

Transcripts - Forever Dreaming

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

07x02 - That's What You Get, Folks, For Makin' Whoopee

<https://transcripts.foreverdreaming.org/viewtopic.php?t=6487>

07x02 - That's What You Get, Folks, For Makin' Whoopee

Page 1 of 1

by **bunniefuu**

Posted: **10/15/06 19:57**

UNKNOWN ROAD

[Luke is driving, checking a map, he pulls up to a building]

BUILDING - INTERIOR

[Luke goes in to an elevator]

HALLWAY

[Luke comes out of the elevator, looking for an apartment, knocks on the door, it opens and Christopher is standing there, Luke hits him]

CHRISTOPHER: Ugh! Ugh!

[Luke turns, gets back into the elevator and leaves]

[Opening Credits]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

[Lorelai is sitting at the table drinking coffee, she hears something gets up, sets some waffles cooking and pours a cut of coffee, then waits at Rory's bedroom door.]

LORELAI: Morning, Rory.

RORY: Please tell me you haven't been standing there all night.

LORELAI: [speaking quietly] I love you Rory.

RORY: Creepy. [hands her the coffee] Ooh, waffles?

LORELAI: I got up early this morning. I thought, "what better way to pass time than make some of my famous homemade waffles?"

RORY: I can't believe I forgot about your homemade waffles, seeing how famous they are.

LORELAI: Infamous, really.

RORY: So why'd you get up so early?

LORELAI: Mm, well, couldn't sleep. And, initially, I was at a loss. How would I pass the time until my one and only offspring, the fruit of my loins...

RORY: Too early.

LORELAI: ...Loin fruit that she is, straggled out of bed to grace me with her presence? But then I asked myself, "W.W.T.B.F.C.D.?" And it came to me in a flash. "I'm gonna make waffles."

RORY: "What would the barefoot Contessa do?"

LORELAI: Exactly

RORY: Barefoot's one word.

LORELAI: Shut up, loin fruit. So, what? Are you just sleepy or has last night's "my boyfriend gave me a love rocket" elation worn off?

RORY: It may have worn off a little bit.

LORELAI: Why? What happened? The love rocket was making you swoon for Logan last night.

RORY: I'm still plenty swoony. I just realized that the rocket doesn't mean I should be packing my bags for London.

LORELAI: Why? What happened?

RORY: Nothing happened, I just called Logan and I was like, "yeah, yeah. "Oh, I love the love rocket, you know? And I can't wait to come see you." And he was like, "oh, yeah, me too. Um, I'm gonna buy you a ticket for December."

LORELAI: Oh, no. Did you tell him you want to visit him now?

RORY: There wasn't really a point you know because I get it. He is starting his first real job. I mean, he needs time to adjust and focus and learn the lay of the land. I mean It's good that he's trying to be a grown-up. You no so now I'm trying to be a grown-up. So why am I gonna get all pouty because I don't get to do it?

LORELAI: Hmm. [Toaster pops] Well, that sounds like a real grown-up talking.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: You know the one thing that grown-ups don't call themselves?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Grown-ups. Huh they say "adults," and they pronounce it "ah-dults."

RORY: It stinks!

LORELAI: Oh, it really stinks.

RORY: Stupid London! If he weren't in London right now, we would be on our Asia trip. I mean, I knew that it might not happen, but I hoped it would, and I just kept planning and planning and planning. [she gets up and goes to her room and bring back a pile of paper].

LORELAI: Wow. Were you planning on visiting Asia or invading it?

RORY: Look at all this wasted effort. All this highlighter ink? Wasted. All of these sticky notes? Wasted. We were going to see the terra-cotta soldiers in Xian. And we were going to go to Peking for the opera and the duck. I want to see Tibet. I want to snorkel off the an Thoi islands in Vietnam. I want to see the crazy teenage fashions in the Harajuku district of Tokyo.

LORELAI: Oh, wow.

RORY: Stupid london!

LORELAI: So, no Asia?

RORY: No Asia.

LORELAI: Well, I guess I got to go to stupid work. Here's one good piece of news. Lane called - she's back from her honeymoon.

RORY: Oh, yay!

LORELAI: She sounded kind of tired, which is good, I think. Tired after a honeymoon bodes well.

RORY: My married friend Lane and her married husband Zach. Nutso.

LORELAI: Hmm. Spoken like a true grown-up. Say "hey" to her for me. It's nice to have you home.

RORY: Bye.

LUKE'S DINER - EXTERIOR

[Luke pulls up in his truck, it now has building supplies and tools in it, Luke starts unpacking things.]

T.J.: Morning, Luke. You need a hand with this?

LUKE: Thanks.

T.J.: Sure thing. Just give me one second to savor this coffee. Ahh! So, how are you this lovely morning?

LUKE: Just fine.

T.J.: Hey, I got a coffee for you, too.

LUKE: Thanks.

T.J.: But then, as it became clear that you were most likely gonna be late, I didn't want it to get cold, so I drank it myself.

LUKE: I wasn't late.

T.J.: Who said you were late?

LUKE: You did, one second ago.

T.J.: Oh, no, I said you were mostly likely gonna be late, but it turns out you weren't. Who knew? Sounds like you need a little caffeine. What say you and I go over to the diner across the street and pick us up a nice cup of coffee?

LUKE: Forget it. I'm fine. [Luke stop] What diner across the street?

T.J.: This place - Kirk's. Great place. The owner's a real character and the coffee's fantastic. Come

on, let me get you a cup, though maybe you ought to pay, seeing as I did pick us up the last round.

