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04x10 - The Nanny and the Professor

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04x10 - The Nanny and the Professor

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OPEN IN THE TOWN SQUARE

[Lorelai and Rory are walking down the sidewalk.]

RORY: It's culs-de-sac.

LORELAI: No way!

RORY: It is.

LORELAI: The plural of cul-de-sac is culs-de-sac?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: That doesn't even sound like English.

RORY: That's because it's French.

LORELAI: You know what I mean.

RORY: I hate to be the bearer of bad news.

LORELAI: Words should sound right to be right.

RORY: That's not how it works.

LORELAI: So, what, the plural of yo-yo is yos-yo?

RORY: Yeah, 'cause that sounds so natural.

LORELAI: As natural as culs-de-sac.

[They walk into Luke's Diner, where Lane is waitressing.]

LORELAI: Hey, when did Lane start working here?

RORY: Oh, a couple of days ago. She filled out an application, and Luke brought her in for an interview and everything.

LORELAI: An interview? So official.

RORY: Yeah. They sat in complete silence for a full five minutes, then Luke said, "How ya doing?" and she said "Good," and then he gave her the job.

LORELAI: So what do we get out of this?

RORY: What do you mean?

LORELAI: We got someone on the inside now, a friend of ours.

RORY: And out of it we could get?

LORELAI: The secret things he keeps back there.

RORY: His showgirl costume.

LORELAI: Extra jelly packets, butter, discarded day-old bread.

RORY: But we get that when we go dumpster driving.

LORELAI: This'll be easier on our shoes.

[Luke walks over to their table]

LORELAI: Hey, Luke.

LUKE: Look at this.

LORELAI: Who, Lane? She's super waitress, able to leap tall pancakes in a single bound. Or is that pans-cake?

RORY: Very funny.

LUKE: It's not gonna work out.

LORELAI: Oh. What, she's so good.

LUKE: She's too good.

LORELAI: Oh, calm down.

LUKE: I'm not even sure why she took the job. I mean, I totally blew the interview.

LORELAI: You were nervous.

[Lane walks over]

LANE: Hey, guys. You got this, Luke?

LUKE: Yeah, I got it.

LANE: [walking away] Caesar, I need that English muffin.

LUKE: When there was a lull, she cleaned the menus without being asked.

LORELAI: Do you mean mens-u?

RORY: Stop it.

LUKE: This isn't challenging enough. She's gonna get bored.

LORELAI: Buy her a chemistry set.

RORY: Or a foosball table.

LUKE: I should find something to do. [walks away]

RORY: Having help is stressing him.

LORELAI: So, now, why do you have to get back to campus so early? Classes don't start for a couple of days.

RORY: Yeah, I have a lot of stuff to do. And it'll be nice and quiet with no roommates around.

LORELAI: Where are the rooms-mate?

RORY: Um, Janet's mountain climbing, Tanna's home, and Paris went skiing with her boyfriend.

LORELAI: So you're just ignoring the plural thing now?

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: You haven't mentioned Paris' boyfriend in awhile. Everything good there?

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: What? Something's not right?

RORY: Um, well, just the weirdness of them being really busy with school, and he's miles away at Princeton, but they're good. Um, she called me from the slopes and they sounded like they were having a blast.

LANE: Eggs scrambled, Caesar. Hey, Luke, coffee in the corner.

LUKE: Right, sorry.

LORELAI: Boy, maybe this Lane/Luke team isn't gonna work out.

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: Where do you think Luke will go?

RORY: I don't know. Maybe a big chain will take him on.

LORELAI: I wonder if he has a forklift license.

RORY: He could redeem recyclables.

LORELAI: You mean recycs-able?

[opening credits]

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai and Michel are walking down the sidewalk]

MICHEL: You promise?

LORELAI: Yes. This is in and out, pick a molding for the public areas, meeting adjourned.

MICHEL: No food sampling.

LORELAI: It's not on the agenda.

MICHEL: I have not seen Sookie once this month where she has not greeted me by shoving something in my mouth.

LORELAI: Are you sure it was food every time?

MICHEL: You can joke, but as long as super low rise jeans are in fashion for men, I must stay trim or I'll die.

[They walk up to Sookie's house and knock on the door]

SOOKIE: [calls from inside the house] Come on in!

LORELAI: How low we talking here?

MICHEL: I've had to wax.

LORELAI: Subject over.

[They walk into the house]

SOOKIE: Hi. Oh! [looks through the bag of crown molding Lorelai is carrying] Aha. Hm. Ooh, this is nice.

LORELAI: That's my favorite, too. A little pricey.

SOOKIE: It's amazing how we always pick the pricey. So, do you guys want something to -

MICHEL: No!

SOOKIE: . . .drink? I made hot water for tea.

MICHEL: Tea?

SOOKIE: You like Earl Gray, right?

MICHEL: If you have some.

SOOKIE: It's all ready. Earl Gray.

MICHEL: Thank you.

SOOKIE: And try this pizzelle.

MICHEL: I knew it.

LORELAI: Delight!

MICHEL: This is a tasting.

SOOKIE: I just need your opinion.

MICHEL: Well, my opinion is you're trying to fatten me out of a love life.

SOOKIE: I thought you were celibate.

MICHEL: Not by choice.

[The baby starts crying in another room]

SOOKIE: You woke up Davey, big mouth.

LORELAI: Do you wanna go check on him?

SOOKIE: He'll be out here in a second.

LORELAI: He's two months and already walking? I'm missing the big moments.

[Tobin walks into the room with the baby]

LORELAI: Tobin!

MICHEL: Tobin?

TOBIN: Hi, and I'm high around this little thing. He's such an angel.

SOOKIE: Hello, little booby. Did that mean old Michel wake you up?

MICHEL: I'm being Punk'd. I know I'm being Punk'd.

SOOKIE: Isn't this great? We have the whole team back together.

MICHEL: I'm ecstatic. Did you know about this?

LORELAI: I knew that Tobin was back in town, but I didn't hear you were the -

TOBIN: Davey's nanny? Just until something permanent comes along.

SOOKIE: Davey fell for this guy lock, stock and barrel. It was love at first sight.

TOBIN: Well, my whole life is kids. I have eleven nieces and nephews.

LORELAI: Wow.

MICHEL: How joyous for you.

LORELAI: Now, Tobin, we'd heard you moved.

TOBIN: Yes, right after the inn burned down. I moved to Utah because I heard there was lots of job opportunities for industrious Mormons.

LORELAI: I didn't know you were a Mormon.

