

Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

Thousands of current or popular TV shows and movie transcripts for online research and education.
<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/>

04x08 - Die Jerk

<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?t=6368>

04x08 - Die Jerk

by **bunniefuu**

written by Daniel Palladino

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

Posted: **11/23/03 22:27**

directed by Tom Moore

transcript by Stacy with assistance by Canopus

OPEN AT ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai, Rory, Richard, and Emily are eating dinner]

RORY: More broccoli, Grandpa?

RICHARD: Absolutely. Staves off the cancer.

LORELAI: Staves off my appetite.

EMILY: You really should eat more green things, Lorelai.

LORELAI: I plan to eat a five-dollar bill later tonight.

RORY: Oh, have you seen the new twenties? They have a little peach color in 'em.

LORELAI: Peach, perfect. I'll eat a new twenty, I'll have my fruits and vegetables.

RICHARD: I think we saw some of the new twenties in Atlantic City, didn't we, Emily?

EMILY: I think.

RORY: How was Atlantic City? Successful?

RICHARD: Very.

LORELAI: Well, Siskel's chimed in. What about you?

EMILY: I'm refraining.

RICHARD: It's a bit of a sore subject.

LORELAI: We'll talk about something else.

EMILY: The garishness, the garishness.

LORELAI: Thus spake Ebert.

EMILY: Why have a simple sign if it can be in bright flashing neon? And the new slot machines? They don't just make obnoxious bell sounds anymore, they yell at you.

LORELAI: The slot machines were talking to you, Mom? Are you sure it wasn't just you?

RICHARD: Oh, they talk, I can verify that. One of them kept yelling, "wheel. . .of. . .fortune!"

EMILY: And the parking lot of the hotel that we stayed at had an area for RV's.

LORELAI: Perish the thought!

EMILY: And the boardwalk...

RORY: Oh, I've always wanted to see the Atlantic City boardwalk.

EMILY: I'll save you a trip. Tip an overflowing trash can on your front porch and walk up and down on it.

RICHARD: It was actually quite a successful outing. Maybe not to our taste, but the clients loved it.

EMILY: The clients were too plastered to know better.

LORELAI: Kind of the point.

EMILY: Two of them stayed up all night and smelled like it.

RICHARD: That was a tad gross.

EMILY: One of them - a married man - had a long conversation with. . .how shall I put this delicately? A woman of less than reputable nature.

LORELAI: Hm. Do hookers charge to let you talk to them?

RORY: Depends on what they're doing when they're talking to you.

EMILY: Rory!

RORY: Sorry.

EMILY: I expect that from your mother, but not you.

RORY: Just a joke.

LORELAI: Yeah, Mom, Yale is broadening her world view.

EMILY: Digger was in his element.

RICHARD: You mean Jason was in his element.

EMILY: He caroused along with the best of them.

LORELAI: You carouse any, Dad?

RICHARD: I played a little craps, but the tables were ice-cold.

EMILY: What's the next outing Jason has planned for your clients, Richard? Spring break in Cancún so you can do sh*ts off people's bellies?

LORELAI: I'm uncomfortable hearing you say that.

RORY: Me, too.

RICHARD: I can assure you, Emily, that there are no belly sh*ts in our future.

LORELAI: Although doing one off Dad's belly is okay. You're married.

EMILY: And those gifts. Those heinous gifts he gave out.

RICHARD: Oh, we had little roulette wheels printed up with our company name on them. They were a big hit. Perfect for an executive's table. I got one for each of you.

EMILY: Richard, don't, it's embarrassing.

RORY: They're cute.

EMILY: They're the antithesis of class - so like Digger.

RICHARD: Emily, that was his nickname as a boy, and he's sensitive about it.

EMILY: I've never called him that to his face.

RICHARD: You did at that craps table, and then he sevens out.

EMILY: Please, let's discuss something other than New Jersey.

RICHARD: I am more than willing.

LORELAI: Hey, have you guys read any of Rory's articles in the Yale newspaper?

EMILY: Of course, we've read them all.

RICHARD: Fine work, Rory. The Yale Daily News is lucky to have you.

RORY: Oh, it's really not a big deal.

LORELAI: Hey, they're right. Take your props.

RICHARD: You'll be running that paper before long.

RORY: I'm not even on staff yet.

EMILY: You're not?

RORY: These are just tryout articles to qualify. You have to write something for every department, and then if those pass muster, then you're on staff.

RICHARD: Well, your coverage of that lacrosse match was very exciting.

LORELAI: Yeah. For two seconds, I almost gave a flying you-know-what about lacrosse.

EMILY: I liked your coverage on the new funds approved for upkeep on the divinity quadrangle.

RICHARD: You made it sing.

EMILY: We're having all your articles laminated.

RORY: That's very nice.

LORELAI: Yes! I got my number.

CUT TO THE YALE NEWSPAPER OFFICE

[Rory is looking through a newspaper]

PARIS: It just seems like a quaint archaism. I mean, if you're a good journalist, why make you jump through hoops and write all these tryout articles? Stale bagel.

RORY: It's a time-honored tradition. All our forebears had to do it.

PARIS: If our forebears had fought it, we wouldn't be dealing with it now. What are you looking for?

RORY: My article. I did a review of the chamber-music recital.

PARIS: Must be in there somewhere. And that's the other thing - they print everything.

RORY: Hm, that's weird.

PARIS: They'd print my mattress tag if it was in the right margins.

RORY: It's not here.

PARIS: Impossible.

RORY: No, I've looked pretty thoroughly.

PARIS: Must be a mistake.

RORY: No, it's really not here.

PARIS: Just means parakeets will be crapping on something else in the morning. They're all stale.

DOYLE: Morning. Morning.

RORY: Hi, Doyle.

DOYLE: Hi, Rory. Coffee mint?

RORY: No, thanks.

DOYLE: I'm addicted to these things. So is Bob Woodward. So I hear - not that I'm copying him. What's up?

RORY: Well, I was wondering if there was a problem with my review.

DOYLE: Oh, the review? Which was yours, the quartet?

RORY: Yeah, chamber music at Sprague Hall.

DOYLE: Right, right.

RORY: Did I get it in late?

DOYLE: No, you got it in right on time. You're good about that.

RORY: But you didn't print it.

DOYLE: No, we didn't.

RORY: So, space issue?

DOYLE: No, we had the space. We always have the space, but it was a bit of a yawn.

RORY: A yawn?

DOYLE: Yeah.

RORY: Well, you know, chamber-music recitals are very low-key, kind of yawny affairs. Pretty music but no stage diving or anything.

DOYLE: I meant the writing.

RORY: The writing was kind of a yawn?

DOYLE: But don't sweat it. You'll do better next time.

RORY: Right, sure.

DOYLE: My mother liked it.

RORY: Liked what?

DOYLE: The recital. She's old. Excuse me.

RORY: Sure. Sure.

PARIS: Your article didn't get in?

RORY: No, it didn't.

