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04x15 - Scene in a Mall

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04x15 - Scene in a Mall

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OPEN IN LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai enters with a laptop in her arms.]

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: Hey!

LORELAI: [chuckles and reaches for food on plates he is serving] Ow!

LUKE: Don't.

LORELAI: Ohh. [feigns disappointed]

LUKE: You okay?

LORELAI: Well, you hurt my feelings just now.

LUKE: No, I mean you doing okay with everything?

LORELAI: You're referring to my meltdown in the park.

LUKE: It wasn't a meltdown.

LORELAI: Oh, it was a meltdown. They're making it into a movie -- "Meltdown in the Park." Don't worry, it's just a working title. Baz Luhrmann's directing. And the movie Luke wears tights and sings.

LUKE: But you're okay?

LORELAI: Thanks to my knight in shining armor.

LUKE: Ah, well...

LORELAI: I just hope Alec Baldwin captures your rare essence.

LUKE: And slims down a little for the role. I should deliver these.

LORELAI: Can I work on my laptop?

LUKE: Does it make noise?

LORELAI: No, but I sometimes do.

LUKE: You always do.

LORELAI: Thanks.

[Kirk enters the diner with a pink bag under his arm.]

LUKE: Kirk.

KIRK: Luke.

LUKE: What's with the -

KIRK: It's not a purse!

LUKE: I wasn't gonna say "purse."

KIRK: Oh... Sorry.

LUKE: What's with the gay bag?

KIRK: It's a dog carrier. My girlfriend's gone out of town with some friends, and I'm watching Buster for her. And they're girlfriends, not guys. I called the hotel she booked and verified that it's a girl's name on the register with her. Not that I don't trust her.

LUKE: Clearly.

KIRK: Over there okay?

LUKE: Sure. Carol, Danny, Jamie, Sean, Chris?

KIRK: What's that?

LUKE: Just a list of guys' names that could be girls. You want coffee?

KIRK: Yes.

[Luke returns behind the counter]

LUKE: What is this?

LORELAI: Phone cord.

LUKE: I can't have this here.

LORELAI: Don't worry. It's not plugged in to your regular line. It's the fax line you put in a year ago that you never use.

LUKE: You mean the fax line you made me put in to get in fax orders, even though no one has ever wanted to put in a fax order, and I never got the fax machine, like I told you I would never, ever get the fax machine, making the fax line pointless.

LORELAI: Hold on... Let me get on the "Guinness World Records" website. [clicking on her keyboard] Yes, that's the most times anyone has ever used the word "fax" in a sentence.

LUKE: Just be quick with this.

LORELAI: Man, I love e-mail. Every day Rory and I write each other multiple times. It's great.

LUKE: You enjoy typing to people more than talking to them?

LORELAI: Wrong perspective. E-mail is a return to the romantic days of letter writing. It's pure Dickens.

LUKE: Why Dickens?

LORELAI: It's just when I picture letter writing, I picture Charles Dickens.

LUKE: Charles Dickens wrote more letters than other people?

LORELAI: No, it's just I can easily picture him in his study with his dog and his pipe and his fancy feathered pen, writing [British accent] "Cheerio, old bean. Have a cup of tea. How's Big Ben? How's the Tower of London, Sister Suffragette? Tuppence a bag."

LUKE: Sounds like an idiot. [struggles to crawl under phone cord]

CAESAR: Hey, Luke, coffee?.

LUKE: [struggles back under cord] Oh, this is embarrassing.

LORELAI: I could unplug, but then I'd just have to start the whole process all over again.

LUKE: Or you could just eat here and save e-mailing for when you're...excuse me [A delayed realization sinks in and he walks over to Kirk's table.] You have a dog there?

KIRK: No. Why?

LUKE: Just putting two and two together.

KIRK: Well, it's coming out five. Buster is at home, asleep.

LUKE: Mm-hmm. Okay. What'll you have?

KIRK: Oatmeal, extra brown sugar on the side, and a pound of raw hamburger. [sees Luke's dark expression] Or just the oatmeal will be fine.

[Luke returns to the counter and now Lorelai's computer cord is balanced atop stacked menus. He sighs.]

LORELAI: Voila!

LUKE: This does nothing.

LORELAI: It makes it easier to limbo under.

LUKE: This is my place. I shouldn't have to limbo.

KIRK: [high voice] You still sleepy?

LORELAI: [glances over at Kirk's table] Why is Kirk talking to his man purse?

KIRK: You got sleepy face. You have to tinkle? [realizes he's being watched and nonchalantly reaches into bag] Uh, where is that? Just looking for my Lucky magazine, and, uh...ow! [Grunts] Paper cut.

OPEN TO YALE DORM ROOM

[Rory coughs then reaches into the mini-fridge.]

PARIS: What are you doing?

RORY: Getting a drink.

PARIS: You're sick.

RORY: Hence the fluids.

PARIS: When you came out of our room, did you use the doorknob?

RORY: As opposed to dematerializing, passing vapor-like through the wall, then rematerializing out here? No, I used the doorknob.

PARIS: For the love of God, I begged you not to touch anything. [Paris sprays an aerosol can over the doorknob.]

RORY: I'm not contagious anymore. Paris, stop!

PARIS: I'm not getting sick.

RORY: That's your deodorant.

PARIS: Then what the hell did I spray under my arms?

[A cell phone rings in distance. Rory goes into her room to answer it.]

RORY: That's mine. [answers] Hello.

LANE: Guess where I'm standing.

RORY: I don't know but you sound a little echoey.

[cutting between Rory's dorm and Lane's apartment]

LANE: I'm standing in the living room of my very own apartment!

RORY: You're kidding.

LANE: I'm waiting for the gas man. The gas man! Isn't that great? I've got gas! Ignore the word. Just focus on the enthusiasm.

RORY: How are you affording this?

LANE: I'm sharing it with Zach and Brian.

RORY: You're living with the band?

LANE: It's totally innocent, I have my own room, and they're gonna sleep in the living room.

RORY: That is so cool. When do you move your stuff in?

LANE: Tomorrow. That is if my mom hasn't sold it all by now. Hey, you sound a little stuffed.

RORY: I've been sick, but it's mostly deodorant stench I'm suffering from at the moment.

LANE: Oh, my God! My first mail is here! It's a Chinese menu.

RORY: Frame it or something.

LANE: I will. I've gotta go, I'll call you later.

RORY: Bye. [glances over at bedroom doorway where Paris is holding cigarette lighter flame under the door knob.] Oh, that's not dangerous.

PARIS: Fire kills germs. [holding shirt over nose as Rory passes by] And I'm sleeping with one of the other girls tonight.

RORY: How very "The L Word".

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai packs up her laptop.]

LUKE: You done?

LORELAI: Oh yes, your limboing days are over, my friend. Thanks for putting up with me.

LUKE: Well, I only fell once.

LORELAI: And gracefully. Bye.

