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01x07 - Kiss and Tell

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01x07 - Kiss and Tell

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Kiss and Tell

(Lorelai and Rory are walking across the town center. The town is decorated for fall.)

LORELAI: One of us has to do laundry tonight.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: Because I haven't had any clean underwear for three days.

RORY: So right now under your skirt you're wearing...?

LORELAI: Not underwear.

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: It's kinda nice, actually -- breezy.

RORY: My role model, ladies and gentlemen.

LORELAI: How come you haven't run out yet?

RORY: I don't know. I guess I have more underwear than you.

LORELAI: That's not true. You have less. Have you been doing laundry without me?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Rory?

RORY: OK, one load.

LORELAI: And you didn't even ask if I had stuff to throw in?

RORY: It was a big load. There wasn't any room.

LORELAI: I'm crushed. I'm bleeding. Get me a tourniquet. Oh, no, they're dirty 'cause Rory wouldn't wash them with her stuff.

RORY: I'm sorry. I'll do another load tonight, I promise.

LORELAI: Never mind. I'll do my own laundry.

RORY: Fine, even better.

LORELAI: I hate doing laundry. Maybe I'll just buy new underwear.

(They walk by Miss Patty's dance class having a dress rehearsal for a Thanksgiving dance outside.)

MISS PATTY: And flutter, flutter, flutter, flutter, flutter...and leaves. Where are my leaves? I got pumpkins, I got Pilgrims, I got no leaves.

(Rory and Lorelai enter Luke's cafe.)

TAYLOR: Every other store in town has fall decorations.

LUKE: Hoorah for the mob mentality.

TAYLOR: We're talking a few streamers and a paper turkey. How's it gonna hurt to have a paper turkey?

LUKE: No turkey, no squash, no pumpkins. Nothing colored orange.

TAYLOR: OK, you don't like orange. That's fine. Autumn has many varied hues to toy with.

LORELAI: Excuse me, can we get some coffee please?

RORY: And a muffin?

LORELAI: Warmed?

TAYLOR: This is the Autumn Festival. Your show is right across the street from the Horn of Plenty! You're right smack dab in the middle of everything. You have to decorate.

LUKE: I don't have to do anything but serve food.

LORELAI: And coffee!

RORY: And muffins!

LUKE: Taylor, I'm tired of having this conversation with you every year.

LORELAI: Yoo-hoo!

TAYLOR: You have lived in Stars Hollow for a long time, young man. It's time you became one of us.

(Lorelai waves money to get Luke's attention.)

LORELAI: Whoo!

LUKE: Sorry, I guess my pod's defective.

RORY: Hey. My mom's not wearing any underwear.

LORELAI: Oh!

RORY: Well you aren't.

TAYLOR: You're just being selfish, Luke.

LORELAI: Still they don't notice. I can't take it anymore.

TAYLOR: We're talking about the spirit of fall.

(Lorelai gets the coffee herself and lifts the cover off the muffins.)

LORELAI: What kind of muffin do you want?

RORY: Blueberry.

LUKE: You know where you can stick the spirit of fall?

(Luke hands Lorelai a utensil to pick up the muffins.)

LUKE: Here, don't use your hands.

TAYLOR: I don't think you're taking me seriously.

LUKE: What gave you that idea? (to Lorelai, who is leaving) No tip?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, here's a tip -- serve your customers.

LUKE: Here's another -- don't sit on any cold benches.

(Lorelai and Rory walk out the door.)

LUKE: Taylore, I swear to God, if you pull those Pilgrims out of your pocket one more time...

TAYLOR: I'm just doing it --

LUKE No.

(Cut to the street. Rory is getting off the bus from Hartford. She walks into the grocery store. Taylor and Dean are looking at a stack of canned goods.)

TAYLOR: I don't know. It doesn't really look like the Mayflower.

DEAN: Well we could put a sign on it or something.

TAYLOR: I don't know.

DEAN: So do you want to go back to the Plymouth Rock idea?

(Taylor sighs. Dean looks around and sees Rory.)

TAYLOR: We'll just live with it that way for a day.

(Dean walks over to Rory, who is pretending to be interested in cornstarch.)

DEAN: You know, you can get two for three bucks.

RORY: Oh really? Excellent deal.

DEAN: You just had a desperate need for some cornstarch?

RORY: Yes. I have very important thickening needs, thank you. Nice apron.

DEAN: Nice uniform.

RORY: Well, you know, I sewed the buttons on with silver thread so that sets me apart from the crowd. (pause) I guess I should get home.

DEAN: Wait a sec. You want a pop or something?

RORY: A pop?

DEAN: Give me a break. In Chicago they call it pop.

RORY: Well in Connecticut we call it free soda. And yes, thank you.

(They walk over to the soda. Dean hides two cans behind his back.)

DEAN: Alright, guess which is in each hand and you get the soda.

RORY: OK, the whole concept a free soda is that it's free, you don't have to work for it.

DEAN: Sorry you gotta sing for your supper.

RORY: Or your soda.

DEAN: Guess.

RORY: OK, in this hand you have --

(As Rory reaches for the soda behind Dean's back, Dean leans down and kisses her. When he pulls back, Rory is stunned.)

RORY: Thank you.

(Rory runs out of the store, down the street, and into Mrs. Kim's antique store.)

RORY: Lane? Lane?

LANE: What's wrong?

RORY: I got kissed! And I shoplifted. (Rory is still holding the box of cornstarch.)

LANE: Are you serious? Who kissed you?

RORY: Dean.

LANE: The new kid?

RORY: Yes.

LANE: You got the new kid? Oh my God!

RORY: It happened so fast. I was just standing there --

LANE: Where?

RORY: Doose's Market.

LANE: He kissed you in the market?

RORY: On aisle three.

LANE: By the pest spray?

RORY: Yes.

LANE: Oh, that's a good aisle.

RORY: What defines a good aisle?

LANE: An aisle where you get kissed by the new kid is a good aisle.