PARIS: [checks the paper] Mine did. Good, good. I'm going to get a bagel.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai, Rory, and Lane are walking down the street]

LORELAI: He actually used the word yawn?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: What a jerk.

LANE: You should punch him where it counts.

RORY: He was just doing his job.

LORELAI: He could have been a little more diplomatic.

LANE: The word yawn is insulting.

RORY: Yeah, but I was actually tired when I wrote it, so it probably wasn't my best work. I should write my articles at night first, then study.

LORELAI: I still say Yawn Guy needs a little learnin'.

LANE: Yeah, kick him where the sun don't shine.

LORELAI: You really are not good at threats.

LANE: I know, and I hate that.

RORY: I'll just chalk it up to experience.

LANE: Hey, what time do you have?

RORY: Uh, five to four.

LANE: Five minutes to my call with Dave. I should get home.

LORELAI: Hey, are we still mad at him?

LANE: We never were.

LORELAI: That's right. Must be Jackson. We're mad at Jackson for something he said to Sookie.

RORY: No, we're not.

LORELAI: You sure?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Must be Gypsy. We're mad at her husband?

RORY: She's not married.

LORELAI: This is gonna bug me.

RORY: So, how is Dave?

LANE: He's great. I just wish he weren't three thousand miles away.

RORY: How did he take the news that you found a replacement for him in the band?

LANE: He was a little weird about it.

LORELAI: And that's why we're mad at him.

RORY: We're not mad at Dave.

LORELAI: Must be Jackson.

LANE: I miss that boy.

RORY: Well, he'll be home for Christmas, right?

LANE: He better.

LORELAI: This is my stop.

RORY: Say hi to the baby for me.

LORELAI: Find out who we're mad at.

RORY: We're not mad at anybody.

LORELAI: We're always mad at somebody.

[Lorelai walks up to Sookie's house. Michel is sitting on the front porch]

LORELAI: Hey. Door's open. Aren't they home?

MICHEL: They are home. I'm not welcome in it.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: Lorelai, come on in.

MICHEL: I'm being discriminated against. Go, enjoy.

LORELAI: Michel can't come in?

SOOKIE: Nope.

MICHEL: I'm Rosa Parks.

LORELAI: Why can't Rosa Parks come in?

SOOKIE: He sneezed.

MICHEL: Five days ago.

SOOKIE: I can't take a chance with the baby.

MICHEL: It's a business meeting. The baby should not attend.

SOOKIE: He's a week old. What should he do, take in a movie?

MICHEL: I got dust up my nose. It made me sneeze. I am not sick.

SOOKIE: [to Lorelai] Come on in.

LORELAI: Sorry. Uh-huh-huh-huh. . .oh, no. Whew!

MICHEL: Not funny.

[Lorelai walks into the house]

LORELAI: There he is. Oh. Oh, widdle Davey, widdle Davey, peekaboo, peekaboo. Oh, you have a widdle nose. Oh, oh, no, Aunt Lorelai's got your nose. Do you want it back? Do you? Do you?

SOOKIE: He's not indicating that he wants it back.

LORELAI: Well, then, I'm going to keep it.

MICHEL: This is painful.

SOOKIE: You know, he said his first word this morning.

LORELAI: Who? Michel? What'd he say?

SOOKIE: He said, "ah-oopah."

LORELAI: Did you say, "ah-oopah"? Did you? Well, you're very talented. Did you know that?

MICHEL: If I throw up, do you want it on the bushes or the grass?

LORELAI: Michel, don't you like babies?

MICHEL: I don't know. I've never been near one. I thought today was my chance.

LORELAI: I brought pastries.

SOOKIE: Excellent.

LORELAI: Do you want one, Michel?

MICHEL: So I can look even sadder, sitting and eating pastry by myself? No, thank you. Can we start?

LORELAI: Okay. Well, I'm here to report that the Dragonfly is officially demoed and stripped to its studs, to the point where it looks worse than ever and you can't imagine it ever looking good ever again.

SOOKIE: Excellent.

MICHEL: There are big, flying things out here.

LORELAI: But we're on schedule, and when I left, the plumbing contractor was unloading all sorts of impressive-looking copper pipes, so that's something, I guess, and. . .oh, Bruce.

BRUCE: Hello.

LORELAI: I thought you'd gone.

BRUCE: I came back.

LORELAI: Well, there you go.

SOOKIE: Bruce is not only a midwife, she's also a lactation specialist.

LORELAI: Yikes.

MICHEL: Ugh.

BRUCE: Is that the sneezer?

MICHEL: It was dust. What are these big green things with wings?

LORELAI: You know, Bruce, I didn't get a chance to tell you how impressed I was by the home birth. It was just amazing to watch and very, very special.

BRUCE: Did you talk baby talk to Davey?

LORELAI: Yes.

BRUCE: Every second Davey's brain is hard-wiring for life. Baby talk can ret*rd his language-acquisition rate. Is that what you want?

LORELAI: Definitely not. I want him fully tarded.

MICHEL: This flying green thing is toying with me.

BRUCE: In five minutes, we'll feed.

SOOKIE: Five minutes. Did I tell you she donates her services to indigent, inner-city mothers?

LORELAI: It's okay.

MICHEL: All right, this thing is getting ready to dive-b*mb.

LORELAI: So, Davey, beautiful day, huh? What would you like to discuss? Middle East peace, the space program? I'm sorry, what's that? Oh, my God. He said, "the answer to the problems in the mideast is, 'I have to poop.'"

SOOKIE: He got distracted.

LORELAI: And now there's no peace? Davey, come on, man, hard-wire those adult thoughts and try to remember what we're talking. . . and he said that Thursday's impossible to start work and I reminded him about our contract.

SOOKIE: Good, because he needed to be reminded.

LORELAI: So that's all taken care of.

MICHEL: I'm being att*cked by green things!

BRUCE: It's time to feed.

LORELAI: Well, this has been a very productive meeting.

SOOKIE: Very.

CUT TO YALE NEWSPAPER OFFICE

[Rory walks in]

RORY: Hi, Doyle. Got something for you.

DOYLE: Your new review?

RORY: My new review.

DOYLE: Remember "The New Zoo Revue"?

RORY: Henrietta hippo?

DOYLE: Freddie the frog, and who was the third one? What was the third one?

RORY: I'm drawing a blank.

DOYLE: Oh, I hate that. Whenever there's three of something, you always forget the third one. It's like a statistical thing.

RORY: Do you want me to come back?

DOYLE: No, let's look at it now.

RORY: So I drank a lot of coffee before writing this, so hopefully it won't be a yawn.

DOYLE: Good. [reads Rory's article and crosses things out]

RORY: Doyle.

DOYLE: Just a sec.

RORY: You're crossing everything out.

DOYLE: Not everything.

RORY: Well, the only thing you haven't crossed out is what you haven't read yet.

DOYLE: Hold on, hold on, okay? Well, it's better than your last one. You're showing progress.

