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03x12 - Lorelai Out Of Water

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03x12 - Lorelai Out Of Water

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3.12 - Lorelai Out of Water

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OPEN IN LORELAI'S FRONT YARD

[Lorelai and Rory are staring at their garage]

RORY: Well.

LORELAI: I'd say three years.

RORY: I'd say more like four.

LORELAI: What? It has not been four years since we've stepped foot inside our own garage.

RORY: It was when we got the Jeep.

LORELAI: That wasn't. . .yes, it was.

RORY: And even then, I think we only got as far as opening the door before something flew out and scared you.

LORELAI: Yes, it scared me while you stood by calmly like Dr. Dolittle chatting with the bat.

RORY: It was a bat, wasn't it?

LORELAI: Wearing an OzzFest T-shirt, I believe.

RORY: Will the man never be able to live that down?

LORELAI: Well, Joe Namath will forever be wearing pantyhose.

RORY: True, very true.

LORELAI: So, uh, what do we do about the bat cave?

RORY: Well, we did promise Lane that her band could rehearse here.

LORELAI: Yes, we did.

RORY: And they'll probably need to actually get in there to do so.

LORELAI: So I guess we're going in.

RORY: I guess we are.

LORELAI: All right. On three ▢ one, two, three.

[They open the garage doors]

RORY: Ah!

LORELAI: What, what is it?

RORY: Those are the boxes from our attic that you were supposed to give away two years ago.

LORELAI: What?

RORY: I spent three days boxing all the stuff in the attic and you were going to call a charity and get someone to pick them up.

LORELAI: I made an appointment, the guy didn't show.

RORY: He didn't?

LORELAI: No, I don't think.

RORY: Unbelievable.

LORELAI: Look, I got bored after sitting there two hours, so I left a note saying the stuff was in the garage and he could leave a receipt, and I went to get some coffee.

RORY: These guys aren't just allowed to go into someone's garage.

LORELAI: Well, the note said it was okay.

RORY: Well, how did he know that the note was authentic?

LORELAI: I wrote it on Powerpuff Girls stationery. Who'd he think was setting him up, Hello Kitty?

RORY: I can't believe how much junk we have.

LORELAI: Hey, these are ▢ these are souvenirs from our life's journey, girly girl. This is not junk. Okay, this is junk, and that over there is junk. All right, basically everything I'm looking at is, yeah, junk.

RORY: We're pack rats.

LORELAI: We're Sanford and Son. Yuck, bye bye. [throws a stuffed ball out of the garage]

RORY: Wait! [catches the ball]

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Hug-a-World!

LORELAI: What?

RORY: Hug-a-World, it's my Hug-a-World.

LORELAI: Where's the world?

RORY: It's faded.

LORELAI: Oh, wait, I can see something.

RORY: Canada.

LORELAI: Canada, nice. Okay.

RORY: What are you doing?

LORELAI: I'm throwing it out.

RORY: You can't throw out Hug-a-World.

LORELAI: I'm not throwing out Hug-a-World, I'm throwing out Hug-a-Canada.

RORY: I learned my seven continents on Hug-a-World, don't you remember? We used to squeeze it as tight as we could and then wherever our pinkies would end up, that's where we were going to go together when I grew up.

LORELAI: Yes, many a trip to Uzbekistan was planned that way.

RORY: We can clean him up and keep him, can't we?

LORELAI: Throw him outside and I'll see what I can do.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: If I clean up Hug-a-World, does that cancel out me not getting rid of the boxers?

RORY: I'll consider it a wash.

LORELAI: How about if I chase it and bring it back?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Hug-a-World would like to see the world.

RORY: It's moving.

LORELAI: There's something living there besides Canadians.

RORY: I hugged it, I hugged it really tight.

LORELAI: Yes, you did.

RORY: I have to shower! [runs away]

LORELAI: Hey, hey, hey, what about the rest of the garage? Rory! Hey, how about if Lane's band rehearses in the kitchen? We don't use that either.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[There is construction going on outside. Luke tries to take an order over the noise]

LUKE: Can I take. . .Can I take. . .What can I get. . . That's it. [goes outside]

TAYLOR: I specifically requested a carved arch above the door.

TOM: It's a blueprint, Taylor.

TAYLOR: Yes, Tom, I know it's a blueprint.

LUKE: Taylor!

TAYLOR: One second, Luke. I know it's a blueprint, Tom, but if I don't see a carved archway here, then I don't expect to see a carved archway there, and if I don't see an archway there, then you won't see a paycheck here. Are we clear?

TOM: Get away from my saw, Taylor.

LUKE: What the hell is going on?

TAYLOR: I'm renovating your building. You know that very well.

LUKE: I also know that the renovation is supposed to be going on over there inside the building.

TAYLOR: There is plenty of room to move around if you turn sideways.

LUKE: I'm gonna punch you in the nose.

TAYLOR: I have every right to make the necessary renovations to the building that I am paying good money to lease.

LUKE: Taylor, if any other person in this town pulled a stunt like this in front of your market, you'd have them arrested.

TAYLOR: I have acquired all the necessary permits to do exactly what I'm doing, and all of this has been looked over and approved by the town magistrate.

LUKE: You're the town magistrate!

TAYLOR: And as such, if you have any complaints about me, you may take them up with me.

TOM: Get him away from my saw.

LUKE: Get him away from my diner.

TAYLOR: By the way, Luke, I noticed you hadn't returned any of my lawyer's calls about the lease agreement. Now we have to set up an appointment to see that those papers get signed.

LUKE: Forget it. I'm not going through any lawyer. You want those papers signed, you pick them up and you walk them over to me. Then, I'll sign them.

TAYLOR: Luke, this is business. It needs to be done properly and legally.

LUKE: It's a standard lease form, Taylor. I bought it at Office Depot.

TAYLOR: All the more reason to have a professional take a little looksee, huh? I mean, there's a reason they say good lawyers make for good neighbors.

LUKE: Who the hell said that?

TAYLOR: Oh, everybody says that. Okay, now back to work. Tom, let's take another look at this archway, shall we?

TOM: Get away from my saw, Taylor.

CUT TO LORELAI'S FRONT YARD

[Lane and the band are setting up in the garage]

LORELAI: I already talked to the neighbors. Just make sure you keep the doors closed, and the music must stop by eight.

LANE: Don't worry, I have to be home by six.

ZACH: We'll be done by eight, don't you worry.

LORELAI: I won't.

ZACH: Okay, okay, okay, Lorelai, okay.

