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03x09 - A Deep-Fried Korean Thanksgiving

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03x09 - A Deep-Fried Korean Thanksgiving

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3.09 - A Deep-Fried Korean Thanksgiving

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OPEN AT LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory are on the couch watching television]

RORY: I like these women.

LORELAI: I love these women.

RORY: Poor Edie.

LORELAI: Which Edie?

RORY: Little Edie. She's just trying to sing and her mom won't stop talking.

LORELAI: Big Edie was so beautiful in her day.

RORY: They were both pretty.

LORELAI: I can't believe they were related to Jackie.

RORY: Well, the Kennedy's kind of hid them in the background for many years.

LORELAI: Well, when you're a Kennedy, how do you even choose who in the family to hide?

RORY: It's a tough choice.

LORELAI: Something beautiful about them though. They're cool, they're free.

RORY: Yeah, and they're memorable. Most people are very forgettable. And they're happy.

LORELAI: They had their cats.

RORY: And their raccoons.

LORELAI: And their pretty house.

RORY: And each other.

LORELAI: Add a few years and they're us.

RORY: Yeah. . .yeah.

LORELAI: Yeah.

[opening credits]

CUT TO THE INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

[Sookie rushes around giving instructions]

SOOKIE: Rhiana, run it through the sieve again, I want it smooth as glass. Don't cut corners, people!

LORELAI: Is she melting down?

MICHEL: Like butter on a skillet.

LORELAI: Sookie. . .

SOOKIE: Just a sec, hon. How's your love life, Pete? A little frustrated, I bet. Wondering how I know that? □Cause you're taking it out on my egg whites. Gently, fold them gently. Cheryl □ you're slicing not dicing, I can hear it in the chop. Adjust, my friend.

LORELAI: Sookie, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Hey, let's talk.

SOOKIE: I'm extremely lacking in time here.

LORELAI: What's going on?

SOOKIE: Uh, chaos? Uh, a travesty of cooking? It's a salmonella laboratory in here!

LORELAI: Sookie, the kitchen will be in good hands.

SOOKIE: But not in my hands.

LORELAI: It'll be in Bob hands. Bob has great hands.

SOOKIE: No, you know what Bob has? Bob has two seconds to get the hollandaise off the flame before I break his neck!

LORELAI: Sookie, listen, you hired Bob. You trained him in your image. He's great, and he's subbed for you before.

SOOKIE: But this is Thanksgiving, he has never done Thanksgiving.

LORELAI: He's ready, he'll sub for you seamlessly. Even Big Joe Newsanchor's have substitutes.

SOOKIE: And that's the thing. They still say, □And now the CBS Evening News with Dan Rather.' You see? Dan is still associated with it even though he's off snorkeling or something, just like I'm gonna be associated with the dinner because Bob is substituting for Sookie. Excuse me one minute.

[Sookie starts rummaging through the trash can]

MICHEL: Oh, this can only be good.

LORELAI: Sookie, that's the garbage. Stop rooting through the garbage.

SOOKIE: I will when people stop throwing away useful stuff!

LORELAI: Drop, drop the, drop the tops, drop them, drop them. Come here, come here, come here. Now, Sookie, listen to me because you're torturing yourself here.

[Emily walks in and stands behind Lorelai]

SOOKIE: Emily, hi.

LORELAI: Oh, that's nice. That's very high school. Stick with me here.

SOOKIE: Good to see you.

LORELAI: Yeah, ah, that's funny. You know who's behind you? It's Joseph Stalin, my good friend. What are you doing back from the dead, Joe?

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Oh, Mom! Ah, geez, you scared me.

EMILY: You heard Sookie greet me.

LORELAI: Oh, I thought it was a joke.

EMILY: Like comparing me to Joseph Stalin?

LORELAI: I wasn't comparing you to Joseph Stalin.

EMILY: I'm in a hurry. Can we speak for a minute?

LORELAI: Yeah, I guess, for a minute. So, were you in the area or something?

EMILY: Not really.

LORELAI: Then what are you doing here?

EMILY: I wanted to talk to you.

LORELAI: Phone's out of order?

EMILY: Let's not play games here.

LORELAI: Games?

EMILY: I've called several times the past few weeks and you've skillfully avoided every call.

LORELAI: No, that's not true. I've left messages on your machine.

EMILY: Yes, messages. And then if I happened to pick up, you'd hang up. Or if the maid picked up, you'd ask for me, then claim you were driving through a tunnel so you might get cut off, and then you'd make garbling noises and hang up.

LORELAI: Fine, Mom, we're talking now. What's up?

EMILY: Are you feeling well?

LORELAI: You came all the way out here to ask me that?

EMILY: Well, you've been sick these past few Friday's for dinner, so I was concerned. That's why you didn't come, right, because you were sick? So are you better? You look fine.

LORELAI: Oh, it's the makeup. I'm still. . .uh, these allergies really just hit me like a ton of bricks.

EMILY: I've never heard you mention allergies before.

LORELAI: I'm a silent sufferer.

EMILY: Well, I certainly hope you're feeling better now because I want you to come to dinner tomorrow night.

LORELAI: Tomorrow? Tomorrow's Thanksgiving.

EMILY: Yes, it is Thanksgiving. And before you sift through the dozen or so excuses you always have on hand, let me have my say. You've missed two dinners and avoided my calls because you're mad at us about what happened at Yale. But I want you and Rory at Thanksgiving this year.

LORELAI: Mom □

EMILY: If you have plans □

LORELAI: We do have plans.

EMILY: Alter them. Now, there'll be other people there, so the focus won't be on you, and you may even be able to get by without saying more than 'hello', 'goodbye', and 'pass the gravy'.

LORELAI: We already have plans.

EMILY: Your father and I are going out of town the next day and we'll be gone all of December, including Christmas, so it's the last chance for the family to be together for the rest of the year.

LORELAI: Look □

EMILY: And I want you to remember that I am not the one who set the meeting for Rory behind your back. I want you there, Lorelai. And if you're still sick, I don't want a doctor's note. I want your doctor himself to come to my house and convince me that it's true, got it?

LORELAI: Got it.

EMILY: See you tomorrow.

CUT TO CHILTON

TEACHER: The multi-layered membrane systems of the cytoplasm are the smooth endoplasmic reticulum, the rough endoplasmic reticulum, and the golgi body. Now, the smooth endoplasmic reticulum is concerned with the manufacture of lipid molecules. [bell rings] We'll continue on this next week. Keep up on your reading please.

MADELINE: That was really distracting.

PARIS: Oh. Well, by all means, Madeline, you should point out to the faculty that their annoying

custom of teaching is distracting you from more important things like nail filing and daydreaming about marrying Ryan Phillippe.

LOUISE: Uh, he's already married.

PARIS: Then whatever strawhead actor isn't.

MADELINE: This was bad. For the last five minutes, every single thing she said sounded dirty.

LOUISE: Yeah, same here.

