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## 02x13 - A-Tisket, A-Tasket

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### 02x13 - A-Tisket, A-Tasket

by **destinyros2005**

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2.13 - A-Tisket, A-Tasket

written by Amy Sherman-Palladino

directed by Robert Berlinger

OPEN IN STARS HOLLOW

[We see several signs near the gazebo promoting the upcoming Stars Hollow "Bid on a Basket" Fundraiser before we see Lorelai and Rory inside Dooze's Market looking at baskets.]

LORELAI: So I've decided I'm saving myself for William Holden.

RORY: Wow, it's nice out here in left field.

LORELAI: Hey, I'm sorry. Sunset Boulevard was on last night, and I don't know—I've known him for years — Sabrina, Stalag 17 — and yet last night something snapped.

RORY: I'll say.

LORELAI: I think it was the monkey scene.

RORY: You know he's dead, don't you?

LORELAI: The monkey?

RORY: William Holden!

LORELAI: Ugh, every great relationship has its obstacles. You'd know that if you weren't dating Andy Hardy.

RORY: This one?

LORELAI: Hm, no.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: It's too big, it raises expectations.

RORY: Like there's actually a home-cooked lunch in there?

LORELAI: Instead of whatever is leftover in our refrigerator - exactly.

RORY: Okay, going back on the pile now.

LORELAI: Oh, it's quaint, isn't it? The women get to make a nice lunch basket, the men get to bid on

it, and the world rotates backwards on its axis.

RORY: I think it's fun.

LORELAI: That's because you have a pretty boy to bid on your basket.

RORY: Yes I do.

LORELAI: Did you tell him to eat lunch first?

RORY: Hi, I love him, of course. Hey, I'm gonna look in the back.

LORELAI: All right, I'll hit the front. [walks up front] Hey Patty. Shopping for baskets?

MISS PATTY: Oh please, I bought my basket weeks ago.

LORELAI: Always prepared.

MISS PATTY: Well, I'm getting that itch again.

LORELAI: Oh no, Patty, you don't actually need another husband.

MISS PATTY: Well, need □ no, but want □ that's a different story. Listen darling, do you happen to have change for a dollar?

LORELAI: I think so.

MISS PATTY: I don't know where my quarters go.

LORELAI: Down some guy's g-string, I would expect.

MISS PATTY: Oh no, a quarter would be insulting.

LORELAI: Here you go.

MISS PATTY: Oh, thank you so. . . ugh! [drops something out of her wallet]

LORELAI: I got it. [bends down to pick it up]

MISS PATTY: Oh no no , that's okay.

LORELAI: This is a picture of me.

MISS PATTY: It is?

LORELAI: Yeah. Why do you have a picture of me in your wallet?

MISS PATTY: Oh, uh, well, it's a very nice picture.

LORELAI: Thank you. Why do you have a very nice picture of me in your wallet?

MISS PATTY: I'm a stalker?

LORELAI: Or?

MISS PATTY: Or when, in my daily travels, I run across a nice single guy...

LORELAI: Oh God!

MISS PATTY: I like to have a visual aid to help me with the wonderful buildup I give you.

LORELAI: Patty, I appreciate the gesture but I don't need you to try to set me up.

MISS PATTY: You're such a beautiful girl and you deserve a nice guy.

LORELAI: I'll have a nice guy, but let me find him, okay?

MISS PATTY: But you're no good at finding him.

LORELAI: Patty.

MISS PATTY: Oh, all right.

LORELAI: Thank you. I'll keep this if you don't mind.

MISS PATTY: Stubborn girl.

[cut to Rory in the back looking at baskets. Dean walks up to her]

DEAN: Not that one.

RORY: You get no say in the basket.

DEAN: I have to bid on it.

RORY: And you have to eat what's inside it and you get no say in that either.

DEAN: Hey.

RORY: Yeah?

DEAN: Is Taylor behind me?

RORY: No. [they kiss; a noise interrupts them]

DEAN: What? Taylor? [he turns around to look] Jess.

JESS: Sorry to intrude.

DEAN: Then why did you?

JESS: Well, you're having your vertical From Here to Eternity moment right in front of the super glue.

RORY: Oh.

JESS: Not that that's not an appropriate place to be doing it in front of but - .

DEAN: Here's your glue.

JESS: Thanks. As you were. [walks away]

DEAN: I really hate that guy.

RORY: He didn't do anything.

DEAN: He's here, he's breathing, that's enough.

RORY: I really wish you two could start over.

DEAN: Why?

RORY: Because he lives here and we run into him. He goes to school here. I just think it'd be easier.

DEAN: I'm fine with the whole hating him thing, thank you.

RORY: I just think it's a waste of energy.

DEAN: You know, I'll have a PowerBar.

RORY: Fine, forget it.

DEAN: So, uh, I should probably get back to work. We still on for tonight?

RORY: I don't know. I might be baking.

DEAN: I'll pick you up at seven. Get that one, it's nice and small.

RORY: Bye.

[Dean walks away; Jess walks back over and startles Rory]

RORY: God!

JESS: Sorry. Two for one sale.

[opening credits]

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN

[Lorelai is behind the front desk on the phone.]

LORELAI: Independence Inn, Lorelai speaking—Oh sure. Uh, what dates are you looking at? Hold on one sec. . . Um, would you like a king or a queen size bed? . . . Well, you have your choice. I've got a room with a king size and a room with two queens. . . Uh huh. . Oh, well, do you think you'll make up by then? . . . Ugh. Yikes, well, I would take the room with the two queens. . . Uh huh. . . Uh huh. . . Oh God! Uh, sorry, no, nothing, nothing's wrong. I. . everything's . .yes, great, call me back when you know. Okay. Thank you.

CUT TO INDEPENDENCE INN KITCHEN

[Lorelai walks through the door]

LORELAI: So Patty has taken it upon herself to find me a man.

SOOKIE: Oh really?

LORELAI: Yes. Here in my hand I have the pictures and resumes of the top three contenders.

SOOKIE: Anyone good?

LORELAI: No, but two of them have run with the bulls. This is so humiliating. I can find my own man.

SOOKIE: She just loves you.

LORELAI: Yeah, but . . .you know, ew!

SOOKIE: Ugh.

[Jackson walks in]

JACKSON: Sookie?

SOOKIE: Jackson, don't look!

JACKSON: What?

SOOKIE: Cover your eyes!

JACKSON: Okay, okay. I'm sorry, now why am I doing this?

SOOKIE: Because I'm baking for the picnic tomorrow and it's supposed to be a surprise.

JACKSON: Oh sure, never see a pie before an auction, it's bad luck.

