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05x19 - But I'm A Gilmore

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05x19 - But I'm A Gilmore

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LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory wakes up on the bathroom floor. Downstairs, Paris sit at the table with her head in her hands, and Kirk limps in and joins her, sighing.]

PARIS: Founder's Day punch?

KIRK: Abba Zabbas.

[Lorelai comes in the side door, extremely perky. She is carrying several paper bags.]

LORELAI: Good morning Vietnam! How's everyone feeling today?

[Kirk and Paris groan.]

LORELAI: Terrific! Okay, I got tacos, hard tacos, I got soft tacos, I got fries, curly, straight, and spicy -

PARIS: Are you serious?

LORELAI: Trust me. It's the best hangover food on the east coast.

KIRK: You get a Mars bar? You know, hare to the dog?

LORELAI: Ah, there's pop tarts in the cabinet, Kirk. Coffee'll be up in a minute, grab some water and start hydrating!

[Rory wanders in.]

PARIS: The smell of these tacos is making me nauseous.

LORELAI: No, no, no. That's the quart of Patty's non-FDA-approved Founder's Day punch you drank last night. Eat a taco.

RORY: Oh, thank God, hangover food.

LORELAI: That's my little college girl.

RORY: Tito's was open this early?

LORELAI: Well, it was for me.

RORY: The power you have over fast food owners is astonishing.

PARIS [mouth full of taco]: Oh, God. I think I'm going to throw up. [Pause] No. I'm good.

RORY: By the way, thanks for leaving me on the bathroom floor all night.

LORELAI: Uh, hey, I tried to get you up. You actually used your foot to stop me.

RORY: I did?

LORELAI: Yes. It was very House of Flying Daggers, but with vomiting.

RORY: Sorry. I don't remember that. The foot part. The vomiting part, however -

PARIS: Stop saying the word 'vomiting'. Unless you want a Mr. Creosote situation on your hands here.

[Rory makes a disgusted face and walks into the living room. Lorelai follows her with a bag of tacos.]

KIRK: Oh, man. I think I got a cavity. I got to stop partying like this.

LIVING ROOM

[Rory stands in the middle of the room, looking around, confused.]

LORELAI: What are you looking for?

RORY: My book bag.

LORELAI: I believe it's in your room.

RORY: Room?

LORELAI: That way.

RORY: Right.

LORELAI: Hey. [She directs Rory to the couch.] I got you a beef burrito. I thought it might be too hardcore for the amateurs in the kitchen, but I figured you'd appreciate it.

RORY: Thanks. [They sit.]

LORELAI: So, how are you feeling?

RORY: I've been better.

LORELAI: Yeah. You take aspirin?

RORY: Aspirin?

LORELAI: White pill, big 'A' on it.

RORY: Right, yep.

LORELAI: Oh, here, before I forget. Um, this fell out of your pocket last night while you were pulling an Exorcist.

RORY [takes the cell phone]: Mm. Paris gave it to me to hold so she wouldn't call Doyle.

LORELAI: She was the talk of the town this morning. att*cked the pretzel cart, police backup had to

be called for the first time ever.

RORY: She was quite a mess.

LORELAI: Huh. So apparently it was a theme.

RORY: I am sorry. It won't happen again, believe me.

LORELAI: You, of all people, should know the dangers of the Founder's Day punch. Did you learn nothing from Mommy's Coyote Ugly bar dance at last year's Salute to the Quakers festival?

RORY: Oh, now, you can't blame that all on the punch.

LORELAI: Well, don't get me wrong, I'm always up for a little mother-daughter bonding, but seriously. When did facials go out of style?

RORY: I'm sorry.

LORELAI: I just don't like seeing you like that.

RORY: That makes two of us.

LORELAI: So, what was all that stuff you were babbling on about last night?

RORY: What stuff?

LORELAI: About Logan. Things aren't going so well with the two of you, huh?

RORY: I'm going to get some coffee.

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: I know. Kitchen, that way.

[She gets up and leaves Lorelai on the couch. Lorelai looks hurt.]

OPENING CREDITS

YALE DORMS - LOGAN'S COMMON ROOM

[Logan is sitting, reading the paper. There is a knock on his door. He gets up. It's Rory.]

LOGAN: Well, this is a surprise.

RORY: Can I come in?

LOGAN: Sure. You want to sit down?

RORY: Nope. Got to stay vertical.

[Logan stares at her.]

RORY: What?

LOGAN: You have, like, an octagon imprinted on your face.

RORY: I can't do this anymore Logan.

LOGAN: Do what?

RORY: This casual dating thing. I don't like it. It's not who I am and I don't want to make it who I am.

LOGAN: Whoa, hold on here. Where's this coming from?

RORY: It's coming from me. The ravishing creature standing in front of you.

LOGAN: We talked about this.

RORY: I know.

LOGAN: I didn't make you do this.

RORY: I know. I'm not accusing you of anything. This isn't your fault.

LOGAN: I don't understand. I thought everything was going so well.

RORY: What are you talking about? I haven't heard from you in a week.

LOGAN: I was busy. I had some friends in town, and -

RORY: You know what? It doesn't matter. You're not my boyfriend, you don't owe me any explanations. I just don't want to be one of the many anymore.

LOGAN: Oh, Rory, come on!

[Logan's roommate comes out.]

LANNY: Hey, Logan, Cassandra's on the phone.

LOGAN: Take a message.

LANNY: She's got a great accent. Where's she from?

LOGAN: Lanny! Message!

LANNY: Fine. Relax, man. Geez.

[He goes back into his room.]

RORY: Go call Cassandra back. We're done here.

LOGAN: How are we done here?

RORY: I said everything I have to say.

LOGAN: Which is what?

RORY: I'm a girlfriend girl, Logan. I have boyfriends, not escorts.

LOGAN: Ah. [He starts pacing.]

RORY: I thought I could be different, but I can't. I'm sorry. Maybe we can just go back to being friends again.

LOGAN [mad]: Or maybe we can become boyfriend and girlfriend, right?

RORY: What?

LOGAN: I get it. I get what you're doing.

RORY: I'm not doing anything.

LOGAN: Hey, if that's what you want then just come out and say it. But you coming in here and issuing an ultimatum -

RORY: I am not issuing an ultimatum!

LOGAN: That's not what I heard.

RORY: I said let's be friends!

LOGAN: That's not what you meant!

RORY [moans]: I need a taco!

LOGAN [crosses over to her]: All right, fine. I'll do it.

RORY: Do what?

LOGAN: I'll be your boyfriend.

RORY: You can't be my boyfriend.

LOGAN: Why not?

RORY: Because you told me that you can't be my boyfriend.

LOGAN: If I say I can, then I can.

RORY: You have a hundred girls on speed dial. You keep a second bathrobe in your closet for overnight guests.

LOGAN: That's all beside the point. You came in here to say you were unhappy with the situation, right?

RORY: Right.

LOGAN: Fine. I've rectified the situation. Problem solved.

RORY: No. Problem not solved.

LOGAN: Hey. If I say I can do this, I can do this!

[There is a knock at the door. Logan opens it.]

GIRL: Hey Logan. Thought maybe I could get you to buy me some lunch.

LOGAN: Oh, geez -

RORY: I'm sorry. Could you excuse us for just a second? We're almost done here.

