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## 04x02 - The Lorelais First Day at Yale

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### 04x02 - The Lorelais First Day at Yale

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OPEN AT LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory walks out of her bedroom with some beauty products. She goes into the living room to pack them in a suitcase]

RORY: I've got too much stuff.

LORELAI: [calls from upstairs] What?

RORY: Stuff! And it's your fault. You inculcated into me a tolerance for rampant consumerism.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: When did I become one of those girls with dozens of beauty products, none of which are expendable? It used to be a touch of mascara, dab of Coppertone, zip, bam, boom, out the door.

LORELAI: I heard copper and boom.

RORY: Never mind. And what's going on? We're late.

LORELAI: I'm looking for the camera.

RORY: Oy vey, she's looking for the camera.

LORELAI: I heard that.

RORY: That she hears.

[Lorelai comes down the steps]

LORELAI: It is my prerogative as your mother to record any event in my daughter's life that I so choose. It's in the mother's handbook.

RORY: Does Luke know that you can't drive a stick?

LORELAI: Why?

RORY: Because you borrowed his truck and it's a stick.

LORELAI: I can drive a stick.

RORY: You can stir coffee with a stick, but you can't drive a stick.

LORELAI: Okay, I am glad I did not choose to record that particular moment in my daughter's life 'cause that was just ugly.

RORY: I just want you to get there in one piece.

LORELAI: You look out for me.

RORY: Let's hit the road.

LORELAI: Oh, wait, wait, this is it! This is the precise moment that I've been looking for. This is my daughter going off to college, this is my shot!

RORY: Okay, fine.

LORELAI: Okay, I'm lining you up, now look candid.

RORY: Okay, see, the very definition of candid means that the subject doesn't know the picture's being taken.

LORELAI: So forget the camera's there.

RORY: I'll try.

LORELAI: And smile.

RORY: Okay, okay.

[Lorelai takes a picture]

LORELAI: I'm not happy.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: It looks posed.

RORY: How about this?

LORELAI: Yeah, you know the stick we were talking about before? It looks like it's somewhere else now.

RORY: You're having serious Annie Leibovitz delusions here.

LORELAI: But it just looks like you're standing in the house. No one will know that you're going off to college.

RORY: Shall I hold a sign?

LORELAI: Or you could do the "going off to college" walk.

RORY: The what?

LORELAI: The walk, the this. [imitates the walk]

RORY: You look like Alfalfa coming to pick up Darla.

LORELAI: Here, hold some of your stuff. At least it'll look like you're moving or something.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: Ugh, it looks like you're taking out the trash.

RORY: Okay, that's it, we're going.

LORELAI: All right. I'll just have to make do with one of the pictures I already took.

RORY: Good.

LORELAI: Ooh, I'll put it on the computer and then superimpose an important person standing next to you seeing you off, like Kissinger or Lady Bird Johnson or Pat Summerall or something.

RORY: Pat Summerall?

LORELAI: Well, you think of somebody better.

RORY: Orson Welles.

LORELAI: It can't be a dead person.

RORY: Pat Summerall's dead.

LORELAI: No, he's not.

RORY: Pat Summerall is dead.

LORELAI: No, I'm telling you, he's not. Lady Bird Johnson is dead.

RORY: No, she's not.

LORELAI: How much you wanna bet?

RORY: Five bucks.

LORELAI: Let's google him right now.

RORY: Mom, Yale?

LORELAI: Yeah, Yale can wait for us to google Pat Summerall.

RORY: Come.

LORELAI: Where are your priorities?

[opening credits]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Rory walks in and sits at the counter]

RORY: Hey, Luke.

LUKE: Hey, Rory. Isn't today Yale?

RORY: Um, yeah, I'm going right now.

LUKE: You look so calm. How do you feel?

RORY: A little nervous, but a last Luke's fix before I go will help.

LUKE: Well, today is whatever you want on the house.

RORY: Wow, I feel important.

LUKE: You are important. Where's your mom?

RORY: She's coming. She's having a wee bit of trouble with your truck.

[Luke looks out the window and sees Lorelai backing his truck toward the diner]

LUKE: What is she doing?

RORY: Well, she, uh, backed the truck out of our driveway all fine and everything, but once she hit the road, she couldn't get it out of reverse, so she -

LUKE: Backed it here?

RORY: Slow but steady.

[Luke walks outside to the truck]

LORELAI: Something's wrong with your truck.

LUKE: Nothing's wrong with my truck. Stop the truck.

LORELAI: It won't go out of reverse.

LUKE: You can't drive a stick.

LORELAI: I can't drive an uncooperative stick.

LUKE: My stick's not uncooperative. Come on, hit the brakes.

[Lorelai stops the truck and gets out. Luke gets in]

LORELAI: Okay, good luck. I don't think it's gonna happen.

[Luke drives the truck forward and parks it along the curb]

LORELAI: This is a misogynistic truck!

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: It's anti-woman, it's gender-selective, it's "Oh, let's drink a beer and watch the game and hike our shorts up."

[Luke gets out of the truck and they start walking toward the diner]

LUKE: I changed my mind, you can't borrow my truck.

LORELAI: But it's full of our stuff.

LUKE: You should've hired movers.

LORELAI: You could've said no when I asked to borrow the truck.

LUKE: You said you could drive a stick.

LORELAI: Yeah, not the Joe Sixpack of sticks. Not the "Oh, let's scratch our bellies and eat some corn nuts and pick our teeth."

[they walk into the diner]

LORELAI: Really, Luke, I can drive it.

LUKE: Okay, fine. Just be careful and have it back by four.

LORELAI: Four-ish it is.

LUKE: Four, I need it at four.

LORELAI:: Give or take a few min-

LUKE: Four.

LORELAI:: God, he's so possessive about the stupid truck.

LUKE: It's my truck, I possess it!

LORELAI:: I'm just kidding. I'll have it back by four, calm down.

LUKE: Okay, I'm just. . .I'm not in much of a kidding mood with all this other stuff going on. Divorce papers. Fun, huh?

LORELAI: Zero fun. Sorry, Luke.

LUKE: It's not that I wasn't expecting them, it's just. . .the law firm that Nicole works for sent them. I called with a simple question they could've answered over the phone, but they insisted on sending someone down to see me.

LORELAI: I take it you're not looking forward to that.

LUKE: I'm about to build a moat of fire.

CAESAR: Here you go, Rory. [hands her a bag]

RORY: Thanks, Caesar. Since we were short on time, I had them make us something to go. My Yale special.

