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07x20 - Lorelai? Lorelai?

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07x20 - Lorelai? Lorelai?

by **bunniefuu**

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CHILTON CLASSROOM

MRS O'MALLEY: Although getting soviet support for his w*r in the pacific was his top priority, many historians have argued that it was actually Roosevelt's declining health that played the most significant role at Yalta. Had he not been in such failing health, they argue, he would have driven a much harder bargain with Stalin during those fateful negotiations. For Churchill...

CHARLESTON: Excuse me Mrs O'Malley.

MRS O'MALLEY: Excuse me, please.

CHARLESTON: I need you to remove Miss Gilmore from class.

MRS O'MALLEY: Rory Gilmore, there's been a mistake. I'm going to have to ask you to leave.

CHARLESTON: And take your things with you. You won't be coming back.

RORY: What?

MRS O'MALLEY: Come on. Quickly.

RORY: But...

[Confused Rory gathers her books, buts on her yellow back pack and leaves, she goes through the classroom door and strait into her house. Still confused she goes inside. Lorelai is coming down the stairs with a suit case.]

RORY: Mom, I had the most awful day.

LORELAI: Hi. I thought I would miss you.

RORY: Where are you going?

LORELAI: Well, I'm going to Hawaii.

RORY: Hawaii?

LORELAI: Yeah. Hawaii.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: 'Cause I've always wanted to go to Hawaii.

RORY: I didn't know that.

LORELAI: Yes well.

RORY: Well, when are you coming back?

LORELAI: I don't know. How many ounces can you take on the pLane? Two, Three I forget.

RORY: Mum, I really need to talk.

LORELAI: PLane.

RORY: Well how am I gonna be able to get in touch with you?

LORELAI: You can't. I need a break, kid. Take it easy. Try not to k*ll any plants.

RORY: Well...

[Lorelai leaves. Rory then hears noise in the kitchen, she goes to check it out. Paris, Doyle and tow young kids are having dinner.]

DOYLE: Salman wants to come over for dinner this weekend.

PARIS: Is he bringing that boring wife of his?

DOYLE: Padma is fine.

PARIS: Cookbooks, Doyle. Her husband wrote "The Satanic Verses," and all you'd want to talk about is cookbooks.

DOYLE: I like "Top Chef."

PARIS: Fine, but I'm on call all this weekend, so here's hoping for a heart transplant.

DOYLE: I finally had to fire Broder.

PARIS: Really?

DOYLE: He knew it was coming, but still...

PARIS: Well being Executive Editor of the Washington Post does have its drawbacks. [Stopping Rory] Oh. Hi, Rory.

RORY: Hi.

PARIS: What are you doing here?

RORY: This is my house.

PARIS: Rory, we've been through this. It will always be your house in your heart, but we own it now.

RORY: What are you talking about?

DOYLE: You need money, kid?

RORY: No. At least, I don't think I do.

DOYLE: Here.

RORY: What are you doing?

PARIS: Don't think of it as charity. Think of it as a gift -- a charitable gift.

RORY: [Taking the money] But...

PARIS: You better get going.

DOYLE: Yeah you don't want to be late.

RORY: For what?

PARIS: Uh, work? Oh, and don't forget your poker. That trash isn't gonna pick up itself.

[Doyle opens a large orange plastic bag. Then poker hits a copy of The New York Time, on the floor at Rory's feet. Rory wakes up in a sweat.]

OPENING CREDITS

GILMORE MANSION - LIVING ROOM

[Rory, Lorelai and Emily are listening to Richard]

RICHARD: Not only did he give me a clean bill of health, but Dr. Swinton said he actually thinks I'm in better shape than I was before the heart attack.

LORELAI: Well you do look great, dad. Very Lance Armstrong. What do you think hon.

RORY: You look great, grandpa.

RICHARD: Ah lost 11 pounds.

LORELAI: You can tell. You're super-ripped under that jacket.

RICHARD: Well I've gotten into a good routine with the exercise, and now I can't imagine a day without it.

RORY: Yeah grandma better keep an eye on you over at the club.

EMILY: Rory, I'm so sorry that Logan couldn't join us tonight.

RORY: Oh he was, too, but all his meetings in California have been going so well, he decided to extend his trip.

RICHARD: Good job prospects?

RORY: I think so. He's making a lot of great contacts.

EMILY: Well, next time.

RICHARD: So, when do finals start?

RORY: Uh, tomorrow, actually. Irony from Milton to Byron.

RICHARD: Ha.

EMILY: I hope we're not keeping you from your studies.

RORY: Oh, no. It was so nice to get a break from being in that library all day. Actually It's nice to talk above a whisper.

EMILY: Well, your grandfather and I have a little surprise for you.

LORELAI: Uh-oh.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Did you name another building after her?

EMILY: No.

LORELAI: No I know I know, you bought Yale and named it Rory. From now on, the Ivy League is going to be Harvard, Princeton, and Rory. Has a nice sound, though.

RORY: A nice ring to it.

LORELAI: "Hey, I'll meet you at the Rory/Harvard game."

EMILY: Your grandfather and I have decided to purchase a little Pied-Terre in the city.

RICHARD: Nothing fancy. Just a little two-bedroom on the Upper East Side.

RORY: That's exciting.

EMILY: Now we realize that the Upper East Side is not the most convenient address for an employee of the New York Times, but it's just a 20-minute cab ride to work.

LORELAI: You're giving her an apartment, mom?

EMILY: No. It'll be our apartment but Rory's to live in. Of course we would never drop by unannounced.

RICHARD: Well, that goes without saying.

EMILY: We would just come in on the occasional weekend and maybe stay over some nights when we're going to be in the city late.

LORELAI: Hear that, honey? You and grandma are gonna be roomies.

EMILY: So, what do you think?

RORY: Oh It's a very generous offer.

RICHARD: Oh, we're glad to do it.

RORY: But I don't know if I'm actually gonna be moving to New York after I graduate. I didn't get the internship at the New York Times.

LORELAI: What?

RICHARD: You didn't?