KIRK'S DINER - EXTERIOR?

[Kirk's is set up in the lawn across the street from Luke's with tables and a cooking area, Kirk is dressed in flannel and a red backward baseball cap.]

KIRK: Eggs sunny side up with a side of bacon. And who's got the scrambled with hashbrowns? Here we go.

LUKE: What the hell is going on here?

KIRK: Welcome to Kirk's. I'll be right with you.

LUKE: What is this?

KIRK: It's a diner, Luke.

LUKE: A diner called Kirk's?

KIRK: It's the name my mother gave me. Top you off there, Jake?

LUKE: Why are you doing this?

LUKE: I just saw a need, and I filled it. Seemed to me Stars hollow was in want of a real neighborhood joint, a watering hole where the townsfolk could mingle, a place where a fella could come and get a piece of pie, a cup of Arbuckles', and a soupcon of small-town charm.

LUKE: Yeah, well, stars hollow has already got that place. It's right across the street. It's called Luke's. Luke's, ring any bells? Sounds a little like Kirk's doesn't it.

KIRK: If you are suggesting that you were the very first person to think of naming a restaurant after yourself, I think that Denny, Arby, and Tony Roma might have something to say about that, not to mention Mr. Chuck E. Cheese.

LUKE: Chuck E. Cheese is not a person.

KIRK: Luke do you think a giant mouse opened a restaurant franchise by himself?

LUKE: Look at this - French toast, pancakes, buttermilk pancakes. You stole my menu.

KIRK: You did not invent pancakes, Luke. Anyway, I heard Luke's went out of business.

LUKE: Luke's did not go out of business, Luke's is closed for repairs. And you want to know why it's closed? Because some nincompoop yesterday drove his car through my diner!

KIRK: Would you care to step outside for a moment, Luke?

LUKE: Outside? Outside what? [they walk "outside" and past a "no cell phone's" sign]

KIRK: I think it would behoove you not to use slanderous language like nincompoop in my place of business, Luke, because, let me tell you, it is only out of the kindness of my heart that I am not suing the pants off of you.

LUKE: Uh-hu you're gonna sue me after you crash a car into my diner and bust a giant hole in my wall?

KIRK: For all you know I could have brain damage.

LUKE: Oh, I'm pretty sure you do. You know what, Kirk? Go ahead. Sue me. Crash into my diner, make me lose a week's business, make me pay for the repairs, and then sue me for damages - for brain damages! That sounds fair!

KIRK: Luke, calm down. I get where you're coming from. I think we can work something out.

[He hands Luke a piece of paper]

LUKE: What is this?

KIRK: A job application. The way business is picking up, I'm totally gonna need a fry guy. What it sounded like your finances were kind of tight. If you came expecting a handout, you came to the wrong guy. I'm of the "teach a man to fish" school, Luke. [Luke crushes the paper into a ball and drops it on the ground.] U do not throw trash on the floor of a restaurant Luke. Not cool.

DRAGONFLY INN - KITCHEN

[Sookie is teaching Lorelai to cook]

SOOKIE: Okay, this is easy. Put in your snow crab. Put in your avocado. You put in your cucumber. You mash it together And then you just roll it up. Slice it up like this, and voil. Or whatever they say in Japan. Arigato.

LORELAI: Karate. It's those little coin shapes, just like in a Japanese restaurant. Arigato karate, babe.

SOOKIE: Yep. Okay. I'm gonna make one more California roll, and then we can make your meat-loaf sushi.

LORELAI: Yay, do you want to put suntan lotion in there?

SOOKIE: Did you just say sun - oh! Of course. Calfo, California roll would have some suntan lotion in it.

LORELAI: You're such a pity laugher. [tastes the food] Mmm! Good.

SOOKIE: Good!

LORELAI: So good! It's the best non-meat-loaf sushi I've ever had.

SOOKIE: Ooh! What about fried-chicken sushi?

LORELAI: With some slaw in it. That would be so good. Or chinese-food sushi. Or P.B.-And-J. Sushi.

SOOKIE: Or, hey, dessert sushi.

LORELAI: Oh, my god, that's genius. That is why you are the chef. That and because you're the one who can cook. So, um... hey, um... so I-I told him.

SOOKIE: Told who what? Telling him that?

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: Are you saying told Luke about Christopher?

LORELAI: Yes. What did you think I was talking about?

SOOKIE: I don't know. I'm hoping there's something that I forgot, like maybe you were debating on whether or not to tell Kirk the difference between antiperspirant and deodorant. You told Luke about Christopher?

LORELAI: Yes.

SOOKIE: I thought you weren't going to.

LORELAI: I wasn't.

SOOKIE: Oh, honey, why?

LORELAI: Because Luke showed up at my house this morning with the truck fully packed, ready to elope.

SOOKIE: Oh, god, he did?

LORELAI: And he wouldn't take no for an answer, and so I had to tell him. That's the only way he was gonna believe me because it had to be no.

SOOKIE: Did it have to be? I mean, did the answer have to be no?

LORELAI: No. I mean, I guess I could be married right now to someone who doesn't want to be married to me and doesn't know that I slept with someone two nights before we got married.

SOOKIE: Well, when you put it that way... must have been horrible.

LORELAI: It was one of the most horrible moments of my whole life.

SOOKIE: Are you okay?

LORELAI: No. [Chuckles] I mean, no, not at all. I'm so very not fine, but what am I gonna do, you know? I have to be fine.

