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07x01 - The Long Morrow

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07x01 - The Long Morrow

by **bunniefuu**

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LOGAN'S APARTMENT

[Rory wakes up, walks past some of the mess from the previous nights party and see a gift on the counter. She opens it and is surprised, she pulls or a 2 foot high rocket and stands it on the counter and wonders what it means]

CHRISTOPHER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

[Lorelai and Chris are in bed with Chris' arm resting over Lorelai]

CHRISTOPHER: [Grunts] Hey.

LORELAI: Hey.

CHRISTOPHER: What are you doing?

LORELAI: Um...go back to sleep. [Lorelai get up]

CHRISTOPHER: Come back to bed.

LORELAI: Oh, I can't I got to go.

CHRISTOPHER: Stay.

LORELAI: No um I can't -- Paul Anka.

CHRISTOPHER: No way he's performing this early. Check your tickets.

LORELAI: No, I got to go home and feed him.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, let me make you breakfast first.

LORELAI: No.

CHRISTOPHER: Come on you're no good if you collapse from hunger before you feed him. It's like how, when you're on an airplane, you put on your own oxygen mask before your kids. It seems selfish, but...

LORELAI: [snaps back] No... [Sighs] Chris.

CHRISTOPHER: Lore.

LORELAI: Really. You sleep. I got to get going.

CHRISTOPHER: You sure?

LORELAI: Yeah. Okay. Bye. [Lorelai leaves quickly and looks discussed with here self]

[opening credits]

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai enters and walks into the living room]

BABETTE: [almost shouting] You're back!

LORELAI: Ohh! God, Babette, you scared me. [Paul Anka comes in] Hi

BABETTE: It's my voice. It frightens the hell out of people. I don't know what to do about it.

LORELAI: Oh well, you could start by not hiding out in people's houses and leaping at them when they come home.

BABETTE: It's the nodules.

LORELAI: Who?

BABETTE: It's the nodules on my vocal chords. The more I strain my voice, the more they grow. It's nature's way of trying to get me to talk softer.

LORELAI: Babette, one. Nature, nada.

BABETTE: I bet you're wondering why I'm here.

LORELAI: Yeah. Not that I'm not happy to see you. It's just that I have to get going...

BABETTE: I'm not a sleepwalker...

LORELAI: No.

BABETTE: ...in case that's what you were thinking.

LORELAI: No no...

BABETTE: Cause a lot of people figure me for one. God knows why, I guess I got the look

LORELAI: Well, you didn't sleepwalk, though.

BABETTE: Hunh-unh. But this morning I came over here wide awake 'cause I heard Paul Anka doing that weird yodeling noise that you said he does when he's hungry, so I fed him.

LORELAI: Oh good thank you. I gave him a half a cup of that kibble that you said he likes, but then he looked at me like I stole something from him, so I gave him a whole cup.

LORELAI: I know that look. It can be intimidating.

BABETTE: And since our washing machine is broken -- Morey put his boots in it and broke it again -- I thought I'd do a load of my intimates.

LORELAI: Good for you.

BABETTE: You ain't got any messages.

LORELAI: What?

BABETTE: He didn't call.

LORELAI: Who?

BABETTE: I heard about the fight between you and Luke.

LORELAI: [Sighs] You did?

BABETTE: You know Adrian Bittenberg's daughter, Becky? She got a huge mouth.

LORELAI: Becky is not a gossip.

BABETTE: But she has a huge mouth. And she and Eileen Whitewin were behind Doose's market seeing how many devil dogs Becky could stuff in there, and when she got up to four, completely cut off her oxygen. So Eileen went running over to Luke's to see if she could get some help, and then she saw the two of you screaming at each other.

LORELAI: I'm glad she had the presence of mind to listen in on our argument while her friend was choking to death.

BABETTE: Well don't you worry about a thing. Everything will be fine. Every couple needs a good blowout once in awhile. It keeps you on your toes.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, well...

BABETTE: Yeah. So, did you spend the night at Sookie's again?

LORELAI: Sookie's?

BABETTE: Yeah, I figured you were there, but Morey and I did a power walk this morning, and we went by her and Jackson's place, and I didn't see your jeep there.

LORELAI: Babette, I really got to get going.

BABETTE: Oh, I'm just waiting for my panties to dry. [a moments silence] I'll pick them up later. But could you do me a favor and put them in a delicate-spin situation, 30 minutes with a bounce dryer sheet? Oh, and don't worry, sweetheart. He'll call. They always do.

YALE DAILY NEWS ROOM - HALLWAY

[Rory at Yale comes to the news offices and see a number of people waiting outside, there is a sign "SAT Prep" and Paris is running it. Rory enters the news room]

YALE DAILY NEWS ROOM

PARIS: Do you want your kid to spend her life behind the counter at Dunkin' Donuts? Do you?

MARILYN: No.

PARIS: Because that's where she's headed, selling chocolate donuts and glazed fritters for the next 40 years to people in business suits who actually gave a crap about their academic future.

MARILYN: I just want her to get into a good school. She has such potential.

PARIS: Well so did Charles Manson.

MARILYN: What?

PARIS: Look at her. Frankly, it may already be too late. I don't like to take on such meek, diffident cases. Do you even know what "diffident" means? [the mother and daughter look confused] That's okay. That knowledge isn't really required in the retail doughnut-distribution industry.

MARILYN: Please, just give her a chance.

PARIS: Why should I?

MARILYN: Because she needs this.

CAITLYN: Mom.

MARILYN: Caitlyn. What do you think?

PARIS: She's got a "c" average, which means she's either lazy or stupid. I can work with either. Frankly, sometimes stupid is easier. I can scare the stupid out of you, but the lazy runs deep.

MARILYN: So you'll take her on?

PARIS: I will.

MARILYN: Wonderful.

CAITLYN: Mom!

MARILYN: Caitlyn.