LORELAI: Oh, share, share.

RORY: Sausage wrapped in a pancake tied together with bacon.

LORELAI: You made that up?

RORY: I don't know how I do it.

LUKE: Here. [shows Lorelai a piece of paper]

LORELAI: What's this?

LUKE: A shift diagram for the truck, nice and simple. D is for drive, R is for -

LORELAI: The R in drive!

LUKE: R is for reverse.

LORELAI: Right, reverse.

LUKE: And one is -

LORELAI: The loneliest number that you'll ever know!

LUKE: The first gear.

LORELAI: I know, Luke. Really, I can handle it.

LUKE: I hope so.

RORY: Thanks, Luke.

LUKE: Good luck, Rory. [sees a man enter the diner] Oh, goody, a guy in a suit.

LORELAI: Good luck to you.

[Lorelai and Rory leave; the man walks up to Luke]

RUSSELL:

MR. Danes?

LUKE: Unfortunately.

RUSSELL: I'm Russell Bynes. I'm with Blodgett, Sage, Albet, Pettruccio, Stein, Lemming, and Stein, attorneys for Nicole Diana Leahy.

LUKE: And the sun just went down, thanks for coming.

RUSSELL: Pardon me?

LUKE: You're wasting your time. I had a simple question, where do I sign? It didn't require a personal visit.

RUSSELL: Whoa, whoa, there's no place to sign because this is just a document informing the defendant of the type of action being filed.

LUKE: What are you talking about? Who's the defendant?

RUSSELL: You are.

LUKE: Oh my God.

RUSSELL: Didn't you read the papers?

LUKE: Yeah, the Red Sox lost by three, Bush is at the ranch chatting up a Swiss dude.

RUSSELL: The divorce papers.

LUKE: I know what you meant. Look, I didn't k\*ll anyone. Nicole and I just kind of accidentally got married and now we want out. We both want the same thing.

RUSSELL: Don't try to play me,

MR. Danes.

LUKE: I'm too busy for this.

RUSSELL: Fine, because I should just be dealing with your legal representation.

LUKE: I don't believe this.

RUSSELL: Not giving us your lawyer's information is only going to prolong the process.

LUKE: Okay, if I give you my lawyer's name, will you leave?

RUSSELL: I will leave.

LUKE: Okay, you ready?

RUSSELL: Yes.

LUKE: His name is Don Dewey. He works at the firm of Dewey. . .

RUSSELL: Dewey.

LUKE: Cheatham. . .

RUSSELL: Cheatham.

LUKE: And Howe.

RUSSELL: Dewey, Cheatham, and Howe. That was very immature.

LUKE: Yeah, well, tickled me.

RUSSELL: My bosses are gonna wanna hear this.

LUKE: Oh, come on, they've heard that one before. Oh, hey, if you want Don's number, it's 555-5555.

[Russell leaves. Lorelai walks back in holding out the stick shift diagram]

LUKE: I thought you were gone.

LORELAI: Nothing's where it says it is.

[Luke flips the paper over]

LORELAI: It's gonna be fine.

CUT TO YALE UNIVERSITY

[Lorelai is standing in a parking space in the street in front of the school. Rory pulls up in her car]

RORY: Nice score!

LORELAI: Thank you. Oh, and later, I'll, uh, point out the seven or so fellow Yalies who already hate you because your obnoxious mother wouldn't let them park in the only open spot left.

RORY: Oh, goody. You get the truck here okay?

LORELAI: Oh, we had some bickering, but we made it.

[a girl walks over to them]

TESS: Hello. Name?

LORELAI: Oh, hey. I was told it was okay to hold the spot. A guy told me, I forget his name. He had, uh, like, a jacket.

TESS: It's okay. I was just wondering what our newcomer's name is.

RORY: Rory Gilmore.

LORELAI: Right, Rory Gilmore

TESS: [checks list] Rory Gilmore, Rory Gilmore. . . there you are. Welcome to Yale.

LORELAI: Oh, hold the shake, hold the shake.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Wait, lens cap, lens cap.

RORY: Sorry.

TESS: They all do this.

LORELAI: Shake. [takes picture] Got it. Who are you?

TESS: I'm Tess, I'm Rory's freshman counselor. I'll be living in the building and be there for whatever she needs.

LORELAI: And you look twenty-one, convenient for beer runs.

TESS: I'll be giving a tour for Durfee girls you should not miss.

RORY: Oh, I know. Tour's at twelve, followed by the optional express lunch twelve to two, which is all followed by the telecommunications orientation and internet ID distribution, parents' reception eleven to one.



TESS: You memorized the schedule.

LORELAI: Yeah, she's not weird or anything, she just has a good memory.

TESS: And I see you brought your own mattress.

LORELAI: Oh, right. See, the guy. . .name, name, name. I forget his name. Three syllables. Uh, he said it was okay, and he had, like, a mustache.

TESS: It's allowed as long as you make arrangements to dispose of the one that was already there. Did you do that?

LORELAI: Yes, we did.

RORY: Yes.

TESS: Good. Get your camera ready.

LORELAI: Why?

TESS: I'm giving Rory her key.

LORELAI: Thanks for the warning. [takes picture]

TESS: See you at the tour.

RORY: Yes, Tess, thank you.

[Tess walks away]

RORY: So, she's nice.

LORELAI: Yeah. I'm dying to see your room. Come on, grab a bag.

RORY: So, you made arrangements to get rid of the old mattress?

LORELAI: Yes, I did.

RORY: Really?

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Lorelai and Rory walk in]

RORY: Because it specifically says here that you're supposed to make arrangements to have the old mattress picked up before arrival.

LORELAI: Ooh, very grand.

RORY: So, what time are the mattress guys coming?

LORELAI: Uh, later today sometime.

RORY: So we have to wait in the room for them, or. . .

LORELAI: I think they just let themselves in. Here we are.

RORY: So do the mattress guys have their own key?

LORELAI: All right, I confess, I didn't call the mattress guys.

RORY: Well, what are we gonna do?

LORELAI: We'll find a dumpster.

RORY: Mom, they could trace it back to me.

LORELAI: I'll be long gone by then.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: All right, we'll burn it before we dump it. A match, a little gasoline.

RORY: We're here five minutes and we're already contemplating felonies.

[Lorelai unlocks Rory's dorm suite and they walk inside]

LORELAI: Just like I pictured it.

RORY: Did you see an emergency exit?