GIRL: Sure. I'll just wait out here.

[Logan closes the door.]

RORY: So the Swedish flight attendants should be here any minute.

LOGAN: I swear this situation has never happened to me before in my life.

RORY: Logan -

LOGAN: Rory. Do you really want to stop seeing me?

RORY: No, but I can't -

LOGAN: 'Cause I don't want to stop seeing you.

RORY: Okay, but -

LOGAN: So then just accept what I'm saying. I like trying new things. It's new, it's different, but I can do it.

RORY: Are you sure?

[Logan grabs her and kisses her.]

RORY: Well, I know you can do that, but -

[He kisses her again.]

RORY: I really want to believe you.

LOGAN: Then believe me. We're starting fresh right now, new beginning. So you want to go grab some lunch? We'll hammer out the details.

RORY: I should probably change first.

LOGAN: Go home, change. I'll pick you up in half an hour.

RORY [smiles]: Okay.

[They kiss and laugh.]

LOGAN: See how good this is going so far? I think I'm going to be an excellent boyfriend.

RORY: I agree. Now do you want to go tell her, or should I?

LOGAN: Oh, crap. I'll be right back.

[He goes outside. Rory smiles.]

YALE DORMS - RORY AND PARIS' ROOM

[Paris enters, carrying her bags from the weekend. She goes into her room and turns on the light. Doyle is asleep in her bed.]

PARIS: Doyle?

DOYLE: Hey.

PARIS: What are you doing here?

DOYLE: I'm dying.

PARIS: What do you mean, you're dying?

DOYLE: I got sick. And then my very concerned roommates kicked me out because they have exams.

PARIS: Oh my God.

DOYLE: I didn't know where to go, so I came here. I called you first.

PARIS: I was gone this weekend.

DOYLE: So I just came by. I thought I'd wait till you got back, then I fell asleep.

PARIS: You've been here all weekend?

DOYLE: Uh huh.

PARIS: I thought you were avoiding me.

[Doyle coughs pathetically.]

PARIS: I'm sorry you're sick.

DOYLE: It feels like bees are buzzing in my head. Feel it.

PARIS: What?

DOYLE: Feel my head.

PARIS: Why?

DOYLE: I just want you to know how hot I am.

PARIS [backing away]: Well, when you're hot, you're hot and when you're not, you're not. That's how the song goes. Just follow the song.

DOYLE: What?

PARIS: I just don't see what putting my hand on your head is going to get you.

DOYLE: It's just -

PARIS: I'm not a shaman, Doyle. I don't have healing powers.

DOYLE: Where are you going?

PARIS: I'll be right back.

[She closes the door.]

DRAGONFLY INN

[Michel is at the front desk.]

MICHEL: Hold on a second. [Lorelai approaches.] It's for you. It's Sookie. She's done with her doctor's appointment.

LORELAI: Oh, she say how she is?

MICHEL: Mm, to someone who may have asked her, I'm sure she would have.

LORELAI: Mm-hm. [She takes the phone.] Hey, Sookie.

[Scene cuts from the inn to Sookie's house.]

SOOKIE: The bastard put me on bed rest.

LORELAI: What?

SOOKIE: Dr. Menck. He told me to lie down immediately and not to get up again until little Cherry or Norric comes out.

LORELAI: Oh. Well, we'll get to the names in a second. So, are you serious about the bed rest? Where are you?

SOOKIE: I'm at home, on the couch!

LORELAI: Are you okay?

SOOKIE: No, I'm not okay! I have a dinner to get out.

LORELAI: Well, honey, I think we're going to have to do that without you.

SOOKIE: But how?

LORELAI: Well, we have a kitchen staff, and you just tell me what still needs to be done, and we will handle it.

SOOKIE: Okay. Get a pencil.

LORELAI: Okay. Pencil in hand.

SOOKIE: You need to grate six carrots and four parsnips, and then take some flour and butter, melt the butter, make a roux.

LORELAI: Whoa, whoa, whoa.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: Uh, baby, you lost me at carrots. Which, uh, by the way, was the first draft of 'you had me at hello'.

SOOKIE: You had me at what? What are you talking about?

LORELAI: Oh, sorry. I see we've entered the no humor zone. Look, just relax. I'm going to take care of everything.

SOOKIE: But the ducks.

LORELAI: The ducks will be fine. They're lying in a pan with their heads chopped off, so the worst part is behind them. Now, don't worry. Go rest, and I'll check in with you later.

SOOKIE: But -

LORELAI: Happy hibernating!

[She hangs up.]

MICHEL: No Sookie?

LORELAI: No Sookie. Come on.

[Michel follows her into the kitchen.]

LORELAI: Okay, now tell me who does what, and what we need to keep things running.

MICHEL: Well, we need Sookie here.

LORELAI: Okay. Well, she's not going to be here, so let's go to plan B.

MICHEL: Okay, plan B. That involves Sookie's clone, also named Sookie.

LORELAI: Well, um, who here makes the sauces?

MICHEL: Sookie.

LORELAI: Who here, Michel?

MICHEL: Sookie trusts no one else with the sauces. She makes the sauces.

LORELAI: Well, what does Mark make?

MICHEL: Salads.

LORELAI: Okay, and Donny does desserts. What do our other guys do?

MICHEL: Well, that man over there does the cleaning. That man over there dresses the plates, that man uses tongs, and I have no idea what that man in the corner does. But I would check his trunk before he leaves.

LORELAI: Without Sookie here, we have salads and desserts?

MICHEL: Pretty much.

LORELAI: We can't run a restaurant serving just salads and desserts!

MICHEL: I would not go to eat, no.

LORELAI: Wait, okay. Here we have duck. Um, who here does the duck?

MICHEL: Nobody touches the ducks.

LORELAI: Well, starting now, someone has to touch the ducks!

MICHEL: I do not know what to tell you, except that it will not be me.

LORELAI [sighs]: This is bad, Michel.

MICHEL: I'm getting that, yes.

LORELAI: Well, we'll just figure something out, right?

MICHEL: Absolutely. Ain't no mountain high enough.

LORELAI: We'll just, um, formulate a plan, nail down a strategy. You have any ideas?

MICHEL: We could order some pizza, or Chinese food, or perhaps one of those hoagies that you cut into a million pieces -

LORELAI: No more suggestions necessary, Michel.

MICHEL: Well, I'm here if you need me.

[He walks out.]

LUKE'S DINER

[The phone rings. Luke answers it.]

LUKE: Luke's!

[Scene cuts between the Dragonfly kitchen and Luke's.]

LORELAI: How pretty do you think I am?

LUKE: Are we using a specific day? Have you had a good night's sleep?

LORELAI: Sookie's doctor put her on immediate bed rest, and I thought it would be fine, but no one will touch the ducks, and Michel wants to order a hoagie, and I am starting to hyperventilate and I'm not wearing a stretchy fabric, and -

LUKE: I'll be right there.

[He hangs up.]

YALE CAMPUS

[Rory and Logan walk together.]

LOGAN: How's that headache of yours?

RORY: Subsiding a little. The mashed potato, mac and cheese, biscuit, gravy plate combo really helped a lot.