MARILYN: Thank you, Paris. You won't be sorry.

PARIS: Okay. Now, if I can get you both to take these aptitude tests, then we can get to work.

MARILYN: Why do I need to take a test?

PARIS: I need to get a realistic sense of Caitlyn's true potential, and genetics is by far the most reliable indicator.

MARILYN: I'm sorry?

PARIS: Basically I need to know how much of this is her fault and how much is yours. [puts a clock on the table] Ticktock.

MARILYN: Oh!

RORY: What is this?

PARIS: Pretty great, huh?

RORY: Not for Caitlyn.

PARIS: I was gonna spend the summer tutoring for the Princeton review, but then I found they charge these little morons \$60 an hour and only pay their tutors \$20. So I figured, "who needs the

Princeton review?" I can open up my own shop. I've already subcontracted out to three other student tutors, and I've got more prospects lined up. I'm gonna make a fortune. Hey, are you interested? The pay's \$15 an hour.

RORY: No, thanks.

PARIS: Wait. Are you looking to use the offices over the summer? Just because you're the editor, that doesn't entitle you to use the offices during the summer. There's not paper to put out. [raises her voice] These were up for grabs, and I grabbed them.

RORY: Paris, I don't want the offices.

PARIS: Oh. Then, what are you doing here?

RORY: I just came in to back up my files.

PARIS: You already backed up your files. I saw you do it. Oh. I get it. Logan's gone, huh?

RORY: He left this morning, early.

PARIS: Breakups are tough.

RORY: What?

PARIS: Eyes on your own paper! Marilyn

RORY: We didn't break up.

PARIS: You didn't?

RORY: No. Why would you say that?

PARIS: I don't know, wealthy, good-looking, hedonistic heir to billion-dollar, multinational media conglomerate moves to London and spends nights pining away for his college girlfriend? Who's watching that movie?

RORY: Paris, it's not like that. We're together.

PARIS: So you guys talked about it?

RORY: Yes. Well, no... I mean, I'm gonna go visit him, though. We talked about that.

PARIS: When?

RORY: I don't know exactly.

PARIS: So what, specifically, did you agree to?

RORY: Well, nothing, really, but it was kind of understood.

PARIS: Yeah. Because that worked out so well the last time.

RORY: Paris.

PARIS: Has history taught you nothing? You're in limbo, sister, no man's land, quite literally. Logan is not that bright. You need to spell it out. He's got to know where the red lines are, or he's gonna

leap right over them and into bed with multiple British floozies.

RORY: Paris, it's okay. Logan and I are fine.

PARIS: He moved to London, Rory... the most romantic city in the world.

RORY: Paris is the most romantic city in the world.

PARIS: Oh, right. London is just the most sex-obsessed.

[Alarm rings]

PARIS: Pencil's down!

LORELAI'S HOUSE - OUTSIDE

[Lorelai comes out and sees Luke]

LUKE: Hey.

LORELAI: I can't. I'm late for work.

LUKE: Can we talk first?

LORELAI: Please I really don't want to.

LUKE: Lorelai, come on.

LORELAI: No, Luke, we did talk. We talked last night. There's nothing left to say.

LUKE: Look I'm sorry about yesterday, but you kinda ambushed me out of no where, and then you didn't give me a chance.

LORELAI: I gave you every chance.

LUKE: You were going so fast.

LORELAI: Yeah, that's me. I'm fast. I'm the perfect storm of caffeine and genetics. Ha-ha.

LUKE: Now I've had a chance to catch up, and I want to discuss it.

LORELAI: Discuss what? There's nothing left to discuss.

LOGAN: Us, you and me.

LORELAI: There is no us. There's you, and there's me. It's over. It was over last night, and it's over now. It's over.

LUKE: Lorelai...

LORELAI: No, I'm sorry. I have to go. [she gets in to the Jeep and leaves]

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Sookie and Michel are arm-wrestling]

MICHEL: [grunting] You're going down.

SOOKIE: No.

MICHEL: You think you're so great. You think you're miss la-di-da.

SOOKIE: Ow.

MICHEL: But look at you now, all weak and pitiful.

SOOKIE: Ugh!

MICHEL: That's it. Give in to the pain.

SOOKIE: So, how's my acting?

MICHEL: What do you mean?

SOOKIE: Well, is it believable, or do you find it a little over-the-top?! [Sookie slams her hand down to win]

MICHEL: Aah! My fingers! My fingers are smashed!

SOOKIE: Ha! How do you like them apples, Michel?

MICHEL: I do not like these apples. You cheated. You hustled me. You played possum.

SOOKIE: Oh, no, I played arm-wrestling. Or did you think we were playing some other game? Is that why you lost so bad?

MICHEL: Your gloating is very distasteful. Ouch! [Lorelai enters] Lorelai, I may need to take some time off to have my wrist x-rayed. Excuse me.

SOOKIE: [singing] I am the champion, my friend and I'll keep on fighting till the end no time for losers. Oh! I am a fantastic arm-wrestler. You know what I think did it? The whisking, all those years of whiskin has given me incredible forearm strength. People are always like, "why take the time to hand-whip fresh cream? Why not use a machine?" And I've always been like, "I don't know why I do it. It's just something that I do." But now I know -- because I've been training for this very day. I mean, wow! I am strong. And the omelet flipping definitely is part of it. You know when you use one of those really heavy cast-iron skillets, and you flip, flip? That's all in the wrist, you know? And that's what they say. That's what people say about arm-wrestling, too - that it's all in the wrist, and, man, I have super-bionic, superpowered, super wrists. I mean, who knew I possessed such, honey? Something's wrong, huh?

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: It's not spiders on the ceiling. You know I hate spiders. I was kind of hoping it was spiders.

LORELAI: It's not spiders.

SOOKIE: No?

LORELAI: No.

SOOKIE: Okay.

