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02x02 - Hammers and Veils

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02x02 - Hammers and Veils

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Posted: **10/21/01 11:00**

2.02 - Hammers and Veils

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OPEN AT LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory is on the couch in the living room as Lorelai calls her from upstairs.]

LORELAI: Rory!

RORY: Living room!

[Lorelai comes down the steps wearing a newspaper veil on her head.]

LORELAI: I need your advice on something. What do you think?

RORY: Huh.

LORELAI: Not good?

RORY: I'm not sure. Have you tried the Arts and Leisure section?

LORELAI: I need you to be serious.

RORY: You are wearing a newspaper on your head.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: And you need me to be serious?

LORELAI: I am trying to figure out veil lengths here.

RORY: Oh, well sure.

LORELAI: See, I kind of like this shoulder length kind of semi-poofy thing like this.

RORY: Mm hmm.

LORELAI: But there's also a longer one that might be interesting.

RORY: Longer, sure.

LORELAI: And then there's the full on Diana.

RORY: Right, right.

LORELAI: Which is nice but it just might be a little. . . . You're reading me.

RORY: Wait, don't move.

LORELAI: Rory, stop it.

RORY: This Putin arms race thing is really getting crazy.

LORELAI: I am trying to have a serious conversation about the most important fashion decision of my life.

RORY: Why don't you go to a wedding dress place and try a real veil on?

LORELAI: No way.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: Too much taffeta, it gives me cotillion flashbacks.

RORY: Okay fine. Could you bend over so I can see what the weather's gonna be like tomorrow?

LORELAI: Actually, I went in one of those places yesterday.

RORY: You did? Which one?

LORELAI: Marry Mimi's.

RORY: Ooh, I see we're going top of the line.

LORELAI: Ugh, it was horrible. Apparently, you're supposed to order your wedding dress the first day of junior high, and if you haven't, it's off the rack for you missy. I tried on three different dresses, one of which gave me a rash. And I gotta say, has anyone missed the bustle? 'Cause I haven't.

RORY: It was not that bad.

LORELAI: They all looked wrong. I'm gonna be gross and all the children will laugh and Max will realize he's made a horrible mistake and then people will walk away, exactly as you're doing now.

RORY: Let's go.

LORELAI: Where?

RORY: Wedding dress shopping.

LORELAI: Uhhh, you're reading.

RORY: I'm done.

LORELAI: Uh, you need to see Dean.

RORY: He's playing softball.

LORELAI: Your cure for cancer's almost finished.

RORY: We are going to find the perfect thing for you to walk down the aisle in your perfect wedding day, where there will be no pointing, mocking or walking out.

LORELAI: I did not say pointing, why did you say pointing?

RORY: Keys.

LORELAI: Thank you.

CUT TO CHILTON

[Paris, Madeline, and Louise are standing next to a bulletin board.]

LOUISE: Ooh, spending the summer at Chilton. Happy happy, joy joy.

MADELINE: If I don't improve my French grades, I can kiss Vassar goodbye.

PARIS: You need to follow a study schedule. I've been telling you this second grade.

LOUISE: Yes, which worries both of us.

MADELINE: Maybe I won't go to college.

PARIS: You have to go to college.

LOUISE: Princess Grace didn't go to college.

PARIS: Thank you for the history lesson, A.J. Benza.

LOUISE: Take a pill.

PARIS: Marry rich.

[Rory walks over to them]

MADELINE: Hey.

RORY: Hey.

MADELINE: You doing the summer school thing too?

RORY: Uh, yeah.

MADELINE: What classes are you taking?

RORY: Well, I uh□

LOUISE: Ahem.

MADELINE: What?

RORY: Uh, you're not talking to me.

MADELINE: I'm not?

LOUISE: Tristin.

PARIS: PJ Harvey.

MADELINE: Oh yeah.

RORY: I'm just gonna look at the bulletin board, and then you can back to your conversation.

MADELINE: There's a Rebuilding Together thing going on tomorrow. You know, they fix up homes for the needy. It's a total easy outdoor denim gig that looks really great on your college transcript. Sorry.

RORY: Thanks, I'll think about it.

PARIS: You wouldn't like it.

RORY: 'Cause you'll be there?

PARIS: Yes, I'll be there.

RORY: I'll think about it.

[Rory walks away. Paris follows her.]

PARIS: You don't want to go.

RORY: I'll see.

PARIS: You don't, it's not you.

RORY: I have multiple personalities. It might be one of me.

PARIS: It's hours of hammering and drilling and dirt and it's horrible. You'll hate it.

RORY: How do you know? How do you know that I don't spend hours every week hammering and drilling? And dirt, I love dirt. I collect it.

PARIS: You're hilarious.

RORY: You're pathetic.

PARIS: Fine. Forget it.

[Paris walks back towards the bulletin board. Rory follows her.]

RORY: Why don't you want me to go?

PARIS: I don't care if you go.

RORY: You just spent a great deal of energy trying to convince me not to.

PARIS: I'm late for class.

RORY: Are you seriously going to be mad about the fact that you thought I was going out with Tristin even though I wasn't for the rest of your life?

PARIS: I have great commitment.

RORY: And you don't see how stupid that is?

PARIS: I'm sorry if you thought we had some kind of deep Thelma and Louise thing going here, but we didn't.

RORY: Well, have it your way, but I'm going tomorrow.

PARIS: Fine. Go. See if I care.

RORY: I will.

PARIS: Great. I hate summer.

[Paris, Madeline and Louise leave. Henry walks up to Rory.]

HENRY: Rory?

RORY: Oh, Henry, hi. Nice to see you.

HENRY: You too. What classes are you taking?

RORY: Shakespeare, physics, obscure Russian poetry.

HENRY: Wow. I'm still trying to get through trig. But hey, third time's the charm.

RORY: I can help you if you want.

HENRY: I just may take you up on that.

RORY: Okay.

HENRY: Okay.

RORY: Lane's fine.

HENRY: Is she? Good, 'cause I haven't talked to her in awhile. I called.

RORY: Yeah?

