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02x21 - Lorelai's Graduation Day

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02x21 - Lorelai's Graduation Day

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

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2.21 - Lorelai's Graduation Day

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directed by Jamie Babbit

OPEN IN STARS HOLLOW

[Lorelai and Rory are walking down the sidewalk]

RORY: Where is this place?

LORELAI: It's not too far.

RORY: You've been saying that for miles.

LORELAI: It has not been miles.

RORY: My feet are sore.

LORELAI: Hey, Tonto, when did you become older than me?

RORY: Just tell me what this new breakfast place is and then I'll be quiet.

LORELAI: It's an amazing new mystery place that I found and that's all I'm telling ya.

RORY: Just tell me if it's in this town or the next.

LORELAI: We don't patronize the next town.

RORY: Since when?

LORELAI: I don't know, didn't they feed lead to our jumping frog or something?

RORY: Oh yeah, right after they stoned the woman who won the lottery.

LORELAI: See, so the boycott's legit.

LANE: [runs up behind them] Hey, wait, stop!

LORELAI: Oh look, it's Michael Landon.

LANE: Oh my God, you guys walk fast. I've been chasing you for the past two blocks.

RORY: Hey, we were being followed.

LORELAI: I told you I wasn't just being paranoid. Maybe next time you'll take me seriously when I tell you furniture moved itself.

LANE: Where are you guys going?

RORY: Mystery breakfast.

LANE: Out of town?

LORELAI: Does no one remember the definition of the word mystery?

LANE: Sorry, I was just wondering if it's okay to practice on your pots and pans again this morning?

LORELAI: It's not like they have any other use.

LANE: Thanks. I've almost nailed the fill in the Ramble On. I just have to stop hitting my face with the sticks when I pull my arms back.

RORY: John Bonham had that same problem.

LORELAI: Key's in the turtle.

LANE: Enjoy your mystery breakfast. [walks away]

LORELAI: Come on, it's not much farther.

RORY: We're not heading toward any businesses of any kind. [Lorelai stops walking] What?

LORELAI: We have arrived.

RORY: Arrived where? [looks up] Aw, you are without shame.

CUT TO INSIDE SOOKIE'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Rory are sitting at the table as Sookie serves them breakfast]

RORY: Sookie, you do not have to do this.

SOOKIE: What do you mean? Feeding my girls, making them happy, I love doing this.

LORELAI: Yeah, so feel the love and pass the salt.

RORY: It makes me feel guilty.

LORELAI: Eating can help drown that.

SOOKIE: Yeah, yeah, eat, eat. I'm gonna eat.

RORY: Gee, can the help sit at the table too?

LORELAI: As long as they don't sing folk songs or tell bawdy stories. Hey, what's with Narcoleptic Nate over there?

[Jackson, who is leaning against the counter with his eyes closed, moans]

SOOKIE: He's not much of a morning person.

[Jackson moans]

LORELAI: Now say, 'I can't believe I ate the whole thing.'

SOOKIE: It takes him about an hour to become Jackson.

[Jackson moans]

LORELAI: Ooh, hey, I had a good idea for the wedding.

SOOKIE: Cool.

LORELAI: Instead of those little wrapped things with Jordan Almonds at every place setting, what if we wrap up a few aspirin?

SOOKIE: Aspirin?

LORELAI: For the morning after hangovers.

SOOKIE: That's funny.

LORELAI: 'Cause Jordan Almonds are so done. Huh, Jackson what do you think ' aspirin over almonds?

[Jackson moans.]

LORELAI: Can we take that as a yes?

SOOKIE: No. See, everything eventually registers. He'll chime in on this in a couple of days.

RORY: Days?

SOOKIE: Days.

LORELAI: Hey, is Jackson in the house? Let me here you say unh.

JACKSON: Unh.

LORELAI: A new toy.

RORY: Shameless.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is studying at the kitchen table as Rory walks out of her bedroom]

RORY: How's it going?

LORELAI: I hate these books, hate them.

RORY: Now now.

LORELAI: Agh! See that? They're trying to escape ' they hate me, too.

RORY: Your books don't hate you.

LORELAI: Ugh, Rory, my brain is full. It has reached capacity. It's Shea Stadium when the Beatles played. It's cramped and girls are screaming and I think

George is fighting with Ringo.

RORY: You have a very active head.

LORELAI: I simply cannot ingest anymore information.

RORY: So take a break.

LORELAI: I don't have time.

RORY: Close your eyes, clear your head.

LORELAI: No, because clearing my head just means that all the knowledge I have painstakingly stuffed in there will leak out. In order to make room for stuff, I lose stuff. It's a very vicious circle.

RORY: I'll make some coffee.

LORELAI: I hate finals.

RORY: Nobody likes finals.

LORELAI: Thank God I'm graduating and this is the last time I have to cram like this because my pursuit of higher education has led me to a very interesting discovery about myself. Do you wanna hear it?

RORY: Sure.

LORELAI: I despise academics. Yup, learning, knowledge, it's all worthless. I have no idea in what you see in any of it.

RORY: Learning is fun, plus for me there's that whole "I'm a minor so it's mandatory" thing.

LORELAI: That's what kills me ▯ this is self-inflicted. I'm a masochist. I might as well be carrying a switch and periodically lacerating myself with it.

RORY: That diploma hanging on the wall is going to make this all worthwhile, trust me.

LORELAI: I guess, unless I turn into John Nash and start drooling on people.

RORY: Hey, you're graduating.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: No, you're graduating ▯ there is gonna be a ceremony.

LORELAI: Oh, I don't know. It's community college.

RORY: Well, community colleges have ceremonies.

LORELAI: My community college doesn't even have a lawn, they won't necessarily have a ceremony

RORY: They must. Did you ask?

LORELAI: No. Well, now that you mention it, I think someone said something about some cheesy ceremony for my business class.

RORY: When is it?

LORELAI: I don't know. . .next Thursday or something.

RORY: That's great, you have to do it.

LORELAI: I don't know.

RORY: You have to do it.

LORELAI: Really?

RORY: Yes. You've never been apart of an actual graduation ceremony.

LORELAI: I know. That's because my stupid conservative high school wouldn't let me be in the ceremony and nurse you at the same time.

RORY: Don't be gross.

LORELAI: Do you really think I should do it?

