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## 01x14 - That Damn Donna Reed

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### 01x14 - That Damn Donna Reed

by **bunniefuu**

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1.14 - That Damn Donna Reed

written by Daniel Palladino & Amy Sherman-Palladino

directed by Michael Katleman

(Dean walks into Lorelai's house carrying a pizza.)

DEAN: Hello?

LORELAI: Do you come bearing pizza?

DEAN: I'm not an idiot.

LORELAI: Then get in here.

RORY: Hey.

DEAN: Hey.

LORELAI: Sit -- you're missing it.

DEAN: What are we watching?

LORELAI: The incomparable "Donna Reed Show."

RORY: What's in there?

DEAN: A salad.

RORY: Salad?

DEAN: Yeah, it's a quaint dish sometimes used to precede large quantities of pizza.

(Lorelai and Rory give him strange looks.)

DEAN: It's for me.

RORY: Clearly.

DEAN: So, who's Donna Reed.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: You don't know who Donna Reed is? The quintessential 50s mom with the perfect 50s family?

RORY: Never without a smile and high heels?

Hair, that if you hit it with a hammer, would crack?

DEAN: So it's a show?

RORY: It's a lifestyle.

LORELAI: It's a religion.

RORY: My favorite episode --

LORELAI: Mm, mm...tell me, tell me.

RORY: -- is when their son, Jeff, comes home from school and nothing happens.

LORELAI: Oh that's a good one. One of my favorites is when Mary, the daughter, gets a part-time job and nothing happens.

RORY: Another classic.

DEAN: So what's this one about?

LORELAI: This one is actually quite filled with intrigue. The husband, Alex, comes home late for dinner and he didn't call.

RORY: Might as well kick the dog too.

LORELAI: Oh, oh, look, she's making doughnuts.

DONNA REED: ...behind in the sugar department.

JEFF: I guess I was thinking of something else, Mom.

LORELAI: "Not that my sugary attitude wouldn't make anyone an instant diabetic."

RORY: Mother-daughter window washing. We should try that.

LORELAI: Yeah, right after mother-daughter shock treatments. "You know, Daughter, there's nothing more satisfying than washing windows -- oh no!"

RORY: "What? Did I miss a spot?"

LORELAI: "No, I just had an impure thought about your father, Alex. Funny -- I don't know why I had it. It isn't the second Saturday of the month."

RORY: (in a deeper voice) "Hey, I heard you had an impure thought."

LORELAI: "I must now sublimate all my impure thoughts by going into the kitchen and making an endless string of perfect casseroles."

DEAN: You're not even listening to the dialogue.

RORY: Ours is better.

DEAN: I don't know -- it all seems kind of nice to me.

RORY: What does?

DEAN: Well, you know, families hanging together. I mean, a wife cooking dinner for her husband. And look -- she seems really happy.

LORELAI: She's medicated.

RORY: And acting from a script.

LORELAI: Written by a man.

RORY: Well said, Sister Suffragette.

DEAN: What if she likes making doughnuts and dinner for her family and keeping things nice for them and --

(Rory and Lorelai stare at him.)

DEAN: OK, I feel very unpopular right now.

DONNA REED: You, know, dear, the first ten years we were married, I was upset when you came home late for dinner.

ALEX: And you're not anymore?

DONNA REED: Nope. You are no longer late for dinner. You're just extremely early for breakfast.

DEAN: Hey, I'm not saying a word.

(Cut to Lorelai and Rory entering Luke's.)

RORY: Can brains hurt?

LORELAI: Yes, it's hypochondria hour.

RORY: No, I'm serious. Last night when I was reading my biology chapters I distinctly heard a ping in the vicinity of my brain.

LORELAI: Your brain pinged?

RORY: Yeah. It just went like "dink."

LORELAI: Well then, honey, your brain dinked. It didn't ping.

RORY: Well I don't think a dinking brain is any less worrisome than a pinging brain.

LORELAI: Well, you got me there.

RORY: So should I go to a tumor doctor?

LORELAI: No, you don't have a tumor. You're reading too much. You're probably just losing your eyesight.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: You're welcome.

(Luke comes to take their order.)

LORELAI: Hi, can you take a little constructive criticism?

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: OK. This place could use a makeover.

LUKE: Hmm.

LORELAI: Yeah. It just needs a sprucing up. Like a coat of paint.

LUKE: I don't spruce.

LORELAI: What do you mean you don't spruce?

TAYLOR: What he means is he won't spruce, that's what he means.

LUKE: Taylor, do not start.

TAYLOR: Me and the rest of the town beautification committee have been hounding him for years to freshen up the place -- maybe a couple of nice zinnia pots out front, some yellow awnings, a peppy little cardboard pig announcing the specials -- but he's a mule. He won't talk, he won't reason, he won't spruce. You might as well forget it, Lorelai. I'm forgetting it too.

LUKE: Finally a Taylor Doose position I can get behind.

TAYLOR: Faded paint is a bad reflection on the whole town.

LUKE: Whatever happened to giving up?

TAYLOR: When standards slip, families flee and in comes the seedy crowd. You got trouble, my friends.

LORELAI: Right here in River City!

TAYLOR: This is not funny, Lorelai.

LUKE: Does anyone want anything?

LORELAI: Uh, yes, I do. I want to know why you won't paint this place.

LUKE: Painting's a pain. I'd have to close the place for a day -- which I can't afford -- or paint it in the middle of the night -- which I don't want to do because I hate painting.

LORELAI: OK, how about this? I'll help you. I love to paint.

LUKE: You do?

LORELAI: Yes, I do.

LUKE: You love it?

LORELAI: I want to marry it.

LUKE: You have strange passions.

RORY: She likes washing dishes too. She's mult-faceted abnormal.

LORELAI: Ah, come on. We'll drink a couple beers, we'll sing painting songs.

LUKE: Painting songs.

LORELAI: Yeah, painting songs. Like, uh, you know, the song that goes, um...(singing) "Grab your brush and grab your rollers/All you kids and all you...bowlers/We're going paintin' today!" Say yes or there's another verse.

LUKE: Well I guess maybe...if I had help.

TAYLOR: Really? Oh my God! That's wonderful! Hurrah!

LUKE: Taylor, it's not for you. It's for me.

TAYLOR: I can't wait to tell the rest of the committee. They're not going to believe this.

LUKE: I hate that he's pleased.

LORELAI: Ah, you'll drop a gum wrapper on the street in front of his store later.

LUKE: Yeah, good idea.