LOGAN: I have to say, half the fun in being with you is the horrified looks on the waiters' faces.

RORY: Please. I'm an amateur compared to my mother.

LOGAN: So what do you think? You up for a movie?

RORY: Oh, yeah. Something really bad.

LOGAN: Absolutely. Let's check the paper and see if Rob Schneider's still employable.

[They laugh.]

LOGAN'S DORM

[Logan enters, followed by Rory.]

LOGAN: I think I have a paper over -

HONOR: Well! Look how long you make a girl wait for you!

LOGAN: Honor!

[The blond girl is sitting on the couch. Logan is very excited to see her.]

HONOR: Do you really think you're worth it?

LOGAN: What are you doing here?

HONOR: Apparently begging for some affection!

[She gets up and they hug. Rory does not look impressed.]

HONOR: It is so good to see you.

LOGAN: You too!

RORY: Listen, Logan. Maybe I should go.

LOGAN: What? Oh, sorry, God. Rory, this is my sister Honor. Honor, Rory Gilmore.

RORY [relaxes]: Sister? Really? Oh. Well, it's nice to meet you.

HONOR: It's nice to meet you too.

RORY: Hey, your sister's here. Cool.

LOGAN: So, what's the occasion?

HONOR: Well, I had to see you, and since you never check your email I had to drag myself down and beg Lanny to let me in so I could show you this! [She holds up her hand to display a ring.]

LOGAN: Holy! [They hug again.]

HONOR: It happened last night!

LOGAN: Oh, Josh finally gave in, uh?

HONOR: Oh, stop it. He's lucky I ever looked at him in the first place.

LOGAN: Well, congratulations.

HONOR: Listen. I need a favor. I'm going to tell them tomorrow night and I need you there for support.

LOGAN: Come on.

HONOR: Hey. I backed you up when you wanted to take a year off school and sail around the world. I wired you the money when you sunk the yacht. I helped pay off the Indonesian Coast Guard!

LOGAN: Okay, okay! I'll be there.

HONOR: Oh, thank you! I love you, I love you, I love you. Okay. Now I can breathe. And focus on - [she turns to Rory] - you. Hi. [She laughs.]

RORY: Hi.

HONOR: Okay, I'm totally blanking. Your name is?

RORY: Rory. Rory Gilmore.

LOGAN: Yeah, Rory's my [pause] girlfriend.

[Honor turns to look at him, amused.]

RORY: You okay over there? You need a little water, or a time machine?

HONOR: I'm sorry, did you say girlfriend?

LOGAN: Yes.

RORY: It's new.

HONOR [laughs]: Oh, my God! I've never heard him call anyone his girlfriend before. Well, Alyssa Milano, but he was ten and in a weird Who's the Boss phase.

LOGAN: Oh, wow, time flies when you're getting pushed out the door.

HONOR: Okay, I'm sorry. Listen, you must come to dinner too.

RORY: Oh, um -

HONOR: No. Really, come. Please come. It'll make it more festive and distracting.

LOGAN: We'll see.

HONOR: Okay, fine. I have to go. I'll see you tomorrow night. Please don't be late?

LOGAN: I promise.

[They hug.]

HONOR: Bye, Rory.

RORY: Bye!

[Honor leaves.]

LOGAN: And that is my sister.

RORY: I like her!

LOGAN: Yeah, she's cool!

RORY: Listen, you do not have to take me to dinner tomorrow. It's a family thing, I totally understand.

LOGAN: No, you should come.

RORY: Logan.

LOGAN: Hey. Boyfriends bring their girlfriends to their family's houses for dinner. It's natural.

RORY: How would you know?

LOGAN: I saw it on Who's the Boss. Now, let's find that paper.

[Rory hands him the paper.]

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Lorelai leads Luke into the kitchen.]

LORELAI: So, there's the fridge, stove's over there, grill's on the side, freezer's in the back. That's salad man, plate guy, tongs guy, check-his-trunk-before-he-leaves guy, and here are the ducks. Are you familiar with ducks?

LUKE: I am familiar with ducks.

LORELAI: But, I mean, not just familiar, like you know what a duck is. I mean, have you cooked a duck before?

LUKE: I can handle the ducks. Relax.

LORELAI: Okay. Ducks handled. Good.

LUKE: Now, does Sookie have a menu notes, or, uh -

[Manny hands Luke a binder.]

LUKE: Oh, thanks, uh -

MANNY: Me llamo Manny.

LUKE: Manny. Gracias, Manny.

LORELAI: I talked to Sookie, she said everything you need is in that folder, it's a little unorganized.

LUKE: Well, it wouldn't be Sookie's fault if it wasn't a little unorganized.

LORELAI: Okay, so what can I do to help?

LUKE: Nothing.

LORELAI: Ah. Perfect answer.

LUKE: Not without a hairnet.

LORELAI: Okay. I'll be out there if you need me.

[Lorelai leaves the kitchen.]

YALE DORMS - PARIS' BEDROOM

[Paris enters, followed by her nanny.]

PARIS: He's right there.

DOYLE: What's going on?

PARIS: I'm taking care of you.

DOYLE: You're - [Nanny forces Doyle to sit up and takes off his shirt.] Hey!

PARIS: This is Nanny. She only speaks Portuguese.

DOYLE: What's Portuguese for 'Ow, you're ripping my chest hair out'?

[Nanny speaks Portuguese very fast.]

PARIS: Clean shirt. Got it.

DOYLE: What's she doing? What's that jar? She's got salve! She's got salve! [He struggles as Nanny rubs the salve on his chest.]

PARIS: Doyle, relax. Nanny took care of me for years.

DOYLE: Oh, God. Do you remember when Han Solo finds Luke Skywalker in the snowstorm and he cuts open their dead Taun-taun to hide inside? That's what I smell like at this moment.

PARIS: She makes that balm herself. I'm telling you, it's magic.

DOYLE: Paris, no offense to Nanny and her magic healing balm, but when I came over here I thought you would take care of me.

PARIS: I am taking care of you. I brought you Nanny.

[Nanny dresses him in a clean t-shirt and forces him back down.]

DOYLE: I don't want Nanny. I'm scared of Nanny. Can't you just take it from here?

PARIS: No.

DOYLE: Why?

PARIS: Sick people freak me out.

DOYLE: You're pre-med!

[Nanny says something.]

DOYLE: Paris -

PARIS: Lie down! You'll feel better soon, I promise!

[Nanny packs her bag and leaves the room. Doyle whimpers.]

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Luke and the staff are busy preparing dinner. The phone rings.]

MANNY: Cocina. Sí, aquí esta. Luke, Sookie.

LUKE: Hey, Sookie.

[Scene cuts from the kitchen to Sookie's living room, where she is sitting on the couch.]

SOOKIE: Hi.

LUKE: Hi.

SOOKIE: Whatcha doing?

LUKE: I'm cooking.

SOOKIE: Right, good. Little test. So, I was just checking in, making sure everything was fine.

LUKE: Everything is fine.

SOOKIE: The ducks working out for you?

LUKE: The ducks are selling like hotcakes.

SOOKIE [giggles]: Like hotcakes. God, you are a funny guy! I just, I never realized. So, I just wanted to tell you that I'm really grateful to you for jumping in like this.

LUKE: Happy to jump.