LORELAI: A fireplace, too! I wonder if it's woodburning.

RORY: It says here, "Upon arrival, please take note of the emergency exits."

LORELAI: Hey, hey, we could burn the mattress in there, save us a trip.

RORY: Aw, man, a piece of my map ripped off.

LORELAI: Which one's your room?

RORY: I'm missing half of the Old Campus.

LORELAI: R.G. This is it.

RORY: If I have Old Campus activities today, I'm screwed.

[they walk into Rory's bedroom]

LORELAI: Here it is. Here's where you're going to be thinking all those impressive thoughts. It's just waiting for your decorative stamp. And a little air freshener.

RORY: Where's the phone jack?

LORELAI: I don't know, Jack. Where is the pesky phone?

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: You're one-note Nancy today.

RORY: Ah, here's a place to get replacement maps. Aw, holy cow, it's in Old Campus!

LORELAI: All right, that's it.

RORY: Hey, what are you doing?

LORELAI: You just missed it.

RORY: Missed what?

LORELAI: Walking into your dorm suite for the first time. Do over.

[Lorelai leads Rory back out to the hallway]

RORY: What? We're short on time here and we haven't unloaded.

LORELAI: It doesn't matter. You're gonna be in the moment.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: You're gonna be in the moment or the rest of the map gets it.

RORY: No. Okay, I'm here, I swear.

LORELAI: You're not placating me?

RORY: I'll try. Really, I'm all here.

LORELAI: Good. Oh, here's your suite.

RORY: Cool.

[they walk inside]

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: Huh?

RORY: It is cool. My own space.

LORELAI: Well, yours and P.G.'s and J.B.'s and T.S.'s.

RORY: And a fireplace. Did you see the fireplace?

LORELAI: Was this do over justified or what?

[they walk into Rory's bedroom]

RORY: You mentioned thoughts in here?

LORELAI: Mm, all the great ones you're gonna have.

RORY: And air freshener?

LORELAI: That, too.

RORY: Thanks for putting me in the moment.

LORELAI: My pleasure.

RORY: It's something I would have not wanted to miss.

LORELAI: Good. And thank you.

RORY: For what?

LORELAI: For pretending that you're not at this moment thinking about missing your tour, finding your phone jack, navigating the Old Campus.

RORY: It's my gift to you.

LORELAI: Let's go unload and get you a new map.

RORY: Bless you.

CUT TO YALE COURTYARD

[Rory is in her freshman orientation tour]

TESS: Just keep in mind, guys, the dining hall hours are cast in stone - you snooze, you lose. And it's a post-9/11 world, so your ID's are important. You'll be asked for it a lot, so always have it, always, always. It also operates the laundry machines and is also your meal card. That's right, it's practically magic, so don't lose it.

[Another tour group walks by]

TOUR GUIDE: If you're stupid enough to get ripped, I'm here to help, but I do not hold buckets, if you get my drift. Now, pay attention to street parking, it is severely restricted in most places. Walk or take the shuttle when you can.

TESS: First floor Durfee.

TOUR GUIDE: Third floor Bingham.

TESS: They're babies.

TOUR GUIDE: Tots. Third floor Bingham, through the gate, make a left.

TESS: Get an internet ID whether you think you'll use it or not. It'll be your name at yale.edu, and there's no changing what you get.

GIRL: Think there's gonna be a test?

RORY: Probably not. Oh, you were joking. Good one.

TESS: No bottlenecks, girls. There's about a hundred behind you waiting for the same stuff. Do not get precious about your ID pictures. They are what they are.

GIRL: Did you get that down? They are what they are.

RORY: I'll remember.

PHOTO GUY: Next!

GIRL: That would be you.

RORY: What?

PHOTO GUY: It's picture time.

RORY: Oh, sorry. [sits down to get her picture taken] I didn't think pictures were today. Do you mind if I take a second to -

PHOTO GUY: One thousand and one. [takes picture] Next!

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Rory's tour group walks into the dorm]

TESS: Always have your keys. Never open the door to someone you don't know. Walk in twos at night. That's it, any questions? Later on, you'll have questions. I'll be around. Now go do stuff.

[Rory walks into her suite. A girl follows her in and sits down in the common room. Rory goes into her bedroom, then peeks out at the girl. Lorelai enters the suite.]

LORELAI: Rory, you back?

[Lorelai goes into Rory's bedroom]

LORELAI: Who is that?

RORY: I don't know. She just followed me in here like a puppy dog without saying a word.

LORELAI: Maybe she's lost.

RORY: Or maybe she's one of my new suitemates who I'm already off to a swell start with.

LORELAI: Do you know how vulnerable you are to venereal disease?

RORY: All hail to the queen of the non-sequiturs.

LORELAI: This parent orientation I went to was a nonstop litany of the horrors awaiting college freshman. You're supposed to carry a whistle, a flashlight, a crucifix, and a loaded GL\*CK with you at all times.

RORY: We should go out there. She'll think we're hiding.

LORELAI: Okay, just don't shake hands with her. Bacteria.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: Or tell her where you live.

RORY: Too late.

LORELAI: Oh, you touched the doorknob.

RORY: Good grief.

[they open the door]

LORELAI: Say something.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Anything. Go, go.

[they walk out into the common room]

RORY: Hi.

TANNA: Hi. [pause] I'm adopted.

RORY: You're up.

LORELAI: What's your name?

TANNA: Tanna Schrick.

LORELAI: Well, Tanna Schrick, good. We're making some progress. Hi, Tanna Schrick. I'm Lorelai, this is Rory. She'll be living here, too.

RORY: We're suitemates.

TANNA: As they're ransacking your room, professional thieves typically start at the bottom drawer and work their way up. That way they don't have to close drawers before opening the next one. Saves time.

LORELAI: Okay. So, no storing your valuables in the bottom drawer. Got that, Rory? Good tip, Tanna. Thanks.

TANNA: I'm not so great at extemporaneous speaking, so I've memorized some quick conversational facts I can whip out at a moment's notice. Oh, when I get to know you better, I'll memorize some facts that are more specific to your person.

LORELAI: Tanna, how old are you?

TANNA: Sixteen.

RORY: Sixteen?

TANNA: On Tuesday.

LORELAI: Happy birthday, Doogie.

TANNA: Thank you.

LORELAI: And, uh, where are your parents?

TANNA: Oh, at the hotel. Mom's napping, Dad's getting a schvitz.