LORELAI: Okay, uh, you guys talk, I have to go call Patty and stop the forced mating process. I feel like Ling-Ling the panda bear. Oh, hey, one of them's seen Ghostbusters 124 times. Can you say score? [leaves]

SOOKIE: Okay, what's up?

JACKSON: Well. . . I'm sorry, can I put my hand down? I need to look at you when I talk.

SOOKIE: Uh, hold on. Go.

JACKSON: I got a call from my landlord today reminding me that my lease is up at the end of this month.

SOOKIE: Uh huh.

JACKSON: So, of course, he wanted to know whether I was gonna re-up it or not.

SOOKIE: Uh huh.

JACKSON: But I told him that I had to talk to you first.

SOOKIE: Okay. About what?

JACKSON: About re-upping my lease.

SOOKIE: Mm hmm.

JACKSON: So what do you think?

SOOKIE: About re-upping your lease?

JACKSON: Yes.

SOOKIE: Well, you have a very nice kitchen.

JACKSON: Yes, I know.

SOOKIE: And I like your living room. Though that house across the street has sort of that creepy Miami Beach blue, which means that during the day you really can't look out your window, but at night it's not so bad.

JACKSON: Sookie, forget about the house across the street.

SOOKIE: Well, if you forget about the house across the street, I don't see why you shouldn't.

JACKSON: You don't?

SOOKIE: Nope.

JACKSON: Oh, okay, fine. Um, I just wanted to check with you first.

SOOKIE: Oh, I appreciate that.

JACKSON: So, um, I guess I'll go re-up my lease then.

SOOKIE: Sounds good.

JACKSON: Yeah. Sounds good.

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[The day of the fundraiser, Lorelai and Rory walk down the street with their baskets]

LORELAI: You know what's wonderful about this festival?

RORY: No, what?

LORELAI: That it always falls on the day after trash day. Therefore, all the stuff that you forgot to throw out that you would normally be stuck with for another whole week, you can instead put in a pretty basket and auction off for charity.

RORY: That is wonderful.

[Lane runs up behind them]

LANE: Okay, I've got it all worked out.

RORY: Tell please.

LANE: Well, I invited my cousin David to come and bid on my basket, you know, to keep my mother happy.

LORELAI: Uh huh.

LANE: Then when he gets it, we tell my mom we're gonna go eat over at the park where Henry's gonna call on the pay phone at exactly two o'clock for the 'all is clear' sigh. Then David, with the twenty bucks I give him, will disappear, Henry will arrive, and we'll finally have our first official date.

LORELAI: My head is spinning.

LANE: Stash this at Miss Patty's for me, okay?

RORY: Don't you need this for David to bid on?

LANE: Oh no, my mom packed that one. You know, homemade granola, wheat grass juice, soy chicken taco.

LORELAI: Suddenly our lunches are looking pretty good.

LANE: This is the Henry basket. I went by Gianelli's and stopped in and picked up a couple of meatball heroes and some chips. I also packed a change of clothes, makeup, makeup remover, and three temporary tattoos.

LORELAI: Sure, 'cause four would be trashy.

LANE: I gotta go. I gotta sneak back into my house. Oh, I'm so excited! [leaves]

LORELAI: Ah man. I remember the days of lying to my mother about a boy. Once I had a boy hidden in the closet and of course Mom wouldn't leave, so I finally had to pretend to get sick to my stomach just to get her out of the room long enough for him to climb out the window and down the tree. He fell, broke his leg. Ah, to be young again.

CUT TO AUCTION

[A crowd is gathered in front of the gazebo filled with baskets. Taylor stands at a podium in front as the auctioneer]

TAYLOR: Sold for fifteen dollars to the man in the yellow. Thank you very much. Now the next basket I have here is a lovely green wicker number that would be a charming addition to any room once the lunch is gone. Let's start the bidding at five dollars. Do I hear five?

DAVID: Five dollars.

TAYLOR: Okay, I have five dollars. Do I hear ten?

KIRK: Ten dollars. [Mrs. Kim glares at him] Withdrawn.

TAYLOR: Okay, I'm still at five, do I hear ten? Five going once, five going twice, sold to the young man for five dollars. You know what's nice, you can put a couple of extra rolls of toilet paper in there and stick it someplace in the bathroom - decorative and convenient. Now this next one may not look like much ...

RORY: Mine.

LORELAI: Nice.

TAYLOR: ... but remember people - good things come in small packages.

LORELAI: How badly does he want to be hosting a game show?

RORY: Hm, he can taste it.

TAYLOR: Let's start the bidding at three dollars.

RORY: Hey!

DEAN: Five dollars.

TAYLOR: Now that's the kind of bidding we want to hear today.

LORELAI: He's good. He's very good.

TAYLOR: Five dollars, do I hear ten dollars?

JESS: Ten dollars.

TAYLOR: Okay, I have ten dollars. Do I have fifteen?

JESS: Twenty.

TAYLOR: Twenty dollars, do I hear twenty-five?

DEAN: Thirty.

TAYLOR: Okay, see, you boys don't seem to understand the way this thing works.

JESS: Forty dollars.

DEAN: Fifty dollars.

TAYLOR: Excuse me, have either of you noticed how tiny this thing is?

JESS: Seventy-five.

TAYLOR: Now we're not talking cents gentlemen, we're talking dollars remember.

LORELAI: Uh oh. Dean's hesitating.

DEAN: Eighty.

RORY: He does not have eighty dollars to spend on that basket.

TAYLOR: Eighty? Eighty dollars?

JESS: Ninety.

TAYLOR: Ninety dollars, is that correct?

LORELAI: You know, I don't think he'll have to.

TAYLOR: Okay, we've got ninety going once, ninety dollars going twice. . . sold to the nice young hoodlum in the back for ninety dollars.

LORELAI: I'm trying to think, uh, in what scenario this situation could be construed as positive.



RORY: Well . . .

LORELAI: Well, no one's head's on fire.

RORY: I better go talk to Dean.

LORELAI: Do you want some help?

RORY: No, it's okay. I'm just officially not a fan of unpredictability.

LORELAI: I totally understand. Good luck.

[Rory walks over to Dean as the auction goes on in the background]

TAYLOR: Five dollars on this one, do I hear five dollars?

MAN: Five!

TAYLOR: Five dollars, that's good. Thanks you, how about ten dollars?

MAN: I'll go ten!

TAYLOR: Ten dollars - let's keep going. Look at the size of this . . .

[cut to Rory and Dean talking behind the gazebo]

DEAN: I'm gonna k\*ll him.

RORY: Dean, he was probably just fooling around or something.

DEAN: No, he was messing with me.

RORY: I don't - .

DEAN: He was messing with me and it's the last time, I swear to God.

