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05x16 - So...Good Talk

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[Episode opens with scenes from previous episodes.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[At the front door, Lorelai is receiving her mail from the mailman.]

LORELAI: Thanks, Skip! Love that you're back in shorts. Missed those stems of yours, baby. [She closes the door and sorts through her mail.] Now, come on.

[She picks up the phone and dials. Rory answers.]

RORY: Hello?

LORELAI: Yeah, we've got to talk mail.

RORY: Not again.

LORELAI: It's all for you. Every piece. How can that be? You only half live here.

[Scene cuts between Rory's dorm and Lorelai's living room.]

RORY: This mail envy of yours is not pretty.

LORELAI: Catalogues, business solicitations, credit card offers, oh! And for me, some more stupid Greenpeace return address labels.

RORY: Well, you are the environmental philanthropist in the family.

LORELAI: Well, I feel very badly for the planet right now.

RORY: Hey, you called my cell.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: Well, I told you to call my land line. My cell phone bill is astronomical.

LORELAI: But a conversation with me, priceless. [She continues sorting the mail, then holds up a postcard.] Oh, joy.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Well, I did get a piece of mail. The temple of Apollo.

RORY: Grandma still hitting you with the postcards, huh?

LORELAI: As if nothing even remotely unpleasant happened between us. How does she do that? Compartmentalize like that? It's weird. She's the serial k*ller who goes to work and talks about a funny Seinfeld he saw and then goes home and cooks himself a man-flesh sandwich.

RORY: Ew.

LORELAI: Let's see how her trip has been since the last card. [Pretends to read] Dear Lorelai, kicked a dog then punched a gypsy in the groin. Oh, that's nice.

RORY: Mom -

LORELAI [continuing her bit]: Complained about the foie gras to a waiter whose yearly pay is less than I spend monthly on silver polish, then kicked another dog.

RORY: Come on.

LORELAI: Tripped a nun, then burned down an orphanage.

RORY: Sounds like a busy itinerary.

LORELAI: And the sun sets on Apollo. [She rips the postcard in half.]

RORY: At least you don't get the nothing said all about it reminders about Friday night dinner.

LORELAI: She's putting her hooks in you, huh?

RORY: Yeah, three cards in a row, reminding me in no uncertain terms that they'll see me soon.

LORELAI: Well, she's smart enough not to do that to me.

RORY: Well, I'm mad at her too, you know. Just for the record.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: Anything else?

LORELAI: Whoa. One minute of talk, and then I get the bum's rush?

RORY: I'm right in the middle of studying.

LORELAI: I gotta pop out of an envelope for you to have an interest in me?

RORY: I'll be home Friday. We'll eat, we'll talk, we'll laugh. What a time we'll have.

LORELAI: Skip's back in shorts.

RORY: I am not wasting cell phone minutes on Skip's shorts!

LORELAI: It's the Reno 911 short shorts. Ooh, disturbing.

RORY: I'm hanging up now.

LORELAI: Fine. So Friday?

RORY: Friday. Bye.

LORELAI: Bye-bye.

OPENING CREDITS

LUKE'S DINER

[Luke bangs the coffee pot down on the coffeemaker. He picks up a plate of food, carries it to a table, bashing into a waiter on his way, and clatters it down in front of a customer. Lane walks over to Zach, who is sitting, reading a magazine, with his feet up on another chair.]

LANE: Sit up.

ZACH: Huh?

LANE: Sit up and feet off the chair.

ZACH: What's with being a Chilean dictator dude?

LANE: Luke is on a tear, so this is for your own protection.

ZACH: He's always on a tear.

LANE: This is different! And you have to pay today.

ZACH: For the ice-cold, undercooked fries? I don't think so.

LANE: Zach, please! [She kicks his feet off the chair.]

ZACH: Ow!

LANE: I do this because I care for you. You know I care for you, right?

ZACH: Yeah. Gosh.

CUSTOMER: Excuse me, miss?

LANE: Can I help you?

CUSTOMER: Sorry to be a pest, but I asked for my omelette soft. This is way overdone.

LANE: Shh. Not so loud.

[Luke storms over and opens the door.]

CUSTOMER: You should probably make me another -

[He is cut off as Luke grabs him under the arms and throws him into the street. He proceeds to slam the door.]

LUKE: How's everyone else's eggs, huh?

REMAINING CUSTOMERS: Great.

[Luke stares at Zach. Zach un-crumple some bills and places them on the table.]

ZACH: That's all I've got, man.

[Luke glares and heads back to the counter.]

ZACH [to Lane]: His eyes. Red, like the fires of Mordor.

LANE: Go, go. I'll see you later, and keep low! [Zach leaves.] How are you doing, Kirk?

KIRK: Great. I'm loving this blackened Cajun bread Luke made for me. I didn't even ask for it.

LANE: That's burnt toast, Kirk. You don't have to eat it.

KIRK: But I'm loving it! And look. [He scrapes some toast crumbs onto his food.] I've been mixing blackened ash with the runny eggs. Goes great with the fishy tasting bacon.

LANE: Glad you like it.

LUKE: Order's up!

LANE [picking up the plate]: Uh, Luke?

LUKE: What?

LANE: Um, I know you're really busy back there - Is that the door to the oven?

LUKE: It fell off when I kicked it. Something wrong?

LANE: Well, I needed a side of hash browns for table three, and I'm really, really sorry, but this is hash. I think. I mean, it's hash-like.

LUKE: They'll eat it.

LANE: They might, or they might go have breakfast at Weston's like the lady with the walker you threw out about an hour ago.

LUKE: So, let 'em go to Weston's. [Shouting] Huh? All of you! If you can eat ceramic cow creamers and kitty cat salt and pepper shakers and stupid little flowers drawn in powdered sugar on your plate, then that's where you belong anyway! [Some customers get up and leave.]

LANE [to Kirk]: Unidentified breakfast food, on the house?

KIRK: Terriff. [He takes the plate from her.]

DRAGONFLY INN - FRONT DESK

[Lorelai is on the phone. As she is talking, Sookie comes in.]

LORELAI: No, I don't understand. Well, yes, of course I'll hold. I thought you'd never ask.

SOOKIE: How's your reservation book looking?

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: Are we booked up, half full, kinda light?

LORELAI: For when?

SOOKIE: Next two to three months.

LORELAI: Um, we're fairly booked. I'd say eighty, ninety percent.

SOOKIE: Eighty, ninety percent! Now, did they seem hungry?

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: Oh, and where are they from? Any from Jersey? People from Jersey love my Chinese chicken salad. Any Texans? Oh, any from France?

LORELAI [on the phone]: Yes, I'm still here. Yes, great. [On hold again] What's the panic, Sookie?

SOOKIE: What's the panic? I'm giving birth!

LORELAI: Right now?

SOOKIE: No, not right now, but eventually. And when I do, I'll have to have all the menus made out, and a food order put in, and a backup plan, in case there's a bad tomato crop, or if Oprah decides to get mad at beef again.

