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04x01 - Ballroom and Biscotti

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04x01 - Ballroom and Biscotti

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OPEN IN LORELAI'S FRONT YARD

[An airport shuttle van drops Lorelai and Rory off in front of their house, then pulls away]

LORELAI: Agh!

RORY: And we're home.

LORELAI: How long does a freakin' van ride take?

RORY: Not that long!

LORELAI: Everybody in the world's life flashed before my eyes. That's how much time I had. I thought we were gonna die on that van.

RORY: It seemed a good possibility.

LORELAI: Ugh, that van ride felt longer than our train ride from Paris to Prague, and we had that group of French boys singing Sk8er Boi and smelling like a soccer field sitting all around us.

[Babette comes out of her house and rushes over to them]

BABETTE: Oh my God, you're back! Morey, they're back! Are you hurt? Are you bleeding?

LORELAI: Oh, we're fine.

BABETTE: You're fine? They're fine! Morey!

MOREY: [opens his front door] Yeah?

BABETTE: They're fine!

MOREY: Okay. [goes back inside]

BABETTE: What the hell happened to you two? According to the itinerary that Rory gave me, you were supposed to be home on Saturday.

LORELAI: The itinerary that Rory gave you?

BABETTE: So when you girls didn't show up, we panicked! Morey?

MOREY: [opens front door] Yeah?

BABETTE: Didn't we panic?

MOREY: Yeah. [goes inside]

LORELAI: Hey, Morey, you ever thought about just staying out here at times like these?

BABETTE: By Sunday night, I was a complete basketcase. I thought you'd been kidnapped by some crazy Sandinistas or something.

LORELAI: 'Cause the Sandinista movement is so popular in France.

BABETTE: So, finally, I just started calling consulates.

RORY: Consulates?

LORELAI: How many consulates?

BABETTE: Ah, jeez, all of 'em. Anyhow, you're here. Let's go inside, I wanna hear all about Europe. Morey, I'm going in!

MOREY: [calls from his house] Okay.

[Babette goes into Lorelai's house]

LORELAI: You gave her an itinerary?

RORY: I thought it would be good for someone to know where we were.

LORELAI: Oh, you gave her an itinerary and she called every consulate in the world.

RORY: If we were caught smuggling hash over the border and we were thrown in some Turkish prison, wouldn't you want someone to know that we were in Turkey?

LORELAI: Where'd we get this hash we were smuggling?

RORY: You were at a café, you met a guy, he was sweet-talking you, he put the stuff in your purse when you weren't looking.

LORELAI: At least tell me he was cute.

RORY: He was not bad for a hash dealer.

LORELAI: Hm.

[they walk into the house]

BABETTE: [calls from the kitchen] I'm making cocoa!

LORELAI: She's making cocoa 'cause you gave her an itinerary.

RORY: I may have given her the itinerary, but you're the one who got us busted for drug smuggling.

LORELAI: Reality has absolutely no place in our world.

[they walk to the kitchen]

BABETTE: Okay, I wanna hear all about Europe. Come on, tell me, what'd you see?

LORELAI: Well, everything. Uh, Notre Dame, the Roman Baths, St. Peter's Basilica.

RORY: Mom touched the Pope.

BABETTE: You're kidding!

LORELAI: Actually, I just touched his car. Then one of the Swiss guards in the fruity cool clothing busted me.

RORY: Luckily, Mom's fluent in flirting.

LORELAI: And flirting with a guy in a pompom hat and a skirt is quite an accomplishment.

BABETTE: Well, it sounds like you had a terrific trip.

RORY: It was. [Lorelai signals for her to fake a yawn, and Rory does]

LORELAI: Aw, are you okay, hon?

RORY: Yeah, I'm just a little sleepy.

BABETTE: Aw, of course, you girls must be wiped. I'll, uh, get out of here.

LORELAI: Oh, but thanks, Babette.

BABETTE: Well, goodnight, sleep tight. I'll talk to you tomorrow. Morey, I'm coming home! [leaves]

RORY: I'm gonna go unpack.

LORELAI: Oh, unpack tomorrow.

RORY: No, if I leave stuff packed overnight, everything's gonna get gross.

LORELAI: Everything's already gross.

[they walk into Rory's bedroom]

RORY: Ahhh.

[Rory walks to the closet as Lorelai gets on the bed]

LORELAI: Oh my God, your bed feels good.

RORY: Do not get comfortable. I will sleep on top of you if I have to.

LORELAI: Oh man, smell this. [holds up a pillow]

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I forgot that pillows don't have to smell like feet. You know, I have to say, I think it's good I did this hostel thing in my thirties, and I'll tell you why.

RORY: [hugging the clothes in her closet] I missed you, I missed you all!

LORELAI: If I had done it in my twenties or teens, I would've been naïve enough to think that hostels were exotic and romantic. But once you're in your thirties, you've lived enough to know they're gross and should be avoided at all costs.

RORY: [to her clothes] I had a dream about you in Copenhagen. You were there, and you, and you, and you.

LORELAI: Listen, since we slept on the plane, we should go to sleep now, but get up really early tomorrow. We don't wanna blow this whole week being jet-lagged. We need to establish normal sleeping patterns.

RORY: Fine.

LORELAI: Okay. I'm gonna go take a shower and leave you alone to make out with your sock drawer.

RORY: Close the door.

[Lorelai leaves. Rory pulls open her sock drawer]

RORY: Hello, boys.

[opening credits]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory is organizing the souvenirs in the living room. Lorelai walks down the steps talking on the phone]

LORELAI: [on phone] Gilmore, Lorelai, yes. My daughter's name is Lorelai also. Well, very confusing or, in your case, extremely convenient. Uh, no, see, we were never missing, it was a big mistake.

RORY: Who are you talking to?

LORELAI: Belgium.

RORY: Ah.

LORELAI: [on phone] Yes, uh huh, Babette Dell. She got our arrival dates mixed up and she was just worried, but we're fine, we're here. We just loved your fries. Okay, sure, bye bye. [hangs up] Okay, Belgium's done, Lisbon's calling me back, Berlin had no idea what I was talking about, and Paris is pissed.

RORY: At who?

LORELAI: Ugh, who knows? Okay, I'm taking a break and then I'm taking on the Netherlands. I still cannot believe Babette did this.

RORY: She just loves us.

LORELAI: Well, be a little less lovable, would you, 'cause it's costing me a fortune. Try being one of those kids where people are like, "Oh really, she was kidnapped? Hey, well, thin the herd."

