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03x06 - Take the Deviled Eggs

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03x06 - Take the Deviled Eggs

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

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3.06 - Take the Deviled Eggs

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OPEN AT LORELAI'S HOUSE

[A bunch of catalogs are spread on the kitchen table, and Lorelai is going through them as Rory walks out of her bedroom]

RORY: Morning.

LORELAI: Morning.

RORY: Wow, someone woke up in project mode today.

LORELAI: I'm like the army, baby. I get more done before nine o'clock in the morning than others get done all day.

RORY: Well, as long as you don't abandon it mid-project.

LORELAI: I do not do that.

RORY: Make your own seashell candles.

LORELAI: Aw, not fair.

RORY: The place smelled like melted crayons for three weeks.

LORELAI: This is different.

RORY: Fine, what's the project?

LORELAI: This is a pile of every catalog we have received for the last three months.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: I have gathered them all together, and I will now proceed to call all the companies that are sending us duplicates and tell them to stop.

RORY: That's very environmental of you.

LORELAI: It's getting ridiculous. We get, like, eight of some of these.

RORY: You're kidding.

LORELAI: Check this out. [picks up a stack of catalogs] This is a stack of identical catalogs mailed to Lorelai Gilmore, Rory Gilmore, Lorelai Rory Gilmore, Lorelai V. Gilmore, Lorelai Victoria Gilmore, Lorelai Gilmo, Lorelai Gil, and Squeegy Beckinheim.

RORY: How'd that get in there?

LORELAI: I once told a store my name was Squeegy Beckinheim just to see how many catalogs they would sell my name to, and apparently my name is to catalog companies what Brooke Shields' picture is to Chinese restaurants.

RORY: How many?

LORELAI: Ten.

RORY: Wow.

LORELAI: Including one we were already getting seven catalogs from.

RORY: So apparently you made the problem worse.

LORELAI: Unintentionally.

[Rory reads the label on another catalog]

RORY: This one is addressed to Tookie Clothespin.

LORELAI: Oh, I forgot my code name at the second store I tested, so I told them it was Tookie Clothespin.

RORY: Which means we get even more catalogs.

LORELAI: Again, it was unintentional.

RORY: When you start a forest fire unintentionally, it's still your fault.

LORELAI: You're putting calling myself Squeegy Beckinheim and Tookie Clothespin on a level with starting a forest fire?

RORY: It's k*lling trees.

LORELAI: You're depressing me now.

RORY: Well, get on the phone and stop the madness. That'll cheer you up.

LORELAI: I need coffee.

RORY: There's more coffee.

LORELAI: I should get ready, too.

RORY: You're stopping mid-project.

LORELAI: I'm bored.

RORY: Then don't start these projects.

LORELAI: I promise I'll finish. I just wanna check on the seashells.

RORY: These catalogs will be sitting here forever.

LORELAI: No, they won't. They're biodegradable.

RORY: Come on, I'll call half, you call half, okay?

LORELAI: Okay.

RORY: Okay.

LORELAI: You do yours first, then I'll do mine.

RORY: Hey!

LORELAI: We only have one phone. You're young. You'll dial faster. [leaves room]

RORY: Squeegy!

[opening credits]

CUT TO MISS PATTY'S STUDIO

[There's a town meeting going on]

TAYLOR: The bottom line is that too many birds are landing atop the street lights and relieving themselves on helpless passersby. And I dare say that some of these birds seem to be doing it on purpose.

BABETTE: You get dumped on, Taylor?

TAYLOR: It's not just me. . .

LUKE: Hey, if anybody has a picture of Taylor getting dumped on, I'll pay top dollar.

KIRK: I'll check the internet.

MISS PATTY: Taylor, all animals have to. . .you know. How are you gonna stop birds from doing that?

TAYLOR: Easy. Put sharp metal spikes on the top of the fixtures, then when they land, pow □ they're shish-kabobs.

RORY: That's cruel.

BABETTE: You can't do that.

ANDREW: I'd rather have bird crap fall on my head.

LORELAI: There it is □ our new town slogan.

RORY: I like it.

LORELAI: I see coffee mugs, T-shirts.

RORY: Don't forget stuffed shish-kabobbed birds.

LORELAI: That moan when you squeeze them.

