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## 03x15 - Face-Off

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### 03x15 - Face-Off

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3.15 - Face-Off

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OPEN IN LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai is sitting at a table with Taylor]

TAYLOR: So, I have talked to every member of my family and we agreed that you can hold the rooms on my credit card, but everyone must check out with their own.

LORELAI: Got it.

TAYLOR: Have we gone over the room arrangements yet?

LORELAI: Closing in on a hundred and fifty times.

TAYLOR: Well, the Dooose clan is very, very particular about their accommodations. We are light sleepers and are prone to night terrors, and several of us are very allergic to bed clothing, so it's very important that we are □

LORELAI: On the first floor or near a fire escape. Yes, Taylor, I know, it's all taken care of. Um, Taylor, could you just hang on a second? I'll be right back.

TAYLOR: Oh, all right, but hurry. I don't have all day.

[Lorelai walks to the counter where Rory is talking to Jess]

LORELAI: Hey. You were supposed to bring me a cup of coffee.

RORY: Yes, I know. I'm sorry, I got distracted.

JESS: My fault.

LORELAI: Yes, but see, when you left me there, I was alone, and now, look, I'm no longer alone.

RORY: Taylor found you?

LORELAI: Yes, and we've since embarked on hour one hundred millionth of planning the special Dooose reunion.

RORY: I'm coming back over there right now.

LORELAI: Yes, and then you are going to get very sick and be unable to feed yourself so that Mommy will need to take you home and stay by your side until the Doose reunion is over.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Okay. Say goodbye to Jess.

RORY: Bye Jess.

JESS: I'll call you later.

LORELAI: Oh, limp a little if you can.

RORY: Uh, what malady do I have that makes me limp and lose ability to feed myself?

LORELAI: It's French.

RORY: Okay.

[they walk over to Taylor]

LORELAI: Taylor, listen, we're gonna need to finish this up a little later. Rory's not feeling so good.

TAYLOR: Oh no, what's the matter?

RORY: It's French.

TAYLOR: All right. Well, I think we're just about done here anyhow. Oh, before I forget, let me give you each one of these. [hands them each a button]

RORY: [reads button] "Stars Hollow Hockey, 2003 semifinalists. Go Minutemen. The future is yours. Bring this button to Doose's for fifty percent off your next purchase of Stove Top Stuffing." Wow, that's a lot of words for a tiny button.

TAYLOR: I expect to see both of you wearing them at the game tomorrow night.

LORELAI: Well, we'll try to make it.

TAYLOR: Try to make it? My dear, do you realize that this is the first time we've been in the regional semifinals in forty-three years?

RORY: But didn't we only make it this far because the Litchfield team got food poisoning?

TAYLOR: Well, I admit it's not exactly the plot of Hoosiers, but still it's very, very exciting.

LORELAI: Well, it's nice that you and your family are so loyal to the home team.

TAYLOR: Oh, the Dooses have been the backbone of Stars Hollow High hockey for years. I, myself, was the goalkeeper for our team in the last regional finals.

LORELAI: I did not know that.

TAYLOR: Oh yes. I was responsible for the game-winning goal.

LUKE: So the puck just ricocheted off your head and into the net?

TAYLOR: Still counted.

LUKE: For God's sake, I was making a joke. You really got pucked in the head?

TAYLOR: No, I was making a joke, too. Uh, Lorelai, just one more ▯

[Taylor looks out the window and sees Lorelai and Rory running down the street]

TAYLOR: What a disgrace, making that poor sick girl run.

LUKE: Wow, you can see the dent.

[opening credits]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai, Rory, and Richard are eating dinner]

RICHARD: So, Rory, how are things at Chilton?

RORY: Great, great, everything's great.

RICHARD: And, uh, Lorelai, things at the inn are good?

LORELAI: Mm, mmhmm, hm.

RICHARD: Oh, Rory, please slow down and chew your food properly.

LORELAI: I'm always telling her that. Pass the butter.

RORY: Pass the peas.

LORELAI: Pass the pork.

RORY: Pass your plate.

RICHARD: I'm sorry, is there a race going on I don't know about?

[Emily walks into the room]

EMILY: That was your mother, Richard. She just wanted to make sure that all our towels are Egyptian cotton.

RICHARD: Well, it's a simple question.

EMILY: It's her fortieth simple question of the day.

RICHARD: Well, she's going to be staying with us, Emily. She just wants to know she'll be comfortable.

EMILY: Yes, because we usually give our guests the towels we've stolen from the Holiday Inn.

RORY: Great Grandma's coming to stay with you?

RICHARD: Just for a few days, um, while her floors are being redone.

LORELAI: So, how's Gran doing?

RORY: Yeah, does she miss London?

EMILY: Not half as much as I do.

RICHARD: Emily.

EMILY: I never really truly appreciated the Atlantic Ocean before. Three thousand lovely miles of water.

RICHARD: You are talking about my mother.

EMILY: I know that, Richard. And I'm happy to have her stay here, but must she keep interrupting the one dinner a week that we have with Lorelai and Rory? She knows what time we dine □ and why are you two eating so quickly?

LORELAI: We're not eating quickly.

RORY: Yeah, you've been on the phone for awhile. It probably just seems like we've eaten a lot.

[phone rings]

EMILY: I wonder who that could be.

RICHARD: Emily.

[doorbell rings]

EMILY: Well, aren't we popular? Richard, perhaps you could get that while I have another bath sheet versus bath towel debate with your mother.

[Richard and Emily leave the room]

LORELAI: You're giving it away!

RORY: What?

LORELAI: You're eating too quickly.

RORY: What? You said that we had to be out of here by 8:30.

LORELAI: Yeah, but I didn't tell you to broadcast it.

RORY: I'm eating at the same speed you are.

LORELAI: But you're eating small bites very fast. You've gotta eat bigger bites at a normal speed.

RORY: You mean I should risk choking so we can make our Friday night plans?

LORELAI: Exactly.

[Richard returns to the table]

RICHARD: I apologize for that.

LORELAI: Collection agency again?

RICHARD: Excuse me?