RORY: Yes! You've worked hard for this, you've earned it.

LORELAI: I guess.

RORY: Come on, you know that deep down you really want to do this.

LORELAI: Well, I'll admit, I've always wanted to wear one of those gowns.

RORY: And the hat?

LORELAI: For the tassel because you know my thing for fringe.

RORY: And they call out your name and people clap and you get your diploma.

LORELAI: Oh, and then you do that thing where you move the tassel from one side to the other □ very symbolic, very dramatic.

RORY: That's it, you're doing it.

LORELAI: All right, if you insist.

RORY: Okay, who do you wanna invite?

LORELAI: I don't know, you.

RORY: And?

LORELAI: That's cool with me.

RORY: Sookie and Jackson?

LORELAI: Aw, that'll be fun.

RORY: Okay. And Grandma and Grandpa?

LORELAI: Oh, no. No no no.

RORY: Come on, it's your graduation. They should be there.

LORELAI: Forget it.

RORY: But --

LORELAI: They won't want to be there.

RORY: Of course they will.

LORELAI: Rory, I was supposed to graduate from high school. Go to Vassar. Marry a Yale man and get myself a proper nickname like Babe or Bunny or Shih Tzu.

RORY: Yes but --

LORELAI: Instead, I got pregnant. I didn't finish high school, I didn't marry your father and I ended up in a career that apparently Jessica Hahn would think was beneath her.

RORY: That's not - .

LORELAI: I humiliated them. The two proudest people in the world and I humiliated them. I spoiled their plans. I took their fine upbringing in a world of comfort and opportunity and I threw it in their faces. I broke their hearts and they'll never forgive me. I guess I can't expect them to.

RORY: Maybe you're wrong about how they feel about all this. It was a long time ago.

LORELAI: Rory, I don't want them to go. It'll just hurt them. . .and me, okay?

RORY: Okay. You should get back to your studying.

LORELAI: Fine. Oh, great.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I think I've already forgotten everything I read in the last two hours.

RORY: No, you haven't.

LORELAI: Yes, I have. In fact, I may have forgotten everything that I've ever known. Child, what be your name?

RORY: Study.

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai, Rory, and Dean are walking through the center of town]

LORELAI: Just explain the concept one more time.

DEAN: And be mocked again? No, thank you.

RORY: Come on.

LORELAI: Yeah, maybe we're missing something.

DEAN: Okay, you go to a special sh**ting range □

RORY: A skeet sh**ting range.

DEAN: Right. There's two of you and the guy with the g*n yells "Pull!" and then the other guy releases a clay pigeon from a machine into the air and so you try to sh**t it.

LORELAI: No, I don't think we're missing anything.

DEAN: Yeah, I knew it.

RORY: You sh**t pigeons?

DEAN: Clay pigeons.

LORELAI: When you hit them, does blood come out?

DEAN: They're clay.

RORY: And why do you like to do this?

DEAN: I don't know. My dad shot skeet when he was my age and so he wants to pass the tradition down.

LORELAI: What if you accidentally hit a real pigeon?

RORY: Yeah, does that count?

DEAN: That's never happened.

LORELAI: What if a clay pigeon hits a real pigeon, does that count?

RORY: Yeah, does that count?

DEAN: I've only done this once.

LORELAI: Hey, if you get really good, do you move on to other animals like clay chickens and clay sheep?

DEAN: You know, we didn't go skeet sh**ting, I just made it all up.

LORELAI: [stops in front of the market] Oh, hey, I gotta go in here.

RORY: Oh, what do you need?

LORELAI: Just general stuff. You guys go and be in love.

RORY: I'll see you back at the house.

DEAN: Bye.

RORY: What if you sh**t the person who throws the pigeon up in the air? Would that count?

CUT TO INSIDE DOOSE'S MARKET

[Lorelai is shopping and runs into Luke.]

LUKE: Oh.

LORELAI: Dah.

LUKE: Sorry.

LORELAI: No, no, I should have signaled or honked or something, my fault.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: Well, um, I guess it was inevitable us running into each other. It's a very tiny community.

LUKE: Guess so.

LORELAI: How's the diner?

LUKE: It's still there.

LORELAI: Yes, I knew that. I'm able to empirically with my eyes, uh. . . Hey Luke, do you think we could □

LUKE: I gotta get back.

LORELAI: Okay, right, right.

CUT TO INSIDE THE ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[The doorbell rings]

EMILY: I'll get it.

[Emily opens the door]

RORY: Hi Grandma.

EMILY: Hello Rory.

RORY: Thanks for seeing me on such short notice.

EMILY: I'm thrilled to see you on no notice. So, tell me, what's this about? You were so mysterious on the phone.

RORY: I just wanted to talk to you about something in person.

EMILY: Well, come in, come in.

[Emily leads Rory to a lavishly set table.]

RORY: Wow.

EMILY: It's an English tea service. One the advantages of our having an English maid. That, and the fact that she speaks English.

RORY: You didn't have to do this.

EMILY: But it's tea time and I wanted to. . .oh no! Beatrice, I told you to doily line the plates!

RORY: You don't have to doily line the plates.

RICHARD: [calls from another room] Hello?

EMILY: We're in the dining room.

RICHARD: Oh, oh, Rory, you're already here.

RORY: You're out of breath.

RICHARD: I ran over from the office.

RORY: Oh, you didn't have to run.

RICHARD: Well, your grandmother said you had something to discuss with us. That certainly justifies a run.

EMILY: All right, everybody, sit, sit. Pour the tea, Beatrice.

RORY: Um, actually, Beatrice, could you hold off on pouring the tea for just a minute? Thank you very much. Grandma, Grandpa, I would like to propose an idea to you. Now, you can go for it or not, it's entirely up to you, but I would like for you to promise me that you will not get upset.

EMILY: We won't get upset.

RORY: And that you will try to keep an open mind.

EMILY: All right.

RORY: And that you will let me finish my presentation completely before you respond.

EMILY: [to Richard] She's been hanging around you far too much.

RICHARD: Rory, we accept your terms. Please proceed.

RORY: Thank you. First, let me start by saying that Mom doesn't know that I'm here. She'd probably be pretty mad if she knew that I was, but I feel that this is important. As you know, Mom's been going to business school at the community college out here for three years now.

