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## 07x15 - I'm a Kayak, Hear Me Roar

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### 07x15 - I'm a Kayak, Hear Me Roar

by **bunniefuu**

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Posted: **03/04/07 22:22**

PARIS AND DOYLE'S APARTMENT

[Hallway outside, Lorelai knocks on the door, New-age music playing]

PARIS: [From inside] Yes?

LORELAI: Um, Paris, it's Lorelai.

PARIS: Come in. The door is open.

LORELAI: I'm so sorry that it's so early. I... oh. Wow. Hey.

PARIS: Sorry. We're in the middle of our yoga practice.

LORELAI: I didn't, uh, really imagine you guys to be the yoga types.

DOYLE: It was a circuitous path that led us here.

PARIS: I only signed up for the class 'cause I thought it'd help me B.S. My way through any med-school interviews when they talk about all that homeopathic, holistic, naturopathic, chiropractic, tcm, unani, ayurveda crap.

DOYLE: Plus, we thought it would be funny to goof on. But now...

PARIS: I guess the great cosmic goof is on us.

LORELAI: Is Rory asleep?

PARIS: You mean spiritually or literally?

LORELAI: Literally.

PARIS: Yeah, I think so.

PARIS AND DOYLE'S APARTMENT - RORY'S ROOM

[Lorelai knock on Rory's door]

RORY: Hey, mom.

LORELAI: Hey. Sorry I didn't call first. I left my phone at home. And it's 6:00 in the morning. Why are you up?

RORY: Ah Paris and Doyle were chanting. Why are you up?

LORELAI: Oh, I've been up for a while, driving...

RORY: Driving?

LORELAI: Yeah for a few hours.

RORY: Driving?

LORELAI: Yeah driving.

RORY: Mom, what's going on?

LORELAI: Want to go for a drive?

RORY: Um, sure. Let's go for a drive.

JEEP - DRIVING

[Rory and Lorelai road unknown]

RORY: So...we're driving.

LORELAI: Yeah, we're driving. [quite for a few seconds] Honey, your dad and I split up... last night.

RORY: Oh, mom, I'm so sorry. Are you okay?

LORELAI: I'm okay -- I'm driving, moving forward.

RORY: You are driving.

LORELAI: Yep. It just wasn't right, you know? And he knew it wasn't right, and I knew it wasn't right. It just wasn't...

RORY: It wasn't right.

LORELAI: It wasn't, and pretending it was, was just gonna hurt him and hurt me, and we didn't want to do that, so we split up, and he's moving out, and... what are you thinking?

RORY: I don't know. I guess, first of all, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. And...secondly... I guess I'm thinking that I'm not totally surprised. I mean, at first, I was so excited that you guys were getting together because it seemed like something that was meant to be.

LORELAI: Yep

RORY: Something that was like destiny. But...then... I guess... to me, it kind of never felt right. I'm so sorry.

LORELAI: I just want you to know, your dad is gonna be in your life -- in our lives.

RORY: I know that.

LORELAI: And Gigi, too. I mean, your dad is still your dad, you know?

RORY: I know that, mom. I do. So, who else knows?

LORELAI: Nobody. That's it. Well, you and the Quickie Mart guy.

RORY: You told the Quickie Mart guy?

LORELAI: I was upset. I was standing by the magazines. I didn't want him to think I was verklempt over Nicole Richie. So...that's it. I wish I could leave it at that. The idea of telling your grandmother -- god.

[Jeep starts making noises and the engine shuts off]

LORELAI: Oh. Oh, wow.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: I... we're out of gas?

RORY: We're out of...gas.

[Lorelai tries to start the Jeep.]

RORY: Hmm.

LORELAI: I've never run out of gas before.

RORY: Me neither.

LORELAI: Well, here we are.

RORY: Out of gas.

LORELAI: Well, I guess I should ca-- I don't have my cell phone.

RORY: I left mine in my room. Okay. It's okay. No, it's fine. We'll just have to get gas somehow. We can do this.

LORELAI: There's a gas station up ahead, where route 68 goes through Naugatuck.

RORY: Okay. So...we're walking?

LORELAI: Oh, we're walking.

[They both chuckle and exit the Jeep.]

LORELAI: Well, it's a beautiful day.

RORY: Yes, it is.

LORELAI: It's weird that it can be so beautiful.

RORY: Yeah. How far is Naugatuck from here?

LORELAI: I don't know exactly.

RORY: I guess it's walking distance.

LORELAI: [Chuckles] I hope it's walking distance.

OPENING CREDITS

GILMORE MANSION - FRONT DOOR

[Doorbell rings, maid opens the door]

LORELAI: Hello?

RORY: Hi, there.

LORELAI: How you doing?

AURORA: [quietly] May I take your coats?

LORELAI: Hmm?

AURORA: Coats?

LORELAI: Oh. Okay. [Chuckles] Thank you.

AURORA: Um...I t-- I think she's in the living room. I'm not sure. Uh...

LORELAI: What? Her mouth is moving. I can't hear anything. Is something wrong with my ears?

RORY: No, I don't think it's your ears. poor thing.

LORELAI: This house is a giant Skinner box with Chippendale chairs. Hello?

EMILY: [From the living room] In here!

[The girls go into the living room]

LORELAI: Hey, mom.

RORY: Hey, grandma.

EMILY: Hello, Rory, Lorelai. How are you?

LORELAI: Oh good. How are you? How's dad? Is he up to this, you think?

EMILY: Why wouldn't he be?

LORELAI: Well mum he just got out of the hospital. I just wonder if it's too soon.

EMILY: The doctor said there's no reason he can't go back to his normal routine, as long as he doesn't do anything too strenuous. It's not as though sitting at a table having dinner with one's family requires a great deal of effort.

LORELAI: [Chuckles] Oh well... you're right.

EMILY: He should be down by now. Is Christopher coming?

LORELAI: Um...he's not able to make it tonight. I'm sorry.

EMILY: Well... that's too bad. In the meantime, can I offer you a drink?

LORELAI: Yes. The usual -- Martini up, with a twist.

EMILY: Oh, I'm sorry. I'm not serving alcohol tonight.

LORELAI: [Too Rory] I told you there was something wrong with my ears. [too Emily] What?

EMILY: I'm serving nonalcoholic cocktails only.

LORELAI: There's no such thing as a nonalcoholic cocktail.

EMILY: There most certainly is. It's called a Mocktail.

LORELAI: You're serving Mocktails?

EMILY: Yes. I can offer you a Shirley Temple or Roy Rogers.