RORY: Oh my God. I can't breathe.

LANE: OK, sit down.

RORY: No I can't sit down. I'm too -- Oh my God, He kissed me!

(Mrs. Kim comes up to the girls.)

MRS. KIM: Who kissed you?

LANE: The Lord, Mama.

MRS. KIM: Oh, OK then.

(Mrs. Kim moves away from the girls.)

LANE: So? Tell me everything.

RORY: So I go into the store and he offers me a soda. And then he puts two behind his back and he asks me to pick one and then he kissed me.

LANE: I'm so jealous! That's it, I've got to get some dumb, ugly friends.

RORY: I have to go tell my mom.

LANE: Call me later.

RORY: OK.

(Rory starts to leave then stops.)

LANE: What's wrong?

RORY: I can't.

LANE: You can't leave? It's sing your favorite hymn night at the Kim house. Make a run for it.

RORY: My mom doesn't know about Dean.

LANE: So tell her.

RORY: The last time the subject of boys came up it got very ugly.

LANE: Well that was different. She thought you were gonna to quit school over a guy.

RORY: Yes, over Dean.

LANE: OK, fine, but she doesn't have to know it was him.

RORY: She'll know.

LANE: How?

RORY: She's Lorelai, she'll know. What do I do?

LANE: Well maybe she'll be more open to the concept now that you're in school and doing so well and everything.

RORY: Maybe.

LANE: Try it.

RORY: OK. I gotta go.

LANE: Hey, was it great?

RORY: It was perfect.

LANE: Wow.

RORY: Yeah.

(Rory leaves.)

(Cut to Lorelai's kitchen. She's lying half on the floor, half in the empty refrigerator, talking on the phone.)

LORELAI: Yeah, can you hear that? (pause) No, no, it's higher, it's like a high-pitched kind of an "EEEEEE!" sound. It started last week but it was lower and it only happened when we opened the door and now it's higher and it's on all the time so I think it's really, uh, growing in confidence. (pause) OK, look, I've already told this to three other people so could you just please tell me what is wrong with this fridge? (pause) I'm not going to make the noise again. (pause) I'm not --- EEEEEEE! (pause) Look, Jerry, I don't have a lot of pride but I do have enough that I do not want to make that noise again, so could you please, tell me what is wrong with the fridge or connect me with someone who can? (pause) Thank you. Hello...Rusty, great. Listen, my fridge is making this weird sound. It's like a high-pitched -- you know what -- actually, is Jerry still there? (pause) OK, have him make the sound. He knows it. I'll wait. (pause) I know! It does sound bad. (pause) OK, here is the deal. You will send someone out here, tomorrow, between the hours of eight and nine, because I work and I can't wait four hours for one of you guys to show up. (pause) Great! Good-bye.

(While Lorelai is on the phone, Rory goes into her room and places the box of cornstarch on her dresser where she can see it then returns to the kitchen.)

RORY: So are they coming tomorrow?

LORELAI: Nope. Monday, between three and eight. I am completely useless.

RORY: Sorry.

LORELAI: Oh my God! Look at this place. It's a sty! Now I'm crabby. I'm crabby and useless. Stupid fridge! Stupid fridge guys! I hate my life.

(Cut to the antique store. Lorelai enters.)

LORELAI: Hello! Hello!

(Mrs. Kim stands up from behind the counter.)

MRS. KIM: Yes.

LORELAI: Oh God! Quite an entrance. Jeez, my heart.

MRS. KIM: Rory's not here.

LORELAI: No, I know. I came to pick up that rocker that I bought a couple weeks ago.

MRS. KIM: Six weeks ago.

LORELAI: Oh, well, OK. Well, that's a couple times three. That's six. (no response) Math humor. Not big with a lot of people. Don't feel bad. (Mrs. Kim walks around the store looking for the chair. Lorelai follows.)

MRS. KIM: This is not a storage facility.

LORELAI: I know, I'm sorry.

MRS. KIM: This is a furniture store. Furniture comes in, people buy, then it goes out.

LORELAI: Right.

MRS. KIM: Except when Lorelai Gilmore buys. Then furniture stays here for six weeks.

LORELAI: How about I pay you extra?

MRS. KIM: I don't want you to pay me extra. I want you to pick up the thing you paid for in the first place.

(Mrs. Kim finds the rocker.)

MRS. KIM: Here.

LORELAI: Huh, I remember it smaller.

MRS. KIM: It's been six weeks. Maybe it grew.

LORELAI: Right, well, once again, I'm very sorry. I've just been very busy.

MRS. KIM: Maybe you should be less busy. Then you can remember to pick up chairs.

LORELAI: Right. Absolutely. Smell a rose, got it.

MRS. KIM: And then you could keep your daughter from running around kissing boys.

LORELAI: What?

MRS. KIM: Lane is a young, impressionable girl. She doesn't need to hear about your daughter's kissing.

LORELAI: Are the lids tight on the paint remover -- because you're sounding a little loopy to me.

MRS. KIM: Loopy? What's loopy?

LORELAI: Rory's not kissing anybody.

MRS. KIM: Yes she is. She came in here and told Lane she kissed a boy in the grocery store. The grocery store! Where we buy our food.

LORELAI: This does not make any -- she kissed a boy in the grocery store?

MRS. KIM: Yes, yes, yes. The boy in the grocery store. Kiss, kiss, kiss.

LORELAI: I'm sorry. I didn't know. (sadly) She didn't tell me. (pause) I have to go.

(Lorelai quickly leaves the store.)

MRS. KIM: You left your chair! (sighs)

(Cut to the town center. Rory and Lane are dressed like Pilgrim women and are working at the canned goods drive.)

LANE: OK, just one more time.

RORY: I've been telling you this story for an hour. It doesn't get dirty.

LANE: I can't help it. I'm obsessed. I'm totally living vicariously through you.

RORY: Why? You got kissed last weekend. Remember? You told me. That guy your parents set you up with. The one with the Lincoln Continental. What's his name? Patrick Cho!