HENRY: Once. I called once.

RORY: And?

HENRY: Her mother answered.

RORY: Oops.

HENRY: She sounded angry.

RORY: No, that's just Mrs. Kim.

HENRY: I hung up. Twelve times. And then on the thirteenth time she said she was gonna have the FBI trace the call and have me thrown in prison. And although I know logically that the punishment for multiple hang ups probably isn't prison, she just sounded so capable of doing real damage that I.

. .

RORY: Stopped calling?

HENRY: And now Lane probably thinks that I forgot about her, and. . .

RORY: You'd like for me to tell her that you haven't.

HENRY: That would be good.

RORY: Done.

HENRY: And maybe you could give her my number and she could call me.

RORY: I'll get right on it.

HENRY: Aw thanks. [writes his number down, hands the paper to Rory] Thank you.

RORY: Uh huh.

HENRY: Okay. Bye

RORY: Bye. Uh, henry?

HENRY: What?

RORY: Your trig notes.

HENRY: Ahhh.

RORY: I think we may have nailed down the problem.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai and Rory pull up and walk to the front door talking.]

LORELAI: Mom, tomorrow I'm going to build a house.

RORY: Help build a house.

LORELAI: Did you tell them that there's a light bulb in your closet that burned out in '97 that you still haven't changed?

RORY: It's for charity.

LORELAI: Wow, don't those people have enough problems without having you as a contractor?

RORY: I'm sure there will be real construction workers there.

LORELAI: Oh.

RORY: I will be assisting, I will be helping out those less fortunate than myself, I will be getting college credit and this is the end of this particular conversation.

LORELAI: You're right. It's a good thing. Nice, keeps your halo shiny. Oh wait, wait. [takes off her engagement ring]

RORY: When are you going to tell them?

LORELAI: Soon.

RORY: When's soon?

LORELAI: When the big hand hits the "S" and the little hand hits the "OON."

RORY: You're getting married in three months.

LORELAI: Ring the bell.

RORY: I think you should tell them now.

LORELAI: Ring the bell.

RORY: The longer you wait the harder it's gonna be.

LORELAI: For the love of God, will you please ring the bell.

RORY: You can tell them before dinner.

LORELAI: I will tell them when I'm ready to tell them. You have to accept that because I'm the mother and you're the daughter, and in some cultures, that means you have to do what I say.

RORY: If you don't tell them in two weeks, I will.

LORELAI: Though apparently not in this one.

RORY: Good. [rings doorbell]

[Emily answers the door]

EMILY: We're going to have to eat quickly, your father has a very early flight tomorrow morning.
[walks away]

LORELAI: Oh, I'm good. Yeah, and Rory's gonna build a house tomorrow. I know, I thought it was a little weird too.

EMILY: Walk as you babble please.

LORELAI: [to Rory] Somebody must have scratched the silver.

[walk to dining room]

EMILY: [to maid] Bring the bread out too. And pour the wine please. [to L/R] Come on, hurry up.

LORELAI: Yeah, 'cause we don't want our salad to get cold.

EMILY: Richard, dinner!

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: Eat eat.

LORELAI: Shouldn't we wait for Dad?

EMILY: Don't worry about him.

LORELAI: He's the one with the early plane. We don't have to go anywhere tomorrow. We can stay all night. Have a party, do some Jell-O sh*ts, play light as a feather, stiff as a board. Okay, pass the bread.

RORY: Grandma, would you like some. . .

EMILY: Yes please.

RICHARD: You started.

EMILY: You have a six o'clock flight.

RICHARD: Six o'clock, are you sure?

EMILY: What do you mean, am I sure? Of course I'm sure. I double-checked it three times with your secretary because I know she's an idiot and all three times she told me six o'clock. I wrote it down, I have your ticket right out on the. . . You're teasing me.

RICHARD: Very possible.

EMILY: I don't find that amusing, Richard.

RICHARD: Exactly the point of teasing, Emily. Hello Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hello Father.

RICHARD: Rory.

RORY: Grandpa.

RICHARD: May I speak with you for a moment, please?

RORY: Okay.

[Richard and Rory leave the room.]

LORELAI: Hmm, I wonder what that's all about. I guess we'll find out later, right? Hey, whatever happened to Shusha?

CUT TO BACK PATIO

RICHARD: I just thought we should touch base, you and I, after that unfortunate incident last week.

RORY: Grandpa, you already called me about that.

RICHARD: Yes, I know, but I thought taking a moment to once again say to you in person, how. . .

RORY: I know, and I appreciate it.

RICHARD: We'd never had a fight.

RORY: No.

RICHARD: This was our first one.

RORY: Yes it was.

RICHARD: And I must say, I didn't care for it.

RORY: Neither did I.

RICHARD: Well, all right. We should go back inside. We're find now, right?

RORY: We're fine. Buck up, Private.

RICHARD: Oh wait, I wanted to give you something.

RORY: What?

RICHARD: Come on, come on.

[they walk past the dining room]

LORELAI: Hey, where you guys going?

RICHARD: We'll be right there.

LORELAI: Well, hurry, 'cause you're missing one hell of a conversation. You know, Mom, I'm really loving this salad dressing.

EMILY: I'm glad.

LORELAI: Lemony.

EMILY: Yes.

LORELAI: There's nothing like a nice salad of lemony goodness. [pause] Mom?

EMILY: Hmm?

LORELAI: I have something to tell you.

EMILY: Yes?

LORELAI: Well it's like this. Um, . . .could you put down your fork for a second? Thank you. Okay, um, you know Max?

EMILY: No, I don't.

LORELAI: Okay, I know you don't know him know him, but you know of him, right?

EMILY: I've heard rumblings.

LORELAI: Okay, well, um, the. . .Max and I have been serious for quite awhile now, and he asked me to marry him, and I said yes. I'm getting married.

EMILY: Well, I think that's very nice. I certainly hope we'll be in town for it, but if not I promise we'll send a nice gift. Now excuse me, I'm going to check on the roast.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai and Rory are walking towards Luke's.]

RORY: Are you okay?

