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06x06 - Welcome to the Dollhouse

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06x06 - Welcome to the Dollhouse

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[Before the teaser there is a montage of scenes from previous episodes.]

MISS PATTY'S DANCE STUDIO

[Lorelai enters and sits next to Sookie. The town meeting is about to start.]

LORELAI: Hi!

SOOKIE: Hey! Haven't started yet.

LORELAI: Oh, good. Sorry I'm late. I found Paul Anka hiding underneath the kitchen sink, chewing on one of my favorite pairs of shoes.

SOOKIE: Boy, that guy's career has really hit the skids. [She giggles and Lorelai rolls her eyes.] Okay, that is officially my last 'Paul Anka the person is living in your house' joke.

[Lorelai nods. Taylor bangs the gavel to start the meeting.]

TAYLOR: Hello, everybody. Thank you all for coming. We have a packed agenda tonight so why don't we get started? First off, a little update on the improvements to the post office building -

[Kirk and Andrew burst in the side door and interrupt the meeting, they are dressed in re-enactors outfits.]

ANDREW: What be this?

KIRK: A gathering of some kind.

ANDREW: Be it safe, or shall I raise my musket?

KIRK: Patience, brother! Despite the disturbing sight of women in pantaloons -

LORELAI: Oh, I hope this isn't an audience participation thing.

TAYLOR: Excuse me, but we're in the middle of something here! Who are you?

GYPSY: It's Kirk!

KIRK: I am Phineas and this is my brother, Zebediah. We have come a long way. Through space and time.

ANDREW: We hail from Stars Hollow. I, a silversmith and he, a simple cobbler.

KIRK: With good rates. I will cobble you a... cobbled thing for a haypenny.

SOOKIE: Does Kirk know what a cobbler is?

LORELAI: I'm guessing no.

TAYLOR: But I know all the denizens of Stars Hollow. I don't recognize you!

GYPSY: It's Kirk and Andrew!

TAYLOR [Speaking strongly]: Gypsy.

GYPSY: It is!

KIRK: And we do not recognize you. As residents of the year 1779, all looks foreign to us.

LORELAI: Who's going to tell him those outfits are so 1778?

TAYLOR: Why, you have sojourned from the very year of Stars Hollow's founding! I pray, good sirs, do you still find our town pleasing?

KIRK: Yes, but much has changed. Samuel Munson's apothecary is gone, and with it, his leeches.

ANDREW: And Old Clay's gambling hall, where we did frolic with wenches.

KIRK: We are without leeches and wenches.

ANDREW: And most disorienting, the street names. They're all so different!

KIRK: We were looking for Blacksmith's Road and found Peach Street.

ANDREW: And for Longman's Leap and found Second Avenue.

TAYLOR: That must be very confusing. Pray, tell me, how may we ease your passage?

KIRK: If the town were to return to its old street names, we would more easily find our way.

TAYLOR [theatrically]: The old street names, you say! Gentlemen, do take seats while I confer with my contemporaries.

[They sit next too Gypsy, in the front row with.]

GYPSY: Who are you fooling?

KIRK: Shh!

GYPSY: You're wearing tube socks.

TAYLOR: Ladies and gentlemen, our tourism revenue is off twenty-six percent from the previous fiscal year. In that same time, Woodbury and Cogsville's revenue has jumped. That's because they are highlighting their heritage, thus increasing their charm. The more charm a town has, the greater its tourism revenue.

MISS PATTY: We've got charm.

BABETTE: Yeah! You wouldn't believe the bikini waxes Lisa's doing at the beauty parlor! Any shape you can imagine. So clever. And charming.

TAYLOR: But not historically charming. Which is why I'm proposing changing our street names back

to what they were at Stars Hollow's founding.

MISS PATTY: Isn't that going to cost a lot of money?

BABETTE: Yeah, Taylor, you hate spending money.

TAYLOR: This is an investment in our future.

GYPSY: I'll have to buy new business cards.

LORELAI: I think it would be kinda cool.

MISS PATTY: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah. I like old-timey stuff, and the Dragonfly's on Third Street, which is kind of boring.

TAYLOR: Well, thank you, Lorelai, for your sound opinion. I think it's one of my better ideas.

LORELAI: I agree. It's not like the time you guaranteed the tourists a mosquito-free summer and then released hundreds of bats all over town.

MISS PATTY: Oh, that was a stinker.

SOOKIE: Or how about when he was trying to attract families to visit the town by driving his van around other towns and beckoning kids with candy!

[Giggling and laughing from the crowd.]

GYPSY: That was dumb.

BABETTE: Really dumb!

TAYLOR: So... we're saying this is a good idea?

LORELAI: That is what we're saying.

TAYLOR: Let's put it to a vote, then, shall we? All those in favour raise hands.

[Most of the people raise their hands.]

TAYLOR: Excellent, then the motion is passed and we shall change our street names! [He bangs the gavel.] Now, our next order of business -

BABETTE: Oh, wait! What about when he had us re-enact the Boston Tea Party in the lake!

TAYLOR [warning]: Babette.

GYPSY: What a disaster.

MISS PATTY: We're still paying off the EPA fines!

TAYLOR: Folks, please.

LORELAI: What about the museum of rocks that looked like famous people?

SOOKIE: Ooh, that's my favorite!

[Jackson rolls his eyes and everyone laughs.]

OPENING CREDITS

LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai is reading the newspaper at the counter, when Lane brings her breakfast.]

LANE: Here you go, scooped bagel, cream cheese, jam.

LORELAI: Thank you! Did you save the scoopings? [Lane brings up an extra plate.] I love you.

LANE: So, what's going on in the world?

LORELAI: Nothing.

LANE: Nothing.

LORELAI: - good. There's nothing good. There's absolutely nothing even remotely positive going on anywhere in the world. How can that be?

LANE: That's why I don't read the paper anymore.

LORELAI: You will mine. I'm starting my own. The Good News Daily. Nothing but good news, every day.

LANE: Sounds good.

LORELAI: "No civil w*r in Canada." Big article. "Cars drive down road without incident." Front-page news. "Puppies, how cute are they?" In-depth expose and the subscription is free. How happy is that?

LANE: I may end up in a better mood.

LUKE [Going behind the counter]: So what are you hanging out here for?

LORELAI: Oh, ouch, what happened to the love?

LUKE: You know what I mean. You're usually at the inn by now.

LORELAI: Well, new street names are being posted today. I'm waiting for Sookie and Michel, we're going to go see what name the Dragonfly got. Want to come with, see what name you got?

LUKE: I'll wait to read about it in the Good News Daily.

LORELAI: All right. It's another dumb Taylor thing, sorry. You may now lower your blood pressure.

LUKE: That's not why I'm not going, I just don't have the time. I think changing the street names' a fine idea.

LORELAI: You're kidding.

LUKE: No, change 'em all. Name 'em after cartoon characters. I'll be on Scooby Doo Lane. It's all the same to me.

LORELAI: Where's this coming from?

LUKE: It's taken me a ridiculous amount of years, but when it comes to all things Taylor I've adopted a Zen attitude.