(Cut to the Gilmores' weekly Friday night dinner.)

LORELAI Mmm. Kick-ass wine.

EMILY: How poetic.

LORELAI: It's got a nice smell: earthy, vibrant. I can taste the Italians' feet.

RICHARD: It's a Bordeaux. It's French.

LORELAI: Ah. What's an Italian foot doing in a French wine?

RORY: So when do you guys leave for Martha's Vineyard?

RICHARD: Ah, we're not going to Martha's Vineyard this year.

RORY: Really? Why not?

RICHARD: Our usual rental wasn't available when we inquired -- late.

EMILY: We should have just bought a place years ago like I wanted.

RICHARD: It wouldn't have been prudent.

EMILY: Now we have no place to go next week.

RORY: Well you could always go somewhere else, couldn't you?

RICHARD: We always go to the Vineyard at this time of year.

LORELAI: Well, you know, you could break the chain, Dad. Go to Paris.

RORY: Yes, Paris!

LORELAI: Impressionism, poodles.

RORY: Creme broule.

LORELAI: Oh, that's great!

RICHARD: Impossible!

LORELAI: Pourquoi? (to Rory) French.

EMILY: We only go to Europe in the fall.

LORELAI: You know, Mom, I heard a rumor Europe's still there in the spring.

RORY: I heard that too.

EMILY: We know that it's there in the spring but we never go in the spring because we always go in the fall.

LORELAI: It's getting a little too Lewis Carroll for me.

RICHARD: Well what is so interesting about Europe in the spring?

LORELAI: Spring vegetables.

EMILY: You want us to go to Europe to eat a vegetable?

LORELAI: No, Mom. I don't know. There's all kinds of stuff. There's festivals and, you know, Europe.

EMILY: In the fall.

RICHARD: It costs a fortune to travel first class in Europe. We only do it every two years.

EMILY: In the fall.

RICHARD: It's just not in the budget this year.

LORELAI: You don't have to fly first class.

(Emily and Richard look stunned.)

LORELAI: 'Cause there's always coach.

(Ricahrd looks horrified.)

LORELAI: Or business class is slightly less. There's deals on the internet. (no answer) Hmm. Pass the potatoes.

RORY: You got it.

(Cut to Lorelai's kitchen. She's mending Rory's Chilton sweater while Rory is wearing it. Rory is using index cards to study. Occasionally she reaches across the table for another card.)

RORY: Catherine the Great - 1729 to '96. Empress of Russia - 1762 to '96.

LORELAI: OK, hold still please.

RORY: Originally named Sophie Friedricke Augustine von Anhalt-Zerbst.

LORELAI: But everybody called her "Kitten."

RORY: Married to Grand Duke Peter of Holstein in 1754.

LORELAI: OK, Rory, seriously.

RORY: The marriage was an unhappy one.

LORELAI: Well there were way too many names.

(Rory reaches for another card.)

LORELAI: Ow! Lady with notecards just look at lady with needle and just try to focus for one second so that I can sew the button on your sweater and not on my thumb.

RORY: I'm sorry.

(Knock on the door.)

RORY: I'll get it!

(Rory rushes to the door.)

LORELAI: Oh, you're four years old.

(Rory lets Babette in.)

BABETTE: Oh, hiya, baby doll.

RORY: Hi, Babette.

LORELAI: Hey! Do you want some coffee?

BABETTE: Oh, no thanks. I just came over to ask a great big favor.

LORELAI: Ask away.

BABETTE: Well, see, Morey just got a call to play a gig at the Village Vanguard tonight so we got to go to New York.

LORELAI: Oh wow! Cream?

BABETTE: And sugar. Thanks. Anyway, yesterday Morey and I finally broke down and we got ourselves a new little baby, you know?

LORELAI: Oh, honey, you got a kitten! Good for you.

RORY: What's its name?

BABETTE: Apricot. He's just the cutest thing. But he's so teeny. There's no way he can go with us and I would hate for him to stay all alone in the house so I was thinking maybe Rory could come over and house-sit for the evening.

RORY: I'd love to.

BABETTE: Oh great! We've got a kitchen full of food and Morey just got cable so you can watch those four girls talking dirty if you want to.

RORY: Sounds good.

BABETTE: You're an angel. Both of you -- angels. You have a key, right?

LORELAI: We got it covered.

BABETTE: Oh great. All right. I'll leave ya the number where we're staying. Have a good time. We'll be back tomorrow morning. I love you crazy girls.

LORELAI: Bye!

BABETTE: Bye!

(Babette leaves.)

LORELAI: Wow. I can't believe how fast you jumped at the chance to spend a night away from me.

RORY: You're crazy. I'm doing her a favor.

LORELAI: Mm-hm, mm-hm. Sure you are.

RORY: Mom!

LORELAI: No, no, that's OK. Don't you worry about me. I'll be just fine.

RORY: I'd like to debate you on that last subject but I'm late for the bus.

LORELAI: You know, this is only like the second night we've ever spent apart. Doesn't that make you sad?

RORY: Yeah, but I'll get over it.

LORELAI: Uh-huh. Well, Paul and Linda McCartney only spent eleven nights apart their entire relationship. Did you know that?

RORY: I did not know that.

LORELAI: Well they were truly devoted to each other. Just the being apart was too painful to even talk about.

RORY: I understand.

LORELAI: I don't think that Linda would have even considered cat-sitting without Paul.

RORY: You know, Mom, when I go off to college, I'm gonna be gone every night. What will you do



then?

LORELAI: Well, I will go with you. I will sleep on the floor in your dorm, next to your bed.

RORY: Well at least you've got a plan.

LORELAI: Yes. Um, perhaps you'd like to take a picture of me with you tonight, you know, just in case you get lonely, you can talk to it.

RORY: Bye.

(Cut to a man leaning against a streetlight while singing. Dean is waiting for Rory's bus.)

DEAN: Carry your bird, Miss?

RORY: Hi! I didn't expect to see you here.

DEAN: Just wanted to say hello.

(He kisses her.)

RORY: Hello.

DEAN: Hello.

(They kiss again.)

RORY: Hello.

DEAN: So...who's your friend?

RORY: Homework.

DEAN: Really?

RORY: We will be cohabitating for the next month so I can examine its every move. Jealous?

DEAN: I'll get over it.

RORY: So -- hey -- I'm house-sitting tonight for Babette and I was thinking maybe if the right offer came along I might be up to some company.

DEAN: Well I'm offering.

