

Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

Thousands of current or popular TV shows and movie transcripts for online research and education.
<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/>

04x14 - The Incredible Shrinking Lorelais

<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?t=6374>

04x14 - The Incredible Shrinking Lorelais

by **bunniefuu**

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

Posted: **02/29/04 19:11**

written by Amy Sherman-Palladino and Daniel Palladino

directed by Stephen Clancy

transcript by Patti Jo with assistance by Canopus

OPEN ON FRONT GROUNDS OF DRAGONFLY INN

[Lorelai and Sookie stand near a woman holding two docile horses.]

LORELAI: Oh, I love them. [petting the horses' noses]

SOOKIE: Ooh, I love them, too. [also petting their noses]

LORELAI: With an unbridled passion. Good one, huh?

SOOKIE: I love horse humor. [giggles]

WOMAN: These guys are the best I've got 'cause they're so sweet.

LORELAI: Hey, Michel, come on over. Meet our two new employees.

MICHEL: [standing far away] You know that I do not care for the animal kingdom.

WOMAN: Do you want me to hold them for you? 'Cause I've got a couple of others interested.

LORELAI: Oh, yes, definitely hold them. [dials number on cell phone]

RORY'S VOICEMAIL MESSAGE: It's Rory, Talk please [beep]

LORELAI: Hi, Rory, it's me. How's school? You learning stuff? Listen, we have the horses, Desdemona and Cletus, and the first two rides have to be me and you. And hopefully, you're over the time that I took you for the pony ride, and the pony was old and just sort of stopped and laid down, and you sort of rolled off into the ditch. It's really not likely to happen again. I promise. So, call me, call me. [puts phone away as Tom walks by] Hey, Tom, how do you like our new horses?

TOM: Very fragrant. Follow me.

LORELAI: [to horse] He's very busy. Don't judge him too harshly.

CUT TO INTERIOR OF DRAGONFLY MID-CONSTRUCTION

[Tom enters and catches workers standing idle.]

TOM: Hey, guys, how's National Goof-off day going? That's what I thought. [Lorelai, Sookie and Michel join Tom] Now, we got downstairs hardware being delivered on Wednesday morning.

SOOKIE: Yippee. [clapping hands with glee]

TOM: Yeah, it excites me too. So, I think it would be exciting to have one of you here to see that it's the right stuff. Otherwise, things would come to a crashing halt.

LORELAI: Oh boy, I got back to back meetings on Wednesday, and one of them is in Hartford. Sook?

SOOKIE: I can be here. Oh no, I can't - Davey has a check up that morning.

LORELAI: Can you move it?

SOOKIE: This doctor's really booked. But I can try.

LORELAI: That's okay. Michel?

MICHEL: I'm at the Tally Rand making the money that keeps me from having to stand at expressway off-ramps selling bags of cherries.

LORELAI: Okay. Oh well, I guess I can move some things around. I don't...

[A phone rings in the background.]

LORELAI: What is that?

TOM: That's your phone.

SOOKIE: Who's phone? Our phone?

TOM: I installed it this morning. You wanted your phone up and running, right? To take reservations?

SOOKIE: Oh, my God. [clapping hands]

LORELAI: Our first reservation.

MICHEL: Quick, quick, answer before they hang up.

LORELAI: Hello?

SOOKIE: Dragonfly, Dragonfly.

MICHEL: Say Dragonfly Inn.

LORELAI: I mean, Dragonfly linn, hello. [pause] Why, yes! We are taking reservations. Our opening day is May 6th. [pause] May 8th and 9th, okay, great. Let me just check. Let me check. [pause] Okay. [She searches for a scrap of paper to write the information on. Unable to find anything else, she uses a gum wrapper.] You got it, and you're getting our best room. Let me just get your information here. Yes. Okay. And your number? Mm-hmm. 7873. Okay. Got your name. Got your number. Got you down for the 8th and 9th. Thank you, Mr. Turner. See you then. [hangs up] We're up and running.

SOOKIE: We're up and running!

MICHEL: But you wrote it down on a gum wrapper.

LORELAI: So?

MICHEL: It's embarrassing. This is an historical document.

SOOKIE: Who cares what she wrote it down on?

[Lorelai smiles thoughtfully, looking at the gum wrapper.]

MICHEL: Big Red wrapper.

SOOKIE: Juicyfruit would have been better?

MICHEL: Well, I'm going to go out and get a value pack for when things really start getting busy around here.

[Lorelai smiles at the gum wrapper as Sookie and Michel bicker.]

CUT TO YALE DORM HALLWAY

[Rory is leaving a message on Lorelai's voicemail.]

RORY: Mom, it's me, I left you a message at home, too. I love that you got horses. As far as that pony ride when I was a kid, you were forgetting one little tidbit there. That pony did not lie down. He died, okay? He died. And then the owner dragged him away by the back legs. Every time I use glue, I think of him. But I'll watch you ride, how's that? Call me back, bye. [She stops before her dorm door and pulls out keys. Just then, Lane exits the room.]

LANE: What are you doing here?

RORY: I live here.

LANE: But you have game theory class in fifteen minutes.

RORY: I just thought I would lie down and rest for a while.

LANE: I knew it. You were up too late last night. I know I should have told you "lights out."

RORY: I had to finish my paper.

LANE: Your brain needs sleep.

RORY: It can sleep when I finish my paper.

LANE: And then there'll be another paper.

RORY: Mom -

LANE: You know what I mean.

RORY: You look out for me.

LANE: It's what I do. Okay, go lay down.

RORY: Yes, ma'am.

LANE: And stay off dr*gs. [Rory enters dorm room]

RORY: Whoa, what's that smell?

TANNA: It's the smoke from my soldering iron. I love it. I love burning things. I love the hot tip of my soldering iron as it liquefies metal and singes the wires -

RORY: Honey, how long you been doing that?

TANNA: [checks her watch] Three hours.

RORY: [She removes the iron from Tanna's hand.] Take a break.

[Paris enters]

PARIS: Oh, good, you're all here, so we can clear this up. I found this lying around, and it must belong to one of you because who else would have clothing here? I ask you. [She holds up a shirt with the name Kleebold across the back.] Anyone? Anyone?

JANET: Paris.

PARIS: Anyone? You know, maybe I misspoke. It may not be a shirt. Anyone lose a car cover? Anyone? Anyone?

JANET: Knock it off.

PARIS: I'm just trying to find a nice way to tell you that your behemoth boyfriend is getting a little too comfortable around here. And I speak for everyone.

RORY: Leave me out of this.

TANNA: Me too, please.

PARIS: I just don't want to walk into our bathroom and find him sitting on the john sh**ting up steroids.

JANET: He does not take steroids.

PARIS: You mean that unsightly girth is nature given? He must curse God nightly.

JANET: Enough!

PARIS: And the shirt -- stick a pole in it, and Cirque Du Soleil could start selling tickets.

RORY: He's big, Paris. She got it.

PARIS: And why does he have his name written on the back? So it's easy to check when he forgets it? Although if he checks it while he's wearing it, he'd have to look in a mirror, and then he'd probably think his name was Dlobeelk, and get confused all over again.

JANET: Bitter little woman.

PARIS: If he's gonna continue being an unwelcome guest in our place, I emphasize the word "our," keep him penned in your room.

JANET: Jealousy doesn't become you, Paris.

PARIS: What jealousy?