LORELAI: Luke and I are over.

SOOKIE: Over?

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: No.

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: Have you guys had a fight?

LORELAI: We had the fight.

SOOKIE: People have fights. It's okay. It's good, actually. You know, it's healthy. If you don't have fights, all these bad chemicals build up, and you get ulcers and bad skin. You got such pretty skin, so you have to have some fights for the sake of your skin.

LORELAI: This was different. This was bad.

SOOKIE: People have bad fights. Every bad fight can seem like "the fight."

LORELAI: It wasn't just a fight, Sookie. It was him not fighting for me. I gave him an ultimatum,

SOOKIE: And?

LORELAI: And he let me walk away.

SOOKIE: No. He'll come back. He'll be back. He'll come back. Luke wants to marry you. I know he does. I mean, he'll come around. He'll get it together.

LORELAI: I'm done. I don't want to see him anymore. It's over.

SOOKIE: I get that you're mad. You deserve to be mad. Luke's been a real jerk. Frankly, being mad at him makes all the sense in the world. And if you're so mad that you need to believe you guys are over, I get that.

LORELAI: Sookie, I spent the night with Christopher last night.

SOOKIE: You spent the night with Christopher?

LORELAI: Spent the night.

SOOKIE: With Christopher?

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: Okay so, does Luke know?

LORELAI: No. I don't want him to ever know.

SOOKIE: That's good. That's good. Uh, okay. Uh, look - things happen. People...people do things. It's not pretty. It's not Disney, but it's the real world. And you don't have to tell him. Luke doesn't have to know, and things don't have to be over.

LORELAI: No, you don't get it. I need it to be over. I need it to be over because I can't take this

anymore. Yes, I love Luke, and, yes, I wanted to marry Luke. But I didn't want a life separate from Luke, and that's all he could give me. I don't want that. If I'm gonna be with Luke, I want to be with Luke, and he didn't get it, and I waited. I mean, god, I waited. It's like Luke is driving a car, okay, and I just want to be in the passenger's seat. But he's locked the door, and and so I have to hold onto the bumper, you know? I'm not even asking him to open the door for me. Just leave it unlocked and say, "come in." But no, he didn't do that, so I'm hanging onto the bumper, and life goes on, and the car goes on, and I get really badly bruised and hitting potholes. And it hurts. I mean, it hurts. So yesterday I had to let go of the bumper because it hurts too much. It hurts too much.

SOOKIE: Okay.

LUKE'S DINNER

LUKE: Caesar where the hell is lane?

CAESAR: She's on her honeymoon.

LUKE: Jeez how long is that gonna last?

CAESAR: It's only been a week.

LUKE: Only? Seven days seems like plenty of time to sit in some mountain cabin together and realize you've just chained yourself to another human being for all eternity.

CAESAR: They went to Mexico, so they're probably doing that on a beach. Maybe it takes a little longer to realize with the hot sun and all.

LUKE: Caesar are you being funny?

CAESAR: You tell me.

LUKE: No, you tell me.

CAESAR: It would appear not.

LUKE: Bus those tables.

CUSTOMER: Luke, I asked for these eggs scrambled, and they're sunny-side up.

LUKE: [Luke takes a fork and starts scrambling the eggs] There you go. [Luke hears a truck beep and looks out side] Oh, now what? Caesar, I'll be right back.

CAESAR: Don't hurry.

OUTSIDE THE DINER

TAYLOR: Now, carefully. That's rental equipment. I'm responsible for that.

LUKE: Taylor, what the hell are you doing?

TAYLOR: Good morning, Lucas. You look in fine fettle today.

LUKE: Okay whatever you're doing, stop it.

TAYLOR: That's rather cynical. Now, who's to say I'm not doing something that will surprise and

delight you?

LUKE: Are you?

TAYLOR: I highly doubt it.

LUKE: Then stop it.

TAYLOR: Can't do it, Luke. The safety of the citizens of stars hollow is at stake, and that has to be my top priority, regardless of how you feel about a red-light camera.

LUKE: A what?

TAYLOR: To catch scofflaws. Apparently, people are viewing our traffic light here as more a series of colorful driving suggestions rather than the rules of the road. Therefore, I decided to install a red-light camera to discourage drivers who would test our laws and photograph and punish those who do.

LUKE: A camera?

TAYLOR: You run a red light, it's time for your close-up, Mr. Demille. These little wonders are taking over the globe -- New York, Los Angeles, Paris, Singapore.

LUKE: That's ridiculous.

KIRK: They're in position and ready for the installation. At you say so.

LUKE: No you can't do this. It's an invasion of privacy.

KIRK: Something to fear, Luke?

LUKE: You can't take pictures of people for driving by the diner. It's probably not even legal.

KIRK: Spoken like a man with something to hide.

TAYLOR: Luke I can assure you that I am well within my rights as town selectman to install that camera, and you, of all people, should be grateful. After all, it'll make the street in front of your diner that much safer.

KIRK: Or unsafer is you know what I mean...

LUKE: There hasn't been an accident on that corner in 15 years.

TAYLOR: And now we've made it safe for the next 15. Hooray!

LUKE: I'm gonna fight you on this.

TAYLOR: We will be having the official unveiling ceremony later this afternoon. You're welcome to attend.

LUKE: Well I don't see how I can avoid it. Considering it's right in front of my damn diner!

KIRK: I'll put you down for plus one.

TAYLOR: Oh and we're going to have to cross up some electrical lines during the installation process, so you might lose power for a few hours.

[Luke looks mad, turns and walks away]

DRAGONFLY INN

RORY: Hi.

LORELAI: [Gasps] What?! The prodigal daughter returns. What are you doing here?

RORY: I couldn't stay away. I just missed you too much.

LORELAI: Aren't you the sweetest? Isn't she the sweetest, Michel?

MICHEL: Beyond all human understanding.