EMILY: That's terrible.

LORELAI: When did you find that out?

RORY: Um, yesterday. It's not a big deal.

EMILY: Well, this is preposterous. Who could be more qualified than you?

RORY: Well the Reston fellowship is very competitive, and they only take a couple of people, so...

RICHARD: This is outrageous. You rose to editor in chief of the Yale Daily News. What else do they want, an exclusive interview with Osama Bin Laden?

[Richard and Emily continue talking amongst themselves]

LORELAI: Why didn't you tell me?

RORY: 'Cause I just found out, and I was so busy studying for finals.

LORELAI: I'm so sorry, sweetie.

RORY: Oh, it's okay. I'm just, as I said, trying to put it behind me.

EMILY: I'm sure it's nepotism. If your name isn't Keller or Sulzberger, you may as well not even apply.

RORY: Oh, grandma, it's okay, I promise. Um actually, I need to get back to Yale soon to keep studying, and I'm kind of hungry -- could we eat?

LORELAI: Yeah, let's get dinner started. Mom? Dad?

EMILY: Well yes, let's eat. I'll have Alexandra serve the salads at once.

STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai is on the phone waling towards Luke's]

LORELAI: Hi, hon, it's me. Just calling to check in and wish you luck this morning. I know it's your first final, and I know you're gonna knock their socks off or their bow ties or whatever it is you knock off professors when you're trying to impress them. Call me when you're done. I love you. Bye.

LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai enters]

BABETTE: "My Funny Valentine" -- it doesn't work. It's April already. What about "Down with Love"?

MISS PATTY: To open? It's too depressing.

BABETTE: It's not depressing. It's ironic.

MISS PATTY: People don't listen to music for irony.

BABETTE: What about weird al?

MISS PATTY: Weird who?

LORELAI: Hi, gals.

MISS PATTY: Lorelai

BABETTE: Hi, hon.

LORELAI: What's with the whispering?

BABETTE: We're saving our voices.

LORELAI: I think that ship has sailed.

MISS PATTY: Oh we're debuting our cabaret act tonight at K.C.'S.

LORELAI: Oh, I thought Saturday was karaoke night at K.C.'S.

BABETTE: It is, so we went over there this morning and signed ourselves up for the first 15 songs.

LORELAI: I'm sure the karaoke regulars will love that.

MISS PATTY: So what do you think, Lorelai, to open the show -- Streisand or Porter?

LORELAI: You cannot go wrong with either one.

MISS PATTY: You're gonna be there?

BABETTE: You got to come, hon. It's gonna be... [louder] fantastic! [quieter] Fantastic.

LORELAI: Hey.

LUKE: Hey.

[Lorelai notices Luke is wearing the blue caps she gave him 6 years ago and is confused and a little stunned.]

LUKE: Okay here you go, ladies. More hot water for you, Miss Patty, and for you, Babette, a bowl of shredded wheat.

BABETTE: It's for my throat. Gives it a rougher quality, a husky sound sort of like Debbie Harry meets Ethel Merman!

[Lorelai is still staring at the cap.]

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Nothing.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: I'm just getting some coffee.

LUKE: To go?

LORELAI: Yep.

LUKE: Coming right up.

[They go over to the counter]

LORELAI: Oh, you're preparing for the big boat trip, huh?

LUKE: Yep.

LORELAI: [Sighs as she sits down] Wow. Do you want me to just talk in nautical terms till you go?

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: Aye, aye, captain.

LUKE: Please don't.

LORELAI: Shiver me timbers.

LUKE: Are you done?

LORELAI: All hands on deck. Now I'm done.

LUKE: Good.

LORELAI: So, where you going?

LUKE: Oh we were thinking of heading up the coast.

LORELAI: Oh, well, up is good.

LUKE: It should be fun.

LORELAI: You're really going on a boat trip, huh? You sure it's a good idea?

LUKE: What's wrong with a boat trip?

LORELAI: Well I mean for starters, you're on a boat.

LUKE: So?

LORELAI: So! Anything could go wrong. You're on a boat in the water in the middle of nowhere. Haven't you seen "Dead Calm," "Open Water," "Das Boot"?

LUKE: Okay, first of all, I did not purchase a u-boat.

LORELAI: "Titanic", surely you've seen "Titanic."

LUKE: April's very excited about this.

LORELAI: Sure she is.

LUKE: Here's your coffee.

LORELAI: Look instead of paying for this, can I just give you some of my sage advice?

LUKE: I'd rather have the dollar.

LORELAI: April says she's very excited?

LUKE: Very excited.

LORELAI: Yeah, she said she's very excited, but if I were you, I would plan a couple nights at a hotel so she can wash her hair and order room service. That's what I would do.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: Okay and if you're heading up the coast, you have to spend as much time as possible on the southern coast of Maine.

LUKE: Yeah?

LORELAI: And you have to go to Barnacle Billy's.

LUKE: Barnacle Billy's?

LORELAI: They have the best lobster you've ever had and you sit on the deck, look at the view -- you never want to leave.

LUKE: I'll check it out.

LORELAI: For all that extra advice, don't I get a doughnut?

[Luke lifts the donut cover]

LORELAI: Thank you very much.

LUKE: Mm-hmm.

LORELAI: Bye, Patty. Bye, Babette.

MISS PATTY AND BABETTE: [Singing together] "So long, farewell Auf Wiedersehen, goodbye, goodbye!"

PARIS AND DOYLE'S APARTMENT

[Rory enters]

RORY: Hey.

PARIS: Hey, Rory. Everybody, this is my roommate, Rory. Rory, this is Elise, Karen, Robin, Tim, and Edwin.

[As a group they welcome Rory with "Howdy" and "Hi"]

PARIS: All fellow Yale seniors and all recently accepted into Harvard Medical school.

RORY: Oh, wow. Congratulations.

THE GROUP: Thank you! Thank you.

PARIS: When word spread around campus about who got in, we decided to get together and celebrate.

RORY: Cool.