[Emily returns to the room]

EMILY: Thank goodness she called. Richard, did you know people actually expect there to be soap in their bathrooms when they. . .

[Emily hears a noise. She looks into the living room and sees two men carrying a mattress up the steps]

EMILY: Why are there strange men hauling a mattress up my staircase?

RICHARD: Well, now, Emily ▯

EMILY: She sent her own mattress?

RICHARD: Well, she has a very sensitive back.

EMILY: She sent her own mattress?

RICHARD: I'll go and supervise. [leaves room]

LORELAI: Well, Mom, it looks like you got a lot going on here.

RORY: With the mattresses and the phone calls.

LORELAI: Yeah, so we're just gonna go and get out of your hair.

EMILY: Hold it right there. What is going on with you two?

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

EMILY: You know exactly what I'm talking about. Bolting down your food, leaving before dessert, Rory checking her pager every five minutes. What do you have planned? Fine, we'll just sit here until one of you feels like filling me in.

LORELAI: She has a date!

RORY: So does she!

LORELAI: Yeah, but hers starts a half-hour earlier than mine!

RORY: Because you get to stay out later!

LORELAI: Because I'm the mom!

EMILY: You two, stop it right now! You're behaving like children.

LORELAI: Sorry.

RORY: Yeah, sorry.

EMILY: Our deal is for Friday night dinners, not appearances at Friday night dinners. Now, you will

sit there and you will eat your dessert.

LORELAI: But □

EMILY: One more word and I throw in a game of charades.

RORY: Yes, ma'am.

LORELAI: Yes, Mom.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory rush into the house]

LORELAI: Oh, we gotta get a faster car!

RORY: Hey, don't blame the car.

LORELAI: So you're saying it's my fault we're late?

RORY: Who was the one who said, "Hey, I've got room for another piece of pie."

[Lorelai goes upstairs]

LORELAI: Ah! You kept making all that pointless conversation, all those thank you's and please's. What, are you running for Miss Congeniality?

RORY: Just get ready.

LORELAI: What time are you meeting Jess?

RORY: I don't know, I'll tell you in a sec. [checks answering machine]

LORELAI: Have you seen my brown boots? I cannot go out without those brown boots. My entire outfit was retrofitted around those practically □ Oh! Wait, can you believe it? Hey, they were in my closet. What sort of bizarre accident of fate put them there?

[Lorelai walks back downstairs]

LORELAI: What? He didn't call? Well, maybe it's too early. What time is it?

RORY: 9:15.

LORELAI: And when did he say he would call?

RORY: When he got off work.

LORELAI: Which was when?

RORY: It varies.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, I thought you guys had a plan.

RORY: We did.

LORELAI: And the plan was that he calls you whenever because his work time varies?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Good plan. Bay of Pigs, was that yours, too?

RORY: He'll call.

LORELAI: Hey, look, you wanna come out with me and Alex? We might go see a midnight movie if something really bad is playing.

RORY: No, thanks.

LORELAI: Just promise me you won't sit here all night staring at the phone.

RORY: [turns on TV] Happy?

LORELAI: Delirious. Oh, I should not have had that second piece of pie.

RORY: Full?

LORELAI: No, just late.

RORY: Bring me some Milk Duds.

LORELAI: It's a plan!

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai and Rory walk through the town square]

RORY: Then I spent about forty minutes cleaning out my hard drive. You would not believe the amount of junk that accumulates □ old files, things you've downloaded but never opened. It really slows down your CPU.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, I hate a slow CPU.

RORY: Then, all of a sudden, I looked down and I saw all this hair and dust between the keys of my keyboard.

LORELAI: So, naturally, you cleaned your keyboard.

RORY: Yes, and I'll tell you, it was a strangely satisfying experience.

LORELAI: Uh huh. One question. During this time that you watched TV, did homework, proofread articles for The Franklin, organized my sock drawer, returned emails and gave a much needed cleaning to your computer, did it ever occur to you to call him?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: Because he said he'd call me.

LORELAI: Right. Okay, so then I'm guessing you're not gonna mention anything to him about your extremely productive evening alone when you see him either.

RORY: Why should I?

LORELAI: No reason I can think of.

[They stop to look at Stars Hollow High, which has been toilet papered by a rival school]

LORELAI: You know, I almost like it better like this.

RORY: It is more festive.

[they see Dean on a ladder helping remove the toilet paper]

LORELAI: Good luck tonight!

RORY: Sure, when Dean said he'd call, he always called, but where's the fun in that?

LORELAI: Oh, honey, don't do that.

RORY: Do what?

LORELAI: Compare Dean and Jess, that's not fair. They're different people.

RORY: Clearly. One calls when he says he will and one doesn't.

LORELAI: Okay, for starters, I think you have to realize something □ you were really lucky with Dean. He was an exceptional first boyfriend, and you got spoiled. Most of us didn't have first boyfriends like Dean. Most of us had first boyfriends like Brian Hutchins.

RORY: Brian Hutchins?

LORELAI: Seventh grade, I'm sitting in the library, walks up, asks me to go steady. I say yes. He walks away and I don't see him again until the tenth grade when he tries to sell me a dimebag at the Sadies Hawkins Day dance. And he was way overcharging for it, too.

RORY: That's demented.

LORELAI: Well, that's what most of us had to put up with. Where do you think the Susan Faludi's of the world came from?

RORY: So, you're telling me this is just the way it is, and I have to get used to Jess not calling when he says he will?

LORELAI: No, I'm saying you just have to realize that every guy is different. Give Jess a chance to explain before you freeze him out.

RORY: Okay.

[they walk into the diner]

RORY: Jess.

JESS: Hey. That table's clean if you want it. [walks away]

LORELAI: Well, I hope that cleared it up for you.

RORY: Not a word. Not even a lame-o apology that is obviously a lie.



LORELAI: Yeah, how dare he not lie to you.

LUKE: Finally, two people who don't give a damn about hockey.

LORELAI: Oh, someone's testy.

LUKE: Well, just look at these dippy people with their buttons and their pennants. You'd think the town had never been in a semi-regional playoff before.

RORY: But hasn't it been like forty years?