[a man enters through the large sliding door]

JESUS: Excuse me.

TAYLOR: May I help you, sir?

JESUS: Yes, I was looking for. . .ah, there she is. . .uh, Patricia.

LORELAI: Patricia. . .well, well, well.

EVERYONE: Wooooooooo!

MISS PATTY: Now stop it.

JESUS: Are you ready?

MISS PATTY: I'm right in the middle of something, Jesus, but I'll be right out. Patience.

JESUS: Okay. [walks out]

TAYLOR: Now, as we were saying. . .

BABETTE: Who's the fox, Patty?

TAYLOR: Excuse me.

MISS PATTY: I met him at a funeral. Great guy, good dancer, Latin. . .

EVERYONE: Wooooooooo!

TAYLOR: People, order please.

LORELAI: He better treat you right, this guy.

BABETTE: Yeah, how well do you know him?

MISS PATTY: Well, I just met him.

KIRK: I could look him up on the internet.

TAYLOR: People, please! Now, due to the lack of response, we'll hold off on the bird spikes.

LUKE: Good.

LORELAI: Let Miss Patty's date begin.

[Babette hands Patty a camera]

BABETTE: It's a digital. I want a full visual account.

TAYLOR: Hold it. There's one more issue that must be addressed before we can adjourn. All right. Now, that weird, taciturn fellow who's always walking around with his backpack has put in an absurd request to stage a protest in the town square.

LORELAI: The town loner?

LUKE: That guy still lives around here?

BABETTE: Somewhere in the hills, right?

LUKE: I thought he was long gone.

ANDREW: No, he came into the bookstore a couple times last month, never said a word.

MISS PATTY: He's a bit creepy.

TAYLOR: Very creepy.

LORELAI: But he's our Boo Radley, and we don't have a Boo Radley, unless you count the troubadour or Pete the pizza guy or the guy who talks to mailboxes.

RORY: Well, I think the point is that every town needs as many Boo Radleys as they can get.

LORELAI: Yes, that's my point.

MISS PATTY: What's he protesting, Taylor?

TAYLOR: Well, that's not indicated here, but it doesn't matter, because protesting is not allowed in the town square, period. It's un-American.

LUKE: You mean like the Revolutionary w*r?

BABETTE: And Rosa Parks?

TAYLOR: That's different. They were against the British and buses. No one likes the British or buses.

[Jesus walks in again]

MISS PATTY: Yes, dear, what is it?

JESUS: Oh, I'm sorry, I thought I heard my name.

MISS PATTY: No, he said buses, dear, not Jesus.

JESUS: Sounded like Jesus. [leaves]

TAYLOR: Could this meeting be more disrupted?

LORELAI: I could do a soft shoe.

RORY: Yeah, while I pound out a beat on the bongos.

BABETTE: Ooh, that sounds like fun!

MISS PATTY: I got bongos in the back.

TAYLOR: Seeing as how our attention spans are gnat-like tonight, as town Selectman I am refusing the town loner's request to protest and I am adjourning this meeting.

LORELAI: She's all yours, Jesus!

LUKE: We got nothing of substance done in this meeting.

LORELAI: And the tradition stands.

[People start to leave; Lorelai, Luke, and Rory walk out together]

LORELAI: Hey, what do you know about this town loner guy?

LUKE: Same as everyone. Just kind of skulks around with that backpack, never smiles.

LORELAI: Does he also make cheeseburgers and secretly harbor a desire to wear a backwards baseball cap?

LUKE: What?

LORELAI: [sings] They're cousins, identical cousins. . .

LUKE: Stop it.

[Jess drives by in a beat-up car]

LORELAI: Well. . . look who's back behind the wheel. Lovely.

RORY: Mom, I'm gonna get going. I've got some studying to do.

LORELAI: Okay, babe. I'll catch up with you.

[Rory leaves]

LORELAI: When did Jess get a car?

LUKE: Oh, uh. . .recently.

LORELAI: Where'd he get it?

LUKE: He got it from a guy around here, at a place.

LORELAI: A guy at a place?

LUKE: Yeah.

LORELAI: You had no idea he had a car, did you?

LUKE: Not in the least.

LORELAI: Ah, way to have a handle on things, Luke.