RORY: I'm accepting.

DEAN: Good.

RORY: You want to get some coffee?

DEAN: I can't. I have to get to work.

RORY: I thought you go to work at five.

DEAN: No, four on Thursdays. For some reason Thursday is always really busy. Lots of oppressed housewives shopping for their husbands' dinners.

RORY: Wow.

DEAN: What?

RORY: That was a little pointed.

DEAN: What are you talking about?

RORY: That crack about the housewives shopping for their husbands' dinners.

DEAN: Come on -- it was a joke.

RORY: Yeah, well, it was a pretty weird joke to hear coming out of your mouth.

DEAN: You are so sensitive about the whole Donna Reed thing.

RORY: I'm not sensitive about it. I just find it ridiculous.

DEAN: Why?

RORY: What do you mean why?

DEAN: Well, so she cooked a lot.

RORY: A lot? She made homemade doughnuts, chocolate cake, a lamp chop-mashed potato dinner, and enough stew to feed Cambodia all in one episode.

DEAN: So what?

RORY: You really like that concept, don't you?

DEAN: No, I -- well, yeah, sort of.

RORY: Oh my God.

DEAN: I mean, it's a little over the top but the general idea of a wife cooking dinner for her husband and family, that's nice. Why is that not nice?

RORY: It's not just that. It's the having to have the dinner on the table as soon as the husband gets home and having to look perfect to do housework and the whole concept that her one point in life is to serve somebody else.

DEAN: Fine, yes, but maybe there are two points of view here.

RORY: I don't think so.

DEAN: Well you just feel that way because your mother feels that way.

RORY: Oh -- what -- so I have no opinions of my own?

DEAN: I didn't mean that.

RORY: Well if I have no opinions of my own then I guess I'd be just the kind of girl you like.

DEAN: Rory, my mom used to make dinner for my dad every day before she started working. And

now she even does it on the weekends. So what does that say about her?

RORY: It says that she has a choice and Donna Reed didn't.

DEAN: You do realize that Donna Reed wasn't real, don't you?

RORY: Yes, I know she wasn't real, but she represented millions of women that were real and did have to dress like that and act like that.

DEAN: Please tell me how we got into an argument about The Donna Reed Show.

RORY: I don't know.

(Dean sighs.)

DEAN: OK, look, I got to go to work.

(Dean starts to walk away.)

RORY: Dean.

DEAN: What?

RORY: Bird?

DEAN: Oh.

(Dean gives Rory back her chick.)

(Cut to Lorelai sitting at the kitchen table cutting out pictures from magazines. Rory enters the house.)

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Hey, good. I was just about to leave.

RORY: Where are you going?

LORELAI: To Luke's. We're picking out paint colors tonight so it's going to be hours of "yes," "no," "yes," "no," "yes," "no," until my world-famous perseverance wears him down and he winds up in a ball on the floor crying like a girl. Wanna come watch?

RORY: I'm house-sitting tonight, remember?

LORELAI: Yeah, but you have to eat. Come have a quick burger.

RORY: No thanks.

(Rory sets the bird cage down in front of Lorelai.)

LORELAI: Oh! What is that?

RORY: It's for school.

LORELAI: Oh, he's so cute! What's his name?

RORY: Case Study Number Twelve.

LORELAI: Is it hyphenated? Honey, he's adorable. He should have a name.

RORY: I'm not bonding with my midterm, thank you.

LORELAI: Alright, I'll name him. (to chick) Hi! Your name is Stanley. Hi, Stanley.

RORY: It's a girl.

LORELAI: Oh. (to chick) Sorry about the Stanley thing. Your name is Stella. (to Rory) Stella's nice and Stella was married to Stanley.

RORY: Call it whatever you want.

LORELAI: You're grumpy. What happened?

RORY: Nothing, just a long day.

LORELAI: You know what the remedy for a long day is? A ringside seat while Luke envisions strangling me with his baseball cap.

RORY: I'm gonna leave the chick here for the night so the kitten doesn't get any fancy ideas.

LORELAI: OK.

RORY: She's already been fed and if she gets too loud just put her in my room. I'll call you later.

LORELAI: OK. Hey...are you OK?

RORY: Yeah. Just a bad afternoon. I'll fix it.

LORELAI: OK. Call me if you need a wrench or something.

RORY: I will.

(Rory leaves.)

LORELAI: (to chick) Stella.

(Cut to Luke's.)

LORELAI: Now, this is another way to go. Sort of a French bistro kind of look.

LUKE: This isn't a French bistro

LORELAI: Really? Huh. It's amazing the things you learn when you bother to listen.

LUKE: Which you usually don't.

LORELAI: Yes, but then I don't have a lot of useless information intruding in my brain.

LUKE: Thank God.

LORELAI: Now, if you wanted to do more warm, golden Tuscan countryside --

LUKE: Then I'd go to Italy. (to customer) Here, I'll wrap this up.

LORELAI: We could also go with a pastely English country garden theme. Oh, maybe we could add a little stenciling on the ceiling.

LUKE: No stenciling!

LORELAI: Excuse me -- do you even know what stenciling is?

LUKE: Does Martha Stewart do it?

LORELAI: Yes.

LUKE: (firmly) No stenciling.

(Taylor and Kirk come in.)

TAYLOR: Ask him.

KIRK: I will.

TAYLOR: Well, go on.

KIRK: Don't push. Hello, Luke.

LUKE: What do you want, Kirk?

KIRK: Taylor here tells me that you're thinking of painting this place.

LORELAI: That's right, he is.

TAYLOR: Ha!

KIRK: Excuse me, I'd like to hear it from him. Luke, is--is it true?

LUKE: Yes, Kirk, it is true.

KIRK: Really?

LUKE: Yes.

KIRK: And that's your final decision?

LUKE: I'm afraid it is.

KIRK: Because it's not too late to --

TAYLOR: You heard him! He's painting this place. Pay up.

(Kirk hands Taylor some money and heads for the door.)

TAYLOR: Thank you.

LUKE: Sorry, man.

KIRK: It's a little too late for that, don't you think?

(Taylor follows Kirk out, stopping to look at Lorelai's paint samples.)

TAYLOR: Ooh, I like this.

(Taylor leaves. Luke rolls his eyes.)

LORELAI: OK, I get it.

(Cut to Babette's. Rory is putting Apricot's food into a dish. Apricot meows.)

RORY: Hold on. There you go. Meow if you need anything else.

(Rory leaves Apricot with her food and and tries to study but can't concentrate. She goes the the phone and dials.)

