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## 04x05 - The Fundamental Things Apply

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### 04x05 - The Fundamental Things Apply

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OPEN AT LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is sitting out front on the grass when Rory pulls up]

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Hi.

RORY: What are you doing?

LORELAI: Well, I'm gardening.

RORY: What are you doing?

LORELAI: I'm gardening.

RORY: What are you doing?

LORELAI: Why don't you come over here and see, honey, since you seem so confused?

RORY: Oh, my God. You are gardening.

LORELAI: Yeah. Hello. I am gardening.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: Because Babette bought me a bag of bulbs.

RORY: Why would she do that?

LORELAI: She thought that cultivating new life would help distract me from my current emptiness and sense of loss.

RORY: Huh. Well, that's weirdly sweet of her.

LORELAI: Yes, it was. Anyhow, I forgot about the bulbs 'til Babette brought them up this morning, so I dug them out of the garage.

RORY: Ew!

LORELAI: Where they've developed some sort of mold.

RORY: This is the planet of the mold.

LORELAI: Help me.

RORY: Mom, I'm no botanist, but I don't think anything's gonna grow from this piece of tar.

LORELAI: Just put it in the hole and cover it up.

RORY: Why didn't you just throw them out?

LORELAI: There are eyes everywhere, my dear.

BABETTE: [calls from her front porch] Hey, doll, how you doing?

LORELAI: Great, Babette. Just tending my bulbs.

BABETTE: Makes you feel better, doesn't it?

LORELAI: Absolutely - much better.

BABETTE: You need any help?

LORELAI: Oh, no. I got Rory helping me.

RORY: Hi, Babette.

BABETTE: Hi, sugar. Don't worry, I'm looking out for your mom.

RORY: I'm glad to hear that.

BABETTE: Oh, and just you wait 'til spring. You're gonna wake up one morning, walk out, and pow - color coming out of your yin-yang! I'll see you girls tomorrow. [goes into her house]

LORELAI: I'm going to have color coming out of my yin-yang.

RORY: Well, then maybe you'll finally get a man. This has got to be the grossest thing ever.

LORELAI: Forget about the bulbs. Let's talk about something else. How's school?

RORY: School's fine. It's hard but good. Tanna's fine. Janet and Paris are fighting because Janet gets up at 5:30 to go jogging, wakes Paris up, and then the resulting argument wakes everybody up, and - oh! [screams and tosses a dirty bulb at Lorelai]

LORELAI: [screams] Oh, my God! You bulbed me! You bulbed me!

RORY: I was aiming over there.

LORELAI: Oh, it got my hand! It got my hand!

RORY: Shake it off. Shake it off.

LORELAI: Oh, it won't go! It won't go!

RORY: Aah! You wiped it on my shirt.

LORELAI: It was a reflex.

RORY: To ruin my shirt?

LORELAI: I'm sorry.

RORY: You never liked this shirt.

LORELAI: It's not that. It's just that -

RORY: Aah! There's something crawling up my leg!

LORELAI: Oh no, oh no! I got it, I got it.

RORY: There's something crawling up my leg!

LORELAI: I got it, I got it! Ew! It's big! Ew!

RORY: Okay, so the next time that Babette gives you a bag of bulbs to plant because you're lonely, you say. . .

LORELAI: No, thank you.

RORY: Class dismissed.

[opening credits]

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Rory is asleep in her bedroom]

PARIS: [overheard from common room] You could at least open a window.

JANET: Why?

PARIS: Because it smells like a locker room in here!

JANET: Tough luck!

PARIS: Fine!

[Paris walks into the bedroom]

RORY: Did the alarm go off?

PARIS: I shut it off. Who needs an alarm when you've got Workout Barbie around? Never mind that some of us were up finishing a chem lab 'til 2:30 in the morning! I for one love waking up at five a.m. to the sound of someone grunting out crunches in the common room!

RORY: I told you - earplugs.

PARIS: You know, she talks to herself when she stretches. "Come on, Janet. Push it, Janet. Love the pain, Janet." It's pornographic.

RORY: What time is it?

PARIS: I know what she's doing. It's psychological warfare. Don't let your enemy sleep. Push him 'til he cracks. Charlie tried the same tricks on our boys at Khe Sanh, and let me tell you, if she keeps this up, I am not gonna be responsible for what happens.

RORY: Oh, my God! Paris, breakfast is over in five minutes!

PARIS: I know. It's Tuesday, too. That's waffle bar day.

RORY: Why didn't you wake me?

PARIS: Oh, sure, blame me. I'm the victim here, remember?

CUT TO YALE CAFETERIA

[Rory rushes in wearing her pajamas and a robe]

RORY: Excuse me, excuse me. Can I. . . [she grabs the last waffle from a tray before the kitchen worker throws it out] Yes, thank you.

MARTY: Rory.

RORY: Marty.

MARTY: You remembered.

RORY: Well, I wasn't the one passed out in the hallway, so I had a better shot.

MARTY: True, very true. So, I see you're a little late for breakfast.

RORY: Yeah. My alarm was turned off.

MARTY: Well, hey, you want some eggs or something? I always take enough for ten. I blame my brother. He always took the biggest piece of chicken.

RORY: And left you none?

MARTY: No, there was plenty more. I just really wanted that big piece.

RORY: Oh. Well -

MARTY: Hey, I want you to meet The Breakfast Crew.

RORY: Oh, well, I'm kind of -

MARTY: Well, we all just started eating breakfast together every morning, so someone came up with the name The Breakfast Crew. I mean, it's not like an official club or anything. There's no hats. At least not until we can all agree on a color. Uh, excuse me, guys. I want you all to meet Rory.

GUY 1: Who?

MARTY: The robe.

GUY 1: Oh, the robe. Nice to meet you.

MARTY: I told them about your act of kindness.

RORY: Oh, it was nothing, really.

GUY 1: I wouldn't say that. That was one nice robe.

GUY 2: We all took turns trying it on.

MARTY: Uh, not true. Ignore him. I'm sorry I haven't gotten it back to you yet.

RORY: Oh, it's okay.

GUY 3: Nice bunny shoes.

RORY: Thank you. Uh, well, it was nice meeting you all. I actually have to go, so - [walks away]

MARTY: [follows her] I embarrassed you.

RORY: It's fine.

MARTY: I'm sorry. I was just so relieved that I could finally approach you.

RORY: Why couldn't you approach me?

MARTY: Well, that night was really humiliating, so every time I saw you after that, I just hid. But then when I saw you show up this morning like that, I thought, here's my chance to even the playing field.

RORY: Marty, this is not as embarrassing as being totally naked.

MARTY: No, it's not. But it's close

RORY: Um, well, consider the playing field leveled.

MARTY: Good. Uh, see ya, Rory.

