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## 06x13 - Friday Night's Alright For Fighting

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### 06x13 - Friday Night's Alright For Fighting

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LORELAI AND LUKE'S BEDROOM

[Luke is asleep, Lorelai comes out of the bathroom trying to be quite, the room is only partly lit]

LUKE: [half asleep] Hey.

LORELAI: Hey... did I wake you? 'Cause I brushed my teeth in the shower so you wouldn't hear the sink run.

LUKE: No, you didn't wake me up.

LORELAI: But then it occurred to me, while I was in the shower that you could probably hear the shower run, and that defeated the purpose of the whole shower-toothbrush combo.

LUKE: Why are you up so early?

LORELAI: Oh, well, you know me.

LUKE: I do, so why are you up so early?

LORELAI: I have chores.

LUKE: It's six o'clock in the morning.

LORELAI: Well, it's early morning chores.

LUKE: What's early morning chores?

LORELAI: You know, just milking cows, feeding chickens, slopping pigs.

LUKE: You have to slop pigs?

LORELAI: They're certainly not gonna slop themselves.

LUKE: You're being evasive.

LORELAI: I'm not being evasive. I'm trying to remain mysterious so you still find me interesting 100 years from now.

LUKE: Why won't you tell me where you're going?

LORELAI: Well...I'm going to the flower mart.

LUKE: Why?

LORELAI: Because I'm meeting Sookie there because we were going to get ideas for flowers for the

wedding...

LUKE: oh.

LORELAI: ...That is now postponed.

LUKE: Right.

LORELAI: But I forgot to call her last night because I did, and, uh, she's there now, waiting for me to pick out flowers.

LUKE: Sorry.

LORELAI: No. Hey. It's my bad. I should have called her last night.

LUKE: No, I meant I was sorry about the... [Sighs] You need a ride?

LORELAI: No... So, I should go. She's probably already there, and --

LUKE: Right. Go.

LORELAI: Okay.

LUKE: I'll see you later.

LORELAI: Yes. Yes, you will.

LUKE: Uh, can I help?

LORELAI: Help what?

LUKE: Help you.

LORELAI: Help me what?

LUKE: Cancel stuff.

LORELAI: Oh.

LUKE: I mean you shouldn't have to do this all by yourself.

LORELAI: No, it's fine. I'm a great canceller. I'm so smooth, people think I'm still gonna show up. I'm good.

LUKE: But -

LORELAI: But I should really get going, I'll see you later?

LUKE: Tonight.

LORELAI: Yeah...unless I cancel. [they both laugh] Just kidding. I'm not going to... oops [remembers to get something from the dresser] Go back to sleep.

LUKE: [Luke gets out of bed and goes to Lorelai] Hold on...

LORELAI: Ow! [They bump into each other]

LUKE: God, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to - [Luke laughs again]

LORELAI: It's fine. It's okay.

LUKE: Uw -

LORELAI: It hurts so good, as Mr. Mellencamp said. Is it bleeding?

LUKE: No, no.

LORELAI: Okay. [Luke sighs] That's okay. I'll see you.

OPENING CREDITS

FLOWER MARKET

[Sookie is looking at the flowers]

SOOKIE: And what are those called?

FLOWER VENDOR: Bluebells.

SOOKIE: Ooh Bluebells, that sounds fancy. And what are those?

FLOWER VENDOR: Fairy wings.

SOOKIE: Fairy wings, so romantic. Do they smell good? Ohh. Terrible. Fairy wings smell like a very different part of the fairy, if you know what I mean.

LORELAI: Sookie!

SOOKIE: Hi! Don't smell the fairy wings.

LORELAI: Don't what?

SOOKIE: [Giggles] Never mind.

LORELAI: Sorry I'm so late.

SOOKIE: That is okay it gave me a chance to scope out the place. Sharon over there has great stuff, but she is completely anti-haggle. "This is my price, and you will pay it." You know what Sharon this is me walking away from you over to Miguel's, who's very haggle-friendly, but his roses suck. Do you want roses?

LORELAI: Sookie...[Trying to get her attention]

SOOKIE: Because if you don't, I saw some bluebells over at Tim's that I know are not your normal-bouquet kind of choice, but we can make something interesting out of them.

LORELAI: Sookie...

SOOKIE: Yes?

LORELAI: The wedding has been postponed.

SOOKIE: What did you do?

LORELAI: What did I do?

SOOKIE: Did you get cold feet? You can't get cold feet. We need to put some nice wool socks on those feet, because Luke is perfect for you.

LORELAI: I know.

SOOKIE: He waited for you to get over Christopher. He waited for you to get over Max.

LORELAI: Sookie.

SOOKIE: Why do you do this? Why do you want to make yourself miserable?

LORELAI: He has a kid.

SOOKIE: Who has a kid?

LORELAI: Luke has a kid.

SOOKIE: Luke has a kid?

LORELAI: Luke has a kid.

SOOKIE: A kid, like a goat?

LORELAI: A kid, like a daughter. She's 12 years old. He found out a few months ago, and he just told me about it yesterday.

SOOKIE: Holy Moly.

LORELAI: He's completely in shock, and he's trying to handle it the best way he can.

SOOKIE: Drinking?

LORELAI: No.

SOOKIE: Xanax?

LORELAI: No. He's trying to be a father, and I applaud that.

SOOKIE: So for 12 years Luke's had a daughter out there just walking around?

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: That is crazy! Oh, my god.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: I wonder if Jackson has a love child.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: I saw this kid wandering around town the other day. He looked exactly like Jackson and his voice was exactly like Jackson's, plus he was holding a banana, so I think he likes fruit.

LORELAI: Jackson doesn't have a son he doesn't know about.

SOOKIE: Why not? Luke had a daughter he didn't know anything about.

LORELAI: I know.

SOOKIE: You think Luke's the only one with a past? You think Jackson was a monk when I met him? He had seed, and he passed it around.

LORELAI: Sookie...

SOOKIE: Sorry. Right. Sorry. So, how is Luke?

LORELAI: He's just trying to deal. I mean, he wants to do the right thing by April. That's her name... April.

SOOKIE: Pretty name.

LORELAI: Yeah, he's just trying to figure everything out and the wedding was coming up so fast, we decided to postpone it for a while.

SOOKIE: That sucks.

LORELAI: No, it's okay. It's fine, it's just I have calls to make you know, all the plans were made.

SOOKIE: I'm a great dialer. What do you need?

LORELAI: I have to call the printer and the caterer and the photographer and the and the... church the perfect church that only had one date available. I knew it was all too easy. I knew there had to be a catch.

SOOKIE: No, there was not a catch. Luke will get over the shock of this, and he'll figure things out, and everything will be back to a big "go, go, go" again.

LORELAI: Yeah know, Luke will figure it out. Everything will calm down.

SOOKIE: That's right.

LORELAI: I mean, it's all so fresh right now. No one's thinking straight.

SOOKIE: No, they're not.