LORELAI: I'm perfect.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: I have hit a level of perfection that has rarely been seen outside the Victoria's Secret catalog.

RORY: I'm really sorry.

LORELAI: Aww, do not be sorry. What happened tonight was inevitable.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: I should've known not to tell my mother.

RORY: You were trying to be nice.

LORELAI: Telling her I was getting married to a wonderful guy who will love me and make me happy. That, and giving her my address when I finally moved out, two worst moves I ever made.

RORY: Maybe she'll think about it and call you and say she's sorry.

LORELAI: Mom, I'm getting married. I'm an idiot. And you know, as my mouth was opening my mind was screaming, 'Don't do it, I mean it, you'll regret it!' But did my mouth listen?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: No! And it opened and the words came out, and Emily was Emily, and my mouth was stunned. And my mind said 'I told you so.' And then my mouth got mad because no mouth like's to have it's nose rubbed in it. And now my mind and my mouth aren't talking, and it'll be weeks before we can get the boys together again.

RORY: Your mouth has a nose?

[they walk into Luke's Diner]

LORELAI: God, I'm crabby.

RORY: You're hungry.

LORELAI: No I'm not.

RORY: Well you didn't eat any of your dinner.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, by the time I could get my jaw off the ground, Speed Racer had taken my plate.

RORY: Luke will cheer you up, won't you Luke?

LUKE: Oh sure, I'm great at spreading the joy. What'll you have?

RORY: We'll have two coffees and a rant meal please. Extra cheese.

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: I'm through ranting, the rant is over. I'll have an acceptance meal and a side of fries.

RORY: Please, you have not accepted this.

LORELAI: I am a grown woman. I do not need my mother's permission or blessing to be happy.

LUKE: Must've been a good Oprah today.

LORELAI: Just a little family drama. No biggie.

RORY: It's a little biggie.

LUKE: Yeah, what's going on?

LORELAI: I told my mother about me getting married and it was slightly ugly.

LUKE: Yup.

LORELAI: Yup, what?

LUKE: Well, there's nothing like a wedding to screw up a family.

LORELAI: Actually, in my case, there's nothing like a family to screw up a family.

LUKE: Something that's supposed to start nice, two people making promises to each other. I'll love you forever, I wanna die when you die, my life meant nothing until you used my toothbrush. And then it starts.

LORELAI: Well, that's not exactly. .

LUKE: Who do you invite, who sits where, open bar, yes or no. . .

LORELAI: Luke?

LUKE: Auntie Junie doesn't eat chicken, Uncle Momo's off his meds.

LORELAI: Junie and Momo?

LUKE: Just an example.

LORELAI: Of a retired circus couple?

LUKE: And then after all that planning, the reception will still be a disaster because no matter what you do or how carefully you plan, halfway through one of those nauseating Bette Midler ballads, someone's getting drunk, someone's sleeping with someone else's wife, and someone's chicken kiev is landing on the cake.

LORELAI: You know, the Gettysburg Address was only one page long, and that was about a w*r.

LUKE: I just call them like I seem them.

LORELAI: I have officially changed my order. I'll have the 'Luke's giving Lorelai a Migraine' meal.

LUKE: Bleu cheese or ranch?

LORELAI: Both.

LUKE: Coming right up.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is in the kitchen pouring coffee as Rory comes out of her room.]

RORY: Time?

LORELAI: 8:30.

RORY: I'm late.

LORELAI: Hold on, coffee!

RORY: Thanks. I'll see you tonight.

LORELAI: Wait, one sec.

RORY: Mom, I have to be there in twenty minutes.

LORELAI: I know, but I made you something really cool.

RORY: Can't it wait 'til tonight?

LORELAI: It won't be cool tonight.

RORY: What do you mean it won't be cool tonight? What loses its cool factor in twelve hours?

LORELAI: This. [holds up a hammer decorated in pink]

RORY: What is that?

LORELAI: A hammer.

RORY: It has feathers on it.

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: So the rhinestones and bows won't feel lonely.

RORY: What do you want me to do it?

LORELAI: Build a really pretty house.

RORY: How long is it gonna take me to talk you out of giving that to me?

LORELAI: Forty minutes, an hour, tops.

RORY: Hand it over.

LORELAI: Call me when you get home, and please be careful.

RORY: I will.

LORELAI: I mean it Timmy, no falling down the well.

RORY: Bye.

LORELAI: Bye.

[Rory opens front door. Lane is standing there with several boxes]

RORY: Oh, geez, you scared me.

LANE: Sorry. Where you going?

RORY: I'm doing that Rebuilding Together thing today.

LANE: Right. I'll be fast. [brings in the boxes] Okay. Here's my CD's, my 'zines, my posters, my books, three of your sweaters, and one Diva Glam lipstick. I need to leave them here while I'm in Korea because my mother's bound to search my room and if she finds them, she'll throw them out. And then spend the rest of the summer praying for my soul.

RORY: I'll treat them like my own.

LANE: Okay, now. This is the Lane Kim retrieval kit. It contains the phone number of my cousins in Korea, a map of the house I'll be staying at, a picture of me now, and a mock-up of me in 6 months.

RORY: You've lost some weight.

LANE: Now this is that name of that guy at the American Consulate, and several important Korean phrases written out phonetically, you know, 'Help', 'Have you seen this girl,' 'Comes from money', et cetera.

RORY: Still no return date info from the parents?

LANE: Nope, but they did buy me a winter coat.

RORY: When are you going?

LANE: Right after your mom's engagement par...

RORY: Shhhh!

LANE: Do you think she heard me?

RORY: I don't think so. No, she'd be in here grilling us for details if she had.

LANE: She wouldn't have pretended not to have heard so she wouldn't k*ll the surprise?

RORY: And risk clashing with the decor?

LANE: Right. Okay, I gotta go.

RORY: Hey, Henry?

LANE: Called him.

RORY: And?

LANE: He likes me. He's perfect. I'll never see him again. You'll read about it in my novel, A Connecticut Yankee in Pusan. [leaves]

CUT TO FRONT YARD

[Rory walks out the front door as Dean walks up to the house.]