RORY: Dean, calm down.

DEAN: Why would he do this?

RORY: Maybe he was hungry.

DEAN: He's trying to make me crazy.

RORY: Just don't let him.

[Jess walks up behind them]

JESS: I gotta tell you, of all the nutty barn raising shindigs this town can cook up, this one wasn't half bad.

DEAN: Glad you enjoyed it.

JESS: Yes I did. So shall we?

DEAN: Shall we what?

JESS: Shall we go?

DEAN: Go where?

JESS: Go eat.

DEAN: Excuse me?

JESS: The person who buys the basket wins the company of the person who makes the basket for lunch. Basket, basket maker, guy who didn't bring enough money.

DEAN: You think this is funny.

JESS: Well, it's no Lenny Bruce routine but it has its moments.

DEAN: Bye Jess.

JESS: Where you going?

DEAN: You're the one who's going.

JESS: Oh, as soon as Rory is ready.

DEAN: She's not going with you.

JESS: Really, is that true?

DEAN: Yes, it's true.

JESS: Excuse me Edgar Bergen, I think I'd like Charlie McCarthy to answer now.

DEAN: Shut up.

RORY: Dean.

DEAN: What?

RORY: Well□

DEAN: Oh, come on!

RORY: It's tradition.

DEAN: I don't believe this.

RORY: It's true. My mother and I have been doing this every year since we moved here.

DEAN: So buck tradition.

RORY: Are you kidding? Do you remember how mad Taylor was when I was sick and I couldn't go to the turkey-calling contest?

DEAN: This isn't school, you're not getting graded.

RORY: Just don't make this into a big thing.

DEAN: Don't go.

JESS: Oh geez man, she's not shipping off to Nam.

DEAN: You SO need to shut up now.

RORY: Look, Dean, it's a picnic, it's lunch. We'll sit, we'll eat, it's over.

DEAN: No.

RORY: What do you think's gonna happen?

JESS: Yeah, I think I'd like to hear this one also.

DEAN: I don't want you to go.

RORY: Dean!

DEAN: Fine, forget it, go. [walks away]

RORY: [follows him] Please don't walk away like that.

DEAN: Sorry, I'd do a silly walk but I'm not feeling very John Cleese right now.

RORY: Dean, this isn't my fault. I didn't ask him to do that, I didn't tell him to do that. Dean, you're my boyfriend. I would never do anything to hurt you.

DEAN: Yeah? You're doing it right now. [walks away]

CUT TO AUCTION

TAYLOR: Going once, going twice. . .sold for twenty-five dollars! Congratulations. Thank you. Oh Lord, will you look at this? Ladies and gentlemen, now this is a basket.

[Sookie mouths to Jackson "That's my basket"]

TAYLOR: Let's start the bidding on this delicious treat at ten dollars. Do I hear ten dollars?

KIRK: Ten dollars.

ANDREW: Fifteen dollars.

TAYLOR: I have fifteen dollars.

KIRK: Twenty dollars.

TAYLOR: Twenty dollars, I have twenty dollars. Is that my final offer?

KIRK: All right, fine, twenty-five.

TAYLOR: Kirk, you just offered twenty, you upped your own bid.

SOOKIE: I'm sorry, can we stop the bidding for just a second?

TAYLOR: Sookie, you know the rules.

SOOKIE: Yes, but I ▯ .

TAYLOR: We have twenty-five dollars. Do I hear thirty?

SOOKIE: Jackson.

ANDREW: Thirty, if there's pie.

TAYLOR: There are no contingencies Andrew.

KIRK: Thirty-five.

TAYLOR: Andrew?

SOOKIE: Jackson?

ANDREW: I'm not going any higher without the promise of pie.

TAYLOR: Thirty-five going once, thirty-five going twice. . .sold to Kirk for thirty-five dollars.

KIRK: Yes, finally! You know, if it hadn't have been for me I could've had it for twenty-five.

[Sookie and Jackson walk away from the crowd]

SOOKIE: Hey, what is wrong with you? I gave you all the signals. The pointing, the waving, the mouthing ▯That's my basket.' Didn't you see the mouthing?

JACKSON: Yes, I saw the mouthing.

SOOKIE: Well, why didn't you bid?

JACKSON: I don't know. It just didn't feel right.

SOOKIE: What are you talking about, it didn't feel right? I made four kinds of pesto and three different desserts. Plus the entire basket is an edible pretzel with a goat cheese filling.

JACKSON: Well, I hope Kirk enjoys it.

SOOKIE: I don't understand.

JACKSON: Oh, come on Sookie.

SOOKIE: What?

JACKSON: I told you that the lease was up on my apartment, and I asked you if you thought that I should renew the lease on my apartment and you said yes!

SOOKIE: Do you not like that apartment?

JACKSON: No, I love that apartment. It's perfect, the ultimate bachelor pad. It's just big enough for one.

SOOKIE: Oh.

JACKSON: Only here's the thing. You and I, we've been dating for awhile and I don't know, I thought

things were going pretty well.

SOOKIE: Things are going really well.

JACKSON: Okay, so I had this crazy thought that since things were going really well that maybe it was time to take a step forward.

SOOKIE: You wanted to move in together?

JACKSON: Well, I at least wanted to consider moving in together.

SOOKIE: Oh, uh, I hadn't even thought about it.

JACKSON: You hadn't?

SOOKIE: Well, no.

JACKSON: Oh, my mistake then. I thought we were on the same wavelength. We weren't, no problem, enjoy your lunch.

SOOKIE: Jackson, I lied. I have thought about it - a lot. Our bathroom's gonna be pink. I'm sorry.

JACKSON: Well, why didn't you say something?

SOOKIE: I didn't want to ruin anything. We're doing so well, we have so much fun, it's all working.

JACKSON: Why would living together mess all that up?

SOOKIE: I don't know. We'd see each other every day.

JACKSON: We see each other every day now.

SOOKIE: And you'd find out all my annoying little quirks.

JACKSON: Hey, I've got annoying quirks too, you know.

SOOKIE: I know.

JACKSON: What's that supposed to mean?

SOOKIE: And you might get sick of me.

JACKSON: Or you might get sick of me.

SOOKIE: No, that's not gonna happen.

JACKSON: Well, if that's not gonna happen, then what's the problem?

SOOKIE: The problem is that Kirk is gonna eat my goat cheese basket.

JACKSON: Not if I have anything to say about it. [they kiss] How's that for not getting sick of you? Now if you'll excuse me, I got a basket to get.

[cut back to auction]

TAYLOR: Next up ▯ why, that looks like a Doose's market basket. Nice, huh?

LORELAI: Ooh, that's mine.