LANE: OK, let's do a little compare and contrast here. You get kissed on the mouth by a cute, cool, sexy guy you really like. And I get kissed on the forehead by a theology major in a Members-Only jacket who truly believes that rock music leads to hard dr*gs.

RORY: Fair enough. You can live through me. But just remember that I have no idea what I'm doing.

LANE: I'm well aware of that. That's why I've been diligently gathering information for us.

RORY: What kind of information?

LANE: Well, let's see. Dean's from Chicago, which you know.

RORY: I do.

LANE: He likes Nick Drake and Liz Phair and the Sugarplastic and he's deathly allergic to walnuts.

RORY: Walnuts -- bad. Got it.

LANE: Now, he had a girlfriend in Chicago.

RORY: A girlfriend?

LANE: Her name's Beth and they went out for about a year but they split amicably before he left and now she's dating his cousin. Which he doesn't feel too weird about because he doesn't think they were really in love.

RORY: Beth.

LANE: I wouldn't worry about it.

RORY: How'd you get all this information?

LANE: Through his best friend, who, by the way, is really cool. So once you get settled with Dean do you think you could ask him about Todd?

RORY: Oh, absolutely. So, Beth, huh? I hate the name Beth. It's so...Beth.

LANE: Now, Todd also said that Dean hasn't been able to talk about anything but you for weeks!

(They giggle and Rory kisses Lane's forehead.)

LANE: Stop it, you're giving me Patrick Cho flashbacks.

(They laugh.)

(Cut to Luke's. Luke is serving Miss Patty and a female customer seated with her.)

MISS PATTY: Oh, Luke, the food here is lovely but you know what would make it even better?

LUKE: Let me guess: some autumn festival decorations?

MISS PATTY: Well food without ambience isn't really food, is it?

LUKE: More iced tea, Patty?

MISS PATTY: Oh, no, thank you. It's much too depressing in here for tea.

LUKE: You realize Taylor's a head case, right?

MISS PATTY: Yes, but at least he's a festive one.

LUKE: Just eat.

(Lorelai is sitting at a table watching Rory and Lane out the window.)

LUKE: Coffee? (no answer) Aw, come on. Are you mad at me too? I mean, a man can't choose whether or not he wants a picture of a fat, stupid bird on his wall? My God, that's the reason the damn Pilgrims came here in the first place.

LORELAI: Luke, I wasn't snubbing you. I didn't hear you and now I'm concerned about you.

LUKE: Sorry, just feeling a little persecuted lately. Coffee?

LORELAI: Please.

LUKE: You OK?

LORELAI: Yes, I'm fine.

LUKE: You don't look fine.

LORELAI: Well thank you.

LUKE: I just meant you look concerned.

LORELAI: I'm preoccupied.

LUKE: You look concerned.

LORELAI: Well I'm not.

LUKE: Fine, you just look it.

LORELAI: Hey, you know some streamers would look so great in here.

LUKE: OK, I'm done.

LORELAI: Thank you.

(Luke walks away. Rory rushes in and sits down.)

RORY: Sorry, sorry, sorry.

LORELAI: Oh, hey. Save your apologies for the Indians, missy.

RORY: People are really in a giving mood today. The horn of plenty is packed.

LORELAI: That's great. Do you want some coffee?

RORY: Oh, no, I'll just have a sip of yours. I have to get right back.

LORELAI: Oh, really? I thought we were having lunch today.

RORY: I can't. We're one Pilgrim short. I only have a couple minutes.

LORELAI: Oh. You've been really busy lately.

RORY: Yeah. I guess it's that end-of-the-year rush

LORELAI: I mean, we haven't even really talked in a couple of days.

RORY: What do you want to talk about?

LORELAI: I don't know. Anything.

RORY: OK. Did you read that article in the newspaper about the polar ice caps melting?

LORELAI: Yeah, yeah. Ooh big deal.

RORY: Fine. You pick the subject.

LORELAI: Oh, OK, great. I was watching General Hospital the other day and you know, they have a new Lucky 'cause the old Lucky went to play something where he could have a real name. So the old Lucky had this girlfriend, Liz, who thought that he died in a fire. So then they bring on this new

Lucky and you're all like "OK, I know that's not the old Lucky because the new Lucky has way more hair gel issues" but still, Liz was so upset about his supposed death that you could not wait to see them kiss, you know?

RORY: When do you have time to watch General Hospital?

LORELAI: OK, let's get back to the point. What do you think about the whole Liz/Lucky kissing thing?

RORY: I think they're actors being paid to play a part so it's nice that they're living up to their obligations.

LORELAI: Hmm. Rory --

RORY: Look, can we finish this very meaningful conversation later? I promised Lane I'd get right back.

LORELAI: OK, I'll see you later.

RORY: OK. Bye.

LORELAI: Bye.

(Rory leaves quickly. Luke comes back to the table.)

LUKE: I'm not gonna say you look concerned.

LORELAI: I'm not gonna talk about how good you'd look dressed like one of the guys from 'The Crucible.'

LUKE: Fair enough.

(Lorelai goes to the market and sees Dean working. She hides in an aisle and watches him bag groceries. Luke comes in, spots Lorelai, and walks up behind her.)

LUKE: Hey.

LORELAI: (startled) Oh, God! What are you doing?

LUKE: What are you doing?

LORELAI: I asked you first.

LUKE: I ran out of cream.

LORELAI: Yeah me too.

LUKE: What are you starin' at?

LORELAI: Nothing. Don't look, don't look.

LUKE: What is wrong with you today?

LORELAI: Rory got kissed.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Rory had her first kiss and that guy did it.

LUKE: Ah.

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: The new kid.

LORELAI: Yep.

(Luke laughs.)

LORELAI: Oh look at him. Look how smug he is.

LUKE: He's bagging groceries. It's hard to be smug bagging groceries.

LORELAI: Oh look how he just handled those lemons.