RORY: Hi, Michel.

MICHEL: Yes, it hurts very much.

LORELAI: Yay! So you're back.

RORY: Yeah. I just had to get out of there.

LORELAI: Aw. How was the goodbye?

RORY: Awful. There's nothing good about a goodbye. It's a very poorly named ritual. It was a bad bye, a very bad bye. Then I went to the newsroom to talk to Paris about it...

LORELAI: You what?

RORY: Well I didn't mean to. She was just there, and she spent like 10 minutes kicking me while I was down.

LORELAI: Paris is always there for you in the most unfortunate ways.

RORY: I just miss him so much.

LORELAI: I know you do.

RORY: And it's only been seven hours. Can you imagine when it's been - you know what? I don't want to talk about it. I need coffee.

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: You sure, though, you don't want to talk? You can always vent to me. I'm the perfect vent-erizer - vent-erator.

RORY: Mom, I don't need a vent-erator. I just don't want to talk about it. What's going on with you?

LORELAI: Oh. With me? Oh, well, things with me - things with me are good.

RORY: Convincing.

LORELAI: Things with me friends are good. Things with me inn are good. Things with me, not so good.

RORY: What's up?

LORELAI: Look I don't want to talk about this, but I want to tell you. I have to tell, but I'm barely holding it together as it is. So if I tell, will you promise not to make me discuss it?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: [Sighs] Luke and I split up.

RORY: What do you mean, like you got into a fight?

LORELAI: No, we had a breakup, a real-life parting of the hearts.

RORY: Why? What happened?

LORELAI: Rory, you promised.

RORY: No, I didn't.

LORELAI: Well, it was implied. Please.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: I don't want to talk about it.

RORY: But you have to explain.

LORELAI: No, not right now, okay? Look - you got to not talk about your thing. So I didn't vent-erator you. You don't vent-erator me.

RORY: But...

LORELAI: Rory, please.

RORY: Well, you know, I guess we don't have to talk about stuff.

LORELAI: Yeah. Who says we always have to be talking? We can not talk.

RORY: Of course we can.

LORELAI: Okay...We should probably talk about how we're not gonna talk, 'cause I don't think we should just go right into it.

RORY: Let's do something that doesn't require talking. Like we could go to the movies.

LORELAI: You want to try not talking at a movie?

RORY: Okay, shopping.

LORELAI: Are you mad?

RORY: We could drink. We could go to a bar and just throw back a few.

LORELAI: Yeah, drunk people never feel like talking. Oh! We could go to a club.

RORY: Yeah, 'cause all the hot spots get rolling about lunchtime.

LORELAI: See? This is why men play sports.

RORY: Sports we can play sports.

LORELAI: We hate sports.

RORY: We haven't tried every sport.

LORELAI: How about running?

RORY: We could easily talk while we're running. Not if we were hurdling. Hurdles require more focus and, thus, less talking. Or we could do that running that's like you leap around a tree and up a hill...

RORY: You want to run cross-country.

LORELAI: Not across the whole country, maybe just Michigan.

RORY: Michel, what sports do you play?

MICHEL: Well, since I'm maimed potentially for life, I may never play sports again.

LORELAI: But think back to before this tragic, life-altering injury, when life was still worth living. What sports did you play then?

MICHEL: Well, Pilates, of course.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: It's like yoga with cables and wires.

LORELAI: Sounds very dangerous.

MICHEL: Oh, racquetball is also a fantastic workout.

LORELAI: Racquetball?

RORY: Intriguing.

LORELAI: I always liked the sound of racquetball.

RORY: Tell us more about this racquetball.

MICHEL: Well, it's very simple - a 4-walled room, a racquet, and a rubber ball.

LORELAI: Get to the good part, what are the clothes like?

RORY: Can we wear cute outfits?

MICHEL: I do.

LORELAI: I think racquetball sounds great.

RORY: Mmm, I'm in.

LORELAI: Okay, good. Well go home. And I need to finish up a few things around here. I'll see you there in about an hour.

RORY: Deal. Yeah, fun.

LORELAI: Okay. And no talking.

RORY: Except for smack talking because I am so gonna kick your butt in racquetball. NO no I mean, my balls - they're gonna bounce way further than your balls.

LORELAI: Okay, well, you haven't seen my great top... flick wrist...

RORY: We'll learn the terms.

LORELAI: Go home and study.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - RORY'S ROOM

[Rory is unpacking finds the rocket and stands it on the desk, Cell phone ringing]

RORY: Hello?

LOGAN: Miss me?

RORY: Logan, where are you?

LORELAI: Heathrow. I just landed.

RORY: I miss you so much.

LOGAN: I miss you, too. I've been here 2 1/2 minutes, and I can already tell it sucks.

RORY: It does suck. I've heard that about London. You should just get on a plane and come home. You gave it a chance.

LOGAN: Are you on campus, I tried you at the apartment, but I didn't get an answer.

RORY: No, I'm back at stars hollow. That apartment suddenly felt very big and empty.

LOGAN: So, what are you gonna do?

RORY: Oh, going to play racquetball with my mom.

LOGAN: This is a bad connection. It sounded like you were gonna play racquetball with your mom.

RORY: Hey, I could have a hidden talent for it, you never know.

LOGAN: Did you open my gift?

RORY: Of course.

LOGAN: What did you think?

RORY: I thought...wow.

LOGAN: Yeah, pretty cool, right?

RORY: So cool.

LOGAN: Oh, I'm glad you like it.

RORY: Like it? [Chuckles] I love it.

LOGAN: I'm so glad you got it.

RORY: Oh, yeah, totally.

LOGAN: When I left, I suddenly got worried you wouldn't get it.

RORY: Yeah of course. Of course, I got it. I loved it.

LOGAN: I knew you would. Alright Ace, I got to go. I just wanted to tell you I touched down. I'll call later.