TAYLOR: I'd like to start the bidding at five dollars.

GUY 1: I bid five dollars.

LORELAI: Whoa, that was quick.

GUY 2: Ten dollars.

LORELAI: Do they know that all that's in there is two stale Pop Tarts and a Slim Jim?

GUY 3: Fifteen dollars.

LORELAI: He looks familiar.

GUY 1: Twenty dollars.

TAYLOR: Twenty dollars.

LORELAI: So does he.

GUY 2: Twenty-five.

TAYLOR: This is going very well gentlemen, keep it up.

LORELAI: Oh no. [walks over to Miss Patty] Those are the guys, aren't they?

MISS PATTY: Excuse me?

LORELAI: The guys whose pictures you sent me - you brought them here! You're setting me up!

MISS PATTY: Well darling, you can't be trusted to do it yourself.

LORELAI: Oh geez, oh geez!

GUY 2: Thirty-five.

MISS PATTY: That one's a snorkler.

LORELAI: Ugh! [runs away]

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Lorelai bursts through the door]

LORELAI: Luke! Where is he, where is he? I need him! Caesar, where is - agh, agh, thank God. Hey, hey, you gotta come with me.

LUKE: What are you doing? Hey hey, I got plates here!

LORELAI: Put the burgers down. Caesar, you're in charge.

LUKE: Now wait.

LORELAI: Do you have money? I need money. Which one opens this thing? Is it that one, not that one.

LUKE: Stop messing with that.

LORELAI: Luke, you gotta come out there with me. Patty gave my picture out to all these guys because she thinks I need a man.

LUKE: You do, one with a nice couch and a deep knowledge of Freud.

LORELAI: You have to come out and bid on my basket.

LUKE: Are you serious?

LORELAI: Yes.

LUKE: I have never in my life taken part in one of these crazy group flip outs. I'm not about to start now.

LORELAI: But - right now - out there □ the -.

LUKE: Just buy your own basket.

LORELAI: I cannot buy my own basket.

LUKE: Why not?

LORELAI: Because that is pathetic.

LUKE: And chasing me around my diner begging me to buy your basket?

LORELAI: Also pathetic. But that is a pathetic I can live with, where that pathetic is a truly pathetic pathetic, and only you can save me from the double pathetic! Please!

LUKE: I can't believe I'm doing this.

LORELAI: Ha ha! Hurry up. Hurry up!

[Lorelai rushes him out the door]

CUT TO OUTSIDE

[Lorelai and Luke walk up to the crowd]

GUY 1: Forty-five fifty.

GUY 2: Forty-six.

GUY 3: Forty-six fifty.

GUY 1: Forty-seven.

LORELAI: Go, go on.

LUKE: Forty-seven dollars, are you kidding?

LORELAI: Luke!

GUY 2: Forty-seven fifty!

LUKE: For what? Two stale Pop Tarts and a Slim Jim?

LORELAI: Okay, you're not getting the whole saving me here thing, are you?

LUKE: Fine. Forty-eight.

GUY 1: Forty-eight fifty.

LUKE: Forty-nine.

GUY 2: Forty-nine fifty.

LUKE: Uh, fifty-two fifty.

GUY 1: What? We're just supposed to go to fifty.

LUKE: I have a life.

LORELAI: Fifty-two fifty going once!

TAYLOR: Hey, hey, that's my job! Fifty-two fifty going once, fifty-two fifty going twice . . .

LORELAI: Oh, please God.

TAYLOR: Sold for fifty-two fifty.

LORELAI: Yes! Ha, ha, sorry guys, don't feel bad. I'm totally into Dungeons and Dragons. You've skated.

TAYLOR: And that, ladies and gentlemen, concludes the basket bidding for today. Victors come claim your prizes and your dates. Let the lunching begin!

LORELAI: You rock!

LUKE: Thank you.

LORELAI: You're welcome.

LUKE: So what do we do now?

LORELAI: I guess we eat.

LUKE: This?

LORELAI: Yeah.

LUKE: First I have to buy it, then I have to eat it?

LORELAI: Hey, the basket of botulism does come with my company.

LUKE: Huh. You don't eat with your mouth open do you?



LORELAI: Women don't eat at all. We just look at food and jump on the treadmill.

LUKE: All right, let's go.

[cut to Rory standing alone as Jess walks up to her]

JESS: You know, there's nothing there.

RORY: Yes, I know.

JESS: You going after him?

RORY: Not right now.

JESS: So then, shall we?

RORY: Fine, come on.

CUT TO BENCH

[Kirk is going through Sookie's basket as Jackson walks over to him]

JACKSON: I've been looking all over for you.

KIRK: Any idea what this is?

JACKSON: Uh, yeah, it's a pineapple-cranberry chutney.

KIRK: Ech.

JACKSON: Listen, I'd like to talk to you about this basket. As you know, Sookie made it and since Sookie and I are seeing each other, naturally she assumed that I would bid on it.

KIRK: Where are the carrot sticks? Every lunch has carrot sticks.

JACKSON: But see, I was a little upset about a fight we had had, and so I didn't bid on the basket.

KIRK: I love carrot sticks, especially the crinkle cut kind.

JACKSON: However, we just made up and now I'd like to have lunch with Sookie, so. . . I need the basket.

KIRK: This is my basket.

JACKSON: Yes, but I'd like you to give it to me so that I can have lunch with Sookie.

KIRK: I bought this basket. The rules are whoever bids the highest gets to keep the basket.

JACKSON: Yeah, I understand the rules but - .

KIRK: I bid the highest, I bought the basket, I get the basket.

JACKSON: Okay Kirk, I'll pay you for it. I'll give you forty-five dollars, that's ten dollars more than you paid for it.

KIRK: No.

JACKSON: Okay, fifty dollars.

KIRK: No.

JACKSON: Kirk, this is insane. I'll buy you another basket.

KIRK: I don't need you to buy me another basket. I won this one. You can't just come by and take it away. Just because you have a girlfriend and she made this basket for you doesn't give you the right to bully those of us who don't have girlfriends or anybody to make a basket for them.

JACKSON: Well, I wasn't trying to bully you.

KIRK: Not this year, not last year, not the year before that.

JACKSON: Okay Kirk.

KIRK: My mother didn't even make one for me.

JACKSON: Oh, that's very sad.

KIRK: She made one for all my brothers and sisters but not for me.

JACKSON: That's terrible, Kirk.

KIRK: Twelve brothers and sisters, the only one without a basket □ me.

JACKSON: Okay Kirk, what's it gonna take?

KIRK: Two hundred and fifty dollars.

JACKSON: Kirk, you're kidding me.

KIRK: Twelve brothers and sisters.

