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04x19 - Afterboom

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OPEN ON SIDEWALK OF STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai briskly walks down the street as Luke, also walking quickly, joins her.]

LUKE: Hey.

LORELAI: Oh, I left a tip this time. And I didn't put it under the water glass, 'cause I know you hate that, and I made sure it didn't touch the syrup, 'cause that makes it sticky, and I didn't leave the last dollar in pennies just to get rid of them.

LUKE: I know.

LORELAI: So, why are you running down the street yelling at me?

LUKE: I wasn't running. I was walking. I wasn't yelling. I was talking.

LORELAI: Oh, what did you say?

LUKE: "Hey."

LORELAI: Oh, hey.

LUKE: You are a lot of work.

LORELAI: No, you're a lot of work.

LUKE: You heading in there? [He indicates a store entrance.]

LORELAI: Yeah. I need stamps. You heading in there?

LUKE: Yep. I'm getting my divorce. [He reaches for the door.]

LORELAI: What? [She stops in her tracks, shocked.]

LUKE: Yeah. [He returns to stand before her.]

LORELAI: You're g-getting a mail-order divorce?

LUKE: These are the papers we had drawn up before. I just have to sign them.

LORELAI: And you're signing them in there?

LUKE: There's a notary in there.

LORELAI: Luke, that is a Mail Boxes Etc.

LUKE: So?

LORELAI: So, you buy envelopes at a Mail Boxes Etc. You don't get divorced at a Mail Boxes Etc.

LUKE: Why not?

LORELAI: Because, I don't -- it's not dignified.

LUKE: Well, crapping out in a marriage isn't that dignified, either, but I did that.

LORELAI: Luke...

LUKE: Look, I just want to get this over with. It's not a big deal. I just need to sign a piece of paper.

LORELAI: You're ending a marriage.

LUKE: I'm signing a paper --

LORELAI: -- that says you're ending a marriage.

LUKE: Please let me do this.

LORELAI: Why don't you go to a lawyer's office?

LUKE: I hate lawyers.

LORELAI: How about a friend's house?

LUKE: Dougie and Scooter are off at camp.

LORELAI: This is wrong.

LUKE: This is fine. This is practical.

LORELAI: Getting a divorce should not be practical.

LUKE: I only have 20 minutes until I have to be back at work.

LORELAI: A divorce should not be rushed.

LUKE: For someone who's never actually been through a divorce, you sure know a lot about it.

LORELAI: You should take a few minutes to think.

LUKE: I have thought. It's over. I know it's over. And all I have to do is go in there and sign this paper in front of a notary, and then it's officially over. I'm fine. Please, I'm begging you -- let me get divorced.

LORELAI: All right, then. Go ahead. [She solemnly looks down at the sidewalk.]

LUKE: Thank you. [He starts to move to the door then pauses, again returning to Lorelai who isn't following.] I thought you needed stamps.

LORELAI: I can get them later.

LUKE: What are you doing?

LORELAI: I just thought I'd give you some privacy.

LUKE: I'm not taking a shower -- I'm signing a paper.

LORELAI: I can come back later.

LUKE: Will you please get in there and buy your stamps?

LORELAI: Okay, fine.

LUKE: [He follows her inside.] Lots and lots of work...

CUT TO INSIDE MAIL BOXES ETC STORE

KIRK: [He pops up from behind the counter.] Welcome to Mail Boxes Etc. How may I help you?

LORELAI: You go ahead.

LUKE: I need to get something notarized.

KIRK: Terrific. We are happy to help you with all of your mailing and notarizing needs. I will need you to fill out your name and address, and then I will need a thumbprint.

LUKE: I know how it works, Kirk.

KIRK: You have a pen?

LUKE: I have a pen.

KIRK: [to Lorelai] What can I do for you today?

LORELAI: [gently] I can wait till he's done.

LUKE: She needs stamps.

LORELAI: I can wait till he's -

LUKE: Just get your stamps. [Lorelai tries to object.] Just get your stamps.

LORELAI: But - but, I -

LUKE: Oh, my God, the work. [He shakes his head and continues to fill out the form.]

LORELAI: I need stamps.

KIRK: Well, your timing is perfect. The breakfast-food series just came out last week. [shows sheet to Lorelai]

LORELAI: [She gasps with delight.] Look at the dancing toast.

KIRK: Aren't they a kick? And here is our cartoon series.

LORELAI: Hey, do you have any Lucille Balls left?

KIRK: Yes, I have some Balls. [Luke looks up and reacts unnoticed.] I'm sorry. Are you a fan of the '50s-slash-mid-'60s sitcom heroines?

LORELAI: I don't know. [eager anticipation] Am I?

KIRK: I think you are.

LORELAI: [gasps] "Bewitched?" I love "Bewitched."

KIRK: Me too. Dr. Bombay was a big influence on me.

LORELAI: Oh, my God -- Serena? I wanted to be Serena. With that hair...

KIRK: And the miniskirts...

LORELAI: And the groovy, psychedelic music...

KIRK: Did you practice the twitch?

LORELAI: Oh, who didn't practice the twitch? [giggles]

[Luke tries to concentrate and begins to look impatient]

KIRK: Tabitha was so lucky. And hey, what ever happened to her little brother Adam? I mean, they determined in episode 242 that he was a warlock, and then...

LUKE: I'm trying to get divorced here!

KIRK: Sorry.

LORELAI: [gently] I'm sorry.

[There's a long pause while Luke sighs and continues with the form.]

KIRK: [speaking quietly] Remember when Endora called him "Derwood?"

LORELAI: Shh. [She gestures to Luke, who is shifting impatiently.]

KIRK: Sorry.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai enters, approaches and sits at the counter where Luke is prying at a toaster.]

LORELAI: Oh man. Beat up the toaster again?

LUKE: This damn thing stopped working.

LORELAI: Could get another one.

LUKE: This one will be fine.

LORELAI: Sure -- as soon as it learns its place. You gonna go ten rounds with the coffee maker, or - [Luke is already pouring her a cup of coffee.] Ooh, thank you. What happened to your thumb?

LUKE: It's from the thumbprint yesterday.

LORELAI: I thought they had inkless pads now.

LUKE: They do, Kirk doesn't.

LORELAI: Right.

LUKE: [He resumes working on the toaster.] He hasn't even heard of them. He just uses the stuff that came in the notary kit he sent away for. I've been scrubbing my thumb for two days. I've tried soap, I've tried cleaning fluid -

LORELAI: Have you tried fire?

LUKE: Now not only am I divorced, every time I look at my black thumb, I'm reminded that I'm divorced.

LORELAI: Sorry about your thumb.

LUKE: It's okay. I have another one.

LORELAI: Hey, you know what might make you feel better?

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Handing me a cherry Danish.

LUKE: Well, it's certainly worth a try. [A cell phone in Lorelai's purse rings.] Out.

LORELAI: But I just got my coffee.

LUKE: Follow the thumb.

CUT TO OUTSIDE LUKE'S DINER ENTRANCE

LORELAI: Hello?