RORY: See ya, Marty.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai is talking on her cell phone. While she talks, Luke tries to get her to take it outside. She walks slowly and lingers by the door]

LORELAI: [on phone] Exactly, yes, that's just the kind of thing we're looking for. Well, I'm so glad to hear that because the last three designers we met with had very different philosophies. Uh-huh. No, I didn't know you did the Silver Thatch Inn. Oh, that was so beautiful. Yeah. Okay. Well, why don't we, uh, meet, uh, Friday, say, around two o'clock? Okay. Luke's Diner. It's right in the middle of the town square. You can't miss it. Just follow the love. Okay. Thank you. Bye-bye. [hangs up]

LUKE: What was that?

LORELAI: I was taking it outside.

LUKE: Three people came in while you held the door open.

LORELAI: You're exaggerating.

LUKE: Why can't you respect the rules of my diner?

LORELAI: I do respect the rules of your diner. It's that baseball cap I have issues with.

[Michel walks in and sits down]

LORELAI: Hi.

MICHEL: Hey. All right, I've done extensive research, checked references, and prescreened three other designers for you. Here are their names.

LORELAI: Well, hopefully I won't need these. I think I just found a new designer for the inn.

MICHEL: Well, good. I love doing research just for the sake of doing research. I live to grow. Are you still buying me lunch?

LORELAI: I'd be happy to buy you lunch, but I should probably take you somewhere else.

LUKE: Why should you take him somewhere else?

LORELAI: Because, Kook Danes, Michel eats a very specific diet.

MICHEL: Normally, yes, that's true. However, every six months I give myself a crazy day where I can eat anything I want, and today's crazy day. Talk to me about your chocolate cake.

LUKE: What do you want to know?

MICHEL: Is it Mexican?

LUKE: Is what Mexican?

MICHEL: The chocolate.

LUKE: How would I know?

MICHEL: It would say so on the wrapper. You could go look. I'll wait.

LUKE: Take him somewhere else.

MICHEL: Oh, just bring me a doughnut, but put some sprinkles on it, okay?

[Lorelai's cell phone rings]

LORELAI: [answers] Hello?

EMILY: Do you know what one of life's great mysteries is?

LORELAI: Uh, Mom. . .

EMILY: Whether or not you're going to be joining us for Friday night dinner.

LORELAI: Uh huh.

EMILY: And since you pretend to be ignorant of the concept of the RSVP even though I know it was taught to you as a child, I am reduced to calling and asking you, are you coming?

LORELAI: Uh huh.

EMILY: Is that "uh huh, yes, I'm coming" or "uh huh, I was reading while you were talking"?

LORELAI: Um, tell you what, Mom - plan on me coming, and if I don't, then it'll just be a little more for everyone else.

EMILY: Lorelai, you know very well our dinners do not work like that. There is careful planning and shopping and preparation that goes into every meal no matter how boring and simple it may seem to you.

LORELAI: Oh, Mom -

[Lorelai throws something at Luke to get his attention.]

LUKE: Hey, what. . .get off that phone!

LORELAI: Oh, sh\*\*t, Mom, there's no cell phones in here. I'll call you back later. Bye. [hangs up] And when I need you - nowhere.

CUT TO YALE CLASSROOM

[Rory is in her English class]

HEATHER: It's obvious Hemingway is just using Jake's impotence to indict a society which exploited its underclass to fight in the trenches of the first World w\*r.

PROFESSOR: Interesting theory, Heather. What does everyone else think?

RORY: I don't know. I mean, isn't Jake's impotence more about that generation's loss of faith in love?

HEATHER: Ugh, please. That grossly ignores the social context.

TREVOR: Rory's right. The book's about a guy who can't sleep with the woman he loves. It's not some Woody Guthrie song.

HEATHER: But -

PROFESSOR: Okay, hold that thought, Heather. We're out of time. Okay, everyone, we'll continue this Thursday. I'll see you all then.

RORY: Thanks for the save.

TREVOR: No problem. Heather can get a little "workers of the world, unite" sometimes.

RORY: Yeah, I've never actually met someone who likes the word bourgeois so much.

TREVOR: So, what are you up to this weekend?

RORY: Oh, studying. Sleep, hopefully. A rarity in my dorm room.

TREVOR: Yeah? Do you eat?

RORY: Habitually.

TREVOR: Ever been to Pancia di Lucca? I hear it's good.

RORY: Uh, no, I haven't.

TREVOR: Well, I was thinking of going there this weekend.

RORY: Oh, cool. Tell me how it is.

TREVOR: Okay, I will. Or, hey, you could come with me.

RORY: I can't this Saturday, but if it's good, maybe another time, okay?

TREVOR: Sure, okay. So, see you next week.

RORY: Bye, Trevor.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory walks into the house carrying a laundry basket]

LORELAI: Hey, what are you doing home?

RORY: Well, it seems that if you leave your laundry in the machine for even two minutes after it stops, some incredibly impatient person will come and take your nice clean clothes out and dump them.

LORELAI: Where?

RORY: Anywhere. The floor, the top of another dirty washing machine. My Belle and Sebastian t-shirt was in the garbage. So now, on top of a massive amount of reading and studying, I get to rewash my formerly perfect clean clothes.

LORELAI: Well, that's just wrong. I think you should quit school in protest.

RORY: Okay, if you say so.

[Rory reaches for a slice of pizza from the coffee table]

LORELAI: Oh, no, wait. That's not ours.

RORY: What do you mean it's not ours? Who's it for?

[Lane rushes into the house]

LANE: I've got five minutes. Where's the pizza?

LORELAI: Uh, there.

LANE: Thanks. Hi, Rory.

RORY: Hey, Lane.

LANE: My mom ordered all the okra in the Western Hemisphere. She got a great deal and I'm starving to death.

RORY: Swallow.



LANE: Between Seventh Day Adventist college and my mom's new fascination with ordering on the internet, my future looks very grim.

RORY: You want a Coke?

LANE: No, no time for liquids. I have to be home for dinner in four minutes. Another piece, please? Okay, great. Okay, this is good. You all look good. Things are good?

RORY: Things are -

LANE: Okay, gotta go. Thanks for the grub. [leaves]

LORELAI: She is so throwing up on the way home.

RORY: I'm gonna go put this stuff in the washer.

LORELAI: Wait, wait, have some pizza and tell Mama all about your day.

RORY: Okay. Oh, yesterday Janet woke up to find that Paris had chaired her in her room.

LORELAI: Oh, nice.

RORY: And then, later, when Janet had climbed out the window, she retaliated by gluing shut the opening of Paris' glue g\*n.

LORELAI: Wow, she went for the crafts.

RORY: This w\*r is getting totally out of hand. This morning Paris turned off my alarm because Janet woke her up. I almost missed breakfast. I ran down to the dining hall in my pajamas and bunny slippers, and of course I ran into Marty.

LORELAI: Naked guy.

RORY: It was totally humiliating.

LORELAI: Humiliating 'cause naked guy's hot?

RORY: It was humiliating because I had terrycloth rabbits on my feet.

LORELAI: So naked guy's not hot?

RORY: Naked guy is Marty, and it's not like that. He's sweet.