RORY: Very nice. Hey, who are the rosary beads for?

LORELAI: They're mine.

RORY: What do you need rosary beads for?

LORELAI: They're cute.

RORY: They're for prayer.

LORELAI: Well, pray they match my blue suit?

RORY: They have just upgraded you to a queen-size bed, Jacuzzi tub, junior suite in hell.

LORELAI: Hm. Oh, Pieta placemat?

RORY: Oh, Gypsy.

LORELAI: How are you feeling?

RORY: You know, not bad. Just a little spacy.

LORELAI: Like a cold medicine buzz?

RORY: Maybe we got lucky and missed the jet lag.

LORELAI: I hope so because we have a very big week ahead of us.

RORY: Oh yeah?

LORELAI: Yes. In fact, I have here in my hand a schedule of all the activities we are going to partake in over this week, the final week of Rory Gilmore's life before she enters the ivy-covered hallowed halls of Yale University.

RORY: Schedule, please.

LORELAI: Okay. Today we get these presents out to our friends and then we hit the mall.

RORY: Got it.

LORELAI: Tomorrow we get an early start and we hit three of the crappier movies that are out.

RORY: And then we have dinner at Grandma's.

LORELAI: Which I will conveniently not put down on my list in the hopes that that magically goes away. Uh, okay, the next day we hit New York, see your fancy art galleries, hit the Strand.

RORY: Yes!

LORELAI: Pizza at John's. Um, Sunday, pick up all the stuff you need for school, and then there's a barbecue at Sookie's. Monday is mani/pedi, facial, haircut, go to the psychic, and stock up for Tuesday, the day of all days - Godfather I, II, and III, with extra showings of the Sofia death scene over and over as long as the Mallomars hold out.

RORY: The perfect day!

LORELAI: I agree.

RORY: And I think we have just enough of the biscotti that we brought back from Milan to last us the rest of the week.

LORELAI: Oh, good. Well, everything's in order, so, uh, let's get going and get this stuff out of here.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Wow, we sure have a lot of gifts. Do we like this many people?

RORY: I didn't think so. Maybe we're getting soft in our old age.

LORELAI: Okay, well, I guess we should get some tote bags.

RORY: What tote bags?

LORELAI: We must have tote bags.

RORY: Where would we get tote bags?

LORELAI: Excuse me, every woman who's ever purchased seventy-five dollars worth of Clinique products has some tote bags.

RORY: We don't have tote bags.

LORELAI: Well, how are we supposed to get this stuff out of here?

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Lorelai and Rory walk down the street wearing their backpacks]

LORELAI: Now we're the quirky backpack ladies.

RORY: One of the kinder nicknames that have been attributed to us.

LORELAI: Let's just be very efficient about this. Okay, we'll start with Patty, work our way clockwise around the town, end with Andrew. And let's stick with the 'my mom touched the Pope' anecdote. It's quick, it's peppy, and everybody likes a nice Pope story.

RORY: Do we have time to stop at Luke's? I'm starving.

LORELAI: Absolutely. This is our week, this week we do anything we want.

RORY: I like this week.

LORELAI: Hey, I wonder if Luke and Nicole actually went on that cruise.

RORY: I thought he was going.

LORELAI: Yeah, I know, but I wonder if he actually went.

RORY: Why wouldn't he?

LORELAI: Well, I don't know. Because he'd have to pack and leave, plus he'd have to buy a bathing suit.

RORY: Well, I hope he went. He could use a good vacation. Plus, he really seems to like Nicole.

LORELAI: Mmhmm. Yeah, he does. Oh, hey, looks like the soda shop is open.

RORY: Oh, cool.

[They stop outside the soda shop and see Luke and Taylor arguing inside]

LUKE: I am gonna k*ll you.

TAYLOR: Oh, please, you are not.

LUKE: I am, too. I'm gonna k*ll you. I should've k*llled you before. I should've k*llled you the minute you put up those unicorn topiaries in the park, but, hey, hindsight, right?

RORY: Aw, I've missed that.

LORELAI: What do you think, biscotti moment?

RORY: Absolutely.

[Lorelai and Rory eat biscotti while they watch Luke and Taylor argue]

TAYLOR: You don't have to yell, Luke.

LUKE: You put a giant window in my wall.

TAYLOR: So what?

LUKE: A giant window! Right here! You can see my entire diner. And when I'm in my diner, I can see your whole stupid store.

TAYLOR: I don't understand why yours is a diner and mine is a stupid store.

LUKE: Look at this place! Look at you. All you need is six dancing penguins and Mary Poppins floating in the corner to bring back two of the worst hours of my childhood.

TAYLOR: I don't think you had a childhood. I think you came out a bitter surly killjoy.

LUKE: You can't change the basic structure of this place without my okay! What?

TAYLOR: Your hand is near the wax lips.

LUKE: So?

TAYLOR: If you could just move it so you don't accidentally touch the candy. Lucas. [Luke rummages through the different boxes of candy] What are you doing? You stop that right now!

LUKE: [throws candy in the air] Look at all the pretty candy!

TAYLOR: Agh, stop it right now!

LORELAI: [gasps] Oh my God!

RORY: Hm, what? What's the matter?

LORELAI: Luke.

RORY: Yeah, he's finally lost it.

LORELAI: No, we forgot Luke.

RORY: We forgot Luke what? Oh, we forgot to bring him back a gift. Oh no!

LORELAI: We kept putting it off and putting it off.

RORY: We couldn't find anything good enough.

LORELAI: We should've gotten him that bullfighter's uniform.

RORY: Well, so what do we do?

LORELAI: Well, we have to just pick up something here and we'll tell him that we got it in Denmark.

RORY: Pick up what?

LORELAI: Something.

RORY: What? This is Stars Hollow. Everything you buy here has a Hello, Kitty stamped on the bottom.

LORELAI: Well, we have to get him something. We cannot go into Luke's empty handed.

RORY: Great.

LORELAI: Come on.

RORY: I'm hungry.

CUT TO SOOKIE AND JACKSON'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory walk up to the house]

LORELAI: Hey, Sookie!

[Sookie rushes off the porch to greet them]

SOOKIE: [squeals] You're back!

LORELAI: We're back!

[they all hug; Jackson comes out of the house]

JACKSON: Hey, don't squish baby!

SOOKIE: I missed you so much!

LORELAI: We missed you so much.

SOOKIE: Ah, look at you! You look older.

RORY: Oh, thanks, Sookie.

SOOKIE: So how was it, was it wonderful?