SOOKIE: Are you straining the sauce?

LUKE: Excuse me?

SOOKIE: The duck sauce. Are you straining it?

LUKE: Yes.

SOOKIE: Twice?

LUKE: No.

SOOKIE: Oh, well. It's really best if you strain it twice. It makes it really smooth.

LUKE: People seem to be liking the sauce, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Well, sure, when you don't know what you're missing, then -

LUKE: Okay, tell you what. From now on, I will strain the duck sauce twice. Three times, if it'll make you happy.

SOOKIE: No! Then it'll be too runny!

LUKE: Twice it is.

SOOKIE: Thank you.

LUKE: You're welcome. [Lorelai enters the kitchen. To Lorelai] Hey. I've got Sookie on the phone, do you need to talk to her?

LORELAI: Yes, actually. Great.

LUKE [to Sookie]: I'm handing you over to Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hey.

SOOKIE [upset]: He's not straining the duck sauce three times, is he?

LORELAI: Uh, not to my knowledge. Hey, Sookie, where are the applications?

SOOKIE: I don't know why you'd joke about a thing like that. Three times! That's not funny!

LORELAI: Sookie, the applications, from the culinary institute, for your temporary replacement?

SOOKIE: Are they not there?

LORELAI: Uh, depends on where 'there' is.

SOOKIE: Huh. They're around somewhere. Check the freezer. Sometimes I like to read in there.

LORELAI: That's very Lucy of you. I'll call when I find them. Now rest. Bye.

SOOKIE: Bye.

[They hang up.]

LORELAI: You know, I love watching you cook. It's hot.

LUKE: That's because you're standing right next to the broiler.

LORELAI: Oh, is that what we're calling it now?

LUKE: Not in front of the guys, please.

LORELAI: Fine. I'll save my dirty cooking jokes for later.

[Lorelai leaves the kitchen.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai enters, talking on her cell phone.]

LORELAI: Yeah, I was just wondering if I could get you to re-submit those applications. [Pause] Well, we seem to have misplaced them. As soon as possible would be great. [She hears a noise from the kitchen. She looks concerned.] Uh-huh. You can just fax them over, that'd be great. Thanks. Bye.

[She hangs up, and looks around for something to defend herself with. She grabs a cushion from the couch.]

LORELAI: Hello, is somebody there?

RORY [walking from her room into the kitchen]: Hey, Mom!

LORELAI [sighs]: Hey, Mom? That's it? You just gave me a heart attack and all you have to say is 'hey, Mom'? I thought you were a vicious serial k*ller.

RORY [getting a soda from the fridge]: Who you were going to challenge to a pillow fight?

LORELAI: What are you doing here, Sassy McSassterson?

RORY: I needed some stuff.

LORELAI: What stuff?

RORY: My blue dress.

LORELAI: What do you need your blue dress for?

RORY: Okay. I am going to tell you something. But when I do, you cannot say a word.

LORELAI: Why not?

RORY: Because I don't want to hear it.

LORELAI: Hear what?

RORY: What you're going to say.

LORELAI: But how do you know what I'm going to say?

RORY: Trust me. I know.

LORELAI: Hey, I have been known to say some very surprising things. 'Hugh, I know you're with Elizabeth Hurley, but how about picking up a hooker tonight?' That was me.

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Okay, fine.

RORY: Logan and I are now boyfriend and girlfriend. And I am here because I need my blue dress. To wear to his parents' house tonight.

[She nods, picks up her soda and walks into her bedroom. Lorelai follows her, looking like she desperately wants to say something.]

RORY: I went over to Logan's apartment yesterday. I told him that I didn't want to do the casual dating thing anymore. That it wasn't me, and we should just go back to being friends. Instead, he decided to commit.

LORELAI: A -

RORY: Not a word. Now I know that things may have started off a little rocky - [Lorelai starts to say something else] Ah, ah, ah. But I am very happy with the way things are going and I think that, in time, you will be too.

[Lorelai holds the cushion up to her mouth. Rory picks up the garment bag containing her dress.]

RORY: Okay, I have everything I need. I have to get going. Logan's picking me up at six. It was nice talking to you. Don't forget to breathe.

[She kisses Lorelai's head and leaves.]

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Luke and the staff are cooking.]

LUKE [tasting]: Good, add the parsley and get it out there. [The phone rings. He answers.]
Kitchen!

SOOKIE: Do you put walnuts in your béchamel?

LUKE: Sookie?

SOOKIE [forceful]: Do you put walnuts in your béchamel?

LUKE: No.

SOOKIE: You don't put walnuts in your béchamel.

LUKE: Sookie, I have things burning, so -

SOOKIE: I thought I tasted walnuts. What things are you burning?

LUKE: What do you mean, you tasted walnuts?

SOOKIE: You want to get fancy, you can do that at your own diner. My béchamel sauce is classic.

LUKE: How are you tasting the béchamel?

SOOKIE: And I don't remember including goat cheese in the fennel salad!

LUKE: How do you know what's in the fennel salad?

SOOKIE: So you admit it. You put goat cheese in the fennel salad.

LUKE: Yeah, I put goat cheese in the fennel salad. It goes good in the fennel salad and you had it sitting there.

SOOKIE: And I also have some Brill-o pads sitting there. You want to toss a couple of those into the fennel salad as well? Hm?

LUKE: How do you know all this?

SOOKIE: I just assumed.

LUKE: You just assumed I put goat cheese in the fennel salad.

SOOKIE: And walnuts in the béchamel.

LUKE: I did not put walnuts in the béchamel. Sookie, are you having people bring you my food?
[Sookie doesn't respond.] You are! You're calling here and having people sneak food out from behind my back so that you can taste

it.

SOOKIE: Wow. You paranoid or what? Geez, man, time for a vacation.

[One of the kitchen staff enters the kitchen with an empty take-out container.]

LUKE: Hold on. [To the whole kitchen] Okay, here's the deal. Announcement, please. From this moment on there will be no more food leaving the premises. The food goes from here to the dining room, or upstairs, and that is it. No more food will leave the premises. No quiero que ninguna comida salga de esta local. ¿Comprende?

[The staff agrees.]

LUKE [to Sookie]: What about you, you comprende?

SOOKIE: That's my kitchen, Luke!

LUKE: And it will be here waiting for you when you get back. Until then, sit back, relax, and watch Ellen dance around a little. I got work to do.

SOOKIE: Luke!

LUKE: Bye-bye.

[Sookie hangs up, frustrated.]

YALE DORMS - RORY'S COMMON ROOM

[Rory enters carrying her dress. Paris is in the kitchen.]

RORY: Hey, Paris.

PARIS: Hey, Rory.

[Rory walks into her room and is surprised to see Nanny making her bed.]

RORY: Oh!

NANNY: Oh, I scare?

RORY: No. Yes! Excuse me.

[She walks back into the common room.]

RORY: There's a woman in my room?

PARIS: That's Nanny. You know Nanny. That makes me sad, that you don't remember Nanny. She always liked you.

RORY: She's stripping my bed. Why is she doing that?

PARIS: Well, she finally got Doyle to sleep, and she has to do something. The woman doesn't tire. She's a machine.

RORY: What do you mean, she finally got Doyle to sleep?