DEAN: Hey.

RORY: Hi.

DEAN: Where you going?

RORY: I have to build a house.

DEAN: Okay, so where you going?

RORY: I'm serious.

DEAN: You're going to build a house?

RORY: It's for charity and I'm late, and why don't you go on inside and you and my mother can continue the 'Rory's building a house' routine and when that gets boring you can move on over to 'Who's on First?'

DEAN: Well, how long are you gonna be gone?

RORY: I don't know, why?

DEAN: I just thought we could hang today. Maybe see a movie, get something to eat. We could go to a bookstore, I'll watch you browse for six or seven hours.

RORY: I would love to but I have to do this thing today.

DEAN: Blow it off.

RORY: I can't.

DEAN: Did I mention the bookstore for six or seven hours?

RORY: How about tonight? We can get a pizza and go on Amazon. You'll be just as bored watching me ordering books, I promise.

DEAN: Deal.

RORY: Good, I have to go.

CUT TO CONSTRUCTION SITE

[Rory taps on a man's shoulder while he's sawing a piece of wood.]

RORY: Excuse me.

MAN: Hey, you're touching a man with a saw. You don't touch a man with a saw. What are you thinking?

RORY: I'm sorry.

MAN: I could've hurt myself. I could've hurt you. There's a ton of hurt that almost happened here.

RORY: I really am sorry. I've never been on a job site before. It's nice.

MAN: Okay, where you from?

RORY: Chilton. My name. . .

MAN: Come on Chilton.

RORY: No, it's Rory. Chilton's my school.

MAN: You got a hammer?

RORY: Oh, yes, sir.

MAN: Where is it?

[Rory takes out the decorated hammer and shows him]

RORY: It's a real hammer underneath.

MAN: That's a hammer?

RORY: Well, it's just dressed up a little.

MAN: You dressed up a hammer?

RORY: No, my mother did. She does that. She, um, she takes things that aren't pretty and makes them pretty, like a hammer, you know. One time she made individual outfits for my liquid paper bottles. A clown, a cowboy, a newscaster. She's not insane, she just sounds it.

MAN: Okay. Work here. Wear these. Don't look up, pay attention to your surroundings, the words duck or run mean duck or run. Wear sunscreen, drink water, get a button on the way out.

RORY: That's it? That's the instructions?

MAN: Yup.

RORY: But I've never done this before.

MAN: Well, tomorrow you won't be able to say that.

RORY: But people actually have to live in these houses. They may have kids or pets or breakables.

MAN: If you get in trouble, ask the person next to you.

ANOTHER MAN: Uh look out!

[Rory jumps back as a piece of wood falls next to her.]

MAN: Hey, you learn fast. I didn't even mention that one. [walks away]

[Rory starts to hammer a nail.]

PARIS: This is my wall.

RORY: What?

PARIS: I've been working here. I put together this entire wall. Go work someplace else.

RORY: You put together this wall?

PARIS: Go help with cement.

RORY: It's very impressive.

PARIS: I've done it a million times before. It's no big deal. Louise! What did I just tell you, use a grub axe for that!

LOUISE: Bite me!

RORY: Funny. I never pictured you as a Bob Vila kind of girl.

PARIS: Rebuilding Together is an extremely prestigious and respected organization. I've been volunteering for them for years.

RORY: Really? You just love the overalls?

PARIS: I don't. Harvard does.

RORY: What does that mean?

PARIS: When you apply to an ivy league school, you need more than good grades and test scores to get you in. Every person who applies to Harvard has a perfect GPA and great test scores. It's the extras that put you over the top. The clubs, charities, volunteering. You know.

RORY: Oh yeah, I know.

PARIS: I started volunteering in fourth grade. I handed out cookies at the local children's hospital. By ten, I was leading my first study group. The youngest person in the group was twelve.

RORY: Wow.

PARIS: I've been a camp counselor. I organized a senior illiteracy program, I worked a suicide hotline, I manned a runaway center. I've adopted dolphins, taught sign language, trained seeing eye dogs.

RORY: But when did you have time to have a life?

PARIS: I'll have a life after I graduate from Harvard. Now if you'll excuse me, the drainage on the south side of this place sucks.

MADELINE: Hi!

PARIS: Madeline!

MADELINE: Bye!

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW BUSSTOP

[Dean is waiting on the bench as Rory steps off the bus.]

DEAN: Hey. You look good in dirt.

RORY: Dean, hi.

DEAN: So how was it?

RORY: Long day. Long long day.

DEAN: The day is over. Let's talk about the night. Uh, there's a 7:30 showing of Barbarella, and I thought you can bring your mom's purse, you know the one with that monkey face and we'll sneak in some burgers and. . . what?

RORY: I can't.

DEAN: Get your mom's purse?

RORY: I can't do anything tonight.

DEAN: Why not?

RORY: Because I have a lot of planning to do.

DEAN: What planning?

RORY: I'm like ten years behind on my extracurriculars.

DEAN: What are you talking about?

RORY: Paris has been accumulating these things since she could walk. I mean, she has a list of good deeds that could bump Mother Teresa off the Harvard list.

DEAN: Okay, I'm lost.

RORY: I've been studying my butt off my whole life and I really thought that that was enough, but then Paris tells me that everyone makes good grades and it's the extras that put you over the top. And I thought that she was messing with me like she always does, but she's right. I mean, it makes total sense.

DEAN: What does?

RORY: Good grades aren't enough. I need to do things. I need to volunteer. I need to work for charity, I need to help the blind, the orphans, I don't know. I just need to do something.

DEAN: Fine, but what does this have to do with tonight?

RORY: I need to start now.

DEAN: Now? You have to help the blind and the orphans now?

RORY: Didn't I tell you that I was ten years behind?

DEAN: Well you can't make up for ten years in one night Rory.

RORY: I know. I just need to get organized.

DEAN: Well, Rory, it's summer. I mean, summer's the time to hang out and kick back.

RORY: I can't hang out or kick back. I need to find a Ret*rded kid and teach him how to play softball. Oh God, listen to me. I am horrible. I am under qualified and horrible.

