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04x09 - Ted Koppel's Big Night Out

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04x09 - Ted Koppel's Big Night Out

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

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OPEN ON THE SIDEWALK

[Lorelai and Rory are walking toward Luke's Diner]

LORELAI: "Twenty-three is old. It's almost twenty-five, which is, like, almost mid-twenties."

RORY: She did not say that.

LORELAI: She did say that.

RORY: It seems a little wrong that Jessica Simpson is alive and well and Roy got eaten by his tiger.

LORELAI: Aw. Survival of the fittest, baby.

[They walk into the diner]

LORELAI: Oh, man, this place is packed.

RORY: Damn that Zagat guide.

LORELAI: Only the loser mini-table is open.

RORY: What do we do?

LORELAI: Time to hover. You take the old couple, I'll hit the cybergeek.

RORY: Got it. [walks over to an older couple eating] Hello.

LORELAI: [walks over to a guy working on a laptop] Hello.

[A few minutes later, they slide two tables together and sit down]

LORELAI: That was some of the best hovering I've ever seen you do.

RORY: I was taught by the best.

LORELAI: But the focus - you never blinked. And the sneeze - so tiny, so dainty, so terrifying to the old.

RORY: Luke's gonna be mad. I mean, he hates it when we commandeer two tables during rush hour.

LORELAI: Oh, he only hated it that one time.

RORY: What time?

LORELAI: The time when we did it and he was mad.

RORY: He's hated it every time we've done it.

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: No, only the one time.

RORY: Which time?

LORELAI: The time we did it and he was mad.

RORY: You're gonna do this to Luke, aren't you?

LORELAI: 'Til he's so dizzy he throws up.

RORY: Nice. Calendars?

LORELAI: Let's do it. Okay, so, uh, your finals-induced hibernation period is setting in. . .

RORY: Monday.

LORELAI: Okay. So how about, uh, Sunday we have a major Sephora fix, maybe a movie - sort of a see-ya day before you go bye-bye?

RORY: Throw in a pedicure and you got a deal.

LORELAI: Done.

[Luke walks over]

LUKE: Hey. Coffee's gonna be ready in a sec. You know what you want?

LORELAI: Oh, um, well, we need napkins to cover this big, wide, expansive table.

LUKE: Okay. Uh, hey, are you in the mood for pancakes?

LORELAI: Pancakes, sure, yeah. I guess we have enough space for pancakes.

LUKE: 'Cause I'm making pumpkin pancakes and it comes with homemade cinnamon butter.

RORY: You made cinnamon butter?

LUKE: This morning.

LORELAI: Wow. I bet the other people who would love a table right now but can't have one 'cause they're all taken would love pumpkin pancakes with homemade cinnamon butter.

LUKE: I'll get your coffee.

LORELAI: Hey, hold on.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: We're sitting at two tables.

LUKE: Yeah?

LORELAI: You hate that. That makes you mad.

LUKE: Only the one time.

LORELAI: Why are you so sunny this morning?

LUKE: Well, actually, I finally hired some help.

RORY: Oh, good for you.

LUKE: Yeah, I figured I needed the help. What the hell, get a kid in here to pick up the slack, ya know? I kind of feel like a weight's been lifted, ya know?

LORELAI: Sounds very sensible.

LUKE: Let me get your food going. [walks away]

RORY: Okay, so, talk to me.

LORELAI: Talk to you about what?

RORY: Talk to me about Jason.

LORELAI: There's nothing to talk about.

RORY: Oh, come on. I'm in a serious romantic dry spell. I need to live vicariously through somebody.

LORELAI: He has called.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: He has sent things.

RORY: Pipe bombs?

LORELAI: Flowers, candy.

RORY: Even better.

LORELAI: But I don't know, he's my father's partner, I've known him forever. I mean, can you imagine if I actually went out with someone from my 'hood?

RORY: Do you like him?

LORELAI: Well, he's completely not my type, but he does have a thing and the smarts and he does keep up.

RORY: Maybe you should just go out with him and see what happens.

LORELAI: No. Dad would flip and Mom hates him, so she would see it as some sort of personal attack and I'm just getting her off me for spilling wine on the carpet.

RORY: When did you do that?

LORELAI: Ninth grade.

RORY: Huh.

LORELAI: Things are quiet now. I just wanna keep them quiet.

[A bell dings]

LUKE: [calls] Hey, Brennon, pick up.

RORY: Oh, my God.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: He hired Brennon Lewis.

LORELAI: You know him?

RORY: I went to junior high with him.

LORELAI: And?

RORY: Ew!

LORELAI: He doesn't look that bad.

RORY: He's the boy who dissected a frog, did not wash his hands, and then ate a sandwich.

LORELAI: Ew!

RORY: He's like the lost Farrelly brother. He's so stupid. He watched "The Breakfast Club" and decided to tape his own butt cheeks together.

LORELAI: Okay, so Mensa's not sending him a t-shirt yet, but Luke has hired him so we have to give him a chance.

[Brennon brings their plates to the table]

BRENNON: You have the pancakes?

LORELAI: We sure do.

RORY: Hi, Brennon.

BRENNON: Hey.

RORY: Rory Gilmore. Um, we went to school together.

BRENNON: Yeah?

RORY: You don't remember. Biology - the frog?

BRENNON: There have been a lot of frogs, man.

RORY: Okay. Thanks for the food.

BRENNON: Yep. [walks away]

LORELAI: Your kids will be gorgeous.

[opening credits]

CUT TO YALE CAFETERIA

[Rory, Paris, and Richard are eating at a table]

RICHARD: This roommate of mine in sophomore year - we absolutely hated him. He was, in addition to being a complete nincompoop, rather a chubby lad. So one night, we tied him in between two mattresses and threw him out the window.

RORY: What?

PARIS: I'm writing that one down.

RORY: Was he okay?

RICHARD: Oh, he was fine. He went to sleep. He woke up in the morning and picked up right where he left off.

RORY: Man.

RICHARD: We wound up throwing him out the window every night for a month, and then he transferred.

RORY: Well, do you think you guys tossing him out the window on a regular basis had something to do with that decision?

RICHARD: Well, it crossed our minds, yes. However, we were young and full of energy. Every day was an adventure. No challenge was too great. We wanted to change the world.

PARIS: This is so great. Richard, I want to thank you for inviting me to lunch.

RICHARD: Well, you're very welcome, Paris. How often does a man like me get the chance to entertain two such lovely and intelligent young ladies?

PARIS: You are a honey-tongued devil, aren't you, d*ck?

RICHARD: So, tell me, what are your plans for the game?

RORY: The what?

RICHARD: The game. The Harvard-Yale game.

PARIS: I'm going. I already have my ticket. I bought it a month ago.

RORY: You did?

PARIS: It's the game, Rory. It's a memory - a college memory, and I intend on having as many college memories as possible.