PARIS: [Quietly to Rory] A good chance to size up the competition. I know Robin, Karen, and Edwin from ORGO, and I'm comfortable that when the time comes, I can crush them. Elise and Tim are new to me, but Elise's hand was shaking a little when she was cutting into the cake, so I've got her pegged for an early exit into podiatry.

RORY: Sounds like quite a party.

PARIS: It really is. Do you want some cake?

RORY: Oh. Definitely not.

PARIS: We tried to get a corpse cake, but we couldn't find a bakery that would make us one, so we had to settle for a naked-guy cake from an erotic bakery in Hartford.

RORY: Yes it's a little early for cake for me.

PARIS: It actually tastes pretty good once you get past the pornographic-dessert issue. Sure I can't interest you in a fibula?

RORY: No, thanks.

PARIS: Here's your mail. You got a letter from the Chicago Sun-Times.

RORY: Oh. Great. [Rory opens the letter right away.] They're not hiring.

PARIS: Bummer. You okay?

RORY: Yeah. I'm fine. It's not a big deal.

PARIS: You want to hang out, have a little champagne? I could use an extra pair of eyes out here.

RORY: I would, but I have a final in one hour, so I'm gonna go shower and close my eyes for a bit.

PARIS: Sure. We'll try to keep it down.

RORY: Okay. Thanks. Nice meeting you, everyone.

GIRL: Bye, Rory.

GUY: Bye!

[Rory goes into her room and reads the letter again, Then gets out her cell phone and makes a call.]

RORY: Hi. Um, I'm calling for Kate Hessel? Rory Gilmore. Okay....Hello, Kate? Um, hi. This is Rory Gilmore. Good. I'm well. How are you? Um, yeah, finals and everything. It's just really crazy right now. But, um, the reason why I was calling is, uh, well, I know that initially I said that I wasn't interested in the job at the Providence Journal-Bulletin, but I was thinking about it, and it's such a great job. It's such a wonderful opportunity that I was wondering if maybe...no. Right. Of course you did. No. It's such a great job. I mean, of course you've already, uh, filled the position. I just thought

I would, uh, check...that I would call just in case. Well, thanks. [Rory sighs as she sits n her bed]

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Sookie is cooking]

LORELAI: Hey.

SOOKIE: Hey! Taste.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: Taste.

LORELAI: Oh, it's a meatball.

SOOKIE: So good.

LORELAI: It's 9:00 A.M.

SOOKIE: Look It's amazing. I completely forgot how pregnancy scrambles my taste buds. I swear, it doesn't even taste like a meatball.

LORELAI: Does it taste like a Danish?

SOOKIE: Well okay, then, for lunch. [Chuckles and sighs as she sits on a stool.] So?

LORELAI: So...I went into Luke's diner this morning, and he was wearing the hat I gave him.

SOOKIE: [Gasps] You gave Luke a hat.

LORELAI: No, not recently. Years ago -- for Christmas.

SOOKIE: Oh, yeah, the blue hat.

LORELAI: Yes, the blue hat. And he hasn't worn it since we broke up, I mean not once. I don't blame him. It's totally understandable.

SOOKIE: Oh, yeah, you're right. He wears that black hat now. It gives him a slightly more menacing quality.

LORELAI: But then suddenly today, I walk into the diner, and there it is, atop his head.

SOOKIE: [Gasps] Atop.

LORELAI: Yes, atop his head. What do you think that means?

SOOKIE: It's good.

LORELAI: Good how?

SOOKIE: Well, you know, he's past his pain, you're talking again, you've cleared the air, you're coming into the diner again, and, you know, he's wearing your hat.

LORELAI: Yeah. That's nice, right? I should probably reciprocate.

SOOKIE: Reciprocate?

LORELAI: Yeah, you know he's doing something friendly. I should probably do something friendly back -- wear my own hat, as it were.

SOOKIE: Did he give you a hat?

LORELAI: No, that's the problem.

SOOKIE: Did he give you any friendship thing you can wear?

LORELAI: No, you know, I got rid of all my Luke-related stuff.

SOOKIE: Oh.

LORELAI: We've made such progress lately. You know I don't want to leave his hat gesture unacknowledged.

SOOKIE: Hey, you could always throw on a flannel shirt.

LORELAI: That's a good idea.

SOOKIE: [getting the meat ball] God, are you sure you don't want to try this? What if I scrambled it with some eggs?

LORELAI: No.

SOOKIE: Really? [Eats the meat ball] Mmm!

LANE AND ZACH'S APARTMENT

[Lane puts the babies down for their nap, and leaves the bed room, Zach comes home with groceries.]

ZACH: Hey.

LANE: Hi.

ZACH: Are they both down?

LANE: Yes. Three choruses of "Nappy Nappy Time Time" and 20 minutes of Rhythmic Shooshing, and they both conked out. Kwan fought it a little harder than Steve did, but they're both really tired.

ZACH: Good work.

LANE: I don't know what to do first -- sleep or eat. Eat!

ZACH: Hi.

[They kiss]

LANE: Hi!

ZACH: So they didn't have those potato rolls you like, so I got the hamburger rolls which most closely resembled the potato rolls. I checked the ingredients, and potatoes aren't actually listed in there. But are potato rolls made from actual potatoes, or is that just an expression like "finger

sandwiches"?

LANE: Um, Zach?

ZACH: Yeah?

LANE: Name-brand diapers and, oh, name-brand chips? Are you crazy?

ZACH: I just thought I'd splurge a little.

LANE: We are on a budget.

ZACH: I know, but I got amazing news in the store. This is the only way I could think to celebrate.

LANE: What news?

ZACH: Okay. You ready? I was in the frozen-foods aisle when I get this call from Graham. You remember graham.

LANE: From vapor rub? Yeah we saw them play last year at the mercury lounge.

ZACH: Yeah well, great news. Their lead guitarist got into this wicked car accident, which isn't the great part, clearly. He's gonna be fine, but the use of his right hand is pretty iffy. Anyway, they need a new guitarist, and they called me.

LANE: Lead guitarist?

ZACH: Lead guitarist.