LORELAI: Ah. Sweet means bad butt.

RORY: Sweet does not mean bad butt. Sweet means sweet.

LORELAI: Poor naked guy. He should've left his clothes on.

RORY: Okay, you have got to stop talking about naked guy. I just met Marty.

LORELAI: All right. If not him, are there any other guys on the horizon?

RORY: Nope.

LORELAI: No? How about a professor - someone older, wiser, with brown cords and whiskey breath?

RORY: Oh, well, yeah. There's one of those.

LORELAI: Come on, Rory.

RORY: Well, this guy asked me to go try this restaurant this weekend, but it was a totally casual thing.

LORELAI: So what'd you tell him?

RORY: That I was busy.

LORELAI: You don't like him?

RORY: No, I like him fine. I mean, he's smart, and he takes my side in the debates, and he's decent to look at.

LORELAI: So, why'd you say no? Too many clothes?

RORY: I don't know. He. . .he carries a bottle of water around with him all the time. That's just weird.

LORELAI: Right. Hydration. Very creepy.

RORY: And he's preppy, and I don't really like preppy. Plus, he's gonna go study in Barcelona next year.

LORELAI: So?

RORY: So it's a waste of time. It can't go anywhere.

LORELAI: It could go to dinner, maybe a movie.

RORY: Mom. . .

LORELAI: No, look, Rory, I know you've never really dated.

RORY: What are you talking about? I've dated.

LORELAI: Who did you date?

RORY: Dean.

LORELAI: You and Dean did not date. You had a relationship.

RORY: Well, Jess.

LORELAI: Was relationship number two.

RORY: So maybe I've never dated, but you haven't either.

LORELAI: I have dated at least once.

RORY: Mmhmm. You had me with dad - relationship.

LORELAI: Yes, but -

RORY: Max - relationship. Dad again - relationship.

LORELAI: Okay, fine, I may not be the world's best dater, but I do it and you should give it a shot. I mean, you're in college now. What else is there to do in college but date?

RORY: I'm gonna go wash my clothes now.

LORELAI: Wait. Was that it? Is this conversation over? Sorry, did I win?

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai and the decorator have books spread out on several tables around them]

NATALIE: Okay, here, I wanted to show you this.

LORELAI: Castles of Ireland?

NATALIE: There is a room in here that I've always wanted to do. Here it is.

LORELAI: Oh, I love that. What is that wall treatment?

NATALIE: That's anaglypta wallpaper.

LUKE: What are you doing?

LORELAI: I'm looking at anaglypta wallpaper.

LUKE: And the other three tables are here for support?

LORELAI: Well, we just had a lot of books to go through. Uh, Luke, this is Natalie Zimmerman. Natalie's gonna help us design the Dragonfly.

NATALIE: Nice to meet you.

LORELAI: Did I tell you we're gonna have horses?

NATALIE: The property already has stables, so why not?

LORELAI: I love horses. I've always loved horses ever since I was a little girl, and now I finally have a grown-up excuse to buy a pony.

LUKE: Great. Listen, National Velvet, you have to move this stuff out of here.

LORELAI: Why?

LUKE: Because this is a diner. People wanna sit.

LORELAI: This is business.

LUKE: No, this is business, and it's open, and it's decorated, and it wants its seats back.

LORELAI: Fine. Sorry about that. He's trying to steal the "World's Grumpiest Diner Guy" title from Mel.

NATALIE: No problem.

LORELAI: So you were telling me about anaglypta wallpaper?

NATALIE: Yes, it's a textured paper that we can paint or treat. We can even distress it if you want to give it a more, you know, vintage-y look.

LORELAI: Hm, that sounds interesting.

NATALIE: You know, Emily actually has some in the smaller upstairs guest bath. You should take a look at it the next time you're there.

LORELAI: Um, Emily? You mean like my mother, Emily?

NATALIE: Yes.

LORELAI: I didn't know you knew Emily.

NATALIE: Oh, yeah. I did her second-floor remodel about a year ago. I thought that's how you got my name.

LORELAI: Oh, no, I, uh, got your name from a magazine. So you know Emily?

NATALIE: It's a small world, isn't it?

LORELAI: Yes, yes, really small. About the same square footage as that box they threw McCain in.

NATALIE: So, are you ready to see bedrooms?

LORELAI: Yes, sure. Why not?

CUT TO YALE CLASSROOM

[Rory is in her English class]

PROFESSOR: Next week we finish up with "Snows of Kilimanjaro", then it is Hemingway's pal Scott Fitzgerald, so do yourselves a favor - get a jump on "Tender is the Night."

RORY: Wow. Good session today, huh?

TREVOR: It was fine.

RORY: I can't believe we sit around and talk about books and get graded on it. I mean, there's almost nothing I like more than talking about a good book or a bad book or a really thick magazine.

TREVOR: Mmhmm.

RORY: Hey, Trevor. You know what else I like to do besides talk about a really good book? Eat. Isn't that weird? And, actually, for me, they're linked. It's true. When I talk about a book, I get really hungry - starving. You ever experience that?

TREVOR: Not really.

RORY: Oh. Well, it happens to me all the time. Like right now, for example, starving, really. And I enjoyed "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" so much that I will probably be hungry for quite some time. All weekend, probably. Especially Saturday night.

TREVOR: Saturday night?

RORY: Saturday night.

TREVOR: Are you saying you want to go to dinner on Saturday night?

RORY: Wow. Um, okay. Yeah. Well, I will be hungry.

TREVOR: Well, that fact has been pretty well established.

RORY: Okay. Sure. Yeah, let's go to dinner Saturday night.

TREVOR: So, you're at -

RORY: Durfee, suite 5.

TREVOR: I'll pick you up at 7:30.

RORY: Sounds good.

TREVOR: Okay.

RORY: Wow. I gotta hand it to you there, Trevor. You sure are persistent.

CUT TO THE TOWN SQUARE

[Lorelai and Sookie walk down the street]

LORELAI: Davey? You're naming him Davey?

SOOKIE: Yes.

LORELAI: I love Davey.

SOOKIE: Me, too.

LORELAI: Oh, I can't believe you finally picked a name. It makes it real.

SOOKIE: Yes, because the stomach and massive ankles were too ambiguous.

LORELAI: Does Jackson like it?

SOOKIE: Uh, well, he's okay with the stomach, but the massive ankles freak him out.

LORELAI: The name Davey.

SOOKIE: It was actually his suggestion.

LORELAI: Really?

SOOKIE: He wanted Davey if it was a boy and Colgate if it was a girl.

LORELAI: Colgate?

SOOKIE: His great-grandmother's name.

LORELAI: Great-grandmother Colgate.

SOOKIE: Yup.

LORELAI: That's horrible.

SOOKIE: You know what's worse, she looked like a Colgate.

LORELAI: Well, at least you know it's gonna be a boy.