RORY: Oh.

DOYLE: Really.

RORY: Okay, is this some kind of hazing?

DOYLE: Hazing?

RORY: I put a lot of time into this.

DOYLE: Oh, I know. It's definitely not for lack of trying.

RORY: Is it something personal? Did I do something to offend you?

DOYLE: No, Rory, this is how it works. It's not personal. It's just not very good.

RORY: I rewrote it four times, and I researched it so thoroughly.

DOYLE: Don't worry about the facts. You seem to have gotten those right. Stan, file this for me.

RORY: So, it's not good?

DOYLE: I just couldn't tell what you really thought.

RORY: But I tried so hard.

DOYLE: Oh, I know.

RORY: So I should try less hard?

DOYLE: Look, just write what you think. You have opinions, don't you?

RORY: Sure, I do.

DOYLE: That's what will work.

RORY: Sounds simple.

DOYLE: It can be. Charlie the owl. That's the third one.

RORY: Right, right, Charlie. Guess I'll go.

DOYLE: Don't worry. Either you'll get the hang of things or you won't.

RORY: Uh huh.

DOYLE: Just make sure this one's good.

RORY: Got it.

CUT TO YALE THEATER

[Lorelai and Rory walk in]

LORELAI: Wow, pretty. Yale's got the big bucks, huh?

RORY: Yeah, I guess.

LORELAI: This is gonna be fun.

RORY: It's work for me.

LORELAI: Are those our seats, all saved and everything?

RORY: One of the advantages of being with the press.

LORELAI: Are you okay?

RORY: Yeah, I'm the happiest unpublished writer in the newspaper biz.

LORELAI: You are not unpublished.

RORY: I am recently unpublished.

LORELAI: Don't forget your lacrosse-story triumph.

RORY: Yeah, maybe lacrosse is the only thing I'm good at writing about, and I'd never heard of it before I was assigned it.

LORELAI: Now, come on.

RORY: Hopefully, there will be plenty of well-paid, full-time lacrosse-writing positions for me at the major news organizations.

LORELAI: You need chocolate.

RORY: Chocolate and talent.

LORELAI: Stop that.

RORY: Maybe I'm just not cut out for college journalism. Maybe I peaked in high school. Aw, man, that's a depressing thought.

LORELAI: You didn't peak. This is just a different environment and a bigger league, and that's half the fun, isn't it?

RORY: Kind of. Here we go.

LORELAI: Ah, I love these seats. They're so important.

[The ballet starts]

RORY: Oh.

LORELAI: Well, she recovered quickly.

RORY: Whoa.

LORELAI: The floor must be slippery.

RORY: Huh.

LORELAI: I don't think the guy is supposed to wince when he lifts the ballerina.

RORY: Maybe it was involuntary?

LORELAI: She wasn't supposed to kick him like that, was she?

RORY: I don't think so.

LORELAI: It gives new meaning to the word nutcracker.

[they giggle]

LORELAI: Shh, shh.

[cut to the theater after the ballet is over]

LORELAI: Wow.

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: That was terrible.

RORY: From the opening kerplunk.

LORELAI: And just kept getting worse.

RORY: I'm in physical discomfort.

LORELAI: That lead ballerina - she has no friends.

RORY: How can you tell?

LORELAI: Because no one gave her the heads-up on the roll of fat around the bra strap.

RORY: Maybe she just has no friends in the ballet.

LORELAI: All ballet people do is ballet. If she has no friends in the ballet, she has no friends. Holy moly.

RORY: I wonder how many times I can use the word "blows" in an article before it becomes redundant.

LORELAI: What are you gonna write?

RORY: I don't know. What I think, I guess.

LORELAI: Really.

RORY: Well, apparently, that's what was missing from my other pieces - my opinions, so. . .

LORELAI: Well, if you want my opinion, that end curtain came down way too slowly.

RORY: I'll try to work that in.

LORELAI: Man oh man. If Vincent Gallo could just see this, he'd feel a whole lot better about "Brown Bunny."

CUT TO YALE NEWSPAPER OFFICE

[Doyle reads over Rory's article]

DOYLE: Nice.

RORY: Nice?

DOYLE: Really great job.

RORY: Really?

DOYLE: Really.

RORY: Oh, wow, thanks.

DOYLE: Thank you. Stan, get this to layout.

STAN: Yeah.

DOYLE: I love doing that.

RORY: And you look good doing it.

DOYLE: Coffee mint?

RORY: Thanks.

CUT TO KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Mrs. Kim walks a customer to the door]

CUSTOMER: This piece is beautiful. My wife's gonna flip.

MRS. KIM: Good. Now, it's very fragile, so keep it away from young children.

CUSTOMER: We don't have children.

MRS. KIM: You should. Everyone should have children.

CUSTOMER: Okay. Thank you.

MRS. KIM: You're welcome. Lane?

LANE: Yes, Mama?

MRS. KIM: I have something for Dave.

LANE: For Dave, my Dave?

MRS. KIM: Something for you to send to him in California. Special gift from me to him.

LANE: Really?

MRS. KIM: Could you wrap it and take it to the post office?

LANE: Definitely. That's so sweet, Mama.

MRS. KIM: He's a good boy. He's going to make a good man.

LANE: I agree.

MRS. KIM: I'm going to make some tea.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai and Michel are walking down the street]

MICHEL: So, I looked up what Bruce said about baby talk and she was right. You should never talk baby talk to a baby.

LORELAI: That's sad.

MICHEL: Yeah. So I've been calling all my friends and relatives with babies to tell them to immediately stop talking to them.

LORELAI: You mean, stop talking baby talk?

MICHEL: No, it's better that they just stop altogether.

LORELAI: Ittle-bitty Michel.

MICHEL: Now, stop that.

LORELAI: Well, I like talking baby talk and I can't do it to babies, so I need an outlet. And you're my outwet - wittle Michel with the happy hair.

MICHEL: Goodbye.

LORELAI: You no wanna eat? Aw, look at him walking. Big boy walkie. Ooh.

[Lorelai walks into Luke's Diner and sees Nicole sitting at the counter]

LORELAI: Nicole!

NICOLE: Hi, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Well, I'll be. Look at you there.

NICOLE: It's nice to see you.

LORELAI: Yeah. Does Luke know you're here?

NICOLE: Yeah, he's just in the back. Do you want him?

LORELAI: No, I don't want him, I don't want him. I was just coming in for a bite with a friend and. . .not my imaginary friend. My friend Michel was with me, but he doesn't eat normal food like this, so he's not coming in, so. . . you good?

NICOLE: Very good. And you?

LORELAI: Very good, too. I'm just still living here in Stars Hollow, and, um, Rory's going to Yale.

NICOLE: I knew that.

LORELAI: Of course. Well, naturally, you would be all filled in 'cause Luke's talking to you regularly, and. . .

NICOLE: Mmhmm.