RORY: Break it up, guys.

JANET: Neither does makeup or a hairstyle.

PARIS: Can it, Blondie.

JANET: You drove your own boyfriend away, so you hate that anyone else has one.

PARIS: Oh please.

JANET: Yeah, why don't you go sit all alone in your room so you can start getting used to how the rest of your life's gonna be.

PARIS: I'm not alone.

JANET: Oh, really? Who do you have besides your poster of Noam Chomsky?

PARIS: Who do I have?

JANET: Yeah. [Paris begins to speak but falls silent.] That's what I thought. Very sad.

[Janet exits to her bedroom. Paris stomps off to her own bedroom, followed by Rory.]

PARIS: I'm gonna grab Barbie's neck and squeeze until her expandable hair falls out and she's dead, dead, dead.

RORY: Are you staying in here, because I was gonna close my eyes for a little while. [sits down on bed]

PARIS: I should just tell her Asher Fleming's my man so she can compare her circa 1972 Lou Ferrigno with him.

RORY: Then tell her. Put this to rest.

PARIS: You know we're keeping it on the down low. It's easier this way. You're the only person that knows.

RORY: Then you're gonna have to swallow stuff like that and not let it get to you.

PARIS: He smells. That fat tub of hers smells.

RORY: Hey, did you keep your notes from when you took Major English Poets?

PARIS: I've got them somewhere.

RORY: Can I borrow them?

PARIS: Sure.

RORY: Great, 'cause that means I can skip a class this week. [lays down] Buys me two hours.

PARIS: I taught Asher that phrase, "on the down low." He called it delightful.

RORY: It's a delightful phrase. [settles deeper under bed covers]

PARIS: You know, maybe it's not Janet's boyfriend I can't be around. Maybe I just can't be around boys, because I have a man.

RORY: Yes, that's it. Resting now.

CUT TO LORELAI AND RORY'S LIVING ROOM

[The phone ringing rolls over to the answering machine.]

LORELAI: [from upstairs] Wait, wait.

LORELAI'S ANSWERING MACHINE: Hey, I've got nothing cute to say for my message. ...Oh, puppies. There, that's cute. Now leave yours.

RORY: [voice on phone speaker] Hello? Pick up, pick up, pick up.

LORELI: [from upstairs] Wait, I'm here. Wait.

RORY: I'm running as we speak to not be late for my first official day as a full-fledged food-hall card swiper. That's right, I'm no longer a trainee. After one and a half hours of rigorous training, I am fully independent and in no need of supervision. Whoops, sorry. Just ran into somebody, and he's down.

LORELAI: [from upstairs] Wait, hold it. I'm coming.

RORY: I assume you're very proud of me. Talk to you later.

LORELAI: [running down stairs] Rory, I'm here. [answering machine clicks] Ohh. Of course, you had to be in a big hurry. [calls Rory back and gets voice mail]

RORY'S VOICE MAIL: It's Rory. Talk, please.

LORELAI: Hi. Yeah, of course I'm proud. Card swiping -- who knew you had it in you? Not I. I'm sorry I can't be there to witness this moment. It's certainly as big a moment as, oh, your first baby step and your first fall on your face, which came back to back. Hopefully, somebody's taking lots of pictures. Call my cell or call me at Jason's. We gotta stop meeting like this, hon. Bye.

CUT TO YALE CAFETERIA ENTRANCE

[Rory sits at card swiping table studying and ignoring nearby students.]

GLENN: Hey, Rory, if you're gonna completely ignore me, I might as well go hang out with my ex-girlfriend. Same thing.

RORY: Oh, sorry, Glenn. [swipes his card through reader]

GLENN: Everyone is going to be sorry one day -- everyone. [walks off]

RORY: You really gotta stop watching "Taxi Driver," Glenn. [returns to studying - impatient student swipes her own card] Oh, did you want me to -- well, it works for me. [cell phone rings] Hello?

CUT BETWEEN STARS HOLLOW SIDEWALK AND YALE CAFETERIA

[Rory and Dean are on the phone together.]

DEAN: Rory, hi, it's Dean.

RORY: Dean, hi.

DEAN: Bad time?

RORY: No. I just thought you would be my mom, but my mom doesn't speak in a resonant basso profundo.

DEAN: A what? [grinning]

RORY: I'm babbling.

DEAN: So I wanted to run something by you to see if it was okay.

RORY: Sure.

DEAN: You know the contractor, Tom?

RORY: Grumpy puss?

DEAN: That's him. He's offered me a job working on his crew. It's good pay. It's flexible hours.

RORY: Excellent.

DEAN: At the inn. Your mom's inn. Is that okay?

RORY: The Dragonfly?

DEAN: If it's not okay, I won't do it.

RORY: Why wouldn't it be okay?

DEAN: Well, it would occasionally put you and me around each other, and I didn't know how awkward that would be.

RORY: No. Dean, it's fine. It wouldn't be awkward at all.

DEAN: You're sure?

RORY: Tom knows quality when he sees it -- take the job.

DEAN: Good, I just didn't know where we stood after my wedding and all.

RORY: Oh.

DEAN: You guys didn't come.

RORY: Yeah, I'm so sorry about that.

DEAN: It was short notice.

RORY: And we got jammed on some things. But you got our gift?

DEAN: Yeah, Lindsay spins a salad in it every night.

RORY: That's weird, considering we got you a toaster.

DEAN: No, you didn't. [realizes she's kidding]

RORY: I'm joshing ya.

DEAN: So, I guess I'll take the job.

RORY: Are you still going to school, too?

DEAN: Part time, but everything's good. I've got a five-year plan.

RORY: Five years. Cool. I've got about the next two and a half hours planned, and then there's just darkness and possibly some dragons.

DEAN: Hey, I made the plunge. I got my own cellphone.

RORY: I thought you sounded a little cellphone-y.

DEAN: Lindsay and her mom got a good deal on a family plan, so I signed up.

RORY: It was time. You know, I don't even know your number anymore.

DEAN: I can give you this one.

RORY: Actually, I can just save it. You are officially part of my phone log.

DEAN: Good. [pause] Well, I'll let you go, and uh, I'll see you once in awhile.

RORY: Inevitability.

DEAN: And you'll have to tell me what that bass thing was that you said.

RORY: Something to look forward to.

DEAN: Bye.

RORY: Bye. [looks up to see long line of students needing their ID cards swiped] Come on. Come on! Step up, step up. Don't be mice.

CUT TO JASON'S BEDROOM

[Lorelai is lying in bed, talking on her cell phone - business, Jason is pacing back and forth also talking on his cell phone - business]

LORELAI: No, we did pick a tile for the bedroom suite bathroom. I distinctly remember.

JASON: Uh-huh. Make it a semicolon before the clause about interest rates and keep reading.

LORELAI: Eight weeks ago, ten weeks ago?

JASON: No, it is okay to end a sentence with a preposition now. I read it in Safire's column.

LORELAI: I remember the guy, I don't remember the tile. I do remember the color, white.

JASON: Safire. He came up with nattering nabobs of negativism for Agnew.

LORELAI: No, I meant the tile was white, but the guy was, too.

JASON: Agnew was Nixon's vice president. You know we're getting a little off the subject. Can you just please keep reading?

LORELAI: Over 200 shades of white? I did not know that.

JASON: With sincerely yours, et cetera, forge my signature and get it out tonight.