RORY'S VOICE: Who is this?

LORELAI: This is Lorelai Gilmore.

[Cut between Rory's dorm room and Stars Hollow outside.]

RORY: No, this is Lorelai Gilmore.

LORELAI: Ooh, "Gaslight."

RORY: So, you have my phone.

LORELAI: Yes, you left it in the kitchen. You know what that means, don't you? You miss Mommy.

RORY: Yes, or that the refrigerator was empty, and I ordered food.

LORELAI: Oh, that makes much more sense.

RORY: Just hold onto it for me? I'll get it from you next time I see you.

LORELAI: Okay -- ooh, hold on, hon. [A second cell phone rings and now she has a cell phone held to each ear.] Hello?

JASON: So, I'm officially taking the one hour I have off to go to the driving range to hit golf balls to try to improve my sucky game, thereby redeeming myself in your father's eyes.

LORELAI: I like the use of "sucky" and "thereby" in the same sentence.

RORY: Hey, who's that?

LORELAI: It's Jason.

RORY: Tell him hi.

[Luke exits the diner and approaches holding Lorelai's Danish.]

LORELAI: Hey, Rory says hi.

JASON: Tell her hi back.

LORELAI: He says hi back. [to Luke] Hi.

LUKE: This is a sickness.

LORELAI: Well, I'll be in in a minute.

LUKE: Who are you talking to?

LORELAI: My other two personalities.

LUKE: I'll bring this back inside. [He starts to leave.]

LORELAI: Wait, wait -- bite. [Luke holds the Danish out and she carefully takes a bite.]

LUKE: A frightening picture of things to come. [He goes back inside the diner.]

LORELAI: Did you talk to anyone yet?

JASON: I left a message for Dad. I talked to Mom, but she just had her morning Mr. Happy pill, so of course she was having a happy morning and was absolutely no help. But I'm on it.

LORELAI'S VOICE: A man on a mission.

JASON: That's me.

RORY: Fire!

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Nothing. I was just feeling left out.

LORELAI: Oh, sorry.

JASON: I figure, if he doesn't call me back by 4:00, I'll just go over there. Okay, I'm at the club. I'm gonna hang up now.

LORELAI: Call me later.

RORY: Me?

LORELAI: No.

JASON: No?

LORELAI: Not you.

RORY: Not me?

LORELAI: Uh, I'm confused. [She has both phones to her ears.] Who's hanging up now?

JASON: Uh, that would be me.

LORELAI: Good. Okay. I'll talk to you later. [to Rory] Jason's gone.

RORY: Finally had enough of you.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah. It took three hours of my hula-dancing, Small World doll impressions, but I broke him.

RORY: So, how's World w*r III going?

LORELAI: Oh, you know, the first boys off the boat were mowed down, but the next platoon is moving in.

RORY: Which means?

LORELAI: Jason's making the lawsuit go away.

RORY: Have you talked to Grandma or Grandpa yet?

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Have you tried to talk to Grandma or Grandpa yet?

LORELAI: No.

RORY: That's my little Kofi Annan.

LORELAI: Jason will fix it.

RORY: Jason's not their daughter.

LORELAI: Then he might have better luck.

RORY: Why didn't you just tell them that you guys were dating?

LORELAI: Oh, come on. You know why. We were going to tell them when the time was right. Of

course, I had no idea we were dealing with the Carringtons. All we needed was a swimming pool and some ball gowns to really end the evening right.

RORY: This is unbelievable. I leave you people alone for one hour and all hell breaks loose.

LORELAI: Hey, let's talk about something happy. How did your paper turn out?

RORY: It sucked.

LORELAI: Why did it suck?

RORY: I just couldn't find the right hook. It didn't feel focused enough. I don't know. Professor Fleming's class is so hard.

LORELAI: Hon, I bet it was great.

RORY: You have to say that 'cause you're my mother.

LORELAI: Oh, no. I'm not. I've been looking for the right time to tell you.

RORY: Okay, I have to go now.

LORELAI: Yeah, me too. Danish calls.

RORY: Talk to parents.

LORELAI: I'm going to take advice from you after that paper you turned in?

RORY: Goodbye.

LORELAI: Goodbye.

CUT TO LANE'S APARTMENT

[Zach and Brian are playing a video game while Gil sits patiently tuning his guitar.]

ZACH: Dude, come on... I want to do a heavenly prayer.

BRIAN: Hold on, I'm trying to do a Vulcan sting, and I just let you do a half-moon death combo.

ZACH: You didn't let me -- I used my soul charge.

[Lane, holding a notebook, enters and sits.]

LANE: Guys, the band meeting started ten minutes ago.

ZACH: We can hear and play at the same time, Lane.

BRIAN: What?

ZACH: What?

LANE: Okay, fine. I'm going to decide the set list without you. Hey, Gil, I think now would be a great time to add a little Matchbox Twenty to our sound, don't you?

[Zach turns to stare at Lane - giving Brian the advantage of beating Zach at the video game.]

TV: Necrid wins! [Zach stares at the TV in shock.]

ZACH: [with sarcasm] Thank you, Lane.

LANE: You're welcome, Zach. Okay, let's do this. The gig is Friday night.

GIL: Oh, hey, Lane. Who's taking care of the guest list? I need to put my wife down. We got a sitter that night, so we are free to party.

BRIAN: How many people are we allowed to invite? 'Cause my aunt Susan left my uncle Sid, and she's staying with my parents, and that means she's going to bring my cousin, Turner.

LANE: I'm sure that's fine.

BRIAN: He goes everywhere dressed like Zorro.

LANE: That still seems fine.

BRIAN: And he's 16.

ZACH: One less wedding you're gonna have to go to, my friend.

BRIAN: You don't know that.

ZACH: Here. [He hands Lane a folded paper napkin.]

LANE: What's this?

ZACH: It's the names of a couple chicks I met last night. Put them on the list.

LANE: I'm sorry -- why am I suddenly in charge of the guest list?

BRIAN: 'Cause you're the most reliable.

LANE: How very rock 'n' roll.

ZACH: Hey, wait. [He looks at another napkin from his pocket.] Is one of those names Dixie?

LANE: Yes.

ZACH: Wrong night. [He swaps napkins with Lane.]

GIL: I want you guys to see something. I've been working on the flier for the gig. [They gather around Gil.]

ZACH: Why is there a sandwich on it?

GIL: I used a flier from the sandwich shop to get the dimensions right. It's just a prototype. The real one won't have the sandwich on it.

LANE: So, would there be a picture of us where the sandwich is?

ZACH: Or we could put the band name where the sandwich is.

GIL: Just the name, I think. Diagonal. Across where the sandwich is.

BRIAN: Everyone needs to stop saying "sandwich." I'm getting hungry.

ZACH: Me too. Do we have anything to eat?

LANE: It was your turn to shop.

ZACH: Then no.

LANE: Great.

BRIAN: What kind of sandwich is that?

GIL: That's the meatball expl*si*n.

BRIAN: That sounds fantastic.

ZACH: I would dress up like Zorro for a meatball expl*si*n.