LORELAI: So, um. . .I met a bunch of lawyers from your firm.

NICOLE: Really?

LORELAI: I did, yes, because, well, I'm - they were coming in to see Luke, and I'm in here a lot, so. . .

NICOLE: Right. Yeah, they're good guys.

LORELAI: Really good guys. They like you a lot.

NICOLE: They're the partners at my firm.

LORELAI: Well, so they have to like you. So, is Luke coming out, or. . .

NICOLE: He should be.

LORELAI: You know, I'm not hungry.

NICOLE: No?

LORELAI: I just remembered, I just ate.

NICOLE: Oh.

LORELAI: So. . .but it's really good to see you.

NICOLE: Same here.

LORELAI: Really good.

NICOLE: Uh huh.

LORELAI: Okay. So. . . [leaves]

CUT TO YALE

[Rory is walking toward her dorm]

RORY: [answers cell phone] Hello?

LANE: Oh, thank God.

RORY: Lane?

LANE: I just had the biggest fight with Dave that we've ever had ever, and it's all my mother's fault.

RORY: Your mother? Why?

LANE: Get this - earlier today, my mom asked me to wrap something that she wants to send to Dave.

RORY: Is it his birthday?

LANE: No, this was something else altogether. You holding onto your hat?

RORY: I'm not wearing one, but I can pretend to be.

LANE: It's the jug.

RORY: What jug?

LANE: The jug. The big jug. The monumental jug.

RORY: What jug?

LANE: Remember when I was a kid, my mother showed me the special jug that's been passed down in my family for years and years in a long-standing Kim tradition that she is personally going to present to the boy I'm going to wed?

RORY: Oh, my God. The marriage jug?

LANE: The marriage jug.

RORY: She's sending Dave the marriage jug? What does that mean?

LANE: I'm guessing it means she's reserving a hall and ordering that "Stations of the Cross" ice sculpture.

RORY: Whoa, this is serious.

LANE: No kidding.

RORY: I had forgotten all about it.

LANE: I didn't. It's been sitting on that shelf all my life, and I kind of liked that it was there. It was a nice thing, a nice tradition. I had pleasant associations with it, and now I want to break it into a million pieces.

RORY: What inspired her?

LANE: Who knows?

RORY: Have you been sending out a vibe or something?

LANE: A vibe, no. What kind of vibe?

RORY: Like a marriage vibe.

LANE: I don't know what that is. I mean, maybe. I love Dave. If you love a boy, do you automatically send out a marriage vibe?

RORY: I don't think so.

LANE: I feel weird just saying that.

RORY: Well, wait, why did you and Dave get into a big fight?

LANE: Well, I didn't send him the jug, but I had to give him a heads-up in case he called here innocently and my mom said something to him like, "You rent that tux yet?" So I did, and he was really mean about it. He was very against getting the jug.

RORY: You thought he'd be all for it?

LANE: No, but he was way too down on the idea.

RORY: Lane, he's eighteen. He just started college.

LANE: I know.

RORY: Jug or no jug, he's not ready to get married.

LANE: I know.

RORY: And neither are you.

LANE: I know. Someday maybe.

RORY: Yes, someday, but not now.

LANE: Great. Now we're about to get into a fight?

RORY: No, we're not. There have just been enough young people marrying in my life. I don't want any more.

LANE: Okay.

RORY: What are you gonna do?

LANE: I don't know. She's going to expect a call or note from him, thanking his soon-to-be mother-in-law or else she'll be offended.

RORY: Probably.

LANE: I guess I've got to talk to her about it.

RORY: I don't see any other way.

[Rory arrives at her suite door, which says "Die Jerk" on it]

RORY: Whoa.

LANE: What?

RORY: Someone wrote something on our door - "Die Jerk."

LANE: It says "Die Jerk"?

RORY: It's not coming off.

LANE: Wow. Cool things like that never happen at adventist school.

[Paris opens the suite door]

PARIS: Rory.

RORY: Someone wrote "Die Jerk" on our door.

PARIS: I know. I thought maybe the person who did it was back to make good on the promise.

RORY: Who did this?

PARIS: I don't know, but we've got to find out and strike back hard. Come on, we're assembling inside.

RORY: Lane, I gotta go. We're assembling. Sorry about the jug.

LANE: It's okay. Keep me posted.

RORY: Yeah, you, too. Bye.

PARIS: [to student walking by] What's your business here?

[Rory and Paris walk into the common room]

RORY: Fun stuff, huh, guys?

JANET: Yeah, it's ridiculous.

TANNA: I may have been here when it happened.

JANET: And you heard nothing?

TANNA: No.

PARIS: Way to have that radar up.

RORY: Let's not make each other feel bad.

PARIS: Hey, hug a dolphin another day, all right? We need to rev up the gunships and retaliate before the next strike. We gotta go full-out Sharon.

RORY: Whoa, whoa, whoa.

TANNA: There's gonna be another strike?

PARIS: You wanna wait to find out? Now, first, we should each make a list of the people we've made enemies of, starting with most recent and working our way back.

TANNA: Can't we just let this go?

JANET: It may just be a joke.

PARIS: I'm not laughing. Anyone here laughing?

TANNA: I guess it is vandalism.

PARIS: It's more than that. This is an as*ault that should be met head-on using extreme prejudice. Now let's face it, I'm the most likely target, so I've already made up a list of enemies, which I've narrowed down from twenty-six to five.

JANET: Just at Yale?

PARIS: Just in this building.

TANNA: Maybe we should move.

PARIS: Retreat? I think not.

JANET: There's a girl on my volleyball team who's livid at me. I kissed her boyfriend.

TANNA: I'm exceedingly dull.

PARIS: Keep her close.

TANNA: What about you?

RORY: Me?

JANET: Made anyone mad lately?

PARIS: Oh, please, that would be like Dorothy pissing off the Tin Man. It's impossible.

TANNA: I'm not leaving my room.

JANET: I'll keep you posted on my person.

PARIS: And my five are already taken care of.

TANNA: They're taken care of?

PARIS: I got my East Side 860 partners on it. Now let's move.

RORY: Wanna watch tv?

TANNA: Something light.

RORY: I'm with you.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Hi, Luke.

LUKE: Hi. Take a seat anywhere.

LORELAI: Very hungry.

LUKE: Yeah, well, you're in the right place.

LORELAI: Twice.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: I've come here twice. This is my second trip today.

LUKE: Oh, right, yeah. Well, you didn't eat.

LORELAI: Oh, you knew I was here?

LUKE: Uh, why didn't you stay?

LORELAI: I wasn't that hungry.

LUKE: Oh.

LORELAI: So, what's new?

LUKE: Uh, got some new coffee pots.

LORELAI: Anything else?

LUKE: New filters.

LORELAI: Anything else?

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: Anything else?

LUKE: Other than "no", no.

LORELAI: Nicole, Luke. Nicole was here. She's the one who told you that I was here and didn't stay. She's new. Nothing new.