RICHARD: Your grandmother and I have attended every one of these games for the past 32 years. We always buy a block of seats, and we got one for you. So how about it? We'd love to take you.

RORY: And I would love to go.

RICHARD: Good. It'll be a wonderful day.

PARIS: It will be a day to remember.

[A man stops at their table]

ASHER: Richard?

RICHARD: Asher! Oh, look at you!

ASHER: Good to see you.

RICHARD: Good to see you.

PARIS: [quietly to Rory] Your grandfather knows Asher Fleming? That's amazing. I read his latest book four times. He was on Charlie Rose last week and he almost kept me awake.

RORY: Well, I didn't know he knew him.

PARIS: I wonder if I can get an interview with him for the paper.

RORY: What if I want an interview with him for the paper?

PARIS: What?

RORY: Well, he's my grandfather.

PARIS: You're stealing my interview.

RORY: No, I'm just making you crazy.

PARIS: Like that's hard. Feel proud.

RICHARD: Girls, I'd like to introduce you to a former classmate of mine - Asher Fleming. Asher, this is my granddaughter, Rory.

RORY: Hello.

ASHER: A pleasure to meet you.

RICHARD: And her friend, Paris Geller.

ASHER: Paris.

PARIS: I saw you on Charlie Rose. You were good.

ASHER: Thank you.

PARIS: Not too self-important, you made your point, and managed to look remotely interested when Charlie babbled on pretentiously about nothing.

ASHER: Well, Charlie Rose is a good friend of mine.

PARIS: Whatever. Listen, professor, I'd love to do a profile on you for the paper. Nothing puffy. Straight-up, hard-hitting, uncensored. Your views, no slant. Tomorrow work for you?

ASHER: Well, I'll, uh, have to check my schedule. I do teach, you know.

PARIS: Sure, you gotta pay the bills.

ASHER: Richard, terrific to see you again. Let's have lunch next week.

RICHARD: Consider it a date.

ASHER: Splendid.

RICHARD: Right.

ASHER: Goodbye, ladies. [walks away]

PARIS: I'm a fan! I could've opened with that, couldn't I have?

RORY: Then you wouldn't be you.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai walks in and checks the answering machine]

JASON: [on answering machine] Okay, see, a better man, a smarter man, a different man, would take into account the fact that flowers, candy, and numerous phone calls have gone completely unnoticed by you. Those men would get a clue, have some pride, grow a pair, and move on. Oh, well. Lorelai Gilmore, daughter of Richard and Emily, mother of Rory, and friend to all, would you join me for dinner on Saturday night? Please call me back because I will someday find my pathetic threshold and stop trying.

[Lorelai picks up the phone and calls Jason]

JASON: This is Jason.

LORELAI: This is Lorelai.

JASON: You're kidding.

LORELAI: No, I'm not.

JASON: You're really calling me back?

LORELAI: Yes, I am.

JASON: Is there someone there who could document this - a photographer or a really fast painter?

LORELAI: See, you get the girl to call you back and then you give her a hard time.

JASON: You're right, I apologize. So, how are you?

LORELAI: I'm fine, and you?

JASON: Uh, I don't know. I've got a slight suspicion you've called to tell me you're not available for dinner on Saturday night, and that's gonna bum me out.

LORELAI: Look, Jason -

JASON: Okay, before you continue, just let me say that I got us reservations at the China Garden.

LORELAI: Ah, you're kidding.

JASON: Very hot ticket in town. Good food, great bar, quite a scene.

LORELAI: How did you do that?

JASON: Pulled a few strings, greased a few palms, sold myself to a sous-chef - a very tender man, I might add.

LORELAI: I just want you to be happy.

JASON: So, long story short - table for two at 8:30. You need a little black dress.

LORELAI: I am so incredibly tempted.

JASON: But?

LORELAI: But you work with my father. You're hated by my mother. You come from my world.

JASON: You find me repulsive.

LORELAI: No, I don't, and I wish I did.

JASON: Okay, here's what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna keep the reservation and go by myself. I've been reading about this place for months, and personally, I would like to see what all the fuss is about.

LORELAI: Do you understand at all where I'm coming from?

JASON: Nope, but that's okay.

LORELAI: Well, I'm sorry, Jason.

JASON: Me, too. I bet you look good in one of those little black dresses.

LORELAI: Well, yes, I do.

JASON: Goodbye, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Bye, Jason.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

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

EMILY: It's ten o'clock at night and suddenly I hear this terrible racket. So I go outside and there is May Richmond sneaking a 6-foot Rudolph into her garage.

RICHARD: That woman is working my last nerve.

LORELAI: So what?

RICHARD: So what? Don't you know what this means?

LORELAI: I'm racking my brain.

EMILY: They're going to put a giant plastic reindeer on their roof.

RICHARD: Which is right next to our roof.

LORELAI: So, what, are you scared they'll keep you up all night playing reindeer games?

RICHARD: They can't light them up. The homeowners association has very strict rules about the amount of lights that you can display in front of your house, and they already have those lawn twinklers.

EMILY: They could give up their lawn twinklers and focus solely on the reindeer.

RICHARD: I don't know. They were awfully proud of their twinklers last year. It was all they talked about.

LORELAI: Okay, guys - take a step back, examine the conversation you're having, and spend some time apart.

RORY: May I have some more roast, please, Grandma?

EMILY: Of course you may.

LORELAI: It's really good tonight, Mom.

EMILY: Thank you, Lorelai.

RICHARD: Oh, by the way, Rory, we will pick you up in front of your residence hall tomorrow morning, nine o'clock sharp.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Tomorrow? What's happening tomorrow?

EMILY: Tomorrow's the game.

LORELAI: Oh, the game. . .

RICHARD: The game. The Harvard-Yale game.

LORELAI: Right, right. Football?

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Why does the question "Football?" get a "Lorelai"?

RICHARD: Yes, it's football - the most important football game of the entire year. All of Yale will be there.

LORELAI: Oh, cool. Can I go?

RICHARD: You want to go to a football game?

LORELAI: Well, if it's such a big deal, absolutely.

EMILY: But you don't like football.

LORELAI: Well, no, I'm not the diehard fan that, say, you are, Mom, but it's Rory's school.

RICHARD: You won't get bored?

LORELAI: Yeah, of course I'll get bored, but that's when the "South Park" impressions kick in.

EMILY: Lorelai, we have invited friends - important people.

LORELAI: I'm kidding, Mom. I can only do Cartman.

RICHARD: So, you want to go?

LORELAI: Yup.

EMILY: You're sure about this?

LORELAI: Absolutely positive.

RICHARD: Well, I guess we could uninvite someone.

EMILY: Cecil, perhaps.

RICHARD: Or Donlon.

EMILY: Donlon just had his colon removed.

RICHARD: Well, Cecil then. I guess I should call him now, give him time to get another ticket.