PARIS: Good God.

MADELINE: I mean, reticulum? Come on.

LOUISE: Plus, the golgi body. I mean, is it me or is that majorly pornographic?

PARIS: My life with the Banger sisters.

RORY: So, changing the subject. . .

PARIS: Hallelujah.

RORY: What's everybody doing for Thanksgiving?

PARIS: I can't even talk about Thanksgiving.

RORY: Louise?

LOUISE: I'm having dinner with my dad.

MADELINE: Isn't he still in jail?

LOUISE: Yes, but his company donated some treadmills for the inmates so he swung a special trailer for dinner that they're gonna set up for us in the parking lot. We have it for about two hours and then one of the Manson girls gets us.

MADELINE: You're lucky it's in that order.

PARIS: My Thanksgiving is turning into a Wes Craven movie.

RORY: How so?

PARIS: I called shelters to volunteer to serve food. It's Thanksgiving □ you'd think they have needs. Nope. Every stupid soup kitchen in town turned me down because they have enough volunteers.

MADELINE: Bummer.

PARIS: I'm on a couple waiting lists, but it doesn't look good.

RORY: I've never heard of too many volunteers.

PARIS: Who are all these jackasses who volunteered anyway? They can't all be students like me. They're not all putting it on a college application. I get something out of it and these other people don't get a thing. Talk about selfish.

LOUISE: Sore subject.

RORY: What are you up to, Madeline?

MADELINE: I've got more college applications to fill out. Backups, safety schools.

LOUISE: I've got some of that, too. I'm so behind.

PARIS: I told you guys to have those things done by now.

LOUISE: Sorry, Mom.

PARIS: It's not about being sorry. It's about being prepared. I got Harvard and my backups in weeks ago.

MADELINE: Okay, all you're doing is making me more nervous. I'll see you guys Monday.

LOUISE: Same here.

RORY: Yup, see you guys Monday.

PARIS: Harvard is going to be expecting Thanksgiving shelter work. They'll know I called too late and it will totally impugn my organizational skills. By the way, you know I ultimately do all these things for the good of mankind, right?

RORY: Oh yeah.

PARIS: Sometimes I don't think I come off that way.

RORY: No.

[Paris' cell phone rings]

PARIS: [answers phone] Hello? . . . Yes, thanks for returning my call. . . nothing? But wait, wait, wait ▯ just stick me at any old pot. I'm small, you won't even know I'm there, I'll even bring my own ladle. . . .Oh, now, come on, work with me here. I've got a slotted spoon. . . Well, what about coffee or condiments? You got condiments covered? . . . I'm sorry, can I speak to your supervisor? . . . My attitude? What about your attitude? I'm trying to help people. It's Thanksgiving. . .

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai and Rory are walking down the sidewalk]

RORY: So she coldcocked you, huh?

LORELAI: She bit me, incapacitated me with her poison, and devoured me whole.

RORY: But how are we going to go to four Thanksgiving dinners?

LORELAI: It's not four, is it?

RORY: Lane's house, Sookie's, and we always stop by Luke's. . .that's three, and Grandma and Grandpa is four.

LORELAI: Ah, we're mad, Edie.

RORY: We're us, Edie.

LORELAI: Well, we've gotta go to my parents' or we'll be brought up on w*r crimes. Lane's is always super early, so that's easy to catch. Sookie's is mid afternoon.

RORY: Luke's the toughie.

LORELAI: Guess that's the one we'll have to skip.

RORY: Bummer.

LORELAI: I know, but he won't care. Holidays are nothing to him anyway.

[Kirk walks out of The Chat Club with several bags]

LORELAI: Hey Kirk. Discover a new freaky fetish?

KIRK: What?

LORELAI: Nothing. You buy a cat?

KIRK: Yup. I'm very excited.

LORELAI: You seem it. So what's all this?

RORY: I'm assuming there's nothing left in the store.

KIRK: Actually, there are a number of things left.

RORY: No, I meant you seem to be buying a lot of stuff.

KIRK: Oh, sorry. My excitement must be clouding my ability to judge comedic hyperbole.

LORELAI: So where'd you get the cat?

KIRK: A lady had a bunch of them at the grocery store and Kirk seemed to take an instant liking to me.

LORELAI: Kirk?

KIRK: Yes?

LORELAI: No, I mean, the cat's name is Kirk?

KIRK: Yup.

LORELAI: Weird coincidence or. . .

KIRK: I named him Kirk.

LORELAI: Isn't that confusing?

KIRK: Not when you think about it.

[Lorelai thinks about it]

LORELAI: No, it's still confusing.

KIRK: I like the name, and whenever I call Kirk's name, I obviously won't be calling myself.

LORELAI: True.

KIRK: Although when my mom calls for Kirk, that may be confusing. Maybe I can get her to say CatKirk when she's calling Kirk, and HumanKirk when she's calling me.

RORY: That would keep it straight.

KIRK: I'm glad I ran into you. See ya.

LORELAI: See ya, HumanKirk.

RORY: Bye HumanKirk.

[Kirk walks away]

RORY: He's always been a cat person, he's just never had a cat.

LORELAI: Hm.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Rory walk in]

LORELAI: Hey. Anywhere?

LUKE: Anywhere.

LORELAI: [to customer at table] Hm, would you mind moving?

LUKE: I hate when you do that.

LORELAI: It's my showstopper.

LUKE: An empty table.

LORELAI: Ah. You ready to order?

RORY: I'm ready.

LUKE: Don't bother, saw you coming, already ordered your Wednesday usual ▯ the French dip, extra fries, the every-Wednesday cherry pie.

RORY: Such service.

LORELAI: Oh, and such a food rut we're in.

RORY: Thank you, Luke.

LUKE: I gotta get back to stuffing my turkey.

LORELAI: Oh, honey, do you have time to do that and prep your Thanksgiving food?

LUKE: Stop it.

RORY: Here, here.

LUKE: It's a tedious job.

LORELAI: Well, what if we told you you could stuff one less?

LUKE: What do you mean?

LORELAI: We got jammed. Shanghaied by my mother and what with the other things we have going. . . well, too many commitments, not enough us.

LUKE: So?

RORY: We can't make it tomorrow.

LUKE: Oh, okay, fine.

LORELAI: It was beyond our control.

LUKE: That's fine, whatever. I'll be right back. [walks away]

LORELAI: Um, okay, I may be crazy, but he almost looked. . . .

RORY: Disappointed.

LORELAI: Yes, disappointed. We disappointed Luke.

RORY: I didn't think it was possible.

LORELAI: Our powers are greater than we know.

RORY: He actually likes it when we come for Thanksgiving. All these years and we never knew.

LORELAI: Hm, he's the Grinch and we're Cindy Lou Who.

RORY: So Cindy Lou, what do we do?

LORELAI: I got it.

