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## 01x20 - P.S. I Lo...

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## 01x20 - P.S. I Lo...

by **destinyros2005**

Page **1** of **1**

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1.20 - P.S. I Lo...

written by: Elaine Arata and Joan Binder Weiss

directed by: Lev L. Spiro

OPEN AT LUKE'S DINER

(Lorelai and Rory are sitting at a table. Lorelai is in the middle of telling a story.)

LORELAI: So then he starts ripping my twenty dollar bill into like a million pieces. And I'm thinking to myself, there is a store full of people, why am I the one on line with the crazy magician? (Rory yawns) Okay, I'll cut to the end. So he couldn't put it back together again and he had to pay me back in quarters.

RORY: Very good story.

LORELAI: You look tired.

RORY: I just haven't been sleeping very well lately.

LORELAI: How come?

RORY: Just have a lot on my mind.

L: Anything I can do?

R: Flag down the coffee.

L: Arm going up now. Honey, you gotta wake up. Wanna play?

R: One, two, three?

L: I'll go first.

(They both stare out the window.)

R: And one.

(Older man walks by.)

L: Pass.

R: Why?

L: Because I'm not Anna Nicole Smith. Next.

R: Two.

(Teenage boy on a skateboard goes by.)

L: Hmm, pass.

R: Why?

L: Because I'm not Mary Kay LeTourneau.

R: Okay.

(Luke comes to the table while they are staring out the window.)

LUKE: What are you looking for?

L: My new husband.

R: She's already passed up two perfectly good prospects.

L: But I'm feeling pretty good about number three.

LUKE: Do I want to know what you're doing?

R: Hey, Luke came to the table, does that make him number three?

LUKE: No.

L: You don't even know what we're doing.

LUKE: The safest answer in anything involving the two of you is no.

L: We're playing one, two, three, he's yours.

LUKE: I didn't ask.

R: You can take the first guy that walks by, or if you decide to pass, assuming there's somebody better out there, you can take the next guy that walks by, or if you don't take him, you're automatically stuck with the third guy.

L: Got it?

LUKE: I'm not playing.

L: Well of course not. Its still my turn.

R: Okay, guy number 3 is crossing the street right now.

(All three of them stare out the window.)

LUKE: Why am I looking?

L: Because it's like a train wreck.

(They see Kirk walking towards the diner.)

L: Aww, no!

R: Daddy!

L: Not Kirk!

R: Maybe he'll buy me a pony.

L: I wanna go back to the old guy.

(Kirk walks in the diner. Luke walks over to him.)

LUKE: Congratulations man.

KIRK: Uh, thank you.

(Lorelai and Rory start giggling.)

KIRK: What?

L: Nothing

KIRK: Okay, did somebody put the kick me sign on my back again?

(Lorelai and Rory are laughing.)

KIRK: It wasn't funny last week and it's not funny now! I have asthma.

(Kirk leaves the diner.)

R: Mom, quick he's leaving!

L: Oh no, Kirk come back, I love you! Drat. All right, your turn.

R: I don't know Mom. You already got Kirk, how's a girl to top that?

L: You're right, he's yours.

R: And one.

(They stare out the window. Dean walks by. Rory gets a sad look on her face.)

L: Okay, so, we should order.

R: Yeah, ordering's good.

(Opening Credits)

INDEPENDENCE INN

(Lorelai is sitting at a table in the lobby organizing folders. Michel, who is behind the counter, answers the phone.)

MICHEL: Independence Inn, Michel speaking.

MAX: Yes, is Ms. Gilmore there?

MICHEL: I'm sorry, she's busy, how may I assist you?

MAX: Actually, I need to speak to Ms. Gilmore.

MICHEL: Is this business or personal?

MAX: Personal.

(Michel walks over toward Lorelai and tosses the phone on the table. Lorelai picks it up.)

MAX: Is anybody there? Hello?

L: Yes, Hello, hi.

MAX: Lorelai?

L: Max!

MAX: Is this a bad time?

L: No such thing. Where are you?

MAX: I am in the teacher's lounge.

L: Hmm, what are you wearing?

MAX: Nothing.

L: You must be very popular.

MAX: And chilly.

L: I thought we had a chat date tonight.

MAX: We did, but I was thinking about something and I wanted to run it by you.

L: Okay.

MAX: So. .

L: Ooh, hey, make a gorilla sound.

MAX: Why?

L: I want to play Wild Kingdom.

MAX: I am not making a gorilla sound.

L: I'll tell you what color underwear I'm wearing. (pause) Had you considering the gorilla sound, didn't I?

MAX: Yup.

L: I'm good.

MAX: Okay, I need you to be serious now.

L: Says the man with no pants.

MAX: We've been having these very successful phone calls for a couple of weeks now.

L: Yes we have.

MAX: And I think that all the talking has done us a lot of good.

L: Yes it has.

MAX: So I was thinking that maybe this weekend instead of a phone call, we should have a date. Let's have dinner.

L: Hmm, at the same restaurant?

MAX: At the same table.

L: Interesting idea.

MAX: I think its time.

L: You know what? So do I.

MAX: Saturday night, 8 o'clock?

L: Okay, wear some pants.

MAX: I make no promises.

L: Bye.

CUT TO SIDEWALK

(Rory is sitting on the curb reading a book. Lane walks over to her and drops a small bag of chips into her lap. Rory stands up and Lane hands her a small bag from the market.)

LANE: Salt and vinegar.

R: Thank you.

LANE: Here's your gum, your soda, your New Yorker, and your dental floss.

R: Aw, they didn't have the minty kind?

LANE: They were out.

RORY: Well, this is good too.

(They start walking)

LANE: He wasn't in there.

R: What?

LANE: Dean. He wasn't in there.

R: Oh.

LANE: In case you were wondering.

R: I wasn't.

LANE: Okay, well I just thought you might be. So I mentioned it.

R: Well, I'm not.

LANE: Okay.

R: Okay.

LANE: I just thought you'd might like to know for future reference that Dean is not in the store on Wednesdays so you can mark it down on that little list you're hiding from me that says where Dean is so that you can avoid him at any time.

R: I was not avoiding the market.

LANE: Oh, my mistake.

R: I wasn't.

LANE: Okay. So what are you doing tonight?

R: Well homework, and then homework, and if I get all that done in time, some homework. You?

LANE: I have to meet my science partner.

R: Fun.

LANE: Yes, science is fun.