LORELAI: I mean he could wake up tomorrow and feel completely differently or you know next week, maybe.

SOOKIE: Maybe.

LORELAI: You know maybe I shouldn't cancel everything right away. I mean I still have some time before I lose my deposit on the hall. Maybe I should just chill out and see what happens. Is that crazy?

SOOKIE: No, it's not crazy at all.

LORELAI: Okay. Then...I'll wait?

SOOKIE: Once more with feeling?

LORELAI: Okay, then, I'll wait.

SOOKIE: Okay.

LORELAI: It's early. Let's get some coffee. [They start walking] Are you talking about that Arnaz kid?

SOOKIE: Yes! That's the one!

LORELAI: Well, he does talk like Jackson.

SOOKIE: I know, and he even gets louder at the end of his sentences!

LORELAI: That's weird.

SOOKIE: I told you so.

YALE COURTYARD

[Rory is working while walking and people are getting out of her way]

LOGAN: Stop. [Rory stops walking] Look. [Rory looks down]

RORY: I don't remember that being there yesterday.

LOGAN: Yesterday you came from the other way, so you missed the trash can but you almost took out the bike rack.

RORY: Thank god I have a guardian angel hanging out by the coffee kiosk.

LOGAN: Well, it's the only place it's safe to stand with a maniac like you walking around. Plus, here, I'm guaranteed to run into you at least three times a day. [hands Rory a coffee] Your usual.

RORY: You've been hanging out at this coffee cart every day.

LOGAN: Yes, it's sad. I'm officially a wuss. If I saw me doing this, I'd beat the crap out of myself.

RORY: You have nothing better to do with your time?

LOGAN: Nothing better than to try and get you back, no.

RORY: You're too slick for your own good, Huntzberger.

LOGAN: Excuse me but this is not slick. This is a Nora Ephron movie. Louis Armstrong should be warbling as we talk. So come on please, put me out of my misery. You promised you'd let me take you to dinner.

RORY: How 'bout Thursday night?

LOGAN: Really?

RORY: Yeah, I'll have turned in my article for the daily news and my Friday morning history class was canceled this week.

LOGAN: Okay, great. Thursday it is 7:30. And do not think of backing out, because I will cry and eat

a pint of rocky road while watching "An Affair to Remember." With Rita Wilson

RORY: Of course.

LOGAN: 7:30?

RORY: Can't wait.

LOGAN: Eyes on the road. [Rory stops reading and looks up]

LORELAI AND LUKE'S HOUSE

[Lorelai comes in the front door, dragging a bag of dog food]

LORELAI: [hi pitch voice] Paul Anka, mommy's home! She comes bearing kibble! [puts down the bag] Hey, where are you?! [Closes the front door] Oh, no. [Starts looking for him] What have you done? You're hiding. That means you've done something weird. [Sees a pile of books in front of the bookshelves] Oh, seriously? You know some dogs dig! It might be a nice change of pace!

[Checks messages on answering machine, it beeps]

BABETTE: Hey, sugar. I heard some terrible crashing sounds coming from your living room today. I tried to get in, but Luke fixed the back door, so you can't jiggle it off the hinge anymore. [Lorelai starts to clean up the books] You should really talk to him about that, sweetie. Anyhow I hope everything's okay. Call me later if it's not. Bye-bye, toots! [Answering machine beeps]

RICHARD: Lorelai, it's your father. I'm calling to tell you there's been a little mistake with Rory's tuition at Yale. It seems our check was returned to us. For whatever reason, they did not cash it. Now, don't worry. I'm sure it's just some sort of clerical mix-up. I've been on the phone with the bursar's office all morning. I'm currently waiting for a call from a Mrs. Linwood, and then I'm sure I will get this all cleared up. Tell Rory not to worry. [Lorelai picks up the phone and starts dialing a number] If anyone gives her any trouble, tell them to call me. I will call you later. Goodbye.

THE PUB

[Rory is at a table working her cell phone rings, she looks for it.]

RORY: Hey, mom.

LORELAI: Oh, you got your study voice.

RORY: Yep, It goes with my pop-quiz walk and my term-paper face.

LORELAI: Five minutes?

RORY: Go.

LORELAI: I just got a call from your grandfather.

RORY: [looking a little mad] Oh yeah.

LORELAI: He called to tell me Yale returned his check. He thinks it's a clerical error.

RORY: Huh...

LORELAI: Not a clerical error.

RORY: Nope.

LORELAI: They're gonna find out, kid.

RORY: Yep.

LORELAI: Getting charged by the word on you calling plan?

RORY: What do you want me to say?

LORELAI: How about "what do you think we should do?"

RORY: Nothing.

LORELAI: Rory they're going to find out that Christopher is paying for Yale.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: And they're not gonna like it. It's gonna go over badly. It's gonna be the opening night of "taboo" all over again.

RORY: They had to find out eventually, mom.

LORELAI: Yes, but shouldn't they find out from you, not some office clerk at Yale?

RORY: What's the worst that can happen? We won't be speaking anymore? Gee, that would suck.

LORELAI: Wow. Ice, ice, baby.

RORY: Sorry, not trying to be cold, but I don't think I should feel guilty because I want my father to pay for college.

LORELAI: No, you shouldn't, but my parents do have feelings. You saw my mom when the gardener butchered her box hedges.

RORY: Okay, fine. I'll send them an e-mail.

LORELAI: Okay, fine, but you could also call and tell them yourself. It'll probably only cost you 75, maybe 80 words.

RORY: [Rory looks at the newspaper in front of her] Oh, no.

LORELAI: What oh, no you saw a rat "oh, no" or you cut off your thumb "oh, no"?

RORY: Paris.

LORELAI: Oh, no.

RORY: I have to call you back. [Rory starts packing up her stuff]

YALE DAILY NEW ROOM

[Paris is in a bad mood]

PARIS: The point is vague.



A.K.: The point is not vague.

PARIS: The point is vague! The conclusions are insane.

[Rory come in the background]

A.K.: The conclusions are Johns Hopkins', not mine.

PARIS: The research is sloppy, the sources are unreliable, the font is wrong, the paper feels thin, and the by-line should read "story by a petulant 2-year-old "who had one too many black and tans last night and so this is what you people get to read." Fix it!

[Walks toward the water cooler]

PARIS: [To Rory] I can't get anyone to write their names on their cups and use them again. It doesn't seem that hard. Open sharpie, write name.

RORY: Maybe people don't want to reuse a paper cup.

PARIS: Well then, hopefully people who don't want to reuse a paper cup won't mind buying SPF 5000 for their grandkids when the rainforest is gone and the ozone layer is a doily and the human race is bursting into flames.

RORY: Maybe we could just tell everyone to bring a mug for their water.

PARIS: We could, but they won't bring a mug, just like they won't properly proof their articles or double-check their sources.

RORY: Paris, did something happen? You seem upset.