LORELAI: We'll look at the samples again and that's okay.

JASON: I'll see you tomorrow, thank you.

LORELAI: Thank you. All right, bye-bye.

JASON: Okay, I am done. Uh, round two? [gets in bed]

LORELAI: Well, this is very romantic. I mean, I'm over here arguing about tile, and you're over there arguing about William Safire. Whatever happened to the cigarette after sex?

JASON: Oh no. Trust me, William Safire is much hotter. [They kiss.]

LORELAI: We're the all-business corporate couple.

JASON: Brought to you by Marriott.

[A cell phone rings.]

LORELAI: I gotta get that.

JASON: Oh no, no, no, no, no.

LORELAI: I told Rory to call me here. Hello?

EMILY: Well, guess who's demanding we all make an appearance at lunch?

LORELAI: Mom!

EMILY: Your grandmother is coming back from Palm Beach.

LORELAI: Uh-huh. [She climbs out of bed and begins dressing.]

JASON: What are you doing?

EMILY: Your father has to run over to her house to open it up for her, and then she will be coming over here for the evening to berate me and tell me that my couch has some sort of smell.

LORELAI: Oh, well, that sounds fun.

EMILY: She wants to have lunch -- sorry, a luncheon -- the day after tomorrow. You, me, your father, and apparently she wants to meet Jason. All we need is that filthy Eminem fellow to make it a perfect afternoon for me.

LORELAI: Well, I'll try to track him down, Mom, but you know, he might be on tour or something.

EMILY: Just be here and be on time, and get your hair cut. You looked like the bird lady from Mary

Poppins the last time I saw you.

LORELAI: Well, Mom, I've been very busy lately.

EMILY: I don't care how busy you've been, Lorelai. If your hair looks a mess, it will be my fault, and I don't need that responsibility right now. I'll see you at noon. [hangs up]

[Lorelai gets undressed.]

JASON: What are you doing?

LORELAI: I'm getting undressed.

JASON: You were already undressed.

LORELAI: Well, my mother called.

JASON: So?

LORELAI: So, I can't talk to my mother naked.

JASON: How would she know?

LORELAI: She'd know. [gets into bed]

JASON: Is it like a super power? She can hear naked people?

LORELAI: Yes, she can. She can hear sin and depravity and all sorts of lustful things.

JASON: Boy, do I wish I could get bitten by that radioactive spider. [leans over and kisses her]

CUT TO DRAGONFLY INTERIOR CONSTRUCTION SITE

[Lorelai talks on a cell phone.]

LORELAI: Please, please, please try to work me in. My hair is long and unmanageable, and I need that scalp-massaging thing that Cindy does after she washes my hair. It makes me think I'm in Tahiti.

SOOKIE: [rushes in excitedly] Hey! They put pipes in the kitchen. We're almost able to run water!

LORELAI: Sookie, give me a second here. Is Cindy there -- she's usually able to work me in. I'm not trying to go around you. Cindy and I are old friends.

SOOKIE: They are beautiful pipes. The pipes are really big!

LORELAI: Sookie, the pipes will be there in two minutes?

SOOKIE: Sure. [exits]

LORELAI: Look, it won't take long. It's an easy cut. I'm very low maintenance. I might not seem like it now, but I'd be a delight to have in the place, and I'll even dry my own hair. I'll bring my own blow dryer, even. Yes? Tomorrow? Yes. Eleven o'clock, I'll be there. Thank you, thank you, thank you.

DEAN: Hi, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hey, Dean. So you're working here?

DEAN: Yeah, I thought maybe Rory would have told you.

LORELAI: Oh, Rory and I keep missing each other.

DEAN: Well, I'm here, and your hair looks fine to me.

LORELAI: Oh, well, you're very kind.

TOM: Lorelai, can I talk to you and Sookie over here for a minute?

LORELAI: See ya.

DEAN: Bye.

LORELAI: [beckons] Sook?

SOOKIE: Tom, I gotta tell ya, these pipes.

LORELAI: She's very thrilled about the pipes.

TOM: Yeah, they're terrific pipes, and you got that fancy sink coming in tomorrow morning.

SOOKIE: And you told them they can't install it until I see it, right? Because I have very specific sink needs.

TOM: They won't even leave it without your approval. [hesitates] Can you guys give us a little space here? [nearby workers walk off]

LORELAI: You okay, Tom?

TOM: This is kind of tricky.

SOOKIE: What is?

TOM: You know I like you two, right?

LORELAI: We know that.

SOOKIE: Sure.

TOM: I gotta deal with a lot of jerks in my business, yelling at you when it's not your fault, bugging you about budget increases you got no control over. You don't do that.

LORELAI: Uh-hm.

TOM: You always smell good, too. That's a plus. So maybe the checks are getting lost in the mail. I'm guessing it's something like that.

SOOKIE: The checks? What checks? Our checks?

TOM: It's just, in the last few weeks, we've been having some cash flow issues. Oh, this is hard.

SOOKIE: Are we not paying him?

LORELAI: I've been wanting to talk to you about that, Tom.

SOOKIE: [repeating] Are we not paying him?

LORELAI: No, no. We're paying him, we're just not paying him the way we should be. It's been an avalanche lately.

TOM: You got a lot of things happening here. Everything's going at once.

SOOKIE: [panicking] I feel very antsy right now, like I just ate some dark chocolate and drank an espresso.

LORELAI: [to Sookie] Okay. Let me talk to Tom for a second, hon. We'll clear it up, really. Go, go. [to Tom] Boy, I'm sorry about this, Tom. It's just been a deluge.

TOM: It's the home stretch -- that's usually when a deluge hits.

LORELAI: I was talking to the bank about a line of credit, but they didn't go for it.

TOM: Banks suck.

LORELAI: I meant to talk to you sooner.

TOM: The thing is, if I don't get paid, I can't pay my guys, then they tend to stop showing up.

LORELAI: So, uh, do you have to shut down?

TOM: I can keep it going awhile longer. For the jerks, I'd shut down. You guys, nah.

LORELAI: Thank you. Thanks, Tom. Now, hug, no hug?

TOM: [uncomfortable] I'm kinda dirty. How about if you whistle at me later in front of the guys when I walk by? Drive 'em nuts.

LORELAI: You got it. [Tom exits. Lorelai approaches Sookie.] Hey. I should have talked to you sooner.

SOOKIE: Are we dead broke?

LORELAI: Getting there.

SOOKIE: Well, we'll start cutting corners. I mean, I don't need that big, fancy stove from France. We'll skip that.

LORELAI: No way!

SOOKIE: It's too expensive, and I don't want it that much.

LORELAI: Sookie, you have four pictures in your wallet. One of Jackson, one of the baby, and two of that stove. You're getting that stove. But we could drop the horses.

SOOKIE: Desi and Cletus, over my dead body.

LORELAI: Well, the upkeep is astronomical. Maybe if we drop one of the horses.

SOOKIE: And who's making that choice, Sophie?

LORELAI: How about Jackson? Would he be willing to put up anything?

SOOKIE: He just bought a bunch of new farm equipment. He's strapped. Are you suddenly on super-fantastic terms with your parents?

LORELAI: If by fantastic, you mean are we as close as that one-armed surfer girl and the shark, then yes.

SOOKIE: Then what about Luke?

LORELAI: What about him?

SOOKIE: He's offered before.