TOBIN: I wasn't, so I became one. The paperwork took weeks. And I didn't know about the alcohol thing.

LORELAI: They famously abstain.

TOBIN: No coffee either. The choir is fabulous, but then there's the funny underwear. It didn't last.

SOOKIE: Then he called me from the road and suggested this.

MICHEL: How wonderful.

TOBIN: Oh, I see you're trying the pizzelles. Are they not pieces of heaven shaped like cookies?

LORELAI: Wonderful.

TOBIN: You know, they'd be perfect for breakfast, too, with cappuccino.

SOOKIE: I've never thought of them for breakfast. Great idea.

MICHEL: It occurred to me.

TOBIN: You know, you could serve them on that green platter we bought yesterday. The colors would juxtapose nicely.

MICHEL: You went shopping together?

TOBIN: Yes. I turned Sookie onto a place that sells hard-to-find kitchenware. Oh, and I found some websites I'd like to recommend to you, Lorelai. I spent a lot of time online when I was a Mormon. There wasn't much else to do.

MICHEL: Excuse me, is this not an inn meeting for inn employees only?

[The baby starts crying]

TOBIN: It's okay, little baby. I think your voice hits a pitch that hurts his ears.

MICHEL: My voice has the same pitch as anyone else's.

SOOKIE: Michel hates babies.

MICHEL: I do not hate babies.

LORELAI: Well, babies hate you.

MICHEL: They do not hate me. Look, all I'm saying is, we have limited time together, the three of us, and we cannot afford to waste it, the three of us, and he's cutting in.

TOBIN: Michel, I'm not cutting in. But the fact is, wherever Sookie goes, the baby goes, and wherever the baby goes, I go. It's my job. We even made a joke earlier - the baby has a meeting today. [points to a piece of crown molding] I love this.

LORELAI: We do, too.

SOOKIE: Would you like a cup of tea, Tobin?

TOBIN: Just a little lapsing oolong, please.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai, Rory, Richard and Emily are eating dinner]

LORELAI: You knew that?

RICHARD: Yes, I did.

LORELAI: Come on!

RICHARD: Everyone does.

LORELAI: Did you?

EMILY: Of course I did.

LORELAI: So everyone in the entire world knew the plural of cul-de-sac was culs-de-sac?

RICHARD: Yes.

LORELAI: Okay. So Mariah Carey is out with some friends and she's had a couple cocktails, she glances down from the roof and says, "Oh, look at all those culs-de-sac."

RORY: Why are they on the roof?

LORELAI: It's a rooftop bar.

RICHARD: How have you been saying it?

LORELAI: Cul-de-sacs.

RICHARD: And no one ever corrected you?

LORELAI: No, because that's the way it should be. Even if it isn't technically correct, it should be pronounced that way.

RORY: Mom, Mom, just let it go.

LORELAI: I will never let this go.

RORY: Is there dessert?

EMILY: Yes, and we have a special surprise for you for dessert. We brought it back from Switzerland.

LORELAI: We're getting a mountain goat?

RICHARD: This is better than a goat.

EMILY: Let's go into the living room.

RORY: Dessert from Switzerland.

LORELAI: The land of chocolate.

RORY: Yum!

RICHARD: You two are going to love this.

LORELAI: Is it as good as Toblerone?

RICHARD: Oh, it's better than Toblerone.

[They walk to the living room. The maid sets the dessert tray on the coffee table]

LORELAI: Whoa, what is that?

EMILY: It's marzipan.

RORY: Marzipan?

RICHARD: The finest marzipan in all of Europe. Made by cloistered nuns.

EMILY: We toured their cloister, it was right out of "The Sound of Music."

LORELAI: What happened to the chocolate?

EMILY: What chocolate?

LORELAI: You compared it to Toblerone - that's chocolate.

RICHARD: You brought up Toblerone. I just said it was better than that because I think it is.

EMILY: Marzipan is candy. You like candy.

LORELAI: Marzipan is not candy. It is a unique substance unto itself, like Velveeta or plutonium.

EMILY: You're not even going to try it?

LORELAI: I'll pass.

RORY: I'll try some, Grandma.

RICHARD: Take the one with the little pig on it.

RORY: Oh, thank you.

RICHARD: We got the pigs for you and the bunny for your mother.

LORELAI: You got me bunnies?

EMILY: They're for whomever now.

LORELAI: Well, no, I'll try a bunny.

EMILY: Don't force yourself.

LORELAI: I'm not. I want a bunny. Give me a bunny.

EMILY: Delicious.

RICHARD: Those nuns kick you-know-what.

[the doorbell rings]

EMILY: Now who can that be?

RICHARD: Ah, it's probably Jason. He said he might drop something by on his way back from the airport.

EMILY: In the middle of dinner?

RICHARD: He won't be here long. He's probably exhausted. The flight from Australia is draining.

[The maid brings Jason to the living room]

RICHARD: Jason, welcome back.

JASON: Oh, I didn't mean to interrupt your evening.

RICHARD: Oh, oh, not at all. You look fit. Look how fit he looks, Emily.

EMILY: He looks very fit. Hello, Jason.

JASON: Emily.

RICHARD: Uh, you've met Lorelai and Rory.

JASON: Yes, it's nice to see you again.

LORELAI: Same here.

RORY: Hi.

JASON: Richard, here are the papers, and they do not need to be notarized.

RICHARD: Oh, that's a huge help. Terrific.

LORELAI: So, um, Mom, maybe our guest would, uh . . .

EMILY: Oh, Jason, would you like some marzipan?

JASON: Would I? I love marzipan.

EMILY: Take as much as you like, and put some extra into a napkin. Just not the one Lorelai spat her piece into.

JASON: [tries some marzipan] Mmm, delicious.

RICHARD: Mmhmm, mmhmm.

JASON: Well, I'll be going. It was good to see you all again.

RICHARD: Oh, here.

JASON: No, no, no, no, Richard, you don't have to see me out.

RICHARD: All right. See you tomorrow.

[Jason leaves]

RICHARD: He must have been hiking the whole time. He looks wonderful.

LORELAI: Excuse me, I just have to freshen up my. . .be right back. [leaves the room]

EMILY: [to Rory] Have you swallowed your marzipan yet?

RORY: Mmhmm. [pause] Unh-uh. [Richard hands her a napkin and she spits out her marzipan]

[In another room, Lorelai calls Jason's cell phone.]

JASON: Hello?

LORELAI: Um, so, you're back.