PARIS: I'm just dealing with the usual incompetence around here, that's all.

RORY: [Shows Paris the newspaper] What happened here?

PARIS: Our pictures have sucked eggs lately, and so I sent out two photographers to cover the same story. They each came back with about 40 of the crappiest pictures ever to have been committed to film, completely unusable.

RORY: It was supposed to be a picture of a football game.

PARIS: I know.

RORY: Well, was there one with a guy in a helmet holding a football? Because that's really all you need.

PARIS: They were predictable and standard.

RORY: Guy in helmet holding ball.

PARIS: Cover of the Harvard crimson, after the big game, guy with helmet holding ball. Stanford game, guy in helmet holding ball. I wanted something more okay, something that really said something about the game.

RORY: Like "we forgot to go"?

PARIS: And then, of course, when the temperamental artistes found out I had double-booked the gig, they threw Naomi Campbell-level hissy fits and quit.

RORY: So you just left it blank? Why, to make them look bad? Because it doesn't make them look bad. It makes you look bad.

PARIS: It was up to the sports editor to inform me that no picture was approved.

RORY: You needed someone to remind you, you didn't approve a picture?

PARIS: Hey, I have a million different things I am doing here!

RORY: Paris, we cannot be publishing papers that have blank spots in them, and we cannot have all our photographers quit because there's not an endless supply of them.

PARIS: Oh please, how hard is it to look through a hole and push a button? I can do it myself. How are you doing on your story?

RORY: Fine. You'll have it first thing tomorrow morning.

PARIS: Finally, one person I can count on. [Putting papers on someone's desk] These need more work.

BILL: These are locked.

PARIS: Well, unlock them.

You've got entire paragraphs cut out. This is hours of work. The paper comes out tomorrow. I'd have to track down every writer, get them in here to re-write...

PARIS: Then track them down, because those stories are not going in the paper like that. [Walks away and into a "bunker" she has made out of cubical partitions and sheets of iron on top]

BILL: She's out of control. She's a mad dictator. She's the kind of dictator they don't just like to kill. She's the kind I'd like to drag through the streets and then hang from a lamppost for a month and a half.

RORY: Let's just get this paper out. Where's Sheila?

BILL: Sick.

RORY: What about Joni?

BILL: Sick.

RORY: There's an awful lot of sickness going on around here lately.

BILL: Yes, there certainly is and there's probably going to be a lot more very soon. [On the phone] Michelle? Bill. Well, I just talked to Paris and you know what that means. Easy, just the messenger.

[Paris speeds out of the "bunker" to a desk and tears up the papers she was holding, then goes back to the "bunker"]

LORELAI AND LUKE'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is at the Kitchen table with a plate of dessert in front of her, she is dialing a number on the

phone. The phone rings in Richards office]

RICHARD: Hello?

LORELAI: Hi, dad. It's Lorelai.

EMILY: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Mom?

RICHARD: Emily?

EMILY: Richard?

LORELAI: Rowan? Martin?

RICHARD: Lorelai called me, Emily.

EMILY: She did, what for?

RICHARD: I don't know, she hasn't told me yet.

EMILY: Lorelai, why did you call your father?

LORELAI: Well I just wanted to know how he was doing.

RICHARD: I'm doing fine.

LORELAI: Very glad to hear that.

RICHARD: All right. It's good of you to check in.

EMILY: Goodbye, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Whoa, guys, wait.

RICHARD: Is there more?

LORELAI: More than the nothing there just was? Yes, there's more.

EMILY: Hurry up, please. I'm meeting Bill Chandler at the club, and I'm late.

LORELAI: Okay, well, I just wanted to tell you that there was no mistake with your Yale check.

RICHARD: There wasn't?

LORELAI: No um, they sent you back your check because Yale has already been paid for.

EMILY: By whom?

LORELAI: By Christopher.

EMILY: Christopher who?

LORELAI: Christopher Isherwood. That "cabaret" money was burning a hole in his pocket. You know what Christopher, mom...His grandfather passed away recently and left him some money and he just

wanted to do something for Rory. He's trying to be a dad for once. I thought it seemed like a good idea. [Emily slams down the phone]

LORELAI: Hello? Guys, are you there?

RICHARD: I'm here, Lorelai. Your mother had to go.

LORELAI: Oh, dad, please don't read too much into this. I mean, when was the last time Christopher wanted to do anything for Rory? He wants to contribute. This is a good thing... This is not a snub, dad, I swear. Rory and I are so grateful for everything you and mom have done, all the help you've given her. She would not be in Yale right now if it weren't for you and she would never have gone to Chilton. She would have graduated Stars Hollow high and then gone to community college and then beauty school.

RICHARD: I have to go, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Dad!

RICHARD: I appreciate the phone call. I simply wish it had come before I called every person in the bursar's office a moron.

LORELAI: Well...if it will make you feel any better, odds are, at least two of them truly deserved it. [Richard chuckles]

YALE CAFETERIA

[Lorelai and Rory and walking]

LORELAI: I can't believe you didn't dress crazy like we agreed.

RORY: We never agreed to dress crazy.

LORELAI: What are you talking about? We did so, on the phone last night when we made our lunch plans.

RORY: You saying, "hey, let's dress crazy," does not equate to us agreeing to dress crazy.

LORELAI: For years, it did.

RORY: Well, for years, you bought my clothes for me, so I had very little choice.

LORELAI: Oh, so typical, kid grows up, goes to a fancy school, becomes a snob, and is suddenly ashamed of her mother. You totally Mildred Pierced me.

RORY: I did not Mildred Pierce you.

LORELAI: Oh, you'll miss me when I'm gone.

RORY: Oh, my god.

LORELAI: Just an observation. The food here has gotten worse. Ooh, coffee!

RORY: You have coffee in your hand.

LORELAI: By the time she makes a new one, the old one will be gone.

RORY: Okay, two, please.

LORELAI: Two double cappuccinos, please. [Rory hands over some money]

RORY: Thanks for having lunch with me.

LORELAI: Well, you paid.

RORY: So, guess what.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: I'm having dinner with Logan tonight.

LORELAI: So, he finally wormed his way back in, huh?

RORY: He did, at that.

LORELAI: Is he taking you someplace fabulous?

RORY: Odds are.

LORELAI: Want to borrow my scarf?

RORY: Wait for the wedding night?

LORELAI: [giggles] You got it. [Takes coffee from vendor] Ooh, thank you, ma'am. Well, I talked to your grandparents last night.

RORY: Oh, so now they're my grandparents.

LORELAI: I told them about Yale.

RORY: Good.

LORELAI: Good.

RORY: I'm glad.

LORELAI: You're glad I told them or you're glad they know?

RORY: Both.

LORELAI: You want to know how they took it?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: They took it great. Mom practically broke the phone, she hung up so hard, and dad, well, dad was solemn, quiet, sad. It was a huge success. Okay here's how I see it, you and your grandparents are at a huge crossroads. A press-avis if you will. They are the bridges of Madison county, and you are Meryl Streep.