LORELAI [surprised]: Zen.

LUKE: Go with the flow, let the River Taylor take you where it may. Don't fight it, just let it happen.

LORELAI: But what if he wants to paint the diner pink for Easter like he did last year.

LUKE: Then let the building be pink.

LORELAI: But what if he decides we should all dress up as our favorite tree again for Arbor Day?

LUKE: Wrap me in bark, fill me with sap, tell me where to stand.

LORELAI: Well, what if he wants to Photoshop a picture of you with your arm around him and slap it on a billboard that overlooks the whole town?

LUKE: The river's end -

LORELAI: You're sitting on his lap.

LUKE: - will keep on flowing.

LORELAI: Holding a baby rattle.

LUKE: Let me keep my Zen.

LORELAI: I'm gonna miss Nuclear Luke.

[Michel and Sookie enter.]

SOOKIE [lively]: Hey.

LORELAI: Hi!

SOOKIE: We just passed Esther Wilkins. She got Constabulary Road. Constabulary Road! How cool is that?

LORELAI: Very! I'll be done here in a minute.

MICHEL: Do you have coffee?

LUKE: You mean, here, at my coffee shop? Uh, let me think. Yeah.

MICHEL: Give it.

LORELAI: You're going to need a little Zen for him too.

MICHEL: This is very early for me to get up.

SOOKIE: You'll survive, big guy!

MICHEL: I'm not at my best if I don't get my model's twelve.

SOOKIE: Well, you hide beautifully.

MICHEL: It's the keels. Absinthe serum with ginkgo extract. Like you're washing your face in a bowl of diamonds.

SOOKIE: A bowl of diamonds? Doesn't that just cut up your face?

MICHEL: Huh. I need my coffee.

[Lorelai looks in the paper again and is taken aback seeing a photo of Rory from the DAR part from last week.]

ELDER GILMORE'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

[Richard is also reading the same newspaper and looking at the same photo.]

EMILY: Does your grapefruit taste strange to you?

RICHARD: What?

EMILY: The grapefruit. Is it unnaturally sweet?

RICHARD: It tastes like grapefruit, Emily.

EMILY: There's sugar on it. I can taste it. Consuela put sugar on it.

RICHARD: If you say.

EMILY: That girl puts sugar on everything! Like yesterday's salmon. Fish is not supposed to be caramelised.

RICHARD: I didn't notice.

EMILY: Don't defend her, Richard.

RICHARD: I'm not defending her, Emily.

EMILY [stands up]: It starts with the grapefruit, next it'll be the berries, the melons. Pretty soon everything in this house will be candied.

[Walking to the intercom.] Rory, breakfast is ready!

[Rory, stunted sits up in bed, still half asleep she walks over to the intercom.]

EMILY: Rory, are you there? Rory!

RORY [mumbling into the intercom]: Good morning, Grandma.

EMILY: You're not still sleeping, are you?

RORY [yawns]: No.

EMILY: You're missing Katie Couric.

RORY: I don't watch Katie Couric.

EMILY: Oh. I thought you watch Katie Couric. I heard you mention her once.

RORY: Grandma, did you find someone to fix the intercom yet? It's stuck at this one volume. Loud.

EMILY: I've been looking and looking, but the company that made it went out of business in 1973. The Binsor Corp. Arthur Godfried was their spokesman.

RORY: Who?

EMILY: Oh, he was sort of a Katie Couric of his day. We'll get the intercom fixed, I promise.

RORY: Good.

EMILY: So I'll go ahead and pour you some coffee?

RORY: I'll be right in.

EMILY: I'm signing off! Ten-four!

RORY [sleepily]: Ten-four.

[Emily goes back to her seat, as she passes Richard she see the photo in the paper.]

EMILY: Isn't that a pretty picture?

RICHARD: The prettiest.

EMILY: That outfit matched her face. You'll get extra copies for us, right?

RICHARD: I'll have my secretary get them.

EMILY [sitting]: So have you seen Logan around lately?

RICHARD: I don't know if it was lately.

EMILY: That makes me nervous.

RICHARD: Well, he's busy too.

EMILY: I hope that's it, and not something else.

RICHARD: What else would it be?

EMILY: Oh, that talk I had with Shira. I hoped our understanding was clear about those two. That we were going to let them be. Maybe I was just being naive. [Richard turns the page.] Richard, are you listening to me?

RICHARD: Yes, Emily. And just because you haven't seen the boy doesn't mean anything. Our hours are different from theirs.

[The doorbell rings and Emily looks around.]

EMILY: Consuela! Consuela! [She throws her napkin down and gets up.] She's probably in the backyard harvesting sugar cane. [She walks to the front door.]

RICHARD [under his breath]: Maybe Consuela and Logan have run off together.

EMILY [OS]: Not funny! [She receives a package for Mr. Gilmore.] Thanks.

RICHARD: Logan's probably out of town. Or busy with school.

EMILY [OS]: All I know is I haven't seen him and Rory is lying in bed 'till eight-thirty every morning. [She walks back in.] That could be some sort of young woman's melancholy. Something from your office. [Giving an envelope to Richard.] Though why I had to fetch it I don't know. I'll remind Consuela it's part of her job. Assuming she hasn't left us to go work full-time for that giant sugar consortium that sent her here. What's that?

RICHARD: Just an insurance claim from the Dragonfly.

EMILY: A claim? What sort of claim?

RICHARD: Oh, they had a small fire there last week.

EMILY: They had a fire?

RICHARD: Oh, don't get excited.

EMILY: Is Lorelai okay?

RICHARD: She's fine.

EMILY: Did you talk to her?

RICHARD: I talked to her.

EMILY: You talked to her.

RICHARD: Yes, Emily. She had a small fire.

EMILY: Well, how did she sound?

RICHARD: Just like she'd had a small fire. It was a very quick face-to-face, and then I left.

EMILY: Face-to-face? You saw her face-to-face?

RICHARD: Well, I had to go over there.

EMILY: Why did you have to go over there?

RICHARD: Because, Emily! She'd just had a small fire!

EMILY: How did she look?

RICHARD: Fine.

EMILY: Was she thin, heavy, did she look tired? What was she wearing? And is she still in that netherworld of 'I don't know what my hair is supposed to be'?

RICHARD: She looked just like Lorelai.

[Giving up she goes back to her seat.]

RICHARD: It was a very brief conversation! Unlike the one you and I are having.

EMILY: You should have told me, Richard. [She takes a bite of her grapefruit and grimaces.] And this grapefruit is definitely sugared!

STARS HOLLOW STREET

[Lorelai, Sookie and Michel are walking.]

LORELAI: I hope it's something like Calla Lily Lane. You know, like a flower, something pretty.

SOOKIE: Or Charing Cross Road, or Abbey Road, something classic.

MICHEL: Can we walk a little faster, please?

SOOKIE: Michel's still pouting?

MICHEL: I'm not pouting.

LORELAI: Oh, so your botox has worn off?

MICHEL: It has not, and I'm not pouting.

LORELAI: Well, then, get with the spirit. This is a workout, and you're getting paid for this.

