

Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

Thousands of current or popular TV shows and movie transcripts for online research and education.
<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/>

05x17 - Pulp Friction

<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?t=6399>

05x17 - Pulp Friction

by **bunniefuu**

Page **1** of **1**

Posted: **03/20/05 12:07**

LUKE'S DINER

[Kirk is sitting at a table in the center, yelling loudly. There is a bin half filled with pink and blue ribbons in front of him.]

KIRK: Ribbons here! Return your ribbons here! That's right, folks! [A couple enters the diner and deposits their blue ribbons into the bin.] Thank you, sir. In the box, ma'am. Ribbons here, return your ribbons here!

LUKE: Kirk, stop that.

KIRK: Can't stop yet, Luke. Haven't got them all yet.

LUKE: I mean it, put the box away.

KIRK: Luke, you and Lorelai have reconciled.

LUKE: I know, Kirk. I was there.

KIRK: And since you two have reconciled, it's only appropriate that the citizens of Stars Hollow take off their pins and start to heal. In my case, literally. I caught about an inch of chest-flesh with this sharp little sucker.

LUKE: Kirk -

[Lulu walks past the diner. Kirk jumps out of his seat and yells at her through the window.]

KIRK: Lulu! Hey!

LULU: No, Kirk! I like my ribbon! It's pink! I like pink!

KIRK: This is bigger than your love of pink!

LULU [screams dramatically]: No!

[Lulu takes off down the street.]

KIRK: Lulu! Lulu, get back here! Lulu! [He leaves the diner to run after her. Lorelai enters.]

LORELAI: Wow, did you see that?

LUKE: You know, if someone opened a store in this town selling giant butterfly nets, they'd make a fortune.

LORELAI: Come on, the crazy need love too.

LUKE: Speaking of which - [they kiss] Welcome back.

LORELAI: Nice to be here.

LUKE: Want some coffee?

LORELAI: Oh, say that again, slower and with your pants off.

LUKE: What's that? [He gestures at the counter.]

LORELAI: My pretty, pretty face?

LUKE: That's a Weston's coffee cup.

LORELAI: Is it?

LUKE: You bring an enemy coffee cup in here on the day of our reconciliation.

LORELAI [with a mobster accent]: At least I didn't ask you for a favor on this, the day of our daughter's wedding.

LUKE: Get that coffee out of here.

LORELAI: This is not coffee. This is a mocha chocolate caramel swirl-a-chino with extra whip cream.

LUKE: That sounds disgusting.

LORELAI: It is. And if it was physically possible to make love to a hot beverage, this would be the one.

LUKE: So apparently I've got competition.

LORELAI: No, no, no. It's just a fling. I'll finally spend the night with it, but then when I see it in the morning with the caramel un-swirled and the whip cream un-whipped, huh! Buh-bye.

[Kirk opens the door, panting. He is holding Lulu's sweater, complete with its pink ribbon.]

KIRK: Man, that was hard. [Pause.] She must have stretched first. [He tosses the sweater into the bin.]

OPENING CREDITS

YALE CAMPUS

[Evening. Rory and Logan are walking together. Logan has his arm around Rory's waist.]

RORY: So, judging from the snoring I'm guessing you love the theater.

LOGAN: That was not a snore. That was a groan.

RORY: It was not a painful play.

LOGAN: Any play is a painful play for me.

RORY: Well, that's too bad, because you're going to miss out on some wonderful things.

LOGAN: Yeah, like what?

RORY [smiling]: My mom took me to see *Caroline, or Change* in New York, Tony Kushner's musical, and it was the most amazing thing we ever saw. Tony Kushner wrote *Angels in America*.

LOGAN: I know who Tony Kushner is.

RORY: So you've seen his plays?

LOGAN: No, my mom plays Canasta with him every month he's in town.

RORY: Tony Kushner plays Canasta with your mother?

LOGAN: Badly, but yes.

RORY: You have a magical life, Huntzberger! And you don't even know it.

LOGAN: So, where to next?

RORY: Oh, I don't know. Mah Jongg with Mamet?

LOGAN: How does ice cream sound?

RORY: Ice cream sounds great.

LOGAN: Then ice cream it is. [He takes her hand and pulls her toward one of the buildings.]

RORY: Whoa, Logan! Where are we going? Slow down.

LOGAN: Slow down and you die, Ace.

RORY: Yeah, you go too fast in heels and you kind of die also.

[He pulls her into a dark doorway, which he opens with a key.]

YALE CAMPUS - DINING HALL

[It is dark. Rory and Logan enter.]

RORY: What are we doing?

LOGAN: We're getting ice cream.

RORY: But the dining hall's closed. We're breaking in.

LOGAN: That's a very negative way of looking at it.

RORY: How do you have a key to the dining hall?

LOGAN: I know a lot of very powerful locksmiths.

RORY: Well, what happens if we get caught? Could we get suspended? They can't kick you out of school for this, can they?

LOGAN: Hey, relax. Look around. For tonight this is all yours.

RORY: It is kind of cool.

LOGAN: Wait till you see the kitchen.

RORY: Whoa! Oh, I've never seen the cereal completely full before. I'm never here early enough! I knew they had Cocoa Puffs.

LOGAN: Go crazy, Ace.

RORY: No, we're getting ice cream.

LOGAN: There's no rule that says you can't have ice cream and cereal. Go on, get your Cocoa Puffs.

RORY [reaches for a bowl]: First Cocoa Puffs of the day. This is a historic moment.

LOGAN: Okay. Next stop, ice cream.

RORY: Mm.

LOGAN: What are you doing?

RORY: I'm looking for the swipe machine so I can deduct points from my meal plan.

LOGAN: You're kidding, right?

RORY: Well, the school pays for the food.

LOGAN: Trust me. With all the money my family has donated to this school, they can afford to be out of a few Cocoa Puffs. Let's go.

RORY: This is fun.

LOGAN: You're an easy girl to please. [They kiss.] Let's hit the kitchen.

RORY: 'Kay.

[They walk toward the kitchen. Almost at the door, Rory turns back and leaves a dollar at the cereal station.]

LOGAN: Ace, come on!

RORY: I'm coming!

[They exit.]

DRAGONFLY INN

[Lorelai is walking around, giving orders.]

LORELAI [to a maid dusting]: Oh, okay, thanks. That's enough there. Just make sure you get the stairs now. [To two men carrying flowers] Oh, no, those go outside. Anacencia will take care of you.

[She enters the living room and sees Sookie.]

LORELAI: Oh, what a surprise! A plate of cookies on the coffee table to match the basket of

cupcakes on the reception desk.

SOOKIE: What? I always do this.

LORELAI: Oh, you always do this when a photographer from American Travel magazine is coming to photograph us for -

SOOKIE and LORELAI [in unison]: One of the Top Ten Inns in Connecticut!

SOOKIE [squeals]: I have no idea what you're talking about.

LORELAI: You know, I moved the furniture in the bedrooms around four times last night.

SOOKIE: And you ended up?

LORELAI: With everything in exactly the same place I started with.

[Sookie giggles.]

LORELAI: Oh, the dining room looks beautiful.

SOOKIE: Thank you.

LORELAI: And, what a surprise, a cake on every table.

SOOKIE: So no one has to share.

[They walk into the library.]

LORELAI: Okay, floor looks good, table looks good. Hey, what happened to our books?

SOOKIE: What do you mean?

LORELAI: All our beautiful, leather-bound books. Jonathon Swift, Edith Wharton, Charles Dickens. A lot of them are gone.

SOOKIE: The guests must have swiped 'em.

LORELAI: They swiped Jonathon Swift and left me with Clifford, the Big Red Dog and five copies of He's Just Not That Into You.