BRIAN: Why would those be connected?

ZACH: It would be like a dare.

BRIAN: I once ate cheesecake off the floor on a dare.

ZACH: Cheesecake...

GIL: Cheesecake would be good with the meatball expl*si*n.

LANE: Okay, fine. [She puts down the notebook and tugs on her jacket.]

BRIAN: Where you going?

LANE: I'm going to go to the store, and I'm going to get us some food so maybe we can get back to work. Okay?

ZACH: Thanks, Mom.

[Lane crosses the street and notices a young Korean girl exiting her mother's house in the distance. From behind a tall shrub, Lane watches Mrs. Kim follow the young girl, slip a scarf around her neck and hand her an apple. Lane also notices the young girl is wearing her old sweater. Lane looks shocked then sad.]

CUT TO GOLF DRIVING RANGE

[Jason is not doing well.]

JASON: [muttering to himself] Yeah, sure, that's exactly what I meant to do. [He sees a familiar face walking by.] Hey, Owen, good to see you. [They shake hands.]

OWEN: Ah, yes. Good to see you too, Jason. [He quickly turns to leave.]

JASON: You know, I was gonna call you about the changes in those contracts I sent over.

OWEN: I'll call Richard about them tomorrow.

JASON: Okay, or -

OWEN: Goodbye, Jason.

[Puzzled, Jason watches Owen walk away.]

CUT TO DRAGONFLY IN LOBBY

[Michel leads a tour group around while talking about the inn.]

MICHEL: All of the woodwork was hand-carved by a union soldier that the owner, Mrs. Tinley, took pity on and nursed back to health. He got better, went off, slaughtered a few dozen Confederate soldiers, came back, and made the stairs. Nice story, yes? [The tour group follows Michel to the front lobby.] Yes, your American history is all over this inn. [He points through a window.] Oh, look, a deer. I think I know that little guy -- he was here for breakfast this morning. Creep up quietly. Take a better look. [He sighs as the group "oohs" and "ahhs" around the window. Michel turns to Lorelai, who stands behind the front desk.] I have these people in the palm of my hand. Travel agents are so easy. Are the horses washed?

LORELAI: They're washed.

MICHEL: Because I'm not bringing them out there to be disgusted by smelly horses.

LORELAI: Trust me. They've been hosed down with new-car scent. They're great.

MICHEL Okay, let's see -- they saw the deer, we released the doves, I've got the Stevens boy whitewashing the fence in short pants and a straw hat.

LORELAI: No one can manufacture a quaint, small-town moment like you, Michel.

MICHEL: [grins] Awww...

LORELAI: Ooh, travel agents coming back.

MICHEL: [His grin evaporates.] Ugh... [His smile reappears as he turns to the group.] Adorable, yes? Okay, let me show you the upstairs, the bedrooms -- [sniffs the air] Oh, what is that delicious scent? Why, I bet our amazing chef, Sookie St. James, is experimenting with her cookie recipe again. Why don't we sneak into the kitchen and see if we can convince her to give us a taste? Okay? Follow me.

MAN: Coming through! [Two men pass Michel carrying Sookie between them.]

SOOKIE: Coming through!

LORELAI: [gasps] Sookie!

SOOKIE: I'm okay.

LORELAI: What happened?

MICHEL: Did you make the cookies?

LORELAI: Is it your foot?

SOOKIE: I don't think I broke it. [She is grinning.] I didn't even hear a snap this time.

LORELAI: Oh, Sookie...

MICHEL: What about the cookies?

SOOKIE: Ooh, the cookies are on the counter. Caramel-marshmallow-chocolate-chunk.

LORELAI: Where are you taking her?

MAN: Dr. Su.

SOOKIE: Ooh, great. He's the best.

CUT TO OUTSIDE DRAGONFLY INN

[Lorelai hovers while Sookie settles in the company van preparing to ride to the doctor's office.]

LORELAI: Call me the minute you get there.

SOOKIE: Okay. God, I love having a kitchen again.

LORELAI: You put the doctor on so I can talk to him?

SOOKIE: I will. Hey.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: I'm back. [laughing]

[As the Inn's van pulls away, Lorelai sees Jason exiting his car and approaching.]

LORELAI: Well, this is a nice surprise.

JASON: Well, apparently this is a day for surprises.

LORELAI: Oh, what's the matter?

JASON: I spent the entire day trying to track down your father.

LORELAI: Do you want to sit or plant or...

JASON: I left messages at his house, on his cell phone...finally, I went to the office, and he wasn't there.

LORELAI: O-okay.

JASON: The only people that were there were two extremely uncomfortable looking secretaries who practically threw their back out trying to avoid eye contact with me.

LORELAI: Why?

JASON: Why? Yes. A good question. I asked myself the same thing. And then I got a call from Richard's lawyer.

LORELAI: What did he want?

JASON: To tell me that Richard's going back into business with my father.

LORELAI: What? Jason... no, my father wouldn't do that.

JASON: He did it.

LORELAI: No, that company forced him out.

JASON: And now they have welcomed him back in. He has his own boutique company under their banner, a big office, no overhead.

LORELAI: Well, there must be some --

JASON: and he is taking all our clients with him. I...couldn't believe it. I thought it was one of those crazy, not-so-funny, Billy-Crystal-At-The-Oscars kind of jokes, so I spent the last two hours calling every client I could, and they're all gone.

LORELAI: Oh, Jason.

JASON: The ones I brought in from my father's company, the ones I've brought in since -- all gone.

LORELAI: How could he do this? How could my father just take the business from you?

JASON: Oh, no, no, no. He left me the business, but without the clients, the business consists of some stationery, a coffee maker, and some rubber pencil grips.

LORELAI: I don't understand. Why would my father do that?

JASON: Because it's brilliant. It's perfect. He gets my dad to drop the lawsuit, he makes some extra cash, and he's sitting pretty. Makes perfect sense.

LORELAI: But he was your partner.

JASON: And now he's the guy running around town, bad-mouthing me. It is amazing. Your father has done a very thorough job. I've got nothing. He has ruined my reputation. What do I do now? I don't know. Move? Start over somewhere else? What? [He's pacing nervously.]

LORELAI: Well, you can't move.

JASON: Well, I have to work, and he's making it pretty impossible for me to work here. Oh, my God. I'm gonna end up in Houston.

LORELAI: Jason...

JASON: Where all the financial wash ups wash up. It's gonna be me and the Enron boys smoking cigars while their ankle cuffs beep in the background.

LORELAI: What can I do?

JASON: Nothing. I just needed to vent. I'm okay. Thank you.

LORELAI: Come in.

JASON: No, no. I can't. I'll call you later. [He gives Lorelai a quick kiss. Lorelai looks helpless as he leaves.]

CUT TO YALE BOOK STORE

[A large crowd is gathered listening intently to Asher Fleming reading from a book.]