RORY: As the paper pages go flying off the calendar.

LORELAI: Hey, listen to me. I'm serious here. I know you and your grandparents are playing the "who can freeze out who the longest?" Which I know can be fun, but if you ever hope to have a

relationship with them again, then someone needs to make the first move. I remember the first Christmas after we left Hartford. We were at The Independence Inn, and I got an invitation to their annual Christmas party, and I didn't go, and that one move defined our entire future relationship. I mean, if I had gone, it would have been awful, but it would have broken the ice, and maybe and I know this is a big "maybe" but maybe we would have been a tad closer than we are now or could ever hope to be.

RORY: Maybe, maybe not.

LORELAI: I just know how much you love your grandparents and how important to you it was to have a relationship with them, and I don't want the fact that you inherited my stubbornness to screw all that up.

RORY: Okay, I hear you.

LORELAI: Do you? Because my scarf is screaming as loud as it can.

RORY: I will think about it.

LORELAI: Alright...You have till 6:45 Friday night, then we're having dinner with them.

RORY: What?!

LORELAI: I made the plans last night.

RORY: But --

LORELAI: Come on, Rory. Friday night dinners, cocktails, Mozart, mind games, good times.

RORY: Yeah, but I'm not so sure about this.

LORELAI: Rory mom already said she's really into this, you can't back out now.

RORY: She is?

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: Grandma said she was "into this"?

LORELAI: Well, you know, she didn't say it like that, but she said, [English accent] "oh! Dinner with Rory! "How delightful! Well, spit-spot. Alert the corgis."

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Yes, yes, she's into it. Now, what do you say?

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Okay? Do you want to wear my scarf to dinner? I know you do.

YALE PAPER NEWS ROOM

[It is abnormally quite, not many people]

RORY: Bill.

BILL: Well, look who's all dressed up for the ball.

RORY: I sent in my story this morning and never got a confirmation call, did you get it?

BILL: Yep.

RORY: Well, no one called me in for a final edit and I need to finish this up now. I have a date tonight. So, who is the copy editor on my piece?

BILL: That would be Michael.

RORY: Well, where is Michael and everyone else?

BILL: Well, let's see. The sports department, city department, entertainment department, and feature department, other than you, have quit. Michael quit. Sylvia quit. Joni quit. Sheila's sick tonight, but as soon as she's better, she's going to quit.

RORY: Great.

BILL: Oh, not done. The senior editor quit. The entire copy department quit. The little fellow who brought around sandwiches in the basket quit.

RORY: Okay, fine, I get it. Everyone quit.

BILL: Not everyone, but close. It was quite an exodus, very biblical. All that was missing were the Cabala bracelets and the Matzo.

RORY: Whatever. We'll figure that out later. Right now I just need to finish my article, so I guess you and I can do it together.

BILL: We could, but I quit, too.

RORY: What?

BILL: Right after Joni. I bowed out. I actually bowed, physically bowed.

RORY: Then what are you doing here?

BILL: Are you kidding, I'm going to have a ringside seat for the event of the century. Tonight will be the first time ever in the history of the Yale daily news that the paper does not come out.

RORY: Very nice.

BILL: D-day, the paper came out. Kennedy gets shot, the paper comes out. But three months of the Geller reign of terror, and the whole damn institution comes tumbling down.

RORY: You suck, Bill.

[Rory goes to the "bunker"]

RORY: Paris? [She goes inside] Holy crap.

PARIS: [she is busy working] I can't talk now.

RORY: What happened to this place? There's no air in here or light. Where are your fire exits? You love fire exits.

PARIS: No one can write a lead, no one.

RORY: [sighs] Paris, do you have any idea what's going on out there?

PARIS: I can't think about that now.

RORY: Half the staff has quit, no more than half the staff has quit and there's no one out there working.

PARIS: There's no one out there working when there's people out there working. Ship of fools.

RORY: Paris, the paper's not gonna come out.

PARIS: Of course it is.

RORY: How? Nothing's done.

PARIS: I'm working on it.

RORY: Alone?

PARIS: I can do it alone. I've been doing it alone for months. No man is an island, but this woman is.

RORY: But, Paris.

PARIS: I've got it all scheduled out. As long as I stick to the schedule, everything's going to be fine. I'm finishing up a review of the drama club's production of "Sweeney Todd" now. Then 9:30 to 10:00, I'm gonna finalize the layout. 10:00 to 11:00 copy editing. 11:00 to 12:30...

RORY: Let me see that...Paris, there's like 100 hours of work on this and 5 hours till the paper comes out.

PARIS: I'll get it done.

RORY: You better get bitten by that radioactive spider pretty damn fast here.

PARIS: I'll get it done, I just have to focus and just have to stop allowing myself to be distracted.

RORY: Paris!

PARIS: [Yells] Don't distract me! [Puts on ear muffs, Rory leaves the "bunker"]

RORY: Okay, everyone, listen up. We have work to do. You, t-shirt, you're doing layout. And, you, saggy pants, get all the heelers' numbers, call them and tell them to get in here, they've just been promoted. And Tally I need Sheila and Joni's numbers A.S.A.P. Come on, people! Move! We've got a paper to get out! [Everyone starts to get busy]

LORELAI AND LUKE'S HOUSE

[Sookie and Lorelai enter the front door]

SOOKIE: I just think that if Michel had somebody to come home to, he might go home.

LORELAI: Oh, he's been driving me crazy about turning the stable into a spa.



SOOKIE: What would we do with the horses?

LORELAI: Well, we'd work them in. We'd have the first hot-hoof massage on the east coast.

SOOKIE: 'Cause they've already got them in California.

LORELAI: Yeah [giggling] Hi, Paul Anka. You haven't done anything weird yet today, I see. Do you remember Sookie?

SOOKIE: Hi, Paul Anka. You're gonna come spend the night with me. Are you sure this is okay?

LORELAI: Yeah It's fine.

SOOKIE: We think a dog would be good for Davey, he love him. I just want to make sure that Jackson and I are dog people first.

LORELAI: Aw, you are.

SOOKIE: Hmm, I mean, I know babies, but dogs...

LORELAI: Are just furry babies. Here keep him occupied for a second.

SOOKIE: Ooo, Hi, Paul Anka. You want to come have a sleepover at my house, huh? [to Lorelai] What are you doing?

LORELAI: Uh, he freaks out if he sees his leash. You have to make sure you hide it from him, make sure he doesn't see you putting it on him.

SOOKIE: How is he once he's on the leash?

LORELAI: Oh he's totally fine having his freedom slowly stripped away as long as he's completely unaware that it's happening, just like a true American. It's all yours. [Hands Sookie the leash]

SOOKIE: Thanks Come on, Paul Anka. Come on we're gonna have fun tonight. Yes we are. [they both giggle]

[Lorelai checks the answering machine for messages]

LUKE: I hope you had a good day with Rory. I would have called you earlier, but I didn't want to interrupt the fun, so I thought I'd try you at home, but you're not at home. Anyhow, April is coming to the diner tonight from 5:00 to 8:00, so I'll see you here after 8:00. Okay, bye.