SOOKIE: We've been airplane booked.

LORELAI: Oh, we've got to get them out of here. Hey Eddie? [Eddie comes in.]

Will you get these out of here? [He takes them from her and leaves.] I'll raid Rory's leftovers tonight.

[Michel enters, wearing sunglasses, a t-shirt featuring a palm tree, and carrying two paper bags.]

MICHEL: Well, there everybody is. Who missed Michel?

LORELAI: Huh. Trick question?

SOOKIE: How was California?

MICHEL: Ah, you know, it is insanity. What is different about me?

SOOKIE: You're wearing sunglasses inside?

MICHEL: They're not sunglasses. They are eyewear. Everyone in Los Angeles wears pairs and pairs of eyewear.

LORELAI: Well, you look great.

MICHEL: Oh, I tell you, I belong out there. Everybody is thin and gorgeous. Oh, there is this place on Sunset Boulevard, a Coffee Bean and Tea Leaf, and everybody there talks exactly like me.

LORELAI: Wow.

MICHEL: I got Botox.

SOOKIE: Ow.

MICHEL: Dr. Wu, oh, she's a genius. Everyone goes there. And look. [He shows them his teeth.] I got them done by the same guy who does Nick Lachey. Okay, gather around. I brought gifts. [He holds up his bags.]

LORELAI: Gifts, great!

MICHEL: Oh, the shopping out there, unbelievable. Rodeo Drive, dig a hole and drop me in, even if I'm not dead yet. Okay, for you and for you. [He hands them their bags.]

LORELAI [pulling out her gift]: Huh.

MICHEL: It's a smog globe. [Laughs] They are so funny in California.

SOOKIE [opening her gift]: Well, what do you know. [giggles a little] He's Just Not That Into You.

MICHEL: I heard it's a fabulous book, and so true. Oh, I haven't told you the most amazing part yet.

LORELAI: You got your boobs done by the same guy who did Pamela Anderson?

MICHEL: No, though I did meet him at the Coffee Bean. I was at this place called the Farmer's Market, and I was just sitting there, minding anybody's business, and a man came up to me and asked if I would like to be a contestant on the Price is Right!

LORELAI: You're kidding!

MICHEL: I was so stunned! I mean, I never considered being on a game show, but I was finished with my Bubble Tea, so I figured, why not?

SOOKIE: They just asked you to be on.

MICHEL: Yes.

SOOKIE: Boy, that's weird. Jackson's cousin Monty did the Price is Right, and he told us that the contestants had to get up at the crack of dawn, sit in line for hours, with hundreds of tourists, and then show how enthusiastic of a contestant they would be. You know, jumping up and down, screaming and yelling.

MICHEL: You don't say.

SOOKIE: Yeah. And they had to wear embarrassing t-shirts that said things like 'Pick Me, Bob! I neutered my dog!' And they spent weeks studying the price of Turtle wax and Hamburger Helper.

MICHEL: Okay, fine! I may have jumped a little, but I did not wear a t-shirt.

LORELAI: Michel. What would Nick Lachey's teeth guy say?

MICHEL: Make fun if you want, but I walked away the winner of over a hundred thousand dollar of cash and prizes!

LORELAI: Then what's with the cheap gifts?

SOOKIE: That's not even that smoggy.

MICHEL [getting up, muttering to himself]: Why do I talk to you? Why?

LORELAI: All right. I'm going to go run over to Luke's and grab some dinner, and then I will be back to finish the setup.

SOOKIE: Got it.

LUKE'S DINER

[A woman rushes out of the bathroom. Kirk follows her.]

KIRK: Well, if you'd just put it in the box like I told you to, I wouldn't have had to follow you in. [He sets a pink ribbon into the box.]

LUKE [to Lorelai]: Here's your fries.

LORELAI: Mm, good.

LUKE: Where's your burger?

LORELAI: I ate it.

LUKE: I was gone two seconds.

LORELAI: Ketchup, please?

LUKE: By the time I get the ketchup, the fries'll be gone.

LORELAI: You're right, forget the ketchup.

LUKE: Slow down!

LORELAI: I can't slow down. I only have fifteen minutes before I have to get back to the inn.

LUKE: You're going to make yourself sick.

LORELAI: Yes, but my sickness will remind me of you, so it'll be romantic.

LUKE: Romantic nausea.

KIRK: I get that all the time.

LORELAI: Hit me with the pie.

LUKE: What pie?

LORELAI: The boysenberry pie.

LUKE: We're out of boysenberry pie.

LORELAI: How can you be out of boysenberry pie?

LUKE: Because someone ordered the last piece.

LORELAI: But I specifically asked you to save me a piece of boysenberry pie.

LUKE: Uh, no you didn't.

LORELAI: Uh, yes I did.

LUKE: When?

LORELAI: I left you a message.

LUKE: I never got a message.

LORELAI: I left it on your cell phone.

LUKE: Oh, is that what that annoying beeping sound was?

LORELAI: Yes. It was telling you that your girlfriend called and asked you to save her some pie.

LUKE: Well, I don't know how to use the voicemail.

LORELAI [laughs]: You don't?

LUKE: Or anything else on this stupid thing. I know how to make a call and answer a call and then I'm out.

LORELAI: Give me that. You have got to learn how to use this thing because it is very powerful and wonderful, and it will change your life.

LUKE: What are you doing?

LORELAI: I am putting my number on speed-dial, so all you have to do is press one, see, like 'I'm number one' [she raises one hand in the air like a cheerleader] and then - [her cell phone rings in her purse] - oh, I wonder who that could be? [She pulls it out and answers it.] Hello?

LUKE: Give me. [He takes his phone back from Lorelai and talks to her on it.] No cell phones in the diner.

[They hang up their cell phones.]

LORELAI: Oh, see, wasn't that fun?

LUKE: Totally.

LORELAI: Want me to put it on vibrate for you?

LUKE: Fifteen minutes are up.

LORELAI: Oh, crap, I got to go.

LUKE: Take a donut.

LORELAI: So then Sunday?

LUKE: Pick you up at eight.

LORELAI: I'll leave you a message letting you know your chances of getting lucky.

[Luke rolls his eyes.]

LORELAI: Hey, Kirk, how's the ribbon collecting coming?

LUKE: Oh, why do you get him started?

KIRK: I think we're near the finish line.

LORELAI: Who's winning?

LUKE: Hey, this isn't a contest.

LORELAI: I just want to know.

LUKE: I don't care who's winning.

LORELAI: Well, then you won't care if it's me.

LUKE [coming around the counter]: Well, of course it's you. You're the one who makes the costumes for the Christmas pageant. You make the ornaments for the Firelight Festival. You go to the town meetings. You say hello to people. You have a daughter that looks like she belongs on top of a Christmas tree. Everybody knows that gets you tons of points.

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: There's no way to compete with that.

LORELAI: Kirk?

KIRK: You're kicking his ass.

LORELAI: Yes!

LUKE: This isn't a contest.

LORELAI: No, not now, it isn't. Kirk, I want a final tally, because the ribbon loser is buying the ribbon winner dinner Sunday night.

LUKE: Loser pays? When did we agree on that?

LORELAI: Oh, gee, I must have left that on your voicemail too.

[She leaves. Luke looks at Kirk.]

RORY'S CAR

[Evening. Rory is driving. Her cell phone rings, she answers it.]

RORY: Hey Mom.

[Scene cuts to Star's Hollow street where Lorelai is walking, carrying a bag from Luke's.]

LORELAI: Hey. How would you feel about doing a little shopping tomorrow?