LORELAI: Oh -

SOOKIE: I wanna hear everything you did and everything you ate. Oh, was it warm? I read it was warm. How was Barcelona? Did you see the gaudy apartments? Ooh, did you see a bullfight? Did you see Anne Frank's house? Did you cry? Was Steven Spielberg there, huh? Oh, hey, I hear you touched the Pope! Are you hungry? Do you want anything to eat? I've got quiche.

[they walk into the house]

LORELAI: Hold on one sec here, missy. I need to look at you. Sideways, please.

SOOKIE: Okay.

LORELAI: Hello, hi, nice to see you. I'm your Auntie Lorelai, and this is your Auntie Rory. Say hi, Rory.

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Come over here.

RORY: Oh, no, I'm good.

SOOKIE: Come on, Rory, rub my stomach.

RORY: I'd rather not.

LORELAI: Rory's a chicken.

SOOKIE: So is Jackson.

JACKSON: Hey, I'm gonna like it when it comes out.

LORELAI: So what did the ultrasound say, boy or girl?

SOOKIE: It's a -

JACKSON: Buh-buh-buh-buh-buh-buh-buh.

LORELAI: It's a buh? What's a buh?

JACKSON: [reveals a button pinned to his shirt] Read.

LORELAI: [reads button] "I do not want to know the sex of my baby."

JACKSON: That's right. I'm going old school on this.

SOOKIE: And he's being completely stubborn.

RORY: But you know?

SOOKIE: Of course I know. I had little clothes to buy -

JACKSON: Buh-buh-buh-buh-buh-buh!

SOOKIE: What? I said nothing about the sex.

JACKSON: You said little, and now I know it's going to be little.

LORELAI: Jackson, seriously, you don't wanna know?

JACKSON: Hey, in the old days, the guys would pace back and forth in the waiting room until a pretty nurse in a nice white outfit would come out and say, "Congratulations - it's a 'insert your chosen sex here'." Ricky Ricardo didn't know, d*ck van d*ke didn't know, and by gum, if it was good enough for Rick and d*ck, it's good enough for me.

LORELAI: Well, I wanna know.

JACKSON: Rory, what do you say? Be on my side.

SOOKIE: Jackson, there are no sides.

JACKSON: We can be in that waiting room together, pacing, waiting, we'll get you a nice suit. What do you say?

RORY: Okay, sure. I'm on Jackson's side.

JACKSON: Great. Welcome to 1954. [gives her a button]

RORY: Happy to be here.

LORELAI: Well, I wanna know.

SOOKIE: Come on, I'll tell you outside.

LORELAI: Sure you don't wanna go?

RORY: Read the button, missy.

LORELAI: Okay.

[Lorelai and Sookie leave]

RORY: So, you hear about that whole Sputnik thing?

JACKSON: Oh, Eisenhower's on top of it.

RORY: Hm.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai and Sookie walk out back to the shed]

LORELAI: So Jackson's really not gonna be in the delivery room with you?

SOOKIE: Nope.

LORELAI: Does that bug you?

SOOKIE: Hey, I don't like Jackson to see me shave my legs, so. . .I'm opening the shed! Okay, are

you ready?

LORELAI: For what?

[Sookie opens the shed; it's filled with blue baby products]

LORELAI: [gasps] It's a boy!

SOOKIE: It's a boy!

LORELAI: Oh, Sookie, you're having a boy!

SOOKIE: I know! Jackson will finally have that son to prune the trees with.

LORELAI: My God, it's so exciting. A boy! Oh, a little boy. I know nothing about little boys.

SOOKIE: Me neither.

LORELAI: Man, you're prepared, aren't you?

SOOKIE: Yes, I am.

[They sit down in chairs in the shed]

LORELAI: It's so nice to be home.

SOOKIE: It's nice to have you home.

LORELAI: Hey, have you seen Luke lately?

SOOKIE: Briefly.

LORELAI: I guess he went on that cruise, huh?

SOOKIE: Yup.

LORELAI: That's good. That's good he went. He needed a vacation. He works hard, that one. Always cooking, making the coffee, taking the orders.

SOOKIE: You know, I think something happened on that trip of his.

LORELAI: What do you mean?

SOOKIE: Well, the day he got back, Jackson and I went into the diner and I asked him how his trip went. He couldn't get away from me fast enough.

LORELAI: Really? Was Jackson wearing that creepy button?

SOOKIE: Nope. Luke just seemed kind of freaked out about something.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: I don't know.

LORELAI: You think he and Nicole had a fight or something?

SOOKIE: I don't know.

LORELAI: He didn't say anything?

SOOKIE: Nope. He just walked around acting weirder than normal.

LORELAI: Huh. Wonder what that's all about. So. . . are you gonna name him Lorelai?

SOOKIE: Absolutely. That wouldn't be confusing at all.

LORELAI: Great.

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Lorelai and Rory walk down the street. Lorelai is carrying a jar of jam.]

RORY: I cannot believe you.

LORELAI: What? It's the perfect gift for Luke. Fine fancy jam from France.

RORY: Fine fancy jam from Jackson's pantry.

LORELAI: I don't know what you're talking about. I am looking right here at this beautiful hand-crafted label and it says "Fruits de la Terre."

RORY: You didn't even spellcheck to make sure you got the French right.

LORELAI: Yes, well, I think it adds an authentic touch. See, in my world, the person who made this jam was an illiterate orphan. . . Sochelle.

RORY: As in Sochelle Crab.

LORELAI: Yes, exactly. Sochelle was born by the sea, or so said the note left in the bassinet when the nuns found her on the steps of Notre Dame.

RORY: Oh, good, there are nuns.

LORELAI: Every sad story needs nuns. Anyhow, Sochelle had nothing - no father, no mother, no friends, no education. All she had was a burning desire to make great jam, and now she's the most successful jamstress in Paris.

RORY: Luke's gonna know.

LORELAI: No, he is not.

RORY: Well, as much as I would like to be there when you give Luke your heartfelt gift, I'm gonna go give Lane her gift.

LORELAI: All right, but if you're not there, I'm gonna get all the credit for this.

RORY: Exactly as it should be.

LORELAI: Give Lane a hug for me.

RORY: I will. Don't give him the jam.

LORELAI: I can't hear you, I'm too far away.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Bonjour, Luke. Pouvez-vous attacher vos chausseurs?

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Uh, hi, Luke. Do you know how to tie your shoes?

LUKE: Very good.

LORELAI: Yup. It came in handy, let me tell you. Not one shoelace fatality on my watch. [he sets a mug in front of her] You remembered.