LORELAI: Okay, well, we still have some more stuff to do, but maybe your parents will be here when I get back. I'd love to meet them.

TANNA: Yeah, well, they make a very good first impression.

LORELAI: I'm sure they do. See you later, kiddo.

RORY: Bye.

TANNA: Oh, hey, um, Rory?

RORY: Yeah?

TANNA: You nervous?

RORY: Oh yeah.

TANNA: Okay, good.

[Lorelai and Rory walk out to the hallway]

LORELAI: Odd, but nice.

RORY: I'll take it.

LORELAI: So. . .this is it.

RORY: This is it.

LORELAI: Learn a lot of stuff.

RORY: I'll try.

LORELAI: And, uh, you know, keep in touch.

RORY: Well, we'll at least exchange Christmas cards.

LORELAI: With a letter detailing what's happened over the year.

RORY: And a current photo.

LORELAI: Don't joke!

RORY: You started it.

LORELAI: I was masking my pain.

RORY: You'll see plenty of me.

LORELAI: It's not enough.

RORY: How about tons?

LORELAI: That's better. I love you, did you know that?

RORY: I always suspected it.

[as they hug, someone bumps into them with a box]

LORELAI: Oh, excuse me. A little fridge.

RORY: It's

CUTe.

LORELAI: I want one.

RORY: Well, go get yourself one.

LORELAI: For you, I want one for you.

RORY: I don't need one.

LORELAI: For sodas and stuff when things are closed. Late night cram sessions.

RORY: I guess it would come in handy.

LORELAI: Oh, let's see what these people have going on. [peeks into a room]

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: A rug! A rug for your room to make it cozy. And a vase of flowers.

RORY: Well, the flowers will just die.

LORELAI: They have a vase of the most beautiful fake flowers I've ever seen. Trash cans!

RORY: Oh, you're right.

LORELAI: And a fan. I have been remiss.

RORY: No, you haven't.

LORELAI: I have got another trip to make today.

RORY: No, Mom, you've done enough today.

LORELAI: I want you fully outfitted and settled for your first night or I won't sleep.

RORY: We can get it all later.

LORELAI: No, no. Now go unpack the skimpy amount of stuff I've gotten you so far and I'll be back in a couple of hours. Copper boom.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: It's what you said to me this morning when you were trying to speed me up.

RORY: But you missed a bunch of stuff in between.

LORELAI: I think it's catchy. Go, go, unpack.

RORY: Copper boom!

LORELAI: Copper boom!

[They walk off in separate directions. Lorelai passes a guy carrying a container of stuff and she



looks in it to see what he brought.]

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Copper boom!

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Hey, Luke. [sees three lawyers sitting at a table] Oops.

LUKE: sh\*\*t me.

LORELAI: Now, or maybe later so you're surprised?

[Luke walks over to the table of lawyers]

MR. STEIN 1:

MR. Danes, a marriage contract is a contract just like any other.

MR. STEIN 2: As the higher wage earner, Nicole wants a fair settlement.

LUKE: But I want nothing from her, so there's nothing to settle,

MR. . . what's your name again?

MR. STEIN 1: My name is Stein.

LUKE: I thought you were Stein.

MR. STEIN 2: I'm Stein as well.

LUKE: Well, then I'm confused.

MR. BLODGETT:

MR. Danes, I'm an impatient man, I'm a busy man, I'm a sensible man, I'm a skeptical man.

LUKE: Oh, you're four different men, huh? Well, are they all named Stein, too?

MR. BLODGETT: If there's one thing I've learned in this business, it's that no one wants nothing.

MR. STEIN 2: Why won't you hire a lawyer?

LUKE: Why? Because lawyers waste time and money. They're needless middlemen who slither into people's lives when they're at their most vulnerable so they can clamp on and suck like leeches until everyone but them is distraught and penniless.

MR. STEIN 1: Well, I can see why the marriage went bad.

MR. BLODGETT: Here's fair warning,

MR. Danes - if you don't hire a lawyer, you could wind up getting absolutely nothing.

LUKE: That's what I want!

MR. STEIN 1: There he goes again.

MR. STEIN 2: Maybe we should get Sage and Albet into this.

MR. STEIN 1: Hm. Pettruccio, too.

[Luke walks over to Lorelai at the counter]

LUKE: They're gonna multiply like the matrix.

LORELAI: Oh, well. . .

[Luke brings Lorelai over to the lawyers]

LUKE: Tell them, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Huh? Tell them what?

MR. BLODGETT: Who's this?

LUKE: This is Lorelai.

MR. STEIN 1: Are you an attorney?

LUKE: No, she's carbon-based.

MR. STEIN 2: And what's her role?

LUKE: Uh, be my character witness or something.

LORELAI: Right, okay. Well, I can vouch for this man. I mean, I know he cared for Nicole, and apparently they both got a little rash. I mean, not in 'apply to affected area twice daily' rash, I mean rash in that they hastily entered into a union.

MR. BLODGETT: We know all this.

LORELAI: But if you think he married her to get something, I know that's not true. He's basically a hermit, and happy to be one. I could show you his place upstairs. I mean, you half expect Hari Krishnas to jump out of the bathroom banging tambourines. All he likes is fishing and watching baseball, and he's got a reel and he's got a TV, so he's all set. So when he says he wants nothing, I know he means it, because when I think of Luke Danes, I think nothing.

LUKE:

MR. Blodgett, Steins one and two, there you go.

MR. STEIN 1: Your choice of character witness does nothing to allay our concerns.

LORELAI: Sorry. [goes back to the counter]

MR. BLODGETT: The bottom line, time. If we do not receive a response in this matter, we're just going to have to kick this up a notch.

LUKE: Okay, there is something I want, but I've been holding back.

MR. BLODGETT: As we suspected.

MR. STEIN 2: Let's hear it.

LUKE: Okay, you know Nicole and I went on a cruise, right?

MR. STEIN 2: Oh boy.

MR. STEIN 1: Oh yeah.

LUKE: Well, the first night on the boat we, uh, went to see an act that everyone was raving about. We go in, sit down, they close the door. Turned out to be a guy playing musical drinking glasses. You know, with the half-filled cups that give off different tones. He played Mozart, and I swear I could hear Mozart banging on his coffin. Out of politeness, we stayed, and there went an hour of our lives. Next night, the sign in front of the theater said the entertainment for the night was a guy singing the songs of Sinatra. We verified with the guy at the door, the songs of Frank Sinatra, right? Not Tina, not Frank Jr., not Bill Sinatra, but Ol' Blue Eyes. "Yes," he says. "It's like Frank come to life." We go in, sit down, they close the door. Then they announce that the guy singing Sinatra is sick and the glass-playing guy is filling in. Out he comes, there's goes another hour. Next night, we meet a nice couple while walking the Lido Deck. Had some nice conversation, so we have dinner with th

MR. BLODGETT: We'll have to confer on this.