RORY: Hurt. Confused. A little dirty.

LORELAI: I need to get a new getting-back-together-with-Luke dress for my back-together-with-Luke date.

RORY: Oh, where do you want to go?

LORELAI: How about the new place where you got the scarf with the bows on it?

RORY: Oh, yes, cute place.

LORELAI: I want to go to the cute place.

RORY: Ten o'clock?

LORELAI: I'll be the one holding coffee. So, uh, what are you doing tonight?

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: What? Are you driving? Sounds like you're driving.

RORY: I am driving.

LORELAI: You are? Where are you going?

RORY: You know where I'm going, Mom.

LORELAI: Disneyland?

RORY: Nope.

LORELAI: Puppy world?

RORY: You're so immature. You're going to make me say it?

LORELAI: Say what?

RORY [sighs]: I am on my way to Friday night dinner.

LORELAI: Ah-ha-ha! That's right. You're on the road to Hellville.

RORY: Do not gloat.

LORELAI: I'm not gloating. I'm gloating with hand gestures.

RORY: Bye.

LORELAI: And a little soft shoe.

RORY: Got to go.

LORELAI: Listen, enjoy your glazed woodcock with a side of truffled goose head.

RORY: Oh, what a shame, I'm here.

LORELAI: You are not.

RORY: See you tomorrow.

LORELAI: Oh, Rory, wait. I'm gloating with jazz hands.

RORY: Bye, Mom.

[She hangs up.]

LUKE'S DINER

[The diner is nearly dark. Kirk is the last customer.]

LUKE: Finish up, Kirk. I'm closing up early.

KIRK: You're going to see Lorelai tonight, aren't you?

LUKE: Actually no, she's working. I'm going to see her Sunday night.

KIRK: That sounds nice. You guys probably spend a lot of time together.

LUKE: Yes, we do.

KIRK: And you probably sleep over at each other's houses, too.

LUKE [coming over to his table]: Cookies are on the house, Kirk. Just go, okay?

KIRK: You know, Lulu's my first real girlfriend. I had an imaginary girlfriend for a while when I was young, but she left me.

LUKE: Well, that happens.

[Luke picks up the chair opposite Kirk to put it up on the table.]

KIRK: I wish Lulu and I could have what you and Lorelai have.

LUKE: Oh, you can have that, Kirk. You will have that. In fact, why don't you leave, and go have it right now?

KIRK: You know, I live with my mother.

LUKE [muttering to himself]: Apparently I'm officially in this conversation, don't know how it happened, but -

[Luke puts the chair back on the floor and sits on it.]

KIRK: My mother is allergic to Lulu. The minute Lulu comes in the room, my mother will cough and choke and turn red. Her throat closes up, everything gets puffy. Lulu's tried everything. She changed her soap, her perfume, shampoo, cream rinse, deodorant. She's actually kind of a mess right now. But nothing seems to work.

LUKE: Kirk -

KIRK: Obviously I can't have Mother choking three times a week, so I considered constructing a separate entrance to my room, so that Lulu won't actually have to walk through the house, but that's going to cost about forty thousand dollars, 'cause I'd have to break through a bearing wall, and

-

LUKE: Kirk, stop! This is ridiculous. You're a grown man. You have got to change your living situation.

KIRK: My mother won't move out. I've asked.

LUKE: I'm not talking about your mother. I'm talking about you.

KIRK: Me?

LUKE: Yes, you. Get a life. Get some independence. Get out of there.

KIRK: But -

LUKE: You want to have a real relationship with Lulu?

KIRK: Yes.

LUKE: Then grow up. Be a man.

KIRK: I'm not sure I understand what you're saying to me.

LUKE [getting up]: Well, Kirk, I have given you the Lincoln logs, and you have to build the cabin. [He shuts off the light.] Lock the door behind you.

[Luke heads upstairs.]

KIRK: You're not talking about a real cabin, are you? 'Cause if a new entrance is going to cost forty grand, then a cabin has got to be more.

LUKE [from upstairs]: Good night, Kirk!

ELDER GILMORE'S HOUSE

[The doorbell rings. Richard rushes toward the door.]

RICHARD: Emily! They're here! Hurry, please!

[He opens the door. Rory is holding a large duffel bag full of papers.]

RICHARD: My goodness! The bag is bigger than you are.

RORY: I brought you some recent issues of the Yale Daily News. We've been doing some really good articles lately.

RICHARD: And some with a by-line I might be familiar with, I hope?

RORY: I believe that, yes, you'll find some highlighted sections in your hymnals.

RICHARD: Then hand the bag over, my dear.

RORY: 'Kay.

[She kisses his cheek.]

EMILY: Sorry to keep everybody waiting.

RICHARD: Uh, luckily we had plenty to read. [He shows her the bag.]

EMILY: Hello, Rory.

RORY: Hello, Grandma.

EMILY: Let's go in the living room, shall we?

RICHARD: Excellent idea.

OLYMPIA: Pardon me, Mrs. Gilmore. Shall I put the salads out now, ma'am?

EMILY: We haven't had drinks yet, Olympia.

OLYMPIA: Yes, ma'am.

EMILY: I wrote it all down on the refrigerator pad for you, Olympia.

RORY: Is someone else coming for dinner?

RICHARD: Someone else? No. It's just going to be us.

RORY: Us, meaning just the three of us here, right? I mean, you know Mom's not coming.

[Richard and Emily exchange a look.]

RICHARD: Oh. Well, actually -

EMILY: Of course we knew your mother's not coming. The maid made a mistake. Olympia, it was three for dinner, not four. Well, she's fired. Clear that place at once, please. Richard, take Rory in the living room. I'll just do it myself.

RICHARD: All right.

[Rory and Richard go into the living room. Emily shoo's the maid away from the dining table. She reaches for the plate, then stops, clearly hurt. She braces herself against the chair.]

ELDER GILMORE'S HOUSE

[Later.]

EMILY: Now, I had Olympia write out the reheating instructions for the goose. And they work. I had her test it during dessert.

RORY: Thank you, Grandma.

EMILY: I also put some Perry and David fruit in there.

RICHARD: Oh, you can eat the pears with a spoon.

RORY: I'll remember that. Bye, Grandpa. Bye, Grandma.

RICHARD: Bye, bye.

EMILY: Bye, Rory.

[She closes the door.]

RICHARD: Well, that was a pleasant evening.

EMILY: Really? What dinner were you at?

RICHARD: Well, we weren't exactly sure she was coming, Emily.

EMILY: I was sure. I don't understand it. Why wasn't she here?

[Emily begins to pour herself a drink.]

RICHARD: Well, I'm guessing she had something to do.

EMILY: Something to do? What does that mean, something to do?

[Richard takes over making drinks, while Emily sits down.]

RICHARD: It means she had a previous engagement or meeting. A dinner, perhaps.

EMILY: I know what something to do means, Richard.

RICHARD: My apologies, Emily.

EMILY: It doesn't make any sense at all. I went down there. I arranged the whole thing. She got her filthy diner owner back. What is the problem?

RICHARD: I don't know! Lorelai is as much of a mystery to me as she is to you.

EMILY: I made a whole goose for three people. Wasteful.

RICHARD [thoughtfully]: Do you think it's possible that they didn't get back together?

EMILY: What?

RICHARD: Perhaps it didn't happen. Maybe he didn't understand what you were telling him to do.

EMILY: How could he not understand? I spelled it out for him, step by step. I spoke clearly and slowly. There is no way he didn't understand what I was telling him to do.

RICHARD: All right. Then perhaps he understood, but he simply didn't do it? He's not the most take-charge sort of fellow, you know. He never did follow through on my advice to franchise his diner.