LUKE: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: He threw them in the bag. Not tossed them or placed them but threw them like they were nothing to him.

LUKE: They're lemons.

LORELAI: They're symbolic.

LUKE: OK. We need to get you out of here.

LORELAI: No. That' Lothario over there has wormed his way into my daughter's heart and mouth and for that he must die!

LUKE: That's it, let's go.

LORELAI: No.

LUKE: You're not going to k*ll the bag boy.

LORELAI: Why not?

LUKE: It's double coupon day. You'll bring down the town.

(Luke drags Lorelai out of the store.)

LORELAI: OK, OK. I'm out. Stop pushing me.

LUKE: What are you thinking spying on that kid like that?

LORELAI: I don't know. I just wanted to see him. I mean I've seen him already but that was before he was --

LUKE: Rory's boyfriend?

LORELAI: Shush, you.

LUKE: She's growing up.

LORELAI: I know.

LUKE: There's nothing you can do about that.

LORELAI: OK, Mr. Reality, break into somebody's else's house.

LUKE: Sorry.

LORELAI: Why didn't she tell me?

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Why didn't Rory tell me about the kiss?

LUKE: Maybe she didn't know you'd take it so well.

LORELAI: Want to hear something crazy?

LUKE: 'Cause all the talk up until now has been so normal.

LORELAI: He kind of looks like Christopher.

LUKE: The grocery kid?

LORELAI: Yeah. He looks like Christopher.

LUKE: And Christopher is Rory's dad?

LORELAI: The hair, the build, something about the eyes. He reminds me of Christopher.

LUKE: Well that's not too surprising.

LORELAI: You're going to quote Freud to me? 'Cause I'll push you in front of a moving car. This talk was going so well.

LUKE: You and Rory are a lot alike. It's not surprising you would have similar tastes in men.

LORELAI: I guess. But why? Why didn't she tell me? We tell each other everything.

LUKE: This is different

LORELAI: But we tell each other everything else. But this she keeps a secret. It's 'cause it's a guy thing.

LUKE: Probably.

LORELAI: Well that's not good. I have to make her understand that I'm OK with the guy thing. 'Cause not talking about guys and our personal lives -- that's me and my mom. That is not me and Rory.

LUKE: Are you OK with the guy thing?

LORELAI: Yes.

LUKE: Really?

LORELAI: OK...ish.

LUKE: That's not OK.

LORELAI: Well it's OK with an -ish.

LUKE: Whatever you say.

LORELAI: She just -- she thinks I'll disapprove, right? Well I won't. I will show her that I think this is great. Once she sees that I think this is great, everything will be back to normal between us, right? Right -- OK, good.

LUKE: So you passed the need for an actual person to talk to several minutes ago.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. Before the gelato stand.

LUKE: You're an amazing woman.

LORELAI: Thank you for noticing.

(Cut to Lorelai's house. Lorelai is sitting on the couch. She gets up and looks out the window then runs back to the couch when she sees Rory is home.)

RORY: Hey, sorry I'm late.

LORELAI: Oh, hey, no big deal. There's Chinese in the fridge.

RORY: OK.

(Lorelai follows Rory into the kitchen and stands behind her as Rory opens the fridge.)

LORELAI: So...kissed any good boys lately?

RORY: Who...?

LORELAI: Mrs. Kim.

RORY: (mumbling) Of course.

LORELAI: So, he's cute.

RORY: Yeah, he is.

LORELAI: Can he spell?

RORY: He can spell and read. How long have you known?

LORELAI: Since this morning. You didn't think you were gonna be able to keep it a secret did you? You were making out in the market.

RORY: We weren't making out. It was just one kiss.

LORELAI: Yeah, well by the time that gets to Miss Patty's it's a scene from 9 1/2 Weeks.

RORY: You've known all this time? At Luke's? Here?

LORLELAI: Yeah.

RORY: You could have said something.

LORELAI: Now, funny, I was going to say the same thing to you.

RORY: So...

LORELAI: So...

RORY: What now?

LORELAI: Now? Nothing?

RORY: No? No lecture about kissing a boy?

LORELAI: Why? Did you do it wrong?

RORY: No...I don't think.

LORELAI: I didn't love the way I found out, but you're getting older. These things are bound to happen occasionally. Actually I think it's great.

RORY: No you don't.

LORELAI: Yes I do. I'm thrilled.

RORY: Thrilled?

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: You're completely weirded out by this aren't you?

LORELAI: No. You're crazy. I'm perfectly fine with it.

RORY: You don't seem fine. You seem the complete opposite of fine.

LORELAI: Well you're projecting that on me because you don't want to think that I'm fine when I am, as I have said, fine.

RORY: OK.

LORELAI: Never been finer.

RORY: Got it. You want some?

LORELAI: No, thanks. I'm fine.

(Cut to Lorelai and Rory walking down the street.)

LORELAI: OK, we have to be really quick, 'cause the video store's gonna close, so stick to our list. No impulse buying like toothpaste or soap.

(Lorelai starts to go into the market. Rory stops at the door.)

LORELAI: Rory?

RORY: Hey, I think we have enough stuff to eat at home.

LORELAI: Really...where do you live? 'Cause the home I left this morning had nothing.

RORY: Well we're ordering pizza. That's enough.

LORELAI: Are you crazy? You can't watch Willy Wonka without massive amounts of junk food! It's not right. I won't allow it. We're going in.

(Rory hesitates.)

LORELAI: Rory, it's fine.

RORY: It's too weird.

LORELAI: I'm gonna have to meet him eventually.

RORY: OK. How about next year?

LORELAI: I'm going to be so cool in there you will mistake me for Shaft.

RORY: There will be no interrogation.

LORELAI: I swear.

RORY: No kissing noises. No stories from my childhood. No referring to Chicago as Chitown. No James Dean jokes. No father with a shotgun stares. No Nancy Walker impressions.

LORELAI: Oh come on!

RORY: Promise me.

LORELAI: I really and truly promise. Now can we please go to the market?