SOOKIE: Yes, but he doesn't know it's going to be a boy. And I realized he has to know that I thought Colgate was an insane name, but if I didn't fight him on it, it must be because I knew we weren't gonna have a girl and then he would know we were gonna have a boy, and that would spoil everything for him. So I told him, "We are not naming our daughter after a toothpaste!" We got in a big fight and we're not talking.

LORELAI: Cool!

SOOKIE: Yeah, I know. Everything's perfect. My baby has a name and my husband's sleeping on the couch. Oh, and I figured out that I'll go with the Avery stove for the inn. Is that okay? Because I know it's a little more expensive.

LORELAI: It's your kitchen, Sookie.

SOOKIE: Okay, good. I'm gonna call Natalie the minute I get home.

LORELAI: Hm.

SOOKIE: What's wrong?

LORELAI: Nothing.

SOOKIE: It's the Avery. It's too extravagant.

LORELAI: No, the Avery's fine. Everything's fine.

SOOKIE: You're sure?

LORELAI: I'm sure. Just. . . Natalie knows my mother.

SOOKIE: Emily? How?

LORELAI: Yes, because she did her second-floor remodel like a year ago.

SOOKIE: Oh, so she really knows your mother.

LORELAI: They've been shopping together. It's a bond. Sookie, I don't know if I -

SOOKIE: Lorelai, no.

LORELAI: She knows my mother.

SOOKIE: So what?

LORELAI: Sookie, my whole life, my whole existence, my essence, my being, my ability to be this sparkling creature standing here before you -- all of this depends on the complete and total

separation of my life from my mother's life. That's how it works.

SOOKIE: But we like Natalie.

LORELAI: We do like Natalie.

SOOKIE: Remember all the other designers we met that we didn't like before Natalie? Remember the one that wanted to put the tiny mannequin in every room so that the lonely people would have someone to talk to?

LORELAI: Yes, I do.

SOOKIE: Or the purple, purple, purple guy.

LORELAI: Purple, purple, purple.

SOOKIE: They were horrible. And then we met Natalie, and she was perfect. Look, just try. At least give Natalie a chance, okay? Please?

LORELAI: I'll try.

SOOKIE: Good. I'm gonna go home and get going on the Avery.

LORELAI: All right. I have to stop by Luke's. I'll call you later.

SOOKIE: Okay. It's going to be fine.

LORELAI: Yes, it is.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai walks in]

LORELAI: Hey, Luke. What's going on?

LUKE: Oh, well. . . Tom called. The banister on the stairs has to be replaced. It'll be \$4,000. Tamsin Cordally called. He needs a deposit on the quartersawn oak. It'll be \$4,000. Julio the landscaper called. I have no idea what he said, but it's going to be \$4,000. Vicki from Vicki's Horse Supply called. She thinks Pepper and Gunsmoke would suit your needs, but Gunsmoke snores, so the stables can't be too close to the guests' bedrooms. Rory's looking for her black Converse, and, oh, one last thing - I'm not taking messages for you anymore!

LORELAI: Sorry.

LUKE: What did you do, have business cards printed up?

LORELAI: People just know I'm here a lot.

LUKE: I missed a call from my meat guy because I was on the phone discussing Gunsmoke's deviated septum.

LORELAI: I'm gonna call all these people today and tell them never to call me here again.

LUKE: You bet you will.

LORELAI: Consider it done.

LUKE: Good.

LORELAI: Just -

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Just, uh, one more thing. Did a package arrive for me here today?

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: I'm sorry. Never mind, never mind.

ED: Luke. Sorry. I'm cutting it kind of close here.

LUKE: Oh, sorry, Ed. I didn't realize you were cutting it kind of close. Everybody, drop everything. Ed's cutting it kind of close. Here's your tickets.

ED: You seem mad.

LUKE: Look, Ed, just go to the game and enjoy it, okay? Choke on a hot dog while you're at it.

ED: I have to tell you, Luke, I am never accepting anything free from you again.

LUKE: What a threat! Boy, you're a real master of fear, there, Ed. Look out, Jason and Freddy. Ed may never mooch off of either one of you ever again!

LORELAI: What is wrong with you?

LUKE: Nothing.

LORELAI: You're yelling at Ed.

LUKE: Ah, Ed bugs me.

LORELAI: Ed cries.

LUKE: I'm just having a bad day.

LORELAI: Zzz.

LUKE: Excuse me?

LORELAI: Days. You've been stomping around, barking at people for days.

LUKE: I have not.

LORELAI: Yes, Cujo, you have.

LUKE: I always talk to people like that.

LORELAI: No, Benji, you don't.

LUKE: I'll be fine tomorrow.

LORELAI: Really, Lassie? Why is that?



LUKE: Look, I bought these tickets for Nicole 'cause she's a Yankees fan. I thought it'd be nice if we went to a game together.

LORELAI: Oh, man.

LUKE: And it's no big deal. I mean, the closer it got to the game, the more I felt like a loser. I mean, I'm sitting on these tickets, which means I thought I'd still be in a relationship. I don't know. Stupid. I broke my own rule. I asked for it.

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

LUKE: Never plan for anything more than two days in advance.

LORELAI: That's your rule?

LUKE: Yes, 'cause when you make plans, then you have expectations, and when you have expectations, then you will get disappointed.

LORELAI: Having expectations also gives you something to look forward to.

LUKE: Yes, then you're looking forward to being constantly disappointed.

LORELAI: You're not that cynical.

LUKE: I am today.

LORELAI: Hey, I have an idea. Tomorrow night is usually movie night.

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: Rory and I would always rent a bunch of movies, order food -- it was our thing. Now she's at school and busy, so why don't you come over? It might be fun.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: Yeah?

LUKE: Sure, what else have I got to do?

LORELAI: Ah, I love when men say that to me.

LUKE: What time?

LORELAI: Eight.

LUKE: Eight it is.

LORELAI: I'll stop by the video store and pick us up a couple movies. What do you want to see?

LUKE: I don't know.

LORELAI: Well, come on, tell me. I don't want to get something you've seen.

LUKE: Don't worry about it. I haven't seen anything.

LORELAI: People always say that.

LUKE: Well, with me, it's true.

LORELAI: "Casablanca"?

LUKE: Nope.

LORELAI: You have never seen "Casablanca"? Are you kidding?

LUKE: Just get anything, please.

LORELAI: "Chinatown"?

LUKE: Anything at all.

LORELAI: "Bonnie and Clyde"?

LUKE: A video game would be nice also.

LORELAI: "It Happened One Night"? "His Girl Friday"? "Treasure of the Sierra Madre"? "Diner"?

LUKE: I saw "Mr. and Mrs. Bridge."

LORELAI: Oh. My house, eight o'clock. We have such work to do.

LUKE: I'll see you there.

LORELAI: Oh, by the way, if my package arrives today, bring it with you, okay? Thanks.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[The doorbell rings. The maid answers the door and lets Lorelai in]

LORELAI: Oh, hey. Uh, oh, oh, hold on, whoa. Wow, that could have been very ugly, huh? The great cappuccino disaster of 2003. Very sad -- Shelley Winters drowns. Think the coffee was stronger than I thought.