EMILY: Oh, my God, you're right. He didn't do it. He didn't go to her like I specifically told him to.

RICHARD: So it would seem.

EMILY: What an imbecile that man is!

RICHARD: Well, you gave it your best effort. No one can say you didn't.

EMILY: I just don't believe it.

RICHARD: Don't worry, Emily. I'm sure she'll come around eventually. And then, at least, we won't have to deal with them as a couple. [Emily looks sadly into her empty glass.] Here, let me freshen up your drink.

CLOTHING SHOP

[Rory and Lorelai exit and begin walking down the street.]

RORY: If I still want that sweater in twenty minutes I'm coming back to get it.

LORELAI: Okay, wait. What is wrong with this picture?

RORY: Huh?

LORELAI: You - look at you. An armful of bags and a potential twenty-minute sweater on the way, and look at me. Completely bagless.

RORY: Relax, the day's still young.

LORELAI: There are no more clothes out there for me. The Lorelai look is over. I wish someone had told me.

RORY: That would've helped.

[A lady walks by.]

LORELAI: Oh, see? That's what I want. Hey, come on. Let's follow her.

RORY: I'm not following that girl.

LORELAI: But she knows where my stores are and she looks about my size, so if she happens to have an aneurysm between now and tomorrow night - what?

[Rory is looking across the street. Lorelai looks and sees Logan sitting at an outdoor cafe with another girl. They look very cozy.]

LORELAI: My God. Is that Logan? It is Logan. I can't believe it. What a jerk.

RORY: Mom, it's okay.

LORELAI: No, it's not okay! He's sitting over there with a girl and - oh, no you don't. Get me a rock.

RORY: Mom -

LORELAI: I am beaning him with a rock!

RORY: Mom! Stop, it's fine!

LORELAI: How is it fine? I'm sorry, aren't you still seeing him?

RORY: Well, yeah.

LORELAI: Okay, so if you're still seeing him and he's over there seeing her, how is that okay?

RORY: Because. We're keeping things casual.

LORELAI: Casual?

RORY: We see each other, we see other people, and that's him over there, seeing other people. So it's fine.

LORELAI: Oh.

RORY: We both agreed.

LORELAI: Okay. You both agreed, then, okay. But, aren't you guys sleeping together?

RORY: Mom. It's college.

LORELAI [frowning]: Oh, right. It's college.

RORY: We're both busy. We have class, we have friends. You know, it's good to just keep things cas, have fun. That's it.

LORELAI: Fun. Sure. I get it. Friends with benefits. No problem, I watch Oprah. [She sighs.] Okay, so. Are you sure you're cool with this?

RORY: I'm completely cool with this.

LORELAI: 'Kay. 'Cause it just really bothers -

RORY [cutting her off]: Mom, look over there! I think the Lorelai look is back, and it's in velvet!

[Rory keeps walking down the street. Lorelai follows, staring at Logan.]

DRAGONFLY INN

[Lorelai is showing the photographer around.]

LORELAI: So, Hal, what do you think? Living room, reception area might be a nice place to start.

HAL: I really need to sh**t the exteriors first. We're about to lose the light.

LORELAI: Oh, great idea. Well, let me tell you, we are very proud of our exteriors. Why don't I get Michel to show you outside and help you set up?

HAL: Okay.

[Lorelai leaves Hal at the door and walks to the reception desk.]

MICHEL [On the phone]: No, no. This is unacceptable. Put your supervisor on the phone. Now, now, right now!

LORELAI: Hey, everything okay, Michel?

MICHEL: Yes, everything is fine. Lots of sunshine. I'll be right with you. [On the phone.] I insist you do something about this before I go out and find a stick and make it pointy and come and find your cubicle and poke you very hard!

LORELAI [walking back to the door]: Hey, tell you what. Why don't I just show you outside myself?

HAL: Okay.

MICHEL: Sure, I'll hold.

[They go outside.]

YALE NEWSPAPER OFFICE

[Rory is typing at her desk. Logan comes in.]

LOGAN: Now, that's a look of great determination.

RORY: Yes, I'm determined to finish this piece before my caffeine buzz wears off and I have about thirty seconds left.

[Logan sits down on the corner of the desk.]

LOGAN: So.

RORY: So.

LOGAN: Did I see you on State Street with...

RORY: Yeah.

LOGAN: Right. So you saw me on State Street with...

RORY: Yep.

LOGAN: So.

RORY: So.

LOGAN: Are we still good?

RORY: Absolutely.

LOGAN: Really?

RORY: Logan, we both agreed. No strings attached. Remember?

LOGAN: I remember. I was just checking to see how well you remember.

RORY: I remember perfectly.

LOGAN: Okay, that's good to hear. So -

RORY: Oh, we're not going to do the 'so' thing again, are we?

LOGAN: No, promise. No more so's. Would you take an 'um'?

RORY: Depends. Where's it leading?

LOGAN: Um, are you busy, or do you feel like grabbing a cup of coffee?

RORY: Why, do you have a master key to a Starbuck's or something?

LOGAN: Nah, just thought we'd walk in and pay.

RORY: Wow. Old school. Sure, let's go.

LOGAN: Okay, let's go.

[Logan walks out. Rory gets up and follows.]

DRAGONFLY INN

[Outside. They are getting ready for the photo sh**t.]

LORELAI: Yeah, there. Right there. How's it looking, Hal?

HAL: I think we're good with the flowers. Let's start clearing everyone out of there.

[Lorelai walks toward the porch. Sookie comes out and places a platter of food on the porch railing.]

SOOKIE: How's it going?

LORELAI: I think we're getting ready to sh**t. What are you doing?

SOOKIE: Well, just in case he doesn't have time to do the shot of the kitchen, people will get to see the food.

LORELAI: You're insane. [Calling to Hal] Okay, we're ready!

[Michel rushes out the front door, yelling into his cell phone.]

MICHEL: Okay, try something else! I don't care, just stop it! Block it with your body! Tien an Men Square! Be a hero!

LORELAI: Uh, Michel, what's wrong?

MICHEL: I will tell you what's wrong. Ned the bellman is wrong. He's useless! I gave him specific instructions and he ignored them!

LORELAI: What the hell is that?

[A gigantic motor home drives around the corner.]

MICHEL: No, no, no! Do not drive that here! It was not supposed to arrive for two more days.

LORELAI: Seriously, what is that?

MICHEL: My 'over one hundred thousand dollar in cash and prizes'.

LORELAI: That's what you won?

MICHEL: That, and many boxes of some sort of instant rice dish that I have yet to feel the need to sample.

[The motor home parks directly in front of the front door. A man gets out.]

MAN: Are you Michel Girard?

MICHEL: Yes.

MAN: Well, Michel Gerard, I am pleased to present you with your motor home. Step on inside and I'll show you how everything works.

MICHEL: I don't want to know how it works. I don't want it here at all.

LORELAI: Michel, I don't understand.

MICHEL: After I won this monstrosity, I told them I did not want it. I wanted the cash. But they said they would only give me half of what it was worth!

SOOKIE: Yeah! Jackson's cousin won a washer and dryer on the twenty five thousand dollar Pyramid, but he decided to take half the cash value 'cause he likes to go to the Laundromat to pick up women.

MICHEL: Well, I am not Jackson's cousin. I have all of my chromosomes, and I don't want half of the cash value. I want the entire hundred thousand dollars that was flashing under my face.

MAN: Excuse me. Do you want to know how to use it or not? 'Cause the leveling can be a little tricky.

MICHEL: No, I do not want to know how to use it!

MAN: Okay. [He hands him the key.] Enjoy your day.