LUKE: Well, you saw her, so it's not new.

LORELAI: Oh, it's so new. What's going on there?

LUKE: Well, we're kind of seeing each other again.

LORELAI: Thank you, and. . .boy!

LUKE: It's not heavy-duty.

LORELAI: So you're not getting divorced?

LUKE: Yeah, we put it on hold.

LORELAI: Put the divorce on hold?

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Can you do that?

LUKE: I don't know. It's all new to me.

LORELAI: So, um, is she moving in with you?

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: What, no? You're husband and wife. It's not a crazy question.

LUKE: No, we're man and woman. We're just seeing each other as if we're not husband and wife.

LORELAI: Oh, well, the state of Connecticut sees it differently, you know. To the state, you're sharing a toothbrush holder and deciding together whether there's enough in the dishwasher to justify running it.

LUKE: Hopefully, the state will stay out of my way.

LORELAI: Now, what about taxes?

LUKE: What about them?

LORELAI: Well, you file single, jointly? I mean, what do you do?

LUKE: That's not for months.

LORELAI: You can't put it off.

LUKE: I'm not doing my taxes right now.

LORELAI: Capone?

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: They got him for tax evasion.

LUKE: I don't plan on evading my taxes. Look, why are you pressing this?

LORELAI: Because it's weird.

LUKE: You think it's weird?

LORELAI: Yes. I am a cross section of the community, and if I think it's weird, then Rory thinks it's weird, and if Rory thinks that, then Miss Patty thinks that, and so on and so on.

LUKE: We're just not dealing with it right now. We're just letting things happen as they happen. We're going with the flow.

LORELAI: You're going with the flow?

LUKE: We're going with the flow.

LORELAI: Oh, that's so strum your sitar, dig the Maharishi, pass the ousley, summer of love, flower power, hippie-dippie, I can't stand it.

LUKE: You don't have to.

LORELAI: I hope you're not expecting a wedding present, 'cause I'm just putting it on hold 'til this whole thing clears up.

LUKE: Fine.

LORELAI: It's a good present.

LUKE: You haven't gotten it yet.

LORELAI: It would have been a good present.

LUKE: Look, what is it? You don't like Nicole?

LORELAI: I like Nicole. She's very nice. I don't think she likes me.

LUKE: She likes you fine, and, yes, she is very nice, and I missed her and she missed me and so we're dating again, putting off the hassle of getting a stupid divorce. Avoiding that hassle is the nice fringe benefit of getting back together again.

LORELAI: Aha, the hassle. Now we're getting down to it. If the divorce wasn't a hassle, would you still have gotten back together with her?

LUKE: I don't want to talk about this anymore.

LORELAI: Is that why we're still friends - because it would be too big a hassle for you to tell me you don't want to be friends anymore?

LUKE: What do you want to eat?

LORELAI: Eating's a hassle. I'll just starve.

LUKE: Fine.

LORELAI: And I'll starve right here because it would be too big a hassle to get up and leave.

LUKE: I'll work around you.

LORELAI: And hey, if it's too big a hassle to get rid of my body after I die of starvation, just leave it here to decompose all nice and quiet - no hassle.

LUKE: Good.

LORELAI: See ya.

LUKE: Wow, she's moving.

LORELAI: Well, I was kind of kidding about the decomposing here.

LUKE: But you still haven't eaten.

LORELAI: I'm not hungry, again.

LUKE: Fine, see ya.

LORELAI: And I liked the old coffee pots. The new ones look stupid. [leaves]
CUT TO YALE DINING HALL

[Rory is getting some food when a student walks up to her]

GUY: Hey, someone was looking for you.

RORY: Oh, who?

GUY: It's probably better that they don't find you. [leaves]

[As Rory starts to walk to a table, another student walks up to her]

GIRL: You are very brave.

RORY: What?

GIRL: If you hear the rustle of tulle coming up behind you, run.

[Rory sits down at a table. A student walks over to her angrily]

SANDRA: Rory Gilmore?

RORY: Yeah?

SANDRA: Remember me?

RORY: I don't think so.

SANDRA: That's very flattering.

RORY: Can I help you?

SANDRA: Let's see if this jogs your memory. I have the grace of a drunken dock worker?

RORY: Oh.

SANDRA: Remember me now?

RORY: The ballerina from the ballet.

SANDRA: That's right.

RORY: Your outfits are made of tulle, aren't they?

SANDRA: You're a jerk!

RORY: I know. You wrote that on my door.

SANDRA: You're lucky that's all I did!

RORY: Should we go somewhere else?

SANDRA: Your review was mean and petty and despicable!

RORY: Look, Sandra - that's your name, right? Sandra? This was all in the line of duty. It was an assignment from my editor, so it was nothing personal, okay?

SANDRA: You called me a hippo!

RORY: No, I compared you to a hippo, that's not calling you a hippo. And it was a humorous comparison. I was trying to -

SANDRA: To destroy me and my company!

RORY: No, and think about it - I bet that more than likely, very few people will even read the review, and most people aren't even interested in ballet in the first place. It's unfortunate and awful and I hate it, but what can you do? It's Avril Lavigne's world, and we're just living in it. Plus, most people left before the end, and I stuck it out. That's something.

SANDRA: I'm curious. How much ballet experience do you have? You must have a lot since you write about it with such authority.

RORY: Well, none to speak of. I had a few years of beginners' class and I stunk.

SANDRA: Anybody write about it in the paper?

RORY: No. Good point.

SANDRA: I've been dancing three hours a day, seven days a week for fourteen years. I've done two summer sessions with the Miami ballet, and I'm on the waiting list at Juilliard, and now your review is out there for everyone to see!

RORY: Look, I -

SANDRA: You're a jerk! I just wanted to come tell you that to your face! You're a jerk, and I hope you die! Bye, jerk. Die, jerk. [leaves]

PARIS: The door thing was about you?

RORY: Apparently.

PARIS: [on cell phone] The strike is off. Stand down. I repeat, stand down.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[The doorbell rings. Emily and the maid answer the door]

LORELAI: Hi, Mom.

EMILY: Come in, come in.

LORELAI: Ooh, you look tenser than usual. What's wrong?

EMILY: Oh, it's your father. I wanted him to go upstairs and clean up, but I can't pry him away from that partner of his.

LORELAI: Hm. Digger's here?

EMILY: They're in the study doing something computery. When did we suddenly become so dependent on computers?

[Richard and Jason walk out of the study]

EMILY: Finally.

RICHARD: Now how far can I go, Jason?

JASON: Uh, as far as you want. It should work anywhere.

RICHARD: Ah, fantastic.

EMILY: Richard, our company's here.

RICHARD: We have company?

LORELAI: Oh, actually, it's just me.

RICHARD: Oh, well, I suppose you're company. Say, are you and Rory wireless?

LORELAI: Oh, no, we're pretty wired most of the time.

EMILY: Why are you carrying that?