RORY: Hi, is Dean in? This is Rory. (pause) Oh. Well, will you tell him I called? (pause) OK, thanks.

(Cut to Luke's)

LORELAI: You ready to talk paint?

LUKE: No.

LORELAI: Good. I've got all the choices set up and while any one of them would work, I think this combo is currently my favorite.

LUKE: Huh.

LORELAI: See? Imagine. This will be for the walls and this will be for the trim -- the, like, edging around the doors and the windows.

LUKE: I know what the trim is.

LORELAI: OK. The colors are actually quite similar to what you have here now, but they're just a little richer, a little warmer. What do you think?

LUKE: Well.

LORELAI: Wait, wait, wait.

(Lorelai goes to dim the lights.)

LORELAI: A little ambiance.

LUKE: This is a diner. We don't do ambiance.

LORELAI: All right. One argument at a time. So what do you think?

LUKE: Honestly?

LORELAI: Yep.

LUKE: I have no idea. You like it?

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: OK.

LORELAI: Good.

(Andrew bursts in with a camera and starts taking pictures.)

LUKE: What are you doing?

ANDREW: Oh -- um, the town council wanted to do a before and after poster.

LUKE: Out!

ANDREW: Bye.

(Luke flips the sign to "Closed" and locks the door.)

LUKE: That's it. We're closed for the night.

LORELAI: You know, listen -- since you have to take everything off the walls to decide what stuff you're going to keep and what stuff you're to get rid of.

LUKE: Everything stays.

LORELAI: OK, there's a plastic dancing pork chop that says --

LUKE: Everything stays.

LORELAI: "I lost my head over a good chop. You should too."

LUKE: Everything stays.

LORELAI: Ok. Everything stays.

LUKE: You know, this place hasn't been painted since my dad was alive.

LORELAI: No, I didn't know that.

LUKE: He painted it before he opened it and once more when the roof caved in one winter. I think that's probably it.

LORELAI: The paint lasted a long time. He got his money's worth.

LUKE: Yep. He really loved this place, you know. This store was his life. Mine too, I guess. I spent every minute I wasn't in school here. I spent a lot of minutes I was supposed to be in school in here too.

LORELAI: How come you opened a diner? Why didn't you keep it a hardware store?

LUKE: I don't know. I didn't love the hardware business the way my dad did, and, you know, I knew how to cook, so I just thought a diner would be more...fun.

LORELAI: (laughing) That's a hard word for you to say.

LUKE: (laughs) Yeah. I just always wanted to work here. Just where Dad did.

LORELAI: God that's nice. To be so -- I don't know -- connected to your dad. That's -- I would have loved that.

LUKE: Well you've got that with Rory.

LORELAI: Yeah...I guess so.

LUKE: You know, I still think there's a spot on the wall somewhere where my dad took an order one day when he ran out of paper.

LORELAI: Really? Where?

LUKE: I don't know. Behind the counter maybe.

(Lorelai goes behind the counter.)

LUKE: Next to the door. On the right side.

(Lorelai sits on the floor. Luke joins her.)

LORELAI: Oh. Huh. Here it is: "Three hammers, Phillips-head screwdrivers --"

LUKE: "and three boxes of nails in assorted sizes."

LORELAI: Oh.

LUKE: I've seen it from time to time.

(They laugh.)

LUKE: Yeah, well, I guess it is time for a little spruce.

LORELAI: Yeah, it is. But let's not spruce this particular spot.

LUKE: That sounds good.

LORELAI: OK.

(They look at each other then hear voices outside. Luke starts to get up.)

LUKE: Oh, jeez --

LORELAI: No, no, don't get up.

LUKE: But if I don't get up --

LORELAI: They'll go away. They'll go away, trust me. Shh.

(Taylor rattles the doorknob and knocks on the window.)

TAYLOR: What are they doing? They should be in there. Just imagine it all in pastels. The whole thing.

(When they can't see anything, the crowd leaves.)

LUKE: Thank you.



LORELAI: You're welcome: (whispers) I should go.

LUKE: OK.

LORELAI: Ah, so. It's going to be great.

LUKE: Oh, I'm sure it is.

LORELAI: See ya.

LUKE: See ya.

(Lorelai leaves.)

(Cut to Lane's room.)

RORY: Lane?

LANE: Yo.

RORY: Hey how's it going?

LANE: Very well. I have discovered that in addition to my lameness in geometry I also will not become a biologist, French translator, or Civil w\*r buff.

RORY: Well I guess that just leaves bass player for the Foo Fighters.

LANE: I also wouldn't rule out keyboardist in the Siouxsie and the Banshees reunion tour.

RORY: I like that you keep an open mind.

LANE: So what's up?

RORY: I need to borrow a CD.

LANE: Which one?

RORY: The weird one.

LANE: I need more information.

RORY: I don't know which one it is but I'd know it if I saw it.

LANE: OK, well let's have a look.

(Lane pulls up various floorboards to reveal hidden CDs.)

LANE: We have classic rock, progressive rock, pretty boy rock --

RORY: Excuse me?

LANE: Bon Jovi, Duran Duran, The Wallflowers, Bush.

RORY: Got it. Next?

LANE: Punk, New Wave, German metal bands. Broadway soundtracks.

RORY: Interesting filing system.

LANE: Anything yet?

RORY: Nope, sorry.

LANE: OK, well over there we have jazz, jazz vocals, classical, country, rockabilly, Sinatra -- The Capitol Years. Oh wait! The miscellaneous section.

RORY: Hey, that sounds right. William Shatner. Is this the one where he sings Tambourine Man?

LANE: And Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds.

RORY: Remind me to get this for my mom for her birthday. Oh wait. Hey, that's it. Can I?

LANE: Take it.

RORY: Thanks.

LANE: So what are you doing?

RORY: Um, I'm not completely sure yet.

LANE: OK. Well I want details.

(Cut to Lorelai getting home. She looks in the chick's cage -- it's empty.)

LORELAI: (yelling) Stella!

(Lorelai starts looking all over the house for Stella.)

LORELAI: Oh, no. No, no. OK. Stella, do something. Show yourself. Molt or chirp or something. Oh this is so not funny. Not funny, not funny. Oh this is so unbelievable. All day long, just chirps like a maniac at the top of her lungs. Now, nothing. Silence. Marcel Marceau chicken. OK, that's OK. I can fix this. We can fix this.

(Lorelai goes to the phone.)