MICHEL: Drop dead and we'll discuss it. They told me I had a week before they were delivering it. I put an ad online and I was going to sell it. And then I get a call that it is coming and it has not been a week!

LORELAI: Oh, wait, sir? Could I, uh, pay you to just take this away for an hour? You know, drive it around, show it the sights?

MAN: Sorry. Once we deliver the keys, it's out of our hands.

HAL: Uh, Lorelai?

LORELAI: Taking care of it, Hal.

HAL: By the time all this dust clears, I'm afraid we'll have lost the light anyway.

LORELAI: No, no, we're not losing the light. We'll keep the light, lose the dust. Sookie, get the dust

busters? Michel, move this thing.

SOOKIE: Squawk at the roast?

LORELAI: Michel!

MICHEL: I don't know how it works!

LORELAI: Figure it out!

MICHEL: You figure it out! It's like the space shuttle in here.

HAL: Okay. We're done here.

LORELAI: What? No!

HAL: It's too late. I can take some interior sh*ts just for the hell of it.

LORELAI: Oh, sure. Sookie, why don't you show him the kitchen?

SOOKIE: Really? Great. Follow me.

[Sookie and Hal go inside.]

LORELAI: You know, I can't believe it. I can't believe you had your motor home delivered here, to the inn, today!

MICHEL: I was supposed to have a week!

LORELAI: You know, Michel, I know the world revolves around you and we all have to understand that, but this was important.

MICHEL: I didn't think it was coming today.

LORELAI: You didn't think, period. You know, I don't always expect you to be a great help around here, but how about not being a super colossal hindrance to us all, okay!

[She stomps into the inn, leaving Michel with nothing but hurt feelings and his motor home.]

YALE DINING HALL

[Rory is sitting in a big couch, reading. Robert approaches her.]

ROBERT: Business or pleasure?

[Rory looks up, smiles, and show him the book she is reading.]

ROBERT: Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy: Lord and peasant and the making of the modern world. Oh. Pleasure.

RORY: Have you read it?

ROBERT: I'm waiting for the film to come out.

RORY: Yeah, I heard Renee Zellweger is gaining a ton of weight to play the peasant.

ROBERT: Listen, I was wondering if you're doing anything tomorrow night.

RORY: Oh. Um, I don't know. Why?

ROBERT: Well, it's Finn's birthday. He's having a party. Lots of booze, no food whatsoever.

RORY: Ah, that Finn.

ROBERT: I was wondering if you'd like to go.

RORY: With you?

ROBERT: Well, that was the plan, yes.

RORY: Oh. [Thinks for a moment] Well, um, sure.

ROBERT: Yes?

RORY: Yes. I'd love to. Um, let's celebrate another year of Finn.

ROBERT: Excellent. Now, it's themed. Anything Quentin Tarantino is acceptable, and I'll pick you up at your room around nine.

RORY: Sounds good.

ROBERT: Does it? Well, how about that.

[He leaves. Rory has a smug look on her face, proud of her 'casual dating'.]

DRAGONFLY INN - LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai walks in.]

LORELAI: Hey, Sookie, have you seen Michel? He was arranging a car to take the Martins to Foxwoods.

SOOKIE: I think he's showing some people the motor home.

LORELAI: Now?

SOOKIE: He asked me if it was okay. I told him it was okay. Is it okay?

LORELAI: Yeah, it's okay, but why didn't he just ask me?

SOOKIE: I think he's a little afraid of you.

LORELAI: Afraid of me? Of kitten? Was I really that mean?

SOOKIE: You were upset.

LORELAI: I was mean.

SOOKIE: You know Michel. He likes to dish it out, but he's extremely sensitive if you give it back.

LORELAI: Yeah. I guess.

SOOKIE: You can't even tease him. He never wore those red cowboy boots again.

LORELAI [cringes]: I remember.

SOOKIE: I'm sure he'll get over it. You know Michel.

LORELAI: Yeah. Hey, could you ask Eddie to get the Martins a car?

SOOKIE [nods]: You got it.

[Lorelai heads outside.]

DRAGONFLY INN - OUTSIDE

[Michel is walking around the motor home, followed by five or six people.]

MAN: What's the gas mileage like?

MICHEL: Hmm?

MAN: The gas mileage?

MICHEL: It's five thousand pounds of metal on wheels. I'm sure the mileage is fabulous.

MAN: Would you take twenty for it?

MICHEL: Twenty? But it's brand new, and - oh, whatever. Twenty, sure. You got a cheque?

LORELAI: Oh, whoa, whoa! [Sales voice.] Hi. What Michel means to say is that he would happily entertain all offers for this top-of-the-line streamlined beautiful motor home. I mean, look at it! I just may buy it myself.

MICHEL: What are you talking about?

WOMAN [to her husband]: Offer thirty.

LORELAI: Hey, has everyone seen inside this baby? 'Cause if you haven't, you need to. Seriously. [She lures them inside the motor home.] And while you're taking a look, please note the plush soil and stain resistant wall-to-wall wallpaper, that acts as the beautiful maple-ish paneling. Huh? Yeah.

[The last viewer steps inside.]

LORELAI [to Michel]: Twenty grand? You're just giving this thing away.

MICHEL: That's what I was told to do. I didn't know about the maple-ish paneling.

LORELAI: Michel, you can't sell this thing for twenty thousand dollars. What are you thinking?

MICHEL: Apparently I'm not. Apparently I never think. [He turns away.]

LORELAI: Okay, okay. I'm sorry.

MICHEL: Whatever.

LORELAI: Michel, I was just tense about the photo sh**t and I said things I shouldn't have said. You know I didn't mean them, right?

MICHEL: I do not know that at all.

LORELAI: I think you do. I think you know this inn could not run without you. And I think you know I know this inn could not run without you.

MICHEL: What about your photo sh**t? I ruined it for you, no?

LORELAI: We rescheduled the photo sh**t. Everything's fine.

MICHEL: I could have told you they'd reschedule. Everything with you is so dramatic.

LORELAI [smiles]: So what are we going to do here?

MICHEL: Oh, well, I just want the thing gone.

LORELAI: Michel, you had one hundred thousand dollars flash in front of your face and the entire world saw it. Now come on, go get your money.

MICHEL: Well -

LORELAI: Seriously, Michel, the, uh, rube with the crossed eyes and the bolo tie, I say that's your man.

MICHEL: He does look stupid, doesn't he?

LORELAI: Yeah. And familiar with the, uh, ways of hooking up things to local sewer lines. Huh? Go get 'em!

MICHEL: Yes, I'll zero in on him. Worse comes to worst, the woman with the elastic waist jeans should be a nice backup.

LORELAI: Attaboy.

MICHEL: You know, if I hold out, maybe I can get a hundred and twenty thousand instead of -

LORELAI: Just sell the thing!

MICHEL: Right.

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai stands in front of the mirror, wearing a slinky dress and looking rather unhappy. She picks up the phone. Scene cuts between here and Rory's dorm, where she is also getting ready for the evening.]

RORY: Well?

LORELAI: It's too sparkly.

RORY: It's not too sparkly.

LORELAI: I look like a chandelier.

RORY: What shoes are you wearing?

LORELAI: The pink pumps.

RORY: I like those.

LORELAI: Are they a little too 'Come and get it'?

RORY: Don't you want him to come and get it?

LORELAI: Uh, yes, but I want it to be his idea to come and get it. It's not the same if the shoes tell him to 'Come and get it'.

RORY: I really, really want to stop saying 'Come and get it'.

LORELAI: Fine.

RORY: I have to get ready.

LORELAI: Going out?

RORY: As a matter of fact, I have a date tonight.

