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07x03 - Lorelai's First Cotillion

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07x03 - Lorelai's First Cotillion

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Posted: **10/21/06 23:22**

GILMORE MANSION

[Lorelai and Rory have just arrived in the jeep, it's night time.]

LORELAI: Hey, punch me in the stomach.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Real quick -- jab, jab. Not too hard. Just enough to cause internal bleeding.

RORY: That sounds pretty hard.

LORELAI: Yeah, true, plus, internal bleeding is internal, which means it can't be proven. And unless my mother sees blood, there's no way she's gonna let you take me to the hospital. You're right you're gonna have to punch me in the face. Real quick -- jab, jab.

RORY: I am not going to punch you in the face.

LORELAI: Why? I'll heal. I'd much rather spend the night in the emergency room getting 8 to 10 stitches than go in there for dinner. Plus, it'll give me a groovy scar. I've always wanted a groovy scar.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: It'd be such a great conversation piece. "Where did you get that groovy scar?" "Oh, my daughter dropkicked me for no apparent reason." She's totally psycho.

RORY: Oh, so now I'm dropkicking you?

LORELAI: Give me a few options you didn't like the whole jab, jab thing.

RORY: We haven't had dinner with them in three weeks. Suck it up. We're going in.

LORELAI: Hey you didn't make it through the last dinner, which means technically you've had four weeks, which means you owe me one.

RORY: I stayed for cocktail hour.

LORELAI: That's the best part.

RORY: I can't help that it's at the beginning.

LORELAI: Okay, fine, then you stay through dessert, and I'll leave early to go spend time with Logan.

RORY: Oh, I miss Logan.

LORELAI: Yeah, me too. Let's talk about him for four or five hours.

RORY: We're going inside. [goes to knock on the door]

LORELAI: No! Gonna be horrible.

RORY: They're always horrible.

LORELAI: No, it's gonna be horribler because of the whole Luke thing.

RORY: Well doesn't grandma already know because of the house debacle?

LORELAI: No she suspects, but she doesn't know know. I'm gonna have to tell them.

RORY: Well, just tell them real quick, like ripping a band-aid off.

LORELAI: Ripping a band-aid off that's been superglued, stapled, and surgically embedded in my arm.

RORY: Just tell them, and then we can move on, we can talk about more pleasant things, like the middle east.

LORELAI: I don't know how they're gonna come at me. I mean I know they're gonna come at me, but I don't know how. I mean It could be guilt, pity, anger, contempt. They have so many options.

RORY: Well in all likelihood, it will be a combination of all of those.

LORELAI: I don't want the whole night to be about Luke.

RORY: It won't be. Don't worry. Just put it out there, and then when they attack you, whatever angle they're coming from, I will deflect.

LORELAI: How will you deflect?

RORY: Well I don't know. Maybe I will talk about Bangalore.

LORELAI: You know a lot about Bangalore?

RORY: Don't you? Bangalore? Outsourcing? When you call customer service, you're talking to some nice dude in India who speaks perfect English. Don't you read time magazine?

LORELAI: It doesn't seem like a rich subject area.

RORY: Yeah. [knocks on the door]

LORELAI: No! Uhh! Ah I know you tell them you're converting to Judaism, and that will throw the friday-night-dinner thing in jeopardy.

RORY: There you go.

[the door opens and a girls or about 10 years old answers]

CHARLOTTE: Hello.

LORELAI: Hi.

RORY: Hello.

CHARLOTTE: Come in. May I take your coats?

LORELAI: Uh, well, okay. Here you go. [Chuckles] That's a pretty dress.

CHARLOTTE: Thank you.

LORELAI: Oh. You okay there?

CHARLOTTE: I'm fine. Right this way.

LORELAI: Weird.

RORY: So weird.

LORELAI: It's a child, right?

RORY: Pretty sure.

LORELAI: Maybe mom has run out of adults who will work for her. [they walk in to the living room]
Hi, mom. Hi, dad.

RICHARD: Good evening, Rory. Lorelai.

RORY: Hi, grandma. Hi, grandpa.

EMILY: Well done, Charlotte. C.C. Guest couldn't have done it better herself.

CHARLOTTE: Thank you, Mrs. Gilmore.

EMILY: Lorelai, Rory, allow me to introduce charlotte Courtwright. Charlotte, this is Lorelai Gilmore and Rory Gilmore, my granddaughter and her mother.

CHARLOTTE: It's a pleasure to meet you.

LORELAI: Oh, a pleasure.

RORY: Hi again. [waves]

EMILY: Charlotte's grandparents, Arthur and Beverly, are dear friends of ours. In fact, it was the Courtwrights who put us up for membership at Blackledge. Isn't that right, Richard?

RICHARD: Indeed it is, although I have a feeling Arthur did that just so he could humiliate me on the links every Sunday. [to Charlotte] Hell of a golfer, your grandfather.

CHARLOTTE: Yes, he used to be scratch, but now he's a 3.

RORY: You know "Charlotte's web" is one of my favorite books.

LORELAI: Spiders talking to pigs. What could be better?

CHARLOTTE: Can I offer anyone a cocktail?

LORELAI: Uh...okay. Sure. Is that legal?

EMILY: She'll have a martini with a twist. Scotch on the rocks for Richard. "G" and "T" for me. Rory?

RORY: Just a club soda, please.

CHARLOTTE: Would Lorelai you like that straight up or on the rocks?

LORELAI: Um, Straight up. Thanks.

EMILY: You're never too young to learn to make a Martini.

LORELAI: Who is that?

EMILY: I told you. It's the Courtwrights' granddaughter, charlotte.

LORELAI: Why is she taking our coats and pouring us drinks? Did you win her in a poker game?

RICHARD: Your mother has been dragooned by her colleagues at the D.A.R. To lend her expertise to this year's summer cotillion.

LORELAI: It's been quite a responsibility. But Eliza Appleton insisted that there was no one she knew who was better suited to preparing these girls for society living. I could hardly say no.

CHARLOTTE: Here we are.

RICHARD: Oh. Thank you, charlotte.

CHARLOTTE: Martini straight up.

LORELAI: Oh. Thanks.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: So, nothing for you? You driving tonight?

CHARLOTTE: Oh, Lorelai, I'm only 10.

EMILY: In any case Charlotte missed last week's session on table manners, so we've decided to make tonight's dinner a makeup class.