LORELAI: Uh, so, um, Rory showed you the key. Uh, you're welcome to anything in the kitchen, which is nothing, but, uh, the water's yours for the taking. Just replace the bottle if it's out.

ZACH: You ask, I will obey.

LORELAI: Super.

BRIAN: I'm out!

LORELAI: He's out! I'll get you some more!

LANE: Oh, no, no, don't worry about it. I'll get it.

LORELAI: Okay. Oh, excuse me. Do you need any help?

RORY: No.

LORELAI: Do you need any help, please?

RORY: I'm good, Pamela Des Barres.

LORELAI: When did you turn on Mommy?

RORY: What? He's cute.

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: And you know, if you latch on now, you're totally entitled to half of everything when he dumps you after he's famous.

LORELAI: Okay, um, since you don't need any help, simply a new place to live, I'm gonna just go.

ZACH: Listen. . .

LORELAI: You're back, okay, hi.

ZACH: We're gonna be playing a gig next month, and I think you'd really get into it.

LORELAI: Oh, well, I'd love to get into it, Zach, but see, I have this medical condition where I can't listen to music.

ZACH: You can't?

LORELAI: No. My ears, the hollow tubey thing inside is very tiny and it will literally explode if I listen to anything loud and musical.

ZACH: That sucks.

LORELAI: I know. Thanks for the invite, I'm sure it's gonna be great. Uh, so, uh, you guys have a good rehearsal. I'm gonna go on inside and write to Tipper. Great gal. See you guys later.

RORY: Bye Pam.

ZACH: She is some kind of fine.

BRIAN: Zach, some help would be great.

ZACH: Relax.

LANE: I still can't believe you guys are letting us rehearse here.

RORY: You can thank us in the liner notes.

LANE: Right under our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

RORY: That's some good billing. So, are you guys actually playing a gig next month?

LANE: Abby Berland's birthday party. Her parents are letting her have a band.

RORY: That'd be great.

LANE: Cross your fingers she doesn't wreck the car again and her mother doesn't cancel it before we get to play.

RORY: I'll hide the keys myself.

BRIAN: Okay, I'm done.

DAVE: Me too.

ZACH: Let's do this.

DAVE: Listen, Lane, we need to talk a sec.

LANE: Sure.

DAVE: Now that we finally have a real rehearsal space, we can get serious about the sound.

LANE: Absolutely.

DAVE: Which means that I'm gonna need you to really step it up a little.

LANE: Oh.

DAVE: I mean, you've got the potential, but you're sloppy. I need a clean roll on the toms but powerful, like Moon.

LANE: Okay.

DAVE: I know you're a girl, but I need you to play like a guy.

LANE: I understand.

DAVE: And if you can't, if that's too hard. . .

LANE: No, that's not too hard. I'll be better, I promise.

DAVE: Okay.

[Dave walks away. Rory walks up to Lane]

RORY: Okay, please take this the way it's intended, but I am going to kick Dave in the shins repeatedly for the next hour and a half.

LANE: Why?

RORY: Why? Did you hear the way he was talking to you? "Play like a guy, Lane." Well, cry like a girl, Dave! What? Why are you smiling like that?

LANE: He fooled you.

RORY: What?

LANE: We thought the other guys might be catching on about me and Dave so we came up with this plan.

RORY: That he become a jerk?

LANE: Yes. If the other guys see him talking down to me like that, they will totally be thrown off track.

RORY: Okay, but doesn't it bother you to hear him talk to you like that?

LANE: No way. Believe me, he knows I play better, harder, Moonier than any guy they could possibly find, plus I smell better.

RORY: Okay, as long as you're fine with it.

LANE: I am, I'm fine with it.

DAVE: And also Lane, I need four strong downbeats, not two strong ones and two whatever ones. You set the tone, Lane. If you suck, we suck.

LANE: God, he's wonderful.

CUT TO COFFEE SHOP

[Lorelai is sitting at a table as Alex walks over with two little coffee cups]

ALEX: Okay, now this is the Sumatra blend. It's supposed to be a little sharper than the Colombian.

LORELAI: You know, this is pretty much what I thought heaven would look like. There might have been a unicorn in the corner, but basically □ yeah, this is it. Um, so I've had fifteen of these tiny coffees.

ALEX: Yes, you have.

LORELAI: And you're telling me that all this tasting is completely free?

ALEX: Yes.

LORELAI: So I'm a cheap date.

ALEX: Well, the tasting is free, but I have to promise to stock my coffee chain from this warehouse, so actually this date is costing me about eleven thousand dollars a month.

LORELAI: Geez, I hope I'm worth it.

ALEX: So far, so good.

LORELAI: So you were telling me about Hillary and Jeff.

ALEX: Right. Well, they live with their mom, but I get them quite a bit. They both recently started soccer because apparently it's the law.

LORELAI: I know. Rory's still got an outstanding warrant on that one. So, how old are they?

ALEX: Six and nine.

LORELAI: Good ages.

ALEX: Haven't really hit a bad one yet.

LORELAI: Me either. Although, with Rory, I think it's gonna be forty-three.

ALEX: Really?

LORELAI: Not sure why, just have a feeling that's the year she's getting the mohawk. Mm, we like sharper. When you guys open your coffee place, this must be on the menu.

ALEX: Yeah? Mm, that's sharper.

LORELAI: So, let's see, we've covered work, kids. . .uh, shall we move onto hobbies?

ALEX: Not a hobby guy.

LORELAI: Hallelujah.

ALEX: Most of the time I'm working, with the kids, or I'm charming the chicks with the coffee. And then a few times a year, I'll go camping or fishing. I actually really love that stuff.

LORELAI: Oh yeah?

ALEX: Absolutely. How about you?

LORELAI: Ah, there's a reason they call it the great outdoors, right?

ALEX: I was actually thinking of doing a little fishing this Saturday.

LORELAI: Oh, that sounds like fun.

ALEX: This great place, beautiful, perfect fishing. You wanna come?

LORELAI: Huh?

ALEX: I'd love to take you.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, sure. That would be nice.

ALEX: Great, it's a date.

LORELAI: Yes, it is a date. It is a fishing date.

ALEX: Ready to try another? I hear there's one from Peru that comes with a Surgeon's General warning.

LORELAI: Hey, if that last one didn't k*ll me, nothing will.

ALEX: Be right back.

CUT TO BUS STOP

[Rory gets off the bus; Lane runs up to her]

LANE: Rory! Rory! The numbers are all adding up, the planets are aligning, and I am going to my senior prom!