RORY: Okay, bye. And thank you.

LOGAN: Of course.

[Rory looks at the rocket]

RACQUETBALL COURT

[Rory and Lorelai are sitting on the floor talking]

LORELAI: Like a remote-control rocket?

RORY: No, like a model rocket.

LORELAI: How big? [Rory raises her hand about 2 foot off the floor] Is it filled with anything? Gum or candy or anything?

RORY: Gum.

LORELAI: What? Rocket gum. It could be a thing.

RORY: There was no gum in it.

LORELAI: It doesn't have a button you can push?

RORY: No, nothing like that. It's just a model rocket. I mean, what could that mean? Who gives someone a rocket?

LORELAI: I don't know. I don't know. We'll figure it out, though. Rocket, rocket, rocket. Rocket man -- "rocket man." Hee "Crocodile rock" was good. "Bennie and the jets," "candle in the wind."

RORY: Are you just naming Elton John songs?

LORELAI: He is just so talented.

RORY: Ugh. What about space?

LORELAI: It's the final frontier?

RORY: Oh, no.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: What if he was trying to say that he wanted space away from me?

LORELAI: No. [Two guys come into the court] Oh, hi, we're not done racquetballing. We've got it for like an hour. Thanks, though.

RORY: Hey, maybe it's code. Like I'm his rocket, right? Like I'm his rock, E.T. I'm his rock in the eastern time zone.

LORELAI: That's dumb.

RORY: Yeah, like rocket gum is sweeping the nation.

LORELAI: When I have made \$1 zillion from my rocket-gum invention, you will eat those words. Or more likely, chew those words and blow a bubble with them, 'cause did I mention that rocket gum is bubble gum? But instead of blowing bubbles, it releases helium that sh**t the chewer up into space.

RORY: I don't think this is helping me understand the state of my relationship with Logan. And we're not even supposed to be talking.

LORELAI: You started it.

RORY: I did start it. So maybe now you would like to talk about Luke?

LORELAI: You know what, I'd rather racquetball.

RORY: Seriously?

LORELAI: Come on. [She puts on a head band and they get up] What do you think? Against the wall?

RORY: Yeah, why not.

LORELAI: Okay. Ready?

RORY: Ready.

LORELAI: [hits the ball which bounces back and hits her in the eye] Ow!

RORY: You okay?

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: We're done.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - BATHROOM

RORY: See, it's starting to swell.

LORELAI: It is starting to swell. Either that or the rest of my face is shrinking.

RORY: I think we should put something on it.

LORELAI: Uh, concealer and loose powder?

RORY: Ice mum, I think we should put ice on it.

LORELAI: So boring. Neosporin and an eye patch? Bactine, bacitracin, hydrogen peroxide. Winnie the pooh band-aids?

RORY: I'm getting you some ice.

LORELAI: Good lord. Where'd I get all this stuff?

LORELAI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

RORY: How can you not have ice?

LORELAI: You know I don't cook.

RORY: That is not cooking. That is the opposite of cooking. That's freezing. All you have in here are like batteries and film and something I think used to be an ice cream sandwich.

RORY: How old is that film?

LORELAI: Ugh, 1999. Bad hair year for me, skirts were the wrong length, cut me right at the calf. I can't bring myself to develop it.

RORY: You're not putting shaving cream on your eye.

LORELAI: No, just getting rid of some of Luke's things...Steak.

RORY: Huh?

LORELAI: Steak is supposed to be good for a black eye.

RORY: Frozen peas.

LORELAI: Why would I put peas in my eye?

RORY: No, like a bag of frozen peas. It molds to the contour of your face.

LORELAI: But steak has actual healing properties. Something about the juices or the fats is good for the skin.

RORY: I'm going to Doose's to get you some ice.

LORELAI: And steak. And peas. And ice cream! That would feel good on my eye. And then when I'm done using it, we can eat it. It's black-eye dinner.

RORY: Says the woman who can't cook ice.

LORELAI: Please. I'm not gonna cook. I'm too injured. You cook. And get some Bacitracin. Whatever we use it for, we're almost out.

RORY: Be right back.

[Rory hands Lorelai a battery.]

LORELAI: Thanks...See if he has eye patches.

RED LIGHT CAMERA - OUTSIDE THE DINER

TAYLOR: Okay, everyone, gather 'round. Witness the miracle of modern...

LUKE'S DINER

LUKE: Hey. Whoa, whoa, whoa.

CUSTOMER: What.

LUKE: Does this look like a soup kitchen?

CUSTOMER: It's a little depressing, but no...

LUKE: Pay your bill.

CUSTOMER: Oh, oh, right, sorry. I wasn't trying to skip out or anything. [hands Luke the money.

LUKE: Get lost. [Sighs, Caesar comes in to stand by Luke, they look at each other few seconds of silence] Well there's nobody left to serve, and I certainly don't want your company.

CAESAR: Thanks, Luke.

OUTSIDE AGAIN

RORY: Hi, Miss Patty. Hey, Gypsy. Hi, Lulu.

MISS PATTY: Rory!

LULU: Hi, Rory.

GYPSY: Look at the college girl. You home for the summer?

RORY: I am

MISS PATTY: You look wonderful. If I had known that college was so good for the complexion, I might have cracked a book open when I was younger.

RORY: Oh, thanks.

LULU: Your mom said you might be traveling in Asia.

GYPSY: She's not in Asia.

MISS PATTY: I didn't know you were going to Asia.

RORY: Well I was talking about it, but that's not gonna happen.

GYPSY: Well your mom must be happy to have you home.

RORY: Yeah, she is. What's going on here?

LULU: Taylor's putting a camera on the traffic light.

GYPSY: Big brother is watching.