RORY: I'll have a Roy Rogers.

LORELAI: Why not a howdy doody or a captain kangaroo?

EMILY: Lorelai, stop being so selfish. We're doing this for your father. After you've had open-heart surgery, alcohol is strictly verboten.

LORELAI: [too Rory] No alcohol. No alcohol.

EMILY: Well, there you are. I told you to tell Mr. Gilmore that his daughter and granddaughter were pulling into the driveway 15 minutes ago.

FRANCETTE: Mr. Gilmore says he's in the middle of watching golf and he'll be down as soon as he's finished.

EMILY: Golf? He's watching golf? Well, if you tell him we're expecting him downstairs, I would very much appreciate it.

FRANCETTE: I'm not really sure that falls under my job description....Fine. Fine.

EMILY: Fine.

FRANCETTE: Fine.

EMILY: Here you go.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: Oh, that's a strong one, mom. You know I'm driving.

RORY: Tastes great.

LORELAI: You know what else tastes great? Rum.

EMILY: For heaven's sake, Lorelai. If you're unable to go for a few hours without alcohol, I can send the maid out to get you a six-pack. [Seeing Richard on the stairs] Richard!

RICHARD: All right. I'm here. You can put away your leash.

RORY: Hey, grandpa.

LORELAI: Hey, dad.

RICHARD: Rory, Lorelai.

LORELAI: How are you feeling?

RICHARD: Well like a man who's been torn away from one of the most pivotal golf matches in history.

LORELAI: If you're not up for it, we can take a rain check.

EMILY: We don't need a rain check. Richard, wouldn't you like to change for dinner?

RICHARD: No, if you're going to treat me like a patient, I'm going to act like a patient. Patients wear robes.

EMILY: All right. Fine. May I offer you a Mocktail?

RICHARD: No. I don't want a Mocktail. In fact, I'd like to skip "Mocktail hour" altogether and go straight to dinner.

EMILY: B-but it isn't time yet to...

RICHARD: [Sighs]

EMILY: All right. We'll eat now. Ah Francette, would you please go tell Aurora to tell Stefan we are ready to have dinner served now?

FRANCETTE: Look, Mrs. Gilmore, I have to reiterate, I am here as a medical professional, not a carrier pigeon.

RICHARD: Well, as a medical professional, you should be concerned with my health. And not eating isn't healthy, is it? Nor is getting agitated. And I have to tell you Francette, I'm getting quite agitated.

FRANCETTE: Don't thr\*aten me, Mr. Gilmore.

EMILY: It's fine, it's fine. I'll go tell her myself.

[They start to move into the dinning room]

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: A six-pack sounds really good right now.

[Now in the dinning room, classical music playing]

AURORA: Here's your plate, sir. I hope it's not too hot -- the plate, not the food. [Whispers indistinctly]

RICHARD: Oh, well. It's fish again.

EMILY: It's sea bass.

RICHARD: And sea bass is a fish -- hence my comment "surprise, surprise -- it's fish again."

RORY: It tastes good.

RICHARD: Tastes like fish.

EMILY: I don't think it tastes fishy. Sea bass is not a fishy fish. Mackerel is a fishy fish. Trout can be a fishy fish. But sea bass is not really a fishy fish.

RICHARD: I didn't say it tasted fishy. I said it tasted like fish.

RORY: I think it tastes good.

LORELAI: You know the green beans are very green-beany, which is so good, especially if you like green beans, which I do.

RORY: Mmm.

LORELAI: Anyone see any good movies lately?

EMILY: No.

RICHARD: This fish is bland.

EMILY: Would you like some more lemon-dill sauce?

RICHARD: No.

EMILY: Okay.

LORELAI: The sauce is good.

EMILY: It's nice, isn't it?

LORELAI: Tart, but not too tart. Stefan, the chef we stole from the Lowells, is doing a marvelous job incorporating the dietary recommendations...

RICHARD: Enough. If forced, I may eat this fish, but I absolutely refuse to waste my time having a conversation about it. So, Lorelai, I take it that Christopher is still out of town?

LORELAI: He...couldn't make it tonight.

RICHARD: That's too bad.

EMILY: That man has been traveling quite a lot lately.

LORELAI: Oh yeah, I guess.

RICHARD: Well I hope he'll be around for the party your mother's planning. I know I'm looking forward to it. It's my only hope for eating a decent meal in the foreseeable future. Your mother was planning to serve Cornish game hens. Is that still the plan, Emily?

EMILY: Yes, I've even spoken to the caterer about preparing a special skinless hen for you.

RICHARD: Oh, for heaven's sakes.

EMILY: Don't get angry, Richard. It's your doctor's orders, not mine.

RICHARD: You know what? I'm full.

RORY: These flowers are pretty.

LORELAI: They really are nice.

RICHARD: If you will excuse me, I have to get back to my golf.

EMILY: Richard!

RICHARD: Please. I know I've missed Jacklin's bogey on the 16th. I'm not missing his putt on the 17th. That's a famous putt, Emily.

EMILY: Wait -- you're watching an old golf game? Well, it's the last singles match of the '69 Ryder cup. Jacklin, Nicklaus -- the concession!

EMILY: I can't believe you're watching an old golf game instead of eating...

RICHARD: Fish?

EMILY: Dinner with your family. You already know how it's going to turn out.

RICHARD: Well, that never stopped people going to see "Hamlet." Lorelai, Rory, good night. Emily.

EMILY: Richard... Richard!

EMILY: The idea that two grown men hitting a tiny ball with metal sticks is the equivalent of "hamlet" -- ridiculous. But can I say anything? No! Because I can't agitate him.

LORELAI: It is ridiculous. Golf is more like "Richard III." You know they're all hunched over.

EMILY: I'm going to go get him.

RORY: It sounds like grandma's going full steam ahead with this whole party-planning thing.

LORELAI: I know!

RORY: She's going to k\*ll 400 Cornish game hens - probably with her own bare hands.

LORELAI: Your grandfather just had a heart attack. Your grandmother is not drinking. This isn't exactly the ideal time to tell them their one and only daughter's marriage is over.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: I don't know what she'll do. She's gone bananas. I mean for all I know, she'll throw a Molotov Mocktail at me.

RORY: I know, but only you can save the Cornish game hens. Save the Cornish game hens!

LORELAI: [Sighs]

LOGAN'S NEW YORK CITY APARTMENT

[Morning, Rory is preparing a tray of food]

RORY: Hey, hey, hey! What are you doing? Get back in bed.