RORY: What?

LANE: Yes!

RORY: How?

LANE: Because I am brilliant. See, my mom was in a good mood today because she made a big sale □ a dining room table and eight chairs, none of which matched, that have been hanging around the shop since I was four.

RORY: Oh, I'm gonna miss those.

LANE: Get over it. Anyway, I sat her down and I told her that I really wanted to go to the prom. And I know she doesn't approve of such things, but if she lets me go, we will do it her way.

RORY: But her way would be not to let you go.

LANE: Yes, she said that also. But then I went on to clarify that if she lets me go, she would get full dress approval, full chaperone approval, I promise not to actually dance at the prom, and whatever boy I go with will be required to attend at least four family dinners before she signs off on him being my escort.

RORY: Nice move on using the word escort instead of the word date.

LANE: The subliminal is half the battle, Rory.

RORY: Go on, go on.

LANE: So, she sat there, took it all in, and after a really long pause, she looks at me and says, "Maybe."

RORY: You got a maybe from Mrs. Kim.

LANE: I got a maybe from Mrs. Kim.

[they walk into the beauty supply store]

LANE: Okay, let's start with base.

RORY: Right. Now, we are talking Dave taking you to the prom, right?

LANE: Of course. My mom loves him. Last week she let him sit in our pew.

RORY: No.

LANE: She made me move.

RORY: You've been replaced.

LANE: I'd be offended if I weren't so busy doing a happy dance. It's all working out so perfectly. By the time she says yes, she'll love him even more and then when I say I wanna go to the prom with him, it'll be like she picked him out herself.

RORY: You are brilliant. Hey, Kirk, is this waterproof?

KIRK: Water-resistant.

RORY: Thanks.

LANE: You know, she asked Dave to play at the wedding this weekend.

RORY: I thought I was the only non-Korean allowed at the Kim family weddings.

LANE: Don't be hurt. You have been to so many of these weddings, you are an honorary member of the clan now.

RORY: I appreciate that. So, tell me, your cousin getting married Saturday, what's his story?

LANE: James. Very quiet, kind of skulky, couldn't meet anyone here, so his family arranged to have a girl shipped over from the old country.

RORY: I hope they cut air holes in the box.

LANE: She doesn't speak a word of English and she's never met him.

RORY: Hm. Well, then she's gonna need some sparkles.

LANE: Okay, I think that's it.

RORY: Let's go. Can you imagine marrying someone you didn't know?

LANE: Are you kidding? Used clothes still skeeve me out a little.

KIRK: Will this be all?

RORY: Yes. I like your display Kirk.

KIRK: It is fun, isn't it? Okay, that's \$40.42.

LANE: Here.

KIRK: I'm also including a few samples, a facial scrub and a honey mask. Very soothing, very healing.

RORY: That's very nice.

KIRK: Thank you for coming, and call me and tell me how you like that mask.

RORY: We will.

[they walk outside]

LANE: Okay, the wedding's at four, so how about you come over at one and we'll get her ready?

RORY: Deal.

LANE: You know, Rory, I feel good. I feel like everything's going my way this time.

RORY: I hope so.

LANE: No, it is, I can feel it. Lane Kim is going to her prom.

RORY: Maybe.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

[Sookie is frosting a cake, Lorelai is sitting next to her]

LORELAI: Dumb, dumb, dumb.

SOOKIE: Oh, come on.

LORELAI: Sure, I fish. I also bodysurf and walk on the moon without a space suit.

SOOKIE: You were trying to impress him.

LORELAI: Ugh.

SOOKIE: What ugh? You like him.

LORELAI: I like him, but I'm not sixteen. I don't lie to guys to make them like me. I just got stuck when he said fishing and camping, and I was trying to be nice and not say, "Fishing? Great □ cold, wet, and smelly. My three favorite things after those witches from Macbeth."

SOOKIE: Honey, we all do it. When Jackson and I first started dating, we went to this pickling festival, and he wore a shirt with a giant frog on it. So I'm trying to make conversation and I say, "Hey, cute frog." And he says, "You like frogs?" and I say, "I love frogs!" So, for our six-month anniversary, he gives me a frog figurine.

LORELAI: Aw.

SOOKIE: And then when Christmas came, he gave me another frog figurine. And then he told his family what to get me, and all of a sudden. . .

LORELAI: Your frog collection!

SOOKIE: I'm the frog girl.

LORELAI: You never told him you don't love frogs?

SOOKIE: No. He has the best time buying them for me, so I just let him buy them.

LORELAI: That's sweet. Maybe I could go fishing. Maybe. Once.

SOOKIE: Tell me about Alex.

LORELAI: Well, he owns an iron company. They do gates and statues, big fancy stuff. He's divorced, he has two kids he's crazy about. He's nice, he drinks a lot of coffee. It's all good, it all works.

SOOKIE: So?

LORELAI: So. . .I'm going fishing. I'm the fish girl.

SOOKIE: Frog girl welcomes you to the club!

CUT TO CHILTON

[Students are gathering for the student council meeting]

LOUISE: I don't know what to do. It's time to break up, but he seems so happy.

MADELINE: You could date his brother.

LOUISE: I guess, but that's so □been there, done that.'

MADELINE: We could switch.

LOUISE: Isn't that how I got him?

MADELINE: Oh yeah. Wow, it really is time to go to college.

ADVISOR: Rory, where is Paris?

RORY: I don't know.

ADVISOR: She's almost fifteen minutes late.

RORY: Is she?

ADVISOR: All right. Well, perhaps we should start without her. You can convene the meeting.

RORY: Okay. If everyone will take their seats, we can call this meeting to order. All right, since Paris isn't here ▯

PARIS: Paris is here. Couldn't wait to jump in there and take over, could you?

RORY: Tell it to the Timex salesman.

PARIS: My gavel, please? I call this meeting to order.

RORY: I already did that.

PARIS: Sorry I'm late, but I had some very important business to attend to. Business which I must now, unfortunately, share with all of you. At the beginning of this year, when we were sworn in as your government representatives, we placed our hand on a bible and we took an oath. An oath that stated that our behavior would be ethically and morally upstanding for as long as we were serving in public office. And that is why it saddens me greatly today to inform you that one of our own has forsaken that holy oath.

MADELINE: I hate anything that starts with a speech.

ADVISOR: What are you talking about, Paris?

PARIS: I hold in my hand evidence accusing one Rory Gilmore of committing high crimes and misdemeanors.