TAYLOR: Okay, everyone. Thanks for coming. Now, as you know, small-town law enforcement presents many challenges. Chief among them, how to police our streets without an actual police force. Fortunately for the citizens of stars hollow, the fine people [Rory looks over to Luke's and Luke looks back, they wave to each other.] at Ingram traffic systems have provided an answer. I would now like to present the latest and greatest w*apon in unmanned high-tech law enforcement. Ladies and gentlemen, the Auto Patrol P.R. 100. [Applause] How it works is very simple. When someone drives through the red light, the camera will take three successive pictures of the offending party at closer and closer range.

GYPSY: Seems kind of intrusive to me.

TAYLOR: Law-abiding citizens have nothing to worry about. Now, we are going to have our ceremonial first lawbreaker played by Kirk. [Car horn honks] Kirk will drive my classic 1964 Ford Thunderbird down the street, through the red light, and the Auto Patrol P.R. 100 will capture him in all his law-breaking glory. Miss patty?

MISS PATTY: I'm on it.

[Miss Patty gets up and signals Kirk to drive by dropping a hanky, He's off the camera starts flashing, Kirk can't see, the crowd panics as he goes out of control and into the diner, Luke watches in disbelief as he crashes through the wall and ducks behind the counter. Rory and the crowd looks on in shock. Luke gets up from behind the counter. Kirk gets out of the car.]

KIRK: I'm okay! I'm okay!

[the crowd rushes over to take a closer look.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

RORY: Okay, do you remember when you begged me to go see "the fast and the furious" with you, and I said no? And then you begged me to go see "the fast and the furious 2" with you, and I said no? Then "the fast and the furious 3: Tokyo drift" came out...

LORELAI: Cars, they drift.

RORY: And I was like, "I said no to 1 and I said no to 2 - "what do you think happened here, I got a brain transplant or something?"

LORELAI: I remember. You were very rude.

RORY: Well, I was wrong, because I have finally understood the awesomeness of cars crashing into things, which is a long-winded way of saying that Taylor installed this red-light camera in front of Luke's, and Kirk was supposed to demonstrate how it worked, but he got totally blinded by the camera, and he ended up crashing Taylor's fancy blue t-bird -- which, by the way, who knew? -- Into the side of Luke's. And nobody was hurt. Everything was fine. But the smash-up was unbelievable. And it went right into Luke's and then Kirk gets up, he gets out of the car, and he's all like, Evel Knievel style, like, "I'm okay, I'm okay." And...um... why is everything you own in piles all over the floor?

LORELAI: No no wait. Into the diner and nobody was hurt?

RORY: Yeah, everything's fine. But what is this?

LORELAI: There must've been a lot of damage. Are you sure everybody's okay?

RORY: It was a mess, but everything's fine, I swear. What is this?

LORELAI: Umm I'm just getting some of Luke's stuff together.

RORY: This is Luke's?

LORELAI: No, this is mine. But I wore it with Luke when we went to see "jarhead." I was trying to look kind of army, and something about the combination of the movie and the hot dogs at the Waterbury Cineplex made me sick in the parking lot, and Luke held my hair, and it was nice, and now I got to get rid of it.

RORY: Oh.

LORELAI: [Sighs] Yeah, this pile is Luke's stuff. This pile is stuff that reminds me of Luke.

RORY: What's that pile?

LORELAI: Those are Babette's intimates.

RORY: Of course. So, all these books remind you of Luke?

LORELAI: Yeah, those are books I gave him to read, but he never did.

RORY: Cormac McCarthy - good call. "In cold blood" - he would have loved that. Well, he'll never know now. You wanted him to read "hammerhead sharks - demons of the deep"? He recommended that one for me. Pom-pom socks. Al's pancake world takeout menus. Hey, you're getting rid of bop it? And a spatula? Why? Oh, oh. 'Cause Luke used to make you breakfast.

LUKE: Well he did, but that's not why I'm getting rid of it. Although now that you mention it, the waffle iron has got to be dumped.

RORY: We have a waffle iron?

LORELAI: Don't get attached. It's got to go.

RORY: Spatula?

LORELAI: We were having an argument in the kitchen. And he said it was a fight, and I said it wasn't really a fight, it was a spat. He said there was no difference between a fight and a spat, and I said there was a huge difference because a fight cannot be diffused in the moment, but a spat can easily be diffused with the use of a spatula. And I took the spatula out of the drawer, and I whacked him with it a little bit, and he started laughing, and I started laughing, and now I got to get rid of it.

RORY: Sad.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: Okay, what happened between you two? You have got to give me something here, because you cannot just say that you don't want to talk about it, because I saw Luke today, and I waved at him, and I did not know how to act. Was it an "I hate you" wave, or an "I'm sorry" wave, or "I can't believe you wanted my mother to shave her head and become a Moonie" wave.

LORELAI: He doesn't want me to shave my head. You shouldn't hate him. There's nothing to be angry about. You knew we were having problems, right? The whole April thing and postponing the

wedding. Finally, I got tired of waiting for him, so I gave him an ultimatum. And he said no. So, that's it. It's over. Here I am, making piles. The third stage of grief is making piles.

RORY: Steak or peas?

LUKE'S DINER - EXTERIOR

[Luke and Taylor are looking over the crash]

TAYLOR: No, no, no - this is not my fault!

LUKE: This is all your fault, all of it!

TAYLOR: Lucas I understand why you're perturbed.

LUKE: Perturbed? Do I seem perturbed? I am so far past perturbed that I couldn't look behind me and see perturbed with a telescope. You never listen to anybody, Taylor. You just barrel along and decide what's best for everybody, consequences be damned.

TAYLOR: Now, I grant you the ceremony today did not go according to plan.

LUKE: According to plan? There's a car in my diner - a freaking car, Taylor. A two-door 1965 Ford Thunderbird in my diner.

TAYLOR: Actually, it's a '64.

TOW TRUCK DRIVE: So, you want me to move it out or not?

TAYLOR: I would advise waiting until our insurance agents arrived.