JACKSON: Will you take a check?

KIRK: With two forms of ID.

JACKSON: I swear, you better be as pathetic as you sound.

KIRK: Oh, trust me  
CUT TO BENCH

[Lane and David sit on a bench in the park]

LANE: What time is it?

DAVID: Three o'clock.

LANE: I don't understand, Henry should've called by now. Give me some change. [walks over to pay phone] Oh my God, it's not working!

DAVID: Great, can I have his lunch now?

LANE: I'll be right back.

CUT TO GAZEBO

[Lorelai and Luke sit on the bench]

LORELAI: We're supposed to be eating on the ground.

LUKE: Says who?

LORELAI: Every picture you've ever seen of a picnic shows people eating on the ground.

LUKE: Yes, and every time I have seen a picture of people eating on the ground I've thought, what the hell are you people doing sitting on the ground? Spring for some beach chairs, you cheapskates.

[Lane runs up into the gazebo]

LANE: Hey Lorelai, do you have your cell phone?

LORELAI: Yeah, is everything okay hon?

LANE: I just need to make a call.

LORELAI: Here you go.

LANE: I'll be right back.

[Lane walks away as Luke stands up]

LORELAI: Hey, where are you going?

LUKE: I am going to the diner, I am going to get us some edible food and I'm gonna bring it back here for us to eat.

LORELAI: That is so not the point of today. I made this. I am insulted. I will now proceed to pout.

LUKE: I'll bring back some brownies.

LORELAI: Ooh, the pouting has left the building.

[cut to Lane on the cell phone]

HENRY: Hello?

LANE: Hello, Henry?

HENRY: Lane, I've been trying to call you.

LANE: I know, the pay phone is broken.

HENRY: I thought the number was wrong and I didn't know what to do, so I. . .

LANE: What, you what?

HENRY: I called your house and your mother answered.

LANE: What did you say?

HENRY: I asked for you and then she asked why, and I said because and she said because why, and I got nervous and tried to sell her a subscription to the Wall Street Journal.

LANE: Oh, were you successful?

HENRY: Lane.

LANE: Sorry, but at least she doesn't know, right?

HENRY: I guess not.

LANE: Okay, then we're still good. Can you meet me now?

HENRY: I don't know.

LANE: I know it's later than we planned, but we still have a little time and I saved your lunch from David.

HENRY: David?

LANE: My cousin, the decoy.

HENRY: Oh, right.

LANE: So we'll rendezvous where I told you. Just drive by, honk twice, go around the block, and the second time you pass I'll jump in the car.

HENRY: Gee, do you even want me to slow down?

LANE: Well yeah, of course. I mean, not to a total stop -.

HENRY: Lane, I don't think this is gonna work out.

LANE: What

HENRY: This - you, me.

LANE: Are you breaking up with me?

HENRY: How can I break up with you? I've never been out with you.

LANE: Well yeah, but that's what today was supposed to be, a date.

HENRY: A date where we need a secret plan and a two-honk driveby and a decoy cousin?

LANE: Well, yeah.

HENRY: Lane, I like you but I want to be able to actually pick you up, stop the car, and take you out. And I wanna be able to call you, at your house.

LANE: I'm gonna tell my mother, I promise.

HENRY: When?

LANE: Soon.

HENRY: Yeah. Look, I've got prom coming up and my friends and I are gonna rent a limo to take us there and I wanna go, and I wanna take a date.

LANE: Well, I'm sure I can figure something out. Maybe Rory can □ .

HENRY: I asked somebody else.

LANE: Oh.

HENRY: I'm sorry, I just figured you'd never be able to go and - .

LANE: No, it's okay, that's good. You should've asked someone else.

HENRY: I do like you Lane.

LANE: Okay, well, thank you, I appreciate that. I have to go.

HENRY: Lane.

CUT TO KIM'S ANTIQUES

[Lane walks up to the house as Mrs. Kim walks out.]

MRS. KIM: David came by here fifteen minutes ago, said you ran off somewhere! Where did you run?

LANE: Nowhere.

MRS. KIM: Who is he?

LANE: Who?

MRS. KIM: The boy you ran off to see! The one who calls here pretending to work for the Wall Street Journal!

LANE: There's no boy.

MRS. KIM: You know the rules, no boys! Not unless I approve and I don't approve!

LANE: How do you know?

MRS. KIM: I know, I know! You're sneaking, you're lying, that means something's wrong with this boy!

LANE: There's nothing wrong with this boy. He's perfect and he likes me and I was so afraid to tell you about him that now he's gonna take somebody else to the prom and I blew it!

MRS. KIM: You go upstairs right now and calm down!

LANE: Fine!

MRS. KIM: Now!

LANE: Fine! [stomps up the stairs]

MRS. KIM: That is not calming down!

[cut to Rory and Jess walks towards the bridge]

JESS: Where do you wanna eat?

RORY: Don't care.

JESS: Okay.

RORY: Where are you going?

JESS: Thought you didn't care.

RORY: I'm not jumping in the lake.

JESS: No underwater dining, got it.

RORY: Now what?

JESS: Now we sit.

RORY: Here?

JESS: Yup.

RORY: On the bridge, that's where we're gonna eat?

JESS: Yup.

RORY: Okay.

JESS: Yeah, I like this place.

RORY: Wow. A place in Stars Hollow you actually like. I'm stunned.

JESS: It's got some good memories. You see right over there?

RORY: Yup.

JESS: That's where Luke pushed me in.

RORY: Huh.

JESS: Yeah.

RORY: It's nice.

JESS: It is.

RORY: So why'd you do it?

JESS: Do what?

RORY: Outbid Dean like that.

JESS: I don't know. I guess it started as a joke just to bug him, but then he just got so mad, you know? And he is so tall, and I just was looking at him and he's standing there all tall and mad and I

just. . .I don't know. It was. . .it was really funny.

RORY: It wasn't funny.

JESS: Well, if it makes you feel any better, I didn't intend to do it. Does that make you feel any better?

RORY: I just don't wanna be in a fight with Dean.

JESS: I'm sorry about that. You wanna push me in the lake? It's cathartic, I hear.

RORY: Hm, maybe in a little.

JESS: Whatever. So why don't we open this thing?

RORY: Go ahead.

[Jess opens the picnic basket]

JESS: Wow. Not one thing in here that I would remotely consider eating.

RORY: Well, I didn't make it for you. I made it for Dean.

JESS: And Dean would've eaten this? [holds up a container]

RORY: Yes, he would have.

[Jess tastes a forkful of the food and makes a face]

JESS: Dean is an idiot.

RORY: Dean never would've fallen for that.

JESS: Ah, ha ha.

