetie.

LANE: It's so amazing to be back. When I got off the plane, I kissed the tarmac.

LORELAI: Just like the Pope.

LANE: It was hot and I burned my lips.

RORY: Maybe that's why the Pope always looks so grumpy.

LANE: I'm back!

RORY: I know!

LANE: Did you get my letters?

RORY: Yeah, the first one was a little intense.

LANE: Which one was that?

RORY: The one that said Korea equals death with a bunch of exclamation points and your very sad face cut up plastered all over it.

LANE: Okay, so that was a tad dramatic.

RORY: Was it awful?

LANE: You know what, it wasn't.

LORELAI: Really?

LANE: Some of it was great.

RORY: No way.

LANE: Yeah, some of the food's not so bad, and then my cousins were actually pretty interesting, and the best part, Korea is bootleg heaven. I totally scored in Seoul. Elvis Costello at the Marquee in 1978. A barely coherent Nico doing Dora songs in 1974, and even more barely coherent, Iggy Pop doing David Bowie songs naked in 1981.

RORY: How did you get them past customs?

LANE: Well, I strapped them to my body like in Midnight Express.

RORY: Cool.

LORELAI: I'll be in Luke's. [walks towards Luke's Diner]

RORY: Okay. So it was just an open-ended plane ticket?

LANE: Just to save money. I guess I kind of overreacted.

RORY: Kind of? You did everything but tie a string with you at one end and the Statue of Liberty at the other.

CUT TO INSIDE LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai walks through the door.]

LUKE: Hey!

LORELAI: Lewis and Clark have returned.

LUKE: Oh yeah, which one are you?

LORELAI: I don't know. Which one had to paddle the canoe?

LUKE: Coffee?

LORELAI: You have to ask?

LUKE: So, uh, sorry about what happened—you know, the wedding thing—

LORELAI: It's okay. I'm fine. I want everyone to know that.

LUKE: Uh, I've been feeling like a jerk.

LORELAI: Why?

LUKE: Well, the way I had to come down on Max. I don't know, I was being a—I don't know, what's that word you use, pickleschnitz?

LORELAI: Schnickelfritz?

LUKE: Yeah, that's it.

LORELAI: Luke, it's okay, you already apologized for all that.

LUKE: Well, I've been feeling kind of guilty.

LORELAI: Don't. You are great, Luke. Just making me that chuppah alone—

LUKE: Oh, the chuppah! I left that stupid chuppah on your lawn!

LORELAI: Hey, it's okay.

LUKE: What an idiot!

LORELAI: Really, it's okay.

LUKE: Just this enormous reminder, just sitting on your lawn, mocking you.

LORELAI: I didn't even see it mock, I promise.

LUKE: I'll take it down in the morning. No, I'll take it down now. Hey, we're closing early. Chew it or lose it!

LORELAI: Hey, Luke, it's okay, really. I, uh, I think I'm gonna keep it.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Yeah. It's beautiful, and you made it for me, and it doesn't have to be a wedding chuppah. It can just be a beautiful archway in our yard. I'll grow stuff on it.

LUKE: Well, okay. Um, I'll help you move it around the yard, wherever you want it to be.

LORELAI: Well, that'd be good.

LUKE: So where'd you guys go?

LORELAI: Well, we drove around a little, we hit a B&B, and we took a tour of Harvard.

LUKE: Harvard. . . interesting.

LORELAI: It was amazing. Seeing Rory there, in a dorm room, in a classroom. She fit.

LUKE: Yeah, I can see her fitting there.

LORELAI: She was right at home.

LUKE: So, how you taking that?

LORELAI: Taking what?

LUKE: Seeing her fit?

LORELAI: I loved it—and I hated it.

LUKE: That seems about right.

LORELAI: Man, these past few days. . . just so many thoughts about my life then, my life now, what I missed. Thoughts about what I'll never have, and what I want to have.

LUKE: Yeah, that's a lot of thoughts.

LORELAI: You're not kidding. So can I ask you a question?

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Have you ever set up a line of credit at a bank?

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: But you don't pay for everything with cash on hand, do you?

LUKE: What's all this about?

LORELAI: I think it's time to make a move.

LUKE: Meaning?

LORELAI: I'm diving in. Sookie and I are finally gonna open that inn.

LUKE: Yeah, I know.

LORELAI: No, I mean now. We've been talking about it and dreaming about it and it's time to finally get going on it.

LUKE: Well, if the time is right.

LORELAI: It is. Think I can hack being a business owner?

LUKE: I think you can hack anything.

LORELAI: Really?

LUKE: Yeah. I mean, you know all the creative stuff to the job, and you can manage and uh, I've seen you try to add numbers, so I'd get an accountant first thing.

LORELAI: Okay, yes.

LUKE: So how far along are you?

LORELAI: This far.

LUKE: Well, listen, um, you know, I'm no financial genius, but you know, we can sit down sometime, and you can pick my brain on the few things I do know about.

LORELAI: Really?

LUKE: Sure, I've been around some.

LORELAI: Can I ask you stupid questions?

LUKE: There's no such thing.

LORELAI: How does ink come out of pens?

LUKE: All right, there is such a thing. But, um, you're going to avoid that when we sit down, right?

LORELAI: Right. Thank you.

LUKE: Yeah. And let me know when you need help with the thing that's not a chuppah anymore.

LORELAI: I will. [leaves]

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Rory and Lane are still outside talking]

LANE: So fill me in. What have you been up to? I've gotta know everything.

RORY: I've been to Harvard.

LANE: No way. Oh my God! How? When?

[Lorelai walks over]

RORY: Well, we just got back. Mom, is it okay if I go to Lane's for a bit?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. I'll meet you back at the house.

RORY: Okay.

[Lorelai watches as they walk away.]

LANE: Harvard, that is so cool! I mean, what did you see?

RORY: Oh, Harvard Yard, classrooms, where I might live next year.

LANE: How was it?

RORY: It needs a spruce.

[Lorelai takes out her cell phone and dials, then walks towards the Jeep.]

LORELAI: Sookie, hey it's me, we're back. Good, it was good, but first things first. I wanna start moving on the inn thing. . .I mean, take serious steps. We're ready, don't you think? We're ready. . . Oh good! Well, meet me early at work tomorrow. Yeah. . . .I know, I'm excited too. [drives away]

THE END