SOOKIE: Oh, honey.

LORELAI: Yeah.

LANE, ZACH AND BRIAN'S APARTMENT - EXTERIOR

[Zach comes out]

RORY: Hey, Zach. So, the honeymoon's over. Is the honeymoon over?

ZACH: What?

RORY: How was Mexico?

ZACH: Full of parasites.

RORY: Oh, gee, that's no good.

ZACH: The whole trip was a total fiasco. It was the Stones at Altamont times a billion.

RORY: But you and Lane were so excited about it. From the way you talked, I was half worried you'd start a mariachi band.

ZACH: Mexico sucks. And we were psyched. That's part of why it sucked so bad. I thought I found this amazing deal online. Right. Pedro's paradise. It all sounded good. The website said it had ocean views, its own kitchen, and a Jacuzzi. And nobody loves Jacuzzis more than me. Nobody. And then we get there, and it turns out Pedro's paradise is just this room in this dude Pedro's crappy apartment.

RORY: No. His apartment?

ZACH: 23 miles from the ocean, with a view of a billboard for Mexican nasal spray.

RORY: So the website lied.

ZACH: The kitchen we were promised - it smelled like Rice-a-Roni and was always full of Pedro's jerky friends listening to the devil's music, playing cards, and making snide remarks about us in code.

RORY: Pedro's friends talked in code?

ZACH: Well, Spanish, technically. Same difference. They knew I couldn't understand them. Pedro was evil, man.

RORY: Man.

ZACH: Anyway on the second day, I got some parasite, and I've been barfing Linda Blair style ever since. I'm getting better, but now it looks like Lane's got it.

RORY: Oh no.

ZACH: I'm heading over to Doose's right now to get some ginger ale and saltines, which by the way was all we ate in the way of Mexican food.

RORY: Oh, I'm sorry your trip was so sucky.

ZACH: Yeah, well, live and learn. Like, now I know not to drink the water in Mexico, which, by the way, somebody should really tell you. And I learned that I'm not morally against m*rder. I just wish I had the guts to do it.

RORY: Well, I'm glad you didn't k*ll Pedro. I mean, he's not worth it.

ZACH: Yeah, whatever.

[Zach leaves]

LANE, ZACH AND BRIAN'S APARTMENT - INTERIOR

[Brian is playing a video game, Rory comes in.]

RORY: Hello.

BRIAN: Hola, Rory.

RORY: Hola.

LANE'S ROOM

[Rory knock's on the door and enters]

RORY: Hey, sicko. Oh, welcome home. I heard Pedro's paradise wasn't so paradisey.

LANE: Mexico sucked.

RORY: Oh. But guess who I heard it from - your husband. Can we not squeal about that?

LANE: I don't really want to squeal. If you feel like squealing, go right ahead.

RORY: Of course you don't feel like squealing. You're sick.

LANE: I actually feel okay right now. My aversion to squealing is more emotional than physical.

RORY: I'm sorry your honeymoon was such a bummer.

LANE: On, like, the fourth day, Zach got so paranoid that Pedro and his friends were talking lasciviously about me in code that he lunged at Pedro - leapt at him from behind the door. Luckily, Zach was so weak from parasites that he missed - just flopped to the kitchen floor like he was a pancake someone threw across the room.

RORY: People throw pancakes?

LANE: I just stared at him lying on the floor and thought, "I just married that man."

RORY: And you didn't squeal for joy.

LANE: Nope. I went into the other room and stared at Pedro's poster of Spuds McKenzie hanging 20 and ate my 20th saltine of the day.

RORY: The whole trip sounds kind of rough.

LANE: Oh, you have no idea. What I just told you are the highlights compared to the real stuff.

RORY: No. What?

LANE: We can't talk here. The walls have ears.

RORY: And giant sombreros.

LANE: And big mouths. Let's go for a walk.

RORY: No your not feeling well, you should take care of yourself.

LANE: I'm feeling all right right now, actually. Um besides I have a doctor's appointment tomorrow, and if I start to barf in public, you could just pretend we were partying too hard.

RORY: Which would do wonders for my rep. All right, Mrs. Van Gerbig, let's blow this popsicle stand.

LUKE'S DINER - EXTERIOR

[Luke and T.J. are working on the damage]

T.J.: Okay. So tell me, what are we thinking about here?

LUKE: Well, the basic idea is to fix the giant hole.

T.J.: Yeah, but how? I've been thinking about it. I know I got a couple ideas about a log-cabin thing. I think what might really be nice is a giant stained-glass window.

LUKE: Yeah, I don't think so.

T.J.: Don't rule it out so quick. I can picture what you're picturing, like with all scary religious pictures. But it wouldn't have to be a bloody crucifixion. Or nothing it could just be an image of a happy animal. I don't know, a smiling penguin or... or perhaps a peaceful-looking giraffe.

LUKE: You think I should put up a stained-glass window of a peaceful-looking giraffe on the side of my diner?

T.J.: I'm just spitballing. Nothing's written in stone.

LUKE: Oh, well, that's good.

T.J.: How about diamond shapes?

LUKE: You know what, T.J.? Why don't we get to work?

T.J.: You're in a bit of a mood.

LUKE: I'm not in a mood, damn it.

T.J.: Okay! I'm sorry I said anything. I won't say anything else.

LUKE: You know what, T.J., Forget it. I'm sorry. I really appreciate the help you're giving me. I know it was last-minute. Okay?