LORELAI: Out of pity.

SOOKIE: We're pretty damn pitiable right now.

LORELAI: He's our friend.

SOOKIE: He's more than that. And he's a hermit, so we know he's got money, and if he didn't want to lend it to you, he'd tell you to your face.

LORELAI: That would be embarrassing.

SOOKIE: More embarrassing than Tom almost crying because we're not paying him?

LORELAI: No, I guess not.

SOOKIE: I'll put my thinking cap on, you put yours on, and if we come up with someone better, we'll talk. But we'll keep Luke as a last resort.

LORELAI: Last resort.

CUT TO YALE DORM ROOM

[Lane enters to hear arguing in the common room.]

JANET: This is ridiculous, Paris.

PARIS: He can sit in your room.

JANET: I'm still getting ready!

PARIS: Then he can sit in the hallway!

ANDRE: What's your problem?

PARIS: I'll tell you my problem, Andre. Last time you sat on our couch, your mesomorphic frame carved a four-foot crater in it. I felt like I was sitting in a bucket.

JANET: You're so full of it, Paris.

PARIS: Kids were skateboarding up and down it. Gandalf the Grey is still falling down it. It was a big hole.

ANDRE: [to Janet] What does mesomorphic mean?

PARIS: It means you've got a fat ass, pal.

JANET: Just ignore her and sit, Klee.

PARIS: Do not sit Klee.

JANET: It's my place, too.

PARIS: Yours, not that brobdingnagian twit.

JANET: So every friend I bring here has to pass your a**l standards?

PARIS: No, he just has to pass through the door without damaging the frame.

JANET: Oh, forget it. Just come into my room, Klee.

PARIS: Good!

JANET: Got another hot night at the library planned, Paris?

PARIS: He's still in here!

JANET: There's nothing like the bitterness of the lonely.

ANDRE: Yeah.

PARIS: Nice addition, Potsie.

JANET: Go put on your spinster dress. [exits with Andre]

[Paris stomps off to her bedroom and slams the door. Lane quietly enters behind her.]

PARIS: I'm moving or she is. One of us has gotta go.

LANE: I really hate when you guys fight.

PARIS: Calling me a spinster. I should stick a javelin in her brain.

LANE: You should tell her about the professor, that would shut her up.

PARIS: What? What did you say?

LANE: Just that she thinks you're not dating, and you are. You are, aren't you? Asher Fleming?

[A furious Paris exits, slamming the door.]

CUT TO YALE CAFETERIA CARD SWIPING TABLE

[Rory is swiping cards and talking on her cell phone.]

RORY: So busy-busy. I know you are, too. And I think I'm coming down with swipe wrist. It's like carpal tunnel, only swipier. Call me if you have any suggestions on how to combat this or if you have Jerry Lewis' number, because maybe his next telethon should be for me.

[Paris storms up to the table.]

PARIS: Rory.

RORY: Oh, geez. Paris, you scared me.

PARIS: You told. Come here.

RORY: I'm working.

PARIS: Swipe 'em yourself, people. [pulls Rory aside]

RORY: What?

PARIS: You told Lane about me and Asher?

RORY: What?

PARIS: That was a secret between you and me. You're the only one I told.

RORY: I just told Lane.

PARIS: She was blabbing it around our suite.

RORY: That doesn't sound like Lane.

PARIS: She said it to me, so she probably told everyone. Who else did you blab it to?

RORY: I didn't blab it. I just told Lane.

PARIS: That's blabbing.

RORY: Well, I told her before she had any connection to Yale. She wasn't living here.

PARIS: She shouldn't be living here.

RORY: What?

PARIS: She knows too much.

RORY: What are you going to do, k*ll her?

PARIS: You didn't tell anyone else?

RORY: No.

PARIS: Your milk man, your minister?

RORY: Just Lane, and I can tell her not to bring it up ever again, especially at Yale, especially in our room.

PARIS: She shouldn't be here, Rory.

RORY: It's just temporary.

PARIS: That suite is crowded enough with the four of us, plus the Jolly Green Giant and everyone else passing through there. She's gotta go.

RORY: You're just mad about what she said.

PARIS: Janet and Tanna think so, too.

RORY: No they don't.

PARIS: We've talked. It's crowded. Ask them.

RORY: I will. After my shift.

PARIS: Look, I know you like having her around, that she brings back memories of those sunshiny Stars Hollow days when the two of you would hold hands, and skip through fields of wildflowers, and sing Carpenter songs, but she doesn't belong here, she belongs there. And do me a favor and stop blabbing.

CUT TO DORM ROOM SOME TIME LATER

[Rory enters. Tanna watches TV while Janet does sit-ups on the floor.]

RORY: Hi.

JANET: [breathless] Hi.

TANNA: Hello.

RORY: Hey, Janet? Could you stop sit-upping for a sec?

JANET: I'm done. What's up?

RORY: Well, Paris --

JANET: Ugh, don't talk to me about Paris.

RORY: Yeah, I know, she said some stupid things.

JANET: What a tremendous shock.

RORY: Yeah, and I'm a little mad that she dragged you two into it. [Tanna switches off the TV.]

TANNA: What did she drag us into?

RORY: Well, she said that you guys weren't happy that Lane is still staying here, which is weird because Lane has been practically invisible. That is, when she's not cleaning the bathroom or picking up out here or bringing us coffee, et cetera, et cetera. And that's not true that you're tired of her being here, is it? That's just Paris?

TANNA: Well, it is a little weird.

RORY: It is?

JANET: It's kind of close quarters in here.

RORY: I know.

TANNA: She doesn't go here.

RORY: I know that, too.

JANET: It's weird

RORY: And you guys have all talked about it?

JANET: A little -- we thought she'd be gone by now.

TANNA: I'm not good at confrontations.

JANET: Personally, I'd vote Paris out over Lane in a heartbeat, but Paris goes here.

RORY: I see.

TANNA: Are you mad?

RORY: No, no. Carry on. [exits to her bedroom]

CUT TO BEDROOM

LANE: Hey, how was work?

RORY: Fine, dull.

LANE: You gonna study some more?

RORY: I'm gonna have to.

LANE: You look very serious.

RORY: Yeah.

LANE: Paris talk to you?

RORY: Yeah.

LANE: She was very mad.

RORY: Yeah.

LANE: I'm out, aren't I? It's okay. It couldn't last forever. It's time.

RORY: It's not time. Let me talk to them again.

LANE: No, it's time. I can't be here forever. I don't even go here.

RORY: The janitor's always here. He doesn't go here.

LANE: He works here.

RORY: So get a job here.

LANE: The jobs here are for the students.

RORY: The janitor's not a student.

LANE: You know what I mean.

RORY: So enroll.

LANE: Go to Yale?

RORY: Or be a janitor. Yale, janitor, in a hundred years, we'll all be dead. It's all the same.

LANE: No, this hasn't been fair to anyone here. I need to go. I'll go tomorrow morning. [starts packing]

RORY: We used to talk about living together. Remember, when we were little?

LANE: I know.

RORY: It was going to be a house made of cheese.

LANE: We had much debate about that. It was down to chocolate, cheese, or Brillo pads.

RORY: Why Brillo pads?

LANE: I think they just made us laugh.

RORY: You brought Stars Hollow here.

LANE: I'll visit. I promise.

RORY: Good.

LANE: Maybe one day we'll live in a house made of cheese.