EMILY: I'll call his wife.

LORELAI: Thanks.

[Emily and Richard leave the room]

RORY: What is wrong with you?

LORELAI: What is wrong with you? Why didn't you get me a ticket to the game?

RORY: I was saving you, dummy.

LORELAI: Saving me from what?

RORY: You hate football.

LORELAI: So do you.

RORY: Yeah, I know I hate football, but I couldn't get out of it. You could.

LORELAI: Okay, so I have to go watch a football game. At least I get to hang with you before finals.

RORY: You sure?

LORELAI: Of course. I mean, what's a football game last? Hour, hour and a half? Longer than an hour and a half? Are you kidding me?

RICHARD: Damn it. Emily, Cecil's the one who had his colon removed. I'm calling Donlon.

LORELAI: Ugh.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting at a table]

LORELAI: I hate football.

RORY: I tried to get you out of it.

LORELAI: Well, you should have tried harder.

RORY: Next time. Where's Luke?

LORELAI: Probably in bed where the rest of the world is on a Saturday. Did I put on underwear?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I think I forgot to put on underwear. Can you check? [pause] Did I just ask you to check if I put on underwear?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: I hate football.

RORY: You just need coffee.

LORELAI: Oh, no.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Froggy.

RORY: Brennon?

LORELAI: I hate that kid.

RORY: I thought we were gonna give him a chance.

LORELAI: Yeah, chance ended when he dumped a chili-bean omelet on me the other day.

RORY: What do we do? Oh, he's coming over.

[Brennon walks over]

BRENNON: What can I do for you, chicas?

RORY: Oh, we'd just like to order, please.

BRENNON: Go ahead.

LORELAI: I'll have the cheese omelet, extra cheddar, no Jack, sourdough toast, two bacons, two sausages. . .you're not writing this down.

BRENNON: Don't need to. Continue.

LORELAI: Two bacons, two sausages, one pancake. . .I would really like you to write this down.

BRENNON: Trust me, it's all stored. What would you like?

RORY: Rye toast.

BRENNON: You want that toasted?

RORY: Sure, why not?

BRENNON: Got it. [leaves]

LORELAI: Rye toast?

RORY: My odds are way better than yours.

LANE: Brennon!

BRENNON: Oh, nice volume.

LANE: This is a box of doughnuts.

BRENNON: Yeah?

LANE: It's supposed to be a box of bagels.

BRENNON: What, they both have holes in them, right?

LANE: We've already had this conversation. Get me the bagels, get me the bagels! Go. Now. Bye.

KIRK: Excuse me, can I get a napkin?

BRENNON: Yeah, sure. [pulls one from his pocket and drops it on the table]

KIRK: Excuse me, can I get a napkin to put my napkin on?

LANE: You know, this is so completely unfair. I didn't even know Luke was looking for someone. I would love to work here.

RORY: Your mother would have let you?

LORELAI: I mean, Luke is a man. With man parts, we think.

LANE: Luke's is one of the few Mrs. Kim-approved places. No alcohol, walking distance to the

church, and you can see my house from here. I totally need the money, and instead I get to return a box of doughnuts once a day.

[Brennon brings a plate to the table]

BRENNON: Rye toast.

RORY: Told ya.

BRENNON: You wanted, uh, something, right?

LORELAI: Oh, excuse me just a second, won't you?

BRENNON: Sure.

[Lorelai walks over to Luke at the counter]

LORELAI: Luke?

LUKE: What are you doing here?

LORELAI: Uh, we're going to the Harvard-Yale game.

LUKE: You're going to the Harvard-Yale game? You know what they do at the Harvard-Yale game?

LORELAI: They make babies?

LUKE: They play football.

LORELAI: Yes, I know they play football.

LUKE: And you're supposed to watch them play football.

LORELAI: Let's not talk about me anymore. Let's talk about you. I'm worried.

LUKE: Why?

LORELAI: Ever since you hired Brennon, the little spark has gone out of your eyes.

LUKE: It has?

LORELAI: Yes, it has. And I am here to tell you that it is hell watching you go through this, so I think for your own sake, you should fire Froggy.

LUKE: Froggy?

LORELAI: Uh, Brennon.

LUKE: You want me to fire Brennon, why?

LORELAI: The spark. Remember the spark?

LUKE: Why do you want me to fire Brennon?

LORELAI: Come back, little spark, come back.

LUKE: Lorelai.

LORELAI: He doesn't write the orders down, he never brings you food that's hot or yours, he can't distinguish bagels from doughnuts, he hands out butt napkins, and he has worn that Foreigner t-shirt every single day since he started working here and he doesn't know who they are. I asked him.

LUKE: What are butt napkins?

LORELAI: Kirk needed a napkin, and he pulled one out of his back pocket.

LUKE: Hey, Bren?

BRENNON: Yeah, boss?

LUKE: Did you give Kirk a napkin out of your back pocket?

BRENNON: Yeah.

LUKE: Don't.

BRENNON: Okay.

LORELAI: That's it? What about all the other stuff?

LUKE: Look, you're just used to me. Give him time.

LORELAI: Have you heard about the frog, the hands, and the sandwich?

LUKE: No, but I heard about the rabbi, the priest, and the duck.

LORELAI: You're not taking me seriously.

LUKE: Hey, Bren, get Ms. Gilmore a cup of hot coffee, will ya? Give the kid a chance, all right? He's helping me out a great deal - decaf - and I have faith in him. All he needs is a little more time - black top - to learn the ropes and he'll be fine.

LORELAI: Where did he go?

LUKE: Uh, I don't know.

CUT TO YALE

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting on the ground in front of Rory's dorm]

LORELAI: Where are they all going? It's Saturday morning, they should be in bed.

RORY: They're excited about life. It's a college thing.

LORELAI: How come you're not excited about life?

RORY: I find nothing exciting before eleven.

EMILY: Yoo-hoo, girls, over here!

LORELAI: God, who's yoo-hooing? Oh, my God.

EMILY: Lorelai, Rory.

RICHARD: It's a fine day for football.

LORELAI: And funny hats.

EMILY: If you're going to continue sitting on the ground like that, you should get yourself a saxophone and a tip cup.

LORELAI: Sorry. Up.

RORY: Right.

EMILY: Lorelai, what are you wearing?

LORELAI: Uh, I'm sorry, you're horrified by what I'm wearing?

EMILY: You're wearing crimson.

LORELAI: I'm not wearing crimson.

RICHARD: Oh, she can't go like that.

RORY: Crimson is Harvard's color.

RICHARD: That's a very dangerous choice to make today, Lorelai.

LORELAI: I'm not wearing crimson. I'm wearing red.

EMILY: Same thing.

LORELAI: Very different.

EMILY: Look at Rory. Rory is dressed in Yale colors.

RICHARD: Why can't you be like Rory?