PARIS: He's here. He's sick, so Nanny's taking care of him.

RORY: Why aren't you doing it?

PARIS: Sick people freak me out.

RORY: You're pre-med!

PARIS: I'm really tired of having that constantly thrown in my face.

RORY: Paris, could you please just get Nanny out of my room, 'cause I have dinner with Logan tonight and I have to get ready.

PARIS: Logan? I thought you guys were -

RORY: We were.

PARIS: What happened?

RORY: Well, I told him that I didn't think things were working and that we should just be friends, but he didn't want to be just -

PARIS: Friends?

RORY: No. It seemed to wake him up. So now he wants to give commitment a try.

PARIS: A commitment? With Logan?

RORY: Yep.

PARIS: I don't believe it! You did it, you landed the whale. You're Annette Bening.

RORY: I'm not Annette Bening. It was just a matter of getting him to focus on the situation.

PARIS: Focus. Huh.

[Nanny walks out of Rory's room carrying an armload of shoes. She speaks in Portuguese to Paris.]

PARIS: She's going to buff your shoes.

RORY: I need these. [She grabs a pair from the top of the pile and heads back into her room with the dress.]

RORY [OS]: My God, my room is clean!

[Paris smirks and stirs her coffee.]

HUNTZBERGER MANSION

[Rory and Logan get out of his car in front of a massive house.]

RORY: Wow!

LOGAN: Uh, where are my keys? What did I do with my keys?

RORY: Just your parents live here?

LOGAN: Ah, got 'em. [He pulls the keys from the ignition.]

RORY: Well, I certainly hope the drainage is good.

LOGAN: Excuse me?

RORY: Because if it's not good and you have pooling somewhere, you may not know it for months.

LOGAN: I'll be sure to mention that to them.

RORY: You look nervous.

LOGAN: Do I? Huh. I'm just not so sure what I got you into.

RORY: What do you mean?

LOGAN: Well, my family's not going to take my sister's engagement too well. They can be a little vicious when annoyed.

RORY: Hey. Relax. You do not have to worry about me at all. Five years of Friday night dinners have prepared me for exactly this moment.

LOGAN: Really?

RORY: Remind me to tell you about the time my mom climbed out a second story window to get away from my grandmother.

LOGAN: Ah, I will.

[They climb the steps to the front door.]

LOGAN: Okay, ready?

RORY: Ready.

[Logan rings the bell. Honor rushes out.]

HONOR: You are late!

LOGAN: Fifteen minutes.

HONOR: Well, it's awful! A morgue! It's like they already know what I'm going to tell them.

LOGAN: Well, you have been with Josh for three years now.

HONOR: I don't understand it. I called and told them that you were coming because that usually makes Mom happy. And I told her that you were bringing Rory so they'd be on their company behavior, but from the minute Josh and I walked in that door it's been iceberg city! Josh has completely panicked. Shaking.

LOGAN: Wow. Sorry.

HONOR: Don't be sorry. Just get in here and stop it.

[Honor marches inside. Logan sighs.]

RORY: Hm. Remind me to tell you about the time my mother wore a shirt with a rhinestone p*nis on it and my grandma had her car towed.

[Logan looks perplexed. They enter the foyer.]

RORY: Look at the ceiling!

LOGAN: Come on.

[He grabs her hand and pulls her through the house.]

RORY: Have you seen this ceiling?

HONOR: Hurry!

SHIRA: Well, look what the cat dragged in.

LOGAN: Sorry we're late, everyone.

SHIRA: It's all right, Logan, we're still waiting for your father. [Logan kisses her.]

LOGAN: Hey Grandpa, nice to see you. [They shake hands.]

ELIAS: Did you get those books I sent you?

LOGAN: I did, thank you. Hey, Josh, it's been a while, you're looking well.

JOSH: You too.

LOGAN: Everyone, I'd like you to meet Rory Gilmore.

RORY: Hi. It's really nice to meet you all. This house is amazing. Seriously, there should be a docent at the door.

SHIRA: Well, thank you, Rory.

LOGAN: You know Rory's grandparents, Mom. Richard and Emily.

SHIRA: Yes, of course. How are Richard and Emily doing?

RORY: They're doing very well.

SHIRA: Oh, that's wonderful.

[There is a moment of awkward silence. The only sound is Elias swishing an ice cube around his glass.]

RORY: So, um, you were at the wedding, right?

SHIRA: Oh. Why, yes. We were. Oh, it was lovely. Emily certainly knows how to plan an event.

RORY: That she does.

SHIRA: I should send her a note.

RORY [nodding]: Hm.

[Rory glances over at Honor, who points to Josh and mouths "Josh". Rory waves. Josh waves back. Elias continues swishing his ice around.]

LOGAN [getting up]: Hey, Grandpa, can I freshen your drink for you?

[Elias grunts. Logan takes his glass.]

SHIRA: Oh, I'm sorry. Can we get you something, Rory?

[Rory begins to shake her head.]

LOGAN: I got it, Mom.

[More awkward silence. Logan hands Rory a glass.]

RORY: Oh, Logan, I don't think I should -

LOGAN: It's club soda, Ace.

RORY: Oh, good.

[The maid brings in a message on a tray. Shira reads it.]

SHIRA: Apparently Mitchum is still at the office. We might as well start dinner. [She stands.] So. [She gestures for everyone to follow her.]

HONOR [to Josh]: Come on. You'll feel better when you've had some food.

JOSH: I'll feel better when we're leaving.

HONOR [to Rory]: So sorry. We owe you one.

RORY: No. [They head for the dining room. Rory points at a painting.] Is that a Velazquez?

LOGAN: Come on.

RORY: It is! That's a Velazquez! This house is so cool!

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Lorelai enters.]

LORELAI: So, I am holding in my hand one of our comment cards on which a particular person has written, and I quote, "best meal I've ever had. The duck was exceptional, the lamb chops were amazing. Ask the chef if he'll marry me." What do you think?

LUKE: I don't know, what does she look like?

LORELAI: I didn't say it was a she.

LUKE: I'll stick with what I have.

LORELAI: Aw, sweet. I didn't know you were making lamb chops.

LUKE: Last minute addition. You know, your cooking crew here is great!

LORELAI: Really?

LUKE: Yeah, Mark the salad guy? Top-notch. Javier is one hell of a grill man, and Manny, your sous-chef? I'd kick Caesar out on his ass if I could steal Manny.

LORELAI: Oh, you covet my kitchen staff. Feeling superior and I like it!

[She leaves. A waiter brings in an order slip.]

LUKE: Okay, guys, we need two sea basses, one chicken, one pepper steak without the pepper, go figure - where's Pedro going?

[Pedro is leaving the kitchen with a ladle. Luke follows him up the stairs and into one of the rooms.]

LUKE: I knew it! Are you insane?

SOOKIE: Well, you wouldn't take my calls!

LUKE: How long have you been up here?

SOOKIE: Since you made me promise that no food would leave the premises. Well, here I am, keeping my promises. Pedro, give me the ladle.

LUKE: Pedro, do not give her that ladle.

SOOKIE: Give me the ladle, Pedro.

LUKE: Vente uno con migo, Pedro!

SOOKIE: Hueso su jefe, Pedro!

LUKE: You're scaring Pedro.