LOGAN: I just want to check my e-mail real quick.

RORY: Oh, no, no, no.

LOGAN: What's the big deal?

RORY: Well I made you a special birthday breakfast in bed, and if you don't go back to bed, it's gonna be a special birthday breakfast at a desk, which is something I have never heard of. Happy birthday.

[They kiss]

LOGAN: Mmmm, now it is, now that there are cinnamon buns in the picture.

RORY: Are you impressed? It's my specialty. I can cook anything that comes in a tube.

LOGAN: I am impressed and hungry.

RORY: Nuh-unh-unh! Get back in bed! You are the birthday boy. You should not be working. You should be luxuriating, eating peeled grapes and being fanned with palm fronds.

LOGAN: Peeled grapes ha.

RORY: Mm-Hmm.

LOGAN: Well, what if the birthday boy gets back in bed but is allowed to bring his laptop?

RORY: Deal.

LOGAN: So somebody's pretty into this whole birthday thing.

RORY: Well if by "birthday thing," you mean the celebration of the miracle of your birth, the anniversary of the day when this world went from being a world without Logan Huntzberger to a world with Logan Huntzberger, then, yes, I'm pretty into it.

LOGAN: You really love me, don't you?

RORY: Well you're okay.

LOGAN: I'm not used to all this hoopla. Birthdays aren't a very big deal in the Huntzberger family.

RORY: Why not?

LOGAN: Because birthdays aren't something you achieve. Why should you be lauded for something that just happens?

RORY: Well didn't you have birthday parties when you were a kid?

LOGAN: They were parties, sort of, but not with any kids I actually knew.

RORY: That sounds like a blast.

LOGAN: And I never had a regular birthday cake. I always wanted just a good old, plain yellow cake. You know with cake frosting but desserts were some fancy flambé thing with alcohol in them.

RORY: Well, those years of birthday neglect will become a faint memory after the Gilmore treatment.

LOGAN: Plenty of hoopla in a Gilmore birthday, huh?

RORY: Mm-hmm. Hoopla and then some. My mom always went all out.

LOGAN: How's your mom doing?

RORY: She's okay.

LOGAN: And you?

RORY: I feel like celebrating your birthday. Why are you working? It's your birthday. And I thought your deal was already closed.

LOGAN: It is.

RORY: Well then all that's left to do is celebrate -- and to tell your dad, because you said Huntzberger's celebrate achievement right. Isn't closing this deal a pretty big achievement?

LOGAN: Well I don't want to tell my dad -- not yet. He can read about it in the wall street journal, which in fact is what I just had sent to me -- the press release.

RORY: The press release, huh? That's fancy.

LOGAN: [reading] "Huntzberger, a young visionary entrepreneur." Does that sound dorky?

RORY: Nope. Sounds great. It's exciting.

LOGAN: These are good, by the way.

RORY: Good.

LOGAN: But what would be great with them is a nice bowl of peeled grapes.

RORY: Oh yeah.

LOGAN: Would you make peeled grapes?

RORY: If they come in a tube, I do.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Telephone rings, Lorelai answers it.]

LORELAI: Hello?

EMILY: Lorelai?

[Emily is at her home]

LORELAI: Mum.

EMILY: They won't deliver.

LORELAI: Who won't deliver what.

EMILY: And, apparently, none of their help has driver's licenses. That's a little irresponsible, don't you think?

LORELAI: You got to help me out a little here mum.

EMILY: [Sighs, then to Francette] Why are you leering at me?

LORELAI: I'm not leering at... mother, are you on peyote?

FRANCETTE: Mr. Gilmore's light bulb is bothering him.

EMILY: I'm sorry -- is that some sort of nurse code?

FRANCETTE: The 60-watt bulb on his bedside lamp is apparently casting a harsh glare on the television.

EMILY: Well, then, get him another light bulb.

FRANCETTE: It's just not my job.

EMILY: Then get Francette to do it.

FRANCETTE: I am Francette.

LORELAI: [Heard on the phone] Mom!

FRANCETTE: Aurora is the maid.

EMILY: Then Aurora, ask aurora to find a light bulb.

FRANCETTE: I can't find aurora.

EMILY: You can't find aurora?

FRANCETTE: She's hiding from Mr. Gilmore.

LORELAI: [On the Phone] Hello?

EMILY: She's hiding from -- [Scoffs] Never mind. I'll get it myself. Honestly -- these people!

LORELAI: Mother what is going on over there?

EMILY: Your father is running low on his blood thinners, and the pharmacy can't be bothered to deliver.

LORELAI: Are you calling to ask me if I will pick up dad's prescription?

EMILY: Well, I can't leave the house, or chaos will ensue.

LORELAI: You're calling to imply that you would like to ask me to pick up dad's prescription?

EMILY: It's a pharmacy at the corner of Walden and Hasbrook lane. [Emily hangs up]

LORELAI: Okay... [Hearing dial tone] hello? No, it's no problem at all. I'd be happy to. It's just nice to

be appreciated. By the way, Chris and I broke up. Bye.

[Lorelai looks a little sad]

LUKE'S DINER

[Babette and Miss Patty, Kirk is sitting near by, Luke is serving tables.]

BABETTE: Yeah, it's true -- he's definitely moved out. Last time I saw the...beagle's car in the driveway, it was days ago. Then I saw the mover's truck, so only the...hen is living there now.

MISS PATTY: So did the hen break up with the beagle, or the beagle with the hen?

BABETTE: I don't know.

MISS PATTY: Oh the poor hen.

BABETTE: Yeah she's been through so much.

MISS PATTY: You know, just kind of getting used to him -- the beagle.

BABETTE: But he's not right for her. He's a beagle, you know. And beagles, beagles belong with beagles.

MISS PATTY: And the hen belongs with the rooster.

BABETTE: Maybe.

MISS PATTY: Well, does the rooster know about the hen and the beagle?

BABETTE: Oh, yeah, East Side Tillie was in here yesterday, blabbing her big mouth off.

MISS PATTY: How did he take it? Did you see his face?

BABETTE: Yeah, but you know the rooster. It's like looking at Stonehenge. I don't know what he thinks.

MISS PATTY: Oh I hope he gets his act together because I think they're perfect.

BABETTE: Yeah, but maybe sh-- the hen belongs with someone else... like a penguin or an ostrich.

KIRK: I can no longer sit here and listen to this.

MISS PATTY: Oh, good. Go sit over there.