RORY: What?

ADVISOR: Paris, what's going on here?

PARIS: Miss Gilmore has been conspiring with the various factions of this school to weaken the efficacy of this administration.

RORY: You're really pathetic, you know that?

PARIS: You'll have your chance to address these charges when I'm done.

RORY: What charges?

PARIS: First on the list, espionage.

RORY: Espionage?

PARIS: Gathering privileged information and divulging it to the enemy.

RORY: What privileged information? Prom colors are green and pink, pass it on?

PARIS: Next on our list, the most serious crime ▯ treason.

RORY: I'm sorry I talked about Jamie.

PARIS: And having a big mouth. That's going on the list also.

RORY: I can't believe you're taking all of this out on me. What about Francie?

PARIS: Francie was not my second in command. Francie was not privy to the innermost workings of my personal. That is, not until you made her privy.

RORY: Everyone in school saw you walking with Jamie, Paris.

PARIS: I'm still talking.

RORY: She already knew!

ADVISOR: Enough! We've heard enough.

PARIS: I move to put to a vote the impeachment of Rory Gilmore.

RORY: Hey!

ADVISOR: Miss Gellar, I'm sorry, but we do not impeach here at Chilton.

PARIS: Why not?

ADVISOR: Because this is a student government.

PARIS: Well, then, I'd like to put to a vote a resolution to instate the ability to impeach.

ADVISOR: No.

PARIS: Then she should resign.

RORY: I'm not going to resign. You have the problem, you resign.

PARIS: No, you resign!

RORY: No, you resign!

PARIS: No, you resign!

ADVISOR: No one is resigning.

LOUISE: Maybe I'll stay with him until Friday and see how it goes.

MADELINE: That sounds fair.

ADVISOR: You two can take this argument somewhere else. This is student council. Real school matters are the only things that matter here. Now, Paris, move on.

PARIS: The swimming pool needs re-plastering. Ideas for fundraising, please.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[A woman with a briefcase walks in]

NICOLE: Excuse me? Hi, I'm looking for a Mr. Lucas Danes.

JESS: Oh, Lucas.

LUKE: What?

JESS: IRS.

NICOLE: I'm not IRS. I'm not IRS.

LUKE: I'm Luke Danes.

NICOLE: Luke Danes, sorry. Well, hello Luke Danes, I'm Nicole Leahy, I'm Taylor Doose's attorney.

LUKE: Oh, geez.

NICOLE: He wanted me to bring □

LUKE: Yeah, the lease agreements, yes, I know. I told him to walk them over here, but hey, what's the fun of being Taylor, right?

NICOLE: I'm sorry if this is a bad time. It certainly won't take me very long.

LUKE: Nah, I'm fine, whatever. Let's get this over with.

NICOLE: No problem.

LUKE: You want some coffee?

NICOLE: Yeah, sounds great. I really just need to witness your signature, is all. It's actually just a formality.

LUKE: In other words, completely ridiculous and unnecessary.

NICOLE: Uh huh.

LUKE: Okay.

NICOLE: Mr. Doose really likes things to be formal. And neat. And in triplicate. He just loves things in triplicate. That's a really good cup of coffee.

LUKE: Thanks. So, tell me something, what's it like being Taylor's lawyer?

NICOLE: Well, actually, I'm not exactly Mr. Doose's lawyer. Or only lawyer. He's one of our select clients, so all of our attorneys deal with him on a rotating basis, it's my month.

LUKE: My condolences.

NICOLE: Yeah, my father always told me that which does not k*ll you makes you stronger.

LUKE: You're gonna be really stronger.

NICOLE: He's not that bad.

LUKE: Seriously, if you run into someone pinned underneath a truck, pick it up. It's gonna be a piece of cake. Okay, looks like that's the whole nine yards.

NICOLE: Great. You and Mr. Doose are officially in business together. Oh, I'm so sorry, I meant that

as a good thing.

LUKE: It's okay.

NICOLE: Uh, I will let you get back to work. Let me. . .

LUKE: No, no, on me.

NICOLE: Tell you what. It's business, let's let Mr. Doose pay for it.

LUKE: Even better.

[Nicole leaves]

JESS: Well, that was an interesting show.

LUKE: What are you yammering about?

JESS: Guess Gloria Allred wants to go slumming.

LUKE: Shut up.

JESS: She was totally coming onto you.

LUKE: She was not.

JESS: Couldn't you hear her panting when you were signing those things?

LUKE: Didn't see it.

JESS: She laughed at your jokes, and we both know there's gotta be some ulterior motive when people laugh at your jokes.

LUKE: Okay, whatever. Even if there was something, which I'm not saying there was, she's a suit. Not my type.

JESS: Yeah, especially since she's not a monk.

LUKE: Oh, I don't go out that much, is that what that's supposed to mean?

JESS: Take a look at a calendar. When was the last time you went out on a date? A year, two years ago?

LUKE: Last month, wiseass. I went out with Joanna Cooper.

JESS: You gave her a ride home.

LUKE: A ride home is the end of a date.

JESS: Only if you go on a date first.

LUKE: I'm not gonna discuss this with you.

JESS: Suit yourself. I have to go meet Rory anyhow. See, I'm gonna go pick her up, spend a few hours actually being with her, then give her a ride home. That's called the end of a date.

LUKE: Or I could stay open a few hours later which means you're here until ten. That's also called the end of a date.

JESS: Hopeless.

LUKE: Bye now.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai is sitting at a table looking bored when Luke walks over]

LORELAI: Hey, got any good stories?

LUKE: Nope, sorry.

LORELAI: Ah, nothing? No crazy, colorful uncle? Best friend with a funny name?

LUKE: Jeff Smith?

LORELAI: Skeletons in the family closet? w*r wounds? Funny shaped scars?

LUKE: It really throws you off when Rory's late, doesn't it?

LORELAI: Big time.

[Rory walks into the diner]

LORELAI: Oh, yay, thank God!

RORY: Sorry. Didn't Luke keep you company?

LORELAI: Oh, he tried, but really, he's got nothing.

LUKE: Thank you.

LORELAI: So what's with all the books?

RORY: We are going to fish.

LORELAI: With these?

RORY: Yes.

LORELAI: So we throw them in and try to knock the fish out?

RORY: I went to the library and got of all their best informational books on fishing.

LORELAI: Ugh, you're serious.

RORY: You wanna learn to fish or not? Exciting, huh?

LORELAI: Oh, I can barely keep still. [opens book] "Chapter 1, technique. For deep water fishing, an angler □ " What's an angler?