LORELAI: I'm going to make this better. I'm going to fix --

LORELAI: Hello?

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Luke? Stella got out and I don't know -- do I put seed on the floor? Do I make cheeping sounds? Or do I pull a Lucy Ricardo and walk like a chicken so she thinks I'm her mother?

LUKE: Who the hell is this?

LORELAI: What do you mean who is this? It's Lorelai. Who else would call you looking for her baby chick?

LUKE: You're right. I'm the idiot. Go on.

LORELAI: Could you come over here, please, and help me?

LUKE: Uh, yeah, OK. I'll be right over.

LORELAI: OK, hurry!

(Luke knocks.)

LORELAI: Thank God. Get in here.

LUKE: This place is a disaster. What's going on?

LORELAI: OK, the last sighting was here, by the InStyle magazine. But then she burrowed through the Glamour and jumped over the Cosmo and knocked over a brand new bottle of nail polish so all I can tell you is if there was any doubt that this chick was a girl, well, there isn't anymore.

(Stella cheeps.)

LORELAI: OK, there she is!

LUKE: Jeez -- what was that?

LORELAI: Stella! Stella!

LUKE: You really do have a chick loose in here.

LORELAI: Yeah, I told you I had a chick loose in here. There she goes by the kitchen!

(They run after Stella.)

LORELAI: Don't step on her!

LUKE: She cut right in front of me.

LORELAI: OK, well she's being graded so let's not squash her.

LUKE: Well then tell her to watch where she's going.

(Cut to Babette's house. The phone rings.)

RORY: Hello?

DEAN: Um, I wasn't sure if you still wanted me to come over.

RORY: Oh, I do. I do, I absolutely do.

DEAN: Are you sure?

RORY: Yeah, I'm totally and completely -- You're teasing me.

DEAN: Yeah, a little. But I did appreciate the enthusiasm.

RORY: So how long until you get here?

DEAN: Actually, not long at all.

RORY: Why where are you?

DEAN: Right outside.

(Rory goes to the door and opens it. She's wearing a Donna Reed dress.)

DEAN: Uh, what the --

RORY: Honey, you're home.

RORY: Well, say something.

DEAN: Trick or treat?

RORY: What? You don't like it?

DEAN: No, I do. It's -- uh -- it's got a large circumference.

RORY: Thank you. Now come on in. It's cold outside.

(They go inside.)

DEAN: Oh my God.

RORY: Here, let me take your coat.

DEAN: Uh, thank you.

RORY: You're welcome.

DEAN: Interesting music.

RORY: I'm glad you like it.

DEAN: So what's that?

RORY: Oh, just some appetizers before dinner.

DEAN: Before dinner?

RORY: Yeah.

DEAN: Are we going out?

RORY: No.

DEAN: Ordering pizza?

RORY: Nope.

DEAN: So...?

RORY: I made you dinner.

DEAN: Excuse me?

RORY: Steak, green beans, mashed potatoes --

DEAN: Wait, you made me dinner?

RORY: That's right.

DEAN: You made me dinner.

RORY: And dessert.

DEAN: OK, what is going on here?

RORY: I'm sorry, I thought it was obvious. It's Donna Reed night.  
(Cut to Lorelai's.)

LORELAI: I swear, she went over there.

LUKE: We looked over there.

LORELAI: Well, she went under that chair and she didn't come out.

LUKE: We moved the chair, we searched the floor, nothing.

LORELAI: Well then she went under the chair and through a hole in the floor.

LUKE: There is no hole in the floor.

LORELAI: Well maybe there was a hole in the floor and she crawled through it and fixed it.

LUKE: So she's a super intelligent chick with great physical and deductive skills?

LORELAI: Yes.

LUKE: Oh, this is not a chick I want to find.

LORELAI: Hey, Luke, what did you mean earlier?

LUKE: What are you talking about?

LORELAI: When you got here. You made some comment about me not really having a chick in the house.

LUKE: Hmm.

LORELAI: I mean, if I didn't have a chick here, why did you think I was calling?

LUKE: No, I thought you were calling about the chick.

LORELAI: It didn't seem like it.

LUKE: Well maybe it didn't seem like it but it was.

LORELAI: Was what?

LUKE: Was what I thought -- can we just keep looking?

LORELAI: OK. I just still think that --

LUKE: There she is.

LORELAI: Where?

LUKE: There!

(Crash)

LORELAI: Careful.

(Cut to Babette's. Rory and Dean are eating dinner.)

RORY: Well?

DEAN: What can I say?

RORY: You can say it's perfect.

DEAN: It's perfect.

RORY: Thank you. How is it really?

DEAN: It's perfect.

RORY: Yeah?

DEAN: It's amazing. I mean, I've never had anyone make dinner for me before. Except my mom, and, believe me, it's not the same.

RORY: I'm extremely glad to hear that.

(Dean reaches for another helping.)

RORY: Wait, wait, you want to save room for dessert, right?

DEAN: Oh, that's right. So...what's for dessert?

RORY: Lime Fantasy Supreme.

DEAN: Which is?

(Rory goes to the refrigerator.)

RORY: Green Jell-o and Cool Whip!

DEAN: You are insane.

RORY: Oh, no, I forgot to make the rolls.

DEAN: What?

RORY: I was going to make rolls.

DEAN: Well that's OK.

RORY: I can't believe I forgot them.

(Rory starts to open the rolls.)

DEAN: What are you doing?

RORY: I'll make 'em now.

DEAN: Hold on, it's -- come on, we really don't need rolls.

RORY: Donna Reed would have never forgotten the rolls. They're gonna make me turn in my pearls.

(They kiss.)

DEAN: I promise I'll kick anyone's butt who comes near those pearls.

(They kiss again.)

DEAN: Rory?

RORY: Yes?

DEAN: As amazing as this whole thing was, I mean, the music, the outfit, the dinner, I hope you know that I don't expect you to be Donna Reed. And I don't want you to be Donna Reed. That's not what I meant. This just totally got blown out of proportion. I'm actually pretty happy with you.

RORY: I know and I appreciate that, but aside from this actually being fun, I did a little research on Donna Reed.

DEAN: You did research on Donna Reed.

RORY: Look. See, she did do the whole milk and cookies wholesome big skirt thing, but aside from that, she was an uncredited producer and director on her television show, which made her one of the first women television executives. Which is actually pretty impressive.

DEAN: Well I'm glad this turned out to be such a positive experience for you.

RORY: It has been. And even though I'll probably never get the feeling back in my left little toe, I'd do it again.