JASON: Uh, I am no hologram.

LORELAI: Uh, Australia was good?

JASON: Very good. Hot.

LORELAI: You tie your wallaby down, sport?

JASON: No, I just drank a lot of beer and thought about you a lot.

LORELAI: That's very sweet.

JASON: So when are we getting together again?

LORELAI: When do you want?

JASON: How about now?

LORELAI: Hm, too spontaneous.

JASON: How about Monday night?

LORELAI: For what?

JASON: Dinner, et cetera.

LORELAI: Sounds good, et cetera.

JASON: I'll call you.

LORELAI: Okay. Hey, what are you gonna do with your marzipan?

JASON: Oh, I don't know. I thought I'd dump 'em on the road, but is that environmentally sound?

LORELAI: I don't think marzipan biodegrades.

JASON: I'll just serve it to the clients I don't like.

LORELAI: Well, bye.

JASON: I'll see you Monday.

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Rory is in the common room with a repairman who is fixing the radiator.]

REPAIRMAN: Almost done with your radiator, young lady.

RORY: Take your time.

REPAIRMAN: You were smart. You come back early, you beat the rush.

RORY: I just wanted to get a jump on things.

REPAIRMAN: I like the campus when it's kind of empty like this, you know, all quiet. Snow's pretty, too.

RORY: Yeah, very pretty.

[Rory looks out the window and sees Paris with Asher Fleming]

REPAIRMAN: There's something very magical about this campus. I've been here 23 years come August and I've never been bored. You know, we've had presidents graduate from this school. You okay?

RORY: What?

REPAIRMAN: You feeling okay?

RORY: Yes. I, um. . .yes. Thanks.

[Paris walks into the suite]

PARIS: Rory.

RORY: Paris, hi. You're back early.

PARIS: You're back early.

RORY: Just thought I'd get a jump on things. How was your trip?

PARIS: Great. I thought I'd come back early.

RORY: Same here. Where's your stuff?

PARIS: Well, I got back early.

RORY: I know.

PARIS: Early this morning, so I unpacked and then I went to visit my mom.

RORY: Is she good?

PARIS: She wasn't there. Jamie says hello.

RORY: Oh, good. Hello back at him. So, you guys have fun?

PARIS: I told you that on the phone.

RORY: I know. You have fun after that?

PARIS: Sure. The resort was beautiful. A little too star-studded. Harrison Ford and Calista Flockhart were there. They tongue kissed in public.

RORY: They're in love.

PARIS: Then she'd tickle his tummy and he'd giggle. It was foul.

RORY: To each his own.

PARIS: Well, I'll get out of your way.

RORY: You're not in my way. I'll get out of your way.

PARIS: You're not in my way.

RORY: Well, I'll just stay here, then.

PARIS: Good.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is in the kitchen eating from a pizza box at the counter. She closes the box and accidentally knocks it onto the floor]

LORELAI: End scene. sh**t.

[She starts cleaning it up off the floor and brushes some crumbs underneath the sink. Rory arrives home and walks into the kitchen]

RORY: What are you doing?

LORELAI: [startled] Oh, God! Rory! Announce yourself!

RORY: Were you brushing dirt under the sink?

LORELAI: No, I am brushing crumbs under the sink.

RORY: You're a pig.

LORELAI: You're just learning that? Why are you here anyway?

RORY: Oh, crabby and dirty.

LORELAI: Well, I thought you were going to hang at school for some alone time.

RORY: Alone time suddenly included Paris.

LORELAI: Oh. I thought Paris was skiing with Jamie.

RORY: Paris is definitely not skiing, and Paris is definitely not with Jamie.

LORELAI: Hm, meaning?

RORY: [looking under the sink] There are little marshmallow Easter bunnies under here.

LORELAI: No, no, what did you mean when you said Paris was not with Jamie?

RORY: Paris is seeing somebody else.

LORELAI: Really? A psychiatrist?

RORY: A professor.

LORELAI: At Yale?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Oh, wow. Lorelai Gilmore, you've been holding out on me.

RORY: It's so weird. One minute, she's totally in love with Jamie and then the next, she's making out with a professor in a dark corner.

LORELAI: You saw them making out?

RORY: Apparently, the big game was big for everyone.

LORELAI: Well, wow. I can't believe Paris is doing an older man.

RORY: Who said doing? I didn't say doing. I just said kissing, that's it.

LORELAI: Rory, come on. When you're dating an older man, you're probably doing older-man things.

RORY: Oh, geez.

LORELAI: So what age are we talking here, like 35, 40? 45? 46? 47? 47½? 48?

RORY: Sixty!

LORELAI: What?! Shut up!

RORY: He went to school with Grandpa.

LORELAI: Sixty?

RORY: That's how they met. We were having lunch, he came by, Grandpa introduced them. She wanted to get an interview, and apparently, she got one.

LORELAI: Sixty? Like sixty-sixty?

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, it's just. . .now I know who Woody Allen's next leading lady's gonna be.

RORY: And it's so annoying. I mean, she's hiding it from me, so I'm not supposed to know. I'm supposed to think that she's still with Jamie, which she's not.

LORELAI: Are you sure?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Intrigue.

RORY: I don't like intrigue, I don't want intrigue. I like Jamie. He's a nice guy. He's a patient guy. I mean, Paris should not be treating him like this.

LORELAI: Oh, honey, if she likes another guy, there's nothing you can do about it. Let us all remember Dean.

RORY: This is not the same as Dean. I did not cheat on Dean with an old guy.

LORELAI: Is the old guy married?

RORY: He was. He has kids, grown kids. He's a writer.

LORELAI: Well, what would the school say if they knew about this?

RORY: Yes, what about that? This guy's risking everything - his job, his reputation.

LORELAI: Yes, well. . .he'll always have Paris.

RORY: How long have you been waiting with that one?

LORELAI: I just had a feeling the opportunity would present itself eventually.

RORY: Maybe it's a phase. It'll pass.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, or he will.

[The phone rings and Lorelai answers]

LORELAI: Hello? What? Michel? Calm down. I can't understand you when you're not screaming hysterically. Well, okay, well, what are you. . .okay! Okay, I'll be right there. Goodbye. [hangs up] I gotta go.

RORY: Why? What's up?

LORELAI: Michel's spazzing.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: I don't know. Will you be here when I get back?

RORY: If you don't mind. Paris was getting out her potter's wheel as I was leaving.

LORELAI: Okay, I'll go pick up Chinese.

RORY: Or we can just eat what's under the sink.