LANE: For vapor rub?

ZACH: I know.

LANE: Oh my God I want to yell, but I don't want to wake the babies. I'm yelling on the inside.

ZACH: They're going on a 2-month tour this summer, and they want me to join them.

LANE: I can't believe it.

ZACH: Graham talked me through the whole thing, It's the perfect setup. 8 weeks, 25 cities, 40 shows. The whole thing's already practically sold out, and they have this awesome tour bus. And they're cool with you and the boys coming along, 'cause I said, "I can't go if I can't bring the family," and he talked to the band aand they were into it.

LANE: Seriously?

ZACH: Yeah one guy's bringing his girlfriend. The bassist has a puppy. It's totally cool.

LANE: Right now, I am howling at the top of my lungs.

ZACH: Just wait. When we're in Philly and D.C., We're gonna be opening for Tokyo Police Club.

LANE: Foot stomping, so much foot stomping happening here!

ZACH: Yeah the bands are really tight. We're playing at the 930 club, the Black Cat, and the first Unitarian, and we don't even have to bring our own backline.

LANE: Shut up!

ZACH: Graham's always been a big fan of my songwriting, and he said he'd totally give my new stuff a listen.

LANE: So many people are gonna see you play -- I mean, a real tour.

ZACH: And it's a million times better than that Seventh-Day Adventist tour. We get to stay in actual motel rooms, not church basements, and we don't have to run our lyrics past the church elders before every show.

LANE: [Sighs] I am so proud of you, Zach. [They kiss] Now let's pop open the name-brand chips!

ZACH: You want to wake the babies and tell them?

LANE: [Serious look on her face] Do it and die.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR

[Lorelai drives up in the blue SUV from the Dragonfly Inn, notices Rory's car and goes inside.]

LORELAI: Rory! [Goes to the kitchen] Rory? [Opens the door to Rory's room] Honey?

RORY: Yeah?

LORELAI: Hi.

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Whatcha doing?

RORY: Hiding.

LORELAI: From...

RORY: The world.

LORELAI: [Sighs] What's going on? Want to talk about it?

RORY: I tanked it.

LORELAI: What did you t*nk?

RORY: My final.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm sure you didn't t*nk it.

RORY: I'm pretty sure I did.

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: 'Cause I didn't even turn in all of it.

LORELAI: Oh, sweetie.

RORY: If I didn't fail it, I didn't do better than a "C"... or a C-minus... or a "D." Oh, what if I got a "d"?

LORELAI: Well, that's okay.

RORY: No, it's not. I mean I knew my stuff you know. The questions were exactly what I anticipated. I could have written about "Paradise Lost" for hours in those blue books, but halfway through the third blue book, I just started thinking, "what is the point? I'm never gonna get a job, anyway."

LORELAI: Not true -- you are gonna get a job.

RORY: I'm not. The New York Times doesn't want me. I got a letter from the Chicago Sun-Times. They're not hiring. I even called the Providence Journal-Bulletin and begged for that job, but they already gave it to someone else, some non-idiot who didn't think they were too good and turn it down.

LORELAI: You're not an idiot.

RORY: I am. Everyone's probably laughing at me. I can probably never show my face in Providence again.

LORELAI: I think you probably can.

RORY: Not without hearing the snickers and the people pointing and laughing at the unemployed, homeless Yale dropout.

LORELAI: Honey, you had a setback, and that is really terrible, but you are so smart and so talented. And there is some paper out there that is gonna hire you as their future superstar. That's just a fact.

RORY: Yeah, right.

LORELAI: Look I think you're having a meltdown, so it's good you came home, because it's sad and disappointing, and everyone needs to have a meltdown once in a while. I speak from experience.

RORY: Ugh.

LORELAI: When is your next final?

RORY: Not for another four days.

LORELAI: Well see? That gives you plenty of time to melt.

RORY: This is all your fault, you know?

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: Because you told me I could do anything.

LORELAI: You can.

RORY: Apparently, I can't, and I have two rejection letters and a humiliating phone call to prove it. Do you know what the worst part of this is? I thought I was so in at the Times. I was just saying that I wasn't gonna get it. I was trying to be humble, but I was so not humble. I was so cocky. I was picturing myself working there -- chatting up Bill Keller in the elevator and running down the street for a quick lunch with Maureen Dowd and filing my first story and seeing my first byline. I already

had the outfit picked out for my New York Times picture I.D.

LORELAI: The new suit with the red theory shirt.

RORY: Yeah. And now I have to tell everyone that I didn't get it. And I don't want too. Just telling grandma and grandpa made me feel ashamed and humiliated all over again, which is why I didn't tell you. I'm sorry I didn't tell you. It just sucks disappointing everyone.

LORELAI: Honey... you could never disappoint me -- ever.

RORY: Yeah?

LORELAI: Ever, ever.

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: Ever.

LANE AND ZACH'S APARTMENT

[Lane is changing the baby's diapers]

LANE: Have you seen Steve's Paci?

BRIAN: His what?

LANE: His pacifier. It's green. He loses his mind without it. Can you check by the sink? I need to make a list of stuff to take on tour.

BRIAN: Definitely. Zach says they're gonna be playing the Bowery and Roseland.

LANE: Yep.

BRIAN: Insane.

LANE: Insane!

BRIAN: I can't wait to see those shows. And opening for Tokyo Police Club?

LANE: And maybe Grizzly Bear.

BRIAN: Really?

LANE: Yeah I know, he got that call like an hour ago. The whole thing is crazy. Uh-oh.

BRIAN: What?

LANE: Do you smell that?

BRIAN: Well, that's one way to find out.

LANE: Oh, man. I just changed him. Can you put Steve in the stroller? I'll change Kwan.

BRIAN: Got it. You know, their drummer's a bit of a lush.

LANE: Who?

BRIAN: Vapor Rub.

LANE: Oh, right. I know. Zach says he's, like, sober two hours a day.

BRIAN: I'm just saying, one night that guy's not gonna be able to go on. You're gonna be waiting in the wings, and -- boom -- you're their new full-time drummer.