LUKE: Wait a minute. Hold on.

LORELAI: Why? [Luke glances around covertly] You're making me nervous.

LUKE: Just, uh... [slides an envelope over to her] here.

LORELAI: What's this?

LUKE: It's what it is.

LORELAI: [hold envelope to forehead] "A monk, a trunk, and a skunk."

LUKE: What are you doing?

LORELAI: Carnak, although I don't have a punch line. Never stopped Johnny.

LUKE: Put that down. Hide it.

LORELAI: What is it?

LUKE: Open it later.

[After opening the envelope, Lorelai sighs and sits down.]

LORELAI: A check to me for \$30,000.

LUKE: Shh!

LORELAI: Luke, this is the money I was gonna ask you for.

LUKE: And you did ask, and there it is.

LORELAI: But I didn't. Not officially. I blubbered an amount to you, and we didn't get to talk about a repayment schedule.

LUKE: It's okay.

LORELAI: Or interest or collateral. I had charts and projections. I wanted to take you out to a nice dinner.

LUKE: So send me a Honeybaked Ham.

LORELAI: But this is wrong. This is not how you do these things.

LUKE: I don't know how to do these things. Will you just take the money?

LORELAI: I'm sorry, we at least have to go over the basics. [She pulls out napkin and scribbles on it.]

LUKE: I don't want to read that.

LORELAI: Well, I'm not leaving until you read this napkin. [She pushes the napkin over to Luke.]

LUKE: Okay. [He reads and edits the napkin.] Fine. Okay? That's okay. That's too much. That's sufficient. [He passes the napkin back to Lorelai.]

LORELAI: Okay, but what about this? [She writes something down and passes it back.]

LUKE: Nicole?!

LORELAI: Hey! I thought we were writing and sliding.

LUKE: What about Nicole?

LORELAI: I need to know her role.

LUKE: There is none.

LORELAI: Luke, if it's joint money, then I should acknowledge that and thank her the next time I see her...

LUKE: You're not gonna see her. Now, can we stop talking about this whole thing?

LORELAI: Okay, but I insist on typing up something legal and binding for this loan.

LUKE: Okay, okay. I really just don't want to talk about this anymore.

LORELAI: Okay. We'll dot the Is and cross the Ts another day.

LUKE: Yes, we'll cross and dot.

LORELAI: I just have to write down one more thing.

LUKE: What! [impatiently] What is so important now? [reads the napkin] You're welcome.

[Lorelai gathers up her belongings and leaves. Luke smiles down at the note.]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE FRONT HALL

[The doorbell rings and the maid answers. Lorelai enters.]

LORELAI: Hi. [The maid exits quickly.]

EMILY: [enters speaking impatiently on a cordless phone] Gilmore -- Richard and Emily Gilmore. Look, we single-handedly put your restaurant on the map by praising your crab puffs at Eunice Pierpont Pennington's granddaughter's christening.

LORELAI: Hi, Mom. [follows and waves to Emily]

EMILY: [still speaking into phone] Oh, really? You're new there? Because your deft handling of this phone call displays all the signs of a seasoned and experienced hand. [brief pause] Yes, go get Trey. That's a smashing idea. [to Lorelai] Painful hello.

LORELAI: What's going on? [removes coat]

EMILY: You couldn't see the smoke from Stars Hollow? Lettie burned the entrée.

LORELAI: Beyond edibility? 'Cause I'm not picky.

EMILY: No, I could not expose you to such a loin.

LORELAI: Oh, if I had a nickel.

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: So you had a burning loin.

EMILY: And now I'm fighting to squeeze us into somewhere appropriate.

LORELAI: Someone to take pity on the loinless.

EMILY: Is that how you're dressed?

LORELAI: Is this a trick question?

EMILY: It's really not appropriate to go out in.

LORELAI: Well, I did not foresee your burning loin.

EMILY: Stop saying that word.

LORELAI: When will I get this chance again?

EMILY: I've seen that on you a dozen times. You really should update your wardrobe.

LORELAI: My wardrobe is fine, Mom.

EMILY: The summer lines are coming out. You should hit a store.

[Richard enters.]

RICHARD: No need for you to hit any more stores, Emily. You've done enough shopping for a lifetime. For Methuselah's lifetime. [to his daughter] Hello, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hi, Dad.

EMILY: I didn't say I was going shopping, Richard.

RICHARD: It's an instinct that requires no verbalization.

EMILY: I was suggesting that your daughter update her wardrobe.

RICHARD: No need to spread your disease either.

EMILY: Richard!

LORELAI: Really Dad, don't read more into this than what it is: just humiliating me.

RICHARD: Ah.

EMILY: I should hang up and let you both starve.

RICHARD: What do you mean, starve? What happened to dinner?

EMILY: I told you not five minutes ago that dinner was ruined.

RICHARD: Did you?

EMILY: Yes.

RICHARD: I heard the word "loin," but I didn't think you meant dinner. [grins]

LORELAI: Eh...This is making me very uncomfortable.

EMILY: That's because you half listen to everything I say. [to phone] Yes, I'm still here. Good, check with him. [to Richard] I think we have a shot at Bastide.

RICHARD: Isn't that a little drab?

EMILY: We love Bastide.

RICHARD: You love Bastide. Why don't we try that place Jason took me to last week? A lot of hip clientele. He pointed out Moby to me. He's that bald musician.

LORELAI: Yep, that's pretty hip, Dad.

EMILY: When did you have dinner with Moby?

RICHARD: Moby was just there. Jason played me some of his music later. I liked it.

EMILY: We're going to Bastide, but don't fret. Maybe the Beatles will be there and you can sit in and

jam with them.

RICHARD: Two of the Beatles are dead, Emily.

EMILY: Only one is dead.

RICHARD: No, a second Beatle died just recently. Lorelai?

LORELAI: Could you press the "pause" button on this conversation? I really want Rory to hear the rest of it.

EMILY: If we're going to Bastide, you should change your jacket, Richard.

RICHARD: All right.

EMILY: And please shave that moustache, I beg of you.

RICHARD: I want to see what it looks like fully grown, Emily. That was the agreement.

EMILY: Well, it looks like a caterpillar now. In two weeks it'll look like a bigger caterpillar.

RICHARD: Very funny.

EMILY: I'm not trying to be funny.

RICHARD: I will shave it when I shave it. [moves to stairs]

EMILY: [into phone] Yes. Yes, we'll be there. Thank you. [to Richard] Wait! They said they can take us if we can be there in five minutes and order as quickly as possible.

RICHARD: Well it'll take longer than that.

EMILY: Not if we move.

RICHARD: What about my jacket?

EMILY: Doesn't matter. They'll be staring at your moustache.

RICHARD: Emily.

EMILY: Come on. Scoot, scoot. And be thinking about what you want.

LORELAI: Whoa, just one little problem here. Rory?

EMILY: What about her?

LORELAI: She's not here yet.