LORELAI: Ah, the wit.

RORY: Get egg rolls.

LORELAI: All right, just watch out - old guys don't like 'em bossy.

RORY: Yeah, yeah.

CUT TO SOOKIE'S HOUSE

[Lorelai walks up to Sookie's house, where Michel is waiting out front]

MICHEL: You took so long! Why? You need to charter an airplane?

LORELAI: I came as quickly as I - ow!

MICHEL: Get in here.

LORELAI: What is going on?

MICHEL: Move quicker, please.

[Michel leads Lorelai into the house]

LORELAI: Is Sookie here?

MICHEL: She and the farmer went to see a movie.

LORELAI: Do they know you're here?

MICHEL: Yes, they do.

LORELAI: And they're okay with that?

MICHEL: This way, please.

[Michel pulls Lorelai into a bedroom]

LORELAI: Stop. What's going on? Why are we in the bedroom?

MICHEL: I offered to babysit.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, you did what?

MICHEL: I heard Sookie talking to the potato man about wanting to go out, and there was no one to watch the baby, so I offered to watch it for her.

LORELAI: It?

MICHEL: Him. Watch him for her.

LORELAI: And she let you?

MICHEL: Yes, she let me. So I came over, and the minute that she left, it started to cry.

LORELAI: It?

MICHEL: Him, he started to cry. He wouldn't stop. I did everything. I did the jiggle and the bouncy and the airplane, and then I even picked it up.

LORELAI: It?

MICHEL: Him, dammit, him! I picked him up, but it didn't matter. He wouldn't stop crying. So finally I invented a game.

LORELAI: What kind of game?

MICHEL: I called it baby crepe.

LORELAI: I don't think I know that one.

MICHEL: Well, it's quite ingenious. You get down here on the floor and then you roll him up in a blanket and then you pull it back and forth and back and forth. He loved it. He did not cry, he smiled, he giggled. He was having the time of his life. And then. . .

LORELAI: Oh no.

MICHEL: I pulled back the blanket a little too hard.

LORELAI: What?

MICHEL: And he rolled under the bed.

LORELAI: What?

MICHEL: And he got stuck.

LORELAI: Oh! Oh my God!

MICHEL: I tried to get him out, but I couldn't get him to grab the string, and then he fell asleep, and I worried if I woke him up, the screaming would start again.

LORELAI: I can't believe you rolled little Davey under the bed.

MICHEL: Davey?

LORELAI: Yes, Davey - Sookie's baby.

MICHEL: Is that his name? I've been calling him Truman.

LORELAI: Why?

MICHEL: I thought that's what his name was.

LORELAI: Where'd you get Truman from?

MICHEL: I don't know, I heard it wrong, okay? Do you think he's gonna hold this against me?

LORELAI: What, the man that rolled him under the bed? No, I think you're good. Oh, man, he really is sleeping. He looks so peaceful.

MICHEL: See? I made him happy.

LORELAI: We need to lift this bed and get him up.

[Michel starts to unbutton his shirt]

LORELAI: What are you doing?

MICHEL: Taking off my shirt.

LORELAI: Uh, what part of "lift the bed and get him out" translates to you taking off your shirt?

MICHEL: This is an expensive shirt.

LORELAI: No, no, no, no, no, no. I'm not lifting the bed with a naked you.

MICHEL: I wasn't going to take off my pants.

LORELAI: Leave the shirt on.

MICHEL: It will wrinkle.

LORELAI: Not as much as it will if Sookie comes home and finds Truman under the bed. Now, uh, lift up here, and I'll get him out.

MICHEL: I can't hold this by myself. Are you crazy?

LORELAI: Okay, you hold that. Are you ready?

MICHEL: No!

[Michel holds up the bed while Lorelai picks up Davey off the floor]

LORELAI: Hey. Hey, Davey. I gotcha. You're snoozy, huh? Yeah.

MICHEL: How is he?

LORELAI: He's just fine. He's just fine. There you go. Just kick back, wait 'til Mommy gets home.
[Lorelai puts Davey in his bassinet] Now please tell me what is going on here.

MICHEL: Nothing.

LORELAI: Why are you babysitting?

MICHEL: I -

LORELAI: You hate babies.

MICHEL: Not really.

LORELAI: You do not babysit ever. And yet here you are wearing your super-low-cut jeans making up baby games, and I want to know why.

MICHEL: I hate Tobin! He's a sniveling little sycophantic tushie kisser, and I hate him!

LORELAI: Michel!

MICHEL: He weasels his way into every area of my life. The only good thing about the Independence Inn burning down was that Tobin was gone, but yet, here he is, back. He's like the cat.

LORELAI: What cat?

MICHEL: The one that came back the very next day. You thought he was a goner, but the cat came back. He just wouldn't stay away.

LORELAI: Michel, you do not have to be jealous of Tobin.

MICHEL: He wants to replace me.

LORELAI: As what?

MICHEL: As everything. He wants to replace me in my entire life. He's going to keep worming his way in until you no longer find any reason to have me around.

LORELAI: You're being silly.

MICHEL: He's going to succeed. It doesn't matter that I have all the experience and the credentials and the history to run this inn. He likes the baby. He holds the baby. He doesn't roll the baby under the bed - he wins!

LORELAI: Oh, he does not win. Michel, this rivalry is in your head.

MICHEL: It is, huh?

LORELAI: Yes.

MICHEL: So you do not like Tobin better than me?

LORELAI: No. We like Tobin. We're addicted to you.

MICHEL: You are?

LORELAI: Yes. We asked you to come with us to the Dragonfly, didn't we? We love you, Michel, and as long as you stay far, far away from little Davey, we will continue loving you.

MICHEL: Oh. I can do that.

LORELAI: Good.

CUT TO YALE

[Rory and Paris are in the newspaper office making newspaper hats]

RORY: Okay, hold on. And. . .what do you think?

PARIS: It stinks.

RORY: Well, it's a newspaper hat. It's not supposed to spark a trend.

PARIS: There.

RORY: How'd you do that?

PARIS: Martha Stewart.

RORY: Martha Stewart actually did a segment on how to make a hat out of newspaper?

PARIS: Yes.

RORY: Oh. Well, it looks nice.

GLENN: Aah! What is this? Academically approved t*rture? Make your own hat - that's how you get on the paper? 'Cause that has what to do with anything?

RORY: Relax, Glenn.

PARIS: It's tradition.

GLENN: It's not tradition. It's hazing. Why don't they just handcuff us naked to a streetlamp wearing a sign that says, "honk if you like unbiased journalism"? I'm not doing it. They can't make me.