ASHER: "I saw then what I had not seen before." [Rory enters and stands close to where a smiling Paris - who is also riveted to Asher's recitation - is seated.] "I saw the stoop of his shoulders, the lines on his face -- like a map of a country I had once traveled with him. I hoped these marks of age reflected wisdom, but I feared they were merely tokens, purchased with lack of sleep and the kind of artificial goodwill that's squeezed from a man in the public eye like oil from a rag.: [He closes the heavy book and crowd applauds. Sitting in front, a redhead wearing low-cut orange sweater smiles coyly at Professor Fleming.] Thank you. Thank you. You're very kind. [A tall slim brunette approaches and whispers in his ear. Paris' smile vanishes.]

BRUNETTE: [to the audience] Thank you, Asher Fleming, for that very moving excerpt from your new novel, "Jaglon." It is an absolutely electric book. Now, Professor Fleming has been kind enough to give us one hour, so if you'll just line up behind the table, you can get your book signed, and then take them over to the cash register to purchase them. [to Asher] If you'll just follow me.

ASHER: My pleasure.

[Rory joins Paris and sits down.]

PARIS: God, he was great. Wasn't he great?

RORY: He was very impressive.

PARIS: He is so commanding. I mean, it's obviously not necessary for a brilliant novelist to also be an extraordinary public speaker, but he is.

RORY: Yes, he is.

PARIS: And he's sexy as hell.

RORY: Teacher. Mine. Thanks.

PARIS: Look at all these girls, just flocking around him. They're so obvious.

[At the signing table, the redhead flirts with Asher.]

ASHER: Well, hello there.

REDHEAD: Hello Professor Fleming. I can't tell you what a thrill this is.

ASHER: Well, I'm -- I'm flattered.

REDHEAD: You're a genius.

ASHER: Am I? How delightful.

REDHEAD: I'm buying a copy for everyone I know.

ASHER: Well, then, you should meet some more people. You'll make my publisher's day. [The redhead giggles.]

PARIS: Who is she kidding? Like he can't see right through the multiple-book-buying ploy? I mean, what girl hasn't used that one?

RORY: God knows, I have.

PARIS: You want to go up and say hi?

RORY: No, thanks. You go.

PARIS: We won't be disturbing him. I'm his girlfriend.

RORY: It's okay. Really.

PARIS: Are you hiding from him because of your paper?

RORY: I'm not hiding. I just don't need to know how much it sucks before it's time.

PARIS: You might be over-reacting.

RORY: Oh. No. Smell that? What's that? Oh, yeah. I believe that's my paper. Thanks. I'll stay here.

[They watch the progress of autograph signing. The redhead stands nearby.]

PARIS: Oh please -- she's going to hover. Pathetic. Hey, did I show you this? [She opens her own copy of his book.] Look.

RORY: "To a wise, willful, wonderful woman."

PARIS: That's me. He dedicated it to me.

RORY: Wow, that's very nice.

PARIS: I know.

RORY: It's not very specific, but it's very nice.

PARIS: Well, what's he supposed to do, write my name?

RORY: Perish the thought.

PARIS: You know the situation.

RORY: I do.

PARIS: And as long as I know that the wise, willful, wonderful woman is me, who cares who else knows?

RORY: You're right. I'm sorry. I'm just stressed about my paper.

PARIS: Well, don't take your loser paper out on me. Is he out of water? I'm going to get him some water.

RORY: Paris, I'm sorry. The dedication's nice.

PARIS: Thanks. [She leaves while watching more girls hovering around Asher.] Oh, yes. Like they read.

[Rory walks toward the store exit as Doyle walks up.]

DOYLE: Well, this was a royal waste of my time. However, there were cookies. Here, hold some so I don't look like a pig.

RORY: You didn't enjoy the reading?

DOYLE: I wasn't here to enjoy the reading. I was here to cover the reading for the paper to go along with the review of the book. And then I arrive only to realize that every single available girl at Yale is here, including four of my reporters.

RORY: I'm not here on paper business. I'm here because I enjoy books and because I read books.

DOYLE: Please.

RORY: I do.

DOYLE: And Paris?

RORY: She's with me.

DOYLE: And Anna and Cassie?

RORY: Point, Doyle.

DOYLE: Everybody's here because Fleming's an intellectual dreamboat.

RORY: Well, I'm not here for the dreamboat.

DOYLE: God, that man. He's got a constant rotation going. A new girl every year. Very young, of course. Last year it was Trey Myers. God, was she beautiful. She looked like what I always pictured a Swedish stewardess to be.

RORY: Really?

DOYLE: Yep. Then they broke up at the end of the term, and she rebounded with a drama major.

RORY: So, any idea who he's seeing now?

DOYLE: Actually, no. This year's girl is a bit of a mystery. Maybe he's already broken up with one, and he's trolling for another. [scoffs] My money's on the redhead. [They both observe the redhead still loitering near Asher.]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE INTERIOR FRONT DOOR

[The doorbell rings. The maid opens the door for Lorelai.]

LORELAI: Hi. I'm looking for my father. Big guy, bow tie.

MAID: Mr. Gilmore's in the living room.

LORELAI: Thank you. [She enters the sitting room where Richard is seated reading a book.] Well, you're here.

RICHARD: Lorelai. I didn't know you were coming over.

LORELAI: I called.

RICHARD: Yes. Well, I haven't been in the mood to talk.

LORELAI: Well, we need to. [She sets her purse down on the coffee table.]

RICHARD: I felt like reading.

LORELAI: Why are you doing this, Dad?

RICHARD: Well, reading is good for you. You learn things.

LORELAI: Jason was your partner.

RICHARD: [inhales deeply] If we are going to discuss this, let's go into my office.

LORELAI: Jason was your partner, and he said he was gonna take care of it.

RICHARD: Lorelai...

LORELAI: Dad -- no, I'm fine talking right here. Jason said he was taking care of everything, and you didn't even give him a chance before you cut him out -

RICHARD: This is business.

LORELAI: No, you took everything from him, Dad. You're ruining his reputation. You're making it impossible for him to work.

RICHARD: I did what I had to do.

LORELAI: You didn't have to do this.

RICHARD: Well, thank you for your opinion.

LORELAI: That company was so horrible to you. They treated you like dirt, they forced you out, and you chose them over him?

RICHARD: I am not choosing anyone over -

LORELAI: I just don't understand why you would do this. Is it because of me? Are you taking this out on him because --

RICHARD: [raising his voice] Did you not hear what the man said? Did you not hear Floyd threaten to go after everything your mother and I have?

LORELAI: Yes -

RICHARD: Everything I've worked for. This house, our livelihood.

LORELAI: There has to be something else you can do. [Emily appears unnoticed at the top of the stairs.]

RICHARD: Go home, Lorelai.

LORELAI: No, Dad, please... I'm -- I'm sorry that I lied to you about dating Jason, but you can't destroy him like this. [Emily moves closer to listen, still unnoticed.]

RICHARD: I'm hardly destroying him.

LORELAI: You took his entire business. You've left him with nothing. He's talking about moving. Leaving.

RICHARD: So what?

LORELAI: [incredulous] So? I'm in a relationship with him.

RICHARD: Then go with him.

LORELAI: You know I can't go with him. I have a business, I have a house, I have Rory. I can't just pick up and leave.