LORELAI: Hello, Blaine! Yes, you were about to explain to me the reason you once again raised our premium here. [Pause] Uh-huh. Those were all very small claims due to the snow, and - right. Well, who else would we come to, but our trusty insurance agent. Guy. Stud. Pick the appropriate term and insert here. Now. Eh - yes, well, of course. Holding's one of my great pleasures.

SOOKIE: Problem?

LORELAI: The charmers at our insurance agency get mad when you try to claim something.

SOOKIE: The stable roof.

LORELAI: Yes, and - and now I've been disconnected. Coincidence? I think not.

SOOKIE [Pointing at the computer]: Have people made dinner reservations?

LORELAI: Be my guest.

SOOKIE: Okay.

[The phone rings.]

LORELAI: Dragonfly Inn, Lorelai speaking.

EMILY: Lorelai, it's your mother, I -

[She is cut off as Lorelai hangs up the phone.]

SOOKIE: Hey, we've got vegetarians in April! What, were you hiding them?

LORELAI: Yes, I'm evil that way.

[The phone rings again.]

LORELAI: Dragonfly Inn, Lorelai speaking.

EMILY: Lorelai, you just hung up -

[Lorelai hangs up again.]

LORELAI: Hey, so who do you think will take over while you're gone?

SOOKIE: I was thinking about Chantelle.

LORELAI: The one who got her face caught in the mixer?

SOOKIE: She's better now. She just got her new nostril last week.

LORELAI: That's good.

[The phone rings.]

LORELAI: Dragonfly Inn.

RICHARD: Ah, yes. Lorelai. It's your father.

LORELAI: Oh, Dad! How was your trip?

RICHARD: Fine, Lorelai. Thank you very much.

LORELAI: And the flight back?

RICHARD: Very smooth.

LORELAI: Smooth is good.

RICHARD: Actually, your mother wanted to talk to you for a moment. [He hands the phone to Emily.]

EMILY: Hello, Lorelai, I -

[Lorelai hangs up the phone.]

LORELAI: Hey, do you have any of that really great braised lamb risotto thing leftover from last night?

SOOKIE: I think so, why?

LORELAI: Well, since I'm not going to Friday night dinner tonight or ever again, and I'm not in the mood for pizza, I thought I'd have a little fancy food with my movie.

SOOKIE: You're going to a movie!

LORELAI: I Netflixed all three 'A Star is Born's.

SOOKIE: Janet, Judy and Babs.

LORELAI: The holy trinity. I thought I'd hunker down with some fabulous food and watch all the men that got away.

SOOKIE: What? No, you can't do that!

LORELAI: Why not?

SOOKIE: Because! Look, I'm worried about you.

LORELAI: Why?

SOOKIE: Just because you don't have someone in your life right now -

LORELAI: Meaning Luke.

SOOKIE: And your parents, and your Friday night dinners, and Rory's off at college -

LORELAI: I do, however, have my original nostril.

SOOKIE: You can't use that as an excuse to become couch potato girl.

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

SOOKIE: Sitting at home. Ordering take-out. Watching television night after night.

LORELAI: That's what I've always done. I was couch potato girl even when I had a guy. And Friday night dinner. And, by the way, the entire time Rory was growing up.

SOOKIE: Yes, but now it's pathetic.

LORELAI: Well, just a little.

SOOKIE: You are not sitting home tonight! We are going out!

LORELAI: We are?

SOOKIE: Girl's night out, just you and me. Oh, it'll be fun. Big excitement, big hair! We'll get all dolled up and paint the town!

LORELAI: But -

SOOKIE: I am coming to your house tonight, at seven o'clock sharp, and I am taking you out, and you better look hot! You hear me?

LORELAI: Yes I do.

SOOKIE [giggles]: Good.

LORELAI: But remember, I don't put out unless I get dinner.

SOOKIE [heading back to the kitchen]: I know. I saw your bumper sticker.

[She leaves.]

YALE CAMPUS

[Rory is placing her order at a coffee cart.]

RORY: Hi. I'd like a large caramel macchiato with an extra shot and whip cream, please.

COFFEE BOY: Coming up.

RORY: Wait, hold on. How much is that?

COFFEE BOY: Four eighty-five.

RORY: Okay, better drop the extra shot. What does that make it?

COFFEE BOY: Four twenty.

RORY: Better make it a small. What does that make it?

COFFEE BOY: Three thirty.

RORY: Better drop the whip cream. What does that make it?

COFFEE BOY: Less calories.

RORY: Just a plain old small coffee, please. [She turns around and drops her change all over the ground.] D'oh.

[She crouches down. Logan stops to help her pick up the coins.]

LOGAN: This would definitely qualify as a cute meet if we hadn't already met.

RORY: Logan. Hey. This is nice and embarrassing.

LOGAN: Are we going after the rollers? A couple of them are headed into the bushes.

RORY: No, I think I've supplied people with a sufficient amount of silly images of me for one day.

LOGAN: Small coffee for me, and put the lady's on my tab too.

RORY: No, Logan, you don't have to do that.

LOGAN: Ace, I can't take a chance of you pulling out that purse again. Someone might get hurt. [He pays for the coffee.]

RORY: Okay, well, thank you.

LOGAN: So I stopped by the paper the other day to see you.

RORY: Really?

LOGAN: And then I tried to sneak out when I realized you weren't there. But our omnipresent editor cornered me. Does Doyle ever leave that place?

RORY: Unfortunately yes, otherwise I would be denied the regular pleasure of seeing him in Property of Alcatraz pajama pants.

LOGAN: Thanks for the image. Hey, come here. [He pulls her into a corner.]

RORY: What are you doing?

[They kiss.]

RORY: So that's what you're doing.

LOGAN: What'd you think I was doing?

[They kiss again. Rory turns away.]

RORY: People will see.

LOGAN: I don't care if people see.

RORY: A professor will see you, and he'll take advantage of the fact that you're distracted and pull you in, make you take a midterm.

LOGAN: I'm done with them.

RORY: With your midterms?

LOGAN: I already took the ones I couldn't get out of.

RORY: Then why are you here? You're going off skiing, aren't you?

LOGAN: I just have to drop off a paper for my ethics class by eleven thirty and then I'm off.

RORY: It's eleven twenty-five.

LOGAN: So we're swimming in time.

[He pulls her in to kiss her again. Rory breaks away.]

LOGAN: What are you doing?

RORY [reaching into his bookbag]: I want to see your paper.

LOGAN: Your mind is a mysterious thing.

RORY: Come on. I'm dying to know what your take on ethics is. For instance, are you for it or against it?

LOGAN: No way. It's too dangerous.

RORY: Dangerous?

LOGAN: I actually worked on this thing. It goes from my hand to the professor's.

RORY: Like I'm going to lose it.

LOGAN: I saw you with your coins, plus let's remember Hemingway.

RORY: What about him?

LOGAN: Trusted that wife of his with the only copy he had of the novel he was working on. The silly woman lost it.

RORY: Not so. I know the story. Hemingway left it on a plane. His wife had nothing to do with it.

LOGAN: That's not the way I heard it.

RORY: Well, you heard it wrong.

LOGAN: How much you want to bet?

RORY: All the money in my purse, plus a million dollars.