KIRK: I'm sorry, but I can't in good conscience let this perverse conversation continue. Are you insinuating that a hen could mate with an ostrich? Because even ignoring the question of biological feasibility, it's completely morally reprehensible.

BABETTE: Oh, buzz off with your "morally reprehensible."

KIRK: How do you expect her to lay those eggs? Have you thought about that, have you?

[Babette and Miss Patty look at each other confused, the door of the diner opens]

LIZ: Hey, big brother!

[They hug]

LUKE: Hey.

T.J.: Surprise!

LUKE: Yes sure am, Liz, T.J., Jeez, and piles of your belongings.

LIZ: It's so good to see you.

LUKE: Yeah, you, too. Hey, Doula.

T.J.: She's looking good, huh?

LUKE: Yeah.

T.J.: Sturdy, too, like she might be a female wrestler or something.

LUKE: Oh, fingers crossed.

T.J.: Right you know what I'm thinking? Free tickets.

LUKE: Yeah. So you two just decided to swing by the diner with a half a dozen bags and a baby apparatus of some kind?

LIZ: No, we decided to come and keep you company.

LUKE: Company?

LIZ: Yeah now that April's in New Mexico, we figured you might be getting a little lonely.

LUKE: Oh, no, I'm not getting lonely. I mean I miss having April around, sure, but I mean I talk to her every Wednesday after swim practice and every Sunday if she's done all her homework. It's going good.

T.J.: Are you buying this? I'm not buying it.

LUKE: Buying what? There's nothing to buy. Hey, where are you going?

LIZ: Oh, don't do the stiff-upper-lip thing with us. We're family. We're here for you.

LUKE: Look, Liz, it's really sweet of you to come by and visit, but... you're planning on staying here for a while?

LIZ: We don't want you to be lonely.

LUKE: How long exactly are you planning on keeping me company?

LIZ: A few days, a week tops.

LUKE: I don't need to be kept company.

LIZ: Well yeah, but you -- we should just come clean.

T.J.: No.

LUKE: Yes about what?

T.J.: About nothing.

LUKE: T.J.

T.J.: How about them Celtics, huh? They sure can dribble a basketball.

LUKE: Liz!

LIZ: We got moths.

LUKE: I'm sorry?

T.J.: Oh, me too, believe me. Luke, it's horrible. I hate those little floppy, fluttery jerks.

LUKE: Moths, huh?

T.J.: Ah dude, they're everywhere -- flying around, popping out of the flour container, congregating around the light bulbs, all pasty and white. I swear moths are like the loser butterflies that couldn't get laid if they tied a \$100 bill to their...

LUKE: T.J., I got it. You got moths.

LIZ: So we figured we could avoid the moths and have a little quality time with you.

LUKE: Yeah, all right, just go ahead upstairs, make yourselves at home.

T.J.: Love it!

[Luke looks happy]

GILMORE MANSION - DINNING ROOM

[Emily and Richard are eating dinner, it's very quite]

EMILY: It's Miso Richard, its good for you.

RICHARD: Soup. [puts down the spoon] Stephan, Stephan [to Emily] Soup is not a meal, nor is a salad. Soup and salad are either precursors to a meal or addenda.

EMILY: Richard please.

[Door bell rings]

RICHARD: Soup and salad is not a meal.

EMILY: We have Salmon if you want Salmon.

RICHARD: I don't want salmon, for heavens sakes I don't want Salmon, what I would like is a proper meal.

[Door bell again rings]

EMILY: Aurora the door.

STEPHAN: I was given certain dietary parameters.

RICHARD: [Angry] I know that, I'm not stupid, I know what the situation is here.

[Door bell again rings]

STEPHAN: I just don't know if I can...

EMILY: [shouting] Francette, Aurora, either of you, both of you will someone answer the door.  
[quieter] I'm sure Stephan is interested in your input Richard.

RICHARD: Well here is my input, this food is inedible.

[Door bell again rings]

EMILY: Fine I'll get it myself, not that is my job.

STEPHAN: suggestion, maybe you would prefer some light sandwiches.

RICHARD: Sandwiches!

FRONT DOOR

[Emily opens the door]

LORELAI: Hi come bearing dr\*gs.

EMILY: Please don't bellow that.

LORELAI: Bellow what [louder] "dr\*gs"?!

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: How's dad doing Mom.

EMILY: He's just fine.

RICHARD: [heard from the other room] I swear you can get better food in an airplane, I haven't been in a submarine but I'd wager the food is better there too.

EMILY: It's an adjustment.

LORELAI: Hmm

DINNING ROOM

[Emily and Lorelai enter]

STEPHAN: Let me offer one more suggestion.

RICHARD: What tacos?!

STEPHAN: No I quit!

RICHARD: Fine.

EMILY: Stephan no.

STEPHAN: I'll tell you something, I have worked in so many four-star restaurants I could have my own constellation. And yet I'm treated like this, I'm sorry but I have too much self respect to work for this terror. [throws his apron on the floor and storms out.]

LORELAI: How things going around here

EMILY AND RICHARD: Fine.

LORELAI: Feeling okay dad?

RICHARD: I'm fine, now if you'll excuse me I thing I'm gonna go watch Bob Tway vanquish Greg Norman in the 86' PGA championship.

EMILY: Oh before you go did you manage to call Rod Mandel's office.

RICHARD: No

EMILY: But Angelique called three times this morning.

RICHARD: Bully for her, I'm sorry I have golf to watch.

EMILY: But Richard you didn't eat a thing. He didn't eat a thing.

LORELAI: Well send something up to him.

EMILY: Send what you just saw yourself Stephan just quite.

LORELAI: Well you could make him something [Emily give Lorelai a look] I mean the maid could, what is her name.

EMILY: Oh I don't know, Aurora I think. I don't know anyway she's hiding apparently, [looking] Aurora? Aurora? Where are you?

LORELAI: The maid is hiding?

EMILY: According to the nurse, but she's useless because she won't do anything that doesn't involve a stethoscope.

LORELAI: I can make something for dad.

EMILY: Oh please!

LORELAI: I can make toast, if the conditions are ideal.

EMILY: He won't eat it, anyway. He'll just snap at me, snapping at everyone in sight. The poor maid quivers every time he comes near her. She just quivers.

LORELAI: Oh that terrible.

EMILY: And his accountant's office keeps calling because he's supposed to be filing an 1120. Who knows what an 1120 is?

LORELAI: I do. It's a federal tax form.



EMILY: [Shouting] Aurora! Well he won't call them back. All he wants to do is watch golf.

LORELAI: What's with all the golf?