R: Call you later?

LANE: Okay.

R: Hey Lane?

LANE: Yeah?

R: You're sure he wasn't in there?

LANE: I asked.

(Rory pulls a small notepad out of her pocket and writes on it.)

CUT TO SIDEWALK

(Lorelai walks past a store as Luke walks out of the store.)

L: Hey.

LUKE: Oh hey.

L: Doing a little shopping?

LUKE: Yeah, I just had a couple things to pick up.

L: At the cat club?

LUKE: Yeah.

L: You had a couple things to pick up at the cat club?

LUKE: Yeah I did, okay?

L: Okay, I just never took you for a cat lover, a 97 year old woman, or. . . Hey what'd you buy?

LUKE: Nothing.

L: You've got a little bag there.

LUKE: I know that.

L: It's got a cat paw stamped on it and a little cat nip bow.

(Luke hands her the bag.)

L: Wise man. (Lorelai pulls a pot holder out of the bag.) Wow, pot holders.

LUKE: Yes.

L: Little kitty pot holders. (she pushes a button that makes them meow.) They meow.

LUKE: It's a present.

L: For someone you hate?

LUKE: It's Rachel's birthday okay. And don't say anything, she doesn't want anybody to know. She hates birthdays.

L: Not as much as she's gonna hate these pot holders.

LUKE: I don't know how to buy gifts, okay, I don't like to buy gifts. I don't like getting gifts. I mean, this whole give giving and getting process is completely insane.

L: The rant begins!

LUKE: I mean suddenly, on a certain date, the level of my affection for a person isn't measured by the way that I treat them or what we share.

L: No!

LUKE: I mean just because I didn't buy her furry slippers or a giant shoe tree, all of a sudden, I suck.

L: Luke, stop. You know you cannot give her these pot holders.

LUKE: Yeah I know.

L: Why don't you go to the mall and walk around a little?

LUKE: No, no malls.

L: Luke.

LUKE: I hate malls.

L: Ladies and gentlemen, rant number two.

LUKE: They underpay employees and overprice merchandise, they contribute to urban sprawl, they encourage materialism, and the parking's a horror. You drive in, you pay a buck, and even if you're only there for five. .

L: Okay, Emma Goldman, I'll tell you what. I'll go for you.

LUKE: You're gonna shop for me?

L: I've got the day off tomorrow. I was gonna go anyway.

LUKE: You're serious?

L: I'll go get a bunch of stuff, all returnable. I'll bring it to you. You can pick what you want and the rest I'll return. I'll do all the work; all you'll have to do is point.

LUKE: Point.

L: One finger, preferably your index.

LUKE: I don't know.

L: Luke, this is the first special occasion you and Rachel have shared since she's been back. Don't you want to give her something nice?

LUKE: Well I am taking her out to dinner.

L: Luke.

LUKE: Yeah, I gotta get her something nice.

L: So then let me help.

LUKE: All right, thank you.

L: Oh, you're welcome.

(Luke hands her his credit card.)

LUKE: Nothing too out there, okay? She's not into all that trendy stuff. She likes simple, clean nature, okay. Elephants, candles, okay. Oh hey, if you can find a candle shaped like an elephant, that would . .

L: Okay, you know what, I've got it all under control.



LUKE: Okay, thanks.

L: Okay. (Lorelai hands him back the bag with the pot holders in it.) Get rid of these.

CUT TO KIM'S ANTIQUES

(Dean knocks on the door and walks in.)

DEAN: Hello? Lane? Are you here?

(Mrs. Kim suddenly appears from behind a room divider, startling Dean.)

DEAN: Geez.

MRS. KIM: Who are you? Why you call Lane?

DEAN: I Uh.

MRS. KIM: How you know Lane?

DEAN: Well. . .

MRS. KIM: You date her?

DEAN: No.

MRS. KIM: You try to?

DEAN: No.

MRS. KIM: Then why you here?

DEAN: I . . .

MRS. KIM: Empty your pockets

DEAN: Okay, I'm gonna go now.

(Lane comes running down the steps.)

LANE: Dean! Wait, wait.

MRS. KIM: Who's Dean?

DEAN: I'm Dean.

MRS. KIM: How you know Dean?

LANE: We go to school together.

MRS. KIM: You do?

DEAN: Yeah, we're science partners.

MRS. KIM: You don't talk!

DEAN: Sorry.

MRS. KIM: You're science partners?

LANE: Yes Mama, I invited him over to work.

MRS. KIM: Work?

LANE: On our science project.

MRS. KIM: Reproduction?

LANE: Spores, molds and fungus.

MRS. KIM: Science project?

LANE: Yes.

MRS. KIM: For school?

LANE: Yes Mama.

MRS. KIM: You're not dating?

LANE: No Mama.

MRS. KIM: Okay, follow me. (leads them into the kitchen) You sit here. You sit here. I'm going over there, when I come back over here, these chairs will be in same place. No moving, you understand?

LANE: Yes mama.

DEAN: Not you, him!

DEAN: Uh, yes, I understand.

MRS. KIM: I see all. (Mrs. Kim leaves the kitchen.)

DEAN: So that's your mom?

LANE: That's my mom.

DEAN: Has she seen Patton?

LANE: She just gets uptight about boys.

DEAN: I sensed something like that.

LANE: Its nothing personal.

DEAN: I know, I'm sure once she gets to know me she'll. . .

LANE: Oh no, she'll hate you forever. It's just nothing personal.

DEAN: Uh, we should probably get started.

LANE: Chapter twelve?

DEAN: Sounds good. (They both open their books and start reading.) Is this weird for you?

LANE: A little.

DEAN: Me too. I didn't know if maybe Rory told you to hate me or something.

LANE: That's not Rory.

DEAN: Yeah I know. How is she?

LANE: Good.

DEAN: Good?

LANE: Good-ish.

DEAN: Oh.

LANE: Less good than ish.

DEAN: Yeah? How much less?

LANE: You know we're breaking our agreement.

DEAN: What agreement?

LANE: Our agreement not to talk about Rory.

DEAN: We didn't have an agreement not to talk about Rory.

LANE: Well it was an unspoken agreement.

DEAN: Well it was really unspoken 'cause nobody spoke it.

LANE: Well I just think that if we have to study together it would be better if we didn't discuss Rory.

DEAN: Fine.

LANE: Fine. (pause) You know, she can't go into the market.

DEAN: Why not?