RICHARD: Well, then, you've made your choice.

LORELAI: Dad, stop it.

RICHARD: I am tired of this, Lorelai. You've shown absolutely no concern about what happens to me, what happens to your mother. The only thing you care about is what happens to your boyfriend. And the worst part of it... is that I never expected you to act any differently. [Richard walks off. Lorelai, looking crushed, picks up her purse to leave.]

CUT TO RICHARD'S STUDY

[Emily enters and approaches Richard, who is seated at his desk.]

EMILY: Is it really necessary?

RICHARD: Is what really necessary?

EMILY: Going after Jason like this.

RICHARD: I didn't know you were a fan of Jason's.

EMILY: I'm not. I'm just concerned.

RICHARD: What are you concerned about, Emily?

EMILY: It took us a long time to get Lorelai back into this house, and she is dating Jason.

RICHARD: What are you saying?

EMILY: I worry that if you do this, you'll drive Lorelai away again. And if she goes, Rory might go.

RICHARD: She lied to us. To you. To me.

EMILY: I am very well aware of what she did.

RICHARD: The last time I checked, you didn't care for being lied to.

EMILY: Don't be condescending. I don't like being lied to.

RICHARD: [pointedly] We can't control what Lorelai will do. Rory won't go away. I'm doing what I have to do. [He returns to his reading, ending their conversation. Emily stands for a moment silently thinking, then leaves without a word.]

CUT TO LANE'S APARTMENT

[Lane is talking on the phone to Rory. The scenes cut from Rory walking on Yale campus to Lane's apartment.]

LANE: Who does she think she is? Just walking out of my house like she owned the place.

RORY: Your mom didn't just go out and get another kid.

LANE: Korea is where you go to get new kids. Ask anyone.

RORY: There has to be another explanation.

LANE: The explanation is -- I've been replaced.

RORY: You have not been replaced.

LANE: She was wearing my bunny sweater.

RORY: You hated that bunny sweater. That's why you left it there.

LANE: She also had my second-least-favorite scarf, and she was eating my apple.

RORY: What apple?

LANE: The apple my mother would have given me if I still lived there.

RORY: Which you don't by your own choice, might I add.

LANE: Now you're taking her side.

RORY: I'm not taking her side.

LANE: I've been replaced. Drop by when you're in town, meet your new best friend.

RORY: Lane...

LANE: Tip her well when she waits on you at Luke's. Head over to the church with her, share a pew.

RORY: Lane...

LANE: My mom has found a new daughter. I bet this one can needlepoint.

RORY: Look, I've got to go. Paris said I could use ten daytime minutes on her phone, and after that, her exorbitant prevailing rates apply, so I'll call you back when I get to my room.

LANE: Oh, wait, are you coming to the gig on Friday?

RORY: Gig? Yes. What time do you go on?

LANE: Eight o'clock. Which means 8:30.

RORY: sh**t. Friday night dinner.

LANE: Oh, I forgot.

RORY: I don't think I'll make it in time.

LANE: That's okay.

RORY: But I want to see your gig.

LANE: We will have other gigs. Of course, by that time the other Lane will be drumming in the band.

RORY: Well, as long as she's got a good downbeat.

LANE: Have you gone out for the pep squad yet?

RORY: I'll call you in a little while. Bye.

LANE: Bye.

CUT TO YALE HALLWAY

[Rory waits patiently while other students anxiously pull graded papers from a wall tray.]

RORY: Excuse me.

STUDENT 1: Oh, right. [He moves aside.] A B-minus. Oh, thank god.

RORY: Not bad. [She shuffles through the remaining papers.]

STUDENT 1: Are you kidding? A B-minus in Fleming's class is like... an "A" anywhere else in sane America. [Student 2 nods in agreement.] Let's celebrate. [They leave. Rory pulls her paper from stack and is startled to see "A - Excellent" written in red on the cover.]

CUT TO RORY'S DORM ROOM

[Rory is studying on the sofa while loud music plays loudly from above. She stands, grabs a nearby broom and bangs on the ceiling repeatedly. She also hears pounding on the front door and answers it. Lorelai enters.]

LORELAI: College is loud!

RORY: Yes, it's part of our training. It's right up there with the bad food, the sleep deprivation, and how to hold your own hair while throwing up.

LORELAI: Awww. [She kisses Rory on the head as they walk to and sit down on the sofa.]

RORY: What are you doing here?

LORELAI: Inn stuff. I had to pick up hinges and doorknobs and faucets.

RORY: Oh, my.

LORELAI: And I figured, while I was in the 'hood, I'd drop this off. [She hands Rory her cell phone.]

RORY: Hey, thanks. [The music stops.]

LORELAI: You're welcome.

RORY: Hey, you didn't have to do that. You could have just given it to me at Friday night dinner.

LORELAI [chuckles] I could have.

RORY: Unless you're not going to Friday night dinner. [Lorelai sighs.] You're not going to Friday night dinner.

LORELAI: Rory?

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: Things have gotten worse.

RORY: How could they be worse? They were already at worse.

LORELAI: Dad is going after Jason, and...it's complicated but it's really bad. And I went over there to try to talk to him about it, and he was horrible. He said awful things to me.

RORY: Like what?

LORELAI: Like things. It doesn't matter, but I -- I can't just go and sit there and make small talk and pretend that everything's okay.

RORY: Mom...

LORELAI: Because it's not okay.

RORY: You were mad, he was mad, you said some things...

LORELAI: No, Rory.

RORY: No. Now, I don't doubt that it was bad. You and Grandpa can make each other crazy, but maybe once he calmed down, he was sorry.

LORELAI: He is not sorry.

RORY: You could be wrong. Maybe if we go over there and give him a chance to make it right, he would.

LORELAI: Oh, boy, honey, you're living in fuzzy-puppy land.

RORY: Mom, it's really important to me that you don't back out of Friday night dinners. They're the only time that the whole family gets together. Sometimes it's the only time that I get to see you, and I like having it there. It's really important to me.

LORELAI: Rory, come on.

RORY: I'm serious. Please, just give him a chance to make it up to you. Please. I'll be there. I'll be your buffer.

LORELAI: [laughs] You will, huh?

RORY: Absolutely. They can focus on me, you can focus on me...

LORELAI: What about when he throws his glass of water in my face?

RORY: Then I will get very wet.

LORELAI: I'm holding you to that.

RORY: Yep. [The loud music from upstairs begins again. They both look up.]

LORELAI: Wow.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lane's bustling around behind the counter during a very busy customer rush.]

LANE: [calling into the kitchen] Caesar, I need a turkey burger, fries well-done, and I'm still waiting for that grilled cheese and tomato.

CAESAR: Patience is a virtue.

LANE: Light a candle, and tell it to the pope. I want my grilled cheese, pronto. [She grabs the coffee pot and prepares to make the rounds.]

KIRK: Excuse me, Lane?

LANE: Uh, yes, Kirk.

KIRK: I'm a little confused.

LANE: About what, Kirk?