LUKE: Yeah, for the hockey team, yeah. But back when I was on the track team, we went to state three times in four years and won it twice. Think they made buttons and put up banners? They couldn't care less.

LORELAI: Well, Luke, that's because track is for dorks.

RORY: Yeah, it's true. I'm sorry.

LUKE: Okay, the conversing part of this morning is now over. What do you want?

LORELAI: Jack omelet, bacon on the side.

RORY: Three blueberry and two lemon poppy seed muffins to go. Lane's band is rehearsing at my house. I wanted to bring them something.

LUKE: You got that, Jess?

JESS: Yup.

LUKE: Be right back.

JESS: Five muffins to go.

RORY: Thank you. I'll see you later. [leaves]

JESS: What was that, you guys in a fight or something?

LORELAI: No, you are.

JESS: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: Last night, didn't you guys have plans to do something?

JESS: I don't know. I just said I'd call her after work.

LORELAI: And did you?

JESS: I had to work another shift, I didn't get off until midnight. It was too late to call.

LORELAI: And you couldn't have taken two seconds at work to call and tell her that?

JESS: No.

LORELAI: Really? You don't get breaks? Do you get food, water? Should I get Michael Moore on the

phone?

JESS: Whatever. I gotta unload some boxes. [walks away]

LORELAI: Nice talking to you.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory and Lane walk out of the house toward the garage, where the band is practicing]

LANE: See, I knew once my mom found out Dave was part of a Christian trio, it was only a matter of time before she booked him to play at one of her prayer meetings.

RORY: It's perfect. Now your mom's gonna get to know the whole band.

LANE: Not just get to know them, but love them the way she loves Dave.

RORY: Your mom loves Dave?

LANE: She said he's a righteous young man who's proven he can be trusted around antique furniture. In her book, that's pretty close to love.

RORY: Oh, sure.

ZACH: [sings] "A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing." Dude, what's a bulwark?

BRIAN: What?

ZACH: It says, a bulwark never failing.

BRIAN: I think it's a wall.

ZACH: Then why don't they just say that? Bulwark sounds totally gay.

BRIAN: I don't think you're supposed to call a hymn gay. It's like a sin or something.

ZACH: Whatever, man. I'm not saying bulwark.

RORY: So, Dave, Lane just gets to sit back and watch you guys play tonight, huh? You're like a groupie.

DAVE: No, actually, she's got a date.

RORY: What?

LANE: Oh, yeah. Remember Young Chui, the guy my mom introduced me to at the wedding? She arranged for him to take me to the hockey game tonight.

RORY: Oh.

DAVE: It's the first of three dates.

RORY: The first of three?

DAVE: Then he's gonna dump her.

RORY: Young Chui, the guy you haven't gone out with yet?

LANE: Yes. And I'll be crushed, making my mom feel so guilty about setting me up with him that she'll have to let me go out with Dave to make up for it.

DAVE: I came up with that twist.

LANE: Dave has a natural gift for subterfuge.

DAVE: Wow, a compliment from the master. [walks away]

LANE: I would've thought of it myself, but I let him take the credit.

RORY: Men sometimes need that.

ZACH: I'm telling you dude, it doesn't make any sense.

BRIAN: Fine, stop yelling at me. I didn't write it.

DAVE: Whoa, whoa. Uh, what's wrong?

ZACH: This stupid song, man. "For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe." I mean, who talks like that, the Pope?

BRIAN: Dude, is any of those lemon poppy seed?

DAVE: Well, can't you update it a little?

ZACH: Sure, man. Just tell me what the hell it means. It's like in Latin or something.

BRIAN: I thought there was gonna be coffee, too.

ZACH: Dude, can you chill out about your freaking elevensees until we get this song straightened out?

BRIAN: I'm hypoglycemic. If I don't get something in my system, I'm gonna crash.

DAVE: Is abi-death a word?

RORY: But how are you gonna make Young Chui dump you? Just be a really bad date?

LANE: Oh, no, we've already talked to him. He's totally on board.

RORY: Really?

LANE: Oh, yeah. See, he's in love with this Japanese girl named Karen who his parents don't approve of, so he and Karen see each other secretly while his parents keep setting him up with nice Korean girls. He's the male me.

RORY: Gotcha.

LANE: Hey, you and Jess should come with us to the game tonight. It'll be fun.

RORY: Yeah, I'm not sure what we're doing tonight.

ZACH: [sings] "A mighty fortress is our God, a wall ten stories high. And he helps us when things get

bad and the devil tries to hurt us."

RORY: What hymn is that?

LANE: I have no idea.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Taylor is in the lobby talking to his family]

TAYLOR: If for some reason, you should get separated from the group, you'll find a map on the third page of your welcome packet.

DOUG: Why'd you draw your store so big?

TAYLOR: It just makes it easier to find if you get lost.

DOUG: It's bigger than the school.

MAN 1: And why'd you put all those P's in soda shop? Is that supposed to fancy or something?

MICHEL: You are in room twelve, and your father is □

MAN 2: Are you from France?

MICHEL: Excuse me?

MAN 2: You talk funny. You from France.

MICHEL: Yes. So, as I was saying □

MAN 2: I was in France during the Big One.

MICHEL: Oh, that's nice. So -

MAN 2: Nice? It was a w\*r. What's nice about that?

MICHEL: Of course. So, your father is □

MAN 2: Don't give me that attitude, Frenchy. You'd be speaking German now if it wasn't for me.

LORELAI: Just make sure to have the vans back at 3:45 to take them to the game.

TAYLOR: Oh, Lorelai, just a second. I wanted to □

DOUG: Hold on there, what is this?

TAYLOR: That's the itinerary I've worked out for the afternoon. I thought Lorelai could post it in case some of the inn's other guests wanted to join us in our pre-game activities. Oh, Lorelai, this is my older brother Doug. Doug, this is Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hello.

DOUG: Nice to meet you. Taylor, I told you on the phone, no one is gonna wanna do any of this crap. A tour of Stars Hollow? Most of us were born here. What do we need a tour for? Everyone, listen up. We're meeting down here in two hours for the vans to the game. You're late, you're

walking. Go back to your store and count peaches or something. I'm taking a nap.