LOGAN: Well, my spelling stinks. Take my word for it.

[He kisses her again.]

RORY: You'll call me from the cabin?

LOGAN: Absolutely.

RORY: Thanks for the coffee.

LOGAN: Anytime. Better have that million bucks ready when I get back, and I don't accept coins.

RORY: No promises.

[They head off in different directions.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is in the kitchen, making coffee. We hear Rory come in the front door.]

RORY [OS]: Hello!

LORELAI: Kitchen!

RORY [OS]: Ow! Rat bastard!

LORELAI: Are you okay?

RORY [OS]: Give me a hand!

[Lorelai starts clapping as Rory enters the kitchen pulling several large laundry bags.]

RORY: Okay, Bob Hope's laughing in heaven, but I'm not.

LORELAI: Bob Hope got into heaven?

RORY: Please grab a bag.

LORELAI: This cannot all be laundry.

RORY: It's all laundry. The machine's fixed, right?

LORELAI: Yes, humming like new. Which one's the rat bastard?

RORY [pointing]: That one.

LORELAI [kicks the laundry bag]: Take that! And that!

RORY: Okay, he's had enough! I want to get a load going before I go to Grandma's.

LORELAI: Good idea.

[Rory exits out the back door, then comes back in.]

RORY: Hey, you're using it!

LORELAI: Yes, I know.

RORY: Well, but I had dibs.

LORELAI: No, you didn't call dibs.

RORY: I'm a college student coming home on Spring Break. That implies dibs on the washer and drier.

LORELAI: There's no implied dibs in dibs. If you don't call it, you don't get it.

[Rory goes back outside.]

RORY [OS]: Well, this is just wrong!

LORELAI: What?

[Rory comes back in.]

RORY: You're washing two socks!

LORELAI: Well, they were dirty.

RORY: That's wasteful.

LORELAI: I really wanted to wear them tonight.

RORY: They are your dancing Santa Claus socks. You're not going to wear those for another ten months.

LORELAI: No, I can wear them eccentrically any time I want!

RORY: Well, then you're going to have to put one of my loads I while I'm gone.

LORELAI: And risk a hernia?

RORY: I'll never finish otherwise!

LORELAI: I'll do two loads. How's that?

RORY: Thank you. All right, I've got to take off.

LORELAI: Okay. Drive safe, and you've got gas, right?

RORY: Yeah, I've got gas.

LORELAI: Okay. Enough gas to get to Hartford?

RORY: I think so. Why?

LORELAI: Oh, well, because I've got a twenty - ah! A twenty! On the fridge, here! Look! Oh, here it is. I'm not going to use it. You should use it for gas.

RORY: Is it that obvious I'm broke?

LORELAI: Well, you mentioned the minutes on your cell phone, a hint of panic in your voice, and now the months of saved up laundry.

RORY: Well, there are just no good jobs at Yale right now, and I'd take anything. Trust me.

LORELAI: Well, I took the liberty of asking around town for you. Made you sound all pathetic and ragged. And there are a few temporary things you could take. You are very in demand in Stars Hollow.

RORY: Like what?

LORELAI: Well, the radio station needs someone to drive up the hill a couple of times a day and shoo the cows away from the transmitter.

RORY: I'm not good with livestock.

LORELAI: Well, the road crew needs a part-time 'Slow Down' sign holder-upper. You get to wear a helmet.

RORY: I don't think so.

LORELAI: I saved the best for last. Andrew needs help doing inventory at the bookstore. I think that's probably your best bet.

RORY: That sounds great, actually.

LORELAI: Cool, just give him a ring.

RORY: Thanks. [She kisses Lorelai's cheek.] Now I just need to borrow some clothes to wear to Grandma's.

LORELAI: You're in clothes.

RORY: Well, she'll insist I take my jacket off and I'm down to my 'Give Bush a Wedgie' t-shirt.

LORELAI [gasps]: Please wear that to Grandma's!

RORY: I'm going to borrow some clothes.

LORELAI: There's another twenty in it for you!

RORY: Start one of my loads.

LORELAI: Forty if you snap a picture of her seeing it!

RORY: Finish your socks!

[She heads upstairs.]

ELDER GILMORE HOUSE - FOYER

[The doorbell rings. Emily answers it.]

EMILY: Rory, hello! Come in!

RORY: Hi, Grandma.

[Emily hugs Rory. Rory does not hug her back.]

EMILY: Oh, we missed you.

RORY: It's only been a few weeks, Grandma.

EMILY: Give your coat to Eliza. [Rory takes off her coat.] That's an interesting outfit you have on.

RORY: Laundry day.

EMILY: Laundry day. Everything young people do sounds like fun to me.

RORY: No, it's pretty dreary.

EMILY: Well, come in. Come in. [She calls up the stairs as they enter the living room.] Richard, Rory's here. Hurry down, and don't forget to bring the you-know-what! [To Rory] Forget you heard that.

RORY: Consider it forgotten.

EMILY: Our trip was wonderful. We have so much to tell you.

RORY: Good.

[They sit down.]

EMILY: We'll have to wait 'till next week to show you pictures. Richard bought this new digital camera that's supposed to be so simple a child can use it. So now we need to find a child who'll show us how. [She laughs. Rory barely smiles.] Are you feeling okay?

RORY: I'm feeling fine.

EMILY: So, did you go to Athens on that first big European trip of yours?

RORY: Um, yeah.

EMILY: I hope you saw the National Archaeological museum. I thought of you there the whole time. The room with the Mask of Agamemnon?

RORY: Yep, we hit that.

EMILY: Interesting, huh?

RORY: Yep.

[Richard makes his way down the stairs.]

RICHARD: Rory!

RORY [stands up]: Grandpa! Welcome home! [They hug.]

RICHARD: Well, thank you! Look at this outfit! I like the colors.

RORY: Thanks! It's borrowed.

RICHARD: So, we have quite a bit to catch up on!

RORY: I know, I want to hear all about it!

RICHARD: Well, I'm sure your grandmother has caught you up somewhat.

EMILY: I started to.

RICHARD: And with the dozens of postcards she sent, you probably remember the trip better than I do.

RORY: I still want to hear your account.

EMILY: Have her open the gift, Richard.

RICHARD: Oh, yes. Please. Open it!

[Rory pulls out an antique book.]

RORY: Oh, my God, it's amazing!

RICHARD: Leaves of Grass in Greek. A hundred years old, some beautiful engravings.

RORY: Now I have to learn Greek.

EMILY: Feel the leather.

RORY: Grandpa, thank you so much.

RICHARD: Well, you can thank your grandmother. She helped pick it out.

RORY [not looking up]: Thank you, Grandma.

ELIZA: Dinner is served, Mrs. Gilmore.

EMILY: Thank you Eliza. [To Rory] You can flip through that a little later.

RORY: Okay. [She puts the book away and she and Richard head for the dining room.] So, Grandpa, is it true that every restaurant in the Placa has a view of the Acropolis?

RICHARD: Well, they like to think so. But we found this charming little taverna - Dionysus. The view was spectacular, and the Ouzo certainly lived up to its name.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - OUTSIDE

[Lorelai exits the front door and joins Sookie, waiting in her car.]