MAID: Can I take your coat?

LORELAI: Thank you.

MAID: Your daughter called and said she was gonna be late. Her class ran long.

LORELAI: Oh, so Rory's not here yet?

MAID: No, it's just you and your mother.

LORELAI: Huh. Hey. Oh, gosh. You know what? I just remembered I left something in the car, so I'll be right back. Could I - just - it's new. I can't be away from it just yet. Oh, thanks. Okay. Back in a flash.

[Lorelai goes outside to her car and turns on the radio. She starts dancing and mouthing the words to "Shadow Dancing." Emily knocks on the car door and startles Lorelai, who screams. She opens the window]

EMILY: What are you doing?

LORELAI: I was looking for my lip gloss.

EMILY: You need the radio on to look for your lip gloss?

LORELAI: Well, uh, I came out here and I couldn't find it and so I thought maybe if I tried to retrace my steps, it would turn up.

EMILY: Very clever idea.

LORELAI: Yeah, I thought so. So I put my purse on the seat and I put the keys in the car, and naturally the radio came on 'cause that's what it does, and, uh, "Shadow Dancing" was playing, which was one of my all time favorite songs in junior high.

EMILY: And you forgot to look for your lip gloss.

LORELAI: Just for a second.

EMILY: Which makes sense since it's in the ashtray right next to you.

LORELAI: Oh, hey. It is. Look at that.

EMILY: Yes, it's a miracle. Come inside, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Well, can't I just wait 'til the song. . .I'm coming.

[they walk into the house]

EMILY: You can't sit here for three seconds without Rory.

LORELAI: Not true.

EMILY: Oh, stop it and sit down. I want to talk to you about something. I just found out that Sookie is pregnant.

LORELAI: Uh huh. Don't look at me, I had nothing to do with it.

EMILY: May I ask why you didn't bother to tell me?

LORELAI: Uh, well. . .

EMILY: Lorelai, your not telling me about Sookie is unforgivable.

LORELAI: Why, it's not like you're such good friends.

EMILY: I went to her wedding.

LORELAI: So did Kirk.

EMILY: I haven't sent her a gift, Lorelai. How does that make me look?

LORELAI: Like you hate her and all childbearing women.

EMILY: You are so intent on keeping me out of your life.

LORELAI: It's not even my life. It's Sookie's life.

EMILY: A simple phone call to tell me that Sookie is pregnant.

LORELAI: How did you find out about it, anyway?

EMILY: Why, are you going to track down the informant and have him shot?

LORELAI: Maybe.

EMILY: It doesn't matter how I found out. I found out, no thanks to you.

LORELAI: Mom, please, just tell me how you found out.

EMILY: Why? Does it bother you not knowing?

LORELAI: Yes.

EMILY: Me, too.

[Rory comes in]

LORELAI: Hey.

EMILY: Rory, you're here.

RORY: I'm so sorry I'm late, Grandma. Hi, Mom.

LORELAI: You'll pay.

EMILY: So come on, sit down and tell me all about Yale.

LORELAI: If you don't, she'll find out anyway.

RORY: Yale's interesting. It's a lot more free-form than I thought.

EMILY: Well, you're an adult now. They treat you like an adult in college.

LORELAI: In college, yes. In the Gilmore house. . .

EMILY: We've switched subjects, in case you were wondering. So tell me, what are your plans for the weekend? Any parties going on?

RORY: Well, yeah, there are always parties going on, but I'm not going to a party this weekend. I'm actually going on a date.

LORELAI: You are?

EMILY: Well, your first college date.

LORELAI: Who's the lucky guy?

RORY: Just a guy from my English class.

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: Your English class.

LORELAI: What happened? I thought you turned him down.

EMILY: You turned him down?

RORY: I know, but I thought about it and I reconsidered.

LORELAI: What did you do? Did you ask him out?

EMILY: You asked him out? Oh, Rory, tell me you didn't ask a boy out.

RORY: I didn't ask him out. I just made sure he knew I was available.

LORELAI: Better, Mom?

EMILY: No, that's not better. Rory, you're in Yale, not Amsterdam. How you conduct yourself socially is as important as how you conduct yourself academically.

RORY: I promise, it was very proper.

LORELAI: Yes, Mom, she had a nice Tiffany lampshade over her red light.

EMILY: What do you know about this boy? Do you know where he's from, who his parents are?

RORY: No, I plan to find that out on the date.

LORELAI: What are you gonna wear?

RORY: I don't know.

LORELAI: Do you want to borrow something of mine?

EMILY: No, she does not.

LORELAI: What does that mean?

EMILY: It's bad enough that you haven't taught your daughter how to interact with the opposite sex. You will not dress her up in one of your "Sex and the City" ensembles and send her out to tell the entire campus, "Don't worry. I'll ask you."

LORELAI: How do you know about "Sex and the City"?

CUT TO KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Lorelai, Sookie, and Natalie are browsing the store]

NATALIE: Okay, see, something like this outside against a wall - very "Little House on the Prairie" with a twist.

SOOKIE: I love "Little House on the Prairie." Jack the dog. Where is Lindsay Sidney Greenbush? When she came tumbling down the hill, I would just laugh.

NATALIE: Lorelai?

LORELAI: Yeah?

NATALIE: Well, what do you think?

LORELAI: Hm, I don't know. I'm not really sure.

NATALIE: Okay. Well, just keep in mind that anything you see here I can have duplicated. I've got this guy in Delaware that can knock off anything for about half the price.

LORELAI: Maybe we should go.

SOOKIE: What? We just got started.

LORELAI: Well, maybe we should think a little more before we shop.

SOOKIE: What are you talking about? We've been thinking for months. Let's start buying! Holy mother of God, this bench is \$15,000.

NATALIE: We can find something else.

LORELAI: Oh, no, we don't have to find something else.

SOOKIE: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: We have absolutely no problem paying full price for that bench.

SOOKIE: What?

LORELAI: Yeah. No money problems or problems of any kind. Our entire lives are perfect. We have no complaints and plenty of money.

SOOKIE: What are you talking about?

NATALIE: You know what, I see a lawn jockey out there that looks very interesting. I'll be back.  
[leaves]

SOOKIE: We cannot afford that bench.

LORELAI: Oh, I know that. I don't want her to know that.

SOOKIE: Her - Natalie, her?

LORELAI: Yes.

SOOKIE: Why?

LORELAI: Because it could get back to my mother.

SOOKIE: What could get back to your mother?

LORELAI: That we have money problems.

SOOKIE: We do have money problems.

LORELAI: I know, but I don't want my mother knowing that we have money problems. I don't want any personal information leaked out because in Emily's hands, that could be a w\*apon.

SOOKIE: Well, Natalie's not gonna say anything.

LORELAI: How do you know? How do you know she's not filling my mother in on our every move on a daily basis?