LUKE: Well, he doesn't share a lot with me, you know? And he's got a license. What can I do?

LORELAI: Stop him before he kills.

LUKE: He's not gonna k*ll anyone.

LORELAI: He's got a bad track record with cars.

LUKE: Yeah, I know, okay? I'm not exactly thrilled with this.

LORELAI: Okay. I'm sorry. It's your thing. I'll just butt out now.

LUKE: Where'd he get the money?

LORELAI: What?

LUKE: For the car. Where'd he get it?

LORELAI: I don't know. Working at the diner?

LUKE: I can barely afford a car on the money I get working at the diner.

LORELAI: Maybe it was a gift from someone. . .who doesn't know it's gone yet.

LUKE: Thanks.

LORELAI: I'm helpful, aren't I?

LUKE: Bye.

LORELAI: Bye.

[Lorelai leaves; Luke walks over to Jess]

LUKE: Hey.

JESS: Hey.

LUKE: So. . .you got a car.

JESS: Motor Trend's not gonna be giving it any awards, but it'll get me from point A to point B.

LUKE: Yeah, I guess it'll get you around. So, uh. . .where'd you get the money for it?

JESS: Mugged an old lady.

LUKE: Jess.

JESS: It didn't cost that much.

LUKE: What's not much?

JESS: Less than a lot?

LUKE: Jess, where did you get the money?

JESS: You know that hash you sling at the diner? I scrape it off the plates in the back. Remember I work for you?

LUKE: Yeah, I know you do.

JESS: Okay, then.

LUKE: I also know I don't pay you enough to buy the car.

JESS: I saved up my pennies and I bought the car from Gypsy. She gave me a good deal. That's how I got the car.

LUKE: Okay, so you bought a car. Now, the price of the car is just one small thing. It's just the beginning.

JESS: Oh, yeah?

LUKE: Did you take the additional expenses into account?

JESS: Like. . .

LUKE: Insurance?

JESS: I'm in good hands.

LUKE: Liability, uninsured motorist?

JESS: All the paperwork's in the glove compartment. Feel free to check it out.

LUKE: Money for gas?

JESS: You mean this didn't come with a never empty magical t*nk?

LUKE: Jess.

JESS: I factored that in.

LUKE: You're gonna have repairs.

JESS: Yeah, and I can fix most of them myself and save up for the rest. Plus, I'm gonna make sure to replace the oil every couple months.

LUKE: Right, I bet you didn't think of that, the oil. That costs money.

JESS: I'm the one that brought it up. You're the one that didn't think of it.

LUKE: No, but. . .I just. . .

JESS: Sign this. [hands him a piece of paper]

LUKE: The registration?

JESS: I'm still a minor.

LUKE: I don't have a pen.

[Jess hands him a pen]

LUKE: I guess it's okay that someone else's name is crossed out on it and that yours is written in.

JESS: Yup.

LUKE: Just checking. [signs it and hands it back]

JESS: Thanks. I'm glad we had this talk.

LUKE: Yeah, same here.

CUT TO LORELAI'S HOUSE

[Rory is studying on the couch as Lorelai walks through the front door with the mail]

LORELAI: Hello!

RORY: I'm in here!

LORELAI: Wow, you beat me home by two minutes and your nose is already in the books.

RORY: I can go from zero to studying in less than sixty seconds.

LORELAI: Very impressive. Mail call. [hands Rory a piece of mail]

RORY: What's this?

LORELAI: Mortgage payment. You mind picking it up this month sweetie, baby, cookie, honey?

RORY: No, not at all.

LORELAI: It's just something addressed to you.

[Rory opens it]

RORY: It's an invitation.

LORELAI: Hm.

RORY: [reads it] Oh.

LORELAI: An invitation to what? Oh, is it the White House again? Those boys never give up.

RORY: It's to Sherry's baby shower.

LORELAI: Who?

RORY: Sherry. Sherry Tinsdale. Dad's Sherry?

LORELAI: You're kidding.

RORY: It's at her and Dad's house on Sunday.

LORELAI: Wow, that is very weird. We haven't had contact with Christopher in months. She must know we're on the outs with him, right?

RORY: Yeah, but she may not know how on the outs.

LORELAI: Well, zero contact is maximum on the outs.