LANE: Wouldn't that be something? [Checking Kwan] Oh, man. You're kidding me.

BRIAN: What?

LANE: False alarm.

BRIAN: Oh.

LANE: What?

BRIAN: Steve is now emitting a very foul odor.

LANE: Oh... Bring him back. [Kwan cries] Oh, no, no. It's okay, Kwan. Just a false alarm. I am sorry. Just getting you dressed again. It's okay. He hates getting naked.

BRIAN: You want his pacifier?

LANE: [Sighs] It's okay. No, that's Steve's. Kwan's is, uh, red.

BRIAN: Got it. Uh-oh.

LANE: [Chuckling] It's okay, Steve. He's coming right back. Maybe you should hold him.

BRIAN: Sure thing.

LANE: Until I'm ready to change him.

BRIAN: Sure thing. I hope the tour bus comes equipped with a nanny.

LANE: Yeah, right. You want to come -- full-time "Manny"?

BRIAN: I wouldn't last a day. I don't know how you do it, Lane.

LANE: Yeah, it's a lot. My mom's actually been a huge help.

BRIAN: Maybe you should take her with you.

LANE: Yeah. Right. [chuckles] I'm sure I'll be fine.

BRIAN: Yeah, definitely. Zach says the bassist's girlfriend is coming along, so, hopefully, she'll be good with kids.

LANE: Yeah, hopefully.

LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Rory are having lunch]

LORELAI: Alanis Morissette.

RORY: What? No.

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: But she was successful right from the start.

LORELAI: In Canada. She was on "Star Search." She dated Dave Coulier. She struggled a lot before "Jagged Little Pill."

RORY: I don't think that's a good example.

LORELAI: Jackson Pollock.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: He struggled before he succeeded, and I bet if you asked him now, he would tell you he was glad for that.

RORY: Jackson Pollock is dead.

LORELAI: Yes, and from heaven he would tell you he was glad about that, because god rewards those who struggle.

RORY: Okay, mom, I get it. Setbacks make you stronger.

LORELAI: A setback is really just a set-up for future accomplishment. How's your mac and cheese?

RORY: It's not having its usual effect.

LORELAI: I'm sorry.

RORY: It's okay.

LORELAI: You know I'm not just saying this stuff. I really do believe it.

RORY: I know you do mum.

LORELAI: And I think you've had kind of an easy time. I mean most of the things you've gone for you've gotten. This setback might help you have some perspective.

RORY: I guess.

LORELAI: Do you want some French toast? I think Caesar made it today. It has extra brown sugar.

RORY: No, thanks. [short pause in the conversation] Mark Twain.

LORELAI: Hmm?

RORY: Well Mark Twain had to work as a steamboat pilot on the Mississippi before he became a successful writer. And if he'd never had that experience, he never would have written "Huckleberry Finn."

LORELAI: Which is one of your favorite books.

RORY: Remember when I made you have my 12th birthday at the mark twain museum in Hartford?

LORELAI: I thought one day I was gonna find you on a raft made out of empty milk cartons, sailing down the Housatonic river.

[Rory's cell phone rings]

RORY: It's Logan.

LORELAI: Go ahead.

RORY: Outside. [Answering it] Hi. I'm okay.

[Luke comes over and sits on a nearby stool]

LUKE: How's she holding up?

LORELAI: Oh, she's okay. Rory's used to getting what Rory wants.

LUKE: Yeah? I know. How you doing?

LORELAI: Me? I'm fine.

LUKE: Yeah?

LORELAI: How's the, uh, trip-planning coming?

LUKE: Great. Great, I actually took your suggestion and booked a couple hotels along the Maine coast -- Kittery, York harbor. You know nothing fancy, just cable TV and a hot shower.

LORELAI: That's great. I think she'll really love that.

LUKE: I even made a reservation at Barnacle Billy's.

LORELAI: Bring me a "to go" box.

LUKE: Will do. You know, I'm getting pretty excited. It's still a couple months away, but the trip is really coming together. You know. It's a lot of time on the water, and we're gonna cover a lot of ground, but it's six weeks, so I think, overall, it probably won't seem like so much.

LORELAI: That sounds great. [Small awkward pause] Hey, Rory and I are gonna go see, Um Patty and Babette's act at K.C.'S tonight. It should be a hoot.

LUKE: You know, not really my thing.

LORELAI: Yeah. No. I'm not saying...

LUKE: No, I know.

[They both laugh]

LORELAI: Just we're going, but, you know.

LUKE: Well, if I have some free time...

LORELAI: No, no, no.

CAESAR: Order up, Luke!

LUKE: I should probably.

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: Can I get you anything else?

LORELAI: A doggie bag.

LUKE: I'll take care of it.

LORELAI: Okay.

LUKE'S DINER - EXTERIOR

[Rory is on the phone to Logan.]

RORY: So, when are you coming back?

LOGAN: [In a hotel room in San Francisco] Soon.

RORY: How soon? It's been too long. You have to leave them wanting more.

LOGAN: I'm booked on a red-eye tonight. But we'll see, I have another meeting this afternoon. If these guys want to do dinner, drinks or something I may not have a choice. I'm sorry.

RORY: That's okay. I'm just glad it's going well. Think they're gonna make you an offer?

LOGAN: I don't know it's hard to tell, these guys play things pretty close to the vest.

RORY: Well I'm sure they will. All this time they're keeping you out there -- it can't just be because of your good looks and charm.

LOGAN: I hope not.

RORY: Well, I guess I better let you go.

LOGAN: Okay. I love you.

RORY: I love you, too.

LOGAN: And, hey, don't worry about the Times or the final or any of it. I have a feeling, in the next couple days, you will have moved on and forgotten all about this.

RORY: I don't know.

LOGAN: Things will be looking up, I promise.

RORY: Call me later?

LOGAN: I will.

RORY: Okay. Bye.

[Rory goes back into the diner]

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Hey. How's the left coast?

RORY: He sounds good, very positive.

LORELAI: Good. You ready to go shopping?