RORY: OK. Let's go.

(They go in.)

RORY: I don't see him.

LORELAI: All right. Well maybe he's on a break.

RORY: Yeah. Yeah, maybe he's on a break.

LORELAI: Yeah.

RORY: OK, good. So we can shop.

LORELAI: Yep.

RORY: Do we want marshmallows?

LORELAI: Mmm...and jelly beans and chocolate kisses. Cookie dough we have at home. Peanut butter. Ooh, do you think they have that thing that's like a sugar stick on one side but then you dip

it in the sugar on the other side then you eat it?

RORY: We are going to be so sick. It's amazing that we still function. There he is.

LORELAI: Boy, he's tall. That must have been some back-bender, that kiss.

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Make sure you warm up next time.

RORY: OK, we are leaving now.

LORELAI: Sorry. Done now. He's got great eyes! You got to love a guy with great eyes.

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: And a nice smile.

RORY: Very nice.

LORELAI: Think we can get him to turn around?

RORY: It's nice too.

LORELAI: Really?

RORY: Trust me.

LORELAI: (to cashier) Hey.

CASHIER: Oh, you girls having another movie night?

LORELAI: Yeah...It's Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory.

CASHIER: Oh, that's nice. Isn't that the one with Gene Hackman?

DEAN: Uh, Gene Wilder.

LORELAI: You're a Wonka fan?

DEAN: Yeah.

RORY: Um, Dean, this is my mom, Lorelai. Mom, this is Dean.

LORELAI: Nice to meet you, Dean.

DEAN: Yeah, you too.

LORELAI: Nice apron.

DEAN: Um...thanks.

CASHIER: Forty-one eighty-three.

LORELAI: Oh, wow. It's expensive to slowly rot your insides isn't it? Here you go.

RORY: (taking the bag from Dean) Thank you.

DEAN: You're welcome.

LORELAI: So, Dean, nice meeting you. Hope to see you again.

DEAN: Yeah.

(Another employee calls Dean away.)

LORELAI: See that wasn't so bad.

RORY: You're right.

LORELAI: I said nothing embarrassing, nothing stupid.

RORY: I appreciate that.

LORELAI: So chill out, Supermarket sl*t.

RORY: See, even a little information in your hands is dangerous.

(They leave.)

LORELAI: I need coffee.

RORY: Mom, the video store closes in ten minutes.

LORELAI: Well you run to the video store and I'll go get coffe.

RORY: Fine.

LORELAI: Go, go, go. I'll meet you at Luke's.

(Rory runs off. Dean comes out of the market.)

DEAN: Hey, you forgot your Red Vines.

LORELAI: Oh, wow! You totally saved the night. Thanks.

DEAN: Sure.

LORELAI: Hey, what are you doing tonight?

DEAN: Me? Uh, well, I don't know.

LORELAI: Well, do you want to come over? We're ordering pizza. We've got a movie. The neighborhood's got a pool going to see who falls into a sugar coma first. I'm the favorite. It might be fun.

DEAN:Uh, well, um...uh.

LORELAI: Oh, it's totally casual. I'm sure Rory would love it.

DEAN: OK, sure.

LORELAI: Yeah?

DEAN: Yeah, what time?

LORELAI: Seven sound good?

DEAN: Sounds fine.

LORELAI: Let me give you our address.

DEAN: That's OK. I know where you live.

LORELAI: Of course you do. So see you tonight.

DEAN: Bye.

LORELAI: Bye.

(Dean goes back in. Rory walks back to Lorelai.)

LORELAI: So?

RORY: Got it!

LORELAI: Score! You know, on the one hand I'm glad it was in but on the other hand what kind of world do we live in where no one has rented Willy Wonka and the Chocolate Factory?

RORY: Well we rented it.

LORELAI: Well thank God for us. Oh, hey, I invited your friend.

RORY: What friend?

LORELAI: Dean.

RORY: (upset) What?

LORELAI: Yeah, I told him what we were doing tonight and he was totally into it so -- Why are you looking at me like that?

RORY: You invited Dean? To our house?

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: Are you crazy?

LORELAI: Why are you mad?

RORY: Because we haven't even been out on a date by ourselves yet. My first date with Dean is going to be with my mother? Are -- What is wrong with you?

LORELAI: I'm sorry. I thought you would be happy about this.

RORY: In what universe would I be happy? This isn't Amish country. Girls and boys usually date alone.

LORELAI: I don't think of it as a date. I thought of it more as a hanging out kind of session.

RORY: Well I don't want our first hanging out session to be with my mother either.

LORELAI: Stop saying mother like that.

RORY: Like what?

LORELAI: Like there's supposed to be another word after it.

RORY: I can't believe you did this. I'm so humiliated.

LORELAI: You're totally overreacting. I invited him to a movie and pizza, not to Niagra Falls.

RORY: He's the boy that I like.

LORELAI: I know. I looked for one that you hated but it was really short notice.

RORY: And now he's forced to come over and sit with me and my mother and eat crap and watch a movie?

LORELAI: Well I just invited a friend of yours to hang out. What's the big deal? I mean what if Lane had done it?

RORY: You're not Lane. You're my mother. You inviting him over is like Grandma inviting a guy you liked over.

LORELAI: You're comparing me to my mother?

RORY: No, I just --

LORELAI: I'm Emily Gilmore? My, how the mighty have fallen.

RORY: I didn't mean that.

LORELAI: I wasn't trying to humiliate you.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: If I was Emily Gilmore I'd be trying to humiliate you.

RORY: I just --

LORELAI: Look, I'm sorry, OK? I screwed up. I was trying to -- Look, I'll go, I'll uninvite him. I'll tell him that it's cancelled on account of I just found out I'm my mother and I have to go into intensive therapy right now.

RORY: No, you can't uninvite him. He'll think I totally wiggled out or something.

LORELAI: Well then I'll just disappear and you guys can be alone.

RORY: Oh, and have it look like my mom arranged a date for me? No!