EMILY: I believe she's mentioned it.

RORY: Well, she's doing very well and she's finishing up. Actually, she's graduating Thursday, and there's going to be a ceremony and I think it would mean a lot to her if you guys were there. It may not seem like it would, but it's true.

EMILY: Well, if it would mean so much to her then why didn't she invite us herself?

RORY: Because she didn't think you'd wanna go. And I get that, but I think it's a mistake. I had a school thing once, and I wasn't sure if Mom would want to go so I didn't invite her. It was my

kindergarten "Salute to Vegetables" pageant and I was broccoli and I did a tap dance with a guy that was playing beets and the entire number I was just thinking, "Mom's not here" and it was my fault that she wasn't there and, well, it was kind of a life lesson for me. Now, if the thought of going to Mom's graduation upsets you or makes you unhappy or uncomfortable in any way, then, please, don't go because this is an important night for Mom and if you go, you should go under the right circumstances. [pulls an envelope out of her backpack] Those are the tickets. It's Thursday, 7pm. It's indoors so weather's not an issue. You can use them or not, no hard feelings, do what you feel is best. And if you don't mind, I would really appreciate it if you would keep this conversation between the three of us. That's all I have to say, thanks very much for your patience. Now, I believe I have time for a scone before my bus leaves.

EMILY: Beatrice, the tea, please.

RORY: Emily, these look delicious. So, Richard, how was your day today?

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is sitting on the coffee table with a drink as Rory reads on the sofa]

LORELAI: I am feeling so good, sista, because it's over! No more finals, no more studying, no more school, the pressure's off. Do you know how much pressure I felt, do you? All last week I felt like a giant man and his brother were sitting on my chest.

RORY: A giant man?

LORELAI: And his giant brother.

RORY: Did they have names?

LORELAI: Clem and Clem. Huh, same names, which did not reflect well on the imagination of their mothers.

RORY: Mother.

LORELAI: Mothers. There were two Clems.

RORY: Yeah, 'cause they were brothers.

LORELAI: Yes, so they had mothers.

RORY: Okay, you're drawing me into your drunken world.

LORELAI: It's not a bad place to be, my friend. Mnh-mnh, t*nk's empty. [walks into the kitchen to get another drink]

RORY: Hey, what is this?

LORELAI: What?

RORY: This, uh, 'Life Plan' book thing.

LORELAI: A little gift for the grads from the happy people at Hartford Community College. Hey, how many margaritas is too many margaritas?

RORY: Um, if you can't remember where the living room is.

LORELAI: Ha ha, I'm still good. [walks back into living room]

RORY: Okay, here's an interesting question for you □ "Have you given any thought to how children will work into your future plans?"

LORELAI: Oh, well, uh, they're not gonna stand in my way, that's for sure. I mean, I plan to have some, of course, but I'm just gonna knock 'em out and, uh, have Nanny catch 'em and care for 'em, make sure Mick Jagger doesn't come anywhere near them and then just return them to me when they're twenty-one.

RORY: Well, what about me?

LORELAI: You are my favorite eldest child, you get to stay by my side.

RORY: Oh, I feel so privileged.

[Phone rings]

RORY: I'll get it.

LORELAI: Hey, now, if that's Mick Jagger, hang up and blow that whistle I gave you.

RORY: [answers phone] Hello?

JESS: Hi. [pause] Hello?

RORY: Hi.

JESS: Is this a bad time?

RORY: Um, no, just hold on a sec? [to Lorelai] Um, the music. . . uh, I'll be right back. [Rory takes the phone to her room and closes the door.] Hi.

JESS: You said that already.

RORY: I did. You're right, sorry.

JESS: So, what's up?

RORY: Nothing. What about you?

JESS: Same.

RORY: So, what have you been doing?

JESS: Nothin' much. Just hanging out. . . in the park, mostly.

RORY: Central Park?

JESS: Washington Square Park.

RORY: Oh.

JESS: It's cooler.

RORY: Yes.

JESS: It's where David Lee Roth got busted.

RORY: Right, right. I hope he's got it together now.

JESS: Sounds like you got a party going on there.

RORY: No, it's just me and my mom.

JESS: Right. Okay, well, I'm gonna go. This is long distance.

RORY: Yeah, it is long distance.

JESS: So, see ya.

RORY: Yeah, see ya.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[On Thursday morning, Rory is getting ready for school in the living room as Lorelai runs around upstairs.]

RORY: Mom?

LORELAI: Ahh!

RORY: What's wrong?

LORELAI: I'm experiencing frustration.

RORY: At the general state of things in the world or at something particular?

LORELAI: What do you wear to a graduation?

RORY: Cap and gown.

LORELAI: Duh, I mean underneath.

RORY: Whatever you want. The gown will cover it.

LORELAI: It's more complicated than that. I don't want to overdress so that I'm sweating if it's hot in the auditorium but if I don't have enough on and it's cold, then I'll freeze.

RORY: It is complicated, especially if you overthink it.

LORELAI: And now I need a helpful comment.

RORY: Take light layers. Wear your turquoise and tan dress that you just got that's cool and it'll look good without your gown on, and wear your turquoise vintagey sweater over it because it'll look great with the dress and it'll keep you warm if it's cold in the auditorium.

LORELAI: You are a fashion genius.

RORY: Well, you've taught me everything I know.

LORELAI: My brain's not working today.

RORY: You're excited, it's a big day.

LORELAI: What time are you getting there?

RORY: I have a bunch of newspaper stuff after school, but no later than six.

LORELAI: And then we'll go out to eat after?

RORY: Any place you want, and it's on me.

LORELAI: You don't have to do that.

RORY: You're the graduate. You get to be pampered.

LORELAI: Okay, then I would like to go to Chateau Jean Georges la Jean Georges in Paris.

RORY: I'll look it up in Zagats and book the Concorde. I gotta go.

LORELAI: Okay, I gotta get ready.

RORY: Wait, wait, I wanna see my little graduate one more time before the big event.

LORELAI: What do you think □ do I look ready to make my way in the world?

RORY: Yes, and if all else fails, you can marry rich.

LORELAI: I love that we always have that option.

RORY: Hey, what are you gonna do with your hair?

LORELAI: I got the curling iron warming up.