RORY: Yes, there's nothing I love more than shopping after a huge meal.

LORELAI: Lets go.

RORY: Bye, Luke.

LUKE: Take care, Rory.

RORY: Luke changed his hat.

LORELAI: Did he?

[Telephone rings]

LUKE: Luke's.

APRIL: [In her room in New Mexico] Hey, dad.

LUKE: April, hey. What's going on?

APRIL: Not much. How are you?

LUKE: Good. Doing the lunch thing.

APRIL: I tried you on your home phone first. I don't know what I was thinking.

LUKE: Well another 10 minutes, and I'd have been up there. So, what's going on? Just call to say hi?

APRIL: Actually, I've got some news.

LUKE: Good news, I hope.

APRIL: Good and bad, actually.

LUKE: Tell me.

APRIL: Well, in January, I filled out this application for the Metropolitan museum science camp. I wasn't even gonna do it, but Mr. Lazovic, my chemistry teacher -- he wrote me this really nice recommendation. Anyway, I totally forgot about it, 'cause I didn't think I'd ever get in, but I did.

LUKE: Wow, April. Congratulations. That's terrific.

APRIL: Yeah, it is. The only problem is it's six weeks, and it's right during our boat trip.

LUKE: Oh.

APRIL: Yeah and I've been so torn because I really want to take this trip with you, but this camp is a

once-in-a-lifetime opportunity. They only take eighth-graders, so this would be the only year I could go, and they would have kids from all over the world there, and they'd have Nobel-winning scientists come and teach classes and stuff.

LUKE: Yeah well, that sounds, uh, pretty incredible.

APRIL: Yeah, but I really want to take this trip with you.

LUKE: Yeah, look, it's too good an opportunity for you to pass up.

APRIL: You think?

LUKE: I do. I mean the boat's not going anywhere. We'll do it next summer.

APRIL: Okay. Are you sure?

LUKE: Absolutely.

APRIL: Okay and It's only six weeks, so I could definitely spend the last two weeks of the summer with you.

LUKE: Well then that's great. We'll take a little trip somewhere.

APRIL: Yeah, definitely.

LUKE: I am so proud of you, kid.

APRIL: Thanks, dad. Um, I'm gonna tell mom that we talked, okay?

LUKE: Okay. I'll call you later.

APRIL: Love you.

LUKE: Love you, too. [Luke hangs up the phone, he sighs as he goes back to work, he looks a little sad, a little lost.]

KC'S BAR

MISS PATTY AND BABETTE: [Singing] When other friendships have been forgot ours will still be hot
[Imitates chicken]

[Crowd cheering]

KIRK: Very nice!

BABETTE: You're a terrific crowd!

MISS PATTY: Yeah we have one more song, and then karaoke night will begin.

[Music starts]

BABETTE: I dedicate this next song to my husband, Morey.

[They both start snapping their fingers in time with the music.]

MISS PATTY AND BABETTE: [Singing] Never know how much I love you

never know how much I care

when you put your arms around me

I get a fever that's so hard to bear

you give me fever

MISS PATTY: When you kiss me

BABETTE: Fever

MISS PATTY: When you hold me tight

BABETTE: Ooh, fever!

[cut to the girls talking]

RORY: Hey, do you know what would really put me over the top spirit-wise?

LORELAI: What?

RORY: If you sang.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah! On the way home, we'll roll down the windows. I'll belt it out.

RORY: No. Up there.

LORELAI: Oh, no. I'd have to be way more drunk for that.

RORY: Well, we can arrange that. Excuse me. Could we get some sh*ts here?

BABETTE: [singing] You give me fever.

LUKE'S DINER

[Zach is mopping, you can still see the tire mark from the Thunderbird Kirk crashed into the diner.]

ZACH: I've never even been to half the cities we're going to. I mean, Detroit -- how psyched am I?

LUKE: You seem really psyched.

ZACH: I'm totally psyched. Detroit is a major music hub, man, for everybody. It's not just about Eminem and Iggy pop and Motown.

LUKE: Oh no.

ZACH: And we're not just playing anywhere. We're playing The Magic Stick. Everybody's played The Magic Stick -- crooked fingers, The Rose Buds, Bobby Conn, Midlay.

LUKE: Wow.

ZACH: It's gonna be nuts.

LUKE: I'm really happy for you, Zach.

ZACH: And it just works out so perfect time wise. I mean obviously, I'm gonna have to miss a couple weeks' work, but, for the most part, you'll be closed for the summer, anyway, so...

LUKE: Actually, that's not happening now.

ZACH: What?

LUKE: Yeah April and I aren't going away, I mean at least not for most of the summer, so I'm gonna keep the diner open.

ZACH: Oh, man, that totally blows. What happened?

LUKE: Oh she's going to this camp -- this science camp. You know she's super smart -- I mean like, off-the-charts smart -- and she got invited, and it's real prestigious. And she's got to go. She can't not go.

ZACH: Buddy, I'm so sorry.

LUKE: Oh, it's okay.

ZACH: No I know how stoked you were for this trip.

LUKE: No it's all right Zach...

ZACH: All that planning -- you were really into it.

LUKE: It's okay Zach.

ZACH: No! It's not. It sucks.

LUKE: Zach.

ZACH: Okay, I'm sorry. I get it. You're processing.

[Lane comes in]

ZACH: Hey! Hey, babe.

LANE: Hey. [They kiss] Hey, Luke!

LUKE: [As they hug] Lane, hey! It's been a little while.

LANE: Yeah I know I can't believe I'm actually out of the apartment at night and baby-free. I feel like I'm missing a limb -- or two, actually.

LUKE: You look good.

LANE: Thanks. I'm exhausted.

ZACH: But psyched to be out on the town, right?

LANE: So psyched. So are you coming to K.C.'s?

LUKE: Ah I don't think so.

ZACH: Dude, you've got to come. [Quietly to Lane] He just got some totally devastating news.

LUKE: It's actually not that bad.

ZACH: [Quietly to Lane] He's still processing.