MICHEL: So it takes the three of us to stare at a stupid piece of cardboard. Maybe later we can all g*ng up on that light bulb.

[They stop at the town map of Stars Hollow.]

LORELAI: Okay, let's see here.

SOOKIE: Ooh, I'm so excited. It's like Spanish class where everyone gets a Spanish name.

LORELAI: What were you?

SOOKIE: Sookia. I don't think it's a real Spanish name, I think they just added an 'A' on the end.

[They look at the map.]

LORELAI: Okay, see, where are we?

SOOKIE: There! Right there!

MICHEL: That is the lake, Sookie. If we were there, we would all have drowned. We are at the bottom.

LORELAI: No, no, no, I think we're off to the right. Or, off to the left. Wait, where's north?

SOOKIE: Everything's rotated ninety degrees. This map's completely whack-a-doodle. I can't find - oh.

MICHEL: Oh, no.

LORELAI [gasps]: Oh, no! Oh, no! Oh, no.

DRAGONFLY INN

[Sookie and Michel enter, in a bad mood, followed by Lorelai on her cell phone.]

LORELAI: Yeah. No, I understand, Taylor's a very busy man, but it's just a quick question. Lorelai Gilmore. You know me, Joey. You cleaned out my rain gutters last year. Yes, I paid you! I most definitely paid you!

SOOKIE: Got to be a mistake. Got to be a mistake!

MICHEL: Sores and Boils Alley.

SOOKIE: Stop saying that!

MICHEL: We are on Sores and Boils Alley!

SOOKIE: What kind of menu could you serve on Sores and Boils Alley, huh? Huh?

MICHEL: Anything in a crust.

SOOKIE: Eugh.

LORELAI: Try in the storage room, Joey! Yes, I know it's creepy in there, but I really need to speak to him.

SOOKIE: Why couldn't it be something that didn't ooze or run? Like a wart! Or a bunion! Bunions are okay. They're sort of onions mixed with buns, and that's sort of appetizing if you don't think too hard.

MICHEL: You know what this means, don't you?

LORELAI: It means nothing.

SOOKIE: It means my next review will be in the New England Journal of Medicine!

LORELAI: I want you to both chill out. I will fix this just as soon as I get Taylor on the phone.

SOOKIE: Okay. Maybe if we come up with a catchy phrase. You know, something funny, so it seems like we're in on the joke, you know? Like, we're aware. Ironic and hip.

[A deliveryman comes in the room and goes to Lorelai.]

MICHEL: Like what? What catchy phrase using the words Sores and Boils will make us seem like we're in on the joke?

DELIVERYMAN: Delivery.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, I'll sign for it.

[She signs for a package, the deliveryman leaves.]

SOOKIE: Michel, don't get hostile with me!

MICHEL: You are a silly woman.

SOOKIE: I am not silly! You're silly!

LORELAI [opening up the box]: Hey, I want you both to cut it out. Now, I am going to fix this. I mean, the whole idea behind this street name thing was to improve tourism. You know? Not destroy it. So - huh. [She pulls out an old cuckoo clock.] Sookie, did you order this?

SOOKIE: Nope.

LORELAI: Michel?

MICHEL: Yeah, right. Like I'm going to buy an analog clock. Do I look two hundred and five?

LORELAI: Well, apparently it's for me, but I didn't order a clock. [On the phone.] Uh, yes, I'm still here. No, okay, just tell him I called. [She hangs up the phone.]

SOOKIE: You couldn't find Taylor?

LORELAI: Don't worry, I will!

MICHEL: I'm going to go add a few select fibs to my resume.

LORELAI: Michel! [He leaves.] I will find him, Sookie, don't cry!

SOOKIE [almost crying]: White sauce looks like pus!

LORELAI: Go in the kitchen, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Salsa Verde looks like infection!

LORELAI: Kitchen, go!

[On her way to the kitchen, Sookie whimpers. Lorelai checks out the new clock.]

RORY'S POOL HOUSE

[Logan knocks on the door of the pool house, Rory waves him in. He is carrying a very big shopping bag.]

RORY: Wow, you made good time.

LOGAN: Silly rabbit, speed limits are for kids. [They kiss.]

RORY: Hey, you went shopping?

LOGAN: Actually, I did.

RORY: For me?

LOGAN: For you.

RORY: Wow, what's the occasion?

LOGAN: Where is it written you need an occasion?

RORY [pulls a large box out of the bag]: Wow, you did it. You brought me the head of Alfredo Garcia.

LOGAN [laughing]: Open it, Ace.

[She takes a large cloth bag out of the box.]

RORY: Wow, cool, a bag!

LOGAN: Look inside!

[She pulls a pink leather purse out of the cloth bag.]

RORY: Wow, cool! A bag!

LOGAN: You like it?

RORY: Hello, I'm a girl. It's a purse.

LOGAN: Not just a purse, it's a Birkin bag.

RORY: I went to school with a guy named Birkin.

LOGAN: I don't think this is the same Birkin.

RORY: Oh. Well, it's beautiful. I mean, it's snazzy and classy, and oh, smell it. It's got that great new car smell, except it's not a car. Oh, I love it Logan. I love it. Thank you so much. [She looks in the pockets.]

LOGAN: You're welcome. Sorry, there's not another bag inside the bag inside the bag inside the box inside the bag.

RORY: It's great. You know, I think my computer cords would fit in this perfectly.

LOGAN: Uh, this is not a computer cord kind of purse, Ace. You know what, why don't you just call my sister, she'll fill you in. It's like a 'thing', you know?

RORY [smiling]: Huh. It's a thing. A beautiful leather grown-up thing.

LOGAN: So you ready to go?

RORY: Uh, yeah. [She picks up her old purse, starts moving the contents it into the new bag, she gives up and puts the whole thing inside.] Let's go!

[They leave together.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Paul Anka is on the bed and Lorelai sits next to him, she is waiting on the phone.]

LORELAI: Come on, Taylor, answer!

TAYLOR: Taylor's Ye Olde Soda Shoppe! How can I help ye?

LORELAI: Taylor! It's Lorelai! I've been trying to reach you all day.

TAYLOR: Lorelai! Oh, well, Joey mentioned that. He also mentioned something about not being paid for some rain gutters he cleaned? That's not cool.

LORELAI: Look, Taylor, um, do you by any chance know what street name the Dragonfly got?

TAYLOR: Of course! Sores and Boils Alley!

LORELAI: So you knew about it.

TAYLOR: Absolutely.

LORELAI: Sores and Boils?

TAYLOR: That's right.

LORELAI: Sores and Boils?

TAYLOR: Yes, indeed. I'd k*ll to have that name, quite frankly. You're a lucky woman.

LORELAI: How?

TAYLOR: Sores and Boils Alley is one of the most historical places in all Stars Hollow! In the eighteenth century, if you had a sore or a boil, you came to Stars Hollow to have it lanced -

LORELAI: Yeah, but -

TAYLOR: - to the very site of your establishment! Word is they also had a leper colony in your garage! I'm trying to verify that. If we do, you get a plaque.