EMILY: I have no idea. He just lies there in bed, staring at the TV like a zombie. Everything is falling apart everything is chaotic.

LORELAI: Mom, please, sit down. I'm gonna make you a delicious Mocktail, huh? And then you enjoy that and relax and I'll take care of the chef and I'll make sure that dad takes his medicine so you don't have to worry. Here.

EMILY: Thank you. But I'm going to call Angelique and ask about this 1120.

LORELAI: [Sighs] I'll find aurora. [Shouting comically] Aurora!

GILMORE MANSION - KITCHEN

[Later, Lorelai and Sookie enter]

SOOKIE: To heat most of these up, you just zap them for a couple minutes.

LORELAI: Okay.

SOOKIE: Don't worry, each meal has a note with cooking instructions, taped to it.

LORELAI: Did I already tell you you're a goddess?

SOOKIE: You might have mentioned something to that effect. Could I be the one with the multiarms?

LORELAI: The who?

SOOKIE: The goddess with all the arms, I want to be her.

LORELAI: Sure. Hey, these look good.

SOOKIE: Don't sound so surprised.

LORELAI: Yeah, but they're supposed to be healthy, right. I mean they're all healthy? [Lorelai cell phone rings]

SOOKIE: They're ridiculously healthy.

LORELAI: [Answering her phone] Hey!

RORY: What did we do for my 8th birthday?

[Rory is at Logan's apartment and has a piñata with her.]

LORELAI: I don't know. Is this a quiz? Are you on some sort of radio contest?

RORY: No for Logan's birthday, I'm trying to put together a night of all the birthday highlights that he missed.

LORELAI: And you're looking for the classics?

RORY: Exactly. I remember that we had an outer-space birthday when I turned 6.

LORELAI: Right. We made space suits out of garbage bags. We had tang and freeze-dried ice cream.

RORY: And then when I turned 7, we did a fiesta birthday.

LORELAI: Mm-hmm. Piñatas and tacos and freeze-dried ice cream.

RORY: Oh freeze-dried ice cream is the best. I remember really enjoying my 8th birthday. I just don't remember what it was.

LORELAI: Teddy-bear tea party.

RORY: Oh that's right. So, how's it going over there?

LORELAI: I'd say weirder. Your grandma's a little on edge.

RORY: [her phone beeps] Oh, hey, mom, it's Logan on the other line, can you hold on a sec.

LORELAI: Yeah tell him "happy birthday" for me.

RORY: Will do. [switches to Logan] Happy birthday.

LOGAN: Thank you.

[Logan is in a coffee shop]

RORY: And happy birthday from my mom.

LOGAN: Thank you. Hey, so my dad just called.

RORY: Oh, he did? Yeah. Apparently, he remembered my birthday, and actually he said he wants to take us out to dinner, you and me.

RORY: Oh. That's...great.

LOGAN: Now I know it's last minute and I know you got your special Gilmore hoopla treatment planned, so we don't have to go if you don't want to go.

RORY: No, no, we should go we can always do the Gilmore hoopla after we have dinner with your dad.

LOGAN: Are you sure, it will probably be lame, for all I know, he's invited us to crash a meeting with Rupert Murdoch.

RORY: Well that's cool. I can hang with mad dog Murdoch.

LOGAN: Okay. Well, cool, cool. Thanks Ace. I'll call him back.

RORY: Happy birthday!

LOGAN: Bye!

RORY: [Switches back to Lorelai] Hey, sorry about that.

LORELAI: How's the birthday boy?

RORY: He's good. He's fine. But I guess his dad called and wants to take us out to a birthday dinner tonight.

LORELAI: That sounds like a load of laughs.

RORY: Yeah, Mitchum -- that man is fundamentally incapable of making me feel anything but small and awful.

LORELAI: Now that's not true, he's made you feel incompetent, too.

RORY: Well I guess Logan was excited that his dad wanted to take us out, so that's sweet. Have you told grandma and grandpa about you and dad yet?

LORELAI: Um, not yet.

RORY: Well I feel obligated to remind you that the lives of 400 Cornish game hens hang in the balance.

LORELAI: Happy Logan's birthday.

RORY: Happy Logan's birthday to you.

LORELAI: Bye. [Hangs up] Mmm, that looks unhealthy.

SOOKIE: Thank you.

LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Luke is getting dinner ready, Liz is making jewelry and TJ is looking after Doula, Upbeat music starts playing]

T.J.: Oh, I love this song.

LIZ: I don't know why we didn't think of this before.

LUKE: Think of what?

LIZ: Using your fishing line for stringing -- it's really incredible. Durable yet plenty thin and flexible.

LUKE: I'm glade.

LIZ: And some of this doohickeys, man, are really cute. Check it out -- sexy, yeah?

T.J.: Oh, wow, babe, these are gorgeous.

LIZ: Thank you, sweetie.

T.J.: I'm so proud of your sister, Luke. This jewelry stuff has really taken off, you know? And it's great, you know because now I can be the stay-at-home dad I've always dreamed of being while this one goes out and brings home the bacon.

LIZ: We're gonna drive our new van from trade show to trade show, selling the jewelry. Like in a couple weeks, there's this big show in Manhattan.

LUKE: Oh yeah.

LIZ: Yeah at the Javits center.

T.J.: We'll just load up the van, head up 91, and start showing off the family jewels.

LUKE: Oh sounds good but I wouldn't take the 91 through New Haven. There's tons of construction there now. I'd take the Merritt.

LIZ: How do you know?

LUKE: 'Cause I went there to visit Lorelai's dad when he had the heart attack.

LIZ: You did?

LUKE: Yeah I thought I told you that.

LIZ: No you told me he had a heart attack. You didn't tell me you went to the hospital.

LUKE: What's the big deal?

LIZ: [Laughs] I don't know. I mean, you went there for Lorelai, and what's going on with her and her husband?

LUKE: I don't know. They split up or something.

LIZ: They did?

LUKE: Yeah, well, a week or so ago.

LIZ: Well, well, well.

LUKE: What?

LIZ: The plot thickens.

LUKE: The plot does not thicken, okay? We're friends -- that's all. I just went out when I heard her dad was sick.

T.J.: Phew! That is a relief.

LIZ: T.J.!

T.J.: What it's a load off my mind, that's all I'm saying. 'Cause I don't think you should get back together with her.

LUKE: Nobody's talking about getting back together with her.

T.J.: Good. 'Cause that woman is drama. Every time you mention her, it's got something to do with the hospital.

LUKE: What!