[cut to Jackson and Sookie sitting on a blanket]

SOOKIE: I can't believe he wouldn't take your check.

JACKSON: Well, apparently, I don't look like my picture.

SOOKIE: He's a loon.

JACKSON: Yeah. It's okay. I'm paying him off in weekly installment in crinkle cut carrot sticks.

SOOKIE: I'm glad we made up.

JACKSON: Yeah, me too.

SOOKIE: And you know, if you still wanted to talk about, you know, what we were talking about, we could talk about it now.

JACKSON: Hmm, nah.

SOOKIE: Excuse me?

JACKSON: I don't know. I'm having second thoughts.

SOOKIE: You are?

JACKSON: Yeah. I mean, living together - big deal, right?

SOOKIE: Oh right. Big deal. Who cares? Not me. No siree, Bob. So, I'm sorry, you don't think we should live together anymore?

JACKSON: Nope.

SOOKIE: Okay.

JACKSON: I think we should get married.

SOOKIE: What?

JACKSON: I think we should get married.

SOOKIE: But □ uh, but. . .

JACKSON: Soon.

SOOKIE: Are you pregnant?

JACKSON: What do you say? Sookie?

SOOKIE: Yes! I say yes. Oh my God, we're getting married! You do know that this means we'll have to live together, right?

JACKSON: Yes I do.

SOOKIE: Okay, good.

[Cut to Luke and Lorelai sitting in the gazebo]

LORELAI: You know, your burgers actually taste better outside.

LUKE: Good. Next time the roof in the diner's leaking, I'll just rip the stupid thing off.

LORELAI: So this is nice, huh? Come on, admit it.

LUKE: Never.

LORELAI: What? Admit it, you would much rather be sitting out here than inside working.

LUKE: The diner's probably on fire by now.

LORELAI: You are stubborn.

LUKE: I'm stubborn?

LORELAI: Yeah, you're stubborn.

LUKE: You're Miss Flexibility over here?



LORELAI: Hey, I can be flexible.

LUKE: Please.

LORELAI: I can. As long as everything is exactly the way I want it, I'm totally flexible.

LUKE: Ah, well, my mistake.

LORELAI: Do you want a fry?

LUKE: You want a carrot?

LORELAI: Impossible.

LUKE: Right back at ya. So let me ask you something.

LORELAI: Napkin, please.

LUKE: Who did you want to get your basket?

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: I mean, before you knew Patty was gonna put you on the Dating Game, you did pack this disgusting lunch and bring it out here, so who did you want to get it?

LORELAI: Well, last year Roy Wilkins bought it and I got my sprinklers fixed for half price.

LUKE: Uh huh.

LORELAI: And this year my rain gutters are completely clogged, and I thought if I could get the Collins kid to bite, I'd get that taken care of.

LUKE: Very practical.

LORELAI: I thought so.

LUKE: So the participation in this thing was purely for home improvement reasons?

LORELAI: Yes. And I don't know, it's a nice concept.

LUKE: What is?

LORELAI: Just having someone who you love or have some kind of crazy crush on bid on your basket and then share a romantic lunch, it's a nice concept.

LUKE: Well, I'm sure someday you'll manage to find the right guy and drag him out to this thing and make him buy your stupid basket and then you'll be sitting out here with him.

LORELAI: Yeah, someday.

LUKE: You know what?

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: This is nice.

[Dean walks up behind them]

DEAN: I have to talk to you.

LORELAI: Oh, yeah, okay. I'll be right back.

LUKE: I'll be right here.

[Lorelai walks out of the gazebo over to Dean]

LORELAI: Hey, how're you doing?

DEAN: Uh, I'm not great.

LORELAI: Aw, Dean, it's just a silly town thing.

DEAN: I know, and I've been telling myself that and I tried to go home and forget about it, but I can't. I'm worried about Rory. I don't think she should be hanging out with this guy.

LORELAI: Well, I know that today was kind of a . . .

DEAN: It's got nothing to do with today. I mean, yes, it has a little to do with today but it's more than that. Ever since I've met him, I've had this feeling that he was bad news.

LORELAI: Yes, Jess has a few issues.

DEAN: Yeah, one issue is that he's a complete jerk. I mean, he's always getting in fights at school. That is, when he bothers to show up at all. And he's just. . . I don't know. And now this whole thing with Rory, it's like he's always around.

LORELAI: You sound jealous.

DEAN: I'm not jealous. He just. . . she has to be nice to everyone, you know?

LORELAI: I know. But hon, that's Rory.

DEAN: Well, he's gonna get her into trouble. I can feel it, I just know it. And he doesn't care about her, he's just using her to drive me crazy.

LORELAI: Dean, you love Rory, right?

DEAN: Yeah.

LORELAI: So, part of love is trust. You just have to trust her.

DEAN: I do trust her, it's - .

LORELAI: Him, I know. But flying off the handle like this is not gonna get you what you want. She cares about you, she's not gonna do anything to mess things up with you guys. I know this.

DEAN: I hope you're right.

[cut to Rory and Jess on the bridge]

RORY: Ten.

JESS: Ten?

RORY: Yeah but I didn't understand a word of it, so I had to reread it when I was fifteen.

JESS: I've yet to make it through it.

RORY: Really? Try it. The Fountainhead is classic.

JESS: Yeah, but Ayn Rand is a political nut.

RORY: Yeah, but nobody could write a forty page monologue the way that she could.

JESS: Okay, tomorrow I will try again, and you will. . .

RORY: Give the painful Ernest Hemingway another chance. Yes, I promise.

JESS: You know, Ernest only has lovely things to say about you.

RORY: Why are you only nice to me?

JESS: Excuse me?

RORY: An hour ago you were totally screwing with Dean and now you're totally nice to me.

JESS: You see, it's the screwing with Dean - that's an important step to getting here so that I can be nice to you.

RORY: So it was a plan.

JESS: What?

RORY: The whole bidding on my basket, it was a plan.

JESS: Okay, I'm officially starving.

RORY: And officially evasive.

JESS: Come on, I'll get you a pizza.

RORY: Answer my question.

JESS: Do you like pepperoni?

RORY: Not going to, are you?

JESS: We can just get it on half if you want.

RORY: Okay, I give, let's go.

JESS: If you insist.

[Rory walks away, not realizing her bracelet had fallen off. Jess picks it up and puts it in his pocket.]

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Lorelai is sitting on the couch as Rory walks in the front door]

RORY: Mom?

LORELAI: Oh, hey. Where've you been? I thought Taylor auctioned you off to the highest bidder.

RORY: No, I just went to get some pizza and I, uh, wandered around the bookstore for a little while. Here. [hands her a book]

LORELAI: What's this?