LUKE: Yup. A couple things about you stick. You have a good time?

LORELAI: Vos odeurs de chat.

LUKE: What's that?

LORELAI: Your cat smells.

LUKE: You must've been a big hit with the salon set.

LORELAI: The trip was incredible, we had the best time. We were supposed to come back on Saturday.

LUKE: I know.

LORELAI: Keeping tabs on me?

LUKE: Always safer to know which direction the tornado's coming from.

LORELAI: Anyhow, we were in London and we ran into this group of girls who were heading to Ireland to stake out the Clarence Hotel.

LUKE: Why?

LORELAI: Because U2 owns it and Bono hangs out there.

LUKE: Ah. Him again.

LORELAI: So then we jumped on a train and we headed to Ireland - incredibly beautiful, by the way - and we sat in a bar for two days and did nothing but eat soda crackers and funky cheese and he never showed.

LUKE: Que sera.

LORELAI: Hm. [sips her coffee] Mm, still good. I told 'em about you over there, Señor Swanky-pants.

LUKE: Can't tell you how grateful I am to have you as my press agent.

LORELAI: And we got you something.

LUKE: You did?

LORELAI: Yes, we did.

LUKE: You didn't have to do that.

LORELAI: What are you talking about? We do not go to Europe and come back without bringing something for Luke. Here. [hands Luke the jar of jam]

LUKE: Jam.

LORELAI: Yes, fancy French jam.

LUKE: Fruits de la Terre. Very impressive.

LORELAI: It's handmade by this woman in Paris who has the most amazing story.

LUKE: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah. Orphaned.

LUKE: Uh huh.

LORELAI: And illiterate.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: Just had nothing in her life, you know, except this burning desire to be the world's greatest jamstress. And she's famous now and, uh, you know, she only makes three bottles of that stuff a year and that's one of 'em, and I brought it all the way across the, uh. . .I got it from Sookie's house.

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: How did you know?

LUKE: Just a wild guess.

LORELAI: I swear, we tried to get you something, but nothing was good enough.

LUKE: No, forget it. I didn't get you anything on my trip either. We're even.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, how was the cruise?

LUKE: Oh, it was. . .you know.

LORELAI: Not really, I've never been on a cruise. So. . .

LUKE: It was fine.

LORELAI: Okay. So, you and Nicole had fun then?

LUKE: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. You want more coffee?

LORELAI: Uh, eh, oh. So what did you?

LUKE: Where?

LORELAI: On the boat? What did you and Nicole do on the boat?

LUKE: Oh, uh, you know, we fluttered around and ate, and there was a magic show and a singer and pillow mints, and you know, that's it.

LORELAI: But you and Nicole had a good time, you got along, and. . .

LUKE: Yeah. Uh, I'm gonna go check on your food.

LORELAI: Okay. [Luke walks away] I didn't order anything yet.

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Kirk is hanging up a poster in front of the market as Rory walks by]

RORY: Hi, Kirk.

KIRK: Bienvenido, señora Gilmore.

[Rory sees that her picture is on the poster, promoting her as the Ice Cream Queen. She tears it down and walks away]

KIRK: What are you doing? I just put that there.

CUT TO TAYLOR'S SODA SHOP

[Taylor is instructing the employees on how to serve the ice cream]

TAYLOR: Scoop toward you, rolling smoothly. Very good, Ginger. Nice symmetrical balls there, Joshua. Easy on the nuts, easy on the nuts. One cherry, and then present your sundae with a Taylor Tip.

[Rory walks in carrying the poster]

RORY: Uh, excuse me, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Ah, there you are. Hello, your majesty. Come to check on your little kingdom? Uh, Ginger, hand me a spoon.

RORY: I was just walking by when I -

TAYLOR: Here you are, on the house. [hands her a dish of ice cream]

RORY: Thank you.

TAYLOR: Would you like an extra cherry?

RORY: No.

TAYLOR: Because if the Stars Hollow Ice Cream Queen wants two cherries, then she will get two cherries, and to hell with the extra twenty-five cent charge.

RORY: Taylor, you didn't ask me if I wanted to be the Ice Cream Queen.

TAYLOR: So?

RORY: So, you didn't ask me. You just put my picture on a flier and stuck it up all over town.

TAYLOR: Well, I couldn't very well ask you when you were traipsing all over Europe, now could I?

RORY: But -

TAYLOR: And don't worry about getting anything. I have already rented a cape and a crown. Just wear a nice simple sage-colored floor-length dress and you'll be fine.

RORY: I can't do it.

TAYLOR: What do you mean, you can't do it?

RORY: I mean, I'm busy right now. I only have a couple days left before I go off to school, and my mom and I have every moment planned, so I'm just going to have to pass on this one.

TAYLOR: Oh, I see. You're going to pass. You're passing on this. Fine. Just consider yourself passed.

RORY: Look, I can still come by.

TAYLOR: Oh, can you, really? You can find time in your busy day to come by and eat my free ice cream and take my free balloon and get yourself a free glitter hand stamp? You can swing that? You don't have to pass on that, huh?

RORY: Look, Taylor, don't take it like this.

TAYLOR: In my own defense, I assumed you would be thrilled based on your, uh, past participation record.

RORY: But this has nothing to do with -

TAYLOR: You've always been the head pilgrim girl at the food drive table.

RORY: Yes, well, that's for charity.

TAYLOR: The third leprechaun at the St. Patty's Day festival.

RORY: Yes, okay, but again, for charity.

TAYLOR: You man the ticket booth on Groundhog Day. You help organize the manger procession at Christmas, you play Esther every year at the Purim carnival. I just assumed you liked taking part in town events.

RORY: I do like it, but I just can't this time. I'm sorry.

TAYLOR: Oh, don't be. It's my own fault. I should have figured that once you got into Yale everything would be different.

RORY: That's not fair.

TAYLOR: No, I understand. You're no longer our little Stars Hollow Rory Gilmore. You belong to the Ivy Leagues right now. It's time to cut those small town ties and go off and do something important like go to drama school or have one of those high-class naked parties with that Bush girl.

RORY: Taylor -

TAYLOR: Okay. See you around the quad. [walks away]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory walk through the front door]

LORELAI: Okay, that took way longer than it was supposed to. From now on, when we go out of town, no presents for anyone.

RORY: Oh, right. So we'll just buy everyone a big crate of Fruits de la Terre.

LORELAI: That horse is dead, put the stick down. Now we're way behind in our schedule, so I propose a change. Let's hold off on the frivolous shopping until tomorrow. What's up?