DEAN: Wait a minute. I thought we were gonna spend some time together.

RORY: We are.

DEAN: When?

RORY: I don't know. Tomorrow maybe?

DEAN: You were busy today.

RORY: I told you. . .

DEAN: So we made plans for tonight.

RORY: Yes but. . .

DEAN: And now you're blowing me off again.

RORY: I am not blowing you off.

DEAN: You're going to summer school three days a week.

RORY: You knew about that.

DEAN: Yes, but we've been apart for awhile now and I figured you'd want to spend some time with me.

RORY: Dean, this is about Harvard.

DEAN: Oh, well excuse me, it's about Harvard, I forgot. Okay, fine.

RORY: You're mad? You're mad because I want to be sure that I get into a good college?

DEAN: Nope, I'm mad because my girlfriend doesn't seem to have time for me anymore.

RORY: Dean, stop it. This is important.

DEAN: And it can't wait for one night?

RORY: No.

DEAN: Fine.

RORY: Why are you acting like this?

DEAN: Like what?

RORY: Like you're two.

DEAN: Hey, I'm not going to Harvard, I could care less about Harvard. I just wanted to hang with you. But relax, since apparently I'm two, maybe I'll just grow out of it.
CUT TO LORELAI'S KITCHEN

[Rory's sitting at the kitchen table as Lorelai walks into the kitchen.]

LORELAI: Okay, I'm officially way too tired to go out tonight so I'm not trusting my accessorizing instincts. Tell me what you think.

RORY: I have no wilderness skills.

LORELAI: So you hate the purse?

RORY: How am I supposed to get into Harvard if I have no wilderness skills?

LORELAI: I don't know honey. Maybe you'll have to give up your dream of majoring in logging.

RORY: I called the Fireflies. Do they need troop leaders? Yes. Good, I'll be a troop leader. Great. The only catch is, it's summer. Camping season. I need wilderness skills. Why did you never take me camping?

LORELAI: Camping? Are you kidding? I couldn't get you to step on wet grass until you were three.

RORY: If you had taken me camping, I'd have wilderness skills.

LORELAI: Well, I'll tell you what. I'll take you upstairs. I'll throw you out the window. If you manage to grab that tree, I'll be your witness.

RORY: I called the Sunnyside Home. Do they need any volunteers? And believe it or not, they don't, but they do need an accordion player for their Friday night polka party.

LORELAI: How come I never forced you to learn the accordion?

RORY: The library was closed. I can call them tomorrow, but they only have twelve books so I'm not counting on that. The tutoring program at Chilton is still taking names. I guess I can do that but

LORELAI: Honey, calm down.

RORY: I'm not prepared. I will never catch up.

LORELAI: You will catch up, but not in one night. You've made your lists and your calls, why don't you relax and call Dean to come over?

RORY: We're in a fight.

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: Because you never took me camping.

LORELAI: Oh boy, I am really sucking tonight.

RORY: We were supposed to hang out and I told him I couldn't and he got made and we're in a fight.

LORELAI: Ugh. Well, listen, why don't I cancel on Max tonight and I'll hang out here with you. We can make popcorn and reminisce about how I never forced you to become a missionary.

RORY: No, go, I'm fine. I just need to focus on this.

LORELAI: Well, I can help.

RORY: No, I need to do this alone.

LORELAI: Are you sure?

RORY: I'm sure.

LORELAI: Okay, well, I'm not gonna be home late. And listen, I would reconsider calling Dean. It's not his fault that you're so fabulous he can't think about anything else.

RORY: Bye Mom.

LORELAI: I mean, he just sits in his room, eating Froot Loops out of the box, saying your name over and over and over.

RORY: Time is ticking.

LORELAI: Rory, I love you Rory. Rory, I will not be ignored Rory

RORY: Leave.

LORELAI: Okay, I'll be home early. Bye.

CUT TO RESTAURANT

[Max and Lorelai are eating dinner outside.]

MAX: You hate your dinner.

LORELAI: No I don't.

MAX: You've hardly touched it.

LORELAI: Well, when somebody goes to all the trouble to make your entrée look like a little tiny hat, you hate to mess it up.

MAX: Is something wrong?

LORELAI: No.

MAX: You can tell me. That's what I'm here for.

LORELAI: I thought it was just for eye candy.

MAX: That too.

LORELAI: I'm fine. It's just stuff, ya know. Rory's freaking out about not having enough extracurricular things to impress Harvard with.

MAX: I can help her with that.

LORELAI: I'm sure she would greatly appreciate it.

MAX: Is that all that's wrong?

LORELAI: Yeah, just a lot of stuff to think about, you know, for the wedding.

MAX: I forget to tell you, I saw my parents today. They just wanted me to tell you how thrilled they are. My mother cried twice. She said you don't have to call her mom but you're welcome to if you want.

LORELAI: Really?

MAX: And then my father took me aside and gave me a long talk about marriage and the many ways of making a wife happy.

LORELAI: Ooh, a dirty talk.

MAX: Then they gave me this. [holds out a check]

LORELAI: No they did not.

MAX: Yes they did too.

LORELAI: Ah, did you tell them that we're paying for everything ourselves?

MAX: I did.

LORELAI: Sookie's doing the cake, the ceremony's at my house, Patty's supplying the chairs— thirty five dollars?

MAX: It's the first of four installments. That way we can't spend it all in one place.

LORELAI: Oh, that is so cute!

MAX: They just want to be involved.

LORELAI: That's sweet, that's really sweet. Can I. . .thanks.

MAX: Oh, and my mother even offered you her wedding dress.

LORELAI: Huh.

MAX: But since three of you could fit into that dress I took the liberty of declining it.

LORELAI: Oh, I hope she wasn't insulted.

MAX: No, I just told her you were wearing your mother's dress.

LORELAI: Ah.

MAX: It doesn't matter whether you are or not, she just wanted to offer something.

LORELAI: Let's get dessert.

MAX: You okay?

LORELAI: I just think it's great. I think it's great that your parents are so happy and into everything. I. .that must be nice to have that.