CHARLOTTE: I'm awfully sorry about that, Mrs. Gilmore. My grandparents took me to a count basie tribute at Tanglewood.

EMILY: [changing here tone] Charlotte, you might have noticed the ice cubes in my glass have already melted. There's a whole ice bucket up there. There's no need to be so stingy.

CHARLOTTE: [sounding scared] I'm sorry.

EMILY: For future reference. It's obviously too late now.

LORELAI: This is your chance. Get out while you still can. I can show you all the good escape routes.

CHARLOTTE: [happy again] Mrs. Gilmore warned me you'd be full of smart remarks.

[Lorelai is surprised and taken back]

[Opening Credits]

GILMORE MANSION

[They are moving to the dining room]

EMILY: Now, tonight we'll be dining with service La Russe, which has nothing to do with Russians -- thank god -- because in my experience, their table manners are nothing to emulate. All it means is that the servers will be passing each course in turn instead of plopping all the food on the table at once, like some mukluk picnic. Now, it is the duty of the gentleman to help a lady to her seat. Richard.

RICHARD: It is my pleasure.

RORY: We can seat ourselves.

LORELAI: Yeah, seating us is more of a privilege, not a duty.

EMILY: Now, immediately upon sitting, one should place one's napkin in one's lap. And, mind you, no need for a flourish. The ability to use a napkin is nothing to brag about.

[Lorelai makes a flourish when placing her napkin]

RORY: The table looks beautiful, grandma.

EMILY: Why, thank you, Rory.

LORELAI: What's with all the forks?

EMILY: Every piece of silverware has a purpose. You simply work from the outermost utensil in towards your plate. Can you name each of these forks?

[In the background we hear Charlotte start to name the forks]

LORELAI: Each one of these forks is gonna take 20 minutes.

CHARLOTTE: And then the fish fork, and then the entrée fork, and then -- is this the dessert? Oh, wait -- it's for the roast course, isn't it?

EMILY: Exactly. Very good, Charlotte.

RORY: Hey you're gonna wow them at your cotillion.

CHARLOTTE: Did you ever attend a cotillion?

RORY: No, I haven't, actually, but I had a coming-out party.

LORELAI: And I totally supported her decision. She shouldn't have to hide her love for women.

EMILY: Lorelai, there's nothing funny about being a lesbian.

RORY: I'm sure you'll have fun at your cotillion.

CHARLOTTE: I'm very much looking forward to it.

LORELAI: Oh, don't get too excited. Cotillions are not fun parties. They're boring rituals to train a whole new generation of snobs.

EMILY: And how exactly would you know? Lorelai never actually attended a cotillion.

LORELAI: You don't have to jump off the empire state building to know it's gonna hurt.

[A disappointing look from Richard]

CHARLOTTE: Um, this looks delicious, Mrs. Gilmore.

EMILY: It's just a simple Potage Au Cresson. [continues talking to Charlotte in the back ground]

RORY: [to Lorelai] I thought you were gonna rip off the band-aid.

LORELAI: Well I, the kid threw me off. I'm looking for an opening, I'll find it.

EMILY: ...To ladle the broth away from our bodies.

RICHARD: Rory, how has the summer been treating you so far?

RORY: It's treating me very well so far, thank you.

EMILY: Are you relaxing in preparation for your senior year?

RORY: Well, I've been doing some part-time work. Paris opened this business, a tutoring business, and it prepares people for the S.A.T.S. It's kind of like the Princeton review but meaner.

RICHARD: Sounds very enterprising.

EMILY: And what about your social calendar? Do you have anything exciting planned?

RORY: Not really. Logan's in London, so...

EMILY: Logan is Rory's boyfriend. He's a Huntzberger.

CHARLOTTE: Ah.

RICHARD: How is Logan enjoying London?

RORY: I think he likes it. He's working a lot and meeting different department heads, getting situated, learning to talk British, you know.

RICHARD: Lorelai, how's summer with you? Anything new?

LORELAI: Um...we planted some pansies at the Dragonfly, in the back there. They look good. And, um, I finally bought a new DVD player. And... Luke and I broke up.

EMILY: Did you? That's too bad.

RICHARD: Hmm.

[several seconds of silence]

EMILY: Now, charlotte, when the conversation lags, a good guest ought to be prepared to introduce a new topic. Keep it light -- no politics, no religion. My little trick? Think of things in the middle

three sections of the Sunday New York Times -- travel, arts & leisure, Sunday styles -- and forget the rest of the paper exists.

[Lorelai is looking confused]

LORELAI: Look, it's all right.

EMILY: What is?

LORELAI: We can talk about the breakup. I'm sure you have thoughts on the subject, and why don't we get it all out in the open now so we can move on with our lives?

EMILY: I've moved on. Richard, anything you'd like to add?

RICHARD: I can't think of a thing.

EMILY: All right, then. Isn't it interesting how they're renovating so many of the old Paradores in Spain? Funny you should mention that because last week at the club, Chick Walsh told me that he and Mary stayed at this extraordinary old castle near Madrid. Where was it? Um, uh, Lerma.

EMILY: Lerma? How nice.

LORELAI: Excuse me. Uh, what's going on? Why are we talking about Lerma? It's a town in Spain.

LORELAI: Yes, I understand geography, but why are you avoiding the subject of my breakup?

EMILY: Honestly, Lorelai, I see no point in continuing this conversation. We couldn't possibly say anything right, so why say anything at all?

LORELAI: Well that's not true.

EMILY: It absolutely is.

LORELAI: You could say something. You could try. You could say, "I'm sorry, Lorelai. This must be a very hard time for you."

EMILY: Well, i am sorry, Lorelai, I'm sure this is a very hard time for you.

LORELAI: That's it? That's all?

EMILY: I just said what you said to say.

LORELAI: I mean you don't have anything of your own to add?

EMILY: I'm sure whatever Luke did...

LORELAI: See? It's so interesting you blame it on him, and you don't even know the whole story.

RORY: Mum

EMILY: I knew we couldn't talk about this. I should have claimed I had laryngitis.

RICHARD: Lorelai, your mother is simply expressing our regrets that you've ended your relationship with Luke. I hardly see how that's offensive.

LORELAI: Fine... Only that's not true. You never liked Luke. You never showed him anything but total

contempt.

RICHARD: That's not true. I played golf with Luke.

LORELAI: Once.

EMILY: We were buying the two of you a house. Doesn't the fact that we were willing to spend an enormous amount of money on a wedding present count for anything?