LUKE: [Scoffs]

LANE: Luke, you should come.

ZACH: Come on let me buy you a beer.

LUKE: You know you guys, go ahead. Maybe I'll catch up.

ZACH: Okay. That's cool.

LANE: So, maybe we'll see you there.

LUKE: Sure.

[Outside the diner]

LANE: So, what was the news?

ZACH: Oh. April bailed on the boat trip.

LANE: Oh, no.

ZACH: Yeah she's going away to some brainiac science camp for the summer. Who's even heard of science camp? It's a contradiction in terms. It's like a...

LANE: Oxymoron.

ZACH: Oxymoron -- totally. [Short pause] Are you okay there, babe?

LANE: Yeah, I just kind of realized something today.

ZACH: Yeah what's that?

LANE: I realized I can't go on tour. I'd love to -- god, I'd love to -- but it's just not possible -- not with two babies. I mean, you know it's hard enough here at home, where I have a whole support system -- my mom and Brian and Dr. Shaw. I've got my routine, and it's hard, but it's manageable. But it wouldn't be anywhere but here, you know?

ZACH: No, I get it. I do.

LANE: I'm so sorry, Zach.

ZACH: You don't have to be sorry about anything. It makes sense. It's cool. I'll call graham in the morning and tell him we can't go. He'll understand.

LANE: No. Wait. That's not what I'm saying. I'm saying I can't go. I still want you to go.

ZACH: You do?

LANE: Hell, yeah.

ZACH: No way. Not without you and the boys.

LANE: Zach, this is a really big opportunity.

ZACH: Yeah, but it's two months.

LANE: Exactly. It's not a yearlong world tour. It's two months, it's important, it's a dream come true, and who knows where it could lead?

ZACH: Are you sure?

LANE: I am. We'll talk all the time, and I'll hold the phone up to Steve and Kwan's ears so they can hear your voice. I'll see your shows in New York and Philly and Boston. We'll work this out.

[They kiss]

ZACH: You are the coolest.

LANE: Well, I am married to the lead guitarist of vapor rub.

KC'S BAR

KIRK: [Singing] Do you really want to hurt me?

Do you really want to make me cry?

Precious kisses, words that burn me

lovers never ask you why in my heart...

RORY: How you feeling there, mom?

LORELAI: Ah I must be drunk, 'cause he sounds pretty good.

RORY: Well, get those pipes warmed up, 'cause you're on deck.

LORELAI: I can't follow Kirk. He can really sing!

KIRK: [Singing Off-key] ...People always tell me that's a step, a step too far...

RORY: Come on, mom. If you don't, then you're gonna ruin all this good cheering up you've been doing.

LORELAI: You are relentless!

RORY: I'm thinking something early Madonna.

LANE: Hey!

RORY: Oh, Lane!

LANE: What are you doing here?

RORY: I'm just catching up with my mom.

LORELAI: Hi, Lane. Hey what's up, Zach?

ZACH: Not much, Lorelai. How are you?

LORELAI: Good. A little tipsy.

ZACH: Seems like an appropriate setting for that. [Listening to Kirk] Okay, this is just sinful.

LANE: Be nice.

ZACH: I'm just saying If you're gonna do Boy George, at least commit to the high heels and the makeup.

[They all chuckle]

RORY: Hey, sit. Sit.

LANE: Okay. So, are you done with finals already?

RORY: Ah...

LANE: Wait. Are you actually done with school?

RORY: Um not yet, very soon. I'll be done next week.

LANE: Oh.

LORELAI: Pretzels or peanuts?

RORY: Oh, peanuts, and remember -- if you slip out the back door, I will sink into a deep depression.

LORELAI: Drat!

RORY: So, how are the boys?

LANE: Awesome, exhausting, amazing, infuriating. You name it, I feel it.

ZACH: I'm gonna get a beer. Ginger ale for you, mom?

LANE: Sure.

ZACH: Rory?

RORY: I'm good.

ZACH: Be right back.

LANE: So, really, what's going on with you?

RORY: Oh, I just had a bit of a meltdown, that's all.

LANE: Why? What's going on?

RORY: There's this job that I really wanted, and I didn't get it. I was pretty bummed about it, but my mom talked me down, and everything's fine now. What's going on with you?

LANE: Well, Zach is going on a 2-month tour this summer as the lead guitarist of Vapor Rub, and, yes, I'm serious.

RORY: Vapor Rub? Whatever happened to Hep Alien?

LANE: Well, Hep Alien will live to rock again, but right now, opportunity calls.

RORY: Isn't it gonna be hard for you guys to be apart?

LANE: Definitely, but, you know, it's only two months. And we'll make it work. Life is long.

RORY: When did you get so mature?

LANE: I think the mature gene kicks in once you become a mother.

KIRK: [Singing] Do you really want to make me cry?

MAN: Whoo-hoo! [Cheering]

BABETTE: Wonderful! Wonderful!

MAN: Whoo!

[Cheering as Lorelai takes the stage.]

LORELAI: Honey, it's another embarrassing moment for your diary. [Music starts] Uh-oh. [Puts down her drink, clears throat, chuckles nervously] Happy graduation.

LORELAI: [Singing] If I... should stay [Chuckles nervously] I would only be in your way...

LANE: She's a Whitney fan?

RORY: Oh, I think it's Dolly-inspired.

LORELAI: [Singing] But I know I'll think of you each step of the way,

and I-I-I will always love you...

[Crowd cheers and claps]

MISS PATTY: She's all right!

BABETTE: The kid's stealing our thunder!

LORELAI: I will always love you.

[Luke enters the bar, Lorelai sees him and becomes more serious, now singing to Luke. Luke is smiling]

LORELAI: [Now looking a bit nervous] Bittersweet memories,

that's all I'm taking with me,

so goodbye please don't c-cry,

[Others notice Luke at the bar.]

LORELAI: We both know I'm not what you need,
and I will always love you,
I will always love you.

[Luke is smiling at Lorelai more, he looks happy.]