DOYLE: You don't wear the hat, you're not getting on the paper.

GLENN: I need another sheet.

DOYLE: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight represents a melding of the old and the new. For one night, identifying the two groups will be easy. The old will be the ones running around frantically trying to get out the latest issue of the Daily News, and the new will be the ones in the stupid hats. It's a much-beloved tradition that for one night, all night, you don a hat of your own making, wait on members of the paper while observing the inner working of the Yale Daily News. There's a lot of new, fresh talent sitting in this room tonight. Rory Gilmore, an unflinchingly honest reviewer who shows no mercy, but a great deal of dark wit in her pieces. Paris Geller, whose interview with Professor Asher Fleming was the most intimate and revealing portrait of a complicated man that I have ever read. Glenn Babbie, whose cartoon commentaries on the American family prove that he was never hugged a day in his life. It's hard work being here, but it's an honor. You're working with the best of the best. From here, you can go t

PARIS: You know, you never told me what you thought of my article.

RORY: Um, what article?

PARIS: My interview with Asher Fleming. Did you read it?

RORY: I skimmed it.

PARIS: Oh, well, I have a copy in our room. I can give it to you tomorrow.

RORY: You're a good writer. I'm sure it's good.

PARIS: Yeah, but still, I'd like you to read it. I trust your opinion, and I'd like to be able to discuss it with you.

RORY: Look, we're supposed to be taking dinner orders, so. . .

[Paris' cell phone rings, and she answers]

PARIS: Hello? Hi.

DOYLE: [from across the room] No phone calls while you're wearing the hat!

PARIS: Hold on. [to Rory] I will be right back.

RORY: Where are you going? You're not supposed to leave while you're wearing the hat.

PARIS: I will be right back. [grabs her coat and sneaks out]

GLENN: It's a good thing high school had already beaten all the self-esteem out of me.
CUT TO JASON'S APARTMENT

[Lorelai and Jason walk in]

JASON: How could you talk through an entire movie?

LORELAI: Well, nothing else was happening.

JASON: An entire movie was happening. There were people in costumes and horses. Did you see the horses?

LORELAI: I did see the horses.

JASON: I thought you liked horses.

LORELAI: I do like horses, but they never let them talk.

JASON: Well, that's because this wasn't a talking-horse movie. You want some wine?

LORELAI: Oh, I don't know. You're vibing my movie-watching habits.

JASON: I am not vibing your habits. I'm merely saying that the large man in a wife beater sitting in front of us invited me into the lobby to discuss your habits, and had I accepted his charming invitation, I might be in traction right now.

LORELAI: Oh, please. You could totally have outrun him. You're spry. [Jason hands her a glass of wine] Thank you. So, this is your place.

JASON: This is it.

LORELAI: Hm. Interesting. Very, very interesting.

JASON: So, what's the verdict?

LORELAI: Well, you're not a tchotchke guy.

JASON: Yeah, I don't like too many objects around that have no obvious purpose.

LORELAI: The purpose of tchotchkes is to make you happy. They make you smile. They make a room seem fun and whimsical.

JASON: Well, I invite a clown over once a week to make the room feel fun and whimsical, so I feel all set in that department.

LORELAI: I thought you said you had a dog.

JASON: I do.

LORELAI: Where is he?

JASON: Over there. [he points to a dog sitting perfectly still in front of the fireplace]

LORELAI: Oh. He's cute. . .and very still.

JASON: Yeah, he's the best.

LORELAI: What is his name?

JASON: Cyrus.

LORELAI: Cyrus, sure. Perfect name for a dog. Cyrus. Hi, Cyrus. Is he breathing?

JASON: Yes. Cyrus was actually trained by the monks of New Skete.

LORELAI: Oh, wow.

JASON: He's incredibly well-behaved. He was housebroken in an hour. He has a two-bark minimum for delivery guys, three for everybody else, but the best thing about him is he doesn't do any of the standard "sit and lie down" commands. I taught him very special commands that only my dog could know.

LORELAI: Like what?

JASON: Uh, like. . .a little to the left.

LORELAI: Shut up.

JASON: Cyrus, a little to the left.

[Cyrus moves to the left]

LORELAI: What the hell's that good for?

JASON: Well, what the hell is "sit" good for?

LORELAI: When you sit, you get a cookie.

JASON: Well, when you move a little to the left, you get the satisfaction of knowing you are doing something, but you are not pandering for a dog bone.

LORELAI: Can he move a little to the right?

JASON: No, not yet. We just do a little to the left until he hits the wall, and then I turn him around.

LORELAI: You and your dog are extremely weird.

JASON: Thank you. [they kiss]

LORELAI: Thank you. [they kiss again] I'm not sure we're setting such a good example for Cyrus over there.

JASON: Oh, you might be right. Cyrus. . . [gestures for Cyrus to turn around, which he does]

LORELAI: Okay. Well, that one, I get. [they kiss again]

CUT TO YALE NEWSPAPER OFFICE

[Doyle is reviewing a student's article]

DOYLE: Every week, you argue with me.

STUDENT: But Doyle, it's a perfectly good article.

DOYLE: Hey, we don't do "perfectly good" here. You want to do "perfectly good," go to Harvard.

STUDENT: Jackass.

[The student walks away and passes Rory, who is carrying a container of ice cream]

STUDENT: Can you beat him to death with that?

RORY: I don't think so. It's soft serve. [she walks over to Doyle] I got your ice cream.

DOYLE: What is this?

RORY: Strawberry ice cream.

DOYLE: It has strawberries in it.

RORY: I don't even know how to respond to that.

DOYLE: I wanted plain strawberry ice cream without chunks of strawberries in it. This has chunks.

RORY: I see one.

DOYLE: I can't eat this. Take it away.

RORY: Would you like me to get you something else?

DOYLE: No, just forget it. Fine. Bring it back.

RORY: Are you okay, Doyle?

DOYLE: Yes. Why wouldn't I be?

RORY: I don't know. You just seem a little bit annoyed tonight.

DOYLE: Well, I have an issue to put out with a big hole on the back page because my editorial writers chose to be unopinionated today!

RORY: And that's it?

DOYLE: And I got rejected for a job as Yale's stringer to Time magazine.

RORY: Ah, so, that explains it.

DOYLE: This is a major blow to my career, you know.

RORY: You're twenty.

DOYLE: These things can follow you, Rory. One day you're feeling good, you're the fair-haired boy, and the next day you're Schleprock.