LORELAI: So, that's what you're mad about? Your mad about the enormous amount of money you might have wasted?

RORY: Mum.

EMILY: That's not what I was saying.

LORELAI: Well, you implied it.

EMILY : Lorelai that's...

RICHARD: Bangalore! Bangalore!... Bangalore.

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory's bedroom early morning, her cell phone rings, she turns on a light and answers it.]

RORY: Hi.

LOGAN: Morning, Ace. [to someone handing Logan some food] Thanks.

RORY: How's your day going?

LOGAN: My day hasn't started yet. How was your yesterday?

RORY: [Yawns] I'm still sleepy.

LOGAN: I can let you go back to sleep.

RORY: No, no, I'm up. I'm up. What happened yesterday?

LOGAN: My yesterday or your yesterday?

RORY: Either one.

LOGAN: Let's see, I had a scone for breakfast -- not as dry as Monday's, but I still think there's room for improvement. And then I went into a meeting with about 18 different department heads, all of whom I believe are named Nigel, and that meeting lasted for about nine hours.

RORY: Was it a cranberry scone?

LOGAN: Blueberry.

RORY: Those are my favorite kind.

LOGAN: Your turn.

RORY: Well, I'm tutoring this new kid, Benji. And, oh, it was really funny because he kept misusing this word. I don't remember what word it was. But it will come to me. Anyway, he kept misusing it, and I didn't want to correct him 'cause I didn't want him to feel embarrassed. But then he messed up on the work sheet, and then he realized all by himself that he had misused the word. [Chuckles] I guess it wasn't funny "ha ha." It was more funny "you had to be there."

LOGAN: That's okay.

RORY: Are you working?

LOGAN: Just I.M.'ing.

RORY: If you have to go...

LOGAN: No I just have to let my assistant know I'm on the phone with you, so I'll be 2 minutes late to the meeting.

RORY: I don't want you to be late.

LOGAN: It's no problem. I don't mind.

RORY: Well now I feel like I have to come up with something great to talk about.

LOGAN: No pressure. [looking at the computer screen] Ohh.

RORY: What?

LOGAN: Nothing.

RORY: Now you really do have to go.

LOGAN: Well, yeah.

RORY: "Philanthropic."

LOGAN: What?

RORY: Philanthropic, that was the word that Benji kept misusing. He kept saying "Philantropic." He thought it meant "tropical." It was funny.

LOGAN: I'll call you tonight.

RORY: My tonight or your tonight?

LOGAN: Got to go, Ace.

RORY: Okay. Bye. [Hangs up, Inhales, exhales deeply]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

[Morning, Lorelai is sitting at the kitchen table "playing" with her food, Rory comes in.]

RORY: Are you enjoying your breakfast?

LORELAI: I don't know if I like pop-tarts.

RORY: Did you fall on your head while you were sleeping?

LORELAI: I don't know. Do I like this? Is this something I like?

RORY: So, you fell on your head, and now you have some kind of very specific amnesia, is that it?

LORELAI: Last night I was dreading mom and dad's reaction to the breakup, right?

RORY: Right. Dread, dread. I remember.

LORELAI: And then they didn't react -- not one bit. It's almost like the absence of their reaction was worse than any freak-out they could have had.

RORY: Okay. Sure.

LORELAI: Then I thought, "why? Why do I care if they freak out? What do I get out of it?"

RORY: Uh ha.

LORELAI: And then I thought, "maybe their freak-outs" are like some kind of compass for me, you know "like, I know I'm doing what I want to do if it freaks them out." And then I thought, "what if I don't want to do "what I want to do because I want to do it, but because they don't want me to?"

RORY: Huh?

LORELAI: I mean what if I don't like what I like because I like it, but because my mother doesn't like it and doesn't want me to like it? What if I don't actually like the music that I like or the movies or the clothes or the men? What if I don't like what I seem to like?

RORY: Ah, hence the pop-tart.

LORELAI: Yes. Hence. I can remember the first time I had a pop-tart. It was at my friend Erica Catcha's house, and she said, "do you want a pop-tart?" And I knew my mother would recoil at the very idea of me having a pop-tart. I could just picture her. [Emily voice] "A pop-tart?!" [normal voice] And so, I had one. And I opened the little silver wrapper, and I took a bite, and I thought nothing had ever tasted so good. I thought it tasted like freedom. It tasted like I was my own person. The pop-tart tasted like freedom and rebellion and independence.

RORY: Wow. That's some pop-tart. What flavor was that?

LORELAI: But now I think I don't know if I like pop-tarts. What if I don't like pop-tarts? Would I like pop-tarts if Richard and Emily had served me pop-tarts on a silver platter and demanded I eat every bite? I don't know.

RORY: Hey, where are all the pop-tarts?

LORELAI: I've been experimenting.

RORY: You ate all the pop-tarts?

LORELAI: If it makes you feel any better I don't know if I like them!

RORY: Well, I hope you didn't eat all the Froot Loops.

LORELAI: Hey, how was last night's conversation?

RORY: Eh.

LORELAI: Eh-eh?

RORY: It's just these transatlantic phone calls. I don't know if it's the "trans" or the "Atlantic" or the fact that it's 2:00 in the morning, but Helen Keller and Stephen Hawking could have a more connected conversation.

LORELAI: Helen Keller's dead.

RORY: Yeah, well, even dead, she could do better. It's just so awkward and pausy. And I feel like the more I try to connect, the more disconnected I feel. And I just feel like I'm working so hard, but maybe I shouldn't be having to work so hard. And then I feel self-conscious, but I shouldn't feel self-conscious, so then I feel self-conscious about that. I don't know maybe it's just the salt in the ocean. It corrodes conversations or something.

LORELAI: Yeah. It sounds like the salt.

RORY: [Picks up a pop-tart off Lorelai plate] Um.

LORELAI: Hey!

RORY: I like pop-tarts.

LUKE'S DINER - EXTERIOR

[Sign on window "Luke's Grand Re-opening", Moving inside Luke brings Babette and Miss Patty their orders]

LUKE: Here you go, ladies.

MISS PATTY: It's the ceilings. They're vaulted now, aren't they?

LUKE: The ceilings aren't vaulted.

BABETTE: I got it, it's the curly fries. You never used to have curly fries here before, did you Luke.

LUKE: Always had curly fries.

BABETTE: I'm telling you, something's different about the place.