TOW TRUCK DRIVE: It's up to you, pal. It's on your property.

LUKE: I don't know yet!

TAYLOR: You could have some sympathy. After all it's my car that crashed, my most prized possession. I mean, the paint job alone is gonna cost me a fortune, and who knows what other damage has been done or what my insurance will or won't cover?

LUKE: Well maybe I'll come back with a sledgehammer, and you can tell them you totaled the thing.

TAYLOR: Now Luke I would strongly advise against any rash action that could lead to undue and costly litigation.

THEY MOVE INSIDE

LULU: How about now?

KIRK: Giant red spots. Nothing but giant red spots.

TAYLOR: How's it look under there, Gypsy?

GYPSY: Well, the car is fine. It definitely wasn't faulty brakes that caused the accident. Kirk is just an idiot.

KIRK: Hey, I resent that. Who was that? Damn giant red spots.

TOW TRUCK DRIVE: What do you want to do here, buddy? You want to pull the car out or wait for the insurance guy?

LUKE: I don't know I'm not sure what I want to do yet.

TOW TRUCK DRIVE: Well I need to know now. I can't spend all day here. Either we move the car right now, or I take off, you leave it in here, and wait for the insurance guys. You got to decide.

LUKE: Look, do not pressure me, okay? I do not like being pressured. It's not one or the other. I need to think. Will you people just give me some time to think?

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[The room is almost empty, Crickets chirping, they are sitting on the couch.]

LORELAI: Soothing.

RORY: Very.

LORELAI: Zen.

RORY: Thoreau, Walden pond... Oh, I have an idea. [Rory gets up]

LORELAI: Huh? Maybe I should just go to Ikea. [Rory comes back with the rocket, Lorelai gasps] I like it.

RORY: Yeah. Maybe you can use it as the basis for your redecorating. Use it as a jumping-off point. Make everything kind of gray and shiny.

LORELAI: Well, it doesn't remind me of Luke at all.

RORY: That's my problem. It doesn't remind me of Logan either. It's so frustrating.

LORELAI: Why don't you call him?

RORY: Well I can't do that until I know what this is, what it means. See, this long-distance thing isn't working already.

LORELAI: Rory, he just left.

RORY: Exactly, and I'm already completely confused. I mean, I think we're still together, but that's what I thought last time we spent time apart. I was 100% sure that we were still together, and he was 100% sure that we had broken up, and then he ended up sleeping with those bridesmaids.

LORELAI: What is it you guys agreed to?

RORY: Well that's just it. Nothing, really. I mean, it was early in the morning, and we hadn't had a chance to decide on anything, and we hadn't had the talk. Now it's too late. He's thousands of miles away, and we talk on the phone, but we don't really say anything. And he's leaving me rockets.

LORELAI: Well It's not too late. He's been gone a day - less than a day. You guys will figure it out.

RORY: But it's hard on the phone, you know. I can't see him. I can't read his expression. How am I ever supposed to know what he's thinking or feeling? I mean his eyes always give him away. Logan has very expressive eyes.

LORELAI: I've noticed. It's one of the things he and Bette Davis have in common.

RORY: And sometimes he'll smile at me, and I can tell exactly how he's feeling, and now I can't.

LORELAI: So go to London.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Go to London. Go be with him this summer. The two of you were supposed to go traveling in Asia together anyway. You don't have any plans for the summer, so go.

RORY: I can't just go to London... Can I?

LORELAI: Why not? You two could have an amazing summer together in London. Pick up the phone. Call him.

RORY: I need to do some more Googling.

LORELAI: I'm going to bed. [gets up] So, Taylor's car is...

RORY: in Luke's diner.

LUKE'S DINER

[Luke is sitting alone in the wrecked diner]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

[Lorelai is on the bed read when she gets up and strips the bed the phone rings]

LORELAI: [Sighs] Hello.

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, how you doing?

LORELAI: Fine.

CHRISTOPHER: I'm just checking in. Had a really great time last night. Don't worry. This is not a booty call.

LORELAI: It can't be, 'cause you're not 18, and it's not 1997.

CHRISTOPHER: Are you doing anything tomorrow night? 'Cause I was thinking maybe you could come over, and I could cook us some dinner.

LORELAI: Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Let's not make more out of it than it was.

CHRISTOPHER: So, you're saying last night was a booty call.

LORELAI: I'm just saying, I don't think it should happen again.

CHRISTOPHER: Oh. Okay. Well, I'm here for you if you need anything. You know that, right?

LORELAI: I - yeah, no - I appreciate...that.

CHRISTOPHER: Okay. I guess I'll say good night.

LORELAI: Yeah - night.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

[Late night, the room is dark.]

RORY: I got it, I got it he loved her so much he was willing to wait 40 years alone in space for her.
[turns on a light]

LORELAI: Hmm?

RORY: I got it. The rocket, I get it.

LORELAI: You do?

RORY: Yes. I have been Googling rockets, you know. Rocket ships, rocket love, rocket London, Logan rocket, and let me tell you, it has not always been a pleasant journey. People are freaks. But then I found this blog, rocket boy.

LORELAI: Rocket boy.

RORY: Rocket boy. Knows a ton about rockets. And as it turns out, he's got over 200 classic L.E.V.S.

LORELAI: L.E.V.S?

RORY: Lunar excursion vehicles. So then he tells me that he hosts this chat room, and this is where I get really lucky, because rocketchamp465 was just logging off, and I caught him, and I described the rocket to him, and he recognized it from one of these episodes of "the twilight zone."

LORELAI: [Whispering] "The twilight zone."

RORY: So I clicked on "the twilight zone" website, and I found the episode, and I got it!

LORELAI: I still have no idea what you're talking about.

RORY: Uh, when Logan and I were first going out, we were in the pool house one night really late, and we were falling asleep on the couch.