RORY: You're not Schleprock, Doyle.

DOYLE: Tell that to my dad.

GLENN: Okay, I just have to say how amazingly unfair it is that I have a rubber band working its way into my brain, and Paris gets to bail.

RORY: Paris isn't here?

GLENN: No, she isn't.

DOYLE: You didn't know she left?

RORY: No, I knew that there was this thing with her family, um, that she was really concerned about. Well, you know she got that call, and her aunt is sick, and I heard her say something about going to the hospital so I think that's where she went.

DOYLE: All right. Well, come get me the minute she gets back.

RORY: I will.

CUT TO JASON'S APARTMENT

[Lorelai is lying in Jason's bed. Jason walks in with two glasses of water]

LORELAI: Hey, do you have a Cosmo lying around? 'Cause I wanna see how many calories I just burned off.

JASON: I've looked. It's 55.

LORELAI: Oh, no, it's way more than 55. I know what 55 is, and that, my friend, was not 55. [he hands her a glass of water] Thanks.

JASON: Are you cold? I could turn up the heat.

LORELAI: Oh, please, enough with the bragging.

JASON: So, you're good?

LORELAI: I'm good. I'm gonna fall asleep extremely happy tonight. Hi.

JASON: Hi back.

LORELAI: Are you thinking about joining me back here anytime soon?

JASON: Joining you. . .well. . .

LORELAI: Jason?

JASON: Okay, just remember, you like that I have little quirks.

LORELAI: Okay.

JASON: They're what make me me.

LORELAI: You're not gonna ask to wear my dress, are you?

JASON: No. Um, I was just wondering if you wouldn't mind sleeping in the guest room tonight.

LORELAI: Well. . .didn't see that one coming.

JASON: I am the world's lightest sleeper. I have chronic insomnia, so I just, I toss and I turn like a crazy person, and I can't sleep in the same bed with another person.

LORELAI: You're serious?

JASON: Yeah.

LORELAI: You want me to go in the guest room?

JASON: It's a really nice room.

LORELAI: You know, why don't I just go?

JASON: Oh, no, no, no, please, I swear, I want you to stay. I want to see you in the morning. I wanna make you breakfast. I want you to be here when I get up. Well, not here. . . in there, but -

LORELAI: You know, Jason, you don't have to go to all this trouble just to get me to leave.

JASON: I don't want you to leave.

LORELAI: I'm a big girl, I can handle the truth.

JASON: This is the truth.

LORELAI: It's fine, I have things I need to do tomorrow. I should probably go home anyhow.

JASON: Please, just look at the room. Just one look. A peek. You don't even have to use both eyes if you don't want to.

LORELAI: One look.

JASON: That's all I ask. Well, that, and you get out of the bed very slowly.

LORELAI: You know what, don't flirt with me. I'm finding you weird right now.

JASON: Fair enough. Here you go. [hands her a robe]

[they walk to the guest bedroom]

JASON: Here it is.

LORELAI: It's okay.

JASON: There are hundreds of great books in here, ranging from the classics - "Wuthering Heights" - to the real classics - "Valley of the Dolls."

LORELAI: Nice taste.

JASON: Fully loaded minibar - soda, candy, little bottles of hooch. A really great CD player, CD's down below, and a DVD library above.

LORELAI: DVD's but no TV?

JASON: Aha.

[Jason presses a button on a remote control, and a plasma television rises up from the foot of the bed]

JASON: Oh, come on, that is cool.

LORELAI: Okay, fine, it's cool. The room is good.

JASON: It's better than good. I would love this room.

LORELAI: Well, you do know you can have it, don't you?

JASON: I can't have any distractions in my room or I won't sleep.

LORELAI: Really?

JASON: That's right. TV, reading material, unbelievably gorgeous woman.

LORELAI: I should at least get billing over the TV.

JASON: It's plasma.

LORELAI: Oh, right.

JASON: So, what do you think?

LORELAI: Well. . .

JASON: There's Kiehl's products in the bathroom.

LORELAI: Jason, I promise, if I leave, it won't be that big a deal.

JASON: It'll be a very big deal to me. Please. Stay.

LORELAI: Okay.

JASON: Yes?

LORELAI: Yes. Freak.

JASON: Thank you. Even for the "freak," thank you. Uh, there's a loofah in the top drawer. Good night.

LORELAI: Good night.

[Lorelai climbs into the guest bed and turns on the television]

CUT TO YALE

[In the middle of the night, Rory is awakened by the sound of the suite door opening. She checks the clock and tries to go back to sleep. Paris walks into the room and purposely makes noise to try to wake Rory up.]

PARIS: Whew. It's late. Late, late, late, late, late, late, late. Don't you wanna know where I was?

RORY: No, I don't.

PARIS: I completely lost track of time. I guess I should remember to take a watch with me from now on. Man, when I got that call tonight, I had no idea it was gonna go this late. Yes, it was quite a night. Tonight. You're sure you don't wanna know where I was?

RORY: No, I don't wanna know where you were, and I don't wanna know what you were doing or who you were doing it with. I had to cover for you when Doyle noticed that you were gone, so I told him that you were at a family thing, and as far as I'm concerned, that's where you were - at your family thing. And in the future, I want nothing to do with anything to do with what you were doing tonight or who you were doing it with, especially who! Now, go to sleep.

PARIS: I smell like pipe tobacco.

RORY: Oh, jeez.

CUT TO JASON'S APARTMENT

[The next morning, Jason is cooking breakfast when Lorelai walks down the steps]

LORELAI: Hi, Cyrus.

JASON: Oh, good. Listen, would you still find me attractive if I were poor?

LORELAI: Um, no.

JASON: Ah, that's what I figured. Sleep good?

LORELAI: I watched "The Daily Show," fell into the best sleep I ever had, woke up, watched "Fast Times at Ridgemont High," and had a vanilla-scented jacuzzi bath.

JASON: Ah, so that's what the look on your face is. I thought it was from sex with me.

LORELAI: No, it's from the jacuzzi bath. Good morning.

JASON: Good morning. Uh, coffee's over here.

LORELAI: Thank you. Mm, the coffee smells good. Hey, can we, uh, not sleep together again tonight?

JASON: Absolutely. You want cheese in your eggs?

LORELAI: Why not? [sips her coffee] Mm, good.

JASON: I think we're ready to go.

[they walk to the table and sit down]

LORELAI: Wow, look what you've done here.