LUKE: Nothing, nothing has changed. It's exactly the same.

MISS PATTY: He must have done something to the windows 'cause the light is much better now.

BABETTE: Yeah it's a lot less gloomy than it used to be.

LUKE: An identical level of gloom, people.

BABETTE: I got it. You got new chairs. I knew my butt felt more comfortable.

LUKE: Your butt feels exactly the same, Babette. Now, would you two can it? I didn't change a damn thing.

[Rory enters and comes to the counter]

LUKE: Hey, Rory.

RORY: Hi, Luke.

LUKE: How's it going?

RORY: Good. I'm good. And you?

LUKE: Doing good.

RORY: Glad to hear that. Congratulations on the reopening.

LUKE: Oh, yeah, thanks. Back to normal, I guess.

RORY: New hat?

LUKE: Yeah. So, I didn't think you were gonna make it back this summer.

RORY: Oh, I wasn't, but then I did.

LUKE: Things change.

RORY: Yeah.

LUKE: So, you want a table?

RORY: No, I think I'll just take some coffee and a muffin to go, if you have it.

LUKE: I have it.

BABETTE: It's the curtains!

LUKE: Yeah those curtains have always been here.

BABETTE: I know. I'm just saying you used to have more curtains.

LUKE: No, I never had more curtains.

LANE: Hi.

RORY: Lane, hey come over here.

LANE: [handing some food to a customer] Here you go.

[They sit at a table]

RORY: Hey. So? How did it go? Was it hard? Did he freak out?

LANE: What are you talking about?

RORY: Zach...and the pregnancy.

LANE: Oh. That. I haven't told him yet.

RORY: Really?

LANE: Yeah, I was, but now I'm thinking I'm gonna wait.

RORY: Okay. For how long?

LANE: I don't know. A couple years?

RORY: Lane!

LANE: I'm gonna tell him eventually, just not yet. Besides, a lot of people wait a full 12 weeks before they tell anyone they're pregnant.

RORY: Not the husband.

LANE: I just need a little more time to adjust, you know? I kind of want to process this by myself a little longer.

RORY: You can wait as long as you want. You can wait until the baby comes out and have her tell him.

LANE: Her?

RORY: Or him.

LANE: It could be a him! Oh, god, I'm not ready for a him!

RORY: Maybe it'll be a her.

LANE: Who's ready for a her?!

RORY: You are. And Zach is. You guys can do this.

LANE: Hey, you want to tell him?

LUKE: One coffee. One muffin. One employee sitting at a table.

LANE: Sorry, Luke. [Gets up]

RORY: Thanks, Luke. See you later. [leaves]

LUKE: See you later.

BABETTE: [Yelling at Luke] New mugs!

LUKE: Hey! Same mugs. [Sighs]

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Lorelai enters]

SOOKIE: Wow. Somebody's all fancy-pants. I've never seen your hair up like that.

LORELAI: I'm just trying out a new look, seeing if I like it, serving no master but myself.

SOOKIE: Are you gonna try pigtails, too? Because that's kind of my thing.

LORELAI: It's freeing, really. I never realized how my mother influenced my every decision, even decisions that don't seem like decisions, like tying my shoes. I mean I've always been a fan of the bunny ears, you know? And this morning I decided not to bunny-ear, and you know what happened?

SOOKIE: No.

LORELAI: Turns out Bunny ears take a lot longer than the regular way. I saved three seconds this morning.

SOOKIE: What does your mother have to do with bunny ears?

LORELAI: My mother is everywhere...[Michel enters] in my shoes, in my clothes, in my food.

MICHEL: Your mother is here.

LORELAI: In my inn. What do you mean, what are you talking about? Why is my mother here?

SOOKIE: She's here to taste the menu for the tea. [Turns to Michel] Why doesn't she know what I'm talking about?

LORELAI: What tea?

SOOKIE: I thought you were going to tell her.

LORELAI: What tea?

MICHEL: I was going to tell her. Then I considered what it would be like if I did not tell her, and I thought it might be more fun. I was right.

LORELAI: What tea?

EMILY: Lorelai, do you normally keep your guests waiting like that? It's very rude. Hello, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Hi, Mrs. Gilmore. Welcome.

LORELAI: What tea?

EMILY: There's no need to shout, Lorelai. I'm bringing the girls here Friday for afternoon tea as part of their etiquette training.

LORELAI: Here, why bringing them here?

EMILY: Actually I was going to take them into the city for high tea at the Pierre. But the Matre d' at the Pierre apparently believes that proper high tea includes club sandwiches and a juice bar, and I simply couldn't subject these impressionable young girls to such tasteless effrontery.

LORELAI: Do they even have tea at a cotillion?

EMILY: Don't be absurd. As long as I have them under my wing, I feel that it is my duty to offer them as much of my expertise as possible. Last week we went to the symphony and the hopper exhibit at the met. This week it's high tea and "Rigoletto" at Lincoln center.

LORELAI: Have you done that thing where they walk around with books on their heads? That's always a good one.

EMILY: Sookie, these are simply divine.

SOOKIE: It's the lemon zest. It makes all the difference.

EMILY: Although, we definitely shouldn't serve the spinach quiche. Some of the girls have braces, and their mothers would never forgive me if they spent the evening with hideous green smiles. Perhaps a Shrimp salad or more traditional cream cheese and cucumber would be more appropriate?

LORELAI: Yum. Cucumber.

EMILY: Is that peanut butter and jelly?

SOOKIE: Yes. I just thought since the girls were only 10 that they'd enjoy it more than the smoked-salmon sandwiches.

EMILY: [snapping] They're 10. They're not animals. This is a proper tea, Sookie. I'm not interested in circus food.

LORELAI: [to Sookie] Stings, don't it?

EMILY: [to Michel] I'd like to see the room we'll be using. If the lighting isn't right, we may have to make some adjustments.

MICHEL: Right this way.

EMILY: I like your hair like that, Lorelai.

YALE NEWS ROOM

[Paris' S.A.T.s class is studying]

TUTOR: It's a good sentence, but you want to make sure never to end with a preposition.

PARIS: If she ended the sentence with a preposition, how could it have been a good sentence? Sounds like a terrible sentence.

TUTOR: Well I was...

PARIS: You were just coddling her. You want to prop her up on your knee and burp her, maybe buy her a pony? I'm not paying you to make her feel better about her incompetence. If she can't construct a proper sentence, how is she gonna pass the essay section of the S.A.T.?