T.J.: No problem, buddy. What are brother-in-laws for? Actually... I'm glad for an excuse to be out of the house. Because being pregnant makes liz incredibly horny.

LUKE: [getting mad and annoyed] T.J.

T.J.: Yeah, Luke?

LUKE: Can we not talk about my sister's sexuality?

T.J.: Oh, yeah. Well, sure. I guess it's something about all those hormones racing around in there. You should totally knock Lorelai up, though.

LUKE: T.J.

T.J.: What I'm not talking about your sister. I'm talking about your fiancée. I got a feeling pregnancy would make Lorelai particularly randy.

LUKE: T.J.!

T.J.: Just think how cool it would be if we raised our families together. You should get started now, though.

LUKE: Right.

T.J.: So how many kids you guys want?

LUKE: You know what I think I'm gonna go get the primer.

T.J.: Now?

LUKE: Yeah I'm just a.. worried about the hardware store running out 'cause you know, it's the priming season.

T.J.: Good thinking.

LUKE: Yeah be right back.

T.J.: See you in a bit.

TOWN SQUARE - GAZEBO

LANE: So, now I know.

RORY: Know what?

LANE: That it's bad. It's terrible... Sex.

RORY: Oh. No. Sex was bad?

LANE: You can drop the act, Rory. It's okay. I've known the real deal about Santa Claus for years. Now I know about sex.

RORY: Lane...

LANE: You know what's funny? I really thought my mother was being an insane prude when she said that sex was horrible for women. But now I can see that, in fact, my mother was the only woman who wasn't willing to maintain this ridiculous, pervasive, media-supported charade.

RORY: What ridiculous, pervasive, media-supported charade?

LANE: That sex is normal. That sex is a wonderful part of life. That sex is sexy. I mean, can we just not admit it? Sex is not sexy. Sex is horrible.

RORY: Sex doesn't have to be horrible.

LANE: In a way, I'm impressed with the depth of the conspiracy. If you think about it, it says something about the potential power of women that the entire gender could collude in creating the "sex is sexy" myth.

RORY: So sex with Zach was bad?

LANE: Unbelievably bad.

RORY: Every time?

LANE: [Chuckling] Yeah, right. Every time.

RORY: You only did it once.

LANE: That's right, and I'm out.

RORY: Well, the first time can be weird. My first time definitely had its weird aspects, but it gets better. It gets good.

LANE: Um, sorry. I just don't believe you.

RORY: Um...okay. You have to walk me through what happened. I mean, not graphically, but help me out here.

LANE: Okay. So we decided that, for our first time, since it was such a big deal and everything, since we've been waiting and waiting and god, if I'd known what it was going to be like, I would have gladly kept waiting. But anyway we decided to re-create the scene in "From Here To Eternity."

RORY: Wow. Ambitious. Sex on the beach.

LANE: Anyway, the whole thing was a disaster. Because you know what movies don't tell you? That sand is basically dirt. It was dirty. It was cold. My hands were shaking. I'm trying to remember stuff about condoms and bananas. And then suddenly I realize, we got crabs, live ones that are scuttling all over us. Zach starts freaking out because, apparently, he's afraid of shellfish. And it's getting colder and dirtier. And at some point, this pervert with a snorkel mask appears out of nowhere. And I'm thinking, "we took three buses from Pedro's apartment for this."

RORY: Oh, Lane.

LANE: Yeah, just talking about it makes me feel sick and queasy.

RORY: Well, you are sick and queasy. You have a parasite. But, okay. Once you feel better, you should try sex again indoors in a bed.

LANE: I'm open to the idea of a sexless marriage. I mean it happens for some people, eventually. Why wait?

RORY: Try a bed first. Seriously. You would not believe what a comforter can do in this kind of situation.

LANE: Hey, aren't you supposed to be in Asia right now? How come you're not traipsing around Thailand with Logan?

RORY: Um, Logan's job started. He's far, far away in London.

LANE: You're lucky.

RORY: Yeah.

STARS HOLLOW - STREET

[Luke and Lorelai see each other across the street near the newsstand, Luke has pain cans and Lorelai has some shopping, that walk to each other, and as they pass each other]

LORELAI: [Sighs] Sorry.

LUKE: Oh. Don't worry about me. I'm fine.

LORELAI: Are you fine, really? Because, I mean, you don't have to be fine. Because this is really

weird and really hard and... [Chuckles] I'm not exactly fine.

LUKE: You're not?

LORELAI: Of course not.

LUKE: Well, that's too bad because I am. I'm fine.

LORELAI: Well...okay.

LUKE: You know maybe you should punch Christopher's lights out. That seemed to do it for me.

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: Oh, so your boyfriend didn't tell you. Hu.

LORELAI: You punched Christopher?

LUKE: You two need to work on your communication Skills.

LORELAI: Oh, stop it.

LUKE: What.

LORELAI: Christopher is not my boyfriend.

LUKE: I don't care if he is. I mean, you know you can date whoever or whatever you want. I couldn't care less. I'm fine.

LORELAI: Okay, fine. Well, if you're so fine, the next time you get a hankering to punch someone, don't, okay? If you need to take your anger out, on someone take it out on me. I'm the one you're mad at. I'm the one who deserves it.

LUKE: Look, you're the one who's still hung up here. I'm telling you, I'm over it. I guess it's just not as big a deal to me as it is to you.

LORELAI: Oh, it's not as big a deal?