EMILY: She's not coming.

LORELAI: She's not coming?

EMILY: No, she's been sick all week. I told her to stay in her dorm and rest.

LORELAI: She's been sick?

EMILY: Didn't you know?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, I knew.

EMILY: [hurries out the door] I'm having sea bass. Think, think.

RICHARD: Mm-hmm. [He shuts the door behind him.]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai types on a laptop, staring at the screen.]

LORELAI: I knew it. [She dials the phone.]

RORY: Hello?

LORELAI: We have an e-mail relationship.

RORY: Hi.

LORELAI: [gasps] She speaks. She has the ability.

RORY: What's wrong?

LORELAI: Are you okay? Are you sick?

RORY: I'm getting over a cold. You knew that.

LORELAI: No, I didn't, because our once-wonderful relationship -- envy of all the world, more intimate than that of the naked couple in the "love is..." cartoons -- has degenerated into e-mail correspondence.

RORY: I'm sure I wrote that I had a cold.

LORELAI: No, you didn't.

RORY: In all those e-mails, I didn't mention it?

LORELAI: All those e-mails? I'm sorry, but you write less than the people offering to enlarge a piece of anatomy I do not possess.

RORY: I could have sworn I told you.

LORELAI: I just reread every e-mail you sent in the past ten days. No sickness mention, but you did share these gems: "Hey, what up? Is it freezing there, too? Ice." And, "Whew. Pooped." Then you added one of those obnoxious hieroglyphics that I can never read that are supposed to indicate you're laughing or smiling or frowning or vomiting. I don't know what.

RORY: That's a typo. I don't do cutesy symbols.

LORELAI: You're not even using verbs. That's not a relationship. Relationships need verbs.

RORY: Well yours aren't much better.

LORELAI: I'm not saying they are.

RORY: I can never get you on the phone.

LORELAI: [gasps] I can never get you!

RORY: You got me now.

LORELAI: Freak of nature. What do you look like. Do you look the same?

RORY: Hold on. My nose ring is itching.

LORELAI: Don't kid. I'm mad and needy, and I ended up going out to dinner alone with my parents, who bickered the whole time about which Beatle is alive and which is dead.

RORY: So, where'd they land?

LORELAI: John and Keith are dead. Paul and Bingo are still kicking. Play hooky tomorrow.

RORY: From what?

LORELAI: I don't know. Whatever you got. I know you're always busy, but let's do something.

RORY: What about the inn?

LORELAI: They can live without me for a day.

RORY: Tomorrow's actually good.

LORELAI: Really?

RORY: There's a newspaper thing, but I can skip that.

LORELAI: Cool! What do we do?

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: Mom said the summer clothing lines are out. Want to go shopping? We haven't done that in ages.

RORY: But we're both totally skint.

LORELAI: Huh? We're what?

RORY: We're skint -- broke. It's British.

LORELAI: Oh man, you've learned to speak British. I didn't even know about it.

RORY: You know what I mean.

LORELAI: So we won't buy anything. We'll just window-shop.

RORY: That could be fun.

LORELAI: It'll be like we're in an old movie, y'know? Walking around, window-shopping like Roz Russell and Ava Gardner on Fifth Avenue.

RORY: I'm with you.

LORELAI: Meet me at the inn, 10:00?

RORY: But it's been so long. How will we recognize each other?

LORELAI: We'll wear a rose in our lapels.

RORY: Or dangling from my nose ring.

LORELAI: You're kidding about that, right?

RORY: I'm leaving you in suspense.

LORELAI: Tomorrow at 10:00, Roz darling?

RORY: Till tomorrow, Ava dearest.

CUT TO OUTSIDE ENTRANCE OF DOOSE'S MARKET

[Luke exits with a bag of groceries as Kirk approaches with a mob of leashed dogs.]

KIRK: Look out. Coming through.

LUKE: What's with all the dogs, Kirk?

KIRK: Well, people in town saw how good I was with Lulu's dog that they asked me to watch theirs - for a fee, of course.

LUKE: What are you looking for?

KIRK: Shh. Come on. [He walks around corner followed by Luke.] It's a game I'm playing with the dogs -- tracker. See, I cut one of them loose, and then the rest of us hide until we get tracked down. At the moment, we're hiding from Snuggles.

LUKE: We are?

KIRK: It helps them hone their tracking skills, and the kids love it.

LUKE: What kids?

KIRK: The babies. The dogs.

LUKE: You ever the one that gets cut loose?

KIRK: I've gone twice. Shh. Snuggles. Cute, but not the smartest tool in the shed. [small shaggy dog crosses the street - pauses and runs straight to Kirk] He found us! Celebrate! Come on, Luke. Celebrate!

LUKE: I'll have a beer tonight.

KIRK: Beer? Oh, no! We don't like beer. Beer is bad. Cookies! [all the dogs leap up onto Kirk] Cookies! Cookies! Cookies! Cookies! Celebrate! Cookies! [Dog barks]

[Luke looks back at Kirk's display in disgust - turns and walks away]

CUT TO CONSTRUCTION SITE OF DRAGONFLY INN

[Rory enters with a rose pinned to her jacket.]

TOM: Hi, Rory.

RORY: Hi, Tom. How's it going?

TOM: Not half bad.

RORY: Then it's half good.

TOM: That makes it sound better than it is.

RORY: Kinda the point.

TOM: What's with the flower?

RORY: It's so my Mom and I will recognize each other.

TOM: Girl thing?

RORY: Yeah.

TOM: I'm not into girl things.

RORY: You're a contractor.

TOM: Yep. Later.

[Rory spies Dean near a stairwell and approaches him. Dean is wearing full construction gear including a hard hat.]

RORY: Oh, excuse me. Can I have your autograph?

DEAN: What?

RORY: Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you were one of the Village People.

DEAN: Ouch. [grinning]

RORY: I'm kidding. I'm a kidder.

DEAN: What are you doing here?

RORY: I'm meeting my mom here. We're playing hooky.

DEAN: The flower's a private joke for her?

RORY: You know me well.

DEAN: Yeah, I do. -- So, um, you okay and all?

RORY: Yeah. Oh, that. I'm fine now. A little nervous breakdown can really work wonders for a girl. I didn't mean to lay all that on you.

DEAN: That's what shoulders are for.

RORY: Well, you've got a heck of an understanding shoulder.

DEAN: Hey, you want to hammer something?

RORY: Always.

DEAN: Be my guest. [hands her a hammer]

RORY: Really?

DEAN: Yeah, Tom went outside. Do it. Go on. [He holds a piece of wooden stair trim for her.]

RORY: I feel like I should spit or hike up my shorts or something. [She taps the hammer on the trim.]

DEAN: Wow. You're a natural.

RORY: I think I must have been a carpenter in another life, or just someone who really hated nails.

[Lindsay and her mother Theresa enter carrying picnic baskets.]

LINDSAY: Hi, Rory.