TUTOR: Well...

PARIS: That was rhetorical! Carry on.

[moves on to another tutor]

PARIS: Why don't you go slower, Dalton? 'Cause you haven't been on the same page for the last 20 minutes or anything.

[Moves on to Rory and a student.]

RORY: Okay, "doctor is to hospital as, 'a,' sports fan is to stadium, 'b,' ice is to freezer, 'c' professor is to college, or, 'd,' criminal is to jail?"

ERIC: Um, "a," sports fan is to stadium?

RORY: It's actually "c," professor is to college. When you're doing this kind of analogy, you have to be a little more specific than just filling in the blank with "is found in." A doctor works in a hospital, just as a professor works in a college. Make sense?

ERIC: [smiling at Rory] You're really smart.

RORY: Thanks that's very sweet, Eric. And you're just as smart. I promise.

PARIS: Are you kidding? [buzzer goes off] That's it! Pencils down. [to Eric] That means you, Casanova. Time is up! Everyone out, unless your parents want to start paying for overtime, which for many of you might be a good idea. Not so fast, employees. Today's work was shoddy at best. Between the overt coddling and the inappropriate flirting, I feel like I'm running a bordello. Gilmore, do you see any of my students falling in love with me? No, and do you know why? because you don't fall in love with people that make you want to crap your pants. I want to see terror in their eyes! Fear is a great motivator, people. Use it. What are you standing around here for? Go! Dismissed. [to Rory] Okay, I'm not your boss anymore. We can do five minutes of friend time.

RORY: I appreciate the offer, but I have to make a phone call.

PARIS: Logan?

RORY: Yep.

PARIS: How's that going?

RORY: It's good, you know? It's fine.

PARIS: So, it's awful?

RORY: No.

PARIS: Because you downgraded from good to fine in under two seconds, so I figured I'd cut to the chase.

RORY: Not awful. It's just hard because of the distance.

PARIS: Uh-huh. How's the sex?

RORY: Um, well, seeing as he's in London and I'm here, the sex is pretty much nonexistent.

PARIS: You've got a phone. Use it.

RORY: What? You mean... [Chuckles] I can't do that. I talk to my mother on that phone.

PARIS: Okay, what about texting?

RORY: No. No, thank you.

PARIS: Why not? You say stuff when you're together, don't you?

RORY: Yeah. I guess. Sometimes.

PARIS: So, text it. Texting is great. And you can do it while you're doing other things. Doyle and I

are doing it right now.

RORY: What? [Looks at Paris' phone] Oh, my god!

PARIS: Don't worry. This is advanced. Right now all you are looking to do is create some intimacy. Stick to the basics.

RORY: I don't have any basics.

PARIS: Write what you know.

RORY: Thanks, Paris. I'll figure something out.

PARIS: Doyle thinks it's a great idea.

RORY: Can you not talk about me on that thing when you're doing that with him?

PARIS: Sorry.

RORY: Jeez.

LANE, ZACH AND BRIAN'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM

[Zach is playing the guitar]

ZACH: I'm telling you, man, she's totally avoiding me. She won't even talk to me. She'll barely even look at me. It's over. She's divorcing me.

BRIAN: I'll admit it's not the best marriage I've seen, although I only have my parents to compare it to, and they're unusually happy.

ZACH: We were happy once, and then that stupid honeymoon happened. And ever since we came home, it's like she's a different person.

BRIAN: Maybe it was the parasite.

ZACH: What do you mean?

BRIAN: You know maybe the parasite like got into her brain and ate away the part that was in love with you.

ZACH: I can't believe it's over. I mean we haven't even written our thank-you notes.

BRIAN: I was gonna say.

ZACH: Hey man I already told you we like the bowl.

BRIAN: Doesn't mean I don't deserve a note. [Zach starts playing again] It's all gonna be okay, Zach. I'm here for you, man. I got your back. Hey, that's nice.

ZACH: Yeah, the pain is totally helping my music.

[Lane comes home]

LANE: We need to talk.

ZACH: Okay. Let's talk.

LANE: Alone?

ZACH: Anything you have to say to me, you can say in front of Brian.

LANE: I'm pregnant.

[Brian gets up and leaves]

ZACH: [stunned] With a baby?

LANE: Yes, pregnant with a baby.

ZACH: But how? When?

LANE: On a beach in Mexico, about three weeks ago. I'm pretty sure you were there.

ZACH: But we only did it once.

LANE: Once is really all it takes. [Zack leaves] Where are you going?

ZACH: Brian must be freaking out!

DRAGONFLY INN - ENTRY AND RECEPTION AREA

[Emily enters with the cotillion girls in tow, Lorelai is working on the computer]

EMILY: Good afternoon, Lorelai.

MICHEL: Oh, my goodness.

EMILY: Is the library ready for us?

LORELAI: Yes, the tables are set, and the tea is brewed, and I've hired some extra poor people for the girls to look down on.

[The girls giggle]

CHARLOTTE: She's the one I told you about -- a regular Imogene Coca.

MICHEL: Oh, my god, I love them. They are like Madame Alexander dolls come to life.

EMILY: All right, ladies, chins up, tummies in, and glide.

[Light laughter, one of the girls (Caroline) does the "chicken walk" but stops when Emily sees, Lorelai is amused.]

DRAGONFLY INN - LIBRARY

[Lorelai and Michel watch from the next room]

EMILY: Now, remember, ladies, the dress you'll be wearing at the cotillion on Saturday will have much fuller skirts. Several of you may be working with a crinoline, so sitting will be an entirely different experience. What is the rule of thumb we can always apply? Tiffany?

TIFFANY: Bottoms out.

EMILY: That's right. Bottoms, sit. Very good.

MICHEL: Such elegance, such a sense of decorum, manners, grAce, charm -- everything my childhood could have been but wasn't. Oh, to go back and do it right.

EMILY: Caroline, we do not grab or grope our dinner partners.

CAROLINE: Sorry, Mrs. Gilmore.

EMILY: Always maintain proper spacing and distance.

LORELAI: [to Michel] Err, it's all coming back to me. Proper spacing and distance. Other kids were hugged and kissed. I was taught to maintain proper spacing and distance.

EMILY: ...In which case, the utensil rule still applies. No utensil, once used, may ever touch the table again. Imagine leaving a ring of raspberry preserves on a set of fine linens. Granted, these linens aren't the best. But at the cotillion on Saturday, everything will be of the highest quality. All right, ladies, choose your first sandwich.