LORELAI: Okay, Taylor. Look. [The doorbell rings goes and answers it.]

TAYLOR: Truth is, this town wouldn't be here without your street! Sores and boils may seem minor to us now, as we sit here with our Sea Breeze astringent and our Pond's cold cream, but time was they were the scourge with no cure. And where was that noble work done? Where were the sick cured and the suffering put at ease? I'll tell you where, on Sores and Boils Alley! In fact, I even have a valuable collection of antique lances. Yours for the asking. As a loaner, of course. The Dragonfly can display them in the lobby. Assuming you're bonded. [Lorelai opens the door to another deliveryman. He brings in a huge box and sets it down, she signs for it and he leaves.]

LORELAI: Look, the historical thing, it's swell. The boils and sores and lepers and lances. Great stuff. If you're running a hospice in the eighteenth century. But I'm running an inn in the twenty-first!

TAYLOR: And?

LORELAI: People come here for a beautiful nice romantic time. And part of what I slightly overcharge them for is the ambiance.

TAYLOR: Is there a point here?

LORELAI: The point is that I don't want to have to go around advertising, 'Come to historic Stars Hollow! It's not as gross as it sounds!'

TAYLOR: I must say, I'm very surprised at this negativity! You were so supportive at the meeting. What happened, a fight with Luke?

LORELAI: Look, Taylor, I'm trying to be very Zen about this, but this name is just not going to work for me!

TAYLOR: Well, I'm not really sure what to do about this.

LORELAI: We could just keep our old street name. No harm, no foul, no Lorelai pulling her hair out.

TAYLOR: No. The whole town's changing, that won't work at all. But I will think about your situation and try to come up with alternatives.

LORELAI: Great. And I'll think about it too, and together I'm sure we'll figure something out. Huh? We can fix this!

TAYLOR: All right.

LORELAI: Great. Thank you, Taylor.

[She hangs up the phone, pulling a very big antique birdcage out of the box. She looks at Paul Anka.]

LORELAI: You order a birdcage?

GILMORE HOUSE - OUTSIDE

[Walking past the main house.]

RORY: I've never had so many compliments about anything.

LOGAN: It's not the bag, Ace, it's the arm it's on.

RORY: And, I, like, swear that I'm not going to let ballpoint pens explode in the bottom of it.

LOGAN: Crap, I left my cell back in the car.

RORY: Are you expecting a call?

LOGAN: From my dad. He's dragging me to a corporate retreat at his editor's. Three days of absolutely, Mitchum. Great idea, Mitchum. Can I pre-chew that food for you, Mitchum?

RORY: You can suffer through three days.

LOGAN: I'll meet you back at the pool house, okay?

RORY: Don't get lost.

[Logan watches Rory walking towards the pool house as Richard opens the side door of the main house.]

RICHARD: Oh, Logan! I thought I heard a noise.

LOGAN: Richard. Yes, I was just dropping Rory off.

RICHARD: Oh! [He checks his watch.] Ten o'clock on the button, well done!

LOGAN: Well, I didn't want to keep her out too late, sir.

RICHARD: Well, you're a responsible young man, Logan. Say, how about a nightcap? I have a new single malt I'm dying to break in.

LOGAN [shrugging]: Sounds great.

[Richard closes the door behind him.]

RICHARD [to Emily]: Look who I found!

EMILY: Logan! You found Logan. How are you?

LOGAN: How are you, Emily?

RICHARD: Logan was just dropping Rory off.

EMILY: Ten o'clock on the button!

RICHARD: A gentleman, this one.

EMILY: Logan, would you like some coffee? Perhaps some dessert?

LOGAN: Thanks, Emily, but I've eaten.

RICHARD: I thought the two of us would, uh, grab a little nightcap.

EMILY: Well, I'll leave you men to your drinks.

LOGAN: Good seeing you, Emily.

[Emily leaves.]

RICHARD [offering Logan a seat]: Please.

[He sits and Richard starts making the drinks.]

RICHARD: So, how are things, Logan?

LOGAN: Fine.

RICHARD: Good. Back at school, are you?

LOGAN: For a few weeks now.

RICHARD: Good, good. Good that you're back. Got any classes that you're interested in this year?

LOGAN: Semester's shaping up okay. [Richard hands Logan his drink.] Thank you.

RICHARD: Oh. Cheers. [Richard sits down as they each take a sip.] You working at the Yale paper again?

LOGAN: Yes, sir.

RICHARD: Apple doesn't fall far from the tree, does it?

LOGAN: Not if the tree has anything to say about it.

RICHARD: Yes, well. It's good to see you. We don't get many sightings of you young people nowadays, the two of you, ensconced back there at the pool house. Rory's so busy. Her life's a total

mystery to us. She could be in the CIA for all we know.

LOGAN: Well, I don't think she's joined the CIA, sir, but I'll check her purse for secret documents.

RICHARD [chuckles]: So, tell me, Logan, what is going on with Rory? Uh, yours and Rory's life?

LOGAN: Uh, nothing special.

RICHARD: No? Oh, well. Does she have any big plans?

LOGAN: Plans?

RICHARD: Yes, well, the way that girl keeps to herself, we wouldn't know if she was moving to Peru. Are you two planning on moving to Peru?

LOGAN: No, we're not.

RICHARD: Well, if not Peru, then what is on the horizon for Rory? And for you. Anything different going to happen?

LOGAN: I don't, uh, well, we're thinking of going to the Vineyard in a few weeks, that's about it.

RICHARD: A trip to the Vineyard?

LOGAN: Yes, sir.

RICHARD: Nothing else coming down the pike?

LOGAN: No, sir.

[Logan sees Rory through the window behind Richard.]

RICHARD: Hm. Well, the Vineyard is always nice. Very brisk this time of year.

RORY [entering]: Hey, Logan. What are you doing here? I thought you'd left.

LOGAN: I ran into Richard on the way out.

EMILY [coming back down the stairs]: Rory, is that you?

RORY: Um, yeah, Grandma, it's me.

EMILY: What are you doing here?

RORY: Well, I was just looking for some sugar. For my morning coffee.

EMILY: Oh, please, don't get me started on sugar.

LOGAN: Richard and I were just catching up.

RICHARD: Having a little 'digestif'.

LOGAN: Yes, and, Richard, the scotch was great, but I should probably get going given the hour.

RICHARD: Oh, of course.

RORY: I'll walk you out.

LOGAN: Richard, Emily.

RICHARD: Good to see you, Logan.

EMILY: Drive safe!

[Rory and Logan both leave.]

EMILY [smiles up at Richard]: So what were you two chatting about?

RICHARD: Oh, this and that.

EMILY: Did it seem like everything was fine between the two of them?

RICHARD: Far as I could tell. We're missing Charlie Rose.

[They head upstairs. Rory and Logan tiptoe past the window.]

RORY'S POOLHOUSE

[Rory and Logan enter.]

RORY: What was that all about?

LOGAN: What was that about? Your grandfather was asking me about my intentions.

RORY: Your intentions? Toward what?