RORY: I hope so.

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW HAIR SALON

[Lorelai is seated at a shampoo sink having her hair rinsed.]

LORELAI: Oh, I love shampoo sinks. They're like a hot tub for your head. Hey, listen, Lee Ann, don't tell Cindy, but you're better, much better. Those hands... [cell phone rings] Oh, no. Oh, no, not now.

LEANNE: Ignore it.

LORELAI: It could be my daughter. We've been missing each other for days. Sorry. Hello? No, this is she. No, no, Sookie's there. Yes, it was all arranged. Everywhere? You've looked everywhere? In the kitchen near the pipes? She loves those pipes. Did you look there? No, no, don't leave, please. I'll get someone down there to sign for it. Just please don't leave. I know. Ten minutes. Okay. [quickly dials number] Sookie, where are you?

SOOKIE and JACKSON'S RECORDED VOICES: Hi, this is Sookie. And Jackson. And Davey. And Davey wants to say hello, too. Go ahead, Davey, say hello. Come on, say hi. Say hi. Oh, he's licking the phone. Don't lick the phone. Little peepers. Little peepers, does the phone taste good?

LORELAI: Oh, for God's sake.

SOOKIE AND JACKSON'S RECORDED VOICES: I think it tastes like candy. Do you want to say it tastes like candy, huh? Oh he waved! Okay, so here comes the beep.

LORELAI: Shorten it, dq'd it, and call me back. [quickly dials another number - hair dripping]

MICHEL: Tally Rand Hotel, may I help you?

LORELAI: Micehel, good! Listen, emergency, can you --

MICHEL: You are not going to believe this. [whispers] Celine Dion is here. I'm not five feet away from her.

LORELAI: Cool, Spiffy. Listen, is there any way you could --

MICHEL: Oh, my heart is pounding through my chest. She's so beautiful.

LORELAI: Yeah, she's very pretty. Listen!

MICHEL: She's lovelier in person than she is on TV, and so nice.

LORELAI: I've only heard good things about her. Listen, can you please --

MICHEL: And I have a pimple today. Of all the days to have a pimple.

LORELAI: Michel, listen. Can you get to the inn? It's really important, and Sookie didn't show, and I'm desperate. I can't get away. I've got wet hair.

MICHEL: She sneezed. I should give her my hanky.

LORELAI: Forget it. I'll talk to you later. [hangs up] Lee Ann, what can you do for my hair in two minutes? [Lee Ann stares] I figured.

CUT TO SOOKIE'S HOUSE INTERIOR

[Loud Knocking]

SOOKIE: Coming. [She shuffles sleepily down the hallway to the front door.] Okay, I'm coming. [opens door]

LORELAI: You said you were gonna meet the sink guy at the inn.

SOOKIE: I did?

LORELAI: Yeah, Sookie, you did. You said you were going to meet him to approve the sink and sign for it?

SOOKIE: Oh, Tom could have done that.

LORELAI: No, Sookie, Tom couldn't have done that because you insisted that you had to approve the sink before it was installed.

SOOKIE: I did? Oh, I did, didn't I? Oh, sh**t, oh, sh**t, oh, sh**t, oh, sugar foot.

LORELAI: If there was ever a time to use the real word, this would be it.

SOOKIE: Well, just call them, have them deliver the sink tomorrow.

LORELAI: No, no, Sookie, they can't deliver the sink tomorrow.

SOOKIE: Why?

LORELAI: Because they already sent it back to Canada.

SOOKIE: Why would they do that?

LORELAI: Because... that's where it's mother is.

SOOKIE: I'm sorry, I got no sleep last night. Davey cried forever, and I finally got him to sleep, and I must have fallen asleep with him.

LORELAI: Sookie, I was counting on you. Now they have to reship it back here, which means we have to repay the shipping fee.

SOOKIE: Why didn't you call Michel?

LORELAI: I did. He couldn't come.

SOOKIE: You want coffee? I am so tired. This is so typical. He's always complaining about not being included, and then he finally gets a chance, and he won't come.

LORELAI: Sookie, Michel has a job. We're not paying him.

SOOKIE: I know, but still.

LORELAI: Sookie -- stop, turn, look. What do you think of my hair?

SOOKIE: Too much product?

LORELAI: Sookie, for the past six weeks, I have taken every meeting. I have been at the inn round the clock - I haven't had a second for myself - and all I asked for was just one hour to get my hair done, and then two seconds into the shampoo I get a phone call from a guy who sounds like a "Kids in the Hall" character telling me I have to get to the inn to okay a sink that I wouldn't know how to okay because I don't know what makes it okay. You know what makes it okay, which is why you said you would be there to say whether or not it was okay.

SOOKIE: Look, I said I'm sorry I missed the meeting, but I have a baby here.

LORELAI: Yes, I know, believe me, that's all I've heard about lately.

SOOKIE: Well, excuse me for procreating.

LORELAI: We have a business we're trying to launch.

SOOKIE: I missed a meeting.

LORELAI: Every meeting.

SOOKIE: I said I'm sorry.

LORELAI: I don't need you to be sorry. I need you to be there.

SOOKIE: What do you want me to do? I have a baby.

LORELAI: Sookie, we are drowning here. I wasn't supposed to have to do everything by myself. That's why I have a partner.

SOOKIE: I didn't know I was gonna be pregnant when we decided to open the inn.

LORELAI: And if you'd known, we wouldn't be partners?

SOOKIE: No, I mean... Look, this isn't the stuff I'm supposed to help with, anyhow.

LORELAI: What are you talking about?

SOOKIE: The planning, the decision making -- I've never been any good at that. My part comes later, when we open the inn.

LORELAI: I need you before then.

SOOKIE: I'm doing the best I can.

LORELAI: Fine. I have to go. [exits]

SOOKIE: [calls after her] What are we gonna do about the sink?

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lane enters.]

LANE: Hey, Luke.

LUKE: Hey, Lane, back in town, huh? [Busily busses table]

LANE: Well, yeah, as of today.

LUKE: You're not staying with Rory anymore, huh?

LANE: No, it was kind of time for me to move on, considering, you know, I don't actually go to Yale.

LUKE: Yeah.

LANE: You need some help?

LUKE: Nope, I'm good. [walks back to counter]

ED: I've been waiting for ten minutes.

LUKE: Sorry, not even close to the record.

LANE: Listen, I was wondering if I could maybe get my job back. I know it was wrong for me to take off like that. I totally left you in the lurch, and I'd be willing to work extra overtime hours for nothing if you'd consider giving me another chance.

LUKE: Sure.

LANE: Really? Oh, my God, thank you, Luke. Should I start right now?

ED: Yes [waiting impatiently]

LUKE: Your shift tonight will be fine.

LANE: Okay, my shift tonight. I'll be here. [Lorelai enters the diner wearing a baseball cap to cover her hair.] Lorelai. I really, really want to thank you.

LORELAI: Aww, you're very, very welcome. For what?

LANE: For letting me stay with you.

LORELAI: You're staying with me?

LANE: Yes?

LORELAI: And I knew this?

LANE: Rory told you...

LORELAI: Ha, ha, Rory told me, yeah.

LANE: She did tell you, right? She said she was gonna call.

[Lorelai quickly checks the messages on cell phone]

LORELAI: Ahh, I guess you're staying with me.

LANE: Is that okay?