EMILY: Rory looks perfect.

LORELAI: Rory got dressed five minutes before you got here, and she's wearing my sweater.

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Well, I could just as easily have been the one dressed right.

EMILY: You can wear my jacket.

LORELAI: Do you have a samurai sword under those pom-poms, Mom? Because you're gonna have to "k*ll Bill" me to get me into that -

EMILY: Arm.

LORELAI: Yes, ma'am.

RICHARD: Uh, what have you got there, Rory?

RORY: Fig Newtons.

RICHARD: Fig Newtons?

RORY: A little dessert for later.

[Emily and Richard chuckle]

RORY: What's so funny?

LORELAI: We got the jumbo pack. We're not cheap.

EMILY: I'm sorry, Rory, we didn't mean to laugh at you. We love your Fig Newtons.

RICHARD: We will honor them and eat them proudly.

LORELAI: They're just Fig Newtons, guys. Don't get all freaky on us.

RICHARD: Well, let's get going.

LORELAI: So, what time does the game start?

RICHARD: One.

RORY: One?

LORELAI: Then why the hell did we have to meet you at nine?

EMILY: Is it absolutely necessary for you to talk like Sharon Osbourne?

LORELAI: You're the one with the dirty button.

RICHARD: There's much more to the big game day than the game, Lorelai. There are all kinds of rituals and traditions we Gilmores take part in. First off, a visit to Dan.

EMILY: A visit to Dan.

LORELAI: Who's Dan?

RICHARD: Come along, ladies.

LORELAI: Who's Dan?

EMILY: Button your coat.

LORELAI: Who's Dan?

[They walk over to a glass display case with a stuffed bulldog inside]

RICHARD: Girls, I'd like you to meet Dan - the original Handsome Dan.

EMILY: The very first Yale mascot.

RORY: Oh, my.

RICHARD: Just look at him, will you. Strong, determined, the very essence of dignity.

LORELAI: Got cotton stuffed in his butt. How dignified is that?

RICHARD: You will not sully the name of Dan. This dog has been the inspiration for many a young man.

EMILY: And young woman.

RICHARD: We salute you, Dan.

EMILY: Time for a toast.

LORELAI: Seriously?

RICHARD: Oh, it's a tradition. Here we go. The Rory flask.

RORY: Oh.

RICHARD: And the fun flask.

EMILY: Thank you.

RICHARD: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Fun flask, please.

RICHARD: All right, give our boys the strength to do battle yet again for the honor of Yale, and help us send the Harvard boys home in a body bag. Dan, we salute you.

EMILY: To Dan.

LORELAI: To Dan.

RORY: To Dan.

LORELAI: Mm, I like football.

RICHARD: I must admit, throughout the years, I have often hoped to be able to share this day with my granddaughter. It's selfish, I know, but I am thrilled to be here with you, Rory.

LORELAI: To Rory. Two more of these and I'm gonna start to understand your outfit.

RICHARD: [chants] Bulldog, bulldog, bow wow wow, Eli Yale. . .

LORELAI: What is he doing?

CROWD: Bulldog, bulldog, bow wow wow. . .

LORELAI: [gasps] They're joining him.

RORY: Apparently, everyone has a fun flask.

EMILY: You know, Cole Porter wrote that song.

LORELAI: Was that before he learned to write songs?

CROWD: . . .That is the sign we hail! Bulldog, bulldog, bow wow wow, Eli Yale!

EMILY: All right, everyone, time to move on.

RICHARD: Yes, we have a lot of things to get to.

LORELAI: Yeah, I hear there's a squirrel encased in concrete next door. We have to burn incense, dance around his tail with nuts in our mouths.

EMILY: What can I possibly do to stop you?

LORELAI: A little more of the fun flask might do the trick.

EMILY: That's all until we eat.

RORY: Where are we going to eat?

RICHARD: Uh, it's a tailgate party.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, a what?

RICHARD: Oh, well, don't look so shocked, Lorelai. Tailgating was invented at Yale.

LORELAI: Tailgating like tailgating? Like a beer and a hot dog in the parking lot?

EMILY: Walk a little faster, please.

LORELAI: Did they say "tailgating"?

RORY: I think so.

LORELAI: I wanted to make sure it wasn't the fun flask talking.

EMILY: Girls.

[They walk to the parking lot]

LORELAI: Oh, so this is tailgating.

RORY: It smells so good.

LORELAI: [to a guy barbecuing] Hey, how are ya? Go, Yale, huh? Hi, I'm Lorelai.

BENNY: I'm Benny.

LORELAI: Wow, great to meet you, Benny. Tell me about this barbecue sauce.

EMILY: Please don't harass people. Your daughter goes to this school.

LORELAI: Hi, Mom, I'd like you to meet Benny. Benny, this is my mother, Emily. We were thinking a summer wedding.

EMILY: It's nice to meet you. We're over there.

LORELAI: I don't care where you are. I have found my place in life. It's here, right next to -

RORY: Oh, my God.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Look.

[They see the elaborate tailgating area that Richard and Emily have set up]

EMILY: Richard, make sure he doesn't burn those.

LORELAI: See ya, Benny. Okay, let's tailgate. I really like football.

[At the tailgating area, Lorelai pours Richard a drink from the fun flask]

LORELAI: How's that?

RICHARD: Oh, that's fine if we were in Utah.

LORELAI: Message received. [pours him some more]

EMILY: Don't keep drinking that, Richard. I'm making my Bloody Mary's.

RICHARD: You have been working on your Bloody Mary's for an hour now.

EMILY: Rome wasn't built in a day. [sets a glass on the table] Taste that, Lorelai.

LORELAI: [takes a sip] Ugh! Hooyah!

EMILY: Too strong?

LORELAI: Just a tad.

RORY: Yeah, I'm sitting across from it and I'm looking for a lampshade to wear.

EMILY: All right, all right.

RICHARD: Rory, come with me. I want to introduce you to some good friends of mine.

RORY: Sure.

[Richard and Rory walk away]

EMILY: He is so proud of that girl.

LORELAI: I know.

EMILY: Sometimes that's all he can talk about.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, it's a pretty good subject.

RICHARD: [to a group of men] Gentlemen, I want to introduce you to my granddaughter, Rory, class of 2007.

EMILY: So, any word from that little ex-hoodlum of hers?

LORELAI: No, Jess seems to be gone for good.

EMILY: How is she?

LORELAI: She's Rory. She's stoic. She's a lot like Dad.

EMILY: She is, isn't she? And what about you? Any men snooping around?

LORELAI: Uh, just on trash day.

EMILY: There must be someone.

LORELAI: No, no, no one.

EMILY: All right. Any weaker and it would simply be tomato juice.

LORELAI: Mm, very nice.

EMILY: Yes?

LORELAI: Mm.

EMILY: Perfect.

[Paris walks over to them]

PARIS: Hi.