RORY: That would be you.

LORELAI: Oh, better remember that. Okay. "For deep water fishing, an angler" □ me, again □ "can choose a wire line using a downrigger or a vertical jig. Whatever your technique, the other successful clue to attracting fish is the appropriate lure." Ooh, what about the sequined top I wore to the Christmas party?

RORY: Yes, I think that's exactly what he's talking about.

LORELAI: "For bottom feeders, consider smaller, darker patterned lures" □ simple, yet elegant □ "while in areas where the forage fish are cisco, you're limited to the larger, more flashy baits." I am telling you right now, the larger flashy baits are just gonna make me look cheap.

RORY: Okay, let's review □ what do we know so far?

LORELAI: I need flashy baits if I'm going to invest in cisco, unless I choose to cast a troll in my downrigger.

RORY: Hey, that's good.

LUKE: Doing a little studying?

RORY: My mom's leaning how to fish.

LUKE: You're what?

LORELAI: I'm learning how to fish.

LUKE: Oh, sorry, wrong inflection □ you're what?

LORELAI: Go away.

LUKE: Why are you learning how to fish?

LORELAI: Um, it's just something I wanted to do. Some friends of mine fish, and I thought if they can do it I can do it.

LUKE: Okay.

LORELAI: And what if I am a really great fisher? Yeah, I mean, what if that's my calling, the thing that I am meant to do? And all this time I've been sitting here with the gift to fish and I am squandering it. It's like if Mozart walked right by the piano store and never played a note.

LUKE: So you're gonna fish to fulfill your destiny?

LORELAI: That's right.

LUKE: And you're gonna learn to fish to fulfill your destiny from a book?

LORELAI: Yes.

LUKE: And you sanctioned this?

RORY: Yes.

LUKE: Okay, Thelma, Louise, possibly there's another way to learn to fish.

LORELAI: The Fishing Channel.

LUKE: I fish.

RORY: Oh yeah, we've seen those boots thingies outside drying off.

LUKE: Those would be called waders.

LORELAI: And I'm sure I'll be reading about waders soon in one of these cliffhangers here.

LUKE: If you want, I can show you a few things, get you started, make sure you don't strangle yourself with your own line, the basics.

LORELAI: Are you sure you don't mind?

LUKE: I can come over tomorrow after work.

LORELAI: Great, thank you. Agh. Just for the record, I don't wanna learn that.

LUKE: Got it.

CUT TO CHILTON

[Rory walks into the secretary's office]

RORY: I got a note that I was supposed to come see Headmaster Charleston.

SECRETARY: I'll let him know you're both here.

RORY: Both?

PARIS: Both.

RORY: Both.

SECRETARY: Take a seat, please.

RORY: Yes, ma'am. [sits down next to Paris] So what this time, trying to have me deported?

PARIS: Oh, yeah, like I'm the one who called this meeting.

RORY: I certainly didn't call this meeting.

PARIS: Save the act for Sundance, you little snitch.

RORY: I didn't snitch.

PARIS: Said the weak-kneed turncoat.

RORY: Nixon's bad seed.

PARIS: Daughter of Judas.

HEADMASTER: Ladies, come in please.

[they walk into the office]

HEADMASTER: Have a seat. Chilton student council president and vice president in my office. . . not what I would've expected, I must tell you. There's been quite a stir about you two the past several days. The school is buzzing with the talk of your clashes in student council meetings, your face-offs in the cafeteria, a screaming match at the school newspaper's office.

PARIS: Excuse me, Headmaster Charleston, in regards to the incident at the Franklin, Ms. Gilmore submitted a piece that was quite poorly researched.

RORY: It was not poorly researched.

PARIS: I had to re-edit it and Ms. Gilmore took it very badly.

RORY: There was nothing wrong with the piece.

PARIS: And in regards to the student council meeting □

RORY: Oh, you mean the one where you tried to impeach me because you haven't been properly diagnosed yet?

PARIS: If you'll just allow me access to my briefs □

RORY: You know what, you want me to quit? Fine, I'll quit. I never wanted this stupid job in the first place.

PARIS: Who forced you to take it then?

RORY: You did, because you didn't think you'd get elected unless I ran with you.

PARIS: That's not true!

RORY: It's completely true!

PARIS: Shut up!

RORY: No, you shut up!

HEADMASTER: Enough! This behavior will stop this instant. It is disgraceful, especially from the political leaders of this campus. Now, I'd like to know what is actually driving this recent rash of infighting. Oh, goody, I get to guess. Well, let's see, perhaps you're arguing over the same boy?

PARIS: Sure, we're girls, so we could only be arguing about a boy, right? Sexist, white-haired □

HEADMASTER: Paris, are you muttering?

PARIS: No, sorry.

HEADMASTER: All right, if it isn't a boy, perhaps it's a popularity thing. Someone didn't get invited to someone else's party? Or perhaps this is a power struggle of some sort. No? Well, then I'll stop guessing and start lecturing. Ms. Gilmore, you will not be quitting the student council, is that clear?

RORY: Yes, sir.

HEADMASTER: The student body has elected you and therefore you will fulfill your commitment. And in the future, I would advise you to think long and hard about accepting any responsibility if you intend to run away from it at the first sign of conflict. And Ms. Gellar, you worked very hard to get to the position you hold in this school, and yet now you are willing to throw all that away on

petty vendettas and childish antics. Indeed, it makes me wonder. . .if you two can't resolve your issues in this sheltered □ some would say pampered □ environment, how on Earth will you ever survive in college? As student council officers, you represent Chilton to those inside and outside these hallowed halls. Right now, the world sees us as a group of sniveling, spiteful, vindictive individuals □ not really what I'd hoped for, nor is that how I portrayed the two of you in my personal letter of recommendation to Harvard. I would hate to have to write a second letter to the university correcting my errors in judgment. However, I've done it before. Am I making myself clear?

RORY: Yes, sir.

PARIS: Yes, sir.

HEADMASTER: Delightful. You may see yourselves out.

[Rory and Paris walk into the hallway]

RORY: Well, that was delightful, wasn't it? I'm not sure which is more embarrassing □ having Charleston yell at us or knowing we actually had a "shut up/no, you shut up" fight in front of him. So, what do you think, Paris? Do you feel as completely rotten as I do?

PARIS: No.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Luke is unloading his fishing gear out of his truck. He honks the horn and Lorelai walks out of the house]

LUKE: Let's go.