RORY: Oh, hi, Lindsay.

DEAN: [approaches and kisses Lindsay] Hi.

LINDSAY: Are we early?

DEAN: No, not at all.

LINDSAY: Mom and I just wanted to get a nice jump on things today.

THERESA: Did Lindsay tell you we found a new dry cleaner?

DEAN: No.

THERESA: Tell him, Lindsay!

LINDSAY: They use less solvent, so it's cleaner. [to Rory] I'm really into the environment.

RORY: Oh, me too.

LINDSAY: So, are you working here?

RORY: No, that was illegal hammering. Completely non-union. Come the revolution, I shall be shot.

THERESA: Let's set up lunch before everything gets cold.

LINDSAY: Okay [They walk to a nearby table.]

RORY: Lunch? This early?

THERESA: Our Deano's up at 5:00.

RORY: Deano?

LINDSAY: Don't worry. Mom made lunch today, so it's safe to eat.

DEAN: Lindsay's mom is teaching her how to cook.

LINDSAY: It's hard. Do you know how?

RORY: If you count radiator quesadillas.

THERESA: I should have started teaching you sooner. Don't make that mistake with your little one.

[Both chuckle]

RORY: [whispers] Are you...? [Dean shakes his head no and joins Lindsay and Theresa.]

[Lorelai enters]

LORELAI: Rory? Rory? Rory? [Gasps as she stops before a large, gruff looking construction worker near Rory. To construction worker] Rory! Rory! Rory!

RORY: [pretends laughter] Ha ha.

LORELAI: [to the construction worker] You're never going to attract a man looking like that.

RORY: Over here, Biddy Bidster.

LORELAI: Oh, bye. [approaches Rory and hugs her] Hi. Oh, you wore a rose!

RORY: That was the agreement.

LORELAI: Hey, Lindsay. Hey, Theresa.

LINDSAY AND THERESA: Hi.

LORELAI: You ready?

RORY: Let's go.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: Hey, how often does this happen? [subtly indicating in Lindsay and Theresa's direction]

LORELAI: Oh, well, it's a hot lunch every day. Plus they always bring something for the group. Yesterday it was peanut brittle Lindsay made. It broke a crown, three teeth, then a HazMat team came and took it away. [exit]

CUT TO MALL FOOD COURT

[Lorelai and Rory are standing in front of a free-sample-guy eating food on toothpicks.]

LORELAI: They put everything on pretzels nowadays. I love that

RORY: You're our new best friend, Howard.

LORELAI: We don't say that to just anybody.

RORY: Just anybody holding free food.

LORELAI: We'll be back.

RORY: Stock up.

LORELAI: Okay, here we go.

[They both step onto the up-escalator.]

RORY: Where should we start?

LORELAI: Well, we're window-shopping, so let's find a window.

RORY: I see rows and rows of windows.

LORELAI: Hey, let's walk arm in arm like window-shopping ladies do in movies.

RORY: You got it.

LORELAI: I wish I'd brought a xylophone with me. There's always a bouncy xylophone playing when movie girls window-shop. [at top of escalator] So, left or right?

RORY: Let's go right.

LORELAI: Okay.

[They wander past stores with window displays.]

LORELAI: Oh, cool.

RORY: Oh, that would look great on you.

LORELAI: I love blue.

RORY: You should make a mental note to get that when you're back in the cash.

LORELAI: Done.

RORY: Shall we?

LORELAI: Let's shall.

[They both bump into a window corner.]

RORY: Oh, sorry.

LORELAI: One of the risks of linked-arm walking.

CUT TO OUTSIDE ENTRANCE OF KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Lane approaches front door and sees her mother inside. She knocks.]

MRS. KIM: Lane.

LANE: Hello.

MRS. KIM: Come in.

LANE: Thank you.

LANE: Hello, Aunt Jun.

AUNT JUN: Hello.

MRS. KIM: Your Aunt Jun brought your cousin Christine to help with your move. Say hello to Christine.

LANE: Hello, Christine.

CHRISTINE: Hello, Lane.

MRS. KIM: Jun and I will remain down here while you move. You may use whatever boxes you need, plus bubble wrap and tape. Just write down what you take for inventory purposes.

LANE: I will. Thank you.

MRS. KIM: You're welcome.

AUNT JUN: Go with Lane, Christine.

[Christine silently follows Lane up the stairs to her bedroom, which is in disarray. A soon as Lane shuts the door, Christine begins to speak.]

CHRISTINE: [babbles shrilly] I don't believe it! You're moving! What happened? Tell me everything! Was there a fight? Are you getting married? No female Kim has ever moved out without getting married. You're not getting married, right? I love the floorboard thing! It's so "Hogan's Heroes"! I wonder if I can pull up the floorboards at my house. Have you heard of the Libertines? What about the White Stripes? Is it over for them? What about Zeppelin? I'm getting more retro. What's a good Zeppelin?

[Lane ignores Christine and gathers her belongings.]

CHRISTINE: "II," "III"? "III"'s got "Stairway to Heaven", right? Man, it's like a funeral down there. I thought my mom was harsh, but your mom makes the guy from Joy Division look like one of the Teletubbies. Are you taking all of this? Is she going through the boxes before you leave? Where do you buy the CDs with the swear words? Did you buy them in disguise? Did someone buy them for you? Have you ever --

LANE: Hey Kid, do I look green and wrinkly to you? No? That's right. I'm not Yoda. So if you're looking for a mentor, call the Dalai Lama. What I'm here to do is get my stuff and split. Now be quiet and start assembling boxes. And "Stairway to Heaven" is from "Led Zeppelin IV." If you're going to get into classic rock, know it, don't blow it! [Sighs and resumes packing]

CUT TO STAIRWELL

[Lane and Christine descend the stairs. Lane carries a large box.]

CHRISTINE: [whispering] Do you have a car? Are you getting a car? Do you have a license? Are Kims allowed to drive? I'm dying to drive.

[Christine is silent again when they enter the room where Mrs. Kim and Jun are sitting.]

LANE: [sighs] I left the inventory list in the room.

MRS. KIM: Very good.

LANE: I guess I'll be going.

MRS. KIM: Yes.

AUNT JUN: Step away from Lane, Christine.

[Lane and Mrs. Kim look at each other silently. Lane sighs and exits. Mrs. Kim sips her tea as the door closes.]

CUT TO MALL

[Lorelai and Rory are still walking along outside the stores. They pause before a large window.]

LORELAI: Oh, that's nice.

RORY: Which?

LORELAI: That. [pointing]

RORY: The skirt and the blouse?

LORELAI: Yeah. More the skirt than the blouse.

RORY: I like them both.

LORELAI: Good colors

RORY: Oh, they have nice-looking jackets.

LORELAI: Where?

RORY: In the back there. [pointing]

LORELAI: Oh, cute. [half-heartedly]

RORY: Mental note.

LORELAI: Absolutely. Next window?

RORY: Sure.