LORELAI: Hi, Paris.

PARIS: Is Rory here?

LORELAI: Oh, no, she's over there with her grandfather. She'll be right back. Mom, do you know Paris?

EMILY: Of course I know Paris. She came to Rory's sixteenth birthday party. Nice to see you again. Would you like some lemonade?

PARIS: No, thank you. I won't be here long. Oh, Rory, good. Here. [hands her a camera]

RORY: What's this?

PARIS: I want you to take a win/lose photo.

RORY: A what?

PARIS: A photo as if we won and a photo as if we lost. That way, I have it to remember the day by.

RORY: Why don't you just wait until we win or lose to take the photo?

PARIS: Oh, please, I'm already so bored out of my mind, I'm thinking of transferring to Princeton for the hell of it. There's no way I'm gonna make it to the game. Just take the picture so I can go home.

RORY: Okay. We won. [takes pictures] We lost. [takes picture] We're done.

PARIS: I'm out of here.

RICHARD: Oh, hello, Paris. Join us for some food?

PARIS: No, thanks, Richard. Oh, by the way, thanks again for introducing me to Asher Fleming.

RICHARD: Oh, did you get your interview?

PARIS: No, not yet, but I'm working on it.

RICHARD: Well, I pity him if he tries to resist too long.

PARIS: Oh, so do I. Bye.

RORY: Bye, Paris.

[Paris leaves]

EMILY: She's an odd little duck, that one.

RICHARD: Don't I get one of those?

EMILY: Well, of course you do.

[A woman walks over]

PENNILYN: Richard, Emily, hello.

EMILY: Pennilyn.

RICHARD: Nice to see you.

PENNILYN: How are things?

EMILY: Perfect. You?

PENNILYN: Lovely. How's work?

RICHARD: Just fine. How's Stephen?

PENNILYN: Oh, you know.

EMILY: This is our daughter, Lorelai, and our granddaughter, Rory.

PENNILYN: Hello.

EMILY: It's been so long, we must catch up.

PENNILYN: You'll call?

EMILY: Of course.

PENNILYN: Well, then. . .

LORELAI: Oh, wait, are you Pennilyn Lott, my dad's college sweetheart?

PENNILYN: Yes.

LORELAI: You're my almost-mommy.

PENNILYN: Well, I suppose you could put it that way.

LORELAI: I'm so glad to finally meet you. Let me ask you something - would you have let me get a pony?

EMILY: I'll call you, Pennilyn.

PENNILYN: Uh, yes, I look forward to it.

LORELAI: Bye.

[Pennilyn leaves]

EMILY: Lorelai! Does anything work above your neck?

LORELAI: Ugh, what?

EMILY: What were you thinking?

LORELAI: I'm sorry, I was just trying to talk to her.

EMILY: We do not talk to Pennilyn Lott.

LORELAI: Ugh, I -

EMILY: We run into her once a year. We say hello, goodbye, and that is it. We do not have conversations, we do not talk about our lives.

LORELAI: But Mom -

EMILY: We do not joke with Pennilyn Lott. We do not refer to Pennilyn Lott as anything but Pennilyn Lott, and I would appreciate you remembering that.

LORELAI: Okay, seriously time for the fun flask.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[Luke walks by the bakery, where a line is formed on the sidewalk outside the door]

LUKE: Hey, Patty.

MISS PATTY: Hi, sweetie.

LUKE: Gypsy.

GYPSY: Hey Luke.

LUKE: Reverend Skinner.

REVEREND: Afternoon, son.

LUKE: Oh, hey, Kirk, I got that cheese in you like.

KIRK: The Pepper Jack?

LUKE: Pepper Jack, yes. Anyway, it's here, it's in if you're coming by today.

KIRK: Okay.

LUKE: Are you?

KIRK: Am I coming by today?

LUKE: Yes.

KIRK: No, not today.

LUKE: Kirk, listen, I got that cheese just for you. Do not leave me with three pounds of Pepper Jack on my hands.

KIRK: I won't.

LUKE: What are you doing here anyway?

KIRK: Standing in line.

LUKE: Why are you standing in line?

KIRK: Because I'm a follower.

LUKE: Patty?

MISS PATTY: Yes, Luke?

LUKE: What are all these people standing in line for?

MISS PATTY: Well, it seems like such a nice day for pie.

LUKE: What's going on here?

KIRK: I'm sticking to the pie story.

LUKE: Why do you need a pie story, Kirk?

KIRK: Ask Gypsy.

GYPSY: Don't pawn this off on me.

LUKE: Will somebody tell me what the hell is going on?

REVEREND: Luke -

LUKE: Oh, sorry, Reverend.

REVEREND: No, I was just gonna tell you what's going on.

LUKE: Oh, good. Go ahead.

REVEREND: We're all here for lunch.

LUKE: Since when does Weston's serve lunch?

MISS PATTY: We're sorry, Luke. We really are.

LUKE: You're sorry about what?

KIRK: About not eating at your diner anymore.

LUKE: You're not eating at my diner anymore? Why?

MISS PATTY: We hate the kid.

LUKE: Brennon?

KIRK: Brennon, Satan, whatever.

LUKE: Wait a minute, don't you think you're all just overreacting a little bit? He's just a kid.

GYPSY: A really weird kid. He'll be looking directly at you and start laughing. No one knows why. He's just there, laughing.

LUKE: He laughs? That's why you hate him? The kid laughs?

KIRK: You'd have to hear it.

LUKE: I don't believe you people. You've been coming to my diner for years, and now, all of a sudden, because I give a local kid a break, try to teach him a skill, give him a chance to get a little extra cash, a little independence, you all just up and leave? I mean, so he's not the most popular kid in town. If I remember correctly, I wasn't exactly the most popular kid in town either.

GYPSY: Yeah, but you didn't do that laughing thing.

LUKE: Yeah, whatever I did, I grew up, I got responsible. This town gave me a chance, and I proved them right. Now you're all just gonna stand there and tell me that that's it, that you've given out all the passes that you had and you're not coming to my diner anymore because you don't like Brennon? Well, fine. Fine! Do not come to my diner. From now on, every day is a nice day for pie.

[Luke starts walking toward the diner. Through the window, he sees Brennon singing and dancing on one of the tables. He walks back to the bakery line]

LUKE: Just give me ten minutes.

CUT TO YALE

[Lorelai, Rory, Emily and Richard are eating lunch at their tailgating area]

RICHARD: I think I have officially eaten a third of a cow.

RORY: Mm, the steak is incredible.

EMILY: I'm glad you're all enjoying it. Lorelai, how's your steak?

LORELAI: Why do you ask?

EMILY: That's it. Hand over the flask.

LORELAI: I do not know what you're talking about. There's no flask here.

RORY: What's going on over there?

EMILY: Oh, Richard, it's Dan.