LIZ: So how's her dad doing?

LUKE: Well good, I guess.

LIZ: You haven't called Lorelai?

LUKE: No.

T.J.: Don't call her. Don't open that Pandora's box.

LIZ: If he wants to call her, he should -- they're friends.

T.J.: Just lock it up, Luke. Lock it up. Solder that baby shut.

[Luke looks a little mad]

RESTAURANT - NEW YORK CITY

MAITRE D: Would you follow me, please? Mr. Huntzberger is already at the table.

LOGAN: "Mr. Huntzberger is already at the table."

RORY: I told you.

MITCHUM: Hey, hey there they are. Happy birthday, Logan. Rory,

RORY: Hi

MITCHUM: Great to see you.

RORY: You too.

MITCHUM: Sit, sit. I took the liberty of ordering a bottle of champagne for the table.

LOGAN: Oh nice.

MITCHUM: Rory, how does that sound?

RORY: Sounds like music to my ears.

MITCHUM: Good, good, so, you look pretty good. You been hitting the squash courts lately?

LOGAN: Oh man I wish. I haven't had much of a chance. I've been working pretty much nonstop these days.

RORY: He has been.

MITCHUM: Well, good for you. A little hard work never hurt anybody. To my son -- now a quarter of a century old. Not bad. And to his lovely girlfriend -- the beautiful and always witty Rory.

LOGAN: Hear, hear.

WAITER: Here's a little Amuse-Bouche with avocado and crabmeat, compliments of the chef.

MITCHUM: Oh, tell Markham thanks.

RORY: You know the chef here?

MITCHUM: Yeah, I've known him for, uh... wow... almost 15 years now. Interesting story, actually -- he was the Sous chef at Le Bernardin, ah for a bunch of years. [Trying the food] Mmm... that's

good. That's good crab. Anyway, one day, he just quit -- said he wanted to start his own restaurant. Everyone thought it was a bad idea at the time. The odds were against him. Opening a successful restaurant in Manhattan is like catching a firefly in your hand, only a hell of a lot more expensive.

LOGAN: Well all I can tell you is this Amuse-Bouche is great.

RORY: Yes, my mouth is very amused.

MITCHUM: [Chuckles] That's funny. But it was a very gutsy move. And it paid off.

LOGAN: He caught that firefly.

MITCHUM: Exactly. So, Rory, tell me -- are you still planning to pursue journalism?

RORY: Yes I am, I have been writing some articles for an online magazine and I've just applied for the James Reston reporting fellowship.

MITCHUM: You know what you should read? Philip Meyer's latest book...

RORY: "The Vanishing Newspaper." I read it. I loved it.

MITCHUM: It's an interesting time in journalism. You know. I'll tell you what our field needs -- an infusion of bright, talented people like you, Rory.

RORY: Thank you.

MITCHUM: I mean it.

GILMORE MANSION - RICHARD'S OFFICE

[Lorelai enters]

LORELAI: So, dad took his medicine. He ate half of Sookie's chicken and the entire mango smoothie. I got three recommendations of personal chefs from Sookie, two of them I've spoken to on the phone, [handing the notes] there.

EMILY: Thank you. Why are you doing all this?

LORELAI: I'm just trying to help mum. I don't want you to be stressed.

EMILY: But I am. I'm so stressed out I can't find anything.

LORELAI: What are you looking for?

EMILY: Your father's accountant wants all sorts of information so he can file these taxes, which are apparently due in February.

LORELAI: Maybe I can help.

EMILY: How can you help?

LORELAI: Mom, I have a business. I helped dad set up this business. I went to business school. Here let me see that.

EMILY: What are you doing? Don't touch the computer. You could mess something up.

LORELAI: Don't worry, mom. I know what I'm doing. Okay, so he's using quicken. A profit and loss statement, a balance sheet, a schedule of assets are things I can pull up. We can e-mail them to the accountant for the 1120.

EMILY: How do you know about 1120s?

LORELAI: Well I have to file them for the inn. The inn's a corporation just like dad's company.

EMILY: Why is everything a corporation?

LORELAI: We incorporated so we were protected from personal liability. So if someone was horribly allergic to pillow mints and wanted to sue me for a million dollars, I wouldn't have to pay for it out of my own pocket.

EMILY: Your father and I don't have anyone who wants to sue us.

LORELAI: Well, dad probably did it for tax purposes. It looks like he's got a couple of different investments, some stocks, a rental building.

EMILY: Would you like a drink?

LORELAI: Mmm, I thought the house was dry.

EMILY: Vodka or scotch?

LORELAI: Wow, it's a regular speakeasy.

EMILY: Would you like a drink or not?

LORELAI: Vodka, please.

[Opens it ready to drink]

EMILY: I have glasses.

LORELAI: Oh.

EMILY: Serve yourself. Just because your father can't drink doesn't mean the rest of us should suffer. Cheers. [They drink] Ah! That's better.

LORELAI: Mom, Christopher and I split up.

EMILY: Okay... I hardly know what to say.

LORELAI: Really? That's great. You don't have to say anything at all -- now or ever.

[Silent for a few moments]

EMILY: [Looking at the computer] What's a windmill park?

LORELAI: Uh, it looks like dad owns a couple of windmills in Palm Springs.

EMILY: We own windmills?

LORELAI: Well they're energy generators.

EMILY: I had no idea we owned windmills.

RESTAURANT - NEW YORK CITY

LOGAN: That lamb was terrific, my compliments to the your friend, the chef.

MITCHUM: Well, you're a good orderer. He's always been a good orderer. Even when he was 8 years old, he's always ordered well.

RORY: It's a good skill to have.

MITCHUM: It is, it is and you know what I should do? I should just order whatever you're ordering, no matter what it is.

LOGAN: Brains it is, followed by sweetbreads and some rocky mountain oysters. [Laughter from Mitchum, Logan's cell phone rings] Oh, this is a business thing, if you guys don't mind. [On the phone] Huntzberger here. No, I haven't talked to him yet.

MITCHUM: "Huntzberger here."

RORY: Yeah.

MITCHUM: Last year, if he got a call interrupting dinner, it would be an invitation to go drink some bodies expensive liquor and pull some ridiculous prank. He's growing up.

RORY: Yeah, he's doing really great.

MITCHUM: He is, and it's because of you.

RORY: Oh, I don't know about that.

MITCHUM: No, I know you encouraged him to go to London. I know you used your influence in a positive way, and Logan's mother and I really appreciate it.

RORY: Well, I think Logan deserves all the credit for what he's done.