SOOKIE: You're scaring Pedro.

LUKE: All day long things are disappearing. Salads are suddenly gone. Lamb chops don't make it to the table.

SOOKIE: I had to make sure you were doing it right.

LUKE: You're supposed to be home!

SOOKIE: No! I'm supposed to be in bed! And I'm in bed! And you said that you would double-strain the duck sauce and you, my friend, are not double straining!

LUKE: There will be no more of this. No more calls. No more questions. No more ladles that leave that kitchen. I don't care what bed you're in. That is between you and your husband and God, I hope a qualified therapist. But you will not interfere with me anymore. Period.

[He turns to go.]

SOOKIE [to Pedro]: Give me that.

[Luke grabs the ladle and runs.]

HUNTZBERGER MANSION - DINING ROOM

[The family is sitting at the table, being served dinner.]

LOGAN: So, Grandpa, how's the new boat?

ELIAS: It's a boat. It floats.

LOGAN: I hear it's beautiful. When are you going to let me take her out?

SHIRA: Now, Logan, you don't have the best track record when it comes to boats.

LOGAN: Only other people's boats. Our boats are very safe.

HONOR: We should do a summer trip. Maybe hit the Amalfi Coast again? All of us. Rory, Josh, you, me.

[Elias slams his fork down on the table.]

SHIRA: Dad!

ELIAS: Maria!

MARIA: Yes, sir?

ELIAS: It's too hot. Bring me a salad.

SHIRA: I'll be right back. [She gets up.]

[Honor mimes smoking a cigarette to Rory.]

RORY [to Logan]: What?

LOGAN: Mom's a stress smoker.

RORY: Oh. I don't understand why everyone's so upset. Josh seems fine.

LOGAN: The Huntzbergers aren't interested in fine.

ELIAS: Shira!

SHIRA [OS]: Yes, Dad?

ELIAS: What time did Mitchum say he'd be here?

[Shira re-enters the room, coughing a bit and waving the smoke away.]

SHIRA: I don't know. He didn't say.

ELIAS: Well, this is ridiculous!

SHIRA: Please, Dad.

ELIAS: We're all just going to sit around this table and pretend there's nothing going on?

SHIRA: Let's just wait for Mitchum!

ELIAS: There are serious matters to be discussed here. This is an important family. Marrying into it is important business. But no, we can't discuss this until Mitchum gets here! [Maria brings him his salad.] What is this? Go away!

LOGAN: Okay, I'm sorry. I have to jump in here. Grandpa, we all respect you and Mom and Dad, but the bottom line here is, Honor has to be happy. Now, if she loves Josh, then -

HONOR: Logan, I appreciate you defending me but I can take it from here. Mom, Grandpa, I had hoped that you would be happy for me, but obviously that's not going to happen. You didn't even let me announce it to you before you formed your opinion, and I'm sorry you feel the way you do, but Josh and I made it official last week. We are engaged now and no matter what you say, we are going to get married. In June.

SHIRA: Well, of course you're going to get married! You've been dating for three years, and I already put a hold on the Japanese Tea Garden for next spring.

HONOR: Oh. Well, that sounds great, thank you!

LOGAN: So we should celebrate then!

ELIAS: We'll celebrate when we have finished our discussion!

HONOR: Which discussion?

ELIAS: The discussion about unsuitable people marrying into this family.

HONOR: What?

SHIRA [panicked]: I'll be right back! [She rushes out.]

ELIAS: You should know better than this, Logan! I know you like to joke around, and tease us, but I always thought at the end of the day, you understood what your responsibilities to this family were!

LOGAN: Mom, I suggest you come back in here, right now!

SHIRA [hovering near the doorway]: Logan, you just haven't thought about this. I mean, I'm sure Rory understands. She wants to work. Isn't that right, Rory? Emily's always talking about you wanting to be a reporter and travel around doing this and that. A girl like Rory has no idea what it takes to be in this family, Logan.

LOGAN: Oh my God.

SHIRA: She wasn't raised that way. She wasn't bred for it. And this isn't at all about her mother, it's just, you come from two totally different worlds.

ELIAS: It would never work. Not for you, and certainly not for us.

LOGAN: Okay, this conversation is going to end right now. I am not going to sit here -

ELIAS: You are going to be taking over this company! That's what you are going to be doing! And when you do, you are going to need the right kind of person at your side. This isn't college, Logan!

SHIRA: And whatever happened to that Fallon girl? I loved her. Do you talk anymore?

LOGAN: No, we don't talk! We never talked, you talked.

SHIRA: Oh, what a shame. I just loved her.

LOGAN [gets up]: Okay. Let's go.

SHIRA [calling after them as they leave]: Logan. You have to understand. You bring this girl home without any warning at all, and Honor tells us you're calling her your girlfriend! We have to take that seriously. Logan, come back here!

RORY: I don't understand!

LOGAN: They're psychotic. What more is there to understand?

RORY: But why don't they think I'm good enough?

LOGAN: Rory.

RORY: I mean, I'm a Gilmore! Do they know that? My ancestors came over on the Mayflower!

LOGAN: Don't try to analyze it, there's no rhyme or reason!

RORY: I had a coming out party! I went to Chilton, and Yale, and why are they okay with Josh? I mean, he doesn't even say anything! At least I noticed the Velazquez!

LOGAN: Josh isn't marrying the heir to the Huntzberger fortune, you are. [The door opens.] I've got to get out of here.

[Mitchum enters.]

MITCHUM: Logan! Perfect. Did they start dinner? Is it some sort of precious fish dish? 'Cause I'm dying for a steak. You're Rory, I assume. Heard a lot about you. [They shake hands.]

LOGAN: We're leaving.

MITCHUM: What? Why?

LOGAN: You know why.

MITCHUM: Had a long day, Logan. Don't want to play games. Is dinner over?

LOGAN: No. The Huntzberger family Shanghai is over. Dinner, however is still going on.

MITCHUM: Oh, okay. Okay. What happened? [He walks toward the dining room.] Oh, no. Why is your mother smoking?

LOGAN: We have to go. I'm sure they'll fill you in on everything.

RORY: It was nice to meet you.

[Logan and Rory leave.]

YALE DORMS - PARIS' BEDROOM

[Doyle and Nanny are laughing. Paris opens the door. Doyle rubs salve on his chest.]

DOYLE: Paris, come on in, we're just chatting.

PARIS: I see that.

DOYLE: I got to tell you, Paris, you were right. This stuff is magic. Esa e majica. [Nanny laughs.] She just taught me that.

[Nanny speaks Portuguese and gets up to go.]

DOYLE: Uh-huh.

[She leaves, smiling and nodding at Paris.]

DOYLE: She's great!

PARIS: Yeah, she is. So, you seem better!

DOYLE: I am so much better. Nanny's got me salving every four hours, I've steamed, I've had soup. All I need now is one more good Nyquil knockout sleep, and I'll be as good as new. [He points to the Nyquil.] Hey, could you?

PARIS [grabs it]: Oh, sure.

DOYLE: I've got to tell you, Paris. You're a lifesaver. Really. [Paris stares at the Nyquil in her hand.] Paris? [She looks up.] Paris, the Nyquil!

PARIS: Doyle, it's time we have a talk about our relationship.