RICHARD: Dan? It's Dan! It's Dan!

LORELAI: I thought we already saw Dan.

EMILY: This is the current Dan.

RICHARD: Emily, get his bone.

EMILY: Got it. [they walk over to the dog] Here you go, Dan.

LORELAI: Enjoy it now. I just saw your future and it ain't good.

[Marty walks over]

MARTY: Rory, hey.

RORY: Hey, did you see Dan?

MARTY: Well, you can't help it. He's everywhere today in one form or another.

RORY: I want you to meet my mom.

LORELAI: I'll distract them, and you make a run for it. Dan, are you listening to me? Stop eating. Your freedom's at stake here.

RORY: Mom?

LORELAI: I was just petting him.

RORY: I want you to meet Marty.

LORELAI: Oh, naked guy.

MARTY: You told your mother about me.

RORY: Um, yeah. Well, I included some anecdotes where you were actually clothed, too.

MARTY: Oh, I appreciate that.

RICHARD: And who is this young man?

RORY: This is Marty. He lives in my residence hall.

EMILY: It's very nice to meet you, Marty.

RICHARD: Why did my daughter just call you "naked guy"?

RORY: I now owe you money.

MARTY: I, uh, had an unfortunate experience with a keg and a party and a need to take my clothes

off and fall asleep in a hallway.

EMILY: Oh, my goodness.

RICHARD: Oh, please, that's nothing. I was naked an entire month my sophomore year.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Welcome to tonight's episode of "Things I Never Needed to Know About My Father."

RICHARD: I and a group of like-minded young men decided to protest the new dress code by wearing silk ties and nothing else. We were written up by the dean of admissions and threatened with expulsion. We were also suddenly very popular with the ladies.

EMILY: Ah, yes. This is exactly the kind of conversation I had hoped we would have with our granddaughter and her friend.

RICHARD: One night in the hallway does not a true naked guy make, my friend.

EMILY: Would you like to eat with us, Marty?

MARTY: Oh, I would love to. It looks amazing. But I have to go. There's kind of a party going on over on the lawn, and I actually came by to see if Rory wanted to stop by for a little while.

RORY: Oh, I can't.

RICHARD: Oh, nonsense, of course you can go. Go visit your friends. I insist.

RORY: Are you sure?

RICHARD: We've got plenty of time before the kickoff, go.

RORY: Okay.

EMILY: Take this with you.

MARTY: Thanks. It was nice meeting you. Obi-wan.

RICHARD: Hm.

[Rory and Marty walk away]

RICHARD: I like that boy.

LORELAI: Prove it. Drop your pants.

EMILY: All right, come on.

LORELAI: Come on where?

EMILY: It's time to go to the ladies' room.

LORELAI: It is? Was there a memo, or. . .

EMILY: It's an hour before kickoff. The lines won't be long. Grab your purse. You'll thank me later.

CUT TO THE RESTROOMS

[Lorelai walks out]

LORELAI: I'll meet you right outside. [she walks over to a coffee kiosk] Coffee, please.

GUY: Here you go.

LORELAI: Thanks.

[Pennilyn walks over]

PENNILYN: Of course there's a line. Why wouldn't there be?

LORELAI: You know, you kind of want to hang out here anyhow.

PENNILYN: Why is that?

LORELAI: Some woman just took her forty-year-old son in there.

PENNILYN: No.

LORELAI: He might not be forty, but the images he's gathering up in there will last until he gets there.

PENNILYN: Why do women do that?

LORELAI: I don't know.

PENNILYN: When I was growing up, there was such a thing as modesty. I suppose that's not in fashion now.

LORELAI: Nope, modesty went punk.

PENNILYN: So, I hear you're opening an inn.

LORELAI: Well, trying to.

PENNILYN: That sounds very exciting.

LORELAI: It is.

[Emily walks over]

EMILY: Pennilyn, we're just running into you all over the place.

PENNILYN: Yes, you are.

EMILY: Well, it's a nice treat. Enjoy the game.

PENNILYN: Same to you.

EMILY: Oops, the line's moving.

PENNILYN: Oh, I'll see you later.

EMILY: Yes. Let's go, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Did you see the woman with the forty-year-old kid?

[They return to the tailgating area]

RICHARD: Oh, Emily, good. I can't remember whether it's two shakes of Tabasco or four.

EMILY: I'll do it.

RICHARD: Mm. I did however remember how much vodka goes in there.

EMILY: You're going to have to move if you want me to make them.

RICHARD: But I don't want to move. I want to stand right here, dangerously close to my wife as long as. . . [a group of men starts singing]. . . Whiffenpoofs! [he goes over to sing with them]

EMILY: There's no celery. Sandy, I told you to cut enough celery for the entire day.

LORELAI: Ugh, he's gonna be in so much pain tomorrow.

EMILY: What is this? Sandy, what is this?

SANDY: It's the cookies.

EMILY: It's the cookies my granddaughter brought. I told you to place them on a doily, not just dump them on a plate.

SANDY: I'm sorry.

EMILY: Take them, fix them. And where's the celery?

LORELAI: Um, I can get you celery, Mom.

EMILY: I didn't hire you to get me celery.

LORELAI: I know, but I'm happy to help.

EMILY: Sandy, I don't want to ask you again.

LORELAI: Is something wrong, Mom?

EMILY: No, nothing's wrong.

[Richard walks back over with the Whiffenpoofs]

RICHARD: These are the best Bloody Mary's I have ever tasted. Emily, let's give these boys some refreshments.

EMILY: We can't give them any refreshments because we don't have any celery even though I've been asking for it repeatedly for the last ten minutes.

RICHARD: We can drink them without celery.

EMILY: How does Pennilyn Lott know that Lorelai's opening an inn?

RICHARD: Excuse me?

EMILY: She knows that Lorelai's opening an inn. How did she know?

RICHARD: Well -

EMILY: I didn't tell her. I don't think Lorelai told her. I can't remember the last time Rory and Pennilyn had a hen party.

LORELAI: Um, Mom. . .

EMILY: Once a year - that's when we talk to her. Once a year, right here at the game. We say hello, we ask about her health, we ask about her children, and if Stephen's not here, we ask about him. How did she know?

RICHARD: I told her.

LORELAI: [to the Whiffenpoofs] Run.

EMILY: When?

RICHARD: About six months ago. We had lunch.

EMILY: Where?

RICHARD: At a restaurant.

EMILY: What restaurant?

RICHARD: You don't know it.

EMILY: Why don't I know it?

RICHARD: Because you've never been there.

EMILY: How do you know I've never been there? You don't know everything about me. I don't know everything about you. I didn't know you were having lunch with Pennilyn Lott. We obviously don't know everything about each other. What restaurant?

RICHARD: Adele's.

EMILY: I've never been there.

RICHARD: We just had lunch and talked. Two old friends.