LORELAI: Logan?

RORY: No, Robert.

LORELAI: Who's Robert?

RORY: He's a friend.

LORELAI: Have I met this Robert?

RORY: No, you have not met this Robert.

LORELAI: What's his last name?

RORY: Why? Do you think I'm making him up?

LORELAI: I just wondered if I ever heard you mention him before.

RORY: Um, he's just a guy I know at Yale, and there's a party tonight for another guy I know at Yale, and Robert [Pause] Grimaldi asked me to go, so I am going to go.

LORELAI: So, does this mean it's over with Logan?

RORY: Nope. It just means that tonight I'm going out with Robert.

LORELAI [confused]: And you like this Robert, right?

RORY: Right. You know. The party's a Quentin Tarantino themed party, and you have to wear a costume, so I'm going as Gogo.

LORELAI: 'Cause you have the skirt.

RORY: And no other ideas.

LORELAI: Cluelessness is the mother of invention. Call me after.

RORY: I will do that.

LORELAI: Oh, this dress is too slutty.

RORY: The dress is fine. The person in it, however -

LORELAI [gasps]: You're breaking up, the, the house is going through a tunnel. You're breaking up, I -
[She makes a crinkling sound with her throat, then hangs up.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LATER

[Luke gets out of his truck. He walks half way up the sidewalk, but Lorelai exits the house and meets him there.]

LUKE: Oh, I was just gonna -

LORELAI: I just heard the car, so I -

LUKE [points at the house]: No, but I always -

LORELAI: I know. Yeah, I know.

LUKE: No, I should've.

[There is an awkward pause. They are smiling at each other.]

LORELAI: 'Kay, this is stupid.

LUKE: Yes, it is.

LORELAI: It's not like we've never done this before.

LUKE: We have.

LORELAI: And successfully.

LUKE: I've made it to the door.

LORELAI: I've made it to the car.

[They both take a deep breath, still smiling.]

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: Hey.

[He puts his arm around her and they walk to the truck. Lorelai gets in, Luke closes her car door and walks around.]

LUKE: So I thought we'd go to Marino's. You like Marino's, right?

LORELAI: Mmm. [Her attention is on the C.D. in her hand. She looks baffled as she holds it up.]
What is this?

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Reggae Fever?

LUKE: So?

LORELAI: When did you buy this? Where did you buy this? Why did you buy this?

LUKE: I was at the gas station last week. It was at the register. What's the big deal?

LORELAI: The big deal is it's Reggae Fever.

LUKE: I know!

LORELAI: When you look in the mirror, do you see Reggae Fever?

LUKE: It was cheap.

LORELAI: 'Ja Glory' by Toots Bambada. 'Lively up Yourself' by the Family Zigzag, 'Let your Ya be Ya' by Ranking Roy. What else am I going to find in here? Ganja and a yellow, green and red knit cap?

LUKE: I bought a C.D. I didn't adopt the entire Rastafarian culture.

LORELAI: This is so weird. I mean, to think that there was this whole chunk of time when we weren't together. We were living totally separate lives. I was just working like crazy and you were running around, buying reggae C.D.'s.

LUKE: One C.D. One.

LORELAI [sighs]: I just hate that we were apart.

LUKE: Yeah, wasn't too fond of it myself.

LORELAI: Well, all I can say is, you're lucky I'm back in your life, because clearly you were lost without me. I mean, it's a miracle you're even still alive. Right?

LUKE: You bet.

[They smile. Luke starts the truck.]

Q.T. PARTY

[Rory and Robert walk in. Robert is wearing a white t-shirt covered in blood, and Rory is back in the Chilton uniform, dressed as Gogo Yubari. A girl walks by with a tray of sh*ts. Robert grabs two.]

ROBERT: Not a moment too soon. [He offers one to Rory.]

RORY: Oh, no thanks. I think I'm going to try to get through the doorway first.

ROBERT: Huh, novel approach. You're going to be an interesting date.

[Finn joins them, dressed as Vincent Vega.]

FINN: Robert! What are you?

ROBERT: Dead extra number two.

FINN: Brilliant, my friend.

ROBERT: Happy birthday, Finn. You owe me forty dollars.

FINN: Well, maybe for my birthday you'll forgive me that. [Robert gives him a serious look. Finn pulls out his wallet.] Does your father have any idea what a toll his cross-dressing took on your psyche?

ROBERT: That was your father, Finn.

FINN: Ah, you're right. [He holds up his hands to display the painted fingernails.] My God, that explains a lot. Do I know you?

ROBERT: Rory Gilmore, Finn.

FINN: Pleasure to meet you. [Rory smiles awkwardly.] All right, children, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we will all be in a great deal of pain. [He takes the tray of sh*ts from the girl who is walking past again.] Thank you, darling. Your name and phone number would also be appreciated. [She walks away. Finn winks and dances after her.]

RORY: Finn's quite an original.

ROBERT: Yes, he is. Have I told you I like your costume?

RORY: No, you didn't.

[She sees Logan on a couch with the Bride. His costume is Butch Coolidge. He smiles at Rory.]

ROBERT: All right. Did that count, or are you expecting me to say it again?

RORY: I think we're good.

[Cut over to Logan on the couch.]

LOGAN: Let's get a drink.

[They get up. Cut back to Rory and Robert. Colin, wearing a blond wig as Bill, joins them.]

RORY: Oh, hey, Colin. Where's your date?

COLIN: I went to go pick her up. She's dressed like Mira Sorvino.

ROBERT: How do you dress like Mira Sorvino?

COLIN: You have blonde hair and a name tag that says 'Mira Sorvino'. I just turned around and left.

LOGAN [joining the group]: Well, well, well. The g*ng's all here. Robert, good to see you.

ROBERT: Hello, Logan.

LOGAN: Rory, like the costume.

RORY: I like yours too.

LOGAN: This is Whitney. Whitney, Robert, Rory. You know Colin.

WHITNEY: Hi.

COLIN: Whitney, is your friend Josie here?

WHITNEY: Yeah, she's over there with the guy dressed like Harvey Weinstein.

COLIN: Perfect. I'll see you later.

WHITNEY: Leave her alone, Colin.

COLIN: Yes, yes. Of course. [He goes.]

LOGAN: So. Good party, huh?

ROBERT: Seems like it.

RORY: Music's cool.

LOGAN: Very cool. Well, we're just heading over to the bar, can we get you two anything?

ROBERT: No, we're just going to take a look around.

LOGAN: Okay, well, catch you later.

RORY: Sounds good. [They head in different directions.] Hey, Robert.

ROBERT: Yes.

RORY: What's your last name?

LUKE'S TRUCK

[Lorelai is playing with the swan-shaped leftovers. Reggae Fever is playing.]

LUKE: My God, turn that off!

LORELAI: Getting to you, huh?

LUKE: You keep playing the same song over and over and over.

[They get out of the truck.]

LORELAI: I've got news for you. That was not the same song.

LUKE: Oh my God, you're kidding.

[They hear a noise from inside Lorelai's garage.]

LUKE: What was that?

LORELAI: I don't know.

LUKE: Sounds like it came from the garage.

LORELAI: There's someone in my garage?

[They head over to find out what it is. Luke picks up a shovel.]

LORELAI: Huh. Weird time for gardening, isn't it?

LUKE: It could be like a raccoon.

LORELAI: Oh, hey, don't shovel the raccoon.

LUKE: Just stay back, will you?

LORELAI: No, Luke! You can't hurt a raccoon. They're cute. They have face masks like little furry burglars.

LUKE: And sharp teeth that chew through your wiring, and rabies -

LORELAI: Luke.