RORY: That Taylor thing is still bugging me.

LORELAI: Me, too. I can't believe you didn't call me in to see the fight.

RORY: Maybe I am different. Maybe I do have an attitude.

LORELAI: I think you do.

RORY: I mean, I've always had time for the town in the past, and now suddenly I don't? Am I changing? I don't wanna change. I don't wanna be the anti-town girl. I'm not Daria.

LORELAI: Taylor is just messing with your mind, which is one of his specialties. Ignore him.

RORY: I guess. [she picks up a pile of mail from the coffee table.]

LORELAI: Hey, hey, no mail yet. We agreed, we're still on vacation.

RORY: Well, I'll just look through my mail. Yours can sit there as long as you like.

LORELAI: Yeah, but then you're back in the real world again and I'm out here in vacation-land alone. That's not fun.

RORY: [reading a letter] Oh no.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Oh no.

LORELAI: What oh no?

[Rory heads to her bedroom, Lorelai follows]

RORY: Oh no. Oh no. No no no no no no no no no. Oh no.

LORELAI: Uh, hey, kid, you're kind of freaking me out here.

[Rory flips through her date book]

RORY: I wrote the date down wrong.

LORELAI: What date?

RORY: This is from Yale. My orientation is Saturday.

LORELAI: Right, next Saturday.

RORY: No, this Saturday.

LORELAI: No, next Saturday.

RORY: No, this Saturday.

LORELAI: But today's Thursday. That means we have no -

RORY: I have to be at school the day after tomorrow.

LORELAI: But. . .no! We had a free week. I had it all scheduled out.

RORY: Well, I wrote the date down wrong.

LORELAI: Why would you do that?

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: You never write the date down wrong.

RORY: Well, I wrote it down before we left and I wrote it down wrong.

LORELAI: We were supposed to have a week.

RORY: Well, we don't.

LORELAI: I can't believe you wrote the date down wrong.

RORY: I can't believe you weren't gonna let me open the mail.

LORELAI: I can't believe you wrote the date down wrong.

RORY: I can't believe you made us go to Ireland to stalk Bono.

LORELAI: This isn't fair. You have more I-can't-believe's than I do.

RORY: This sucks.

LORELAI: This totally sucks.

RORY: Well, I'm not ready. I haven't packed. I have things I need to get. We were supposed to watch the three Godfather's and Sofia dying over and over and eat our biscotti and -

LORELAI: Okay, listen, calm down. We just need to revise our plan.

RORY: We were supposed to have a week.

LORELAI: Okay, tonight we stay home and pack. Tomorrow we get up early. We'll get all the stuff you need, and that will give us time to watch at least two Godfather's and a Sofia dying. We'll still have a partial day and a great biscotti night.

RORY: Chinese.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Food. Order it. Go.

LORELAI: No, no time for full sentences!

RORY: Right.

LORELAI: Ordering!

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Lorelai and Rory, each carrying several shopping bags, walk through the town square]

LORELAI: I'm so wiped. I shouldn't have taken that third Excedrin PM last night.

RORY: Third? Why'd you take three?

LORELAI: Oh, well, uh, originally I took two, then somewhere around four in the morning, I woke up and had a major Marilyn moment.

RORY: Oh, no.

LORELAI: Yeah. I forgot that I'd taken something and so I popped a third one and now I'm about ready to sleep with a Kennedy.

RORY: Well, I hear Kerry's available.

LORELAI: Okay, let's sit. God, Mr. Jet Lag wants to be my best friend.

RORY: Well, do you wanna go home and rest?

LORELAI: No. We have a Godfather night to salvage. Check the list.

RORY: Okay, we got the sheets, towels, bathroom shower caddy, and the basic first aid accoutrement. We still need to hit the beauty supply, the hardware store, stationery store.

LORELAI: The mattress store.

RORY: You do know that they supply you with a mattress at the dorm.

LORELAI: Yeah. A mattress that decades of students in various states of cleanliness have slept on. Some without pajamas.

RORY: Gross.

LORELAI: Exactly.

RORY: We've been running around for hours and this list isn't getting any shorter. We're never gonna finish.

LORELAI: Stop. Yes, we are. We just need to split up. We'll get all this done quicker. I'll take the, uh, beauty supply and you take the stationery store, and we'll meet back here in twenty minutes.

RORY: Okay. Oh, boy.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Well, I'm gonna walk right past that stupid grand opening.

LORELAI: Well, I would take the stationery store, but you're so weird about what kind of pens you like.

RORY: No, no. I'll just. . .I'll walk really fast. Maybe Taylor won't notice me.

LORELAI: Yeah. You better walk really fast, like warp speed Mr. Sulu kind of fast.

RORY: Let's go.

LORELAI: Twenty minutes!

[They go off in separate directions. Rory stops to listen to Taylor speaking to a crowd in front of the soda shop]

TAYLOR: ...since these and many other flavors await your tongues at Taylor's Old Fashioned Soda Shoppe and Candy Store. I wanna thank you all for coming here today to help us celebrate our grand opening. Now, originally we were supposed to have our Ice Cream Queen here, but unfortunately, kids, she was just too busy. She just couldn't find time in her busy queen schedule to come play with all of you here today.

[a young girl in the crowd starts crying]

TAYLOR: I know, Christy, but take heart, we still have balloons and music, and as a special treat a little later, a skydiver is going to drop from the sky and land right here in front of Taylor's Old Fashioned Soda Shoppe and Candy Store. Isn't that great, kids? A skydiver who isn't too busy to come play with you will be here soon.

CUT TO THE BEAUTY SUPPLY STORE

[Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Hey, Kirk.

KIRK: Hello.

LORELAI: Hey, I'm looking for a good daytime cream and a good nighttime cream.

KIRK: For you?

LORELAI: No, for Rory.

KIRK: Is she sensitive, prone to breakouts if the cream is too heavy?

LORELAI: Yeah.

KIRK: I thought so. Okay, first of all, I would stay far away from that one.

LORELAI: Oh.

KIRK: Much too rich for her. This one is light with a fresh citrus scent and it is completely natural.

LORELAI: We like that.

KIRK: Now, for day, I would recommend something with a sunscreen. Rory has a classic peaches and cream complexion, and it would be a crime if, when she got older, her face started to look like a cowboy.

LORELAI: I couldn't agree more.

KIRK: All right. This should work.

LORELAI: Thank you.

KIRK: You know, I heard you got back from your trip.

LORELAI: Yup, I'm living proof.

KIRK: Miss Patty showed me the castanets you brought her.