LANE: Because you're there.

DEAN: Not on Wednesdays

LANE: Already noted.

DEAN: [Sigh]

LANE: Can I ask you a really personal question?

DEAN: You can ask, I might not answer.

LANE: Do you think you and Rory will ever get back together?

DEAN: Hey, how about we go back to the no talking about Rory agreement?

LANE: Look, I'm just saying that I . . .

(They look up and see Rory standing in the doorway)

R: I should've called. I'm sorry.

(Rory leaves. Lane gets up and follows her outside.)

LANE: Rory! I'm sorry I didn't tell you.

R: It doesn't matter.

LANE: I didn't think you'd want to know.

R: I got it.

LANE: Rory stop. (Rory keeps walking.) Okay, that's the opposite of stop.

R: Lane, forget it. You didn't tell me, now I know. Life goes on.

LANE: Don't be mad.

R: I'm fine. I have to go.

CUT TO RORY'S BEDROOM

(Rory is asleep in bed. Lorelai bangs on her door, then walks in and jumps on her bed.)

L: Time to get up. Hey, I have a huge dilemma that I need your opinion on.

R: What!

L: Am I more beautiful today than I was yesterday?

R: Oh boy.

L: I'm just not sure. I mean at first I looked in the mirror and I thought, well yes, definitely, huge improvement.

R: Can I have my pillow back?

L: But then I thought maybe its not that I'm more beautiful today. Maybe I was just as beautiful yesterday, only I lacked the self-esteem to recognize it.

R: I'm gonna go take a shower.

L: Well, hurry up and I'll drive you to school.

R: No thanks. (Gets out of bed and walks over to her bureau.)

L: Why so charming this morning?

R: I had an annoying visit from the Stars Hollow wake up fairy. Where's my tie?

L: In your drawer.

R: I'm looking in the drawer.

L: Hmm. Check the living room

R: Why would my tie be in the living room?

L: Because it's been seeing the doily on the coffee table. I'm sorry, I did not want you to find out this way.

R: Don't take this personally, but get out.

L: Okay, you're crabby. Do you know what the perfect cure for crabbiness is? A fabulous trip to the mall. Huh? What do you say? You can blow off school and come with me. We can shop, go to the movies, maybe talk a little.

R: No thanks.

L: Come on, just this once. It might make you feel better.

R: I feel fine and I don't want to shop.

L: Honey, I know you've been in a funk over Dean, but you have to try not to dwell on it all the time.

R: I'm gonna be late for school.

L: Okay, then just meet me in town around four, and we'll get some Indian food and spoil our dinner. What do you say to that?

R: Whatever.

L: Hey, love the enthusiasm. Hey, does "Up With People" know about you?

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

(Luke answers the phone and takes an order while Lorelai walks into the diner carrying several shopping bags.)

LUKE: Luke's. Yeah. Hang on. Okay. Cheeseburger. Fries well. Vanilla shake. Coke. Yes we have salad. One salad with cheese, one with ranch. Got it, 20 minutes. (hangs up the phone) What the hell is this?

L: The results of my shopping trip all accomplished in two hours.

LUKE: Impossible.

L: I'm a savant.

LUKE: And everything's returnable.

L: Yes, yes, now sit down and relax. Let me show you what I got.

LUKE: Can I have my credit card back?

L: Fine. (Takes the card out of her purse and hands it you Luke.)

LUKE: Looks tired.

L: Where's Rachel?

LUKE: She's out running some errands.

L: Good. Okay, last week we were talking about Meryl Streep and the whole accent thing and Rachel said that she loved "Out of Africa" but she'd never read the book, remember?

LUKE: Nope.

L: Okay, so I was like, "Are you crazy? Isak Dinesen is amazing, I love her." Which is kind of crap because I'd never read the book either, but Rory told me it was amazing, so I felt pretty confident in my recommendation of "Out of Africa". (Pulls the book out of a shopping bag and hands it to Luke.)

LUKE: You bought her a book?

L: No, you bought her a book, to be put in her brand new camera bag. (Pulls the camera bag out of another shopping bag.)

LUKE: She's got a camera bag.

L: It's nylon.

LUKE: So?

L: This one's leather. Beautiful leather. Feel it, smell it.

LUKE: I'm not gonna smell that bag.

L: Fine, don't smell it, but trust me, she's gonna love it. Her old bag is falling apart so she was gonna get a new one eventually and now you will have beaten her to it.

LUKE: So it's practical.

L: And pretty!

LUKE: Well, that seems right.

L: You like?

LUKE: Yeah thanks.

L: Good.

LUKE: What's all this? (gestures to the other shopping bags.)

L: Well Luke, timing is a beautiful thing.

LUKE: It is?

L: It is. So I'm at the mall, and I've already found Rachel's gifts, and I've had two sugar cinnamon pretzels and I'm buzzed on the sugar and jazzed about the purchases and I decide to take a victory lap through Bloomingdale's, and it just so happens that there was an amazing sale in the men's department. I mean gorgeous stuff. Look at this. (pulls a sweater out of a bag) Huh! Forty percent off! I got three different colors!

LUKE: For who?

L: For you.

LUKE: For me?

L: Yeah. (walks over to another bag and pulls out a pair of pants) And then of course, beautiful pants. So soft, I don't know what this fabric is but I think I wanna have its baby.

LUKE: Okay, hold on a minute here.

L: (walks over to another bag and pulls out a belt.) Also, I got this fabulous belt to go with the sweater and the pants. Simple. Black. But look at the buckle.

LUKE: I don't need a belt.

L: Great buckle! Sixty percent off, can you believe it?

LUKE: No I cant. Look. .

L: (walks over to another bag and pulls out some shirts) Oh and I also picked up a couple of shirty shirts in case you didn't have a nice one to go with your suit.

LUKE: What suit?

L: This one! (grabs a garment bag, holds it up, and unzips it)

LUKE: Did no one at that mall notice that you were going through some sort of psychotic episode?

L: This suit. 175 percent off.

LUKE: You were not supposed to be shopping for me.

L: Well I thought you might like a little something new to wear when you take Rachel out tonight.

LUKE: Well thank you but take it back.

L: Aw, just try them on.

LUKE: No way.

L: You might like how you look.

LUKE: I'm fine with the clothes I have.

L: Okay, see this blazer? It was 175 thousand percent off.

LUKE: Why the sudden need to dress me?

L: I just thought you might look nice in some of these things and since they were 600 thousand

percent off. .