[Lorelai walks toward the front desk]

EMILY: Lorelai, hello.

LORELAI: Mom?

EMILY: You remember, I'm so touched.

LORELAI: What are you doing here?

EMILY: Well, I was thinking about possibly having our next DAR luncheon here.

LORELAI: Really?

EMILY: That's right. So I thought I would stop by and make sure the place is as charming as I remember. It is.

LORELAI: Okay, well, what day would you like to have the meeting?

EMILY: The fifteenth.

LORELAI: The fifteenth. Um, well, the fifteenth looks wide open, so you're officially down for the fifteenth.

EMILY: Wonderful.

LORELAI: Okay.

EMILY: Okay.

LORELAI: So.

EMILY: So, how is Michel?

LORELAI: Michel's fine.

EMILY: Well, good. I'm glad to hear it.

LORELAI: Well, I'm glad to tell it. But Mom, I have this really big family reunion party that invaded the place today, so I should probably get back to work.

EMILY: Oh, yes, you go right ahead. Do not let me keep you.

LORELAI: Okay. Mom?

EMILY: I'm not allowed to go home.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: She's banished me from my own house

LORELAI: Gran?

EMILY: She's gone mad. This morning she announces that she's hosting a meeting of her bitter old

biddies club at our house tonight and she needs the entire day to prepare because the house is in such a shambles.

LORELAI: Nice, subtle.

EMILY: Then I was handed a list of chores and asked not to come home until at least six o'clock because I would simply be in the way.

LORELAI: Mom, she's only staying with you for a few days.

EMILY: I have to buy her flowers. She doesn't like mine, they're too tall. It's ostentatious to have flowers that tall.

LORELAI: Actually, I've been meaning to mention that to you myself.

EMILY: I have to get new guest towels. I have to get new highball glasses. I have to get four very specific types of cheese. And I have to get a slide projector because they're going to view slides of potential acquisitions for the museum that they're on the board of.

LORELAI: Okay, Mom ▯

EMILY: Of course, I haven't the faintest idea of where to find a slide projector. I feel like I'm going insane.

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: I'm sorry. I think I'm just a little sensitive right now. It's selfish, I know, but Richard's traveling more than he ever did. He's been gone three of the last four weeks, and now he's finally home, and she's there commanding all of his attention, all of his time. I sound like a spoiled high school girl.

LORELAI: Not quite. You still haven't asked for the Gloria Vanderbilt jeans and the convertible Rabbit.

EMILY: Oh, never mind. I'm sorry I kept you from your work.

LORELAI: Mom, listen, I have a slide projector. I'd be happy to bring it over tonight.

EMILY: Oh, I really appreciate this, Lorelai. I mean it, I couldn't be more grateful.

LORELAI: Hold on.

EMILY: Where are you going?

LORELAI: I wanna get a tape recorder. I want that last thing on tape.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Just remember what you said.

CUT TO KIM RESIDENCE

[The band is setting up for the prayer meeting]

MRS. KIM: You have everything you need ▯ water, extension cords?

DAVE: Yes, ma'am, I think we're good.

MRS. KIM: Where's your tambourine?

DAVE: We don't have one.

MRS. KIM: Next time bring one.

[doorbell rings]

ZACH: Dude, remember the drill instructor in Full Metal Jacket?

BRIAN: Totally.

[Mrs. Kim answers the door]

YOUNG CHUI: Good evening.

MRS. KIM: Ah, Young Chui, come in. Lane, look, Young Chui is here.

LANE: Hi.

YOUNG CHUI: Hi. These are for you. [hands her a bouquet of flowers]

LANE: Thank you, they're beautiful. Isn't that nice of him, Mama?

MRS. KIM: Yes, very thoughtful. Stand together now. Don't smile. [takes picture] Very nice. That one's for the grandchildren.

LANE: Well, we better go. We don't wanna be late for the game.

MRS. KIM: I will put these in a vase for you for your bedside table. Now, go have fun.

LANE: We'll be home by nine.

MRS. KIM: Ah, yes, whatever. Go, go.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai is near the front desk as Sookie walks over with a box]

SOOKIE: Oh, thank goodness you haven't left.

LORELAI: Why, what's up?

SOOKIE: Emily called and asked if you can bring some serving dishes. Apparently, hers are tacky.

LORELAI: My, Gran is a relentless old broad, isn't she?

SOOKIE: You want them where?

LORELAI: Just on the counter's fine. Thanks, hon.

[Lorelai calls home]

RORY: Hello?

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: Mom?

LORELAI: What are you doing there?

RORY: What do you mean, what am I doing here? I live here, remember? Who were you expecting to find?

LORELAI: No one. I was calling to check messages and see if Mom called.

RORY: Well, she hasn't. No one has. In fact, this is the first time the phone's rung all day.

LORELAI: Ah.

RORY: What, ah?

LORELAI: Okay, get out.

RORY: Excuse me?

LORELAI: Out of the house, get out of the house.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: Why? Look at the clock, what does it say?

RORY: It says six.

LORELAI: So, it is six on a Saturday night, which means you have now spent a day and a night waiting for him to call.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: Well, that's not good, kid. Look, let's say he does call. You can't be the kind of girl that gets all mad in her head and then forgets everything once he deigns to show up, right?

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: Okay, so don't just sit there waiting. Go out, do something.

RORY: Like what?

LORELAI: I don't know. What's Lane doing tonight?

RORY: She's going to the hockey game with her fake boyfriend.

LORELAI: Perfect.

RORY: Perfect? It's a hockey game.

LORELAI: It'll be fun. There'll be cheerleaders and clowns, people doing the wave.

RORY: You have no idea what a hockey game is, do you?

LORELAI: It doesn't matter. Put on a jacket and get outta there, and if he calls . . .



RORY: Who cares!

LORELAI: That's my girl.

RORY: Thanks, Mom.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Emily walks into the house carrying several bags. From the hallway, she sees Trix in the living room kissing a man. Emily quietly walks back outside.]

EMILY: Oh my.

CUT TO HOCKEY RINK

[The game is about to start. Miss Patty and Babette stand in the center of the rink singing the National Anthem.]