LORELAI: Oh yeah?

KIRK: Yeah. And Andrew showed me the T-shirt from the Picasso museum. I must admit, I was a little jealous. I mean, I hate Picasso, but I love T-shirts.

LORELAI: Oh.

KIRK: And Pete seemed to really enjoy the Tower of London nutcracker you brought him.

LORELAI: Kirk.

KIRK: A nutcracker's a very useful thing to have around. I can't tell you how many times I've been sitting in my living room with a nut thinking, "if only I had a way to crack this."

LORELAI: Okay, Kirk, I'm really sorry, we got a little messed up on the presents. It just got so crazy over there. I mean, we forgot to bring something back for Luke.

KIRK: I heard he got jam.

LORELAI: Fake jam.

KIRK: I love fake jam.

LORELAI: You know what, I'm gonna make this up to you, okay?

KIRK: Really?

LORELAI: I promise. We never meant to forget you.

KIRK: Oh. Okay, well, sure. You can make it up to me.

LORELAI: Okay. Now how much do I owe you?

KIRK: 45.50. You're, uh, you're lucky you came in when you did. I'm closing a little early today.

LORELAI: Ooh, well, lucky me.

KIRK: Yup. [he puts on a skydiver's backpack]

LORELAI: Kirk, no.

KIRK: Taylor paid me twenty dollars to jump out of a plane for the grand opening.

LORELAI: No.

KIRK: But I took a lesson. The guy said I was a natural at falling.

LORELAI: Kirk, listen to me, this is the best gift I could possibly give you - don't do that, okay?

KIRK: Do I still get the jam?

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Rory is walking down the street. Two young kids walk by.]

KID 1: Thanks a lot.

KID 2: Yale can have you.

[Lorelai walks up to Rory]

LORELAI: Honey. Hey, did you get your silly pens?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Okay, good. Now I can mark these two things off, and we only have about ten thousand other things to do.

RORY: Great.

LORELAI: You know, I think the only way we're gonna get this all done is if we prioritize.

RORY: Meaning?

LORELAI: Something has to go.

RORY: Biscotti night.

LORELAI: No, not biscotti night. I think we should bail on Friday night dinner.

RORY: Cancel on Grandma?

LORELAI: Yes, cancel on Grandma.

RORY: I can't do that.

LORELAI: Rory, we need to get this stuff before tomorrow. There's no way we can do that if we have to drive all the way to Hartford and back. She'll understand. Well, the first part was true.

RORY: I can't skip dinner.

LORELAI: Come on, we're gonna go to dinner next week and every week after that for the rest of

our lives. And I do mean the rest of our lives because my parents will outlive us. The damned can do that.

RORY: Mom, I made a deal. This is why I get to go to Yale. I can't back out.

LORELAI: It's our last night.

RORY: I have to go. You don't have to, but I do.

LORELAI: What do you mean I don't have to go?

RORY: I was very clear when I made this deal that it was only for me.

LORELAI: You're right, I don't have to go. Boy, that's an oddly liberating feeling. I don't have to go. I don't have to go. I do not have to go to dinner.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Hang on, I'm not done. I do not have to go ever if I'm not in the mood.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: I'm not going. I'll finish up all the errands.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Yes. You go and you eat really fast and then get out of there. Meet me back here 9:30, 10 at the latest, and we'll do Godfather I through "Monday, Tuesday, Thursday," and a quick Sofia dying.

RORY: Deal.

LORELAI: Remember, eat fast.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: Bye.

[They go off in separate directions. Taylor is still speaking to the crowd in front of the soda shop]

TAYLOR: Now just picture her sitting here just like this, smiling and waving. 'Hello kids, I'm the Ice Cream Queen.'

[Rory walks up to the microphone to speak to the crowd]

RORY: Okay, that's it. I humiliate myself at least six times a year for this town, and just because I'm going to Yale, that's not going to stop. Now the reason I am not the Ice Cream Queen is because Taylor never asked me. I didn't know about it, and that's why I was busy. Now I love this town, I will be back in that ridiculous pilgrim outfit at Thanksgiving, so everybody just get off my back.

[She walks away as some people applaud]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[The doorbell rings. Emily walks toward the door]

EMILY: Richard, they're here! Put those papers away and fix your tie.

[Emily opens the door]

RORY: Hey, Grandma.

EMILY: Hello, Rory.

RORY: Nice to see you.

EMILY: It's nice to see you, too. Come on in.

RORY: I'm sorry I'm a little late.

EMILY: Well, you're here now and that's all that matters. Shall we go into the living room?

RORY: Yes. Then I can give you your present.

EMILY: My present? Well, that sounds very interesting.

RORY: We bought it for you in Paris because Mom said you loved Paris the most.

EMILY: I wonder what it could be.

[They sit down in the living room. Rory hands her a gift]

RORY: For you.

[Emily opens the gift, an Eiffel Tower figurine]

EMILY: Oh my, it's lovely, Rory, really. Just beautiful.

RORY: It was between this and the Arc de Triomphe, but Mom said that the Eiffel Tower was fancier.

EMILY: I agree, and I love it. Thank you.

RORY: You're welcome.

EMILY: So, where is your mother tonight? Not sick, I hope.

RORY: Oh, no, she's fine. She just had some things to do.

EMILY: Ah, things.

RORY: Errands, actually.

EMILY: Errands, of course.

RORY: But she'll be here next week, and she says she's looking forward to it.

[Richard walks into the room]

RICHARD: Emily, I'm expecting a call and there's nothing I can do about it, so please don't be upset when I leave the table. Rory, how lovely to see you. Well, how was the first European excursion?

RORY: It was perfect.

EMILY: Lorelai had chores to do tonight.

RICHARD: Chores?

EMILY: Errands, you know.

RICHARD: Errands?

EMILY: Yes, that's why she didn't come, she had to run errands. But she'll be here next week, and she's looking forward to it. Isn't that nice?

RICHARD: I suppose.

EMILY: I think so, too. Would you like to see my present?

RICHARD: Well, that's very nice. That'll fit right in with your collection, Emily.

EMILY: Yes, it will.

RORY: We got something for you, too, Grandpa. [hands him a gift]

RICHARD: Well, I guess you're not the only one who gets a treat tonight.

EMILY: Oh, and just when I thought I was special.

[Richard opens the gift, a pipe]

RICHARD: Look at that. That's beautiful.

RORY: We found this amazing pipe store in Copenhagen and the man there can carve anything you want. His family's been doing it for over a hundred and fifty years. And they had a whole set of Alice in Wonderland pipes that Mom wanted to get, but they were way too expensive so we just got the Queen of Hearts.