LOGAN: Uh, toward you. Us. Marriage.

RORY: What? Why?

LOGAN: I don't know. Suddenly I was in there and he was asking me all kinds of questions about our plans and the future and the CIA and Peru.

RORY: I don't understand! Why would he do this?

LOGAN: I don't know.

RORY: I'm only twenty. We're young. We just started going out. Why would we even be thinking about marriage?

LOGAN: I don't know, Ace. These are all really good questions. Listen, maybe we should hang out at my place for a while so as not to give your grandparents a visual to latch onto.

RORY: No. Look, I'll take care of this. I promise. Don't worry about it.

LOGAN: Ace, it's okay. You don't have to do anything.

RORY: No, this is not okay. This is not cool. I don't want them thinking this, I don't want you feeling like you can't come over here. I promise you, I will take care of this, okay?

LOGAN: Okay. Oh!

RORY: What?

LOGAN: My cell phone's still in my car.

RORY: Oh, sorry.

LOGAN: Hey, if I'm not back in five minutes it means I'm in the main house picking out china patterns with Emily.

[Logan leaves.]

DRAGONFLY INN

[Michel at the front desk. Lorelai walks up to him]

LORELAI: Oh, I'm starved.

MICHEL: You're always starved.

LORELAI: Yes, but now I'm crash landed in the Andes, eat my team mates starved. I'll be back in an hour. [She sees a small pile of packages on the counter.] No.

MICHEL: Mm-hm. Three more packages, all for you.

LORELAI [opening the boxes]: Where is all this stupid stuff coming from?

[She pulls out a china figurine.]

MICHEL: Looks like classic home shopping channel merchandise to me.

LORELAI: I haven't bought anything off the home shopping channel.

MICHEL: That you remember.

LORELAI: How could I not remember?

MICHEL: You could be deluding yourself. Suppressing a shameful, costly, and yes, extremely tacky shopping addiction from your memory.

LORELAI: I do not have a home shopping channel addiction. [She removes a matching figurine from the second box.] This does look familiar. Like I've seen it before.

MICHEL: Mm-hm. And was Joan Rivers or Suzanne Somers holding it up?

LORELAI: I'm not buying these things.

MICHEL: Keep telling yourself that. By the way, Kirk is in the dining room wanting to speak to you.

LORELAI: Must be about the street name.

MICHEL: Can you contain your personal demons long enough to face him, or shall I send him away?

LORELAI: Enough, Michel.

MICHEL: It's never enough. That is the problem.

[Lorelai walks into the dining room, shakes hands with Kirk.]

KIRK: Lorelai, hello.

LORELAI: Hello, Kirk.

KIRK: Have a seat.

LORELAI: Okay.

[They sit down.]

KIRK: I'm pleased to inform you that the Stars Hollow board of tourism has graciously decided to offer you a proposal.

LORELAI [relieved]: Great. I appreciate it. What do you have for me?

KIRK: Well, you can choose any of three historically anchored street names that pre-dated Sores and Boils Alley. It's a generous proposal.

LORELAI: Let's hear 'em.

KIRK: The first one is Constabulary Road.

LORELAI: Constabulary Road.

KIRK: It's a very nice name. Classic. Very evocative of old-time Stars Hollow.

LORELAI: Yes, it's very nice, but Kirk, that's the exact same name of Esther Wilkins' street. I mean, the exact name. It's taken.

KIRK: I know. Apparently at one time there were several streets named Constabulary Road in Stars Hollow.

LORELAI: Yeah, that would be incredibly confusing.

KIRK: Oh, it would be a disaster. It was back then, too. Mail was mis-delivered, soldiers lost their way. It completely disoriented senior citizens. There was rioting, chaos, death. Everyone hated it.

LORELAI: What's number two?

KIRK: Number two. Chergogagog Manchogagog Cherbonagongamog.

LORELAI: Chergona-what?

KIRK: An old Nimblook Indian name. It means: you fish on your side of the lake, I'll fish on my side, no one fishes in the middle. Or maybe it means Buffalo.

LORELAI: It's unpronouncable. Next?

KIRK: From 1768, something flavorful. Crusty Bulge.

LORELAI: Oh, come on!

KIRK: Is that a no?

LORELAI: Yes, that's a no! Kirk, these are not legitimate choices!

KIRK: Taylor thinks they are.

LORELAI: Well, Taylor is wrong. The Dragonfly is a business! We need a credible street name! So I'll tell you what we're going to do, we're keeping Third Street.

KIRK: Taylor is not going to like that.

LORELAI: Well, too bad. 'Cause that's what we're doing. Decision made. 'Cause it's not going to be Crusty Bulge! And it's not going to be an Indian name that no one can pronounce, and it's not going to be a name that fifty thousand other people had that caused mass chaos and death in 1492 and oh my God, I just realized where all that stuff is from!

KIRK: What? What stuff?

LORELAI [stands]: Never mind, just tell Taylor what I said.

KIRK: So we're done here?

LORELAI: Definitely.

KIRK [loosening off his tie]: Thank God. Mom tied this way too tight.

[Lorelai leaves.]

RORY'S POOL HOUSE

[Rory's pours herself some coffee. Hearing a knock at the door, she answers it. Emily enter with a very old man.]

EMILY: Am I disturbing?

RORY: No, come on in.

EMILY: Rory, this is Edgar Pullings. He installed the intercom forty-six years ago.

RORY: Nice to meet you.

[Pause.]

EMILY [shouting]: She said 'nice to meet you'!

EDGAR: Oh. Nice to meet you, young lady.

EMILY: He calls me that, too. [Loudly] It's right in there, Edgar!

EDGAR: Okay, I'll have a look-see.

EMILY [loudly]: You just holler when you're situated and I'll bring in your toolbox. And if you're feeling faint or need a glass of water, don't be shy!

[Emily leads the old man to the bedroom and turns back to Rory.] I'm sorry for the short notice, but once I found him I thought I'd better get him over here before he - retires.

RORY: No, it's great. Thank you.

EMILY: Everything else around here up to snuff? Are the sheets being over-ironed?

RORY: No. They're perfect.

EMILY: Because that's not an urban legend. If sheets have a high thread count, they can be over-ironed.

RORY [Nods]: Grandma, can I ask a favour?

EMILY: Of course.

RORY: I was just wondering if you would speak with Grandpa for me.

EMILY: About what?

[They both sit on the lounge.]

RORY: Well, when he had the nightcap with Logan, he said some things that made Logan a little uncomfortable.

EMILY: Oh, no, what kind of things?

RORY: Just things about our future - Logan's and mine. I think Grandpa wanted to find out if we were getting married.

EMILY [surprised]: What?

RORY: And the thing is, we're young. And we haven't been going out for that long. It's way too soon for us to be thinking about getting serious.

EMILY: Of course it is! Your grandfather should know better. Don't you worry, I'll clear this up with him.

RORY: Thank you, Grandma.

EMILY: My pleasure. So, now that that's taken care of, tell me. Just between us girls. How are things going between you two?