RORY: Mom, the cap! You put it on, its gonna --

BOTH: - smush the curls down.

LORELAI: You are a genius.

RORY: See you tonight

LORELAI: Hey, try to seat us next to a celebrity on the Concorde, like Sting or Screech or someone.

RORY: I'll try.

CUT TO FRONT OF CHILTON

[Rory is walking with Paris]

PARIS: So I told her, "Look missy--"

RORY: You called your advisor "Missy"?

PARIS: It was attitudinal. I said I'm not taking AP calculus from Henemen. I'm going with Branch. Branch is a graduate of MIT and Henemen went to Berkley. Berkley! I mean, he may have majored in math but what did he minor in? Bean sprouts? Forget it. And I'm telling my advisor all this, Mrs.

Schlosser, and I looked down in her trash can and there's this half-eaten banana in there. Nothing else. And I pictured her sitting in the shoe box of an office eating a banana all by herself and I almost felt sorry for her, but then she questioned my judgment about Berkley so I eviscerated her. I mean, she was welling up at the end, but she had the decency to hold it in until I was gone. I have enough faculty recommendations to run for student council, so I don't need her anyway. My locker's this way.

[As Paris walks toward the building, Rory turns and goes back out the gates.]

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

[Sookie carries a cake into the room as Lorelai sits at the counter with her eyes closed]

SOOKIE: Are they closed?

LORELAI: They're closed.

SOOKIE: Are you sure?

LORELAI: I'm sure.

SOOKIE: Okay, one second and open, open, open.

LORELAI: Aw, you made me a tassel hat cake!

SOOKIE: Filled with two pounds of crushed chocolate-covered espresso beans.

LORELAI: You're evil.

SOOKIE: And you're graduating.

LORELAI: Yes I am, aren't I?

SOOKIE: Here. Oh, hey, I brought those pictures you wanted to see of my high school graduation.

LORELAI: Hand them over, lady.

SOOKIE: Okay, but don't laugh.

LORELAI: I promise.

SOOKIE: I was younger then, not as refined.

LORELAI: Ha, and you're stoned.

SOOKIE: Totally.

LORELAI: I thought you hated that.

SOOKIE: It was peer pressure. At my school, if Gilbert Garcia offered you a toke, you took it or took off.

LORELAI: Well, I think Gilbert had a snappy slogan.

SOOKIE: Oh, I was nauseous all day.

LORELAI: Your parents?

SOOKIE: For the traditional parents-flanking-their-graduate shot. Don't they look proud?

LORELAI: They do, very proud.

[Michel walks into the kitchen]

MICHEL: What is that?

LORELAI: Oh, it's pictures of Sookie's high school graduation. What was your high school graduation like, Michel?

MICHEL: It was dignified, as most French ceremonies are. Poetry was read, a string quartet played, a ballerina performed.

LORELAI: You drank some Boone's Farm out of a boda bag and knocked a beach ball around?

MICHEL: I don't understand half of what you said.

LORELAI: That's why we work.

[Cell phone rings.]

LORELAI: [answers] Hello?

CHRISTOPHER: Hey, Lor, how you doing?

LORELAI: Christopher. I'm good, I'm excited.

CHRISTOPHER: You should be, it's a big day. Did you get my present?

LORELAI: What present?

CHRISTOPHER: A basket. You should've gotten it by now.

LORELAI: Hey, did a basket come for me?

MICHEL: Mm, it came, it was heavy, I felt a twinge so I dropped it for health reasons. It's probably still intact.

LORELAI: My crack staff has just informed me of its arrival. I'm going to find it. [walks into the lobby and sees the basket on a table] Wow!

CHRISTOPHER: I put it together myself.

LORELAI: And it's all for me?

CHRISTOPHER: All for you.

LORELAI: Chris. . wow. [starts looking through the basket] Ha! A twenty-five dollar savings bond.

CHRISTOPHER: That's a long-term investment. Don't touch it for thirty years, you're looking at forty-five dollars.

LORELAI: Ooh, a youth hostel card.

CHRISTOPHER: For the young girl who doesn't mind sharing a bathroom with fifty strangers.

LORELAI: "What Color Is Your Parachute? A Practical Manual for Job Hunters."

CHRISTOPHER: Helping you answer the two questions: what do you want to do and where do you want to do it?

LORELAI: A DVD of The Graduate, gotta have that. Ooh, The Portable Nietzsche.

CHRISTOPHER: Light, cheery reading.

LORELAI: An application to join the Armed Forces.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, if your dreams don't pan out and Nietzsche's no help, it's a viable option.

LORELAI: And something in a nice little velvet box. Ooh, a necklace, and the pearl almost looks real.

CHRISTOPHER: Well, it better look very real, because it is.

LORELAI: That's not funny.

CHRISTOPHER: This is not a funny gift.

LORELAI: Christopher, this is extremely not funny. This is totally humorless. It's. . .it's beautiful.

CHRISTOPHER: I think you're awesome, Lor. With everything you do and raising Rory the way you did, you're superwoman.

LORELAI: Wow.

CHRISTOPHER: Have a great day. I wish I could be there. Take lots of pictures for me.

LORELAI: Ugh, the camera, I forgot the camera.

CHRISTOPHER: Look in the basket.

LORELAI: [pulls out a disposable camera] Oh, you thought of everything.

CHRISTOPHER: Have a great night.

LORELAI: Thanks, you too. Bye.

CUT TO BUS STATION

[Rory gets off the bus and looks around. She walks out of the station and onto the crowded sidewalk.]

RORY: Could you. . .um, excuse me, sir, do you know. . . do you know where Washington. . .excuse me, ma'am. . .Washington Square Park?

WOMAN: End of Fifth.

RORY: Thank you! [to someone else] Excuse me, where's Fifth?

CUT TO WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK

[Jess is reading on a bench as Rory walks up behind him]

RORY: Hi.

JESS: How ya doing?

RORY: Good, how about you?

JESS: Good. You hungry?

RORY: Starved.

JESS: I know a place.

[They walk off together.]

CUT TO NEW YORK STREET

[Jess and Rory are walking down the street]

RORY: I feel very urban today.

JESS: Oh yeah, the plaid just screams urban.

RORY: I think I look like a native.

JESS: How well do you know Manhattan?

RORY: I've been here a few times. We saw The Bangles here.