SOOKIE: You're being paranoid.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah? My mother found out about you being pregnant.

SOOKIE: Not from Natalie.

LORELAI: How do you know?

SOOKIE: Because Natalie herself didn't know until about a half an hour ago.

LORELAI: That's her story.

SOOKIE: Okay. This is getting crazy now. You have got to go out there and talk to her about this.

LORELAI: I don't know.

SOOKIE: It's the only fair thing. Come on. Go.

[Lorelai walks outside to Natalie]

LORELAI: Hey, um, look, Natalie, I, uh, have to say something to you. I feel a tad silly even mentioning it, but I think I have to.

NATALIE: Did I do something that -

LORELAI: No, no, no, no, you did nothing. You've been great, really. Um, great ideas, great attitude. It's just that. . .you know my mother.

NATALIE: Yes?

LORELAI: That's it. You know my mother.

NATALIE: Oh.

LORELAI: And my mother and I don't exactly have the smoothest of relationships.

NATALIE: Ah.

LORELAI: Right. I mean, we're not warring or anything, but it's just that we're very different, and I feel kind of weird sharing things with her.

NATALIE: Look, I promise you, I haven't been in contact with your mother for a long time. Maybe twice she called to get a couple of names, but that was it. I hadn't even met you yet. So trust me -- she knows nothing that you haven't told her yourself.

LORELAI: Oh. Okay. I feel really stupid right now.

NATALIE: No, don't. I enjoyed working with your mother, but this inn is the kind of thing that I love to do. And the place has incredible potential and somebody's gonna get a chance to make it a wonderful inn. I would be heartsick if I lost this opportunity.

LORELAI: Oh.

NATALIE: Look, I haven't spoken to Emily in months. I doubt I'll be speaking to her in the future. I promise.

LORELAI: Okay.

NATALIE: Really?

LORELAI: Absolutely.

NATALIE: I'm so glad.

LORELAI: So am I.

NATALIE: So now that I talked myself back into a job, what do you think the outlook for this lawn jockey is?

LORELAI: Not good.

NATALIE: Hm. Emily would hate it.

LORELAI: Wrap it up.

CUT TO YALE DORM

[Rory is in her bedroom getting ready for her date]

RORY: Okay, so this is option number four. Tanna? Tanna?

TANNA: Yeah?

RORY: We're doing the whole bonding thing now.

TANNA: Okay. Sorry. Start again.

RORY: What do you think?

TANNA: Men respond subconsciously to a woman's pheromones. You should run in place 'til he gets here. It'll give you a nice musk.

RORY: Go back to your leg.

PARIS: Roommates meeting starts in two minutes. Hey, I told you to stop with the math and the Sharpies on my good sheets.

TANNA: Okay. Sorry.

PARIS: How come the puppy doesn't pee on your bed?

RORY: I'll be right out, Paris.

PARIS: Hurry up. All right, everyone, take a seat, please. Rory, one last curtsy, and let's move. [the roommates all gather in the common room]

RORY: My date will be here in ten minutes, so talk fast.



PARIS: Thank you all for coming. Now, I'd like to start this meeting by saying that no one here is on trial. This meeting is about healing, it is about redemption, it is about accepting responsibility and making amends.

JANET: I don't believe this.

PARIS: This is a forum for all of us to air our grievances so we can resolve them and go on with our lives. Hey, since I'm already standing, why don't I start?

TANNA: This is thrilling.

PARIS: Setting your alarm for 5:30 in the morning when no one else here shares the desire to put on nylon shorts and run in circles for an hour like a greyhound is selfish.

JANET: I have a partial athletic scholarship, Paris.

PARIS: The grunting and the sweating, and there are plastic balls everywhere.

JANET: One balance ball.

PARIS: No one can sleep. No one can breathe. Rory missed breakfast the other day. You've seen Rory eat. She cannot miss breakfast.

RORY: Paris has a point there.

JANET: Excuse me, but if I remember correctly, Rory missed breakfast because you turned her alarm off.

RORY: Janet does have a point there.

JANET: And while we're airing grievances, what about your stupid craft area? Everywhere you turn, there's glitter or seashells or macaroni. And the smell of the glue.

PARIS: Hey, I make things we can all enjoy. I am contributing. The coasters I make are for everyone. Those push-ups are for you and you alone.

JANET: I vote we get rid of craft corner.

PARIS: No, that's my emotional homework!

RORY: Okay, let's just all calm down for a sec.

JANET: No. I cannot calm down. I have tried to be reasonable. I have told myself over and over, "God, look at her. Imagine what she's been through to make her turn out like that."

PARIS: A lot!

JANET: But you're impossible! And frankly, I'm just sick of your constant negativity!

PARIS: You're on steroids, aren't you? That's what's behind this obsessive behavior.

JANET: You're calling me obsessive?

PARIS: I am not intimidated or afraid of you. [there's a knock at the door. Rory answers it]

TREVOR: Hi. You ready to go?

RORY: Just one sec. We're finishing up a roommates meeting.

PARIS: I'll race you.

RORY: What?

PARIS: To Hewitt Quad and back. I win, no alarm before seven a.m. You win, I move my crafts area into Rory's and my room.

RORY: Whoa, whoa, whoa.

JANET: Forget it. I am not gonna race -

PARIS: On your mark, get set, go. [runs out of the room]

JANET: Hey! [follows her]

TANNA: Now they're gonna have a nice musk.

RORY: Shall we?

TREVOR: After you.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai opens the front door. Luke walks in with some bags of takeout]

LORELAI: Ah, man bearing bags of food. Come in.

LUKE: I went a little overboard here.

LORELAI: No such thing.

LUKE: I got tons of fries, half a pumpkin pie. You got whipped cream here?

LORELAI: Always.

LUKE: And, uh, I wasn't sure what to do with the burgers because sometimes you order with double cheese, sometimes you don't, so I brought one with normal cheese and one with. . .[sees Chinese food containers on the coffee table]. . .what did you do?

LORELAI: I ordered food.

LUKE: I said I'd bring food.

LORELAI: So I can't contribute, like I'm a piker?

LUKE: No. Just that I didn't need to bring food.

LORELAI: Well, I'm leftover girl. I'll have the burgers tonight and the Chinese food during the week.

LUKE: Then you just should have ordered the Chinese fresh tomorrow instead of tonight.

LORELAI: I don't like fresh Chinese food. I like stale Chinese food.

LUKE: I give up.

LORELAI: I got you a nice, cold beer.

LUKE: Appreciate it.

LORELAI: Okay. You are one click away from "Casablanca."

LUKE: Start it up.

LORELAI: No, whoa, whoa, whoa. We need to get situated. Are you all situated?

LUKE: I'm situated.

LORELAI: You need to, like, squish around a little.

LUKE: I don't need to.

LORELAI: Come on, squish around a little bit.

LUKE: I'm fine how I am.

LORELAI: Okay, but, uh, you can't squish during the movie because it's distracting. That's rule number one.