LUKE: No!

L: Come on Luke, just try something on. How about this sweater?

LUKE: No!

L: Okay, how about the pants? Pretty pants!

LUKE: I'm not trying anything on.

L: Hey, its not like the lumberjack look will ever go out; it won't. But just once wouldn't it be nice not to be dressed like an extra from "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers"?

LUKE: Take it back.

L: Come on. Just the jacket. Just once, be too sexy for your shirt and do a little dance on the catwalk.

(Luke walks into the back of the diner while Lorelai chases him with the suit.)

LUKE: Get away from me you mental patient!

CUT TO CHILTON

(Max Medina is lecturing to the class. Rory is staring out the window, not paying attention.)

MAX: If we read his works in order we can see his progression from a narrative of clear simplicity to one of one of rich complexity. Now this is not homework but I strongly urge you, if you have not already read "The Art of Fiction", read it. It's a remarkable manifesto that contains basic trues that still apply to fiction in any form.

(Paris notices Rory not paying attention and points it out to Louise and Madeline.)

MAX: All right, so Henry James, the man of the moment. Pick your book. Read it carefully. A full report on my desk one week from today. Any questions? Ms. Gilmore, any questions?

(Paris pushes her book onto the floor to get Rory's attention.)

PARIS: Oops.

MAX: Ms. Gilmore?

R: Yes?

MAX: Did you hear the assignment?

R: Um no, I'm sorry.

MAX: Henry James. Pick your novel. A report on my desk in one week. You got it?

R: Yes. I got it.

(Bell rings. Students get up to leave.)



MAX: See you tomorrow.

(Paris walks over to Rory.)

PARIS: You didn't take one note. You resorting to the osmosis theory of learning?

R: Why do you care?

PARIS: I don't, just making an observation.

R: Great, we'll build a dome over you and jam a telescope in your head.

MAX: Ms. Gilmore, can I talk to you for a minute?

R: Oh, okay.

LOUISE: Tootles.

MADELINE: Ta.

PARIS: I'll get working on that dome.

(All the students leave. Max leans on his desk and talks to Rory.)

MAX: So, how are you?

R: Fine.

MAX: Seemed a little distracted today.

R: Oh. I didn't sleep well last night.

MAX: You've seemed to be a little distracted for quite a while now.

R: My grades are fine.

MAX: I'm not concerned about your grades. I'm concerned about you. Look Rory, I know that you've been going through kind of a tough time lately and I just want you to know, if you want to talk, I'm here.

R: Tough time?

MAX: Breakups are really hard. We've all been there.

R: How do you know about that?

MAX: Your mom told me.

R: She what?

MAX: Please, don't be upset at her. It just came out in one of our conversations. She was very concerned about you, very frustrated because. .

R: You've been talking to my mom?

MAX: Well yes.

R: Since when?

MAX: Its been a couple, 3 weeks now I guess.

R: Are you dating?

MAX: No, not really, I mean we were talking about possibly this weekend having dinner. You didn't know anything about this, did you? (Rory shakes head her head no) Well the look on your face makes perfect sense now. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to spring this on you like this.

R: Its fine, don't worry about it.

MAX: I'm sure your mom was gonna tell you soon.

R: I'm sure too.

MAX: Okay, so . .

R: Bus.

MAX: Excuse me?

R: If I don't go I'm gonna miss it.

MAX: Right, go ahead.

R: Thanks for the talk.

MAX: Any time.

(Rory leaves)

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

(Lorelai is sitting at the counter. Clothes and bags are spread all over one of the tables.)

L: Come on!

LUKE (from off camera): I hate you, very much.

L: Save the sweet talk for Rachel. Get out here!

(Luke walks out from the back of the diner wearing some of the new clothes.)

L: Excuse me sir, do you know where Luke is?

LUKE: Very funny.

L: Oh my God, Luke, is that you?

LUKE: I feel ridiculous.

L: That's because you don't have the belt on. (Takes the belt out of the bag and walks over to him.) Here.

LUKE: What are you doing?

L: Its called accessorizing.

LUKE: I can put a belt on by myself, thank you.

L: Okay, sorry. Hmm.

LUKE: What?

L: I just. . .

LUKE: What?

L: I just have exceptional taste is all. Turn around.

LUKE: What?

L: I just wanna make sure it all fits. Turn around. (Luke turns around.) Uh huh, uh huh.

MAN AT COUNTER: Hey Fabio, I need the ketchup.

LUKE: Can you get that guy some ketchup?

L: Why me?

LUKE: Because if I spill any stuff on this I won't be able to return it.

L: You're not returning those clothes.

LUKE: Oh yes I am.

(Lorelai gives the man the ketchup. She picks up Luke's suit off the table and walks over to him.)

L: Here, try on the suit again.

LUKE: I already tried it on twice.

L: I know, but I want to see it with the black shirt.

LUKE: I'm not wearing a black suit with a black shirt.

L: Regis does.

LUKE: Okay, you've won me over now.

L: At least try on the jacket again. (helps Luke put the jacket on)

LUKE: This is how you like your guys, all GQ'ed up huh?

L: Its not GQ'ed up, its just a little less casual.

LUKE: And you don't like casual.

L: I like casual fine.

LUKE: Just not on me.

L: No, it just adds variety. Its not lets make a new Luke, its lets see another side of the old one.

LUKE: Uh huh.

L: You missed a loop. Come here. (Starts fixing his belt) What did you do?

(Rachel walks in the diner and stares at them. Luke looks up and sees her.)

LUKE: Oh hi.

(Lorelai looks up and sees Rachel.)

L: Oh hi. Uh, this is not what it looks like.

RACHEL: It looks like you're dressing him.

L: Then this is exactly what it looks like.

LUKE: There was a sale at Bloomingdale's and she. .

L: Six trillion percent off.

LUKE: How can you walk away from that, huh? (pause) I'm gonna change now.

L: Good, uh, I'm gonna get Rory and just enjoy the clothes.

LUKE: I will.

L: Okay good. See you later Rachel.

RACHEL: Bye.

L: Bye (Lorelai leaves)

LUKE: I'm gonna change.

RACHEL: Okay.

CUT TO BUS STOP

(Lane is waiting by the bus stop, holding 2 cups of coffee. Rory gets off the bus and Lane walks over to her.)

LANE: Hi.

R: Hi.

LANE: I thought you might like some coffee, since you always do.