LUKE: I'm not going to hit it, I'm going to scare it.

LORELAI: Hey! Why don't you play it your Reggae Fever.

[Luke pushes around her and into the garage. Lorelai follows him.]

LORELAI [whispering]: Do you see it?

LUKE: Sh! [He listens for a moment.] That's one hell of a raccoon.

LORELAI: Shovel him. Shovel him! Shovel him!

[Luke turns on the light. Kirk is asleep in the boat. He has a blanket barely covering his body.]

LORELAI: I probably should be more surprised than I am, right?

[Luke bangs on the side of the boat with the shovel.]

LUKE: Kirk! Wake up.

[Kirk stretches and sits up.]

LORELAI: And he's naked. [She holds up her hand, Luke turns away.]

LUKE: Oh, Kirk! Geez!

KIRK: Where am I?

LORELAI: You're in my house, Kirk.

LUKE: You're in my boat, Kirk.

KIRK: I'm exposed.

LORELAI: We know, Kirk.

LUKE: Yeah, let's do something about that, huh, Kirk?

KIRK [wrapping himself in the blanket]: I'm good now.

[Luke and Lorelai turn to face him. Lorelai leans on the edge of the boat.]

LORELAI [calmly]: Kirk. Whatcha doin' here?

KIRK: I left Mother's.

LORELAI: No, did you have a fight? Did she take away your Beach Boys album again?

KIRK: No, I just got so excited about the thought of a new life, you know? Of striking out on my own and being my own man. Right, Luke?

LORELAI: Right, Luke?

KIRK: So I did it. I packed my clothes and I gave my mother my key and I said good bye and I left.

LORELAI: Aw, Kirk. That's a big deal, you leaving like that.

KIRK: I know it is. But Luke explained to me that if I really want to move to the next level with Lulu and have a real, grownup relationship, with sleepovers and everything, then I had to get out.

LUKE: I don't think that's exactly what I said.

KIRK: Oh, yes, it was. And I felt really good about it, until I realized that I had no place to go. I probably should have found an apartment first.

LUKE: Probably.

LORELAI: You can stay in Rory's room.

KIRK: Really?

LUKE: Really?

LORELAI: Just for tonight. We'll find you some place tomorrow.

KIRK: Okay.

[He gets up to go inside.]

KIRK: You know, I think you've got a raccoon in here.

LORELAI: Just go on in the house, Kirk. [He goes. She turns to Luke.] What were you thinking?

LUKE: Kirk was at the diner talking about how he wished how he and Lulu had what we have, and I just mentioned -

LORELAI: Are you insane? Everybody knows you can't mention anything to Kirk.

LUKE: I was cornered. I was tired. I wanted to go to sleep.

LORELAI: Well, now we have to go in there and take care of him. He is now our responsibility.

LUKE: But -

LORELAI: Uh, uh! Pottery Barn, baby. You break it, you buy it.

LUKE: Ah, geez.

[Lorelai goes inside.]

Q.T. PARTY

[The party is in full swing. Rory and Robert are standing at a table.]

ROBERT: My entire goal in life is to outlive my brother, inherit the family fortune, put all my sisters out on the street and live as frivolously as possible, have numerous wives, thousands of illegitimate children and die completely alone and leave every cent to a parrot named Polly.

RORY: That's your entire goal in life.

ROBERT: Except for the name of the parrot, I stick to everything I just said.

RORY: You're a fascinating specimen, Robert.

COLIN [joining them]: Well, Josie's a lesbian.

RORY: You struck out, Colin?

COLIN: Whatever. Is Lydia here?

ROBERT: Yeah, she's here with Patrick, her fiancé.

COLIN: God, I hate these stupid incestuous parties! It's the same people over and over.

[Finn comes up from behind and puts his arm around Colin.]

FINN: Who's as drunk as I am?

COLIN: No one since Spencer Tracy died. Finn, are there any interesting women here at all?

FINN: Have you tried Josie?

COLIN: I'm getting a drink.

FINN: All righty. I have to go make the rounds. [To Rory] Have I met you yet?

RORY: Several times.

FINN: All right then. [He leaves.]

ROBERT: So, how about that drink?

RORY: Nothing too strong?

ROBERT: I'll see what I can do. [He leaves her alone at the table. Logan approaches her.]

LOGAN: Hey, Ace. Having a good time?

RORY: I am, thanks.

LOGAN: Good. That's good. Me, too. I'm having a good time too.

RORY: Good.

LOGAN: Yes, it is good. [He takes a drink.] So I didn't know you knew Robert.

RORY: I met him at the Life and Death Brigade gathering. And the poker game.

LOGAN: Oh. Right, right. Well, he must have made quite an impression.

RORY: He just asked me out, is all.

LOGAN: Sure. [Takes another drink.] He's kind of a jerk.

RORY: Excuse me?

LOGAN: Robert. He's kind of a jerk. Haven't you noticed he's kind of a jerk?

RORY: Nope.

LOGAN: Huh. [Drinks.] Night's young. Okay, come on.

RORY: Where are we going? Logan!

[He grabs her wrist and pulls her into a corner.]

LOGAN: You look great.

RORY: Thank you.

[He kisses her forcefully. After a moment, she pushes him away.]

RORY: Logan, stop.

LOGAN: Right, so, how you been?

RORY: I've been fine.

LOGAN: Good. School's good?

RORY: School's hard.

LOGAN: Well, it's supposed to be hard. It's grounding you for life.

[They kiss.]

LOGAN: Making you an upstanding citizen.

[They kiss.]

RORY: God-fearing Christian.

LOGAN: Habitual recycler.

[They kiss. Rory stops him.]

RORY: We can't do this here, Logan.

LOGAN: You're right. Let's go.

RORY: Go where?

LOGAN: Your place. My place. Let's take a train to New York, spend the night in the Plaza.

RORY: We can't just leave. We have dates.

LOGAN: I don't like this.

RORY: Like what?

LOGAN: You here with Robert.

RORY: You're here with Whitney.

LOGAN: I know!

RORY: So, what's the problem?

LOGAN: The problem is you're here with Robert and it's bothering me, and I don't like that it's bothering me.

RORY: Sorry. Do you want us to leave?

LOGAN: No, I want us to leave. You and me.

RORY: I can't do that.

LOGAN: Oh, you want to spend the rest of the night with Robert instead of me?

RORY: I came here with Robert.

LOGAN: So dump Robert! I hate Robert!

RORY: He's your friend!

LOGAN: So what? I still hate him.

RORY: Logan, you're the one who said -

LOGAN: I know what I said.

RORY: Okay, then. I have to go. I have a date. Enjoy the rest of the party.

[She crosses the room. Finn's Vincent has found his Mia and they are dancing up a storm in the middle of the dance floor.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Luke and Lorelai are hanging out in the kitchen.]

LUKE: There's nothing in here but ice cream, candy bars, cookie dough, canned frosting. Why are you not four hundred and fifty pounds? [He puts a liter of ice cream on the table.]

LORELAI: I know. Scientists call it the Lorelai Paradox.

LUKE: Who are you calling?

LORELAI: No one. Just seeing if Rory left a message.

[Luke sets two bowls on the table.]

LORELAI: Who's washing those?

[Luke puts the bowls away.]

LUKE: Why, was she supposed to leave a message?

LORELAI: No, I was just hoping.

[He puts two spoons on the table.]

LORELAI: Are we out of plastic?

[Luke goes back to the drawer.]

LUKE: Why were you hoping? Everything okay with her?

LORELAI: Yeah, she just had a date tonight. Get four, those tend to break.

[Luke gets up again.]

LUKE: Okay. Uh, she out with that Logan kid?