MITCHUM: No, you're too modest, Rory. You've been a real asset to Logan and to our family.

RORY: Oh, well...thanks.

MITCHUM: I know we've had our differences in the past.

RORY: Yeah.

MITCHUM: But I'm glad to know that we're now clearly on the same page.

RORY: Okay, yeah. Good. [Chuckles]

MITCHUM: To being on the same page?

RORY: To being on the same page.

[Glasses clink as they toast]

MITCHUM: I am really glad we got the chance to talk tonight. In part, because we still have more work to do.



RORY: What work?

MITCHUM: Well we have to figure out what his next step should be.

RORY: Uh, well, shouldn't he be figuring that out?

MITCHUM: Well, you're part of the team here. And of course we're gonna take care of you, too.

RORY: What do you mean?

MITCHUM: We have newspapers all around the world. You can take your pick.

RORY: My pick?

MITCHUM: Mm-hmm.

RORY: Um, I seem to remember you saying that I didn't have it.

MITCHUM: Oh, please. Things change. Circumstances change.

[Logan returns]

LOGAN: Sorry that took so long, have you ever noticed that people in Hong Kong are really chatty?

RORY: No I haven't.

MITCHUM: You know what? That's true. I know a guy from Kowloon, and, man, is he a loquacious son of a b\*tch. Oh, here we go.

WAITER: Apricot and walnut Verenikis drizzled with a raspberry reduction.

[Rory and Logan look at each other]

MITCHUM: I told them to make something special, for your birthday.

LOGAN: Thanks. It looks great.

RORY: Happy birthday.

MITCHUM: Make a wish.

[Blows out the single candle on the cupcake size cake]

MITCHUM: There we go.

[Laughter]

LUKE'S APARTMENT

[They are all in bed, Luke in April's, T.J. and Liz in Luke's. Doula is crying. Everyone is awake.]

LIZ: Hey.

T.J.: Ha?

LIZ: It's your turn.

T.J.: Hey, aren't we supposed to let her just cry to toughen her up and whatnot? Isn't that the latest parenting theory?

LIZ: You only believe in that theory when it's your turn.

T.J.: All right, all right. I just don't want her getting too soft. She's got a wrestling future to think of. Hey, there, little girl. How are you? [Picks Doula up] How are you? Oh.

LIZ: Do you think Luke is lonely? I mean for real.

[Luke is listening]

T.J.: He does look a little lonely around the eyes.

LIZ: I think he's lovesick over Lorelai.

T.J.: Oh, boy.

LIZ: T.J., I'm serious.

T.J.: I just think that he might be better off lonely.

LIZ: I think they belong together.

T.J.: That's not what you said when they broke up. I always thought what you said then made a lot of sense, about them being in two different space-time continuums, something like that.

[Luke moves in bed and looks at the ceiling]

LIZ: It's all about the wormholes.

T.J.: Between the dimensions?

LIZ: Yep, all they've got to do is find the right wormhole.

T.J.: I don't know.

GILMORE MANSION - RICHARDS OFFICE

LORELAI: So, if you want to access your bank and credit-card account information, you...?

EMILY: Click "cash flow center."

LORELAI: Yes, and if you want to see any of these menus, you right-click right, right...yes.

EMILY: And if I want the hidden account bar, I double-click that arrow thing up there on the left.

LORELAI: Mom, exactly.

EMILY: [Sighs] I don't know how I'm gonna do all this.

LORELAI: Mom, what are you talking about you just click, click, click. You got it all down.

EMILY: Now, but I barely understand what you've been telling me. This is your father's job.

LORELAI: Well, he'll be back on the job soon enough.

EMILY: I don't know. Have you seen him? He's wearing a dressing gown.

LORELAI: I know he's watching TV in the bedroom. I know, mom. You've got to give the guy a break. You know he's not gonna watch TV in the bedroom forever.

EMILY: No. No, he's not.

LORELAI: Oh, my god, I don't mean he's gonna die.

EMILY: What are you telling me? That he's going to live forever? That he's immortal? Is that what you're telling me.

LORELAI: No, I'm just saying, with time, you know...

EMILY: It's like a canoe.

LORELAI: What's like a canoe?

EMILY: Life.

LORELAI: Okay.

EMILY: You're just paddling along in a canoe.

LORELAI: Mother, have you ever been in a canoe?

EMILY: Lorelai.

LORELAI: Well I just can't picture you in a canoe.

EMILY: Your father and I have been paddling a canoe together for years. Only now, he's dropped the paddle.

LORELAI: Ahh!

EMILY: He just dropped it. Not only that, but now the canoe is going in circles.

LORELAI: Ah!

EMILY: Without your father there, I'm paddling on my side and the canoe is spinning in circles, and the harder I paddle, the faster it spins, and it's hard work, and I'm getting tired.

LORELAI: Dizzy, I would think.

EMILY: You are in a kayak. You know how to do all of this.

LORELAI: How does that put me in a kayak?

EMILY: Kayaks have paddles with things on both ends. You steer it by yourself.

LORELAI: Mom, you know how to do things by yourself. You are totally capable.

EMILY: Sure, I went to Smith, and I was a history major, but I never had any plans to be an historian.

I was always going to be a wife. I mean, the way I saw it, a woman's job was to run a home, organize the social life of a family, and bolster her husband while he earned a living. It was a good system, and it was working very well all these years. Only when your husband isn't there because he's watching television in a dressing gown, you realize how dependent you are. I didn't even know I owned windmills.

LORELAI: Mom, now you know, and you know how to right-click.

EMILY: But you. You provide for yourself. You're not dependent on anyone.

LORELAI: Hmm.

EMILY: You're independent.

LORELAI: I am kayak, hear me roar.

EMILY: I mean, look at you. For all these years, you've done very well without a husband.

LORELAI: Maybe so, but I still wanted it to work out.

EMILY: You know, the way I was raised, if a married couple split up, it was a disaster, because it meant the system had fallen apart, and it was particularly bad for the woman because she had to go out and find herself another rich husband, only she was older now. But with you, it's not such a disaster, is it?

LORELAI: I guess not.

EMILY: I mean It's really not such a horrible thing that you're going to get a divorce, not really. Oh, you're gonna be fine.

[Lorelai flinches a little as Emily rubs her shoulder]

LORELAI: [very quite] Thanks, mom.

EMILY: You may even marry someone else someday. Who knows?