LUKE: There's rules?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, especially for a true classic like "Casablanca." It's not like we're watching a there's-nothing-else-on movie or a guilty pleasure like "Hardbodies." Oh, my God. Have you seen "Hardbodies"?

LUKE: I don't think so.

LORELAI: Three middle-aged guys rent a beach house and they hire this young local stud to introduce them to cute girls, a.k.a. "Hardbodies."

LUKE: Let's see that.

LORELAI: No, Luke, we're seeing "Casablanca."

LUKE: Then let's see that.

LORELAI: Okay, the rest of the rules - no talking during the movie. No exceptions during a true classic. And minimize distraction. You know, no shifting around a lot, no phone calls, nothing. No going to the bathroom. If you go, you miss the movie 'cause we're not pausing the movie. That's the only way to get the flow of the thing, okay?

LUKE: Fair enough.

LORELAI: Okay. Here we go. [starts the movie]

LUKE: What's that?

LORELAI: Okay, um. . .A, um, no talking during the movie, and B, don't tell me you've never seen the FBI warning before.

LUKE: It's new to me.

LORELAI: Oh, my God. You're beyond monk. You're uber-monk.

LUKE: Just start it up. I won't talk again.

LORELAI: Okay, just one more warning - when they showed the first motion picture over a hundred years ago, it featured a train rushing toward the camera, and, um, people were so sure the train was going to burst off the screen and crush them that they ran away in terror. Now, Luke, the train is not going to leave the screen.

LUKE: Hit the button.

LORELAI: Okay.

CUT TO ITALIAN RESTAURANT

[Rory and Trevor are on their date]

HOSTESS: Hang onto this. We'll page you when the table's ready.

TREVOR: Thank you. A riot of color. Geeky but cool. Ever been to Italy?

RORY: No. Yes. What am I saying? Yes. I was just there. Duh.

TREVOR: Hard thing to forget.

RORY: Yeah. I'm just so used to not having been anywhere, but yeah, I have.

TREVOR: And what's it like?

RORY: Terrific.

TREVOR: Boy, they have these places all over. Two in Miami, Detroit. Hey, two in my hometown. Now, that's a great town.

RORY: Definitely.

TREVOR: So you've been there?

RORY: Where?

TREVOR: Chicago.

RORY: Is that where you're from?

TREVOR: Oh, I thought you saw where I was pointing.

RORY: Oh, no. Um. . .

TREVOR: You know, I miss things about home that I didn't think I'd miss. Like my little brother Brian. He drove me crazy my whole life, and now I can't wait for his e-mails. You have any siblings?

RORY: No. You know, I read this article once about restaurants like this where they have an open bowl of mints that you grab on your way out. And when people come out of the bathroom, a lot of them don't wash their hands. They'll grab a mint and walk out, and people have studied the mints

and they found traces of urine in them, so they're urine mints.

TREVOR: Huh. Oh. Hey, we're being paged.

RORY: Good.

HOSTESS: Right this way.

[The hostess leads them to their table. Rory sits down, and Trevor sits down next to her on the same side of the table]

RORY: Oh.

TREVOR: Thank you.

HOSTESS: Enjoy.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai and Luke are watching the movie]

LUKE: Stop doing that.

LORELAI: Shh, no talking.

LUKE: Then stop doing that.

LORELAI: Doing what?

LUKE: Looking at me.

LORELAI: Vain party, table for one.

LUKE: You know what I mean. You're watching me watch the movie. It's creepy.

LORELAI: I enjoy watching people watch certain parts of certain movies.

LUKE: But you look over just before something big happens, so I always know something's coming.

LORELAI: Oh, I do?

LUKE: You did it just before Humphrey Bogart saw Ingrid Bergman for the first time.

LORELAI: Well, she's the costar. You knew something was coming. [she rewinds the movie a little]

[the phone rings]

LUKE: There goes our flow.

LORELAI: Well, we missed stuff while we were talking.

[the answering machine comes on]

LORELAI: [on answering machine] Hi, it's Lorelai. Leave me a message.

LUKE: You're back too far, we've seen this.

LORELAI: I didn't. I was looking at you.

LUKE: We'll never get through this.

RORY: [on answering machine] Mom, are you there?

LORELAI: Oh, wait, wait.

LUKE: Come on.

RORY: [on answering machine] Mom, if you're there, pick up.

LORELAI: [answers phone] Honey, are you okay?

LUKE: There goes the phone rule.

RORY: No, this whole night is sucking.

LORELAI: What? How?

RORY: You're right - I've never dated before, and I know that now because of this feeling I have. I've never had this feeling before.

LORELAI: Sort of frozen, sort of unsure, sort of wishing you'd read a lot of dating articles in preparation?

RORY: I have no idea what I'm doing here, and everyone is staring at me because they know we're on a bad first date.

LORELAI: Oh, so the guy's a dud?

RORY: Trevor's fine. I'm moronic. I bring the conversation to a crashing halt every time I speak.

LORELAI: Well, where is he now?

RORY: In the bathroom, probably pondering my brilliant anecdote about urine mints.

LORELAI: About what?

RORY: You know, when people go to the bathroom and they don't wash their hands and they come out and they take a mint.

LORELAI: Oh, my God. I've been eating those mints for years. [to Luke] Hey, did you know about urine mints?

LUKE: What?

RORY: And I've already forgotten everything that he said to me - the name of his brother and sister and best friend. And we're sitting on the same side of the table. We keep bumping menus, and my neck already hurts from trying to turn and look at him when he talks. Can I tell him to sit on the other side?

LORELAI: Honey, you just. . .you have to relax, 'cause it's just a date, and sometimes dates don't go well. I mean, I'm sorry I can't be of more help, but if he comes back and you're on the phone, it might make things more awkward.

RORY: Bite the b\*lllet, huh?

LORELAI: Yeah. Sorry, but yeah.

RORY: Okay. I'll talk to you later.

LORELAI: Bye. [hangs up] Oh, poor thing.

LUKE: Dating's the worst.

LORELAI: Yeah, but they're sitting on the same side of the table and that's awkward, and she can't think of what to say next, and you know, she's just gotta go through it and figure it out on her own. You just have to throw them out there and let them learn what those wings are for.

LUKE: She could say there's a draft.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: Where she's sitting. She could say the air conditioning is hitting her, switch to the other side, and just blame it on that.

LORELAI: That's perfect.

[Lorelai calls Rory back]

RORY: [answers phone] Mom?

LORELAI: Hey. Is he back yet?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Say there's a draft and move to the other side of the table. It's very ladylike to feel drafts. He'll totally understand.

RORY: Okay, good.

LORELAI: And then ask what his brother and sister's names are. He'll like that you cared enough to confirm.

RORY: Yeah, that seems right.

LORELAI: Don't worry about the conversation. Just talk, and if the talk doesn't flow, it doesn't. And stay away from urine-related topics, and you're good to go.

RORY: Thanks, Mom.