LORELAI: Yeah, its okay. Just make sure your mom knows.

LANE: Okay, I will. I'll see you at home. [exits while speaking] Thanks, Luke, I'll see you later.

ED: Oh, we'll be here.

LUKE: Sit down, Ed. [returns to counter] Pigs, gluttons.

LORELAI: Customers!

LUKE: How could people eat this much?

LORELAI: Well, this is not all from one person, Luke.

LUKE: It's disgusting. It's making me sick to my stomach.

LORELAI: Well then, have you ever thought that maybe you're in the wrong industry?

LUKE: I should get rid of the plates, make 'em all strap on a feed bag, you know, hang bells around their necks. Enter them in county fairs.

[A pair of customers leave.]

LORELAI: Come again, soon. See ya! [to Luke] Listen, Luke, could you hit the pause button on the rant for just a sec?

LUKE: What do you need?

LORELAI: I was wondering if we could have dinner tonight.

LUKE: Dinner?

LORELAI: Yeah, I need to discuss something with you, and I thought maybe we could do it over dinner unless you and Nicole have -

LUKE: She's in Boston this week.

LORELAI: Okay. Well, how about Silvano's, 8:00?

LUKE: Why don't you just come here? I could make us some...

LORELAI: No, this isn't diner talk. It's more official.

LUKE: Are you being drafted?

LORELAI: Yes, that's it.

LUKE: You have to wear a tie at Silvano's.

LORELAI: No, just a jacket, and you can take it off the minute we sit down.

LUKE: Okay, 8:00.

LORELAI: Okay, I'll see you there. [moved to door]

LUKE: Love the hat.

LORELAI: Livin' on a prayer, baby. [exits]

[Bemused, Luke crosses his arms and watches her walk off.]

CUT TO STARS HOLLOW SIDEWALK

[Lane is walking down the street with a full grocery bag when she sees her mother approaching. They both hesitate before continuing to walk toward each other.]

MRS. KIM: Hello, Lane.

LANE: Hello, Mrs. Kim. [Mrs Kim starts to walk away] I'm staying at Lorelai's.

MRS. KIM: Wear socks. [walks on]

LANE: Okay.

CUT TO YALE CLASS HALLWAY

[Rory, cell phone to her ear, is walking down busy hall.]

LORELAI'S ANSWERING MACHINE: ...and I'll return your call as soon as possible, thanks.

RORY: [leaving voice message] So I'm on my way to my professor's office to ask him a question about his last lecture because my pen was giving out, and I can't read my own writing, which is not at all true. However, it will give him a perfect opportunity to discuss my paper with me since I'm sure he's

graded it by now, and since I'm also sure I'm in for a big helping of "Nicely done, Miss Gilmore, how about an 'A'." Call me. [she stops before teacher's office door and knocks]

PROF. GILBERT: [from inside] Come in.

RORY: [enters office] Professor Gilbert? Hi, I'm Rory Gilmore. I'm in your Tuesday afternoon Game Theory class. I hope I'm not disturbing you.

PROF. GILBERT: Come in.

RORY: Thank you. I was wondering if I could go over a couple of things from your lecture the other day.

PROF. GILBERT: Uh-hmm [stands and begins shuffling through papers behind her without speaking]

RORY: Okay, well, I wrote something down here, but I cannot for the life of me read my own handwriting. Seriously, if I had this analyzed, Charlize Theron would be playing me in a movie... 'Cause I'd be a serial k*ller, and pretty girls like to get fat and play serial K*llers 'cause they win an Oscar and - I'm sorry, should I go on?

PROF. GILBERT: Or you can just wait to let me find your paper so we can talk about why you're really here.

RORY: Oh. [embarrassed] Well, Okay. [nervous giggle - sits down]

PROF. GILBERT: Rory Gilmore. [He pulls her paper from the middle of the pile.] Yes, here we are. [reads notes while returning to seat] Yes. Right. Okay. Good you came in.

RORY: It is?

PROF. GILBERT: Yes. Now, in this paper, you were supposed to use a real world example to compare and contrast classical economic theory and game theory, yes?

RORY: Yes.

PROF. GILBERT: Okay, now your paper dealt well enough with the game theory portion. However, you then diverged into a discussion on the pollution problem in Mexico City.

RORY: Uh-huh.

PROF. GILBERT: Well, it felt to me like someone using knowledge from a different course to pad their paper and thereby avoid doing research for mine.

RORY: Oh, no, I just --

PROF. GILBERT: I've seen this happen before, particularly to freshmen. Usually, it just means that they're overloading themselves, that they don't fully understand the demands of a Yale academic curriculum. So, I took the liberty of looking over your schedule, and I think that's what you've done.

RORY: Oh, no, no, I'm fine, really. I just have a little trouble with game theory, that's all. I blame my mother. She always made up the games at home when I was growing up. I begged her for Monopoly, but she insisted on "Mimic Your Favorite Sweat Hog", so...

PROF. GILBERT: I talked with your advisor. She has the same concern that I do.

RORY: What concern is that?

PROF. GILBERT: You're taking too many courses this semester. Your workload is too heavy.

RORY: I'll try harder.

PROF. GILBERT: I think you should drop this course. You still have a couple of weeks left before the end of the drop period. You can take the course again when you have more time to devote to it.

RORY: But, my grandfather took this same workload when he went here.

PROF. GILBERT: Different people work at different paces. You shouldn't compare yourself to anyone else. You work at a slower pace.

RORY: I don't. I'm not...

PROF. GILBERT: The choice is ultimately yours. You can stay, but this is a "D" paper. This is not a big deal. This happens to a lot of students.

RORY: [stands, smooths hair and moves toward door] Okay. Glad to be fitting in. [exits]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE INSIDE FRONT DOOR

[The doorbell rings. The maid opens the door to reveal Lorelai.]

LORELAI: [to maid] Hi. I'm Lore--

EMILY: Get in here right now.

LORELAI: My gran must be here. [begins to remove coat]

EMILY: [to maid] Jersey, close the door and get those nuts in the living room [hurriedly yanks off Lorelai's coat].

LORELAI: Well.. Ow.

EMILY: I've been alone with that woman for over two hours now.

LORELAI: Real arm in the coat, Mom.

EMILY: Your father's late. You're late.

LORELAI: I'm not late, just in pain.

EMILY: Get in the living room.

LORELAI: I can't arrive before the nuts.

EMILY: Don't start with me.

CUT TO SITTING ROOM

EMILY: Here she is, Mom, Lorelai. The party just gets bigger.

LORELAI: Hi, Gran, how are you doing? You look great.

TRIX: Emily, what is the matter with her hair?

EMILY: Oh, well...

[Lorelai fusses with her hair.]

TRIX: I know my granddaughter. If she had received proper notice of my arrival, she would have done something about it.

EMILY: I told her in plenty of time, Mom.

LORELAI: She really did, Gran. I swear.

TRIX: I think it is admirable of you to cover for your mother. The importance of family loyalty simply cannot be measured. Sit, dear. Other than your hair, you look well. Are you well? Emily, perhaps the girl would like a drink.

LORELAI: I am very well.

TRIX: Good. How is Rory?

LORELAI: She's just as healthy as I am.

EMILY: [from the bar] And her hair is perfect.

TRIX: And how is she doing at Yale?

LORELAI: She's doing great, studying her butt off.