RORY: Yeah. . .although there may have been some.

LORELAI: Some what?

RORY: Some contact.

LORELAI: Oh. . .you've been in contact with Christopher?

RORY: Yeah, I'm sorry.

LORELAI: On, no, hon, don't apologize. You've always been totally free to talk to him whenever you want. I've told you that. I mean, he's your dad, right? So don't apologize.

RORY: Okay, I take the apology back.

LORELAI: I think it's good you've been talking to him. It is a little weird you didn't tell me, though.

RORY: Yeah, sorry.

LORELAI: Will you stop apologizing?

RORY: Even when I feel like I should apologize, I can't apologize?

LORELAI: Yeah, it's a little annoying.

RORY: Sorry.

LORELAI: Rory.

RORY: I'm just trying to lighten the mood here.

LORELAI: The mood is light. I just hate that you thought you had to hide something like that from me.

RORY: I just kind of felt like I was betraying you or something.

LORELAI: Well, you weren't.

RORY: I know that now.

LORELAI: So, how much contact have you had with him?

RORY: Not tons. He emailed me a month or so ago, I emailed him back, and now we occasionally talk on the phone.

LORELAI: Does he ever ask about me?

RORY: What answer will freak you out the least?

LORELAI: The honest one.

RORY: Yes, he asks about you because Dad will always care for you very much, you know that. Do you want me to say hello for you next time we talk?

LORELAI: No.

RORY: Fine. [holds up invitation] What should I do about this?

LORELAI: It's your call.

RORY: I guess being in Dad's world automatically means being in Sherry's.

LORELAI: And it is your little half brother or sister she's carrying.

RORY: I know, it's weird.

LORELAI: Sort of a good reason to make some connection with her.

RORY: Yeah, but it's gonna be one of those brunchy quichey things where I don't know anyone, and it's all the way in Boston.

LORELAI: I'll drive you there if you want.

RORY: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah, I'll do some Boston shopping while you quiche it.

RORY: And we can set up some sort of SOS signal that I can page you with if I want to bail early?

LORELAI: Sure.

RORY: What should the SOS signal be?

LORELAI: How about. . .SOS?

RORY: Perfect.

LORELAI: So you're going.

RORY: I guess I'm going.

LORELAI: Good, I think you've made the right decision.

RORY: So do I. And I shouldn't have hid that I'm talking to Dad. I'm really s□

LORELAI: Ah!

RORY: Starving.

LORELAI: I'll get some ice cream.

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Luke is behind the counter as Jess walks down from upstairs]

LUKE: You're up early.

JESS: I got a few errands to run.

LUKE: You got time before school?

JESS: I got wheels.

LUKE: Right, right, you got wheels. [Jess takes a donut from the display] Lid.

JESS: By the way, I owe you ten bucks.

LUKE: When did I loan you ten bucks?

JESS: Last night.

LUKE: I wasn't here last night.

JESS: You're always here, Uncle Luke ▯ in my heart.

LUKE: You took money out of the register

JESS: I'm going to the bank now. You'll get it back today.

LUKE: I told you a hundred times, do not take money out of the register.

JESS: Gotta run.

LUKE: Lid.

[Jess leaves, and Luke watches him out the window. Kirk, sitting at a table, clears his throat]

LUKE: Oh, uh, what can I get you, Kirk?

KIRK: Patty melt and a coke.

LUKE: You want the melt cut into squares or stars today?

KIRK: Half and half?

LUKE: Okay, coming right up.

KIRK: Thanks. [looks out the window at Jess' car] Man, that car's a honey. Duel piston cams, diplex overdrive with maximum torque, sixteen liter side by side, firing three on one. . . sweet.

LUKE: Kirk, none of that makes any sense.

KIRK: What?

LUKE: I know a little about cars, that was all gibberish.

KIRK: Oh, well, would you mind not telling people about this? I've cultivated a reputation as sort of a car aficionado and in reality, all I have is a Jan and Dean record.

LUKE: I'll keep it to myself.

KIRK: I should probably listen to it again.

LUKE: Yeah, I would.

KIRK: Man, I wish my mom would let me have a car. . .or a bike. . .or my roller skates back.