DOYLE: But -

PARIS: Doyle, focus!

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Jackson bursts through the door.]

JACKSON: Hey. You in the hat.

LUKE: Jackson, what are you -

JACKSON: How dare you take a ladle from a pregnant woman!

LUKE: What?

JACKSON: Dr. Menck very specifically said that she needs to relax and she cannot relax thinking you're in here screwing up her sauce!

LUKE: I'm not!

JACKSON: Now, while there's a very good chance that you could k*ll me in a fight, I do not care. That woman is my wife, and she is carrying my baby. So from now on, if she wants to talk, you will talk! If she wants to taste your food, you will let her taste your food! If she wants you to double-strain that sauce, you will double-strain that sauce, my friend! Because I have to live with her and if she is upset because of anything that you have done, I will come over here and I will soundly kick your ass! That is if you haven't k*llled me yet! [He marches out of the kitchen.]

LUKE: Hey!

[Luke also marches out of the kitchen.]

DRAGONFLY INN - LIVING ROOM

[Luke walks up to Lorelai.]

LUKE: Hey. That's it. I've had it.

LORELAI: You've had what?

LUKE: She's a crazy woman, and now she's upstairs and ladles are mysteriously flying out of the kitchen.

LORELAI: Who's upstairs?

LUKE: Sookie's upstairs!

LORELAI: No, Sookie's at home.

LUKE: No, Sookie's supposed to be at home. And then I didn't strain the sauce twice, so she came here to drive me crazy and she brought her loony husband with her!

LORELAI: Jackson's here? How am I missing all of this?

LUKE: I don't know, and I don't care! I'm through! I'm not taking this anymore!

LORELAI: What do you mean, you're not taking it anymore? What are you going to do?

LUKE: You want to know what I'm going to do? Nothing! Because I am in a relationship with you and you know very well I can't leave. All I can do is come out here and say I'm through and pretend I have a leg to stand on and then march back into that kitchen and keep doing the job, but, oh, boy. I'm going to be thinking about what I would have done if we weren't in a relationship, even though that would mean I wouldn't be in this position in the first place. [He nods.] Excuse me.

[Lorelai watches him go, then heads upstairs to the room Sookie was in. There are samples of food on the bed, but she is gone. Lorelai goes outside to chase after her.]

STARS HOLLOW STREET

[Lorelai catches up to Jackson and Sookie, making their getaway in a golf cart. She walks alongside them.]

LORELAI: Ah, if this is the eccentric couple version of the Amazing Race, I think you guys are winning.

JACKSON: Are we talking to her? I don't think we're talking to her.

SOOKIE: Hey, it's Lorelai!

JACKSON: Girlfriend of Luke, and we're not talking to Luke.

SOOKIE: Well, I'm talking to Lorelai. How you doing?

LORELAI: Sookie, this is not bed rest.

SOOKIE: My feet are up.

JACKSON: I told you not to talk to her.

LORELAI: What is with the 'tude, cranky pants?

SOOKIE: He's very mad at Luke.

LORELAI: Well, I'm not Luke!

JACKSON: By extension, you are Luke.

LORELAI: Sookie, what were you doing at the Inn?

SOOKIE: Checking in on the restaurant. That's my job.

LORELAI: Not anymore. Your job is bed rest.

SOOKIE: Ooh, honey, easy on the bumps. Baby doesn't like the bumps.

LORELAI: Jackson, stop.

JACKSON: She and that boyfriend of hers. Bossiest couple in town.

LORELAI: Stop! At least let me ride!

[Jackson slows down to let Lorelai jump on.]

SOOKIE: Oh!

LORELAI: Okay. Go. [They go.] Sookie, you knew the day was coming when you wouldn't be able to come in!

SOOKIE: I had three weeks.

LORELAI: You never had any applications, did you?

SOOKIE: I meant to. No one was good enough.

LORELAI: Well, no one's as good as you, but plenty of people are good enough! We just need one of them, just till you're back on your feet.

SOOKIE: I know!

LORELAI: You know, Luke's not as good as you either. That kind of cooking's a little fancy for him, but he tried.

SOOKIE: Yeah, he's not bad. He's pretty good, in fact. What does he put in these? [She pulls out a plate covered in foil.]

LORELAI: What is that?

SOOKIE: His lamb chops. They're amazing, I'm taking them home to study.

LORELAI: Well, you could have just asked him.

SOOKIE: Hm, he's mad at me.

JACKSON: We're mad at him!

LORELAI: We're all going to stop being mad at each other. Now, pull over.

JACKSON: Why?

LORELAI: Because, uh, you live here.

JACKSON: Oh, yeah. [He stops the cart.]

LORELAI: You know, Luke said that Manny was doing pretty well.

SOOKIE: I know, I trained him. You know, when I first met him he didn't know a cafette from a chiffonade.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, he's from New Jersey.

SOOKIE: And he picked it up quick.

LORELAI: Maybe he can take over while you're out. Keep it in the family. He knows all your secrets.

SOOKIE: Okay. We'll go with Manny. He's a good guy.

LORELAI: I think that's a good idea.

SOOKIE: Thank Luke for me.

LORELAI: I will.

SOOKIE: And find out what's in these lamb chops, because they're driving me crazy!

LORELAI: I promise. Jackson, get her inside. Don't let her move.

SOOKIE: Hey, how are you going to get back?

LORELAI: Oh, I thought I'd take the cart you guys stole.

SOOKIE: Perfect!

JACKSON: This all turned out pretty good.

[He helps Sookie inside.]

YALE CAMPUS

[Logan is walking Rory home in silence. He looks troubled. They reach the door of her building.]

LOGAN: So. Okay if I just drop you here?

RORY: Drop me here?

LOGAN: Yeah, lights are on. Paris is home. I've had about all the crazy I can for one evening.

RORY: Okay. Sure. You know we don't have to go in, we can go get something to eat.

LOGAN: I'm not hungry.

RORY: Okay.

LOGAN: I just want to walk a little, clear my head.

RORY: Okay.

[They kiss.]

LOGAN: I'll call you later.

RORY: Tomorrow?

LOGAN [walking away]: Uh, yeah. Tomorrow.

[Rory goes inside.]

LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Luke and Lorelai relax on the couch. Luke is nearly asleep. Lorelai flips through channels on the T.V.]

LORELAI: Does it seem like Frodo is on every fricking channel to you, or is it just me?

LUKE: God, I have never been this tired.

LORELAI: Aw. You were one hell of a white knight today, baby.

LUKE: Yes, I'm a regular Lancelot.

LORELAI: You're starting to snooze.

LUKE: Uh-huh.

LORELAI [softly]: Do you want to go upstairs, or are you okay right here?

LUKE: Uh-huh.

LORELAI [whispers]: Luke.

[Luke groans.]

LORELAI [whispers]: What did you put in the lamb chops?

LUKE: Forget it.

LORELAI: Come on!

[The phone rings.]

LUKE: Saved by the bell.

LORELAI: I'll be right back. [She answers the phone.] Hello?
[Scene cuts from Lorelai's house to Rory's bedroom.]

RORY: You busy?

LORELAI: What's wrong?

RORY: Dinner was awful.