TRIX: Oh, how charming to hear. I'm glad she's doing well. She is a Gilmore, after all. Gilmores have always excelled at Yale. They have quite a legacy to live up to.

LORELAI: Well, your legacy is safe with her.

[The maid enters with a crystal bowl.]

EMILY: [shrilly] Mom, here are the nuts.

TRIX: Oh, thank you, Emily, for that announcement. How wonderful that you don't need some sort of amplification system in order to make sure that everyone in the area is informed about the arrival of the nuts.

EMILY: I'm sorry. [embarrassed]

TRIX: [to Lorelai] Strange woman, so excited about nuts.

RICHARD: [from other room] I smell jasmine.

[Richard enters with Jason behind him]

TRIX: You smell impatience. Where have you been?

RICHARD: You know very well where I've been. [kisses Trix's cheek] I had some work to get out of the way so I could devote my full attention to you. You look wonderful. Florida agrees with you.

TRIX: Florida agrees with muscle-bound men who dress like women. I am much happier to be back here where I belong. Would you like a nut? They seem to be very important to your wife.

EMILY: I thought you liked those nuts, Mom.

RICHARD: I'm fine, Trix. I have someone I would like you to meet. [turns and sees Lorelai for the first time] Lorelai, have you been there the whole time?

LORELAI: Yes, I have.

RICHARD: Well, I didn't see you.

LORELAI: Well, I had my cloaking device activated, so --

RICHARD: [ignores her] Trix, this is my partner, Jason Stiles. Jason, this is my mother.

JASON: It's a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Gilmore.

TRIX: You are very young.

JASON: Oh, no, no, no, not so young.

TRIX: I think I know if someone is young or not.

EMILY: [exasperated] For God's sake, Jason, just be young.

[Jason looks helplessly at Lorelai.]

LORELAI: [to Jason] Cloaking device, never leave home without it.

TRIX: Richard Gilmore, you're growing a mustache.

EMILY: I know, the Ferrari is arriving on Tuesday.

TRIX: I like it.

RICHARD: Thank you, Trix.

TRIX: It makes you look like Adolphe Menjou.

EMILY: [under her breath] Or Adolphe Menjou's cocaine dealer.

[Jason presents a wrapped gift to Trix.]

TRIX: What is that?

JASON: Well, actually, this is a little present that I got for you.

TRIX: For me?

JASON: Yes.

TRIX: Why would you give me a present?

JASON: [uncomfortably] Well..

TRIX: It's not my birthday. It's not Christmas.

JASON: Yes, but...

TRIX: You don't even know me.

JASON: No, but you're Richard's mother, so I thought --

TRIX: What is it? What is this present that you got for an old woman you've never met?

JASON: [pause] It's a book.

TRIX: What sort of book?

JASON: It's a book on French antiques. I heard you liked French antiques.

TRIX: I do like French antiques.

JASON: You can just open it later. [sets box on nearby table]

[Lorelai's cell phone rings in her purse and she reaches for it.]

TRIX: Absolutely not -- I am company. You don't answer the phone when you have company, so put it away and turn it off.

LORELAI: Yes, Gran.

TRIX: Now, shall we all take turns guessing how long it will be before lunch is served? I will say an hour. Richard?

RICHARD: [laughing] You are bad, Trix.

[Emily rolls her eyes and gulps her drink.]

CUT TO YALE - RORY'S BEDROOM

[Rory attempts to call her mother.]

LORELAI'S VOICE MAIL: Hi, this is Lorelai Gilmore, and you've reached my cell phone. Leave a message, and I'll return your call -

RORY: [Sighs, then hangs up when gets voicemail. Grabs car keys and exits]

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE LIBRARY

[Lorelai is staring at her cell phone. Jason enters.]

JASON: [whispers] Hey, you on the phone?

LORELAI: [whispers] No, I'm just checking my messages.

JASON: Anything important?

LORELAI: No, just a hang up.

JASON: Good, good. [looks at nearby decorative globe] You know, I should get a globe. Every time you see a movie, and there's a really important character, and then you go into that character's

office, they always have a globe.

LORELAI: You're hiding from my grandmother, aren't you?

JASON: She is scarier than Nick Nolte's mug shot.

LORELAI: Come on. [ushering him out]

JASON: Please, she's just gonna ask me why I got her a present again.

CUT TO GILMORE HALLWAY

[Jason and Lorelai meet the others.]

TRIX: We have decided to just go sit at the table. Perhaps the food will appear by sheer wish fulfillment.

EMILY: I'll check on it again, Mom.

TRIX: Oh, please don't. I wouldn't want to disturb your cook. She's obviously in the middle of a crossword puzzle. [they all settle at table] Lorelai, where did you go?

LORELAI: Sorry, Gran. I had to check my messages. I've got all this construction going on at the inn.

TRIX: Yes, your inn. [to Richard] Have you seen this inn of hers?

RICHARD: No, not yet.

LORELAI: No, it's a mess right now. You'll all see it when it's done.

TRIX: And when will that be?

LORELAI: Soon.

TRIX: I see you measure time like your mother.

EMILY: [helplessly] Just let me check on lunch, please?

TRIX: So tell me, Lorelai. How much money have you invested in this inn?

LORELAI: Oh, a chunk.

TRIX: And I assume that you have a projected timetable for getting your chunk back out?

LORELAI: Well, if everything goes as planned, we're hoping to break even the first year and turn a profit the second year.

TRIX: That's optimistic, yes?

LORELAI: Yes, but our town has a pretty regular tourist trade.

JASON: You know, small inns and bed and breakfasts can be real money factories.

TRIX: Yes, and wonderful places to put all those French antiques.

LORELAI: Well, we have very high hopes, and we booked our first reservation.

EMILY: When is the reservation?

LORELAI: May 8th.

RICHARD: Really? That soon?

EMILY: You'll be ready by then?

LORELAI: Well, we'll have to be. We had to add some extra construction guys, and we'll have to get the sink back from Canada, but we'll finish in time.

TRIX: How is the money holding up?

LORELAI: Excuse me?

TRIX: The money. I was somewhat aware of your financial situation before you took this on. How much do you have left?

LORELAI: Plenty. Enough to finish.

TRIX: You're in trouble.

LORELAI: No.

TRIX: You are hemorrhaging money. I see it in your eyes. It must be costing a fortune to get a contractor to stick to a projected completion date. And you're not working now. Unless your partner is a Rockefeller, you are in serious financial trouble.

EMILY: Mom, I don't think this is the best time to discuss this.

TRIX: Well, if we were eating, we would have something else to do, but since we're not... [to Richard] How could you let this happen?

RICHARD: How could I let this happen?

TRIX: She is your daughter. It is your responsibility to know when she is in deep financial trouble.

LORELAI: I'm not in deep financial trouble.

RICHARD: Trix, Lorelai is a grown woman.

TRIX: Ridiculous. This is a family. It is a family's responsibility to make sure that this doesn't happen. We have a reputation to uphold. How would it look if a Gilmore goes out into the business world and fails?

EMILY: I hardly think she's failing, Mom.

TRIX: Well, she looks like she's failing to me. [Lorelai chuckles nervously. Trix turns to Richard.] And I am surprised at you. After all, I helped you out when you had financial problems.

RICHARD: Trix!

TRIX: You made that terrible investment in Dubliners Paper Corporation when you were first married. I told you not to, but you wouldn't listen, and of course, I had to step in and bail you out.