CUT TO HEWES BROTHERS' GARAGE

[Gypsy is looking under Jackson's truck]

GYPSY: You don't take care of it.

JACKSON: I take great care of it.

GYPSY: This truck doesn't like you.

JACKSON: Oh, is it talking to you now?

GYPSY: Your transmission's shot.

JACKSON: I shift up and down a lot.

GYPSY: Mr. Grind-it-til-you-find-it, huh?

JACKSON: Just tell me what needs doing.

GYPSY: Be faster to say what doesn't need doing.

JACKSON: Whatever you want.

GYPSY: You ride your breaks. Bad for the truck, good for me. I like replacing brakes. Pays for the cable TV.

JACKSON: No problem. How about I just make the check out directly to your cable company, would that be easier for you?

GYPSY: Yeah, thanks. And get some extra checks because you're gonna be making one out to my milkman, too. Oh, and looky here, you just bought me a couch. [Luke walks up to them] Hey Luke.

LUKE: Hey Gypsy. I don't wanna interrupt.

JACKSON: No, please, interrupt. I need a little break from the gaiety. [walks away]

GYPSY: What can I do for you?

LUKE: Uh, well, uh, Jess came home with this car and it says on the slip that he bought it from you.

GYPSY: Yup, it's working great, if that's what you're wondering.

LUKE: No, I know that, it's just, uh. . . he paid you for it, right?

GYPSY: Nothing's free at Gypsy's.

LUKE: And he paid cash?

GYPSY: Mostly twenties.

LUKE: Did you make sure Andrew Jackson was on the bills, not Alfred E. Newman or someone?

GYPSY: Looked real to me.

LUKE: Well, when he took the money out of wherever he had it, did a mask or a g*n fall out?

GYPSY: No, but he was carrying it in a canvas bag with a big dollar sign on it.

LUKE: Really?

GYPSY: No.

LUKE: Good.

GYPSY: Guys are stupid.

LUKE: What?

GYPSY: You strip your gears, you ride your breaks, and if we don't laugh after we make a joke, you think we're serious.

JACKSON: I don't ride my brakes!

LUKE: I just want to make sure it was on the up and up.

GYPSY: Hey, when people come in with cash, I don't ask where it comes from, do you?

LUKE: Nah, I guess I don't. Thanks.

GYPSY: Anytime.

[Luke leaves; Gypsy looks under the hood of Jackson's truck]

GYPSY: Oh, goody, a trip to Florida!

CUT TO LUKE'S DINER

[Taylor, a priest, and a rabbi are sitting at a table in mid-conversation]

TAYLOR: This is outrageous. The town unanimously refused to let that loner freak protest in the square. Why would the two of you consider allowing him to do it from the steps of your church?

REVEREND: The town didn't refuse him, Taylor □ you did.

TAYLOR: So you're spearheading this revolt, Reverend?

RABBI: Reverend Skinner and I share the church for services, Taylor, so if there's gonna be a protest, it'll be a joint decision. Ugh, I can't even look at this mayonnaise.

REVEREND: I got it, David. [moves the mayonnaise bottle]

RABBI: Thanks, Archie.

TAYLOR: I could still ban it. I could get the town council together, find something on the books. I'm sure there's a way.

REVEREND: The church is exempt from your town statutes, Taylor.

RABBI: We answer to a higher authority. . . like the hot dog.

REVEREND: I laugh every time you say that.

RABBI: I know. Funny is funny.

TAYLOR: Well, I can guarantee that God does not want this either.

REVEREND: Did you hear that, David? Taylor Doose is in direct communication with God.

RABBI: Thirty years I'm working for God, I haven't received so much as a card.

REVEREND: Is it by phone that you speak with him, Taylor?

RABBI: Do you have a God phone, Taylor?

TAYLOR: Rabbi, please.

REVEREND: What's he like? For us common folk who've never met him?

RABBI: Is he short, is he tall?

REVEREND: Does he like to laugh?

RABBI: Is the whole shellfish thing really serious? Because, I gotta tell you, some of these Red Lobster commercials. . .

REVEREND: They look good, huh?

RABBI: Oh, with the melted butter? Oh my God.

TAYLOR: Can we stay serious for a minute here?

REVEREND: You're too uptight, Taylor.

RABBI: And no matter how much steam blows out of your ears, our decision will be final.