LORELAI: Hello, sailor, bait your hook for you?

LUKE: You look ridiculous.

LORELAI: I look adorable. No one ever told me that if you fish, you get to buy an outfit. I'll do just about anything if I can buy an outfit.

LUKE: Well, I'll just let that go by because we have a lot to do here.

LORELAI: Okay, wait. I'll just get my purse before we go.

LUKE: Go where?

LORELAI: To the lake.

LUKE: You're not ready for the lake.

LORELAI: Then what am I ready for?

[Luke points to the small inflatable pool he has set up in the yard]

LORELAI: Uh! You're putting me in the kiddie lake?

LUKE: Gotta crawl before you can walk.

LORELAI: Oh, this is not at all embarrassing. There's not even fish in it.

[Luke dumps a bucket of fish into the pool]

LUKE: Trout.

LORELAI: Hey! Aw, they're so cute! Hello, hi boys. And look, they're all "ooh" like they're singing in a little trout choir.

LUKE: I wouldn't get too attached.

LORELAI: Hi Gomer.

LUKE: There you go.

LORELAI: Oh, don't be scared Pinky.

LUKE: And now there's Pinky.

LORELAI: Pinky Dowdy from fourth grade. See her eyes darting back and forth, all panicked? She got that way from dodge ball. It's okay, Pinky, nobody's gonna hurt you. Hey Pete, stop crowding Pinky. It's okay, Pinky, just go over there behind Cheryl.

LUKE: Okay, now that everybody knows each other, take this.

LORELAI: What's that?

LUKE: That's your rod and reel.

LORELAI: Huh, rod and reel. I don't know if the guys are gonna like this.

LUKE: Well, we can skip the lesson and just take the trout out for some beers. It's up to you, really.

LORELAI: No, I'm going to learn.

LUKE: Okay. I already went ahead and threaded your line through the guides here, and put a hook on it.

LORELAI: What kind of bait is that?

LUKE: It's a cork.

LORELAI: Remind me not to let you cater any of my parties.

LUKE: It's to cover the hook. Okay, now, this little metal thing is the bail. It's very important. It keeps your line on the spool here.

LORELAI: Line on the spool, got it.

LUKE: Okay, take the rod in your right hand, and you press your right index finger on the line, holding it against the pole. With your left hand, slide the bail over. Now don't let go of your index finger or all the line will spin off your spool. Now, pull the pole back over your shoulder to the ten o'clock position.

LORELAI: Oh, great, now I gotta go buy a watch.

LUKE: You flip your wrist forward to two o'clock, at the same time releasing your index finger,

casting your line out into the lake in front of you. Now, you try.

[hands her the fishing pole]

LORELAI: Okay. Now, I do something with my right hand, my right index finger, and with the bail and a spool, and pull the thingy. . .

[she accidentally casts the line backwards]

LORELAI: Oh! Now, that would've been embarrassing if I weren't dressed like this.

LUKE: Oh, you released at eleven, you're supposed to release at two o'clock. Try again.

LORELAI: Okay.

[Lorelai casts the line again]

LORELAI: Ah! Hey, I made it in the pool, I made it in the pool!

LUKE: I see that.

LORELAI: Why aren't you excited?

LUKE: I'm very excited.

LORELAI: Well, jump around or something.

LUKE: All right, you know, you're going in the pool.

LORELAI: Fine.

LUKE: All right, what do you think? Ready to take the cork off and try your luck?

LORELAI: Uh, uh, I'm ready, but they're not.

LUKE: No problem.

LORELAI: Man, you need a lot of stuff for fishing.

LUKE: Well, normally, you don't bring your own lake.

LORELAI: Right, right.

LUKE: So, tell me why you're doing this.

LORELAI: Because you told me to.

LUKE: I mean, tell me why you're learning to fish.

LORELAI: Oh. I told you, some of my friends are going.

LUKE: What friends? Sookie?

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: Is Sookie going fishing?

LORELAI: Well ▯

LUKE: Or Rory ▯ did Rory suddenly get the overwhelming urge to dig for worms and stand in the middle of a lake at five a.m.?

LORELAI: Yes? Okay, fine, I met this guy.

LUKE: Ah.

LORELAI: And, uh, he's kind of an outdoorsy guy.

LUKE: Oh, just your type.

LORELAI: No, not exactly, but he's nice and, uh, he was talking about fishing, and I think I said something like, ▯Oh, hey, that sounds great', and so he invited me and here I am.

LUKE: I got it.

LORELAI: Sorry I didn't tell you.

LUKE: Why didn't you tell me?

LORELAI: I don't know. I just felt stupid getting rooked into the thing in the first place, and then. . .plus, you don't wanna hear about my personal life.

LUKE: So this'll be your first date or. . .

LORELAI: Second.

LUKE: Second date.

LORELAI: He took me to this coffee tasting place.

LUKE: Coffee tasting, just your type.

LORELAI: Uh huh.

LUKE: Well, I think that's great.

LORELAI: Thank you.

LUKE: Yeah. When are you going?

LORELAI: Sunday morning.

LUKE: Oh. Well, it's hard to be a fisher woman without your own pole. You can borrow one of mine if you want.

LORELAI: Really?

LUKE: Yeah, I got an extra little tackle box, too. . . if you want.

LORELAI: That would be great.

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: Can you do me one more favor?

LUKE: Sure.

LORELAI: Put a cork on your hook.

LUKE: Sure.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory is resting her head on the kitchen table]

LORELAI: [from other room] Could you please just make some coffee?

RORY: I'm not doing anything for you ever.

LORELAI: Don't be mad.

RORY: You set my alarm for 5:15 a.m.

LORELAI: [walking into the kitchen] I know, and I did it for purely practical reasons.

RORY: Which are?

LORELAI: My alarm is just not as reliable as your scream.

RORY: You will pay.

LORELAI: That's fine, honey. Now, coffee?

RORY: I am writing this in my ledger of all the crummy things you've done over the years, and when I leave this house, mark my words □ you will pay!

[doorbell rings]

LORELAI: Oh great. It's 5:30 a.m., and I have no coffee in my system.

[Lorelai answers the door.]

ALEX: Hi.

LORELAI: Hi.

ALEX: [holds up a bag] Coffee and donuts.

LORELAI: Ah, I like you. Come on in. Right in here. [they walk to the living room] This is Rory.

ALEX: Hi, I'm Alex.

RORY: Nice to meet you. Would've been nicer in the daylight, but. . .