MR. STEIN 1: Maybe do a productivity study.

LUKE: Yeah, get Blobb, Fromm and Pinnuccio in there, too.

MR. BLODGETT: We'll get back to you.

LUKE: I have no doubt.

[the lawyers leave. Luke sits next to Lorelai at the counter]

LORELAI: Wow.

LUKE: I'm exhausted.

LORELAI: Sorry I barged in like that.

LUKE: Trust me, the interruption was welcome.

LORELAI: So, did you check the clock? It's not yet four.

LUKE: Rory safe and sound?

LORELAI: Safe and sound.

LUKE: And the truck?

LORELAI: Well. . .

LUKE: You wrecked it.

LORELAI: It's not wrecked.

LUKE: I don't see it.

LORELAI: It's around the corner.

LUKE: You wrecked it.

LORELAI: No, but I need to use it awhile longer.

LUKE: Because you wrecked it and it's in the shop.

LORELAI: You really can't afford to alienate your chief character witness.

[they walk outside to the truck]

LUKE: It's full of stuff.

LORELAI: I know.

LUKE: Why didn't you unload it?

LORELAI: I did, this is my second load.

LUKE: You didn't say anything about a second load.

LORELAI: I didn't know I had to have one 'til I realized what a piker of a mother I'd been compared to the other kids' moms.

LUKE: It's still running.

LORELAI: Yeah, well, turns out that ignition key is just as misogynistic as that stick shift of yours.

LUKE: You just have to jiggle it a little.

LORELAI: You didn't mention any jiggling.

LUKE: It's common sense.

LORELAI: Oh, that.

LUKE: Wait, why is the mattress still there?

LORELAI: Oh, that's not the mattress, that's a mattress.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Rory has the new mattress. That's the Yale-supplied mattress that has microbes in it that date back to Henry Box Brown.

LUKE: Well, what are you gonna do with it?

LORELAI: Well, I was thinking maybe you could store it for me.

LUKE: Uh, no.

LORELAI: Come on.

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: Well, I can't take it back to Yale.

LUKE: I'm not storing your microbe mattress, forget it.

LORELAI: Well, then I'm stuck here.

LUKE: Fine, because I need my truck back.

LORELAI: Fine, but that leaves you with the mattress.

LUKE: I'm not taking the mattress.

LORELAI: Then let me take the truck.

LUKE: But that means you take the mattress.

LORELAI: I can't take the mattress.

LUKE: Then you can't have the truck.

LORELAI: But that sticks you with the mattress.

LUKE: If you take the truck, it comes with the mattress.

LORELAI: I can't take the mattress.

LUKE: Then you can't have the truck.

LORELAI: And that sticks you with the mattress.

LUKE: We've been here before.

LORELAI: I recognize that tree.

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Rory is in her bedroom unpacking. There's a knock at the door]

RORY: Come on in.

[Tanna walks in]

TANNA: Um, another suitemate has arrived.

RORY: Oh yeah?

TANNA: Yeah. She's a little weird. Um, I've already forgotten her name. I'm a disaster with names.

RORY: That's okay.

TANNA: It's the name of a city, like Athens or Rome or something.

PARIS: [from the common room] I'm sure things can be rearranged. I mean, why not? It's a dorm,

you're supposed to.

TERRENCE: Let it go.

[Rory and Tanna walk out to the common room]

RORY: Paris?

TANNA: Yeah, that's it.

PARIS: How shocked are you?

RORY: Do you have a resuscitator?

PARIS: I'm going to Yale.

RORY: You're going to Yale.

PARIS: And we're suitemates.

RORY: Of all the gin joints.

PARIS: Give me a hug! Wait. Give me a hug!

RORY: This is a massively big surprise.

PARIS: I was gonna call and then I thought, hey, let's wait and just be right in her face.

RORY: I can't even feel my face anymore.

PARIS: This is a good thing.

RORY: No, yes, it's definitely a good thing. It's just, again, my nose. . .it feels like clay.

PARIS: Oh, uh, this is Terrence.

RORY: Hello.

TERRENCE: It's nice to finally meet you, Rory.

PARIS: Terrence is my life coach.

RORY: Your what?

PARIS: Don't judge.

RORY: I'm not.

PARIS: Remember my nanny? I lost her over the summer.

RORY: I'm sorry, what happened?

PARIS: She opened a pupuseria in Boise.

RORY: So she's okay?

PARIS: Yeah, but I was pretty lost. Then my rabbi conferred with my therapist who said a hypnotist he knew thought a life coach would be right for me, and that led me to Terrence. He's here to assist me with whatever I need assistance in, from wardrobe to diet to finding me a kick-ass gynecologist.

RORY: That's great, Paris, really.

PARIS: He's done so much for my people skills. I can cope with the little annoyances now. [to Tanna] For instance, the old Paris would've been bothered by your penchant to hover. It would've made her wanna ring your neck until your eyeballs popped out.

TANNA: Oh.

PARIS: But now, I accept it because I can't control everything. Paris Gellar.

RORY: That's Tanna.

TANNA: In medieval times, surnames often reflected a person's origin or occupation so they were descriptive as well as utilitarian.

PARIS: And what does Tanna mean?

TANNA: Nothing.

PARIS: We're gonna have some fun this year.

TANNA: Thank you.

PARIS: How's your face?

RORY: Better, thanks.

PARIS: Is that my room?

RORY: If your initials are P.G., it is.

[Paris checks the room out]

PARIS: Terrence, I got my southern exposure.

TERRENCE: I'm a happy camper.

RORY: So, weird, weird coincidence that we're roommates like this, huh?

PARIS: Not really. I told Terrence all about our history and he felt very strongly that our life journey was not complete, so my dad made a call.

CUT TO FRONT OF YALE

[Luke and Lorelai pull up in Luke's truck]

LORELAI: Luke, this was so nice of you, giving me a hand like this. It was above and beyond the call of duty.

LUKE: Don't start this again.

LORELAI: I'm not starting anything.

LUKE: Good.

LORELAI: I mean, if you just had stored the mattress. . .

LUKE: That's where we're not starting.