MICHEL: Take me.

LORELAI: Oh, Michel!

MICHEL: Take me to the cotillion.

LORELAI: Oh.

MICHEL: I have to be there. I want to go back and do it right.

LORELAI: No, forget it.

MICHEL: I insist. You must take me. You have no choice.

LORELAI: I have no choice? Do you know me? I'm not going to my mother's cotillion.

MICHEL: You owe me.

LORELAI: What? I do not.

MICHEL: Oh, yes, you do. Last November, when you were going out of town and nervous about boarding Paul Anka for the first time, you forced me, against my better judgment, to have Paul Anka over to my home for the day so he could acclimate to other dogs. Well, not only did he traumatize my poor chows, but somehow he managed to get into my closet, the door of which was firmly closed...

LORELAI: I know. I don't know how he does that.

MICHEL: ...And proceeded to poop in my Prada loafers.

LORELAI: Well, he knows good quality.

MICHEL: When I returned your foul creature and told you about what happened, you apologized profusely and then wrote an I.O.U. On several little post-its, thinking it was all so clever.

LORELAI: Gosh, I don't remember that.

MICHEL: I thought as much. [he leaves]

EMILY: ...On the seat of your chair. Do not leave it carelessly strewn about the table. Caroline?
Caroline! [she has stuffed food into her mouth, the other girls laugh]

MICHEL: [returns to Lorelai and sticks post-it's on her] "I"... "o"... "u"... "one"... "big"... "favor."

LORELAI: Can't prove I wrote that.

MICHEL: [Chuckles and puts one last post-it in her hand] "Lorelai Gilmore."

LORELAI: Ohh! I'll buy you a car.

MICHEL: No.

LORELAI: A house.

MICHEL: Pick me up at 7:00.

LORELAI: Michel!

MICHEL: And wear your hair like you had it the other day.

LANE, ZACH AND BRIAN'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM

[Zach is watching TV]

ZACH: Good nap, babe?

LANE: Yeah, I was really out of it. I'm so tired all the time. It's weird.

ZACH: Huh, must be the heat.

LANE: Yeah, right, I guess that could have something to do with it.

ZACH: Beer?

LANE: No, I don't think I'll be drinking beer for a while.

ZACH: Oh, that's cool. Going a little straightedge.

LANE: But we probably should be drinking more calcium, so maybe I should keep an extra gallon of milk around the house.

ZACH: No problemo.

LANE: And I may start having cravings soon...

ZACH: Oh man you know what I'm craving right now? Pizza bagels. Those are definitely going on the grocery list want some of those?

LANE: Sure.

ZACH: Do you like that, mountain ninja? Do you like the taste of my broadsword?

LANE: Well, I'm off to see Rory.

ZACH: Have fun.

ANDREWS BOOKS STORE

[Both girls are sitting on the floor, Rory is reading "Henry Miller Sexus", Lane and book on pregnancy]

RORY: Yikes.

LANE: Oh, no.

RORY: Whoa!

LANE: That's disgusting.

RORY: Wow.

LANE: No way! No way!

RORY: I can't write this stuff to Logan. I can barely read it to myself. I'm bright red.

LANE: Did you notice no one ever gives details when they tell you about childbirth? It's because the details are gross and scary and unacceptable.

RORY: Like what?

LANE: Well, apparently in about three months, I can look forward to dark spots on my face because it's not enough to just get fat.

RORY: It's not fat. It's a baby.

LANE: A baby that will sh**t out of my body despite the fact that it's obviously much too large. I didn't think this through when we were dating. I was all into the fact that Zach was big and manly, which means I'm gonna have a big, manly baby, and I'm a small woman.

RORY: I never thought of Zach as big and manly.

LANE: Compared to Henry Lee, remember when my mom wanted me to date Henry Lee? He was like yea high. I would have had tiny, little, yea-high babies.

RORY: Yeah, but he was your second cousin. I think you would have had other problems with those babies.

LANE: What every, I'm not doing it, this baby is just gonna have to find another way out or stay in there forever. I really don't care.

RORY: Don't worry about that part, just keep taking things one step at a time. You're doing great.

LANE: How? How am I doing great?

RORY: You told Zach. That was a very significant step.

LANE: Yeah I told him, but I'm pretty sure he forgot.

RORY: What do you mean he forgot? I don't know how things get lost in the recesses of Zach's brain, but I think he forgot.

RORY: Well maybe he's just taking time to process this. You needed some time.

LANE: I am growing a human being inside my body. I deserve time. [she lies down on the floor] Ugh!

RORY: Okay well, what about this? [reading from her book] "Where is the chair you sit in? "Where is your favorite comb, toothbrush, nail file? Trot them out, that I may devour them at one gulp."

LANE: You want to eat his toothbrush?

RORY: No, I'm trying to convey that I miss him very much.

LANE: Sounds like you just miss his toiletry kit.

RORY: Well it's supposed to be metaphorical and evocative. It's Henry Miller.

LANE: Henry miller has better stuff than that. Believe me that is not why they banned his books.

RORY: Well, I'm not gonna write, "our hands groped frantically for the burning flesh."

LANE: Oh, that's better. That's way hotter than the eating-his-comb thing.

RORY: Really?

LANE: Why not go for it why are you making such a big deal out of this?

RORY: I'm just worried, you know? I mean we talk to each other on the phone every day, but I just don't think that that's enough to keep this relationship going. I guess I never realized how important the other stuff was.

LANE: The sex stuff?

RORY: And the holding-hands and the falling-asleep- next-to-each-other stuff. I mean that's where the intimacy comes from, and without those options, when they're just taken away from you 'cause someone moves to London...[Sighs] Desperate measures. [starts texting Logan]

LANE: Burn that flesh, sister.

RORY: Okay. Here it goes. I think I'm gonna puke.

LANE: Join me. That's all I'll be doing for the next two months. Oh, and did I mention the extra hair that may start to grow on my chin? Can't wait for that magic. [Rory's phone rings] Ooh, wow, quick response. I think you did good.

RORY: It's not him. Hi, dad.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, kiddo. What are you up to?

RORY: Um, just reading. Reading the books. What are you doing?

CHRISTOPHER: Just drinking the coffee, thinking I haven't seen you in a while.

RORY: I know. I miss you.