LORELAI: Okay, this sucks.

RORY: Completely.

LORELAI: This is the least amount of fun I've ever had, barring the time we went to Mummenschanz.

RORY: Oh, this is way less fun.

LORELAI: Window-shopping? What was I thinking?

RORY: But it sounds fun. It should be fun.

LORELAI: Not if you think about it. I mean, window-shopping is like going to a museum, but you're actually interested in what you're looking at, and everyone can buy something except for you.

RORY: I've made so many mental notes in my head of things to get that I think my head has actually gotten bigger.

LORELAI: Look at all these haughty people with their bags, just rubbing our faces in it. What were Roz Russell and Ava Gardner thinking?

RORY: What movie did you see them window-shop in?

LORELAI: I don't know that I did. I just picked two old movie-actress names. I don't know that I've seen anyone window-shop in a movie ever.

RORY: So, this whole outing was a house of sand built on a foundation of straw.

LORELAI: Hey, maybe if we went in the store, it would be better.

RORY: Well, it would be way better than just pressing our noses up against the windows.

[They walk inside a store. Moments later they rush out.]

RORY: Nope.

LORELAI: Worse!

RORY: Much worse.

LORELAI: Time to pull the plug, hon.

RORY: But what do we do? It's still morning.

LORELAI: We could ride the glass elevator up and down.

RORY: Oh, God, we're sad.

LORELAI: They've got a merry-go-round.

RORY: It costs money.

LORELAI: Right, and we're skint.

RORY: Plus dirty diapers have touched those seats.

LORELAI: Well, let's just go somewhere where things are not for sale. Let's be rid of temptation.

RORY: Sounds good.

CUT TO TOP OF ESCALATOR

[Lorelai and Rory peer downstairs to food court area.]

RORY: Do you see Howard?

LORELAI: I see Howard, and he's got a fresh batch.

[They eagerly step onto the escalator.]

RORY: I'm looking forward to Howard.

[Lorelai spots Emily at the bottom of the nearby up escalator. She's riding toward them.]

LORELAI: Oh, no.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Emily. [hides her face with hand]

RORY: Emily who? [imitates her mother's gesture]

LORELAI: "Emily the Strange" with the black cat and the boots made for kicking. Who do you think?

RORY: Grandma's here? Are you sure?

LORELAI: Very sure.

RORY: Why are we hiding?

LORELAI: Reflex.

RORY: We have to say hello to her.

LORELAI: Why? We're two ships. We're passing.

RORY: If she sees us hiding, we're going to have to explain.

LORELAI: So hide good. [pulls Rory close to hide behind her]

EMILY: Lorelai, Rory!

LORELAI: Mom, hi.

RORY: Hi, Grandma.

EMILY: Meet me up here.

LORELAI: Oh, we're going down.

EMILY: Meet me up here!

LORELAI: Okay. [They both start to walk up the down escalator.]

EMILY: [impatient] Go down, then meet me up here!

LORELAI: Right. Coming. Oh, we stink at hiding. [sighs]

CUT TO TOP OF ESCALATOR

[Lorelai and Rory exit the escalator and approach Emily.]

LORELAI AND RORY: Hi. Hi. Wow [weak chuckle]

EMILY: What are you doing here? I thought you were both swamped with work.

LORELAI: Uh, well, yes, well, Rory got a special, uh --

RORY: The chancellor gave me a --

LORELAI: I actually was able to take --

RORY: -- half a day.

LORELAI: -- a half a day, too. And so we've --

RORY: -- just to spend some time.

LORELAI: We're playing hooky.

EMILY: Well then, just say that. How long have you been here?

LORELAI: Hour and a half.

EMILY: Where are your bags?

RORY: We're just window-shopping.

EMILY: Window-shopping?

LORELAI: Like Roz Russell and Ava Gardner.

EMILY: What's the fun in that?

RORY: There's no fun in that.

LORELAI: We're thinking of suing Roz and Ava's estates.

EMILY: Well, come on.

LORELAI: Oh. Ah. Where?

EMILY: Shopping. Come on. Pip-pip. [starts to walk off]

LORELAI: Mom, we were just leaving.

EMILY: You're not leaving. Now, come on.

LORELAI: I guess we're following my mother.

RORY: She's very aggressive today.

LORELAI: I think the passive part of her personality is playing hooky.

EMILY: [exasperated] Come on!

LORELAI: Coming!

CUT TO LANE'S NEW APARTMENT

[Lane unpacks while Brian sits on the floor. Zach carries boxes inside.]

LANE: Hey, did you guys bring silverware or drinking glasses or anything for the kitchen?

BRIAN: I didn't.

LANE: We've no bowls! We have no cups! [opens a kitchen cabinet and gasps] But we do have a him.

ZACH: Him? Him who?

BRIAN: There's a him in one of the cupboards?

LANE: An ex-him, to be exact. He's belly-up. He was a big boy, too. A big, fat, belly-up big boy.

[Zach drops a box on top of a pile.]

BRIAN: Hey, watch it. That's my stereo!

ZACH: We didn't need your stereo, Brian. We've got my stereo.

LANE: We've got three stereos and no forks. [exits to another room]

BRIAN: We're kind of lacking in shelf space.

ZACH: Well, maybe you should skip displaying your Futurama action figures. That might open space up a bit.

LANE: [returns in a panic] There are no curtains on the windows! People can see right in.

BRIAN: What if we're naked?

ZACH: Please, never be naked.

BRIAN: I try not to be.

LANE: And how can there be no refrigerator?

BRIAN: There's no refrigerator?

LANE: I just assumed there'd be one!

ZACH: Great, so it's back to the Middle Ages for us. Let's start storing meat in stocks of salt.

LANE: Is that someone looking in? [exits again]

[Brian plugs something into the light socket.]

ZACH: What's that?

BRIAN: It's a night light.

ZACH: Dude, when the Sex Pistols roomed together, no way did they have a night light.

BRIAN: You don't know that.

ZACH: I read Johnny Rotten's book. There's no mention of a night light.

LANE: [returns to room] Towels! I don't have towels. [holds up a pitiful washcloth] I've got this. This is not gonna work.

ZACH: Hey, when you said you had a bed for me, you didn't say it would be bunk beds.

BRIAN: But they're cool. The bottom one's like a fort.

ZACH: We're not playing fort.

LANE: We've got to start a list. Anyone have paper or a pen or money?

ZACH: Dude, look, this is my side of the shelf. Your stuff's encroaching.

BRIAN: It's not encroaching.

ZACH: Bender and Leela are on my side. Put them back on your side.

BRIAN: That's not Bender. That's Nibbler. Bender's a robot.

ZACH: Are you remotely aware that you're not twelve?

BRIAN: They're on my side!

ZACH: They're on my side, dude. Move them.

LANE: Guys, stop! Look down. There's a whole empty shelf for you to use, so you can stop bickering.

BRIAN: But we put that aside for you.