LORELAI: What? It was your choice to come along.

LUKE: I wanted the safe return of my truck without the mattress guaranteed. This was the only way.

LORELAI: You know, I miss our friendship. We used to be so close. The summers at the lake. . .

LUKE: Let's just move along here, okay?

[Tess walks over to them]

TESS: Hi, there.

LUKE: Hello.

TESS: Is that your mattress?

LUKE: Well, uh, yeah.

TESS: Hm. Tag has a Yale stamp.

LUKE: Oh, well, when I said it was mine, it's not mine. It belongs in the dorm. We were just driving it around New Haven for awhile.

TESS: Uh huh.

LUKE: To air it out.

TESS: Oh, okay.

LUKE: We're gonna take it right back in.

TESS: Great. [walks away]

LUKE: Thanks for jumping in.

LORELAI: You seemed to have a handle on it.

LUKE: What do we do now?

LORELAI: Unload. [walks away]

LUKE: With the mattress. What do we do with the mattress?

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Rory greets Lorelai at the door to her suite]

LORELAI: Hi.



RORY: Saw you coming.

LORELAI: What's up?

RORY: You just have to see it.

[they walk inside]

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: Paris?

RORY: And Terrence, her life coach.

LORELAI: Like on Oprah?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Yes. They're setting up her crafts' corner.

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Yes.

PARIS: Lorelai!

LORELAI: Hi, Paris. It's so good to see you.

PARIS: Same here. Terrence, this is Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hi, Terrence.

TERRENCE: Nice to meet you finally.

LORELAI: Finally?

PARIS: You and I have a bit of a journey left to finish as well.

LORELAI: I'll clear my schedule.

PARIS: I was just setting up my craft corner. Some mosaic tiles, some colored beads. Still kind of kids' stuff, but Terrence showed me how working with my hands could help with my nerves.

TANNA: Oh, where are we gonna put the couch?

PARIS: Why don't you just -

TERRENCE: Paris. . .

PARIS: Come on, Terrence.

TERRENCE: Two steps forward, three steps back.

PARIS: But she was baiting me.

TERRENCE: Fish can choose not to bite.

PARIS: We'll figure it out.

[Luke comes to the door]

LUKE: This the place?

LORELAI: This is the place.

[Luke starts pulling the mattress into the room]

LORELAI: Oh, whoa, whoa, whoa. Oh, hold it a minute! You can't bring that thing in here.

LUKE: Well, I'm not taking it back out. Hi, Rory.

RORY: Hi, Luke.

LORELAI: No, we're unloading bags and boxes first.

LUKE: Look, that Tess already had her antennae up about the mattress and she wouldn't stop watching me, so I had to do something.

LORELAI: Well, wait until she's gone and then bring it back out.

LUKE: It's heavy. The only way I got it into the building is with help from Chip - his real name, believe it or not. Now I have to go help him unload his stuff because that was the deal.

LORELAI: No, you don't. Blow him off. He's probably busy taping his Carmen Electra poster up on the ceiling above his bed.

LUKE: The mattress stays. Now if you'll excuse me, Chip is waiting. [leaves]

PARIS: Oh no! My glue g\*n leaked on my macaroni!

TERRENCE: Compartmentalize. . . and breathe.

RORY: Let's get this thing out of the hallway.

LORELAI: Hey, uh, I got a crisp Benjamin Franklin for anyone willing to disappear a mattress, no questions asked.

RORY: Start pushing.

LORELAI: Anyone? Two Benjamins? Hold on.

CUT TO DORM HALLWAY

[Lorelai and Rory walk out of the suite toward the exit doors]

LORELAI: Anything else you need, you'll write it down, okay?

RORY: I've got more than I need. Stuff I don't need.

LORELAI: It's all necessary stuff.

RORY: The disco ball?

LORELAI: You cannot host your much-anticipated Salute to Barry White Night without a disco ball.

RORY: I forgot I was anticipating that. Where's Luke?

LORELAI: He's already out at the truck. So, this is it.

RORY: This is really it.

LORELAI: Learn a lot of stuff.

RORY: I'll try.

LORELAI: You'll be a frequent visitor?

RORY: I'll be a frequent visitor.

LORELAI: You can use the washer and the dryer.

RORY: I don't need any inducement.

LORELAI: Good.

RORY: But don't you get rid of that washer and dryer.

LORELAI: I won't. Ciao, baby.

RORY: Bye, Mom.

[Lorelai leaves. Rory walks back into her room and sits on her bed]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW

[Luke and Lorelai arrive back in town]

LUKE: So Chip is like, "Set your side down first" and I'm like, "My side's the side with the leg missing. It's gonna collapse. You put your side down first" and he's like, "I'm losing my grip", which was his excuse with everything we carried in - the TV, the stereo speakers. And I was like -

LORELAI: Oh my God, will you, like, get over this?

[Lorelai's pager goes off]

LUKE: What's that?

LORELAI: It's my pager. [checks it] Oh no.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: "Come back."

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: It's from Rory. It says "Come back" with about a dozen exclamation points. Uh, move, move.

LUKE: What are you doing?

LORELAI: I gotta borrow your truck.

LUKE: No way.

LORELAI: I gotta go back.

LUKE: Well, then take your own car. Remember that concept?

LORELAI: No, it'll take too long to walk back to get it. Plus, I'm out of gas. Plus, it's been making weird noises and probably can't take a long trip. Please, Luke?

LUKE: I need my truck.

LORELAI: I need it more.

LUKE: You've had it all day.

LORELAI: Don't you care about Rory?

LUKE: Of course I care about Rory. [sighs] Have it back by seven.

LORELAI: Thanks, Luke.

[Luke gets out of the truck and Lorelai slides over to the driver's side. She shifts the gear and the truck rolls back a little]

LORELAI: Ooh!

LUKE: That's reverse.

LORELAI: I know. [she drives off]

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Rory is sitting on her bed when Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Rory?

[Rory jumps up and hugs her]

LORELAI: Oh, whoa, oh, honey, honey.

RORY: Look at this, look at this.

LORELAI: Look at what?

RORY: Four hours at Yale and I'm already homesick.

LORELAI: Well, that's okay.

RORY: All I could think of the minute you left was "I want my mommy." I haven't thought that since I was two.

LORELAI: That's natural.

RORY: I'm eighteen. I can sign contracts, I can vote, I can fight for my country. I mean, I'm an adult. Adults don't want their mommies.