DEAN: Yeah?

RORY: Someday. But for now I'd better get these dishes cleaned up.

DEAN: Oh, well, I'll help.

RORY: Sorry, you're a man. You can't help for another fifteen years.

DEAN: OK, well, then, as the man I will do what the man is supposed to do.

RORY: Go bowling?

DEAN: Take out the trash.

(Cut to Lorelai's.)

LORELAI: She's never going anywhere ever again. I'm thinking of slipping some super glue on the bottom of the cage. That would be bad, right? I mean, I know staples are bad but what's the verdict on super glue?

LUKE: Ask Stella.

(Luke is taking out the trash, including a broken lamp.)

LORELAI: Oh, you don't have to do that.

LUKE: This stuff is sharp. I want to get it out of the way.

LORELAI: Well, thanks for helping.

LUKE: No problem. I'm going to throw this stuff outside.

(Luke goes outside just as Dean is stepping out Babette's door. On their way to the trash cans, they meet between the two house.)

DEAN: Hey.

LUKE: Hey.

DEAN: What are you doing here?

LUKE: What are you doing here?

DEAN: You first.

LUKE: I'm looking for a chick.

DEAN: Yeah, me too.

LUKE: You are not.

DEAN: Well, neither are you.

LORELAI: Hey, Luke, is there -- Dean.

DEAN: Uh, Lorelai, hi.

LORELAI: Fancy meeting you here.

LUKE: Yeah.

DEAN: Well, uh --

RORY: Hey, the Jell-o is doing this weird melting thing and I -- oh, Mom, Luke.

LUKE: Rory.

RORY: Hi.

LORELAI: Uh, what the hell are you two doing?



DEAN: Nothing. She, uh -- well we ate dinner. You know, steak and beans --

RORY: Canned.

LORELAI: Canned.

RORY: Not fresh.

DEAN: No.

LORELAI: No.

DEAN: And potatoes.

RORY: From a box.

DEAN: But they were still good.

RORY: Thank you.

DEAN: You're welcome.

RORY: So what were you guys doing?

LORELAI: Oh. Uh -- In the house...

LUKE: And then the lamp sorta -- I'm gonna get going.

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: I'm sorry about this.

LORELAI: Forget it.

LUKE: OK. Bye.

DEAN: Yeah, I probably better go too. Thanks for dinner.

RORY: You're welcome.

(Luke and Dean leave.)

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Well, OK, you're 16. You have a whole house to yourself for the evening. I expect that you're going to have your boyfriend over. But what is with the apron?

RORY: It's a long story.

LORELAI: Did it involve a sharp blow to the head?

RORY: I gotta go check on Apricot.

LORELAI: Oh my God! I just saw the pearls.

RORY: I'm going in now.

LORELAI: You know what? I'm going inside too. 'Cause I have to write down all the ways I'm gonna torture you about that outfit.

RORY: Good night!

(Rory goes inside.)

LORELAI: Could I just get a picture though? 'Cause visual aids would really help. Oh, oh! Oh the shoes! I am dying. Oh.

(Rory rushes back outside.)

RORY: Mom! I can't find Apricot!

LORELAI: What? No!

RORY: She was on the couch when I came out, and now, nowhere.

LORELAI: That's it! We are not animal people! Period.

(Cut to the kitchen at the inn. Lorelai walks in.)

MICHEL: It was a tiny little favor.

SOOKIE: We have had this discussion before, Michel.

MICHEL: You are being unreasonable.

SOOKIE: I have my standards.

MICHEL: But this is a simple request.

SOOKIE: You are asking me to compromise my artistic and my culinary values.

LORELAI: Michel wanted an egg white omelette.

SOOKIE: Yes.

LORELAI: Crazy man.

MICHEL: Why? Why am I crazy man? I didn't have time for breakfast this morning, so very nicely I asked her to make me an egg white omelette cooked very dry with some tomatoes, mushroom, maybe a little chives, and she gives me this.

LORELAI: What is this?

SOOKIE: A three egg omelette with goat cheese cooked in a sherry olive oil.

MICHEL: I don't eat dairy or meat. You know this.

SOOKIE: I am a chef, Michel. It is my job to make food that tastes good.

LORELAI: (eating the omelette) And you do sister!

MICHEL: But I can't eat like that and look like her. (gestures to Lorelai)

LORELAI: You don't know what you're missing.

MICHEL: That will k\*ll you.

LORELAI: You gotta go someday.

MICHEL: But someday all of this will catch up with you. You will become the balloon lady, and with any luck I will be here to enjoy it.

(Michel stomps out.)

LORELAI: But you make a good egg white omelette.

SOOKIE: I know.

LORELAI: Ah. Who wants to hear about my night?

SOOKIE: Oh, me!

LORELAI: Well, it started with Rory's baby chick getting loose in the house and ended with Rory and I up at one in the morning looking for Morey and Babette's new kitten, who we found asleep in the piano.

SOOKIE: Wow, that's very Wild Kingdom of you.

LORELAI: Yeah. I'm like the Marlin Perkins of Stars Hollow.

SOOKIE: You want some coffe?

LORELAI: Please.

SOOKIE: So how's Rory's chick?

LORELAI: Uh, better than my lemon lamp.

SOOKIE: What's the matter with your lemon lamp?

LORELAI: Luke k\*llled it.

SOOKI: On purpose?

LORELAI: Well I can't prove it, but I will.

SOOKIE: What was Luke doing there?

LORELAI: Well I called him when I got home and Stella wasn't there.

SOOKIE: Stella is the chick?

LORELAI: Yes.

SOOKIE: I like that name.

LORELAI: 'Streetcar Named Desire'.

SOOKIE: Vivian Leigh or Jessica Tandy?

LORELAI: Hello -- Tandy.

SOOKIE: Of course. Continue.

LORELAI: So I evaluated the situation in my usual calm, collected manner --

SOOKIE: Hmm.

LORELAI: And then I called Luke to help me track her down.

SOOKIE: That's when he broke the lamp?

LORELAI: Yeah, he's not very graceful. You know, he said the weirdest thing.

SOOKIE: 'May I break your lamp?'

LORELAI: Well he got there and I was looking for Stella and he said, 'Oh, you really do have a baby chick loose in the house,' like I made that up, or -- I don't know.

SOOKIE: Well.

LORELAI: Well what?

SOOKIE: Well you call someone and you say, 'Can you come over and help me look for my loose chick?' It's a little...

LORELAI: A little what?