R: Thanks.

LANE: So this feels very awkward.

R: You know, I'm a big girl Lane. I don't need you to protect me from things.

LANE: I just didn't want to make you any sadder than you already are.

R: How is you telling me that Dean is your study partner gonna make me sadder?

LANE: I don't even want to bring up his name around you.

R: That's crazy.

LANE: Have you seen your face when you mention Dean?

R: My face is fine.

LANE: Your face is not fine. Your face is far from fine.

R: I'll get over it.

LANE: Well you're not over it yet.

R: Maybe I'd get over it a little quicker if everyone weren't so busy running around trying to protect me from all the bad scary things in the world.

LANE: Fine, I won't protect you anymore.

R: Great, glad to hear it.

LANE: Next time we're walking down the street and you're about to walk head long into oncoming traffic, I'll just give you a little push.

R: Exactly what I'm talking about.

LANE: And in the spirit of not protecting you anymore, I was gonna tell you that I couldn't study tonight because I had bible class, but that's not true. I have to meet Dean again.

R: Great. Thanks for the honesty.

LANE: And I'll probably have to see him again this weekend because the project's due on Monday.

R: Whatever. I don't care. I'll see you when I'll see you.

LANE: Fine.

R: Fine.

LANE: Bye.

(Lane walks away. Rory throws her coffee into a garbage can as Lorelai walks up. Rory starts walking down the sidewalk as Lorelai follows.)

L: Hey, where's Lane going?

R: Away.

L: Okay, you've been in this mood for a week now and while I love the unexpected ups and downs of motherhood, I've got to say I'm tired of Goofus and I'd like my Gallant back.

R: You can't just say a normal sentence right? Just 'Hey, lets talk' is too dull for you.

(Lorelai grabs Rory's arm to stop her from walking.)

L: Hey lets talk.

R: About what? Oh wait I know. How about you and Mr. Medina?

L: What?

R: I've heard you've gotten back together again.

L: Did you talk to Max?

R: He had me stay after class today to talk about my difficult breakup situation.

L: We are not dating. We had been talking and we just now decided to start dating.

R: Why didn't you tell me you'd been talking?

L: Because it was too much like the whole Todd and Nevina Cutler thing.

R: The what?

L: When I was in junior high, I had a boyfriend, Todd something or other. Not a soul mate, but I was crazy about him and he dumped me. I was completely crushed and I could do nothing except lie around and cry and listen to Air Supply, very low point in my life. Two days after the breakup my best friend Nevina Cutler got back together with her boyfriend, Randy something or other, who had dumped her days before Todd dumped me. And she was so happy and gloaty and couldn't stop talking about how great it was that she had her boyfriend back that it made me feel horrible.

R: The end. Lets go.

L: Look, I didn't want to be Nevina Cutler, okay? You were so miserable about Dean. What was I supposed to do? Walk in and say, 'Sorry about you and Dean but I got Max back and aren't we happy.' Would that have been good?

R: That would've been great.

L: I was going to tell you, okay? I just wanted to give you some space and a chance to come up for air. I was trying to protect you, that's all. Hey.

(Rory walks away down the sidewalk. Lorelai follows her)

R: You know, actually, it doesn't matter whether you tell me about Max or not because you're just gonna break up again anyway.

L: Excuse me?

R: Well that's what you do best.

L: Hey, stop right there.

R: You'll break up, cry, get back together, break up. It doesn't really matter. I'd rather not have to keep track, so tell me when you're down to the final inning.

L: You know what, that is way too snotty a thing even for alternate universe Rory to say. I'd like an apology.

R: Fine. I apologize. Let's go home.

L: Yeah, lets go home and try that apology again.

(Rory is heading home, but stops when she notices that Lorelai has stopped in front of the market.)

R: What are you doing?

L: We need light bulbs.

R: We're fine.

L: We're in the dark. It'll take a minute. I assume you won't come in.

R: Is it Wednesday?

L: No.

R: Well then I can't, can I?

L: What does Wednesday have to do with anything?

R: Nothing. I'll meet you at home.

(Rory walks down the sidewalk as Lorelai goes into the market.)

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

(Lorelai walks in the front door carrying shopping bags.)

LORELAI: Rory, I'm back for round two. I got some silly string in case things get really ugly. (Walks into kitchen) Rory? Where are you? (Walks into living room.) Rory? Answer please. Rory?

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

(Emily and Richard are in the front hallway, both dressed up. Emily is trying to tie Richard's bow tie.)

RICHARD: This is the fourth ridiculous gathering you've dragged me to this week.

EMILY: I'm the president of the board Richard, I have to be there.

RICHARD: Saving the Berringiny pansy. Who ever heard of such a thing?

EMILY: It's a very rare flower that is rapidly disappearing from the face of this earth.

RICHARD: Well, who cares?

EMILY: As president of the horticultural society, I have to care.

RICHRAD: The last thing I need is to spend four hours being bored out of my skull by the same people I'll be bored out of my skull by tomorrow night at the symphony fund-raiser.

EMILY: Which reminds me, we need to get your other tux back from the cleaners tomorrow.

RICHARD: I'll be dead tomorrow. I plan on flinging myself off the roof tonight right in the middle of Pittie Salinger's opening speech.

EMILY: Pittie Salinger is a dear friend and you will be nice to her.

RICHARD: Pittie Salinger is a dipsomaniac. I'm going to bring my newspaper. (Richard goes to find the newspaper)

EMILY: You will do no such thing. Richard, do you hear me?

(Doorbell rings. Emily answers the door and finds Rory standing there.)

EMILY: Rory!

R: Hi Grandma.

EMILY: Rory, is everything okay?

R: Everything's fine.

EMILY: Richard! Richard, pay the cab.

RICHARD: Cab? Who took a cab?

EMILY: Rory did.

RICHARD: What's Rory doing here? Hello Rory.

R: Hi.

EMILY: I don't know what she's doing here. Just pay the man and I'll find out.

RICHARD: For Pete's sake. (walks out to pay the cab driver)

EMILY: Come inside. So tell me, what is going on?

R: I had a fight with mom.

EMILY: You had a fight with your mother?

R: I just couldn't take it anymore. I had to get out of there.

(Emily and Rory walk into the living room and sit on the couch.)

EMILY: Out of your house?

R: Out of that house, that town. Everything. I just had to go.