LORELAI: Yes, they do, honey. I'm not a good example, but -

RORY: Everything's so foreign. I have to share a bathroom. I've never shared a bathroom with anyone but you. So I'm gonna be running into people in the bathroom, we're gonna have to make small talk. I don't know any bathroom small talk.

LORELAI: Um. . .gee, your hair smells terrific?

RORY: You didn't socialize me properly. You made me a mama's girl. Why don't I hate you? Why don't I want to be away from you? It's going to be very hard to be Christiane Amanpour broadcasting live from a foxhole in Tehran with my mommy. I guess you're just gonna have to learn how to operate a camera 'cause I'll need you there with me.

LORELAI: I would do that.

RORY: And how did I end up at Yale? I mean, I let Grandma and Grandpa manipulate me right out of Harvard and into Yale. That's how strong-willed I am. I know nothing about Yale.

LORELAI: Not so - you've memorized its entire history.

RORY: How can you be so fine with this? You left here without a care in the world.

LORELAI: That's not true.

RORY: You couldn't wait for me to get out of the house. What were you doing when I paged you - turning my room into a sewing room? I should hate you, not miss you. Do something to make me hate you.

LORELAI: Uh. . .go Hitler!

RORY: Check this out.

LORELAI: Your student ID?

RORY: I'm blinking and my head's in a funny place.

LORELAI: No, it's not.

RORY: I look like Keith Richards at Altamont. And check out the name.

LORELAI: Ronny Gilmore. Oops.

RORY: Yeah, oops. I don't even exist. And how did they get Ronny? That's not even remotely close to being short for any girl's name in the history of the entire planet.

LORELAI: Well, Veronica, actually. . .sorry.

RORY: Great, now I have you apologizing to me after I made you come back all this way just 'cause I'm a big fat stinkin' mama's girl. Mom! [hugs her]

LORELAI: I'm here.

RORY: But you're not supposed to be.

LORELAI: Where is it written?

RORY: Well, it's not exactly written, but it's clearly implied that the parents are supposed to leave the campus at some point.

LORELAI: Yeah, at some point. So we choose the point.

RORY: So can you stay for dinner?

LORELAI: I can stay all night.

RORY: No, you can't do that.

LORELAI: Why not?

RORY: Because then I'm the pathetic person who needs her mother to stay all night and everyone here will see and know that.

LORELAI: Okay, so I won't spend the night.

RORY: No, stay the night. [hugs her]

LORELAI: Okay.

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Lorelai walks into the common room carrying some takeout.]

LORELAI: I've got Balinese. Where does Bali go?

PARIS: We're still putting everything in geographic order. East to west.

LORELAI: That's the system. Where is Bali?

RORY: Indonesia.

PARIS: Is Indonesia east or west of the Philippines?

TANNA: East.

RORY: No, west.

LORELAI: Near Singapore? We've got Singapore here somewhere.

TANNA: Find Sri Lanka, it's a bit over from that.

LORELAI: But there's no Sri Lankan food.

RORY: Just put it by Vietnam.

PARIS: Is Vietnam east or west of the Philippines?

LORELAI: Ooh, boy, you guys really need to go to college.

RORY: We ordered too much food.

LORELAI: Hello, the point. We need a wide cross section for our local takeout test.

TANNA: I still smell glue from your glue g\*n.

PARIS: You're rich, you know that?

LORELAI: What is this? You've eaten Indian food, yet I see nothing about Indian food on the chart.

RORY: We'll get to it.

LORELAI: The whole point of getting everything within delivery distance is so we can judge the quality of food, speed of service,

CUTeness of delivery guys on a scale of one to ten. We cannot work from memory on this.

[the phone rings]

RORY: Where's the phone?

PARIS: Uh, under Mexico.

LORELAI: I bet it's the pizza. Come help.

RORY: Okay.

[Lorelai and Rory walk outside to get the pizza delivery]

LORELAI: Hello, eight and a half.

PIZZA GUY: I'm sorry?

RORY: Nothing. We just need to sign for the credit card?

PIZZA GUY: Yes.

LORELAI: Thank you.

[they take the pizzas and walk back toward the suite]

RORY: We're four people and we ordered for like four hundred.

LORELAI: So, what you're saying is you wanna crank it up? You wanna set it off? You wanna put a match to the keg and burn this mofo down?

RORY: I'm just saying it's a lot of food.

LORELAI: Attention, Durfee girls!

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Food and tons of it in suite five. Bring your appetites, bring your opinions, and, uh, hey, someone bring some music, but if it's Evanescence, you will be severely mocked. Enter, rejoice and come in.

[Other girls from the floor start walking into the suite]

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Later that night, the suite is filled with girls. Lorelai walks out of the suite to get another food delivery]

LORELAI: Oh, hey, ice cream man.

ICE CREAM MAN: Hey.

LORELAI: Here you go.

ICE CREAM MAN: Thanks. Have a nice night.

LORELAI: You, too. Ooh, um, do me a favor? Count to ten before you leave.

ICE CREAM MAN: Sure.

LORELAI: Thanks.

[Lorelai walks back into the suite]

LORELAI: Hey, rate him, rate him!

[several girls rush to the window to see the delivery boy]

LORELAI: Hey, where does ice cream stand on our organizational system?

RORY: Our organizational system broke down about an hour ago.

TANNA: Germany fell on China.

LORELAI: Well, that's Germany for ya. Okay, we're out of Chinese completely, so we know Chinese is popular. Freddy's Happy Tokyo Takeout is a bust. That's the consensus, so let's lose the Freddy's menus, although Ang the delivery guy was a solid nine. If you're gonna go to Baja Bill's, you must get the cheese quesadilla, and ask for Stan or Tommy. If you don't get Stan or Tommy, go to Paco's Tacos. The delivery guys are butt ugly but the food is better. Look at all these girls together in one room having fun. We should dance and sing a Motown song into our hairbrushes. [walks away]

PARIS: So, do you like your adoptive parents?

TANNA: Yeah.

PARIS: I think it's good to be adopted. If you get sick of them, you just dump this set and go find the originals.

[a girl walks up to Rory]

GIRL: This is awesome.



RORY: Thanks.

GIRL: Who did all this?

RORY: The woman with the hairbrush.

LORELAI: Uh, you guys, come on. I know it's cheesy but just a couple bars. . . You Can't Hurry Love? Someone's gotta do it, it doesn't have to be on key.