LANE: What?

ZACH: For your CDs and stuff. You need a shelf, Lane.

[After a short pause Lane hugs them both.]

BRIAN: Jeez. You smeared my glasses.

LANE: [grateful tears] This is gonna work, one step at a time.

ZACH: Listen, we set aside a shelf for you in the john, too. You don't need to hug us for that.

CUT TO MALL DEPARTMENT STORE

[Lorelai and Rory rush to keep pace with Emily.]

LORELAI: [sighs] Uh, Mom, where the fire?

EMILY: We have a lot to get through.

[A sales girl approaches them.]

SALES GIRL: Mrs. Gilmore, did I know you were coming?

EMILY: Not unless you're clairvoyant.

SALES GIRL: What are we looking for today?

EMILY: What are we not looking for? This is my daughter, Lorelai, and my granddaughter, Rory.

SALES GIRL: Nice to meet you.

LORELAI: Same here.

RORY: Hi.

EMILY: What's new? I want a full report.

SALES GIRL: We have a china set that just arrived still in its crate that screams "Emily Gilmore."

EMILY: Hand-painted?

SALES GIRL: Designed in 1870 for the Shah of Persia -- the finest. Would you like to see it?

EMILY: No need. Give me a set of twelve. Plus soup tureens, sauce boats, the works. What else?

SALES GIRL: Doreen. [calling out to approaching woman who joins them keeping brisk pace]

EMILY: That's gorgeous. [glancing at a glass ornament]

SALES GIRL: From Giorgio Baldi's studio in Venice. They only made eighteen.

EMILY: Wrap them up.

SALES GIRL: Right away. [exits]

[Emily stops short in the aisle. Lorelai slams into her back.]

EMILY: Lorelai!

LORELAI: Your brake lights were out.

EMILY: You! [calling out to salesman] You've got Richard Gilmore's sizes on file. Pull the latest Brionis in an assortment of colors and charge them to our account.

SALESMAN: Yes, ma'am.

RORY: [to Lorelai] What are Brionis?

LORELAI: Six months of my car payments, plus a car.

EMILY: Include accessories and three pairs of loafers -- Italian. They should feel like butter. Make it four. Hell, make it six.

SALESMAN: Yes, ma'am.

EMILY: And jewelry. Add an assortment of jewelry appropriate for a man with a moustache. What

would that be? Bracelets, pinkie rings?

SALESMAN: Well...

EMILY: And a moustache comb -- the most expensive one you've got.

SSALESMAN I will look. Excuse me. [rushes off]

LORELAI: Uh, Mom - [hurrying to keep pace]

EMILY: Keep up.

LORELAI: Does Dad even want any of this stuff?

EMILY: He doesn't know what he wants, Lorelai, so I choose what he wants.

LORELAI: Excuse me. [stopping in front of display]

SECOND SALESMAN: Yes?

EMILY: I want this.

SECOND SALESMAN: I'm sorry, ma'am, that is just a display. It's not for sale.

EMILY: Everything's for sale.

SECOND SALESMAN: I will take care of it. [exits]

LORELAI: Mom, Dad does not need another globe.

EMILY: Then Rory can have it. She can use a globe. [keeps walking]

RORY: It doesn't even have the right countries on it.

LORELAI: C'mon.

RORY: Or California.

[They walk through the store to the women's accessories department.]

EMILY: Start picking!

LORELAI: Start picking what?

EMILY: Everything, anything!

LORELAI: Mom, we don't have any money.

EMILY: It's on your father.

RORY: But, Grandma --

EMILY: [beckons nearby salesgirl] Some help, please.[snaps fingers] You like hats?

RORY: Uh, kind of.

[A third Sales girl approaches.]

EMILY: That one. Put it on her.

LORELAI: Ooh. [giggles]

EMILY: I like it. These scarves all match, and of course you'll need gloves. We'll take them all.
[walks on]

LORELAI: Hey, see those marbles rolling on the floor? They're Mom's. They spilled out of her head.

RORY: I do like the chapeau.

LORELAI: Do not get sucked in! This is craziness!

RORY: It's just a hat.

LORELAI: It's a symbol.

RORY: We don't know what it's symbolizing. Resist.

EMILY: Lorelai!

LORELAI: Ugh.

[Lorelai joins Emily at the fine jewelry counter.]

EMILY: You need a watch.

LORELAI: I don't wear a watch.

EMILY: Do you have a watch?

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: Then you need a watch. [to saleswoman] These don't have diamonds. Which ones have diamonds?

WOMAN: Next display.

LORELAI: Mom, I'm not buying a diamond watch.

EMILY: You just have to take it.

LORELAI: I'm not taking it.

EMILY: I'm buying you a damn watch! [glances in the glass display case and points] That one. Wrap it up.

LORELAI: [to saleswoman] Can I return the damn watch if I don't want it?

WOMAN: Yes, ma'am.

LORELAI: Thank you. [She glances at Rory in the distance - being fussed over.]

CUT TO OTHER PART OF STORE

[Lorelai and Rory trail behind Emily.]

LORELAI: Are you keeping track?

RORY: I lost count.

LORELAI: She bought me four cocktail dresses, two evening gowns, and if I'm not mistaken, eight maids a-milking.

RORY: By the way, she bought you a wedding dress when you weren't looking. Vera Wang.

LORELAI: Why didn't you stop her?

RORY: Well how do you stop a top from spinning around?

LORELAI: This is too much.

EMILY: Girls, come on. Keep up.

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: Stop dawdling and start picking some shoes.

LORELAI: Mom --

EMILY: These Manolo Blahniks would look great on you.

[Lorelai's expression changes to interest]

LORELAI: [imitating Gollum] Oh, me wants them, my precious.

RORY: You told me to resist.

LORELAI: Yeah, but that's before I saw these. These are works of art. They should be in the Louvre.

CUT TO EMILY AND SALES GIRL

SALES GIRL: Mrs Gilmore, I'm sorry. We only four of the Venetian apples in. If you want the rest, we can have them shipped.

EMILY: Well, give me the four today and ship the rest overnight whatever the cost.

SALES GIRL: Yes, ma'am.

LORELAI: Mom, a quick word.

EMILY: Where are your shoes?

LORELAI: Wait. What is the rush on the funny glass apples?

EMILY: They're not funny, and I want them. That's the rush.

LORELAI: Yes, but you've already put quite a dent in your credit card for things you don't seem to need.

EMILY: So?

LORELAI: So it's crazy.

EMILY: Crazy? You think this is crazy? [voice gets louder]

LORELAI: Okay, Mom --

EMILY This isn't crazy!

LORELAI: I didn't mean to --

EMILY: That stupid moustache is crazy! That's what's crazy! Your father's job is crazy! That's what's crazy! He was supposed to be slowing down, and now he's club-hopping with Jason and hanging out with Moby and having secret lunches with women and lying about it!

LORELAI: Mom, Calm down.