MAX: Well, why don't you think of it this way? Now they're kind of your parents too so you'll have that also.

LORELAI: Yes, I will think of it like that. That is exactly how I will think of it.

MAX: Good.

LORELAI: Because otherwise, I'd have to look at it like Max has parents who love him and care about him, and I have parents.

MAX: I didn't mean to upset you.

LORELAI: I'm not upset. It's just, I can't get that one moment out of my mind. 'That's nice, I hope we're in town.' Who, who, who reacts like that? I mean, what sort of mind forms that reaction to 'Hey mom, I'm getting married'?

MAX: Well, from everything you've told me about your parents, there's so much baggage between you guys□

LORELAI: You figure out a different way. You tap into compassion or family obligation or something. You don't react like that.

MAX: I agree. It's wrong. But you can't change who they are, and you won't get anywhere trying to.

LORELAI: Okay, you know what? I don't want to talk about my parents anymore. Okay, I don't want to speculate about them, I don't want to analyze them, I don't want to think about them anymore. We should go.

MAX: Come on, it's still early. We'll go someplace else. Talk a little bit more?

LORELAI: Yes. Absolutely. Sounds good.

CUT TO INSIDE MAX'S CAR

MAX: Listen, I'm sorry tonight brought up all these bad feelings for you.

LORELAI: That's okay. Make a right.

MAX: But I bet this was harder for your mother than you think it is.

LORELAI: Uh huh.

MAX: I mean, look what's happened to her over the last year. She was just getting back into your life, and suddenly, everything changes on her.

LORELAI: Yeah, that's gotta suck. Go right.

MAX: You know, maybe once we get married, things will settle down, you two will be able to work it out. I mean, you never know, I might be able to help the situation, ya know, uh, act as a buffer or so.

LORELAI: That's a good thought, good thought. Pull□Pull in here.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai and Max pull up out front and walk to the front door.]

MAX: Lorelai, hold on, ya know, I think I know what's going on here, and I gotta tell you, it's not a good idea.

LORELAI: This'll just take a second. [rings doorbell several times]

MAX: I don't know, maybe you should wait until tomorrow, calm down a little, think this through, maybe you'll be able to be more objective.

LORELAI: You are not asleep. Come on!

MAX: You are way too emotional for this.

LORELAI: No, I'm just emotional enough. Now if you like you can wait in the car because I really don't plan on being here that long.

[Emily opens the front door]

EMILY: What on earth?

LORELAI: Hi mom, do you have a sec to chat? Super.

[Lorelai walks inside, Max waits inside by the door]

EMILY: Lorelai, what is this?

LORELAI: I just wanted to see how you were, that's all.

EMILY: I'm fine.

LORELAI: You are? Oh good, good. I'm glad that you're fine. I, however, am not fine.

EMILY: Your father and I were just about to go to bed. We can do this in the morning.

LORELAI: Actually Mom, no. We can't do this in the morning. We really need to do this right now.

EMILY: Are you drunk?

LORELAI: No, I'm not drunk. I'm confused.

EMILY: About what?

LORELAI: About you.

EMILY: And what about me confuses you Lorelai?

LORELAI: Well, so many things. I mean, for example, why can't you keep a maid in this house? I

mean, there must've been a thousand women who've gone through here in the thirty-two years that I've been alive, and not one of them could stick it out.

EMILY: And this is what we need to discuss right now?

LORELAI: These are women from countries that have dictatorships and civil wars and death squads and all of that they survived, but five minutes working for Emily Gilmore, and people are begging for Castro.

EMILY: All right, I'm going to bed now.

LORELAI: And why is it that when your only daughter tells you that she is getting married, you can't muster up even a little enthusiasm? Even a little fake enthusiasm. Why don't you pretend that you care? I mean, this is the biggest thing to happen to me possibly for the rest of my life, and you dismissed it like I said, 'Hey, I'm thinking of getting a Honda, what do you think?'

EMILY: You're obviously hysterical!

LORELAI: Why don't you care? Why have you never cared? No matter what has happened to me my entire life, you've never been happy for me, and that hurts, Mom, it really hurts!

EMILY: I'm not discussing this with you.

LORELAI: Do you know how it felt for me to tell you that I was getting married and to have you just brush it off like that? Do you know?

EMILY: No, I don't, I don't know! Possibly very similar to finding out from a complete stranger that my only daughter was getting married and had told every other person in the world before she bothered to tell her own mother. Possibly it felt something like that. Now if you'll excuse me, it is late, and I am going to bed. [opens the front door, Lorelai walks out]

MAX: Um, my parents would really like to have lunch with you and Mr. Gilmore, sometime. . . soon. Nice meeting you. [leaves]

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Sookie and Michel are at the front desk.]

MICHEL: I don't care.

SOOKIE: I just need a quick opinion.

MICHEL: It took me two seconds to tell you I don't care. That's as quick as I get.

SOOKIE: This Lorelai's engagement party. It is a once in a lifetime event, and I want it to be perfect.

MICHEL: I am working.

SOOKIE: Just pick a cookie.

MICHEL: I don't want to.

SOOKIE: Michel, for the rest of their lives, Lorelai and Max are gonna think back on their engagement party and they're gonna talk about three things. They're gonna talk about the friends who came, and that special song they danced to, and the cookies that they ate.

MICHEL: Their world is very small, isn't it?

SOOKIE: Macaroons or chocolate pralines?

MICHEL: Go back to the cooking room.

SOOKIE: Not until you eat these and tell me what you think!

MICHEL: Sookie! I only eat fifteen hundred calories a day. If I eat that, I cannot have my Boca burger later.

[Lorelai walks in.]

LORELAI: Hey Sookie. Is there any coffee left? I had a really lousy night.

SOOKIE: Oh, sorry, ya know, I've been so busy I didn't even think about it.

LORELAI: Oh, that's okay. I'll make some myself.

SOOKIE: No! I'll make it! I'll make it! I wanna make it! I wanna make it! Let me do it! I wanna make it! hey, I make the coffee!