SOOKIE: It sounds a little like the code for, 'I'm not wearing any underwear.'

LORELAI: That's not the code for 'I'm not wearing any underwear.'

SOOKIE: OK.

LORELAI: Sookie, you're not serious?

SOOKIE: Look, the first time Jackson and I...you know.

LORELAI: Yeah.

SOOKIE: Yeah. I called him up and I told him I had a bat in my attic.

LORELAI: Well, honey, you do have a bat in your attic.

SOOKIE: So, he came over and went in the attic and he knew there was no bat and I knew there was no bat, but we pretended to look for it, and then when we couldn't find "the bat" we went downstairs and we had a bottle of wine..

LORELAI: So you're saying Luke thought I made up a crazy story about a chick being loose in the house just to get him in bed?

SOOKIE: Not just to get him in bed, but maybe he thought you wanted to see him and you didn't know how to say it.

LORELAI: That's nuts.

SOOKIE A woman asking a man to come over late at night to her house. Come on.

LORELAI: Yeah. But this is Luke we're talking about.

SOOKIE: Uh-huh. Why did you call him?

LORELAI: Because I needed help.

SOOKIE: Yeah. Why didn't you call me?

LORELAI: Because I assumed you would be with Jackson.

SOOKIE: Uh-huh.

LORELAI: Well I did.

SOOKIE: Why didn't you call Rory?

LORELAI: Because she would have been furious to find out that Stella was missing.

SOOKIE: Why didn't you call Patty? She raises chickens.

LORELAI: Sookie.

SOOKIE: Or Andrew? He lives right around the corner, doesn't he?

LORELAI: What is your point?

SOOKIE: My point is that you called Luke. Out of all the people in town that you could have called that would have come over and dropped what they were doing, you called Luke.

LORELAI: Because I had just been with him. We were picking out paint samples. He was on my mind. It was purely a timing thing.

SOOKIE: Picking out samples.

LORELAI: Yes.

SOOKIE: For Luke's place.

LORELAI: Yes.

SOOKIE: So you could paint together.

LORELAI: Once again, yes!

SOOKIE: Mm-hmm. Which I believe was your idea.

LORELAI: OK, so now the fact that I suggested painting Luke's diner also means that I wanted to get him in bed. All of a sudden I'm trying to get any poor, unsuspecting person in bed with me. I'm like - I'm Michael Douglas!

SOOKIE: Lorelai. This --

LORELAI: Just -- thanks for the omelette.

SOOKIE: No, honey, I'm sorry. I don't want you to be mad. Don't be mad at me.

LORELAI: I'm not mad, I'm not mad. I'm tired.

SOOKIE: OK. You know, Luke is a really nice man.

LORELAI: Bye, Sookie.

(Cut to Emily and Richard's. Emily answers the door.)

EMILY: Rory, Lorelai.

LORELAI: Hey, we thought maybe the doorbell wasn't working.

EMILY: Come in.

LORELAI: We were ringing it and ringing it and nobody -- I guess we'll just come in.

(Emily has gone back to the main room, where she and Richard are talking to a man on the speaker phone.)

EMILY: And that would be the same as what we were paying for our old place?

JOHN (on the phone): Exactly the same.

RICHARD: Except for the grounds fees.

JOHN: Well the grounds fees are higher.

EMILY: But the grounds are larger, Richard.

RICHARD: I'm just trying to get all the information, Emily.

EMILY: All the information is that this is our last chance to go to Martha's Vineyard for the season. That's all the information.

JOHN: Emily, Richard.

RICHARD: I realize the position we are in, but this is a business transaction.

EMILY: Oh for heaven's sake.

JOHN: Richard, Emily

RICHARD: As a business transaction, one in which money goes out and we receive certain goods and services --

EMILY: And he's patronizing me, how lovely.

JOHN: Emily, Richard.

RICHARD: I must treat this conversation with the same care and devotion to detail I would any conversation that would be considered a business transaction. Kindly allow me to do so.

JOHN: Richard! Emily! Please!

EMILY: Goodness, you startled me.

JOHN: I'm sorry, I just wanted to say that I'm sure we could negotiate the grounds fee.

RICHARD: Well, that will be fine.

JOHN: Good. I'll get into this right now and I'll get back to you.

EMILY: Thank you, John.

RICHARD: Yes, we'll talk to you later.

JOHN: Bye.

EMILY: Careful, Richard. That canary you ate is going to spoil your dinner.

LORELAI: What's going on?

RICHARD: Oh, your mother and I have just secured a place on Martha's Vineyard.

RORY: Really, that's great!

LORELAI: I thought you lost your old place.

EMILY: We did. But this afternoon we found out that Arthur Roundtree had died.

RICHARD: He'd been drinking.

EMILY: So we got on the phone and snatched that place up.

RICHARD: Oh, it's a fine piece of property.

EMILY: Much better than our usual place.

LORELAI: The both of you are going directly to hell, I hope you know that.

RICHARD: Well, at least we'll be well rested.

LORELAI: Touche.

EMILY: I am so thrilled about this.

RICHARD: I'm glad.

EMILY: The two of you must come up for the weekend. It is so lovely. Rory would just love it.

RORY: Can we go for a weekend?

LORELAI: We'll see how much Valium Auntie Sookie can lend Mommy, OK?

EMILY: The only drawback of course, is that we had to rent the place furnished, and Arthur had dreadful taste. Remember the library, Richard?

RICHARD: Pink and green! Horrible. Just horrible.

LORELAI: Well he's dead now so he got his.

EMILY: Lorelai, you're being morbid.

LORELAI: I'm being morbid?

RORY: New subject please!

LORELAI: Joan and Melissa Rivers here think I'm being morbid.

EMILY: Rory, what's new in your life?

RORY: Nothing. Just school, homework.

LORELAI: Aprons.

RORY: Do not go there.

EMILY: What does she mean, aprons?

LORELAI: Nothing. I was just teasing her.

EMILY: About aprons?

LORELAI: Yeah.

EMILY: I don't understand

LORELAI: It's not important.

EMILY: Then humor me.

LORELAI: Nothing. Rory just dressed up in a cute apron the other day and so I was teasing her about it.

RICHARD: Why did you get dressed up in an apron?

LORELAI: (pause) Well. We've decided to give up on that pesky Harvard dream and focus on something more realistic. Mom, Dad, Rory's decided to become a maid, just like I was.

Is that funny? Did she think that was funny?

RICHARD: What would have possessed you to say such a thing?