EMILY: Why should I calm down? Are you on his side? Do you like that moustache?

LORELAI: I'm not taking sides.

EMILY: I should go to bars! I should hang out with Moby! He'd hate that.

LORELAI: Mom, I'm just suggesting that you slow down on the shopping. This doesn't have to be a whole big thing.

EMILY: Why do I need to slow down? This is what I do, according to Richard. And he's not slowing down. He's got a whole new life. He's got Pennilyn Lott, he's got Digger, he's got a moustache! He's got all that and what do I have? Maybe I should get a job so I can have my own life. I could sell shoes here just as well Eduardo. I should get an application. [Calls out loudly] Get me an application! Go, go!

LORELAI: Mom --

EMILY: I hate that moustache, and he refuses to shave it!

LORELAI: Mom, let's take a break.

EMILY: I don't want to take a break!

LORELAI: Well, we do, and my feet are k*lling me.

EMILY: Well, then get some new shoes!

LORELAI: Come on.

CUT TO MALL FOOD COURT

EMILY: Where are we going?

LORELAI: Right around the corner here.

EMILY: We really should have taken our bags.

LORELAI: They said they'd hold them.

EMILY: I'm totally turned around. Where are we?

RORY: You'll smell in a second.

EMILY: [gasps] What is this?

RORY: It's the food court.

EMILY: How long has this been here?

LORELAI: You've never been to the food court, Mom?

EMILY: No.

RORY: Where do you eat when you shop?

EMILY: I leave and go to a restaurant.

LORELAI: With this Valhalla of international cuisine so close?

EMILY: But it's cafeteria-style.

RORY: That's the fun.

LORELAI: Here. Best table in the house.

EMILY: It's plastic.

RORY: Plastic is a vital part of our bright tomorrow.

LORELAI: Soon we'll all be living in plastic houses.

RORY: On the moon.

EMILY: What are you talking about?

RORY: We're pulling your leg, Grandma.

EMILY: Well don't do that.

LORELAI: So what are you in the mood for?

EMILY: I don't know.

RORY: I want Mexican.

LORELAI: I kind of feel like Moroccan and Chinese.

RORY: So smorgasbord.

LORELAI: Yeah. Come on.

EMILY: Wait. Here. [tries to hand Lorelai a credit card]

LORELAI: Oh, no, Mom. Moe's Moroccan Palace does not take credit cards.

EMILY: You're kidding.

LORELAI: It's on us. [to Rory] Keep an eye on her. Make sure she doesn't wander off.

CUT TO MINUTES LATER IN FOOD COURT

[Lorelai and Rory approach the table, each carrying a food tray. A mall employee trails behind them with more trays.]

LORELAI: [cell phone to her ear] The ad cannot run with the color composition the way it is. The drawing of the inn looks purple. [pause] Yes, I know, but I'm not paying for it looking like that. I do understand. It looks awful. [pause] Fine. Have him call me. I would love to sort it out. Okay? Thank you. Bye. [hangs up] Sorry.

[They join Emily sitting at the table.]

EMILY: What is all this?

RORY: It's lunch. Thanks, Lou. [he exits]

LORELAI: I got a little something from everywhere.

EMILY: I wouldn't know where to begin.

LORELAI: Well, start at the top and stop when you hit table.

EMILY: I had no idea so many different kinds of foods came on sticks.

RORY: Well, some come on sticks, like the hot dogs and the fried cheese dipped in batter, but others are technically kabobs.

EMILY: What's in the cups?

LORELAI: Well, you got your soda, your iced tea, root beer, lemonade.

EMILY: I'll try this.

LORELAI: Ah, Orange Julius.

RORY: A classic.

EMILY: Oh, my. That's very good. Your father and I know a man who owns a couple dozen of these stands as part of his holdings. Now I can sincerely tell him I like his product.

LORELAI: Excellent.

RORY: Oh, we forgot napkins. [stands up]

LORELAI: Get some more little pepper thingies, please. So dig in, Mom. You've got sweet-and-sour pork and pizza and some wrapped thingy. I already forgot what it is, but it's probably not healthy.

EMILY: Okay.

LORELAI: Oh, and there's ice cream, too. We can get some after if you want.

EMILY: All right. So how loud was I back there?

LORELAI: Well, uh, you were heard.

EMILY: If I had seen somebody act that way in a store, I would have called security.

LORELAI: It's really okay, Mom. It wasn't that loud. It's totally forgotten. [Her cell phone rings and Lorelai snatches up impatiently.] Oh! Do not disturb. I'm eating. [hangs up]

EMILY: What was that phone call you got before, when you were coming over with the trays?

LORELAI: Oh, it's this ad we're doing for the inn. The drawing of the inn came out purple, like eggplant, like Prince chose the color. It was bad.

EMILY: Sounds awful.

LORELAI: It was their screw-up. Just one of the many joyous things I get to deal with on a daily basis.

EMILY: You were very forceful.

LORELAI: Was I?

EMILY: Very in command. I like how you handled it.

LORELAI: Well, I learned from the best.

EMILY: From whom?

LORELAI: From the lady eating her hamburger with a knife and fork. That's whom.

EMILY: Oh, please. I order maids and salespeople around. That's different. I've never done anything.

LORELAI: Mom, come on. That's not true.

EMILY: Richard's right. I buy things. Things I don't even want. It's all I have.

LORELAI: No, Mom, you have friends and family who love being with you. A-and you have a house you love. You have a whole life. You could have a dog if you want. There's a swell pet store here. You're losing perspective, Mom. You're not seeing clearly.

EMILY: If he would just shave that moustache.

LORELAI: And that's all it would take? Shaving his moustache? Mom, you need to talk to him.

EMILY: He's always so distracted.

LORELAI: No. Make him talk. You need it. And make it a real talk without bickering, without snipping, without mentioning Moby. Really clear the air.

[Rory approaches and sits]

RORY: I got pepper, I got napkins, I got Lou's phone number. He asked me to give it to you.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm privileged.

RORY: What'd I miss?

EMILY: I was just admiring your mother's life.

RORY: Oh, I do that daily.

[They all smile thoughtfully and eat in silence.]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW SIDEWALK AT NIGHT

[Luke walks down the sidewalk, pausing to watch Kirk taping signs to light posts.]

KIRK:[gasps] Oh, God! Oh, God!

[Luke enters Joe's Game Gallery]

LUKE: Hey, Joe.

JOE: Hey, Luke.

LUKE: Can I get twenty singles off you?

JOE: Sure. It's gonna cost you \$25. [Chuckles - Luke doesn't react] It's change humor.

LUKE: I know. You do it every time.

JOE: I'll get them for you. [he exits]

LUKE: Thanks. [approaches Dean at video game]

DEAN: Hey, Luke.

LUKE: Hi, Dean.

DEAN: Wait. Hold on. [after a moment game ends] Aw.

LUKE: No, you did good.

JOE: Short of your record, though, Dean.