RICHARD: We're testing it. Jason here has just helped me hook up a wireless network for the house. Wi-Fi, it's called.

LORELAI: Oh, neat.

EMILY: Is that necessary? Oh, Lorelai, this is Jason Stiles.

JASON: We've met.

EMILY: Really?

RICHARD: Emily, they knew each other as kids. You knew that.

EMILY: Oh, that's right.

JASON: Great to see you again.

LORELAI: Oh, same here.

RICHARD: Look at this! I'm walking around, and I'm still on the internet. Emily, I'm going to google you.

EMILY: You are certainly not going to google me!

JASON: It's a search engine, Emily. He's just gonna find you out in cyberspace.

EMILY: This sounds absurd.

RICHARD: Nah, can't use a laptop here, Jason. The signal doesn't reach.

EMILY: When do you plan to use it in the dark corner by the staircase, Richard?

RICHARD: Well, you never know.

EMILY: I don't like the idea of your using it anywhere but your study.

RICHARD: I'm just testing it!

LORELAI: They're always fighting over toys, these two.

RICHARD: [walks onto the back patio] It's crystal clear out here.

EMILY: Richard, it's freezing outside!

RICHARD: I won't be a minute.

EMILY: Ridiculous. I have to go check on dinner. Excuse me. [leaves]

LORELAI: So, um, how have you been these past twenty-five years?

JASON: Good. Hey, moved out of my parents' house.

LORELAI: Rad.

JASON: Love the freedom.

LORELAI: Well, you don't have to hide the bong anymore.

JASON: Hey, did you get any flowers lately?

LORELAI: Uh, several times. Apparently, I have a secret admirer.

JASON: I signed all the cards "Jason."

LORELAI: I thought it was Jason Priestley.

JASON: You're disappointed.

LORELAI: No, I just wish I hadn't slept with Jason Priestley.

JASON: How's the new inn?

LORELAI: Coming along. Uh, we're gonna have horses.

JASON: Talking horses?

LORELAI: No, just the regular ones.

JASON: We could get married there.

LORELAI: Where?

JASON: The inn, on horseback.

LORELAI: Oh. So, you unwired my father, huh?

JASON: Per Richard's request. He wanted it.

LORELAI: Emily doesn't.

JASON: I cannot win with her.

LORELAI: You're getting the triple freeze from her. It's nice. Takes the onus off her daughter.

JASON: But the more she hates me, the more likely it is that you will go out with me.

LORELAI: That's not necessarily the case.

JASON: Good, because I gotta make some serious progress with her.

LORELAI: Good luck with that.

JASON: Maybe I should get her to invite me to dinner.

LORELAI: Ha!

JASON: Hey.

LORELAI: I'm sorry. As if you control these things.

JASON: Well, I'm not God, but I have influence.

LORELAI: No way is she inviting you to dinner.

JASON: Would you have a problem with me staying for dinner?

LORELAI: No. You won't stay because you won't be invited.

JASON: I will.

LORELAI: Let's see it.

[Rory enters the house]

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Hi, hon. Jason, this is my daughter, Rory. Rory, Jason.

RORY: Right, Scooper.

LORELAI: Digger.

RORY: Sorry. Digger.

JASON: It's nice to meet you. And I don't really go by Digger anymore.

LORELAI: What is it, P. Digger now?

RORY: I'll just call you Jason.

JASON: You're a very kind young lady.

RICHARD: Oh, dear. Jason, I just hit F12, and everything's going to hell.

JASON: Easily fixed. [walks away]

LORELAI: Hey. How are things?

RORY: Surreal - on a whole new level of surreal.

LORELAI: What happened?

RORY: I was harangued by an incensed ballerina.

LORELAI: That is Salvador Dali surreal. What ballerina?

RORY: From the ballet we went to - the one I wrote about. This girl marched up to me in the dining hall and busted me on the bad review I gave her.

LORELAI: Uh, wait a second. Are people allowed to do that, yell at the reviewer?

RORY: I frown on it. I mean, it's upsetting and ridiculous. I'll probably laugh at it someday, but not today.

LORELAI: What did you write?

RORY: Well, I brought it for you to read. Tell me what you think because my picky editor loved it. I mean, loved it.

LORELAI: Sure, sure. This is very weird.

RORY: Very read.

[Lorelai starts to read the article]

LORELAI: Whoa.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Well, you really hated this ballet.

RORY: Well, we both really hated it. Remember?

LORELAI: Yeah, I do. Jeez.

RORY: Oh, now, come on.

LORELAI: Well, this is just so harsh.

RORY: Again, you were there.

LORELAI: I know, but there's something about seeing it in print. People don't write as mean as they talk, except you.

RORY: I wrote what I felt.

LORELAI: "The roll around the bra strap"?

RORY: That was your line!

LORELAI: It was? I'm awful.

RORY: And it's not even critical of the ballerina's skills. It's critical of the costumer's skills.

LORELAI: I know, but it sounds like she couldn't fit into a standard leotard.

RORY: She couldn't! But again, the costumer should have put her in a larger leotard.

LORELAI: Do I see the word "hippo" coming up?

RORY: Give me the paper.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, it's just so specific.

RORY: It's what I saw, so I wrote it. That's what the editor told me to do.

LORELAI: Well, then you did the right thing.

RORY: I was too harsh.

LORELAI: You said yourself, you were supposed to be.

[Emily walks into the room]

EMILY: Rory, you're here. Good.

RORY: Hi, Grandma.

EMILY: Don't tell me Richard's still traipsing around with that thing. Richard, please come inside and close the door.

RICHARD: Coming, coming.

[Richard and Jason walk in]

EMILY: Oh, Jason, you're still here.

JASON: Oh, I wouldn't leave without saying goodbye to you, Emily.

RORY: Whatcha got there, Grandpa?

RICHARD: A laptop. The Gilmore house is now wireless.

RORY: Cool.

EMILY: And the laptop is now going back in its case because dinner is ready.

JASON: I'll be taking off everybody. I've got a cheeseburger waiting for me.

EMILY: Goodbye, Jason.

RICHARD: A cheeseburger? That's not a proper meal.

JASON: Oh, please, Richard, it's my favorite meal. I've had one for dinner three times this week.

RICHARD: Oh, you're joking.

EMILY: With the right bread and meat, a cheeseburger can make a fine meal.

JASON: Thank you, Emily.

RICHARD: You're defending cheeseburgers, Emily? When was the last time you had one?

JASON: This isn't just any cheeseburger, Richard. There's this stand that makes them special for me.

RICHARD: A stand?

EMILY: I hear those can be very good.

RICHARD: Emily, are we going to send this young bachelor out for fast food?

JASON: Oh, no, no, I couldn't stay. I'd be putting you out.

RICHARD: Nonsense.

EMILY: I'm not sure we have enough.

RICHARD: We always have enough.

JASON: Oh, no, no, no, no, no, I wouldn't hear of it.

RICHARD: Emily, my business partner is going to be standing outside eating a cheeseburger.