EMILY: And in front of Rory?

LORELAI: I was kidding.

EMILY: God. My heart stopped.

LORELAI: Why don't you tell them about your bird? That seems like a safe subject.

RICHARD: Your bird?

RORY: Yeah, it's for school. Each of us have to follow a chick through its entire growth process.



Everything has to be logged. Eating habits, sleeping habits.

LORELAI: Houdini habits.

RORY: She got out.

LORELAI: She ran far.

RORY: But she lived.

LORELAI: She's a better bird for it.

RORY: Thank God Luke found her.

EMILY: Luke found her?

LORELAI: What?

EMILY: Rory said that Luke found her.

LORELAI: Paying me back for the apron thing?

RORY: Sorry.

EMILY: Did the bird get loose at Luke's diner?

LORELAI: No.

EMILY: No?

LORELAI: The bird got loose at home.

EMILY: Your home?

LORELAI: Yes.

EMILY: Ah.

RORY: So, Grandpa, when's your next trip?

RICHARD: Ah, Madrid, the twelfth.

RORY: Wow.

RICHARD: I think there's a nice addition of cervantes in it for you.

RORY: Gracias.

EMILY: What was Luke doing at your house?

LORELAI: Oh, look, there's no ice. I'll get some.

EMILY: I asked you a question.

LORELAI: He was helping me find the bird, Mom.

EMILY: Really?

LORELAI: Yes, really.

EMILY: And how did he know that the bird was missing? What, was he strolling by your house and he heard your plaintive cries for help?

LORELAI: Mom.

EMILY: Or the helpless cheep of a chick in trouble?

LORELAI: I called him, Mom. OK? I called him and asked him to come over and help me look for the bird. OK?

EMILY: It seems like this man is always around when you're in trouble.

LORELAI: He's a good friend.

EMILY: Oh, please.

LORELAI: Do we have to discuss this?

EMILY Lorelai, I'm getting a little tired of being lied to.

LORELAI: Apparently we do.

EMILY: This man was at Rory's birthday party, he came to the hospital with you, he's the male lead in every story you tell, you go to the diner every single day. I've seen the way he looks at you, the way you look at him. I'm not a fool.

LORELAI: Mom, please.

EMILY: Why do you treat me like I don't have a clue in the world as to what is going on in your life? Now I'm asking you, as a favor, if you have any respect for me at all as your mother, just tell me. Do you have feelings for this man?

LORELAI: I don't know. Maybe I do. I haven't given it much thought. Maybe I do.

EMILY: Thank you. I'm glad you were finally honest with me. Now we can discuss what on earth you could possibly be thinking. Don't forget the ice.

(Cut to a man playing a guitar and singing as he walks across the street.)

LUKE: So, you're sure we need this many cans?

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, you need enough for two coats and touchups and little spots. No, I'm not sure.

LUKE: Well we got the paint and the brushes and the tarps and all the other stuff the paint guy said we'd need, so I guess we're ready.

LORELAI: Yes we are.

LUKE: The only thing left to do is figure out when.

LORELAI: How about Friday?

LUKE: Friday?

LORELAI: Yeah, I mean, you don't want the stuff sitting around. I don't know if paint goes bad, but judging by the smell of it when it's fresh, rotten paint would be really gross.

LUKE: Don't you have dinner with your folks on Friday?

LORELAI: Well, yeah, but I can get out early for a special occasion.

LUKE: Friday it is.

LORELAI: Good.

(Lorelai leaves Luke and walks down the street. Rory catches her.)

RORY: Hey.

LORELAI: Oh, hey, you!

RORY: Jeez -- you think you got enough paint?

LORELAI: I know, I tried to tell him. So, dinner, thoughts?

RORY: Let's have some.

LORELAI: How about Chinese?

RORY: Sounds good.

LORELAI: OK. I need to stop at the market and get some fruit.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: I think I'm getting scurvy.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah. Well that or a cold, but either way, I need some fruit.

(As they get to the market, they hear a motorcycle and turn around to look.)

TAYLOR: Damn motorcycles, they're a scourge.

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: Yeah.

TAYLOR: They're loud, they're dangerous. We should ban them from town.

LORELAI: Maybe we should set up barricades and ban all unwelcome strangers from crossing the border.

TAYLOR: Well! Well, no we couldn't do that, that would be illegal.

LORELAI: Darn laws.

TAYLOR: Oh, got to get away from that noise.

Taylor goes inside the market.)

LORELAI: k\*ll me and bury me with that bike.

RORY: What is it? A Harley?

LORELAI: That is a 2000 Indian, 80 horsepower, 5 speed close ratio Andrews transmission and I want to get one.

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Why not?

RORY: You'd die.

LORELAI: Oh, that.

(The bike stops at the market.)

CHRISTOHPER: Hey.

LORELAI: Hi.

CHRISTOPHER: Nice shirt. Take it off.

(He takes off his helmet.)

LORELAI: Christopher.

RORY: Dad!

(Rory runs to hug him.)

CHRISTOPHER: Hey!

RORY: This is great! What are you doing here?

CHRISTOPHER: I'm here to see you. And your mom, who's not saying anything about as loud as a person can.

LORELAI: Hello.

CHRISTOPHER: A word. Maybe there's a phrase in my future. OK, why is that man staring at me?

RORY: That's Taylor Doose. He owns the market. He knows all and sees all.

LORELAI: So, what's with the just showing up, Mr. Spontaneity Guy?

CHRISTOPHER: Well, my folks are back in Connecticut so I'm here to see them, and on the way I thought I'd stop by and surprise the Gilmore girls. Are you surprised?

LORELAI: Oh, the teeniest feather could knock me in the gutter.

CHRISTOPHER: So where would somebody find someplace to stay around here?

RORY: Stay, really? You're staying?

CHRISTOPHER: Thinking about it.

RORY: Stay with us!

LORELAI: Um, sweetie...

CHRISTOPHER: I don't think your mom --

LORELAI: No, it's not that, I'm still surprised.

RORY: Mom, please.

LORELAI: Why don't you stay with us for a couple of days?

CHRISTOPHER: Thanks, Lor. You won't even know I'm there. (to Rory) Hey, hop on.

LORELAI: Hop off.

CHRISTOPHER: Hop on.

LORELAI: Hop off.

CHRISTOPHER: Lorelai...

LORELAI: (sighs) Hop on.

(Rory gets on the back of Christopher's motorcycle and they ride down the street.)

LORELAI: Christopher.

**The End**

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