JASON: Well, I am trying to impress you. Trust me, once you're completely mad about me, it is back to corn flakes and beer.

LORELAI: This is lovely.

JASON: You are lovely.

LORELAI: [tastes the food] Very good.

JASON: Tomorrow I'll make blintzes.

LORELAI: Um, listen, we should talk about what we're gonna do.

JASON: About what?

LORELAI: I mean, you know, what we're gonna, uh, say to people about us.

JASON: Hm, how about "yahoo"?

LORELAI: No, I'm talking about what we're gonna say to my parents about us.

JASON: Oh, well, I thought we'd say that we're having repeated sexual encounters out of wedlock continuously as catholic schoolchildren are walking by.

LORELAI: Perfect.

JASON: No, you know. . .we like each other, we're dating - pretty simple.

LORELAI: Nothing is simple when it comes to my parents.

JASON: Okay, what do you want to say?

LORELAI: I'd like to say nothing.

JASON: Nothing?

LORELAI: I mean, it isn't really any of their business anyhow, is it?

JASON: Uh, no, but we can't just say nothing.

LORELAI: It'll cause too many problems if they know.

JASON: In my experience, these things have a way of coming out.

LORELAI: How?

JASON: I don't know. Somebody slips up.

LORELAI: I never slip up. I'm completely non-slip. I'm like one of those rubber mats you stick in the bottom of the tub.

JASON: Why can't we tell your parents about this?

LORELAI: I just think it's weird. You're in business with my father and he won't like this.

JASON: He'll get used to it.

LORELAI: My father has never gotten used to anything. He still misses diesel fuel, for God's sake.

JASON: You don't find it exhausting, keeping secrets? You have to watch everything you say.

LORELAI: I always have to watch everything that I say around my parents anyway.

JASON: Okay, how about we just tell one of them, just to see how that goes?

LORELAI: Please, Jason. We will tell them eventually, I promise, just not now.

JASON: Okay. They're your parents, and if you feel that strongly, then we'll wait.

LORELAI: Thank you. [picks up a piece of bacon] Hey, um, can I feed this to Cyrus?

JASON: Sure. [calls to the dog] Hey, Cyrus, you want the bacon?

[Cyrus doesn't move]

LORELAI: That is one strange dog, Jason.

JASON: Yup.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai walks up to the front door and rings the doorbell. Suddenly several people walk up behind her]

MAN: Excuse me. Do you know how much longer it's going on?

LORELAI: [confused] Uh. . .no. . .uh. . .

[A woman answers the door]

DORRIE: Well, hello.

MAN: Are we too late?

DORRIE: No, of course not.

MAN: Good.

DORRIE: May I have your ticket, please?

LORELAI: I don't have a ticket.

DORRIE: Well, you can't take the tour without a ticket.

[Emily walks over]

EMILY: Excuse me, Dorrie, this is my daughter.

DORRIE: Oh! Well, hello there.

LORELAI: Hi.

EMILY: Come in, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Okay. [to the people behind her] Bye. [walks into the house] Mom, what is going on?

EMILY: We let the Historical Society use our house for a walking tour. It's for a good cause, and I am never doing it again.

[They walk to the dining room, where Richard and Rory are sitting at the table]

RICHARD: It was supposed to end at five o'clock, Emily.

EMILY: I know that, Richard. What do you want me to do, throw them out?

RICHARD: This is not how it's done. This is not how proper charities work. You do not infringe on people's lives. You make a plan and stick to it.

[The tour group walks past the dining room]

TOURIST: Oh, look. They hired actors to be the family. How clever.

RICHARD: We are not actors!

EMILY: Richard, please.

DORRIE: Oh no, folks, this is not part of the tour. Sorry, Emily. [ushers the tour group away]

EMILY: That's quite all right, Dorrie.

RICHARD: It is not all right, Dorrie.

EMILY: Richard, just ignore it and pass the carrots.

RICHARD: This is lunacy. I feel as if I was in a zoo.

LORELAI: Well, Dad, you know what monkeys do when they don't like people staring at them in the zoo.

RICHARD: No, I don't.

EMILY: And you don't want to.

LORELAI: How do you know?

EMILY: I can just tell.

[Someone starts playing the piano in another room]

RICHARD: Don't play that piano! Don't you see the sign? There was supposed to be a sign.

EMILY: There is a sign.

RICHARD: Well, it's not a very good sign.

DORRIE: [from another room] The house was built in 1906 by Stanford White.

RICHARD: That's it. [leaves the room] The house was built in 1907, and he was a protégé of Stanford White.

EMILY: I'm getting a migraine. [follows after Richard]

LORELAI: So, you're a full-fledged newspaper-woman now.

RORY: Yes, I am.

LORELAI: Congratulations.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: Now you gotta get yourself a nickname like Smitty and start talking really fast.

RORY: Faster than I already do?

LORELAI: Hey, whatever it takes.

[Emily and Richard return to the dining room]

EMILY: What where you going to do, hit the man?

RICHARD: He went into my desk!

EMILY: He was 85 years old.

RICHARD: Well, it's never too late to learn a lesson. This is it, Emily. I mean it.

EMILY: I know you do, Richard.

RICHARD: The next time you plan a function, we will rent a hall and do it properly, like the fibromyalgia function last night. That is the proper way to raise money.

LORELAI: You went to a function last night, you had a function tonight. . .

EMILY: We didn't host the one last night. We were just guests.

RORY: Was it fun?

EMILY: It was fine.

RICHARD: It wasn't here. It was perfect.

EMILY: The food was terrible. The fact that people still insist on serving paella is simply beyond me. However, the room looked lovely.

RICHARD: And the music was excellent.

EMILY: And the guest list was very good - a lovely group of people, except for. . .

RICHARD: Emily!

EMILY: Would it have hurt the woman to buy an undergarment?

LORELAI: [gasps] Who?

RICHARD: She was a very nice girl. I wouldn't request to see her thesis on anything, but she was charming and a good dancer.

LORELAI: Who's the dumb girl without the underwear?

EMILY: Jason's date.

LORELAI: Jason brought a date?

EMILY: And I had to sit next to her all night. Oh, the fascinating time we had. I know all the best places to get my acrylics filled.

RICHARD: Your mother is a snob. She was quite beautiful.

LORELAI: She was, huh?

EMILY: Well, she's perfect for Jason, I will say that.

LORELAI: So, how beautiful was she? Are we talking Catherine Zeta-Jones or the weird-looking Hilton sister?

EMILY: She looks like exactly the kind of gold digger who would latch onto an immature little con artist like Jason.