RORY: You said you wanted to read the Children's Hour.

LORELAI: I did?

RORY: The other night when we were watching Julia, and Jane Fonda was playing Lillian Hellman.

LORELAI: Oh yeah, and I made the Hellmann's mayonnaise joke.

RORY: Which no one ever needs to hear again.

LORELAI: Right, right. Well, thanks.

RORY: You're welcome.

LORELAI: So who were you with?

RORY: What?

LORELAI: Pizza, book buying - did you have company?

RORY: Oh, yeah.

LORELAI: Who?

RORY: Um, Jess.

LORELAI: Jess?

RORY: Yeah.

LORELAI: Right.

RORY: So, I'll be in my room.

LORELAI: Okay, good.

[Lorelai follows Rory into her room]

LORELAI: So how was the picnic?

RORY: Fine.

LORELAI: Good. Did you get the Dean issue resolved?

RORY: Not yet. He's coming over later and we're gonna smooth things over hopefully.

LORELAI: Aw, yeah, well, smoothing's good. I love the smoothing. So, how was it with Jess?

RORY: Fine.

LORELAI: Well obviously, the pizza and the books. So good, that's. . .I'm glad.

RORY: What?

LORELAI: What what?

RORY: Well, you look like you have something to say.

LORELAI: I have nothing to say. I never have anything to say.

RORY: Yes, that is your reputation.

LORELAI: It's. . .I don't know. I'm just surprised that you're hanging out with him, that's all.

RORY: Why?

LORELAI: He doesn't seem like the nicest kid.

RORY: Well, you don't know him.

LORELAI: No, I guess not.

RORY: You're just judging him by that one time that he came over here.

LORELAI: Which, by the way, was not a rousing success.

RORY: He had just moved here. He was mad at his mom. Trust me, he's got a really good side to him. You'll see it eventually.

LORELAI: Good, I can't wait.

RORY: Mom.

LORELAI: No, well, I'm sorry. It's. . .I just, uh, I don't know. From the things I've seen and the things I hear. . .

RORY: Like what things?

LORELAI: The vandalism, the stealing, the cutting school, the fighting.

RORY: How do you know about the fighting?

LORELAI: Well, Dean told me.

RORY: Dean?

LORELAI: Yes.

RORY: You've been discussing this with Dean?

LORELAI: No, he discussed it with me.

RORY: When?

LORELAI: Today. Rory, he's really upset about this.

RORY: So he went running to my mother?

LORELAI: Well, he needed someone to talk to.

RORY: Well, he could've talked to me.

LORELAI: No, he couldn't 'cause you were off with Jess.

RORY: You're taking his side?

LORELAI: I'm not taking sides here, okay? I'm Swiss, babe.

RORY: I wasn't off with Jess. I. . . Jess outbid him.

LORELAI: I know.

RORY: Well, the rule is that if one person outbids someone else, then. . .

LORELAI: Rory, this is not about the rule. I know what the rule is. This is about Dean being concerned that you're hanging out with someone who can get you hurt.

RORY: How could Jess get me hurt?

LORELAI: I don't know, hon. In the short amount of time he's been here, he's managed to make a lot of enemies.

RORY: I'm sorry, when did I move to Salem?

LORELAI: People are concerned about you, you know? You're young and naïve and you think that everyone has some good inside if you give them a chance.

RORY: So you're saying that Jess is no good?

LORELAI: I've known guys like Jess. He seems cool because he's got this dangerous vibe and this problem with authority and he's seen a lot of Sylvester Stallone movies.

RORY: Oh my God.

LORELAI: But guys like this get into trouble which, if you hang out with them, gets you into trouble and I don't want you to get into trouble.

RORY: I'm sorry, are we talking about Dean still or are we suddenly talking about you?

LORELAI: Hey, I've been there, okay? You haven't.

RORY: Been where? I mean, we got pizza, we looked at some books. God, I can't even believe that I'm having this conversation with you. I mean, with you of all people. I mean. . . I don't even want to talk about this anymore.

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: No, I'm going for a walk.

LORELAI: Uh, Dean is gonna be here any minute.

RORY: Well, he probably wants to talk to you anyhow.

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai, Rory and Emily are eating dinner.]

EMILY: A cigar club. Can you imagine a more disgusting organization to join? Your grandfather now pays money to sit in an enclosed room with a bunch of other men and blow smoke in each other's faces. Twice a week he comes home smelling like a flophouse. So I finally just confronted him. I said, "Richard, I know you're going through a transitional period here and I encourage your trying out new things, but this seems completely out of character for you." I'm sorry, am I boring you?

LORELAI: No, you're not.

RORY: Sorry Grandma.

EMILY: So how are things at the inn?

LORELAI: Fine, the same.

EMILY: And Rory, how's that boyfriend of yours?

RORY: Apparently very chatty.

EMILY: Well that's nice. Lorelai, anything new with you?

LORELAI: No, nothing. It's been pretty quiet around the house lately.

EMILY: Well, sometimes quiet can be nice. Soothing. You can hear yourself think. All right, what's going on with you too?

LORELAI: Nothing.

EMILY: It's not nothing. You've both been sitting here all night, not saying a word and not even looking at each other. Are you in a fight?

LORELAI: I'm not.

RORY: Please.

LORELAI: Please what? You are the one who's been freezing me out all week.

RORY: I just haven't had anything to say. [her pager goes off]

LORELAI: Who is it?

RORY: No one.

LORELAI: Why won't you tell me who?

RORY: "Cause it's no one.

LORELAI: Is it Jess?

RORY: You're kidding, right?

EMILY: Jess, who's Jess?

LORELAI: No, I'm not kidding.

RORY: Why would you automatically assume that it's Jess?

LORELAI: Because why won't you tell me who it is?

EMILY: Who's Jess?

LORELAI: Luke's nephew.

RORY: It's not Jess, okay? It's Dean. You wanna read it? Oh wait, no. Dean will probably tell you all about it later.

LORELAI: That's not funny. You know, all week you've been - .

RORY: We're not getting into this again.

EMILY: What? Getting into what? Is it about this Jess the thing you're not getting into again?

RORY: You know, you never liked Dean at the beginning.

LORELAI: That's because I didn't know him.

RORY: And now you don't like Jess?

LORELAI: That's because I know him.

EMILY: Are you dating Jess? What happened to Dean?

RORY: I'm not dating Jess.

LORELAI: No, but he's trying to weasel his way in.

RORY: He's not trying to weasel his way.

EMILY: In where?

LORELAI: In Rory's world. He has his eye on her, and he's trouble.

RORY: He's not trouble.

LORELAI: Yes he is.

EMILY: Rory, if your mother thinks this boy isn't appropriate company for you then you need to listen to her.