LORELAI: What do we do?

RORY: He has to come.

LORELAI: It won't be so bad, OK? Just pizza and a movie and hanging out. I promise you won't feel like your mother is there.

RORY: OK.

LORELAI: OK. You might, however, feel like my mother is there.

RORY: Oh, boy.

LORELAI: Well...

(Cut to Rory's bedroom. Rory is wearing a bathrobe and has clothes spread out all over the bed. Lorelai comes in.)

LORELAI: Hey. This is good. Add some cold cream and some curlers and let him know what he'll be coming home to every night.

RORY: This was supposed to be a simple night. Watch movie, eat junk, go to bed feeling sick. End of story. Now I'm supposed to look pretty and girly, which is completely impossible because I'm gross and I have nothing to wear.

LORELAI: Do you want some help?

RORY: No...yes.

LORELAI: OK. Uh...let's see. We'll do this and...

(Lorelai looks over the clothes for a minute.)

LORELAI: All right This says 'hello, I'm hip and cute but also relaxed since this is something I just threw on even though it looks fantastic on me.'

RORY: How'd you do that?

LORELAI: What?

RORY: I've been staring at that top for twenty minutes. It was just a top. You walked in and in three seconds, it's an outfit.

LORELAI: It comes from years of experiencing fashion brain freeze like the one you just had.

RORY: How do you do it?

LORELAI: What?

RORY: This whole guy thing. I mean I've watched you when you talk to a man. You have a comeback for everything, you make him laugh, you smile right --

LORELAI: I smile right?

RORY: And then you do the little hair flip.

LORELAI: Oh, twirl. It's a hair twirl.

RORY: And then you walk away and he just stands there, amazed, like he can't believe what just happened.

LORELAI: That's because I just stole his wallet.

RORY: I'll never be able to do that. Trig, I can do. But boys and dating? Forget it. I'm a total spaz.

LORELAI: Listen, the talking part, you just get used to. The hair twirl I can teach you. And the leaving him amazed part -- with your brain and k*ller blue eyes I'm not worried. You'll do fine. Just give yourself a little time to get there.

RORY: Is half an hour enough?

LORELAI: Plenty. Come on. Dab on some lip gloss, clear but fruity. Maybe a little mascara. Wear your hair down and your attitude high.

RORY: You're like a crazy Elsa Klensch.

LORELAI: Oh, thank you! Come on now, hustle. We got a man coming over.

(Cut to the living room. The table is full of junk food. Lorelai and Rory are sitting on the couch.)

RORY: What time did you tell him to get here?

LORELAI: Seven.

RORY: Maybe something happened. Maybe he's not coming.

LORELAI: Maybe he's just late, Miss German train.

(Lorelai goes to the window and looks out.)

LORELAI: Oops.

RORY: What?

(Rory joins Lorelai at the window. Dean is standing in the yard next door talking to Babette. Morey is leaning out the window.)

BABETTE: There used be a great club there called -- what was it called baby?

MOREY: Uh...Mr. Kelly's.

BABETTE: Oh, yeah--Mr. Kelly's. You ever go there?

RORY: They've got Dean.

LORELAI: Wait here.

BABETTE: So, Dean, you like jazz?

DEAN: Sure, yeah.

LORELAI: Oh, he sure does. That's all we ever hear about, right?. Jazz, jazz. Jazz, jazz, jazz. Hey.

BABETTE: Hey, sugar. We were just getting to know your young man, here.

LORELAI: Yeah, I see that. So, Dean, um, would you mind going inside and helping Rory out? There's a struggle with a pickle jar lid that I think she's about to lose.

DEAN: Oh, sure, yeah.

BABETTE: Oh it was nice talking to you, Dean.

DEAN: Yeah, you too.

MOREY: Stay cool, kid.

DEAN: I will.

(Dean goes in.)

BABETTE: Oh, he's so cute.

LORELAI: Yeah.

BABETTE: And that Chuck Heston chin of his. Is he Rory's boyfriend?

LORELAI: No, they're just friends.

BABETTE: That's not what I heard. Kissing at the market. Gives a whole new meaning to tasting day.

LORELAI: OK. I got to get back inside and shower. So I'll talk to you guys later.

BABETE: Yeah, have a good evening. And don't forget to invite us to the wedding. Oh won't their kids be gorgeous!

LORELAI: Oh. God I hope not.

(Cut to the living room.)

DEAN: I'm sorry I'm late. I got here like a half hour ago.

RORY: We believe you.

LORELAI: We'd believe you if you said you got here three hours ago.

(They all stand there for a minute.)

LORELAI: So, Dean, how do you like it here in Stars Hollow?

DEAN: I like it. It's quiet, but nice. I like all the trees everywhere.

LORELAI: Yeah, the trees are something. When Rory was little, she found out that one was called a Weeping Willow so she spent hours trying to cheer it up. You know, like telling it jokes and -- No, I'm sorry that was me. (silence) Would you like a tour of the house?

DEAN: OK.

LORELAI: OK. So this is the living room where we do our living and, um, upstairs is my room and the good bathroom. And the...kitchen is right through here. You ever heard a fridge yodel before?

(Dean goes into the kitchen.)

RORY: (whispers) Thank you.

LORELAI: (whispers) You're welcome. (normal voice) Well you have your basics: microwave for popcorn, stove for storing shoes, refrigerator, which is completely worthless.

DEAN: Interesting.

(The doorbell rings.)

LORELAI: Oh, I'll get that. Rory, you take over as tour guide. Make sure and show him the emergency exits.

RORY: That's my mom.

DEAN: She's got energy.

RORY: Yeah well she's 90% water, 10% caffeine.

DEAN: So what's in there?

RORY: Um, that's my room.

DEAN: Really? Can I see it?

(Rory hovers in the doorway while Dean looks around her room. He picks up a CD.)

DEAN: Wow. Very clean. How much does it suck that they use 'Pink Moon' in a Volkswagen commercial?