RICHARD: My goodness, Emily, tell us how you really feel about the boy.

LORELAI: But when you say gold digger, do you mean she was cheap-looking?

EMILY: Yes.

RICHARD: No.

LORELAI: So is he serious about this girl?

EMILY: Oh, who can tell? She looks like a perfectly fine first wife for him.

LORELAI: Huh.

[Someone plays the piano in another room]

RICHARD: Now the old man is just baiting me. [storms off] What did I tell you about the piano?

CUT TO THE DRAGONFLY INN

[Lorelai, Sookie, and Michel walk through the inn, which is still under construction]

LORELAI: You know, we don't have to put the reception area over there.

MICHEL: I just want to know where my office is going to be.

LORELAI: Fonzie used the bathroom as his office.

SOOKIE: Yeah, what are you saying, that what's good enough for the Fonz isn't good enough for you?

LORELAI: Yeah.

MICHEL: Fonzie used that bathroom office only intermittently and not for any business for which he was paid. He had use of a private office at the auto shop he worked at, then access to the teachers' lounge where he taught night school part time.

LORELAI: Oh my God, you're taking this Fonzie thing way too seriously.

[Jason walks in]

JASON: Lorelai, am I interrupting?

LORELAI: Oh, hey, what are you doing here?

JASON: Uh, I was on my way to New York, and I wanted to see this inn you're always talking about.

LORELAI: Oh, well, uh, sure.

SOOKIE: Hello, I'm Sookie.

LORELAI: Um, Sookie's my partner here.

JASON: Hi, Sookie, I'm Jason Stiles.

SOOKIE: Yes, you are.

MICHEL: Uh, Michel Gerard.

LORELAI: And Michel is the manager of the Dragonfly.

JASON: It's nice to meet you.

LORELAI: Okay, so, um, I'm just gonna show Jason around.

MICHEL: Take your time.

LORELAI: Follow me.

[Lorelai and Jason walk out to the front yard]

JASON: Your friends seem really nice.

LORELAI: Oh, they're the best.

JASON: So, who do they think I am?

LORELAI: What do you mean?

JASON: Well, did you tell 'em we're dating or do they think I make your hats?

LORELAI: They know who you are.

JASON: This place is really great.

LORELAI: Yeah, you think?

JASON: I do.

LORELAI: Good, that's good.

JASON: Um, you seem a little distracted. Did I come at a bad time?

LORELAI: No, you came at a perfect time.

JASON: Perfect time for. . .

LORELAI: I heard you went to a function the other night.

JASON: Ah, fibromyalgia - a very dull disease.

LORELAI: I also heard you didn't go alone.

JASON: No, I didn't.

LORELAI: So, you brought a date?

JASON: Yes, I did.

LORELAI: Okay, good. Well, that's good, I'm glad. Um, my mother said she didn't wear any underwear.

JASON: Emily didn't wear any underwear?

LORELAI: Your date didn't wear any underwear.

JASON: Oh, I don't know that for a fact, but if Emily said so, far be it from me to call her a liar.

LORELAI: Huh, okay. Hey, you wanna see the stables?

JASON: Uh, sure.

LORELAI: Well, there they are. Well, tour's over. Bathroom's to the left.

JASON: You wanna tell me what you're bothered about?

LORELAI: We're sleeping together, and you're taking bare-butt women to functions?

JASON: Crystal is just a friend -

LORELAI: A friend named Crystal? Who are you, Hugh Hefner?

JASON: Whoa, whoa, wait a sec. I would have much rather taken you to that function. Trust me, Crystal is very sweet, but the mocking of the sick is completely beyond her capabilities. But you told me in no uncertain terms that your parents were not supposed to know about us, and since this is a function your parents would be attending, I thought taking you would be out of the question.

LORELAI: Well, you could've gone alone.

JASON: You don't go to these things alone. There are two seats and you're expected to fill them.

LORELAI: Well, you could've told me so I wasn't blindsided by my parents.

JASON: See, this is what I mean about keeping secrets. It never works. Let's just tell your parents, then we never have to have this conversation again. Lorelai, I am in a business where there are lots of functions. I have to go to those functions, and I don't want to take other people, but I'm gonna have to if you won't let me say something to your father. I have no interest in spending a second of my time with any other woman but you. And Eartha Kitt.

LORELAI: Well, sure.

JASON: So, what do you say? Can we end the madness and tell your parents?

LORELAI: No.

JASON: No?

LORELAI: I know it's tricky to keep this a secret, but I just don't think it's time to tell them yet. And if that means that I have to adjust, then I have to adjust. And now that you've told me how you feel, I think it's fine if you take Crystal to these functions.

JASON: Well, it's fine for you - you don't have to talk to the woman.

LORELAI: Oh, sorry.

JASON: Hey, maybe you don't understand. It's like beating your head against a wall with spikes.

LORELAI: [laughs] Wanna see the apple trees?

JASON: She thinks that Babe can really talk.

LORELAI: Aw.

CUT TO YALE

[Rory is in a classroom waiting for class to start. A student rushes in and sits down next to her]

STUDENT: Contemporary Political Fiction?

RORY: Yes.

STUDENT: Oh, good. I swore this semester would be different. I would get to class on time. I would finish my assignments on time. I would do everything on time. [gasps] I left my purse on the bench.

[The student jumps up and rushes toward the door, bumping into Professor Fleming as he enters the room]

PROFESSOR FLEMING: I haven't started speaking yet.

RORY: [to another student] Asher Fleming is teaching this course?

STUDENT: I know. Isn't it cool?

[Professor Fleming recognizes Rory and walks over to her]

PROFESSOR FLEMING: Ah, Rory Gilmore. We meet again.

RORY: Hello, Professor Fleming.

PROFESSOR FLEMING: You're taking this class?

RORY: Yes, I am.

PROFESSOR FLEMING: Wonderful. I look forward to it. After all, it seems very natural, doesn't it?

Especially since you and I have someone very important in common, hm? Your grandfather. Good man.

RORY: Yes, sir. Very good.

PROFESSOR FLEMING: All right, well, let's get settled. The class is Contemporary Political Fiction. I am Professor Fleming. All those in the wrong class, please leave. How do you know you're in the wrong class? If you do not enjoy a good argument, if you find it difficult to voice a differing opinion, and if you cannot appreciate an intelligently cloaked insult, then you're in the wrong class. If all of these things appeal to you, then you are in for an interesting semester. I'll be handing out the reading lists.

THE END

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