LORELAI: There, thank you Mom.

RORY: Excuse me, but I don't feel very hungry right now. [leaves table]



CUT TO RICHARD'S STUDY

[Rory walks in and shuts the door. She sits down, then walks over to the phone and dials]

MRS. KIM: Kim's Antiques, we're closed, call tomorrow.

RORY: Mrs. Kim, it's Rory.

MRS. KIM: It's after nine.

RORY: I know.

MRS. KIM: Lane can't talk after nine.

RORY: Mrs. Kim, I promise I will never again call Lane after nine, but can I please just talk to her now? Just this once?

MRS. KIM: Okay, just this once.

RORY: Thank you.

[Mrs. Kim walks up to Lane's room]

MRS. KIM: Lane?

LANE: What?

MRS. KIM: Phone.

LANE: But it's after nine.

MRS. KIM: It's okay, it's Rory.

LANE: I don't want to talk right now.

MRS. KIM: Rory?

RORY: Yes?

MRS. KIM: Lane's not feeling well, she needs to call you tomorrow.

RORY: Oh, okay. Um, thanks anyhow.

MRS. KIM: Yes, goodbye. [hangs up] Lane!

[she walks into Lane's room]

MRS. KIM: It's early for you to be in bed.

LANE: I'm tired.

MRS. KIM: Come downstairs and have some tea.

LANE: No, thank you.

MRS. KIM: I know you're upset but I have these rules for a reason. I'm your mother, I know what's

best for you.

LANE: Can we talk about this tomorrow please?

MRS. KIM: You see, this is exactly why I make these rules. You're too young, too vulnerable. American boys have different values, they don't understand respect, you get hurt. I do all of this so you don't get hurt and now here you are hurt. I don't like this, I don't like this at all. Who is he, this boy who hurt you?

LANE: Henry Cho.

MRS. KIM: Cho?

LANE: Yes.

MRS. KIM: Cho sounds Korean.

LANE: It is Korean.

MRS. KIM: He was Korean?

LANE: Yes, and he was smart and wonderful and cute.

MRS. KIM: And □ and you're sure he was Korean?

LANE: He's gonna be a doctor, he goes to church, he's a counselor at Bible camp, and he liked me.

MRS. KIM: A doctor.

LANE: I'm so stupid. I should've just told you and I didn't and now he's gone and I'm just stupid.

MRS. KIM: Maybe I can call his mother.

LANE: I don't want to talk about this anymore.

MRS. KIM: You're sure he was Korean?

CUT TO ELDER GILMORE RESIDENCE

[Lorelai and Emily sit at the table]

LORELAI: I swear Mom, there's just something about that kid that. . .ugh, I don't know. And I hate it because he's Luke's nephew and Rory likes him but. . .

EMILY: You are her mother Lorelai. You must set boundaries and restrictions, it's your job.

LORELAI: I wanted to like him but I just couldn't, and Rory can't see it.

EMILY: Well, she's young.

LORELAI: And she won't take my word for it.

EMILY: Well, she's young.

LORELAI: I don't know what to do. Maybe I'm overreacting.

EMILY: Lorelai, listen to me. Now I don't say this to you very often, but on this matter I happen to agree with you one hundred percent.

LORELAI: Gee, thanks Mom.

EMILY: I know Rory's a good girl, but good girls can go bad with the wrong influences. We all know that.

LORELAI: Oh no no, I don't think Rory's actually gonna go bad.

EMILY: Don't back down Lorelai. You took a stand and you are completely in the right here. You absolutely must keep her from that boy. If you need to change her curfew, lock her up, throw away the key, whatever it takes to make sure she doesn't go astray - you do it. Her judgment cannot be trusted here. She's a young girl and knows nothing. You are her eyes and her ears and her brain for as long as it takes to make sure she doesn't make any ridiculous choices in her life.

LORELAI: Yeah. Would you excuse me for a sec?

CUT TO RICHARD'S STUDY

[Lorelai pushes open the door]

LORELAI: Hey, can I come in?

RORY: It's not my house, I can't stop you.

LORELAI: Just listen to me for one second okay? No sighing, just let me talk.

RORY: Go ahead.

LORELAI: I don't wanna lock you up and throw away the key.

RORY: Well good.

LORELAI: Your judgment means something, especially to me. I can't be your eyes and your ears and your brain.

RORY: I'm trying really hard to connect the dots here.

LORELAI: I got spooked. I know it violates the fabulous cool mom clause we're supposed to have going but I did and I'm sorry.

RORY: It's okay.

LORELAI: Now, I am concerned about Jess.

RORY: Well, you shouldn't be.

LORELAI: But I am. However, you are a smart girl, you're a good judge of character, and the fact that he seems to like you gives him a couple of brownie points. You're not a little kid. I don't actually think you ever were a little kid.

RORY: I was, for about a month.

LORELAI: If you think he's a decent guy, I have to respect your judgment.

RORY: Thank you.

LORELAI: But I'm asking you to be careful.

RORY: I will.

LORELAI: Really careful.

RORY: I will.

LORELAI: 'Boy in the plastic bubble' kind of careful.

RORY: I promise.

LORELAI: And you have to cut Dean some slack. He's so crazy about you. He didn't mean anything by coming to me. He just wiggled.

RORY: I know.

LORELAI: So, fight over?

RORY: Fight over.

LORELAI: Good.

RORY: You still don't look okay.

LORELAI: Oh, well, my mother agreed with me tonight.

RORY: I'm so sorry.

LORELAI: Thank you, I appreciate that.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Later that night, Lorelai and Rory walk through the front door.]

LORELAI: I need a shower.

RORY: Don't be so dramatic.

LORELAI: 'I agree with you a hundred percent.' Ugh!

RORY: Go upstairs.

LORELAI: Find a movie, I'll be down in a minute.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: 'I agree with you a hundred percent.' I may have to shave my head also.

RORY: Bye.

[Rory takes the phone into her room and dials a number]

JESS: Hello?

RORY: Hi.

JESS: Hi.

RORY: What are you doing?

JESS: Nothing, you?

RORY: Nothing.

JESS: Why'd you call?

RORY: I . . um, I wanted to. . .

JESS: I'm glad you called.

RORY: Yeah?

JESS: Yeah.

RORY: Why?

JESS: Because maybe you can explain what the hell this crazy woman is talking about.

RORY: Ah, The Fountainhead.

JESS: Yes. Your fault, and you will pay.

RORY: I promise. Commit to it one more time and if it still is awful for you, I will make it up to you.

JESS: Oh yeah?

RORY: Yeah.

JESS: Okay. I'm gonna hold you to that.

THE END

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