RORY: Oh, I know.

DEAN: So you gonna come in?

RORY: Oh, no. I've seen it.

DEAN: I mean you look like you're glued to the door there.

RORY: No -- I'm just, uh, observing my room from a new perspective. You know, I hardly ever stand here. It's really making me rethink my throw pillows.

DEAN: Would you like me to get out of here?

RORY: No, I'm fine with you looking around.

(Dean picks up a stuffed chicken and laughs.)

DEAN: Nice chicken

RORY: Or, you know, at least I was.

(Cut to the front door.)

LORELAI: We do not need dessert, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Oh, everybody needs dessert. So, where is Rory?

LORELAI: With Dean.

SOOKIE: Dean? Oh, that's right, yeah, Dean is here.

LORELAI: Yeah, right. OK. You need to go now.

SOOKIE: Please. I just want one little peek.

LORELAI: No.

SOOKIE: (stalling) OK, fine, so, uh, how are you? How are you doing? How you doing? Are you --

LORELAI: Sookie.

SOOKIE: I'm concerned.

LORELAI: You're stalling.

SOOKIE: Am I?

LORELAI: Sookie.

(Lorelai opens the door to let Sookie out. The pizza delivery guy is standing on the other side.

JOE: Hey, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hey, Joe. What do I owe ya?

JOE: Fifteen even.

LORELAI: OK. How are you doing?

JOE: Awesome.

SOOKIE: What did you get on your pizza? Did you ask for extra sauce? Because I always ask for extra sauce because sometimes --

LORELAI: Sookie, she's already freaked out that I invited him here. If she thinks I'm parading him around in front of all my friends, she'll k*ll me.

SOOKIE: But I just --

LORELAI: Death, bloody and slow, OK?

RORY: (from her room) Mom, is that the pizza?

LORELAI: Yeah. (to Sookie) OK, bye. Now go.

SOOKIE: Bu I just wanted --

LORELAI: No. Bye.

SOOKIE: Bye-bye.

(Lorelai ushers Sookie --with the pizza-- out the door just as Rory and Dean come in.)

LORELAI: So are you hungry?

DEAN: Starving.

RORY: Where's the pizza?

LORELAI: The pizza's, uh --

SOOKIE: Pizza!

(Sookie comes inside.)

SOOKIE: Just bringing in the pizza. Hi, I'm Sookie. I'm a friend of Lorelai's.

DEAN: Hi.

SOOKIE: Hi. Nice to meet you, Dean. I mean, not that I knew you were Dean. But you do look like a Dean. Doesn't he look like a Dean?

LORELAI: Yeah. Of all the people in this room he looks most like a Dean. Bye Sookie. Have fun!

SOOKIE: OK.

(Sookie leaves.)

DEAN: Here, um, I'll take that.

LORELAI: Oh, thanks. Great. The coffee table's fine.

(Dean goes into the living room.)

LORELAI: (whispers) I did not invite her here.

RORY: (whispers) Why didn't you just set up a camera and broadcast it over the internet?

LORELAI: (whispers) Because I don't think that big.

DEAN: Thank God there's good pizza here.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. Now we didn't know what kind you liked so we just got everything.

DEAN: Everything is fine.

LORELAI: Good, well, while it's hot.

(Time lapse. They are all seated on the floor eating popcorn.)

LORELAI: Who needs more?

RORY: I do.

DEAN: Wow. You can eat.

RORY: Yes I can. Oh that's bad isn't it?

DEAN: No, uh, most girls don't eat. It's good you eat.

LORELAI: I'm all for it.

RORY: Let's talk about something besides my eating habits, shall we?

LORELAI: Oooh -- Oompa Loompas!

RORY: My mom has a thing for the Oompa Loompas.

LORELAI: I don't think finding them amusing constitutes a thing.

RORY: No, but having a recurring dream about marrying one does.

LORELAI: Don't even get me started on your Prince Charming crush, OK? At least my obsessions are alive. You have a thing for a cartoon.

DEAN: Ooh, Prince Charming, huh?

RORY: It was a long time ago. And not the Cinderella one, the Sleeping Beauty one.

DEAN: 'Cause he could dance.

RORY: Yeah.

DEAN: I've got sisters.

LORELAI: So, come on, Dean, tell us some of your embarrassing secrets.

DEAN: Well, I have no embarrassing secrets.

LORELAI: Oh, please.

RORY: I bet I know one.

DEAN: What?

RORY: The theme from Ice Castles makes you cry.

LORELAI: Oh, that's a good one.

DEAN: That's not true.

LORELAI: Oh I've got one. At the end of The Way We Were, you wanted Robert Redford to dump his wife and kid for Barbra Streisand.

DEAN: I've never seen The Way We Were.

LORELAI: Oh!

RORY: Are you kidding?

LORELAI: What are you waiting for? Heartache, laughter --

RORY: Communism.

LORELAI: All in one neat package.

DEAN: I'll have to experience that sometime.

LORELAI: Next movie night.

RORY: It's a plan.

LORELAI: I'll get the popcorn.

RORY: Bring in the spray cheese.

(Lorelai leaves.)

DEAN: So, uh, at what point does the outsider get to suggest a movie for movie night?

RORY: That depends. What movie are you thinking of?

DEAN: I don't know...Boogie Nights, maybe.

RORY: You'll never get that past Lorelai.

DEAN: Not a Marky Mark fan?

RORY: She had a bad reaction to *Magnolia*. She sat there screaming for three hours 'I want my life back!' and then we got kicked out of the theater. It was actually a pretty entertaining day.

DEAN: Yeah?

RORY: Yeah.

DEAN: I guess I'll have to come up with a different movie then.

RORY: I guess you will.

DEAN: That Oompa Loompa -- right there. You know when he's dancing?

(Lorelai starts coming back to the living room, sees Rory and Dean sitting side by side, and goes back into the kitchen to read a magazine.)

(Time lapse. Rory tries to get more comfortable. Dean places a pillow behind her back.)