LORELAI [whispers]: Hold on. [She gets up and goes into the kitchen, careful not to disturb Luke.] Okay, hit it.

RORY: Well, to make a long story short, Logan's family hates me.

LORELAI: That's impossible. It's like hating Thumper. No one hates Thumper.

RORY: They think I'm trash. They think I'm not good enough to marry into their family.

LORELAI: What are they talking about? Don't they know you're a Gilmore?

RORY: I don't think they care.

LORELAI: Ah, pfft. And who said anything about marrying into their family?

RORY: Apparently, Logan bringing me over for dinner said that I was going to marry into their family.

LORELAI: Uh, that's crazy.

RORY: I know! But then they got all panicked and they started saying all these things -

LORELAI: To your face?

RORY: Right there at the dinner table!

LORELAI: What?

RORY: They went on and on about how I'm going to be a career woman and Logan, you don't want that, she won't understand our lifestyle or the demands, or, or the family responsibilities!

LORELAI: What family responsibilities? Who are they, the Gambino's?

RORY: Then his mother starts in on that lovely Fallon girl, and doesn't Logan see her anymore? Because she would make a perfect choice!

LORELAI: And what did you say?

RORY: Nothing. I just sat there. I just sat there and let them say that I wasn't good enough, and that Logan was making a mistake, and just wait till his father came home!

LORELAI: I hate these people!

RORY: It was awful.

LORELAI: Well, Logan didn't just sit there and let them attack you all night, did he?

RORY: No. He got really mad and he told them they were all crazy and then we left.

LORELAI: Well, good for him.

RORY: But we didn't say a word to each other all the way home. And then walking back to my dorm, he just looked so freaked. I could tell that he was just, I don't know, rethinking everything. The whole relationship. I'm just afraid he's going to bolt. Mom?

[Lorelai has been shaking her head in disapproval, not saying anything.]

LORELAI: Can I say something? Something you may not want to hear?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: If he is going to bolt, maybe you should let him bolt. He told you, Rory, he told you he was not a commitment kind of guy, just like you're not a non-commitment kind of girl. And you tried to be something you weren't and it was bad. It didn't work for you. Don't try and force him to be something he's not.

RORY: I didn't force him!

LORELAI: I know, but he was looking at losing you, and he didn't want to and I give him credit for that, but maybe in the end this is not the guy or the relationship for you.

RORY: I don't care what his family thinks.

LORELAI: This has nothing to do with his family.

RORY: We're good together, Mom. I'm good for him.

LORELAI: But maybe he isn't good for you.

RORY: People can change!

LORELAI: Do you really want to be in the business of changing someone?

RORY: Maybe he wants to change!

LORELAI: Rory, two days ago you were on the bathroom floor crying about why he won't call you. Why doesn't he like you, what did you do?

RORY: I was drunk. I was sick!

LORELAI: You, my beautiful, brainy, fabulous daughter, were lying on the floor of the bathroom, wondering what you had done wrong! Which is disturbing to me on several levels, including the fact that I can't remember the last time I cleaned the floor of the bathroom! Is that really the kind of relationship you want to be in?

[Rory is frowning. There is a knock on the door of her common room.]

RORY: Hold on.

[She goes to answer the door, still holding the phone. Logan is standing in the door.]

RORY: Hey. Everything okay?

LOGAN: I'm sorry.

RORY: For what?

LOGAN: For just taking off like that. I just, this was a very intense evening for me.

RORY: I'm sure.

LOGAN: But taking off like that, I was overreacting, that's just stupid. So, forgive me?

RORY: There's nothing to forgive.

LOGAN: Come on, grab your coat. I'll take you to get something to eat.

RORY: Okay. I'll be right back.

[She goes back into her bedroom and closes the door.]

RORY [on the phone]: Did you hear that?

LORELAI: Yeah. I sure did.

RORY: Everything's fine. I just got upset about nothing.

LORELAI: Okay, but -

RORY: Thanks for the talk, Mom, and I heard you, but I have to go.

LORELAI: Okay. Call me tomorrow.

RORY: I will.

[She hangs up, gets her coat, and leaves. Lorelai hangs up and stares at the floor, helpless.]

YALE NEWSROOM

[Paris is talking to Rory at her desk.]

PARIS: He got dumped two years ago. Apparently, it was a vicious Julia Roberts to Kiefer Sutherland kind of dump. She broke his heart, slept with his best friend, and took the dog. He swore off women completely until he met me.

RORY: Wow. That was a lot of ground you guys covered last night.

PARIS: He finally admitted, once his cough started coming back, that what we have he no longer views as casual. He said we are officially in a committed

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RORY: Hey, I know that word!

PARIS: - Relationship, and I would not be remotely out of line if I called myself his girlfriend. And then I handed him the Nyquil, and then he passed out.

RORY: Very romantic.

PARIS: I know.

[Mitchum enters the newsroom.]

RORY: I'm happy for you.

PARIS: I'm happy for me too. Mr. Huntzberger! [She stands suddenly.]

MITCHUM: Hello, there. Hello, Rory.

RORY: Hi.

PARIS: Paris Gellar. We met a couple of months ago. [She shakes his hand.]

MITCHUM: I remember the handshake. Reminded me of Jimmy Breslin's.

PARIS: High compliment.

MITCHUM: Would you excuse us?

PARIS: Oh, sure. [She leaves.]

RORY: Are you looking for Logan?

MITCHUM: No, I know better than to look for my son in the newsroom. I came to talk to you.

RORY: About what?

MITCHUM: I'm very sorry about what happened the other night.

RORY: It's okay.

MITCHUM: My family behaved atrociously, and, though Logan was a little naïve to walk into the lion's den without a chair like that, they were wrong and you deserve an apology.

RORY: Okay. Thank you.

MITCHUM: So, I hear you have some rather lofty journalistic aspirations.

RORY [nods]: I have plans.

MITCHUM: You know, my company just acquired a small newspaper. The Stamford Eagle Gazette. Decent circulation, pretty sorry writing, but definite potential. When we buy a new paper, I like to spend some time there. Take a couple of months, help turn it around, make sure we're getting our money's worth. Stamford isn't a bad train ride from here, is it?

RORY: Um, no.

MITCHUM: I have an internship available, if you're interested.

RORY: An internship?

MITCHUM: Be a good chance for you to get your feet wet. Experience how the real thing works.

RORY: No. Thank you.

MITCHUM [confused]: No, thank you?

RORY: I appreciate the offer. But no.

MITCHUM [stands up as if to leave, then turns back to Rory]: May I be so bold as to inquire, why the hell not?

RORY: Because I have a feeling that the only reason you're doing this is because you feel guilty about what happened the other night at dinner, and it's very nice, but very unnecessary.

MITCHUM: So what?

RORY: Excuse me?

MITCHUM: Say the only reason I offered this to you is because my family behaved badly and I wanted to make up for it. Say I have no interest in furthering your career. This is still an opportunity. Who cares why you got the opportunity? It's here, and life is about making the most of everything you're handed. Well, this is being handed to you. Now, what are you going to do about it?

[Rory looks thoughtful. Mitchum smiles in victory.]

MITCHUM: Monday. Ten o'clock. Call my office for the details. [He begins walking away.] And bring a pencil! You never know when you're going to need a pencil!

[He leaves.]

END