KIRK: Well, I'm looking at this flier you gave me, and what exactly do you have to do to get the sandwich?

LANE: What?

KIRK: I mean, does everyone who shows up get a sandwich, or is it first come, first sandwich?

LANE: Oh, that's a mistake. The sandwich isn't supposed to be there.

KIRK: What are you saying?

LANE: I'm saying that's just a flier for our band. We're playing Friday at 8:30.

KIRK: So, there's no sandwiches.

LANE: No.

KIRK: Then, why would I go?

LANE: To hear some great music.

KIRK: Oh. Can I bring my own sandwich?

LUKE: Hey, Lane? [Lane approaches the counter where Luke is leaning.] I know it's time for your break now, but is it okay if I let Caesar take his?

LANE: He owes me a grilled cheese.

LUKE: I'll do it. He's gotta run to the bank or something. To be honest, I wasn't paying too much

attention, 'cause he was bugging me.

LANE: No problem. [Caesar appears and hands Lane the grilled cheese plate.]

LUKE: Thanks.

[Lane looks out the diner window and sees the young Korean girl walking nearby.]

LANE: I'm taking my 10! [She plunks down the plate and rushes out the diner door.]

KIRK: [He looks at the abandoned plate on the nearby empty table.] That looks like it travels well.

CUT TO STAR'S HOLLOW SIDEWALK

[Lane rushes up to the girl and taps her on the shoulder.]

LANE: Hey.

KOREAN GIRL: [startled] Oh.

LANE: Who are you?

KOREAN GIRL: [Korean accent] Hi.

LANE: What are you doing here?

KOREAN GIRL: Where?

LANE: Why are you living in my house?

KOREAN GIRL: Your house?

LANE: That house right there. It's mine.

KOREAN GIRL: I'm staying there.

LANE: Why? Are we related?

KOREAN GIRL: I hope not.

LANE: How do you know Mrs. Kim?

KOREAN GIRL: I am exchange student from Seoul. I'm here for three months, and Mrs. Kim is my host.

LANE: Exchange student, huh?

KOREAN GIRL: Yes. Who are you?

LANE: I'm Mrs. Kim's daughter. She did tell you she had a daughter, right?

KOREAN GIRL: Yes.

LANE: Well, she does, and it's me. So, you can try whatever tricks you want. I will always be her daughter.

KOREAN GIRL: Why are you so mad?

LANE: Because you stole my life.

KOREAN GIRL: I did not steal your life.

LANE: You're living in my room. You're wearing my clothes. And don't tell me you always looked like that. [The girl starts yelling in Korean.] I'm not very crazy! [The girl continues speaking excitedly in Korean.] How would you like it if I moved into your house?! [Still yelling in Korean, the girl turns to leave.] Why don't you just go back home?!

KOREAN GIRL: Mrs. Kim...[Yelling the remainder in Korean, she runs back to Mrs. Kim's house.]

LANE: [calls after her] You don't have to feel sorry for Mrs. Kim! Mrs. Kim is fine! And give me back my sweater, and my second-least-favorite scarf!

CUT TO YALE CLASSROOM

[Professor Fleming concludes class with instructions.]

ASHER: On Tuesday, we'll continue our look at "Neglect of the Individual" as a hallmark of modern government. Be prepared to discuss Kafka's "The Trial." Yes, if, uh, if all goes well, it'll get very ugly. Thank you, everyone. [The class chuckles as they all rise to leave. Rory walks past Asher's desk on her way out.] Oh, very nice job on your paper, Miss Gilmore.

RORY: Oh, thank you. [She pauses.] You know, Professor Fleming, I was actually a little surprised by my grade.

ASHER: Were you? Well, you deserved it. You did good work.

RORY: To be honest, I don't feel like I did.

ASHER: Ah, a perfectionist.

RORY: No, I'm not a perfectionist. I just know when I do well and when I don't.

ASHER: You know, this sounds as if you're questioning your grade.

RORY: Well, maybe I am.

ASHER: Well, this is a first. Today alone, I've heard complaints from, uh... two "D"s, four "C"s, and an "F," but, uh, not from an "A." In fact, in 35 years of teaching, I've never heard from an "A."

RORY: I just want to be sure that the grade I got is... what I deserve.

ASHER: What exactly are you saying, Miss Gilmore?

RORY: Just that if the grade I got wasn't... legitimately earned, then I have no interest in it.

ASHER: Oh, how very noble of you.

RORY: I intend to earn all of my grades. I don't want any favors.

ASHER: And why exactly would you think that I'd be inclined to grant you any favors?

RORY: I'm not saying that you are --

ASHER: You're not? Oh, then I must have misunderstood this conversation.

RORY: I'm just saying that --

ASHER: Yes?

RORY: That I want to earn all of my grades.

ASHER: Yes, you've already said that.

RORY: No matter how many "wise, willful, and wonderful women" I know.

ASHER: Have you quite finished?

RORY: I suppose I am. [She turns to leave.]

ASHER: Oh, before you go any further, Miss Gilmore, let me assure you that I do not give grades that are not earned. I gave you an "A" because your argument was well-structured, your writing was clear and concise, and you drew a connection from Marsilius of Padua to Machiavelli to the modern age of media that PhD candidates would envy. In fact, no one else's paper was that thoroughly researched. Except for the other person who also got an "A." You did what was demanded, and you did it well. And I would seriously caution you not to question my grading tactics again.

RORY: Okay. Thanks for the "A." [She pauses at the door before leaving.] And the redhead has fat thighs. [Asher slams his briefcase closed looking a bit perturbed.]

CUT TO FRONT DRIVEWAY OF ELDER GILMORE HOUSE

[Rory is leading her mother toward the front door.]

RORY: Come on.

LORELAI: Hey, hey, there's no hurry. We're early.

RORY: Yes, but we're here, so we might as well go in and get it over with.

LORELAI: Okay, just relax, why don't you? I would like to stop and smell the roses if you don't mind.

RORY: Mom...

LORELAI: You're young. You don't understand these things. I'm old, I'm dying, I'm gonna smell a rose. Oh, I don't see a rose. I think there's one next door.

RORY: You're being a tad ridiculous. Come on.

LORELAI: [morosely] On a scale of one to a million, how awful do you think tonight's gonna be?

RORY: Well, how high a number did you think the walk up the driveway was?

LORELAI: Ugh. You know, I wonder which tact my dad's gonna pick tonight. I bet he goes with the silent treatment.

RORY: Or maybe...he won't.

LORELAI: Yeah, you're right. He might prefer the full-on, frontal as*ault. You know, just constant

mental flogging right from "dingdong" through till "drive safe."

RORY: Well, at least he said "drive safe."

LORELAI: Oh, no. It wasn't him. It was the maid.

RORY: Right.

LORELAI: Or maybe Dad will be fine, and Emily will be on the attack. Yeah, a little good cop/bad cop if you know what I mean. Keep me on my toes. I won't be expecting that.

RORY: Except that you are. Ready? [She reaches for the doorbell.]

LORELAI: [She stops Rory.] Okay -- wait, just wait -- we can still leave.