RORY: Thank you.

(Rory stares at Dean but turns away when he looks over at her.)

DEAN: Hey.

RORY: I'll be right back.

(Cut to the kitchen.)

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: What?

RORY: What are you doing in here?

LORELAI: Trying to find the best bathing suit for my bust size.

RORY: Well get back in there!

LORELAI: Why? What happened? Did the bag boy try something?

RORY: He's sitting in there and he's watching the movie and he's perfect and he smells really good.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: He smells really good and he looks amazing and I am stupid. I said 'thank you.'

LORELAI: Whoa, whoa, whoa. You said 'thank you?'

RORY: When he kissed me.

LORELAI: He kissed you again? What is he just out of prison or something?

RORY: No, not now. Yesterday. At the store.

LORELAI: Oh, all right. Strike the prison comment. He kissed you and you said 'thank you?'

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Well that was very polite.

RORY: No, it was stupid. And I don't know what I'm doing here. You're sitting in the kitchen. What kind of chaperone are you?

LORELAI: Me? I'm not trying to be a chaperone. I'm trying to be a girlfriend.

RORY: Well switch gears, 'cause I'm freaking out here!

LORELAI: You really like him, don't you?

RORY: Yeah.

LOREAI: Well, OK, then. Just calm down.

RORY: I just don't want to do or say anything else that's gonna be remotely moronic.

LORELAI: I'm afraid once your heart is involved it all comes out in Moron.

RORY: Just please come back in.

LORELAI: OK. Let's go then.

RORY: Wait we can't go back in together though because that would be too obvious.

LORELAI: All right. OK. I'll go in first and you go to the bathroom.

RORY: OK. Good. Tell him I had to wash my face.

LORELAI: Yes. 'Cause of all the sugar you ate.

RORY: Yes! Good. Very good.

LORELAI: OK.

(Lorelai sits on the floor beside Dean.)

LORELAI: Hi. I'm back. Rory went to wash her face.

DEAN: Oh, OK.

(They sit in silence for a minute until Lorelai turns the TV off.)

LORELAI: Dean. I don't know exactly how to say this, but, um, this is a very different kind of household you walked into tonight.

DEAN: Yeah, I know.

LORELAI: See...Rory is my daughter.

DEAN: (rolling his eyes) Ah...here comes the talk.

LORELAI: How about I talk, you listen? Rory is a smart kid. She's never been much for guys so the fact that she likes you means a lot. I don't believe she'd waste her time with some loser.

DEAN: But you're watching me.

LORELAI: Sweetheart, the whole town is watching you. That girl in there is beloved around here. You hurt her, there's not a safe place within a hundred miles for you to hide. This is a very small, weird place you've moved to.

DEAN: I've noticed.

LORELAI: So just know all eyes are on you.

DEAN: Anything else?

LORELAI: She's not going on your motorcycle.

DEAN: I don't have a motorcycle.

LORELAI: She's not going on your motorcycle.

DEAN: Fine, she won't go on my motorcycle.

LORELAI: Curfew will be enforced. You will not detract from her schoolwork, and you're going to start handling those lemons better.

DEAN: What?

LORELAI: Don't interrupt me when I'm speaking. I reserve the right to change, alter, tweak, or add to this list of rules at any given time without any written notice. Am I clear?

DEAN: You're clear.

LORELAI: Good.

DEAN: My turn to speak?

LORELAI: Fine, go ahead.

DEAN: You can lay on all the rules you want and you can have the whole town spy on me and stare at me and chase me through the streets --

LORELAI: Oh I like the chase you through the streets idea.

DEAN: But I'm not going anywhere.

LORELAI: Well it's gonna be a short chase then isn't it?

DEAN: I need you not to hate me. If you hate me then I don't have a shot in hell with Rory.

LORELAI: Rory has her own mind.

DEAN: Yeah but you're her best friend and what you think means everything to her and you know that.

LORELAI: I wanna like you. 'Cause Rory likes you.

DEAN: But you don't.

LORELAI: I want to and I usually get what I want.

DEAN: Fair enough.

(Lorelai turns the TV back on.)

DEAN: She's taking a long time on her face.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, Rory's a perfectionist.

(Cut to the front porch. Rory and Dean are leaning against the railing.)

DEAN: Tell your mom thanks for inviting me.

RORY: I'm sorry if this was totally weird. I mean with my mom inviting you over and --

DEAN: Hey, no, it was good. Really.

RORY: Really?

DEAN: Yeah.

(They kiss.)

DEAN: Thank you.

(Dean leaves.)

(Cut to Lorelai's bedroom. She's lying on the bed. Rory comes in and lies down next to her.)

LORELAI: So that went well.

RORY: Yeah, not bad.

LORELAI: Did I humiliate you?

RORY: I don't know. What did you say to him when I went to the bathroom?

LORELAI: That you're pretty.

RORY: Liar.

LORELAI: Yeah...well.

RORY: I'm gonna go to bed.

(Rory starts to leave. Lorelai sighs.)

RORY: Mom, what's the matter?

LORELAI: Nothing.

RORY: Yes there is. Come on, tell me.

LORELAI: Nothing. I just really wanted you to tell me about that kiss.

RORY: I'm so sorry. I really wanted to, I swear. I just got scared and --

LORELAI: I know. I'm not mad. I just wanted to hear about it. That's all. It's no big deal. It's OK, I'm fine. It's one too many Caramello bars. I'm sorry. You have school, I have work, so time for bed.

RORY: OK. Night.

LORELAI: OK, night, hon.

RORY: Mom?

LORELAI: Hmm?

RORY: I know this is lame and totally after the fact but --

LORELAI: Start from the beginning and you leave anything out you die! Where were you?

RORY: OK, I was in the aisle where the ant spray is.

LORELAI: That's a good aisle.

RORY: I know, that's what Lane said too. But anyway, so he was working and I go into the store and I sort of walked around and was pretending to shop...

The End