TAYLOR: So it's hardball, huh? Well, the council gave you special permission to run bingo out of that building. We could withdraw it.

RABBI: At your peril.

TAYLOR: Meaning?

RABBI: You're gonna tell my little old ladies, my bubbies, you're shutting down their bingo?

TAYLOR: I'm not afraid of your bubbies, Rabbi.

REVEREND: Oh, God, thank you for letting me be in the room when Taylor said that.

TAYLOR: Well, gentlemen, I would sincerely like to thank you for wasting my time.

REVEREND: Our pleasure, Taylor.

TAYLOR: I can't believe that you, Reverend Skinner, of all people, would do this to me after all the support I've given you over the years.

REVEREND: All the support? Taylor, you're a Sunday Protestant. You come in, you say "Hi God", you sing a song, and you leave.

TAYLOR: I always leave a dollar!

REVEREND: For your singing voice, you should leave two.

TAYLOR: Well, fine, if you feel like that, maybe I will just stop showing up altogether. Maybe I'll convert to something else and give them my generous weekly donation.

REVEREND: Do you want him?

RABBI: Not after the whole bobbies thing.

REVEREND: Maybe the Shakers in Woodbury would take him.

RABBI: Yeah, he's already got the beard. Can you make furniture, Taylor?

TAYLOR: Goodbye gentlemen.

[Taylor leaves; Luke enters the diner and walks up to Caesar]

LUKE: How's it going?

CAESAR: Ah, pretty slow.

LUKE: Hey, is Jess upstairs?

CAESAR: I haven't seen him.

LUKE: Okay, thanks.

[Luke goes upstairs and walks into his apartment]

LUKE: Jess?

[Luke starts going through Jess' dresser drawer. The phone rings, startling him]

LUKE: [answers phone] Hello? . . . Oh, hey Randy, what's up?. . . Well, someone's gotta take care of it, you know? It's not going to take care of itself. . . I understand, I get it. What else?. . . Mmhmm. . .

[While on the phone, Luke continues looking through Jess' stuff]

CUT TO SIDEWALK

[Rory and Lane are walking down the street]

RORY: So do you think I got a good gift?

LANE: It's foolproof.

RORY: It's not very original.

LANE: A new mother can't have too many baby blankets. Not with the insane amount of stuff constantly oozing out of a baby's every orifice.

RORY: Ew.

LANE: I just call it like I see it.

RORY: Well, call it less graphically.

LANE: The very concept of childbirth is vaguely disturbing.

RORY: Yeah. Kids are cool and all, but getting there seems like a big cosmic joke.

LANE: Definitely thought up by a man.

RORY: My mom said that when she told me where babies come from.

LANE: My mom still hasn't told me.

RORY: Really?

LANE: When my cousin got pregnant, she said it's because an angel brushed its wings against her face.

RORY: I could fill you in on the details sometime if you want.

LANE: No thanks, I've picked it up off the streets.

[they pass Jess' car]

LANE: That's new.

RORY: Is it?

LANE: I've never seen it before, and I'm very into the minutia around here.

RORY: That's for sure.

LANE: Do you know whose it is?

RORY: Yup.

LANE: Whose?

RORY: Jess'.

LANE: Jess? Jess, the guy who wrecked your car? He's got a car now?

RORY: Mmhmm, looks that way.

LANE: That's outrageous! That's a travesty!

RORY: It's not that big a deal.

LANE: Oh, it's a humongous deal.

RORY: You're taking this very hard.

LANE: Because we're best friends, Rory. We're linked. I feel what you feel. Except for right now because you don't seem to be feeling anything and I'm incensed.

RORY: It's just a car. It's nothing to get excited about.

[Jess walks over]

JESS: Hey.

RORY: Hey.

JESS: Hey Lane.

LANE: Hey back at ya, tough guy.

JESS: What?

RORY: Lane. . .

JESS: Something wrong?

RORY: No. . .

LANE: Yes! You have a car.

JESS: I know.

LANE: Don't give me lip!

JESS: Lip?

RORY: Lane. . .

LANE: How'd you get the car, Jess?

JESS: I bought it.

LANE: Really, I thought you might've built it from parts left over from cars you've totaled.

JESS: What is your problem?