LUKE: Yeah, so we're not getting married. It's okay by me. I mean you're the one who proposed in the first place.

[Lorelai has a shocked look on her face]

LUKE'S DINER

[They are painting]

LUKE: It looks good.

T.J.: If you say so. It's no Sistine chapel.

LUKE: Well, that's true.

T.J.: It's no Taj Mahal.

LUKE: No it is not the Taj Mahal. So, look, the window guy's coming by tomorrow, and he and I are

gonna put it in, so... after this coat, you're free to go, okay? And thanks for the help. It really looks good.

T.J.: You sure you don't want any?

LUKE: No, I'm sure.

T.J.: You stop drinking beer?

LUKE: No.

T.J.: It makes you bloated, but to me, it's worth it. I'm psyched Kirk's got a liquor license.

LUKE: Uh-huh.

T.J.: How come you quit drinking beer?

LUKE: Whoever said I quit drinking beer?

T.J.: You know what I like? Drinking beer outside. I don't know maybe it's 'cause I grew up watching my dad drink out behind the tool shed, and it's got this romantic image for me. But that's my thing.

LUKE: Your thing is drinking beer outside?

T.J.: Beer outside is the greatest. Oh, except for at ice-skating rinks, of course.

LUKE: Of course.

T.J.: Yeah, there's something about the way the Zamboni exhaust mixes with the beer that's really just out of this world. Speaking of which, guess what I just got - tickets to the Hockettes. You know the Hockettes, the ice-skating girls? They're amazing. They do everything the Rockettes do, only they do it with ice skates on.

LUKE: Oh, that's great, T.J.

T.J.: And guess how many tickets I got. Four. And who did I think might like to go with me and Liz? President and Mrs. Bush. [Luke laughs] Just kidding. You and Lorelai.

LUKE: Oh, I, gee. I don't... think we can make that.

T.J.: Come on! When's the last time we all had a wild night out?

LUKE: Yeah, you know, I think I'm doing something that week.

T.J.: Man, that sucks.

LUKE: [grumbles] Yeah.

T.J.: Wait, which week?

LUKE: Uh, the week of the Rockettes.

T.J.: Which is which week?

LUKE: The week they're here.

T.J.: They're in town a whole month! And I'm fully willing to switch my tickets for whichever night is best for you guys.

LUKE: Yeah, I don't - I don't think so.

T.J.: Come on.

LUKE: I... Lorelai and I... broke up.

T.J.: Oh... Oh!

[He rushes in and gives Luke a big bear hug]

LUKE: Gee, T.J., Okay!

T.J.: It's okay, buddy. It's okay. Let it out. There is no shame in experiencing pain.

LUKE: I'm having trouble breathing.

T.J.: You are coming over to dinner tonight with me and Liz.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

[Rory enters carrying shopping, she see the living room decorated in an Asia theme, Japanese rock music plays]

LORELAI: Hello, honorable Rory-san.

RORY: You've made Asia for me?

LORELAI: Mm-hmm. Here's your kimono, honorable Rory-san.

RORY: Thank you. You made crazy Asia.

LORELAI: Well, actually, believe it or not, but this is an exact replica of Japan, China, Vietnam, Cambodia, Hong Kong, Korea, and any other Asian countries that might have slipped my mind. This is exactly what you would see in the other Asia.

RORY: The one that's not in our living room.

LORELAI: Yeah, the old Asia. The first attempt, I like to call it. The prototype.

RORY: Asia's a lot smaller than I thought, more intimate. And more fragrant.

LORELAI: Yes well, Miss Patty donated a bottle of her opium perfume, and I spritzed it around a little.

RORY: A little.

LORELAI: Well, little at first, and then I tripped on my flip-flop and broke the bottle.

RORY: Asia's so pretty. I love all the lanterns and the poster of Mao. Very nice. And one of Sandra Oh. Oddly, you have a poster of Sandra Oh.

LORELAI: Well, she's a goddess. And those aren't posters. They're billboards. You've lost perspective.

RORY: Ah. I see you Feng Shuied the furniture.

LORELAI: Because it was so Unfeng Shuied before. It was ridiculous. Here [hands Rory a camers] to document our journey.

RORY: Xie xie.

LORELAI: Oh, god bless you.

RORY: That's "thank you" in mandarin.

LORELAI: I knew that. Just testing you. Perhaps I shall outline our itinerary.

RORY: Perhaps we shall.

[Rory takes a photo of Lorelai]

LORELAI: Oh...All right, well, first stop is Japan, land of the rising sun, ruled by hello kitty, where we are gonna make our own sushi.

RORY: You, me, and raw fish? Is that safe?

LORELAI: Well, I took a lesson, and if you're really nervous, then we can skip the Fugu. After we're stuffed with sushi, we will take an invisible Rikshaw to the rice paddies, I.E. Your room, where we will spend hours Origamiing.

RORY: [Gasps] Paper cranes!

LORELAI: Yeah, and paper bulldozers and paper dump trucks and whatever else your little heart desires. Then, we'll take a b*llet train straight back to Tokyo where we'll relax with some tai chi in preparation for the kabuki play I wrote.

RORY: Tai chi's actually chinese.

LORELAI: Duh. I know that. We're gonna teach it to the Japanese.

RORY: That's nice of us.

LORELAI: We're very nice that way, alright so, finally, we will conclude our journey with some fortune cookies and dessert sushi.

RORY: Dessert sushi - I do love Asia.