RICHARD: Well, I love it.

EMILY: Yes, and you're gonna love it outside on the patio.

RICHARD: As you wish, my dear. [the phone rings] That's my call, that's my call.

EMILY: Hurry back, or we'll start without you.

RICHARD: Five minutes. Ten, tops. [leaves room]

EMILY: He'll be an hour.

RORY: Is his new business going well?

EMILY: Oh, who knows? He's not in the room long enough to find out.

MAID: Dinner is served, Mrs. Gilmore.

EMILY: All right, Gerta. Well, I guess we should go in and eat.

RORY: What about Grandpa?

EMILY: Oh, we'll save him something.

RORY: Okay.

CUT TO THE DINING ROOM

[Emily, Richard, and Rory are eating dinner]

RICHARD: So, Rory, tell me, how were the Gundersons?

RORY: The who?

RICHARD: The Gundersons. Our friends in Zurich. The ones we told you two to look up when you got there.

RORY: Oh, the Gundersons, right.

RICHARD: I tell ya, they better have given you a first class welcome. Especially after that son of theirs squatted here for over a month last year.

EMILY: And ruined the rug in the guest room.

RICHARD: That's right. Hope you ruined one of their rugs as well.

RORY: Actually, we, um, we didn't get a chance to see the Gundersons.

RICHARD: Hm?

EMILY: Why not? Were they out of town?

RORY: Well, I -

RICHARD: You did go to Zurich, didn't you?

RORY: Yes, but, you know, Zurich was so crazy for us that we just figured, 'Ah, we'll just catch 'em next time.'

RICHARD: You didn't call them?

RORY: You know, there really wasn't time.

RICHARD: Well, what about the Egerholms in Denmark? Is their new house a monstrosity?

RORY: Well, if you think Zurich was hectic, then Denmark was just. . .whooh!

RICHARD: You didn't call them?

RORY: Um, no.

RICHARD: The Rezoscosc in Florence?

RORY: No.

RICHARD: The Talbots in London?

RORY: We were only in London for two days.

RICHARD: Well, who did you look up when you went to Europe?

RORY: Jim Morrison says hello.

RICHARD: You didn't look up one of our friends? We must've given you fifteen names.

RORY: I know, but we got so caught up in the backpacking aspect of it that it just kind of slipped our minds.

RICHARD: You know what that means, Emily. We're going to have to stay with the Gundersons when we go to Zurich in the fall.

EMILY: Rory, would you like another piece of chicken?

RICHARD: Tiresome people.

RORY: I've already had two, Grandma.

RICHARD: I'm sorry, why are we friends with them again?

EMILY: Well, just take it and nibble at it if you want to. Gerta, you can put the soufflé in now.

RORY: Soufflé?

EMILY: Yes, we're going to have a special dessert, something to celebrate your homecoming.

RICHARD: Well, why didn't she put it in the oven when we sat down to dinner? Those things take forever to cook.

EMILY: You know, every time we go to Paris, I marvel at their ability to turn a simple meal into a three or four hour event. Makes every day seem like a party. So tonight, I thought we'd be European. I thought maybe we'd have a cheese plate before dessert and coffee. How does that sound? Bon?

RORY: Oh, yes. Very. . .bon.

EMILY: It's nice to mix it up once in awhile. Oh, I have a wonderful idea. Rory, have you ever seen a ballroom dancing competition?

RORY: Uh, no.

EMILY: You would love it. It is so exciting, and the costumes are beautiful. I've been taping them since 1978. Can you imagine?

RORY: No.

EMILY: All right, then. After dessert, you and I are going to hunker down in that den that we never use and I am pulling out those tapes. We'll just start at the beginning and see how far we get. Perfect, here's the cheese. I'll take that, Gerta. Richard, do you want to start?

CUT TO LORELAI'S FRONT YARD

[Lorelai and Luke are loading Rory's things for Yale into the back of Luke's truck]

LUKE: Jeez, you think you go to a fancy school like Yale there'd be a mattress in the room.

LORELAI: Yeah. Go figure, huh?

LUKE: You packed her stuff in Hefty bags?

LORELAI: Hey, she's lucky I even had these in the house.

LUKE: If you needed luggage, you should've asked me.

LORELAI: You have luggage?

LUKE: Yes, I have luggage. Why wouldn't I have luggage?

LORELAI: You never go anywhere.

LUKE: I just went on a seven-country cruise.

LORELAI: That's right, the mystery cruise that you don't wanna talk about.

LUKE: I told you I brought luggage. What more info do you need?

LORELAI: Why won't you tell me what happened?

LUKE: Because.

LORELAI: Why? Luke, I swear, I'm dying to know, but every time I bring it up, you spaz out. Why won't you tell me? I would tell you.

LUKE: Yes, but I wouldn't wanna know.

LORELAI: Did something happen with you and Nicole?

LUKE: Yes.

LORELAI: What? Did you propose?

LUKE: Yes.

LORELAI: Oh my God, you proposed?

LUKE: Yes, I proposed.

LORELAI: This is big. This is huge.

LUKE: There's more.

LORELAI: There's more? Okay, well, what? Did she say yes?

LUKE: Yes.

LORELAI: She said yes. You proposed and she said yes. Wow, I -

LUKE: There's more.

LORELAI: And there's more after you proposed and she said yes? What, you -

LUKE: We got married.

LORELAI: You got married? How could you get married?

LUKE: We asked the captain and he married us.

LORELAI: And that's legal?

LUKE: Apparently.

LORELAI: So you're married? You're legally married? This is just -

LUKE: Actually, there's a little more.

LORELAI: And she's pregnant. Oh my God, you finally reproduced.

LUKE: We're getting divorced.

LORELAI: I'm gonna sit down now.

LUKE: It just all happened so fast.

LORELAI: Well, yeah.

[they sit down on the front porch steps]

LUKE: I mean, you're on this boat in the middle of nowhere and everything's moving and you feel weird all the time. There's this endless supply of food and drink. Uh, midnight buffets, by the way, are the reason the rest of the world hates us. And everyone around us was either in love, engaged, or celebrating their hundredth wedding anniversary, and we were having a good time. . . and there you go.

LORELAI: There you go.

LUKE: Of course, the next morning we both woke up and realized we'd lost our minds. We tried to ignore it for awhile, you know, went snorkeling, but by the time we hit land, we were separated, and now we're getting divorced.

LORELAI: Okay, well, my jet lag and your love life is making me dizzy. Is there more?