EMILY: How nice. So, after all of these years of not having lunch and not talking, you two decide to get together and catch up. Whose idea was it?

RICHARD: Emily, could we discuss this in the trailer?

EMILY: We will discuss this right here. Whose idea was it?

RICHARD: I don't know. We've been having lunch once a year for many years. It's just a little tradition.

EMILY: Every year since when?

RICHARD: Every year since we got married. Emily, please don't make this more dramatic than it has to be.

EMILY: No, I certainly wouldn't want to do that.

RICHARD: Pennilyn and I are just friends. We just wanted to keep track of each other. That was it.

EMILY: So, you've lied to me for the last 39 years.

RICHARD: Well, she didn't tell Stephen. It was only lunch.

EMILY: Only lunch, yes.

RICHARD: Emily, I -

EMILY: I think you should go for a walk, Richard.

RICHARD: I'll be back before the game. [leaves]

LORELAI: Mom, I know it was wrong, but I'm sure Dad just didn't want to get you upset.

EMILY: Well, then perhaps he shouldn't have lied to me for the last 39 years. That's a surefire way not to get me upset.

LORELAI: That's true, but it was just lunch.

EMILY: It was lunch with Pennilyn Lott, Lorelai - the woman you insisted on talking to even though I told you not to.

LORELAI: I didn't -

EMILY: Your stubbornness is astounding to me. I asked you over and over to please refrain from talking to her.

LORELAI: You asked me once, and -

EMILY: But no, you had to push it, and now look what's happened! Are you happy?

LORELAI: Are you seriously blaming me for this?

EMILY: You had to talk to her!

LORELAI: I didn't have lunch with her, Mom. Dad did.

EMILY: I wouldn't have known! If you hadn't talked to her, I wouldn't have known, and everything would have been fine!

LORELAI: So you'd rather just be in denial about things, Mom?

EMILY: Everything would have been fine!

LORELAI: But Dad still would have been having lunch with this woman once a year.

EMILY: You weren't even supposed to come. It was supposed to be your father and me and Rory. You weren't supposed to come!

LORELAI: Okay!

CUT TO JASON'S OFFICE

[He answers the phone]

JASON: This is Jason Stiles.

LORELAI: You still have those reservations?

JASON: Should I. . .no. Gonna let it go. I'll pick you up at eight.

LORELAI: Okay.

JASON: And wear something completely evil.

LORELAI: So, horns, tail, and my Wolfowitz t-shirt?

JASON: Perfect.

LORELAI: Bye.

JASON: Bye.

CUT TO THE CHINA GARDEN RESTAURANT

[Lorelai and Jason walk in]

LORELAI: Oh, man, this place is crazy.

JASON: You know they flew in the top prostitutes from Hong Kong to work that coat check.

LORELAI: Oh, God, I hope that's true. Okay, is there a star? We need a star. Bingo.

JASON: Where?

LORELAI: Ted Koppel's here.

JASON: Where?

LORELAI: Right there.

JASON: Oh, dear, so he really does look like that. [to hostess] Uh, the name is Stiles, for two.

LORELAI: I love that Ted Koppel's here.

HOSTESS: Follow me.

LORELAI: Look how she seats us right away.

JASON: You like that, huh?

LORELAI: I do like that. Now, if she seats us next to Ted, we have to make sure to become his best friends so he invites us to all those famous newscaster parties.

JASON: Oh, that sounds fabulous.

[They are led into a private room with one table]

HOSTESS: Miss?

LORELAI: Yes? Oh, me? Sorry. Thank you.

JASON: Thank you.

HOSTESS: Your waiter will be in in a moment. [leaves]

JASON: Nice, huh?

LORELAI: Yes, very nice. Quiet. You could hear a pin drop.

JASON: So, how are you feeling tonight? Red, white, or gin-soaked?

LORELAI: Red's good.

JASON: Red it is.

LORELAI: So, I'm sorry, is this where we're going to eat?

JASON: That's right.

LORELAI: Oh, okay. Did they run out of tables or something?

JASON: I requested this room.

LORELAI: You requested it?

JASON: Yes.

LORELAI: You asked for it on purpose?

JASON: Hey, it's very hard to get this room. Everybody wants it, and now we've got it.

LORELAI: Yes, we do, we have it. Lucky us. It's just that everything's kinda going on out there.

JASON: So?

LORELAI: Well, don't you wanna be out there with everybody else?

JASON: Why?

LORELAI: Because it's fun.

JASON: You know, all the people and the noise, you can't even hear yourself think.

LORELAI: But that's the point of coming to a place like this.

JASON: I thought the point of coming to a place like this would be to enjoy the food and the atmosphere.

LORELAI: Yes, but all of the atmosphere is out there.

JASON: You don't like the room.

LORELAI: No, it's. . .it is weird, you know. I mean, the two of us sitting all alone in here. I feel like we're quarantined. It's like the ebola room or something.

JASON: Okay, I don't know what to do.

LORELAI: Why don't we ask for a table out there?

JASON: Oh, no, the place is booked solid.

LORELAI: We could eat at the bar.

JASON: I don't eat at the bar.

LORELAI: Why not?

JASON: I don't like stools. Your feet hang.

LORELAI: Hey, this is a fancy place. Someone will hold them.

JASON: Maybe we should just go.

LORELAI: Oh, Jason. . .

JASON: No, you're uncomfortable. It's fine. Let's go. Ted would.

LORELAI: Oh.

CUT TO INSIDE JASON'S CAR

JASON: We could go someplace else. You must be starving.

LORELAI: You know, I'm not. I had a lot of food today.

JASON: Right, you tailgated. Okay, so, home?

LORELAI: Okay, yeah, home's fine.

JASON: We could try this again some other time.

LORELAI: Uh huh, absolutely. Oh my God, I'm starving.

JASON: You just said you weren't.

LORELAI: Well, I lied.

JASON: Well, good, 'cause I'm starving, too.

LORELAI: Well, you should have said something.

JASON: Well, our date was dinner. It was implied.

LORELAI: Oh, okay, next exit.

JASON: What?

LORELAI: Get off at the next exit, do it, do it.

JASON: Okay, doing it, doing it, doing it, doing it.

[They pull up to a drive-thru window]

LORELAI: Oh, this place, hands down, the best tacos on the East Coast. You're gonna be very happy.

JASON: Good to know.

EMPLOYEE: Welcome to Taco Barn, may I take your order?

LORELAI: Hi. Um, two tacos, an order of taquitos, a beef burrito with no onions, and, uh, don't bother bagging it, that'll just slow us down. Go ahead.

JASON: Uh, nothing for me.

LORELAI: What?

JASON: No, nothing, thanks.

LORELAI: You said you were starving.

JASON: Yeah, I'm just not big on Mexican food.

LORELAI: Trust me, this stuff bears no resemblance to Mexican food.