LORELAI: Oh, I am so hot. I'm going to hit on myself tonight.

SOOKIE: You look nice.

LORELAI: So do you, your hair is so fancy.

SOOKIE: And I'm ready to let it down!

LORELAI: So, what town are we painting first?

SOOKIE: Oh, well, it's your big night out, so anywhere you want!

LORELAI: Okay. How about dancing?

SOOKIE: Dancing! Yes! [sings and starts the car] I'm a brick - da-da-da-da house. Now, of course I can't really dance 'cause my ankles are completely swollen, and, uh, my stomach's a bit of a hindrance on the dance floor. But I can watch you dance.

LORELAI: No, that's okay. Let's do something else!

SOOKIE: But you want to go dancing!

LORELAI: No, we'll do whatever.

SOOKIE: Like what?

LORELAI: We can go to a bar, hang out and talk.

SOOKIE: Sounds perfect! Of course, I tend to get a little depressed when I'm in a room full of people drinking and I can't have a cocktail! You know, did I tell you I'm having a recurring dream lately, about a magic pina colada? With whip cream, and a ton of rum, and a talking little paper umbrella!

LORELAI: If you're having dreams like that, you don't need a cocktail! How about a movie?

SOOKIE: I have to get up to pee every five minutes. But, we can sit on an aisle near the back and you can fill me in on what I missed!

LORELAI: Sookie - [she turns off the car] - Why don't we just stay home?

SOOKIE: No! We're hitting the town!

LORELAI: Not tonight.

SOOKIE: We have to. I can't let you become this spinster on the couch.

LORELAI: We can go inside and order in pizza.

SOOKIE: You need to go out, and see things, and do things!

LORELAI: I have 'A Star is Born'. All three versions. We can compare and contrast performances and dosages!

SOOKIE: It is my responsibility as your best friend to make sure you go do exciting things even when you don't want to.

LORELAI: Hanging out with you is exciting!

SOOKIE: It is?

LORELAI: And with pepperoni and some extra cheese - look out.

SOOKIE: I am getting kind of hungry!

LORELAI: Well, sure, all this partying will do that to you.

SOOKIE: Can we watch the Streisand 'A Star is Born' first? I really love that scene where she chews on Kris Kristofferson's lip!

LORELAI: Yeah!

[Sookie giggles as they get out of the car and go back in the house.]

ELDER GILMORE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

[Rory, Richard and Emily are having dinner.]

EMILY: So, where are all of your Yale friends for Spring Break?

RORY: Oh, here and there.

EMILY: Did your friend Paris make interesting plans?

RORY: Not really.

EMILY: And how's the shortcake?

RORY: It's fine, thanks.

EMILY: I know this seems a bit basic, but Eliza found the first decent strawberries of the year. I'm so mad at California.

RICHARD: Well, you'd think that rain would be good for crops. It's counterintuitive.

EMILY: Anyway, these strawberries are wonderful. Could you pass them to me, Rory?

[Rory passes the dish without looking up. Emily mouths to Richard "Do something!" and points at Rory. Richard looks troubled.]

RICHARD: So, Rory. Is everything all right with you this evening?

RORY: I'm fine, Grandpa.

[He looks helplessly at Emily. She gestures as though to say "Go on!"]

RICHARD: You'd tell us if anything was bothering you.

RORY: Really, it's nothing.

RICHARD: Seems as though there might be something on your mind.

RORY: Not really.

RICHARD: All right.

RORY: So, Grandpa, you hardly told me anything about your trip? How was the Archaeological museum?

EMILY: Oh, now, that's it.

RICHARD: Emily -

EMILY: What is wrong with you?

RORY: Nothing.

EMILY: I asked you about that museum earlier and all you did was mumble something about hitting it!

RORY: I should have been more expansive. I'm sorry.

EMILY: You've been pushing me away all evening!

RICHARD: Emily, please.

EMILY: You asked your grandfather question after question and make polite chit-chat about the duck with the maid, what's her name, tell her it's wonderful -

RORY: Because she made it! And her name is Eliza!

EMILY: I told her to make it! You're enjoying duck because I requested duck!

RORY: Well, it was a great duck, Grandma! Kudos on the duck!

EMILY: This isn't you, this attitude of yours. This is your mother.

RORY: Don't bring up Mom.

RICHARD: Look, both of you. Let's try to calm down.

EMILY: Why are you acting this way?

RORY: Your memory can't be that short, Grandma!

EMILY: What does that mean?

RORY: Do we really have to get into this?

EMILY: You should walk out that door and come in again. Start all over.

RICHARD: She doesn't need to do that, Emily.

EMILY: We have a contract!

RORY [Sarcastic]: A contract!

EMILY: We pay for Yale. You come to dinner every Friday night and you act pleasantly and decently.

RORY: You're right, Grandma. We do have a contract. But it's to come to dinner. Period. There's no agreement on how vivacious or bubbly I have to be.

EMILY: You need to act like you!

RORY: I am!

EMILY: This isn't you!

RORY [getting up]: Look, Grandma, you know what you did.

RICHARD: Rory, please sit down.

RORY: I mean, what did you expect? Ten Acropolis postcards and I forget the fact that you broke up Mom and Luke? Now, I respect our contract. And I will continue to come every Friday night and eat dinner with you. But I won't guarantee an attitude that will please you. Excuse me.

EMILY: You are certainly not excused, we're not through.

RORY: We have had dessert, I'll skip the port. Good night.

RICHARD: Rory.

RORY: Good night, Grandpa. I'll see you in a week.

[She leaves. Emily and Richard look at one another, shocked.]

WESTON'S BAKERY

[Lorelai and Sookie are sitting at a table.]

LORELAI: See, now, this is perfect.

SOOKIE: It's not a nightclub, but it's a place she never goes. Different and exciting.

LORELAI: And chocolaty.

SOOKIE: Are you having fun?

LORELAI: Oh, not missing the couch a bit.

WAITER: Hi, Lorelai. Wow, twice in one day, huh?

LORELAI [chuckles]: Hi, Frankie. Yeah, well, gotta have some pie, you know. [Sees Sookie looking at her.] Well, I haven't memorized the menu yet.

SOOKIE: You come here?

LORELAI: You know, just once a - day.

SOOKIE: Unbelievable.

LORELAI: Well, I have to go somewhere in the mornings.

SOOKIE: I didn't want to take you somewhere you always go!

LORELAI: I had a great time tonight, and I appreciate your concern. And I promise, I am not going to become a couch potato spinster woman.

SOOKIE [gesturing at her belly]: Okay, the minute this comes out, you and I are going away for a weekend. Just the two of us.

LORELAI: Absolutely, except for the fact that you'll have a newborn baby at home, that's a perfect plan.

[Rory enters.]

RORY: Hello, ladies!

LORELAI: Hi, kid. How'd you know we'd be here?

RORY: What do you mean? You're always here. Hey, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Hey, egghead. Do you want some pie?

RORY: Oh, I never say no to pie.