EMILY: Jason, would you like to join us for dinner?

JASON: The cheeseburger will just have to wait.

EMILY: I'll tell the cook.

RICHARD: Cheeseburger.

CUT TO THE DINING ROOM

[Richard, Emily, Lorelai, Rory, and Jason are eating dinner]

JASON: This food is incredible.

RORY: Yeah. It's my first lobster thermidor.

JASON: Your recipe?

EMILY: No.

LORELAI: Hey, can you thermidor other foods? You know, fish thermidor, uh, Spam thermidor, enchiladas thermidor?

EMILY: I don't think so. Cora, since we're five instead of four, Richard and I will ration if we have to.

RICHARD: Oh, I don't think rationing will be necessary, Emily.

LORELAI: Yeah, Mom, you can just pick off my plate.

RICHARD: You've forgotten all about that burger, I hope.

JASON: After the first mouthful.

RICHARD: Good.

JASON: You know, Richard, having a computer at home with a high-speed internet access is gonna free up your time enormously.

RICHARD: Oh, I should say so.

EMILY: How?

JASON: How is it gonna free up his time?

EMILY: Yes.

JASON: Well, he'll be using email more, which means fewer phone calls with chitchat that you have to get through before you get down to business. That's what eats up most of the time.

EMILY: Email seems very cold to me.

JASON: But fast.

EMILY: Fast isn't always better.

JASON: A good point and very true.

RICHARD: Oh, Jason was saying that you'll get use out of this system, too, Emily.

EMILY: Me? How?

JASON: The internet. Have you checked it out?

EMILY: I'd have no use for it.

LORELAI: I wouldn't dismiss it so fast, Mom. The internet is more than just good porn now.

RORY: Yeah, I'm on it constantly.

EMILY: What do you use it for?

RORY: Research like for when I can't get to the library.

LORELAI: And for shopping.

RORY: Yeah, shopping.

LORELAI: A lot of shopping.

EMILY: Shopping?

LORELAI: Yeah, the stores you normally have to go to, they're on the internet now.

EMILY: But going to a nice store is half the fun of shopping. I like being greeted at the door and the bustle of people and the shoes and clothes all lined up nice and pretty.

LORELAI: That's true.

RORY: Yeah, we like that, too.

EMILY: Having someone help you pick out the right thing or help you exchange it if it's not right. With the internet, what do you do? Mail it back?

LORELAI: We usually just forget.

RORY: Yeah.

EMILY: So you're just out the money?

RORY: Pretty much.

EMILY: I don't get it.

LORELAI: I don't get it anymore either.

RORY: We should go to real stores more often.

JASON: But the internet is really good.

RICHARD: So, which camp was it where you two met?

LORELAI: Hm, it had a funny name and canoes.

JASON: They all have funny names and canoes. Was it Camp Waziata?

LORELAI: Doesn't sound familiar. Which one asked me to leave?

RORY: You got kicked out of camp?

LORELAI: I tried to liberate the horses.

JASON: Camp Chataguay. That's where we met.

LORELAI: That's the one.

JASON: I enjoyed camp. I made some good friends. I met your father at that camp.

RORY: Dad, really?

JASON: We bunked together for a summer. Incredible athlete and a good guy - a really good guy.

LORELAI: He hated you.

JASON: What?

LORELAI: With a passion.

JASON: No, I don't remember that.

LORELAI: I'm pretty sure. Didn't he try to dunk your head in a toilet bowl after you heckled him during some campfire talent show?

JASON: No, I don't. . .oh, my God, I've been repressing that!

RICHARD: Oh, that doesn't sound like Christopher.

JASON: No, it's okay, Richard. I'm positive I deserved it.

EMILY: Rory, I've been meaning to mention to you, we read that wonderful review you wrote on the ballet. It was excellent.

RICHARD: Oh-ho-ho-ho, you eviscerated that girl.

RORY: I actually didn't mean to eviscerate her. I was just trying to be honest.

RICHARD: Well, you honestly sliced her open and ripped out her guts.

EMILY: Your pen was your knife.

RORY: Right.

RICHARD: I especially liked the reference to the hippo.

RORY: That seems to be the most memorable for people.

EMILY: And the bra strap.

RICHARD: I should give you a copy of it to read, Jason. It's terrific.

JASON: It sounds interesting.

RORY: I just wrote what I thought.

EMILY: And the line about regretting how evolution had led man to stand on two feet because it led to this night.

LORELAI: [laughs] Sorry. I hadn't read that far.

EMILY: Why are you apologizing? It is funny.

LORELAI: Well, the ballerina in question had kind of a negative reaction to the whole thing.

EMILY: So what?

RICHARD: Well, yes, don't feel badly about this, Rory. Sometimes people don't know at a young age that they're not good at doing something. Now that poor girl can go to business school.

RORY: She's actually not as bad as she sounds.

RICHARD: It's rare to read a truthful review.

EMILY: I was going to go see that ballet, and now I don't have to. Thank you.

RORY: You're welcome, I guess.

RICHARD: We were just burned by a dishonest review in the Courant.

EMILY: That French restaurant.

RICHARD: They must have had the reviewer in their pocket. The man raved about this place, and it was abominable.

EMILY: The food was inedible. And the service - I had to snap my fingers to get our waiter's attention.

JASON: You know, Emily, as a woman of taste, I could use your recommendation of restaurants in the area. I've been away so long, I'm just woefully out of touch.

EMILY: Oh, I'm no more an expert than the next person.

JASON: You're being humble.

LORELAI: Yeah, Mom, cough it up. You've been everywhere.

RICHARD: Multiple times.

EMILY: Well, I guess if you're looking for a place for a business lunch, you can't do better than Portofino's. They give you attentive service without rushing you, and it's wonderful Italian food.

JASON: Well, you can't beat Italian. I mean, is there anyone here who doesn't love Italian?

RORY: Not me.

LORELAI: Or me.

JASON: Good to know. Anything else, Emily?

EMILY: You need more?

JASON: Please. I'm a desperate man.

RICHARD: Well, don't be shy, Emily. You're a walking Zagat guide.

EMILY: Well, there's always Lil's for steak.

JASON: Steak's always good. I'm good with that any time.

LORELAI: I love steak.

JASON: Really? So steak is good. How about ethnic food? Indian? Thai?

EMILY: I personally detest Thai food.

LORELAI: Me, too. Chinese is good.

RICHARD: As long as it's authentic.

JASON: So cross Thai off the list.

LORELAI: I would.

EMILY: Same here.

JASON: How about something with a more romantic atmosphere?

EMILY: Why would you need a romantic atmosphere for business?

LORELAI: Yeah, why?

RICHARD: I'd like to know myself.

JASON: A client might want a recommendation for him and his wife, and I would like to be prepared.

RICHARD: My partner.

EMILY: That would be Mill on the River.

RICHARD: Oh, yes. Very dark, very atmospheric.