(Richard walks into the living room)

RICHARD: He tacked on an extra five dollars just for waiting. Feel like I'm back in Prague. Do you want a cocktail?

R: No thanks.



EMILY: Richard!

RICHARD: Oh, sorry, sorry. I'm just a little confused here.

R: You're all dressed up. You were going out. I'm so sorry!

RICHARD: Oh, please, don't be.

EMILY: It doesn't matter, Rory.

R: I'm sorry. Please go out. I didn't mean to ruin your evening. Oh I didn't think! I should've called.

EMILY: Now you calm down right now. You do not need to call before you come over here. You are welcome any time.

RICHARD: Tonight especially.

EMILY: Do you want to talk about what happened?

RICHARD: Emily, don't pry.

EMILY: I'm not prying, Richard.

RICHARD: The girl obviously needs some peace.

EMILY: How do you know that?

RICHARD: I can tell.

EMILY: Oh, you're a mind reader now, how nice. We'll get you a turban and a little booth by the train station.

RORY: Would it be okay if I stay here tonight?

EMILY: Oh, well, of course.

RICHARD: You can stay here as long as you want.

R: Thanks.

EMILY: Would you like some dinner? I can get Rosa to make you something.

RORY: No, I'd just like to go to bed if that's okay.

EMILY: Of course. Whatever you like. Your room's all ready. There are pajamas in the dresser, and a new toothbrush in the bathroom. It's pink with sparkles. I thought you'd like it.

R: Thanks. (Rory gives Emily a hug, then walks over to hug Richard.) Goodnight Grandpa.

RICHARD: Goodnight Rory.

(Rory starts to walk towards the stairs.)

EMILY: (to Rory) Everything's going to be fine. (to Richard) Richard, say something encouraging.

RICHARD: Uh Rory, I'm sorry you're upset, but I applaud your timing.

R: See you tomorrow. (Rory goes up to her room.)

RICHARD: Emily, what is all this about?

EMILY: She had a fight with Lorelai. . . . and she came here.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

(Lorelai is walking around the living room on the phone.)

L: Mrs. Kim? It's Lorelai. Is Lane there? Well do you know where she is? Huh. That's unbelievable, you always know where she is. Um, the one time I need you to be crazy prison guard lady you're all, hey man whatever. Um, you know what, I will never be able to explain that to your satisfaction, so um could you just ask Lane to call me please when she gets back. I'm looking for Rory. No I don't know where she is. I uh. . don't "ha" me, you don't know where Lane is either. (Lorelai hangs up the phone)

(Sookie walks in the front door)

L: Anything?

SOOKIE: Patty hasn't seen her but she's been working all day. She's not at the library, and she's not at Luke's.

L: Where is she? Why didn't she leave a note? Dammit!

SOOKIE: Honey calm down.

L: But Rory doesn't take off. She knows it would make me crazy. She knows it would make me worry. I'm crossing over into panic now.

SOOKIE: Don't cross. Come back.

(There's a knock at the door. Max walks in.)

MAX: Hey.

L: Hey.

MAX: You find her?

L: No, nothing. No one's seen her.

MAX: Okay, um, what about that old boyfriend of hers?

L: Dean! Dean!

SOOKIE: On my way. (Sookie leaves.)

L: Good suggestion. You get crisis points. Max, I'm freaking out.

MAX: Its gonna be okay. Sookie's here, I'm here. We will find her.

(Phone rings. Lorelai runs into the living room to answer it.)

L: Rory?

EMILY: I just thought I should let you know that Rory is here with us.

L: What?

EMILY: She arrived a few minutes ago.

L: She's there? Is she okay?

EMILY: She's fine. She asked to spend the night.

L: Okay, um, she's there with you. So how did she get there?

EMILY: She took a cab.

L: Well, let me talk to her.

EMILY: She seems quite upset. She said you'd had a fight.

L: We had a disagreement.

EMILY: She said fight.

L: Will you just put her on the phone please, Mom.

EMILY: I think we should give her a little time to collect herself.

L: Thank you for your input. Can I please talk to my daughter?

EMILY: She went to her room Lorelai.

L: Her room is here, Mom. I'm standing here looking at her room and she's not in it.

EMILY: Lorelai, I did not come to your house and kidnap this child. She ran from you and she came here. She's tired and she's upset. Now I think we should just let her sleep and in the morning we can argue about how to best handle the situation. Maybe a little time away from each other will do both of you some good.

L: I'll pick her up in the morning.

EMILY: She has school tomorrow and her school is ten minutes from here.

L: I'll pick her up after school.

EMILY: Why don't you just call tomorrow when she gets back from school? Make sure she wants to go. You don't want to haul her back home just to have her jump in a cab again, do you?

L: I'll talk to you tomorrow.

EMILY: Good night Lorelai.

(Lorelai hangs up the phone.)

MAX: So?

L: She's with my parents in Hartford.

MAX: Good.

L: Good?

MAX: Bad?

L: Bad, very bad.

MAX: She's safe.

L: She's with my mother. No one is safe with my mother.

MAX: She needed some space.

L: No, that house is not safe. It's like the Amityville Horror without all the good times.

MAX: If it's that bad maybe you should go get her.

L: No, she wanted to get away from me. She wants to be alone. Give her her space.

(Lorelai walks into the kitchen. Max follows her.)

MAX: Are you okay?

L: I can't believe she left me to go there. We used to always be able to work this stuff out.

MAX: What did you two fight about?

L: Oh you.

MAX: Me?

L: Well it started with the you and the fact that I hadn't told her we were talking again, but I know that was only part of it because she's been in such a bad place lately with this whole Dean thing and so, I don't know, I guess it was coming. I just wish she hadn't run away.

MAX: Hey, she will be back and you two will work everything out.

L: You're good at the comforting thing, you know?

MAX: Thank you.

L: Do you want some coffee?

MAX: Sure. Can I ask you a question?

L: I think you've earned it.

MAX: Why didn't you tell Rory about us?

L: Oh, she was just so upset about Dean, I didn't think it was the best time to give her my happy news.

MAX: Okay. But you've told other people?

L: Like what other people?

MAX: I don't know. Friends. Sookie.

L: Um, no actually, I haven't.

MAX: Any reason?

L: Just hasn't come up.

MAX: It hasn't?

L: No.

MAX: You're not by any chance avoiding talking to people about it are you?

L: No, Max, come on.

MAX: It just seems a little strange to me.

L: Why is it strange?