CHRISTOPHER: Me too. So, maybe we could have dinner tomorrow night, if you're free.

RORY: Tomorrow night?

CHRISTOPHER: Only if you're free.

RORY: I'm free. Yeah, that sounds like fun.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah?

RORY: Sure.

CHRISTOPHER: Great. That's great. I'll pick you up about 7:00.

RORY: Cool. I'll see you tomorrow.

CHRISTOPHER: Bye, Rory.

LANE: Maybe I'll look good with a beard.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LORELAI'S BED ROOM

RORY: [Gasps] Whoa! Can I keep this?

LORELAI: First help me find something to wear tonight. Then you can steal whatever you want, except that -- I'm getting buried in that.

RORY: I don't understand why you're going to this cotillion. Does Michel have compromising photographs of you, that I don't know about, like some snapshots from your perm year?

LORELAI: No, but he does have post-its. Word to the wise, don't ever put anything in writing, 'cause even when it's on florescent sticky paper, it's still binding.

RORY: You are so wise and awesome and generous.

LORELAI: Yeah, you can steal anything you want if you go to the cotillion for me.

RORY: Can't.

LORELAI: Why? You don't have any work. You don't have a boyfriend to play with. You barely have anyone to hang out with at all.

RORY: Keep going you're really making me want to do you a favor here. I can't tonight because I have plans with dad.

LORELAI: Your dad?

RORY: Well I'm not in the habit of calling other people's dads "dad." Yeah, my dad. He called and asked me if I wanted to have dinner with him. Is that a problem?

LORELAI: No, of course not. I just didn't realize you were talking.

RORY: I haven't talked to him at all, which is why I was happy he called, because we were talking all the time before.

LORELAI: Yeah I know.

RORY: I mean, just because you guys aren't talking, it doesn't mean I'm not allowed to talk to him.

LORELAI: We are not not talking. We're just not talking right now.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Listen I think it's great that you're having dinner with your dad.

RORY: Good.

LORELAI: Good [talking about Rory's phone] What is with that thing?

RORY: I sent Logan a text message yesterday, and he still hasn't written me back. Plus, we missed our last two phone calls 'cause he keeps getting dragged into these boring meetings.

LORELAI: If he hasn't sent you anything back, it's probably he just hasn't had time yet.

RORY: Yeah, that's probably it.

LORELAI: Can I wear this to the cotillion? [wearing a very short dress over her other clothes]

RORY: [shaking her head] Mnh-mnh.

LANE, ZACH AND BRIAN'S APARTMENT - MAIN ROOM

[dinner time]

ZACH: Something wrong with your dinner, babe? If your bagel's a little frozen, I can microwave that bad boy for you.

LANE: It's not that. I'm just feeling a little queasy.

ZACH: Yeah, I've been feeling queasy, too. I'm telling you, it's got to be the heat. Do you want to go to a movie or something? Cool down with some free A.C.?

LANE: I have a better idea. Why don't we talk?

ZACH: Sure. What do you want to talk about?

LANE: The baby.

ZACH: I'm cool with the whole baby thing.

LANE: You are?

ZACH: Yeah.

LANE: So, you're not worried at all?

ZACH: Nope, no worries on this end.

LANE: I see.

ZACH: I think Brian might be freaking out a little bit, but that's his problem.

LANE: Really? I didn't know Brian was concerned.

ZACH: Well, sure. I mean, he was just getting used to the idea of us getting married, and I don't think he was expecting a baby yet. But it's a lot for the guy to take in.

LANE: Absolutely. You know maybe I should talk to Brian about this because it sounds like he and I are on the same page.

ZACH: What do you mean?

LANE: Well, I'm glad you're fine, with the whole baby thing but I'm kind of freaking out.

ZACH: You are?

LANE: Totally. Zach this is not how I expected our life to go -- be married for like a day and then suddenly having to take on this new responsibility. Bringing a child into this world, it's so...

ZACH: It's major, right?

LANE: It's very major.

ZACH: So, you're not all psyched about being knocked up?

LANE: Are you kidding? This baby sucks!

ZACH: Yeah! This baby totally sucks!

LANE: It does.

ZACH: It so does.

LANE: Do you know what afterbirth is?

ZACH: No. [Lane shows him a picture] Dude.

LANE: I know.

ZACH: You know how the baby is connected to you by that hose and I'm supposed to cut that hose? No way I'm cutting that hose.

LANE: No way I'm letting you in the room when that thing comes out of me.

ZACH: Oh, man, you are so awesome. I love you so much.

LANE: I love you, too.

[They hug and kiss]

THE COTILLION

[Michel and Lorelai walking down a hall towards the cotillion room.]

MICHEL: It's like you don't even care.

LORELAI: I care about you, just not this.

MICHEL: After all the trouble I went through picking out the perfect flower for you.

LORELAI: It's kinda big don't you think, it's like wearing a tree on my arm.

MICHEL: It is an orchid.

LORELAI: It's scratchy.

MICHEL: Could have got me something, a simple boutonniere. But no. I'm so humiliated.

LORELAI: Hey I have an idea, why don't we go back to the flower store, and I'll get you something? It will take two seconds.

MICHEL: Forget it. We're late enough as it is. [Michel gasps as he sees the room] Yes, I can die now.

LORELAI: Me too. Look at that girl. Poor thing. [looking at Caroline]

MICHEL: Oh, why did someone force her to wear those exercise shoes?

LORELAI: She'd probably rather be home, in jeans, climbing a tree.

MICHEL: She looks perfectly happy to me. You know what I see when I look at this room?

LORELAI: A bunch of kids whose outfits cost more than my car?

MICHEL: No, these are not kids. They are perfect, tiny adults. We are standing amongst the next generation of movers and shakers. The future president of the united states may be in this room with us tonight.

LORELAI: You're very odd.

EMILY: Lorelai, you're here.

LORELAI: I am.

MICHEL: Hello, Emily. Oh, Emily, may I just say that what you have created here tonight is nothing short of perfection? This, this is a kind of nirvana on earth.

EMILY: Thank you, Michel. It's very kind of you to say. I'm sorry. What on earth are those musicians playing?

MICHEL: It sounds lovely.

EMILY: Are those violinists on speed? Excuse me.

LORELAI: Hey, I'm gonna get some punch. You want some?

MICHEL: Oh, no, thank you very much. I'm much too excited for punch. My throat closes off when I'm excited, so swallowing punch would be very difficult right now.