[Lorelai picks up her cell phone as Luke walks over]

LORELAI: [on phone] Oh, uh, perfect. That works great. Okay, bye now. [hangs up] Sorry, I'm just clarifying the schedule for tomorrow. As luck has it, we can make it. We'll definitely be here.

LUKE: It's okay.

LORELAI: No, it's all cleared. That was my mom, and, uh, the time's just gonna work out just fine.

LUKE: Really, you don't have to. I already stopped prepping the last turkey.

LORELAI: Well, start prepping it again 'cause we are coming.

LUKE: I don't want you to feel like you have to come.

LORELAI: This is tiring.

RORY: I can kneel behind him and you can push him over.

LORELAI: It may come to that.

LUKE: It won't be a hassle?

LORELAI: It won't be a hassle.

LUKE: You sure?

LORELAI: We're coming, now go away and let us eat. Shoo, shoo.

[Luke walks away]

RORY: That was very nice.

LORELAI: Well, I hate disappointing people.

RORY: Okay, now, practical question. . . how are we going to eat four Thanksgiving dinners?

LORELAI: How? Rory, what are we if not world champion eaters?

RORY: It's too much food.

LORELAI: It's not too much food. This is what we've been training for our whole lives. This is our destiny. This is our finest hour.

RORY: Or final hour.

LORELAI: No, no. Get inspired and tomorrow I guarantee you, we will be standing on the Olympic platform receiving our gold medals for eating. We are not Michelle Kwan-ing this.

RORY: Okay, okay, four dinners.

LORELAI: Yeah, we'll skip the rolls.

RORY: That'll help. You know, we might wanna consider not eating much now in preparation for our finest hour. A little fasting so that we can enjoy more tomorrow, hm?

LORELAI: Unnecessary.

RORY: Yeah.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[On Thanksgiving morning, Lorelai and Rory are walking toward the market]

RORY: What's on the list?

LORELAI: Flowers for everyone we're visiting and cranberry sauce for the Kims.

RORY: Tums.

LORELAI: You mean amateur pills?

RORY: Just in case.

LORELAI: Okay, Tums.

RORY: I'll do the flowers.

LORELAI: I'll do Doose's.

RORY: Thank you.

[Lorelai goes into the market. Jess walks up behind Rory]

JESS: Hey there.

RORY: Hey. [he kisses her, but Rory pulls away] Wait, stop.

JESS: What?

RORY: Stop.

JESS: What are you doing?

RORY: Come on. [Rory pulls him down the sidewalk a little, then kisses him]

JESS: What was that?

RORY: That was a kiss.

JESS: What's with the relocation before the kiss?

RORY: It's too early.

JESS: Too early? Too early for what?

RORY: For kissing like that.

JESS: What's the rule, no kissing before noon?

RORY: No, it's too early to do this here.

JESS: Where, in the street?

RORY: In the street, with people watching...

JESS: What people?

RORY: In front of Doose's.

JESS: Ah, Doose's.

RORY: We shouldn't flaunt it.

JESS: But I want to flaunt it.

RORY: It doesn't feel right.

JESS: He's a big boy Rory.

RORY: I know.

JESS: It's not the first time a couple's broken up.

RORY: It is for us.

JESS: This is insane.

RORY: Please, let's not flaunt it, please?

JESS: For how long?

RORY: Until it's comfortable.

JESS: Before we're on Social Security?

RORY: I promise, we can kiss secretly.

JESS: Yeah, or we can wear Three Stooges masks all the time, that way no one will know who we are.

RORY: I can be Curly.

JESS: I'll be Moe.

RORY: Probably too silly.

JESS: Yeah, probably.

RORY: This will get better over time, I promise. But until then, let's just play it cool.

JESS: Hey, I'm Frank at the Sands.

RORY: That's cool.

CUT TO INSIDE DOOSE'S MARKET

[Lorelai is shopping]

LORELAI: Oh, hey, Kirk. Doing your holiday shopping?

KIRK: Well, shopping, yes, and it is a holiday, but my shopping isn't holiday related, so technically no.

LORELAI: Oh, what happened there?

KIRK: Oh, nothing, just a little scratch.

LORELAI: Looks like a big scratch. Wow, Bactine, Neosporin, Mercurochrome ▯ what's with all the pharmacologicals?

KIRK: Oh, well, Kirk and I are going through a little adjustment period, that's all.

LORELAI: CatKirk?

KIRK: It's no biggie, and this looks a lot worse than it is.

LORELAI: Yeah, I can see that. So how'd it happen? Were you playing or something?

KIRK: We haven't actually played yet. This happened when I accidentally walked into the room without announcing myself.

LORELAI: Excuse me?

KIRK: I've discovered Kirk likes my presence announced before I enter any room that he's in.

LORELAI: You have to announce yourself?

KIRK: Yeah, just a quick, 'Is it okay if I come in?' from the adjacent room. Otherwise, he gets a little testy.

LORELAI: Hence the scratch.

KIRK: It's just a small laceration. Again, no biggie.

LORELAI: Kirk, he got your neck!

KIRK: That was another mistake of mine. I put his food bowl down in front of him. He doesn't like that. Or she doesn't.

LORELAI: She? I thought Kirk was a boy.

KIRK: That was just a guess. He actually hasn't exposed his underside to me yet. Or hers.

LORELAI: Well, here's hoping your cat exposes itself to you soon.

KIRK: From your mouth to God's ears. See ya.

LORELAI: See ya.

[Lorelai walks over to Dean]

LORELAI: Hi there.

DEAN: Hi.

LORELAI: So you pulled the Thanksgiving shift, huh?

DEAN: Yeah, I get time and a half.

LORELAI: Well, good, good. It's good to see you.

DEAN: Same here. Um, so, I gotta work.

LORELAI: Right, right. That Taylor's a dictator.

DEAN: Yeah.

LORELAI: Dean, wait. Um, look, we live in a teeny tiny little hamlet here. I mean, stick it in an

envelope and we could mail the whole town for a buck-forty. It makes avoiding people tough and uncomfortable.

DEAN: I know.

LORELAI: I hate hiding from people, especially when I don't wanna hide from them. You were a pal. You were so good to Rory. You were the best first boyfriend a mother could've hoped for.

DEAN: Thanks.

LORELAI: It's okay to keep avoiding me if you want. I just wanted you to know that you don't need to, okay? Just because you and Rory broke up doesn't mean we did.

DEAN: Good. That's good to hear.

LORELAI: Well, Happy Thanksgiving.

DEAN: Yeah, Happy Thanksgiving.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai walks out of the diner with a bag. Rory is waiting with several bouquets of flowers]

LORELAI: Aw, pretty!

RORY: Yeah, good selection today. You get everything?

LORELAI: And then some. Look.

RORY: Chocolate turkeys, nice!

LORELAI: I think they'll add a festive air.

RORY: Definitely. So, was he in there?

LORELAI: Yeah, he was.

RORY: Good, good. I hope he's good. Did he seem good?

LORELAI: He seemed good. He's getting time and a half.