LORELAI: So how was dinner?

RORY: Loud.

LORELAI: Meaning?

RORY: There was yelling.

LORELAI: Why, what happened?

RORY: I just got so mad. She was acting like nothing was wrong. Like it was totally normal that you weren't there. And I couldn't take it.

LORELAI: I understand.

SOOKIE [leaning on her hand]: I understand too.

LORELAI: Are you getting sleepy, there, Sookie?

SOOKIE: No, I'm fine. Just a little past my bedtime is all. Keep talking.

RORY: I left during shortcake.

LORELAI: I'm sorry to hear that.

RORY: Hey, Grandma did this. You didn't.

LORELAI: I know. I just hate that you're fighting with them.

RORY: Don't worry about it. [Looks at Sookie] She's sleeping.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, we partied pretty hard tonight.

RORY: Should we wake her up?

LORELAI: Nah, we'll wait a minute.

RORY: Mom. [She gestures to the empty table next to theirs.] Can you -

LORELAI: What?

[They move to the other table.]

LORELAI: Something wrong? [Pause.] Is it about Grandma? [Pause.] Do I have to ask eighteen more of these?

RORY: You know how, with Dean, things didn't exactly go the way I planned?

LORELAI: You mean with you and him getting together?

RORY: No, I mean, yes, that too. But I promised you that I would come to you and talk to you when I thought I was ready to - but I didn't, um, because it all happened so fast and I didn't get a chance and then everything got so messed up, and then after, it was weird. The situation was weird, and I didn't feel comfortable coming to talk to you about anything concerning us at all -

LORELAI: You can always talk to me. Even when it's weird.

RORY: I know. I want to. I want to go back to talking about everything. Just like before Dean.

LORELAI: I second that motion.

RORY: So I thought I would come talk to you now about Logan.

LORELAI [surprised]: Oh. Okay.

RORY: I want to tell you now, so you hear it from me, right when it's... starting.

LORELAI: Right when it's starting? Oh. Got it. So, the two of you are starting something, huh?

RORY [smiling]: Yes. We have definitely started something.

LORELAI: Started! Oh, you have already started something. Wow. Okay, fast.

RORY: I know, but he's so great. I mean, you've seen him. He's beautiful, and really smart. Smarter than me, I swear. And he's - great.

LORELAI: Yes, he seems great.

RORY: And we have a lot in common, which is good.

LORELAI: Very good.

RORY: The paper, and Yale of course, and he's extremely well-read. And I know Logan's rich, and I know you don't really -

LORELAI: No, no. Rory, I don't care if he's rich. If you like him -

RORY: I do. I really like him.

LORELAI: And he's treating you well.

RORY: He is. I'm having fun. A lot of fun.

LORELAI: Okay, well. If he's that important to you, I should probably, you know, meet him again, under different circumstances.

RORY: Right.

LORELAI: Everything all buttoned and zipped.

RORY: You will, I promise.

LORELAI: Good, that's good.

RORY: Anyhow, I just wanted you to know.

LORELAI: Okay, so. Good talk.

RORY: Yeah?

LORELAI: Absolutely. [She sighs.] Man, I feel like I should buy you a shot

RORY: How about a rum ball?

LORELAI: Two rum balls, coming up.

[Rory smiles as Lorelai gets up.]

STARS HOLLOW STREET

[Lorelai is walking. Her cell phone rings.]

LORELAI: Hello?

RICHARD: Lorelai, it's your father.

LORELAI: Well, hello there, my father. What can I do for you?

[Scene cuts between Lorelai walking and Richard in his study.]

RICHARD: Well, you can take a more serious tone, for starters.

LORELAI [in a deep, British voice]: Oh. Hello, my father.

RICHARD: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Oh, sorry. I thought the British thing made it pretty serious.

RICHARD: I assume you heard what happened at dinner last night?

LORELAI: Did it involve a fork?

RICHARD: No, it did not. It involved your daughter being incredibly rude and insensitive to her grandmother.

LORELAI: I heard there was a bit of a flare-up there, yes.

RICHARD: It was more than a flare-up. I've never seen Rory behave like that.

LORELAI: Well, she was upset, Dad.

RICHARD: Well, that is no excuse!

LORELAI: Well, I don't know what to tell you.

RICHARD: You can tell me what you intend to do about it.

LORELAI: Uh, nothing?

RICHARD: You have to talk to her!

LORELAI: No, I do not.

RICHARD: Lorelai, you are her mother. It is up to you to set an example for your daughter.

LORELAI: I did set an example for her, Dad. I didn't go to dinner. She went anyhow, damn kids, you can't teach them anything.

RICHARD: She yelled at her grandmother, Lorelai! At the dinner table, right in front of me!

LORELAI: Well, this is none of my business.

RICHARD: Of course it's your business! It's your battle she's fighting.

LORELAI: I do not have a battle.

RICHARD: You need to talk to her and tell her that this behavior is not -

LORELAI: Dad, listen to me. This is Rory's thing, okay? She was mad. She was upset.

RICHARD: Well, what does Rory have to be upset about?

LORELAI: Rory loves Luke, Dad. She does not want to see him hurt and humiliated like he was. She cares about me.

RICHARD: Your mother did what she thought -

LORELAI: Whoa, just stop right there. I'm not interested in why Mom did what she did.

RICHARD: Well, I was just -

LORELAI: Luke and I have broken up, Dad. Okay? We are no longer together. And it is a direct result of what Mom did. And I know that you could care less, and I know that Mom will be thrilled, but I am not thrilled. I am not thrilled. And Rory is not thrilled. We're both hurt and extremely upset. Now, I can stay away and not come to dinner and not see Mom, but Rory made a deal with you guys, and Rory never goes back on anything she says, so she went. She was there, and if she was rude or cold, then I'm sorry, but I personally feel she has every right to be, and you and Mom will just have to work that out with her yourselves.

RICHARD: So then this is it? You'll never visit our home again?

LORELAI: I don't know.

RICHARD: You'll send Rory, but you'll avoid us at Thanksgiving? On Christmas?

LORELAI: Probably.

RICHARD: So we're just supposed to accept the fact that we'll never see you again?

LORELAI: You can see me anytime you want, Dad. I have no beef with you.

RICHARD [thoughtfully]: I see. Well.

LORELAI: Uh, Dad?

RICHARD: Yes?

LORELAI: While you're all calm and quiet there, can I ask you a question?

RICHARD: Go ahead.

LORELAI: Well, the premium on my insurance policy at the inn is going up fifteen percent because of some small damage claims -

RICHARD: I'm sorry, you're asking me a question about insurance?

LORELAI: Yeah.

RICHARD: Carry on.

LORELAI: So these guys came by the Inn last week, and -

[She sees a traffic cop writing a ticket for the boat in front of Luke's.]

LORELAI: Oh. Dad, I gotta call you back in a sec, okay? Thanks. Bye. [She hangs up and hurries over to her.] Excuse me! Hello! Hi, hi.

COP: Is this your boat?