LORELAI: Hmm, and that will be followed by an educational video, which includes, but is not limited to, "Bridge On The River Kwai,"

RORY: Aw...

LORELAI: "The Joy Luck Club," "Karate Kid," "Shanghai Surprise," The Bruce Lee classic "Enter the Dragon," the Tom Selleck classic "Mr. Baseball," and or "Breakfast at Tiffany's."

RORY: "Breakfast at Tiffany's"?

LORELAI: Starring Mickey Rooney in his tour-de-force r*cist performance as Holly Golightly's Japanese landlord.

RORY: Oh, yeah, he's so bad.

LORELAI: All right, let's make some Sushi. But I'm scared. Oh, I'll let you in on a secret. The fish is really fried chicken.

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[The girls are watching a movie]

LORELAI: You are honestly asserting that you like the "Tootsie-roll marshmallow Twizzler" roll better than the "butterfinger junior mint chocolate-chip jujube" roll?

RORY: Hey call me crazy. I don't think butterfingers go with jujubes.

LORELAI: Crazy. The limitations of your palate astound me.

RORY: Hey, I liked the "Oreo red hot" sashimi.

LORELAI: Me too.

RORY: See, I'm not a hater.

LORELAI: Did you notice how the red hots acted as a dessert-Sushi Wasabi?

RORY: I did, which is something we should remember when we go to mass-market these.

LORELAI: I am telling the invention of dessert Sushi is gonna make us our first million.

RORY: And our second.

LORELAI: I'd like our third to be go-go dancing.

RORY: Sounds like a plan. Hmm, I'm not following this plot.

LORELAI: Okay, um... in the last scene, there was a sign that said, "no shirt, no shoes, no service." And this guy, shirtless guy, is angry about that - angry. And he's like, "no, I'm not gonna wear a shirt! I hate shirts!" and that pissed those other guys off. Hey, you know what would be amazing and really Asian? Fried ice cream.

RORY: Oh, cows must envy your stomach.

LORELAI: They do. I'm so full, I can't move. I feel like one of those cats that's bred to have no legs.

LORELAI: Oh don't get me wrong - my stomach's ready to explode. This is not a physical hunger. It's more of a spiritual hunger.

RORY: For fried ice cream.

LORELAI: Yeah, it's an eastern-philosophy thing. You wouldn't understand. [get up and goes to the kitchen, Rory is on the couch still.] So, how do you think one actually goes about frying ice cream?

RORY: Probably in a frying pan.

LORELAI: Uh-oh.h. Bit of a situation here.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: We are out of ice cream.

[The phone rings]

RORY: I'm a cat with no legs.

LORELAI: We can't answer it. We're out of the country. No ice cream. Unbelievable. One time I feel like cooking there's not ice cream to fry...

[Answering machine beeps]

CHRISTOPHER: [On the phone] Lor, hey, it's me. Just still trying to reach you. Arr sorry I missed your call before. I wasn't calling about that whole "Luke hitting me" thing. I don't care about that. I just want to talk to you. I want to talk to you about the other night. You said it was just a one-night thing, but I want to talk about it, and about you and me, so... call me so we can talk. Okay. Bye.
[call ends]

LORELAI: So...

RORY: You slept with dad.

LORELAI: Yeah. I did.

RORY: You slept with dad. Um, that's just... I can't believe you slept with dad. Is that why you and Luke broke up, because you slept with dad?

LORELAI: No, honey. No, I... believe me, no. Um, Luke and I had broken up before.

RORY: For how long? I mean it couldn't have been long. You and Luke have only been broken up for three days.

LORELAI: Yeah, it was that night.

RORY: The night you and Luke broke up. Wow. So you just rushed right over there the minute you were free, huh?

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: Sounds like you were in quite a hurry did you put a dummy in the passenger seat so you could use the car-pool Lane?

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: What you didn't think of it? In too much of a rush I guess. I hope you buckled your seat belt. You're supposed to buckle your seat belt even if you're in a rush.

LORELAI: Hey, Rory...

RORY: no, don't "Rory" me. You don't get to "Rory" me. You slept with dad.

LORELAI: Yeah. I-I-I...I know.

RORY: Are you and dad an item now?

LORELAI: No, it was nothing. I mean, it... it had nothing to do with me and Luke. What happened between me and your dad was nothing. It was nothing.

RORY: Mom, you slept with dad.

LORELAI: For the love of god, will you stop saying that?

RORY: No I can't stop saying it because it happened. And you're trying to pretend like it didn't.

LORELAI: I'm not perfect, okay? People make mistakes. I mean, Gwyneth Paltrow dyed her hair that dark brown. It was very unflattering. If she's not perfect, how do you expect me to be?

RORY: Yeah, because what you did is equivalent to dying your hair. That's great. Things were finally good between you two and between me and dad. Did you not care that things were really good between me and dad? I mean do you not want us to be close? Did you mean to ruin that?

LORELAI: No! God, no! I love that dad's been good and that things with you and dad have been good. I...I was hurting. I was heartbroken. And...it happened. I slept with your dad. It's over now, and it was a mistake.

RORY: I can't believe you didn't tell me this. I mean, first of all, you say you don't want to talk. So I figure you're going through some hard emotional time and you need some space. That's fine but what you didn't tell me is that you slept with dad. No, instead you're going around joking about, you know, origami and marshmallow sushi, like I'm some idiot 5-year-old.

LORELAI: Rory, I was gonna tell you. I just wanted...