RORY: Good, good.

LORELAI: So, let's go eat.

RORY: And eat and eat.

LORELAI: And eat and eat and eat.

RORY: And eat and eat and eat and eat. . .

LORELAI: And eat and eat and eat and eat. . .

RORY: And eat some more.

LORELAI: And eat and eat.

CUT TO KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Mrs. Kim opens the door; Lorelai and Rory are on the porch]

MRS. KIM: Ah, the Gilmores. Happy Thanksgiving.

LORELAI: Happy Thanksgiving.

RORY: Happy Thanksgiving.

MRS. KIM: Come in.

LORELAI: She's in a good mood this year.

RORY: Downright chipper.

LORELAI: So, um, Mrs. Kim, we, uh, we brought gifts.

RORY: Flowers.

LORELAI: And cranberry sauce, our little Thanksgiving tradition.

MRS. KIM: Thank you, can never have too much.

RORY: That's what we say.

LORELAI: Plus, a chocolate turkey.

MRS. KIM: What should I do with this?

LORELAI: Oh, I don't know, let the kids share it.

MRS. KIM: And then send a blank check to their dentist?

LORELAI: They don't have to eat it, they can play with it.

MRS. KIM: Play with chocolate? It's missing its head.

LORELAI: Ooh, that one's ours. Here, this one has a head. There ya go.

MRS. KIM: Okay. [walks away]

LORELAI: My arms are too short to box with Mrs. Kim.

RORY: The singing's already begun.

LORELAI: Mm. Who's that playing guitar? He looks familiar.

RORY: Oh my God, that's Lane's Dave.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, it is. He's all neat and tidy.

RORY: He's gone corporate.

LORELAI: He's gone Korean.

[Lane walks by and sees them]

LANE: Oh, hey, hi.

RORY: Hey yourself. Hey, how'd you get your mom to let you ▯

LANE: Come on, girls, let's get you some punch. [leads them to the other room]

RORY: What's going on?

LANE: That is not Dave Rygalski.

LORELAI: Oh, intrigue.

RORY: Who is it?

LANE: I mean, not the one that I'm in a band with. That is Dave Rygalski, local Christian guitar player that my mom and I met very briefly and innocently at the dance marathon, and that I coincidentally ran across again when I found his ad seeking Christian guitar accompaniment gigs up on our church bulletin board.

LORELAI: Complicated.

LANE: I even put the fake ad up at church and pretended to find it with my mom next to me.

RORY: You're good.

LORELAI: So, are you guys dating?

LANE: We're laying the groundwork. If she gets to know him before we date and she approves of him, we won't have to hide anything.

LORELAI: Right, except how you met.

RORY: And who he really is.

LANE: But other than that, it's completely fib-free. Shh, shh!

MRS. KIM: Watch it. You break it, you buy it. Ten percent off for cousins, twenty percent off for nephews and nieces.

[Lorelai, Rory, and Lane walk into the room where the food table is set up]

LORELAI: Yung Kwan, good to see you. Hee Kim, hi. Oh, I love your hair. Su Nam, hi. Hi. Ho Kyung, Wan Kyu, great to see you, hi. Oh, Mrs. Kim, just a beautiful table, as always.

MRS. KIM: Try the tofurkey. Turkey made from tofu.

RORY: Oh, we definitely will.

LORELAI: Mm.

MRS. KIM: And meet the guitar player. Nice young man, big fan of tofurkey. David?

DAVE: Yes.

MRS. KIM: This is Rory Gilmore and Mrs. Gilmore.

LORELAI: Hi, nice to meet you.

DAVE: Oh, same here.

RORY: I think I've seen you around town.

DAVE: Yeah, that might be a possibility. Happy Thanksgiving.

LORELAI: Same to you.

MRS. KIM: Hymn 17 please.

DAVE: Yes, ma'am.

LORELAI: Wow, he seems like a very upright young man.

MRS. KIM: Not a bad sight-reader either. [walks away]

RORY: You're taking tofurkey?

LORELAI: Uh huh, and some extra napkins to slip the tofurkey into when no one is looking and then toss them away.

RORY: Very smart.

LANE: Um, Mama, just a thought, but maybe we can take a break from the hymns while we eat?

MRS. KIM: No break, he's paid to play. We can quit singing for now, but he should play soft in the background, okay?

DAVE: Yeah. Yes, ma'am.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai and Rory walk down the sidewalk]

RORY: The best laid plans.

LORELAI: Tell me about it.

RORY: How do you feel?

LORELAI: I ate tofurkey. How do you think I feel?

RORY: Tofurkier.

LORELAI: Drat that Mrs. Kim for not taking her eyes off me the whole time. . . it's like she was anticipating my napkin maneuver.

[They walk up to Sookie's yard. Sookie is sitting at a picnic table, and a group of people is standing near the porch]

LORELAI: Hi hon!

RORY: Happy Thanksgiving.

SOOKIE: Ah, thank you. Thank God, civilization has arrived.

LORELAI: What's wrong?

SOOKIE: What's wrong? Uh, do you not see what's going on here?

LORELAI: What's that?

SOOKIE: That is a vat of boiling oil.

LORELAI: Really? Where's Quasimodo?

SOOKIE: This is not a joking matter.

RORY: What is the oil for?

LORELAI: For pouring on visigoths.

SOOKIE: Lorelai!

LORELAI: When else am I gonna get to use my visigoth material?

RORY: What's the oil for?

SOOKIE: The turkey. My beautiful, expensive, organically grown turkey.

LORELAI: I don't get it.

SOOKIE: A couple of days ago, Jackson asked me if he could cook the turkey. I thought he was gonna roast it, stick a couple of onions around it, something simple. So I said yes, figuring that the minute he put it in the oven and leaves the kitchen, I can sneak in and give it a nice herb-bitter rub and stuff it with a pancetta-chestnut stuffing.

LORELAI: Sure, 'cause he'd never notice that.

SOOKIE: Exactly. Then the propane tank arrived, and the industrial burner, and the fifteen gallons of peanut oil. Then he springs it on me - "I'm gonna deep-fry a turkey."

LORELAI: Deep-fried turkey.

RORY: Interesting.

SOOKIE: I tried to talk him out of it, but I'd already promised and now he's excited about it.

GUY 1: Hey, what's keeping Jackson? Is he on the pot or something?

SOOKIE: Lots of precious memories in the making here.

GUY 1: Hey Jackson, get your butt out here with that gobbler!

SOOKIE: A gobbler.

RORY: Maybe it won't be that bad.

LORELAI: Yeah, deep-frying's kind of in now.

SOOKIE: I don't care. You don't deep-fry turkey. Uh, filet of fish, yes. A batch of fries, yes. A donut, yes. Not turkey.

GUY 1: Come on, let's get going!

GUY 2: Yeah, we're hungry!

EVERYONE: Jackson, Jackson, Jackson, Jackson, Jackson, Jackson, Jackson, Jackson. . .