LORELAI: Ah, technically. It is. Yeah. And I'm sorry that it's parked out here like this, but, see, it's supposed to be auctioned off for charity for the National Boating for Peace and, uh, low blood sugar organization for tiny children, and so they delivered it early and not finished, and so it was dropped off here, so, to be picked up by the boat finishing guys. I'm supposed to move it. But there was this kitten. In a tree. He had a cold, and I had to bring him a Kleenex, and -

COP: Just move it on street-cleaning days.

LORELAI: Yes, ma'am.

[The cop leaves. Lorelai sighs and looks at the boat, then walks away.]

LUKE'S DINER - INTERIOR

[Lane comes over to Kirk's table.]

LANE: You want some ketchup, Kirk?

KIRK: No, thanks. The distinct charred flavor of this meat is like a delicacy. I wouldn't dream of obscuring it with condiments.

LANE: I think that's a pancake.

KIRK: Fascinating.

[Lane heads back to the counter.]

LANE: Luke, my cheeseburger and fries up yet?

LUKE: How would I know? What am I, a food psychic? What, do you want to know

how the grapefruit crop's gonna be this year? Hold on, I'm getting a message from a kumquat from beyond the grave.

LANE: Okay, I'll go see for myself.

KIRK: Hey, Luke, can I get a napkin?

[Luke tosses a towel, which lands on Kirk's head.]

KIRK: A cloth napkin and a moist towlette, all in one!

LANE: I've got a delivery, I'll be right back!

[She heads toward the door. A man enters.]

MAN: Sit anywhere?

LANE [hushed]: Ah, listen. I will be back in fifteen minutes. Why don't you wait, and let me seat you then?

MAN: What?

LANE: Just trust me -

MAN: Forget it! I'm hungry now.

LANE: Okay. Anywhere's fine.

[She leaves the diner. As she walks down the street, behind her we can see the man being tossed out, landing on his knees on the sidewalk.]

STARS HOLLOW BOOKS

[Rory is sitting, surrounded by piles of books. Lane enters.]

LANE: Soup's on!

RORY: Oh, thank God. I am starving. I have been dreaming about Luke's cheeseburgers for a month.

LANE: How's the inventory coming?

RORY: Perfect. I have a great system going. [Pointing] This is my 'to be written down' pile, my 'already written down' pile, and this is my pile of books that I have seen and now have to buy.

LANE: That's a big pile.

RORY [Opening the bag of food]: Yep.

LANE: Bigger than the other two piles.

RORY: Yep.

LANE: This job must be costing you a fortune.

RORY: Yep. [She takes a bite of the burger and makes a face.] Oh, my God. What is that thing?

LANE: Sorry. I should have warned you.

RORY: This is disgusting! This is from Luke's?

LANE: Yeah, he's been a little off his game lately.

RORY: Off his game? It's like Tiger Woods made this thing.

LANE: Luke's been in a mood.

RORY: And he's taking it out on the cheeseburgers?

LANE: It's been awful. Everything's either been burnt or dropped. He's absolutely miserable. He just mopes and growls and stomps around. He throws customers out the door.

RORY: Geez.

LANE: I'm assuming his mood might have something to do with a certain someone who's been spending a lot of her time at Weston's lately.

RORY: Oh, poor, sad Luke.

LANE: Poor, sad tips.

RORY: Listen, I have to get something to eat. You want to run over to Al's with me?

LANE: Can't. If Luke's left alone too long, he might burn the place down.

RORY: Well, how about tonight? You want to do something?

LANE: I would love to, but Zach is cooking me dinner.

RORY: Really? Oh, it's so sweet.

LANE: It is, isn't it?

RORY: It's so nice that you have Zach.

LANE: I know, it's like having a perfect haircut every single day.

RORY: My God, that is beautiful.

LANE: I'll call you later?

RORY: Okay. Thanks for the concept of lunch.

LANE: Anytime.

[Lane leaves. Rory gets up and spots another book and adds it to her 'to buy' pile.]

RORY: This job was a great idea.

[She heads across the street.]

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Lorelai enters the kitchen.]

LORELAI: Hey, Sookie? Has my dad -

SOOKIE [jumping out at her]: August fourteenth!

LORELAI: Oh, geez!

SOOKIE: What are you doing August fourteenth?

LORELAI: Uh, recovering from the grand jete you just did there?

SOOKIE: Last night I called Jackson's sister - Colleen, not the drunk one and I asked her to take the kids on the weekend of August fourteenth because by then there will be kids, and I will be free to girlfriend the weekend away. What do you think?

LORELAI: Oh, sh**t.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: Well, If you had just gotten to me sooner.

SOOKIE: Sooner than six months ahead of time?

LORELAI: Well, August is my bathing month.

SOOKIE [disappointed]: Oh, well, September will probably work, and [noticing the small smile on Lorelai's face] you're joking.

LORELAI: August fourteenth would be perfect.

SOOKIE [clapping]: Oh, yay!

[Richard enters the kitchen with a business associate.]

LORELAI: Hey, Dad, how's it look?

RICHARD: Why don't you go and check that landing again, Phil? I'll be up in a moment. [He turns to Lorelai.]

LORELAI: Well, is it bad, is it good, am I screwed? What do you think?

RICHARD: Philip and I have thoroughly toured the property, and with the exception of one too many

garden gnomes, we have found it to be in top shape.

LORELAI [pleased]: Really?

RICHARD: Yes. I've also reviewed your policy, and while I tip my hat to the criminal genius who convinced you to sign it, I find it appalling.

LORELAI: I knew the name Sheisty McSheisterson should have tipped me off.

RICHARD: You can do better. And I can help.

LORELAI: Don't you tease me, Gilmore.

RICHARD: Oh, no, I wouldn't dare.

LORELAI: So what do we do?

RICHARD: Well, Philip will go over the property again, he'll take some pictures, and tomorrow I will put a new policy together for you.

LORELAI: Oh my God, you're my lifesaver.

SOOKIE: Hey, can I make you guys some lunch?

RICHARD: No, thank you, Sookie.

LORELAI: Come on, Dad. Not even a sandwich?

RICHARD: I'll tell you what. I'll have some coffee, if you're offering.

LORELAI: We're offering.

SOOKIE: I'll heat up some scones to go with it.

RICHARD [calling after her]: Oh, no, I don't - uh, I don't want the -

LORELAI: Forget it, Dad. You're getting scones.

RICHARD: My God, this is a bossy place.

[They go into the dining room.]

RICHARD: You know, I have to say, Lorelai. You've done a wonderful job here.

LORELAI [surprised]: Thank you, Dad.

RICHARD: Well, the restoration. The rooms. The homey feel. And the stables - very smart.

LORELAI: Yes.

RICHARD: People love horses.

LORELAI: They turned out to be quite a draw.

RICHARD: Hmm. You know, small inns like this are very fashionable right now. The larger hotel chains are constantly searching to acquire charming places like this. They keep them just as they

are, usually retain the management. I could, uh, do a little sniffing around for you if you like.

LORELAI: Are you talking about selling my inn?

RICHARD: Well, you would still run it. But you'd make a lot of money.

LORELAI: I'm good, Dad.

RICHARD: Well, you should really think about it.