CUT TO YALE DORM

[That night, Rory and Paris are in their bedroom. Paris is on the phone]

PARIS: [on phone] It's lacking in storage space, but I've accepted it. It's a bit musty, but I've accepted it. Small. Small, but I've accepted it. Hey, listen, I should be going. Jamie, Terrence is not here, he's back in his room. Oh, right, me and Terrence, that's a possibility. I really gotta go, okay? I will. Good night. [hangs up]

RORY: Has he met Terrence?

PARIS: Nope, and he's not going to for as long as I can help it.

[Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: I fixed your shower head.

RORY: Really? But it was barely dribbling out.

LORELAI: It just needed a twist. You've got a waterfall now.

RORY: You're so handy.

LORELAI: And my rates are reasonable.

PARIS: My turn?

LORELAI: It's all yours.

[Paris leaves]

RORY: No, Mom, you sleep on the new mattress.

LORELAI: But it's yours.

RORY: Well, they're both mine, so I get to choose. I'll sleep on the Yale mattress.

LORELAI: But you have to break in your new mattress. If it molds to my body, your shorter body will be wallowing in the hollowness of my body.

RORY: In one night?

LORELAI: It's the crucial night, that first night.

RORY: Okay, but my offer still stands, so if you get the heebie-jeebies in the middle of the night over there, come join me.

LORELAI: That'll get the girls talking. We'll be those dirty, filthy, almost-French Stars Hollow girls.  
[in French accent] Oh, we spit on you, you repressed puritanical ninnies.

RORY: [in French accent] We smirk in your general direction.

LORELAI: [in French accent] We cast sidelong glances that are vague but slightly threatening.

RORY: [in French accent] We eschew your quaint double entendre for the appealing lasciviousness of the entendre singular.

LORELAI: We. . .eh. . .I'm out.

RORY: Me, too. Get the light.

LORELAI: Did I tell you I found good coffee?

RORY: No, where?

LORELAI: The little kiosk by the library. I found it on the way to that parents thing.

RORY: Cool.

LORELAI: I'll circle it on the map for you.

RORY: Good.

[they hear a howling sound]

LORELAI: Is that some guy howling?

RORY: I don't know, sounded like it.

[they hear another howl]

LORELAI: Sounds like the guys' floor had some fun tonight, too.

RORY: I'd say so.

[there's another howl; Lorelai responds with a howl]

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: Well, if no one answers him, he may never stop.

[several guys start howling]

LORELAI: Or it'll get a bunch of other guys howling, one or the other. [howls again]

RORY: Oh, boy.

LORELAI: It's fun.

[Rory howls]

RORY: It is fun.

[they both howl]

LORELAI: What?

RORY: I don't know.

CUT TO YALE DORM

[The next morning, Lorelai and Rory walk out of Rory's bedroom]

LORELAI: So, what's first on the agenda today?

RORY: Well, I have a little time, so I thought I might walk around and get the lay of the land a little bit, and then I have my big freshman assembly.

LORELAI: Where they teach you the secret Yale handshake?

RORY: Amongst other things.

LORELAI: Oh my God, check out Paris' craft corner.

RORY: She gets more done before nine than other people do all day.

LORELAI: She's a craft person now, so it's not safe to leave anything around her anymore.

RORY: Maybe that's where crafty comes from.

LORELAI: Good point.

[they walk out into the hallway]

LORELAI: All right, I should go. I called Luke last night and he made me promise to get the truck back by two hours ago, so if I leave now it's sooner than I planned.

RORY: Thank Luke a lot for me, okay?

LORELAI: Okay, say goodbye to Paris and Tanna.

RORY: Will do.

LORELAI: So, this is really it.

RORY: Yup.

LORELAI: You good?

RORY: I'm good. Just keep your pager with you.

LORELAI: Always.

[they hug, Lorelai leaves]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai walks in]

LUKE: You're late.

LORELAI: I'm sorry.

LUKE: It's okay. I told you to get it back three hours before I actually needed it back and it worked out perfectly.

LORELAI: You rat.

LUKE: So it's in park?

LORELAI: It's in park.

LUKE: Engine's off?

LORELAI: Yes. Here are your keys. And thank you, Luke. I've been a huge burden on you the past couple days.

LUKE: It's okay. [he looks out the window] I don't believe it.

[They walk outside to the truck. The Yale mattress is in the back]

LUKE: It's like a horror movie.

LORELAI: Oh, Luke.

LUKE: The mattress that would not leave my truck.

LORELAI: I had no choice.

LUKE: I may cry.

LORELAI: Don't do that.

LUKE: I don't want this mattress.

LORELAI: Help me take it somewhere.

LUKE: Where? To the conveniently located old mattress drop-off station right around the corner?

LORELAI: Or if you could store it for awhile. . .

LUKE: I wasn't kidding about the crying.

LORELAI: I'll call a charity and have them come pick it up. I promise, and this time I mean it.

LUKE: And where's my spare tire?

LORELAI: There was a spare tire?

LUKE: I had my spare tire back here.

LORELAI: Oh, we must've accidentally unloaded it on one of our trips.

LUKE: Could you try to get it back?

LORELAI: Yes, as long as Paris hasn't made it into a planter yet. Or I'll buy you a new one, I promise.

LUKE: Okay, I'll see you later.

LORELAI: Okay, bye. Oh, and, um, Rory says thanks for everything, too. She said specifically to tell you.

LUKE: Okay, good. So she's okay?

LORELAI: She's fantastic.

LUKE: Good.

CUT TO YALE DORM

[There's knock on Rory's suite door. She answers it; two girls are there]

GIRL 1: You're up?

RORY: I was up. Come on in.

GIRL 1: We Lorelai'd a few places and found the good coffee.

RORY: Lorelai'd?

GIRL 2: Checked places out.

GIRL 1: Seems like the appropriate word. We found decent muffins, too, but I bet there's better out there.

RORY: You'll Lorelai 'em another time.

GIRL 1: [hands her a coffee] So this is thanks for last night. It was a perfect first night at Yale.

RORY: I thought so.

GIRL 2: We're gonna go to freshman assembly together. Do you wanna come?

RORY: Sure.

GIRL 1: Then we're all going to conveniently lose our student ID's and go take new pictures.

RORY: Oh my God, I'm so with you on that one.

GIRL 1: Cool.

RORY: [sips coffee] Mm. Whoa, this is really good. Kiosk by the library?

GIRL 1: Oh, you found it first.

RORY: Kind of.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai walks into the empty house. She stands in the living room and looks around.]

THE END

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