MAX: Well we've been talking for at least two weeks. I would've thought at some point in there it would've come up.

L: You just don't say to people out of the blue, 'Hey, Max and I are talking again.' I mean, I was just waiting for it to come up naturally.

MAX: Well yes, but somehow for me it managed to come up naturally within two days at three different times.

L: Well you're obviously a much better people person than I am.

MAX: I just want to know if there's a reason why you don't want people to know. . .

L: Max!

MAX: . . .then we should talk about that.

L: There's no reason.

MAX: Are you sure?

L: Yes I'm sure.

MAX: Okay.

L: Do you believe me?

MAX: If you said there's no reason, there's no reason.

L: There's no reason.

MAX: So you've said.

L: So I mean.

MAX: Okay.

L: All right.

MAX: That's fine.

L: Uh, I should page Sookie and tell her that Rory's okay.

MAX: That's a good idea.

(Lorelai walks to the phone.)

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

(Emily and Richard are at the breakfast table. Rory walks in.)

R: Good morning.

EMILY: Rory, good morning.

R: Hey Grandma, any thoughts on where my skirt might be?

EMILY: I gave it to Rosa to press. Here sit down, have some breakfast. Your skirt will be done by the time you're finished.

R: Okay.

EMILY: Now, we have eggs, fruit, toast, pancakes, blintzes.

R: Anything would be fine.

EMILY: Well, what do you usually eat?

R: Mostly I just grab a Pop Tart.

EMILY: That sounds delicious. I'll have Rosa whip one up for you.

R: No, eggs would be great.

EMILY: I'll go tell her. (Emily goes into the kitchen.)

R: So Grandpa, what's new in the world today?

RICHARD: As usual, it's going to hell in a hand basket.

R: Its nice to have something you can always count on.

RICHARD: It is at that. Would you like part of the paper?

: Please.

(Emily walks out of the kitchen and sits down.)

EMILY: Your eggs will be right out.

R: Thanks.

EMILY: So did you sleep well?

R: The bed was very comfortable.

EMILY: But you didn't sleep well?

R: No I did, I just. . .

EMILY: I talked to your mother last night. I told her you were going to stay here. She said she'd call this afternoon.

R: Was she mad?

EMILY: She was concerned. (pause) So do you get your lunch at school or do you bring it with you? Because Rosa made a fabulous leg of lamb yesterday. I bet it'd make a wonderful sandwich.

RICHARD: Take her up on that. It is good. And demand a slice of strudel.

R: Okay. I demand some strudel.

EMILY: Good. So what's going on at school today?

R: Uh, I have a test in Spanish.

RICHARD: Hmm. Are you prepared?

R: Oh yeah. I like Spanish. Biology on the other hand . . .

RICHARD: Oh, I'm still waiting for the day when my knowledge of the inner workings of a frog's intestinal system can be applied to my work in the insurance industry.

R: Perhaps if you were insuring the frog.

RICHARD: Ah.

(The maid brings out Rory's breakfast.)

R: Thank you. This looks great.

EMILY: Well good.

R: Thanks again for letting me stay.

EMILY: It's nice having you here. You got your grandfather to put down his newspaper at the breakfast table. That's a first.

RICHARD: Aw now, Emily.

EMILY: Well it is.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

(Luke is behind the counter. Lorelai walks in and sits at the counter.)

LUKE: Geez, what happened to you?

L: A happy 'how do you do' to you too.

LUKE: Sorry, you just look bad.

L: Well I didn't get much sleep last night.

LUKE: Why not?

L: Rory and I had a fight and she ran away.

LUKE: What! Where! Did you. .

L: She's fine. She's at my mother's.

LUKE: Geesh, throw that information in with the first part. You'll scare a person to death.

L: You know, I got in my car three times to go get her. I drove halfway there and drove back, drove halfway there and drove back. I actually ran out of gas driving halfway there and back.

LUKE: She'll cool off and come home.

L: I know. Just breaking up with Dean has been so hard on her.

LUKE: Yeah.

L: I just hate that she's going through this. I mean, she's such a good kid. She's so nice to everyone, she cares about everyone. And she's walking around in this unbelievable pain and there's nothing I can do about it. She still won't talk to me. She won't tell me what happened.

LUKE: I'll tell you what happened. That Dean kid is a jerk and he finally let her know it.

L: I wish I could just pinch his head right off.

LUKE: I'll help.

L: I warned him. I warned him when I first met him, if he hurt her . . Ah. Maybe I could key his car.

LUKE: Or better yet, you can key Taylor's car and tell him Dean did it.

L: Yeah. That'd be good.

LUKE: You can key Taylor's car, tell him Dean did it and also tell him that Dean littered and walks his dog without a leash.

L: He'll run him out of town.

LUKE: Good.

L: All right. I should go. Rory's probably out of school by now and I want to be home in case she decides to call.

LUKE: Coffee's on the house.



L: Oh thanks. (stands up to leave) Hey, is that the belt I bought you?

LUKE: Oh yeah yeah yeah. The old one broke.

L: Oh, lucky you happened to have a spare.

LUKE: Yeah. Hey. She'll be home soon.

(Lorelai nods in agreement and then leaves.)

CUT TO MARKET

(Lorelai stands in front of the market thinking about going inside, then walks away. She walks back, then walks away again. She walks back a third time and goes in. She walks over to Dean, who is stocking shelves, and taps him on the shoulder.)

L: Got a minute?

DEAN: Actually I'm, uh. .

L: I just want to tell you that I think you are scum.

DEAN: Gee thanks.

L: You are gonna be hard pressed to find another girl as fantastic as Rory, you know that? She is beautiful and she is smart and she did not deserve to be treated that way by you.

DEAN: Treated what way?

L: I thought you were a good guy. I thought you were going to make her happy. I'm such an idiot that I actually thought you were a good pick. But I was wrong and I hate to be wrong.

DEAN: You know, I am sick and tired of everyone blaming this thing on me. I mean, you and the whole stupid town looking at me like I'm a criminal. I say 'I love you' and she just sits there and I'm the jerk? I'm the bad guy?

L: What?

DEAN: You know what? Fine, think what you want, I don't care. Just leave me alone.

(Lorelai leaves. Dean finishes stacking the shelf.)

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

(The doorbell rings. Emily answers the door and Lorelai walks in.)

L: Where is she?

EMILY: I thought you were gonna call.

L: Where is she mom?

EMILY: I haven't had any time to prepare her for this.