LORELAI: Oh, the draft thing was Luke's.

RORY: Well, thank him for me, too. I'd better go.

LORELAI: Go, go. [hangs up] Oh, good. I feel so much better. She says thanks.

LUKE: I wouldn't trade places with her for the world.

LORELAI: Really? You wouldn't want to go out with a boy named Trevor? You might want to wait and

see his picture.

LUKE: I mean dating. It's a horror.

LORELAI: It's the only cure for the singleness thing, barring ordering a spouse off the internet.

LUKE: I missed nothing by not dating.

LORELAI: Not true.

LUKE: If I had dated a lot, I'd still be single. I'd just have spent a lot of bad nights at Tony Roma's.

LORELAI: Yeah, but dating is how you get to know your potential partner. It's the only way.

LUKE: There's the gut. I can tell if I'm comfortable with someone within seconds of meeting them. I feel it here. I felt it with Rachel. I felt it with Nicole. I was immediately relaxed.

LORELAI: You've got the gut thing.

LUKE: Well, it's just knowing that someone will let you be. That's a gut thing.

LORELAI: Aah! You're fast-forwarding.

LUKE: Well, we'll not gonna get through this thing. I just wanna get to the good parts.

LORELAI: There are no bad parts of "Casablanca." Just go back. Back. I'm gonna go grab dessert.

[Lorelai walks to the kitchen as the phone rings]

LUKE: Hey, phone again.

LORELAI: Ugh.

LUKE: [answers phone] Hello?

EMILY: Who is this?

LUKE: Who's this?

EMILY: This is Emily Gilmore. Who's this?

LUKE: Luke Danes, Mrs. Gilmore. Your daughter's friend from the diner. Uh, hey, I'm not really supposed to be talking to you here. Hang on.

LORELAI: Why did you answer the phone?

LUKE: You answered it before.

LORELAI: Yeah, but that was Rory. You should have told her I'm not here.

LUKE: Then what would I be doing here?

LORELAI: Light maintenance.

LUKE: Come on, take it.



LORELAI: You broke a rule.

LUKE: You've broken every rule.

LORELAI: Yeah, but dodging my mother's phone calls is not a movie-night rule. It's an always rule.  
[she takes the phone] Hi, Mom. What's up?

EMILY: So now you're telling people they can't speak to me?

LORELAI: No, Mom. It's just a little movie-night rule. If you and Luke wanna talk, you guys can talk.

EMILY: I'm talking about Natalie Zimmerman.

LORELAI: Natalie?

EMILY: I called her today about sprucing up a room she did for me a year ago, and, as you would say, she blew me off.

LORELAI: Well, what did she say?

EMILY: She said she couldn't help me out, but she wouldn't say why, so I leaned on her a bit. She cracked and said she'd made you certain promises.

LORELAI: Mom, I never told her she couldn't work for you.

EMILY: She said you did.

LORELAI: Well, no. Our agreement was -

EMILY: So there was an agreement.

LORELAI: Yes, but -

EMILY: To exclude me?

LORELAI: No. Well, not exactly.

EMILY: You know, Lorelai, perhaps it would be easier if you just gave me a list of the people I'm not allowed to have contact with. So far I know there's Natalie and Sookie and Luke on movie night. What about Richard? Am I still allowed to talk to my husband?

LORELAI: Mom, this is just a big misunderstanding. Go ahead and hire Natalie.

EMILY: But you'll still have a problem with both of us using her.

LORELAI: I will cease working with her. She's all yours. I'll tell her tomorrow.

EMILY: Oh, wonderful. So it'll be my fault she loses the job. No, Lorelai, you keep her, and I promise I'll never speak to her - ever. If she's bleeding on the side of the road, I'll drive by and pretend I didn't see.

LORELAI: Mom. . .

EMILY: I have to go.

LORELAI: I'm firing Natalie.

EMILY: That's up to you.

LORELAI: Consider it done.

EMILY: I'll see you Friday.

LORELAI: Yup. [hangs up] I know just how you feel, Rick.

LUKE: Shh.

LORELAI: Tsk.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Later that night, Rory walks through the front door]

RORY: Mom?

LORELAI: Hey, hey. Shh.

[Luke is sleeping on the couch. Lorelai covers him up with a blanket]

RORY: Tell me he didn't fall asleep during "Casablanca."

LORELAI: No, we made it through "Casablanca." He fell asleep during "Hardbodies."

RORY: How do you fall asleep during a classic like "Hardbodies"?

LORELAI: There's no accounting for taste.

RORY: He looks comfy there, doesn't he?

LORELAI: Yeah, he does. [they walk to the kitchen] So, you wanna talk about it or you wanna forget about it?

RORY: Well, there's nothing much to talk about. It was just bad. I got a little better as the night went on - talked a little more. He was very nice, just not my type. Oh, and the whole draft thing backfired.

LORELAI: How so?

RORY: Well, I switched over to the other side of the table. Then he started to feel the same draft and came over to my side.

LORELAI: But we made up the draft.

RORY: The power of suggestion.

LORELAI: Boys are so malleable.

RORY: It just all seemed so forced. I mean, I felt like I was locked into the pointless societal ritual. There has to be another way.

LORELAI: Luke and I were debating that. Luke thinks it's all about gut instinct - you know instantly if a person is right for you. I think you have to go through a lot to find a contender. And you've been

very lucky with boys before. They were just always sort of there, but I think for the most part, a girl's got to hunt a little.

RORY: And go through a lot of non-contenders.

LORELAI: Yes, then the non-contenders become your fun bad-date anecdotes. In fact, on your next date, if you're stuck for a topic, tell him about your bad date.

RORY: But what if that date is bad?

LORELAI: Then you have an anecdote for your next date.

RORY: And how long does this go on?

LORELAI: You've seen "Grey Gardens." It could go on forever.

RORY: Oh, well, just sh\*\*t me now.

LORELAI: Hang in there. Go with Luke's gut thing if all else fails.

RORY: Maybe.

CUT TO YALE LAUNDRY ROOM

[Rory walks in. A guy is taking some clothes out of a dryer]

RORY: Oh, um. . .

GUY: Yeah?

RORY: I think my clothes were in there.

GUY: Oh, yeah, somebody had already dumped them out, so I put 'em in my basket to keep 'em clean. Hope you don't mind.

RORY: No. Thanks. Wow, that's the coolest laundry basket I've ever seen. I love The Smiths.

GUY: I had an older brother that got me into them, and when my friends were listening to Hootie and the Blowfish, I was memorizing "Meat is m\*rder."

RORY: Well, I have a mom who's pretty much cooler than anyone you'd meet, and she did the same thing.

GUY: Mine's a plain old soccer mom, but she's great.

RORY: Well, being away like this makes you think about stuff like that, doesn't it - home?

GUY: Totally.

RORY: Hey, would you maybe wanna get a cup of coffee sometime, in between classes or something?

GUY: I don't think so, but thanks. [leaves]

RORY: You're welcome.

THE END

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