RICHARD: Now, hold on here, Trix.

TRIX: You would have lost this house if it weren't for me.

RICHARD: That is not true.

TRIX: It is not true that you pigheadedly lost that money?

RICHARD: I was twenty-seven years old. That is the time to take risks.

TRIX: Well, when you have my money to bail you out, taking risks is not much of a problem, is it?

RICHARD: [angry] You're making me sound like an incompetent child.

TRIX: Oh, please.

RICHARD: [angry] I have built two extremely successful businesses, Mother, and both of them without your help. [Emily smiles brightly] And I do not appreciate you now, many years later, throwing in my face the fact that you once helped me out financially!

TRIX: Do not raise your voice to me.

RICHARD: I will raise my voice if the situation warrants it!

[The maid enters with salad plates.]

EMILY: Oh, no, not now. [to Richard] You paid that money back in two months, also.

RICHARD: That's right, two months. How deep in financial ruin could I have been to get that money back to you in two months?

TRIX: I'm leaving this table.

RICHARD: Let me help you with your chair.

CUT TO DRAGONFLY INN CONSTRUCTION SIGHT - EVENING

[Rory approaches Tom as he gathers his belongings to leave.]

RORY: Hey, Tom, is my mom here?

TOM: I haven't seen her. She could be inside. She sometimes slips in the back door, likes to surprise a bunch of guys with nail g*ns.

RORY: Thanks. [She enters the Dragonfly Inn.] Mom?

DEAN: [approaches] Rory. Hey.

RORY: Do you know where my mom is?

DEAN: No, did you check outside?

RORY: Yeah, I did. She's not there. She's not at home. She's not anywhere. [slight trembling voice]

DEAN: Are you okay?

RORY: Yeah, I'm fine. I just - I can't find her.

DEAN: Well, maybe she's at Sookie's.

RORY: Sookie's? Okay, I can try Sookie's. [She fumbles with her cell phone.]

DEAN: Rory, what's wrong?

RORY: Nothing. Nothing's wrong. I'm fine, I'm good. I'm just having some technical difficulties. Get it? [shakes her phone] Technical difficulties? Very funny, eh?

DEAN: Yeah, it's very funny.

RORY: I know, I am very funny, and I am getting funnier. Yale is doing that to me. I am just -- it's really developing, the hilarity. Where are we going?

DEAN: Outside. [guides her to the exit]

RORY: Outside? Sure, 'cause I'm used to working a bigger room.

DEAN: [gently] What's wrong?

RORY: Nothing.

[Dean guides her to the steps where they sit.]

DEAN: What's wrong?

RORY: [voice breaking] Everything's falling apart. I thought I had it all under control, but I don't.

DEAN: What? What was under control?

RORY: Everybody else can handle the classes, but I can't. And I'm supposed to. I'm supposed to take five classes. Everybody else does. I mean, my grandfather did. [sigh] God, how am I gonna tell my grandfather that I failed?

DEAN: You failed?

RORY: No, I didn't even get a chance to fail. I mean -- [sniff] I had to drop a class. I was told to drop a class.

DEAN: That's not a big deal.

RORY: It's a really big deal. I'm not supposed to drop a class. I'm not the drop-a-class person. I get good grades. [trembling voice] I... handle things.

DEAN: Hey, come on. [Puts his arm around her, rubbing her arm]

RORY: And Lane, she's not around anymore, and I -- I know she had to go, but I miss her, and I liked her there, and I haven't talked to my mom, and I need to talk to her, and she's not around. And I'm failing. I'm failing everything. I can't do it. I can't handle it. I'm messing everything up! [Sobbing] Oh! God, just look at this.

DEAN: Look at what?

RORY: You having to be nice to me. I mean, you shouldn't have to be nice to me. I was horrible to

you, and now you're married to someone nice and who's not me and not a failure.

DEAN: You are so not a failure.

RORY: [sobbing] Yes, I am. I just can't, I -- I need to talk to my mom 'cause I just don't know what to do.

DEAN: It's okay. [He hugs her close, comforting her.]

STARS HOLLOW SIDEWALK - NIGHT

[Luke, nicely dressed with keys in hand, walks around his truck and spots Lorelai approaching.]

LORELAI: Luke.

LUKE: Hey, I was just coming to meet you.

LORELAI: I know. Yeah. [nervously smoothing hair] Could we uh, -- I need to --- I'm sorry, I need to reschedule our dinner.

LUKE: Oh sure.

LORELAI: Yeah, I'm just very tired.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: So I'm sorry that I made you get all dressed up.

LUKE: That's okay, it's good for me to do it every once in awhile. It reminds me why I'm not an accountant.

LORELAI: [odd giggle] Okay.

LUKE: [concerned] Everything okay?

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: Are you okay?

LORELAI: Why?

LUKE: Because you don't look okay.

LORELAI: Well, geez, take me now, sailor.

LUKE: I mean, you look distracted.

LORELAI: Distracted, no. Well, maybe -- yeah. Distracted, okay, sure. I'm very distracted.

LUKE: Anything I can do?

LORELAI: You know, there are very few times in my life when I find myself sitting around thinking, "I wish I was married," but today, I mean -- I'm happy. You know? I like my life. I like my friends. I like my stuff. My time, my space, my TV.

LUKE: Yeah, sure.

LORELAI: But every now and then, just for a moment, I wish I had a partner, someone to pick up the slack. Someone to wait for the cable guy, make me coffee in the morning, meet the stupid sink before it gets sent back to Canada. [wanders to nearby bench and sits]

LUKE: What happened? [joins her on bench]

LORELAI: [Voice breaking] Um... [Sniffles] I just thought I had everything under control, but I didn't, and the inn is just falling apart. This has been my dream forever, and I have it, and it's here, and I'm failing. I can't handle it. I just spend every minute running around and working and thinking. [Luke puts his arm across the back of the bench and listens quietly.] And I thought I would have help, but Sookie has Davey, and Michel has Celine, and I'm -- I can't do it all by myself. [[Luke moves closer.] And I don't even have time to see my kid, and hell, forget see her, just even talk to her. And I miss her. And I sat there in my parents' house just listening to my grandmother basically call me a charity case, and I couldn't even argue with her. I couldn't even say anything, because I am. I'm running out of money, and I don't know what to do about it, and I was gonna, I was gonna ask you for \$30,000 at dinner tonight. That's how pathetic I am.

LUKE: Thirty thousand dollars. Well, okay, I mean if you --

LORELAI: I don't want to talk about it now. I don't want to think about it. [hiding face, she leans against his chest] I'm failing. [Sobs] I'm failing.

[Luke hugs her close, strokes her hair, and gently rubs her arm.]

LUKE: You are not failing.

LORELAI: [muffled] I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do. I don't know what to do.

LUKE: [gently] It's okay.

CUT TO YALE - RORY'S BEDROOM

[Rory listens to her answering machine.]

LORELAI'S VOICE: Hi, hon. I'm just seeing if I could catch you, but you're out. So...nothing much to report here. Just give me a call when you can.

CUT TO LORELAI'S LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai listens to her answering machine.]

RORY'S VOICE: Just checking in. Nothing big to report. Okay, give me a call when you can. Bye, mom.

THE END

Powered by phpBB® Forum Software © phpBB Limited

All times are UTC-05:00
Page 1 of 1