LORELAI: [Snorts] Who knows? [Sighs]

LOGAN'S APARTMENT

[Logan and Rory arrive home]

LOGAN: Do you know what I think impressed my dad the most? You eating a 24-ounce steak. Seriously, it was, like, a magic trick to him. It was a pretty fun dinner, though.

RORY: Yeah, it was.

LOGAN: Whoa! Look at all this! Ace! Oh, my god, you got me a piñata!

RORY: Well, you deserve a piñata. I couldn't reach the ceiling, so I just... hey, um, Logan...

LOGAN: Yeah?

RORY: Um...your dad and I had a bit of a weird conversation tonight.

LOGAN: Oh yeah.

RORY: Yeah, he started thanking me for guiding you and steering you, or -- I don't know. And then he said that he and I should start planning your future, like, together.

LOGAN: Well, that's my dad for you.

RORY: Well, it felt really weird. I mean I felt like we were conspiring or something. I didn't even agree with what he was saying. I ended up toasting. I toasted him.

LOGAN: What did you toast?

RORY: "To being on the same page," which I'm not. I'm not even on the same page with him. You know I, I actually think that everything you've accomplished is just because you've worked hard, and I'm proud of you. I don't even know how the conversation ended up where it did.

LOGAN: It's okay you know what just happened? You got Huntzbergered. That's what my dad does to people. He's the mast manipulator. You sit down, and you have your own opinions. But by the time you stand up, you hear yourself agreeing with him, and you stagger away confused and queasy.

RORY: Yes! That's exactly it! I got Huntzbergered!

LOGAN: It happens to the best of us.

RORY: Well, I'm glad you're not upset.

LOGAN: No, not at all, I mean, I don't like the fact that the guy thinks of me as some kind of puppet, but I have a hunch that pretty soon, he's gonna have to rethink that one.

RORY: Hmm.

LOGAN: You got me twister. I never had twister.

RORY: You didn't?

LOGAN: No. It was a childhood of deprivation. Oh, and "pin the tail on the --" what animal is that?

[Rory puts on some music]

RORY: Oh, that was a donkey, but I messed the ears up, put antlers on it. Now it's "pin the tail on the moose."

LOGAN: I never had "pin the tail on the moose" as a boy, either.

RORY: Poor little rich boy. I think that since we're short on time, we should skip strait ahead to the classic 12th birthday -- ice-skating in central park.

LOGAN: Sounds good.

[Logan's cell phone rings]

RORY: Great. I'll go change.

LOGAN: [Answering the cell phone] Hey, Philip, what's up, man?

PHILLIP: I'm afraid I've got some grim news.

LOGAN: What, what's going on?

PHILLIP: I just got off the line with our lawyers. They say they just got a cease-and-desist letter from Prism Active, this tech company in Palo Alto, claiming prior art on our media 10 platform. They're reviewing the patent now, but...

LOGAN: What do you mean, "prior art"?

PHILLIP: They're claiming patent infringement.

LOGAN: But that's what we bought. Our patent's pending. We bought that technology. That's the entire value of the company.

PHILLIP: But they are saying it's worthless. It was already owned. They were just waiting for someone with deep pockets to buy in before they sued.

LOGAN: Oh, my god.

PHILLIP: I'm so sorry. Happy birthday, man.

{Logan is stunned as he hangs up the call}

MUSIC PLAYING: "They're out to drive me crazy but not right now, I'm high as a cloud..."

RORY: Okay. Close your eyes.

MUSIC PLAYING: "Smoking out the window..."

RORY: Are they closed?

LOGAN: [Sighs] They're closed.

RORY: Okay. Voil.

LOGAN: [Exhales sharply] Wow. It's a giant, furry -- what the hell?

RORY: It's a Russian Ushanka, which also doubles as a birthday crown.

LOGAN: Wow. I bet I look great.

RORY: Mmm, you have no idea.

[Logan turns off the music as they leave.]

LUKE'S APARTMENT

[Morning, Luke enters.]

T.J.: Hey, Luke.

LUKE: Hey T.J.

T.J.: You know what you could use? A changing table.

LIZ: Yeah, and if you're getting stuff for your apartment, you should get a dryer.

LUKE: Yeah I'm not getting things. Why do I need a dryer?

LIZ: Sopping towels.

LUKE: And why are the towels sopping?

T.J.: My bad. I forgot you said not to use the garbage disposal. Well, not forgot, so much as, I thought you were exaggerating.

LUKE: I wasn't exaggerating.

LIZ: And we have more bad news.

LUKE: Oh, yeah?

T.J.: The exterminator said the moths turned out to be rice moths.

LUKE: And this means you'll be staying how much longer?

T.J.: Which means we're headed home right now. Most of the stuff's already in the car.

LIZ: Rice moths are a snap to get rid of. They're already gone. It's just a bummer to leave, 'cause we've been having such a good time.

LUKE: Yeah, yeah, but Doula should be in her own home.

T.J.: That's what we thought, plus your mattress. Not so comfortable, shall we say.

LUKE: Yeah, well, sorry about that.

T.J.: No worries, no worries, but, uh, put it on the list of things you're gonna fix around here. All right, then.

LUKE: Alright.

T.J.: Thanks again.

LUKE: Okay.

T.J.: Your casa is my casa. For that, I'm grateful.

LIZ: You take care.

LUKE: Alright.

LIZ: And call if you're feeling lonely. We will come and visit. Okay, anytime. Anytime.

LUKE: Sounds great.

LIZ: Anytime I mean it. [quietly] Bye.

LUKE: Bye.

[Liz shuts the door.]

LUKE: [Sighs] Oh.

[Luke sits down at the table and looks at the phone]

GILMORE MANSION - DINNING ROOM

[Emily is reading the paper and Lorelai enters]

LORELAI: Good morning.

EMILY: Good morning. Would you like some coffee?

LORELAI: Yes. Oh, I woke up this morning, and I've got to say, for the first time in my life, I got where the teetotalers are coming from. If I had a hatchet and a barrel of booze, forget about it.

EMILY: Hmm.

LORELAI: What are you up to today?

EMILY: Today? I'm going to attend a D.A.R. Lecture on native American art work. Then I have a lunch with Sarah Montgomery Brown and Melissa Seria, [sounding annoyed] and, of course, I'll have my hands full canceling the party. I've already called the florist and the hall. We'll only get 60% of our deposit back, but that's better than nothing.

LORELAI: [Inhales deeply] I should go. I need time to change before I have to go to the inn.

EMILY: Fine. [Lorelai starts to leave] Thank you for your help with the Quicken last night.

LORELAI: [Sighs] You're welcome.