LORELAI: Sookie, relax, you're busy.

SOOKIE: No, I'm not. Go back to the counter. Michel's stealing.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

[Lorelai and Sookie walk through the door. The kitchen is filled with decorated cakes and baked goods.]

LORELAI: Oh my god. What is this?

SOOKIE: Uh, the dinner special?

LORELAI: The dinner special is a heart shaped pastry with Max and Lorelai written on it?

SOOKIE: I couldn't find any good salmon.

LORELAI: Oh Sookie, you're throwing me a wedding shower, aren't you?

SOOKIE: It was supposed to be a surprise.

LORELAI: Oh my God, this is amazing, Sookie, even for you.

SOOKIE: Wait 'til you see the ice sculptures!

LORELAI: When is it?

SOOKIE: Tonight.

LORELAI: Uh, so your yen to hit the bingo parlor in Enfield was. . .

SOOKIE: A vicious vicious lie.

LORELAI: This is incredible. This is really really incredible. My God, is there any pink icing left on the planet?

SOOKIE: The whole town is in on it actually. It's gonna be quite the affair. I think you'll be sufficiently impressed with the amount of people that wanna celebrate this with you.

LORELAI: Michel?

SOOKIE: No.

LORELAI: Right. I, I just, I can't get over this. Ugh. Hey, you didn't by any chance invite my parents, did you?

SOOKIE: Actually, I did.

LORELAI: Oh.

SOOKIE: And at first, I was really torn because I know you have issues with them, but it is your wedding and I assumed you wanted them to be there. Oh no, your mother told you.

LORELAI: Sort of.

SOOKIE: Damn, I thought I mentioned that it was a surprise. I don't know, maybe I didn't. It would be so typical of me. Uh, the cat's already out of the bag, and I'm stuffing imported chocolate squares down my shirt so you don't see me walk into the kitchen with them. Hey, did your mother mention if they were coming? She never got back to me.

LORELAI: Uh, yeah, no, um, she's got a thing tonight.

SOOKIE: Oh, too bad. Hey, we can save her a piece of cake.

LORELAI: That would be nice.

CUT TO ENGAGEMENT PARTY

[In the center of a very decorated Stars Hollow, people are celebrating as Lorelai and Max sit surrounded by presents.]

KIRK: [on bullhorn] Attention guests, the buffet line is clogging at sector B. I repeat, sector B is moving too slow. Keep it moving people.

[Rory walks up to the table where Lane is in charge of the party music.]

RORY: Hey Mr. DJ, put a record on.

LANE: How's it sound?

RORY: Great.

LANE: I'm trying to find that subtle blend between not too cliché sounding traditional tunes with out of left field, should be standard.

RORY: Well, the Sinatra medley was great. I'd maybe skipped playing anything else by The Damned.

LANE: Got it. What time is it?

RORY: It's eight. What time do you leave?

LANE: I have a 10 o'clock flight.

RORY: Have I told you how much I'm gonna miss you?

LANE: Write me. Constantly.

RORY: Everyday.

LANE: Encouraging letters full of hope and see you soon.

RORY: I'll be tying yellow ribbons around the old oak trees.

LANE: I will be back for the wedding.

RORY: You better be.

LANE: Just don't let her change the date.

RORY: Not going to happen. Max is teaching a summer course at the University of Toronto, so if you're back by the end of the summer, it'll be fine.

LANE: Don't say if.

RORY: Right.

[Cut to Lorelai and Max]

MAX: I don't know if you've realized, but every gift so far has been for you.

LORELAI: Yes, well, in this town, I am the queen. You are simply my jester.

MAX: A position I happily accept.

LORELAI: Aw, so come on then. How can you stand to leave all this for two months? Do you think Toronto's gonna make you into an ice sculpture? I don't think so.

MAX: I wish you'd come with me.

LORELAI: I have to work.

MAX: Well, two months is a long time.

LORELAI: I know.

MAX: Will you still want me when I got back?

LORELAI: I think there's a very good possibility that I will be just as infatuated with you then as I am now.

MAX: Maybe more.

LORELAI: Maybe more.

[cut to the gazebo, where young girls dressed as brides gather to perform a dance.]

MISS PATTY: Oh, come on ladies, hurry up. Love waits for no one. Lucy, get off of Jenny's train! All right, bouquets up, and music!

[the girls start dancing. Kirk watches them as Rory walks over to him.]

RORY: How come you're not up there Kirk?

KIRK: Oh, I don't tap anymore. Bum knees.

RORY: Ah.

KIRK: I have to tell you, I'm a little worried about this gazebo holding up all those hoofers. They never did a trial run like I requested.

RORY: Oh, I think it's okay. The studs are definitely sound, and the two by fours are a nice number two structural grade. Or better possibly. I built a house yesterday.

KIRK: Oh, for Pete's sake! [on bullhorn] No tossing of the Jordan almonds. I repeat, put the almonds down!

[Kirk walks away as Dean walks over.]

DEAN: Hey.

RORY: Hey.

DEAN: This is quite a party.

RORY: Elegant and understated, just like my mother.

DEAN: So, uh, how are you?

RORY: I'm fine, how are you?

DEAN: Me? Uh, I'm an idiot.

RORY: No you're not.

DEAN: I'm so sorry Rory.

RORY: I'm sorry too.

DEAN: I don't even know what happened.

RORY: We had a fight, that's all.

DEAN: I mean, I've just missed you and

RORY: I've missed you too.

DEAN: I got—I don't know, I got jealous of Harvard for a minute, which is crazy 'cause I love the fact that you're gonna go to Harvard. And then you have to do something that's gonna help you get there, and I—I don't even, I don't even really understand it myself.

RORY: Well, I didn't help. I was all wigged out when I got home.

DEAN: Well, you had all the right to be.

RORY: It's just that when it comes to Harvard, I sometimes get a little tunnel vision, and it's getting closer□

DEAN: Whoa.

RORY: □and I have to think about it□

DEAN: You do not have to explain.

RORY: But I don't want you to feel unimportant, because believe me, you're not.