LORELAI: I hope life treats you kind,
and I hope you have all you dreamed of,
and I wish you joy and happiness,
but above all I wish you love,
and I-I-I will always love you,
I will always love you,

I will always... love you [Chuckles nervously and leaves the stage in a hurry.]

[Cheers, applause and whistling, Rory looks worried as to where Lorelai went. Luke looks happy but a little confused.]

KIRK: Very nice. Check it out.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

[Rory is cooking as Lorelai comes to the table]

RORY: Morning.

LORELAI: [Groans]

RORY: Coffee?

LORELAI: Yeah. What are you doing up? Why aren't you more hung over?

RORY: Well, I stopped drinking several sh*ts before you did.

LORELAI: Are you going?

RORY: Yeah. I'm gonna stop by Lane's. Then I have to get back to school and start studying for my next final. This time, I intend on turning in all my blue books.

LORELAI: That's too bad. I had a whole second day of pick-me-up plans, including a clown and some pony rides and absolutely no drinking at all.

RORY: Well then you shouldn't have devised such an effective first-day pick-me-up plan.

LORELAI: Well, live and learn.

RORY: I really do feel better, though -- all the wallowing and the eating and the shopping. And I

don't know maybe it's because you wished me joy and happiness.

LORELAI: [Chuckles] You liked that, huh?

RORY: It cheered me up.

LORELAI: Well, glad it did.

RORY: I do feel so much better, though. It's like you said -- sometimes you just have to let your feelings out.

LORELAI: [Chuckle with a sigh] Yeah. Sometimes you do. [Shake her head]

LUKE'S DINER

ZACH: Chilaquiles, huh?

LUKE: Chilaquiles.

ZACH: People went nuts for them. Mr. And Mrs. Fiss said they want them every morning now. Who knew? I didn't even think we'd sell one of them.

LUKE: Well it was all Caesar -- his idea, his recipe, his refusal to take no for an answer.

ZACH: Hey, Caesar. Chilaquiles!

CAESAR: Chilaquiles! What'd I tell you, Luke?

LUKE: You told me, Caesar.

CAESAR: I told you.

LUKE: You also told me you told me.

CAESAR: Chilaquiles!

ZACH: Chilaquiles! That dude's a riot. Hey I'm glad you came out last night.

LUKE: Yeah, it was fun.

ZACH: Gypsy does a mean Pat Benatar.

LUKE: That was interesting.

ZACH: How about Lorelai?

LUKE: Huh?

ZACH: What did you think?

LUKE: Oh, uh...

ZACH: I mean the gal can sing, right? Bizarro choice of tune, but she's got some pipes. Nice quality, you know?

LUKE: Yeah, yeah, yeah. Definitely.

ZACH: So you feeling better? Nah you still bumming about your boat trip, aren't you? Of course you are. Why am I asking?

LUKE: No, no, no, it's okay. I'm actually feeling a little better. And you know hanging around here this summer might not be so bad.

ZACH: That's cool. Maybe we can make karaoke night at K.C.'s kind of a regular thing.

LUKE: Yeah, maybe.

ZACH: Oh, hey, I almost forgot. In the middle of breakfast rush, I found your hat. It was wedged in behind the dishwasher. No worse for the wear, though.

LUKE: Yeah thanks.

ZACH: Yeah I told you it'd turn up.

[Luke looks at the cap, smiles and puts it in his back pocket]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai is watching an old movie "House on Haunted Hill" on the flat screen TV]

ANNABELLE: [Woman on TV] I'm Annabelle Loren. Are you looking for something?

LANCE: [Man on TV] Not exactly.

WANNABELLE: [Woman on TV] Are you the doctor?

LANCE: [Man on TV] No, no I'm Lance Schroeder...

[Knock on door, Paul Anka barks. Lorelai turns the TV off]

LORELAI: Just a minute! [Gets up and goes to the door] Oh, hey.

LOGAN: Hey.

LORELAI: Oh, you just missed Rory. She's on her way back to school.

LOGAN: I know, I'm actually here to see you.

LORELAI: Oh. Okay. Come on in.

LOGAN: Thank you.

LORELAI: Do you want, um, any food or drink? I ordered way too many fries.

LOGAN: No, thanks. I'm all good.

LORELAI: Here, have a seat. Paul Anka! [He jumps off the couch and they sit down] Um... so, how was your trip?

LOGAN: Oh, it was really great. Actually that's what I wanted to talk to you about.

LORELAI: Oh, god. I know nothing about that world. Apple, IBM, Microsoft...I'm out.

LOGAN: Well, I've been offered a position with an emerging internet company.

LORELAI: Wow, that's great.

LOGAN: Yeah it's pretty similar to what I was doing in New York, but actually they're willing to make me a full partner. I'll be getting in on the ground floor.

LORELAI: That's exciting!

LOGAN: It is. It's gonna be a lot of long hours and an incredible amount of work building the company, but I really feel this venture has a bright future. I mean, these are serious people.

LORELAI: And you're a serious guy. Look, you don't have to convince me. I voiced my concerns, and you told me your plans. We had pie. I'm cool.

LOGAN: Thank you. I appreciate that. That means a lot to me.

LORELAI: Oh. You're welcome.

LOGAN: So, the thing is -- as you can imagine, I'm pretty excited about all this.

LORELAI: Y-yeah.

LOGAN: But it does mean a move to San Francisco -- Palo Alto, actually.

LORELAI: Oh, wow.

LOGAN: Yeah.

LORELAI: That's big. That's funny that Rory didn't mention it.

LOGAN: Well actually, I haven't told her yet.

LORELAI: And you're here 'cause you want me to tell her for you?

LOGAN: No, no. I'm gonna tell her. I just um, I wanted to talk to you first about it.

LORELAI: Okay. That's...thoughtful.

LOGAN: Look... I love Rory. She means the world to me, and I want her to come with me to California.

LORELAI: Oh.

LOGAN: But not just as my girlfriend, which is why I'm here. I'm here to ask your permission -- your permission to ask Rory to marry me.

[Lorelai looks stunned]

LOGAN: Lorelai? Lorelai?