[Jackson pushes open the door and holds up the turkey]

JACKSON: Did someone say. . . Jackson?

[the crowd cheers]

LORELAI: Wow, it's like Thunderdome in here.

SOOKIE: He should've just driven it out on a monster truck. He's shamelessly catering to his demographic.

JACKSON: Are you ready?

[the crowd cheers]

SOOKIE: Oh my God, I can't look.

EVERYONE: Ten, nine, eight, seven, six. . .

SOOKIE: Oh my God, they're counting down.

EVERYONE: . . . five, four, three, two, one!

[Jackson lowers the turkey into the vat]

LORELAI: It's in the vat.

SOOKIE: It's like a death in the family.

LORELAI: Look at the bright side, Sookie. At least this took your mind off the dinner at the inn.

SOOKIE: Oh my God, the inn. What if Bob decides to do something equally awful to the turkey at the inn? I have to call him.

JACKSON: Oh, hey guys.

LORELAI: Hey.

JACKSON: Neat, huh? And it only takes forty minutes.

LORELAI: Cool.

JACKSON: How ya doing, hon?

SOOKIE: Oh, fine, Sweets. [Lorelai hands her a beer] And keep them coming.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and Rory walk in]

LORELAI: Hey everybody.

BABETTE: Oh, hey there dollfaces. Happy Thanksgiving.

MOREY: Yeah, Happy Thanksgiving.

RORY: Hey. [hands Luke a bouquet of flowers]

LUKE: What's this?

RORY: Flowers.

LUKE: What do I do with them?

LORELAI: Ugh, not this again.

RORY: Put them in a vase with water.

LUKE: I don't have a vase.

LORELAI: You do this every year.

LUKE: I don't have vases.

LORELAI: Buy a vase.

LUKE: But I don't need a vase because I never have flowers.

LORELAI: Except when we bring you flowers every year on Thanksgiving. Buy a vase.

LUKE: Stop bringing me flowers.

LORELAI: Stop bringing me flowers. I knew you were gonna say that because you say the same thing. We have this same exact conversation every year.

LUKE: And every year you point that out.

LORELAI: And every year you point that out.

LUKE: And every year you point that out.

RORY: And then every year we put the flowers on the counter and forget the ugliness ever happened.

LORELAI: Well, at least we have a tradition.

LUKE: Good. I'll be right back. That's our table over there.

LORELAI: Hey Kirk. Oh my God!

RORY: What happened?

KIRK: I'm scratched over sixty percent of my body.

LORELAI: Aw, CatKirk again?

KIRK: Ow.

LORELAI: Sorry.

BABETTE: I'm so mad at that cat.

MOREY: Very uncool cat.

BABETTE: I love cats, but I love Kirk, too. It's pretty much fifty-fifty, and that's a high compliment, my friend.

LORELAI: How did this happen?

KIRK: Well, the tension of our standoff was unbearable, so I got on the floor and tried to play with him.

LORELAI: It's a him?

KIRK: I caught a peek.

LORELAI: Go on.

KIRK: I rolled this cute little ball of yarn over to him all nice and gentle. He tried to garrote me with it.

LORELAI: Oh my God.

MOREY: Very uncool.

KIRK: Just grabbed two ends with his paws and came at me.

RORY: But he doesn't have opposable thumbs.

KIRK: He's beyond them. And he's smart. He knows things, sometimes before they happen.

LORELAI: Get a hold of yourself, man.

KIRK: You haven't heard the worst.

RORY: Oh geez, there's worse?

KIRK: When the att*cks got particularly brutal, I had no choice but to strip naked and hide under water in the bathtub. I read that cats are afraid of water.

BABETTE: They are, they are.

KIRK: Kirk isn't. He found me, and he seemed to derive greater power from the water. That's when the bulk of the scratching happened.

LORELAI: Well, then, I think it's good you're giving Kirk a little space right now. Just relax and enjoy

your food.

KIRK: I can't taste my food.

LORELAI: Well, then, just try to relax.

KIRK: Thanks.

[Lorelai and Rory walk over to their table; Jess walks over]

JESS: Hey.

RORY: Hey. [they kiss]

JESS: Hi.

LORELAI: Hi, Happy Thanksgiving. So, are you joining us?

JESS: Uh, sure, if that's okay.

LORELAI: Yeah, sit, sit.

[Luke and Caesar bring the plates over]

JESS: God, I'm starved.

LUKE: You could've eaten.

JESS: You kept telling me not to eat.

LUKE: I did not.

JESS: You did, too. You said you were waiting for them.

LORELAI: Aw, you didn't have to wait for us.

LUKE: I wasn't waiting for you, it just worked out this way.

JESS: Right.

RORY: Looks great.

LORELAI: Tasty.

LUKE: Shouldn't we give thanks first?

JESS: Thanks for what?

LUKE: Well, that we're not Native Americans who got their land stolen in exchange for smallpox infested blankets.

LORELAI: Amen.

LUKE: So where you guys in your day?

RORY: We hit the Kim's, we hit Sookie's, and we go to the grandparents from here.

LORELAI: Full day.

LUKE: Yeah. Well, you can skip eating this one if you want. Just have cokes or something, it's no big deal.

LORELAI: No, no way, you're the main event today, my friend.

LUKE: Oh, good.

RORY: What's good are the yams.

LORELAI: Definitely. Got some more marshmallows?

LUKE: Yeah, I can grab some. Hey, refill some coffees. [Luke and Jess walk away]

LORELAI: So, no offense, but lame-o kiss.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: You and Jess, like a couple chickens pecking at each other.

RORY: Mind your own business.

LORELAI: Well, it was right in front of me.

RORY: So, I don't need a review.

LORELAI: Sorry.

RORY: I'm just not good with the public displays.

LORELAI: You didn't have that problem with Dean.

RORY: I know, but now I just feel like everybody's watching me.

LORELAI: People are not watching you.

RORY: You were watching me.

LORELAI: I created you. It's biologically predetermined that I watch you.

RORY: I just don't know how this whole second boyfriend thing is supposed to go.

LORELAI: Well, he's your first second boyfriend. Give it time.

RORY: The whole town got used to me with Dean, it's just weird.

LORELAI: It'll get easier. You're gonna have hundreds of men in your life.

RORY: Gee, thanks.

LORELAI: Well, maybe not hundreds, but a couple, three, more. It'll get easier.

RORY: I guess.

LORELAI: Honey, they'll adjust to seeing you with Jess.

RORY: And then there's Dean. What do I do about him?

LORELAI: Well, you know, he'll be moving on, too.

RORY: Oh, right, of course he will, yeah.

BABETTE: Well, we're outta here.

MOREY: Time to walk some of this off.

BABETTE: Oh, we'd have to walk to China to walk all of it off. Which way's China?

LORELAI: Thataway. Have a good night.

BABETTE: Thanks. By the way, that was some half-assed kiss you two had. You gotta give it a little something, honey.