BABETTE/MISS PATTY: [singing] . . . And the rockets red glare, the bombs bursting in air, gave proof through the night that our flag was still there. Oh say, does that star spangled banner yet wave, o'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

[Rory walks over to Lane in the stands]

RORY: Hey.

LANE: Rory.

RORY: It's cold in here.

LANE: It's the ice.

RORY: Oh my God, there really is ice. Cool.

LANE: What are you doing here?

RORY: I'm hockeying.

LANE: That's not a word.

RORY: Where is everybody?

LANE: There was a monster truck show in Woodbury tonight, pulls a lot of the same demographic. Sit. Where's Jess?

RORY: Don't know, don't care.

LANE: Really?

RORY: I'm a free woman tonight.

LANE: Is everything okay?

RORY: Everything's fine.

LANE: You sure?

RORY: Absolutely. I just wanted to see some good hockey playing.

LANE: Uh huh.

RORY: Really. Is that Young Chui?

LANE: You mean the guy with the cell phone stapled to his ear □ yeah, that's him.

RORY: He looks kind of serious.

LANE: He's talking to Karen.

RORY: His real girlfriend?

LANE: I think she's not quite as cool as Dave is about the whole fake dating thing. She needs reassurance.

RORY: Well, Dave is pretty cool.

LANE: The coolest, isn't it? I mean, besides Jess.

RORY: Right.

LANE: Right.

KIRK: People of Stars Hollow, are you ready to rumble? Then let's get it on.

[the referee drops the puck to start the game]

KIRK: And the puck is down as the first quarter begins. Period, sorry. First period begins, my bad.

RORY: So, this is sports.

CUT TO KIM RESIDENCE

[The band is playing at the prayer meeting]

ZACH: [singing] I once was lost, but now am found, was blind, but now I see.

WHOLE BAND: [singing] Amen.

MRS. KIM: Very nice. You may now take a fifteen-minute break while we finish our tea. Also, good time to retune.

BRIAN: Was she looking at me?

ZACH: She wasn't looking at me, dude.

DAVE: Hey, I'm gonna, uh, go outside and get some air, okay?

ZACH: Uh, sure.

DAVE: Okay, be right back.

[Dave walks out onto the porch, checks his watch, then starts running down the street]

## CUT TO HOCKEY GAME

[Rory and Lane are in line at the snack stand.]

LANE: [on cell phone] Believe me, I am not interested in Young Chui in that way. He's cute and all, but I've got a guy. No, no, when I say he's cute, I just mean he's your boyfriend and you've got good taste, that's all. Hey, Koreans do not have problems! [hands phone to Young Chui] You talk to her, I'm done.

YOUNG CHUI: [on phone] Karen? [walks away]

RORY: That went well.

LINDSAY: Oh.

RORY: Hey Lindsay, how are you?

LANE: Hi Lindsay.

LINDSAY: Hi. I'm good, thanks. Um, how are you?

RORY: Good. You know, just enjoying my first hockey game. It seems there's a lot of bashing of people into walls, which is always good fun in my book.

LINDSAY: Oh, absolutely. I'm all for more bashing.

RORY: You know, I don't think we've seen each other since I left Stars Hollow High. What have you been up to?

LINDSAY: Oh, you know, nothing really. The usual, school.

RORY: Right, sure.

LANE: School. Me too, but you know that since we go to school together.

LINDSAY: Well, I should be getting back. Um, it was good seeing you again.

RORY: You, too.

LANE: Bye.

[Lindsay walks away]

RORY: Okay, so that was weird, right?

LANE: Oh, yeah, really weird.

RORY: But I didn't do anything, did I?

LANE: You mean like ask her how she was? Yeah, you probably made an enemy for life.

RORY: Maybe she's angry because I didn't keep in touch after I left, but we weren't that good of friends.

LANE: Maybe, or it could be that Chilton thing.

RORY: What Chilton thing?

LANE: Well, you know how some people think because you went to Chilton, you're a snob and think you're better than everyone else.

RORY: What? Who thinks that?

LANE: Well, you know, like uh, Julie Lersten, Kristin Keiffer, Jill Allen. Haven't we talked about this?

RORY: No.

[Dave walks up behind them]

DAVE: Hey.

LANE: Dave.

DAVE: Hey Rory.

RORY: Hey.

DAVE: So, where's, uh, where's Young Chui?

LANE: Talking to Karen.

DAVE: Who?

RORY: His girlfriend.

DAVE: Oh, right. That's cool, okay. Well, how's the game?

LANE: The other team's winning.

RORY: But our fans have the best insults. At least, Babette does.

DAVE: Well, that's really what counts in the end.

LANE: So, what are you doing here? Did you finish already?

DAVE: Oh, no. You're mom gave us a fifteen minute break. I just thought I'd swing by.

LANE: But it's more than a mile away.

DAVE: Yeah, I better get back. I'll see you later.

LANE: Bye.

[Dave leaves]

RORY: Well, well, well. If I didn't know better, I'd say someone isn't quite as cool as we thought he was.

LANE: What do you mean? He's jealous. Oh my God, he's jealous, that's so great.

RORY: You've worked your womanly wiles on him, Lane Kim.

LANE: I've never made a guy jealous before. I feel so powerful.

RORY: Just remember, there's cute jealous and there's Othello.

LANE: Good point.

RORY: So, who else thinks I'm a snob?

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai walks into the front entryway as there's a knock at the door. She opens it.]

LORELAI: Jess.

JESS: Hey, is Rory here?

LORELAI: Are you serious?

JESS: Yeah, I'm serious.

LORELAI: No, I'm serious. Are you serious?

JESS: Why do you keep asking me if I'm serious?

LORELAI: Because I'm just trying to imagine the scenario here. You looked at the clock that said it was 7:30 on a Saturday night and you thought to yourself, "Hey, Rory must be home."

JESS: Yes.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, are you serious?

JESS: Okay, I'm guessing that's your way of telling me she's not home.

LORELAI: No, Jess, she's not home.

JESS: Do you know where she is?

LORELAI: She's at the hockey game.

JESS: Hey, look, you don't wanna tell me where she is, fine.