LUKE: Nope, that's it.

LORELAI: I'm sorry.

LUKE: Ah, it's okay.

LORELAI: Well, look on the bright side. I mean, now that you've been married, it'll silence all those questions.

LUKE: What questions?

LORELAI: You know, a single man of a certain age who lives alone.

LUKE: You're kidding.

LORELAI: Hey, I always defended you. I always said, "Hey, so what if he is?"

LUKE: Thank you for your support.

[Lorelai's cell phone rings]

LORELAI: [answers] Hello?

RORY: She's taken me hostage.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: She's not letting me leave. Dinner lasted an hour. She didn't even put the soufflé in the oven until we'd already finished, and now we're watching taped ballroom dancing competitions that date back to the 1800's.

LORELAI: You haven't left yet?

RORY: Are you listening to me? I can't leave. She won't let me leave ever. This is Iran in '79 and you are Jimmy Carter. What do we do?

LORELAI: Well, first we have to lose the Jimmy Carter comparison, and second, I have to come get you. This is about me and me not showing up, so maybe if I put in an appearance, she'll let you go.

RORY: Okay, but come quickly because she's got a lot of tapes and they rewind really slow.

LORELAI: I'm on my way. [hangs up] Um, hey, so, uh, I have to go get Rory.

LUKE: Everything okay?

LORELAI: Uh, yeah. You know, my mother's a psycho, so. . .business as usual.

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Thanks for the help.

LUKE: Sure.

LORELAI: And I am sorry.

LUKE: I'll be fine.

[Kirk walks by in a skydiver's outfit, trailing a parachute behind him]

KIRK: Strong wind.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[In the den, Emily puts a ballroom dancing tape into the VCR, then sits next to Rory on the couch]

EMILY: Now I think you're really going to see quite a difference from the early eighties. They really start to mix it up in '88.

RORY: Mmhmm.

EMILY: Oh, see right there, see that move? Five years ago it was not allowed. Could've gotten you kicked right out.

RORY: That's harsh.

EMILY: Oh, yes. Ballroom dancing can be very harsh. Oh, look. The couple in the purple feathers - that's Corky and Shirley Ballas. I love them, they are so talented. Corky's actually writing a musical based on their life as ballroom champions, and their son, Corky Jr., is going to play him as a young man.

RORY: Wow. Two Corky's in one show. Don't see that everyday.

[Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Hey.

RORY: Mom, hi!

LORELAI: There you guys are.

EMILY: What are you doing here?

LORELAI: Well, you know, it's funny, I just happen to be in the neighborhood and I thought to myself, I wonder what's doing at the Gilmore house.

RORY: We're watching National Ballroom Dancing competitions.

LORELAI: You are? Well, that sounds fun. Mind if I watch with you?

EMILY: I don't think you'd enjoy it.

LORELAI: Oh, no, I'm sure I would.

EMILY: Well, you've already missed the beginning.

LORELAI: I'm betting you could catch me up.

EMILY: Rory, would you go ask Gerta if she would make me some tea?

RORY: Uh, sure, Grandma. [leaves]

LORELAI: No, nothing for me, Mom. Thanks. Um, so what's new?

EMILY: Well, you obviously weren't just in the neighborhood, so why don't you tell me what you're doing here?

LORELAI: Uh, you know, I came to see you.

EMILY: You came to get Rory.

LORELAI: Mom, she's been here for hours. Patty Hearst had a shorter incarceration.

EMILY: She's not being held hostage, Lorelai. I resent that. She's spending time with me, something you obviously don't want to do.

LORELAI: Mom, I'm sorry I missed dinner tonight.

EMILY: Come to dinner, don't come to dinner, it makes no difference to me. You are under no obligation to us any longer.

LORELAI: I know, but -

EMILY: You're very busy, I understand. I wouldn't wanna keep you any longer.

LORELAI: Mom, please, let me take Rory with me.

EMILY: No. Tonight is my night with Rory.

LORELAI: You're keeping her from me on purpose.

EMILY: If Rory wants to leave, she can ask to leave. She's not a four-year old.

LORELAI: Well, she's not gonna hurt your feelings by asking to leave.

EMILY: Why should she? She knows you'll be along any second to do it for her.

LORELAI: Mom, why do you always make everything so hard? Don't you understand, this is my last night with my daughter! She goes off to college tomorrow!

EMILY: I know, which is why I was so surprised you didn't want to spend the evening with her.

LORELAI: I do!

EMILY: Then you should've come!

LORELAI: I couldn't!

EMILY: You wouldn't!

LORELAI: Ugh, I swear to God! Where's Dad?

EMILY: Oh, he went to bed hours ago.

LORELAI: He went to bed?

EMILY: Well, it was getting late.

[Lorelai laughs a little]

EMILY: Why are you laughing?

LORELAI: Um, you know, you've got Rory locked in here with the Mambo Kings, and, um, and Dad went to bed.

EMILY: So what? Why is that funny?

LORELAI: Because. . .you know, she's here and he's there and. . .God, I'm so tired.

[Lorelai keeps laughing. Rory walks in]

RORY: What's so funny?

EMILY: Oh, she's having a fit.

RORY: Mom?

LORELAI: Oh my God. [laughs harder]

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I just got the Jimmy Carter reference.

[Lorelai and Rory laugh]

EMILY: As soon as you're both done. . .

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Later that night, Lorelai and Rory are watching ballroom dancing in the den]

RORY: Oh, watch this. This part's really good.

LORELAI: Ouch, that has got to hurt.

RORY: Cool, huh?

LORELAI: Extremely. Plus, the whole matching haircut thing adds a level of commitment to their act that the other acts just lack. Oh, hey, careful where you put the hand there, mister.

RORY: You know they rehearse every night, plus they have classes, plus they go to the gym four times a week?

LORELAI: Hm. Oh my God, she's balancing on his hand. He is like Superman. Or Wonder Woman. Either way, he's very strong.

RORY: So, tomorrow. . .

LORELAI: Yeah, tomorrow.

RORY: It's a big day.

LORELAI: It's a really big day.

RORY: I just hope it's everything I've been imagining it to be.

LORELAI: Yeah. I just hope you actually get there.

[they glance at Emily sleeping on the other couch, then continue watching the television]

LORELAI: You know, if Sofia could just die during a fox trot, that would be perfect.

RORY: Biscotti?

LORELAI: Yes, please.

[Rory hands her one from the bag]

LORELAI: They're all broken.

RORY: I know. I like 'em that way.

THE END

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