LORELAI: [snorts] Hum...

SOOKIE: After 8:00?

LORELAI: Yeah, that's what he said.

SOOKIE: I guess you two decided that you're not gonna see the kid.

LORELAI: Yeah, I guess we did. [sounding a little annoyed]

SOOKIE: Hey, if we get a dog, we're gonna name it Chef. Get it? 'Cause I'm a cook.

LORELAI: Oh, cool.

SOOKIE: You want me to leave Paul Anka?

LORELAI: No, take him. I'm great.

SOOKIE: You are?

LORELAI: Yeah, I think that's what we decided. [rolls her eyes]

SOOKIE: [to Paul Anka] Come on. Come on.

LORELAI: Bye, hon.

OUTSIDE THE SODA SHOPPE

[A line of people are waiting, Lorelai walks past and into the shop]

KIRK: One sample per person, people, one sample only. Don't make me use the candy thermometer on you.

[Lorelai enters and sees April through the window sitting at the counter in the dinner]

RUTHIE: [To Lorelai] Hey. There's a line.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm sorry. I was just...

RUTHIE: I know what you were doing.

LORELAI: I wasn't to do anything...

MAN: You're trying to shove in for the free chocolate.

LORELAI: I wasn't trying, [surprised] free chocolate, really?

KIRK: European hot chocolate. It's like mud but chocolaty.

RUTHIE: And you were trying to shove in the line...

BABETTE: Oh, can it, Ruthie. When your foot's not in your mouth, you don't know what to do with yourself. Come on sugar. [guides Lorelai to the counter]

LORELAI: Oh but there's a...

BABETTE: Two, Kirk.

KIRK: You'll have to wait in line...

BABETTE: [takes two from Kirk] Here, doll. Cheers.

LORELAI: Cheers.

BABETTE: Oh, patty, did I tell you about Tilly's new face-lift? Scotch tape. [Patty laughs]

[Lorelai goes over to a table near the window and sits down, to look at April and Luke, In the background Kirk can be heard]

KIRK: Next...here you go...one for you...piping hot chocolate get it's hot.

BABETTE: What are we looking at?

LORELAI: Oh I don't...

MISS PATTY: Oh, I know what we're looking at. We're looking at Luke and his daughter.

LORELAI: How did you know that?

BABETTE: That was page-one news around here for a week. So, what's the scoop?

LORELAI: Oh well, I don't know.

MISS PATTY: All we know is that she's 12 years old and that she's seeking him out.

BABETTE: I heard her mother was that Nardini girl. Remember her,

MISS PATTY: Oh, yeah. She was beautiful.

BABETTE: What's she look like now?

LORELAI: I don't know.

MISS PATTY: You don't?

LORELAI: Well I haven't really meet...

BABETTE: Luke was pretty serious about her. He tell you about them?

LORELAI: No, but I don't tell him about my boyfriends either.

MISS PATTY: Well, no, because he's met all of them already.

LORELAI: He hasn't met all of them, some.

BABETTE: Most.

MISS PATTY: Well, what's the kid like?

BABETTE: Yeah. You get along?

LORELAI: Oh, well, we will.

MISS PATTY: You mean you don't know?

BABETTE: [too Miss Patty] That's to be expected.

MISS PATTY: She looks like a reader. Is she a reader?

BABETTE: Can you imagine Luke with a reader?

MISS PATTY: Oh, I can't imagine Luke with a daughter.

BABETTE: Can you imagine Luke with a kid?

MISS PATTY: Oh, my god, I can't believe that. Luke has a kid. Can you believe Luke has a kid?

LORELAI: He's not a 100-year-old eunuch or anything.

RUTHIE: There's other people here who would like a table.

BABETTE: We're busy. Go lick the empties.

RUTHIE: Busy doing what?

LORELAI: Nothing, nothing.

MISS PATTY: We're looking at Luke's kid.

LORELAI: Patty!

MISS PATTY: Well, honey, everyone knows.

RUTHIE: That's her?

LADY: Luke's kid?

MISS PATTY: Up at the counter.

BABETTE: Lorelai was just about to give us the inside scoop.

[A crowd starts to form around the table]

LORELAI: I was not about to give you the...

MISS PATTY: So, do they want money?

LORELAI: I don't think so...

MISS PATTY: Do you think that Luke's gonna get a lawyer, does he want custody?

LORELAI: I don't know he could...

RUTHIE: Are you sure that's his kid? She's reading.

KIRK: You're clogging up the flow here.

MISS PATTY: We're looking at Luke's kid.

KIRK: So that's Luke's kid. Well, well, well, what is she reading, a book?

[Babette laughs, Crowd murmuring, Lorelai gets up]

LORELAI: Would you excuse me, I just have to, pardon me. Yeah.

[Luke sees the crowd at the table and is annoyed, he didn't see Lorelai leave]

YALE NEWSROOM

[It's busy and Rory is leading still giving orders]

RORY: Okay. No, yes, done, go. And triple-check the changes. Make sure it makes sense. [To Joni]  
How are we doing?

JONI: I have a very strong opinion that I have no opinion on the opinion piece.

RORY: And the subject is?

JONI: Hand blowers in the bathrooms.

RORY: And the Pulitzer prize goes to? Just make sure it's done in 20 minutes.

SHEILA: Printer's on the phone. We're losing our spot.

RORY: Hello? Who am I speaking to? Hello, Russell. This is Rory Gilmore. What's this I hear about us losing our spot? ...Yes...Well, we had an epidemic hit our staff this week, and, unfortunately, it has put us a bit behind. However, we are quickly getting back on track, and maybe, considering the circumstances, you could cut us a little slack, give us a bit of an extension... I know, but we've never asked for it before, and we will never ask for it again...By the way, you sound like a very handsome man, Russell... Yes, I'm using my wiles and everything else I can to get you to... one hour. I'll take it. Thank you, Russell. You have a slightly inappropriate Christmas card coming your way this year. [To the news room] We have a one-hour extension! [Sighs] That one and use them both if we need to fill space.

BILL: Hey, I was cat's-cradling!

RORY: Bill, get your ass out of that chair and work or get your ass out of that chair and leave. Either way, get your ass out of that chair.

BILL: I am not interested in helping Paris do anything.

RORY: You wouldn't be helping Paris. You would be helping me.

BILL: Fine, but if Punxsutawney Phil sticks her head out of her hole, I am out of here.

RORY: Interested in some deskings?

BILL: I'm on it.

MAN: Computer crashed again.