LORELAI: Bye Babette. Bye Morey.

BABETTE: Bye.

RORY: The whole town is watching.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai and Rory walk up to the front door]

RORY: You ready for this?

LORELAI: Of course.

RORY: Even with the Cold w*r?

LORELAI: That's been going on for thirty-four years? I can manage.

RORY: It's been a bit colder these past few weeks.

LORELAI: Oh no, I'm fine, you know why? Because in two hours □ and I do plan on extricating us from here in exactly two hours □ the night will be over and I won't have to see them again until next year. Oh, start your stopwatch.

[Emily opens the door]

EMILY: Hello.

RORY: Hi Grandma. Happy Thanksgiving.

EMILY: Thank you, Rory. Happy Thanksgiving, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Happy Thanksgiving. [mumbles to Rory] One hour, fifty-nine minutes, and forty seconds.

[they walk into the house]

LORELAI: Oh, wow, it's a piano player.

EMILY: That's Brad. I found him at Nordstrom's.

LORELAI: Was he on sale?

EMILY: I thought a little background music would add a nice touch. He knows every song ever written.

LORELAI: Free Bird! Hi Brad.

EMILY: Lorelai, please. Now come along, everyone's here. [they walk to living room] We're all here.

RICHARD: Oh, good. Happy Thanksgiving, Rory.

RORY: Happy Thanksgiving, Grandpa.

RICHARD: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Dad.

RICHARD: These are our guests, Natalie and Douglas Swope.

EMILY: You two have met.

LORELAI: Yes, at the auction.

NATALIE: Good to see you again.

LORELAI: Yes.

DOUGLAS: Nice to meet you.

LORELAI: Yes, you, too.

RORY: Same here.

RICHARD: And this is our international contingent, Claude and Monique Clemenceau. They're just in from France.

LORELAI: Ah, Clemenceau, huh, I'd have guessed Spain.

CLAUDE: Hello, how are you? [kisses Lorelai's hand]

LORELAI: Oh, ooh.

MONIQUE: Hello.

RICHARD: Monique, voici ma fille et ma petite fille.

MONIQUE: Ah. Elle sont si jolies.

CLAUDE: My Monique speaks only French, so please excuse the inconvenience.

LORELAI: Oh, no, that's fine. I love French.

CLAUDE: She really wants to learn English, perhaps tonight will inspire her. [to Monique] Je leur ai dit que tu voulais à prendre l'anglais.

MONIQUE: L'anglais, oui, je veux à prendre, mais je suis tellement parasiteuse.

RICHARD: Ah, ça prends de temps, Monique. Ah, t'en fais pas.

MONIQUE: Merci.

RICHARD: Oh, no no no. That's why I love it when the Clemenceaus visit. It gives me the opportunity to haul out my rusty French.

CLAUDE: Your French is wonderful, Richard. It always has been.

RICHARD: Aw, non, tu es tres gentil. Please, sit, sit, sit.

CLAUDE: Merci. So, Rory, you speak French at all?

RORY: Just a tiny little bit.

CLAUDE: Un tout petite peu?

RORY: Oui, un tout petite peu.

CLAUDE: And you, my dear?

LORELAI: Even less. Uh, voulez vous couchez avec moi ce soir? That's about it.

RICHARD: Lorelai.

EMILY: Oh my God.

LORELAI: It's just a joke.

RICHARD: Asking my friend to go to bed with you is a joke?

RORY: It's a song.

LORELAI: It's just a joke, Dad.

CLAUDE: Oh, voici c'est un chanson du pop. It's a pop song, ah, Monique. . . I did not know that.

MONIQUE: Lady Marmalade.

CLAUDE: It's very rich. It's very, very funny.

LORELAI: Oh, well, thank you.

CLAUDE: You need a drink, oui?

LORELAI: Very astute, Claude. Martini with a twist, Dad.

RICHARD: All right.

DOUGLAS: Is this your first American Thanksgiving, Claude?

CLAUDE: It is, it is. I've seen it in the movies. People seem to eat and eat and eat until they can't eat anymore.

LORELAI: That's about it.

NATALIE: It's about giving thanks, gets you thinking about the good things.

DOUGLAS: We have a lot to give thanks for in this country.

EMILY: Definitely.

CLAUDE: Me, I start each day giving thanks for three things ▯ Cuban cigars, French champagne, and gorgeous women. And I must give extra thanks for the extraordinary group here tonight.

LORELAI: Douglas, Richard, leave us, won't you?

RICHARD: What?

EMILY: Just another joke.

CLAUDE: Oh, I missed another joke?

NATALIE: You have your mother's wit.

EMILY: Sometimes I wish she'd give it back.

DOUGLAS: Emily mentioned that you were coming from another function?

CLAUDE: No, this is your second dinner?

RORY: Fourth, actually.

NATALIE: Fourth?

RICHARD: Oh, thank you for fitting us in, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Don't worry, Dad. You're the main event. [to Rory] An hour and fifty six minutes.

CUT TO DINING ROOM

[Everyone is seated at the table]

NATALIE: Beautiful table, Emily. You've outdone yourself yet again.

EMILY: Oh, it's nothing.

RICHARD: Well, is everyone settled? Is everyone comfy?

EVERYONE: Yes.

LORELAI: Yes, Dad, we're fine.

RICHARD: Well, then, let's get going.

[Emily rings a bell, the maids bring out the turkey]

NATALIE: Gorgeous.

DOUGLAS: Oh, wonderful.

CLAUDE: Is it for us or the whole neighborhood?

NATALIE: Very nice.

[Richard carves a piece off, then the maids start to take the turkey away]

LORELAI: Oh, ho, who gets the big piece?

RICHARD: I'm sorry?

LORELAI: Aren't you supposed to keep carving?

RICHARD: That was strictly ceremonial.

LORELAI: Ceremonial?

EMILY: Ceremonial.

CLAUDE: Cérémonial.

MONIQUE: Cérémonial.

EMILY: Please, start on the salads everyone.

LORELAI: Is there anything ceremonial about the salads? Do we carve a crouton, then have them taken away?

EMILY: No, no ceremony.

RORY: Salad's great, Grandma.

EMILY: I'm surprised you can eat at this point, even salad.

RORY: There's still room.

LORELAI: And if there isn't room, we'll add on. I know a good contractor.

CLAUDE: She's like your Jerry Lewis. She's very, very funny.

NATALIE: Rory, did your grandmother say you were a high school senior?

RORY: Mmhmm.

NATALIE: So you're going through this horrible period of applying to college.

RORY: It's not so horrible.

RICHARD: She's got it pretty well covered.

LORELAI: That's right.

NATALIE: All your applications are in?

RORY: I've applied.

DOUGLAS: We have a grandson your age, he's going through hell.

NATALIE: He's already been turned down for early admission to Stanford, his dream.

DOUGLAS: Took it pretty hard.

NATALIE: Children put so much stress on themselves these days.