RORY [blushing]: Well, they're great. Logan's very nice. He bought me this terrific gift, just completely out of the blue.

EMILY: Is that so?

RORY: Totally unexpected. It's called a Birkin bag?

EMILY [floored]: A Birkin bag. Oh, my God. A Birkin bag?

RORY: You've heard of it?

EMILY: Of course! That's a very nice purse!

RORY: Oh. Maybe I shouldn't use it?

EMILY: Oh, no. A Birkin bag is meant to be used. And seen.

RORY: I had no idea.

EMILY [pleased]: Well, well, well. A Birkin bag! A Birkin bag. A Birkin bag for Rory.

RORY: Grandma.

EMILY: I'm just saying, I mean, Richard never bought me a Birkin bag. Oh, this is exciting!

RORY: I guess it is!

EMILY: A Birkin bag! I'm going to remember this day. [Day dreaming.]

RORY: Um, it's been very quiet in there.

EMILY: Huh? Oh, dear! [She gets up and hurries to the bedroom.] Edgar! Edgar! Edgar!

LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai enters.]

LORELAI: Oh, my God, I made it! Food. Me. Give.

LUKE: Emergency B.L.T.

LORELAI: Yeah! Emergency chilli fries and black and white shake. It's a three-alarm emergency.

LUKE: Something came for you early this morning, good old Caesar signed for it.

[He gestures to a giant urn next to the window to the Taylor's "Soda Shoppee".]

LORELAI [gasps]: Oh my God!

LUKE: Now, normally I have a blanket policy against the diner accepting humungous five-foot urns addressed to other people, but I was at the market and Caesar, he apparently didn't know about the policy.

LORELAI: Oh, she is good. Covering all the bases.

LUKE: Who?

LORELAI: And sending it here. Brilliant! Picking away at the people closest to me.

LUKE: Who? Who is this?

LORELAI: Emily Gilmore!

LUKE: You're kidding!

LORELAI: For days she's been emptying her house, sending me everything she doesn't need anymore, trying to smoke me out of my foxhole.

LUKE: Well, call her and tell her to knock it off!

LORELAI: Oh, no! That's exactly what she wants! I poke my head out of the foxhole, it gets blown off! Then I have no head, Luke!

LUKE: There's a giant urn in my diner.

LORELAI: It started small, you know? A clock, a birdcage, some Victorian figurines, an old telescope. That was just the ground w*r. She was softening me up. Now comes the aerial campaign. The carpet bombing. And I bet she'll b*mb me with actual carpets!

LUKE: Call her.

LORELAI: You mean surrender? Never!

LUKE: If you don't call her, she's just going to keep sending you stuff. Sending me stuff.

LORELAI: She'll run out of stuff.

LUKE: She'll buy more stuff.

LORELAI: She'll run out of money.

LUKE: She's got endless money.

LORELAI: Luke, my mom has a tenth-degree black belt in passive aggression. There is no counter to this move! Which means I am not going to counter.

LUKE: But I can't have a giant urn sitting in my restaurant.

LORELAI: Actually it's more of a vase.

LUKE: I don't care what it is! The thing weighs three hundred pounds. Caesar said it took four guys to bring it in.

LORELAI: You've got to admit, it does kind of spruce up the place.

LUKE: It goes today.

LORELAI: Okay, okay. I'll work on figuring out how to get it out of here.

[She sighs.] You know, I think it's actually one of a matching pair.

RICHARD'S STUDY

[Emily knocking on the open door.]

EMILY: You busy?

RICHARD: Not too.

EMILY: I wanted to let you know Rory had a little talk with me today I thought I'd share with you.

RICHARD: Eh? What about?

EMILY: About Logan. About something you said. It's been handled.

RICHARD: Something I said? When?

EMILY: Don't worry. He's fine, she's fine, they're fine. Very fine. Logan bought her the most beautiful and prestigious handbag in the world.

RICHARD: A handbag?

EMILY: A Birkin bag! I've shown you pictures before, remember? Around my birthday. So sophisticated. Now we know our worries about Shira messing with things were unfounded. They are doing very well.

RICHARD: Yes, yes, that's fine, Emily, but what did I say that caused a problem?

EMILY: Well, you scared the poor boy half to death during that nightcap of yours.

RICHARD: How?

EMILY: Your intentions speech? It was so out of the blue!

RICHARD: My intentions speech? I'm not following. Intentions about what?

EMILY: Really, Richard, you're always a half-step behind.

RICHARD: That's because you tell me things in drips and drabs. What does she think I said?

EMILY: That you basically asked when he was going to propose to her.

RICHARD: I asked him nothing of the sort! We were just chatting. sh**ting the breeze!

EMILY: Well, Logan viewed it as an interrogation about his and Rory's future.

RICHARD: The boy misunderstood! I wasn't talking about their future. I was talking - it was scotch talk. I would never dream of interrogating a man like that. I'll apologize to him the next time I see him! And to Rory.

EMILY: Good.

RICHARD: I mean, that's ridiculous. Those two are way too young to be thinking about marriage. They just met each other.

EMILY: It's been over a year.

RICHARD: It hasn't been a year! They're babies!

EMILY: Babies! Richard, your granddaughter is about to turn twenty-one! If they did get engaged, the ceremony would be next year at the earliest, or the year after. That makes her twenty-three.

RICHARD: And too young!

EMILY: It's the same age I was when we got married. I wasn't too young.

RICHARD: Well, we were different.

EMILY: How?

RICHARD: Because we're us, and Rory's Rory. She has things to do.

EMILY: I don't know why you're so worked up about this. They aren't engaged.

RICHARD: Good.

EMILY: What was your talk with Logan about?

RICHARD: I was just curious about what was going on with Rory. She can be extremely taciturn.

EMILY: What are you so curious about?

RICHARD: The girl spends all her time in that pool house. She's so secretive. Aren't you curious?

EMILY: Richard, if you want to find out what's going on in a girl's life, you most certainly do not talk to her boyfriend. Follow me.

RICHARD: Why? Where are you going?

EMILY: Follow me!

[He gets up and follows her to the pool house.]

RICHARD: Emily! Is she home?

EMILY: No, she's out! I wouldn't burst in here like this if she were home.

RICHARD: We should not be here, this is prowling.

EMILY: We're not prowling, Richard! You can't prowl in your own house. This is called showing concern. [Emily begins to look through drawers.] Now, tell me what we're looking for.

RICHARD: I don't feel good about this. It's usually this point in the John Le Carré novels where things start to go horribly wrong.

EMILY [methodically searching the room]: Oh, don't worry. I used to do this all the time with Lorelai and the things I found. Once I opened the bottom drawer to her dresser and it was chalk full of Tootsie Rolls. Hundreds and hundreds. Practically spilling out. What could a girl possibly want with a drawer full of Tootsie Rolls?

RICHARD: Perhaps it was what was under the Tootsie Rolls, Emily.

EMILY [stops suddenly]: Under the Tootsie Rolls! Oh, my God, I should have looked under the Tootsie Rolls! Oh, that's going to bother me. God knows what she had in there. [Richard peeks in the garbage can.] Let's split up. I'll hit the bedroom, you finish up in here.