RORY: Unplug it and plug it back in. If that doesn't work, call I.T. And get someone over here now. [To Logan] Oh, my god. Our date. I'm so sorry. Paris melted down and everyone quit and the paper wasn't gonna come out, and I only found out about it because no one called me to confirm they got my story, so I called in all the heelers, and I got Sheila and Joni to come in, and I called Pete, who said he was sick, but I threatened his job, so he came in, but he was really sick, so I just sent him home so he did get everyone else sick. Plus, the printers are trying to give our time away, the computers keep crashing, and then there's the tiny little detail of nothing's done. And d-day, the paper came out, and I forgot. I'm sorry.

LOGAN: I can't believe you didn't call me.

RORY: I know, but it's just paper stuff.

LOGAN: I know. I'm on the paper.

RORY: You hate it here.

LOGAN: I know this crap backwards and forwards. I can't believe you didn't even think to call me.

RORY: Well, I'm sorry. I just didn't think you were interested.

LOGAN: Well then I guess you don't know everything, now, do you? So come on what have you got here?

RORY: Well, this is an article on Greenspan. He gave an interview with all this technical economic jargon.

LOGAN: I know the jargon. [Looking at other papers] Are these proofed?

RORY: Yeah, but they're not typed in yet.

LOGAN: I'll do that I'll be faster I type 90 words a minute.

RORY: You do?

LOGAN: You really did only like me for my looks, huh? How you doing on content?

RORY: Uh, still a little short.

LOGAN: Okay, I got a couple stories banked that I didn't give Paris. There in pretty decent shape you can take a look at them.

RORY: Okay.

LOGAN: And just remember, if you still need material, cannibalize everything you have ready for Friday's issue.

RORY: Robbing Peter to pay Paul.

LOGAN: Peter's asking for it. Okay so, who do you have desking?

RORY: Bill.

LOGAN: I'd throw Sheila on there with him. It will hurt his ego and make him work faster. Okay I'll be over here if you need me and [Too Bill] get that yo-yo off the floor. Somebody's gonna break their neck. [Logan walks away and Rory looks pleased]

LORELAI AND LUKE'S HOUSE

[Their bedroom, they are getting ready for bed]

LUKE: I mean, can you believe she reads? I have a kid who reads. Crazy! She sat there for hours doing her homework, geometry. That's some crazy stuff. I actually bought a book, "geometry for dummies." I stash it in the kitchen and run back there every time she asks me a question, thinking I can keep up with her but I can't figure out what the hell it says. I mean, it's just this mess of weird symbols and shapes and, I wonder if there's another book I could get.

LORELAI: Um, "'geometry for dummies' for dummies"?

LUKE: Yes, exactly.

LORELAI: Luke, she has teachers. And all you have to do is nod and smile. That's what I did with Rory.

LUKE: I just want her to, you know, [sighs] not be embarrassed I'm her dad.

LORELAI: Impossible.

LUKE: Well, step by step you know, first step, making sure she's comfortable around me.

LORELAI: She sure seems to be, I mean, you know, 'cause she's coming here and hanging out at the diner. She wouldn't do that if she was uncomfortable.

LUKE: Yeah, well, she's gonna be with this village of idiots I live in. Do you know tonight, she comes to the diner, right? She's sitting at the counter, doing her homework there. I look over at the Soda Shoppe, and the whole damn town is staring through the window at us.

LORELAI: No!

LUKE: Oh yeah like we're monkeys in a zoo. I could have k\*llled them all.

LORELAI: That's terrible what happened?

LUKE: Nothing she didn't notice anything. She was too busy studying. I just couldn't believe those people. I mean can't they get that this is a private thing, I'm trying to get to know my kid? I mean you understand, you're not all over me about this. You get that we need some alone time.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, I do. I totally do.

LUKE: Thank you. [they kiss]

LORELAI: Sure. Any time.

YALE NEWSROOM

[People are gathered around a computer, Rory and Logan are up front.]

RORY: Did we verify the dean of admissions quote?

LOGAN: Twice. How are we doing on time?

BILL: Uh, bad.

LOGAN: More specifically?

JONI: 10 minutes.

RORY: We'll make it.

LOGAN: We will make it. Spelling on name, it's Cheevers' name?

JONI: c-h-e-e-v-e-r-s.

LOGAN: You're sure about the double e's?

JONI: Not at all.

LOGAN: Two e's it is. Okay. And I'm done.

RORY: Close out. I'll cut and paste it to the final copy.

LOGAN: Closing out. Wow! So, that's what hard work feels like. Apparently I've been avoiding it for a reason. You in Ace.

RORY: I'm in. Proceeding with the cut and paste now.

BILL: [Telephone rings, Bill rushed for it] The daily news.

LOGAN: Aw, man.

RORY: Why are you smiling?

LOGAN: I'm thinking about the hundreds of different ways you owe me for this.

RORY: I owe you nothing. You did this for the greater good. For the glory of the paper.

LOGAN: For a foot massage.

A.K.: Are we close?

RORY: Very, very close.

BILL: Well, kids, hold on to your hats. We are losing our printing time.

RORY: No! Remind Russell about the Christmas card.

BILL: I don't think he cares. He's giving it to the Cart.

RORY: No, he can't!

BILL: He did.

RORY: Ohh! So, that's it? We just lose? After all this work, we just lose?

LOGAN: Keep typing, ace.

RORY: Why? What's the point?

LOGAN: Type!

BILL: Well, I guess you'll be talking on the phone now.

LOGAN: Go away, Bill. Hey... Hay, who am I speaking with? Russell, I'm Logan Huntzberger... Yes, those Huntzbergers...It's great to speak with you, too. I hear there's a problem with our printing time? Uh-huh. No, I completely understand. The first thing I learned from my father is that there's no paper unless it gets to the printer on time. Yes he is quite a legend, my father. I'd love to introduce you to him sometime. Anyway, Russell, the thing is we actually sent the issue to you already... Oh...Yes, at least 15 minutes ago. Now, if you're having a problem with your server, we shouldn't be penalized for that, right? Yeah, it should be in the system right now. Sure. Go check... But before you do, if you could spell your name for me, I want to have the correct pronunciation when I speak with my father. Uh-huh, Russell. Damn! My pen broke. Hold on. [people start looking for a pen, but Logan doesn't really want one] I'm looking for a pen. I'm looking for a pen. Looking for a pen.

RORY: Almost there.



LOGAN: Okay. I found a pen. Here we go. What's your name? "Russell Smith." Okay I didn't really need a pen for that one, now, did I? Okay, Russell Smith, if you go to your computer, [speaking slowly] I am definitely, absolutely sure that you will turn it on and you will see that we, The Yale Daily News, have successfully completed our mission and sent to you our e-mail containing the latest issue of the [back to normal speed] it's all there, man. [Sighs]

RORY: What, what's happening?

LOGAN: You got it? All right, great. It's been great speaking with you, too. I'll tell my father, bye. [hangs up the phone] And that's how we do it at the day news. [Cheers]

PARIS: [coming out of hiding] All right! We got the paper out! That's what I'm talking about, people! Good hustle! Really good hustle! And they said we couldn't do it, huh? Boy, what a rush, right?!