LORELAI: Wa wa wa.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Sorry.

RORY: Chachi, right?

LORELAI: Proud.

RORY: So, we were on the couch.

LORELAI: Wa wa wa.

RORY: And this episode of "the twilight zone" came on -- "the long morrow."

LORELAI: That's a bad title.

RORY: That's not the point.

LORELAI: I'm just saying.

RORY: So, there's this astronaut who was supposed to go into space for 40 years, but right before he left, he met this beautiful woman. But for those 40 years that he was going to be in space, he was going to be in suspended animation. So when he came back to earth, he was going to be really young, but she would be really old. So he goes into space, and when he does come back, the woman is still young and beautiful because she put herself in suspended animation to wait for him, but he's really, really old because he took himself out of suspended animation so he could be old with her.

LORELAI: How depressing.

RORY: He spent 40 years alone in space just waiting to see her, and he was willing to come back as an 80-year-old man, giving up almost his entire life just to spend those last few years with her.

LORELAI: Now, are you aware when you're in suspended animation, or is it just like a really long nap?

RORY: The point is, that this is Logan's favorite episode of "the twilight zone." And when we watched it together, he said, "that's true love." That's true love! This is the most romantic gift I've ever been given. I mean, I have to call him. I'm going to London. I am going to London.

LORELAI: Yay!

RORY: But -- wait, are you gonna be okay while I'm gone?

LORELAI: Yes, I'll be fine.

RORY: Okay, but we're going shopping for linens before I go.

RORY'S ROOM

LOGAN: Hello?

RORY: Hey!

LOGAN: Hey!

RORY: I'm sorry for calling so early. Did I wake you?

LOGAN: I'm actually at the office.

RORY: On a dare?

LOGAN: It's my first day, so I'm trying to make a good impression.

RORY: So you're, like, dressed and everything?

LOGAN: New suit, new shoes, even brushed my hair.

RORY: How's the office? Fabulous? Do you have a window?

LOGAN: I wouldn't say it's fabulous, but I do have a window.

RORY: Can you see the queen?

LOGAN: Actually, my window looks out on Piccadilly circus.

RORY: So, you can just see Elephants and clowns walking past your building all day long? That must be nice.

LOGAN: It's brilliant.

RORY: Brilliant? Oh, my god. You're turning British. Do you have a secretary named Moneypenny?

LOGAN: My secretary's name is Steven.

RORY: Steven Moneypenny?

LOGAN: [Laughs] Yes.

RORY: So...I just wanted to thank you for the rocket.

LORELAI: You already thanked me.

RORY: I know I did, but I wanted to do it again, because I'm not sure I conveyed how much I loved it in our last conversation. I really, really loved it.

LOGAN: I'm glad.

RORY: I can't wait to come see you, Logan. I can't wait.

LORELAI: I already got you a ticket.

RORY: You're kidding.

LOGAN: I got it right here. I was gonna Fedex it to you. You'll have it tomorrow.

RORY: Oh, my god!

LORELAI: So tell your mom you're not gonna be home for Christmas.

RORY: Christmas?

LOGAN: Two weeks, just you and me. I already cleared it with my dad. I'm still playing with the itinerary, but how do you feel about London, Paris, and Rome?

RORY: Wow.

LOGAN: I figured we'd do a week in London, then a quick train ride, and we do three days in Paris, and we finish our trip with a four-day sojourn in Rome. We still have enough time for one last night in London before you fly back home.

RORY: Logan, that sounds amazing.

LOGAN: Oh, hey, I should take off. My first staff meeting. They're waving me in.

RORY: Oh, okay, good luck.

LOGAN: Thanks, cheers.

RORY: Cheers.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

[Lorelai wakes up to a car horn, she gets up and looks out the window]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - EXTERIOR

[Lorelai comes out side to see Luke with his truck full of stuff.]

LUKE: Uh...a car crashed into my diner yesterday. There's a giant hole where my wall used to be. It's gonna take a couple of weeks to fix. [Chuckles] It's a disaster, but I don't care. I mean, I care, but... you know what, no. I really -- I don't care. It's like it's not even real to me. It's like my life isn't even real to me unless you're there, and you're in it, and I'm sharing it with you. And, uh, I don't know what I was waiting for, and I don't know what I was scared of, but I'm not. I'm not scared, and I'm not waiting. I'm here.

LORELAI: Luke.

LUKE: No, don't say anything. I've got a t*nk full of gas, and Maryland is only 200 miles away, and I've made us some reservations at a couple of bed-and-breakfasts. I mean if you don't want to do the Maryland thing, we don't have to. I heard you say "Maryland" the other day. I don't know whether you were serious. I'm just trying to cover my bases here.

LORELAI: Luke...

LUKE: I also packed some camping equipment so we can head to Vermont or Maine and, you know, check into a cabin for a week, you know, like a little honeymoon thing. But maybe that's a little too rustic for your taste. Or we could drive to Atlantic city or even Las Vegas if you want to make a real road trip out of it.

LORELAI: Luke, stop.

LUKE: I also did some research, and we can we can also apparently use a sea captain, if you want. I'm not sure how big the boat has to be for it to be legal, but we can head to the coast, and we can knock on some doors, you know, boat doors. Yeah, that's probably not the most sensible way.

LORELAI: Just stop.

LUKE: But, no no, you were right. I need to be faster. I need to move faster, I need to think faster. And, well, here I am.

LORELAI: It's over.

LUKE: No, you can't say that. You can't just say that it's over. It's not over. You can't just decide that it's over. I'm in this, too. You know I'm not gonna let it be over. You said, "be ready now or never." I'm ready now.

LORELAI: Luke.

LUKE: Let's go. Let's do this. Let's get married right now. Let's go.

LORELAI: I slept with Christopher.

[Luke looks at Lorelai for a few seconds then gets into the truck slamming the door and drives off]

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