DEAN: I'm glad.

RORY: I mean it. The only way you could be more important to me is if you had a Kit Kat bar growing out of your head.

DEAN: Well, I can't make any promises, but I'll give it a try.

RORY: I'm sorry.

DEAN: Don't be. I mean, I'm not going to a fancy school. I don't have that kind of pressure. I can't even imagine what that must feel like.

RORY: You could go to a fancy school if you wanted to.

DEAN: I don't think so.

RORY: Why not? You're smart.

DEAN: No, you're smart.

RORY: You are too.

DEAN: Rory.

RORY: And I could help you organize all of your extracurricular activities because I'm now an expert at it.

DEAN: I don't□

RORY: How are your wilderness skills?

DEAN: Hey?

RORY: What?

DEAN: Do you accept my apology?

RORY: Yeah, I accept your apology.

[cut to Lorelai and Max]

MAX: You okay?

LORELAI: Yeah. You know, I'll just um, I'll be right back.

MAX: Okay.

[cut to Kirk]

KIRK: [on bullhorn] Only three treats per person. No hogging of the treats. If caught with more than three treats on a plate, you will be faced with possible expulsion from said party.

LORELAI: Hey Kirk. Can I see that for a sec?

KIRK: Oh, sure.

LORELAI: Thanks. [walks away with bullhorn]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai walks in. Luke is at the counter filling up ketchup bottles.]

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: Hey. Why aren't you at your party?

LORELAI: Well that's funny, I was about to ask you the same thing.

LUKE: Ah, well, I just got kinda busy here.

LORELAI: Oh, yes, I can see that. Boy they keep making that ketchup slower and slower, huh?

LUKE: It's the Heinz family's little joke.

LORELAI: Boy, it's really pretty crazy out there.

LUKE: Oh, I can imagine.

LORELAI: Lots of people all having fun, just the kind of thing you'd hate.

LUKE: Sounds awful

LORELAI: You'd be miserable.

LUKE: Oh, yes I would.

LORELAI: But in spite of all that, I was kind of thinking, and you don't have to, that maybe you could pull yourself away for a second.

LUKE: Ah, well I

LORELAI: I mean, you know, finish the ketchup tonight, but maybe leave the worchestshire sauce for tomorrow.

LUKE: I'll see how it goes.

LORELAI: Okay. I mean, it's just—it's a really big night for me tonight, and I don't know, it just feels like you should be there. Anyway, I'll let you get back to your ketchup. [leaves]

[cut to Sookie and Jackson at the party]

SOOKIE: The macaroons are going like hot cakes!

JACKSON: Yup, everything's a big success.

SOOKIE: Look at all this, isn't it beautiful? I know it's cliché, but it is so romantic it makes you all giddy in a really sappy kind of way, doesn't it?

JACKSON: Uh, sure, I guess.

SOOKIE: I hope they're happy. Ugh, what am I saying? How can they not be happy? They're in love, they have each other, and everything's perfect□

JACKSON: Okay! I get it!

SOOKIE: Jackson, what are you□

JACKSON: What do you think I need a piano to fall on my head?

SOOKIE: Well, I don't think anybody actually needs a piano to fall on their head.

JACKSON: All the marriage talk, and the, 'Oh Jackson, you should see Lorelai's ring, it's so beautiful.'

SOOKIE: Well, it is.

JACKSON: I understand. I'm hip, okay? We've hit that point in our relationship where the little hints are starting. Which means that'll be followed by the 'where are we going' talk, and that'll only end in a big ultimatum. Suddenly all hell breaks loose.

SOOKIE: Okay, no more sugar for you.

JACKSON: So, I think I need to say this right now. I'm not ready for marriage.

SOOKIE: Okay.

JACKSON: However, I'd be willing to move in.

SOOKIE: Move in where?

JACKSON: Move in with you.

SOOKIE: [laughing] Jackson, you're hilarious!

JACKSON: I am?

SOOKIE: I'll move in with you. [laughs] What a riot!

JACKSON: Why are you laughing?

SOOKIE: [laughing] You're face! God, you're good. You are good.

JACKSON: I wasn't joking.

SOOKIE: [laughing] Come on, let's go get some punch.

JACKSON: Sookie, I'm serious, I'm moving in.

SOOKIE: [laughing] Jackson, stop, you're gonna give me a cramp!

JACKSON: Sookie, get back here!

[pan around the party to: Miss Patty dancing with Kirk, Rory and Dean sitting on a bench, Lane leaving for the airport, Lorelai and Max dancing, Luke coming to the party. Lorelai and Luke smile and wave at each other. Luke sits down on a bench next to three little girls dressed as brides, who all stare at him.]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Emily sits at a table writing something as the doorbell rings.]

EMILY: Marina, the door please.

[the maid answers the door. Lorelai walks in.]

LORELAI: Hey. Oh thanks. Hey mom. I was in the neighborhood, 'cause there's that wedding dress place on Willow. Elizabeth Taylor bought one of her dresses there. Anyhow, I was trying to make a decision about a veil, and I thought maybe you might have some opinion about which one would look best on me 'cause, well you know me, so um, I thought I'd stop by and ask you which one you thought would be good. On me. So, which one?

EMILY: You're quite capable of choosing that yourself Lorelai.

LORELAI: I'm sorry.

EMILY: All right, you're sorry.

LORELAI: I don't know how to tell you things Mom. Um, I don't know if you've noticed this or not, but we don't communicate very well. When something good happens to me, I'm just afraid you're gonna make me feel bad about it. And when something bad happens to me, I'm always afraid you'll say 'I told you so.' I'm not sure if that's always fair, and I'm sure I share part of the blame for this circle we get into, but you think your words don't have any effect on me, but they do. And, I just didn't want to feel bad about this, so I waited. And I really didn't mean to hurt you. Okay, well, I will let you get back to that letter there.

EMILY: Your head is much too big for a veil. You might consider a tiara.

LORELAI: Um, a tiara?

EMILY: That's what I wore.

LORELAI: Oh. Okay. Well, I'll think about that. [leaves]

THE END