LORELAI: I don't think I'm going to be selling this place, but thank you for the suggestion.

RICHARD: Yes, well, if you change your mind.

LORELAI: Yes, I know where to find you.

[A waiter brings the coffee and scones.]

RICHARD: Oh, my, what is that heavenly smell?

LORELAI: Scones.

RICHARD: I have never smelled anything as heavenly as this.

LORELAI: Wait till you taste them.

LANE'S HOUSE

[Lane and Zach are having a candlelit picnic on the floor.]

ZACH: More bubbly, my dear? [He offers her some Pepsi.]

LANE: Please.

ZACH: I opened the bottle this afternoon, so it's just the way you like it. Nice and flat.

LANE: You're very sweet. This whole thing was so sweet, Zach. Cooking me dinner?

ZACH: It was fun.

LANE: The sauce was amazing.

ZACH: My own creation. Ragu with garlic salt, cayenne pepper and a dash of wasabi.

LANE: It made my ears pop.

ZACH: One of the benefits.

LANE: Spaghetti was just right, too.

ZACH: I threw some up against the wall to tell if it was done. Made a shape like Peter Gabriel's big bloated head. It's still there if you want to see it.

LANE [getting up]: Yeah? Cool.

ZACH: But not now, okay? [He pulls her down beside him.] Later.

LANE: Oh, sure.

ZACH [kissing up her arm]: You're the best, you know. The coolest, the cutest.

LANE: Aw, thanks. Back at you.

ZACH: I liked you the day I met you. I even remember what you were wearing.

LANE: Oh, God. I probably looked like a pig. I need more clothes.

ZACH: I want this to be right, you know?

LANE: Yeah. Absolutely.

ZACH: Music's good for you?

LANE: Sure.

[They kiss.]

LANE: That was nice.

ZACH: Yeah, it was.

[They kiss again.]

LANE: We should probably clear the plates, right?

ZACH: What?

LANE: Just to get them soaking.

ZACH: No. Uh, later. After.

LANE: Okay. After what?

ZACH [leans in]: After.

LANE: Right. [They kiss] After.

[More kissing. Lane suddenly pushes away.]

LANE: Oh, my God!

ZACH: What?

LANE: You want to have sex.

ZACH: Kind of.

LANE: Oh, my God! [She gets up and crosses the room.]

ZACH: You didn't know where this was heading?

LANE: How could I have known, Zach?

ZACH: I thought it was clear.

LANE: How, how?

ZACH: I cooked. I never cook.

LANE: I don't know that you've never cooked. I've known you, what, two years? This could be a dormant hobby.

ZACH: I lit candles.

LANE: I thought you were trying to save on electricity. Very prudent.

ZACH: I told you I wanted to have a special evening with you.

LANE: That's a clue?

ZACH [yelling]: I don't say crap like 'special evening', Lane! I play guitar!

LANE: Okay! But -

ZACH: I lined the path to the bedroom door with rose petals? You had to have seen that.

LANE: I thought you tracked them in. You're always stepping in things, Zach.

ZACH: I don't know what else I could have done.

LANE: Yeah, well, neither do I.

ZACH: What?

LANE: You're right. You gave me, like, eighty-three clues, and I missed them all. I'm stupid.

ZACH: You're not. I was just trying to be subtle and that's not my thing. I'm bad, I'm a bad man.

LANE: You're not bad. You're good. I'm stupid.

ZACH: I pushed you. I should be arrested.

LANE: No, Zach. I should have known. We've been dating for what, four months? And we live together, and I'm twenty. You're a guy, and I'm a girl. Birds do it, bees do it.

ZACH: So, what do you think?

LANE: Oh, well, I have to wait until I get married.

ZACH: What?

LANE: I have to wait till I get married?

ZACH: I didn't know that.

LANE: Neither did I.

ZACH: Whoa.

LANE: Yeah, whoa.

ZACH: I don't know if I'm okay with that.

LANE: I'm not sure if I'm okay with that either.

[They look away. Lane gets up.]

ZACH: What are you doing?

LANE: Cleaning up.

ZACH: I'll do it.

LANE: No, Zach. You're not getting any tonight, the least I can do is clean up.

[Zach sits back down, confused.]

ELDER GILMORE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

[Emily stomps into the kitchen, where she is making flower arrangements. Richard is calling after her.]

RICHARD: Emily, I don't believe we've finished talking about this. [He enters.] I think once you take a step back and think about this you will see that there is nothing to be upset about.

EMILY: I'm not upset, Richard. [She throws a flower into the vase.]

RICHARD: You're not.

EMILY: No, I'm not.

RICHARD: Oh, that flower just had it coming, I assume.

EMILY: You're loving this, aren't you?

RICHARD: Loving what?

EMILY: Rory won't even look at me, but it's 'Grandpa, how was Greece?' and 'Grandpa, I just love my gift'!

RICHARD: Oh, now, Emily.

EMILY: Lorelai won't take my calls, but runs to Daddy with her insurance problems.

RICHARD: Well, her insurance company's been robbing her blind!

EMILY: Please.

RICHARD: Well, would you like to see her policy? The deductible alone -

EMILY: You're the favorite and you're loving every single minute of it.

RICHARD: This is not a popularity contest.

EMILY: No, not a contest. You've already won.

RICHARD: Emily, you are acting incredibly immature!

EMILY: You couldn't wait to run over to that inn of hers for your secret clandestine meeting!

RICHARD: Well, how clandestine could it be? I just told you about it.

EMILY: I do not understand why you refuse to stand by me on this.

RICHARD: Why haven't we gotten stools in here?

EMILY: I did what I did for her own good!

RICHARD: Of course you did!

EMILY: I only want the best for her, and since she is incapable of judging what is right and what is wrong, I had to step in! I had to act!

RICHARD: Yes, you did. You acted and it backfired.

EMILY: Richard!

RICHARD: Well, you did! It was a noble effort, but it failed. And now we have to deal with the reality in front of us. However misguided Lorelai's feelings are right now, the fact is, she is not willing to deal with you. She will, however, deal with me. And at least this way we still have contact with her.

EMILY: Contact, please.

RICHARD: And hopefully, with time, we will be able to convince her to come back and things will return to normal. However, if we simply cut her off, no contact whatsoever, then the odds of being able to get things back to the status quo are not very good at all. Don't you agree? [Emily looks petulant.] I thought so. All right, now don't worry. [He kisses her forehead.] I have everything under control.

EMILY [as he is leaving]: Of course you do. Because you're the favorite.

STARS HOLLOW BOOKSTORE

[Rory is working. Lane is lying on the floor.]

LANE: I can't believe it. I just cannot believe it!

RORY: It's okay.

LANE: How did this happen? I started listening to rock music when I was seven years old. I snuck makeup on at school. I managed to join a band without anyone knowing. I had a boyfriend who my mother thought was a Christian guitarist. And I ate spicy condiments like they were going out of style.

RORY: Lane.

LANE: I drank soda, ate hamburgers, wore jewelry, I danced.

RORY: Not very well.