LORELAI: Jess, she really is at the hockey game. You'd know that if you'd □ what, ladies and gentlemen? That's right □ bothered to call.

JESS: Why are you hassling me?

LORELAI: Well, mostly because I'm here to hassle you. Now, if you'd bothered calling, maybe Rory would be here to hassle you.

JESS: Hey, Rory knows I'm not the kind of guy who lives by a schedule.

LORELAI: Yes, and look what the guy who doesn't live by a schedule ends up doing on a Saturday night □ talking to his girlfriend's mother.

JESS: Whatever.

LORELAI: Hey, Jess. You like music, right? The Beach Boys said it best. None of the guys go steady 'cause it wouldn't be right to leave their best girls home on a Saturday night. Rory is one of the best girls. She's the best girl, if you want my opinion, and you don't seem to have the first idea as to how she should be treated.

JESS: Well, luckily I've got you to tell me.

LORELAI: Not anymore. You and I have discussed your relationship with Rory long enough.

JESS: Fine.

LORELAI: I'll tell her you stopped by.

JESS: Don't bother. [leaves]

LORELAI: Brian Hutchins is looking pretty good right about now.

CUT TO HOCKEY GAME

[Rory and Lane are carrying their food back to their seats]

RORY: If I had known sports were so much about eating, I would've come to a lot more of these.

LANE: I know. There's something deeply satisfying about watching other people exercise while eating junk food.

KIRK: Ten minutes 'til the next period, ladies and gentlemen. That's what we call them in hockey - periods, not halves. Let's try to keep that straight. Also, the puck is never referred to as a ball, not according to the book. Again, my bad.

[Rory and Lane see Dean and Lindsay kissing]

LANE: I guess it wasn't the Chilton thing after all.

CUT TO LATER IN THE HOCKEY GAME

KIRK: Number twelve has it now. He's skating, he's skating. My bet is he's going to try to whack it into that net thingy, but that's conjecture at this point. Now it's going the other way and they're hitting it between them. Number seven has it. Now number three. Now seven. Three again. Seven. Ten's got it now.

[Dean skates over to Kirk]

DEAN: Kirk, just to let you know, some of the guys - not me, you know - but some of the guys say they're gonna rip your head off if you don't shut up, okay?

KIRK: We'll be pausing for a short break.

CROWD: [cheers] We've got spirit, yes we do! We've got spirit, how about you?

LANE: You sure you're okay?

RORY: Will you stop asking me that every five seconds? I'm fine. I mean, it had to happen sometime. I didn't expect him to just sit around pining for me. Okay, a little, but she's really nice, right?

LANE: This is all my fault.

RORY: Lane.

LANE: I let you down. I'm supposed to be your eyes and ears in that school, and here's the biggest piece of news all year and I had no idea.

RORY: It's okay.

LANE: No, it's not. This is an intelligence gaffe of monumental proportions. What was I doing that I didn't notice this?

RORY: Studying, taking classes.

LANE: Well, no more.

RORY: Lane, it's not a big deal, really. And now I know, so, case closed.

LANE: You're sure?

RORY: Positive. Let's just enjoy the game.

PLAYER: No way!

KIRK: Excuse me, will you tell me what happened? Excuse me, number fourteen? Number fourteen, could you come back here?

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[The doorbell rings. The maid opens the door. Lorelai is standing there with the slide projector and the box of serving dishes]

LORELAI: Hi. Just came to drop off some things.

MAID: Oh, I can take those.

LORELAI: Oh, great, thanks. [hands them to her] Careful, it's heavy.

MAID: Everyone's in the living room if you wanna go in.

LORELAI: Uh, if I wanna go in, if I wanna go in. Well, you pose a very deep and philosophical question there, but I think I'll just □

[Emily walks over]

EMILY: Lorelai. I thought I heard your voice.

LORELAI: Yes, I brought the slide machine and the platters and the punch bowl.

EMILY: Wonderful. Come in and meet everyone, won't you?

LORELAI: I was just gonna do that.

[cut to the living room. Trix and her friends are looking at slides]

MRS. VAN WYCK: It's obscene.

TRIX: It's Picasso.

MRS. VAN WYCK: Then Picasso is obscene.

TRIX: Oh, Isabelle.

MRS. VAN WYCK: It has six breasts.

TRIX: You cannot be sure if those are breasts. They could be canons. He was quite obsessed with the Spanish Civil w\*r for awhile.

EMILY: Ladies, look who's here.

TRIX: Lorelai, wonderful. We all need a break for a moment. Come meet my friends. Emily, we were waiting for iced tea or am I imagining things?

EMILY: It's on its way, Mom.

TRIX: So is death. Lorelai, this is Mrs. Van Wyck, Mrs. Deerborne, Mrs. Rutherman. This is my granddaughter, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Nice to meet you all.

TRIX: Well, come, sit.

LORELAI: Oh, I don't want to interrupt anything.

TRIX: You're interrupting nothing but thirst, my dear. Now, talk to some old women, tell us what it's like to be young.

LORELAI: Not nearly as much fun since the mandatory sunscreen rule, I'll tell ya.

[the maid brings in a platter]

EMILY: Here we go, iced tea and sandwiches.

TRIX: [picks up a glass] Too warm. Do you know that Lorelai's daughter is graduating from Chilton in June?

[Emily walks over to the drink cart to put ice in the glass]

EMILY: [sings] Love in the afternoon. . .

TRIX: She is an excellent student and may. . .

EMILY: La, la, la, la, la. . .

TRIX: Emily, what are you doing?

EMILY: I'm sorry?

TRIX: Why are you singing like that?

EMILY: Was I signing? I didn't realize. Here's your tea, Mom. I certainly hope it's cold enough.



LORELAI: Um, I brought the slide projector over. Would you like me to set it up?

TRIX: That would be fine. We can start watching now since I do not anticipate dinner being served anywhere near the time I requested.

EMILY: [sings] Our hearts are filled with joy. . .

TRIX: Emily you're doing it again.

EMILY: I was?

TRIX: Yes, you were.

EMILY: Huh. You know, it's because I caught some of "Love in the Afternoon" the other day, the movie. Have you seen it, Mom?