JESS: When was that, twenty years ago?

RORY: It was a reunion and they were great.

JESS: Yeah, they're okay.

RORY: And a couple years ago Mom drove us in to shop, and she couldn't find a good parking place and all of the parking lots were a total rip-off, so she kept making U-turns and cutting off taxis and we were being screamed at in so many different languages that we just turned around and drove home and bought a Hummel at the curio store in Stars Hollow.

JESS: How very adventurous.

RORY: I'm just saying I'm no stranger to the Big Apple.

JESS: You are if you're calling it the Big Apple.

RORY: So I don't have the lingo down yet, but at least I have the attitude.

JESS: You do, huh?

RORY: Oh yeah. When I was getting a locker for my backpack at the bus stop, there was this guy and he was just standing there staring at me and instead of ignoring him I just fixed him with a really withering stare.

JESS: That I've got to see.

RORY: No.

JESS: Oh, come on, let me see your withering stare.

RORY: It's dangerous. I could hurt you.

JESS: I've been hurt before.

RORY: No.

JESS: I'm disappointed. So your arm's okay?

RORY: Yeah, it looks worse than it is.

JESS: [Looks at Rory's cast.] I like this Emily chick. Friend of yours?

RORY: She's a friend to all of us dispossessed.

JESS: So here's our lunch place.

RORY: A hot dog stand?

JESS: Hey, I eat here everyday. It's nothing fancy, but -

RORY: No, I love it. It's perfect.

JESS: Good. [to hot dog vendor] One with everything on it.

RORY: Make that two, please.

JESS: So, uh. . .how's -

RORY: Luke?

JESS: Yeah.

RORY: Okay. He went fishing.

JESS: Fishing?

RORY: Yeah. He didn't catch anything though.

JESS: Probably used the wrong bait.

RORY: Yeah, that's a common fishing blunder.

JESS: So he's good?

RORY: Yeah, he's good. I can tell him hello for you if you want.

JESS: Whatever.

RORY: [to hot dog vendor] Thank you. [takes a bite] Oh, my God, this is really good!

JESS: I'm glad you like it. So how much time you got?

RORY: I got a bit.

JESS: There's a record store you should check out. It's run by this insane freak who's like a walking encyclopedia for every punk and garage-band record ever made. Catalog numbers. . .it's crazy. The place is right out of High Fidelity.

RORY: Let's go.

JESS: Okay.

RORY: Where you going?

JESS: Subway.

RORY: I thought we were gonna walk.

JESS: It's fifteen blocks. Come on, I think you'll like it.

RORY: Do they allow hot dogs in the subway?

JESS: You are so an out-of-towner.

CUT TO THE COMMUNITY COLLEGE

[Lorelai walks into the auditorium, then follows a sign to the graduate check-in room.]

LORELAI: Excuse me, hi, I'm one of the graduates.

MAN: Wow, you're hours early.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, I just wanted to beat traffic and have time to get ready and relax, and also, I've heard the early bird gets the unwrinkled gowns without the mysterious stains in them.

MAN: This is true. Take your pick.

LORELAI: Thank you. This is so exciting. Isn't this exciting?

MAN: This is my eighth year of doing this.

LORELAI: So, not so exciting for you, got it.

[As Lorelai looks through a rack of gowns, Emily walks by the open door. Lorelai catches a glimpse of her]

LORELAI: Huh.

[Lorelai thinks for a moment, then goes into the auditorium to see if it was really Emily]

EMILY: [to cameraman] You're being so cryptic. Do you need a power source or not?

RAUL: Look, my batteries are all fully charged. It just depends on how fast they deplete.

EMILY: So, we need one just in case?

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: Lorelai, it's hours before the ceremony. What are you doing here?

LORELAI: Um, I'm just getting. . .I'm sorry, what are you doing here? How do you even know about this?

EMILY: I shouldn't know about this? A mother can't know about this?

LORELAI: No, I just mean -

EMILY: You're graduating.

LORELAI: I know.

EMILY: So, we're here to see you graduate. This is Raul.

LORELAI: Hey. So, you and Raul are just here to see me graduate?

EMILY: Don't be silly. Your father will be joining me later.

LORELAI: My father?

EMILY: Yes, remember him? Tall, bow tie.

LORELAI: I remember Dad, Mom. I just. . .ah, Rory told you.

EMILY: Yes. That's okay, isn't it? It's a little late if it's not.

LORELAI: Oh, no, it's perfectly fine that you're here, absolutely. I'm just surprised. [to Raul] Who are you?

RAUL: I'm Raul.

EMILY: I just told you that.

LORELAI: Yes, well, did Rory invite Raul, too?

EMILY: Raul is my cameraman.

LORELAI: Cameraman?

EMILY: He's going to be filming the ceremony for us. He's very talented. He screened an independent film of his as an audition, "Welcome to Scab Land."

It was disgusting, but beautifully photographed.

RAUL: It was supposed to be disgusting.

LORELAI: I'm sure it was. Mom, all this stuff. . .

MAN: Excuse me, all of this equipment, it can't be here.

EMILY: Well, obviously we're not going to leave all of this equipment here for everybody to trip over. We're not cretins.

LORELAI: She's handling it. Right, Mom? You're handling it.

RAUL: Okay, this lighting sucks!

EMILY: Can we do something about the lighting?

MAN: I don't think so, ma'am. I don't know.

EMILY: [to Raul] It's a community college, we'll just have to cope. Think documentary.

LORELAI: Mom, please. People will be showing up here soon. You can't --

EMILY: Lorelai, I am perfectly capable of handling this. No one will be inconvenienced.

LORELAI: Okay, I'm just gonna let everyone deal with all this because I need to relax and get a cup of coffee and maybe hammer a nail into my head.

EMILY: You're not needed here, Lorelai. Go get your coffee, relax. You're going to redo your makeup later, aren't you?

LORELAI: Maybe an Irish coffee.

CUT TO NEW YORK RECORD STORE

[Rory and Jess are looking through the records]

JESS: I haven't even heard of half these bands.

RORY: I love that about this place. God, Lane would wanna live here.

JESS: Who's Slim?

RORY: I don't know.

OWNER: Grunge band out of Kentucky. Two albums, plus a double-A side single, disbanded in '94.

JESS: Thanks.