L: Mom where is she?

EMILY: Upstairs in her room.

L: Thank you.

(Lorelai walks up to Rory's room. Emily follows.)

EMILY: She got home from school but she just went right upstairs. Now she didn't want a snack but I had Rosa make her one anyway. I haven't checked to see if she's eaten it. She had a decent breakfast this morning but she did seem a little tired and when I went into her bathroom the aspirin bottle was out so I assume she had a headache. Now I don't know if it was last night or. .

L: Excuse me, Mr. Cosell. I appreciate the play by play but I just want to talk to my daughter now.

EMILY: Do you want me to go in there with you?

L: More than anything.

EMILY: Well try and be nice.

L: Thanks for the tip.

CUT TO RORY'S BEDROOM

(Rory is lying on the bed. Lorelai walks through the door.)

L: Hey.

R: Mom!

L: Okay, so I thought when you said, 'I'll see you at home,' you meant our home. My mistake.

(Rory gets off the bed and walks over to hug Lorelai.)

R: I'm so sorry.

L: Its okay.

R: All those things. .

L: I know.

R: And then the. . .

L: Its no big deal

R: I'm just so. .

L: I know, I know, I know. So last time I saw you you were headed home, you wanna fill in the blanks?

R: I don't know. I just snapped and I got sick of everything. I wanted to go anywhere.

L: So you picked hell?

R: It was the first place that came to mind.

L: I respect that. Listen, the need to run is a feeling I am very well acquainted with. But we have to be able to talk always. No matter how mad or upset we get with each other our particular special thing only works if we agree to that, get it?

R: I get it.

L: Good. Rory, tell me what happened with you and Dean.

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

L: Well I do.

R: Why?

L: Because I had a little chat with him today.

R: What? Why?

L: Well, because I was upset and I was in the mood to do a little yelling.

R: You didn't.

L: Did.

R: No.

L: There he was stacking cookies and I'm railing on him about what a great kid you are and how it sucked that he dumped you, and then he said that he told you he loved you and I started feeling a little stupid.

R: He did tell me.

L: And you didn't say anything?

R: No.

L: Well that must have been rough on him.

R: He looked so hurt. I didn't know what to do. I didn't want to hurt him.

L: I know.

R: I just got scared and I sat there.

L: I understand. You know, I'm still learning this stuff too and since I'm still learning, I think I haven't thought enough about what I'm supposed to be teaching you.

R: What are you talking about?

L: I'm talking about my own personal lack of commitment skills. I mean, look, I love that you have my eyes and my coffee addiction and my taste in music and movies, but when it comes to love and relationships, I don't necessarily want you to be like me. I would hate to think that I raised a kid who couldn't say I love you.

R: Mom.

L: I'm not even talking specifically about Dean. I mean just generally in life. For example, say you're dating Taylor Hanson.

R: Why am I dating Taylor Hanson?

L: It's a hypothetical scenario, go with it. So, uh, you and Taylor have been seeing each other pretty regularly. .

R: How did I meet Taylor Hanson?

L: You went to his concert, you got backstage, your eyes met across the crowd and you've been seeing each other ever since.

R: Hanson's still together?

L: They're the new Bee Gees. So. .

R: And why would you not stop me from going to a Hanson concert?

L: Hey, someone's trying to make a point here.

R: Sorry. Go ahead.

L: So you and Taylor have been dating for awhile, and things are great, and, um, you're happy, and you feel all those crazy mushy things that people feel when they're in love. I want you to be able to say to him, Taylor, I love you.

R: Okay, can we pick a new hypothetical 'cause this one's wiggling me out.

L: My point is that it's scary to be in love, that much I know, but it's also wonderful and special and if you can't say it or fully express it then you're never gonna be able to experience it and I want you to experience everything that's great because you're so great. Are you hearing me?

R: Yeah, I'm hearing you.

L: I'm not saying you say "I love you" at the drop of a hat. It has to be right and real and it has to take a lot of thought. But someday with someone it will be right. I want you to be ready for that moment when it happens.

R: Are you ready for that moment when it happens?

L: I'm working on it. I do however know what dress I'll be wearing.

CUT TO FRONT HALL

(Richard, Emily, Rory and Lorelai are standing in front of the door.)

R: Thank you guys so much.

EMILY: It was our pleasure.

L: What do I owe you for the cab?

RICHARD: Oh, don't worry about that.

R: Thanks for sharing the paper.

RICHARD: Anytime.

L: And thank you mom.

EMILY: Of course. She's our granddaughter.

L: All right, we'll see you tomorrow night.

EMILY: Seven o'clock.

L: Oh really, is it seven 'cause I wasn't sure if. .

EMILY: Goodbye Lorelai.

L: Bye.

(Rory and Lorelai leave.)

RICHARD: Well it looks like it's just the two of us again.

EMILY: I guess so.

CUT TO INSIDE LORELAI'S JEEP

R: I was almost tempted to see if she could make a Pop Tart.

L: Wow, home cooked breakfast, homemade lunch, I'm trying to remember why I left there. Oh yeah, my parents.

R: Funny, funny girl. (They drive by Lane's house.) Hey, let me out here.

L: Oh okay.

R: I'll meet you back at the house.

L: Excuse me?

R: I'll show up this time.

L: I'll have the pizza waiting.

(Rory knocks on the door of Lane's house. Lorelai watches from the Jeep as Rory and Lane hug. Lorelai drives off.)

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

(Lorelai walks in the front door and puts her purse on the hall table. She walks over to the phone, picks it up and dials a number. She picks up her address book and walks over and sits on the couch.)

MAX: Hello?

L: Now, I'm starting with the 'A's. So first up is Richie Andrews. He's either a second cousin on my mother's side or the guy who regROUTED the bathroom. Either way, I think he's going to be thrilled to hear about us.

MAX: Lorelai. .

L: After I've called everyone in here, I'm going to makes sure to spread the word at the inn.

MAX: Uh huh.

L: I thought I'd put little notices in everyone's rooms: "Welcome to the Independence Inn. Max and Lorelai are back together."

MAX: Can I see you after your dinner tomorrow night?

L: Oh I don't know. I have a lot of phone calls to make. Ooh! The Internet! Let's go global!

MAX: Good night Lorelai.

L: Goodnight.

(Lorelai hangs up with Max, then dials another number.)

L: Hey! Richie, it's Lorelai. . .

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Page **1** of **1**