RORY: It's pretty stressful.

NATALIE: He's waiting to hear from his backups.

CLAUDE: I have a grandson who lives with his mother in Orlando, you know, he's going through a very similar thing, poor boy.

EMILY: How do they like Orlando, Claude?

CLAUDE: Well, it's all Mickey Mouse this and Mickey Mouse that, you know. They want to die.

EMILY: That's too bad.

NATALIE: Where did you apply, dear?

RORY: Harvard.

DOUGLAS: No word yet?

RORY: I'm not supposed to hear back for awhile.

DOUGLAS: Where else?

RORY: Where else?

DOUGLAS: Where else did you apply? Your alternates?

NATALIE: We're so curious, it's like we've been going through this ourselves.

RORY: Well, I'm pretty much counting on Harvard.

DOUGLAS: Well, you didn't apply to just Harvard, did you?

RORY: Well, no.

LORELAI: No?

NATALIE: Am I prying?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: We applied elsewhere?

DOUGLAS: You can't just apply to one place.

NATALIE: Chilton wouldn't allow that.

LORELAI: Is that true?

RORY: Pretty much.

LORELAI: Why didn't you tell me that?

RORY: I was going to.

NATALIE: You have to be safe.

CLAUDE: My grandson □ six schools.

DOUGLAS: Same with Dustin.

LORELAI: Where else did you apply?

RORY: Just at some other schools.

DOUGLAS: Well, if you're aiming at Harvard, that would be Princeton, Yale, maybe Vassar, Wesleyan.

CLAUDE: Certainly Yale because of Richard's connections, yes?

NATALIE: I would assume so.

RORY: Those are the kinds of places, yup.

LORELAI: The kinds of places or the places? Rory?

RORY: Princeton. . . um, Yale.

LORELAI: Yale?

RICHARD: Yes?

LORELAI: Yale, Dad?

RICHARD: Oh, this is the first I'm hearing about it, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Oh, bull.

RORY: Mom.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: You did this.

RICHARD: I haven't discussed this awful subject since the debacle at the campus.

LORELAI: You forced her hand.

RICHARD: I did nothing of the sort.

RORY: Mom, wait.

LORELAI: You made it seem like you'd be deeply hurt if she didn't apply to Yale, and she's very

sensitive, so that's as good as forcing her hand.

EMILY: Lorelai, really.

LORELAI: You wanted her to go to Yale instead of Harvard, didn't you?

RICHARD: Well, that wasn't a secret.

CLAUDE: Lorelai ne veut pas que Rory aille à Yale.

RICHARD: Je suis désolé de ce qui ce passe ici.

LORELAI: Stick to English, Dad.

RORY: Grandpa didn't force my hand.

LORELAI: Honey, you weren't aware he was doing it.

RICHARD: She is not a puppet, Lorelai.

RORY: I needed a backup.

LORELAI: But why Yale?

RORY: I could live at home.

LORELAI: You.

EMILY: What?

LORELAI: Well, you got to her. That was your thing.

NATALIE: I'm afraid we started this.

EMILY: This is not your doing, Natalie.

RICHARD: Encore une fois, je suis désolé.

EMILY: I never spoke to Rory about that.

LORELAI: I don't believe you.

RORY: I figured it out on my own, Mom.

LORELAI: You're saying there have been no conversations, no emails?

RORY: I can read a map.

LORELAI: This is unbelievable.

RICHARD: And past indelicate. We have guests.

LORELAI: Yes, I'm sorry, I apologize, I'm sorry you have to see this.

EMILY: This is paranoia, Lorelai. There's been no conspiring.

LORELAI: I'm not being paranoid, Mom. For seventeen years, she was going to Harvard, and now all of a sudden, she's applied to Yale and she's mimicking everything you say. This is just crazy. [leaves the room]

CLAUDE: Elle a dit que, 'c'est de la folie.'

EMILY: Excuse me, please.

CUT TO BACK PATIO

[Lorelai is standing outside as Emily walks out the back door]

EMILY: It's freezing out here.

LORELAI: It's Jamaica compared to in there.

EMILY: It's just an alternative to Harvard, a backup. It changes nothing.

LORELAI: No, no.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Mom, I don't wanna talk.

EMILY: Do you believe we had nothing to do with this?

LORELAI: Just for a second, Mom, please. Just let me digest this for a second. All this Yale stuff. . .agh!

EMILY: You can't even let Rory have one piece of our lives, even if it's her choice. You hate us that much.

[Lorelai doesn't respond. Emily walks back into the house]

CUT TO THE KIM'S HOUSE

[The last of the guests are leaving]

MRS. KIM: Goodbye, drive safe.

GUEST: Thank you. [leaves]

LANE: Excellent Thanksgiving, Mama.

MRS. KIM: I think people had fun.

LANE: And it was nice of you to only charge half price on the chair that Yung Hee broke.

MRS. KIM: That was my cost.

LANE: That why it was nice.

DAVE: Well, I guess I'll be going.

MRS. KIM: All right. You did a good job. Thank you for your time, David.

DAVE: Oh, you're welcome, Mrs. Kim. I enjoyed it.

LANE: Yes, thank you.

DAVE: You're welcome.

MRS. KIM: Here. Some rice, spinach, lots of tofurkey.

DAVE: Great, thanks.

MRS. KIM: And something for your time.

DAVE: That's very nice, thank you. Happy Thanksgiving.

MRS. KIM: Goodbye.

[Dave leaves]

MRS. KIM: Keep clearing. I'm going to start on the kitchen.

LANE: Okay. Oh, Mama, look. Dave's bible. He forgot it. He's gonna need this, too. I'll run it out to him.

MRS. KIM: Wait.

LANE: We're gonna miss him.

MRS. KIM: Let me see that. [takes the bible and reads the inside cover] 'This bible belongs to God, but is being used by Dave Rygalski.' [hands the bible back to Lane] Go on.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lane rushes down the sidewalk; Dave is waiting by a tree]

DAVE: Wow, you run really quiet.

LANE: Sorry, I'm sorry about everything.

DAVE: What?

LANE: The whole night. I had no idea she'd make you play five straight hours without a break.

DAVE: It's okay.

LANE: Your hands must be dead.

DAVE: They're just a little numb. But I've got these Kurt Cobain calluses now, how cool is that?

LANE: But this whole thing, this whole charade, the fake flier and everything, it was too much.

DAVE: Lane, it's fine. And that flier ▯ I've gotten like three other calls for paying gigs. I should be paying you a commission.

LANE: Oh, that's not necessary.

DAVE: And check it out ▯ twenty bucks.

LANE: Wow, she liked you.

DAVE: We'll put it towards our first real date.

LANE: Really? After all this ▯ the marathon hymns, the weak punch, the crabby Koreans, you still wanna go out on a date with me?

[Dave nods, then kisses her]

DAVE: I've gotta go. . . but I'm gonna call you tomorrow.