RORY: You know what, mom? If you're heartbroken, rent "An Affair to Remember," have a good cry, and drown your sorrows in a pint of ice cream. You get a hideously unflattering breakup haircut. You don't sleep with dad.

[Rory leaves]

LIZ AND T.J.'S HOME

T.J.: Honey, we're home.

LIZ: Hi.

T.J.: [kisses Liz and her belly] Keep your hands off me, you sex maniac.

LIZ: Oh, big brother, I'm so, so sorry.

LUKE: Aw, thanks.

LIZ: Come in, come in. Make yourself at home. Dinner's still in the oven, so we have time to have a cocktail here and talk.

T.J.: Cocktail hour. Pretty swanky stuff, huh?

LUKE: Very.

LIZ: Sit, sit.

LUKE: You should be the one that's sitting.

LIZ: I'm fine.

T.J.: She's fine, plus, it's good for her to move around. Keeps all those hormones circulating so they don't settle in one place, if you know what I mean.

LIZ: [hands Luke a drink] White Russian. [then T.J.] T.J.

T.J.: She's trying to liquor me up. I can see where this is going.

LUKE: It better not.

LIZ: We're really into White Russians recently.

T.J.: It's our thing.

LUKE: Yeah.

LIZ: Of course, mine's a virgin.

T.J.: Ironically.

LIZ: Just cream. So... I'm ready to talk.

LUKE: Oh, you know, it's really okay. I don't need to talk. It's just nice to be here.

LIZ: So was it Anna?

LUKE: What? No. It wasn't Anna.

LIZ: You sure?

LUKE: Look it wasn't Anna, okay? Lorelai and I just broke up, and I'd really rather not talk about it, so... if you don't want to talk about something else, let's sit here and drink our White Russians.

LANE, ZACH AND BRIAN'S APARTMENT

[Rory comes in]

RORY: Lane? Lane?

LANE: I'm in here.

RORY: Is Zach or Brian here?

LANE: No.

RORY: Sorry I didn't call first. I don't know the protocol for married friends. I just had to get out of my house. If I were there for one more second, I think I would have had to karate-chop my mom. I swear, just chopped her in half. I guess I...[she sees Lane sitting on the floor] Lane, are you okay? Did the doctor say you have a parasite?

LANE: In a manner of speaking. [Sighs] I'm pregnant.

RORY: Shut up.

LANE: I'm pregnant.

RORY: You're not.

LANE: I am.

RORY: No.

LANE: Yes. I went to the doctor and he told me. I'm pregnant with a baby.

RORY: No.

LANE: Yes.

RORY: Wow.

LANE: Yeah, wow.

RORY: Oh, my god. Wow. Wow. How did Zach take it?

LANE: He didn't. I haven't told him yet. I haven't told anyone. I just came back here and sat here, pregnant.

RORY: You're not.

LANE: I am.

RORY: Really?

LANE: Really, I guess the combination of salt water and seaweed and discount Mexican condoms and terrible, terrible sex leads to a baby.

RORY: A baby.

LANE: A baby. Sex sucks so bad. Sex sucks worse than I thought.

RORY: You only did it one time, and - wow, a baby.

LANE: That's what you get, folks, for making whoopee.

RORY: You're going to be a mother.

LANE: When the doctor told me, I started throwing up.

RORY: Well you had morning sickness.

LANE: This was a different kind of throwing up. This was the kind of throwing up that you do when you have to do something that you can't do.

RORY: You're going to be a great mother.

LANE: Maybe someday, but not now. I have a picture in my head of me as a mother. You know, I can imagine it, and in that picture, I'm wearing a skirt and heels, and my hair is up in a bun. I'm pushing one of those fancy British baby carriages that are called silver surfers or something.

RORY: Very Madonna in her British-mommy phase.

LANE: When I'm a mom, I'll be calm and wise and have my act together. I am not calm and not wise, and I really, really don't have my act together.

RORY: You don't have to wear heels and push a pram to be a mother.

LANE: A pram! See? I didn't even remember the word pram. Mothers know the word pram.

RORY: Mothers don't have to know the word pram.

LANE: Yes, they do! They have to know all sorts of things. They have to know what to do when your baby is crying and how to change a diaper and how to use your wrist to test if the bottle is too hot. Why the wrist? I don't know. I have no idea.

RORY: Um, I think because it's handy, no pun intended, and um it's sensitive. Wrists are sensitive.

LANE: It's just one false move, one misstep, and I'll ruin it. I'm still making mistakes, Rory. Example "a" - I'm pregnant. I can't be making mistakes when I'm a mother. I'm not the person I need to be to be able to do this. I'm not perfect yet. I'm so not perfect.

RORY: You don't have to be perfect. I mean, even Gwyneth Paltrow makes mistakes, like "Shallow Hal" and that other movie that nobody saw where she played a stewardess. So who's perfect? Nobody. Not even mothers.

LANE: Yeah...I'm scared.

RORY: I know you are, but you can do this. First of all, you are great. And second of all, you have nine long months to study about bottles and wrists.

LANE: That's true.

RORY: And, already, you are way ahead of a lot of people as far as parenting skills go, like Britney. Britney Spears does not know which end of a baby goes up. And Courtney Love? She's no June Cleaver.

LANE: Yeah I bet I could be a better mother than Courtney Love.

RORY: My sock drawer could be a better mother. But, yes, of course you would be. And Michael Jackson - you know not to name a child "blanket."

LANE: I do know that. Do not name your baby after an inanimate object.