JASON: Sounds nice.

LORELAI: Very.

JASON: Good, we've made progress here, but I'm monopolizing the conversation.

EMILY: Oh, that's okay.

JASON: Can I call you later to continue this?

EMILY: Absolutely. Call me sometime next week.

JASON: I'll be sure to do that.

CUT TO YALE NEWSPAPER OFFICE

[Rory follows Doyle into the office]

DOYLE: You want to re-review the ballet?

RORY: Yes, I do, Doyle, because I have a brand-new perspective on it and on dance. I was ignorant before, so this would be a whole new piece.

DOYLE: We don't re-review things.

RORY: Well, there's a first time for everything, and I could even buy my own ticket if that's a problem.

DOYLE: But it closed early because of your review.

RORY: I did not know that. But it's not a problem. I'll just redo the one I already did. That ballet is seared in there, so I could just replay it in my head.

DOYLE: But your review was great. People are still talking about it. That's pretty rare.

RORY: Okay, okay. Well, what about just a general-interest article on the lead ballerina?

DOYLE: Is she the hippo?

RORY: No. No. She is an accomplished dancer and her life is quite fascinating. Did you know that she studied dance for fourteen years and has performed in Miami? Miami - that's pretty big. Miami.

DOYLE: It's boring.

RORY: Well, she almost got into Juilliard.

DOYLE: That's not interesting either.

RORY: Well, no, but these are simply background facts of a fascinating personal journey. A personal journey of an artist struggling against the indifference of an indifferent society, just dancing as fast as she can. Well, it's "8 Mile" meets "Fame."

DOYLE: I know what's going on here.

RORY: What?

DOYLE: You're feeling bad about the effect your article had on the people in the ballet.

RORY: No, that's not it.

DOYLE: We heard about the dining-hall confrontation.

RORY: That was not really a confrontation. We were just chatting.

DOYLE: It goes with the territory. When I was your age, I reviewed a clog-dancing team that was really bad. I mean, even compared to other clog dancers. I was merciless.

RORY: But - but if I can't re-review it, then can I just print the things that I meant to put in and didn't have time to?

DOYLE: Hurting people's feelings is what we do.

RORY: But when I become a real journalist, the people in my reviews aren't gonna live in my building.

DOYLE: Doesn't matter. When you write for the Yale Daily News, you are a real journalist.

RORY: I didn't mean -

DOYLE: And if you can't handle it, you should leave the paper.

RORY: I don't want to leave the paper.

DOYLE: Good. Here. Your next assignment.

RORY: Thanks.

DOYLE: Knock 'em dead.

CUT TO KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Mrs. Kim is making dinner when Lane carries a box into the kitchen]

MRS. KIM: Dinner is going to be a little late tonight. My gluten patties caught fire, so we're switching to spaghetti and wheat balls.

LANE: Mama, can we talk about something?

MRS. KIM: What's that?

LANE: It's the jug for Dave.

MRS. KIM: I gave that to you days ago. Why haven't you sent it?

LANE: I can't send it, Mama.

MRS. KIM: What do you mean you can't? Of course you can. I showed you how to tape the bubble wrap.

LANE: No, I mean, I can't!

MRS. KIM: What is wrong with you?

LANE: Mama, please listen.

MRS. KIM: All right.

LANE: This is important, and I want to be clear, and I want to say it right, but it's hard.

MRS. KIM: I'm listening.

LANE: Dave is my first boyfriend, and he's important to me - very important.

MRS. KIM: I know that.

LANE: And his being in California like this, it's been hard, and it's even caused some problems. But

in other ways, I think it's brought us closer.

MRS. KIM: Yes?

LANE: But I'm still in school and he's still in school, and while I respect you and I respect the jug and all that the jug represents - all the bright hopes and all the tradition - I cannot give Dave the jug. Not now. Maybe one day, but not now.

MRS. KIM: Okay.

LANE: What are you doing?

MRS. KIM: What do you mean?

LANE: You're putting it with all the clearance items?

MRS. KIM: So?

LANE: You're selling my marriage jug?

MRS. KIM: Your what?

LANE: My marriage jug.

MRS. KIM: What's that?

LANE: The jug you kept to give to the boy I'm going to marry.

MRS. KIM: What are you talking about?

LANE: You told me when I was like six that this was my special marriage jug that you were gonna keep on a special high shelf for the boy I'm going to marry.

MRS. KIM: This thing?

LANE: Yes.

MRS. KIM: It's just a jug.

LANE: What?

MRS. KIM: I probably told you that to make you stop crying. You always cried when you were little. Gave me a headache.

LANE: It's just a jug?

MRS. KIM: I've got tons of them. They're hard to move.

LANE: But -

MRS. KIM: We could make it a marriage jug, whatever that is.

LANE: No, no, never mind. It doesn't matter.

MRS. KIM: I'll send something else to Dave.

LANE: Good.

MRS. KIM: Oh! My wheat balls!

CUT TO YALE THEATER

[Rory walks in talking on her cell phone]

RORY: So, why can't you show your face at Luke's?

LORELAI: It's just for a while. Hey, where are you?

RORY: The theater. That's why I'm talking softly. I'm reviewing some music thing. So, now, why can't you go to Luke's?

LORELAI: I got into an argument with Luke about Nicole.

RORY: Nicole?

LORELAI: They're back together. I didn't know that. I walk into Luke's and there she is.

RORY: And he hadn't told you?

LORELAI: No, and I was the very picture of awkwardness, and basically, I just fled. And when I saw Luke later, we got into a fight about it, and I told him his coffee pots were stupid.

RORY: So it was very sophisticated.

LORELAI: He is so guarded, so uncooperative.

RORY: You know, you should probably get over your problem with Luke being uncooperative.

LORELAI: Well, I don't want there to be weirdness between me and Nicole if she's back in our lives. I mean, Luke has gotta get it through his thick skull that whoever is in his life is in my life, too.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: That's not a little stalkery?

LORELAI: No. We are a small, close-knit community.

RORY: So, you're gonna tell Luke about Jason?

LORELAI: What about him?

RORY: Well, there's something happening there.

LORELAI: Not really.

RORY: There was a palpable vibe.

LORELAI: Palpable to everyone?

RORY: Just me. Grandma and Grandpa were oblivious.

LORELAI: Hey, would that be crazy?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: For us to go out together?

RORY: All three of us?

LORELAI: Jason and I.

RORY: A little.

LORELAI: Well, yeah, I haven't decided.

RORY: Well, I'm happy to report that there have been no more run-ins with the ballerina.

LORELAI: Good.

RORY: We're not destined to be buddies anytime soon, but sometimes you have to make an enemy.

LORELAI: When you have a job to do. . .

RORY: Then you have a job to do. It's starting, I gotta go.

LORELAI: Okay. Have fun.

RORY: I will.

THE END

Powered by phpBB® Forum Software © phpBB Limited

All times are UTC-05:00
Page **1** of **1**