RORY: So, I'm just saying that when that giant asteroid heads toward earth, I want you in that fighter jet.

LOGAN: Thanks for the vote of confidence.

RORY: You saved my ass.

LOGAN: Infinitely worth saving.

RORY: Thank you.

LOGAN: You're welcome. [They kiss]

RORY: I'm sorry we didn't get our dinner.

LOGAN: We didn't...Huh. [pulls a paper bag from his desk] I thought that we did. [sets up some drinks and candle, helps Rory sit and hands her some food.]

RORY: Boy, when you're on...

GILMORE MANSION - OUTSIDE FRONT DOOR

[Lorelai and Rory are looking at the front door]

LORELAI: [Telling a story] Once upon a time, there was a big house with thick glass windows and heavy stone walls and a slightly pornographic fountain in the driveway. And all the animals in the forest were scared of the house 'cause they thought that the house was haunted, and so did all the villagers in the small hamlet of Hartfordshireville. "Maids go in, but they never come out," they would whisper on the street. [To Rory] How are we doing?

RORY: Keep going.

LORELAI: One day, a beautiful, young Cowherderess walked by the house.

RORY: Cowherderess?

LORELAI: Hey, we could just go in, you know?

RORY: Cowherderess is walking by.

LORELAI: And suddenly she felt the unbearable need for a strand of pearls and a snifter of 100-year-old scotch. So, abandoning her cows, she climbed over the high walls and dropped onto the

just-redone tiled walkway and rushed toward the enchanted French doors that the queen had never been happy with because the hardware was not what she had picked, and she refused to pay that idiot designer that she hired off of a recommendation, and [To Rory again] okay, seriously, this didn't work when you were 4. I am not sure why you thought it would do any good now. [Sighs] It's gonna be fine.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: Come on, my little Cowherderess. Do you want to press the bell, or should I? [Rory presses the door bell.]

LORELAI: Hi.

MAID: Hello. Come in.

LORELAI: Oh, thank you. See? We've been invited in. Such a great start, don't you think?

RORY: [quietly] Huh.

MAID: May I take your coats?

LORELAI: Oh, yes, thank you.

MAID: Mr. Gilmore is in the living room.

[They move into the living room, Richard is reading a book.]

LORELAI: Hi. [Chuckles] Hey, dad.

RORY: Hi, grandpa.

RICHARD: Hello, Lorelai. Rory, how nice to see you.

LORELAI: Yeah, you too.

RICHARD: Would you like a drink?

LORELAI: Yeah, that would be great. [Richard goes back to reading]

LORELAI: [A pause] ...I can get it.

RICHARD: Just wanted to finish the sentence. Excellent book, shame to put it down. I hope martinis will be fine.

LORELAI: Ooh, better than fine.

RICHARD: Will Rory be having a martini?

LORELAI: Yes, she will.

RORY: A really small one.

LORELAI: Oh, something smells really good, doesn't it, Rory?

RORY: It does. It smells really good.

EMILY: [Enters from ratio] Oh. You're here.

LORELAI: Oh, mom. Where'd you come from?

RORY: Hi, grandma.

EMILY: Hello, Rory. Are you getting them a drink, Richard?

RICHARD: Yes, I am, Emily.

LORELAI: Something smells really good, mom.

EMILY: Oh, good. Well, enjoy your drinks. They're doing a showing for my art class at the D.A.R., And I'm doing a moonscape. I'm just finishing it up out on the patio.

LORELAI: You're painting?

EMILY: I am.

LORELAI: Right now?

EMILY: Well, you never know when inspiration's going to hit. You know, I'm actually getting pretty good. I think I have a shot at a medal. Excuse me.

RICHARD: Two martinis.

LORELAI: Oh, thank you, dad.

RORY: Boy, that's a serious martini.

RICHARD: Drink what you like. Leave the rest... So, what's new?

LORELAI: Oh, um, well, not too much. Um, things at the inn are going well. Business, you know. Um, we're booked up through...

RICHARD: My martini's not cold enough. How's yours?

LORELAI: Mine's fine.

RICHARD: I'm gonna get new ice. I'll make another batch. [Leaves the room]

RORY: Grandma's outside painting moonscapes.

LORELAI: Well, she thinks she can get a medal.

RORY: I thought you said she wanted me to come.

LORELAI: She did.

RORY: Mom, she is sitting outside in the 40-degree weather painting moonscapes so she doesn't have to be inside with me.

LORELAI: That is not the reason.

RORY: Did she or did she not say she wanted us to come over for dinner?

LORELAI: She did not say it, but I know deep down she does.

RORY: But you lied to me.

RICHARD: [returning] New ice. I can re-shake yours if you like.

LORELAI: Hey, dad, is something wrong?

RICHARD: Wrong?

LORELAI: Yeah, you're very picky about your ice, and mom's painting.

RICHARD: There's nothing wrong, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Is mom still mad?

RICHARD: Mad at whom?

RORY: Mad at me?

RICHARD: Anger is a useless emotion Rory, It's a waste of time. Your mother has a shot at a medal. That's all that's going on around here.

LORELAI: Okay, right. [Goes to the patio door] Mom, could you come in here just for a sec? I'd like to ask you something.

EMILY: Well...all right.

LORELAI: Can you sit down for a minute?

EMILY: Let me go change first.

LORELAI: Sit down first.

EMILY: I can't sit down in my painting clothes.

LORELAI: Why are they painted on?

EMILY: I'll go upstairs and shower and change.

LORELAI: [Angry] Mom!

RICHARD: This ice has a funny taste to it, I'm gonna get some more.

LORELAI: Now, come on, you two. Can we please just talk about this?

EMILY: Talk about what.

LORELAI: You're obviously upset about Christopher paying for Yale and I get it. We should have told you earlier, but let me just explain how it happened.

RORY: No. It's my responsibility. Let me explain.

EMILY: I don't think anyone needs to explain anything except why I'm not being allowed to clean myself.

RORY: He came to me, and he asked if he could do anything and...

RICHARD: this really isn't necessary.

RORY: I let him pay for Yale. He's my father.

EMILY: [Laughs]

LORELAI: You know something I don't, mom?

EMILY: How convenient that he's her father now.

RICHARD: Perhaps your father can reimburse me for the five cases of scotch I had to send the men in the bursar's office.

RORY: I sure he would be happy to.

EMILY: You know what else I find amusing?

LORELAI: "Reno 911!"?

EMILY: I find it very amusing that Christopher is suddenly such a wonderful person.

LORELAI: Mom!

EMILY: It seems to me when I was in cahoots with him, everyone thought that I was a villain, and now suddenly you're in cahoots with him, and that's perfectly fine.

LORELAI: Please don't say "cahoots" anymore. It's disturbing.

EMILY: You're being hypocritical, don't you think?