RORY: [looks through the records] Oh my God!

JESS: What?

RORY: Look! [shows him a record]

JESS: Go-go's. You must have that one.

RORY: No, for my mom. This was her favorite group when she was my age, and it's signed by Belinda. This would be the perfect graduation present. I've been looking for something all week long, and I couldn't find anything and now I have Belinda.

JESS: Graduation?

RORY: Oh, from college, from business classes.

JESS: I'm surprised she has time for anything except lighting darts on fire and throwing them at my picture.

RORY: Well, it's not a lot of time, but . . .

JESS: Uh-huh. Go on, get it. She'll like it.

RORY: Thank you so much for bringing me here. This was fate.

JESS: Yes, it was.

RORY: And in return, I just might show you my withering stare.

JESS: I'm a lucky man.

CUT TO BUS STATION

[Rory and Jess are walking toward her bus]

RORY: I think this one's mine.

JESS: Yup, the sign says Boonesville.

TOURIST: Excuse me, I'm so sorry to bother you. Which way is 44th?

RORY: Oh, um, that way.

TOURIST: Great, thanks.

RORY: I got asked directions.

JESS: I saw.

RORY: He took me for a native. That's so cool.

JESS: That's very impressive. 44th's the other way.

RORY: Oh no.

JESS: Sorry.

RORY: Oh, man, I should go find him.

JESS: He'll figure it out when he sees all the numbers getting smaller instead of bigger.

RORY: He still thought I was a native. That's cool.

JESS: I'm your witness.

RORY: Well, I should go.

JESS: Okay.

RORY: I gotta go to my mom's graduation.

JESS: And give her Belinda.

RORY: And give her Belinda.

JESS: Go on. I'll check on the guy, I'll make sure he's not wandering around looking for 44.

[Rory boards the bus and looks at Jess through the window.]

JESS: Why did you come here?

[Rory opens the window.]

RORY: What?

JESS: I said, why did you come here?

RORY: Well -

JESS: I mean, you ditched school and everything. That's so not you. Why'd you do it?

RORY: Because you didn't say goodbye.

JESS: Oh. Bye, Rory.

RORY: Bye, Jess.

CUT TO GRADUATE CHECK-IN ROOM

[Lorelai is fixing her makeup near the chalkboard. She sneezes and stirs up a cloud of chalk dust.]

LORELAI: Great, I'm Woody Allen in Annie Hall.

LIZA: You thought ahead. Smart.

LORELAI: Oh, the mirror? Yeah, I never leave home without all the essentials: mirror, makeup, picture of Shaun Cassidy. I'm done. Do you want to use it?

LIZA: Thanks. Oh, don't I look charming?

LORELAI: Oh, you look great.

LIZA: I've looked better. I had to run here straight from work -- Kinko's.

ZACH: Hey, Liza, that gets me thinking ▯ maybe you and I oughta do a little reproducing after the ceremony.

LIZA: Clever.

ZACH: Don't be a snot.

LIZA: Shut up! [to Lorelai] That's my boyfriend, Zach.

LORELAI: Oh, sure.

LIZA: Of course, we're breaking up 'cause we're transferring to different schools. He's going to Florida State, I'm going to UMass. . .although I'm kinda going to miss this place.

ZACH: I'm not. This place stunk. It's Bush League.

LORELAI: Why'd you go here?

ZACH: My parents, wise investors that they are, couldn't afford anything else.

LIZA: Yeah, I guess that two-point-zilch grade point average didn't reason into things.

ZACH: Shut up.

LIZA: Between the lines.

ZACH: Go die.

LORELAI: Are you sure you two don't wanna give it another go, 'cause you're darling together.

LIZA: Thanks for the mirror.

LORELAI: My pleasure.

LIZA: Hey, a bunch of us are going to Shakey's afterwards for a pizza. You wanna come?

LORELAI: Aw, I'm going out with my daughter after, but it sounds like fun.

ZACH: Okay, you guys are not going to believe this. There's some blue-blooded rich woman out there setting up professional film equipment like she's sh**ting a movie or something.

LORELAI: You're kidding.

LIZA: Whose mother is it?

ZACH: I don't know. Little Precious must be around here somewhere though.

LIZA: I hate people with money.

ZACH: So do I, with every fiber of my being.

LORELAI: Me too. Money people, ugh.

CUT TO BUS

[Rory's bus is still at the station. She walks up to the bus driver.]

RORY: Excuse me?

DRIVER: Yes?

RORY: Are we leaving soon?

DRIVER: I have no idea.

RORY: Well, should you have an idea?

DRIVER: There was an accident, closed the interstate. All outbound buses were told to stand down.

RORY: Oh. And you don't know when we're going to be allowed to stand up again?

DRIVER: Soon, I hope. I hate missing dinner.

RORY: Yeah. . .me, too.

CUT TO GRADUATE CHECK-IN ROOM

[Sookie and Jackson walk over to Lorelai]

SOOKIE: There's our little graduate. Oh, my God, look at that gown. You look just like the Statue of Liberty.

LORELAI: Ah, all big and stony?

SOOKIE: No, you look amazing.

LORELAI: Hmm. You look very G.Q.

JACKSON: Oh, thanks to my best new friend Ermenegildo Zegna.

SOOKIE: Don't you love how he can pronounce it and all?

LORELAI: Very Cosmopolitan.

SOOKIE: He got it for the rehearsal dinner. It's his first real suit.

JACKSON: And not my last. I look hot!

LORELAI: Mmm.

SOOKIE: So, you know that Emily's out there, right?

LORELAI: Oh, shh!

SOOKIE: Why shh?

LORELAI: It's a long story. Just do me a favor?

SOOKIE: Sure.

LORELAI: Keep an eye on my parents, make sure they don't disrupt anything, my mother doesn't behead anyone, my father doesn't snore too loudly when he falls asleep.

SOOKIE: They're not gonna do anything like that.

LORELAI: I'm sorry, have you not met them?

SOOKIE: Why would they come and do that?

LORELAI: They're here because Rory invited them.

SOOKIE: No.

LORELAI: Yes! They can't say no to that little face. It's like hitting a puppy with a rolled-up newspaper.

ZACH: Hey, you guys are not gonna believe this.

LIZA: You're Mr. Announcement Guy today.