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Lorelai and Rory are walking down the street]

RORY: Are you mad?

LORELAI: No, I'm not mad.

RORY: You seem mad.

LORELAI: I'm not mad.

RORY: What are you feeling?

LORELAI: I wouldn't know how to word it.

RORY: Try.

LORELAI: See, my head knows that whichever one of these places you go, Harvard, Princeton, Yale. . .it's gonna be great. It's gonna be awesome, and you're gonna come out on the other side an even more amazing you. But I just wish my head could sit down and have a chat with that gnawing feeling in my gut that's there every time my parents get involved in anything and tell it, it's gonna be okay.

RORY: It's gonna be okay.

LORELAI: Nice try.

[They walk across Sookie's front yard]

JACKSON: What else are we putting in the pot? Come on, let's think of something. Uh, a raspberry, a deep-fried raspberry. How ▯bout a rasquat?

GUY: Cake!

JACKSON: Cake! Deep-fried cake!

GUY: Dibs on the deep-fried cake!

JACKSON: You haven't even eaten your deep-fried biscotti.

[Lorelai and Rory sit down at the picnic table with Sookie]

LORELAI: Hey, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Ah, hi there.

LORELAI: Are you okay?

SOOKIE: This tastes good.

LORELAI: Yeah, it looks like they're deep-frying □

SOOKIE: Everything.

LORELAI: Huh.

SOOKIE: Vegetables, mashed potatoes, butter, pickles, salt, a napkin.

RORY: And yet, you're very serene.

LORELAI: Uh, you're practically floating.

SOOKIE: Well, you caught me at a good time, ladies. I've already gone through the five stages of grieving. Denial, anger. . . I don't remember these two, but they were served on the rocks with salt! Now, I'm just happily ensconced in acceptance. Ensconced. . .

RORY: Ensconced?

SOOKIE: Ensconced □ that's it! I do believe I heard Phil suggest throwing Junior in.

LORELAI: Junior?

SOOKIE: His nephew.

LORELAI: Whoa.

SOOKIE: I chimed in on that one.

LORELAI: What happened over there?

SOOKIE: Mm, about a half-hour ago they set the lawn on fire.

LORELAI: Ah.

SOOKIE: But Phil says it's okay and everything □cause it'll grow back twice as lush. Though that's what he said when he broke my salad bowl that I brought back from Belgium. That'll maybe grow back, too, huh? [laughs] Phil is a riot. Am I crying or laughing?

LORELAI: Laughing.

SOOKIE: Good.

[Rory's pager goes off]

LORELAI: Who's that?

RORY: It's Lane. It just says □bible kiss bible'.

LORELAI: What does that mean?

RORY: I have no idea. Good band name, though.

LORELAI: Honey, we should get going? You gonna be okay?

SOOKIE: I'm Sookie.

LORELAI: Yeah, I know, but you're gonna be okay, right? You'll go to bed soon.

SOOKIE: Unless they deep-fried it.

LORELAI: I'm sure they haven't. Okay, we'll see you tomorrow.

[Lorelai and Rory start walking away]

RORY: Poor thing.

LORELAI: Oh, she may not remember any of it.

JACKSON: Deep-fried shoe!

GUY: Deep-fried shoe!

[Everyone cheers]

CUT TO FRONT OF LUKE'S DINER

[Luke and Jess walk out of the diner; Jess is carrying a garbage bag]

JESS: Get more trash cans.

LUKE: I don't need more.

JESS: You make me run around town for a place to dump this.

LUKE: Just dump it in one of Taylor's bins. It gets it out of here and it'll drive Taylor crazy. It's a win-win.

LORELAI: Hi guys.

LUKE: We're out of food.

LORELAI: Oh, please, we're not eating for a year.

RORY: Or until tomorrow morning.

LORELAI: Whichever comes first. Hi Saint Nick.

JESS: Tell him he needs to get more trash cans.

LUKE: Just go.

LORELAI: You got any coffee?

LUKE: That I've got. Come on in. Hey, did I see flames coming from Sookie's place about a half-hour ago?

LORELAI: Yeah, why?

[Lorelai and Luke walk into the diner. Rory follows Jess down the sidewalk]

JESS: I still say you should get more tra. . .

[Rory kisses him]

RORY: Hi.

JESS: Hi.

RORY: Later.

[Rory walks away. As Jess carries the trash bag down the street, he finds Dean standing on the sidewalk]

DEAN: Nothing to say?

JESS: Guess not.

DEAN: That's funny, you usually have something to say.

JESS: Guess I'm all talked out.

DEAN: What's the matter, Jess? Why you walking away?

JESS: It's getting a little West Side Story here, Dean, and I gotta warn you, my dancing skills are not up to snuff.

DEAN: But now's your chance, there's no one else around.

JESS: Go home. Cool off.

DEAN: Come on, make one of your Boy Scout references, or a good Farmer John joke. I got my Doose's Market apron with me □ you want me to put it on, give you a little inspiration? I don't get it, what happened □ you suddenly like me now?

JESS: Oh yeah, I was just about to invite you camping.

DEAN: Good, okay, now we're getting somewhere.

JESS: I'm not gonna fight you, Dean.

DEAN: Why?

JESS: □Cause if I fight you, Rory's gonna think it's my fault, so just forget it, okay? Just forget it. Go home. Let it rest.

DEAN: So Rory's got a nice little hold on you now, huh?

JESS: Geez. Don't do that.

DEAN: How does it feel?

JESS: It feels like I'm with Rory and you're not.

DEAN: You know, when all this happened with you and me and Rory, I figured I'd just stay out of everyone's way, that that would be easiest. But now, I'm looking at you and I'm thinking, I'm gonna run from him? The Glad Man. This is my town, I'm not hiding. And I don't have be remotely calm around you anymore, and I like that feeling. I like it a lot. Happy Thanksgiving, Jess.

CUT TO INSIDE THE DINER

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting at the counter]

LUKE: So, how did the four dinners work out? You guys must feel more stuffed than you've ever been.

LORELAI: I don't know. Is this more stuffed than the great Six Flags hot dog consumption of '99?

RORY: No, or the taffy binge of '97.

LORELAI: Not by a long shot. See, we didn't eat at my parents because of the upset, so we really had three dinners, not four.

RORY: Which means. . .

LORELAI: What?

RORY: We didn't have to skip rolls.

LORELAI: Oh yeah. Hey, do you have any rolls left?

LUKE: No. Come on.

LORELAI: Just a little something for the walk home.

[Luke hands her a bag of rolls]

LUKE: I don't see how you do it.

LORELAI: Well, you're not us, are ya? Night Luke.

RORY: Night Luke.

LUKE: Night.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai and Rory walk past the gazebo]

LORELAI: This has been a nice Thanksgiving.

RORY: Very.

LORELAI: Nicer for some than others though.

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: Night Kirk!

[Kirk is trying to go to sleep on a bench in the gazebo]

KIRK: Night.

THE END

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