RICHARD: Well, what am I supposed to do?

EMILY: Check the bookcase. They love hiding things behind books.

[Richard shrugs and begins glancing around the books.]

EMILY [OS from the bedroom]: My! This room has really come together. But we definitely should have gone with the plantation shutters. Oh, my God! Richard!

RICHARD: What? What's wrong?

EMILY [emerges from the bedroom, reverently holding Rory's purse]: The Birkin bag. All hand-made, and look at those tiny stitches! Oh, does that Logan have taste?

RICHARD: Okay, this is ridiculous! Let's get out of here!

EMILY [sniffing the bag]: Oh, and that smell!

RICHARD [opening the door]: Let's just go.

EMILY: Can't you at least tell me what you were looking to find?

RICHARD: I don't know! It wasn't my idea to break in!

EMILY: Snooping without knowing what you were snooping for? Honestly, Richard.

RICHARD: Let's just go, Emily. Now. And leave that purse!

EMILY: I was going to leave the purse, Richard! [He leaves. She gazes at the purse.] Twenty-one year old girl has a Birkin bag and a grown woman doesn't.

[She goes back into the bedroom, sniffing the purse and sighs longingly.]

STARS HOLLOW TOWN SQUARE

[Kirk is selling town souvenirs from a miniature gazebo with a sign "Stars Hollow Visitors Centre", he is talking to a family.]

KIRK: I highly recommend the miniature golf, where, coincidentally, I hold the single-round record. The property's got closed circuit, so you can forget about Mulligans.

MAN: Thank you. [They leave.]

KIRK: And don't forget the giant urn at Luke's. The kids will love it. [Lorelai walks up.] Lorelai! Look. I'm sitting in a little gazebo!

LORELAI: I can see that, Kirk.

KIRK: If you look real quick you might think it's the regular sized gazebo and that I'm a giant.

LORELAI: That would be frightening.

KIRK: Have you gotten your free map of historic Stars Hollow yet? Hot off the presses, everyone's enjoying them. [He gives her a town map.]

LORELAI: Maps, huh? I didn't know there were maps.

KIRK: And can I interest you in an historic poncho or Stars Hollow kazoo?

LORELAI: Um, no, you really couldn't. Kirk, the Dragonfly is not on this!

KIRK: Right. As billed, the map only represents historic Stars Hollow.

LORELAI: But the Dragonfly is part of historic Stars Hollow!

KIRK: Correction. Used to be. Before you rejected your historic street name.

LORELAI [angry]: You took me off the map!

KIRK: All cartographical decisions are strictly the province of the director of tourism.

LORELAI: But you and I talked about the street names only this morning! How could the Dragonfly already be off the map?

KIRK: You know the old saying, cross the Don in the morning, sleep with the fishes in the afternoon. Plus Taylor has one of those really fast laser printers.

LORELAI: This is not fair! The Dragonfly is a business in Stars Hollow! This is not right.

KIRK: I wish there was something I could do, but I'm just a messenger. Assistant to the messenger, actually. Taylor's been clear on that. [Lorelai throws up her hands in frustration.] Okay, okay, I shouldn't do this. I'm going to look the other way. [He turns.] Take a button. One only, please.

[Lorelai drops the map back down on the counter and leaves.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai pulls up in the Jeep and walks to the house, there are boxes and other stuff on her front lawn. She hurry's inside to answers the phone.]

LORELAI: Hello?

EMILY I'm turning your bedroom into a gift-wrapping room and I have to get rid of your dollhouse. Do you want it?

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Your dollhouse. It's quite cumbersome and I have absolutely no place to put it.

LORELAI: Um, well, uh, have you checked the basement? Because I'm betting there's oodles of space down there right about now.

EMILY: I'm doing some house cleaning, and I've only sent you things I was going to give you eventually anyway. Now, do you want the dollhouse or not?

LORELAI: Of course I want it!

EMILY: Fine. When will you come pick it up?

LORELAI: Well, when I can.

EMILY: I need you to give me a time, Lorelai.

LORELAI: I don't know! As soon as possible, okay? I'm very busy.

EMILY: Fine. But I can't store it forever. Call me the moment you work out your schedule.

LORELAI: Oh, I will. The very moment. [She hangs up the phone.]

LUKE'S DINER

[Some kids are playing around the giant urn and one is inside it.]

LUKE [shouting]: Hey, you! Get away from the urn.

[He goes back to behind the counter, Lorelai enters and sits down at the counter.]

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: Hi.

LORELAI: Kiss?

LUKE: I'm too mad.

LORELAI: Okay. Wait, why? 'Cause you're lips would be all fiery and it would hurt?

LUKE [annoyed]: Did you know they changed my street name?

LORELAI: Uh, hello, yes, where have you been?

LUKE: I figured I don't have business cards, who cares? But every piece of mail I get I've got to write, change the address. Every piece of mail, because I live upstairs.

LORELAI: I'm aware of that.

LUKE: It's a huge hassle!

LORELAI: I know!

LUKE [holds up a letter]: And, I am in violation of ordinance twenty-two B.

LORELAI: What is ordinance twenty-two B?

LUKE: Kids playing on the urn requires a jungle gym license! As stated in ordinance twenty-two B, a fine has already been levied.

LORELAI: Ah, Taylor?

LUKE: Yes.

LORELAI: So, wait, are you mad at Taylor again?

LUKE: Yes.

LORELAI: Yay!

LUKE: A jungle gym license. If I want kids playing on my urn, no one's going to tell me I need a license! [To the kids now sitting at a table] Hey, you. Go ahead! Play on the urn! [He waves the letter at Lorelai.] This stinks!

LORELAI: Oh my God, I'm so glad you ditched this Zen thing, because tonight at the town meeting, I'm taking it to the people and the people are going to take it to Taylor.

LUKE: Good! Take it to him!

LORELAI: I've got a speech all planned, listing the years of Taylor wrongs. The abuses, the manipulations. And I'm going to get in there and make people understand that they don't have to blindly follow Taylor Dooose anymore!

LUKE: Good, do it. They'll follow you, they like you.

LORELAI: They do like me. I'm going to use that.

LUKE: I'd go too, but I'd just end up throwing a bench at him.

LORELAI: There's no need. I'll handle him.

LUKE: You want some coffee?

LORELAI [tilts her head]: I'm beyond coffee.

LUKE: Beyond coffee. This is big.

LORELAI: I'm fuelled by my righteous indignation. I'll fill you in later.

LUKE: I'll be here.

LORELAI: Bye!

[Luke kisses Lorelai on the cheek.]

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Sookie and Michel are sitting and waiting. Lorelai enters, they both stand.]

SOOKIE: Hey!

MICHEL: How did it go?

LORELAI: It went great! [She gets some coffee.]

SOOKIE: So, come on, tell us, what happened?

LORELAI: Well. Before the town meeting, I stopped by Luke's, right? And he was furious! Taylor slapped him with a jungle gym fine. Smoke was pouring out of his ears. And I told him, don't worry, I am on my way to take Taylor down.