ZACH: What, are you going to pipe in every time I talk?

LIZA: Can it!

ZACH: Stuff it!

LORELAI: They're in love.

SOOKIE: Clearly.

ZACH: So, Mrs. Got Bucks out there not only has a cameraman, she's got a sound guy, too.

LORELAI: [quietly] Oh, no.

ZACH: It's like a Baz Luhrmann movie out there.

SOOKIE: [quietly] That's Emily, right?

LORELAI: Shh!

LIZA: Rich people feel so entitled.

LORELAI: Yeah, damn them!

ZACH: I swear, I saw her wipe her face with a hundred dollar bill.

LORELAI: We should line them up against a wall, you know what I'm saying?

WOMAN: Is Lorelai Gilmore here?

LORELAI: Yes.

WOMAN: Oh, good. Have a look at these, will you? [shows her a box of corsages]

LORELAI: Wow!

SOOKIE: Pretty.

WOMAN: Look them over and take your pick.

LORELAI: What for?

WOMAN: To wear.

LORELAI: Are they for sale?

WOMAN: No, they're paid for. These are from your mother, Emily Gilmore.

LIZA: Wow, ritzy.

LORELAI: I really don't want to wear a corsage.

WOMAN: They're all paid for.

LORELAI: Really, it's too much.

WOMAN: Your mother wants you to pick one.

LORELAI: Really, it's okay.

WOMAN: She'll just come back here herself.

LORELAI: This one, thanks.

WOMAN: Good choice. The cameraman said that would look best on film.

ZACH: So you're the rich girl.

LORELAI: Maybe. I'm not rich but . . . my parents have money, but I'm totally self-sufficient. I take nothing from them, except this corsage. . . and my daughter's tuition. So, you gonna stone me?

ZACH: I should have guessed. Look at her friends, they're wearing suits that drip money.

JACKSON: Hey pal, this was thirty percent off!

LIZA: So, that's why you didn't want to get pizza, 'cause it's below you?

LORELAI: Oh, no, no, no, Liza, pizza is not below me. Believe me, I love pizza. I eat tons of pizza. It's one of my four major food groups: candy, popcorn, and pizza ▯ see? It's two of my food groups, that's how much I love pizza.

LIZA: I want to believe you.

ZACH: Enjoy your champagne and caviar at The Ritz, Your Highness.

LORELAI: I am not rich! Ugh! [Pager beeps] My pager.

JACKSON: Maybe the suit was a little much.

SOOKIE: You're a fox, now don't start.

LORELAI: [reads pager] Oh, no.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: Rory's running late.

SOOKIE: Late from what?

LORELAI: It doesn't say. It says she's definitely going to be here but if she's not here by seven, she'll sneak in the back. That's weird.

SOOKIE: She'll be here, don't worry.

LORELAI: I hope so.

SOOKIE: How 'bout we sit in back, keep an eye out for her, and we'll save her a seat?

LORELAI: That'd be great. Oh, can you hang onto all my stuff for me? I don't want to leave it in here.

SOOKIE: Will do.

LORELAI: Thank you. Bye.

ZACH: Oh, you don't trust your valuables around us poor kids, huh?

LORELAI: Knock it off, Zach!

CUT TO BUS

[Rory's bus makes a stop and some people get off]

SEATMATE: You don't look happy.

RORY: I'm late.

SEATMATE: Buses are the worst.

RORY: Why are we making so many stops? The bus didn't make stops on the way into the city.

SEATMATE: Oh, that was probably an express. This is a local □ makes a lot of stops.

RORY: I should have checked the schedule. I should have checked traffic. Note to self: impulsive definitely does not work for me. [notices seatmate holding a soda can to his lips] What are you doing?

SEATMATE: Hmm? Oh, uh, it's for my spit.

RORY: Your what?

SEATMATE: From my smokeless.

CUT TO GRADUATION CEREMONY

[A speaker on stage is calling the graduates up]

SPEAKER: Victor David Fuller. . . Nancy Brenda Gatson. . .

[Zach sees Lorelai looking around the room.]

ZACH: Making sure the camera's getting your best side, princess?

RICHARD: [whispers to Emily] Are you telling me that that is the best commencement speaker they could scrounge up?

EMILY: I hope Raul's getting enough sh*ts of Lorelai. I don't want the whole damn ceremony and none of her.

RICHARD: Oh, no, I disagree. I hope he gets every inspired word articulated by the East Coast Marketing Director of Pup □n' Taco.

EMILY: Raul!

[As Emily points to the stage, Raul and the sound guy rush down the aisle.]

SPEAKER: Joanne Garver...

[Raul shoves the camera in Lorelai's face.]

LORELAI: Oh, geez. Oh, we're, oh, we're going. . .

SPEAKER: John Lawrence Gilfer. . . Lorelai Victoria Gilmore. . . Gretchen Greeman. . .

[Emily and Richard look on proudly as Lorelai accepts her diploma and moves her tassel to the other side of her cap.]

CUT TO AUDITORIUM

[After the ceremony, Lorelai walks up to Emily and Richard]

LORELAI: Hey, Mom, Dad.

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Well, I did it.

RICHARD: Yes.

EMILY: Raul thinks he got some good footage.

RICHARD: I should hope so. He certainly cost enough.

LORELAI: I'm sure it'll be great.

EMILY: Congratulations, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Thank you. I'm glad you guys came.

EMILY: Yes, well, we should get going. I guess we'll see you tomorrow for dinner. [they start to leave]

LORELAI: Hey, wait. Aren't we going to take a picture?

EMILY: Excuse me?

LORELAI: The three of us, me in the middle with the gown, you know ▯ the traditional pose.

RICHARD: Well, uh, we don't have a camera with us.

LORELAI: Hold on. [pulls the disposable camera out of her pocket]

EMILY: That's a camera?

LORELAI: That's a camera.

RICHARD: That looks like a toy.

LORELAI: Um, Raul, would you mind? [they pose together] So. . .

RAUL: Okay, on the count of one, two, three, cheese! [takes picture]

LORELAI: Thank you.

EMILY: Yes, well, tomorrow then.

LORELAI: Absolutely.

EMILY: Let's go, Richard.

RICHARD: I'll be right there, Emily. [hands Lorelai an envelope] Congratulations.

LORELAI: Oh, you don't have to do this.