TRIX: I don't believe I have.

EMILY: Oh, well, it's wonderful. And a wonderful concept, too, don't you think? Anyway, I must have the music stuck in my head. That must be why I'm singing it. I mean, what else could it be, hm?

LORELAI: Hey, Mom, how about we go get some of that cheese you bought for the ladies, huh? I'll help you. Come on. We'll be right back.

[Lorelai and Emily walk into the kitchen]

LORELAI: Okay, what is going on?

EMILY: I saw her kissing a man.

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: When I came home today, I walked in and I saw her standing in the living room kissing a man.

LORELAI: Gran?

EMILY: Yes.

LORELAI: My Gran?

EMILY: Yes.

LORELAI: My Gran was kissing a man?

EMILY: In a purple velour jogging suit.

LORELAI: Gran was in a purple velour jogging suit?

EMILY: No, the man was wearing a purple jogging suit.

LORELAI: And you're sure they were kissing?

EMILY: One hundred percent sure.

LORELAI: My God. Was he hot?

EMILY: Excuse me?

LORELAI: Well, I don't know what you're supposed to ask when you hear your grandmother's been making out with a guy.

EMILY: I don't know if he was hot. Your grandmother sucking face was blocking my view.

LORELAI: What'd she do? Did she see you?

EMILY: No. After my heart started back up again, I went outside and hid in the bushes until he left.

LORELAI: Okay, now I have two really good visuals fighting for top billing here.

EMILY: Do you realize how wonderful this is?

LORELAI: Yeah, I guess it's wonderful, Gran has a guy.

EMILY: No, what's wonderful is after all these years of her abuse, her condescension, her insults and her degrading comments, after all these years of pure unadulterated hell, I finally have something to hold over her.

LORELAI: Oh, Mom.

EMILY: Finally, I have the upper hand. Finally, I have something to nail her with. Finally, that woman is going down.

LORELAI: You cannot use this against Gran.

EMILY: Yes, I can, I've earned it.

LORELAI: Mom, I know Gran gives you a hard time, but she did not tell anyone about this guy for a reason.

EMILY: Yes, because she's embarrassed. She should be. He was dressed like a bookie.

LORELAI: You have to be above this.

EMILY: No, I don't have to be above this.

LORELAI: You're seriously telling me that you're gonna be the one to go out there and humiliate Gran in front of her friends, in front of her family. Just think about it, Mom. What would Miss Manners do?

EMILY: It's not fair.

LORELAI: Gran will be back in her own house soon.

EMILY: I know, you're right.

LORELAI: Just hang on until then.

EMILY: All right, let's go back in there and get this evening over with.

LORELAI: You're a stand up lady, Emily Gilmore, you know that?

EMILY: Oh really? Well, that makes me feel so much better.

[they walk back to the living room]

MRS. VAN WYCK: And is this normal, Richard, to be getting home from work so late?

RICHARD: Oh, that's one of the pitfalls of starting your own business, I'm afraid.

TRIX: You should say, of starting a successful business, Richard.

RICHARD: Successful so far, Trix. Let's not jinx it.

TRIX: Though, perhaps if Emily could have the meal served on time, Richard would have more inducement to get home at a reasonable hour.

EMILY: I saw her kissing a man in a track suit!

RICHARD: What?

TRIX: Emily!

CUT TO HOCKEY GAME

[The game is over. People are filing out of the stands]

KIRK: Well, ladies and gentlemen, much like the Israelites of Yore, the Stars Hollow Minutemen languished in the desert for forty years. But tonight, there was no Promised Land, no New Canaan, only a humiliating five to one defeat at the merciless hands of the West Hartford Wildcats. So it's back to the desert for the Minutemen, perhaps for another forty years. Of course, by then, I'll be seventy years old. A lot of the rest of you will probably be dead. Taylor, you'll be dead. Babette, Miss Patty. . .that man there in the hat.

LANE: Hey, if we run, we might be able to catch the last few minutes of the band.

RORY: Yeah, I don't think the pint of liquid cheese in my stomach is going to allow for much running.

LANE: I'll call you tomorrow.

RORY: Definitely. Have fun.

YOUNG CHUI: Bye.

RORY: Bye.

DEAN: Hey.

RORY: Dean. Hey, how are you? Oh, God, that's a stupid question to ask someone who just lost the regional semi-finals, isn't it? And now it sounds like I'm rubbing your face in it.

DEAN: Don't worry about it. They were better than us, they deserved to win.

RORY: And hey, at least you got a point. That's good, right? I mean, better than not getting any. Geez, I really suck at this post-sports talk.

DEAN: Well, you haven't had much practice.

RORY: True. But who knows, I might be a sports convert. I mean, the eating of massive amounts of

junk food, and listening to Kirk make a fool of himself in front of a bunch of people ▯ all things I enjoy.

DEAN: In fact, you could almost get rid of the sports part of it.

RORY: That's what I was going to say. So, I ran into Lindsay.

DEAN: Yeah, I hadn't quite figured out how to tell you that.

RORY: Well, I think it's great.

DEAN: You do?

RORY: Absolutely. I mean, she's cute and smart and really nice.

DEAN: I know.

RORY: Like once, in fourth grade, we went on a field trip to Mark Twain's house, and I really wanted this refrigerator magnet in the shape of Mark Twain's head, but I didn't have any money, so she bought it for me, and she wouldn't even let me pay her back. Pretty classy for a fourth grader.

DEAN: That sounds like Lindsay.

RORY: Exactly. So, good job, mister.

DEAN: Thanks. So, how are things with Jess?

RORY: Oh, good, good.

DEAN: He's not with you?

RORY: No. This really isn't his kind of thing.

DEAN: Yeah. Well, uh, I'd better go. I gotta change and then Lindsay and I are going out.

RORY: Right. Sure. Have fun.

[Dean leaves. Rory walks to a pay phone and calls Jess]

LUKE: [on answering machine] You've reached Luke Danes and Jess Mariano, leave a message.