LORELAI: No I don't, you were trying to break Luke and me up, and I'm trying to put Rory through college.

RICHARD: Rory was already being put through college by us.

EMILY: That's right.

RORY: I didn't want you to pay for it anymore.

EMILY: There, there it is.

RICHARD: So you went to Christopher.

RORY: He came to me.

EMILY: Oh, please. You just wanted to hurt us.

RORY: By taking money from my father?

RICHARD: Yes, exactly!

EMILY: I've had enough of this. I'm going back out to touch up my moonscape.

RICHARD: I have some work to do.

RORY: Fine I have to go anyhow.

[They all start waling away]

LORELA: Hey!... This is not gonna happen. You're not going back out to your moonscape, you're not going back to work, and you're not going home. Now, we all agreed to have Friday night dinner, and we're here, and I smell dinner, and, yes, apparently there are some issues to be worked out, but no one, and I mean no one, is leaving here until we do!

[Cut to the dining room and diner has started]

RORY: Things were out of control.

EMILY: Not the point, simply not the...

RORY: It is completely the...

RICHARD: Rory, do not cut your grandmother off.

RORY: I'm just saying...

EMILY: You come running to us, begging us to take you in because you can't possibly deal with your mother.

RORY: That's not what happened.

EMILY: We take you in we pay to redecorate the pool house so you can have a place all your own.

RORY: I did not ask you to do that.

EMILY: You accepted it you did not turn it down. I didn't hear you saying, "grandma, stop." I didn't see you throw yourself at the decorators while they were putting up your very expensive wallpaper! And then when you don't like how things are going, you leave!

RICHARD: With no notice, by the way, and you leave two strange boys in our house unsupervised.

EMILY: We're missing two picture frames, by the way.

RORY: Colin and Finn did not steal your pictures!

RICHARD: [yelling] Do not raise your voice to your grandmother!

EMILY: I never realized how spoiled you were, Rory, but I guess that's to be expected. Only children are always spoiled.

RORY: I'm sorry I didn't leave a note.

EMILY: My, that sounds heartfelt. Doesn't that sound heartfelt, Richard?

RICHARD: Well I've never been more touched in all my life.

RORY: I apologize. You don't believe it. I try to defend myself, and you don't want to hear it. So, apparently, there's nothing I can do here.

EMILY: Oh, there's plenty you can do.

RORY: What? What can I do?

EMILY: Well first of all you can admit what you've done. You can apologize!

RORY: I was just trying to apologize!

LORELAI: Cut her some slack, mom! Rory was going through something terrible!

EMILY: Life is full of terrible things, Lorelai.

LORELAI: She was emotional when you're emotional, you don't think clearly. I remember a woman who tried to buy a plane when her granddaughter moved out.

EMILY: I tried to time-share a plane. It is in no way even close to the same thing.

LORELAI: [The maid comes in] I've never been so happy to see a salad in my entire life.

[Cut to later in the meal]

LORELAI: Ugh! I can't believe what I'm hearing!

EMILY: If we'd known the extent of the issue, we might not have taken Rory in.

LORELAI: I tried to tell you!

EMILY: You did not!

LORELAI: I came here and I told you exactly what happened with Mitchum, and you didn't want to hear it.

RICHARD: I don't remember that!

EMILY: I don't either!

[change of seating]

LORELAI: [reenacting the scene, Lorelai is quite worked up] "The Huntzbergers told her she wasn't good enough, and Mitchum told her she didn't have it." "He what?!" "Yes, and now she's dropped out of Yale, but the three of us can knock some sense into her." "Of course we'll help you. This is not happening." "I'll call Charlie Davenport tomorrow." "Thank you, guys, so much. Just thank you." End scene! [Hits the table]

[Cut to desert, every]

LORELAI: This is really good sorbet.

EMILY: I know isn't it? Theresa made it herself.

RORY: Mango?

EMILY: Passion fruit.

LORELAI: Delicious.

RICHARD: It certainly is.

[cut to Lorelai and Rory in the dining room drinking coffee, Emily and Richard can be heard shouting off screen]

RICHARD: What are you thinking, buying an airplane?!

EMILY: I didn't buy it. I looked at it!

RICHARD: Well, what were you doing looking at a plane?!

EMILY: I can look at a plane if I want to look at a plane!

[cut to the living room, everyone is laughing]

EMILY: So I lead her over to the good table, smiling like we are the best friends in the world, and I tell her, "Shira, you don't think Rory "is good enough to be in your family? "She is. We are just as good as you are. "After all, you are nothing but a two-bit gold digger, and how you managed to bag Mitchum I will never know."

LORELAI: You did not.

RICHARD: Oh, yes, she did.

EMILY: I told her Mitchum still plays around.

LORELAI: [gasps]

RICHARD: Oh, no no no. Tell her exactly what you said.

EMILY: What did I say?

RICHARD: About her weight going...[jesters up and down]

EMILY: oh, yes, yes. I got it. I told her, "Mitchum still plays around, you know." Well, of course you know. "That's why your weight goes up and down 30 pounds every 3 months."

LORELAI: [excited] Oh my...

RICHARD: Ruthless woman! [Laughs]

LORELAI: I bow to the foot of the master.

EMILY: I only wished I'd remembered to call her a cocktail waitress.

LORELAI: Ooow. That's my mother's version of the "c" word.

[The all laugh again]

[cut to the dining room again, Rory and Emily are leaving the kitchen going to the living room.]

RORY: I don't want to quit the D.A.R.

EMILY: Well, too late.

RORY: I was accepted and certified grandma. You can't just kick me out.



EMILY: I can to.

RORY: I know the rules backwards and forward, and I have done nothing to lose my status except argue with you, plus I'm in contact with more members than you are.

EMILY: That is not true.

[They reach the living room, Lorelai and Richard and sitting on the couch]

RORY: And I like more of the members than you do.

EMILY: That is not true.

RORY: I talk to Tweenie Halpern all the time.

EMILY: What are you doing talking to Tweenie Halpern?

RORY: I'm friends with Tweenie Halpern, I'm helping her daughter look at colleges. I'm gonna give her a tour of Yale.

EMILY: You have no right to talk to Tweenie Halpern or anyone else in the D.A.R. That is my organization. [she walks off]

RORY: I'm not quitting!

EMILY: Oh, yes, you are!

[Rory follows, leaving Lorelai and Richard on the couch.]

RICHARD: So, how's Luke?

LORELAI: He has a kid.

[Cut to Lorelai and Emily yelling off screen, Rory and Richard are sitting in the living room.]

LORELAI: We were 16! We didn't want to get married!

EMILY: When you get pregnant, you get married! A child needs a mother  
and a father!

LORELAI: Oh, my god!

[Cut to the later, everyone is sitting in the living room and they all look whipped out, cut to front door exterior. Lorelai and Rory come out, very tired.]

LORELAI: Well...I think we've officially reinstated Friday night dinner.

[They walk off in opposite directions to their own cars]