LANE: Don't play dumb. You know what you did.

JESS: I gotta go.

LANE: Yes, drive on away, we'll just keep walking. That's all Rory's been able to do these past few months □ lots of walking. She's got bunions because of you, mister!

JESS: Bunions?

RORY: I don't have bunions.

LANE: She's too nice to complain about her foot ailments.

JESS: Knock if off, Lane.

RORY: Just get in the car and go, Jess.

JESS: I didn't start this.

LANE: Well, you started it when you wrecked Rory's car.

JESS: Tell your friend to walk it off.

RORY: You walk it off.

JESS: I'm trying to drive off.

RORY: Then go.

JESS: Geez, how Andy Griffith is this town that people get so excited by a car?

RORY: It's not the car, it's who's got the car.

JESS: Okay, fine, you want it? Take it, I'm sick of this.

RORY: I don't want this piece of junk.

JESS: Right. I suppose Dean is already building you another car, something really snazzy.

RORY: Shut up and go.

JESS: Gladly.

RORY: Let's go.

LANE: Gladly.

RORY: [to Jess] Oh, and by the way, you left your bra in the back seat.

CUT TO BOSTON

[Lorelai and Rory pull up in front of Sherry's house. There are green balloons out front]

LORELAI: This must be the place.

RORY: I think the balloons confirm it.

LORELAI: No pink, no blue.

RORY: All green.

LORELAI: Aren't baby shower balloons supposed to reflect the sex of the baby? Blue for boys, pink for girls.

RORY: You would think.

LORELAI: What's green for, aliens?

RORY: I'll ask when I go in.

LORELAI: We're all set, right? Anytime you want out, just send up a flare.

RORY: I will.

LORELAI: Even if I'm half-naked in a changing room, I'll just grab everything and rush out.

RORY: You making a half-naked entrance would be funny.

[Sherry comes to the car window]

SHERRY: Hi!

RORY: Whoa!

SHERRY: Oh, I'm sorry, I totally snuck up on you.

RORY: It's okay, hi.

SHERRY: Hi, Rory. Lorelai, I'm so excited you came.

LORELAI: Oh, I'm just dropping Rory off.

SHERRY: Oh, don't go. Stay.

LORELAI: What?

SHERRY: Come to the party, please?

LORELAI: Oh, I don't know.

SHERRY: I know that you weren't invited, but it's just because my friends didn't think that you'd be comfortable. I told them not to worry.

LORELAI: Thanks, but I'm not really dressed for a party.

SHERRY: Oh, please. We're not formal here, you look fine.

LORELAI: Well. . .um. . .

RORY: Um, Mom kind of has plans.

LORELAI: Yeah, I got a couple credit cards burning a hole in my wallet.

SHERRY: Oh, go shopping some other time and come play with us. Please? There's just a bunch of people in there that Rory doesn't know, and having you here would make her so much more comfortable.

RORY: Oh, I don't mind not knowing anyone at the party, really.

SHERRY: That's nice, honey, but very unconvincing. Lorelai, I meant to extend the invitation to both of you. I just wasn't sure if you'd. . . Well, you know, there's lots of food, and booze for the lucky non-pregnant ones, and cake. . .it'll be fun.

LORELAI: Well. . .

SHERRY: I'll block your car with my stomach.

LORELAI: No, don't do that.

SHERRY: Please, it would mean so much.

LORELAI: Well. . . um, okay, sure.

SHERRY: Really?

LORELAI: Yeah, let's have a party.

SHERRY: Yay! [jumps up and down]

LORELAI: Ooh, watch it, you'll jiggle that thing right out of you.

SHERRY: A mother's perspective, thanks.

CUT TO SHERRY'S HOUSE

[Lorelai, Rory, and Sherry walk into the house]

SHERRY: Come in, come in.

LORELAI: Nice place.

RORY: Very nice.

SHERRY: Well, it's a work-in-progress. It was so bachelor pad before: rock posters, modular furniture, magazines everywhere. I would pick up a TV Guide and it would be three months old.
[leads them to the living room] Well, here's the g*ng.

[Six women are gathered in the room, and they greet Lorelai and Rory]

SHERRY: You've got Gail, Jody, Maureen, Linda, Susan and Alice.

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