LORELAI: Okay, let's get going. It's not like the fish are gonna wait for us all day, right? I'll take that coffee now. Thank you. I got it, I got it.

[Lorelai walks toward the front door]

ALEX: Your mom's never been fishing before, has she?

RORY: Oh, no, she's a well-seasoned fish k*ller.

ALEX: Uh huh. I made lunch reservations at the Shahaela Lodge and Spa afterward. Think she'll like that?

RORY: She'll love that.

ALEX: Good. Go back to sleep.

CUT TO KIM RESIDENCE

[Guests are mingling before the wedding]

MRS. KIM: Min Jae, you lost weight. Look good, not so fat.

MIN JAE: Thank you.

[Mrs. Kim sees Lane carrying a tray of water glasses]

MRS. KIM: What is that?

LANE: The bride's thirsty.

MRS. KIM: Regulate the water. Once the dress is on, that's it ▯ must remain standing.

[Lane walks over to Dave]

LANE: Hi.

DAVE: Hi, and hi.

LANE: Uh, this will not be the mental image you carry around of me the rest of the week.

DAVE: No, it won't. Hold on, I just saw the back. Yes, it will.

MRS. KIM: Why aren't you upstairs? It's not right to leave the bride alone on her wedding day.

LANE: Uh, Rory's up there, Mama, and I'm going up there right now. Dave Rygalski was just wondering where to set up.

MRS. KIM: David, hello.

DAVE: Hello, Mrs. Kim. The place looks wonderful.

MRS. KIM: Thank you. Come, sit here. This is Ho Kyung, she'll sing with you.

DAVE: Hi.

MRS. KIM: Watch the high notes, she's a runner.

CUT TO LANE'S BEDROOM

[Rory is fixing the bride's hair when Lane walks in]

LANE: How's it going?

RORY: I like it, but I'm not the one getting married. [to bride] Um, your hair, do you like it?

[Lane asks her in Korean, and the lady responds in Korean]

LANE: Too much for me.

RORY: Oh, I found the Mrs. Kim-approved makeup in the drawer, but let me tell you, since the last wedding, it has developed a smell.

LANE: A what? Oh boy.

RORY: As I said, a smell.

[Lane retrieves some makeup from under her floorboard]

LANE: Well, I've got the good stuff right here, right next to the Peggy Lee.

RORY: Seems appropriate.

LANE: I thought so. Shall we?

RORY: Unh unh, the foot stool.

LANE: Whoa. All set. So, Dave's here.

RORY: He is, huh?

LANE: I still can't believe he's willing to do all this just to go out with me.

RORY: Well, hey, where else can he find a decent, pretty, smart girl who can recite the entire encyclopedia of rock in 5/8 time?

LANE: Nowhere, I guess.

RORY: I'm really happy for you guys.

LANE: Thanks. I'm really happy for you and Jess, too.

RORY: Thanks. You know it's okay, right?

LANE: Not following.

RORY: It's okay not to like Jess.

LANE: I said I was happy for you.

RORY: I know.

LANE: God, I'm such a jerk.

RORY: You're not. Look, we're not always going to like the same things. Like, you like Smashing Pumpkins and I don't.

LANE: But that's only 'cause you're close-minded and blind.

RORY: What can I say? They're not my angst.

LANE: Besides, it's not like I don't want to like Jess. I can't help it. As your best friend, I'm very protective of you.

RORY: You could try giving him a second chance.

LANE: I could. I should. I will. Um, hey, maybe we can all go out sometime together as a group, you know, you, me, Dave, Jess.

RORY: Absolutely, we should do that sometime.

LANE: Great. [the door starts to open] Incoming!

[Rory pushes the makeup off the vanity as Mrs. Kim walks into the room]

MRS. KIM: What's going on in here?

LANE: Nothing, Mama.

RORY: I fell off my chair.

LANE: Oh, well, don't.

RORY: Yes, ma'am.

MRS. KIM: She looks very beautiful. Must've gotten a good night sleep.

[Mrs. Kim leaves the room]

RORY: How many people do you think have gotten married here over the years?

LANE: I counted once off the guest book ▯ forty-six.

RORY: Wow. What happened to that one, Min Cha? She married a real mean guy.

LANE: Wan Nam. Didn't I tell you about them?

RORY: No.

LANE: Well, Min Cha put up with seven years of Wan Nam telling her she was stupid and ordering her to cook all his meals. Then one day, he was in the kitchen looking for his lunch and she just snapped. Took a carrot peeler and turned on him.

RORY: A carrot peeler?

LANE: You can get those things pretty sharp. Anyway, she just came at him and started peeling. The neighbors called the police. They showed up and Wan Nam was just standing there all peeled.

RORY: What happened?

LANE: He didn't press charges, but now he makes all his own meals, sleeps in a locked separate room, and keeps the cutting board by his bed for protection. Still married, though.

RORY: Wow.

LANE: Everybody's still married. It's like a factory system here. They all come to the weddings, find a spouse, get married and stay that way until they die.

RORY: They mate for life, like the loons.

LANE: You know, this may be the last wedding for a long time, though.

RORY: How come?

LANE: Well, all my cousins in their twenties and thirties are married. James was the last one.

RORY: Wow. It feels like we've had at least two of these every year since I can remember.

LANE: Elementary school, when we met.

RORY: Elementary school, when we met, yeah.

LANE: Well, we do have some distant relatives left. Maybe we can go to one of those weddings. You know, when we come home from college on break or something.

RORY: Well, then, we should definitely keep the makeup.

LANE: We definitely should.

RORY: And who knows, maybe the next Kim wedding we do makeup for will be yours.

LANE: Too scary, don't freak me out.

RORY: Sorry.

LANE: So, what do you think, eye shadow?

RORY: Why not? Let's do it. Peeled to death □ that's a bad way to go.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Luke looks out the window and sees Taylor talking to his lawyer. They wave to each other.]

LUKE: [to customer] Here you go. We'll top that off for ya. [to Jess] Coffee over here.

JESS: Where you going?

[Luke walks out of the diner]

LUKE: Uh, Miss Leahy?

NICOLE: Yeah? Mr. Danes, how are you?

LUKE: Good, good, and it's Luke.

NICOLE: Okay, Luke. What can I do for you?

LUKE: I wouldn't cross there.

NICOLE: Why not?

LUKE: Well, Taylor's a stickler about jaywalking and he's town magistrate. I'd hate for you to be disbarred.

NICOLE: Well, that would be a bad way to end a career, thank you.