LORELAI: [Laughs] Okay.

CHARLOTTE: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Oh, Charlotte, hi.

CHARLOTTE: I'm having the most wonderful time.

LORELAI: Ah.

CHARLOTTE: Grandmother, grandfather, it's my pleasure to introduce you to Lorelai Gilmore. Lorelai, these are my grandparents -- Beverly and Arthur Courtwright.

ARTHUR: Ah, the famous Lorelai.

LORELAI: Famous? I have to catch up on my us weeklies.

ARTHUR: Charlotte told us you were a card.

BEVERLY: She also told us that you were a delightful dining companion, like Noel Coward and Slim Keith rolled into one.

LORELAI: Oh, well, she's delightful, too, like Shirley Temple and mother Teresa and someone with very good table manners rolled into one.

CHARLOTTE: It's starting. The dancing is starting.

ARTHUR: We should get the camera.

BEVERLY: Will you excuse us?

LORELAI: Yeah.

CHARLOTTE: Lorelai, did I tell you? Margot, Caroline, and I are doing a hip-hop dance, and it's gonna be so funny. We rehearsed it in the bathroom. The whole thing ends up with us somersaulting towards the band.

LORELAI: Wow! That's really great.

CHARLOTTE: Are you gonna come dance?

LORELAI: Oh, no. It's just for the kids.

CHARLOTTE: Oh, come on. Everybody is dancing.

TOBY: Pardon me. Would you like to dance, Charlotte?

CHARLOTTE: I would be delighted, Toby.

[Lorelai watches Caroline and a boy dance, they wave at each other]

MICHEL: People seem to be enjoying themselves.

LORELAI: Yeah. They really do, don't they?

MICHEL: Want to dance?

LORELAI: Me? No. Are you serious?

MICHEL: I never joke about dancing.

LORELAI: No, I'll pass.

MICHEL: You cannot pass. This is still my night, and I'd like to dance with you. Besides, charlotte insisted that I get you out on the dance floor, so that it's two against one -- you lose. Now, let's go.

LORELAI: Oh! Well... we're really [they start dancing and Lorelai looks like she is having a good time] uh-oh, uh-oh. Oh! Whoa!

EMILY: I see you're having a terrible time.

LORELAI: The worst.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

CHRISTOPHER: So, do you want the rest of this key lime pie or should I take it with me?

RORY: I don't know how you ordered key lime pie when there was chocolate brownie on the menu.

CHRISTOPHER: Because you'd already ordered a chocolate brownie.

RORY: But just the one.

CHRISTOPHER: Maybe we should give it to Paul Anka. After all, the doggie bag was invented with him in mind. Seems only fair he should benefit.

RORY: There is not way he's gonna eat that. [They laugh] I told you.

[Lorelai comes in]

LORELAI: Hey.

RORY: Hi, mom.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, we were just splitting up the food. I'm...on my way out.

LORELAI: Oh. Take your time. Is that key lime pie on the floor?

CHRISTOPHER: Is that a corsage on your arm?

LORELAI: Oh, this? Yeah. Subtle, isn't it?

CHRISTOPHER: If by "subtle," you mean "weird and giant," then, yeah, super subtle.

LORELAI: Ha.

RORY: Okay, I think I'm gonna take Paul Anka for his walk. Ah, thanks for dinner, dad.

CHRISTOPHER: Yeah, thanks, kiddo.

RORY: Come on. Go on.

[Chris picks up the key lime pie off the floor]

LORELAI: Oh thanks.

CHRISTOPHER: [Chuckles]

LORELAI: Did you guys have fun?

CHRISTOPHER: It was good, really good. First time I ever saw her order a drink.

LORELAI: Strange, right?

CHRISTOPHER: Very strange... Anyway, I should be going.

LORELAI: I'm sorry I didn't call you back.

CHRISTOPHER: It's okay.

LORELAI: I was going to. I just...

CHRISTOPHER: I understand. Don't worry about it.

LORELAI: Do you want some coffee or anything?

CHRISTOPHER: Sure.

LORELAI: Okay. [starts getting the coffee]

CHRISTOPHER: Actually, you know what? I can't.

LORELAI: Oh. Okay.

CHRISTOPHER: I can't just sit here and have coffee with you.

LORELAI: Okay.

CHRISTOPHER: I love you. I know the other night didn't mean for you what it did for me, but I don't regret it and I haven't stopped thinking about it since it happened -- not just because it was great, which it was... but because it was right. It was so right, lore, and you may not see that right now, but I do. And if I have to wait until we're both 80 years old for you to see it, then I'll wait. I'm not going anywhere. This is it for me. You're it for me, and I can't pretend to feel any less than I do. I'm sorry. I-I -- I just can't.

[Chris leaves]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - RORY'S ROOM

RORY: [Sighs, then dials the phone]

LOGAN: Ace.

RORY: Hey, how's it going?

LOGAN: It's 4:45 in the morning. Are you okay? Did something happen?

RORY: Not really. Um, I just -- I sent you a text the other day.

LOGAN: [Chuckles] Yeah, I know. I texted you back.

RORY: No, you didn't.

LOGAN: Yes, I did. Check your phone.

RORY: I don't have any missed calls. Oh, wait, there's a little envelope thingy in the bottom corner.

LOGAN: Get out of town.

RORY: It went directly to my saved messages. Why would it do that?

LOGAN: I couldn't tell you.

RORY: [reading the message] Ooh, wow. Whoa, yours is really good. Okay, well, sorry to wake you. I'll talk to you in a few hours.

LOGAN: Whoa, wait a minute where do you think you're going?

RORY: Um, to sleep?

LOGAN: No, I don't think so. You woke me up. I'm up. Text me back.

RORY: You want me to text you back now?

LOGAN: You started this.

RORY: I know, but I don't have my books with me.

LOGAN: You don't need your books, Ace.

RORY: Logan...

LOGAN: I miss you, Rory.

RORY: You do?

LOGAN: Yeah.

RORY: I miss you, too. I can't text you with you on the phone.

LOGAN: Okay, so hang up.

RORY: I'm gonna hang up now.

LOGAN: Okay.

RORY: Okay. Bye.

LOGAN: Bye.

[they hang up and Rory starts texting]]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LORELAI'S BEDROOM

[Lorelai is looking at the corsage, she sighs and makes a phone call]

LORELAI: Hi, Chris.