JASON: It's okay, I'm good.

LORELAI: Okay. Well, I'm not gonna eat if you're not gonna eat.

JASON: What is this, junior high?

LORELAI: No, no, I just, um. . .I don't wanna sit in a car and eat by myself.

JASON: Why?

LORELAI: Because it's not fun.

JASON: Well, does everything have to be fun for you?

LORELAI: When I'm on a date, yeah.

JASON: Oh, please, come on, just get the food.

LORELAI: No, no, let's go.

JASON: No, the tacos. You love the tacos.

LORELAI: I'm not hungry.

JASON: You are too hungry.

LORELAI: Forget it. Let's go.

JASON: Okay, I'm going.

CUT TO A SUPERMARKET

[Lorelai and Jason walk in]

JASON: I told you to get the tacos.

LORELAI: Let's not do this again, okay? I just need to eat something.

JASON: This is a supermarket.

LORELAI: I'm gonna throw my purse at you.

JASON: You have to cook anything you buy here.

LORELAI: Jason, come on.

JASON: Come on what?

LORELAI: There are a million things here. There's cheese and fruit and chips and a whole prepared-food section. Now grab this basket and look. Do you want to start with the salad?

JASON: Okay.

LORELAI: Okay. What did you just do?

JASON: I need razors.

LORELAI: No, no, this is an errand.

JASON: So?

LORELAI: So we're looking for food and you're running errands.

JASON: I'm a busy man. I don't have time to do these things.

LORELAI: We're on a date!

JASON: We're in a store, they're right there. Now I don't have to go tomorrow.

LORELAI: But a date isn't about convenience. You're not supposed to be thinking about the things you need. Oh, sh**t, I'm out of toothpaste.

JASON: Grab it.

LORELAI: Where are you going?

JASON: I need hand soap.

LORELAI: All right. I'll grab some paper towels and meet you in the prepared-food section.

JASON: Fine. Uh, which way is detergent?

LORELAI: That way.

[They go off to separate aisles]

JASON: [calls] Hey, you need peas? 'Cause there's two for one.

LORELAI: Uh, no, I'm good.

JASON: I'm getting you a couple anyhow.

LORELAI: Where are you?

JASON: Uh, let's see, there's Jell-o and tiny cocktail wieners.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm one aisle over.

JASON: I'll be right there. [walks to her aisle] Boy, I gotta tell you, the advice about not shopping hungry couldn't be truer.

LORELAI: Good Lord, that's a lot of food.

JASON: Well, it's not all just food.

LORELAI: So you won't eat fast food, but Sno Balls are okay?

JASON: I've never eaten them. I was curious.

LORELAI: Sno Balls. Pink marshmallow coconut balls.

JASON: You wouldn't be curious about pink marshmallow coconut balls? Who makes these? How did the decision to dye the coconut pink occur? Why are they shaped like a chest? Is there any dessert on the fact of the planet that could stimulate this much debate?

LORELAI: I don't know.

JASON: What are you looking for?

LORELAI: Well, they usually have the mini size of these chips.

JASON: Get the big one.

LORELAI: I grab them on the way out of the house and this won't fit in my purse.

JASON: Well, they must have them. Hold on.

LORELAI: Where are you going?

JASON: Just watch my Sno Balls, please.

LORELAI: Not on the first date, mister.

[Jason goes to talk to a store employee, then walks back over to Lorelai]

JASON: Let's go.

LORELAI: Where?

JASON: Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry.

[The employee lets them into the storage room]

EMPLOYEE: Ten minutes.

JASON: That's all we need.

LORELAI: What are we doing here?

JASON: We're looking for your chips.

LORELAI: Seriously?

JASON: Well, this is where they keep the goods.

LORELAI: How did you get the guy to let us in the back room?

JASON: Talking people into doing things that they don't wanna do happens to be my specialty.

LORELAI: Ooh, look, a time clock. Let's clock in. Do you wanna be Lucy or Jamal?

JASON: Uh, either one. What were the chips you like?

LORELAI: Sour cream and onion.

JASON: Ah, got 'em.

LORELAI: Oh, it's just like heaven.

JASON: Here. Wanna do the honors?

LORELAI: Ooh, I feel so powerful.

JASON: Well, you're holding a knife. Being armed does that to people. Wow, Cap'n Crunch. I lived on Cap'n Crunch in college.

LORELAI: Cut him.

JASON: Cut Cap'n Crunch? That seems a bit severe.

LORELAI: Trust me, he's got it coming.

JASON: Okay, I just hope Jamal doesn't get busted for this.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai and Jason are sitting at a table in front of the supermarket eating the food they just bought]

LORELAI: Mac and cheese?

JASON: Yeah, please, delicious.

LORELAI: Mm.

JASON: You know, I must say, this is a pretty nice spread we put together here.

LORELAI: A little ingenuity.

JASON: It's too bad they stop selling alcohol after 9:30. I mean, not that I need to be drunk to have dinner with you.

LORELAI: Oh, the fun flask.

JASON: Excuse me?

LORELAI: I swiped the fun flask.

JASON: So, tell me something.

LORELAI: Yes?

JASON: Why'd you change your mind?

LORELAI: No reason.

JASON: You seemed to be pretty determined.

LORELAI: Yes, I did.

JASON: And you had some pretty good logic backing you up.

LORELAI: I always do.

JASON: So between the phone call where you said no and eight hours ago, what happened?

LORELAI: Well, I went to the Harvard-Yale game with Rory and my parents.

JASON: Yes, that's how I get all of my girls.

LORELAI: And, um, there was this thing with my mother. And it just, uh. . . well, she was just. . . I thought, and. . . so here we are?

JASON: So here we are. Um, listen. . . whatever it is your mother did today, do you think she might do it again tomorrow night?

LORELAI: I think there's an excellent possibility.

JASON: Okay, I'm gonna go for the giant egg rolls. Do you want one?

LORELAI: Yes, please, and don't forget the hot mustard.

JASON: Right.

[Jason walks away. Lorelai answers her cell phone]

LORELAI: Hello?

RORY: So how was it?

LORELAI: It's still going on.

RORY: Really, how dirty.

LORELAI: We're at the West Hills market drinking booze out of paper cups.

RORY: Really, how pathetic.

LORELAI: He made sure I got my potato chips.

RORY: Really, how confusing.

LORELAI: I'll explain later. How are the grandparents?

RORY: Not speaking.

LORELAI: Must have been one hell of a game.

RORY: I read.

LORELAI: I'm sorry I bailed.

RORY: You owe me nothing but the gory details.

LORELAI: I might like him.

RORY: Just remember, you're sleeping with every single person he's ever slept with.

LORELAI: Thank you for that.

RORY: Call me tomorrow.

LORELAI: You got it.

[They hang up. As Rory starts to head back to her dorm, she sees Paris kissing Asher Fleming]

THE END

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