RICHARD: Put it towards something fun.

LORELAI: Thank you, Daddy.

[Emily and Richard leave as Sookie and Jackson walk over]

SOOKIE: Hey, we're so proud of you!

JACKSON: Yeah, you were great up there.

LORELAI: Thanks, you guys. Where's Rory? No Rory?

SOOKIE: She called your cell and I answered and she said she got hung up on something or other and she'll see you at home.

LORELAI: Hung up? Hung up where? Is she okay?

SOOKIE: She said she's fine. She's sorry, but fine.

LORELAI: Oh. Well, as long as she's okay, I guess. Um, well, I should probably get the gown back. Thanks for coming, Sook, Marcus Schenkenberg.

SOOKIE: You wanna go out to eat? Celebrate a little?

LORELAI: No, I think I'll just go home to Rory.

SOOKIE: I thought so. See you tomorrow.

LORELAI: Thanks.

JACKSON: Wait a minute. . . aspirins instead of Jordan Almonds? But we already bought the almonds.

SOOKIE: Wow. Now that's the longest anything's ever taken.

JACKSON: My family's not gonna get the joke. Can't we just use the almonds?

SOOKIE: Okay, sweetie, calm down.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory is waiting out front as Lorelai pulls into the driveway.]

RORY: I'm so, so sorry.

LORELAI: You're okay, right?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Everything's working? Your wrist is okay, nothing new is broken?

RORY: I'm fine.

LORELAI: Anyone you know, like Lane or someone, suddenly get sick today or break an arm themselves or get in a car wreck?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Okay, good. Then I can get past worry and move onto other things.

RORY: I know you're hurt.

LORELAI: Yeah, you bet I'm hurt. Rory, I really wanted you there today, more than anything. You're why I did this stupid thing in the first place.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: It was a once in a lifetime thing. You should've been there. My best friend should've been there. Whatever it was that kept you, you should've gotten out of it, at least this once. Was it school?

RORY: It wasn't school.

LORELAI: Was it Paris?

RORY: It wasn't Paris.

LORELAI: Well, what was it?

RORY: It was so stupid.

LORELAI: Well, Rory, where were you? What happened?

RORY: I cut school!

LORELAI: You what?

RORY: I cut school and I got on a bus and I don't even know why I did it. I. . . I have no excuse. I was just standing outside of Chilton, and I don't know, I must have had a stroke or something. What does a stroke feel like?

LORELAI: I don't know. Not good, probably.

RORY: And I left school and I got on a bus and I went to New York. And that's it! I'm grounded for six months, or seven, and no TV, no stereo, no reading. In fact, take all of my books away from me and lock them up.

LORELAI: Hold on here. You went to New York?

RORY: And no magazines, either. And I'm going to do all of the housework. Laundry, dishes. . . in

fact, we're going to start eating at home so that we have dishes.

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Stop. Why did you go to New York?

RORY: To see Jess.

LORELAI: Boy, do you know how to bury the lead.

RORY: I don't know what happened.

LORELAI: You went to New York to see Jess.

RORY: It was the stroke! It made me someone else, and after his phone call last night -

LORELAI: That was him?

RORY: It did something to me, I don't know what. In fact, you should take the phone away from me, too. That's right, add it to the list. No books, no music, no phone.

LORELAI: Okay, Rory. . .

RORY: I'm a horrible person.

LORELAI: You're not a horrible person.

RORY: I am sick, I'm ill, I'm cracked. This is not who I am. If I were to write this down in my diary and I would read it, I would be like, Who is this freak? This isn't me. This isn't my diary. I wouldn't do this. I wouldn't skip school when I have finals coming up to go see a guy that isn't even my guy and end up missing my mother's graduation, which I wanted to be at so badly. That's someone else. That's someone flighty and stupid and dumb and girly. And, I mean, I missed your graduation, which is the worst thing I could have possibly done. I mean, I hurt you and I had to spend hours on a stinky bus next to a guy that was spitting into a can, just thinking about all of the minutes that were going by that I wasn't at your graduation and they were hurting you, and they should have been hurting you because it was so selfish of this person who wasn't me to do what she did.

LORELAI: Okay, my God, take a breath.

RORY: I don't deserve a breath. No breaths. You should add that to the list. You should beat me, ground me, take the phone away and deprive me of air.

LORELAI: Okay, look, nobody wants to say this any less than me, but I - maybe you don't have a medical condition or a mental problem. Maybe, honey, you are falling for Jess.

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Well -

RORY: No, I love Dean. Dean is my boyfriend. He will always be my boyfriend. That's it. Forever.

LORELAI: Well, maybe not forever.

RORY: Yes, forever. I love Dean and Jess is gone now and everything's going to be good again.

Everything's going to be all right.

LORELAI: Rory, you cut school.

RORY: Yeah, I know.

LORELAI: You got on a bus and went to a strange city in your uniform to see Jess.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: Well, that doesn't mean nothing. That means something. I mean--

RORY: No! I don't want to talk about this anymore. The only thing I want to talk about is the list I made on the bus of all the ways I'm gonna make this up to you. You get total control over the remote and the stereo for as long as you want. Total control over takeout food choices and a special surprise present every day for a month and -- oh my God! I left your present on the bus.

LORELAI: What present?

RORY: It was a vinyl copy of The Go-Gos original album and it was signed by Belinda, but it's not the only copy and I'm gonna find another copy. That's going on the list, too.

LORELAI: Okay, honey, please. Forget about the list until tomorrow.

RORY: Okay, I'll just go to bed then and...I'll go to my room.

LORELAI: Hold on one second. Does this mean I have to eat alone?

RORY: Well, it's up to you. Sending me to bed without supper, you can't lose with that punishment. It's a classic.

LORELAI: I'd rather go out with my daughter tonight.

RORY: I don't deserve it.

LORELAI: No, but I do.

RORY: Okay, just let me take a shower and get the horrible smell of this horrible day off of me, and then we'll go anywhere you want, my treat, and I won't enjoy it. And then we'll come home and I'll go straight to bed and I'll have a terrible night's sleep, okay?

LORELAI: Sounds great.

RORY: I'm so, so sorry, Mom.

LORELAI: Oh, really? 'Cause you didn't make that clear.

RORY: I won't be long.

THE END