RORY: It's me. I just wanted to let you know that this is the last weekend I spend sitting around like an idiot hoping you'll call, okay? I'm not going to be that girl. From now on, I want a plan. I mean, a real plan with a time and a place, and I'm tired of hearing ▯Let's hook up later.' What does that mean anyway? What's later? How do I set my watch to later? Later doesn't cut it anymore, got it? And, yeah, you know, maybe I am spoiled. But guess what? I like being spoiled. I plan to go on being spoiled. And if that doesn't sound like something that you can or want to do, then fine. I'm sure you'll find another girl who doesn't mind sitting around cleaning her keyboard on a Friday night hoping you'll call, but it's not going to be me. Oh, yeah, this is a message for Jess.

[Rory walks outside and sees Jess leaning against his car]

JESS: Hey. Figured I'd find you here. I mean, you say the word hockey, you say the word Rory, right?

RORY: What are you doing here?

JESS: Came to give you these.

RORY: Earplugs. What are these for?

JESS: I got tickets to the Distillers.

RORY: You did? For when?

JESS: For tonight.

RORY: Tonight? But □

JESS: I would've been here sooner, but I had to wait in line. So we should probably get going. I mean, we don't wanna miss anything, right?

RORY: Hey, Jess?

JESS: Yeah?

RORY: When you get home, could you erase your answering machine without listening to any of the messages? That'd be great, thanks.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Trix is lying in bed. There's a knock at the door]

GRAN: Come in.

[Emily walks in]

EMILY: I brought you some aspirin. It's the buffered kind that you like. Is there anything else that you need?

GRAN: No, thank you.

EMILY: Mom, I want to apologize for what I said downstairs. I had no right to humiliate you like that, in front of your friends, in front of Richard. This relationship was something you had chosen to keep private and I should have respected that. I am truly sorry. He seemed like a very nice man. Why didn't you tell anyone about him?

GRAN: I married once, I married Richard's father. That was my husband. I have no desire to marry again and dishonor his memory.

EMILY: I understand.

GRAN: I believe a woman marries for life. If, after your husband is gone, you desperately desire some sort of permanent attachment, add an addition onto the house □ a library or a solarium. I have a library and a solarium.

EMILY: Yes, you do.

GRAN: However, in spite of all this, I found myself getting lonely. And I don't care for being lonely, it's quite annoying. So many years ago, I met a man, and he became my companion. Tonight, both he and I were both publicly humiliated and our relationship altered forever. Can you imagine how that feels?

EMILY: Actually, I've had a little experience with being humiliated in front of the people I love, yes. Mom, please believe me, I know how important your pride is to you, and I never had any intention of robbing you of it. I feel terrible that I caused you any pain. I just wish that once in awhile, you might feel a little bit terrible that you cause me pain. I have pride, too, you know. And my husband travels and is very busy and I miss him and I'm lonely sometimes, just like you.

GRAN: Well.

CUT TO DOWNSTAIRS

[Lorelai and Richard are in the living room]

LORELAI: So that was quite a gathering.

RICHARD: Yes, it was.

LORELAI: It would make a great Christmas story. I mean, I know it didn't happen at Christmas, but it's the kind of thing that would happen at Christmas, so it's not like if you told someone it did happen at Christmas, they'd go, 'Really?' 'Cause it doesn't sound like a Christmas story.' Thanksgiving would probably work also. Listen, Dad, I know you're a little upset with Mom right now, and I'm probably out of line in saying this, but you might wanna think about cutting her some slack. She's really missed you lately. I mean, you work so much and then you're helping Gran in your free time, which is totally understandable, but still, it's hard. As much as Gran likes you, she tends to be a littler rough on Mom, and I think Mom just kind of snapped. She'd never do anything like that intentionally. You do know that, Dad, right?

[Richard starts laughing]

LORELAI: Dad? Okay, apparently it's two-for-one flip out night at the Gilmore house.

RICHARD: Do you really think he was wearing a track suit?

LORELAI: I don't. . .

RICHARD: Well, I wonder if he was wearing Nike's also.

LORELAI: Just Do It takes on a whole new meaning, doesn't it?

RICHARD: I guess I've got a new daddy.

LORELAI: Maybe he'll take you to ball games.

RICHARD: Oh, we could get matching jogging suits. Oh, if only I could've seen Emily hiding in the bushes. It's like a play by Moliere.

[Emily walks down the steps]

EMILY: What are you two cackling about?

RICHARD: Oh, nothing.

LORELAI: Yeah, nothing.

EMILY: Well, don't stop on my account. I'm just passing through.

RICHARD: Where are you going?

EMILY: We're going to have tea.

LORELAI: They're going to have tea?

RICHARD: That's a first.

LORELAI: Maybe they're going to be pals now.

RICHARD: I don't know how I feel about my mother and my wife being in cahoots.

LORELAI: I don't know how I feel about you saying the word cahoots.

RICHARD: Well, this alliance could make things very uncomfortable for me.

[Emily walks past them with a tray of tea]

EMILY: Sending a maid down to tell me how to make tea, as if I don't know after all these years. Guess she'll have a coronary if the water hits the cup one second before the bag.

LORELAI: I think you're safe.

RICHARD: I think so, too.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is eating at the kitchen table when Rory comes home]

LORELAI: Hey, how was the game?

RORY: Fun, we got clobbered.

LORELAI: Oh. If you'd won, you could've rioted through town trashing storefronts and torching police cars like they do in L.A.

RORY: Maybe next year.

LORELAI: What'd you do after?

RORY: Oh, you know, just hung out.

LORELAI: With Lane and her fake boyfriend?

RORY: Uh huh. I thought you were eating at Grandma's.

LORELAI: Oh, yes, and there's a story behind that.

RORY: Can it wait 'til tomorrow? I'm really exhausted.

LORELAI: It's a good story.

RORY: I'm sure. I just won't be able to fully appreciate it in my weakened state. And this gives you extra time to practice your voices.

LORELAI: Fine, fine. Let me just say two words ▯ jogging suit.

RORY: Jogging suit.

LORELAI: See, you're hooked.

RORY: Yeah, well, now I'm definitely waking up tomorrow.

LORELAI: Night honey.

RORY: Night Mom.

[Rory walks into her bedroom and lies down on her bed]

THE END

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