SOOKIE: Ooh, goody.

LORELAI: So, I go to the town meeting, it's already started, right? And I come in the back door with the squeaky track, so everybody knows Lorelai's in the house.

MICHEL: Mm! It's very exciting!

LORELAI: Taylor's up there yammering about septic tanks, and Patty made her raisin cake, and, you know, everything's just going along, when suddenly Taylor says it's time to break. And I stand up, on the bench, totally Norma Rae, and I write 'Strike' on my town meeting flier, and I hold it up, all defiant!

SOOKIE: Wow!

LORELAI: Of course the Norma Rae reference was only in my head, and everyone was very confused.

MICHEL: Yes, it happens a lot with you.

LORELAI: So I marched up to the front of the room and I looked this town in the eye, and I said: "We, your Dragonfly Inn, are not on the map! We have been tossed off by Taylor jungle-gym-

monitoring Doose, and it is not right, and he must be stopped!" And since no one had heard my conversation with Luke, I lost them again for a minute, but I got them back real quickly.

MICHEL: You really need to work on that.

SOOKIE: Let her talk!

LORELAI: Anyhow, I told the town about how I had given them the best years of my life, and we've turned the Dragonfly into a class A, top notch destination inn, and that leaving us off the map was petty and mean-spirited, and just plain bad business!

SOOKIE: Amen! Kiss the ground, the South will rise again!

MICHEL: What happened then?

LORELAI: Then I turned to Taylor, and I said: "Taylor Doose, if you don't put us back on the map, it will be Molly Ringwald giving her underwear to Anthony Michael Hall and he shows it to a roomful of boys who've all paid a dollar to see it."

MICHEL: Oh, come on!

LORELAI: No, that one he got! So he thought for a minute, then he stood up and he said to me: "Lorelai, donate a hundred dollars to the Stars Hollow historical society, and I will let you back on the map and you can keep Third Street."

SOOKIE [eagerly]: One hundred dollars!

MICHEL: That's nothing! What did you say?

LORELAI: I said you've got a deal!

SOOKIE: Oh, my God! [Michel cheerfully laughs.]

LORELAI: And then, he said: "Good girl". And patted me on the head.

SOOKIE: Oh no.

MICHEL: Don't tell me -

LORELAI: We are on Sores and Boils Alley.

MICHEL: We cannot be on Sores and Boils Alley!

LORELAI: Patted me on the head, Michel, like a dog.

MICHEL: It's only a hundred dollars.

SOOKIE: I'll pay the hundred dollars!

LORELAI: You're not paying the hundred dollars!

MICHEL: I'll pay seventy-five dollars!

LORELAI: Nope. No one is paying anything. We are not being extorted. We are the Inn on Sores and Boils Alley. Historical. Proud. [Her cell phone rings.]

MICHEL: Oozing. Festering.

SOOKIE: Draining!

LORELAI: Too many words for the brochure. [Answering the phone as she walks into the dining room.] Hello?

EMILY: Why haven't you come to get the dollhouse yet?

LORELAI: Because I've been working?

EMILY: Well, Goodwill's picking it up at noon tomorrow so if you want it come and get it!

LORELAI: Well, I can't come tomorrow!

EMILY: Well, then, come tonight! We're up until eleven.

LORELAI: No, mom, I'm thirty miles away and I'm busy!

EMILY: Then it's being donated!

LORELAI: You can hold onto it a little while longer!

EMILY: Out of the question. It's taking up space and I can't have it here.

LORELAI: Why does Goodwill have to come at noon?

EMILY: Because that's the appointment I got! It's Goodwill, Lorelai, not Sotheby's!

LORELAI: You know, I can't believe you. You know this dollhouse means a lot to me, and I know it means a lot to you! If you want to be this mean and vindictive, then fine. Give it to Goodwill. Give it away. Light it on fire. I don't care! [She hangs up the phone.]

RORY'S POOL HOUSE

[Logan knocks on the kitchen window as Rory is makes a sandwich.]

RORY: Logan?

LOGAN: I don't think they saw me. Can you get this open?

RORY [opening the window]: Logan, it's okay. You can use the front door.

LOGAN: No, this is cool. I've got a tree stump I can use as a boost out here. Or you can let down your hair.

RORY: I talked to them.

LOGAN: You did?

RORY: Yeah. It's fine. Come around to the front.

LOGAN: Okay.

RORY: Okay. [Closes the window goes to the door to let Logan in.] You do know that I will be mocking you for a year for trying to climb in my kitchen window.

LOGAN: I just can't face another sit-down.

RORY: No, it was a misunderstanding. I talked to my grandmother and my grandfather. He was not trying to pressure you. He gets that we're young and just started dating, and he's not interested in our being serious.

LOGAN: Really?

RORY: Yeah. He's very sorry about the confusion.

LOGAN: He is.

RORY: He wants to apologize to you himself.

LOGAN: And you're sure about this?

RORY: I double-super swear on my Birkin bag.

LOGAN: Okay, that's good. This cloak and dagger stuff is getting a little tricky if you don't own a dagger and you look funny in a cloak.

RORY: I'm sure you look great in a cloak. So everything's cool?

LOGAN: Everything's cool.

RORY: Good. Logan -

LOGAN: Yeah?

RORY: I love you.

LOGAN: Wow. [Pause.] The lady who sold that purse to me said this was going to happen.

RORY [laughs]: I'm sorry, I didn't mean to spring that on you, I just - I wanted to say it, so I said it. But I don't expect anything. Believe me. I was in the position once where someone said that to me, completely out of the blue, and I was completely thrown. So, don't worry. You don't have to respond immediately. I mean, in fact, you don't have to say anything at all.

LOGAN: Look, I've told a lot of girls that I love them before and I didn't mean it. So, I'm not going to do that to you. [Rory frowns.] Boy, that didn't come out right. It was supposed to sound a lot more -

RORY [smiling]: Hey, you don't have to say anything at all.

[Logan kisses Rory.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is sitting on the bed, Luke is helping sort through the gifts from Emily.]

LUKE: One antique bellows.

LORELAI: Salvation Army.

LUKE: Worn leather, brass studs. Wow, this thing's a real beaut.

LORELAI: Well, either buy it a ring or move on. Next?

LUKE: Dough beater, early sixties. Wow, they don't make 'em like this anymore.

LORELAI: Salvation Army.

LUKE: Mint condition, industrial grade, five quart capacity?

LORELAI: Salvation Army. [The doorbell rings and she gets up.] Oh, my pizza!

LUKE: Oh, there's some sort of card in here. [Reading from the card] Emily and Richard, congratulations on your wedding. Love Aunt Celeste.

LORELAI: Thank you, Aunt Celeste. Love, the Salvation Army.

[Lorelai answers the door.]

RICHARD: Hello, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hey, Dad.

RICHARD: I thought you'd want this. [He moves aside to reveal her dollhouse sitting on the porch.]

LORELAI [taken aback]: Thanks. I do.

RICHARD: And - we need to talk about Rory.

[Lorelai takes a deep breath.]

Episode End

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