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Rory... right now is the point in the horror movie where the entire audience is yelling, "Don't go in there."

RORY: I will be right beside you, okay?

LORELAI: Okay. But I'm telling you... if my dad gets ugly, I'm out of there.

[Rory pulls her hand from Lorelai's grasp, pats her arm reassuringly and rings the bell. Moments later Richard opens the door.]

RICHARD: Lorelai. Rory. You're early. [He is surprised.]

RORY: Yeah, no traffic.

RICHARD: No? Well, that's very -- uh, come in. [He appears distracted/]

CUT TO SITTING ROOM

[Lorelai and Rory follow Richard to the sitting room.]

RICHARD: Did you hit much traffic? [He is animatedly jovial.]

RORY: Um...no. No traffic at all.

RICHARD: Well, good. Uh, nothing like an hour stuck in traffic to ruin your complete day.

LORELAI: Heh.

[The girls remove their coats and sit down on loveseat - unsure what to think of Richard's odd behavior.]

RICHARD: Should I take your coats?

LORELAI: That's okay. We can just put them here. [She settles her coat beside her.]

RICHARD: All right. Well, you're early, so I'm not quite organized yet, but, uh, shall we have some drinks?

LORELAI: Okay.

RICHARD: All right. [He bounces to the bar table.] There's no ice. Do we need ice?

LORELAI: Uh. [shrugs]

RICHARD: [laughs] Of course we need ice. There's some in the kitchen. I'll go get it.

RORY: Okay. [Richard exits.] He doesn't seem mad.

LORELAI: All depends on which definition of "mad" you're going with.

[Emily enters and rushes past them, toward the stairs with her coat and purse clutched in her arms.]

LORELAI: Mom...

EMILY: Lorelai. Rory. You're early. [She tries to hide her surprise.]

RORY: Um, yeah, we didn't hit any traffic, so...

EMILY: Well, I-it's nice to see you. [She approaches and deposits her coat on the back of the sofa.]

LORELAI: Where were you?

EMILY: When?

LORELAI: Just now.

EMILY: O-oh, well, I had to run out to the store.

LORELAI: To get what?

EMILY: They were out.

RICHARD: Emily... the girls are early.

EMILY: I see that. Is that ice?

RICHARD: Yes. We need it to make the drinks. [He spills ice on the carpet.] Oh, sh**t.

EMILY: You should take the bucket into the kitchen the next time. [Her purse is still slung over her shoulder as she picks up scattered ice.]

RICHARD: Yes, that would've been the smart thing to do. Well, I was making drinks.

EMILY: So, uh, Rory, how is school? [She is animatedly cheerful.]

RORY: It's fine. Um, I just got an "A" on a paper.

EMILY: Oh, well, that's wonderful.

LORELAI: You gonna let go of that purse, Mom?

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: Well, you're holding pretty tightly to your purse there. You look like someone's Tante

Flickman.

EMILY: Oh, well, I, uh, just...there. [She reluctantly sets the purse beside her.]

LORELAI: Okay.

EMILY: It's new.

LORELAI: The purse?

EMILY: Yes, it's new. I'm trying to break it in.

LORELAI: Sure. Otherwise, you'd get blisters.

RICHARD: Well, here we are. [He approaches with a full tray of drinks and passes them out.]
Lorelai.

LORELAI: Thank you.

RICHARD: And soda for Rory. Emily? Well, good. [With an awkward pause, he moves to stand behind Emily.] Uh, so...Cheers.

LORELAI: Cheers.

RORY: Cheers.

EMILY: Cheers.

RICHARD: So, Rory, how's school?

RORY: Fine. I just got an "A" on a...paper.

RICHARD: Oh.

LORELAI: Has she told you about the traffic?

[The maid enters.]

MAID: Dinner's ready.

LORELAI: It is?

EMILY: [She checks her watch.] It's only just 7:00 now.

MAID: Oh, I'm sorry. What time did you want dinner? You didn't tell me, so...

EMILY: You know what? It's all right. We'll just eat now.

LORELAI: Now?

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: But what do we do with our -

EMILY: Just take your drinks to the table. [She rises to leave.]

LORELAI: [incredulous] Take our drinks to the -

RICHARD: Oh, I'll grab the cocktail napkins. [He rushes off to the dining room.]

LORELAI: But - Mom, you left your purse.

EMILY: Oh, yes.

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: I was just kidding, Mom.

EMILY: [cheerfully] Oh, you. [She leaves the room.]

LORELAI: Uh, okay, so every time they ask you about school or traffic, just do a shot.

RORY: Shh. [They both rise to follow Emily and Richard to the dining room.]

CUT TO DINING ROOM

[They are all seated, eating in silence. The only noise is the sound of utensils clinking against china. Lorelai and Rory look around the silent table. The maid enters to clear Lorelai's plate.]

LORELAI: Thank you. [After a long silent pause while the maid clears the rest of the dishes, Lorelai clears her throat.] So, what's for dessert?

EMILY: We're not having dessert.

RORY: We're not?

EMILY: I-I'm on a diet.

RICHARD: Americans are extremely fat.

LORELAI: I think they prefer Rubenesque.

RORY: You're not fat, Grandma.

EMILY: Well, thank you, Lorelai. [Rory looks at Lorelai, who shrugs.]

LORELAI: She was close. [They all sit in silence at the long empty table.] Well, okay. If we're not having dessert, then... we should go?

EMILY: All right. [She tosses down her napkin and quickly rises.]

RICHARD: See you next Friday

EMILY: Thank you for coming.

RORY: Oh. Thank you for having us.

EMILY: Oh, wait. The Gordons' gave us some wonderful chocolate last week. They brought it back from Belgium. You can take it with you. [She exits to the kitchen.]

LORELAI: No, Mom, that's okay. We're fine.

RICHARD: These are really good chocolates, Lorelai.

LORELAI: I'm sure they are, Dad.

RICHARD: [calling out] Did you find them, Emily?

RORY: Grandpa, we can just get them next time.

RICHARD: [cheerfully] Oh, nonsense. You can eat them on the way home. Emily?

EMILY: Here they are. I've got them. [She hands each of them an elegant paper bag.] One for you and one for you. Enjoy.

LORELAI: We will. [There is a long pause as they stand awkwardly together in the dining room.] Okay, uh... we're leaving now. Have a good evening and get some sleep.

EMILY: All right. [Lorelai gestures to hurry Rory as they exit the room.]

RICHARD: Good night. [Emily waves. Neither of them follows Lorelai and Rory to the door.]

CUT TO EXTERIOR OF ELDER GILMORE HOME

[The door closes behind Lorelai and Rory.]

LORELAI: What the hell was that?

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: Jack Nicholson and Angelina Jolie just kicked us out with parting gifts.

RORY: Dessert to go.

LORELAI: As much as the thought of an early end to Friday night dinner and dessert for the road appeals to me, that was just weird.

RORY: [She looks inside her paper bag.] She made a tin-foil swan.

LORELAI: What was up with the drinks and the dinner she knew nothing about, and where was she coming from, anyhow?