LORELAI: No. Robert.

LUKE: Who's Robert?

LORELAI: I know nothing about him except his last name is Grimmaldi.

LUKE: When did she break up with Logan?

LORELAI: She didn't.

LUKE: I don't understand.

LORELAI: It's college.

LUKE: What does that mean?

LORELAI: It means, butt out, back off, none of your business.

LUKE: Oh.

LORELAI: Rory suddenly decided she's dating girl.

LUKE: Well, that's okay, right? Isn't that what kids are supposed to do?

LORELAI: It's just, it's not Rory. I don't think it's what is going to make her happy. It seems wrong for her.

LUKE: You say something to her?

LORELAI: No. I mean, she's been so chatty lately, wanting to be able to talk about Logan and her life, so now I just don't know what to do.

LUKE: You talk back.

LORELAI: I am, but I just feel like I need to be really careful what I say.

LUKE: Oh, come on. That's ridiculous.

LORELAI: Well, she's not at home anymore. She's on her own.

LUKE: Doesn't matter.

LORELAI: It matters a little. You know, there have been very few times in our relationship when I ever played the 'mom card'. But I always had it there in my back pocket. And when I used it she had to hear it and take it, 'cause she lived here. And even if she didn't like it or even if she got mad, the worst that would happen is she would run into her room and slam the door and blast the Jam. But then in the morning, I controlled the bathroom, and the, and the Pop-tarts, and she had to deal with me. And eventually we'd make up and it was over. But now -

LUKE: Nothing's different.

LORELAI: Of course it is. It's different. She's on her own. She's making her own decisions. My 'mom card' is looking a little flimsier, and I don't know how much to say to her. If she doesn't want to hear it, she doesn't have to take it. She doesn't have to call, or come home.

LUKE: She'll call. She'll come home.

[Kirk, wrapped in his Superman blanket, comes out of Rory's bedroom, presumably looking for the bathroom.]

LORELAI: Yeah. I hope so. I don't know. [They hear a door open.] Did we lock the front door?

LUKE: I'll be right back. [He gets up.] Kirk! Get back here, Kirk!

LUKE'S DINER

[Emily enters, furious.]

EMILY: What on earth is wrong with you, besides the obvious lack of fashion sense?

LUKE: What are you -

EMILY: I told you to get back together with Lorelai! I told you exactly what to do and exactly what to say. What do you need, a cheat sheet?

LUKE: Emily -

EMILY: Some flash cards, some Sesame Street characters to sing a song about it?

LUKE: Look!

EMILY: Do you think that it was easy for me to come to you like that? Do you think I enjoyed it? Like I was just sitting around my house thinking, hmm, what shall I do tonight? I know. I can drive to

Stars Hollow and humiliate myself at the local greasy spoon!

LUKE: Okay, I am in the middle of -

EMILY: I don't care what you're in the middle of! My family is being torn apart because for some reason you are incapable of taking simple instructions and putting your relationship back together! [As she is talking, Luke takes his cell phone out of his pocket, presses a button and sets it on the counter.]

STARS HOLLOW

[Down the street, Lorelai's phone rings.]

LORELAI: Hello?

EMILY: Just because you run a diner and have mastered the art of the blank stare does not mean it's going to work with me!

[Lorelai looks around, confused, then gets it.]

LORELAI: Ah -

[She runs to the diner.]

LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai rushes in. Emily is still screeching at Luke]

EMILY: And Richard went through a great deal of trouble to set the whole thing up, and you never even called Herb Smith! Apparently, you can't follow through with anything! Not even a razor!

LORELAI: Mom, what are you doing here?

EMILY: I am having what I'm sure will turn out to be yet another fruitless conversation with this man.

LORELAI [to Luke]: I'm sorry. I'm really, really sorry.

LUKE: It's okay.

LORELAI: Mom, go home. You have no right to barge in here and cause a scene.

EMILY: I have something I want to say.

LORELAI: No! We don't want to hear what you have to say! We just want you to please butt out of our lives!

EMILY: Our lives? [She looks at Luke] So there's an 'our lives'? Are you two back together?

LORELAI: Yes, we are.

EMILY [smiles at Luke]: So you did go to her. Just like I told you to.

LUKE: We got back together because we wanted to get back together.

EMILY [turns back to Lorelai]: Then I simply don't understand. If you're together, then what's the

problem?

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

EMILY: Why won't you come to Friday dinner? Whatever happened between the two of you, I obviously fixed it, so -

LORELAI: You fixed it? You broke it! Just because Luke and I found a way to repair the damage doesn't erase the fact that it happened!

EMILY: What I did I did out of concern.

LORELAI: Oh, please!

EMILY: As your mother, I have the right to be concerned. Especially when it looks like you're taking your life down a completely disastrous path. I had to jump in, and -

LORELAI [growling]: Mom!

EMILY [shocked]: Lorelai!

LORELAI: Please hear me. If I want your input in my life in any way, shape or form, I will ask for it. Until then, do us all a favor and shut up!

[Emily, stunned, looks at her daughter for a moment, then turns and walks out the door.]

LUKE: Well, I gotta say, suddenly a big fan of speed-dial.

[Lorelai, drained and obviously shocked at what just happened, sits on the stool. Luke squeezes her hand and leaves her alone.]

DRAGONFLY INN

[Lorelai's cell phone rings. Scene cuts between the inn and Rory's dorm.]

LORELAI: Hey, kid, what's going on?

RORY: I just got a call from Kirk. He wanted to know if he could crash at my dorm.

LORELAI: Ho, boy.

RORY: How did he get my number?

LORELAI: Oh, he probably got it off the fridge.

RORY: Okay. And what was Kirk doing near our fridge?

LORELAI: It's a long story.

RORY: Okay, well, tell me later. I want to hear how the back-together date went.

LORELAI: It was very successful.

RORY: Did he like the dress?

LORELAI: The dress was a hit.

RORY: I told you.

LORELAI: And, um, how was your, uh, date with Robert?

RORY: Completely insane. You won't believe the evening I had.

LORELAI: Oh, tell me.

RORY: So Robert and I get to the party, and Logan was there, and at first everything was completely cas, and then as the evening went on, he got more and more jealous.

LORELAI: Huh, really?

RORY: Oh yeah. He wanted me to leave with him, blow off Robert.

LORELAI [shocked]: And did you?

RORY: No, of course not. I told him that I came with Robert and I was leaving with Robert, and I walked away, and it was great.

LORELAI: Sounds great.

RORY: And since then, by the way, Logan has called twice today, we're going out tonight, and we've already made plans for this week. Complete and total turn-around.

LORELAI: Wow. Well, sounds like all the balls are in your court. Or, well, you know what I mean.

RORY: You okay? You sound down.

LORELAI: No, no, no. I'm fine. So what are you going to wear tonight?

RORY: Oh, I thought I'd go with the twenty-minute sweater.

LORELAI: Oh, cute. Cute.

[Michel walks by, talking on the inn's cordless.]

MICHEL: The answer is no. Look, Jerry. I sold you the motor home. It is now yours. I'm a very busy man. I do not have time for this. [Pause.] All right. For twenty dollars I will measure the shower for you. [He goes outside.] No, that is on top of the forty for the cupboard space and the pull-out table. Well, I'm sorry if you're feeling ripped off. I can call Elastic Pants Lady and see if she'd like to take the motor home off your hands. [Pause.] I thought so. Hold on.

[He opens the door on the side of the motor home. He gets in and pulls a measuring tape out of his pocket. He walks toward the back end. Kirk is asleep, naked, in the bed. Michel sighs, glares, and leaves.]

END