DEAN: Yeah, I'll get there.

JOE: He's the reigning champ of every game in here.

LUKE: Wow!

DEAN: I'm not here that much. I just come after dinner sometimes, y'know. Lindsay and her mom kind of like me out of the way when they're cleaning up.

LUKE: They kick you out, huh?

DEAN: I just slip out. They don't really notice.

LUKE: So how's married life treating you?

DEAN: Good. Real good. Lindsay's great.

LUKE: Yeah, she seems great.

DEAN: And her parents are fantastic. I mean, they help out so much.

LUKE: Like with the cleaning up.

DEAN: Her dad's over all the time, fixing things. Lindsay's got this list for him to do.

LUKE: Great.

DEAN: They're the most unselfish people I know.

LUKE: I've seen them around. The dad works for the county, doesn't he? He's a surveyor or something?

DEAN: Yeah. Oh. He, uh, he used to. But I think now he... [Dean becomes distracted when he notices Rory and Lorelai outside the window.] I think he's, um...actually, he manages an apartment, so he oversees the guys, and he's not really, um...

[Luke looks over his shoulder to see why Dean is distracted.]

LUKE: Not surveying much.

DEAN: Yeah, he's not in the field much.

LUKE: Okay, well, I'll let you get back to your game.

DEAN: Yeah. Hey, uh, see you later, man.

[Joe approaches and hands Luke the singles.]

LUKE: Thanks. [exits]

[Dean sighs.]

CUT TO INTERIOR OF LUKE'S DINER

[Luke enters and sees Lorelai and Rory sitting at a table with loads of merchandise strewn atop.]

Luke: [sighs] What are you doing?

LORELAI: Taking inventory.

RORY: We should return it all.

LORELAI: Mom's gonna expect to see us with something she bought us. We have to keep something.

RORY: Seven hundred dollar yoga bag?

LUKE: Get out of here.

LORELAI: Oh, yes, my friend, rich people like their sweaty mats to have expensive homes.

RORY: We could each keep a little clutch purse.

LORELAI: What's that tubey one for?

RORY: Lifesavers.

LORELAI: The candy?

RORY: Yep.

LUKE: Get out of here.

RORY: Turquoise leather jacket?

LORELAI: Hm, pass. Hair clips with diamond Betty Boops?

RORY: Pass. Tropical-print embroidered bikini?

LORELAI: Not me. [holds it up to show Luke] Luke?

LUKE: This is sick.

LORELAI: This I'll take. [holds up florescent totebag]

RORY: Oh, no. I have dibs on that.

LORELAI: In your mind.

RORY: I said it in the store.

LORELAI: Yeah and I said it, too. And I clutched it. It still has my clutch marks.

RORY: You do realize that the one thing we're fighting over is the free tote bag that came with our purchase.

LORELAI: It's a nice totebag

LUKE: I'm upset just watching this.

LORELAI: This is your window on a whole other world, Luke. The world of worthless rich-people stuff. People of means see what they want and simply take it, regardless of others.

LUKE: You pour your own coffee?

LORELAI: Oh, err, yeah.

LUKE: You're not supposed to do that.

LORELAI: Oh yeah [sheepish] sorry, I won't do it again. [takes a gulp]

LUKE: Um-hm.

[A dog yelps outside. They look out the window and see Kirk taping up signs. Then Kirk enters the diner, carrying a small shaggy dog.]

KIRK: Does anyone know who this is?

LORELAI: No.

LUKE: Yeah, it's Snuggles.

LORELAI: You know Snuggles?

KIRK: It's not Snuggles. It's the dog that looks like Snuggles. Snuggles' owner picked him up. No one picked this guy up and he has no tag.

LUKE: You have a dog left over.

LORELAI: You knew Snuggles by name?

KIRK: I don't have time for chitchat here, people!

LUKE: I have no idea whose dog it is.

LORELAI: Me either.

RORY: Sorry.

KIRK: I don't even know his name. I was using random sounds, trying to see if he'd respond. Paku. Gnocchi. Nini. Bleeblo. Nothing.

LUKE: Sorry. [walks off]

KIRK: I've got to put up more flyers. Sunna. Lipdoo. Funo. [exits]

LORELAI: [sighs] Thank God. I'm so tired.

RORY: Me too, and I have to get back to Yale.

LORELAI: I had a great time today.

RORY: So did I.

LORELAI: Okay, good. We should make this a regular part of our weekly schedule?

RORY: Sounds good.

LORELAI: So next Tuesday?

RORY: Tuesday's good. Oh, sh**t. I can't. Wednesday?

LORELAI: Uh, sure. I'll have to cancel plans with Jason.

RORY: Don't cancel plans with Jason. Dumb me, I've got class that night anyway.

LORELAI: All right. Skip ahead a week.

RORY: I hate that we have to schedule time like this.

LORELAI: But if we don't, we don't see each other, right?

RORY: Right.

LORELAI: So what about the weekend?

RORY: I'll be at Friday night dinner at Grandma's.

LORELAI: Great. I won't. Not this one. Darn.

RORY: Uh-huh.

LORELAI: Yeah. Hey, you want pie?

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: 'Cause I'm getting my second wind. [walks to counter]

RORY: Me too. Let's have pie.

LORELAI: [calls out] Hey, Luke, we're having pie. [She removes the pie's glass cover and starts removing slices.]

LUKE: [calls from the kitchen] Okay, just wait for me to serve it.

LORELAI: Okay. [She continues removing a second slice onto napkins.]

RORY: Should we be worried about Grandma?

LORELAI: Oh, I think she'll be okay.

[Lorelai returns to the table with pie.]

RORY: Was anything resolved? Are she and Grandpa gonna be all right?

LORELAI: Don't worry about it. They're a team. They'll be okay.

RORY: Good. I like them. [begins eating with fingers]

LORELAI: I know. [takes a bite]

[Luke brings plates and forks transfers napkins to plates]

RORY: Thanks

[Lorelai pulls out her rosebud and hands it to Luke. While they resume eating, Luke walks away sniffing the rose.]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE DINING ROOM

[Richard and Emily are eating together in their usual places at opposite ends of the table. The room is silent with the exception of a big clock ticking in the background.]

RICHARD: Did you deal with that business with the gardeners?

EMILY: Not yet.

RICHARD: Hmm. We need to resolve that. Those vines are out of control.

EMILY: I'll see to it.

RICHARD: Be nice to have that finished by the time I get back.

EMILY: Get back? From where?

RICHARD: Jason and I are meeting some clients in Manhattan. It's some new place downtown -- Tribeca, I think. It's really an up-and-coming area. I'll probably stay in the city, take the train in the morning. Is that all right with you?

EMILY: That's fine. [long pause] What do you think of these? [indicates table arrangements]

RICHARD: Hmm?

EMILY: The apples.

RICHARD: Oh. I've always liked those.

[After a long pause Emily resumes eating.]

THE END

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