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: She had to "run to the store." Since when?

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: And she came back with nothing. Ooh, and the purse. Did you notice the purse?

RORY: They say people change as they get older. I just didn't think it was all in one week.

LORELAI: There is something wrong here. [She notices a car parked in the driveway.] Why is my mother's car here?

RORY: She was in a hurry?

LORELAI: My mother never parks her car in the driveway, because the car might drip oil and make a spot on the concrete, and then life as we know it would end. [She approaches the car and looks in the windows.]

RORY: What are you doing?

LORELAI: Just seeing what's in her car.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: Because -- I don't know. I just feel like something's up. [She hears a noise.] She's coming.

RORY: Who?

LORELAI: Mom. Hurry. [She rushes to hide in bushes, pulling Rory with her.]

RORY: What are you doing? Good shoes, good shoes, good shoes.

[Emily exits the house with dry cleaning in hand and gets inside her car. The engine turns over.]

LORLELAI: She's leaving.

RORY: Where's she going?

LORLELAI: I don't know. She left her house with dry cleaning, and she drove off?

RORY: She was meeting friends?

LORELAI: Tonight? After dinner?

RORY: Maybe?

LORELAI: [sighs] I'm sorry. This might be crazy, but... is my mom not staying here tonight?

RORY: Well...

CUT TO STAGE OF ROCK AND ROLL GIG

[Loud music plays while Zach and Gil sing. Lane smiles while she plays the drums. The song ends with a big flourish. The crowd cheers loudly.]

LANE: Great gig! Awesome gig!

ZACH: [He grins at Brian.] You're starting to wheeze on the beat, dude.

BRIAN: I've been practicing.

GIL: Man, I am feeling it. We have hit the next level.

LANE: We have, haven't we?

GIL: You heard the crowd.

ZACH: Dude, what was with the shirt raise?

GIL: Hey, man, when I'm playing like that, there is no room for clothes.

ZACH: We need a sign, 'cause I was staring right at you when you took it off. I felt like putting a buck in your pants.

GIL: Hey, I wouldn't turn it down.

WOMAN: Brian, honey!

BRIAN: [He walks over to a table.] Hey, Mom.

BRIAN'S DAD: You kids were excellent.

BRIAN: Thanks, Dad. Hey, Aunt Susan. Hey...Turner.

TURNER: [He is dressed as Zorro.] Hey, Brian.

BRIAN'S MOM: I brought carrot sticks. You want a carrot stick, Brian?

BRIAN: Yeah, thanks.

[Gil, Zach and Lane still stand on the stage.]

LANE: He really does wear a Zorro costume.

GIL: I gotta go find my wife. [He leaves.]

LANE: I'm so jazzed right now. That was great! We have never played that good. [Zach and Lane sit on the edge of the stage.]

ZACH: You've never played that good.

LANE: Really? [Zach nods.] You've never given me a compliment, ever.

ZACH: What am I, your mother? [They both laugh.] Ew.

LANE: What? [Zach points to a corner where Gil is passionately kissing a slinky dressed woman.] Oh.

ZACH: Who is that?

LANE: I think it's his wife.

ZACH: Seriously, that is just wrong.

LANE: He should celebrate. We all should celebrate. Stay out all night, hit the clubs, and talk about our Rolling Stones cover -- "Garden of Eden" theme.

[Two girls walk up to them.]

SHANNON: Hi, Zach.

ZACH: Shannon.

SHANNON: You remembered?

ZACH: I can read a napkin, sweetheart. [to the second girl] Nice pants.

GIRL 2: You're a god.

ZACH: And we shall discuss this further at the bar. [He puts an arm around each girl and they walks off together.] So, what did you think of the lyrics?

[Lane watches them leave, then glances over at Gil still making out with his wife in the corner. She wanders past the table where Brian's family is gathered and eventually sits at her drum set all alone.]

CUT TO OUTSIDE NIGHT IN STAR'S HOLLOW - AT "KIM'S ANTIQUES" DOOR.

[Lane slowly approaches the door, inserts her house key in the lock, and quietly enters. She opens her bedroom door and sees the young Korean girl sleeping in her bed. She sadly exits, pauses in the hallway, then moves to her mother's bedroom. Lane quietly enters and watches her mother sleeping peacefully. Lane gently kisses her mother's forehead and quietly leaves.]

CUT TO COFFEE SHOP IN HARTFORD

[Lorelai and Jason are seated at the counter.]

LORELAI: So, I spent all morning on the phone calling every hotel in the area with a decent high tea, and there she was. Grafton Hotel, room 421. Check-out date indefinite.

JASON: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: I can't believe my parents are separated. I mean, I dreamed about this as a kid. Of course, my scenario also involved my mother finding her inner Timothy Leary and moving us all out to a commune in Berkeley, but still... I was convinced that these people should not be together, but you know what? I was wrong. Richard and Emily Gilmore were made for each other. God, this is so...freaky. And I'm not supposed to know, and of course we won't talk about it, because we don't do that in our family. We repress everything, and we refuse to go to therapy, because why tell a stranger your problems, when you can use them to punish those around you? So, what now? Every Friday I'm supposed to pretend that they still live together, and then after we leave, my mother will get in her car and drive back to the hotel? The hotel. My mother's living in a hotel. It's weird. It's just incredibly weird. [sighs] I'm sorry. I just needed to vent.

JASON: You have every right.

LORELAI: I'm done now. There's nothing I can do about them, so... [sighs] Talk to me. You were gonna tell me something.

JASON: I'm suing your father. [Lorelai scoffs softly.] I have to, Lorelai.

LORELAI: No, you don't.

JASON: I've gone over it. I've weighed every option. I have to respond. I cannot just sit here and do nothing when my entire career is going up in flames.

LORELAI: Jason, please. Don't do this.

JASON: Maybe it won't be so bad. Maybe he'll settle.

LORELAI: He won't settle.

JASON: It's just business.

LORELAI: Oh, my God. I'm so sick of hearing people say that.

JASON: You know I wouldn't do this if I didn't have to.

LORELAI: You don't have to.

JASON: If I intend to continue working in my chosen profession, then, yeah, I have to.

LORELAI: Don't be just a business guy. Put this on another level. Please.

JASON: I can't.

LORELAI: Unbelievable.

JASON: Lorelai... I have no choice. I have to fight back.

LORELAI: Jason...

JASON: I will keep you out of this. I promise.

LORELAI: [pauses] I can't be with someone who's suing my family.

JASON: Lorelai, come on.

LORELAI: I'm sorry.

JASON: You saw what your father did to me.

LORELAI: I know what he did to you.

JASON: And he is not gonna stop until there's nothing left.

LORELAI: I'm asking you not to do this.

JASON: Ask me something else. Anything else.

LORELAI: This is what I want.

JASON: You know how hard I work. My job is who I am. I can't lose everything. You have to understand why I'm doing this.

LORELAI: I do understand. But I can't be with someone who's suing my family.

JASON: Lorelai... [After a long pause, Lorelai quietly picks up her purse and walks out without looking back.]

THE END

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