LANE: Hey, any skill level's a sin. And then I moved out and I lived with two guys. I mean, nothing else stuck. Nothing. So why this?

RORY: It's a mystery.

LANE: Why couldn't the gluten-free thing stick? I could've lived with that. Or the not dancing thing. Oh, you should have seen Zach's face, it was like

-

RORY: Like he realized he wasn't going to have sex with you until the wedding night.

LANE: Yes! Exactly. God, this blows!

RORY: A lot of people wait until they're married to have sex.

LANE: Yes. Jessica Simpson and Donna from 90210.

RORY: And a couple of others.

LANE: Oh, my God, what if I never get married?

RORY: You'll get married.

LANE: If I never get married then I'll never have sex.

RORY: You'll get married, you'll have sex.

LANE: That's easy for you to say. You've already had sex with two different guys. All within a one year period.

RORY: Okay, you're making me sound a little slutty.

LANE: Well, why shouldn't you be slutty? You have absolutely no mother-taught morals standing in the way of you and your sluttiness.

RORY: Oh. Well, when you put it that way.

LANE: Is it great?

RORY: Is what great?

LANE: Sex! Is it great?

RORY: Not in front of the books, Lane.

LANE: What am I saying? It's great. And I will never experience it because by the time I'm ready to get married all the men will have been taken by women who didn't grow up in my household!

[Lane puts on her coat.]

RORY: Going out to find a husband?

LANE: I have to get extra trash bags for the diner.

RORY: All right. Call me later.

[Lane exits the bookstore and starts walking down the street. She notices her mother up ahead, handing out flyers. She begins walking faster.]

LANE: You're in my head! Are you happy? You are in my head!

MRS. KIM: What?

[Bewildered, she watches Lane hurry away.]

STARS HOLLOW BOOKSTORE

[Rory is reading a book about Ernest Hemingway. She pulls her cell phone out of her pocket and dials. Scene cuts from Rory in the store to Logan, sitting in front of some trees.]

LOGAN: Hello?

RORY: We were both wrong.

LOGAN: About?

RORY: Hemingway's manuscripts were stolen in Hadley's suitcase at the Gare de Lyon.

LOGAN: Huh.

RORY: Yep. Just thought you should know. We're both dumb.

LOGAN: Guess we found each other.

RORY: Guess we did. So how's the outing in the woods going?

LOGAN: It was going fine until Finn decided to go through one of his naked phases.

RORY: Yikes.

LOGAN: Yeah. Suddenly the cabin seemed very small.

RORY: I bet.

LOGAN: Plus it got boring, and there's too many people there I know, so I decided to cut my skiing trip short.

RORY: Yeah? Where are you now?

LOGAN: Yale.

RORY: What?

LOGAN: Yep. Seems like I got the whole place to myself, too.

RORY: I bet. Everybody's gone for spring break.

LOGAN: You know it's nice like this. Very quiet. Lots of privacy. It's too bad you're not here.

RORY: And why is that?

LOGAN: I just think you'd like it.

RORY: Well, take me a picture.

LOGAN: You know if, by chance, you decided to cut your spring break short, you could be here with me to see it yourself.

RORY: Oh, really?

LOGAN: Just a suggestion, Ace.

RORY: Well, I'll think about it.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai picks a container of Chinese take-out from the coffee table.]

RORY [pulling her laundry bags]: So you're sure you're okay with this?

LORELAI: Oh, my God, for the fiftieth time, yes.

RORY: But I know you had the whole week planned out. I saw the DVD's.

LORELAI: Oh, hon.

RORY: Woman Under the Influence?

LORELAI: A.k.a. the story of me.

RORY: Soap marathon.

LORELAI: All can be done at a later time.

RORY: Okay. How about next weekend?

LORELAI: Mm, let me check my spinster catalogue. No, I'm going to be knitting toilet paper cozies till three. But after that I'm good.

RORY: Great, and we can do the Friday night Weston's dessert thing again next week.

LORELAI: Yeah, whatever you want.

RORY: Okay. You're sure you're not mad?

LORELAI: Oh, well, you'll never truly know until you read my memoir.

RORY: Oh, well.

LORELAI: Wait. [She gets up and opens a drawer.] So you'll always have clean underwear. [She hands her two rolls of quarters.]

RORY: Mom -

LORELAI: Take them.

RORY: Ah. Clean underwear, priceless.

LORELAI: And I'm going to cover the books you bought from Andrew.

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: You're an enabler.

LORELAI: I know. You're my only daughter. That I know of.

RORY: Mom, thanks.

LORELAI: You're welcome. So, he came back early, huh?

RORY: Oh, yeah. Um, he said there just wasn't much to do up at the cabin, and it just got kind of cramped and gross with all those guys, so -

LORELAI: So, he came back early, huh?

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI [giggles a little]: Bye.

RORY: Bye.

[Rory leaves. Lorelai turns on her movie, looking a little sad.]

LUKE'S DINER

[Kirk is the only customer. Luke is behind the counter.]

KIRK: Oh, my God, I love this stuff I think is meatloaf.

[Luke turns around and glares at him.]

KIRK: Sorry.

[Emily enters the diner. She stand by the door.]

EMILY: Hello, Luke.

[Luke stiffens, his back to Emily.]

EMILY: When you get a moment, I'd like to have a word with you.

LUKE: I'm busy right now.

EMILY: That's fine. I'll just wait here until things die down. [She pulls up a stool at the counter. Luke ignores her and makes some coffee. She opens the menu.] You have a wide selection here. [Pause.] What is mud pie?

KIRK: Oh, that's awesome. It's chocolate pie with Oreo cookie crust, and sometimes you can get Luke to put gummy worms in it, like worms in the mud, so, you can imagine.

EMILY [disgusted]: Well, you've painted a wonderful picture. [To Luke] Your coffeemaker seems to be full now.

LUKE [slamming the filter into the machine]: Coffee, Kirk?

KIRK: Oh, no. I can't drink coffee. It makes my lungs hurt. [Luke pours him a cup.] Thanks.

EMILY [to Kirk]: Would you mind excusing us?

KIRK: Oh, um, okay. [He gets up and takes his plate outside.]

EMILY: My daughter and I aren't speaking. She won't take my calls, she won't come to dinner. She apparently wants nothing to do with me. [Pause.] I'm sure you know that Lorelai and I have had many battles. Most of them have been because I feel that I know what's best for her. But Lorelai has her own ideas about what she thinks will make her happy. She wants you, Luke. She's made her choice, God help her, but there it is. It doesn't matter if I agree with it, I can't fight it. You've won. Go back to her. I promise I will stay out of it. [She gets up and heads toward the door. Kirk is pressed up against the glass.] You're going to have to clean that window. [She leaves. Luke stares at the door.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is watching a movie. Judy Garland is singing on the screen.]

JUDY: The night is bitter, the stars have lost their glitter. The winds grow colder, suddenly you're older, and all because of the man that got away.

[She hears someone knocking on the door. She opens the door and Luke walks in, wraps his arms around her and kisses her. Lorelai closes the door.]

JUDY: No more his eager call, the writing's on the wall, the dreams you've dreamed have all gone astray.

END