LUKE: Sure. So, uh, did the lease forms all work out? I mean, was my signature okay? □Cause sometimes I'm in a kind of a hurry and my hand just takes off without me.

NICOLE: Your signature seemed very steady.

LUKE: Good, good, □cause you never know.

NICOLE: Well □

LUKE: Listen, I was thinking about that cup of coffee you had at my place the other day. I felt bad making Taylor pay for it □ not that I ever feel bad sticking it to Taylor. I just thought it might get you in trouble with a client. I'd hate to see you disbarred again.

NICOLE: To be honest, I actually paid for the coffee myself.

LUKE: Oh, oh, well, then at least let me pay you back for it.

NICOLE: You wanna give me seventy-five cents?

LUKE: No, no, no, uh, what I meant was □ ah, what the hell? Would you like to have dinner with me sometime?

NICOLE: Yeah.

LUKE: Really?

NICOLE: I'd love to have dinner with you.

LUKE: Great. Okay, uh, well, I have your card.

NICOLE: Mmhmm.

LUKE: Why don't I give you a call this week and we'll make that happen.

NICOLE: Sounds good.

LUKE: Yeah, sounds good. So, see ya. Watch those crosswalks.

NICOLE: Thanks, I will.

[Luke walks back into the diner]

LUKE: Shut up.

JESS: I said nothing.

LUKE: Well, don't.

CUT TO KIM RESIDENCE

[The wedding has started.]

PRIEST: [speaks Korean to bride]

BRIDE: [answers in Korean]

PRIEST: [to groom] And do you vow to uphold the principles of the seventh commandment as set out in Exodus 20:14?

JAMES: I do.

PRIEST: [speaks Korean] [pause] And so, in the Glory of God, I pronounce you husband and wife.

RORY: That was nice.

LANE: Yeah, it was really nice

MRS. KIM: Reception at Elks Lodge. Two hundred guests. Food goes fast. Let's move.

RORY: I can't believe that's the last time I'll hear your mom say that.

LANE: So, are you coming to the reception?

RORY: Oh, no, I was actually going to □

LANE: Go meet Jess.

RORY: Yeah. Are you mad?

LANE: No. You know, he can come to the reception with you if. . . he's not really the reception kind of guy, is he?

RORY: Not really. Not yet, anyway.

LANE: We'll work on that.

RORY: Yes, we will.

LANE: Okay, tell him hi for me.

RORY: I will. Tell Dave hi for me.

LANE: I will.

RORY: Bye.

LANE: Bye.

[Rory leaves]

MRS. KIM: Lane!

LANE: Yes, Mama.

MRS. KIM: This is Young Chui.

LANE: Hi.

YOUNG CHUI: Hi.

MRS. KIM: He will take you to the prom.

LANE: What?

MRS. KIM: Young Chui works for his father who builds Adventist hospitals. Young Chui will go to college at Loma Linda University. Then he will return to work for his father building Adventist hospitals. Now, put your coat on. Young Chui and his parents will drive you to Elks Lodge. [walks away]

LANE: Mama! [to Young Chui] I'm sure you're very nice.

[Lane follows Mrs. Kim to the kitchen]

MRS. KIM: [to wedding guests] Not a bus stop, door's that way.

LANE: I have to talk to you.

MRS. KIM: Get your coat, we have to go.

LANE: No.

MRS. KIM: No?

LANE: I can't go to the prom with Young Chui.

MRS. KIM: Why not? I thought you wanted to go to the prom.

LANE: Yes, I do wanna go to the prom.

MRS. KIM: I thought you say I could approve the boy you go to the prom with.

LANE: I did say that, but -

MRS. KIM: Well, I found the boy, I approve the boy, now you go to the prom with the boy.

LANE: Mama, um, I'm sure □ I'm sure Young Chui's very nice and I'm so grateful you're letting me go to the prom, but the thing is □ I like someone else.

MRS. KIM: Someone else?

LANE: Yes.

MRS. KIM: Someone else who?

LANE: Someone else who's been a good friend to this family. Who's proven himself to be of high moral character, someone who you yourself feels is worthy. So worthy, in fact, you let him sit in our pew at church.

MRS. KIM: Who □ who did I let sit in our pew?

LANE: Dave Rygalski.

MRS. KIM: The guitar player?

LANE: I know, crazy, right? I can hardly believe it myself because, to be quite honest with you, when I first met him, when you hired him to play at Thanksgiving, well, I just didn't like him at all. He bugged me, actually. But the more you liked him and trusted him, the more I saw the good in him, the God in him, actually, and now I'm convinced. . . he's the boy I want to take me to prom.

MRS. KIM: He's not Korean.

[cut to front hallway]

DAVE: Lane? Hey, Lane? Is everything all right?

LANE: You're not Korean.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory walks through the front door]

RORY: I'm home!

LORELAI: [from upstairs] Upstairs, bathroom!

CUT TO UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

[Lorelai is watching a fish swim in the bath tub; Rory walks in]

RORY: Hey. [sees the fish] Oh, no.

LORELAI: Isn't she cute?

RORY: What happened?

LORELAI: The cork fell off my hook and Jayne Mansfield over here bit.

RORY: Jayne Mansfield.

LORELAI: Not the brightest fish in the pond, but she's awfully pretty.

RORY: You caught a fish.

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: And you brought it home.

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: How are you gonna take a bath?

LORELAI: I don't know.

RORY: How long is it gonna live?

LORELAI: Hard to say.

RORY: What are you gonna feed it?

LORELAI: See, this is why I don't fish.

RORY: She is kinda cute.

LORELAI: And she has a great tail swish.

RORY: So, other than bringing home a pet, how was fishing?

LORELAI: Good. The lake was beautiful, snowy and sparkly, and right down the road from the Shahaela Lodge and Spa.

RORY: I knew that.

LORELAI: How could you already know that?

RORY: Alex told me when you guys left.

LORELAI: Two dates with this guy and you're already in cahoots with each other.

RORY: Ah, what can I say? I'm wily.

LORELAI: Uh huh.

RORY: So, are you going out with him again?

LORELAI: Uh huh.

RORY: Camping?

LORELAI: Unh unh.

RORY: Good. So do you think maybe we should try to rehabilitate her and send her back into the wild?

LORELAI: Unfortunately, I think she's already domesticated. Baths and scented candles.

RORY: We'll just have to keep her.

LORELAI: Maybe we can train her to do tricks.

RORY: Tomorrow. Night Jayne.

LORELAI: Night Jayne.

THE END

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