RORY: See? Way ahead of the pack.

LANE: Yeah. Hey... I wonder if um blanket ever met Tom and Katie's baby, Pillow.

RORY: Yeah, that would be a perfect play date.

LANE: Yeah, when it's nap time, they would be totally set.

RORY: And then they could invite Gwyneth's Apple over afterward for a little snack.

LANE: Banjo, Rachel Griffiths' baby, could play for them.

RORY: And then they could all jump in Mia Farrow's Satchel and make fun of, uh... what's his face?

LANE: Oh, Pilot Inspektor Lee.

RORY: Yeah.

[They giggle]

LIZ AND T.J.'S HOUSE

LIZ: Little more time, looks like.

T.J.: Can I set you up with another White Russian there, Luke?

LUKE: One was plenty, thank you.

LIZ: I can't believe it's not ready. I thought for sure it'd be ready by now. I'm so sorry, Luke. You must be starving.

LUKE: Don't worry about it.

LIZ: Uh maybe we should start with a little first course. Let me see what I have in here.

LUKE: So what exactly are you making that cooks for this long?

LIZ: Tuna loaf.

LUKE: Tuna loaf.

T.J.: That sounds amazing.

LUKE: Well, it's very thoughtful of you.

LIZ: Jello cups!

T.J.: Score.

LIZ: Well, anyway, invention is the mother of necessity. Eat your jello course. So it's not surprising, you know?

LUKE: What's not?

LIZ: You and Lorelai breaking up. I mean, that's not much of a surprise.

LUKE: Yeah. I don't know.

LIZ: I mean, I love Lorelai, but the two of you were...

LUKE: Were what?

LIZ: You were never in sync. I don't mean that in a bad way.

LUKE: What do you mean, we were never in sync?

LIZ: Okay, for one thing, you never really moved in together. You wanted to, but you never did. You were in two different places.

LUKE: Well, there was a logistical thing.

LIZ: And then, when you found out you had a daughter, you never told her. That's not normal, Luke. That's not how people in a healthy relationship act. It's like that space-time-continuum thing. You're

on a plane over here, and she's on this plane over there, and you were both never here nor there at the same time.

T.J.: It's like string theory.

LUKE: String Theory, what do you know about string theory?

T.J.: Don't underestimate me, Luke. I read. And I watch "Battlestar Galactica."

LUKE: Look, Lorelai and I just did not work out.

LIZ: You were on different planes. It could have worked out if there was a wormhole between your plane and her plane.

LUKE: We didn't need a wormhole.

LIZ: It was like that movie with, um, Keanu Reeves and Sandra Bullock.

T.J.: Exactly!

LIZ: Yeah.

T.J.: Oh, yes! Exactly, exactly!

LIZ: You're living in the same house, man, but you are a couple years apart in the space-time continuum.

T.J.: What house? It was a bus. Oh! I thought you were talking about "Speed." "Speed" applies, too.

LUKE: Lorelai and I didn't break up because we weren't on the same place in a space-time continuum or because there weren't any wormholes. We broke up because we weren't right for each other. Okay, it wasn't space. It wasn't time. It was us, okay? We didn't belong together. [Luke sounds like he is trying to convince himself] We never really... belonged together. We wanted to, but... we never did. That's it.

[The timer for the over rings, Liz gets up to get the food]

LIZ: I am so excited. [She pulls the food out of the oven] It's cold. The oven's cold. The oven's broken.

T.J.: Oh, man, still?

LIZ: We forgot to fix the oven. Oh, Luke, I am so sorry. I really wanted to make you a home-cooked meal.

LUKE: I'll go the store and get something to make for us.

LIZ: Oh, Luke.

LUKE: That's okay, really. I don't mind. Aw, I'll get us some stuff and make us a home-cooked meal. Your burners work?

LIZ: Yeah, they work.

LUKE: Okay, good. Great.

LIZ: At least you'll have a home-cooked meal.

LUKE: Okay, I'll be back in a bit.

LIZ: Okay.

SUPERMARKET

[Luke gets some food out of the freezer and turns to see Lorelai.]

LUKE: [Sighs] Hey.

LORELAI: Well, I guess both of us avoiding Dooze's didn't work out that well, huh?

LUKE: Well, I wasn't avoiding Dooze's. Just the closest market to Liz and T.J.'s house.

LORELAI: Right. Because you're not affected by this. You're not mad. I forgot.

LUKE: No, I...I was mad. I was really mad.

LORELAI: Yeah, I kind of figured.

LUKE: [Sighs] I know I was a jerk. I was just...mad.

LORELAI: I was the jerk. I was such a jerk.

LUKE: I'm not mad anymore. Well... [Sighs] That's not true, but... I won't be, you know, eventually. Really.

LORELAI: Yeah?

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Okay.

LUKE: It's not your fault. It's not my fault. It's just, we're not right together, you know? You're you, I'm me. I just... want to stop pretending we're something else. You don't belong with me. You belong with someone like Christopher. and I just... let's just stop fighting it, okay? And you go back to being Lorelai Gilmore. I'll go back to being the guy in the diner who pours your coffee.

[Lorelai looks like she is about the break down, but holds on.]

LORELAI: My hand's getting cold. [holds up some ice cream]

LUKE: [nods] Okay.

LORELAI: Okay.

[Lorelai walks past Luke and away from him]

LORELAI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

[Lorelai is sitting on the couch crying, Rory comes home and sees her, Rory sits next to Lorelai on the couch]

Episode End

